THE VANISHING MEN

By RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD

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What Becomes of Her Sultors?

true sense of play, not only applied to play but to all the endeavors of life, which are usually accounted -like war and marriage-is a flower to bloom on the Ameri-soil; it is still more rare a blossom to find growing on a family tree rooted, as Peter's was rooted, in a bed of money and only fertilized by that humdrum conventional pretense of our large cities which at latest accounts is still giving many persons the same

old pale glories.

This rare flower bloomed in Peter and saved him from doing the commonplaces with himself which rich young places with himself which rich young men who have become orphaned bachelors usually do. It made Peter a great deal more like those individuals, rare enough even abroad—the whimsical Englishman, the adventurous Frenchman, the humorous Spaniard and the practical Russian, who, though they be the white crows of their respective focks, exceed in numbers the Americans who value full living above that rather uninteresting and easy prize which is called "Success."

Peter took an interest in living. The

which is called "Success."

Peter took an interest in living. The common run of bachelors who are provided amply with millions accept the alternative of going to hell or going to business; DeWolfe's imagination came to his rescue and provided him with a third choice which in his suice. with a third choice, which, in his quiet way, he seized about the time he left lege. It was to live for the sake of To some this might have meant self-

indulgence; to Peter it meant an in-dulgence of mankind. To some it might have meant fads and whims such as hanting big game from airplanes at the source of the Nile; Peter would do that very thing perhaps, but it was an incident not half so interesting to him as an oil field he developed in Texas or a settlement house he pro-moted in New York. He kept himself as a very neat, well-cleaned slate upon which life could write if it wished; if failed to do so Peter wrote on it

and the mind-image of himself sitting on a New York park bench, surrounded by engaging little foreign brats, listento a hardy-gurdy in the summer dusk, was the most exciting and deliclous picture conjurable from his resourceful imagination of what a won-derful moment of life after a whirl with war could be. For it was Ben-ham, who only later went home to the office of the Air Ministry, and has since distinguished himself in the development of civil-flying, who first steered the young American across the path of Brena Selcoss. 'Are you going back?" asked Ben-

ham, "Home," said DeWolfe, with an attempt to say the word without senti-

"Red Cross Ladies, Wanes, beautiful high caste Parisiennes and even the charming daughter of your what'shis-name at the bloody Peace Conference—and still a bachelor! By the bye. DeWolfe, what happened to your lady with the gorgeous arms at that flubby little cafe on the south bank of the

"An enguging goddess," said De-offe. "She is, I believe, a petticont tyer. She tried to convert me into the Methodist faith. the Methodist faith. Those beautiful arms are for the neck of some Y. M. C. A. man with glasses and a tickling cough. She borrowed thirty francs of me and then went off to see a daughter of hers who is driving an ambulance near Coblenz."

'You are well armored, Peter," Benham had said, gazing with a reflective and perhaps mischievous smi'e across the flat fields of France with their tilled her; but I confess that as you talk squares and wisp-armed trees and thin about her I feel a little as if I had squares and wisp-armed trees and thin mists of dusk. By the bye, I say, loesn't this landscape remind one of Cerot's paintings?' DeWolfe grinned.

What would make you fall in love with a woman?" nsked Benham. "Almost anything." Peter replied. "But that's m is what will prevent a man

"You're saying that any woman-

that is, with the thing you Americans call a come-on, good or bad—may make a man fall in love with her?" 'I was saying that we are all hypocrites. Such a woman would touch us Il-affect any of us-me, for instance

We are made ready by a wise nature.

'Stand by for love,' she says, and youth stands by Benham. But what's the use, if that's all? Life is a long pull. No dimpled chin should be allowed to turn the tide. No discourse of the county of the co lowed to turn the tide. No discourse of brillance chattered off like a disc brought him in with the aid of an external of the faint odor of violets nor moon-light on a bare shoulder nor a rating of the old man. That's what I mean. That's what I mean. That's why most men marry; but I am hardened by too many inspections and large of the house where the English-man hardened by too many inspections.

Aurrel considered nersell as dedicated by duty and adaptability to being a woman meant that her brown hair must be made attractive and stable for tennis—a game tractive and stable for tennis—a game which she executed with a good deal of his thought. Murlel's father had by duty and adaptability to being a woman meant that her brown hair must be made attractive and stable for tennis—a game which she executed with a good deal of his thought. Murlel's father had by duty and adaptability to being a contented in his idleness; they could be limp soft and they want to give for it just as tractive and attention as is tractive and stable for tennis—a game which she executed with a good deal of his thought. Murlel's father had by duty and adaptability to being a swoman meant tractive and stable for tennis—a game tractive and stable for tennis—a game which she executed with a good deal of his thought. Murlel's father had by duty and adaptability to being a swoman meant tractive and stable for tennis—a game of the United States, A. A. Adee, held by duty and adaptability to being a swoman meant that her brown hair must be made attractive and stable for tennis—a game of the United States, A. A. Adee, held by duty and adaptability to being a swoman meant that her brown hair must be made attractive and stable for tennis—a game of the United States.

What they are after is their pay.

That's what her brown hair must be made at the brown hair must be ma am hardened by too many inspections of dimpled chins."

You want more than the pull of the moment or the month.

In New York where the sun comes in stopped. He looked at a group of peasupon my bare ankles and my coffee, ant children bringing in fagots, but and my Jap brings the newspaper and laughing and jostling each other as if upon my bare ankles and my coffee, cigarettes? I should be glad to it were a game. Childhood had been untouched. In one of the little rubble

"You should try Brena Selcoss." "Who?" Brenn Selcoss."

Who is she?" asked Peter carelessly, as he tried his arm out of its

Introducing a Hero

E HAD gone to London the moment
he was out of uniform, and he got
me for a reason typical of him,
for most Americans a single track
cess is an inspiration of life; there
a raw meat satisfaction in hewa to the line until some tree falls
d also an instinct for playing the
est game. If it is money making,
trade, or industrialism, or producn-efficiency, the rank and file go
thing after it until some one rings
the undertaker. I have always
ught that the source of the imaginan which was responsible for Peter
wolfe's tastes, policy and conduct
s most difficult to uncover. The
e sense of play, not only applied

fly, how to speak Italian, how to grow ses and who knows what else."

gold of the sky.

istry or something.

mother was Irish.

daughter.

"By the bye," called Benham,

patriot-a fighting professor of chem-

Peter smiled and waved his hand.

into the ruts of war worn in the an-

hear more. Benham called him by the service wire of the Signal Corps.

moment in which Benham wondered

whether the line had been cut off.

He put his cigarette down and al-

lowed it to burn the edge of the table,

staring at the wall with its maps and

This explains, in part, why the rea-

his going to London was typical

blue-prints, his eyes full of wonder.

Dedicated to Being a Woman

Muriel Benham was savagely a

s distinct from fauna. The acquisition

had beamed through two meals first

upon her guest and then upon her lovely

The widow of Austin, as DeWolfe

discovered after a week of agreeable

nsincere beam of affectation, but with

good will and demonstrativeness through

all the traditions of her husband's fam-

beamed upon Muriel not because she

freekles off a milk white skin. Even

She conceived woman

'I'm off for England tomorrow.'

Saying good-by, that's all, Englishman lying glibly.

Only at nine that evening did he

the United States come down to Beconnext to our place and live in a garden flat on the grass and see nobody and you hear? Her father was a banished ality, evade all questions? And the look in her eyes! I didn't see it at first because I was in a funk at the eyes them-

"Staring Out Over Life" "What look?" asked DeWolfe in the

'Fear.' said Benham "Fear?"
"Yes, fear. And besides there is something about her that tells a person that she is waiting-marking time

-treading water-staring out over life -just like a watcher on the shore out across the empty sea. "Maybe she's thinking of an ice "There's nothing of that kind in

her." the British officer replied with positiveness. "Your ice cream soda and millinery and looking-glass lady has a personality of a pink color. Brena Selcoss is the color of firelight on the walls of an old temple." "You might go on to say that she

gives the impression of an Inca princess. Some dried mummy from the sands of a prehistoric citadel. Bathed in some magic liquid, her limbs expanded to the of Peter DeWolfe. lovely contour of girlhood, her face warmed with a renewed coursing of spirited blood."

"You've seen her!" exclaimed Benham. "My dear fellow. I've never seen

known her—long ago."

Benham said, "Perhaps you could Benham said, lift the cover-He stopped suddenly.
"And I'd like to have you mee

Muriel too. She's a very decent sort of sister. I've a mind to give you a letter to my mother and send you over the Channel to loaf around in flannels at our place in the country. "I'm leaving Brest tomorrow night

on a transport. Sorry. "Well, I said nothing about it." "Afraid of farewell dinners?

Peter smiled.
"Home," said he. "Bring your sister to America. She'll probably think things and in a new world, but she ered from head to foot with blood out of his own arteries when Peter had him in with the aid of an

of farewell walked away, leaving Benham perched up there—a black figure as if cut out of black cardboard pasted on the sunset glories of the sky line.

and plaster sheds a newborn calf was bawling, and yet in Paris, as he reflected, serious men were discussing gown with a basket of roses hung on the future of the world exactly as if one elbow and flower scissors in the could touch or affect its funda-

mental nature.

"You do all things so well." said "You like the name?"
"I confess—"
"Of course—so many names of wombursteness like fans, edged at the tips with pink blossoms of a new year, symbolic of the eternal round of promulse, and —"
"Mou do all things so well," said Peter with a great delight filling his being. "There is a thoroughness in your method which positively upsets me. I looked at the library in your didn't you call to me and say one of study and as far as I can see you have study and as far as I can see you have spent, your twenty years collected in neutral. "Peter, I saw you before breakfast," she said. "From my window." she said. "You saw me?" he said. "Why didn't you call to me and say one of study and as far as I can see you have study and as far as I can see you have spent, your twenty years collected in neutral.

other hand.

so irreproachable.

were painted in sepia on the velvety and coals on home fires.

They lived peaceably together withstrange lady is half a Greek. I say! Can out any bold assertions of individurage to the countryside, as Peter, trasting it with an American town had said. Beyond the village were had said. the chalk downs where grass was light He turned the corner of the wall and stepped into the cobbled street where green and the heather a deeper color. endless wagons of some French ar- and narrow roads were as white as tillery maneuver were rumbling deeper marks of crayon, and trees standing into the ruts of war worn in the anhere and there into the some glant hand. Somewhere, still further on, was the sea into which the bright sky fell like a blue black curtain flecked with clouds of feathery white.

Peter, with half-clesed eyes, gazed luck. And I forgot to say that her out across this magnificence of "Send me that letter to your family a chalk ridge where ancient Britons care of the American port officer at Boulogne," said l'eter calmly after a Druid priests had once held solemn He was quite unconscious of Muriel's attention fixed upon him somewhat as a faithful dog watches a master; he had been in many of his own dreams in these ten days and might well be forgiven for failing to notice that something of violence was going on within this English girl, whose outlines, like those of a volcano. were still clear and cold against the sky, exposing nothing of the fires and which may blow their surround-

ings into fragments. The most that Muriel had ever said species as distinct from males as flora was that Peter was one of the "nice Americans," a pateonizing compli-ment which had made him tell the girl by women of the right to vote had been the occasion for mourning, as Peter and her mother that he was gratified out before Mrs. Austin Benham at that judgment expressed by better type of English." He did not know that by the processes within the Benham sister's levely head, she had weighed carefully his physical appearance, noting his high bronzed fore-head, his straight nose, his lean hard neglect of the calendar, was a true beamer. She did not beam with the creeks and the thin judicial lips which had been an inheritance of the family ever since Justice DeWolfe had been the beam of an expansive nature oozing good will and demonstrativeness through the crevices it could find in the walls of a life which was like a vessel of conthe beam of an expansive nature oozing a life which was like a vessel of con-ventionality, containing, according to

Peter's clothes are famous for their charming incorrectness. No one quite 74 to 71. through some expensively fashionable and unimaginative tailor so much of his own brand of distinction in dress. agreed with her, but because, not daring to voice an opinion, she could still love her daughter for being so healthy and the daughter for being so healthy and ways the same; Peter's clothes and ways the same; uniform or lounging flaunels, it is al-Muriel considered herself as dedicated New York named Moore once said that of dash, in a costume designed to keep given attention to clothes; the bunter'sher forearms were covered in the game she took from DeWolfe, who made rather a botch of his unpracticed play, because just as it was a womanly woman's duty to be well exercised and in fine condition for the market, so also was it her duty to be milk white in a woman's duty to be milk white in a male; she only forgot about Peter's of a male; she only forgot about Peter's the routine of the business. in an evening dress. The same thought face and figure and clothes when they made her appear before Peter in the had been swallowed by his complete the routine of the business. These are the men who hedge-walled garden before breakfast whole—a whole which defied her method-through "hard times," as clad in a part wispy and part fluffy ical judgment and made her eyes swim gown with a basket of roses hung on and began to turn within her heart and They are the men who, when part hundred years of Benham tradition had likely to get them. kept locked in neutral.

dost extraordinary! She's an symbolic of the eternal round of promise, fruit and decay.

"It goes so soon," said DeWolfe among others, books on how to do
what?" asked DeWolfe.

"But just as if some old friend had given play golf, how to knit, how to cast a face, sprinkled fa the drawers. She
whether the concern gets a contract or

said, "Because I was waiting to see what you were doing."

"What was I doing?" said Peter.

"The telescope—father's telescope."

"Oh yes—the telescope," repeated Peter, as if he had been accused of stealing the squeaky old glass. "I did have the telescope, didn't I?"

He was thinking that one could not very well tell hosts like these two women who had treated him as if he were the owner of the estate and of the old stone house and even quaint Spode coffee cups which came on at breakfast, that he had come to Beconshire not to see them. He was thinking that if they had not chosen to mention an acquaintance other than the rather stiff and dull and correct persons who had come to tea almost every afternoon and three or four times to dinners, saved by the Chateau Yquem graciously left by Sir Austin as a legacy in the wine by Sir Austin as a legacy in the wine cellar, he could not very well mention

nequaintance. Muriel Creates An Atmosphere Furthermore he had begun to feel that Muriel in some strange manner of that Muriel in some strange manner of her own had created an atmosphere of a proprietress without any other intimacy then calling him Peter and, upon one occasion, dressing a cut of a hawthorn on the back of his hand with a peculiar tenderness mixed with all the care of procedure that one can find in "What to Do in an Emer-gency." He shrank from making one inquiry he would have wished to make. He now had the chance to make his inquiry, because Muriel said, "You were standing there under that beech

"What did you think " "That you were looking through the glass across the fields toward that place under the big trees—the place we call the Curate's because one used

Peter might have spoken then to ask who now occupied the little gabled house with its guardian trees. It was the opportunity to hear a name he had not heard since he had heard it from Colonel Benham's lips: Peter's haracteristic perversity, that often made him allow life to set its own pace and bring events at its own whim, added at this moment to his disincination to disclose one of his reasons for idling under the Benham's roof, of his criticisms. But gee, wouldn't you

ternal affection.

He only smiled, and Muriel's pink

Peter nodded his assent vigorously, and when she ran into the house he threw himself back into the grass and the died, but I don't remember if he did or not.

ever-changing patterns in cottony

"Do you know among the old ver-changing patterns in cottony clouds and the flight of wheeling mar-

tins.

Muriel began that afternoon walk with great gayety of spirits, as if, per-haps, she had found a triumph over ome difficulty, a victory at the end of couple of pictures. twenty-one years of preparation for victory. As soon as they had struck off is showing in our neighborhood this neross the downs she threw her arms toward the sky and sang into the wind an old hunting song of quaint and engaging melody.

you boosted it in the letter box. Har say, don't you think this fashionable learn the song together," she said to Peter. "Look over there on the get busy and have more up-to-date edge of the horizon. The square tower. That's Saint Dunstan's-the very tower in which the fox sought sanctuary in the song-the old song, written six Stanlaws. His own statement is the hundred years ago, they say. worst slam any one could give him. But Stanlaws is an artist and he's entitled

Peter, with his usual adaptability, acquired both words and music. He sang. He danced upon the rolling green plain. And at last seizing Muriel's the stage now in a play called "Steve." waist around the belt of her sporting coat, he swung her almost off her fee and together they whirled merrily -two tiny tops spinning upon the vast expanse. When they stopped, the girl almost dizzy, and breathless, clung for a moment to his coat and looked into Peter's eyes. He could feel her warm breath upon his chin. Continued on Tuesday

HOUSE KILLS \$360,000 SEED BILL FOR CHRISTMAS GIFT

Annual Appropriation for Political American 'hero' - as the Wally who Favors Lost In Committee

was before he succumbed to the de-grading exhibarant that saps one's vi-Washington, Dec. 23. — Congress anual Christmas gift to itself — free eels for distribution among faithful and prospective constituents-was resed by the House yesterday for first me in years. An amendment by Repsentative Langley, Republican, of the cause of Wally's breakdown? Kentucky, to insert in the Agricultural things are hushed up. But fame, as Appropriation Bill an appropriation of I have said, unhappily is a mistress \$360,000 for the seeds, was defeated who considers nothing sacred-nothing n committee of the whole by a vote of secret.

Uncommon Sense The Man Who Knows

pink riding coat that still hangs in the ment, there had to be some one with her forearms were covered in the game hall closet in Beconshire Heath reminds continuing experience, some one who she took from DeWolfe, who made his successors of the dominant road knew all the precedents, some one on

These are the men who are kept brough "hard times," and are ad-They are the men who, when partone elbow and flower scissors in the body the elementary machinery that two nerships are to be given out, are most

> FOR without taking a living interest necessary to such an equipment. But in the business, and without having intensive study is. It is the man who a sincere desire to see it prosper, they

Che Daily Movie Magazine



THE MOVIE'FAN'S

LETTERBOX

By HENRY M. NEELY

Lady Jane writes: "Penrhyn Stan-

favorites my choice was Arthur Johnson

'Marjorie Rambeau's 'Fortune Teller'

week and some members of our family

cause I said it was so good and then

who did not see it before are going be

(There's no reason for me to

Eugene O'Brien didn't die. He's or

Folly Koppy writes: "One of the

Reid will be broadcast in every land

will now hold the handsome actor in contempt following the revelation of

his miserable plight? The fans are fickle and turn their thumbs down

readily when their hero takes a flop But I'll always think of this clean

tality and warps the mental process."I hope with all my heart he re-

And I fervently pray he conquers the

"Why did the world have to know

"Reld took to drugs to obtain re-

of men who know, these fellows may hold their jobs for their lifetimes, and

But they never go very far. And

they are always subject to dismissal when change of business conditions brings about a decrease of profits, and

a necessary curtailment of expenses.

TO KNOW a business—any business

▲ -a man must study it, and think

about it, and interest himself in it.

If he does that, he equips himself for his work, and the fact that he is

always desirable to the firm's rivals.

has enough interest in himself to be interested in his work, and to know

it, who keeps his job till he gets a bet-ter one, and who is likely to keep on

getting better ones till he either owns that firm or gets a salary which amply compensates him for working for it.

Copuright, 1928

valuable man in one firm makes him

even gain promotions.

covers his pristine health and

"How many of his admirers that were

to queer notions.

where the films flicker.

readily

and Harold Lockwood and Carlysle

:-:

This isn't the kind the same. He rides

lief following an illness which greatly enervated him, if we are to believe what we read. Just so did Coleridge and De Quincey become drug addicts. The former took to it because he was tormented by a nervous affliction and had read that a drug would cure it. De Quincey's habit grew out of a mere trifle; he fell asleep with his hair and face wet, awoke with neuralgia and took narcotics to ease the pain.

laws just suits me to a 'T' with some took narcotics to ease the pain.

'Emil Jannings' Henry VIII, in my for idling under the Benham's roof. It prevented him from speaking. The sun was warm, there was a fatalistic assurance that he would hear the name soon enough, and there was the possibility that a look of pain would come into Muriel's face and he would hurt a girl for whom he had acquired a good-natured, companionable and almost paternal affection.

He could smalled and Muriel's right of the services of the speaking that think poor Norma had looked upon the who it was red from what he says? But Gloria! My goodness! I always thought as he says. I wonder the vitality with which Jannings invested the role. Harding was superbound of Daiquiri cocktails used to be to this now timerous old stomach. I always thought as he says. I wonder who is his 'perfect type.' Kate Price. I hope, as that's my style.

"If Betty B. has 'horse nostrils' then beer blowing her pearean play. I missed Harding's results as I have by this one.

"Really, words are inadequate. The sum of the point of the sum of the point of the point of the point of the point of the vitality with which Jannings in think poor Norma had looked upon the wine when it was red from what he says? But Gloria! My goodness! I always thought as he says. I wonder the vitality with which Jannings in the vitality with which Jannings

duction. I think.

The was the duction of the Ramon Navarro and Lewis Stone and not to me. And that's what make think Eugene O'Brien was injured in New York. Did he recover? I was told he died, but I don't remember if he mirth in days bygone?"

Do you know what has become of them have to put me in a cage at time. "I thank you."

(Sorry I've lost track of Figman (Sorry I've lost track of Figman word to use about any one. and Miss Robertson. Josef Swickard not call those ears "deformed."

Jannings, on the other hand, gave to mesterpiece.)

The Prejudiced Gentleman writes "Bachelor Meditations on Two Youn Ladies: (a) Miss Constance Talmads ultra-sophisticated and more obvious cosmopolitan than any other American movie actress, has chosen to portray the heroine of John B. Hymer's innocen-little comedy, 'East Is West,' not be-Will Rogers

Mounts a Burro

Mounts a Burro

This isn't the kind

little comedy, 'East Is West,' not be cause her personality is suited to the role, but evidently because she can manipulate a wad of chewing gum with greater dexterity than any other living female. I say this not at all slurringly in truth, the picture entertained me much more than I expected it would.

"The fact, however, is this: When

"The fact, however, is this: Whet one sees Constance Talmadge on the screen he associates her with the at-mosphere of Forty-second and Broadcustomed to seeing way, a smart town car, a Pomeranias and a jeweled eigarette holder. She is Will Rogers mounted the very essence of the big city's smartest young maidenhood-the absolute on, but he looks as peak of civilization and bearing as the standard goes in our young women of

if he'd get there just today. "Every shopgirl, whether she works in Macy's or the Elite Emporium is Kulpville, Kan., has, some time in her life, longed to be as 'classy' as Constance Talmadge, She thrills alike the men. With the exception of some of the specimens that still indulge in red wedershirts and celluloid collars, the two-(were he given the chance, of course) would refuse to escort Connie to lunch at the Ritz, send her orchids, buy her diamonds—in short, blow his bankroli

"She is at once a good fellow, a good dancer, a swell looker and a sport-all in the typical American manner. Connie is just this and nothing else. She does not need a Bendel gown to create the impression-it penetrates even the barriers of a Chinese wig and a heavily embroidered mandarin cost, to say nothing of the trousers to match.

"All of which boils down to the fact that Connie has not yet created any character except her own inimitable self, and from all accounts never will. 'Polly of the Follies' remains Polly in the kimono of Ming Toy just as surely as she would remain Polly in the robe of an archbishop.

"Really, words are inadequate. T-

which the could write if it wished; if failed to do so Peter wrote on it a little limined—enough to keep bimself it failed to do so Peter wrote on it a little limined—enough to keep bimself it wished; if failed to do so Peter wrote on it a little limined—enough to keep bimself it wished; if failed to do so Peter wrote on it a little limined—enough to keep bimself it wished; if failed to do so Peter wrote on it a little limined—enough to keep bimself it wished; if failed to do so Peter wrote on it a little limined—enough to keep bimself it wished; if failed to do so Peter wrote on it a little limined—enough to keep bimself it wished; if failed to do so Peter wrote on it a little limined—enough to keep bimself it wished; if failed to do so Peter wrote on it a little limined—enough to keep bimself it wished; if failed to do so Peter wrote on it a little limined—enough to keep bimself it wished; if the limined—enough to keep bimself it wished it was an experiment of the limited and enough to keep bimself it wished a little limited and enough to keep bimself it wished it was an experiment of the limited and enough to keep bimself it wished it was an experiment of the limited and enough to keep bimself it wished it was an experiment of the limited and enough to keep bimself it was an experiment of the limited and enough to keep bimself it was an experiment of the limited and enough to keep bimself it was an experiment of the limited and enough to keep bimself it was an experiment of the limited and enough to keep bimself it was an experiment of the limited and enough to keep bimself and enough

Joe Blake: "Deformity" is a nast and Harold Lockwood and Carlysie was Julio's father in "Four Horse-knock the ears off this argument about Rudy, although I liked Rudy in a Henry in "Knighthood" an "enact-cialist were requisitioned to make the I thought it a burlesque ears stand close to the head.

> PHOTOPLAYS PHOTOPLAYS

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"COME ON OVER" ASTOR EIGHTH & GIRARD AVE.

"THE WOMAN HE LOVED"

BETTY COMPSON in "THE BONDED WOMAN

Dorothy Dalton and Jack Holt FAIRMOUNT 20th and Girard Ave. FRANKLYN FARNUM

in "THE GOLD GRABBERS" 56TH ST. THEATRE-Bolow Sp. MATINEE DAILY "More to Be Pitied Than Scorned" GREAT NORTHERN Broad St. at Eric WILLIAM FARNUM

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in "ANNA ASCENDS" BELMONT 130 & 3 3 30 to 11 P. A RODOLPH VALENTINO

BLUEBIRD Front & Susquehanna CEDAR 60TH & CEDAR AVENUE LOIS WILSON in "BROAD DAYLIGHT"

COLONIAL Gin. & Maplewood Aves. COLISEUM Market bot. 60th & 60th in "THE LONE HAND"

JUMBO FRONT ST. & GIRARD AVE Jumbo June. on Frankford "L' EARL DERR BIGGERS' STORY "FIFTY CANDLES"

LEADER *18T & LANCASTER AVE 2 00 to 5:00: 7:00 to 11 P. M. ERNEST LUBITSCH'S PRODUCTION "LOVES OF PHARAOH" LOCUST 52D AND LOCUST STREET

THOMAS MEIGHAN in "IF YOU BELIEVE IT. IT'S 80" NIXON 52D AND MARKET STS. 2 15, 6.30 and 8 P. M. **CULLEN LANDIS**

in "THE MAN WITH TWO MOTHERS" RIVOLI . 52D & SANSOM STS.

"THE MIRACLE MAN" SHERWOOD Stin & Baltimore As

RICHARD DIX in "A GLORIOUS FOOL" 69TH ST. Theatre. Opp. "I/" Termin. 2 30. 7 4 9 P. 1

IRENE CASTLE in "SLIM SHOULDERS" STRAND Germantown Ave. at Venange ALICE BRADY

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

GERMANTOWN BELL GERMANTOWN AVE. in "MY DAD"

IN "THE BOND BOY"