The Daily Movie Magazine

SHE LUNCHES WITH THE STARS



"Connie" Palmer, whose Hollywood letters have long been a feature of the Movie Magazine, tells in today's page of having lunched with Virginia Valli at the Come On Inn out on the Coast, Miss Valli is on the left. Connie on the right. So you see, she is a real person

THE MOVIE FAN'S LETTER-BOX

By HENRY M. NEELY

Mrs. J. S. S.-Your friend is right;] do have those haunting memories that Conway Tearle who played op-make us think the remembered thing Constance Talmadge in "Two was perfection itself, whereas, if we it was Conway Tearle who provide the was perfection itself, whereas, it we posite Constance Talundge in "Two saw it again today, we would probably mova in "Camille," either, except that unexceptional. The little girl you mention was Clarine Seymour. She was bas struck out on a new path in de-signing the settings. Whether you liked cast, to play a part in "Way Down the result or not, it was something to find a new note. I imagine it's Lillian "Ure was started and Mary Hay, now Wre Washard Barthelmas, weareaded ndg. Mrs. Richard Barthelmess, succeeded But her and made the retakes. I fully agree Gish whose acting you don't like, judg-ing from your description of it. But you are very far wrong in saying she with you. Miss Seymour was an un-fis concetted. She is one of the most usually lovely young woman of a type charming and unaffected young women not often seen on either stage or screen. have ever met and not the slightest . . .

I have ever met and not the signest bit up-stage or Rizy. And Dorothy is the same way. There were a lot of us been reading your articles for a short the same way. There were a lot of us at Mamaroneck one day during the been shooting of "Orphans" and Dorothy havi

in many pictures.

"PAWNED" ТНІЗ НЕКІЛЯ ТНЕ АТОРУ Пачкіль, ап оід New York саблаль, такат, такат, бо дія оід friend, Paul Venixa, be brought up without knowledis of period, Paul Venixa, be brought up without knowledis of period. Paul Venixa, be brought up without knowledis of period. Paul Venixa, be brought up without knowledis of period. Paul Venixa, be brought up without knowledis of period. Paul Venixa, be brought up without knowledis of period. Paul Venixa, be brought up without knowledis of period. Paul Venixa, be brought up without knowledis of period. Paul Venixa, be brought up without knowledis of period. Paul Venixa, be brought up without knowledis of period. Paul Venixa, be brought up without knowledis of period. Paul Venixa, be brought up without knowledis of a mysel period. Paul Venixa, be brought up without knowledis of a mysel period. Paul Venixa, be young univer, who draws up a constraint of a mysel period. Paul Venixa, be young univer, be an arreed to peak himseling house. The younger man himseling house, the young the analy for gambling house which we within the ta broke, and through the period of the best of the broke, and through the base to be within the ta broke, and through the base to be within the ta broke, and through the base to be within the ta broke, and through the base to be within the ta broke, and through the base to be within the ta broke, and through the base to be within the ta broke, and through the base to be THIS BEGINS THE STORY VIRGINIA VALLI IS

TO PLAY IN **REVOLUTION FILM** By CONSTANCE PALMER

Hollywood, Calif. VIRGINIA VALLI is to be Herbert Rawlinson's leading woman in the Universal production of "The Black Bag." The story is one of mysteries. crooks and everything coming right in the end, if you crave that sort of thing. Anyhow, Miss Valli will do her part well, and make that much of the pic-dure successful. You may have noticed that I have a vast admiration for a very few of the stars of the screen--and you also may have noticed that Miss Valli is one of those who claim

We had lunch together at the Come On Inn the other day. They took our

On Inn the other day. They took our picture—so here it is. Mabel Normand has resumed her work on "Suzanna." the Mack Sen-nett production in which she will star. She was quite seriously ill for a time after Mr. Taylor's death, and her laugentichle compaction with the tragedy lamentable connection with the tragedy. She was first contined to her home by a nervous breakdown, and later by a cold which became so very serious that it was rumored she would not be able to go on with her work at the studio, and that a double would have to be employed to take her place. For a few days, doctors despaired of her life. HE HALTED before the mirror and

However, she is now up and about, and doing her work as usual. Louise Lorraine, the femipine lead in the serial "With Stanley in Africa." his disheveled appearance ; then he took off his coat, flung it on a chair, pushed the electric button, and returned to his outlined one of her days for me rebunk.

"At S o'clock I appeared on the set, cady for orders from the director, You're scheduled to play with the igers this morning,' he said, pleas." "Hello, steward i' said Crang someready tigers this morning,' he said, pleas-antly. They told me there really wasn't any danger, and that they were all standing about ready with rifles to shoot if any danger arose. So I loosened my hair and tore my skirt into shoot if any danger arose. So I for?" loosened my hair and tore my skirt into shreds as the script called for. They steward answered. "It was right had to take the scene three times, be- after we started. We're only a little

LITTLE

BENNY'S

NOTE BOOK

By Lee Pape

The Park Ave. News

erse.

had to take the scene three times, be-after we sthridd. We're only a little van the behavior of the animals. I hoped that was all, but— 'And now sir. Nothing serious. We'll be off for the river,' and my heart sank just a little bit, for there is nothing so cold as the Los Angeles River in winter. Then for three hours we had to throw ourselves into the water repeatedly and descine the standard of the steward. 'The standard of the steward. "It's only just a little after 7 now,

float a hundred yards down the cur-rent while the scene was being taken. "That's better!" smiled Crang. The only means of keeping warm be-tween shots was a tiny brushwood fire. "Well, get my traps right up here," like a good fellow, and I'll clean up a bit. And hurry, will you?" The steward looked a little blank. At 2 o'clock in the afternoon 1 put on dry clothes and went into the lions'

cage, where I stayed for the rest of the day. Do any of the girls want to go into pictures?"

"Your traps, sir??" "Luggage-traps-baggage." defined Crang with facetious terseness. And I ask you-do you?

Crang with facetions terseness. "Oh, I knew what you meant, sir." said the steward. "It's where your traps are, sir? I—I thought it a bit strange you didn't have anything with you when you came aboard this after-

AND HERE IT CONTINUES

removed the more flagrant traces of

seem. Beat it ?" "But where are they, sir?" persisted

the man. "Where are they? Good God, how do

I know?" ejaculated Crang sarcasti-cally, "I sent them down to the ship Weather. Could be better ; could be Exter: Big Ixcitement. All of a sud-n last Satiidday aftirnoon there was big noise like somebody hert erround baggage room, aboard, haven't you?" din last Nattidday aftirnoon there was a big noise like somebody hert erround

An Unusual Romance of People Whose Very Being is Pledged to Do the Bidding of Others By FRANK L. PACKARD Author of "The Miracle Man," "From Now On," etc.

"Claire ain't-she don't know about running it into the shed that serve this, does she?" Mrs. Hedges had he halted. "No." said Hawkins, with a fu assured him. glance over his shoulder at the factor door; "if I started it up. Mrs. He would hear me. I guess I'll wait I come back."

"Certainly not." Ars. Indee assured him. "But you said she to'd you some-thing"—Hawkins continued to recon-struct the conversation—"so she must have been here." "Law!" Mrs. Hedges had returned. "I nearly put my foot in it, didn't I— I—I mean starting you in to worry. Certainly she don't know anything about it. She just came over to sny her father wanted to see you, and I says to here you ain't feeling very well, and she says it's all right." Hawkins resumed his dressing. His mind continued to mull over the after-noon. Later on he had made another Hawkins went on down the street a turned the corner. He had grown little dejected. "I'm just an old bum." said fire kins, "who ain't ever going to sw off any more 'cause it don't do a

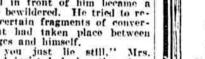
nind continued to mull over the after-mon. Later on he had made another attempt to get up. He was feeling quite well enough to go over and find out what Paul Veniza wanted. And then Mrs. Hedges, as though she had quite forgotten what she had said be-fore, said that Paul Veniza didn't want to see him, or else he'd send word. Hawkins scratched behind his car again. His head wasn't quite clear. Maybe he had not got it all quite straight. Suddenly he smiled. Of course! There wasn't anything to be bewildered about. Mrs. Hedges was just simply determined that he would not go out—and he was equally deter-

bewildered about. Mrs. Helpes with the subst I think somebody is going to all—in full burned in his sallow cheecks, and his lips worked, and his hands curled until the nails bit into the pilot house, and gave the wheel a spin. "We're off!" said the man heartily.

an old closed motor car. Hawkins stared at ft. Then he rubbed his eyes. Then he stared at it again. He stared for a long time. No: there was no doubt about it—it was the traveling

and swollen throat. "Yes," said Crang with a thin smile: "but I think somebody is going to pay the bill—in full." The tug was heading toward New Hawkins' mind harked back to the

preceding evening. He had met two men in the saloon around the corner, whom he had seen there once or twice whom he had seen there once or twice before. He had had several drinks with them, and then at some one's sugges-tion, he could not recollect whose, there had followed the purchase of a few



'Claire told me-110

heart as he had interrupted he

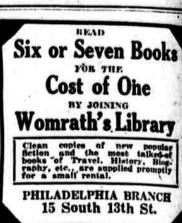




To be continued Monday

Ladies Keep Your Skin







"Yes," said Crang with a thin smile; but I think somebody is going to pay the bill-in full

"was speaking about your baggage." "Speaking about it!" murmured Crang helplessly. "I told him to get

"Yes, sir," said the man, 'but I am sorry to say that no such baggage as you describe has come aboard the ship. and gave the wheel a spin. "We're off !" said the man heartily. There has been no baggage at all for Mr. Bruee, sir." "Not aboard." gasped Crang. "Then "then where is it?" "I can't say, sir. of course." said the other sympathetically. "I am only "You've had tough luck, I hear." Crang's fingers caressed his bruised

the other sympatheticany. I amony that i stating a fact to you." "But—but I sent it down to the dock early this morning." Crang's voice was rising in well-affected excitement. "It must be here! I tell you, it must be here!" The usen shock his head.

be here!" The man shock bis head. "It's my job, sir. I'm sorry, Mr. Bruce, but I know positively your bag-gage is not aboard this ship." "Then what's to be done?" Orang's voice rose louder. "You've left it on the dock, that's what-fools, thunder-ing tdicts" Outside the Door Hawkins very cautiously got out of bed, and consulted his watch. It was five minutes after nine. He stole to found from below. Mrs. Hedges, who had been his jailor all day, had now, be was fairly certain, finally retired for the night

ing idiots! Crang danced up and down on the

floor of the cabin. "On the way to South America to stay six months," he yelled insanely, "and my baggage left behind! I can't go on without my baggage, do you hear?"

There was a whispered conference between the two men. The steward vanished through the doorway. "I've sent for the purser, sir," vol-

isn't there?

company's tug, and I suppose you could go back on her, if you think you "Think!" howled Crang. "I don't think anything about it. I know that

Stanley

2:15, 6:30 and 6

CONWAY TEARLE

is "THE MAN OF STONE"

he was fairly certain, finally retired for the night. The old blue eyes blinked in per-plexity and he scratched at the fringe of hair behind his ear in a perturbed way, as he began, still cautiously, to dress. It had been a very dreary day, during which he had suffered not a lit-tle physical disconfort. Mrs. Hedges had been assiduous in her attentions; more than that, even—motherly.

CHAPTER XX.

had been assiduous in her attentions; more than that, even—motherly. "God bless her!" said Hawkins to one of his boots, as he laced it up. "Only she wouldn't let me out." He stopped heing the boot suddenly, and sat staring in front of him. Mrs. Hedges had been more than even moth-efly; she had been—been—yes, that was it—been puzzling. If she had said Paul Veniza wanted to see him, why had she insisted that Paul Veniza didn't want to see him? Hawkins' gaze at the

little more bewildered. He tried to reconstruct certain fragments of conver-

"Claire." he had said anxiously,

want to see him? Hawkins' gaze at the blank wall in front of him became a

sation 'that had taken place between Mrs. Hedges and himself. "Now, you just lie still." Mrs. Hedges had insisted during the after-noon, when he had wanted to get up.

remembered the sinking of his

said the purser. "that's the



"I've sent for the purser, sir," vol-unteered the other. Crang stormed up and down the floor. Presently the purser appeared. Crang swing on him on the instant. "You've left my baggage behind!" he shouted. "My papers, plans, every-thing! I can't go on without them." He shook his fist. "You'll either get that baggage here or get me ashore." "I'm not a magician, Mr. Bruce." he said quietly. "I am very sorry in-deed that this should have bappened: but it is quite impossible, of course, to

"Then get me ashere!" Crang "Then get me ashere!" Crang snatched up his coat and put it on. "There's a tug, or something, out there.

one of the camera men say that heard he hadn't been able to get anything to eat during the lunch hour because of ne necessary repairs to his camera. that I always do or will. Without a word to anybody, Dorothy walked about two blocks to the restaurant, came back with both hands full of an attractive lunch, gave it to the chance. camera man and went about her work as if she had done nothing unusual. That's the kind of thing both of the Gish girls do all the time.

"Bess"-Don't you know I got my-self in a terrible mess of trouble by printing letters raving over Valentino? I'm not going to do it again. Go ahead and fall completely in love with him if you want to. You can address him care of the Lasky Studio. Hollywood, Calif., but I'll bet he never gets your There are thousands of other letter. girls writing to him every day, and i imagine they have a special outgoing chute marked, "Valentino Letters: This Way Out." Yes: I'll print Maude George's picture soon. girls writing to him every day, and I . . .

D. G. writes: "Two years ago, I saw photoplay in which the co-stars were Barthelmess and an unknown, or rather orgotten, girl.

'It was one of those earlier Griffith 24. productions — a Nouth Sea romance of person with his stage snecess, the Gilbert Lelands type without the person with his stage snecess, 'Kawa.' Perhaps it is true the heroine 'Lilban.' and I'll have some new ple-of my reminiscences appeared in the tures of him then. He was very fine time version of the native's dress. I in 'Orphans.' Harrison Ford was productions -- a Nouth Sea romance of film version of the native's dress. I will not deny that a memory of a slender figure, with dark hair and eyes, makes me wish to recall her name.

All I know is that her home was in Brooklyn; she acted on the West Coast, and was once a member of a nearly fatal yachting trip of Griffith's southward. She died in New York of the flu. Do you recall that little actress?

actress? "I suppose editors as well as engineers have causes for delightful reminiscence. And I will dare the writer of literary or journalistic Olym-Nora Bayes Theatre. New York, in writer of literary or journalistic Olym-"Just Married.") pus to state so.

"Amid all the photoplays produced by David Wark Griffith (possessor of forty-F. A. C.-Yes: you've got me spotted right. How did you know? I never five suits, a valet and fifty pairs of shoes in his suite at the Alexandria in aboes in his suite at the Alexandria in 1918) this one memory remains—of the girl—not D, W, G.'s possessions! Who was she?

"This little figure, a silhouette against a back drop of silver, young, charming, fascinating femininity itself -she is remembered by the writer be-

M. L. D .- If you write to the cause of herself. Scenario Editor, Lasky Studios, Holly-wood, Calif., suggesting that your "I have often thought it might be the tragedy of that short life, or of the fact that I once met her-but I am favorite book would make a good photo-play for Valentino, they would probably more inclined to believe it may have been my own weakness for sentiment. be glad to have it called to their attention. I think the Valentino "fever, "At all events, that picture of Grif-"At all events, that picture of Grif-fith's seemed 'different.' Something I feel as unable to deline any more than more artistic in his work. I look for

"In that film there seemed no par-ticular disappointments. Nowhere was the observer led through phases of a his locks. I don't think one of the tale told with real artistic ability and addenly plunged into a banality— Griffith painting the hily and holding a of the Lady Letty" as Dorothy Daiton of the Lady Letty" as Dorothy Daiton grotesque mirror up to nature. did. She was excellently suited to the

"For once that untutored genius for part. depicting life as interpreted by the screen did not 'put his foot juto it' and spoil the first illusions.

A. B. C .- I'm hobding your other "But why does this little bit of the letter pending an authoritative state-bet have something haunting about it? meant about convergit. The information you gave ne, indienting that a scenario cannot be copyrighted before

Mo. I don't know. What is this a publication, was a complete surprise and I'm getting an expert opinion ou it. Have nationize.



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