

# THEDA BARA BACK IN FAVORITE ROLE AT THE STRAND

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Theda Bara in "The Tiger Woman" at the Strand Theater Thursday and Friday, is very much herself, if not more so. If you ever had the slightest regard for the voluptuous Theda's peculiar talent, her exotic charm, and her manner of wearing clothes, you'll rise up in your enthusiasm and say the picture is great. If you've never cared for Mam'selle Bara, preferring instead the simple idyll of the old home town or the two-gun drama of the Wully West—well, it's no use trying to convert you by this typical thedabara film.

She's a very tigerish "Tiger Woman" in this picture. Her heart, her soul, her finger tips, her eyelashes, her rounded arms, her heaving buzzum, all vibrate to a passion for pearls. She must have pearls. A dispsomaniacal desire for red, white and blue hicker is nothing to her craving for pearls. To obtain them she betrays her husband, a Russian prince; she murders her paramour, she wrecks the life of a young American whom she meets on shipboard as she flees to America, she shoots the pursuing valet of the man she killed, she ensnares the brother of the young American she ruined (none of 'em can resist her thedaresque wiles), and finally dies in a hundred feet of film and a pile of the coveted baubles, when a man whom she has sent to prison returns and encompasses her death.