

MOVIE GOSSIP

"A Divorce of Convenience," with Owen Moore in the starring role, is the photoplay offering at the Grand theater today only. It is a comedy production that teems with farcical situations and scintillates with humor and wit. It has a story with both strength and character.

The plot is based upon the comical situation of a young man be-

ing compelled by circumstances to act in the capacity of a co-respondent of convenience in a divorce of convenience. There are manifold difficulties connected with just such a job, especially when one has his own girl before whom he wishes to preserve all his dignity, but before the concluding scenes are reached the star manages to run afoul of all the pitfalls that lurk in his path.

It was a song of yesterday—"Darling Nelly Gray"—well known to the past generation, which regenerated "Sierra" Bill, a notorious bandit of California in the golden days, the character portrayed by



William S. Hart in his latest Paramount picture, "The Testing Block" which will be shown at the Bligh theatre for 3 days beginning Tuesday next. Every scene of the picture has a thrill of its own.

OREGON.
Today: Jackie Coogan in "Oliver Twist."

LIBERTY.
Betty Compton in "Always the Woman."

GRAND.
Owen Moore in "A Divorce of Convenience."

BLIGH.
Two acts Hippodrome vaudeville. "The Jilt," with Matt Moore, Ralph Graves, Marguerite De La Motte.

"Forget-Me-Not," which will be shown at the Oregon theater on Wednesday, is a picture which maketh the heart glad. Given a story human to the last degree, with a cast which brings to each character a sympathetic impersonation and direction which shows unusual knowledge of life, and especially of the heart of a child, the result is a picture which cannot fail to win favor with everyone who welcomes photoplays which are free from hoakum and which have some semblance to life as it really is.

"Forget-Me-Not" is a love story but it is more than that. It is the life story of two foundlings who find in their devotion for each other some compensation for the unkind fate which has deprived them of home and the affection of parents.

For "The Face in the Fog," a picturization of one of Jack Boyle's famous "Boston Blackie" stories, Cosmopolitan productions engaged a notable cast of stage and screen celebrities. This remarkable picture will be shown



Harry Fox of the "Oh, Look!" Company and a bevy of the pretty chorus girls. Coming to the Grand.

at the Liberty theater, starting Tuesday.

Lionel Barrymore, whose creation of "The Copperhead" as well as numerous striking screen parts have marked him as an exceptional character actor, will be seen in the role of Blackie Dawson, the gentlemanly safe-cracker. Louis Wolheim, who leaped into fame with the first performance on Broadway of "The Hairy Ape," was engaged for a contrasting type of the brutal criminal, while Lowell Sherman, star of "Lawful Larceny," plays the role of the polished Russian adventurer.

Frawley and West will be the featured offering on this all-star aggregation. They are advanced comedy gymnasts. The male members as an eccentric clown furnishes the comedy for the act. The female is an athletic marvel. This number consists of a routine of drops, swings and dislocations on the bars and rings, showing many thrills and exploits in midair. At the Bligh today and tomorrow.

Frank Bardon, a nice looking chap with remarkable ability as an entertainer, sings songs, tells stories, and does many imitations true to nature and after seeing him, you will say that he is better than the original. At the Bligh today and tomorrow.

Marguerite De La Motte, leading woman of "The Three Musketeers" and one of the really promising actresses of the screen, comes to the Bligh theater today in the chief feminine role of "The Jilt," the all-star production which Irving Cummings directed for Universal. Other players are Ralph Graves, ex-Griffith leading man; Matt Moore, Eleanor Hancock, Ben Hewlett and Harry De Vere.

Miss Alma made her debut in "Oliver Twist," the Jackie Coogan production in which little Jackie is reaping new honors at the region. The actress is in the picture for the briefest of flashings, but never fails to win the tribute of expressions of pleasure. As Jackie, in the role of Oliver, is hurrying with Mr. Brownlow's five-pound note and books to the store, Miss Alma emerges suddenly from an entrance and

bumps into the hastening Oliver. She dips a little curtsey, Jackie makes a tiny, well-bred bow, and each one goes on in their different directions. "Humph," remarked the director's wife, when she saw the picture, "I think you might have given her a little longer flash than that!"

Betty Compton did well for herself when she selected "Always the Woman," as a starring vehicle. "Always the Woman," at the Liberty today, is a colorful, beautifully mounted and photographed love romance which welds the ages together. In what may be styled a prologue, all the main characters appear as ancient Egyptians, Miss Compton as the queen, Neca-Tokris, who falls in love with a priest in the Temple of Isis, thereby incurring the enmity of the high priest whose love she scorned. Her lover is stoned to death and the queen, rather than submit to the high priest, allows herself to be buried alive with the corpse of her lover.

The story then swings to modern times with Miss Compton as Celia Thaxter, an American vaudeville dancer, on a steamer bound for Egypt. Mahmud, a mystic, recognizes in her an incarnation of Neco-Tokris and in others about her reincarnations of others involved in the old story. That ancient love tragedy begins to reenact itself in the present day but the desire for atonement by the mystic, a rejected suitor for the queen, who betrayed her, causes a change in the ending of the story and the lovers are united in the present day enactment of the story.

HOLDING A HUSBAND

Adele Garrison's New Phase of REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

CHAPTER 211
WHAT MADGE DID TO BRING DICKY TO TERMS

As the door of the hotel bedroom closed after us I wondered uneasily just what attitude Dicky meant to assume.

Despite his apparent nonchalance, I knew that he must be inwardly angry at my triumph in the matter of going North against his wishes. That the anger he would ordinarily have felt against Maj. Grantland for being anywhere within speaking distance of me had been banished by the officer's action in sending word of my whereabouts to him, I knew by his cordiality toward the army officer in the hotel restaurant. But I could not believe that he was good-humored enough to keep from some caustic comment on the whole episode, and I nervously myself to take without retort whatever he might have to say.

He said nothing for several seconds, during which I took a sweater from my suitcase, placed it beside my heavy coat, and began to fold my traveling suit so that it might not be creased during the drive to Cedar Crest.

"Want this suitcase strapped again?" he asked curtly.

"If you please," I returned, equally laconic.

He strapped it, and I put the last things into my bag, then prowled around the room, as is always my custom when leaving a place, to see that I have packed everything. As I came back to the bag, preparatory to locking it, I saw that Dicky was gazing at

me, the dancing, impish look still in his eyes, but I fancied that it was malicious instead of mischievous, and I knew it when he spoke.

"Well, Faithful Fido has his uses, after all!" he drawled.

DICKY BY THE EARS
It took all of my resolution to keep the promise I had just made myself. But though I was able to keep my words back, I could not help the resentful flush which spread over my face. Still, without a word, I locked my suitcase, put the key in the beaded purse I carried, and, taking my suit over one arm, my heavy coat over the other, I started for the door.

"Does it hurt its little feelings to have drate big man called names?" Dicky tantalized, and I noticed that his voice was a trifle sharper than before. "Well, we won't do anything like that again. We'll only knock his block off if he butts in many more times around these diggings!"

There was a distinct edge to his voice now, and I realized that my silence was infuriating him more than caustic words could have done, so cast about for the quickest way of placating him. I felt very much the doorman wife as I pondered, but it wasn't exactly a Patient Griselda method which I finally used.

With a quick movement I put my cloak and suit down on a chair, flew to the door, locked it, and thrust the key in my dress. Then, marching up to my husband, I grasped him by both ears, and bent his head toward mine so that I looked him square in the eyes.

MADGE WINS
"What the dev—" Dicky began.

"The devil, indeed," I said. "I warn you that I'm a desperate woman. If you don't stop this persiflage, railleury, whatever you think it is—it isn't funny, I can tell you that—I'm going to—I don't know just what—I think my best plan would be to scream until the house detectives come and break down the door. Then I'll think up some story to tell 'em."

I knew that if I could get Dicky to laugh, everything would be all right. But for a long minute, while his eyes held mine, I trembled for the outcome of my silly ruse. Finally, however, after black anger had succeeded astonishment, I saw the sternness relax and the impish smile come back, and I knew that I had triumphed.

"You little devil!" he said, pulling my hands down from his ears, and roughly clasping me in his arms. "I've a notion to shake you until your hair comes down. What you deserve couldn't be told in three volumes. But I haven't time now to chastise you properly, so I'll keep the rod in pickle over your head until we get back home. Give me the key and let's get out of here."

I produced it, and he set the bags outside in the hall. He had not offered to kiss me, and I knew that though I had succeeded in bringing him to his senses concerning his boorish behavior, he had not entirely forgiven me for the way I had thwarted his authority.

For an instant I hesitated, my pride battling with the instinct that told me I ought to concede something also, even though I was not conscious of doing anything that did not lie within my right to do. Then I shut the door once again.

"Haven't you forgotten something?" I asked saucily, then I ran to him and put my arms around his neck. "If you think you're going to leave this room without kissing me you're very much mistaken," I murmured. And he didn't.

(To Be Continued)

They are now canning grapefruit. The inventor is a benefactor of the race—if they don't open any of the cans.



HELD OVER!
TODAY

TOM MIX in "Catch My Smoke" is held over today owing to popular demand. Get in and see the thrilling new stunts.

LIBERTY THEATRE

STATESMAN CLASSIFIED ADS. BRING RESULTS

VAUDEVILLE

TODAY and tomorrow

Frawley & West
Comedy Gymnasts

Frank Bardon
A little different

Roy Stewart
in
"Blue Blood and Red"
A snappy, out door story of the lumberland

YOUNG IDEAS
A comedy

BLIGH

Tues, Wed., Thurs.
Hickman Bessey Co.
Presents
"The Man Who Owned Broadway"



Carl Laemmle presents
The JILT
Directed by Irving Cummings
IT'S A UNIVERSAL

STATESMAN CLASSIFIED ADS. BRING RESULTS

OREGON

JACKIE COOGAN
in
OLIVER TWIST

Now Playing



A masterly picture, a triumph in photoplays. We think this to be one of the best films that we have shown in a long time and you'll agree with us, we are sure, of that. Bring the whole family. It's that kind of a picture.

LADIES' COLUMBIA CONCERT ORCHESTRA

Mme. Frances Knight
Conductor

Featuring

KENNETH ALLEN
Soloist

Oregon's Boy Wonder

GRAND Theatre
Wednesday, Jan. 17

Seats on sale Monday—Mail Orders received now.

Prices—Entire lower floor, \$1.50; balcony, \$1, and 75c; Gallery, 50c

Management
Lillian Clark-Koon



TODAY ONLY

OWEN MOORE

in

"A Divorce of Convenience"

Mix one husband, one wife, one bean, one sweet-heart — and you get a series of laughs, chortles, grins and smiles—

That's This Picture

TODAY ONLY

GRAND

TODAY ONLY