

# MOVIE GOSSIP

**MOVIE BOX—**  
**OREGON**  
 Richard Barthelmess and Dorothy Gish comes in "The Bright Shawl."

**LIBERTY**  
 Constance Talmadge in "The Primitive Lover."

**GRAND**  
 "Lost and Found."

**BLIGH**  
 Four Acts Vaudeville: Max Linder in "Be My Wife."

The De Courseys are artists of no small ability. Each seems to possess that something which goes far in entertaining and holding their audience spellbound. They have an act of a high class caliber that appeals to the best intelligence and very nearly fill the onlookers with awe. Their astuteness in portraying their pantomime opening and the rapidity in painting a good picture is of greatest interest. The quick change into plastic is pleasing. Their first routine of statures is a reproduction of a famous series in marble at the Louvre in Paris which shows the "Good and Evil" characters from every-day life. Their second routine is taken from famous Greco-Roman sculpture entitled "The Wrestlers" in which they prove their artistic ability and athletic training. At the Bligh today.

It was just a bright shawl. But it was also the token of a great love, the messenger of death the cloak of a spy, and in the end the harbinger of lasting happiness.

It is around this dazzling garment, worn by a vivid Andalusian dancer in Havana in the days of Spanish oppression against Cuba, that the plot of the highly dramatic and romantic photoplay, "The Bright Shawl," now playing at the Oregon theater to crowded houses, is woven.

Dying from a knife wound, La Clavel, the dancer, gives the shawl to Charles Abbott, young American, played by Richard Barthelmess, as a final remembrance of her affection.

In turn, the blood stained garment is found by La Pilar, female spy. She wears it to the negro plantation and its brilliance helps to lure a young Cuban patriot to his death. She kills him and throws the bright shawl over the body.

The American, after losing consciousness in a duel, awakens aboard ship to find the woman he

loves and—the bright shawl. So Joseph Hergeshelmer wrote it; so, too, John S. Robertson pictured it as a First National attraction—and one of the most important productions of the year.

The Three Stylish Steppers have an act that is pleasing and diverting. Nice wardrobe and a most effective background. The two ladies work neat and clean and have a nice appearance. Their work is commendable. The gentleman is not only a clever dancer and out of the usual run, but is a comedian of no mean merit. At the Bligh today.

Bell and Le Claire. A rehearsal of two bowery characters for a performance at a local entertainment is the hilarious funny bit promised by this clever duo. "The Try-out" is what they call it. Incidentally, these two talented young persons will bring a breath of the bowery, for they depict two of that type of city dwellers. During this performance, one of the duo dances on a chair imitating a puffing locomotive. At the Bligh today.

Harry Duffy is a versatile young chap. He does not only play the violin, but does cartooning very cleverly, acrobatic dancing and juggling also and is an exceptionally good dancer. Not only will lovers of good music, comedy, acrobatic dancing and juggling appreciate Duffy, but all others as well as it is an offering of such variety as to appeal to everybody. At the Bligh today.

Setting a thief to catch a thief is the old adage that Edgar Selwyn has put to work in an unusual manner in the writing of "The Primitive Lover," his original story for Constance Talmadge. The plot, which is developed along comedy lines, involves a keen-witted novelist who spreads rumors of his death under sensational circumstances to enhance the sale of his latest book. Taking advantage of his supposed demise his rival for the hand of Phyllis Tomley, presses his suit and wins her hand in marriage.

As the glamor of married life wears off the supposedly dead author returns and mutual explanations are in order. It is of such unusual material that Director Sydney Franklin has waded. Constance Talmadge's latest starring picture, "The Primitive Lover," a First National attraction which will be the feature at the Liberty Theatre this week.

As the two former rivals clash under different circumstances their feud is renewed. One presses his suit in the approved style of modern conventions while the other, a man of forceful, dominating personality, demonstrates the caveman method of love making.

The latest whims of fashion are shown by the feminine members of the cast of the Fred Niblo production, "The Famous Mrs. Fair," based on the great American play, coming to the Oregon theatre Tuesday. Myrtle Stedman, Marguerite De La Motte, Helen Ferguson and Carmel Myers wear several wraps and gowns that are stunning creations.

One of the capes worn by Miss Stedman is an evening wrap of platinum gray here, a Parisian novelty that is quite distinctive. Another beautiful wrap worn by the same actress is a luxurious cape of ermine, cut on flaring, circular lines and trimmed with ermine tails.

"The Famous Mrs. Fair" is a Metro-Louis B. Mayer production.

A most picturesque and colorful picture is Goldwyn's romance of the South Seas, "Lost and Found," which was screened for the first time in Salem at the Grand theater last night. The beauty of the tropical settings on the island of Tahiti, the clearness of the photography make it a pictorially beautiful production; in addition to this beauty it has a most dramatic and emotional story perfectly acted and directed. It is one of the best of the romantic adventure pictures yet produced.

Goldwyn sent R. A. Walsh, the director, and the entire cast to Tahiti to make the production amid the island surroundings in which the action takes place. Very few scenes were taken at the company's studios. Mr. Walsh again proves himself one of the most efficient directors in the industry by the manner in which he staged "Lost and Found." In the story from the pen of Carey Wilson he had excellent material to work with and rose admirably to the occasion. The ship scenes and the native war scenes are stirring bits of action that set the pulse to pounding.

I had actually forgotten, until Mrs. Ticer's words recalled the fact, that the young physician whose rather theatrical devotion had caused me so much unpleasantness, was a resident of Sag Harbor. I had gained the impression the summer before that he was only temporarily taking the place of a friend. But he must have remained in the place, though why a young man of his talents should remain in the sleepy little village, charming though it was, I could not imagine.

The east end of Long Island is

**Watch for Friday Bargain Page**  
 There'll be something there for you. Perhaps just the thing you need most.  
**The Oregon Statesman Friday Morning**

## OPEN MILLET'S HOME TO PUBLIC AS A MUSEUM.



## HOLDING A HUSBAND

**Adèle Garrison's New Phase of REVELATIONS OF A WIFE**  
 CHAPTER 318.  
 THE WAY MADGE MANAGED TO HELP.

"Doc Pettit!"  
 As the familiar name, in Mrs. Ticer's colloquial interpretation, fell from her lips, I started perceptibly, and only saved myself by a mighty effort from a dismayed exclamation. But I was furiously conscious that I was flushing, and that Lillian's clear eyes, though they had rested but a fleeting instant upon me, had registered my school-girlish confusion.

I had actually forgotten, until Mrs. Ticer's words recalled the fact, that the young physician whose rather theatrical devotion had caused me so much unpleasantness, was a resident of Sag Harbor. I had gained the impression the summer before that he was only temporarily taking the place of a friend. But he must have remained in the place, though why a young man of his talents should remain in the sleepy little village, charming though it was, I could not imagine.

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one of the chosen places of the earth for childhood, for vacations and to live in when one has succeeded in life. But as a successful field for youth in professions or business life—my speculations were cut short by Mr. Ticer's worried tones.

"I'm afraid I can't make it in time. You know he always comes back from the hospital at just such a time, you can set your clock by him, and I never can run up there or get a horse ready to catch him."

Mrs. Ticer's quicker wits showed in her face as she turned to me.

"Perhaps Miss Graham would run you up in her car."

"Better take Marion."

"Of course," I replied, although the prospect of again meeting Dr. Pettit was distinctly upsetting. Still, Sam Ticer was surely an effective buffer against any embarrassment I might feel.

I turned, looking at her in astonishment, and saw her move her eyebrows almost imperceptibly toward the yard opposite. Around the corner of the house the head of the savage old man who had half-murdered his wife, was peer-

ing. He was evidently watching our actions closely. That Lillian feared Mr. Ticer's strength might be needed, and that she was anxious to get Marion out of the way were facts easy to guess.

That no hint of my reluctant hesitation appeared upon my face I was sure as I turned again toward the car. When I had started it, I turned it down the drive with Marion by my side, and Mr. Ticer on the running board giving me my final instructions.

"You can't miss it," he said. "Drive to the second corner beyond this, where the road turns north toward Sag Harbor—the first corner the road turns south toward Bridgehampton, and the two are only a few rods apart. You'll have to turn your car across the road, and get out and wave your hands, for the doc drives like the devil. You'll see a big white house just beyond the corner on the north road. It belongs to Stalkey, you know."

"No one in sight."

"Yes, I've seen it often," I said quietly.

"All right, go ahead, and tell the doc to hurry down. You'll just about get him if you drive fast."

He jumped from the running board and waved his hand encouragingly. I sent the car along the road at a smart pace.

It was but two or three minutes before we drew up at the road Mr. Ticer had indicated. No

car was in sight, not even a distant puff of dust. Either I was too late or the physician had not yet arrived. Mindful of Mr. Ticer's instructions, I drew the car partly across the road so that a passing car would be compelled to slow up, and descended to the road, Marion closely following.

"You remember Dr. Pettit, don't you, dear?" I said.

"Oh, yes!" the child replied eagerly. "He fixed my throat up last year when it hurt so. I like him lots."

"Then watch closely for him," I instructed her, "and when you're sure it is he, wave your arms and call him. We must not let him get past us."

"I'll stop him," she asserted confidently, and planted herself firmly in the middle of the road, straining her eyes in the direction Mr. Ticer had said the physician would arrive.

"Not there, sweetheart," I hastened to remove her from her dangerous though strategic position. "He drives so swiftly that he might not see you in time. Stand over here on the grass. That will be safe, and he can see you waving just the same."

She obeyed me, and we waited two minutes, which, of course, seemed like 20. Then a little cloud of dust down the road resolved itself into an approaching runaway, which came toward us as if, in Mr. Ticer's vernacular, it was indeed driven "like the devil."

It came so swiftly that I could not distinguish the driver until, warned by our presence in the path, it slackened its pace. Then

## NONA McADOO'S DAUGHTER.



The Russian branch of the McAdoo family, Fernando de Mohrenschildt, daughter of the former Nona McAdoo and granddaughter of the former Secretary of the Treasury.

I saw behind the wheel Dr. Pettit's familiar features, and beside him an exceedingly good looking young woman.

(To be continued.)

## VAUDEVILLE

**TODAY ONLY**

**THREE STYLISH STEPPERS**  
 A Dancing Novelty

Bell & LeClair      The De Coursey's  
 "The Tryout"      Pantomimists

"Harry Duffy" The Greenwich Village Boy

**MAX LINDER**  
 In His Latest Feature Comedy  
**"BE MY WIFE"**

MATINEES - - - 25c  
 EVENINGS, 40c

## BLIGH THEATRE

# PHOTOPLAYS AT SALEM'S LEADING THEATRES

## OREGON

**CONTINUOUS TODAY**  
 2-11 P. M.



**RICHARD BARTHELMESS**  
 Star of all Stars  
**DOROTHY GISH**  
 As the Dancing Sweetheart of Havana  
 IN  
**"THE BRIGHT SHAWL"**  
 By  
**JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER**  
 Author of  
**"TOL'ABLE DAVID"**

Let them reveal the flaming romance of the young American and the Spanish dancer—the saint with painted lips and tapping heels—love in her heart—death in her smile!

Matinee Today	Matinee Monday
Adults - - - 35c	Adults - - - 25c
Children - 10c	Children - 10c
Loges - - - 50c	Loges - - - 50c
Evening Today	Evening Monday
Adults - - - 50c	Adults - - - 35c
Children - 30c	Children - 10c
Loges - - - 75c	Loges - - - 50c

**HAWLEY AT THE WURLITZER**

## GRAND

**TODAY ONLY**

# "LOST AND FOUND"

A thrilling love drama—a vivid romance of the wild South Seas

Starring  
**HOUSE PETERS**

**ANTONIO MORENO**

AND  
**Pauline Stark**



## LIBERTY

**STARTS TODAY**

**CONTINUOUS**  
 2-11 P. M.



If you only knew how good Constance Talmadge is in "The Primitive Lover" you couldn't keep you away with a caveman's club.

**CONSTANCE TALMADGE**

Supported By  
**HARRISON FORD and KENNETH HARLAN**

IN  
**"THE PRIMITIVE LOVER"**