The Daily Movie Magazine

FOR THE FILM FAN'S SCRAPBOOK

DOROTHY DAVENPORT REID

We will be glad to publish the pictures of such screen players as are suggested by the fans

THE MOVIE FAN'S LETTER-BOX

By HENRY M. NEELY

Faithful Fan, Quakertown, writes—"I am a regular reader of your column and enjoy it very much. I wrote to you before and asked you to print Earle Williams' picture for me, which you did Saturday. I am writing to thank you most heartily for it. It was a very nice picture. Mr. Neely, don't you think Mr. Williams is good-looking? Well, I certainly do and many others. I wish, if you get time (I'll be patient), you would find out his religion and date and year of birth.

"Do you believe stars would like to receive birthday cards from the fans? I would like to send him one if you think it would be all right. Is this letter too long, Mr. Neely? I hope not. I was surprised to see last evening that the stars don't have to commit the words to memory—just the action, part, etc. My, I should not think that acting would be hard, then. I suppose I've written too much already."

(No, indeed, you haven't written too much. I'm glad you liked the Earle Williams picture. We have been literally swamped with these requests and everybody will have to be patient until their turn comes. Yes, I guess Earle Williams is good enough looking. I'm not much of an authority on manly beauty, but when it comes to women—my gosh! I'd a whole lot rather not give the religion of the stars, if you don't mind. That's getting just a little more personal than we have a right to be and there are so many prejudices in the world that religion is best left out entirely. I'll get you the date of Mr. Williams' birth just as soon as I can. I'm sure, all the stars would love to get birthday cards from their admirers. Who wouldn't? They're perfectly human, you know—that is, they are until you dear little girls all go crazy over 'em and spoil 'em.)

* * *

M. K. C. writes: "You doubtless have had many letters something like this one I am writing, for I've noticed your answers to some of them in the Letter Box and in each of these answers you have given no encouragement to the writer. But I hope to receive a different kind of answer to this letter. You have probably guessed by this time that I want to become an actor.

"Now, to begin with, you cannot discourage me in my desire for a career as an actor. You are probably saying, 'Humph! another poor, misguided fool hoping—yes, really hoping—for a career.'

"Yes, I'm hoping for a career, and I may be a poor, misguided fool, but I'm going to try, try, try until I either succeed or find out that I'm no good. I'm not looking for this job so that I can pull in a pile of money, nor to have my name on every one's lips. No. I want to be an actor because I love acting more than anything else. And I feel sure that I would make good.

"If I had enough money, I would go to one of the studios and try to get an interview with a producer, but I cannot afford it.

"Now, I have written to you in the hope that you may be able to send me some information as to what would be the best way to convince a producer that I would be a 'good investment.'

"If there is any special producer who would recognize ability more quickly than the others and who gives every one he thinks has ability a tryout, will you please tell me his name?

"Would it be too much if I asked you to write me a personal letter?"

(The answers that you refer to in connection with this subject were not given with the idea of discouraging any one, but simply to state the plain, unvarnished facts. Conditions in the movie studios today are entirely different from what they have ever been before. There are literally hundreds of good, well-known actors and actresses who can't find jobs enough to keep them in three meals and a roof. If, as you say, you haven't money enough to go to New York and get before the casting directors in the studios, you might as well give up right now. You can't do a thing from Philadelphia. I don't want to discourage you; in fact, under ordinary conditions, I would encourage any one in any sincere ambition. But facts are facts, my friend, and I'm close enough to the game to see it without the glamour of romance. If you are determined and have the right stuff in you, you will get some kind of a job in New York and keep everlastingly at the casting directors and agents until you land. It's the only way. I'm sorry, but I cannot answer your questions by mail.)

* * *

Jean Puglia—That was John Gilbert in "Shame." Other pictures in which he has played include "Princess of the Dark," "Golden Rule," "Millionaire Vagrant," "Heart of the Hills," "Ladies Must Live," "White Heather," "Glory of Love," "White Circle," "Lady Raffles," "Servant in the House," "Gleam O' Dawn" and "Shame." He is not related to Richard Dix, as far as I ever heard. His engagement to Leatrice Joy has recently been announced, but I have not heard whether they are married yet or not. Address him, care of the Fox Studio, Hollywood, Calif. Frank Puglia is an Italian; Schildkraut is an Austrian. Yes, I do like Monte Blue very much, indeed.

* * *

F. M. L. B.—Julian Eltinge is not acting in the movies any more. He did three pictures for Famous-Lasky, and several on his own hook, but then returned to the stage, evidently for good. He is thirty-nine years old. Other pictures in which Milton Sills has appeared, besides those you mention, are: "The Claw," "The Savage Woman," "The Yellow Ticket," "The Mysterious Client," "The Other Woman," "The Stronger Vow," "The Fear Woman," "The Woman Thou Gavest Me," "What Every Woman Learns," "Street Called Straight," "Eyes of Youth," "Dangerous to Men," "The Little Fool" and "The Faith Healer." Since Mr. Lockwood is dead, I hardly think it feasible to publish his picture. Doris May is working in pictures for the Robertson-Cole Company on the Coast. She is married to Wallace McDonald. That was Kate Bruce in "Experience." We'll publish that picture of Milton Sills shortly.

* * *

"Inquisitiveness"—Sure; come ahead and be a regular member of "our circle." Johnny Walker is twenty-six years old, about 5 feet 10 inches tall, and will be seen next, I believe, in a Fox picture, called "The Jolt." Despite rumors to the contrary, he is neither married nor engaged, as yet. It is impossible, on short notice, to tell you who the tallest and shortest adult picture actress is. I suppose Mary Miles Minter and Marguerite Clark would fight it out for the latter distinction. If I can find any definite information on the subject I'll be glad to shoot it along to you. Sure am glad you like the column. I will try to publish Walker's picture soon.

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES

The House of Magic

By DADDY

Jack and Janet visit a house of bark where dwells an Indian Medicine Man, who holds in enchantment an Indian maiden and a young chief, whom he has turned into a fawn and a wolf. He plans to have the wolf devour the fawn to furnish sport at an Indian feast.

CHAPTER VI

Jack Turns Magician

JACK didn't intend that he and Janet should be turned into young bears by the magic of Whirring Snake, the Indian Medicine Man. Neither did he intend that Whirring Snake should work his revenge upon the enchanted Indian maiden and young chief by causing the chief as a wolf to eat the maiden who had been turned into a fawn. Jack had thought of a plan to trick Whirring Snake.

"You are a wonderful magician!" said Jack to the Medicine Man.

"To be sure I am," replied Whirring Snake promptly. "I am the most wonderful magician in all the world."

Jack. "I have seen some very marvelous magicians upon the stage."

"You have never seen any so marvelous as I am," boasted Whirring Snake.

"I have seen them produce dinners out of empty kettles," said Jack. "But there is one thing I never have seen them do—I never have seen them turn a fawn into a charming maiden nor a wolf into a young chief."

"I can do that easily," boasted Whirring Snake.

"I'd like to see you do it," said Jack.

"So would I," added Janet.

Now Whirring Snake was ready to turn Jack and Janet into bears, but he was so vain that he wanted first to show them he could turn the fawn into a maiden and the wolf into a young chief. He meant to turn the chief right back into a wolf and the maiden right back into a fawn.

Whirring Snake turned to his magic pot. Jack had noticed that he had to use the magic stew in all his feats of magic, and Jack had planned to do something to that stew when he got a chance. Unknown to the Medicine Man Jack had worked himself free from the bond which held him—which was his own cut-off, stretched-out nose.

Whirring Snake dipped out some of the stew in a gourd and threw it on the fawn. At the same time he spoke the magic words: "Hullabaloo, magic stew, do, do, what I want you to." Instantly the fawn was changed into a charming Indian maiden.

Whirring Snake threw some more stew on the wolf, repeating the magic words, and at once the snarling beast became a handsome young Indian chief.

"There!" cried the Medicine Man in triumph, and he reached back for more stew to change the chief into a wolf again and the maiden into a fawn.

But right there the Medicine Man got a surprise. Jack had leaped forward and had given the pot of magic stew a great shove. The shove knocked the pot from the fire and overturned it, spilling the stew on the ground. The Medicine Man now couldn't harm the young chief and maiden.

Whirring Snake gave a shout of rage and jumped toward Jack. He splashed into the magic stew. At once Jack shouted the magic words: "Hullabaloo, magic stew, do, do, what I want you to."

No sooner were the words spoken than a terrible change came over Whirring Snake. He became like his name—a snake—a whirring rattlesnake.

Chief Swift Wolf grabbed a spear to strike the coiling snake. Whirring Snake saw that fighting was useless. He uncoiled and fled—out into the snow, where the cold quickly turned him into a frozen harmless stick that the Indians could do with as they wished.

Chief Swift Wolf took Spotted Fawn into his arms and pressed her close. Then he strode with her to the door and stood before the feasting Indian tribe.

My, what a shout of joy went up then! The Indians had thought they had lost their young chief and his bride-to-be.

Chief Swift Wolf turned to thank Jack and Janet, but Jack and Janet were not there. They had fled from the house, and mounted their ponies and ridden away in a swirl of snow. Almost before they knew it they were home, and soon they were back in bed again, sound asleep.

(Next week will be told a story about the returning birds.)

BEBE DANIELS IS GIVEN SURPRISE BIRTHDAY PARTY

By CONSTANCE PALMER

Hollywood, Calif.

BEBE DANIELS was given a surprise birthday party last Saturday night by Marie Mosquini, Harry "Snub" Pollard's leading woman. Bebe has been up at Ventura with her mother, taking a vacation for the first time in over two years. They lured her down here, then surprised her. The candles on the birthday cake numbered twenty-one, and the guest of honor blew all but three out at a single whiff. That means in three years she will be a guest of honor again, but this time at her own wedding.

The rooms were all done in orchid, Bebe's favorite color. The guests were for the most part old friends who were associated with her when she was playing in one-reel comedies at the Roach Studios. Of course, Bebe's mother was there, and Mrs. Griffin, her grandmother, and Mrs. Stengler and Miss Georgia Griffin, her aunts. Mr. and Mrs. Fred Newmeyer—he is Harold Lloyd's director—Charles Parrott, another director of Roach comedies, and Charles Stevenson were also guests, as well as J. D. Lloyd, Gaylord Lloyd, Jack Roach, Harry "Snub" Pollard and Chester Franklin.

Word comes from New York that Mildred Davis will be Mr. Lloyd's leading woman for only six months more. That means she will be in two comedies to be filmed, as the star plans to make five in the coming year, one of them a six-reeler. Our own Mr. Neely said she told him she had received an offer to star in comedy-dramas, and she confirmed this when she got off the train at Los Angeles yesterday morning. "It's all set," to use her own expression.

Ruth Wightman, who writes the continuity for Gouverneur Morris' screen dramas, won a beautiful prize at a party Max Linder gave the other evening. It is a diamond and platinum ring. Each girl present received a mysterious package, but hers was the only one containing such a valuable gift.

Marie Prevost is going to New York directly the filming of "Kissed," her latest drammer, is finished. She's just taking the trip for a good time, planning to do theatres and shops. She expects to start in a week or ten days.

Did I tell you Harry Myers is going to be Robinson Crusoe in the serial made from the old classic? If he's going to be serious about it, he'll have a hard time convincing people!

Maurice Costello, one of the first idols of the screen, has gone into vaudeville. I hear also that Maude George, one of the principals in Eric von Stroheim's "Foolish Wives," is to do the two-a-day.

Every one criticizes pictures and picture people. It's a sort of open forum and perennial brand of conversation combined at every social gathering. But why don't you see that your criticisms do some good? The Screen Writers' Guild has a clubhouse at 6717 Sunset boulevard, and Frank E. Woods will be glad to receive your written comments.

TANGLED TRAILS

By WILLIAM MacLEOD RAINE

Author of "A Man Four-Square," "Gunsight Pass," etc.

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THIS BEGINS THE STORY

James Cunningham is rich and ruthless. He turns down the plea of a girl who has a claim on him and kicks out a man who says Cunningham owes him a share on a business deal. She is the sister of Wild Rose, a riding girl, who tells her sister's trouble to Kirby Lane, an upstanding and chivalrous cowboy. Kirby takes up the matter with his two cousins, favored proteges of James Cunningham, who demand to know the name of the girl. When he goes to his uncle's apartment he finds the man chloroformed, bound and dead. On a table is a glove, one he had seen on Wild Rose. He takes it and makes his escape by the fire-escape, but is observed by a reporter. Horikawa, Cunningham's Japanese valet, disappears, adding a new sensation. Both Lane and Wild Rose are at the inquest, also a woman whose photograph, signed "Phyllis," was in the dead man's room. Lane is arrested for the murder, but released on bail. Rose goes to see the two cousins, and reveals she also had been in Cunningham's apartment the night of the murder. Jack and James Cunningham, nephews of the murdered man, send Lane to Dry Valley to look up a clue. He finds several, including a left-handed rancher, who had a bitter grudge against old Cunningham. The murder had been committed by a left-handed person. Back in Denver, with Cole Sanborn, a fellow cowpuncher, Lane discovers that Olsen had roomed near his uncle's apartment the night of the murder. The dead body of the Jap valet who disappeared is also found. Meanwhile a valuable paper connected with the case disappears from James Cunningham's office. Lane charges Jack and Phyllis with having been in his uncle's room the night of the murder, and they prevail on James to cancel his bail bond.

AND HERE IT CONTINUES

CHAPTER XXIV

Reverend Nicodemus Rankin Forgets and Remembers

BY APPOINTMENT Kirby met Rose at Graham & Orborne's for luncheon. She was waiting in the tower room for him.

"Where's Esther?" he asked.

Rose mustered a faint smile. "She's eating lunch with a handsomer man."

"You can't throw a stone up Sixteenth street without hittin' one," he answered gayly.

They followed the head waitress to a small table for two by a window. Rose walked with the buoyant rhythm of perfect health. Her friend noticed, as he had often done before, that she had the grace of movement which is a corollary to muscles under perfect response. Seated across the table from her, he marveled once more at the miracle of her soft skin and the peach bloom of her complexion. Many times she had known the sting of sleet and the splash of sun on her face. Yet incredibly her cheeks did not tan nor lose their fineness.

"You haven't told me who this handsomer man is," Kirby suggested.

"Cole Sanborn." She flushed a little, but looked straight at him. "Have you told him—about Esther?"

"No. But from somethin' he said I think he guesses."

Her eyes softened. "He's awf'ly good to Esther. I can see he likes her and she likes him. Why couldn't she have met him first? She's so lovable." Tears brimmed to her eyes. "That's been her ruin. She was ready to believe any man who said he cared for her. Even when she was a little bit of a trick when people liked her, she was grateful to them for it and kinda snuggled up to them. I never saw a more cuddly baby."

"Have you found out anything more yet about—the man?" he asked, his voice low and gentle.

"No. It's queer how stubborn she can be for all her softness. But she almost told me last night. I'll find out in a day or two now. Of course, it was your uncle. The note I found was really an admission of guilt. Your cousins feel that some settlement ought to be made on Esther out of the estate. I've been trying to decide what would be fair. Will you think it over and let me know what seems right to you?"

The waitress came, took their order, and departed.

"I'm goin' out to Golden today on a queer wild-goose chase," Kirby said. "A man gave me a hint. He didn't want to tell me the information out an' out, whatever it is. I don't know why. What he said was for me to go to Golden an' look over the list of marriage licenses for the last month or two."

Her eyes flashed an eager question at him. "You don't suppose—it couldn't be that Esther was married to your uncle secretly and that she promised not to tell."

"I hadn't thought of that. It might be." His eyes narrowed in concentration. "And if Jack an' Miss Harriman had just found it out, that would explain why they called on Uncle James the night he was killed. Do you want to go to Golden with me?"

She nodded, eagerly. "Oh, I do, Kirby! I believe we'll find out something there. Shall we go by the interurban?"

"As soon as we're through lunch."

They walked across along Arapahoe street to the loop and took a Golden car. It carried them by the viaduct over the Platte River and through the North Side into the country. They rushed past truck farms and apple orchards into the rolling fields beyond, where the crops had been harvested and the land lay in the mellow bath of a summer sun. They swung round Table Mountain into the little town huddled at the foot of Lookout.

From the terminus of the line they walked up the steep hill to the courthouse. An automobile, new and of an expensive make, was standing by the curb.

Just as Kirby and Rose reached the machine a young man ran down the steps of the courthouse and stepped into the car. The man was Jack Cunningham. He took the driver's seat. Beside him was a veiled young woman in a leather motoring coat. In spite of the veil Lane recognized her as Phyllis Harriman.

Cunningham caught sight of his cousin and anger flushed his face. Without a word he reached for the starter, threw in the clutch, and gave the engine gas.

The rough rider watched the car move down the hill. "I've made a mistake," he told his companion. "I told James I was comin' here today. He let Jack know, an' he's beat us to it."

A page had been cut out with a sharp penknife

"What harm will that do?" asked Rose. "The information will be there for us, too, won't it?"

"Mebbe it will. Mebbe it won't. We'll soon find out."

Rose caught his friend's arm as they were passing through the hall. "Kirby, do you suppose your cousins really know Esther was married to your uncle? Do you think they can be trying to keep it quiet so she can't claim the estate?"

He stopped in his stride. James had deprecated the idea of his coming to Golden and had ridiculed the possibility of his unearthing any information of value. Yet he must have called up Jack as soon as he had left the office. And Jack had hurried to the town within the hour. It might be that Rose had hit on the reason for the hostility he felt on the part of both cousins to his activities. There was something they did not want brought to the light of day. What more potent reason could there be for concealment than their desire to keep the fortune of the millionaire in their own hands?

"I shouldn't wonder if you haven't rung the bullseye, pardner," he told her. "We ought to know right soon now."

The clerk in the recorder's office smiled when Kirby said he wanted to look through the license register. He swung the book round toward them.

"Help yourself. What's the big idea? Another young fellow was in lookin' at the licenses only a minute ago."

The clerk moved over to another desk where he was typewriting. His back was turned toward them. Kirby turned the pages of the book. He and Rose looked them over together. They covered the record for three months without finding anything of interest. Patiently they went over the leaves again.

Kirby stepped over to the clerk. "Do you happen to remember whether you made out any license application for a man named Cunningham any time in the last two months?" he asked.

"For a marriage license?"

"Yes."

"Don't think I have. Don't remember the name. I was on my vacation two weeks. Maybe it was then. Can't you find it in the book?"

"No."

"Know the date?"

Kirby shook his head.

The voice of Rose, high with excitement, came from across the room. "Looky here."

Her finger ran down the book, close to the binding. A page had been cut out with a sharp penknife, so deftly that they had passed it twice without noticing.

"Who did that?" demanded the clerk angrily.

"Probably the young man who was just in here. His name is Jack Cunningham," Lane answered.

"What in time did he want to do that for? If he wanted it why didn't he take a copy? The boss'll give me Hail Columbia. That's what a fellow gets for being accommodating."

"He did it so that we wouldn't see it. Is there any other record kept of the marriages?"

"Sure there is. The preachers and the judges who perform marriages have to turn back to us the certificate within thirty days and we make a record of 'em."

"Can I see that book?"

"I'll do the lookin'," the clerk said shortly. "Whose marriage is it? And what date?"

Lane gave such information as he could. The clerk mellowed when Rose told him it was very important to her, as officials have a way of doing when charming women smile at them. But he found no record of any marriage of which they knew either of the contracting parties.

"Once in a while some preacher forgets to turn in his certificate," the clerk said as he closed the book. "Old Rankin is the worst that way. He forgets. You might look him up."

Kirby slipped the clerk a dollar and turned away. Rankin was a forlorn hope, but he and Rose walked to a little house in the suburbs where the preacher lived.

He was a friendly, white-haired old gentleman, and he made them very much at home under the impression they had come to get married. A slight deafness was in part responsible for this mistake.

"May I see the license?" he asked after Kirby had introduced himself and Rose.

For a moment the cattleman was puzzled. His eye went to Rose, seeking information. A wave of color was sweeping into her soft cheeks. Then Lane knew why, and the hot blood mounted into his own. His gaze hurriedly and in embarrassment fled from Miss McLean's face.

"You don't quite understand," he explained to the Rev. Nicodemus Rankin. "We've come only to—to inquire about some one you married—or rather to find out if you did marry him.

"His name is Cunningham. We have reason to think he was married a month or two ago. But we're not sure."

The old man stroked his silken white hair. At times his mind was a little hazy. There were moments when a slight fog seemed to descend upon it. His memory in recent years had been quite treacherous. Not long since he had forgotten to attend a funeral at which he was to conduct the services.

"I dare say I did marry your friend. A good many young people come to me. The license clerk at the court is very kind. He sends them here."

"The man's name was Cunningham—James Cunningham," Kirby prompted.

"Cunningham—Cunningham! Seems to me I did marry a man by that name. Come to think of it I'm sure I did. To a beautiful young woman," the old preacher said.

"Do you recall her name? I mean her maiden name," Rose said, excitement drumming in her veins.

"No-o. I don't seem quite to remember it. But she was a charming young woman — very attractive, I might say. My wife and daughter mentioned it afterward."

"May I ask if Mrs. Rankin and your daughter are at present in the house?" asked Lane.

"Unfortunately, no. They have gone to spend a few days visiting in Idaho Springs. If they were here they could re-enforce any gaps in my memory, which is not all it once was." The Reverend Nicodemus smiled apologetically.

"Was her name Esther McLean?" asked Rose eagerly.

The old parson brought his mind back to the subject with a visible effort. "Oh, yes! The young lady who was married to your friend——" He paused, at a loss for the name.

"Cunningham," Kirby supplied.

"Quite so—Cunningham. Well, it might have been McLeod. I—I rather think it did sound like that."

"McLean. Miss Esther McLean," corrected the cattleman patiently.

"The fact is I'm not sure about the young lady's name. Mother and Ellen would know. I'm sorry they're not here. They talked afterward about how pleasant the young lady was."

"Was she fair or dark?"

The old preacher smiled at Rose benevolently. "I really don't know. I'm afraid, my dear young woman, that I'm a very unreliable witness."

"You don't recollect any details? For instance, how did they come and did they bring witnesses with them?"

"Yes. I was working in the garden—weeding the strawberry patch, I think. They came in an automobile alone. Wife and daughter were the witnesses."

"Do you know when Mrs. Rankin and your daughter will be home?"

"By next Tuesday, at the latest. Perhaps you can call again. I trust there is nothing irregular about the marriage."

"Not so far as we know. We were anxious about the young lady. She is a friend of ours," Kirby said. "By the way, the certificate of the marriage is not on record at the courthouse. Are you sure you returned it to the clerk?"

"Bless my soul, did I forget that again?" exclaimed the Reverend Nicodemus. "I'll have my daughter look for the paper as soon as she returns."

"You couldn't find it now, I suppose," Lane suggested.

The old gentleman searched rather helplessly among the papers overflowing his desk. He did not succeed in finding what he looked for.

Kirby and Rose walked back to the courthouse. They had omitted to arrange with the license clerk to forward a copy of the marriage certificate when it was filed.

The rough rider left the required fee with the clerk and a bank note to keep his memory jogged up.

"Soon as Mrs. Rankin comes home, will you call her up and remind her about lookin' for the certificate?" he asked.

"Sure I will. I've got to have it, anyhow, for the records. And say, what's the name of that fresh guy who came in here and cut the page from the register? I'm going after him right, believe you me."

Kirby gave his cousin's name and address. He had no animosity whatever toward him, but he thought it just as well to keep Jack's mind occupied with troubles of his own during the next few days. Very likely then he would not get in his way so much.

They were no sooner clear of the courthouse than Rose burst out with what was in her mind.

"It's just as I thought. Your uncle married Esther and got her to keep quiet about the marriage for some reason. You cousins are trying to destroy the evidence so that the estate won't all go to her. I'll bet we get an offer of a compromise right away."

"Mebbe." Kirby's mind was not quite satisfied. Somehow this affair did not seem to fit in with what he knew of his uncle. Cunningham had been always bold and audacious in his actions, a law to himself. Yet if he were going to marry the stenographer he had wronged, he might do it secretly to conceal the date on account of the unborn child.

The eyes of Rose gleamed with determination. Her jaw set. "I'm gonna get the whole story out of Esther soon as I get back to town," she said doggedly.

But she did not—nor for many days after.

CHAPTER XXV

A Conference of Three

Kirby heard his name being paged as he entered his hotel.

"Wanted at the telephone, sir," the bell-hop told him.

He stepped into a booth and the voice of Rose came excited and tremulous. It was less than ten minutes since he had left her at the door of her boarding house.

"Something's happened, Kirby. Can you come here—right away?" she begged. Then, unable to keep back any longer the cry of her heart, she broke out with her tidings. "Esther's gone."

"Gone where?" he asked.

"I don't know. She left a letter for me. If you'll come to the house—Or shall I meet you downtown?"

"I'll come. Be there in five minutes."

He more than kept his word. Catching a car on the run at the nearest corner, he dropped from it as it crossed Broadway and walked to Cherokee.

Rose opened the house door when he rang the bell and drew him into the parlor. With a catch of the breath she blurted out again the news.

"She was gone when I got home. I found—this letter." Her eyes sought his for comfort.

He read what Esther had written.

I can't stand it any longer, dearest. I'm going away where I won't disgrace you. Don't look for me. I'll be taken care of till—afterward.

And, oh, Rose, don't hate me, darling. Even if I am wicked; love me. And try some time to forgive your little sister. ESTHER.

"Did anybody see her go?" Lane asked.

"I don't know. I haven't talked with anybody but the landlady. She hasn't seen Esther this afternoon, she said. I didn't let on I was worried."

"What does she mean that she'll be taken care of 'till afterward? Who'll take care of her?"

"I don't know."

"Have you any idea where she would be likely to go—whether there is any friend who might have offered her a temporary home?"

"No." Rose considered. "She wouldn't go to any old friend. You see she's—awf'ly sensitive. And she'd have to explain. Besides, I'd find out she was there."

"That's true."

"I ought never to have left her last spring. I should have found work here and not gone gallumpin' all over the country." Her chin trembled. She was on the verge of tears.

"Nonsense. You can't blame yourself. We each have to live our own life. How could you tell what was comin'? Betcha we find her right away. Mebbe she let out somethin' to Cole. She doesn't look to me like a girl who could play out a stiff hand alone."

"She isn't. She's dependent—always has leaned on some one." Rose had regained control of herself quickly. She stood straight and lissom, mistress of her emotions, but her clear cheeks were colorless. "I'm worried, Kirby, dreadfully. Esther hasn't the pluck to go through alone. She—she might—"

No need to finish the sentence. Her friend understood.

His strong hand went out and closed on hers. "Don't you worry, pardner. It'll be all right. We'll find her an' take her somewhere into the country where folks don't know."

Faintly she smiled. "You're such a comfort."

"Sho! We'll get busy right away. Denver ain't such a big town that we can't find one li'l' girl may promise." His voice was steady and cheerful, almost light. "First off, we'll check up an' see if any one saw her go. What did she take with her?"

"One suitcase."

"How much money? Can you make a guess?"

"She had only a dollar or two in her purse. She had money in the bank. I'll find out if she drew any."

"Lemme do that. I'll find Cole, too. You make some inquiries round the house here, kinda easy-like. Meet you here at 6 o'clock. Or mebbe we'd better meet downtown. Say at the Boston Chop House."

Cole was with Kirby when he met Rose at the restaurant.

"We'll go in an' get somethin' to eat," Lane said. "We'll talk while we're waiting. That way we'll not lose any time."

They found a booth and Kirby ordered the dinner. As soon as the waiter had gone he talked business.

"Find out anything, Rose?"

To be continued Monday

How I Raised My Parents

By an Ex-Child

—By J. P. McEVOY

CHAPTER V

I Introduce My Parents to a Few Choice Childish Diseases

ONE thing every child must learn early and that is not to allow his parents to become bored. They are so easily bored.

Everything bores them, including themselves. While on the other hand, babies, having a much stronger will and a more developed power of concentration, can amuse themselves for hours with virtually nothing.

Personally, I have spent many of my happiest childhood hours trying to pull out my father's mustache. It never came out, but that did not discourage me. My powers of concentration were remarkable; but of course, after I grew up these powers degenerated.

HOWEVER, I realized early that it would not do for my parents to become bored with me, so I looked around for a good idea. One day it came to me like a flash.

I was sitting up in my buggy, chatting with the little mut next door.

"I haven't seen you lately," said I.

"No," said he, "I have had the whooping cough. In fact, I still have it."

"Why do you have it?" I asked. "Oh, it keeps your parents very much interested in you," said he. "They haven't slept a wink in my house since I have had it. They wait on me night and day."

"Oh, I do hope I will get it," said I. "Don't worry," said he, "you will. In fact, I think I have given it to you." (Which he had).

WELL, for the next six months my parents had no reason to complain of my not giving them something to do. I developed a peculiar rasping bark that used to make my Rough Faced Parent sit up straight in bed out of the soundest sleep. But as much as I wanted to hold on to it, the whooping cough got away from me. So then I went out looking for other choice diseases and as soon as I found them I dutifully brought them home.

I tried out measles for a while; then I found a fine case of mumps, and after that I had all the different kinds of fever I could think of.

Whenever I heard of a particularly interesting disease in the neighborhood I went out and got it and brought it home.

As a result my parents are probably better posted on diseases of childhood than any parents in our block, and I modestly claim the credit. It was I who educated them.

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ASTOR FRANKLIN & GIRARD AVE. MATINEE DAILY BARBARA CASTLETON in "The Child Thou Gavest Me"

BALTIMORE 51ST & BALTIMORE Mats. 2:30, Eve. 7:30 THOMAS MEIGHAN in "A PRINCE THERE WAS"

BLUEBIRD Broad & Susquehanna Continuous 2 until 11 EUGENE O'BRIEN in "CLAY DOLLARS"

BROADWAY Broad & Snyder Ave. 2, 6:45 & 9 P.M. SPECIAL CAST in "THE BONNIE BRIER BUSH"

CAPITOL 722 MARKET ST. 10 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. POLA NEGRI in "VENDETTA"

COLONIAL Gtn. & Maplewood Aves. 2:30, 7 and 9 P. M. BARBARA CASTLETON in "The Child Thou Gavest Me"

FAIRMOUNT 26th & Girard Ave. MATINEE DAILY Mr. and Mrs. Carter DeHaven in "MARRIED A POOR GIRL"

56TH ST. THEATRE—Below Spruce MATINEE DAILY WALLACE REID in "THE HELL DIGGERS"

GREAT NORTHERN Broad St. at Erie 2, 7 & 9 P. M. RUDOLPH VALENTINO in "THE CONQUERING POWER"

IMPERIAL 69TH & WALNUT STS. Mats. 2:30 Eves. 7 & 9 NORMA TALMADGE in "THE WONDERFUL THING"

KARLTON CHESTNUT Above BROAD 11:15 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. CECIL B. DE MILLE'S "SATURDAY NIGHT"

Lehigh Palace Germantown Ave. and Lehigh Avenue WILLIAM S. HART in "WHITE OAK"

LIBERTY BROAD & COLUMBIA AV. MATINEE DAILY THOMAS MEIGHAN in "A PRINCE THERE WAS"

ORIENT Woodland Ave. at 62d St. MATINEE DAILY SPECIAL CAST in "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford"

OVERBROOK 63D & HAVERFORD AVENUE CHARLES RAY in "NINETEEN AND PHYLLIS"

PALACE 1214 MARKET STREET 10 A. M. to 11:30 P. M. BERT LYTELL in "THE IDLE RICH"

REGENT MARKET ST. Below 17TH 11 A. M. to 11 P. M. POLA NEGRI in "THE LAST PAYMENT"

RIALTO GERMANTOWN AVENUE AT TULPEHOCKEN ST. DUSTIN FARNUM in "THE PRIMAL LAW"

SHERWOOD 54th & Baltimore Av. MAT. 2, EVE. 6:30 PAULINE FREDERICK in "THE LURE OF JADE"

STANLEY MARKET AT 19TH 11 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. WALLACE REID in "RENT FREE"

STANTON MARKET Above 16TH 11 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. "THE FOUR HORSEMEN OF THE APOCALYPSE"

333 MARKET STREET THEATRE 9 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. WILLIAM FARNUM in "PERJURY"

VICTORIA MARKET ST. ab. 9TH 9 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. "A CONNECTICUT YANKEE IN KING ARTHUR'S COURT"

GRANT 4622 Girard Ave. Mat. Today Violin and Organ Recitals SPECIAL CAST in "DISCONTENTED WIVES"

The NIXON-NIRDLINGER THEATRES

BELMONT 52D ABOVE MARKET 1:30 and 7:30; 6:30 to 11 DAVID POWELL in "THE SKY PILOT"

CEDAR 60TH & CEDAR AVENUE 1:30 and 3; 7 and 9 P. M. GLADYS WALTON in "THE ROWDY"

COLISEUM Market bet. 59th & 60th 1:30 & 3; 7 & 9 P.M. SPECIAL CAST in "THE FIRE EATER"

JUMBO FRONT ST. & GIRARD AVE. Jumbo June, on Frankford "L" PAULINE FREDERICK in "THE STING OF THE LASH"

LEADER 41ST & LANCASTER AVE. 1:30 to 5; 7 to 11 P. M. ZANE GREY'S POWERFUL STORY "The Mysterious Rider"

LOCUST 52D AND LOCUST STREETS Mats. 1:30, 3:30. Eves. 6:30 to 11 Pauline Starke, Rose Dione & Tully Marshall "SILENT YEARS"

NIXON'S GLENSIDE Mt. Carmel Ave. Glenside NOW OPEN Pauline Frederick in "The Lure of Jade"

NIXON 52D AND MARKET STS. 2:15, 6:30 and 9 SPECIAL CAST in "TANGLED TRAILS"

RIVOLI 52D AND SANSOM STS. 1:30 & 3; 6:45 to 11 P. M. HOBART BOSWORTH in "BLIND HEARTS"

69TH ST. Theatre, Opp. "L" Terminal 2:30, 7 and 9 P. M. MARION DAVIES in "THE BRIDE'S PLAY"

STRAND Gtn. Ave. at Venango St. 2:30, 6:30 to 11 P. M. ALL-STAR CAST in "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford"

AT OTHER THEATRES, MEMBERS OF M. P. T. O. A.

Ambassador Baltimore Ave. at 56th Daily, 1:30 to 4:30 & 7 to 11 P.M. FLORENCE CHASE in "A Woman Above Reproach" Beg. Next Mon.—DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS in "THE THREE MUSKETEERS"

Germantown 5516 Germantown Ave. MATINEE DAILY MAY ALLISON in "THE LAST CARD"

JEFFERSON 20th & Dauphin Sts. MATINEE DAILY SPECIAL CAST in "THE BONNIE BRIER BUSH"

PARK RIDGE AVE. & DAUPHIN Mat. 2:15. Eve. 6:45 to 11 EARLE WILLIAMS in "LUCKY CARSON"