The Daily Movie Magazine

FOR THE FILM FAN'S SCRAPBOOK

DOROTHY PHILLIPS

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

THE MOVIE FAN'S LETTERBOX

By HENRY M. NEELY

"Bright Eyes" writes: "As you already suspect, I am one of your daily readers and admirers of your interesting topics and answers in the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER, and gosh, maybe I don't agree with you on lots of things. Reading every evening of what a good picture 'Peter Ibbetson' was I had to see it, and when I did see it I said to myself: 'Gee, what good taste Mr. Neely has.' Then I certainly did dislike 'Saturday Night,' and was glad to read that you did not like it, because a girl that I went to see it with said that she enjoyed it immensely, for as for one thing I live near a lot of rich and I hardly think it's poetry they like; in fact, most people say if the poor did what the richer class did they would be chased from the country. So you can see how money does enlighten people for praise, which they don't deserve. Some do, though. Now for my list of favorite stars: Richard Barthelmess, Constance Talmadge, Harrison Ford, Wallace Reid, Elsie Ferguson, Alla Nazimova, Dorothy Dalton, Marjorie Day, and last but not least Harold Lloyd. Mr. Neely, why don't they ever write of how good 'Way Down East' was? I think it is the best picture ever published. Is it because it is such a long time since it was made?

"They never write and admire Richard Barthelmess, and I think he is great, don't you? Will you please let me have Richard Barthelmess' home address, and Gareth Hughes,' also a little history of Gareth Hughes.

"Pardon my trouble and work. I know that you must have some job. Although I will give you some more work, for when I am in town I will come to see you. May I?

(The reason you don't see anything in the column about "Way Down East" these days is that films, even the finest of them, are the most transient things in the world. They burst like meteors on the public when they first play the larger houses; then they simmer down a bit and drift out into the suburbs, where those that missed them downtown have a change to see them; then they go way out into the country districts, and the city fans seem to forget them entirely unless they happen to be so good that the company which made them decides, at a later date, to reissue them. I have watched and admired Richard Barthelmess since he made his screen debut with Nazimova in "War Brides"; saw him steal several scenes away from Marguerite Clark in the inimitable "Bab" series, and finally achieve the goal of all movie stars through his work in Griffith pictures. You cannot say enough about him, as far as I am concerned. Address Barthelmess, care of Inspiration Pictures, 565 Fifth avenue, New York City, and Gareth Hughes, care of Metro Studios, Hollywood, Calif. I'm sorry, but I haven't their home addresses.

Hughes was born in Llanelly, Wales, in 1897, was educated there and in Paris; played in "Salome," "Moloch" and "Everyman" on the stage, and in the films has appeared with Clara Kimball Young in "Eyes of Youth," with Marguerite Clark in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," with Florence Reed in "Woman Under Oath," and featured in "Sentimental Tommy," "The Chorus Girl's Romance," "The Lure of Youth," "Life's Darn Funny," "Garments of Truth," "Little Eva Ascends" and "The Hunch." He is five feet five inches tall, weighs 125 pounds and has fair complexion, brown hair and blue eyes.)

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Anne writes: "It has been nearly two years now since I moved to a little Southern town. After the quiet life of the Northern cities the excitement of Main street here is intense. One of my real pleasures is reading the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER from 'kiver to kiver,' and incidentally I often get a good laugh from your columns. I am glad they have stopped disclosing all the secrets of movie land. I'd much rather be fooled than know exactly the whys and wherefores of a scene—wou'dn't you? Although in your work I guess you can treasure no illusions about the movie game or people.

"I wonder why there is such a crying need for more film plots? Why don't they screen more of the standard works? Don't you think that Tolstoi's 'Anna Karenina' would be a wonder? Think of the possibilities of the ball scene and the hunting and horse-racing ones—not to mention the whole plot of the story, which I am sure the public would keenly appreciate.

"What do you think of Pola Negri's acting and Nazimova? Why have you joined the rest of the critics taken such a stand against the latter? I think she is a splendid emotional actress. Do you think Elsie Ferguson played the part in 'Footlights'? I thought that it was poor and the more I see of Elsie Ferguson as a Russian type the better I like her in her usual roles. Beatrice Joy and Betty Compson, who have come out as stars in the past years, are both extremely good actresses, I think, but then there are so many good and bad in the game that it would take more than two columns to discuss them.

"This is a stupid letter and probably will not even be read, but it's a rainy day down here—and so this effusion.

"I don't seem to have mentioned the masculine side of the movies. Thomas Meighan was at one time my pet star, but like the rest of the women, Valentino has me chained to his chariot. However, if he tries to play the conventional type too often he will surely lose one admirer. Conrad Nagel and Harold Lloyd are both good actors. Don't you think George Arliss is clever?"

(There is some difference of opinion on that business of exposing the film secrets; some fans, like you, prefer to be left in blissful ignorance of how "Handsome Harry" took that thrilling "leap of death" and others won't stay quiet until they find out every mechanical and trade secret that the studios possess.

Don't you think they are filming enough "standard works"? Perhaps they have exhausted all the film-able ones. Tolstoy is not unknown to the screen, as those who remember the old Fox picturization of "The Kreutzer Sonata" will testify. "Polly" Frederick did one, too, I remember.

I used to be as strong an admirer of Alla Nazimova, and especially when she played Ibsen's "Doll's House" on the stage. Her earlier pictures, including "War Brides" and "Revelation," were splendid, too, but since that time she has become so mannered, and so eccentric, that it is hard to recognize the same person. Her "Doll's House" and "Camille" on the screen were terrible examples of grotesque grimacing and affected tricks.

And, we most positively don't agree on the subject of Elsie Ferguson's work in "Footlights." To me, it stands about as her best screen attempt, though I've always had a soft place in my heart for "Barbary Sheep" and "Rose of the World." You bet I think George Arliss is clever.)

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Gunga Din writes: "I wish to thank 'Bil' for his reply in reference to my request for information on that 'popularity contest.' Will you please tell me who directed 'Peter Ibbetson' and if he is Wally Reid's regular director? I saw Wally in 'Across the Continent' and it certainly is a different type of picture entirely from P. I. Who in the wide world ever gave Mary MacLaren the idea that she could act! She may be Katherine MacDonald's sister, but it doesn't mean anything. Theodore Roberts certainly is fine, and who supplies him with all those cigars? Is he a star or just a character player? If I remember correctly, wasn't Douglas Fairbanks married before and wasn't there a junior? Will you please tell me his former wife's name? Poor, poor Valentino, how they are pushing him right into the faces of the public. Why don't they leave him alone? I think that if he is given the right chance with the right picture and the right director and no Elinorglynish business, he will be a wonder. Is he a star as yet? Mr. Neely, I do hope I haven't bored you, but I don't like to write too many times, so I get all my questions in at one time. Why does almost everybody send blue paper to Mr. Neely? Answer me that."

(George Fitzmaurice directed "Peter Ibbetson" and Philip Rosen directed "Across the Continent." Wally has different directors in almost every picture, although Rosen was at the megaphone in a number. I'll say those two pictures were different! Why the grudge against Mary MacLaren? Somebody told me once that Famous-Lasky makes an annual appropriation of $5000 to supply Roberts with the cigars he smokes in his various pictures, but somehow I don't believe that, do you? I suppose you'd call him a character player, although he used to be starred (in such features as "Pudd'nhead Wilson" and "The Consul") and is to be featured soon in "The Old Homestead." I'd go farther to see him or George Fawcett or Theodore Kosloff than any young "star" I can think of offhand. "Doug" was married before to Beth Sully, daughter of the big cotton magnate. Yes, Rody is a "star" now in the sense that he will hereafter be billed Rodolph Valentino in "The Foolish Lover," instead of "The Foolish Lover," with Rodolph Valentino. I don't mean anything sinister by the name — just picked it at random. That blue paper subject is one of those "sleeping dogs" which had much better be left alone.)

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES

Teachers Wise

By DADDY

Jack and Janet are having vacation fun in the woods, when the birds ask them to play school. King Fisher tries to teach the birds how to fish. Janet catches a turtle, and is in turn caught by Blue Heron.

CHAPTER VI

The Fun School

BLUE HERON was surprised to see what he had caught while fishing. He had expected to catch a fish and here was a little girl holding a turtle by the tail.

"Hey! Hey! See what I caught," he cried. "I am a better fisherman than King Fisher, and so I will be fishing school teacher."

The birds, who were drying themselves after taking their diving lesson from King Fisher, ruffled their feathers and shook their heads.

"We don't want to go to fishing school if we have to dive into the wet water," they chorused.

"You'll not have to dive into the wet water if you come to my school," said Blue Heron. "All you will have to do is to stand on one leg and let the fish come to you. See the fine turtle I caught."

King Fisher didn't like to lose his place as teacher.

"Rattlety-rattle-rat," he said. "You didn't catch that turtle. It was caught by Janet when she was my pupil."

"Huh!" said Blue Heron.

He turned to Janet. "Didn't I catch you and the turtle?"

"Yes, sir! Thank you, sir!" said Janet promptly.

"Do you mean to say you didn't catch that turtle?" rattled King Fisher at Janet.

"To be sure I caught the turtle," said Janet.

"There!" rattled King Fisher at Blue Heron. "You didn't catch the turtle; Janet caught it."

Blue Heron again turned to Janet. "Who caught you and the turtle?"

"You did, thank you!" said Janet.

"Who did you say caught the turtle?" demanded King Fisher.

Janet was perplexed. "Why, you did," she said. She thought the argument was very silly, but she didn't see how to end it, for Blue Heron and King Fisher were talking around in a circle and both were right.

"Hee-haw! Hee-haw!" laughed Jack, still playing he was a one-eyed mule, happy because he wasn't in school. "I'll ask a question and the one that answers it will be a teacher. Where do birds come from?"

"Birds come from eggs," answered Blue Heron and King Fisher together.

"And where do eggs come from?" asked Jack.

"Birds lay eggs," answered both Blue Heron and King Fisher.

"Well, which came first, birds or eggs?" asked Jack. Neither Blue Heron nor King Fisher could answer that. They scratched their heads and wrinkled up their foreheads, but the answer didn't come.

"Hee-haw! Hee-haw! If you can't answer that neither can be teacher. I'll be teacher myself. Who wants to come to my fun school? First class in follow-the-leader." Away went Jack turning somersaults.

"Ek-eek! This is a jolly kind of school," cried Perky Squirrel, turning a somersault after him.

"Teacher! Teacher! Teacher! I like teacher!" cried Goldie Ovenbird, following Perky Squirrel. After them came King Fisher, Blue Heron, Janet, Cold Nose Bear and all the others.

Jack led them in hippity-hop, in jumping on one leg, in leaping over logs, and in doing all sorts of stunts.

"Chee Chee! Hurrah for the fun school!" cried the birds. "Jack shall be our teacher every day."

Jack grinned at Janet. "No," he cried. "Janet knows a lot of nice games, too. She will be teacher in the fun school tomorrow. Good-by until then."

"Good-bye, Teacher Jack! Good-by, Teacher Janet!" cried the birds. And they were still crying it when Jack and Janet ran home chanting their vacation song:

"No more lessons
In a hot old school.
We're as happy
As a one-eyed mule."

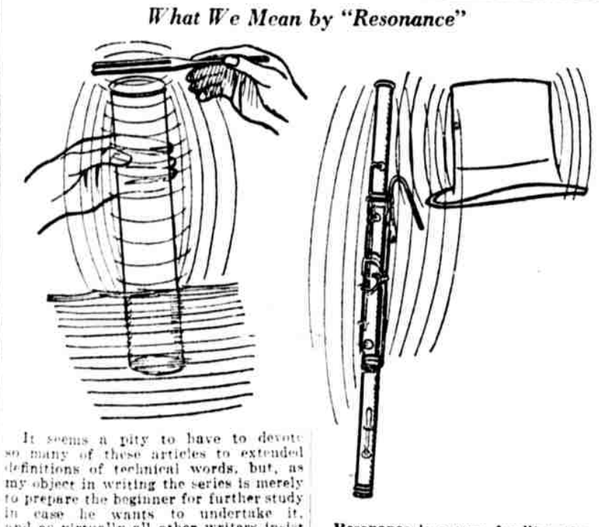
Janet stopped long enough to whisper to Jack, "I like your kind of vacation school best of all," she said.

(Next week Jack and Janet meet an Indian lad in the forest and learn secrets of the woods.)

RADIO IN THE HOME

By HENRY M. NEELY

What We Mean by "Resonance"



Resonance is a very familiar phenomenon outside of radio circles. Here are two experiments described in the accompanying article, proving resonance and explaining how it works in radio

It seems a pity to have to devote so many of these articles to extended definitions of technical words, but, as my object in writing the series is merely to prepare the beginner for further study in case he wants to undertake it, and as virtually all other writers insist upon talking of technical things as easily and glibly as you and I talk about pie and cheese, it is necessary for me to explain some of the most-used terms.

And one of these is "resonance." "We tune our secondary circuit to resonance with the incoming waves," you will read in every book or magazine you pick up. This sounds complicated, but it isn't. Resonance simply means to "sound again."

I remember one night many years ago sitting in the front row of a theatre near the bassoon player. Every time he blew a certain note I could feel my hat vibrating so actively that it tickled the ends of the fingers in which I held it. My hat was "in resonance" with that particular note, and, if it had been possible to make the hat produce a noise by drawing a violin bow across it or tapping it, it would have produced that note or else one of the octaves of it.

In other words, the hat was so constructed that, if it started to vibrate, it would send out waves of a certain particular length from crest to crest, and conversely, it would start vibrating when waves of that particular length struck it.

Everything in the world that is capable of vibration has this thing that we call its "natural period" or "natural wave length." They have even experimented with the Washington Monument in our national capital and found that its natural wave length is about 800 meters. Theoretically, then, it would be possible, if we could continue to produce 800-meter waves in the nearby air, to make the Washington Monument vibrate so violently as to topple it from its foundation. The monument would have been in resonance with the waves.

In these two instances we have been dealing with waves in the air, but the same principle applies to the radio waves which we send through the ether.

Every aerial has a natural wave length. The average amateur's aerial, we will say, is 150 meters. If we insert a detector, in the line from this aerial to the ground and wire a pair of phones around it, we will hear all signals sent out on a wave length of 150 meters. But such a set would be no good for anything except this particular wave length, and so such an arrangement would be virtually useless for receiving broadcasts unless we were able to construct it with a natural wave length of exactly 360 meters. And a set of such restricted usefulness would have little value.

So, in order to get best results, we put up an aerial with a natural wave length of 150 meters, and, in the line leading to the ground, we insert coils and condensers which have natural wave lengths of their own and which are so made that we can vary their wave lengths. Thus, with our 150-meter aerial we add fifty meters of coil and condenser to receive the amateurs transmitting on 200 meters, or we use more of the coil and more of the capacity of the condenser, taking 210 meters of their value to add to the 150 meters of our aerial, and so we put our entire apparatus in resonance with the waves of 360 meters which are coming in from the broadcasting stations.

This is what we call "inductance" and "capacity," but these terms will not bother you if you will only remember that, for practical purposes, inductance means length of wire in the form of a coil and capacity means placing more or less of the plates of a condenser surface to surface.

Tuning our set in this way soon makes it vibrate in resonance with the transmitting station, just as my hat vibrated when the bassoon player struck a certain note, only in that case it was the bassooner who did the tuning.

There is a very pretty experiment which you can perform to prove to yourself what resonance is. This experiment is performed with a tuning fork, a lamp chimney and a bowl of water. Hold the lamp chimney over the bowl, strike the tuning fork, and hold it over top of the lamp chimney. The sound will come from the tuning fork alone, with no response from the chimney. But lower the bottom of the chimney gradually into the water, and soon the chimney will be singing as loudly as the tuning fork. It is in resonance. If you continue to hold the chimney so that the water is at the same point and tap it with your finger nail it will give out exactly the same note that the tuning fork gave out. The wave length of the part that is out of the water and free to vibrate is exactly the same as the wave length of the tuning fork.

That is all the highly scientific gentlemen mean when they tell you to tune your set "in resonance with the incoming signal."

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Little Benny's Note Book

By Lee Pape

The Park Ave. News

Weather. Has been better, could be werse.

Exter! Bad News! Sid Hunt had a mizrable aftirnoon last Thersday, first getting one of the werst reports he ever got wen the reports was handed out in skool, and then getting in a game of marbles on his way home and losing 22 commons, 3 agates and 2 glasses, and then feeling in his pants pockit and feeling a hole but not the 2 cents that was there the last time he felt, and then tripping over a stuck up brick and skinning his nee fearse and then meeting his 2 best gerls with his nee sticking out and then as soon as he got home having to go about 6 errands.

Pome by Skinny Martin.

Sometimes I Haff To.

I love my shoes to be cleen and brite
And polished with a bewtifill glow,
And the ony reason theyre seldom that way
Is I hate to shine them so.

Intristing Facks About Intrising People. Sam Crosses baby sister Udeen yells the same way no matter wat she's yelling for, thus being the cause of meny gesses.

Things You Awt to Know. The easiest way to lern a forrin langwidge is to be born there.

Drawing homework done in exchange for arifmetic homewerk. Sam Cross. (Advertisement.)

Lost and Found. Nuthi

NOBODY'S MAN :-: By E. Phillips Oppenheim

THIS BEGINS THE STORY

Andrew Tallente, political leader, has married for money. His wife accepted him to forward social ambitions to a title. Losing his seat in Parliament, he meets her recriminations with the statement that their marriage has been unsuccessful, owing to her cold and selfish temperament and her interest in his young secretary, Anthony Palliser, who has just disappeared. She has a sudden suspicion that her husband is responsible for the disappearance. Lady Jane Partington, a beautiful and wealthy aristocrat interested in labor problems, is a neighbor who interests Andrew greatly. He tells her he and his wife have parted. Andrew has missed some valuable political papers, and in an argument with Palliser on the edge of a cliff has struck him. The secretary fell over. Andrew, formerly an Alpinist, has climbed down to the beach below, but found no trace of Palliser. He is kept under observation by Inspector Gillian, of the police. Stephen Dartrey, the self-sacrificing Labor Party leader, with Miller, a coarse-grained radical, and Nora Miall, a charming and brilliant feminist leaders, visits Tallente and offers him the Premiership if he will join their party.

AND HERE IT CONTINUES

The Right Hon. John Augustus Horlock, Prime Minister of England through a most amazing fluke, received Tallente, a few days later, with the air of one desiring to show as much graciousness as possible to a discomfited follower. He extended two fingers and indicated an uncomfortable chair.

"Well, well, Tallente," he said, "sorry I wasn't in town when you passed through from the north. Bad business, that Hellesfield affair."

"It was a very bad business indeed," Tallente agreed, "chiefly because it shows that our agents there must be utterly incapable."

The Prime Minister coughed.

"You think so, Tallente, eh? Now their point of view is that you let Miller make all the running, let him make his points and never got an answer in—never got a grip on the people, eh?"

"That may do for the official explanation," Tallente replied coldly, "but as a plain statement of facts it is entirely beside the mark. If you will forgive my saying so, sir, it has been one of your characteristics in life, born, without doubt," he added, with a little bow, "of your indomitable courage, to minimize difficulties and dangers of a certain type. You did not sympathize with me in my defeat at Hellesfield because you underrated, as you always have underrated, the vastly growing strength and dangerous popularity of the party into whose hands the government of this country will shortly pass."

Mr. Horlock frowned portentously. This was not at all the way in which he should have been addressed by an unsuccessful follower. But underneath that frown was anxiety.

"You refer to the Democrats?"

"Naturally."

"Do I understand you to attribute your defeat, then, to the tactics of the Democratic Party?"

"It is no question of supposition," Tallente replied. "It is a certainty."

"You believe that they have a greater hold upon the country than we imagine, then?"

"I am sure of it," was the confident answer. "They occupy a position no other political party has aimed at occupying in the history of this country. They aid and support themselves by means of direct and logical propaganda, carried to the very heart and understanding of their possible supporters. Their methods are absolutely unique, and personally I am convinced that it is their destiny to bring into one composite body what has been erroneously termed the Labor vote."

Horlock smiled indulgently. He preferred to assume a confidence which he could not wholly feel.

"I am glad to hear your opinion, Tallente," he said. "I have to remember, however, that you are still smarting under a defeat inflicted by these people. What I cannot altogether understand is this: How was it that you were entirely deprived of their support at Hellesfield. You yourself are supposed to be practically a Socialist, at any rate from the point of view of the stalder of my party. Yet these fellows down at Hellesfield preferred to support Bloxham, who twenty years ago would have been called a Tory."

"I can quite understand your being puzzled at that," Tallente acknowledged. "I was myself at first. Since then I have received an explanation."

"Well, well," Mr. Horlock interjected, with a return of his official genial manner, "we'll let sleeping dogs lie. Have you made any plans, Tallente?"

"A week ago I thought of going to Samoa," was the grim reply. "You don't want me, the country didn't seem to want me. I have worked for other people for thirty years. I rather thought of resting, living the life of a lotus eater for a time."

"An extremist as ever," the Prime Minister remarked tolerantly. "Even a politician who has worked as hard as you have can find many pleasurable paths in life open to him in this country. However, the necessity for such an extreme course of action on your part is done away with. I am very pleased to be able to tell you that the affair concerning which I have been in communication with your secretary for the last two months has taken an unexpectedly favorable turn."

"What the mischief do you mean?" Tallente enquired, puzzled.

"I mean," Mr. Horlock announced, with a friendly smile, "that sooner than be deprived of your valuable services, His Majesty has consented that you should go to the Upper House. You will be offered a peerage within the next fortnight."

Tallente stared at the speaker as though he had suddenly been bereft of his senses.

"What on earth are you talking about, sir?" he demanded.

Mr. Horlock somewhat resented his visitor's tone.

"Surely my statement was sufficiently explicit?" he said, a little stiffly. "The peerage concerning which at first, I admit, I saw difficulties, is yours. You can, without doubt, be of great service to us in the Upper House and——"

"But I'd sooner turn shopkeeper!" Tallente interrupted. "If I understand that it is your intention to offer me a peerage, let us have no misunderstanding about the matter. It is refused, absolutely and finally."

The Prime Minister stared at his visitor for a moment in amazement. Then he unlocked a drawer in his desk, drew out several letters and threw them over to Tallente.

"And will you tell me what the devil you mean by authorizing your secretary to write these letters?" he demanded.

Tallente picked them up, read them through and gasped.

"Written by Palliser, aren't they?" Mr. Horlock demanded.

"Without a doubt," Tallente acknowledged. "The amazing thing, however, is that they are entirely unauthorized. The subject has never even been discussed between Palliser and myself. I am exceedingly sorry, sir," he went on, "that you should have been misled in this fashion, but I can only give you my word of honor that these letters are entirely and absolutely unauthorized."

I mean—you will be offered a peerage within the next fortnight

"God bless my soul!" the Prime Minister exclaimed. "Where is Palliser? Better telephone."

"Palliser left my service a week or more ago," Tallente replied. "He left it at a moment's notice, in consequence of a personal disagreement concerning which I beg that you will ask no questions.

"I can only assure you that it was not political. Since he left no word has been heard of him. The papers even have been making capital of his disappearance."

"It is the most extraordinary thing I ever heard in my life," Horlock declared, a little irritably. "Why, I've spent hours of my time trying to get this matter through."

"Dealing seriously with Palliser, thinking that he represented me in this matter?"

"Without a doubt."

"Will you lend me the letters?" Tallente asked.

Mr. Horlock threw them across the table.

"Here they are. My secretary wrote twice to Palliser last week and received no reply. That is why I sent you a telegram."

"I was on my way to see you, anyway," Tallente observed. "I thought that you were going to offer me a seat."

Mr. Horlock shook his head.

"We simply haven't a safe one," he confided, "and there isn't a soul I could ask to give up, especially, to speak plainly, for you, Tallente. They look upon you as dangerous, and although it would have been a nine days' wonder, most of my people would have been relieved to have heard of your going to the Upper House."

"I see," Tallente murmured. "In plain words, you've no use for me in the Cabinet?"

"My dear fellow," the Prime Minister expostulated, "you have no right to talk like that. I offered you a post of great responsibility and a seat which we believed to be perfectly safe. You lost the election, bringing a considerable amount of discredit, if you will forgive my saying so, upon the Government. What more can I do?"

Tallente was watching the speaker curiously. He had thought over this interview all the way up on the train, thought it out on very different lines.

"Nothing, I suppose," he admitted, "yet there's a certain risk about dropping me, isn't there? You might drive me into the arms of the enemy."

"What, the old Whig lot? Not a chance! I know you too well for that."

"No, the Democrats."

Horlock moved restlessly in his chair. He was eying his visitor steadfastly.

"What, the people who have just voted solidly against you?"

"Hasn't it occurred to you that that might have been political strategy?" Tallente suggested. "They might have maneuvered for the very situation which has arisen—that is, if I am really worth anything to anybody."

Horlock shook his head.

"Oil and water won't mix, Tallente, and you don't belong to that crowd. All the same," he confessed, "I shouldn't like you with them. I cannot believe that such a thing would ever come to pass, but the thought isn't a pleasant one."

"Now that you have made up your mind that I don't want to go to the House of Lords and wouldn't under any possible consideration," Tallente asked, "have you anything else to suggest?"

Mr. Horlock was a little annoyed. He considered that he had shown remarkable patience with a somewhat troublesome visitor.

"Tallente," he said, "it is of no use your being unreasonable. You had your chance at Hellesfield and you lost it; your chance in my Cabinet and lost that, too."

"You know for yourself how many rising politicians I have to satisfy. You'll be back again with us before long, of course, but for the present you must be content to take a rest. We can make use of you on the platform and there are always the reviews."

"I see," Tallente murmured.

"The fact is," his host concluded, as his finger strayed toward the dismissal bell, "you made rather a mistake, Tallente, years ago, in dabbling at all with the Labor Party. At first, I must admit that I was glad, I felt that you created, as it were, a link between my government and a very troublesome opposition. Today things have altered. Labor has shown its hand and it demands what no sane man could give. We've finished with compromise. We have to fight Socialism or go under."

Tallente nodded.

"One moment," he begged, as the Prime Minister's forefinger rested upon the button of the bell. "Now may I tell you just why I came to pay you this visit?"

"If there is anything more left to be said," Mr. Horlock conceded, with an air of exaggerated patience.

"There is just this," Tallente declared. "If you had had a seat to offer me or a post in your Cabinet, I should have been compelled to decline it, just as I have declined that ridiculous offer of a peerage. I have consented to lead the Democratic Party in the House of Commons."

The Prime Minister's fingers slipped slowly from the knob of the bell. He was a person of studied deportment. A journalist who had once written of his courtly manners had found himself before long the sub-editor of a governmental journal. At that moment he was possessed of neither manners nor presence. He sat gazing at Tallente with his mouth open. The latter rose to his feet.

"I ask you to believe, sir," he said, "that the step which I am taking is in no way due to my feeling of pique or dissatisfaction with your treatment. I go where I think I can do the best work for my country and employ such gifts as I have to their best advantage."

(Continued Monday)

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APOLLO 52D & THOMPSON STS MATINEE DAILY
BETTY COMPSON
in "FOR THOSE WE LOVE"

ASTOR EIGHTH & GIRARD AVE. MATINEE DAILY
Mr. and Mrs. Carter DeHaven
in "MY LADY FRIEND"

BALTIMORE 51ST & BALTIMORE Eve. 6:30. Sat. Mat.
VIVIAN MARTIN
in "PARDON MY FRENCH"

BLUEBIRD Broad & Susquehanna Continuous 2 until 11
BEBE DANIELS
in "THE SPEED GIRL"

COLONIAL Gtn. & Maplewood Aves. 2:30, 7 and 9 P. M.
NORMA TALMADGE
in "SMILIN' THROUGH"

FAIRMOUNT 20th & Girard Ave. MATINEE DAILY
WESLEY BARRY in
"BITS OF LIFE"

GREAT NORTHERN Broad St. at Erie 2:30, 6:45 to 11
NORMA TALMADGE
in "SMILIN' THROUGH"

IMPERIAL 60TH & WALNUT STS. Mats. 2:30. Eves. 6:30 & 9
D. W. GRIFFITH'S PRODUCTION
"ORPHANS OF THE STORM"

LIBERTY BROAD & COLUMBIA AV. MATINEE DAILY
CHARLES (BUCK) JONES
in "WESTERN SPEED"

ORIENT Woodland Ave. at 62d St. MATINEE DAILY
Rodolph Valentino & Gloria Swanson
in "BEYOND THE ROCKS"

OVERBROOK 63d & Haverford Ave. Matinee Today
WILLIAM FARNUM
in "ROUGH AND READY"

PALM FRANKFORD AVE. & NORRIS STREET
WALLACE REID
in "THE WORLD'S CHAMPION"
ADDED—SUPREME VAUDEVILLE

REGENT Market St. Below 17th 10 A. M. to 11 P. M.
SHIRLEY MASON
in "LITTLE MISS SMILES"

RIALTO GERMANTOWN AVENUE AT TULPEHOCKEN ST.
WILLIAM RUSSELL
in "THE ROOF TREE"

SHERWOOD 54th & Baltimore Av. MAT. 2; EVE. 6:30
WALLACE REID
in "ACROSS THE CONTINENT"

333 MARKET STREET THEATRE 9 A. M. to 11:15 P. M.
VERA GORDON and DORIS DAVENPORT in
"THE GOOD PROVIDER"

The NIXON-NIRDLINGER THEATRES

BELMONT 52D ABOVE MARKET 1, & 3; 6:30 & 8:30 P. M.
D. W. GRIFFITH'S PRODUCTION
"ORPHANS OF THE STORM"

CEDAR 60TH & CEDAR AVENUE 1:30 and 3; 7 and 9 P. M.
MARION DAVIES in
"BEAUTY'S WORTH"

COLISEUM Market bet. 59th & 60th 1:30 and 3; 7 and 9 P. M.
CONSTANCE TALMADGE
in "A PAIR OF SILK STOCKINGS"

JUMBO FRONT ST. & GIRARD AVE. Jumbo Junc. on Frankford "L"
NORMA TALMADGE
in "THE WONDERFUL THING"

LEADER 41ST & LANCASTER AVE. 2:30 to 4:30; 7 to 11 P. M.
Rodolph Valentino & Gloria Swanson
in "BEYOND THE ROCKS"

LOCUST 52D AND LOCUST STREETS Mats. 1 & 3; Eve. 6:30 & 8:30
D. W. GRIFFITH'S PRODUCTION
"ORPHANS OF THE STORM"

NIXON'S AMBASSADOR Balt. Ave. at 56th Matines, 1:30 and 3; Evenings, 7 and 9 P. M.
"At the Sign of Jack O'Lantern"

NIXON 52D AND MARKET STS. 2:15, 6:30 and 9
ELAINE HAMMERSTEIN
in "THE WAY OF A MAID"

69TH ST. Theatre, Opp. "L" Terminal 2:30, 7 and 9 P. M.
MARY PICKFORD
in "LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY"

STRAND Germantown Av. at Venango 2:30, 6:30 to 11 P. M.
WALLACE REID
in "ACROSS THE CONTINENT"

ARDMORE LANCASTER PIKE ARDMORE, PA.
OWEN MOORE in
"REPORTED MISSING"

GRANT 4022 GIRARD AVE. Mat. Today; Eve. 7 & 9
CULLEN LANDIS and SPECIAL CAST in
Where Is My Wandering Boy Tonight?

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

GERMANTOWN 5510 Germantown Av. MATINEE DAILY
WM. CHRISTY CABANNE'S
"BEYOND THE RAINBOW"

PARK RIDGE AVE. & DAUPHIN ST. Mat. 2:15. Eve. 6:45 to 11
ELAINE HAMMERSTEIN
in "WHY ANNOUNCE YOUR MARRIAGE?"