Che Daily Movie Magazine

DOROTHY PHILLIPS' **COMPANY IS** TRAVELING FAR

By CONSTANCE PALMER

Hollywood, Calif. LLEN HOLUBAR and his company, making "The Soul Seeker," which stars Dorothy Phillips, the pro-Sucer-director's wife, are still away ca location. They have been on Mexi-can waters in a former German shin which Mr. Holnbar chartered. They just in at San Diego, where they mad-some scenes, and then took themse ve-to Catalina, where a few vague reports will have them. still have them.

still have them. Met Gertrude Olmsted and her moth-er in the Come On Inn today at luncheon. Gertrude says she is having a lot of excitement working with Harry Myers in "The Adventures of Robin-non Crusoe." They have been down to Laguna Beach, which was trans-formed more or 'ess realistically into a desert island. Harry Myers did some thriling stunts, and now the company is up on a hill at Universal rocking in the cradle of the deep on a ship they've built there. the cradle of built there.

Madame Rose Rosonova, the Russian Madame Rose Rosonova, the Russian actress, who played the mother in "Hungry Hearts," was called back from New York for some added sceues. I believe the producers decided to put on a new ending to the tale. Madame Rosonova unfortunately parted with a who'e suitcase of her warmest clothes between here and New York, and to cap the climax arrived during cur coldest weather.

Cur coldest weather. Pauline Frederick was married to Dr. A. C. Rutherford, of Seattle, yester-day at Santa Ana. Louise Dresser and her husband, Jack Gardner were wit-nesses. The who's affair was quite impromptu and the wedding breakfast was eaten at a hot-dog wegon.

was eaten at a hot-dog wagon. Miss Frederick is at work on "The Glory of Clementiua," from the story by W. J. Locke. She evinces a desire, unuvual in so beautiful a woman, to play character parts. In this case she appears as a dowdy English old maid, with square-toed shoes and a funny hat. To my mind, however, she is as lovely as ever and a lot more human than the lady stars who wear decollete gowns and th bangles. I have always admired Miss Fred.

I have always admired Miss Fred-erick. That is a quite superfluous statement. Most people do. She is possessed of a certain dynamic force. lighted, it may be, by a spark of genius. She also has a very plercing eye. It lighted on me. I began to fed in the way, so took myself off. Sunday I was invited by Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Hatton and Charles Reed Jones to go to the preview of "The Silent Call," a. a uowntown the-atte. Most promptly at 10 o'clock Sunday moraing they cal'ed for me. It seemed that it had been arranged for various stars to be present with their t dogs-the picture being a dog story-I have always admired Miss Fred-

and that the Pathe Weekly man would duly photograph us for the edilication of the country at large. We got down of the country at large. We got down to to the theatre, but there was no one if of interest in sight, so we waited. And we waited. After a time Clara Hor-ton arrived with her mother and the Afreda'e. And they waited. At length, nothing more happening, we drove away and one the more in the more in the more in nuch spent the rest of the morning tour-ing in the well-known California sun-fabine. As Mrs. Hatton observed. "If it had been at 2 o'clock in the morning, instead of 11, everybody would have teen there." "Tom"-Gareth Hughes was born in

1.000 PUTS QUARTER IN METER: TWO NEARLY SUFFOCATED

FOR THE FILM FAN'S SCRAPBOOK

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

THE MOVIE FAN'S LETTER-BOX

By HENRY M. NEELY

"One of Rudie's Many Admirers"— We have already published that picture mythical 'best picture' should go to of Rodolph in the costume of "The Sheik," to which you refer. "Mrs. Hippi's Husband"—The issue of January 31 (Tuesday it was) con-

the best and highbrow alke. Where I saw "She died an hour ago." said the cabman was still crying— it. everybody in the audience appeared "She died an hour ago." said the cabman was still crying— it. correspondent to be crazy about it and the manager "She died an hour ago." said the woman was still crying— it. the ascreen epic and one which neither the bay girl for a bit, Mrs. Veniza—you and Paul." "I thought mabbe you'd look after the bay girl for a bit, Mrs. Veniza—you and Paul." "Of course:" said the woman in a "Of course:" said the woman in a "Of course: "I wanted to before, PUBLIC LEDGER's list right well, es-moons. Otherwise, I liked the EVENING choked voice. "I wanted to before, "God—God bless you both!" he but—but your wife weuldn't let the we mit cout of her sight." "She's dead now," said the cabman. I to have her yet. I'll stand by the bargain." He moved to the cabman's side, and, placing his hands on the other's shoulders, drew "Wate Unother Interposed. "Wate Unother Interposed. "Wate Unother Interposed." "Mrs. Hippi's Husband"—The issue of January 31 (Tuesday it was) con-tained in the Movie Magazine a pleture of Richard Dix, as per your request. The one of Tom Mix will come through shortly. Dix is twenty-sight years old. His latest pleture is "Yellow Men and Go'd" not yet released, but coming soon. Bebe Daniels is very much alive. Did you see her in "The Speed Girl" and "Nancy From Nowhere"? She will appear with Rodolph Valentino in "Blood and Sand." Your name has a peculiar fascination for me. You think

Bebe Daniels is very much alive. Ind you see her in "The Speed Girl" and "Salopear with Rodolph Valentino in "Blood and Sand." Your mane has a you, it will rank high in this year's t couldn't be a grouch and be inter-t couldn't be a grouch and be inter-t couldn't be a grouch and be inter-t couldn't be a grouch and be inter-"Tom"-Gareth Hughes was born in "The will rank high in thiles. How was the "Salome"; on the screen appeared with "Salome"; on the screen appeared Room When Flow is Renewed Youth." "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cab-Inquisitive-Your name describes you can you be so cruel at such an hour as aptly. What difference does it make this?" Room When Flow is Renewed Dropping a quarter in a slot gas meter ast night narrowly missed having fatal Kelly, 8 Kerbaugh street, Bridesburg. Both are under treatment today at the Northeastern Hospital. They will re-pulmotor for thirty minutes to restore interest of the the state of the when Kelly, who is twenty-two years old, and his wife Ida, twenty-one, re-thred last night they left a gas light In the night Kelly. The night they left a gas light

"PAWNE

wheeler. The cabman lifted his chin from his breast, stared stonily at the hawker, slapped the reins mechanically on the roof of the cab as an intimation to the horse to proceed, and the cab wend-ed its way along again.

At the end of the block it turned the corner and drew up before a small building that was nested in between two tenements. The cabman climbed down from his perch and stood for a mo-uent surveying the three glided balls that hung over the diner doorway and ment surveying the three gilded balls that hung over the dingy doorway and the lettering—"Paul Veniza. Fawn-broker"—that showed on the dully lighted windows which confronted him. If drew his hand across his eyes; then, reaching suddenly inside the cab, lifted a bundle in his arms, and en-tered the shop. A man behind the counter stared at him and uttered a counter stared at him and uttered a quick ejaculation. The cabman went on into a rear room. The man from be-hind the counter followed. In the rear room a woman rose from a table where she had been sewing and took the bundle quickly from the cabman's arms, as it emitted a querulous little

The cabman spoke for the first time. "She's dead," he said heavily. The woman, buxon, middle-aged, stared at him, white-faced, her eyes

An Unusual Romance of People Whose Very Being is Pledged to Do the Bidding of Others By FRANK L. PACKARD of "The M racie Man," "From Now On," etc. Copyright, 1999, by Fublic Ledger Company

and stand erect upon the steamer's rall. On the upper deck faces and forms began to sppcar. A man in pajamas beaued far out and peered at the scene-There was a shout from out of the dark, grouped throng in the alleyway ; it was chorused. The rush came on again for the rall; and the dripping figure that stood there, with the first sound that be had made—a laugh, half bitter, half of cool contempt—turned, and with a clean dire took the water again and disap-peared. "The jog for mine, I served the young man to the "Probably a file of native constant in bare feet that you can't bear ing up the rear !" The footsteps drew nearer, still some distance away, the wo clad figure of a man showed ope tree-fringed road. The sprawled on the beach made no effort to flight, and less toward concease With a sort of studied insolence jected into his challenge, he study other cigarette between his lips and liberately allowed full pay to the of the match.

of the match.

The footsteps halted abruptly. In another moment, they crunched the sand, and a tall man, with swarthy face, a man of perhaps or forty-five, who picked as de at his teeth with a quill toothpick, over the recumbent figure.

"Found you, have I?" he complacently.

complacently. "If you like to put it that said the young man indifferently, raised himself on his elbow again stared toward the road. "Where army?" he inquired. The tall man allowed the pen the quill toothpick to flex and back against his teeth. The sound distinctive. Tek I He ignored the tion.

tion.

"When the mate came out of d land," he said, "he lowered a bo came ashore to lay a complaint

"I can't say I'm surprised," mitted the young man. "I suppo am to go with you quietly and no trouble or it will be the wome me—I believe that's the usual form isn't it?"

The man with the quill toothpide down on the sand. He appeared to absorbed for a moment in a contemp tion of his surroundings.

tion of his surroundings. "These tropic nights are wonder aren't they? Kind of get you." plied the quill toothpick industries "I'm a passenger on the steamship. I came ashore with the mate. Her gone back-without laying the plaint. There's always a way of the things-even injured feelings. One of the native boat's crew said he her where you were to be found. He's see there." He jerked his head in the disc tion of the road. The young man act bolt and the

tion of the road. The young man sat bolt upright. "I don't get you," he said slows "except that you are evidently personifying the majesty of the are What's the idea?" "Well." said the other, "I had the reasons for coming. The first was the I thought I recognized you yester and was sure of it tonight when—I's an ight sleeper—I came out on the upper deck at the sound of the row are saw you take your departure from the vessel for the second time." The moonlight caught the dripping figure now and then in the open spaces. and scemed to peer inquisitively at the great breadth of shoulder and the ripgreat breadth of shoulder and the rip-pling play of muscle under the thin cotton drawers and shirt, which, wet and clinging, almost transparent, scarce hid the man's nakedness; and at the

"I had no idea," said the young man caustically, "that I was so well known. Are you quite sure you haven't made m mistake?"

Are you quite sure you haven't made a mistake?" "Quite!" asserted the other em-posedly. "Of course, I am not pr-pared to say what your present name is --you may have considered a char-beneficial--so I will not presume in that respect. But you are, or were, a resident of San Francisco. You were very nice people there. I have mo knowledge of your mother, except that I understand she died in your infancy. A few years ago your father died and left you, not a fortune, but quite a moderate amount of money. I believe the pulpits designate it as a 'besetting zin." You had one-gambling. The re-sult was that you traveled the road a great many other young men have traveled; the only difference being that, in so far as I am competent to upeak. you hold the belt for speed and all-round proficiency. You went utterly, completely and whole-heartedly to hell." The tall man became absorbed again in his surroundings.

again in his surroundings, "And I take it," he said presently. "that in spite of the wonders of a tropic night, you are still there." The young man shrugged his shoal

f mative matting, his bed. "The sand is softer," he said with a rim drawl. He went out from the hut, crossed but I am obliged to confess that the

him time to spring and stand erect upon the steamer's rail this, then she remains with us, and we are her parents, and you pledge me your word that it shall he so." There was no answer for a long time. The woman was still crying-but more spfily now. The cabman's form was one of the vessel's mates, that

the form still swung a short rope-end that was a murderous weapon because it was little more flexible than iron and was an inch in thickness, and that. behind behind this form, other forms, big forms, Tongans of the crew, pressed forward. A voice roured out, hoarse, profane,

the doorway as the other clampered to the, terrible swiftness of a pauther in this perch on the bansom cab. Hawkins slapped his reins on the roof through the air, missing a suddenly of the cab. The horse started slow! The drizzle had ceased; but the horse. The drizzle had ceased; but the horse. The drizzle had ceased; but the horse. The swift is spring. The rope-end swished the road, flung binself upon his back the road, flung binself upon his back the recognition isn't mutual. Would you mind telling me who you are?'' "We'll get to that in due course," ag inch, and then, driven home with lightning-like rapidity, so quick that the bigs spirals, and he stared for a long time at the moon. of the wet pavements and moved at no bows scened as one, the swinner's list of the wet pavements and moved at no greater pace than a walk. Hawkins drove with his coat collar still turned up and his chin on his breast. And horse and man went atmlessly for an instant like a tuning fork, gagged And horse and man went nimiessly

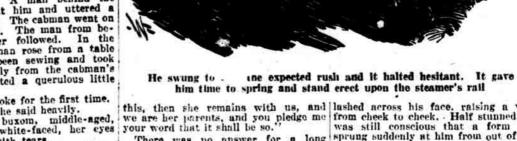
face, that of a young man, whose square jaw was locked, whose gray cyes stared steadily along the road, and over whose forehead, from the drenched, untrimmed mass of fair hair, the brine trickled in little rivulets as though persistent in its effort to torture with its salt caress the raw, skin-broken flesh across the cheeks. Then presently a point of land ran out, and the road ignoring this, the hay behind was shut out from view.

bay And presently again, farther on, the road came to a long white stretch of beach on the one hand, and folinge and trees on the other. And here the drip-ping figure halted and stood hesitant as though undecided between the moonlit stretch of sand and the darkness of a native hut that was dimly outlined among the trees on the other side of

the road. After a moment he made his way to the hut and, groping around, secured some matches and a box of cigarcties.

some matches and a box of cigarcites. He spoke into the empty blackness. "You lose, Nanu," he muttered whimsteally. "They wouldn't stand water and I left them for you. But now, you see, I'm back sgain, after all."

He lighted a elgarette, and in the fame of the match stared speculatively at the smull, broken pieces of coral that made the floor of the hut, and equally, by the addition of a thin piece of native matting, his bed. "The sand is softer," he said with a



Last night narrowly missed having fatal results for Mr. and Mrs. William Kelly, 8 Kerbaugh street, Bridesburg.

urning in their room. In the night Kelly's father. Daniel answer you personally, but cannot say ally, got up to take some medicine. inding there was no gas he went into be basement and dropped a quarter in the bis cost. Heturning to his room be thed the gas, took the medicine, and her recent pictures. She was born in MARRIED SIXTY-FOUR YEARS Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Rumbarger, Louden Street, Celebrate Today Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Leathers Burn Mr. Address Mr. Address Burn Kelly, got up to take some medicine. Finding there was no gas he went into he basement and dropped a quarter in the her, though I admit I haven t seen her her recent pictures. She was born in har, Brooklyn in 1901, educated by private cele tutors, created the part of Little Hal fou in "The Squaw Man" on the stage, 18, lighted the gas, took the medicine, and retired. The light had gone out in the

and former president of the Poor Rich-ard Club, which was admitted to proard Club, which was admitted to pro-Gareth.

bate yesterday. Mr. Fo'ey left \$27,700 in real estate and "200,000 and upwards" in per-"200.000 and upwards' in per-property. Substantial bequests left to the testator's mother. Mrs. nonal were left John M. Hougton, to his sister, Mrs. Char'es E. Bell, and to his only nicce. Miss Kathryn Bell. Of the residue of the estate the principal part goes to Catholic charities and educational insti-tutions, with bequests also to Templ-Iniversity and the University of Penn

sylvania.

any more. He has a part on the stage in "Kiki" with Leonore Ulric. That was his wife who used to play with him on the screen. R. N. Graves writes: "I rise to claim Uncommon Sense .

By JOHN BLAKE TF YOU had your choice o. two parbeing there when people expect you to allel railroads in going to a parbe them.

ticular city, which one would you take tion, you soon discover that you must -the road whose trains run on sched- be there on time, or not be there at all. or the road whose trains were invariaby from fifteen minutes to three guarters of an hour late?

tual with the discharge of your work as ti is to be in the office at the hour when work begins. If you are late with a particular job, the man to whom you inust pass it is late starting, and unless some one hurries and slights the task along the line, the schedule may not be and squeeze the other end firmly be-tween the the schedule rest of the day Twenty or thirty years ago, when there were not so many continental lines, one railroad manager got 75 per cent of the passenger business ting all his trains through on the passenger business by getsave when land-slides or blizzards prevented.

The management of the other road awakened too late to what was going on. The tide of travel had gone the who can always be counted on to arrive other way, merely because one man when he ought to arrive is the man

ways sure of his breakfast. Be early if you want to, but far more an will want to read "b an will want to read "b b Bassiy Feet." by Debu than important to be earluy is to be on Copyright, 1998, by Public Ledger Company

Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Leathers Rum-barger, 1311 Louden street, are today celebrating their anniversary of sixty-four years of married life. February 18, 1858, the couple were married in the home of the bride's parents, Mr.

when the father dropped the gas quarter in the meter gas poured from the jet again and filled the room.
 A boarder, Miss Mary Warger, on arting this morning, smelled the gas and called help.
 RICHARD A. FOLEY'S WILL
 Advertising Man's Widow is the Principal Beneficiary
 Mrs. R. Jennie Foley is the principal beneficiary under the will of her husand control of the Principal Beneficiary
 Mrs. R. Jennie Foley is the principal beneficiary under the will of her husand control of the Principal Beneficiary
 Mrs. R. Jennie Foley is the principal beneficiary
 Mrs. R. Jennie Foley is the principal beneficiary under the will of her husand control of the Principal and Control of the Principal beneficiary under the will of her husand control of the Principal beneficiary under the will of her husand of the direction of the Principal and Control of the Principal dent the principal of the Principal dent the principal beneficiary under the will of her husand to the Drop beneficiary and former president of the Principal dent the principal and former president of the Principal and former president of the Principal and the principal and the principal beneficiary and the principal and the principal and former president of the Principal beneficiary in the principal beneficiary and the princi

No. 89-Automatic Match Box

Punch two small holes in the top and

tween the thumb and foreflager, to keep the drawer from flying loose.

By merely releasing pressure with the

89

The pawnbroker shook his head. He had moved to the back of the cabman's chair. Tall, sight, grave and kind'y. faced, with high forehead and the dark hair beginning to sliver at the temp ca, there seemed something almost esthetic about the man.

"It is the hour." he said deliber-ately; "the one hour in which I must speak plainly to my old friend, the one hour that has come into his life which grew late. may mean everything to him."

right hand elipped from the cabman's tatively, hesitantly, a great many times, oulder and started, tentatively, hesitantly, toward a bulge in the cabinun's for a great many times was withdrawn coat pocket-but was drawn back again, and found its place once more on the cabman's shoulder. "I was afraid as empty as it had set forth. And then,

once, his ingers touched a glass bottle neck • • and then, not his ingers, cabman's shoulder. but his lips . . . and for a great many Hawkins, when you married the young vife. I was afraid of your curse. times.

The cabman's elbows were on the table; he had sunk his chin in his hands. His blue eyes, out of a wrink ed had begun to rain again. The horse, as if conscious of th futility of its own movements, had stopped, and, with head hanging, face of wind-beaten tau, roved around the little room, and rested finally on the emed to cower down as though seek ing even the slender protection bundle in the woman's arms. shafts, whose ends now made half cir-

"That's finished now," he said dully. "I pray God it is," said Paul Veniza cles above his cars. Something slipped from the cabman's fingers and fell with a crash to the earnestly; "but you said that beforewhen you married the young wife." "It's finished now-so help n "It's finished now-so help me, pavement. The cannan tenter on the shat-God!" The cabman's lips scarcely his perch and stared down at the shat-moved. He stared straight in front of "Broken," said the cabman va-

There was silence in the little, plain- | cantly.

HIS STORY

intervals, a slight ripple disturbed the

in the

ly furnished room for a moment; then the pawnbroker spoke again:

It was born here in New York, you "I was born here in New York, you know, after my parents came from Italy. There was no money, nothing— the water lay placed and still, inirrer-ing in a long, shimmering line the re-dention of the full tropic meon; beyond only misery. I remember. It is like that. Hawkins, isn't it, where you have just come from, and where you have left the young wife?" "Paul!" his wife cried out again "How can you say such things It— it is not like you!" Her lips quiv-ered. She burst into tears, and burled regular tops etched with divine artistry into the skyline of the night. her face in the little bundle she snuggied to her breast.

The cabman seemed curiously un-moved-as though dazed, almost de- which holds no sanctuary in storm, the The cabman seemed curtously unched from his immediate surroundings, mail boat, dark save for her riding lights, swung at her moorings; shore-He said nothing. The pawnbroker's hands still rested ward, the perspective altered on the cabman's shoulders, a strange moonlight until it seemed that

gentleness in his touch that sought Vaca had lowered its sturdy head that mehow, it seemed, to offer sympathy it might hover in closer guardianship over the little town, Ania strangled in for his own merciless words. "I have been thinking of this for a white patches along the road.

I have been thinking of this that from these white patches, which were claire could not get better." he said, dwellings and stores, there issued no "We knew you would bring the little light. one here. There was no other place, except ar institution. And so I have the mail boat a figure in cotton drawers here the mail boat a figure in cotton drawers.

been thinking about it. What is the and undershirt slipped silently into the little one's name?" water and disappeared. Thereafter, at

little one's name?" The cabman shock his head. "She has no name," he said. "Shail it be Claire, then?" the pawnbroker gently. asked

his head.

surface as the man coming up to breathe, turned upon his back and lay with his face exposed; for the rest he The cabman's fingers, where they swam under water. It was as though rested on his cheeks, gathered a fold of desh and tightened until the blood fiel, he were in his natural element.

He swam superbly even where, there leaving little white spots. He nodded is head. Again the pawnbroker was silent for to the sea; but his face, when visible

L and keeps them on time, the man who can always be counted on to arrive when he ought to arrive is the man borizontal position. The trick is eson the few uccasions that it floated "My wife and I will take little Claire above the surface, was the face, not o

where way, merely because one man knew the value of running on schedule, and it was not brought back for nany rears.
when he ought to arrive is the man who is trusted by business associates, and it was not brought back for nany rears.
WOUR value to anybody, whether it is to the boss or to the public, or to rour friends, is a matter of d-penda-lity. Dependability is a matter of d-penda-inty.
when he ought to arrive is the man who is trusted by business associates, and who gets business in consequence. It is quite possible for the early bird to be there before the worm is out of bed. It is the bird who knows just is to the boss or to the public, or to rour friends, is a matter of d-penda-inty.
Worm gets up, and who is there looking for him at that exact hour who is all-worm gets up, and who is there looking for him at that exact hour who is all-worm gets up, and who is there looking for him at that exact hour who is all-worm gets up, and who is there looking for him at that exact hour who is all-worm gets up, and who is there looking for him at that exact hour who is all-worm gets up, and who is there looking for him at that exact hour who is all-worm gets up, and who is there looking for him at that exact hour who is all-worm sets up, and who is there looking for him at that exact hour who is all-worm sets up, and who is there looking for him at that exact hour who is all-worm sets up, and who is there looking for him at that exact hour who is all-worm sets up, and who is there looking for him at that exact hour who is all-worm sets up, and who is there looking for him at that exact hour who is all-worm sets up, and who is there looking for him at that exact hour who is all-worm sets up, and who is that exact hour who is all-worm sets up, him the beakfeat.

NOT LIKE GEO. WASHINGTON For a real good laugh be sure to see "Fo lies of the Passing Show," by La Hanlon in the Magnains Section of a Sunday's Public Labusa, -- Adv.

and sprawled inertly on the deck. And the cabman's hand reached ten-There was a shuffle of feet from the tatively, hesitantly, a great many times, alleyway, cries. The swimmer swing coming rapidly along the road from toward a bulge in his coat pocket, and to face the expected rush, and it halted, the direction of the town was now un-

wavering spirats, and he stated to a long time at the moon. "Moon madness," he said at last. "They say if you look long enough the old boy does you in." d horse and man went almessly for an instant like a tuning fork, sagged stub away. After a time, he raised his street to street—and the night and the great bulk of the man collapsed head and listened. A moment later he "By God !" The welt across the A moment later he have back again full length on the same. The sound of some one's footsteps

hesitant. It gave him time to spring mistakably audible.

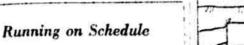
young man's face grew suddenly white he though the blood had fled from it to suffuse his temples. He half rose, staring levelly into the other's eyes. To be continued Monday

THE CALL OF THE NO









If you are working in a big institu-

It is just as necessary to be punc-

THE man who keeps his engagements

restored for the rest of the day.