Striking Romance of Rise and Fall of an American Family—and Its Comeback

THE HOUSE OF MOHUN

By GEORGE GIBBS

Author of "Youth Triumphant" and Other Successes
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Are Flappers as Bad as They're Painted? Are Jazz-Boys All Limbs of Satan?

WHO'S WHO IN THE STORY

CHERRY MOHUN, up-to-date girl, rich and charming, at once irritated and attracted by

DAVID SANGREE, young American ethnologist and war veteran, amazed by changes in manners and customs brought out by the war, but interested in Cherry. His modest funds are invested with her father.

JIM MOHUN, a self-made financial leader. Too busy to think of his children he leaves them to

MRS. MOHUN, who has successfully cultivated the social side of life.

BRUCE COWAN, a motor-car salesman, of cave-man type, of whom Cherry fancies she is enamoured.

BOB MOHUN, son, is a typically reckless youngster.

GEORGE LYCETT, elderly Chorus, philosophizing as the story develops.

JOHN CHICHESTER, whom Mrs. Mohun would like to call son-in-law.

A Joy Ride

IF THE girl of today is properly considered in relation to her associations by the indulgent recorder of social history he will find her more their victim than their agent. A life after all is merely the sum of one's collective impressions and when custom conspires to bring into the few short years of adolescence the excitations of a whole lifetime—the wonder is not that the conduct of the girl of today is not exemplary but that she has any sense of moral obligation whatever.

It is doubtful whether Cherry Mohun (or indeed any other girl of her set) ever gave a thought in any such terms to the provocations which surrounded her. Indeed it is extremely doubtful whether she thought at all about the moral aspect of her indulgences. She took life as she found it like a humming bird in a garden, sipping as she pleased from flower to flower, radiant in the sunshine of her own delights.

One couldn't say that Cherry was unmoral any more than one could say that a humming bird was unmoral. If she was unmoral, it was as Dr. Johnson's dog was an infidel, in that "he had never thought upon the subject." Cherry had never thought with a great deal of seriousness about anything and those brief moments of self-communion which David Sangree had noted with approval seemed merely the gleanings of a rich vein of valuable metal that lay far beneath the surface and which remained to be discovered even to Cherry herself. Alicia Mohun had never made a practice of seeking the consolations of religion, for she guessed, and rightly, that to a person of her definite ambitions, religion could have nothing to offer her. But, dressed in her best with Cherry by her side, she always went to church once a year on Easter Sunday—a fashionable Episcopal church, where there were candles and vestments pleasant to the eye, and Cherry had never been confirmed, and Alicia Mohun had never ceased to regret her lukewarmness in the matter, for the temporary effect would have been beneficial and the blessing of a bishop was, of course, not to be despised. Now, it seemed, Cherry was quite indifferent to the attractions of the Episcopal church or of any other. She was a fine young pagan, in fact, with the mere glimmerings of a conscience, tolerably respectful of the opinions of others, so long as they did not obtrude upon her own, and intensely loyal to the few beliefs to externals which she had imbibed from the world.

It was this kind of devotion to her friendships which made her the comfort of the group in which she moved, and she was quick to resent a slight or an insult to any one that she liked. She liked Bruce Cowan—admired him intensely. He had been a "pench" to her in Paris and so when, after the war, he came to New York to live, she tried to make her friends swallow his horns, hoofs and tail. It was not an easy task, because the older crowd was trying to begin to be snobbish again. What did it matter where Bruce Cowan came from so long as he had evening clothes and behaved himself? She had to give Gene and one or two of the others a talking to and "Gene had at last agreed to ask him to her dance.

But Cherry still had a feeling that her missionary work was not quite successful and that there were those even in her own set who were not prepared to accept her friend without reservations. And so, since Cherry could not meet him as often as she liked in people's houses she met him elsewhere. That was her way of showing her resentment to those who plotted against her mother even. Whose antagonism was quite the most difficult to endure. * * * Just because he was a salesman in the "Magnificent Motors Company" and not a Barton, a Chichester or a Colbraith

Muzzy's social ambition was getting just a little on Cherry's nerves. Hadn't she gone against her will to luncheon with "Dene-John" and the old Chichester Dodo, submitted to a lot of impertinent questions from the old lady about her tastes, her talents, her health and a number of other things that were nobody's business but her own? Hadn't she been stifled with stodgy magnificence and stuffed with Victorian platitudes? Hadn't she yielded to Muzzy's blandishments and maybe a "party" of herself during the loveliest hours of a sunny winter afternoon? And all because Muzzy wanted her to marry John Chichester. Well, she wouldn't marry him.

She ran down the stone steps and into her roadster, which had been brought around from the garage. She felt like one who has just been liberated from a prison, taking deep breaths of the keen air that was full of frosty sunshine. "On the loose!" she gritted as she thought of the effect of the news on poor Muzzy as she emerged from that atmosphere of social sanctimonious.

Muzzy had come down the steps of the great house with much the air of one who has just a visit to a shrine said to possess miraculous healing powers. She had worn on her face an expression of complete beatification, and Cherry had told her that she was "going on the loose." Tears of merriment came to Cherry's eyes to the brisk wind. The trouble with Muzzy was that she had no sense of humor. * * *none at all * * * never had had * * * Poor dear!

Cherry drove westward through the park, picked up Bruce Cowan at the office of the "Magnificent Motors Company," and then made for the speedway and the country which lay beyond. Distance meant nothing to Cherry except as ground which was to be covered in a given time, and, the exactions of the traffic policemen having been grudgingly met, in a short while they were bowling along in the general direction of Albany with no particular object in view except to find as many fine straight stretches of road as possible and to pass over them with the greatest speed consistent with the bare preserving of life and limb.

Among other reasons, Cherry liked Bruce Cowan because he knew more about the diseases of motors than any one that she had ever met. She liked to talk about motors and their troubles, and the relative merits of different makes of cars. These were the chief topics of discussion among the young people that she knew unless they were Cowan more than others spoke with the voice of authority.

Her roadster was a "Magnificent" which her companion had sold her, and it had lived up beautifully to its expensive reputation. She was sure that she had made no mistake in it or in him, for in a way Bruce was quite as magnificent as the car he sold, big, handsome, with an air of general prosperity which left very little to be desired. It was true that he was not quite so splendid in muffs as he had been in uniform but then he even were lovely and his chin was quite the finest that she had seen—a strong, blue-cleft chin shaped like the one on the nursery of Antinous which she had once drawn from a boarding school. And then, as a masculine strength had always appealed to her.

They had spun off the last five miles of a lovely road in something less than four minutes and Cherry shut off the power and sank back into the box seat with a sigh of gratification.

"That was great, great!"

"She's a lady, isn't she?" he murmured to emphasize. "Handsome, every inch. Not even warm. If you could buy good gasoline she'd jump the river. Fine!"

"I love it. Glad I didn't get the 'K. K.'" she said.

"Oh, say, Cherry, you couldn't have bought the 'K. K.' with me selling the Magnificent, even if it wasn't all I claimed for it."

"I like that! Do you think I'd have bought it just because of you?"

"Same thing," said Cowan. "You like me enough to have done that for me, don't you?"

"Now—" You needing go so pleased with yourself all of a sudden, Bruce Cowan.

"Love to love my dog. You love the car, so you got to love me too."

"That doesn't follow," she said with a laugh.

"It ought to." It was. The road was quite deserted. He leaned over for and laid his hand over hers on the wheel. "Say, Cherry. Tell me, you like me, don't you?"

"Look out!" Cherry's foot pressed the accelerator and the car leaped violently forward. He bore himself in patience until she reduced her speed and then with a laugh:

"You little devil! What did you do that for?" he said.

"Embarrassment," she said coolly. "Here. I'm not going to let you off so easily."

"Aren't you? What are you going to do?"

"This." And he turned off the switch, holding her hands. "Now answer me!"

"Cave-man stuff—" she muttered.

"Yes, if you like." And he kissed her.

"Let go my hands," she gasped, stifled.

The car had come to a stop quietly in the sight.

"No, I won't." he said, and then more quietly, "Dene-John's Cherry. You going to marry him? You can't. I know it by now. I'm keen for such. Honest I am. And you would not marriage me, even if you didn't like me at all. Tell me you'll marry me."

"I—I—" she faltered. "Bruce—let go my hands."

"Tell me."

"Please. Please—let me."

"Let go."

She struggled and he released her, moved to assist his time. For one moment she preened herself, taking off her gauntlets and rubbing her wrists. The gauntlet she negligently dropped over the side of the car to the ground.

"I'd never marry a cave man." She disdained at him.

"I didn't mean to be rough," he said, suddenly.

"But you were. You've bruised my wrist."

"I'm sorry." He tried to catch it to his lips, but she jerked away.

"I don't like to be kissed. When I decide to be I'll tell you so."

"Cherry! Don't be cruel."

She made a motion of searching for her gauntlet, and then peering over the side of the car, gave a slight sound of surprise.

"My glove, Bruce," she said calmly. "I've dropped it."

Completely disarmed by the tone of her voice and wishing to placate her, he got out awkwardly. Cherry made some swift motions. He was just passing around the rear of the car when its polished surface slipped deftly out from under his grasping fingers, while the roar of the exhaust left him gasping in a blue cloud of vapor. Cherry and the car were thirty yards away before he realized the possibilities of the situation. Then she came to a stop and grinned at him with diabolical sweetness.

"Cave man!" she taunted.

He bent over and picked up the glove, deliberating.

"Cave man!" she repeated, more sweetly.

"Oh, say, Cherry," he began, walking toward her, still keeping his dignity. But Cherry moved slowly on at the distance which she considered a "Come on, Bruce," she cried.

He walked faster. Cherry drove more rapidly.

He stopped, so did Cherry. It was an enjoyable game for her, a most exasperating one for him.

"It's a long walk to Poughkeepsie, but you can make it by 10 o'clock if you hurry. I'll pace you, Bruce."

"You will——" he cried and made a furious dash toward her, covering the thirty yards in four seconds flat. But Cherry had moved farther up the road and the sound of her laughter was disconcerting.

"You said this car 'pick up' very fast. It does, Bruce—adorably. But it doesn't pick you up."

"Oh, quit kidding, Cherry, won't you?"

"I'm not kidding. You can see for yourself." And she sent another cloud of dust in his direction.

He looked as crestfallen as she hoped him to be.

"Cherry," he called, "let me get in, won't you?"

"No. I won't. Walk or run if you like."

"I'm sorry. I won't do it again."

"I know you won't. Meanwhile—" and she waved a hand. "I've got a dinner engagement."

Putting on speed she left him standing, sheepish, in the middle of the road. She had no intention of deserting him, but it amused her to drive away and leave him to his six feet one of injured dignity. Besides it would give him time to cool off. Bruce Cowan was one of the few men whose very presence provoked her with a sense of subdued excitement. It was this which attracted her—his bulk, his square chin and the mystery that lay behind a character which was less familiar to her than those of the boys whom she had always known. Bruce Cowan was a man, full-grown, and though his heavy voice shocked of the barrack-room, she thought no less of him because of that. She liked to tempt the furies that lay chained in his eyes, for he was really magnificent when he was angry. He appealed to something primitive in her, that must have been her heritage from a previous incarnation.

But it was ridiculous how easily she had vanquished him. She grinned complacently at the occupants of a passing "flivver," drove a few miles further and then turned the car and waited, thinking.

Why was it that men always fascinated her? The peril of Dicky Wilkerson, Danger. Excitement. Always to go one step further without coming a cropper. Bruce Cowan had sworn a dozen times that he loved her but had never kissed her before. His kiss had only left her cold, cunning and secretive. She wanted him to be in love with her of course, more even than she had wanted Dicky or Harold or Ted—because he was forbidden. It was rather gorgeous to be loved by a married man. The sense of her power fascinated her, but she didn't want to be the next step to be in love with him. She liked the complicated danger of it. Anything for her she would have died rather than let him do it. To take him—to keep the secret that was a game worth playing which made the small talk of the Carrington-Copperfield set seem a tired, tired game.

A feather of snow came out of the dusk and moistened her cheek, bringing her to a sense of time and distance. Twenty minutes had passed since she had left him. So she drove into a tapestry, spearing the dusk with her headlight, which at last picked out Bruce Cowan sitting on a fence rail smoking a cigarette. She stopped. "Well," she asked calmly, "are you coming?"

He climbed down off the fence.

"No," he muttered.

"Oh, then perhaps I'ld better drive off again."

"Just as you please," he said with a shrug.

She stared at him in silence for a moment, her fingers on the clutch, her foot poised above the accelerator. Frankly, though she knew that he had won, she rather admired his attitude, which was true to form.

"Oh, get in," she said carelessly. "We can't be stopping here all night."

"Thanks," he said, throwing his cigarette away and climbing in.

"But just keep to your own side of the car, will you?" she insisted.

"Oh, all right," he laughed.

"I wasn't going to leave you anyway. But I might have."

"But you didn't." And then, "I can get out here and walk, if you want me to."

"No," she said slowly. "But please don't be silly any more."

"Silly! When I love you——"

"I wish you'd talk about the weather, please. It's shocking."

He shrugged and laughed. "Yes, I noticed it," he said, and then settled slowly down, making no reply.

"Where are we now, really?" she asked.

"Somewhere in Putnam County, I guess," he said vaguely.

"And I've a dinner at eight."

"It's half past six now. You could never make it."

"I've got to."

"H—m. Still angry?"

She shrugged.

"Are you?"

"No. Yes."

"Which?"

"No. It's not worth being angry about."

"Oh, I'm glad to hear you say that. It isn't really. But you don't have to go back. If you're not angry you can prove it."

"How?"

"By taking dinner with me somewhere out here and going back later."

"Oh, I couldn't," she gasped, rather attracted by the thought, nevertheless.

"There you go," he muttered. "Always trying to get away from me."

"I'm not. But a dinner——"

"With a lot of Dodos. Who cares? Don't you think you owe me something after the way you've treated me? I thought you cared for me a little."

"I do. But——"

"How do you show it? By trying to make me ridiculous. I'm not the kind to stand for that sort of thing, like your little Willies of the ballroom, your blue-blooded little 'toddlers' from upper Fifth avenue. You said you liked me because I was different from the rest, because I was a full-grown man. Why, you won't even let me tell you I love you any more."

"I don't mind your telling me, Bruce. But I don't want you to act it."

"Well, I'm not a stone image. But I'll promise to behave if you'll do what I ask you to." He straightened in his seat. "Let's see how much you care. Come, now. We'll drive down to Peekskill and have dinner. Then a dance at the Red Horse afterward. It's a road house near Tarrytown. Jazz. Niggers. You'll like it. It's different——"

"Oh, Bruce, I oughtn't to."

But the idea caught in her mind and remained there, meshed in the chaos of half educated impulses. It was the unusual which always attracted her and, too—there was Bruce, humbled now, more threatening even in his humility.

"You oughtn't to ask me, Bruce."

"Why not? I've got some rights, haven't I?"

"No, none," she said frowning. And then with a quick gasp. "But I'll go with you."

"You will," he cried delighted. "Oh, say, you're a good little sport after all."

They had come to a crossroad. Cherry always like crossroads. They always seemed significant.

"Which way, Bruce?" she asked.

"Right. We'll make the river, somewhere."

By day the Red Horse Tavern nestling modestly in its clean hills above the river bore the chaste exterior of a colonial dwelling. But its appearance from the front was deceptive, for at the rear of the house a large building had been added, to conform to the increasing patronage of its guests, which were many by day, many more by night. For the dance hall had gained a popularity among persons of a certain class, both in city and country, and for more than a year the Inn had enjoyed a reputation which other places of amusement more elaborate and expensive might have envied. Here, there was immunity of a sort from the restrictions of the Volstead act, though whether by collusion or neglect no one seemed to care.

The proprietor, smug with prosperity and flatulent with self-assertion, had every air of commanding a situation which, though injurious to others of his trade, had no terrors for himself. But his patrons were not of those who cared greatly for the consequences of their temerity—the hoydens of the towns along the railroad with their swains "get-rich-quick" small fry with their wives—or other men's—from the city, pale, dark Jews escorting highly tinted blondes, professional dancers from the Rialto, and staid burghers with a twinkle in the eye from Harlem or the Bronx.

It was long after 11 o'clock when Bruce Cowan and Cherry drove into the parking place beside the Inn, having been held up by a blowout. They had dined quite comfortably at a place he knew in Peekskill, for Bruce by some magic had produced cocktails in tearies, one of which Cherry had demurely sipped.

They were very good cocktails, but they served to diminish the sullenness of her companion, who still resented the indignity Cherry had put upon him. But she had brought him around her finger deftly at last and, scarcely knowing how she had done it, Bruce Cowan found himself ready to believe that he was no less adorable than ever.

The sound of the jazz at the Red Horse got into Cherry's feet before she had reached the porch, for this, as she realized at once, was the real thing—no modern hotel orchestra with its sophisticated "rags," but the barbaric jazz itself straight from the Jungle. The piano and violin played by quick, apish hands were more the vehicle of cadence than tune and the real meaning of the music was in the banjos and the drums, lineal descendants of gourds and tom-toms.

(To Be Continued.)

He turned off the switch, holding her hands. "Now answer me!" "Cave-man stuff—" she muttered

The Daily Movie Magazine

THE MOVIE FAN'S LETTERBOX

By HENRY M. NEELY

Miss Wingate—Eric Von Stroheim did not have any part in "The Four Horsemen." What part could he have taken? You see, the beast was mechanical; they didn't need an actor for it.

* * *

Joseph Dagerston writes: "There is not a person in the motion picture or theatrical game living who can take Valentino's place in the hearts of the fans. They paid Valentino $1250 per week. It seems to be an enormous sum to an outsider, but to any one associated with the profession it is simply laughable. There is no limit to Valentino's worth just now.

"Although not associated to a large extent with the film game, I have, on the other hand, done quite a little bit of 'extrying,' making enough to pay for my remote lodging in a cheap hotel and eating my daily automatic meal. Fortunately I also secured a nice part in George Walsh's feature film, 'Sink or Swim.

"From what I have heard, it's really a crime the way they have treated Valentino. They tried to ruin his picture, 'Blood and Sand,' in the cutting. They promised him to take the picture in Spain, but they didn't. They sent Mrs. Valentino away to the East, trying to get her out of the way, as they believed that would improve Rudy's box-office value.

"Mrs. Valentino says in an interview that right after that they started work on 'The Young Rajah.' All the time their system, which was torture for Valentino, was going on. They gave him no dressing room, a scrap of mirror just big enough to see his face in, rather than the full-length one they furnished every other star with. He had to dress and undress before the whole lot. Night after night they made him work the whole night through, actually finishing 'The Young Rajah' 3 A. M. August 10.

"Some producers find an unusual personality; they use up thousands of dollars to exploit it, put that personality into a picture which goes over "big" and makes a million. Then instead of letting the actor who does fine work go on doing it they give him cheap material, cheap everything.

"The idea then is to make just as much money as possible with the least outlay. Isn't it short-sighted? Isn't it unwise? They can't keep this up forever.

"Happened to pass a certain movie house in the colored New York district the other night (an example of Valentino's far-reaching success), and there in front of the theatre for a square long stood a double line of colored folks clamoring and pushing to get in to see the picture.

"I thought sure it must be some picture of Battling 'Siki' or perhaps some short film of Jack Johnson in training.

"No, but to my surprise, there in big electric lights was Valentino's name, while right below in very small affiors was some one by the name of Earle Williams. It was so small that I hardly made it out in the distance.

"The name of the picture was so invisible that getting close to a colored gentleman I courteously asked him what the name of the picture was. He answered by saying, 'I don' know, mister; all I come here fo' is to see Valentino.'

"Then finally managing after a few pushes and shoves to get near a billboard I saw, to my astonishment, that it was a very poor Earle Williams release of years ago in which Valentino had just a very, very small part—an extra part, to my knowledge.

* * *

Heine writes: "Gosh! Those gals are nuts! When a girl can say that Rudy Vaselino is the greatest actor, and that as long as he is hors des films for two years she won't see any pictures at all, then all I can say is—but you wouldn't allow me to use that kind of language!

"She won't see any other pictures for two years! Gosh, how her theatre manager will miss those ten cents! And Signor Guglielmi (whom I have nick-named Rudy Williams) is supposed to be the greatest actor! Bow wow! Hold me back! That's too much!

"I was told some time ago by my one and only one that our Rudy was a wun-der-fool actor, with the accent on the 'one.' I looked among the ten 'best' selected by you and other famous critics and I failed to see R. V. among them! But what does mere Ham Man Neggs, or Prof. Pie Eater, who teaches Greek, or anybody else know about acting? Mere man doesn't know anything anyhow. Ask any girl who is the greatest screen actor and she'll tell you!

"I have my own pet ten best this year and Rudy's name is not among them! Once again I am showing my ignorance, eh? But my list so far includes Norma Talmadge, Richard Barthelmess, George R. Liss, Doug Fairbanks, Lon Chaney and others. But then, what do I know about acting? Anyhow, what difference does it make how a fellow acts as long as he is handsome, can shine his shoes and his hair, smoke a cigarette and make love?

"As for me, I'm going to give Chas. de Rochefort a chance. If he shows he can act, I'll be with him. I read Monsieur de Rochefort's statement and he doesn't want to take Rudy's place. Rudy couldn't take his place in France. There is glory enough for both. Why not give Charlie a chance?

"I shall wait for De Rochefort's first picture; I shall see it and I shall criticize mentally—but I shall not criticize him any more harshly than anybody else just because he is supplanting the great Rudolf Vaseline, the matchless screen-lover.

"'Sheik,' 'Four Horsemen of the Eucalyptus,' 'Beyond the Rocky Mountains,' and the last picture 'Mud and Sand,' that represents Spain, the land where they throw the bull! Also 'The Young Rajah.' Can any of them be classed among the first ten? I mean conscientiously classed with all due regard for acting. 'Mud and Sand' is undoubtedly Rudy's best—yet Otis Skinner's version makes Rudy look like the novice he is!

"It's about time the flapper was disillusioned. George R. Liss, John Barrymore, Lon Chaney, Dick Barthelmess—and yes, Will Rogers—can act. Any one of them can beat Rudy! Yet, how many flappers would quit the screen for two years if R. Liss or any of the others were to quit?

"I shall become an ardent admirer of Rudy when he gets down to brass tacks and acts. As you say, Hen, he is just about getting to the point where Arliss started—and I wonder if a flapper can understand that.

"As a matter of fact, Ramon Navarro, in the only picture I've seen him in, has shown more possibilities in his one picture than Rudy in all.

"So, flappers and others, give Chas. de Rochefort a chance—he deserves that at least, and if he's good or bad, 'boy wonder' or 'false alarm,' he'll show it in his pictures. Give him a chance."

ONE STAR WISHES ANOTHER "BON VOYAGE"

When Lillian Gish sailed recently for Italy, where she is to film F. Marion Crawford's "The White Sister," Mary Pickford, who is visiting in New York, went down to see her off. Sister Dorothy was also on hand at the steamer dock

PHOTOPLAYS — PHOTOPLAYS

The following theatres obtain their pictures through the STANLEY Company of America, which is a guarantee of early showing of the finest productions. Ask for the theatre in your locality obtaining pictures through the Stanley Company of America.

ALHAMBRA 12TH AND MORRIS 2:15, 7 & 9 P. M. CHARLES JONES in "WEST OF CHICAGO"
APOLLO 52D & THOMPSON STS. MATINEE DAILY CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG in "THE WORLDLY MADONNA"
ARDMORE LANCASTER PIKE, ARDMORE, PA. ANITA STEWART in "THE WOMAN HE MARRIED"
ASTOR EIGHTH & GIRARD AVE. MATINEE DAILY Creighton Hale and Mollie King in "HER MAJESTY AND VAUDEVILLE"
BLUEBIRD Broad & Susquehanna Continuous 2 until 11 CLAIRE ADAMS in "GOLDEN DREAMS"
COLONIAL 60th & Maplewood Aves. 2:30, 7 and 9 P. M. MIRIAM COOPER in "KINDRED OF THE DUST"
FAIRMOUNT 26th and Girard Ave. MATINEE DAILY DUSTIN FARNUM in "THE YOSEMITE TRAIL"
56TH ST. THEATRE Below Spruce. MATINEE DAILY HOUSE PETERS and CLAIRE WINDSOR in "RICH MEN'S WIVES"
GREAT NORTHERN Broad St. at Erie 2:30, 6:45 to 11 GUY BATES POST in "THE MASQUERADER"
IMPERIAL 60TH & WALNUT STS. Mats. 2:30 Eves. 7 & 9 GEORGE ARLISS in "THE MAN WHO PLAYED GOD"
LIBERTY BROAD & COLUMBIA AV. MATINEE DAILY OWEN MOORE in "LOVE IN AWFUL THING"
ORIENT Woodland Ave. at 62d St. MATINEE DAILY CLAIRE WINDSOR and MILTON SILLS in "ONE CLEAR CALL"
OVERBROOK 63D & HAVERFORD AVE. THOMAS MEIGHAN in "IF YOU BELIEVE IT, IT'S SO"
PALM FRANKFORD AVE. AND SCHOOL STREET BETTY COMPSON in "THE BONDED WOMAN" ADDED—SURPRISE VAUDEVILLE
REGENT Marlton St. Below 17th 10 A. M. to 11 P. M. COLLEEN MOORE in "THE WALL FLOWER"
RIALTO GERMANTOWN AVENUE AT CHEW STREET HOUSE PETERS and CLAIRE WINDSOR in "RICH MEN'S WIVES"
333 MARKET STREET THEATRE 9 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. TOM MIX in "HON BIG STAKES"

The NIXON-NIRDLINGER THEATRES

NIXON'S AMBASSADOR 56th & Batt. Ave. 1:15 & 3, 7 & 9 Dorothy Dalton and Jack Holt in "ON THE HIGH SEAS"
BALTIMORE 41ST & BALTIMORE Eve. 6:30 Sat. Mat. WALLACE REID in "THE GHOST BREAKER"
BELMONT 52D ABOVE MARKET 1:30 to 3, 6:30 to 11 P. M. Dorothy Dalton and Jack Holt in "ON THE HIGH SEAS"
CEDAR 60TH & CEDAR AVENUE 1:30 and 3, 7 to 11 P. M. WALLACE REID in "THE GHOST BREAKER"
COLISEUM Market bet. 59th & 60th 1:30 to 3, 7 & 9 P. M. TOM MIX in "JUST TONY"
JUMBO FRONT ST. & GIRARD AVE. Jumbo Juno, on Fairland "L" HOOT GIBSON in "THE LOADED DOOR"
LEADER 41ST & LANCASTER AVE. 2 to 5, 6:45 to 11 P. M. WALLACE REID in "THE GHOST BREAKER"
LOCUST 52D AND LOCUST STREETS Mats. 1:30 to 3, 6:45 to 11 HOUSE PETERS in "HUMAN HEARTS"
NIXON 52D AND MARKET STS. 2, 7 and 9 SHIRLEY MASON in "VERY TRULY YOURS"
RIVOLI 52D & SANSOM STS. 1:30 to 3, 6:45 to 11 P. M. TOM MIX in "JUST TONY"
SHERWOOD 54th & Baltimore Ave. 6:30 DOROTHY PHILLIPS in "HURRICANE'S GAP"
69TH ST. Theatre Opp. "L" Terminal 2:30, 7 and 9 P. M. Dorothy Dalton and Jack Holt in "ON THE HIGH SEAS"
STRAND Germantown Ave. at Venango 6:45 to 11 P. M. MARY MILES MINTER in "THE COWBOY AND THE LADY"

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

GERMANTOWN 5510 Germantown Ave. MATINEE DAILY MAE MURRAY in "FASCINATION"
GRANT 4022 GIRARD AVE. Mat. Today; Eve. 7 & 9 RICHARD BARTHELMESS in "SONNY"

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