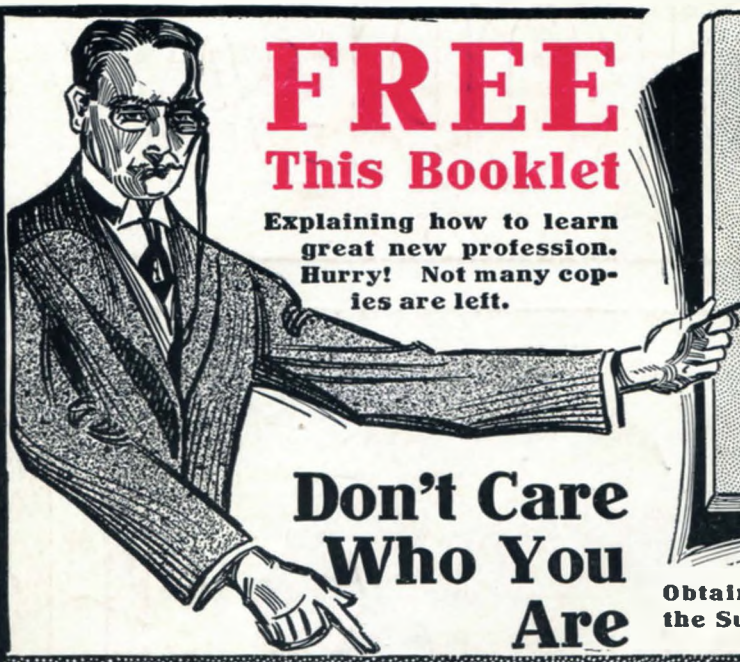
May 1914 Fifteen Cents

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

In This Issue

THE SQUAW MAN A COMPLETE NOVELETTE FROM THE FEATURE FILM



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PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

"The National Movie Publication"

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A COMPLETE NOVELETTE

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SPECIAL ARTICLES

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DEPARTMENTS

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POPULAR PHOTOPLAYERS

FRANCELIA BILLINGTON
MAJESTIC FILMS

LILLIAN WALKER

makes you feel contented and happy the very moment she comes on the screen, for you know instantly that a treat is in store. The pictures in which Miss Walker appears are, almost without exception, jolly ones, and the winsome little lady invariably just oozes fun and merriment as the action proceeds. Exhibitors have dubbed this Vitagraph lady "the sunshine girl," because she always brings the smiles.

Photo by Stacy, Brooklyn, N. Y.

HARRY BENHAM

has been appearing in Thanhouser films for over three years and previous to that was a stage favorite in such musical comedies as "Madame Sherry," "Woodland" and "The Sultan of Sulu." He is one player who boasts of, rather than conceals, the fact that he is married. He is six feet in height and a trained athlete. His hair and eyes are brown.

Photo by Bangs, New York

MABEL NORMAND,

pretty, shapely and talented leading woman of the Keystone Company, has won a place for herself in the hearts of the picture-going public. Though originally with Vitagraph and later under the Biograph banner, it is in the Keystone comedies that Mabel has scored her tremendous hit. She is a wonderful swimmer and has frequently been termed the "Diving Venus." Her comedy is always original and laughter begins the moment she appears.

Photo by Estep & Kirkpatrick, Los Angeles

CRANE WILBUR,

Pathe player, went on the stage at ten, under the tutelage of Tyrone Power and his wife, the late Edith Crane, Mr. Wilbur's aunt. Born in Athens, N. Y., in 1886, he went around the world with the Crane-Wilbur Stock Company and has played with Sir Henry Irving and Mrs. Fiske. In his pretty New Jersey bungalow, surrounded by his books and a host of congenial friends, he is well satisfied with life.

Photo by C. Floyd Coleman, New York

HERBERT PRIOR

is long, and tall, and slender, all of which characteristics he uses to advantage when playing those inimitable comedy roles for the Edison pictures. As the "hen-pecked" husband, he can get more laughs per second by his pantomime than any other comedian who attempts such roles. He entered the picture field via the Edison studio, and after a few months in Majestic films he returned to his first love.

MABEL TRUNNELLE

is a little person, but what she lacks in size she more than makes up in vivacity and enthusiasm. She dearly loves her work in the pictures and makes her audiences feel that it is a real pleasure to entertain them. With her husband, Herbert Prior, she played in Majestic comedy dramas for a time, having deserted Edison for Majestic, but to-day she is back in the Edison fold.

ORMI HAWLEY

put Holyoke, Mass., on the map by choosing it as her birthplace. It was from there she set out a few years ago to accept her first engagement on the stage. After a short stock experience, she was drafted into the great Lubin studio at Philadelphia. Her clear, soft gray eyes, hair the color of dull gold, and purely classic profile have since been seen in more than three hundred photoplays.

ARTHUR VAUGHAN JOHNSON,

Lubin's famous lead, was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1876. He was educated at a military school in Davenport, Iowa., and as Tybalt in "Romeo and Juliet" made his first appearance on the stage at the age of 18. For fourteen years he followed the stage as a profession, appearing with Robert Mantell, Marie Wainwright and Sol Smith Russell. Engagements with Biograph, Reliance and Lubin followed.

JOHN BUNNY,

"the man with a million faces," as he is called, rose from a comparatively humble position as a "type" actor to that of the most celebrated picture comedian in the world, all within the space of a few short years. He used to be "Bottom" with Annie Russell in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" and "The Squire" in "Way Down East," but his picture work in "Pickwick Papers" brought him his greatest fame.

Photo by Stacy, Brooklyn, N. Y.

CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG

was one of the fortunate players selected from among Vitagraph's companies to make the tour of the world, recently completed, and while on that expedition she appeared in roles of a widely varied character. In Japan she was a Jap, in Italy an Italian, and in Korea a Korean; but in every picture, no matter where, she was, above everything else, the talented, capable and experienced actress.

Photo by Stacy, Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE FAIRBANKS TWINS

invariably delight audiences who witness their playing in Thanhouser films, but before that were to be seen in real life at the Little Theatre, in New York, where they were under the management of Winthrop Ames. Madeline and Marion are their names and they possess more dramatic experience than the average child wonder of the pictures.

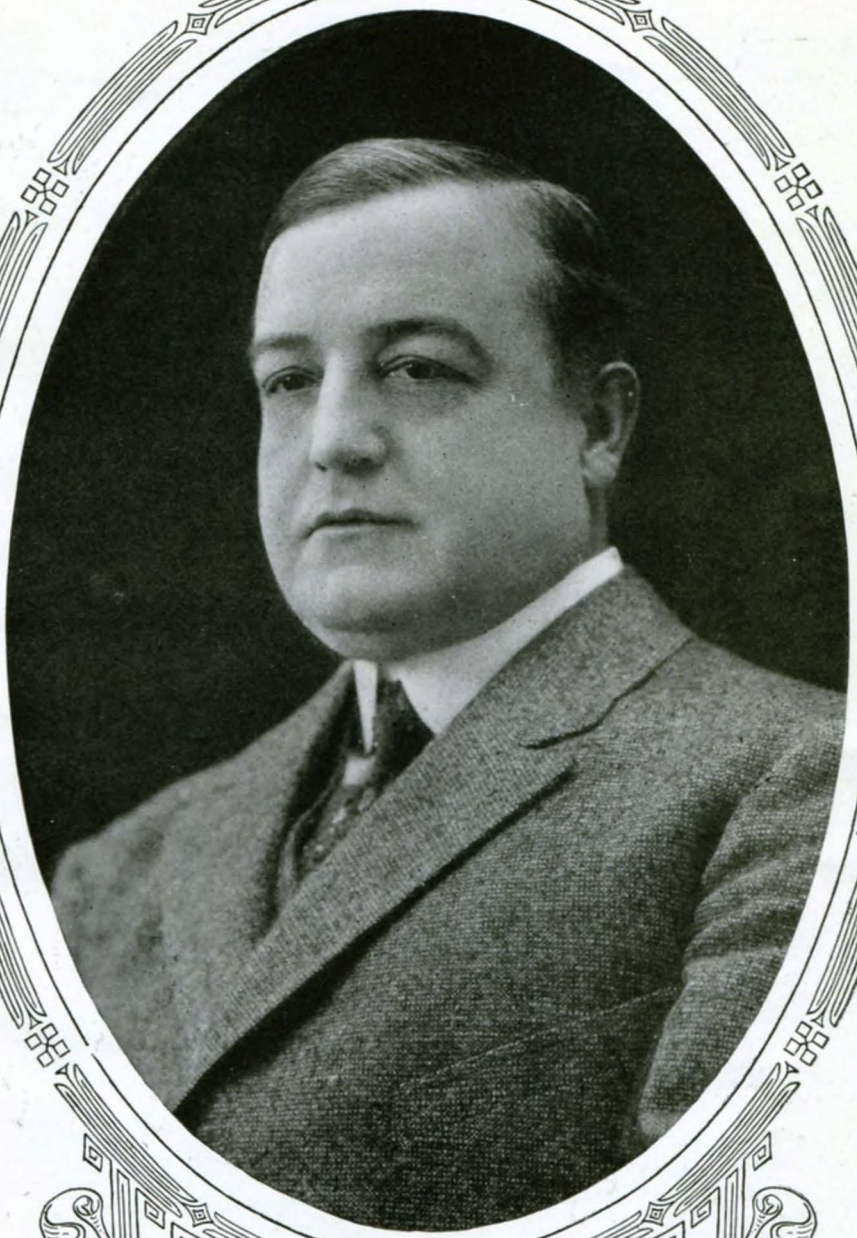
Photo by Bangs, New York

MARIAM COOPER

is another of the clever girls who make Reliance pictures such interesting entertainment. Her dark hair and classic features photograph splendidly, and her quick intelligence to comprehend the wishes of her director makes for her advancement in her chosen profession. She was seen to especial advantage as "Rosalie Crowley" in "For His Master," a Reliance release of comparatively recent date.

GLADYS HULETTE

will be recognized by her admirers in all parts of the country as the winsome little miss, who, by her natural acting and total lack of camera consciousness, so quickly attracts attention in Edison films. She has been with Edison for several seasons. Her eyes are always twinkling, her manner is always vivacious and there is ever a smile on her pretty face.



BIGELOW COOPER,

whether in the role of a multimillionaire or a hungry tramp, is always able to make his part one of the best remembered of all those on the screen. Needless to say, character study is his hobby, and once he encounters a new type he is never satisfied until he has been able to reproduce identically every gesture or odd facial expression, making them seem perfectly natural.

ALL SAVE ONE WERE STANDING—GLASSES RAISED. CAPTAIN JAMES WYNNEGATE SAT STILL, A SMILE ON HIS FACE. THEY WERE TOASTING HIM
—*"The Squaw Man"*

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
"THE FILM BOOK"
VOL. V. NO. 6
MAY, 1914

"The Squaw Man"

EDWIN MILTON ROYLE'S GRIPPING WESTERN DRAMA

Novelized from the Film

By Bruce Westfall

Illustrated with Photographs from the Jesse Lasky Film, Featuring Dustin Farnum in the Title Role

Chapter I.

ABOUT the board in the dining-room of the home of the Earl of Kerhill stood a company of men and women. All save one were standing—glasses raised. Captain James Wynnegate sat still, a smile on his face. They were toasting him. As he looked around him he saw the friends of a lifetime. Most of the men wore the uniform that he himself cherished. They were his brother officers. The women were their wives and sisters. And they had honored him as the man who had accomplished the task the regiment had set itself a year before—the raising of a fund that should provide for the widow and the orphans of any man in the regiment killed in action.

In the moment of confusion that followed the drinking of the toast the oldest woman there leaned swiftly toward Wynnegate. He saw what he had failed to notice before: that her face was tense and drawn, and that her joining in the merriment was a pretense.

"James," she whispered, "I must see you—as soon as possible. Make some excuse to come to me in the library."

He nodded a promise, and in a moment she slipped away. As soon as he could, Wynnegate followed her. He wondered what she wanted. But he was well used to her imperious ways. She was his aunt; Kerhill's mother. He and Kerhill were not only cousins, but close friends. Even Kerhill's marriage to the girl Wynnegate loved had not broken the tie of blood and of affection between them. And Kerhill, like himself, was an officer of the Sixteenth Lancers.

In the library his aunt was waiting. She seized his wrist and drew him away from the door.

"James!" she said. "Have you ever seen this check?"

Wondering, he took the check from her. But, as his eye fell on it, he started back with a cry of horror.

"Good God—no!" he cried. "Fifty thousand pounds—drawn against the regimental fund! Someone has forged my name!"

She groaned.

"I knew it—I feared it," she said. "James—can't you guess who has done it?"

"Not—Kerhill?" He shrank from the suggestion, so monstrous did it seem.

"Who else? James—he has been in trouble—with speculations, and betting—oh, I don't know what! I've been half mad! I've sus-

pected something—but nothing as bad as this—"

"We've got to do something." Wynnegate pulled himself together with an effort. "If it came out—good God—think of Diana!"

"I am thinking of her—and of the family name—and honor!" said Lady Elizabeth. "Think of it—the head of the house a thief! James—it's unthinkable! Something must be done!"

She looked at him, desperately. An unspoken question framed itself in her eyes.

"James!" she breathed. "You—you are unmarried—"

"I've got to think!" said Wynnegate. "My God—do you know what you're asking me to do? To assume the disgrace—to go to prison, probably—"

"No—no!" she said. "Not that! You could go away—disappear! They wouldn't try to find you—the regiment would cover up the disgrace, for its own sake—and the check is signed with your name. If it comes out—and you stay—you would have to prove Kerhill a forger as well as a thief—"

Outside there was a sudden stir; an outburst of excited talk. The door was thrown open; half a dozen men, Kerhill among them, crowded in.

"There's some mistake!" cried one of them. "Ah—Wynnegate! D'ye know what they're saying? That you've drawn fifty thousand from the fund! Man—you had some reason—"

Wynnegate sought Kerhill's eyes. He saw his cousin shiver. For a moment he stood there. Then he looked at Kerhill's wife; at Lady Diana.

"This is neither the time nor the place to offer an explanation," he said, very quietly.

"James!" Lady Diana's voice cut him, so sharp and cold was it. "Do you realize that it is a question of your honor—that silence means that you have no explanation?"

He saw the scorn in her eyes. Could he, loving her, knowing that she loved Kerhill, transfer that scorn from himself to her husband?

"That does not alter my decision," he said.

Chapter II.

ON the terrace, five minutes later, Wynnegate, fighting out his battle with himself, heard the rustle of skirts. He turned, to see Lady Diana.

"James—are you mad?" she asked. "Do you know what it means—disgrace—ruin—?"

"Don't!" he said. "Diana—you don't care—you mustn't—"

Her eyes flashed scornfully.

"I thought you more of a man!" she said. "Are you going to make the coward's plea—are you going to tell me that if I had chosen you it would have been different—?"

Wynnegate drew himself up. She was driving him too far. But, as he was about to speak, a step sounded beside them. He turned, to see Kerhill—Diana's husband.

"Di—if you'll leave us a moment—I've got to speak to James—"

Without a word she left them together. Wynnegate's hands were clenched, and the nails were biting into his flesh.

"Jim—old man—the mater's told me—I don't know what to say," said Kerhill. "I must have been mad—but I'll straighten it out—I'll pay back the money, and clear you—and I'll never forget what you're doing for me."

"For you?" Wynnegate caught him up sharply. He was wondering how he could have missed so long the lines of weakness that were so plainly visible now in his cousin's face. Weakness—and worse. "If you weren't married—if you could pay alone—I'd let you face it a thousand times over—you cur!"

Kerhill started back furiously.

"Oh—it's for my wife—"

"Don't say it!" snapped Wynnegate. "There are limits to my patience. Here—give your mother this check. It's for all the money I have. Ask her to cash it—and to meet me with the money. She knows the place."

That same night Wynnegate said good-bye to England; to his regiment; to his honor, and to all that life held that was dear to him. He was making a supreme sacrifice for a woman—and she did not know it, but scorned him. She thought him guilty—and he smiled, and prayed that she might never learn the truth. For this man knew how to love.

Luck favored Wynnegate in his flight. A small sailing vessel was off the town; its captain, under obligations to the Wynnegate family, readily agreed to smuggle him aboard, and take him as a passenger to New York. On a liner he would have had scarcely a chance to get clear, if a hue and cry were raised—and it seemed incredible, despite Lady Elizabeth's assurance, that he could escape that.

He saw no more of Kerhill or of Lady Diana. Lady Elizabeth alone said good-bye to him; she kissed him, sobbing.

"I can't say anything!" she cried. "Oh, my boy—you know my heart is full—"

"They tell me America's not such a bad

place," he said. He patted the bulge around his waist. His money, in bank notes, was in a belt. "I daresay I'll be all right, aunt. Good-bye!"

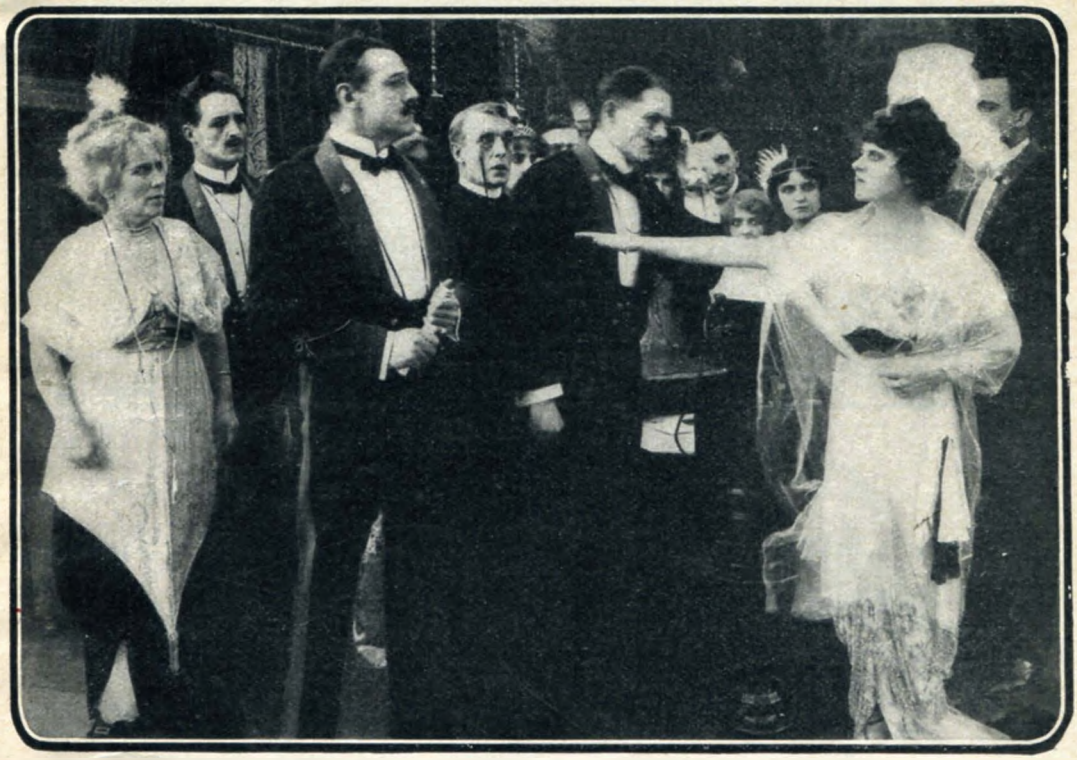
Chapter III.

ON the register of a great hotel, whose many windows overlooked Times Square and the white lights of Broadway, a tall, smooth-shaven man signed his name—James Carston. He smiled at the clerk—not at all after the manner of that Captain James Wynnegate, R.A., whom, save for the absence of a mustache, he so greatly resembled.

"I lost my luggage in a little accident," said Carston. "I wish you'd send someone around to the shops with me while I get some dunnage. And, oh, yes—will you look after this for me? You might get it changed into American money, you know."

He handed over a very considerable sum in notes of the Bank of England, and the clerk changed his mind abruptly about asking for payment for his room in advance, which, in view of the absence of baggage, he had intended to do. Then Carston, after a look at his room, went out and replenished his supply of clothes and other necessities. He dined later, looked about New York, and, late in the evening, went to a roof garden to get cool.

The only table he could secure was in a corner, cut off from view of most of the tables by a low structure of some sort. But he was not disappointed, for, directly across from him, at another table, was something that interested him vastly. Sitting with a couple dressed in the height of fashion was a big, tanned man so obviously a Westerner that he seemed almost like a caricature of the type. He was spending money lavishly; his voice rose constantly in loud and naive expressions of his astonishment and enjoyment.



"DO YOU REALIZE THAT IT IS A QUESTION OF YOUR HONOR—THAT SILENCE MEANS THAT YOU HAVE NO EXPLANATION?"

"By Godfrey!" he said, again and again, "I sure am sorry I didn't hit the trail for this man's town a long time ago! Fill 'em up again, there, cap!"

He was doing all the spending for his party. Carston, glancing at the man and the woman with him, could guess how he had come to join them. And then he saw something else. He saw the way the big man put his wallet, stuffed with bills, back into his pocket—and

"NO—I'LL BE LEAVIN', MA'AM," HE SAID. "OUT IN MY COUNTRY WE DON'T PLAY JOKES LIKE THAT—"

the keen eyes with which the woman followed his movement. And then, as if by accident, the woman, who had risen, lurched against the Westerner.

"Look out for your pocket-book!" cried Carston, sharply. The warning was almost involuntary; it had been torn from him. The Westerner put down his hand at the word; it caught the girl's wrist.

He rose, angrily.

"So that's your brand, is it?" he said, savagely.

"Let go!" cried the woman. "Sit down—it was only a joke, Bill!"

"No—I'll be leavin', ma'am," he said. "Out in my country we don't play jokes like that—no." He turned to Carston. "Stranger," he said, "I'm much obliged. If you'll lead the way to a place where we can lean against a bar, I'd like to buy a real drink."

Carston accepted the invitation readily enough.

"I'm from the cow country, stranger," the Westerner told him. "Big Bill—Maverick—Wyoming—that's address enough to reach me!"

"My name's Carston—Jim Carston," said his rescuer.

They had a real drink—and another. And they talked.

"Seems to me you're kind o' foot loose, Jim," said Big Bill, finally. "Why don't you pack out West with me to-morrow—where folks keep their hands in their own pockets?"

"By Jove—I might do worse!" said Carston. There was something wonderfully attractive to him about the big Westerner; a bluff heartiness that, while it was as different as possible from the manners of the men with whom he had been brought up, still pleased him. "But—I say, you don't know anything about me!"

"I know all I need to," growled Big Bill. "I guess I can tell a man when I see him."

"I've nothing to keep me here—or take me anywhere else," mused Carston. "I've a good mind—no. You've got to listen to me first, Bill."

"Get it off your mind, then," advised Bill.

"I'm an Englishman, you know," Carston began.

"You don't say! I'd never have guessed it!"

"I am, though," said Carston. "And a few weeks ago I left England on a sailing ship because—because I was wanted on a criminal

charge. The ship burned at sea; I was one of those who were rescued. I was picked up by a liner—and here I am."

"Well—all that's your business, ain't it?" said Big Bill, looking rather puzzled.

"By Jove—you do take people on what you think of their looks, don't you? As it happens, I didn't do the thing they—"

"That's enough," interrupted Big Bill. "You come out to Maverick with me—and you'll find no one gives a damn for what you were or what you did. It's what you are and what you do they'll grade you on. Coming?"

"I am!" said Carston.

Chapter IV.

BIG BILL had said that Maverick was ready to take strangers at their own valuation. It was. It asked only that they observe the rudimentary code imposed by the desire of conflicting elements to get along as peaceably as possible. Not that a little shooting was considered a crime; the law frowned on it, but Maverick merely tolerated the law; it by no means encouraged it. Moreover, if Maverick didn't scrutinize strangers very carefully, it exacted a return from them.

Maverick itself, as a cow town that was honored by being a flag station on a transcontinental railroad, didn't invite the most careful sort of inspection. It had its good points; it had, also, its bad ones. Jim Carston, descending from the train with Big Bill, his identity as Captain James Wynnegate completely lost in his new incarnation, found that the railroad station of Maverick had another function. In fact, he saw that it was undoubtedly more prominent as the Long Horn saloon than as the depot. As the saloon, it was the social center of the town of Maverick, and, consequently, of the surrounding country.

Even at first meeting Carston liked Maverick and the men who constituted the greater part of its population. Big Bill was plainly popular among them; they welcomed Carston, too, as Big Bill's friend. Had he landed among them without introduction they would have taken to him, undoubtedly, and given him a hospitable greeting. He was a tenderfoot, in a way, but there was about him the stamp of the man who has done things; who has lived and fought among men, and risked his life. Carston, in his days as Wynnegate, had seen active service, in India, in South Africa, in

BIG BILL WAS PLAINLY POPULAR AMONG THEM; AND THEY WELCOMED CARSTON, TOO, AS BIG BILL'S FRIEND

other places where the army of England had done battle. And so, for the sake of his wider experience, they were ready to forgive his ignorance of Western ways.

There was only one discord in the chorus of welcome that greeted the two friends. Carston, looking about him as the "boys" rushed to welcome Big Bill, saw one who stood apart. A good-looking, devil-may-care chap, this one who failed to hold out his hand to Bill. But there was a sullen, lurking look in his eye that made Carston wonder.

"I say, Bill—who's the man with the embroidery on his shirt?" He asked the question as soon as he got Bill alone.

"Him?" Bill looked over; then swore disgustedly. "That's Cash Hawkins. I thought he'd ha' been hung before now. The boys sure are gettin' careless, lettin' him litter the earth this long!"

"What's his specialty?" asked Carston, amused.

"It'd be money in your pocket if you could prove it," said Bill, his face losing its cheerful aspect for the first time since Carston had known him. "I can tell you lots of things I think about Cash, but mighty little that I know. I think it's queer, for instance, that Cash always has horses to ride and to sell, and that he's always somewhere in the neighborhood when a lot of cows turn up missin'. I don't know he steals 'em—but I do know he's always got money, and that no one ever knew of his workin' for it. An' I know he's got a lot of notches on his gun—an' that a whole lot of the men he's shot showed bullet holes in their backs. He's a bad one—better look out for him."

"He's got nothing against me, surely," said Carston.

"He will have," returned Bill. "You size up like a white man, Jim—and that's apt to be enough to keep you and Cash from bein' friends!"

For a few days Carston visited around the country. With Big Bill he went on a tour of the various great ranches, living, from his own choice, in the bunk houses of the men. He found that two or three places could be bought, and, taking Big Bill as his adviser, he finally bought the Lone Butte ranch, a fine property, with good water and plenty of grazing land, as well as a favorable location for the turning loose of cattle on the open range. The life attracted Carston; it offered, as he soon saw, plenty of opportunity for hard work, that would enable him to forget the things he had left behind him.

Carston was not the man to sit down and brood over his troubles. He had left England without compulsion; the cloud that was on his name was there because of his own free choice. He saw no need to cry over spilt milk, and no profit in doing so. And so, taking Bill, who was foot loose, as his foreman, he settled down on his new property. His ranch was larger than the whole entailed domain of the Kerhill estates at home. It gave him room in which to breathe.

Carston bought the ranch, and all the cattle on the hoof. There was a round-up, in consequence, to determine the price to be paid for the cattle. Carston flung himself into this work with delight. He rode well, not in cowboy fashion, but in his army way. At first the ways of the cow ponies troubled him, but he soon learned to adopt such of the cowboy methods as were necessary, and within a few days he could hold his own with Big Bill or any of the other men who worked for him.

"Lot of missing calves," commented Bill, as they rode one day. "I don't like it. And a bunch of Bar 'Z' calves seem to be trailing with our cows."

He and Carston were riding together at the time. And just after Bill had spoken, they rode into a coulee, and pulled up sharply at the sight of a little group of men, dismounted, who were branding a calf.

"Hell!" said Bill, and rode forward quickly. Carston followed him, and, to his surprise, saw that the man with the branding iron was Cash Hawkins. Instinctively he reached for his gun. His movement was not observed; Cash and the others were paying all their attention to Bill.

"Hey, Cash—eyes ain't failin', are they?" sang out Bill. "That cow ain't got no Bar 'Z' brand—she's one of our'n. An' I reckon that's her calf you've thrown, ain't it?"

The cow's mere presence answered that question. Carston rode up beside Bill. Short as was his acquaintance with the laws, written and unwritten, of the cattle country, Carston understood what was being attempted. Cash and his party, coming upon a Lone Butte cow, with an unbranded calf, had roped the calf and were preparing to mark it for their own. Once the calf was branded there would be no way of proving theft; until the branding, the calf was presumed to belong to the outfit that owned its mother.

"Mind your own business, Bill!" said Cash. He straightened up. "I aim to brand this calf—"

"That's my calf—drop your iron," said Car-

ston. His gun was out to enforce his command. "Walk around to that cow. Look at the brand she carries. Satisfied? If you're not, I'll get down and rub your nose into the brand."

Black with hate and anger, Hawkins glared at the Englishman. But the unwavering gun in Carston's hand was too much for him. He looked at the brand on the cow's flank.

"Say—you're right!" he said, with an affectation of huge surprise. "Glad you happened along—if you hadn't we'd sure have owed you a calf."

He turned the calf loose, and it scampered away with its mother.

"Come on, Bill," said Carston. And, without a single glance backward, he turned and rode away from Hawkins and his party. When they were clear of the coulee, Bill checked his horse.

"By Godfrey!" he said. "You was taking chances, Jim! Cash ain't never been too particular to shoot a man in the back! I had to go your way—but I've been keener about some things than riding off the way you did."

"There wasn't any danger," said Carston, lightly. "If he'd been alone—that might have been different. But even if those others are rustlers, they wouldn't have stood for that. Well—you said I'd have trouble with Cash. You called the turn, Bill. I guess we're apt to be busy with him."

"IF YOU PULL YOUR GUN MY MEN WILL SHOOT YOU INTO RIBBONS!" HE SAID. "DON'T BE A FOOL, HAWKINS"

Chapter V.

JIM CARSTON needed none of the friendly hints that came to him to tell him that Cash Hawkins had marked him as an enemy. Beyond never going without his gun, though, Carston took no special precautions. He did not know that Big Bill and some of the men who worked on the ranch had formed themselves into a bodyguard.

"You see, boys," said Bill, "the boss is all right—he's a white man, and he can shoot and ride—though he does both some different

from the way we're used to. But he don't get this Cash Hawkins person sized up right—not yet. He's an Englishman, and over in his country they're pretty strong on law and order and policemen and things like that. So it's sort o' up to us to keep an eye on Cash. We don't want to do Jim's fightin' for him—he wouldn't thank us if we did. But we can see that he gets fair play."

There were moments when Jim Carston would have welcomed a fight with Cash Hawkins—and when he would not greatly have cared if a bullet had ended his dealings with earthly things. Try as he would, he could not quite forget home and the things he had left behind him. Full as was his new life, there were times, when he was riding alone, or trying to sleep in his solitary little ranch house, when his memories overcame him. At such times, if it were possible, he was likely to ride post haste for Maverick and the Long Horn saloon.

There he found company, more or less congenial—a chance to gamble, all the liquor he wanted to buy for himself and those who helped him to forget. And once, jumping off his horse, he strode in, to find the bar-room full. Cash Hawkins was there, in the center of the room. His arms were about an Indian girl, and he was bending her backward in an effort to kiss her, while she fought, silently, but in desperation. The men who were looking on seemed to be amused; all save an old Indian, in whose eyes smouldering fires of hate were showing.

For a moment Carston looked on, not understanding. Then, with an angry oath, he stepped forward, got a grip on the bully's collar and flung him halfway across the room. Hawkins fell, half stunned, and the Indian girl reeled against Carston. He supported her, while he turned with blazing eyes on Big Bill and the rest.

"You're a great lot of men!" he stormed. "Letting that bully rag a helpless girl!"

"Aw—shucks, Jim," said Bill, shamefacedly, "she's only a squaw! You hadn't ought to start anything along of her—"

"She's a woman, isn't she?" blazed Carston. "I don't care what her color is—she's entitled to the protection of any man who sees her insulted. I believed the tales I heard—that a woman was safe in this country. I see I was wrong."

"Look out!"

Shorty, one of Jim's men, yelled the warning, and he turned to see that Cash Hawkins had picked himself up, and was reaching for his gun. Carston flung out his hand—but made no movement to draw. His men had their guns out already.

"If you pull your gun my men will shoot you into ribbons!" he said. "Don't be a fool, Hawkins."

Hawkins backed up against the bar. The hate in his eyes was plainer than ever—but he did not draw his gun. Like all bullies he was prepared to wait until the odds were overwhelmingly in his favor.

"I didn't know she was your woman!" he said, with an ugly sneer. "You can have her for all of me—Squaw Man!"

Carston laughed at the attempted insult of the contemptuous appellation. He could well afford to do so. He knew the girl by sight—Nat-U-Rich, daughter of Tabywanna, the old Ute chief. But he had never spoken to her. He had noticed her, and thought her prettier than most of the Indian girls. But in his mind there was the picture of another woman, who, though she bore the name of another man, still left no room for thoughts of any other.

Yet, true to the training of his whole life, he listened courteously to Nat-U-Rich as she thanked him for saving her. She spoke in soft, liquid tones, as do some of her race, and her words were those that had been taught her in a Mission school.

"Nat-U-Rich is grateful," she said. "She is Carston's servant. She will find a way to pay back what he has done for her."

And Tabywanna, the old chief, shorn of his ancient power, but still dignified, rose and stood before Carston. In his deep gutturals, he assured Carston of his gratitude. And, like his daughter, he promised to give service for service. Carston, embarrassed, got away as soon as he could. Big Bill, still shamefaced, rode with him to the ranch.

"You sort o' rubbed it into us to-day, Jim," said Bill. "But I guess you're right. A woman's a woman, if she's red or white or yellow. But you know how it is—we don't think so much of squaws in this country. An' if a man gets to runnin' with them, he's apt to forget he's a white man. I've seen some pretty good men get to be squaw men."

"Just what is a squaw man?" asked Carston. "What's the idea?"

"A white man who marries a squaw. Usually he's a no-account waster who's after her land. Most of the Indians have land from the government, and some of them is rich."

"I see. It's considered pretty disgraceful?"

"Something like that," said Bill.

Chapter VI.

IS chance ever blind? Is there not some hidden meaning in the pranks that fate plays? Surely some guiding force must accomplish some of the seeming miracles we are so prone to set down to pure accident and coincidence. Jim Carston, taking a new name, fleeing from a crime he had not committed, buried himself in Wyoming. And now the Countess of Kerhill, her health affected, was ordered by her doctors to a high climate. She had heard of the wonders of the Yellowstone; Kerhill was glad to humor her whim and take her there.

So far, so good. There is nothing extraordinary about that. But what a difference there would have been in the lives of several people had the Kerhill party started from New York one day earlier or one day later than they did! The train that carried them swept through Maverick without stopping. In the Long Horn, a dozen men, Cash Hawkins and Jim Carston among them, saw it go by. They had no chance even to catch a glimpse of any of the passengers, so fast did the train go. And yet, within an hour, that same train, moving slowly, had backed into the siding opposite the saloon.

"Trestle afire a little ways along," the conductor told them. "Have to lie up here till it's fixed for us to get over. That'll be in the morning, I suppose. All right to bring some ladies in here? There's only one party wants to get off—English people, anxious to see the great and glorious West."

The conductor laughed.

"Sure—tell 'em to come along—we'll perform!" cried half a dozen voices.

Carston, sitting at a table in a corner, screened from the entrance by those who stood around and at the bar, could see those who came in without being seen himself. At the conductor's statement that there were English tourists aboard the train, he had shrunk away, instinctively. It seemed impossible—but he might know these people. And then, with the stunning force of a blow between the eyes, he looked up and saw his cousin, the Earl of Kerhill, his old friend, Sir John Applegate, and Lady Diana Kerhill, the one woman in all the world for him, coming into the Long Horn saloon!

Desperately he looked about for means of escape. But there was no way in which he could leave the saloon without being seen by them. They had entered by the only door; any attempt on his part to escape unseen now would only serve to draw their attention. His best chance was to stay where he was.

After a moment amusement began to supplant distress in his mind. The spectacle of Kerhill and Applegate trying hard to be democratic appealed to his newly developed sense of humor. Big Bill, true to his friendly instincts, was trying to be hospitable.

"You're right welcome, Lord," he said to Kerhill. "Look us over—stay as long as you like. Let the train go on—now that you're here we'd like first rate to keep you. Have a drink?"

"Aw—you're very kind—don't mind if I do," drawled Kerhill.

He choked over the fiery whisky—his palate being used to the different fire of the Scotch distillation. But he swallowed his drink like a man—and rose in the estimation of Maverick, which, by this time, had assembled almost at full strength. And both Kerhill and Applegate, Carston saw, understood the etiquette of the occasion. Both instructed the barkeeper to supply the wants of all the men in the place.

But, though Carston took in these details, most of his attention was centered on Lady Diana. His eyes drank her in greedily. The mere sight of her, even though he could not touch her hand, or speak to her, was like the first glimpse of water to a man dying of thirst. He saw her eyeing the men and the strange surroundings of the place frankly, with amused curiosity. Probably she had never before stood in a public drinking place, and yet she looked as if she felt no strangeness in the situation.

Then, suddenly, a discordant note was struck. Cash Hawkins had cried that he wanted to buy a drink. And, when glasses had been filled for all the men, he suddenly stopped the toast.

"Here, Hank—where's the lady's glass?" he cried.

"Aw—er—the lady doesn't care to drink," said Kerhill, with admirable self-control.

"I guess she'll drink with me," said Cash, leering at her. She shrank back, in fright, and Kerhill, his monocle going to his eye, stepped between them. Cash's face darkened. His hand went to his hip. In one stride Carston reached him. His gun was in his hand.

"Shut up!" he hissed to Hawkins. "If I hear another word out of you I'll finish you—here and now!"

Hawkins, grumbling, sullenly, gave way. Kerhill, his monocle still raised to his eye, stared at Carston in blank astonishment.

"My word!" he said. "Is it—"

IN THE MORNING ALL MAVERICK GATHERED TO GIVE THE ENGLISH PARTY, WHO HAD SLEPT ON THE TRAIN. A ROUSING SEND-OFF

Carston's eyes warned him not to finish the sentence. He stopped. Carston saw the look in Diana's eyes; saw that she recognized him, and thrilled at something else that leaped into her face. But then, swiftly succeeding it, there came that same look of scorn he had seen on the night of his flight from England.

He removed his hat and bowed low.

"I guess this delegate won't bother you again," he said, with a contemptuous glance at Hawkins. "He just forgot his manners for a minute—that's all."

And he turned and walked from the saloon.

Chapter VII.

HE was making his way to where his horse was tied, with flushed cheeks and a reeling brain. What an incredible trick fate had played on him—to bring her, the one woman in all the world—to Maverick! He wanted to be alone, to compose himself. But as he strode toward the horse, he heard a voice calling his name.

"Jim—oh, Jim—wait a minute!"

It was Shorty.

"Well—what do you want?" he snapped, ungraciously.

"It's the lady—the English lady—she wants to speak to you," panted Shorty. "Wants to thank you, I reckon. Hold on—here she comes. I guess maybe she wants an excuse to get out of there, too."

He was fairly trapped. Without explanations to Shorty, and to all the rest, he could not be guilty of rudeness to a woman. That was one of the sins without pardon, in the code of Maverick—if the woman was white. While Shorty went back to the Long Horn, Carston, with a set face, waited.

"You wanted to speak to me, ma'am?" he said, as Diana came to him. She looked at him a long minute, without a word. Then a sigh escaped her.

"It is you!" she said. "James—what are you doing here?"

"Ain't you makin' a mistake, ma'am?" he

said. "My name's Jim Carston—but I reckon I never saw you before."

She stamped her foot.

"Do you think you can deceive me?" she cried. "Don't be afraid—I'm not going to give you away to the authorities! If you're not man enough to take your punishment it is not my place to betray you! But—James—haven't you a word for me—for any of us? Isn't there some explanation? I—oh, I can't believe that you—"

For a moment Carston pondered.

"I think I know what you mean, ma'am," he said at last, gravely. "But—I am Jim Carston. The man you are thinking of is dead—he can never return. Believe me, it is better so."

There was a terrible finality in his tone. His eyes met hers frankly and openly. And hers were the first to fall.

"I'm sorry," she said, in a muffled tone. "It would have made me happy to have a different answer. I—I'm not very happy—Jim—Carston! But—"

With a convulsive gesture Carston seized her hand and lifted it to his lips. Then he flung it away.

"Good-bye!" he cried.

In the morning the trestle had been repaired, and all Maverick gathered to give the English party, who had slept on the train, a rousing send-off. But Jim Carston had not come back to the Long Horn. He had stayed on the ranch, fighting out his battle with himself for the second time. All the bitterness that had been leaving him had returned; all the longing for the things he had given up. Her coming had brought back the memory of what they really were, and made it fresh for him.

Carston waited until the whistle of the train, shrieking in the distance, told him the English party had gone. Then, crazed by his thoughts, afraid to be alone any longer, he saddled a horse and rode wildly into town. He wanted company; a chance to gamble, or to drink; anything that would banish thought. But he found the Long Horn deserted.

LOST IN THE MEMORIES THE HANDKERCHIEF EVOKED, HE DID NOT HEAR THE FALL OF A STEALTHY FOOTSTEP IN THE DOORWAY

Wearily he sat down. From his pocket he drew a handkerchief that he had uncovered the night before—one of the few things he had saved from the burning ship. It was the one memento of Diana that he had carried with him from England. Lost in the memories the handkerchief evoked he did not hear the fall of a stealthy footstep in the doorway. Not until a pistol spoke suddenly, behind him, did he move. Then he spun around—to see Cash Hawkins lying dead, face down, behind him. Crouching against the bar stood Nat-U-Rich, sobbing in sheer relief.

"He would have killed you, Jim!" she cried. "I could not warn you—I had to shoot!"

"You—you saved my life!" he said, wonderingly. "Nat-U-Rich!"

How it happened he never knew. But suddenly she was sobbing in his arms, and he was stroking her head and comforting her.

Chapter VIII.

OVER the body of Cash Hawkins, an hour later, stood the Sheriff. Around him stood the men who had been within reach of Maverick.

. "Boys," the sheriff said, earnestly, "I ain't sayin' that Cash was a good man. A self-respectin' jury wouldn't just acquit the man who put him out—it would give him a vote of thanks! But law's law, and the man who done it has got to stand trial! Let me smell your guns!"

There was a roar of laughter. Half a dozen guns were thrust under the sheriff's nose, and he smelled the muzzles for the scent of fresh powder. But not a barrel was fouled; not a gun there had been fired that morning.

"I'll get the one who did it yet," said the sheriff. "I'm sworn to uphold the law. But I guess the gun that did it ain't here."

Carston, standing apart, smiled to himself. He had been sure that suspicion would not fall on Nat-U-Rich—and he was glad of it. For what he, or any of the boys, might have done with impunity would have made trouble for a squaw. Cash Hawkins was a white man, bad as he was. And it was a cardinal principle that no Indian should be allowed to slay a white man, no matter what the provocation, and escape punishment.

"I guess we can go now," said Carston, to Big Bill.

"Sure," said Bill. "I dunno who got Cash—but he did a good job. Say—wouldn't be a bad idea if we rode round and herded up that bunch of strays. Smells like snow."

"As early as this?" said Carston, incredulously.

"You're not in England now, Jim," said Bill, with a laugh. "You don't know what a real snow is, from all I hear of England. Yep—it's sure goin' to start comin' down. An' if we don't want to lose them critters we'd better get busy. You ride north—I'll go south. Whichever finds 'em will fire three shots as a signal."

So they separated. Jim, lost in thought, rode hard and long. He scarcely noticed the white flakes that began to fall at first; it was not until a stinging wind began to whip them in his face that he realized that Bill had been a true prophet, and that a hard snowstorm was in prospect. He should have given up his search for the lost cattle; no man unused to a Wyoming snowstorm should be out in one alone. But he stuck to his task, and presently he was struggling with a raging blizzard. The snow blinded him—literally. His eyes, unused to it, gave way. Snow blindness afflicted him.

His horse might have brought him safely home, but he fell, owing to the trouble with his eyes, and the horse wandered off alone. Carston, trying to find it, staggered among the drifts until, at last, he stepped onto a crust of snow that gave way under him, and fell deep down into a depression. He was unconscious when he stopped rolling; he had no means of knowing that he had fallen into a hole held in reverential awe and superstition by the Indians, because of a geyser, intermittent in its activity, that at times gave forth hot water and poisonous gases.

When he struggled back to consciousness it had stopped snowing, and the sun was shining. Over him, tugging desperately in an effort to lift him, was Nat-U-Rich.

"I found your horse at our camp—and tracked him to the place where you fell," she said, simply. "Then I followed your tracks—and they led to this place."

She shuddered, and he knew what it had cost her to follow him. With her aid he struggled to his feet, and, still supported by her, reached the horse she had brought for him. She took him to the Indian camp. There, by the arts of her people, she tended his hurts and completed the task she had begun of saving his life. On the third day he was ready to go. But when he said farewell, Nat-U-Rich flung herself into his arms. He could no longer fail to read the secret of her eyes.

"Stay—but a little while—with me!" she begged.

* * *

A week later Carston returned to his ranch.

HALF A DOZEN GUNS WERE THRUST UNDER THE SHERIFF'S NOSE, AND HE SMELLED THE MUZZLES

Chapter IX.

A SQUAW MAN! Carston, sitting, five years after Nat-U-Rich had saved his life, in his ranch house, mused on what life had done for him—and to him. He had left the Indian girl in the camp, overcome by shame and disgust. He had meant never to see her again. And then, a few months later, he had met her, by chance. On her back was a pack. And, when he had asked her where she was going, she had told him she did not know.

"My father's people have cast me out," she had said, simply. "I am to be a mother—of a child that has no father."

"A child!" Carston had cried. "Do you mean—my child—our child?"

"What else?" she had asked. "It is well—you must not think of me—"

Carston's answer had been to sweep her into his arms.

"What do you think of me?" he had cried. And, despite all her protests, he had carried her with him to the nearest minister, who married them. Now—he thought of these things. He had prospered. The ranch was doing well. But he—was a Squaw Man. Not one of the ordinary type. He had not married Nat-U-Rich for her lands. But, though the boys still greeted him as a friend, there was a subtle difference between him and the old Jim Carston. Did he regret it? There were moments of a passionate longing for forsaken things. But then—

From inside a boy's voice was raised.

"Daddy!" it called, imperatively. "I want you to be a horse!"

Carston's face lighted. With a boyish spring he ran to answer the call.

"Hello, Hal—ready for bed?" he asked, happily. Down he went, on hands and knees, and Hal leaped on his back. And then they played together, man and boy—father and son. At such moments Carston regretted nothing! In the doorway Nat-U-Rich appeared, a Nat-U-Rich grown older, more mature, but still with her wistful beauty, and a childish appeal.

"Do you love me, my husband?" she asked him, later, when they were alone together.

"Are you ever sorry that you lifted me to be your wife?"

"Never, little woman," he told her. "Little mother! . . . I love you."

He had found peace with her. She had brought into his life the ties that a man needs. Without her and the son she had given him, the bitterness would have eaten into his soul. He might have gone down, and down. He knew, if no one else could, what she had done for him. She had saved his bodily life in the crater; since then she had saved his soul.

But even that night, when his happiness seemed real at last, clouds were gathering.

Chapter X.

THE sheriff had never entirely forgotten the killing of Cash Hawkins. It had become a point of honor with him to bring the bad man's slayer to trial. He didn't want a conviction; his duty would be done when the killer was found. And he believed absolutely that the truth would some time be discovered. It was on a trip to Cheyenne, when his work was done, and he was waiting, in a saloon near the station, for his train, that a strange chance brought him the evidence he had always hoped to find. He was drinking with some friends when a stranger, known to them, entered. He was introduced. At the mention of the sheriff's title and county he laughed.

"Say—what'd you ever do to that squaw I saw kill a man in the saloon by the tracks at Maverick?" he wanted to know.

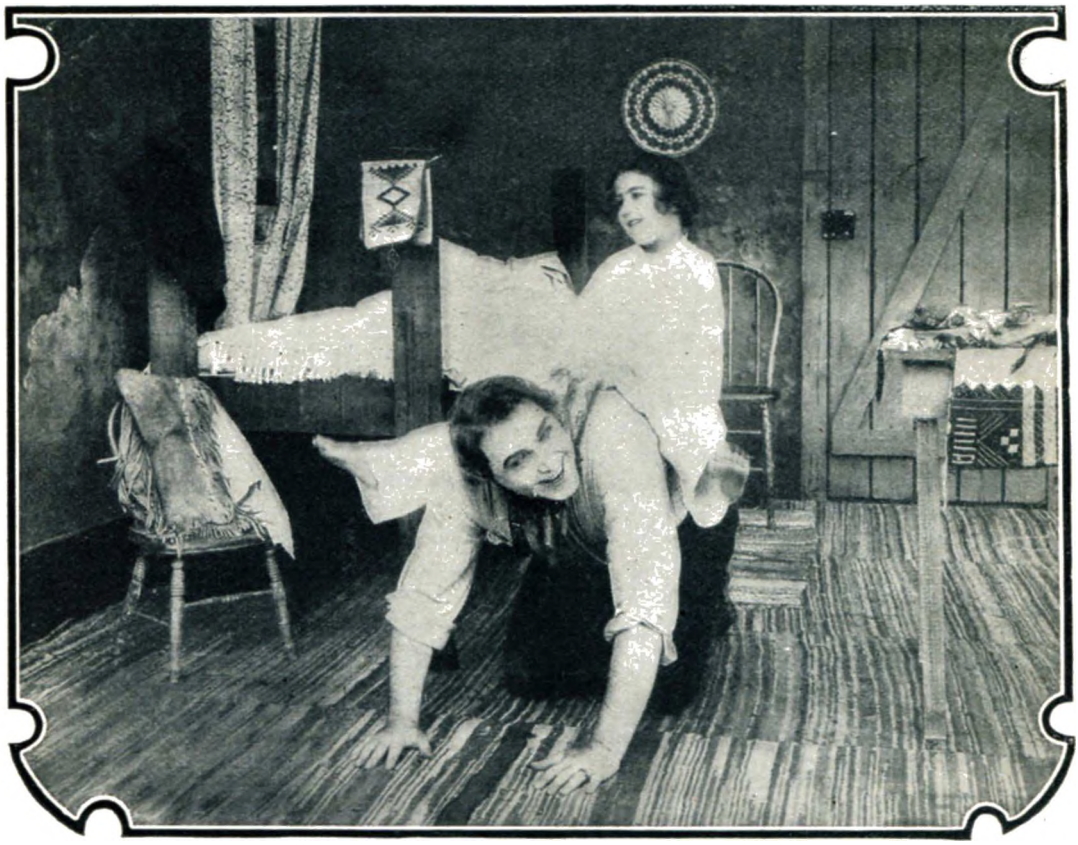
"What's that?" The sheriff pricked up his ears.

"Saw it from my train," said the other. "Just as we went through."

And he described the incident, with convincing detail. The sheriff, amazed, made him promise to testify. And the next day, in the Long Horn, he told the story. The news flew fast. It went out to Lone Butte ranch, and Big Bill went with the story to Carston.

"It's true," said Carston, gravely. "She saved my life, Bill. He was going to kill me."

Bill loosened his gun in its holster.



THEY PLAYED TOGETHER, MAN AND BOY—FATHER AND SON

THE SHERIFF, AMAZED, MADE HIM PROMISE TO TESTIFY. AND THE NEXT DAY, IN THE LONG HORN, HE TOLD THE STORY

"Then I guess she don't need to be tried—not any," he said. "By God, Jim—she may be a squaw—but she's white!"

To the ranch house came the sheriff. Nat-U-Rich was with Carston. He took her hand.

"I want your squaw—for the murder of Cash Hawkins," said the sheriff.

"Sure you ain't mistaken, sheriff?" said Big Bill. He pressed his gun against the sheriff's ribs.

"I—reckon I was, Bill," said the sheriff, quietly. "I don't want her just now. You carry a powerful argument." He paused for a moment. Then he spoke to Carston. "But, Jim Carston—I'm going to get her. Law's law—and she's got to stand trial!"

"You go to town, Jim," advised Bill. "I'll stay here and look after things. Scare up some of the boys—you can talk them over. Tell them how it was."

Carston knew the advice was good. He rode after the sheriff into town. And, just as he reached the Long Horn, the train from the East drew in. Carston pressed forward with the rest, to see who had alighted. He staggered as he saw Lady Diana. She came to him at once, her hand outstretched.

"James!" she said. "Thank God, you are still here!" She turned to men with her. "You know the Earl of Kerhill, I think," she said.

They bowed, gravely. Applegate stepped forward and wrung his hand. Carston, dazed, stared at them. The men of Maverick had stepped back. They could see that this was a meeting of old friends, and there was that in the eyes of the woman that awed them.

"The Earl of Kerhill! Diana—what do you mean?" gasped Carston.

"Jim—Jim—how could you?" she cried. "How could you be so quixotic? To sacrifice your life! Oh, we know it all! My—husband is dead—as the result of an accident. Before he died he confessed—everything."

Carston bowed his head.

"I'm sorry," he said. "A rattling good sort, Kerhill—though he made the one bad mistake, you see. Anyone might do that. Di—I'm sorry. And you came here—to tell me?"

"To tell you," she said. "And to induce you to come back with us—to your place as Earl

of Kerhill. The title goes to you. We—had no children."

Carston drew back as if he had been shot. Suddenly he laughed, harshly.

"Earl of Kerhill!" he said. "And the new countess—a Ute Indian, wanted for a murder she committed to save my worthless life! Good God!"

Chapter XI.

AT the ranch house, two hours later, Carston set his jaw.

"Di—it's no use! I've made my bed—I'll lie in it. Here I belong—here I stay! You've seen

TO THE RANCH HOUSE CAME THE SHERIFF. NAT-U-RICH WAS WITH CARSTON. HE TOOK HER HAND

Nat-U-Rich. Could I take her back to England? Would people receive her? Oh, you see how impossible it is! I owe her my life—and a good bit besides, I fancy. It hasn't been easy—and she kept me from going mad."

In a strange tone Diana asked a question.

"Love her? Is that fair, Di—? Hang it—I don't care! You know, I fancy, where my love went—a long time ago, Di. You didn't want it. I never blamed you. A man's a queer sort of beast. He can love in different ways, I suppose—that must be it. I'm fond of her—I know what she's done for me. And the boy—ah—you've seen the boy, Di! He makes up for most things!"

Diana bowed her head.

"You're right, Jim—a thousand times. But—it's the boy I'm thinking of. He's to be Earl of Kerhill. You have the right, I suppose, to bury yourself out here—to stay here—with your wife. But have you the right to keep him here—Hal?"

"What do you mean?" Carston started jealously. "Di—you don't mean I ought to send him away?"

"Can the future Earl of Kerhill be educated here, Jim? Can he be brought up in the traditions of his family—the traditions that made his father do the bravest thing a man ever did?"

Her heart was leaping in her eyes as she spoke. The sight of her thrilled Carston. He steadied himself with a look toward Nat-

U-Rich, who was looking on, quietly, out of hearing.

"Jim—you know what is the boy's due. Let me take him. I will love him—care for him—see that he has all a boy can want. You can see him. I will bring him to visit you every year. But remember what you will condemn him to miss if you keep him—"

Carston got up. For a time he walked up and down, his head bent, brooding.

"He's my boy—and hers—as well as the boy who's to be Earl of Kerhill!" he cried. "Di—doesn't that count for anything? Must I go through the grief of losing him?"

"I needn't argue with you, Jim," she said, proudly. "The man who chose as you did the night you left England is going to do the right thing now."

"Good God!" he groaned. He looked at her fiercely. "If I let you take him—he's not to be allowed to forget his mother—or what she did for me!" he said. "He's not to be made to feel ashamed that his mother was an Indian! He's to be proud of it—or he'll be no son of mine!"

"Of course," said Diana, quietly. "Jim—I hope I know a thoroughbred when I see her—whether she's white or red."

Her eyes met his eyes frankly when she said it.

"You shall take the boy," said Carston. "I will tell his mother, and try to make her understand."

His face was lined when he took Nat-U-Rich aside. Painfully, trying to choose the simplest words he could find, he told her. He sought to explain that by the accident of death he had become a great chief in his own country.

"All that I renounce—to stay with you," he said, his arm about her. "But Hal—for him we may not renounce it, Nat-U-Rich. It is his birthright. We must send him away from us."

Does he go with the white woman?" said Nat-U-Rich.

"She is our friend—she will take your place with Hal," said Carston.

A spasm of pain distorted her face. But stoically, with the training of her race, she bowed her head.

"It is not for me to say no when you have decided," she said. "I would be alone for a time. Leave me, Jim."

He held her to him.

"We must bear it together," he said. "Little mother—poor little mother!"

He stood long, his head bowed.

Chapter XII.

CARSTON knew that if he delayed he would never be able to let Hal go. And so it was arranged that Diana should take him back with her the next morning. On the ranch the news that Hal was to go away was like a bolt from a clear sky. He was the friend of all the boys; Big Bill shed tears when he heard that he was to go. As Shorty, with the buckboard, drove up, to take Lady Diana and Hal to the train, all the boys pressed around Hal. Carston's arm was about the boy; he was smiling, to hide the pain in his heart. Nat-U-Rich stayed inside the house. She had made her farewell alone.

One by one the boys came up. Each had some little gift for Hal. He took them smiling. He understood only that he was going on a journey, to see strange sights, with the pretty lady who was waiting for him, in her riding habit. She preferred to ride beside the buckboard. In Hal's eyes there was no grief; only the childish pleasure of a new and strange adventure.

No one noticed the coming of a few extra riders; those who heard the horses thought that others were coming to say good-bye to Hal. And so, when the sheriff's voice broke into the chorus of farewells he effected a complete surprise.

"Hands up, Jim Carston!" he cried. "I've come for your squaw—and my posse's got every man here covered!"

"Damn you—couldn't you have waited, at least, until the boy had gone?" cried Carston, furiously.

"I need no Squaw Man to teach me my duty," said the sheriff. "I've new evidence against her. I've heard that she and Cash—"

With a snarl of rage Carston sprang forward.

"Don't say it!" he cried. "I—"

His own men seized him. To attack the sheriff, armed as he was, was suicide. Big Bill, his hands up, stepped forward.

"Sheriff—I'll cram every word like that you utter down your throat!" he said. "You lie when you say them. And I'll prove it when we meet on even terms, man to man—unless you say now you lie!"

There was death in Big Bill's eyes. The sheriff looked at him a moment.

"I didn't mean anything by it," he stammered. "I—sort o' thought I might make Jim here own up to what really happened—"

"That's enough," said Bill, contemptuously. "Easy, Jim. He's got the drop."

"Frank—go get the squaw," said the sheriff. "She's inside there, I reckon."

The deputy went into the ranch house. In five minutes he returned.

"Nothing doing," he said. "No one there, sheriff."

The sheriff cursed. But a search, led by himself, produced no trace of Nat-U-Rich.

"Carston—you've hidden her!" he stormed. "You fool—do you think that'll do any good? If she had a reason for killing Cash she'll get off all right. Hand her over—the sooner you do that, the sooner the trouble will be over."

"I don't know where she is," said Carston. A look of anxiety began to show in his eyes. "I know as well as you do that there'd be no use in hiding her."

"If she isn't here, where is she?" stormed the sheriff.

Around the corner of the ranch house there came, walking slowly, an old Indian. It was Tabywanna, father of Nat-U-Rich, chief of the Utes. On his face was paint; he wore the feather headdress that marked his rank. As he came forward the men in his path recoiled, to give him a clear pathway. In his arms he carried a burden, a burden that drooped and lay still.

"Do you seek my daughter, white man?" he said to the sheriff. "Behold her! She is beyond your reach!"

He held the body of Nat-U-Rich before the sheriff. Slowly the official uncovered.

"She's killed herself," he said, in an awed voice. "Come, boys—this is no place for us."

With a great cry Carston leaped forward. He stood looking at the body. His eyes met those of Tabywanna.

"My daughter knew that her time was come," said the chief. "Her man had loved her—he loves her no more. He took her son from her, and gave him to the woman he had loved before. She was my daughter. She knew what to do."

Carston took the body of Nat-U-Rich into his arms. He staggered to a log and collapsed on it.

"Poor little mother!" he said, looking down on the dead face before he covered it.

CARSTON'S ARM WAS ABOUT THE BOY; HE WAS SMILING, TO HIDE THE PAIN IN HIS HEART

CARSTON TOOK THE BODY OF NAT-U-RICH INTO HIS ARMS. HE STAGGERED TO A LOG AND COLLAPSED ON IT. "POOR LITTLE MOTHER!" HE SAID, LOOKING DOWN ON THE DEAD FACE BEFORE HE COVERED IT

CARSTON walked, alone, away from the mound of earth that covered his squaw. They had left him there, after the simple service. His head was bowed when Big Bill met him.

"Jim—Jim—oh—there ain't nothin' for me to say," said Bill. He held out his hand, and Carston gripped it.

"You'll be goin' away, I reckon," said Bill. "Jim—they tell me you're a lord—?"

"I reckon I am, Bill," said Carston. "Yes—I'm going away. I couldn't stay here now. Bill—the ranch—I want you to have it. I've signed the deed. I've got my work to do—in England. I'm going—with her boy. Bill—he's never going to forget his mother. He's going to learn about her from me. And we'll be back, he and I."

At the ranch house, Diana, her arm about Hal, was waiting.

"Jim—you're coming with us, now, aren't you?" she said, gently.

He looked into her eyes. Death was behind him. In her eyes he saw life—and love—and all the things he had renounced.

"I am coming," he said.

A GOOD TIP

William Russell, the "Big Fellow," who recently changed from Thanhouser to the Biograph, has hit upon a great little plan to avoid tipping a waiter.

"When the bill comes, pay it exactly," says "Billie." "A certain involuntary expression of astonishment will be visible on the waiter's face, well trained though he may be.

"You should then rise, saying to him: 'I have had an excellent dinner; you manage the establishment better than the preceding proprietor did.' During his rapture at being mistaken for the owner of the restaurant you escape."

A "Man's Man"

By Hazel Fuller

ARTHUR VAUGHAN JOHNSON is a man's man, and everybody, men and women alike, have a preference for a "man's man."

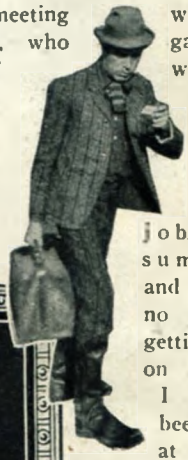
That is one reason for his great popularity. And his personality, of course, is responsible for the fact that he *is* a man's man.

He is sincere, he is friendly and he is *not* affected. There are both warmth and good-fellowship in his handshake, welcome in his smile, and a make-yourself-at-homeness in his attitude when you find him out at the Lubin studio in Philadelphia, with some spare time that he seems to enjoy giving over to you—this, notwithstanding the fact that he is tired out from the strain of four days' work out in the wilderness somewhere, making some big scenes for a big release. The reason for his unusual spare time is that the train has just let him off at the "Philly" station and he has accorded the rest of the afternoon to himself and company to derest. He detests to talk, so he chair that as big as it fit his great vote to a needed clares it rests him settles himself in a could be three times is and yet not quite length, and he talks interestedly of whatever you want to know—himself, his work, his previous alliances, his recreation. His deep-set gray eyes "reminisce" as he recalls his first meeting with Lawrence W. Griffith, who gave him his first picture "job" with the Biograph company. And he puts his black hair back from his forehead repeatedly, with a quick movement that is distinctly Johnsonesque.

ARTHUR V. JOHNSON

"I was out of a job, it was summertime and there was no chance of getting a part on the stage. I had just been told so at an agency and walked out and into Broadway and wondered what I would do, for I not only wanted money, I needed it. The man who had charge of the agency called me back and introduced Lawrence Griffith; said he wanted a man for picture work and thought I would do.

"I was glad he thought so, and we started for the subway, en route to the Biograph studio. I was to get five dollars a day the days I worked, and he said he guessed he could keep me busy for a while. But going down those subway



stairs, my height made such an impression upon him, he said he thought maybe I was too tall for the leads he wanted me to take, as the girl who was to play opposite me was tiny. So I stopped right there and asked, did he or didn't he want me, that there was no need of my making the trip if he were going to decide after I got there that I would not do. But he said, 'Come on, we'll try it, anyhow.'

"It was my first glimpse of a picture studio. Up till then I had seen but a few pictures and wasn't particularly interested in them. Anyway, I started work that afternoon. The 'tiny' lead I played with was Mary Pickford. We worked together—oh, a couple of years, I guess, for I was with the Biograph for about four years.

"By that time, of course, I liked the work better than that of the stage, where I had spent fourteen years. I started early. When I was eighteen a friend of my father came to Davenport, Iowa, where we were living then. This friend was an actor, a Shakespearean one, and when he said he would give me a part in his company, and my father gave me permission to go with him, I realized my chance to make good had come, so I went; and I worked mighty hard, too.

"My father was a minister and had hoped that I would follow his calling, when I came of age. But all my life I had wanted to be on the stage and looked forward to the time when I would accomplish this object, for I never doubted but that I would get there some time, though the matter of a start seemed hopeless.

"Well, I played Shakespearean roles for about two years. Then I left and went into a larger company. And from there—I don't remember where I went, but I stayed on the stage for fourteen years."

It was just the experience to fit him for the work he has done since. There were several years during which he played leading parts with Robert B. Mantell, Marie Wainwright and Sol Smith Russell. With the late Mr. Russell he did a variety of parts that gave him an understanding and sympathy that is notable in his work of to-day.

"Melodrama and James J. Corbett were part of my stage experience, too," he remembers, putting back that straggling black lock of hair that on occasion obeys the mandate of military brushes and stays where it is put, during a series of screen scenes—ones in which Mr. Johnson is the society man "in faultless attire," "in conventional black," "in immaculate evening dress."

But in others of his roles, that lock of hair is as much a part of the picture as the expression, the walk, the gestures, of its wearer. People have come to regard that lock as an inevitable item in Johnson pictures. They cherish a liking for it. It is so characteristic of Arthur Johnson. It seems to have powers of restoring memory,

that lock. For after it's again been put in place, its owner mentions other incidents in his life. He recalls the early days in Cincinnati, Ohio, his birthday city. And he tells the year.

"It was 1876—that makes me thirty-eight, doesn't it? I don't feel that old. Seems impossible I'm thirty-eight!"

After Cincinnati, came the school days at Kemper Hall, Davenport, Iowa. "One of the hottest cities in the United States," commented Mr. Johnson. "But one of the prettiest, too—I think it *is* the prettiest. I like Davenport."

There were other cities in the childhood life of Mr. Johnson. His father's pastorate changed every so often and that meant a change of city for the family. Chicago was their home for several years, where they lived in Englewood and where the head of the family was pastor of the pretty stone church across from the Normal College.

"I've always been fond of books and, when going to school, took part in athletics. Books are my leisure-time friends now. A good book is a wonderful rest; and my spare time I usually occupy with rest, unless I run into New York and visit the Screen Club. And I like to auto."

The displacing and consequent replacing of the lock of black hair may have been the cause of his taking up the story of his screen work, where he dropped it a few minutes previous—at his leaving the Biograph company.

"I went to the Reliance studio from there and stayed a year. Mr. Lubin tempted me here, very nearly three years ago and shortly after I came I began directing my own pictures. That was what made the work the fascinating thing it has been for the last two years. It's the planning, the producing and the playing of roles in one's own pictures that add to the interest of the work."

And during those two years of his own direction and the "very nearly three years" in which he has been seen in the films that boast the "clear as a bell" slogan, Mr. Johnson has cemented the friendship between himself and the film-gazing public. It is a popularity that began with his first Biograph appearance and that has grown more than the proverbial "seven times seven," which, with his entire seven years' screen experience as a second multiple, gives him the accorded popularity of all who follow the stories and faces which come and go and come again on the screens of the cities, and towns, and villages.

Then, in closing, Mr. Johnson said:

"There are times—they are seldom, but they do occur once in a while—when I think, in the face of disappointments and tiredness, 'Is it worth while?'"

You wait for the answer.

A slow, deliberate, typically Johnson smile broadens and you know, before he says it, that the answer is to be—"It is."

"IT'S THE BIRTHDAY FEAST OF THE HAPPIEST FAMILY IN THE WORLD, ISN'T IT, SIS?" JOHN CONCLUDED

"The Battle of the Sexes"

A POWERFUL STORY WITH A MORAL

By Marie Coolidge Rask

Illustrations from the Griffith-Mutual Film

"THE love of a good woman is unselfish. To desecrate such love is to trail in the mire the highest and best of God's gifts."

The voice of pretty Jane Andrews lingered musically upon the concluding words of the chapter she had been reading aloud. As she closed the book she smiled up into her mother's face with the sweet confidence born of wise maternal guidance.

"I cannot think, mother, how any woman could ever forgive a man who had wronged her."

For a moment Mrs. Andrews was silent. In that instant it seemed to her young daughter that a shade of sadness crossed the sweet face of her mother, and almost dimmed the patient, brown eyes gazing, with such brooding tenderness, down upon the girl at her feet. Friends had often commented upon the great comradeship which existed between Mrs. Andrews and her children.

"Is it wise," they asked, "to talk so freely with a son and daughter concerning matters of which children a generation ago were brought up in ignorance? Boys must sow their wild oats; girls must learn that ideals cannot be realized and that society condones faults in a man which it would never tolerate in a woman."

"That is unfortunately true," Mrs. Andrews would reply, "but I firmly believe that it is

the double standard of morals which is undermining the home and daily wrecking the happiness of hundreds of people. I shall strive to teach my boy and girl the value of right-thinking and right-living and to instill into their minds the principle that morality is the greatest asset in the family happiness. Our girls should early learn the dangers that threaten them and their future children through marriage. Our boys should be taught that there is never any excuse for immorality and that a man who plays upon the love of a woman or disregards the happiness and sanctity of the home for his own selfish pleasure is a brutal coward. Such a man is unworthy the love of a good woman and is undeserving the respect of his children. The wife of such a man would be quite justified in leaving him."

For years Mrs. Andrews had adhered to these sentiments. She had trained her children according to the precepts so frankly outlined to others. She had been rewarded by seeing their pure young minds unfold and develop like beautiful flowers. Now, however, in response to her daughter's half-questioning remark, she found words failing her. With a sigh she placed one arm protectingly about the slender form of the girl and drew her tenderly close to her side. "To err is human," she whispered, gently parting the luxuriant tresses and pressing a kiss upon the upturned brow, "to forgive—is—divine."

The last words were almost inaudible. Pretty Jane sat upright and looked at her mother in surprise. "Why, mother!" she exclaimed. "You always said—"

"Yes, my dear," interrupted Mrs. Andrews, rising as if to leave the room, "but you must remember that when one loves deeply one is willing to suffer much. We who have always been so happy in our home life little know what we might or might not do under widely different circumstances."

Downstairs a door opened and closed noisily. The sound of masculine voices floated up the open staircase. Jane sprang hastily to her feet and brushed back the soft tendrils of golden hair which framed her face like a halo.

"There's father and John," she exclaimed, joyfully. "I do hope they will like the flowers."

Together mother and daughter descended the stairs. "We thought you were never going to get here," cried Jane, shaking a finger reproachfully at her father and brother, as she entered the drawing-room. "Mother and I've been all ready for dinner for the longest while."

"Cars blocked," laughed the youth, whose resemblance to Jane made their relationship at once apparent. "Dad and I walked nearly the whole way."

"But we've got good appetites, mother dear," added Mr. Andrews, placing his wife's hand upon his arm, "so let us haste to the banquet hall."

"—all now at Janie's call," sang John, bringing up the rear of the little procession, "to the birthday feast of the happiest family in all the world. Isn't it, Sis?" he concluded, as, with exaggerated deference, he drew back a chair from the table and waited for Jane to be seated.

"If only—" commenced Jane, when her brother interrupted.

"Spare us, fair maiden," he begged. "Thy desires have been anticipated. Father and I met Romeo on our way home and he said he would call this evening—to hear father read the last chapters of the book."

Another peal of laughter at Jane's expense greeted this announcement.

"How much of the story do you think he will hear?" queried Mr. Andrews, with a twinkle in his eyes as he watched the blushes mount to the brow of his young daughter.

"My only books
Were women's looks
And folly's all they've taught me,"

quoted John, mischievously.

"I hope you do not speak from experience, my son," said Mrs. Andrews, laughing. It was time, she thought, to rescue Janie's little romance from further badinage. To he surprise her son replied quite seriously.

"One couldn't learn folly from a good woman, you know," he remarked, "any more than one could learn evil from reading a good book. Isn't that so, mother? I say that the fellows who learn only folly from women's looks must be mighty unfortunate in meeting the wrong kind of women."

Before Mrs. Andrews could answer, her husband spoke. "That's the right idea, my boy," he agreed, surveying his son proudly. "but since this dinner has been waiting for us so long I would suggest that we talk less and eat considerably more."

It was a merry party that assembled after dinner to hear the concluding chapter of the story which Mr. Andrews had been reading aloud during the long winter evenings. It was quite true that John's chum, usually referred to flippantly as "Janie's Romeo," did

not pay much heed to the text of the story. His sweetheart sat beside him, and the light that lay in Janie's eyes had long since been the cause of his youthful soul's undoing.

But if his attention was diverted, that of Mrs. Andrews was not. She watched her husband adoringly, but with an intuitive wisdom that made his weak, vacillating nature as clear and apparent to her as the book which he held in his hand. For years she had basked in the sunlight of marital happiness with the knowledge that her husband's devotion to business and his desire to establish a name and a fortune for his family had kept him from temptation, against which his naturally weak character afforded no protection.

Immersed in business, he had made few acquaintances, joined no social organizations, accepted no invitations. Now, increasing commercial success was giving him more time for outside interests and diversions. Would his love for wife, home and family be proof against the wiles of the world, the flesh and the devil, thought Mrs. Andrews. For days she had nourished a presentiment of impending calamity. Tonight, listening to the deep, rich tones of her husband's voice, so suggestive of mental, moral and physical strength, she resolved to banish such fearsome thoughts and to devote herself more whole-heartedly to her children.

During the ensuing weeks the fireside readings became less and less frequent. Finally they ceased entirely. Mr. Andrews was seldom at home. How or when the change came about no one seemed to know. The rumor of a strange and peculiarly fascinating woman in an adjoining apartment reached the ears of Mrs. Andrews, but it did not occur to her to associate the stranger in any way with her husband's frequent absences from his family.

As for Frank Andrews himself, he could not have explained any more than anyone else just how it happened that he had fallen under the influence of an adventuress; a woman so inferior to his wife that it seemed sacrilege to name the two in one breath; a woman without affection for him, but who had great regard for the bank account which his years of patient toil and self-sacrifice had amassed. Yet he now found himself at middle age enmeshed in the web which the siren had woven, and possessing neither power nor desire to be free. Such was the state of affairs when Mrs. Andrews consented one day to chaperon her daughter at a tango tea.

HE FOUND HIMSELF ENMESHED IN THE WEB WHICH THE SIREN HAD WOVEN, AND POSSESSED OF NEITHER POWER NOR DESIRE TO BE FREE.

The roof garden scene was entrancing. Janie's girlish enthusiasm was contagious, and soon Mrs. Andrews found herself quite entering into the gay and happy spirit of the dancers.

"Isn't it perfectly lovely?" exclaimed Jane, as she dropped breathlessly into a chair beside her mother. "Some of the gowns are wonderful. There is one woman who dances like a seraph—that is, if seraphs dance," and she laughed a low, musical laugh that contrasted strangely with the affected tones and strident voices rising shrilly all about her.

Mrs. Andrews smiled, indulgently. "I am so glad you are enjoying it," she observed, then paused abruptly and gave a low, inarticulate exclamation of surprise and dismay. For an instant she shrank back as one who had received a blow. Her face paled and a frightened look crept into the brown eyes which a moment before had smiled so sweetly.

"Why, mother," exclaimed Jane, springing to her feet in alarm, "are you ill—what was it—whom did you see?" Instinctively, the girl's glance followed the direction of her mother's startled gaze.

"It was nothing—nothing," whispered Mrs. Andrews, as a convulsive tremor shook her whole body. "I—it was only—a—a—" the broken sentence trailed away in a burst of tears, which the agitated woman strove vainly to check.

As her mother wept, Jane stood like one transfixed, her form tense with excitement, her breath coming in quick gasps and her eyes wide with astonishment. Did she see aright? Was that her father dipping and gliding down the length of the floor in the arms of the woman whom she, herself, had likened to a seraph? Why was he there? He had said he would be out of town that day.

Jane did not weep; she did not shut out the sight with her trembling hands, but as the sounds of her mother's sobs smote upon her ears a flush of shame mantled her cheeks and she saw before her not the father whom she had been taught to love and respect, but the type of man for which all her early training had schooled her in loathing and distrust.

"Mother," she gasped, clutching her mother's hand and holding it tightly in her own, "oh, mother, what shall we do—what shall we do?"

"Hush!" whispered Mrs. Andrews, checking her sobs and striving to calm the agitation of her daughter, so as to avoid attracting attention. "Someone will hear. We must go. Don't make a scene. Your father"— the sweet voice faltered as she pronounced the words—"must never know. Get our wraps—quickly—tell them I am ill."

It was not necessary to tell them. The fact was apparent to the most casual observer. With her head bent down to hide her agony of tears, the wife of Frank Andrews, leaning heavily on her daughter's arm, passed from the bright scene of artificial sunlight to the gloom of a home darkened by sorrow and disgrace.

It was all true, then, the rumors which had reached her ears and which she had refused to credit. Her husband, the lover of her youth, the father of her children, the man she had loved with all the strength of her being, had at last tired of that love and was drifting out of her life—and for such a woman! Wringing her hands and weeping bitterly she paced the floor of her room, feeling neither anger nor resentment, insensible to everything but the deep wound in her heart.

With Jane it was different. She was young and impetuous. It was very difficult to check her fiery spirit and maintain an outward attitude of respect toward the parent whom she felt had brought lasting disgrace upon them. As the days passed and Jane saw her mother's health giving way under the strain, she became silent, moody and revengeful. Compassion for her mother, anger towards her father, the yearning for advice and sympathy herself and the sense of her own powerlessness made her heart almost burst with grief.

Then came the day when she entered her mother's room and realized that the dreaded blow had fallen and the last frail link in the chain of happiness which had united their little family had been severed. She saw her mother's tears; she heard the low moans of agonizing grief which escaped the pale, set lips; she read the note in her father's handwriting, which told of his infatuation for another woman—"darling Cleo," he called her—and his belief that in her he had found true affinity of soul. For her he purposed to leave all. For her he was willing to drag down through the mire of disgrace, divorce and publicity a faithful wife, an ambitious son and a loving daughter. The thought of it filled Jane's soul with horror. An uncontrollable rage took possession of her. Something must be done to stay this awful tragedy. She would consult her brother. Surely he would be able to suggest some means of escape, some plan by which their father might be aroused to a sense of duty and justice if not of affection for those who bore his name and were of his own flesh and blood.

Alas! for all her hopes. After she had told John she wished she had bitten her tongue off before she had ever caused such havoc in idealism as the recital occasioned. For John, brought up according to the high standards and principles of morality upheld by his mother, believing his father to be the embodiment of all that was high and noble and to personify fully the ideal of his beloved mother, the overthrow of his idol was a calamity too great, too horrible to contemplate. He buried his face in his hands and shuddered.

"Don't talk to me," he groaned, "I can't bear it. I can't believe it—poor old Dad!"

There was a world of pathos in the boy's tone, tremulous with unshed tears, but it was all lost upon Jane. In the bitterness of her heart she turned and gazed upon her brother with an expression of mingled sorrow and disappointment.

"Dad!" she repeated scornfully. "Dad! I'm

thinking about mother. Mother's the one to be considered now. She'll die. I cannot endure to see her suffer so. Oh, why did that wicked woman ever come here?" The poor girl broke down in a storm of sobs and rushed from the room.

Blindly she groped her way through the quiet house that had grown more dismal with each succeeding day. In one of the rooms, where the clouded moon was shining dimly through the windows, she paused and looked out into the empty streets. Outside the wind blew drearily and a spell of gloom seemed to poor girl grasped the idea eagerly. It took complete possession of her. There was that wicked woman—that Cleo—who had cast an evil spell over her father. It was Cleo who was wrecking their happiness, not her father. He had been good, kind and loving before Cleo appeared. If the light of Cleo's life went out, then theirs would all burn brightly and evenly again. She remembered, vaguely, the words, "A life for a life," and wondered that she had never before realized their full interpretation. Now their meaning was clear. Without her father's love her own dear

"DON'T TALK TO ME," HE GROANED. "I CAN'T BEAR IT. I CAN'T BELIEVE IT—POOR OLD DAD!"

have fallen upon the city. Terrified at the fierce emotions which assailed her Jane stood watching the weirdly flickering electric lights, her hands clenched, her slight form almost swaying to and fro as one who suffered the most exquisite physical pain. How the lights flickered. Sometimes one would go out entirely. Then it seemed to Jane that the others flared up more brightly than before. Was it characteristic of life, she wondered. When an evil life went out, did other lives become stronger, happier, because the evil had been removed?

It was a strange, fantastic fancy, but the mother would die. He must be won back at any price. Cleo's life must be given up that her mother's might be spared.

It was night. In the apartments of Cleo, the adventuress, richly shaded lights cast a brilliant glow over sumptuously appointed rooms, in one of which stood a beautiful woman in earnest conversation with a man a few years her senior.

The woman was not tall, but she possessed a grace and piquancy which charmed and fascinated the beholder. There was a compelling beauty, both in her face and form, which made her a woman to be admired as

well as feared. Her abundance of jet-black hair was heaped in soft coils about her well-poised head. Her large, dark eyes, fixed upon the face of the man before her, were animated by a reckless light which, as she talked, gradually softened and dimmed by something like sorrow. Her attire, immodest though it was, swathed her slender form in soft, shimmering folds that gleamed and glistened with her every move like the iridescent markings on a beautiful serpent.

In the corridor, just outside the room, a strange scene was being enacted. A young girl, scarcely more than a child, her blonde hair falling in rippling waves over her shoulders, her blue eyes wide with horror, was slowly, stealthily making her way from doorway to doorway, from portiere to portiere, now pausing to listen, now stepping quickly behind a convenient curtain as a servant chanced to cross a communicating passageway. Scarcely daring to breath lest her presence be discovered, the girl slowly neared the partially open door, through which the low hum of voices were borne to her ears. The distance seemed interminable. In her excitement she felt at times almost unable to go on. Her knees shook under her, but the small hand, hidden in the folds of her school gown, was as hard and rigid as the steely muzzle of the weapon it clutched. How very still everything was. The very secrecy and daring of her undertaking made the night seem doubly silent and oppressive.

"A life for a life," she whispered to herself, and was surprised to find that her lips refused to move and that her tongue clove to the roof of her mouth. Was it fear? No; what had she to fear? It was Cleo who had need to fear. Cleo must die; her mother must live.

As if strengthened by the thought, she quickly crossed the intervening space and reached the door behind which the man and woman were conversing. Softly, slowly, the door yielded to her touch and swung wide enough for her to see the occupants of the room. There was no mistake. The woman was Cleo, but the man was a stranger. That did not matter. Cleo must die, of that the girl was resolved.

"A life for a life," she repeated as, with steady hand, she raised the revolver and aimed it at the dazzling creature in the shimmering, sinuous gown who so little realized how close the grim specter of death stood by her side.

"Do you realize," she was saying to the silent, listening man who held her hand in his as if entreating her not to leave him, "do you realize that at times there awakens within me a longing for a pure, sanctified wifehood and motherhood? Do you realize that I see the birds, the flowers, the innocent love of the pure and the true and my heart yearns for that which can never be mine? Do you realize that I long to cry out in rebellion against the fate which dooms me to always walk alone, clothed always in shame and vainly trying to hide the scarlet letter branded upon me through the self-indulgence of conscienceless libertines? Of course you do not. If you did, you would never have entered my home except to ask me to become your lawful wife?"

The wild-eyed girl, peering in at the open doorway, stood, as the words were spoken, like one in a trance. Was this the woman she had sworn to kill? Was this, then, the unfeeling vampire whom she had supposed worthy only of death? In her surprise and revulsion of feeling, the weapon she had aimed so steadily now almost fell from her relaxing grasp.

"Is it right," the clear, low voice of the woman continued, "that we women should alone be the ones to suffer? Why should those who cause our degradation be shielded, honored and given the privilege of maintaining happy homes and rearing children to love and respect them in their old age? Why should they be permitted to curse those innocent children with a heritage of sin and live their lives like whited sepulchers while we, having sinned once, must go down, down, down to despair and a degradation worse than hell itself?"

The vehemence of the woman's words was indescribable. Though her sins were as scarlet, she appeared to the man who listened like an accusing angel. As he cowered before her, his whole past life seemed spread out like an open book before her flashing eyes.

The next moment he sprang to his feet as a young girl, weeping hysterically and clutching a revolver in her hand, stumbled, half-fainting into the room, and as the weapon fell from her fingers, stretched out imploring hands toward Cleo.

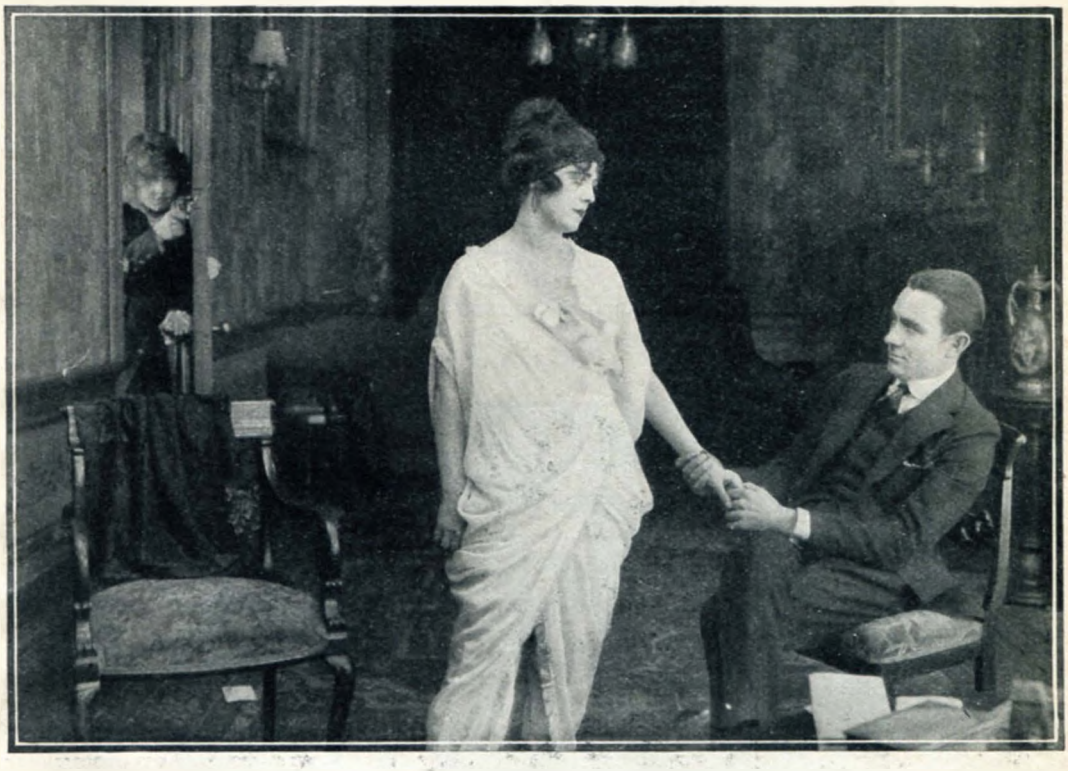
"My father," she wailed. "We want him—mother and John and I—can't you send him back to us? You are not a bad woman. I thought you were, but you are not, for mother talks as you do, and mother is a good woman—and she is going to die—and—"

The girl's excitement gave way to violent reaction. Tears choked her utterance. Very gently, tenderly as her own mother could have

done, the woman, who had been likened to a dangerous siren, soothed the weeping girl and bathed the tear-stained face until she grew calmer.

"Who are you, child?" asked Cleo, gazing into the blue orbs of the girl and wondering if she had ever looked so pure and innocent in her youth. "Where did you come from and what is it you want?"

"My name is Andrews," replied the girl. "Jane Andrews. I live in the next apartment. I came here to kill you. I'm glad now I didn't



"A LIFE FOR A LIFE," SHE REPEATED AS SHE AIMED THE REVOLVER AT THE DAZZLING CREATURE IN THE SHIMMERING GOWN

do it. I guess I was mad, and didn't realize what I was doing, but—won't you please send father back to us?"

Then she told of the note which had broken her mother's heart, of the happiness of the family in the past and of the sorrow and disgrace which was bound to break up their home forever.

During the recital Cleo's darkly beautiful face gave no indication of her depth of feeling. Silently she listened. Once or twice her white, well-groomed hands clenched and unclenched as if in determination, and once she sighed. That was all. Then she suddenly turned and clasped both Jane's hands in hers.

"My dear little girl," she said, "I don't want your father. I've played with him as a cat would play with a mouse. I did not know he was married—it would have made no difference if I had. Men have made me what I am; why should I consider them? It is nothing to them that my life is worthless, empty, robbed of all that any true woman holds dear, so it is nothing to me what fools they make of themselves, what suffering they heap upon the innocent heads of wives and children, whom they do not know how to appreciate and are unworthy to possess. There may be good men in the world as there are good women, but I—I have met neither for so many years that I have lost faith in all. To me your father was just one more fool—a moth which I could singe—a man with money enough to supply me with the empty baubles which have had to take the place of higher and better joys in my wrecked life. You see that man standing there," and with one bejeweled hand and arm she pointed accusingly. "He is the one man in all the world I love. He is the

man for whom I bartered my soul. He is the man who has witnessed my degradation, who knows all that I have suffered and who has never to this day asked me to marry him. Your father is like all the rest of the men I have met. He would censure in any woman of his family that which he considers right and excusable for himself. You come here tomorrow at a time which I shall designate. I will send for your father. Let him find you here in the presence of this man—my lover—whom he has never seen and—you will hear what he will say."

A low, bitter laugh accompanied the last sentence, uttered with such withering scorn and contempt that Jane shuddered as she disengaged her hands from those of the woman and quietly made her way back to her own home.

Next day Frank Andrews, entering the apartment of his inamorata by appointment, was horrified to behold not Cleo, but his little daughter, his golden-haired, blue-eyed little girl, apparently in close, confidential conversation with a man whose demeanor and countenance were at once evidence of his past life.

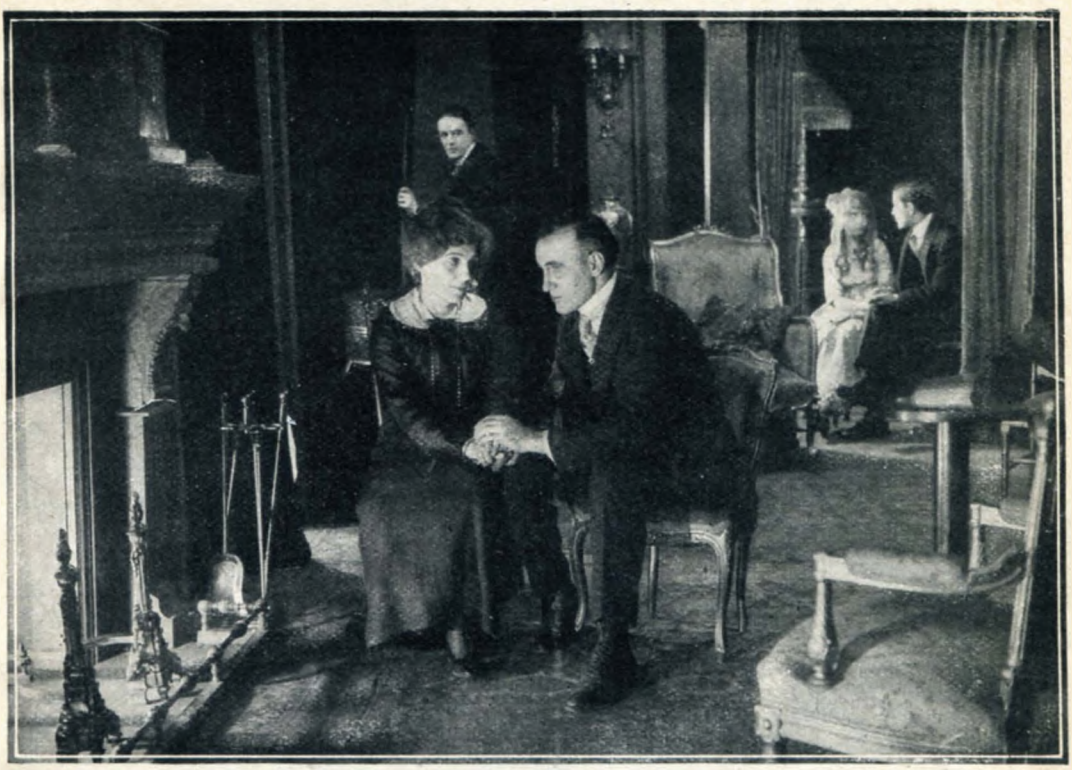
With an oath the man who had written calmly to his wife that he purposed to forsake her and who had deemed his own illicit life to be no insult to his family, strode into the room like a madman. In his frenzy he lifted his arm and would have struck his daughter as she sprang to her feet had not Cleo entered and interposed.

"This is your doing," he cried in a rage, addressing the dark-eyed enchantress who had staged the scene. "You have dared to entrap my daughter. As for you—you—" he added, turning toward Jane, "is it for this I have reared you? Do you think that I will tolerate in my family a—a—"

"Be careful what you say," warned Cleo, in a low, menacing tone, which instantly had its effect. "Tell him," she continued, addressing Jane, "tell him what I told you yesterday when—when you came here to kill me for the sake of your dear mother."

Then Jane spoke as she had never yet spoken. Listening to her ringing accents, looking into her pure, sweet face, Frank Andrews knew that his daughter spoke the truth and the beast that was in him quailed before her. Dazed, humiliated, he looked from one

THEN JANE SPOKE AS SHE HAD NEVER SPOKEN TO HER FATHER BEFORE, AND THE BEAST THAT WAS IN HIM QUAILED BEFORE HER.



"THERE IS NOTHING MORE NOBLE THAN THE LOVING FORGIVENESS OF ONE WHO IS STRONG FOR THE FRAILTIES OF THE WEAK"

to another, then pressed his hands to his throbbing temples and with bowed, shamed head followed his daughter homeward.

That evening he sought his wife's side and in fullest self-abnegation told her the whole miserable story. Jane, happy with her youthful Romeo, chatted gaily in the back parlor as in the days when grief and disgrace were unknown. Young John Andrews, entering at the doorway, was not ashamed of the glad tears which sprang to his eyes at the unexpected sight of his father and mother reunited.

"There is nothing more pitiable than the abiding love of a wronged and suffering woman," he heard his mother say as she placed her hand in that of her husband.

"There is nothing more noble than the patient, loving forgiveness of one who is strong for the frailties of one who is weak," said Frank Andrews, wondering that he had never before realized the depth and greatness of soul in the woman who was his wife.

The Movies

By Thomas Curtis Clark

WHAT'S the sport we love the best?
The movies.
What's the rage from east to west?
The movies.
What makes sorrow go away?
What makes even cynics gay?
What makes winter seem like May?
The movies.

Lovely Alice Hollister

By Pearl Gaddis

HAVING attacked the doorbell with increasing vigor, I waited politely. But nothing happened, so I tried again, with the same result. Just as I turned to go away, a "cullud pusson" next door, in the attire of a cook, leaned sociably from a window, and assured me that "Dem folks what lived dere had done went down to de Kalem studjio!" I thanked her, and turned my steps to the Kalem "Studjio."

I was met at the door by Bob Vignola, who took me in tow and led me to a pretty little girl in a middy blouse and blue skirt with her hair hanging down her back in lovely curls. I couldn't see why I should be led to this girl, pretty as she was, when I was looking for Alice Hollister, but I very wisely said nothing.

"Alice," said Mr. Vignola, "this is Miss Gaddis of the PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, and she wants to interview you."

The "pretty little girl" extended a slim hand, with a pretty smile, and offered me a chair. When she laughed the famous "Alice Hollister laugh," of course I knew her, but without it I should never have known her. She looked about fifteen years of age, and was a disturbing vision of loveliness. But after seeing "The Vampire" and "The Shadow," I was a bit dazed to find that the leading characters in them and this innocent-looking little slip of girlhood could be one and the same. But nevertheless they were, so let's go on with the story.

The huge, bare-looking studio, which holds three "sets" at a time, with no lack of space at all, with its queer-looking "movie props," presented a wonderful scene to the outsider. The big, open windows showed a beautiful view of the St. John's River, and as the actors, under the able direction of Bob Vignola, rehearsed their parts, a fussy little tug and a huge Clyde liner, en route to New York, passed within a stone's throw of the studio.

Miss Hollister was born in Worcester, Mass., and was educated at the Villa Maria Convent in Montreal, Canada. She has never been on the stage, although it has always been one of her dearest ambitions to try it. But she just can't seem to break away from the Kalem Company. Kalem without Alice Hollister—why, it wouldn't be Kalem at all.

After the scene, we went up to her dressing-room and she showed me some of her jewels, always a rare treat for a woman, when the jewels are worth looking at, and Miss Hollister's are, decidedly. And almost each one has a history.

"This," she said, holding up a huge pale pink cameo, set in ebony with an old-fashioned twisted golden wreath, "was given me in Glasgow, Scotland, when we were abroad. And this (which was a smaller but no less beautiful cameo) was given me in Ireland. I love cameos, and these are the pride of my collection. I am not fond of jewelry for its own sake, but I adore the queer, the odd and quaint jewelry that one sometimes discovers. The shops of Cairo are the most wonderful that I have ever seen. You know I was sent abroad twice, once to Ireland and then to the Holy Lands, and I made the most of my opportunities, too. Oh, the wonderful things in

MISS HOLLISTER AND A FEW OF HER CHARACTERIZATIONS

the shops and bazaars! This little gold cap was made for me in Cairo by an old Arab, who followed our company around like a dog, and who could never understand the queer little box that was the camera!"

Here she took a heavily carved jewelry case from the top drawer of her dressing-table, and, opening it, handed me a ring that was exquisite. It was a large Chinese jade stone, set in a loop of pure gold, and was beautifully chased. The stone was unusually large and perfect and the setting was very unique. Miss Hollister laughed and blushed a bit as she began to tell me its story.

"It was sent to me from Shanghai, China, by a Chinese merchant, and was accompanied by a beautifully written letter, telling me that he hoped I would honor his unworthy self by accepting his insignificant present. There was a modest request for my autographed photo-

PLAYING THE LEAD IN "THE VAMPIRE"

graph, which I was only too glad to comply with.

"It is unexpected appreciation like that that makes this moving picture work so fascinating," she told me, earnestly, as she transformed herself from a bewitching little girl to a slim, well-groomed society bud. "We all, I suppose, get tired of ourselves and out of sorts with the world in general. We get out of focus, so to speak, and then comes along a letter like this, or something unexpected that warms the cockles of one's heart and makes life worth living again.

"My favorite parts? Well, I don't like light comedy parts. I am happier in strong, emotional roles, like 'The Vampire,' 'The Shadow,' and all those parts. I liked best my work as the favorite wife in 'A Prisoner of the Harem,' one of our foreign pictures, the title part in 'The Vampire,' and almost any kind of foreign parts. I just love Italian parts."

Her change of costume complete, she arose and we went back to the studio. I had a good opportunity to observe her closely now, and I took rapid advantage of this opportunity. She has lovely brown eyes, a trifle long, and very luring, in which a merry twinkle finds permanent abode. Her hair is black, and hangs in curls far below her waist. I know, because I saw it that way. She wears the title of the "most popular woman at the Kalem Studio," so named by popular consent of the other players out there, and one of the prettiest traits of her character is the sweet unconsciousness with which she accepts the adulation of the public and her fellow players. She doesn't realize her own beauty, sweetness and popularity (unhand me, villain! My typewriter will indulge in these beautiful poetic flights occasionally).

"Will you please say that I think 'The Vengeance of Durand,' by Vitagraph, is one of the most beautiful pictures ever put out, and that Edith Storey, who played the lead, is the most beautiful and the cleverest actress? Isn't she a dear?" and there was no mistaking Miss Hollister's enthusiasm, or its sincerity.

"My hobby?" she chuckled, gleefully. "Acting! I love it! Any part, any time. I'm perfectly miserable away from Friend Camera. But the minute the camera begins to click, I forget myself and remember my own part. It's the most fascinating thing in the world. It's like living several lives, like being half a dozen different people in a week. There's nothing like it! I've been with Kalem four years and have no desire to ever be with any other company. I love the Kalem." (And if I may say so, Kalem returns the love.)

"Picture now, folks," called Mr. Vignola, and my lovely new friend arose to go.

"I have enjoyed this chat ever so much," she said, sweetly. "It hasn't been at all like I thought it would. Please come and see me again soon."

And now do you wonder why so many of the movie fans love Alice Hollister?

Force of Habit

"WALLIE" REID (in a scene), roaring with rage: "Who told you to put that paper on the wall?"

Extra man, who was doing a "bit" as a decorator: "Your wife, sir."

"Wallie:" "Pretty, isn't it?"

"Jack of Hearts"

By Richard Willis

I WAS TOLD to interview J. Warren Kerrigan, and for the life of me I cannot make up my mind whether I have done it or not. This could almost be called an interview with J. Warren Kerrigan, his mother and sister, combined with my own views concerning J. W. K., for I know him well, so well that those who expect to read of his favorite flower, of his autos and of amusing details regarding his correspondence, will be disappointed, while others who peruse this will know Warren Kerrigan as he really is and will probably appreciate his fine work on the screen even more than heretofore—if that is possible.

I found him in his dressing room and admired the many solid evidences of his popularity with the public in the shape of cigarette cases, match goods, books and boxes, leather the like. On learning my mission he said:

"You come home with me for I want to help you all I can: but mother and sister know more about me than I do myself."

So off we went to his comfortable bungalow, and were greeted by the dearest little lady, gentle and refined—for all the world like a delicate piece of Dresden china—and by handsome Kathleen Kerrigan, the well-known actress and Warren's sister. We settled down comfortably.

"What is your real name?" I asked Kerrigan.

"Warren McLean Kerrigan," he answered. "McLean is my mother's maiden name, so you see I have a mixture of Scotch and Irish blood in me."

"Then 'Jack' is an addition?"

"Yes, I played the part of *Jack* in 'The Road to Yesterday' and the name always stuck to me afterwards. And, indeed, I really like it. It has such a simple and hearty ring to it. Even now I am often called Jack Kerrigan, and that is how I come to sign myself Jack W. Kerrigan."

"Where were you born?"

"At Louisville, Ky., twenty-five years ago, wasn't it, mother?"

"Yes, dear," assented Mrs. Kerrigan, and turning to me she said, "He and Wallace are twins, you know, and for a year I carried this boy around on a pillow, for he was very delicate and I never knew when I might lose him."

AS THE HERO IN "THE PASSER-BY"

Her eyes filled with tears at the memory, and she added, "That was the only trouble he ever gave me for he has been a lovely son to me and I have never left him, for I know I am as much to him as he is to me."

And it is so, for Kerrigan worships his mother and is beloved by his family generally; and I honestly believe, as he does, that the beauty of his home life shows in his work.

"I went to school at Louisville," he said, "and both father and mother had planned my future, for I was to be an Episcopalian minister. And I was about to start for a special training school for the clergy when I made so strong an appeal that mother interceded for me. My determination to adopt the stage as a means of livelihood came as a surprise even to her. As a boy I was always quiet and reserved, and loved to get out in the woods alone and to study the flowers and the earth and, indeed, everything that breathed of the open, and I dreamed all the time of the stage—great big dreams with a great big future ahead. I have never quite lost that art of dreaming. I used to ride a lot, too, in those days. I

PLAYING THE LEAD IN "THE DREAD INHERITANCE"

was one of a family of nine, and Kathleen was the only girl."

"How did you get your start?" I asked.

"Kathleen is to be thanked for that," and Warren smiled at his sister. "She went on the stage at the age of seventeen and, as you know, has been very successful."

Kerrigan told me a lot about his sister's career, including particulars of her well-known part of *Truth* in "Everywoman," but this interview deals with J. Warren and we must keep "to our muttons."

"Kathleen was married to Clay Clement, one of the best writers and managers of his day," Kerrigan continued. "He wrote 'The New Dominion,' and wrote it on wrapping paper from a butcher's shop at that, for he was very hard up at the time. Mr. Clement was putting on a Southern play, 'Sam Houston,' and, although he had no faith in my ability, he listened to Kathleen's plea and let me play the part of Sam Houston's son. I surprised both him and

my sister, and in a week's time I doubled the son's part with that of the Indian chief. We went all over the states, and included a six weeks' stay at the Garden Theater, New York, just after Stanford White was killed. And we opened the Shubert Theater in New Orleans with the same play."

Kathleen Kerrigan added her testimony as to Jack's success in the play and paid a tribute to the way he always captured his audiences.

"And after that?" I queried.

"I joined the Spooner Stock Company at the Lincoln Theater in New York, and then had the juvenile lead in 'Brown, of Harvard,' on the road. Then came 'The Master Key,' in which Orrin Johnson, Francis Ring and myself acted: we took in New York and Philadelphia and the big cities. Then came 'The Road to Yesterday,' in which I got my added name of Jack. I went on the road in this, and I think it was my favorite part."

The third person in this interview, Kathleen Kerrigan, broke in again.

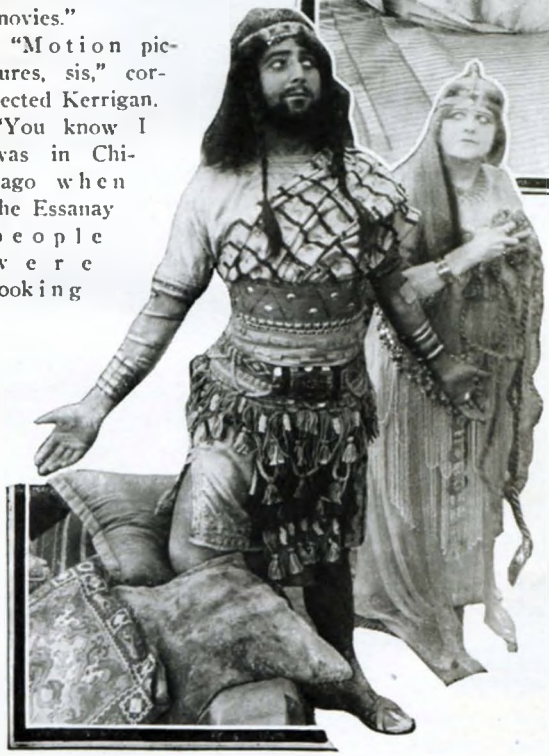
"The legitimate stage lost one of its most promising young actors when Warren went into the movies."

"Motion pictures, sis," corrected Kerrigan. "You know I was in Chicago when the Essanay people were looking for new blood, and Thomas Ricketts, G. P. Hamilton and Geo. K. Spoor saw me and approached me. Of course, I laughed at the idea, but it set me thinking. After all it was mother who decided me—"

"No, dear, you," interrupted Mrs. Kerrigan.

"Yes, it was you," went on Warren. "My mother was very frail and sick and I was very desirous of getting settled in one place where I could take care of her properly and the motion pictures offered the opportunity, so I joined the Essanay, and in a very short time I knew I had hit on my life's work and from the outset I threw all my energy into my acting. I determined to get to the top sooner or later, and from that day to this my thoughts, my very existence, has been entirely wrapped up in motion pictures. I played straight dramatic leads and light

IN THE TITLE ROLE OF *Samson* MR. KERRIGAN HAS ACHIEVED HIS GREATEST SUCCESS.



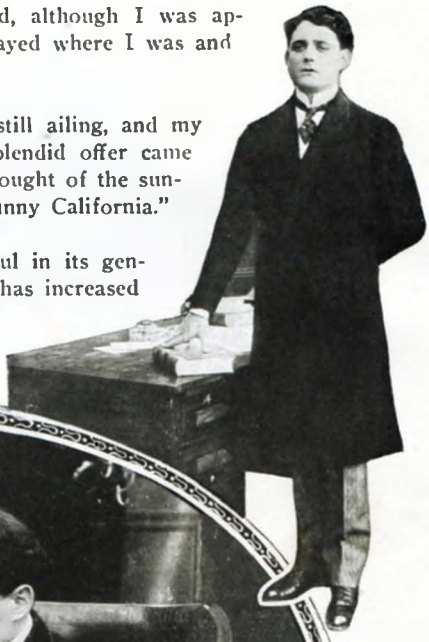
comedy parts with the Essanay company for a year, and, although I was approached by the Selig management with a good offer, I stayed where I was and absorbed all I could learn."

"What after that?"

"I was feeling none too well myself, my mother was still ailing, and my twin brother, Wallace, was quite sick, too, so when a splendid offer came from the American company to go farther West, we all thought of the sunshine and the freedom from damp and decided to go to sunny California."

"Are you glad?"

"Glad is not the word. California has been so bountiful in its generosity to me and, indeed, to all of us. Wallace's weight has increased with his appetite and he is disgracefully strong and healthy. Mother keeps well, and I, well, you know how I am now. It has helped my work, too, for I am not worrying about outside matters.



"I was the first player engaged by the 'new' American company and for three years I played their leads. We began at LaMesa and Lakeside, near San Diego, and then went to the new studios at Santa Barbara, where I worked for a year. In fact, it is a standing joke that I helped dig the foundations for the new studios there. I did, but it was in a picture."

THREE SCENES FROM "THE ACID TEST," A POWERFUL, POLITICAL PHOTOPLAY

"Have you any particular comments to make on your American engagement?"

"Let me see—one curious thing is that I never had the opportunity to see myself on the screen for two and a half years, and it was some time before the public really knew who I was, then came a big publicity campaign and I became very well known."

"And then came the Universal, I suppose."

"Yes, I have been here some months now and have had a varied line of parts."

"And you really like the motion picture profession?"

"Yes, indeed," and there is no mistaking the sincerity of Kerrigan's tone.

"I like it from every angle, the wonderful work, the appreciation of the public, the home life it affords. It is a wonderful study, too, and, although there are such big induce-

ments to overact. I strive always to be natural and to convey my meaning by expression as much as possible. I do *not* believe in pantomime nor in talking to myself in the pictures. I wouldn't do either in real life, so why should I give a false impression on the screen? There have been times when I have been rehearsed to both pantomimic action and to talk, but when the crank has started to turn, I have conveniently forgotten both and have done as I felt I would do in a similar situation in my every-day existence."

"How about all those mash notes and proposals?" I asked. I smiled for I knew that I was getting into a hornet's nest. When Mrs. and Miss Kerrigan had sufficiently pulverized me, Warren laughed and said.

"You know how foolish all that silly talk is, don't you?"

I nodded.

"Be a good fellow and say for me that, although I have a very large correspondence, for far the largest part I get beautiful and sensible letters and I am very deeply grateful to the senders, and I sincerely enjoy receiving my mail, and oh! can't people understand what my popularity means to me? It is life itself not only to me, but to my own dear people. All the foolishness you see in the papers about my correspondence does not come from me, but from irresponsible interviewers who want to dish up something 'spicy.' No, my correspondence, with me, is a serious matter, and it is a fact that I answer the letters myself, although I receive lots of help from mother. I don't know how long I will be able to keep it up, though at times it gets beyond me."

Now I am going to say a few things about "Jack" myself, things he would not say himself. In the first place there has been some discussion regarding his coloring. His hair is black and his eyes are hazel; he does not possess auburn hair and gray eyes. Those attributes belong to his brother, Wallace, who is the very capable manager of the Universal ranch.

"Jack" Kerrigan is a particularly well-built man and a strong one, too. He has a musical voice and is an excellent listener. He has faith in his own ability, but is modest with all his success, and it is hard to get him to talk about himself. When he speaks of his absorption in his work, and his affectionate regard for those who write to him, he is sincerity itself, and the many would-be humorous things written about his correspondence and his work really hurt him.

Kerrigan finds it hard to name his favorite impersonations for he en-

SCENES FROM "THE RESTLESS SPIRIT"

joys playing most of his parts and he likes variety, and his work in a single-reel Western photoplay is marked with the same thought and care as was his fine tragic study of Samson.

His devotion to his mother and his affection for his family, as well as the way they adore him, are sufficient proofs of the sterling character and the delightful personality of this young man. A skeptic need only wander around the studio and occasionally ask the question, "What sort of fellow is Warren Kerrigan?" to be fully convinced by the answers—and you can always get a pretty correct estimate of man's character from his fellow workers, especially in "the" profession.

He loves California and intends to build a home there, where he can have many acres around him and many horses, hogs and chickens and where he will be able to entertain his friends.

Kerrigan is a fine musician and the possessor of a rich baritone voice. There was a time when his mother hoped he would turn to music instead of the stage, this was when he went back on the "Minister" proposition.

An evidence of his hold on the public and the high regard in which he is held can be found in the various competitions held by different papers and magazines to determine the standing of the most thought of screen actor or actress. He received a beautiful silver loving-cup from THE PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE for coming out first in their last year's contest. He is also leading this year's competition in the same publication.

J. Warren Kerrigan is a real good fellow. He is right up top and means to keep there. His work is notable for its earnestness, study and intelligence, and he is responsible for the statement that he is still learning and supposes he always will be. Of course he always will be—that proves he is a sensible fellow and a conscientious artist.

In the Movies

J. E. Hare

IN the movies all is perfect, love is seen without alloy,
Shared alike by gray-haired couples and the happy girl and boy.
Gay young people pledge each other—handsome fellow, pretty miss,
Quickly by the preacher wedded, all is rapture, all is bliss.

But in real life it is different, as we view them with surprise,
Love is not the smoothest sailing, jealousy and quarrels rise.
Aged couples hoard their money, while the young ones toil and pay,
Till grown tired they seek divorces—unlike the movies seen to-day.

The good man in the movies always triumphs in the end.
He may have struggles and hard battles, the course of justice to defend,
False accused and troubled sorely, weighted down with wrongs and woe,
But at last he's always righted—in the moving picture show.

But in real life it's not always that this good, young man doth score,
For 'tis said, "the good die early"—so does he and very poor.
While the rascal just behind him gets a barrel of coin to blow.
Life could be but perfect pleasure were it like the movie show.

The virtuous maiden in the movies, scorns her sister dyed in sin,
And toils each day behind the counter, an honest livelihood to win.
At last by fate she is rewarded—mills of gods grind fine but slow,
And she gains her life's ambition in the moving picture show.

Alas, each day we see it different, take it girls, the one best bet,
At three per week behind the counter this poor dame is working yet,
While the girl she shrank away from, in a limousine doth hum,
Wearing sealskin furs and diamonds. Real life and movies differ some.

"True Blue" Mary Fuller

By Mabel Condon

"BUT MOST OF ALL, I want to be of some good to somebody in the world!"

It was Mary Fuller who was talking.

Mary scorns chairs whenever she is in the privacy of her dressing room and her caller is one of her own sex. On such an occasion she is a perfectly natural Mary and sits down upon the floor, or upon a cushion, and tucks her feet under her and tells you all about things, and insists that you help her finish the bon-bons in the box with the blue bow on the cover. Blue is the Mary color. Not a solid all blue, but just touches of blue lending their dainty relief to dresser and negligee, and wardrobe-curtain and sofa cushions, and you notice all the little reminders of this fact in the touch of blue to the pretty personal things Mary's dressing room contains. You about decide that Mary's eyes should have been blue, an Irish blue, instead of brown, an American brown. But that was before Mary said:

"But most of all, I want to be of some good to somebody in the world." And you know that no other kind but the Mary Fuller brown ones could have looked like that!

She's wonderfully sincere, is Mary. She lives in a world all her own. And it is not a self-centered world. It is peopled with many, many kinds of people and many, many varieties of kind deeds. The only objection to this dream-world of Mary's is that there is only a small number of its people whose doubles are to be found in

AS *Cassandra* IN "A PRINCESS OF THE DESERT"

PLAYING THE LEAD IN "WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK"

dycing her faith and friendship to the tone designated as "true" blue.

You guess this about Mary Fuller with the first clasp of her hand. There is magnetism in this experience and you con-

this workaday world of everybody else's. But may be, because of Mary's belief in the goodness of people, she has found them to be just that way. And she lives in her dream-world at the end of each day's work at the Edison studio, and her thoughts, and her books, and her work-basket are her companions. And between and during their enjoyment, steal the mind-threads that have to do with the expected accomplishment of the next day's tasks.

A SCENE FROM "MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS"

And so Mary lives and dreams and is happy.

She is alone a great deal; in that part of her day that comes after the late leaving of her dressing room in the Bronx studio. She tells you about it and it is one of the most remarkable things about Mary Fuller.

"My life is so full of the interest in the things that I am doing and that are just before me to do, that I don't seem to realize I am alone in my leisure time. But that has been the way all my life, yet I've always been happy. I don't think a constant coming and going of people is necessary to happiness, do you?"

Happiness without people—people without happiness! The general opinion has always seemed to be that the one depends upon the other, and the other upon the one. Anyway, Mary Fuller has her opinion of it and it has worked out beautifully with her, so she says.

"I have never had a girl chum," Mary went on, the thoughtfulness of her expressive eyes betraying their owner's flight to the passing of all the yesterdays that have made her the Mary Fuller of to-day.

"No, I've never had a girl chum," she repeated. "But I've had dolls, all kinds of dolls—and I have them yet, every one! They've shared all my secrets—hence my secrets have always remained secrets!" she laughed, untucking her feet with their silken ankles and suede pumps and tucking them away again more comfortably.

"I didn't know very many little girls when I was a little girl, because I had a private tutor and there was no way of meeting other little girls. And as long as I can remember, it has been my greatest pleasure to just imagine things. I've been on the stage as far back as my memory goes—in those day-dreams of mine! But actually, my first stage appearance was made when I was seventeen. I had studied voice up until then religiously, believing it was the thing that was going to dominate my future. And see!"

She threw out her hands in a little gesture that said, "And now the public doesn't know I have a voice!

"But I still

take care of it and sometime, maybe, they will hear it. I'm not thinking of leaving pictures, but somehow I feel that my voice is going to mean a great deal to me sometime."

There was a prophetic look in the brown eyes, but before it could be fathomed, or before even an attempt could be made to fathom it, the look was gone, and in its place a sparkle and animation that just fitted the way Mary said:

"I love my work! I love being *Mary* in the 'Mary series!' I love being *Dolly* in the 'Dolly series!' There is variety and life in being the agile newspaper girl sent out on a big assignment, and there is inspiration in the long train and clinging gown of the society-goer. You know that is one of *Dolly's* quick changes.

"I love all the girls and women I am called upon to play. Sometimes I think I like best the ones of simplicity, when I wear a one-piece, girlish dress and my hair down in curls. Then I half believe I like the mannish ones, when I wear a checked suit with pockets in the skirt and pin my hair severely up under a black sailor. But when I'm the grand lady in a dress that decidedly has 'lines,' and a train that makes people keep a three-foot distance in the rear, and when my hair is done up high and maids and footmen stand in attendance, I feel *sure* that is the role I like best!"

IN THE PART OF *Dolly* IN THE "DOLLY OF THE DAILIES" SERIES

TWO SCENES FROM "A PRINCESS OF THE DESERT"

"And is it really?" you want to know, feeling that whichever one she has decided upon as a favorite, in her innermost heart is the index to the real Mary.

"No, it is not," Mary shook her head. "I think I *enjoy* that one the best, the grand lady one—and *always* the grand lady must have a tragedy to live down or to live through! But the one I like best is the modern girl who has modern problems to solve, and who does this according to her own code of honor."

"And why," you wonder, "do you like this one the best, when the others are really more appealing, with their fads and fancies—and the romance of Grecian and knightly times!" Again you feel that Mary's

AS *Mary Cuyler* IN THE "WHO WILL MARY MARRY?" SERIES

answer, whatever it will be, will be recognized as part of the rule of personality that makes her so distinctively Mary Fuller.

"Well, this is why," she answered in a voice that expressed her having had much previous thought on the subject. "The problems today belong only to the girl of to-day. She is the only one who can solve them. So, whenever I'm a modern girl, on the screen, and extricate myself from modern difficulties in a perfectly practical way, I feel that maybe I am helping somebody among my spectators to solve some kind of difficulty for herself. See?"

She smiled and helped herself from the blue-bowed box. A candied violet was her choice.

"I read all the newspapers, all the new books, and I see all the new shows," she announced as she nipped off one of the crushed leaves with her white, even teeth. "I go alone," she said as though in answer to a question. "And I write some of my scenarios. 'The Prophecy' was a favorite one of mine that I wrote two years before my director would put it on for me. I loved it; it was a grand-dame part.

"But I'm particularly fond of the 'Dolly' pictures I'm working in now. We are making two a month and they're full of action. I like lots of life and adventure in a picture. I got so much of it in the 'What Happened to Mary' and the 'Who Will Mary Marry' series that now I crave it. So the 'Dolly' set of pictures is providing me with constant sensation. And when I'm not working in them, I'm making gowns for eventful scenes that 'Dolly' is to figure in—and it takes so many, many clothes! For people like clothes and they're disappointed if there aren't ever so many changes. I could spend all my salary checks on clothes—but I don't, I make nearly every thing I wear; everything but the tailored things."

And most girls are so tired when they get home at night that they don't have the ambition to sew on a button. Yes, tango parties and dinners do require ambition. But that's different, the tired-when-they-get-home-at-night girls will tell you.

"I have great, great ambition—I want to do something that will elevate people; that will mean something more to them than just an hour or two of entertainment. To accomplish some

ANOTHER SCENE FROM THE "DOLLY" PICTURES

good in the world, that is what I am striving for; I want to give people the best that is in me and I think much good may be, and is, taught on the motion picture screen."

The bon-bons, as though unworthy of the presence of such ambition, were put aside and Miss Fuller, with an intent little line above her straight nose, clasped her hands and continued:

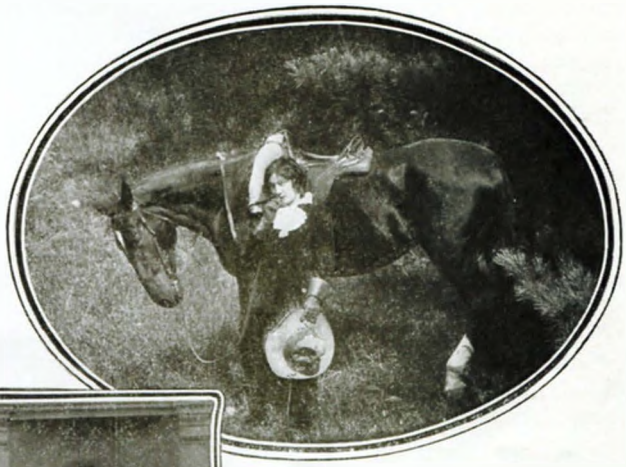
"My work, to me, is serious work, so I go about it earnestly. I read and study all the proposed scenarios I am to do, and, as many of these—just now particularly—are books, it fills in many of my evenings. I don't mind, because I never have company anyway, and I love to read."

Miss Fuller paused. I said, "For goodness sake!" and Walter Edwin's voice, head and shoulders came through the door with the warning, "We'll need you in a few minutes, Mary." Mr. Edwin, you know, is Mary's director.

"All right," returned Miss Fuller, settling back on the cushion. I said I guessed I'd go. "No, please don't—I have lots of time, and I want you to stay," insisted Mary. So I stayed and she went on:

"I go to all the new plays and seek to learn something from everyone of them; and I do. That's just what I want to give

MISS FULLER WON WORLD-WIDE FAME IN THE TWO SERIES OF "MARY" FILMS



MISS FULLER AS *Dolly* IN THE "DOLLY" SERIES

MISS FULLER IN "HOW THE EARTH WAS CARPETED"

AS THE *Madonna* IN "THE FIRST CHRISTMAS"

people—something instructive. I went on the stage when I was seventeen years old and, after several years, I went into picture work. But I'm still cultivating my voice, lest I should ever return to the stage and, though I'm not thinking of that now, one never knows: so I'm—"

"Are you ready, Mary?" came the voice of Mr. Edwin, and then came Mr. Edwin, and he looked at me, as he said, "I'll be ready for you almost right away."

"Yes? All right then," answered Miss Mary with her back toward the door, and to me: "Please don't go yet—I can start to get ready and you won't be a bit in the way."

"But Mr. Edwin—," I remonstrated.

"Oh, I have lots of time—" decided Miss Mary.

"If she would only begin to 'make up,'" I wished, glancing toward her dresser things. But Miss Mary wasn't thinking of them; she was saying, "I live in dreams—I have wonderful dreams of things that I hope some day to do; and my dreams seem so real to me that I guess that is why I don't need people for companions, in my out-of-work hours.

"I wonder if you saw 'The Prophecy?' You did— Really? Well, I'm so glad you liked it. And all the time that I had my costumes packed away, waiting to play the countess, because the director didn't particularly like that part for me, I've been anxious to know how others liked it, so you can know I'm glad it pleased." And Miss Mary's enthusiasm made her brown eyes dance under the droop of soft brown curly hair that came over her forehead, and her teeth showed white and pretty when she smiled.

Then, because I knew it was time for Mr. Edwin and his injunction to appear again upon the scene, I said good-by to Miss Fuller, and opened the door just in time to admit Mr. Edwin's pompadoured head. "I'm so glad you came—try to call again." Miss Fuller said it as though she meant it.

The sun had almost disappeared and had left in its wake a soft, fading twilight that made one thoughtful of many things—the subway distance between the Bronx and Times Square, for one thing—then you thrill again in the experience of another handclasp bestowed by Mary Fuller.

And you really don't notice the distance back in the subway!

Good Advice

By Robert A. Simon

YOU want for marry Nina, Joe?
I tal you w'at you do—
You tak' her to da peecture show
And she weel lika you.
Dees w'at I tal ees true:
Eet happena no long ago.

Paoli want for marry Rosa,
Guiseppe, too, and bot' proposa.
So Rosa say, "You moost for wait
A mont'—eet weel no be too late—
And den I say, w'eech one I tak?"
Paoli sand her flowras, cak'
And candy, all good theengs for eat:
Guiseppe deef'rant, he ees treat
Her no to soocha theengs, but go
W'eeth her for see da peecture show
Mos' evra night; and when at las'
Da mont' w'eech Rosa sayees pass,
She say, "You bot' ees fine and gran',
But Guiseppe, he ees my man—
I lika flowras, cak' and wine,
But, oh! da peecture show for mine."

So eef you lika Nina, Joe,
I tal you what you do—
You tak' her to da peecture show
And she weel lika you.

Beautiful Beverly Bayne

By Katherine Synon

THE property woman sewed while she talked. Being a property woman she sewed swiftly and talked with wisdom. For in all the world there is no one who knows more of women than the property woman of a theater or motion picture studio.

Not even Olive Schreiner, or Ellen Key, or Leonard Merrick's "Man Who Understood Women" knows one-half as much as does she. While the caravans of life pass along over the sands of the desert, she sits in judgment, sometimes wordless, sometimes epigrammatic, but always sophisticated.

This property woman was one of the sisterhood who had passed through the gates of understanding into the garden of knowledge. Long since she had graduated from the primary grades of comedies into the high schools of spectacular productions, in turn to matriculate in the university of motion picture studios.

She was sitting alone with me in the big Essanay studio in Chicago while I waited for Beverly Bayne. She had drifted from the platitudes of weather and personal acquaintanceship recollections when she fell upon the subject of beauty in women.

"Maybe it's because I've always been in a business where good looks in a woman count so much that I value them so highly," said the property woman. "I was raised to believe that 'beauty is as beauty does,' but you can't live with shows for twenty-eight years without seeing how far a pretty face will take a woman. Of course, I don't say that it's everything. Nobody does, unless she's a fool. But I do say it's plenty—if it's the third degree."

"What's the third degree?"

"Well," the property woman mused, snapping a thread, "the first degree is the kind of good looks that a woman doesn't make anything out of. It's money in the bank that she doesn't take out. The second kind is the sort that looks well at first sight, but that doesn't wear. It's counterfeit coin. But the third degree is the kind that's honest and that the woman uses. Don't you know what I mean? You use your feet to walk, don't you? It doesn't matter whether they're pretty feet or ugly feet if they'll carry you where you want to go. But a face is different from feet because, if you have a pretty face, you can make it carry you farther than you could make an ugly face take you. A beautiful woman can use her beauty for her own good, just as a sensible woman uses her feet for her transportation. The trouble with so many pretty women," the property woman continued, "is that they don't use their brains to save their faces, or use their faces to aid their brains. The girl who does both these things is—" the sphinx paused for a metaphor, finding it at last in the ultramodern phrase—"an efficiency expert."

She squinted critically at her sewing, then looked up quickly in the direction from which a sound had creaked upon the quiet of the studio. "Do you see what I mean?" she asked, her eyes upon the picture that the doorway of a dressing room framed.

It was one of those pictures that Alma-Tadema would have painted for its glow of color, its joy of youth. He would have framed the girl in an orchard of blossoming cherries somewhere in Kent, under the blue skies of an English summer, and given her a gown of white with apple-green ribbons. He would have filled her arms with the blossoms and set her down on canvas as a radiant spirit of springtime, but he need only have imparted to the picture the expectancy of the girl's uplifted face to insure the onlooker's appreciation of her great beauty.

The girl in the doorway of the dressing room was wearing one of those sailor suits that flourish under the name of Peter Thompson. Her dark curls were tied back with a broad black ribbon. The gown and the hair-dressing style were both so simple and so severe that the famous beauties of history—past twenty-two—would have been objects of ridicule had they ever essayed such costuming. But the girl was so utterly unconscious of effect that her audience of two watched her in fear lest something might break the spell of her indifference. Nothing did, not even the knowledge that she was being watched. For when she saw the property woman she skipped across the studio with a gay little dancing step, a variation of the hesitation waltz. "Aren't you a dear," she said to the property woman, "to stay after everyone else is gone, just to fix that dress for me?"

The property woman smiled. As she arose to go she spoke words that must have been enigmas to the girl who had just come. "Do you see what I mean?" she asked. "Some people use theirs for kindness, and being pleasant to other people. That's when beauty's an investment. This is Miss Beverly Bayne," she said, and went away.

The girl slipped down into the chair the property woman had left. "What was she talking about?" she asked. The question brought out dimples that played hide and seek over her cheeks. "About beauty?" she repeated the answer. "It's an eternal topic, isn't it?" she asked. "Don't you remember how we used to have to say over and over again in school, 'Beauty is truth, truth beauty,' and all those other lovely quotations? Didn't you love to keep on saying them, rolling out the r's in truth, and shouting so that the echo came back from the blackboard at the end of the room? I used to think that the old phrases said all that there was to be said about beauty in the abstract, but I found one a couple of years ago that keeps ringing with the others.

"'Beauty grown old in its eternity,'" she quoted, "I am puzzled about that. How could something eternal grow old? Wouldn't eternity be terrible if it means growing older and older? Does it mean that, do you think?"

"Let's ask the property woman. She knows everything."

"Do you know what she'd say?" Beverly Bayne demanded. "She'd tell us that there was only one true phrase about beauty. 'Beauty is only skin deep,' she'd say."

"That wasn't what she said to me."

"What did she say?" The girl leaned forward in eager listening to the second-hand narration of the property woman's philosophy. "I think," she

said, "that she told you what she really thinks. She tells us what she thinks we need. You know," she went on with the seriousness of a child, who's just learning a lesson, "that in motion picture work one of the dangers an actress has to overcome is the danger of thinking too much about how she looks. You see, we have to make every gesture, every movement, consider every facial expression from the point of view of how it is going to register. We have to work with the constant idea of just exactly how these gestures and movements and expressions will look upon the film. It is like posing for your photograph every minute.

"Posing for a photograph always makes girls self-conscious," the girl reasoned, while her own unconscious pose emphasized her grace. "You can always tell the degree of the victim's self-consciousness by the expression of her mouth. Sometimes her mouth is drawn. Sometimes it's smirking. Sometimes it's crooked. But it's always unnatural if she's saying to herself, 'Now I'm having my picture taken.' An actress has to forget that she's posing if she wants to look natural in a picture. On the stage a girl who's acting can be a little self-conscious without having her work altogether spoiled by the fault. But in a picture she simply can't be. We have to keep thinking of how the picture is going to look, instead of thinking of how we are looking."

"Isn't that a fine distinction?"

"Seeing how many angels can stand on the point of a needle? Not exactly. It's a little bit of craftsmanship, that's all. And that reminds me of another trouble that actresses have. So many girls go on the stage thinking that acting is an art. Well, acting is an art. But, don't you think that it's true that every art must have a basis of technicality? Doesn't an artist have to be a craftsman?"

"That is a question, isn't it, that has disturbed the critics since the beginning of art?"

"I don't know," she said. "But I used to know an old woodcarver. He was a Swiss who had come to America from one of the mountain cantons of Switzerland. He made the most beautiful cabinets in a little shop in a little town. He made them all with the same care, the same enthusiasm. I used to watch him work when I was a little girl. One day he had an order for a very wonderful cabinet, a very expensive piece of work, but he didn't work on it any more carefully than he had on the pieces that he made in the dull times of the shop. One of the workmen in another shop came in and saw him working. He began talking with him about the different ways of turning out work. He asked him why he had worked just as long and as hard on

the regular stock as he did on pieces like the one he had for this order. The old cabinetmaker looked at him over his spectacles.

"'Unless you can get your joy in life out of the work that you do every day,' he said, 'you aren't going to get either much joy or much work.'

"Don't you know how phrases stick in your memory? Well, that has been just like a burr in mine. Whenever work seemed difficult or monotonous and I had an inclination to 'slop it over,' I have had an inspiration by remembering what the old Swiss said. I can see him working at those cabinets, and I know that the only way in which anyone can ever be a real artist is by doing his work well day after day for its own sake.

"When I started to act for motion pictures," she said, "I had no experience. I thought it was going to be a handicap against me, but I've found that motion picture acting is so different in method from stage work that the stage training isn't at all necessary. What is necessary is the emotional feeling for a picture. But that's just as necessary in any kind of artistic work. You can't write a book, or a play, or make a statue without that thrill. It's differently expressed in each art. But the work is just the same, after all. I've found that the best pictures are the ones into which I've put the most feeling."

"What play did you like best of those you've played in?"

"Sometimes I think that I liked the first," she smiled, "and then again I think that it's always the last that makes the strongest appeal to the actor. But now that I come to think about it, I think that I like 'Dear Old Girl' best just because of a little thing that happened from it. We were putting it on down near Cornell University at Ithaca and one of the students saw us acting for the machines. He wrote to his mother that if she ever had a chance to see the play on the films, she was to attend the performance. She happened on it by chance down in a show in Newark. And she wrote me a poem. Would you like to see it?"

She went swiftly over the studio floor while the sunlight from the western windows aureoled her dark hair and surrounded her with moted radiance. In the moment while she was gone in the dressing room the studio seemed darkened. She came back, waving a bit of monogrammed note paper, and seated herself again in the property woman's chair to read the verses.

"It was written on Valentine's Eve," she commented, "and sent to the theater, then forwarded to the Essanay company here." Then her mezzo-soprano voice swung into the music of the paraphrase of James Whitcomb Riley's poem:

"'As one who cons at evening o'er an album, all alone,
And muses on the faces of the friends that he has known,
So I turn the leaves of fancy till in shadowy design
I find the smiling features of that dear, sweet face of thine.
(As when Ned Warren, tall and fine,
Looked in your eyes with love divine.
O, precious hours,
O, golden prime,
O, affluence of love and time!)

"'Tis a fragrant retrospection for the loving thoughts that start
Into being are like perfume from the blossoms of the heart,
And to dream the old dreams over is a pleasure most divine
When my truant fancy wanders to that "Dear Old Girl" of thine.
(Then the parting and the pain
And his waiting all in vain,
All the sorrow and the anguish of his true and manly heart
Aroused in me a sorrow and made the slow tears start.)

"'("Massa Ned done meet Miss Dora at last.")
O, Dear Old Girl! Is this your presence with me,
Or but a vain creation of a lover's memory?
That fair elusive vision soon to vanish into air when Ned at
Last was happy though his sweetheart's lips were dumb,
For she would not smile in heaven until his kiss had come.

Thus I find an extra flavor in memory's mellow wine
That makes me drink the deeper to that "Dear Old Girl" of thine.'"

"Aren't people kind?" Beverly Bayne asked. "No, I'd never done a thing in this world for that woman in Newark, and just see the gift that she sends to me—a poem about myself!"

But in deepening twilight of the studio there came in the unspoken question, hadn't she given that woman in Newark as great a gift as she had received—perhaps a greater one? Hadn't she given inspiration and the thrill that comes from looking upon beauty? And isn't beauty—the sort of beauty that is not stored in the vaults of self-esteem, but that gladdens the world by its unconsciousness of itself—the great gift not only of God to those who possess it, but also to those who look upon it?

The last flame of the sunset, tinging Beverly Bayne's hair, answered the question. But the property woman added another comment as I met her in the hall. "Well, you were with her over an hour," she said. "Did she tell you one thing about her childhood, or her family, or her career?"

"Not one."

"I forgot," said Beverly Bayne.

"And what about beauty?"

"Beauty," said Beverly Bayne, "means washing your face every night."

The property woman smiled—"and a little bit more," she said.

The Movies Actor

By Charles H. Meiers

THE "movies" actor, every day,
Has troubles of his own.
He does things in the photoplay
Which sturdy men alone
Could do; yet keeps on smiling, and
He does them in a way
That looks quite easy and offhand—
As if 'twere merely play.

He risks his life to make a scene,
Which will produce a thrill
When it is thrown upon the screen—
It is the people's will.
He sinks or swims or jumps or falls,
He rides or walks or "flies,"
And promptly rises to all calls,
To please the public eyes.

He acts the villain, grim and old,
Or plays the lover gay,
And then the hero, strong and bold,
Who, conquering, goes his way;
And if some peril grips a friend,
He yields not to dismay;
But cheerful, valiant help doth lend,
In life as in the play.

MRS. BAINBRIDGE'S GARDEN WAS LOOKING ITS BEST. SO, IN THE ESTIMATION OF THE YOUNG MAN, WAS MISS POLLY BAINBRIDGE

"The Peacock Feather Fan"

HOW THE LOAN OF A FAN CAUSED THE LOVE AFFAIR OF A MUSICIAN TO END UNHAPPILY

By John Carey

Illustrations from the American Beauty Film

IT was a beautiful summer afternoon and Mrs. Bainbridge's garden, filled with laughing and chattering guests, was looking its best. So, in the estimation of two young men, was Mrs. Bainbridge's daughter, Miss Polly Bainbridge, who was being introduced to society that afternoon. The young men were Billy Mayberry and John Keith, who had just arrived, and who were greeting their hostess and admiring her young daughter at the same time.

"You see, I brought him at last," Mayberry was saying, as he presented his friend to the two ladies. "He's an awful hermit. Sits in his room with that confounded old violin of his and does not care if he never goes anywhere or meets anybody."

"I've heard about that violin," remarked Polly, laughing. "Billy says it keeps him awake nights. I'm afraid he doesn't appreciate musicians as he ought to."

"To Billy there is only one art, and you have to go at it with a paint brush," replied Keith, as he strolled away with Miss Bainbridge. Billy Mayberry looked after them with a grin. The young painter and the violinist were sworn chums, in spite of their utter unlikeness.

"I had to rope and tie that chap to get him here to-day," Billy remarked to the elder lady. "It's the first social affair he's attended since he came out of school; but something tells me he'll come next time of his own accord. I say, Auntie Bainbridge, who's that stunning looking person in the green gown?"

Mrs. Bainbridge laughed. She had known Billy since his baby days, and both she and Polly were very fond of the harum-scarum artist.

"That's the beautiful Mrs. Willing," she answered. "She's a widow and considered very fascinating. Shall I introduce you? Perhaps she'd like her portrait done."

"Never mind the portrait. Do you suppose I can't look at a pretty woman without wanting to paint her, you mercenary creature? Lead on." And Billy, introduced to Mrs. Willing, forgot John Keith entirely.

Much to Mayberry's amusement, his careless prediction came true; John Keith came out of his retirement and began to go about like other human beings. Hitherto nothing had interested him but his music. Hour after hour, he had remained shut up in his studio, which adjoined Mayberry's, practicing on his adored violin. Now he went everywhere—that is, everywhere that there was a chance of meeting Polly Bainbridge. Billy Mayberry was delighted, for he loved them both, and he and Mrs. Bainbridge watched the affair like two very dissimilar guardian angels.

Billy's own affair with the pretty widow was progressing fitfully. The lady was a flirt, knew that Billy was one, too, and took great delight in making him happy and wretched, according to the sort of spirits she chanced to be in.

In the meantime, it began to dawn upon John Keith that he had a rival. Pretty and attractive as Polly Bainbridge was, it could hardly be expected that she would not have admirers by the dozen; but of all these, there was only one of whom Keith was afraid. This one was Martin Courtland.

Courtland was a man of nearly fifty, and an old friend of Polly's. He had watched her from the time she had come home from boarding school, and every year she had grown dearer to him. Naturally unselfish, however, the man had never spoken to her of his love. It did not seem possible to him that a young and lovely girl could care for him, though he had seen cases where men older than he had married and apparently been happy with girls as young as Polly. Many and many a time had he gone to a ball with his mind firmly made up to ask her to marry him; but each time something had happened. She had been particularly gracious to some young college chap, or had had no dances to give her old friend—anything was enough to make Courtland reconsider what he called his

IT WAS ON THE NIGHT OF THE BARTON'S BALL THAT BOTH MARTIN COURTLAND AND JOHN KEITH DETERMINED TO ASK POLLY THE IMPORTANT QUESTION

"presumption," and so the proposal was never dared.

It was on the night of the Barton's ball that both Martin Courtland and John Keith determined to ask Polly the important question. But the former changed his mind early in the evening, for it was plain to everyone who observed Polly at all closely that it was Keith and no one else whom her eyes sought. They had come to the ball together. She had kept him waiting at the house while she made the most charming toilet which he had ever seen; and he had scolded, or pretended to scold her. But no one ever scolded Polly Bainbridge long.

"You see," she said, as he helped her with her cloak, "you've hurried me so that I've broken one of the feathers of my fan—my beautiful peacock fan!" and she held the broken feather up reproachfully. John put it into his pocket. "Why, what are you doing that for?" she continued, laughingly.

"It's the only thing you've ever given me," he replied, soberly. "And I mean to keep it."

"Forever?"

"Well, at any rate, until you give me something better," replied John, stoutly, and then the maid interrupted to say that the car was at the door.

The Barton's ball was a brilliant affair, and Polly had partners galore. Poor Martin Courtland gave up early in the game any thought of getting more than one dance with her, but Keith was more persistent. And, after the first dance, in the quiet of the dimly lighted conservatory, he begged her to give him the "something better" that he longed for—her promise to marry him—and Polly, blushing and happy, gave it to him. After that, the Barton's ball might as well have been given for John Keith and Polly Bainbridge, for neither of them had eyes or ears for anyone else.

THE engagement of Polly Bainbridge and John Keith created quite a stir in their immediate circle. Everybody loved Polly and was glad to see her so radiantly happy; everybody except Martin Courtland, who, however, did his best to wish the young couple well. Polly did not know how hard the old man took his refusal. He had proposed to her a few days after the Barton's ball, only to learn that he was too late; but, with his usual unselfishness, he had admitted that she would undoubtedly be happier with a man nearer her own age, and he had gone away smiling and as kind as ever, but with a sad and

unhappy heart. When one is very young and very happy, it is not easy to remember that others may be suffering; and if John and Polly thought of Courtland at all, it was very vaguely, and not at all painfully.

Perhaps the most delighted person to hear of the engagement was Billy Mayberry, who took unto himself all the credit for the affair.

"If it hadn't been for me, old chap," he remarked, when John told him of the engagement, a few days after the Barton's ball, "you'd never have met her."

"That's quite true. I am regarding you just at present in the light of my particular and best beloved guardian angel," replied John, laughing. "It took you two years to manage the introduction, I believe."

"It did, and many's the time I've almost proposed to her myself, through sheer discouragement at your obstinacy. Are you going to ask me to be best man, or does my humble and too Bohemian profession stand in the way?"

"Not in the least." John's eyes twinkled as he pictured Billy Mayberry in that dignified position. "You are to be best man and Martin Courtland one of the ushers."

"That's right. Be thoroughly selfish and trample on the feelings of the disappointed ones. We can't help ourselves." Billy mussed a bit of color with his thumb and stood away from his easel to survey the result complacently.

"Nonsense! You look disappointed, don't you? But just to show you that we're not selfish, come along with us to the theatre to-night. I'm going over now to get the seats."

"Can't. Awfully sorry; I'd like nothing better than making a newly engaged couple miserable all evening, but I've got a date myself."

"Break it. You usually manage to when you want to."

"I don't happen to want to this time. It's some people who are coming here to supper."

"Here?" John looked around Billy's shabby studio in some amusement.

"Sure. They're society folk and consider dining in a garret fun. Atmosphere, you know, and all that sort of thing. They think it great sport, indeed.

"Well, there's plenty of atmosphere here, I guess, but you seem a bit short of chairs. Borrow anything you like from my place, I shan't be there. So long." And John hurried around to the theatre and bought the seats. Then he called Polly up on the telephone to tell her that he had secured them. Her voice sounded strange, he thought.

"I'll be over at eight and take you to the theatre—I got the seats all right," he began, when she interrupted him.

"John, dearest, I've such a horrible headache! Can't you come to-morrow instead?"

"Why, of course, but—"

"I've been nearly crazy with it for hours. I forgot all about the theatre. Molly's trying to rub some good feelings into my head now, but you don't know how horrid it feels!"

"I'm so sorry, dear. Of course, we'll put it off. But can't I come around for a little while and see how you're feeling?"

IN THE QUIET OF THE DIMLY LIGHTED CONSERVATORY HE BEGGED HER TO GIVE HIM THE "SOMETHING BETTER" THAT HE LONGED FOR; HER PROMISE TO MARRY HIM

"JOHN, DEAREST, I'VE SUCH A HORRIBLE HEADACHE!" SHE SAID, "WON'T YOU COME TO-MORROW NIGHT, INSTEAD?"

"Goodness, no. I'll be cross as fifty bears by night! I couldn't let you come over and then quarrel with you, you know! Please, let's make it to-morrow night." And John rang off, disappointed and a little hurt. Polly might have remembered their engagement for the theatre and called him up a little earlier, he thought. He had had to stand in line half an hour to get the seats and he was not in the best of tempers just that particular moment, himself.

Poor Polly Bainbridge had had a trying day. Her head had felt badly to begin with, and the whole day had been made up of those small annoyances which often try one's temper more severely than the big things of life. The last straw had been a call from Mrs. Willing, who had come ostensibly to talk about Polly's engagement, but really to gossip about everyone in town, for the widow had a lively tongue and spared nobody. After an hour and a half of vigorous monologue, with Polly politely putting in the necessary word here and there, Mrs. Willing got down to her own affairs, a fascinating subject, good for another hour and a half at the very least.

"Billy Mayberry's giving me a studio supper to-night," she remarked. "Just four of us, you know. Won't it be fascinating—eating in a real studio?"

Polly laughed in spite of herself. "It may be fascinating, but it won't be very clean," she said. "John says that Billy never lets anybody sweep or dust in his room, and that his things are always in a mess. You'll probably sit on a model throne and eat off a picture frame."

"How exciting!" thrilled the pretty widow. "So thoroughly artistic."

"Oh, yes, Billy's nothing if he's not artistic, and I hope you'll have a lovely time," replied Polly, wishing that her guest would go. By this time her head was splitting.

"I know I shall. I've always been crazy to dine in a studio. And Polly dear, I want to ask you a favor. Will you let me carry your fan? Your lovely peacock feather one? It goes so wonderfully with the gown I'm going to wear."

"Why, certainly."

"It's trimmed with peacock feathers and it just needs your fan to round it out. I'll be awfully careful of it. You're a dear!" and her errand accomplished, Mrs. Willing, fan in hand, swept out and left Polly to her headache at last.

There is no time so hard to kill as that which was to have been spent in an engagement which one has counted upon greatly. John did not know what to do with himself that night. Billy, of course, must not be disturbed, and he did not care to go to the theatre without Polly. They had planned to see that particular play together, and though she had disappointed him, he would not go without her. He went to the club for a couple of hours and then came back to his room.

On his way upstairs he passed Billy's studio and wondered whether the supper had been a success or not. He paused a moment on the landing as a woman's laugh rang out. Evidently the party was not over yet, he reflected. Suddenly, through the glass which formed the upper portion of the door, he saw something which instantly arrested his attention. It was nothing less than Billy Mayberry kissing somebody—apparently a young woman. Overcome by a sudden

teasing impulse, Keith knocked at the door. If Billy's party had assumed such a hilarious aspect as this, Billy deserved a scare.

A sudden rush was distinctly audible from outside the door—somebody had run behind a screen at the other end of the room—and Billy, looking decidedly rattled, opened the door to Keith.

"Supper over?" Keith, still yielding to the mischievous temptation, stepped past his reluctant host into the room.

"Yes, some time ago. Will—will you sit down?" asked Billy, looking nervously toward the screen. Keith sat down and looked around him innocently. "Was it a success?" he asked.

"Rather. They seemed to enjoy themselves." For once in his life Billy was at a loss for words.

"So it appears." Keith glanced carelessly toward the table, where empty bottles and cigarette ashes were very much in evidence. "Well, perhaps I'd better be running along; it's getting late," and he took a couple of steps toward the screen. Billy stepped hastily in front of him, and suddenly Keith's eyes fell upon something on the floor, near the screen. He stooped and picked it up. It was a peacock feather fan. Neither man spoke, but Keith stared at his friend a moment almost in terror. Then furiously he dashed the peacock fan to the floor and strode out of the room.

John Keith will never forget that night. It is photographed forever upon his memory. White and miserable, he sat in his room, deaf to Billy's knocking and to his pleading to be allowed to come in and explain everything. Explain! What was there to explain? She had lied to him, first and foremost; lied to him so that she need not go with him to the theatre; then she had come here, to Billy's supper party, and afterwards—afterwards, she had let Billy make love to her—kiss her! Hadn't he seen their tell-tale shadows on the glass door? Hadn't she run away and hidden when he had knocked upon the door? Weren't she and Billy Mayberry probably laughing even now over his misery? Undoubtedly. Furiously angry, he groped for a sheet of paper and scrawled a note to her. Then, still at white heat, he began to pack his few belongings. He did not know where he was going, but morning should not find him in the same city with the woman who had been false to him.

The morning's mail brought a short note to Polly Bainbridge. In it John Keith broke their engagement and announced his intention of leaving the city permanently.

IT was a year later, and Billy Mayberry was at work in his studio. Billy had made great strides in the year. He was engaged to the pretty widow, Mrs. Willing, and society had taken him up and was lionizing him, much to his own amusement. It really looked as though Billy were to be a success. This particular morning his attention had been distracted by something which had come to him in the mail. It was the announcement of the marriage of Polly Bainbridge and Martin Courtland. Billy sighed as he looked at it, for it recalled John Keith and his unhappy story. Suddenly the door of the studio opened and John Keith walked in. Billy's joy at seeing

FURIOUSLY HE DASHED THE PEACOCK FAN TO THE FLOOR AND STRODE OUT OF THE STUDIO

BUT OFTEN WHEN ALONE WITH HIS BELOVED VIOLIN, THE GREAT VIOLINIST TAKES FROM HIS POCKET A SINGLE PEACOCK FEATHER AND STARES SADLY AT IT

his old friend was only exceeded by his amazement.

"Here I am, trying to work, and not succeeding because you keep flitting through my mind eternally, and suddenly without a word of warning you walk in. Deucedly melodramatic, but awfully satisfactory. Where did you come from?"

"From California, where I've been for a year. Billy, you know why I'm here. You put this in the newspaper weeks ago," and he took a clipping from the "personal" column of a New York paper and handed it to the other. Billy's good-natured face clouded as he read the fateful notice.

"J. K.—The fan you found in my room was not left there by the woman you thought. Come home. Billy."

"Yes," he said, slowly, "I put it there, but that was weeks ago, as you say."

"It only fell into my hands lately by accident. Billy, tell me—you know what I feared—tell me—"

"There isn't much to tell. Mrs. Willing borrowed the fan and brought it here the night of the studio supper. She stayed a few minutes after the others went, as I was going to take her home. When you saw us through the glass I had just asked her to marry me."

"But why—why—"

"You bolted out without giving me a chance to say a word, and afterward, when I'd seen your note to Polly, you had disappeared and it was too late."

"But it's not too late! Can't you understand what a fool I've been? Can't you see that I'm going to her now and ask her to forgive me? To take me back again? Billy, what's the matter? What—"

Silently and with a heart full of sorrow, Billy handed Keith the wedding announcement that had come to him that morning.

JOHN KEITH is a great artist to whom thousands of men and women listen every year, and whose name in the world of music has traveled far and wide. He has never married, and people like to talk of a hidden romance in his youth, but they know nothing of the truth of that romance; they have never heard the story I have just told. If they had, perhaps they would not envy the great man as they do.

Keith has seen Polly Courtland but once since her marriage. While on a vacation in London, one summer, she and her husband passed him in their car, and he likes to think that she recognized him and that her face, beautiful as ever, grew sad for a moment as their eyes met.

But I know that often, when alone with his beloved violin, the great violinist takes from his pocket a single peacock feather and stares sadly at it, for one may be a great artist and yet not a happy man.

"The Three Scratch Clue"

A SOCIETY "RAFFLES" STORY

By Wilma Bright

Illustrations from the Essanay Film

"TUBBY" Flaherty and Tom Mullins, two of the huskiest "coppers" on the city force, were leisurely strolling along their beat when the latter's attention was attracted by a dark figure, which suddenly appeared through the dining-room window of a flat building near-by.

"'Tis a burglar, or I'm dreaming," gasped Tom as he nudged "Tubby" and pointed to the distant figure. Flaherty looked up just in time to see the man drop to the ground and saunter toward the walk in front of the building.

"Faith an' he's a cool customer, anyway," replied "Tubby," quickening his pace to keep up to Mullins, who had broken into a run.

The man who had made his exit from the flat in so unconventional a manner glanced over his shoulder, saw the two policemen approaching, and started to run as he saw Mullins had started in pursuit. Satisfied that the man was, indeed, a burglar just in the act of making his "get away," Mullins still further increased his speed, and the chase was on in earnest.

Down alleys, around corners, over back-yard fences, the mysterious prowler led the policemen. Though they strained every nerve to overtake him, he managed to maintain his lead and, at times, even seemed to be gaining. "Tubby," who tipped the scales around two hundred pounds, was puffing hard from the exertion, but Mullins, younger and more agile than his companion, hung on doggedly.

Turning into a broad avenue, once more Tom sighted his quarry less than half a block ahead of him and, jerking out his revolver, sent a bullet whistling over the head of the flying burglar. The man never halted, but ducked suddenly from sight behind a huge signboard that flanked the sidewalk. When Tom and his fellow-officer reached the spot there was no one to be seen.

"He didn't get far away, at any rate," commented Tom, as he scurried around one end of the sign-board and found himself looking out across a vacant lot, while on the other side of the vacant tract the lights of a many-storied apartment house blinked into his eyes.

"Maybe he's in there," hazarded the corpulent "Tubby," as he noted a side entrance to the flat building beside which they stood, and which opened toward the vacant lot.

"We'll soon find out," Mullins declared, as he swung open the door and entered.

Scarcely twenty seconds before, the flying figure, who had led the policemen such a chase, had dashed through that same doorway, and then sauntered calmly into a luxuriously furnished apartment that opened off the hallway. An English servant had greeted him with a polite "You're back early, Mr. Gideon, but I'll get your dressing gown and slippers immediately, sir."

"Never mind the slippers, Brooks," replied the slender, good-looking young man. "Just hand me my dressing gown and then leave me. I'm expecting callers."

"Yes sir, yes sir," nodded the servant, hastening to carry out the instructions given him.

"That was a rather close shave," mumbled the young man to himself, as he hastily slipped out of the coat, cap and gloves he had been wearing, and into the loose dressing gown the man-servant had brought him. "Guess, though, I can pass inspection, now," he added, as he surveyed himself in the glass over the mantelpiece.

Scarcely had he slid into the depths of a big easy-chair and picked up a book from a littered table that stood near the center of the room, when there came a ring at the doorbell and Brooks pattered silently out to answer it. A moment later the man-servant returned, closely followed by Flaherty and Mullins, both of whom were still panting from their exertions.

"I tried to stop them, sir, but they insisted upon seeing you!" stammered Brooks, whose dignity had been completely upset by the rude entrance of the officers.

"Well—well, what is it?" interrupted the young man at the table. "Why this intrusion?"

The officers shifted nervously from foot to foot, but Mullins finally managed to gasp out an

incoherent story of their chase and the hope that the man they had been pursuing might have taken refuge within the young man's apartment.

"Ridiculous!" declared the individual to whom they had addressed their tale. "Brooks, here, will bear me out in the statement that no such person has entered these rooms. Your man probably slipped across the vacant lot in the rear, took a car at the corner beyond, and is miles away by this time. Sorry we can't furnish you a burglar at such short notice, but really we're just out." He ended with a laugh.

Embarrassed and convinced that they had blundered, Flaherty and Mullins backed out of the room, leaving Gideon Lynch laughing heartily the moment the door had closed behind them. "The poor boobs," he muttered, "one could almost steal the buttons off their uniforms and get away with them, if he dressed and talked like a gentleman, instead of the type of thief to which they are accustomed!"

Feeling certain that he had befuddled his pursuers, Lynch turned back to the coat he had worn when he came in, brought out a beautiful and costly necklace from its inner pocket, and taking it to the light admired his trophy of the evening. Posing as a young society man of means, the crafty Lynch was able to move among the upper circles of society, to pick and choose the costliest gems and rarest jewels worn by his friends, and, when the opportune moment presented itself, to make them his. Owing to his established position in society, not the faintest trace of suspicion attached to him when the hunt for the thief began, and he was ofttimes consulted by the very detectives assigned to run down the crook who was preying upon his friends.

With another laugh over the stupidity of his two callers and a quiet smile at his own sagacity in eluding pursuit, he put the necklace carefully away and prepared for bed.

While breakfasting the next morning, Lynch read with interest an item in his paper relating to the purchase by Dr. Strong, a fanatic old book collector, of the only authentic copy of a rare and old edition for $50,000. The paper stated that by this purchase Dr. Strong filled the one vacancy in his otherwise complete set of the edition, and that he now possessed one of the most celebrated libraries to be found in the entire United States.

Lynch, himself, was a bookworm, and readily appreciated the importance of Dr. Strong's purchase. Though he well knew he would never dare display it, even should he be fortunate enough to secure the treasure, he was instantly possessed with a desire to obtain the rare old volume, and set about immediately formulating a plan for accomplishing this very thing. For more than an hour he lingered over his coffee and his paper, forming first one plan and then another, only to discard them all for what seemed a still more simple one, which suddenly popped into his head.

When he at last folded his paper and arose from the table it was to summon from a distant part of the city a crook of the lowest type—a common sneak-thief or purse-snatcher—but a man who on more than one occasion had been of assistance to Lynch in his operations. When this shady looking individual arrived, Lynch had him ushered into the library and then proceeded to outline to him a scheme for forming the acquaintanceship of Dr. Strong and Helen, his only daughter.

The humble purse-snatcher thought it a queer and most decidedly roundabout way to form a man's acquaintance, but Lynch always paid well for assistance, so the crook from the tenement-house district made no comments, but promised to carry out his part of the plan exactly as agreed upon.

That afternoon Lynch put his plan into operation. Learning that Dr. Strong and his daughter were attending a reception at a certain address, given in the society columns of the paper, Lynch and his friend, the sneak-thief, waited in the neighborhood until Dr. Strong and his pretty daughter were seen making their adieus at the door.

A taxicab stood at the curb awaiting the old antiquarian, and just as Strong and his daughter were seen to descend the steps of the home they had been visiting, Lynch nudged his companion and the latter darted forward. Creeping cautiously up behind Miss Strong, he grabbed her chatelaine, which swung from her hand, and started to run. He had scarcely taken ten steps, however, before Lynch was upon him. The two struggled for a second, the thief seemed to squirm out of the grasp of his captor and a moment later was around the corner and dashing madly away, while Lynch stood before Dr. Strong and his daughter, bowing low and extending the silver trinket.

"Oh, how can I ever thank you?" began Miss Helen. "But for your quickness I should have lost it forever."

"And let me, also, add my thanks," begged the old gentleman, who had stopped with one foot on the step of the taxi. "My daughter prizes the trinket highly—it being a gift from one of her

"I'LL GO," GASPED NORMAN. "YOU MUSTN'T GET INTO ANY TROUBLE"

dearest friends—and would have felt its loss keenly."

"Say no more, I beg of you," answered Lynch, again bowing. "It was pure chance that I happened to be of assistance to you, and I am sure anyone could have done as much as I did."

"And whom have we to thank?" asked Dr. Strong.

"Pardon me, my card," murmured Lynch, as he extended a beautifully engraved card, on which appeared "Gideon Lynch," and his address.

"Can it be possible that you are the Mr. Lynch my friend, Professor Myers, is always talking about?" queried Dr. Strong.

"Professor Myers is, indeed, a friend of mine," stated Lynch, "but I was unaware that he had mentioned my name to others."

"Oh, but he has," went on Strong. "He has been loud in his praises of you, and in a way I feel as though I already knew you. Won't you step into the taxi and accompany us home?"

"Oh, we should be so glad to have you," encouraged Miss Strong.

Lynch appeared to hesitate, though in reality it was the very invitation he had so carefully planned on, and finally answered: "It will be a pleasure, I am sure. No longer ago than this morning I was thinking of you, when reading in the paper about your finally securing the volume necessary to complete the rare edition in which you are interested, though I must say I had, then, no suspicion that I should have now, the pleasure of meeting you."

"All the more reason, my dear Mr. Lynch, why you should accompany us. It will be a pleasure, indeed, to show a friend of Professor Myers the book which I have been so fortunate as to secure," murmured Dr. Strong, as he settled himself back against the cushions. Lynch seated himself beside the daughter.

"Doesn't it seem foolish to you, Mr. Lynch, to pay $50,000 for a musty old book? I never can quite realize that daddy is sane when he can place such a high value on so common a thing as a book."

"Oh, but this is quite an extraordinary volume," answered Lynch, thereby endearing himself at once to Dr. Strong. "I don't claim to be much of an authority on books, but I am quite sure the rare edition, which your father now possesses, is, without doubt, one of the most highly prized collections in the country. Your father is to be congratulated on securing it."

"Really, Mr. Lynch, you mustn't mind what this little girl of mine says," apologized Dr. Strong. "She is such a little butterfly that I have given up trying to interest her in my books, and she really does consider her old daddy a little bit insane on the subject, I believe. But in spite of all that he loves his books—yes, he loves his books—" and the sentence ended in a sigh.

The taxi drew up at the home of Dr. Strong at this moment and the three went within. Dr. Strong stopped in the hallway barely long enough to remove his coat and hat and then conducted his guest to the library.

"Mr. Lynch, meet my secretary, Norman Arnold," said Dr. Strong, nodding toward a young man they found in the library, busy over a card index. "Mr. Arnold was largely instrumental in helping me to secure the missing volume."

"Charmed to know you, I am sure," murmured Lynch, whose eyes were following Dr. Strong when the latter stepped to a big library table that stood in the middle of the room, threw back the scarf which covered it, and revealed a built-in safe, which formed the lower part of the table. Dr. Strong stooped and began to twirl the knob which operated the combination. A moment later he rose with a huge volume in his hand and extended it toward Lynch.

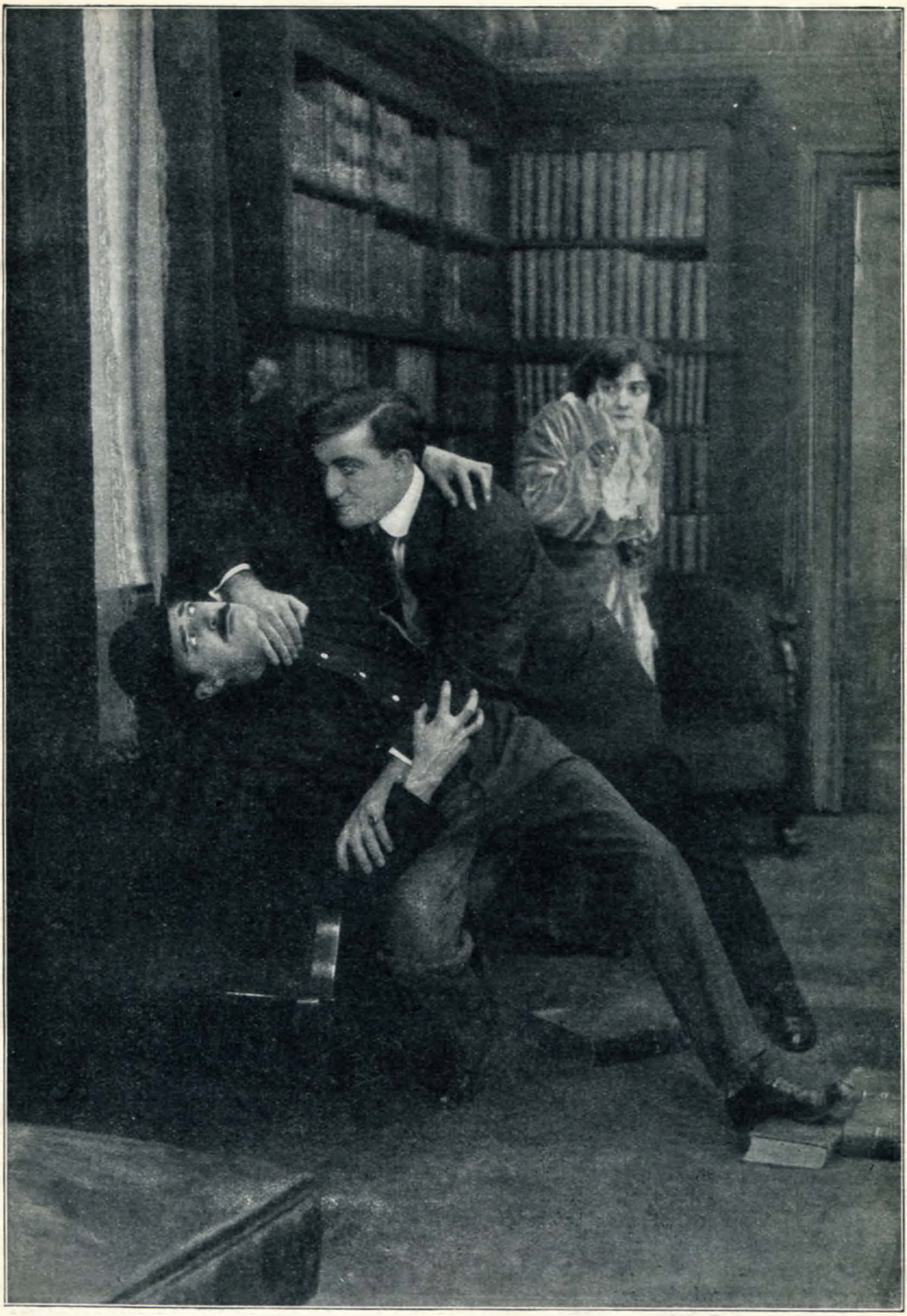
"There it is—the prize of the whole collection!" he exclaimed as Lynch took the book and approached the window that he might have a better light in which to examine the volume for which his host had the day before paid $50,000.

Dr. Strong bustled about, dragging down other rare and costly volumes from the shelves to show his guest and failed to note that Lynch was far more interested in the safe from which the treasure had been taken, in the window fastenings of the room, and the method of approach to the house, than he was in the book he held in his hand.

Suddenly Lynch's eyes lit up with excitement. Just across the street he had noted a house in whose window appeared a sign reading "Rooms to Let." Though he still gazed at the book in his hands he was thinking, "From a front room in the house across the street I will be able to see everything that occurs in this room, and with the aid of a powerful telescope will probably be able to decipher the combination. It's not going to be as hard as I imagined it might be."

In answer to a question of Dr. Strong's his thoughts came back to the room in which he stood, and he soon found himself engaged in a discussion with his host of the various works of prominent authors. Lynch was really highly educated, and was able to more than hold up his end of the argument, even against so noted an authority as Dr. Strong.

The discussion was brought to an end by the entrance of Helen, who had changed her gown



HELEN HAD TURNED ON THE LIGHTS IN THE HALLWAY, AND THE TWO MEN WERE DIMLY REVEALED STRUGGLING ON THE LIBRARY FLOOR

for one even more becoming. She looked more charming and winsome than ever.

"I'm sure Mr. Lynch has heard more than enough of your musty old books, daddy, so now if you'll excuse him, we'll adjourn to the parlor," she smiled.

Lynch bowed his thanks, smiled at his host, and followed the pretty girl from the room. Dr. Strong put his precious volume back in the safe beneath the library table, and Norman, his secretary, scowled harder than ever at his card index, for, truth to tell, Norman was head over heels in love with Helen, and looked with disfavor upon her bestowing any attentions upon other men. Dr. Strong secretly approved of the match between his secretary and his daughter, for he considered Norman a most likable sort of chap and appreciated that his marriage into the family would insure his remaining indefinitely to assist with the books.

As for Helen, though she admired Norman very much, she had not yet been able to bring herself to promise to become his wife. Norman had proposed to her at least a dozen times, if he had once, but upon the last occasion Helen had declared that he appeared to be too much of a bookworm and that he would have to prove himself a real man, a man who would face danger or peril for her sake, willing to sacrifice anything for her, before she could say "yes" to his plea. Norman had gone away very silent and downcast, but Helen felt sure that he would yet measure up to the standard she had mentally set for him.

As Lynch followed his hostess through the doorway, he noted that Dr. Strong had left his keys dangling from the door, and instantly remembered how essential it might prove to have an easy way of entering the library after he had secured the combination of the safe. He paused a moment in conversation with Helen, while the slender fingers of one hand groped their way down the side of the door, against which he leaned, until they encountered the keys and then, very silently and quickly, the keys were transferred to his fingers and thence to his pocket.

Still smiling down at the pretty Helen, he strolled along the hallway and into the parlor. Seated in a cozy chair, he chatted away a half-hour and then, after saying good-afternoon and promising his hosts to call again before many days had passed, he hurried along the street toward his own rooms. At the corner he hesitated a moment then retraced his steps and crossed the street to the rooming house he had seen from the library window. Entering, he engaged a big room on the second floor, which looked out upon the street. Explaining that he would take possession of his new quarters the following morning, he bowed his way out, and this time made for his own apartment.

FOLLOWING Lynch's departure from the Strong home, Norman and Helen had a long conversation in the hallway, during which Norman clearly indicated his dislike for the caller. But Miss Helen gave the secretary to understand that Mr. Lynch was a brave man, who had done much for her. She explained her adventure of the afternoon and told how Lynch had restored her chatelaine.

"When you can prove to me that you are similarly brave, then, perhaps, I'll agree to marry you, but not before," stormed Helen, and she stamped her small foot as though she really meant it.

Bright and early the following morning, Lynch appeared at the rooming house across the street and took possession of the room he had engaged. The landlady would have been astonished had she known that the suitcase he brought contained nothing but a small and highly powerful telescope, which, once the door was closed behind him, he took out and focused upon the library of the Strong residence on the other side of the street.

Lynch kept faithful watch at the window and ere long was rewarded by seeing Dr. Strong's secretary bustling about. The old book lover himself appeared as the morning advanced, but it was nearly noon before anyone approached the safe. The moment the old gentleman lifted the tablespread and knelt before the strong-box, Lynch brought the glass to his eye and kept it riveted upon the room across the way.

The powerful glass brought the room clearly to his sight. He was able to discern clearly the figures upon the dial of the combination, and in breathless silence he watched Dr. Strong revolve the little knob, now this way, and now that. As each step in the combination was worked out, Lynch jotted down the figures on a bit of paper. When the door finally opened to his touch and Dr. Strong was seen to be fondling the precious book, which had cost him such a tidy sum, the paper in Lynch's fingers held a notation which read as follows:

"15 to the right 3 times,
30 to the left 2 times,
45 to the right 4 times,
60 to the left 3 times,
Back to 40 and open."

Stowing this memoranda in his coat pocket, the clever rascal smiled triumphantly, and, donning

his coat and hat, hastened away. He felt that the hardest part of his mission was accomplished and there now remained only the actual entering of the house and the working of the combination to insure his getting the wonderful book.

Late that afternoon, Brooks, at Lynch's direction, telephoned Dr. Strong, and when the aged antiquarian was on the wire, Lynch himself said: "I just wanted to tell you that I have been fortunate enough to obtain a volume, this afternoon, which I feel sure will interest you. If you are at liberty this evening I should be delighted to have you call on me and tell me what you think of my find."

"I shall be delighted," answered Dr. Strong. "Suppose we say eight o'clock?"

"That suits me," replied Lynch. "Now, don't disappoint me."

"No, I'll be there at eight," assured Dr. Strong as he hung up the receiver.

"Yes, and at eight-thirty, I'll have your $50,000 prize," laughed Lynch to himself, as he hastened away to make his preparations for the evening's adventure.

Promptly at the appointed hour Brooks showed in Dr. Strong. Lynch was awaiting his visitor, clad in a long, loose dressing gown, beneath which he wore a soft flannel shirt and trousers of dark material.

"Glad to see you again, Dr. Strong," warmly exclaimed Lynch, as he ushered his visitor into the library, and after seeing him comfortably settled in a deep chair, brought out a tattered old volume that he had borrowed that afternoon from a wealthy friend of his, who was also interested in the collection of rare old editions. "And here's the discovery I made," he added, as he opened the volume on the table.

"Well, well, well," murmured Dr. Strong, taking the book in his lap and opening it to the title page. In a moment he was completely lost to his surroundings, all his thoughts being on the treasure he held in his hands. Lynch kept silent, and as he noted the absorption of his guest, turned to a writing desk which stood near his elbow, selected a sheet of paper, and wrote hurriedly:

"Brooks:
"The old boy is deeply interested in his book. I'm going out for a half hour. When he comes out from his trance, tell him I was hurriedly called away, but will be back directly. Tell him to wait. Don't let him leave the rooms until I return. This latter is important. Hurriedly,
"Lynch."

Being careful not to disturb Dr. Strong, Lynch summoned his man-servant, handed him the note and then slid quietly out of the room. With a jerk of his shoulders he slipped out of the dressing gown, grabbed a long automobile coat and a chauffeur's cap, pasted on a false mustache, and darted out of the apartment by the same side entrance he had used a night or two earlier when escaping from the police.

Outside the apartment a big car stood near the curb. Lynch was in the driver's seat in a single leap, had thrown on the power and went spinning away in the direction of Dr. Strong's home. Arrived there, he stopped the car on the opposite side of the street, slid out of the coat and hurried over to the Strong mansion. Trying the door gently he found it open and stepped noiselessly within. From the parlor he heard the low murmur of voices—evidently those of Miss Helen and Norman. At the end of the hallway he beheld the door to the library. He took the key from his pocket, inserted it in the door, and gently turned the knob. A second later he stood alone within the darkened, book-lined room.

Switching on a light, he boldly knelt in front of the safe, after having whisked the tablespread out of his way. Drawing the memoranda of the combination from his pocket, he twirled the knob, now to the right and then to the left. Hushed little clicks, barely discernible even to his trained ear, rewarded his efforts, but upon whirling the knob back to "40" he found the door swung outward at his touch. In another second he arose from the floor with the $50,000 book in his grasp. An upward sweep of his arm and the room was again in darkness and he had begun to make his way toward the doorway. His foot, however, struck against the leg of a chair, the book was loosened from his clutch and fell to the floor with a loud bang. "Damn!" swore Lynch, under his breath, as he stopped to recover the treasure he had come to secure.

In the adjoining parlor the crash of the falling book interrupted Norman's fifteenth proposal to Helen.

"What was that?" questioned the young man so rudely interrupted in his love making.

"It seemed to come from the library," stated Helen.

"But there's no one there," answered Norman, "and I locked the door myself as I came out a few moments ago."

"We'd better investigate," urged Helen, alarm creeping into her voice. "Daddy would never forgive us if we permitted any harm to befall his precious books."

"I'll go," gasped Norman. "You mustn't get into any trouble."

Before the girl could remonstrate or even

caution him against himself running into danger, Norman was out of the room, down the hall, and had reached the library.

Entering, he bumped into Lynch, who was just rising to his feet after having recovered the book. With a crash the two went to the floor, Lynch on top. Norman blindly reached out and grasped the leg of the intruder. Lynch twisted about to free his limb, and with his free arm struck viciously at the secretary who had discovered him.

Helen had turned on the lights in the hallway and the two men were dimly revealed struggling on the library floor. As they thrashed about, chairs were overturned, books fell from their resting places on the shelves and blows were freely exchanged. Lynch managed to free his leg by a tremendous effort, and, bringing the book down on the head of his adversary, he leaped over an overturned chair and dashed out into the hallway.

It all happened so quickly that Helen saw nothing but a dark figure leaping past her. Then the front door slammed. Five seconds later, Norman flew past and also disappeared without.

On the street Norman looked anxiously about. The only human being in sight was a chauffeur across the street, lounging comfortably in his seat. Bareheaded and excited, Norman dashed across to him and demanded, "I say, my man, did you see a chap that just came out of that house over yonder, and do you know which way he went?"

"Do you mean that fellow who just came out and got into the auto?" asked the chauffeur. "He went that way, and he went a-flying!"

"Yes, that must be he," gasped Norman in surprise, "though I didn't know he had an auto waiting. Would you mind renting me your car till I follow him? It's a burglar. He's just stolen a valuable book from Dr. Strong, my employer, who lives just across the way!"

"Get in!" shouted the chauffeur, as he threw in his clutch. "We'll have to hurry if we catch him."

Norman leaped into the tonneau of the car, which started with such a jerk that he was hurled violently back against the cushions. However, the more speed the better, thought Norman, giving no thought to any personal injuries. Rounding the next corner on two wheels, the auto swung into a broad avenue and went dashing ahead with renewed speed.

As they swept along, Norman tried to recall how the man in the library looked, so that he might be able to identify him positively when they caught up to him. It had been so dark in the room that Norman had been unable to see the features of his opponent clearly, but he recalled that the man had worn a mustache, and felt sure that his clothing would show traces of the struggles.

He leaned forward to further direct the chauffeur, but the man seemed so intent on his steering wheel as not to hear him. Norman spoke louder, but still the man ignored him. Norman thought it peculiar, but tried again. Still no response from the figure ahead, who seemed a veritable speed demon by the way he tore along the road, for by this time they had turned out upon a country highway, though Norman could see no car ahead of them.

A sudden jerk of the car, as it rounded a curve, threw Norman violently to the floor of the car, and as he rested a hand on the floor to steady himself while arising, his fingers encountered something soft and fuzzy. Startled and surprised, Norman drew it up where he could see what it was, and his eyes lit up with amazement as they discovered it to be a false mustache.

A startling thought flashed through Norman's brain, but it seemed too ridiculous to be true. Then he remembered the strange silence on the part of his driver and this wild chase along a country road. Suspicion grew stronger! Pulling himself erect, until he could more clearly see the man in the seat ahead, Norman bent forward. The chauffeur's face was hidden by the shadow of the car top, but the bright moonlight clearly revealed the slender, muscular fingers which gripped the steering wheel and the back of one hand bore three long scratches which were red and sore.

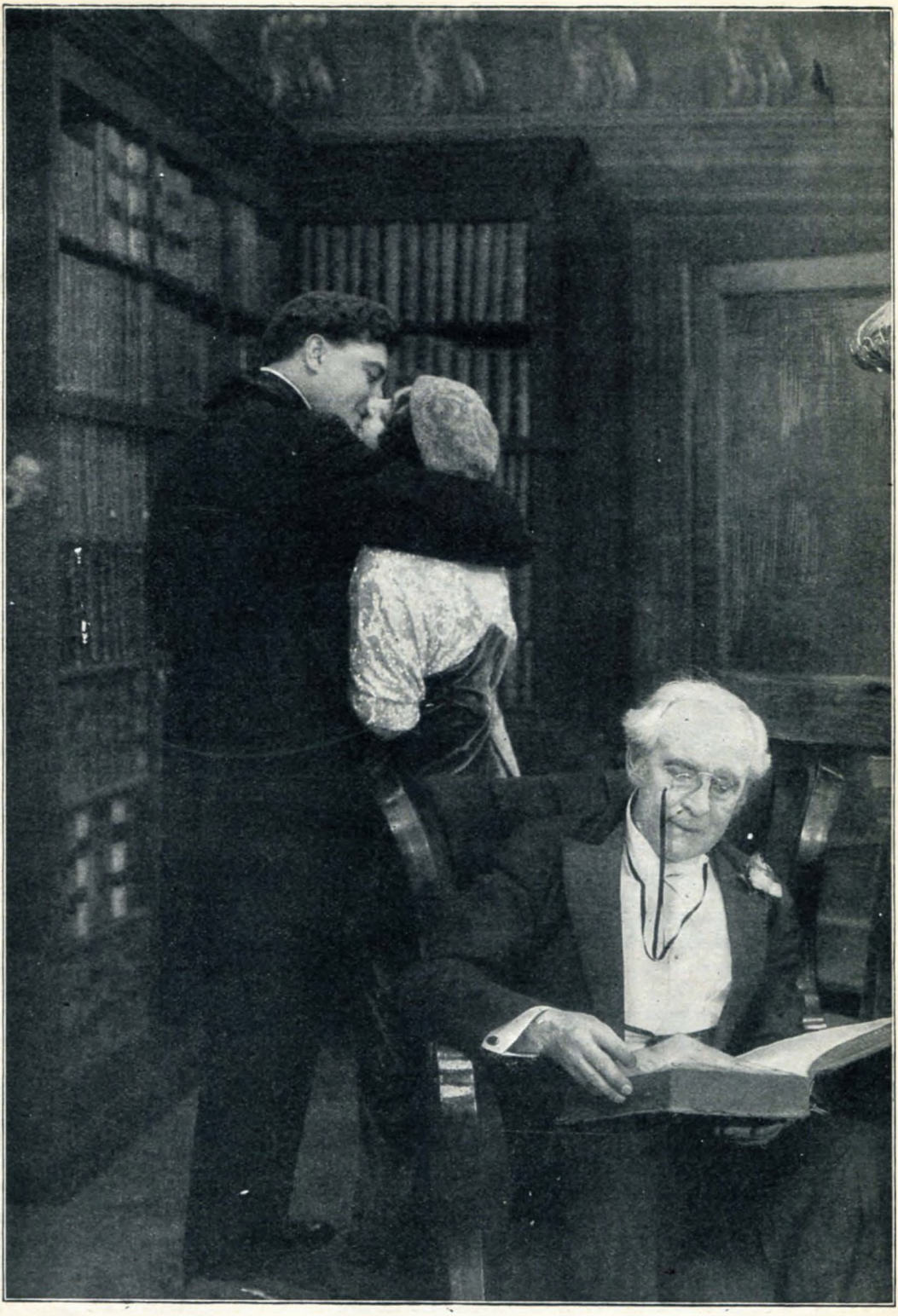
Norman recalled having dragged his finger nails along the hand of his opponent while the two were struggling on the library floor.

In a second he understood. The chauffeur driving him was the thief himself!

The moment this fact impressed itself on Norman's brain, the secretary hurled himself upon the back of the unsuspecting driver. Locking one arm firmly beneath the man's neck, Norman threw his weight backward and literally jerked the driver out of his seat. The chauffeur twisted and squirmed. He fought and bit and struggled, but Norman maintained his hold.

The unguided car swerved and skidded and Norman expected every moment to see it leap from the roadway and go crashing through a fence.

The car was running on fourth speed and was fairly flying along the deserted road. Certainly that pace could not be maintained with safety, but Norman had his hands too full with his



DR. STRONG SAW HIS DAUGHTER CLASPED FIRMLY IN NORMAN'S ARMS. AFTER TAKING ANOTHER LOOK TO BE SURE THAT HIS EYES WERE NOT DECEIVING HIM, THE GENTLE-HEARTED OLD BOOK-WORM TURNED, AND AGAIN LOST HIMSELF IN HIS BOOK

captive to permit of his making any attempt to stop the car.

A sudden heave on the part of Lynch sent the two crashing against the tonneau door, which opened beneath the strain, throwing the two struggling men out into the roadway, hurtling over and over as they fell down a ten-foot embankment that bordered the road just at that point. Five seconds later the auto crashed into a telephone pole and was wrecked.

HELEN, meanwhile, had frantically followed Norman out onto the porch, seen him speak to the chauffeur on the opposite side of the street, and then had watched him as he sped away. Returning to the parlor she telephoned her father, whom she knew to be at Lynch's home, and told him what had happened. Dr. Strong was unnerved at the shock, but gasped that he would be home immediately.

Five minutes later, when the taxicab he had engaged drew up before his home, Helen came swinging down the steps. She shouted the direction Norman had taken, and urged her father to join in the pursuit. The old gentleman agreed, and picking up a policeman at the next corner, they went whirling in pursuit of Norman and the thief he was chasing. Though somewhat doubtful of the direction to take, they chose, by good luck, the very road along which Norman had been driven but a short time before.

When they came upon the wreck of the automobile against the telephone pole, they stopped their taxi and got out to investigate. Norman at this very moment regained consciousness and sat up, to discover that Lynch had also come to his senses and was even then in the act of bringing down a huge rock upon his head. Lynch's intention was to stun Norman and then to resume his flight afoot, but before he could accomplish his purpose, he was sighted by the policeman on the roadway above. The officer drew his revolver and sent a bullet crashing through Lynch's arm, just in time to prevent Norman's brains being dashed out. A moment later Lynch was a captive and Norman was receiving the attention of Dr. Strong and Helen.

Dr. Strong was thoroughly delighted when he found that his precious $50,000 book was still safe and unharmed after its unusual adventure. While he was examining it the officers forced Lynch up the embankment and into the car. Norman took advantage of the opportunity to slip one arm about Helen's waist and to whisper: "Well, little girl, we didn't let any harm come to the book after all, did we?"

"No, indeed," answered Helen, "and, oh, Norman, I think you're just the bravest fellow in the whole world, and I don't see how I could ever have doubted it. You aren't a bit afraid of danger or trouble, and I love you, love you, love you!"

Norman smiled happily to himself and took a great deal of time and pains in assisting his sweetheart up the embankment and into the waiting taxicab.

Arrived at home, Dr. Strong hurriedly restored his treasured volume to its former resting place in the safe and then went into the library. Helen and Norman slipped into the parlor and sought out a quiet corner where they could talk over their new-found bliss.

Later, when they walked through the library, Dr. Strong saw his daughter clasped firmly in Norman's arms. After taking another look to be sure that his eyes were not deceiving him, the gentle-hearted old bookworm turned and again lost himself in his book.

"DON'T BREATHE IT TO A SOUL"

"I found the classiest little restaurant in New York last evening," declared an actor to a bunch of "the boys" at the Thanhouser plant the other morning.

"What's the name of it?" asked Riley Chamberlain, who

is very keen for just such information.

"Nicalotti's!" replied James.

"Well, my boy," remarked Riley cheerfully, as he started to walk away, "if you must eat garlic don't breathe it to a soul."

"Dolly of the Dailies"

A SERIES OF EXCITING NEWSPAPER STORIES

5—"The Chinese Fan"

Adapted from the Photoplay of Acton Davies

By Helen Bagg

Illustrations from the Edison Film Featuring Mary Fuller

TWO weeks after Dolly Desmond and her friend, Miss Mindel of the Reform League, had made matters so exceedingly unpleasant for the president of the Union Realty Company, Dolly was hurrying down Mott street on her way to the Chinese Theatre.

She had turned up her small, pert nose a bit disdainfully when the city editor of THE COMET had given her the assignment, for had she not won her newspaper spurs on the Bollivar case? To be sent to write a human interest story about a stuffy Chinese theatre was very much in the nature of a come-down, she thought. Why couldn't the city editor have put her to work on the story that was turning all newspaperdom upside down —the mysterious and perplexing disappearance of Muriel Armstrong? There was something to interest one!

However, Dolly had not put her indignant thoughts into words. That night the editor of THE COMET was in no frame of mind to be approached on the subject of Muriel Armstrong, and the fact was apparent even to a novice like Dolly.

For over a week the newspaper world had been agog over the disappearance of Muriel Armstrong, a young woman who up to that time had interested no one but the society editors. She was the twenty-year-old daughter of Grant Armstrong, a wealthy lumber merchant, and only recently had made her debut in society. There appeared to be no obvious reason for her disappearance; her home life had been happy, she was a sunny-natured little person, with apparently no cause for melancholia, and had but recently announced her engagement to a young man of whom her parents thoroughly approved. Suicide was out of the question, and kidnaping seemed the only solution of the puzzle which was agitating the press and the police force.

As Dolly tripped along Mott street, she turned over and over in her mind the tragic story of the Armstrong girl. For the hundredth time she thought over the mystery, so deep and appalling.

The missing heiress had gone to a matinee with a party of girl friends, expecting to go to dinner and spend the night at the home of another girl who had not been with the party. After the matinee, she had left the theatre, and no one had seen her since. She had never reached the other girl's house, and no word had come to her frantic parents as to her whereabouts.

That was all that anyone knew about the case, and not even the hard and untiring work on the part of countless energetic reporters, goaded on by the furiously angry city editors, had been able to bring forth one single clue. Had the ground in front of the theatre opened and swallowed Muriel Armstrong, her disappearance could not have been more complete.

"But it didn't open up and swallow her," reasoned Dolly. "Consequently she's above ground somewhere, unless she's been murdered; and why should anyone murder Muriel Armstrong, who hadn't an enemy in the world?"

Dolly was a trim, pretty little figure, in her neat black and white checked suit and her soft velvet hat. Her only ornament was a little gold pin in the shape of a fan, which she had picked up in the street one day and wore as a mascot.

"She's been kidnaped, all right," she went on, talking to herself, after her habit, "and it's mighty queer that there aren't brains enough in this town to figure out who did it. Gee whiz, wouldn't I like to find out and 'land it' for THE COMET! What a scoop!" And her eyes danced at the thought.

The theatre was full that night; full with the usual mixture of Chinese, and white sightseers. Dolly sat between one of the latter, a rough-looking chap, and a young Chinaman, who, apparently unconscious of anyone or anything out-

HE REACHED OUT WITH A THIN, YELLOW CLAW OF A HAND AND SEIZED THE LAPEL OF HER COAT

side the performance, sat staring with wide, tilted eyes at the small stage. It was the usual Chinese performance, but to Dolly it was new, and her imagination was caught in a moment by the oddity of her surroundings.

The sharp, choppy sound of the Chinese tongue, the frequent breaking in of the queer musical instruments, the utter absence of scenery or costuming, and the absolute stolidity of both actors and audience, lent a peculiar fascination to the performance to Dolly's unaccustomed eyes. The property man, too—that strange and all-important person in the Chinese theatre, who gravely hands out fans or swords or any other of the necessary properties from the wings in full and solemn view of the audience, and who serves as a program, revealing the status of the different members of the cast, by adroit manipulations of the furniture—caught her fancy. And also the inmates of a half-hidden box in the corner—the only Chinese women in the theatre! Dolly thought she would love to interview them and hear what they really thought about things. Feet, for instance—did they really believe that—

But Dolly was aroused from her reverie by a voice at her side. The young Chinaman next her, whose vacant expression had attracted her notice a few minutes ago, had turned, was facing her and saying something to her in rapid Chinese. There was no vacancy in his face now, but a savage, angry look that sent a frightened shiver down the girl's back. She drew away from him, but he reached out with a thin, yellow claw of a hand and seized the lapel of her coat. His voice had risen until it seemed to Dolly that everyone in the room was looking at them, and he clutched the little gold fan, tore it from her coat and waved it savagely in the air.

In a moment, it seemed to Dolly, the place was a sea of angry yellow faces and clawing, yellow hands. Two or three women screamed and there was a rush toward the door. Dolly, terrified but puzzled—it had all happened so quickly—stood clutching the empty lapel of her jacket. Then she heard a voice near her. It was the white man at her right.

"Better duck, lady, they're cooking up a row of some kind here," he said, as he caught her by

the arm. "Slide out that door while I punch that chap's head." And as Dolly thankfully "ducked," she saw a big arm shoot out and come into abrupt contact with a black, pigtailed head.

As Dolly caught a breath of fresh air in the doorway, she saw a policeman elbowing his way through the crowd, and she stepped out into the narrow street with a sigh of relief. A few steps from the theatre, however, she halted, at the opening of a narrow alley.

"I'm a nice newspaper woman, I am!" she told herself, bitterly. "Just the minute anything interesting begins to happen, I run away and hide! I'm a credit to my profession, I don't think!" And Dolly's cheeks burned hotly.

"Maybe that was a regular Highbinder row and that pin of mine started it, somehow or other. Well, anyhow, I can go back and pump that fat policeman and get a story that way, but I'm ashamed of myself. Just because I happen to be dreadfully and horribly afraid of Chinamen I've let the best story yet get away from me." She turned back, but before she could take a step toward the theatre, a long arm reached out of the alley, seized her by the throat, and drew her down, down, hundreds of feet down, it seemed to the terrified girl, into darkness.

There was no chance to cry out; the grip on her throat provided for that, and unseen hands which held her firmly, made struggling useless. But Dolly's quick brain, once the first numbing horror was over, worked rapidly. All the frightful things that she had ever heard about Chinatown and its people rushed through her mind with sickening clearness. Tales of white women lured into its depths and never heard of again came on waves of memory. She was being carried downstairs, probably into one of those underground passages for which old Chinatown was famous.

Then the hand was taken from her throat, a door opened in the darkness, Dolly was thrown into a dimly-lighted room, and her captors made their way upstairs again.

She jumped to her feet instantly and seized the knob of the door. It was locked, of course. With a sob, Dolly faced about and took a good look at her surroundings. The room, a small one, was so dimly lighted by a dirty lamp which stood on a wooden table that Dolly could distinguish only one appalling fact—she was not alone. In a bunk at one side of the room lay a figure, sleeping or dead, the girl did not know which; and on the floor, in a dark corner, crouched another. Suddenly, out of the dimness, this second figure hurled itself upon Dolly.

"It's a woman! A white woman! Oh, save me—get me out of here before they kill me!" The voice was shrill with fear and the hands tore madly at Dolly's skirts. Dolly stooped and looked into the face of the woman who was sobbing so wildly. Even in that miserable light there was no mistaking the face that every newspaper in town had been picturing for a week. Dolly laughed hysterically.

"I've done it!" she cried wildly. "I've made the scoop of the year! I've found Muriel Armstrong!" And she wrapped the trembling girl in her arms.

"IT'S A WOMAN! A WHITE WOMAN! OH, SAVE ME—GET ME OUT OF HERE BEFORE THEY KILL ME!" THE VOICE WAS SHRILL WITH FEAR AND THE HANDS TORE MADLY AT DOLLY'S SKIRTS.

"Yes, yes, but don't make so much noise—don't wake him!" Muriel pointed with terror to the figure in the bunk. She was shaking now so that she could scarcely stand. Dolly drew her down upon the rough wooden chair and leaned close to her.

"Don't be afraid. We're going to get out of here, you and I. You must buck up and be brave, do you understand?" And she rubbed the girl's cold hand against her soft cheek. The newspaper instinct was awake in Dolly Desmond. THE COMET should have this story if she had to tear Chinatown down with her own hands. In the meantime she petted the shivering Muriel and glanced fearfully toward the bunk.

"Who is he?" she whispered, her lips close to Muriel's ear.

"The guard they put in this afternoon when I screamed and pounded on the door. He said he'd kill me if I didn't keep still."

"H'm! We're not as far underground as I thought," remarked Dolly, softly. "Has he been smoking long?"

"Hours. Do you—oh, do you think we'll ever get out?"

"I know we shall. That man's got a key about him somewhere and I'm going to have it." Dolly rose with determination and pushed the frightened Muriel aside. Inside she was quaking with the fears of a dozen girls, but outwardly she was Miss Desmond of THE COMET, moving relentlessly upon the enemy. Quietly, she crept to the edge of the bunk and glanced at the miserable specimen of humanity lying upon it, his eyes glazed, his mouth half open, and his beloved pipe clutched tightly in one hand. He was a Chinaman, but dressed in citizen's clothes.

Sick with repulsion, Dolly forced herself to touch the creature; he did not move. Growing braver, she slid her hand softly into one of the pockets of his coat, but it was empty. The man stirred; Dolly held her breath. She could feel the excitement of the other girl, who crouched, panic-stricken, in a corner. Dolly knew she must have that key at any cost. Cautiously she tried the other pocket—something, it felt like a bunch of keys, met her trembling fingers. She seized it feverishly, and then, suddenly, the man awakened from his stupor, and with a snarl of rage reached for her throat.

There was a scream from the corner of the room. Dolly backed away from the bunk, and the Chinaman, now thoroughly roused, jumped from the shelf in the wall and sprang for the girl. He was a fearful sight, with his bleared eyes and twitching face. Dolly shrank away from him, but he seized her by the shoulders, muttering angrily; the coveted keys fell to the floor with a clatter.

"Get them, Muriel, get the keys!" Dolly's voice rang out as she turned suddenly on the man who had seized her, and grasped his throat with her strong, young fingers. Half-crazed and wholly weakened by opium, the Chinaman was no match for a girl who had been trained by four years of college athletics, but he did not relax his hold.

Muriel, nearly out of her senses with terror, groped on the floor for the keys as the two struggled. It seemed hours to Dolly, her hands still on the thin neck of her assailant, fighting like a tiger to keep them there, but at last she heard the clink of the keys as Muriel's hand grasped them. The Chinaman heard, too, and with a sudden jerk he sprang aside, dragging Dolly with him. They fell to the floor, crashing against the table which held the lamp, and in another moment the room was in darkness; then, suddenly, flames burst out and filled the room. There was a piercing shriek from the Chinaman, and at the same moment Muriel's trembling fingers found the lock of the door.

"Get away, quick, before they come—I can hold him here—but hurry!" Dolly's breath came in gasps and sobs, her fingers were numb, but they clung to the neck of the man on the floor. "Go to the office of the THE COMET and tell them I'm here!" And Muriel, too frightened to disobey, plunged into the passage outside.

It was dark in the passage and Muriel had nothing to guide her. Mad with fear, she rushed along, slipping, stumbling, running against sharp turns, drawing her breath in sobbing, terror-stricken pants. She had no idea whether or not she was going in the right direction; her only thought was to hurry—to find someone who would come to the rescue of that brave girl who was fighting death in the little underground den. To her horror, she had only gone a short distance when she heard footsteps. Somebody was pursuing her down the long passage. She tried to run faster, but she was weak and dizzy; her feet dragged like those of one in a nightmare; the man was gaining upon her every second. If she could only reach the stairs! The girl she had left had told her that they were underground; perhaps if she could reach the steps her voice might be heard outside. She nerved herself for a last effort and sprang forward, only to strike her head against another turn in the passage. With a cry of pain, Muriel sank to the ground, unconscious.

Someone's arms were around her and the voice of the girl she had left in the underground room

sounded in her ears as she regained her senses —Dolly was lifting her to her feet.

"Quick!" Dolly said, in a whisper. "They've found him and they'll be after us in a minute. We must be nearly to the street. Muriel, you've got to get up!"

"It was you following me?" Muriel sobbed as Dolly pulled her to her feet and dragged her along the passage.

"Yes—the man fainted. I think he must have struck his head on the table when he dragged

oncoming pursuers, who were still in the passage.

"Just a few more—see, there's the top, I can see a street lamp." Dolly's words were brave, but her heart sank. Even out of the underground passage they were far from safe, but she would not think of that. She must get Muriel up those stairs.

It was fat and cheery looking Policeman O'Farrel who saw the two exhausted girls emerge from the dark alley just as he was hurry-

"GET THEM, MURIEL! GET THE KEYS!" DOLLY'S VOICE RANG OUT AS SHE SUDDENLY TURNED ON THE MAN WHO SEIZED HER AND GRASPED HIS THROAT WITH HER STRONG, YOUNG FINGERS.

me down. I heard them coming, so I dropped him and ran. This whole place'll be on fire in a minute—smell the smoke?" They were both choking as they ran. The smoke was filling the passage rapidly, and behind them they heard footsteps. Dolly put her arm around the other girl and forced her to quicken her steps. She did not speak again, all their strength was needed to fight their way through the stifling atmosphere. At last they stumbled against a stair. The footsteps behind them were sounding closer and closer. They could hear the sharp chatter of their

ing to the fire which had broken out beneath the Chinese theatre. They gasped out their story as he called a taxicab for them. He eyed Dolly in sudden recognition.

"Ye're th' little lady who started the row in th' theatre with the gold fan pin, aren't ye?" he asked severely.

Dolly nodded meekly.

"I'm a reporter on THE COMET," she replied. "I found the pin one day in the street. I didn't know it amounted to anything."

"With thim Chinks ye can't tell whin a thing

"TAKE MONEY FOR GETTING THE BIGGEST SCOOP OF THE SEASON? WELL, I SHOULD THINK NOT! I'M SATISFIED."

amounts to annything or not," O'Farrel remarked.

"It had something to do wid wan of their Tongs, or sacret societies, and it's lucky ye are that nothing worse come to ye. I'll be seein' ye safe out of th' neighborhood."

THERE was joy in the office of THE COMET when Dolly Desmond brought in the missing Muriel Armstrong. The young heiress told how she had been kidnaped by means of a fortune-teller whose rooms she visited upon leaving the matinee, and how she had been immured for a week in underground Chinatown.

But the joy of THE COMET'S staff was small compared to that of the Armstrong household when their daughter was returned to them safe and sound. It was a happy star reporter who received the thanks of the overjoyed parents, and who replied, when Muriel's father tried to press a handsome check upon her:

"Take money for getting the biggest scoop of the season! Well, I should think not! I'm satisfied." And Dolly was.

The June Photoplay will contain two "Dolly" stories.

Business of Being Funny

AL CHRISTIE, who is directing the Nestor comedies, is telling a good one, which he claims illustrates what the general public thinks a comedian has to be.

Some few days ago a woman came to him requesting that he find a place in his company for her son, a lad of about nineteen.

"He's so funny he'd make you die laughing," declared the woman, "and I am sure he would make good. He has fits, you know." Christie has not had him sign his contract yet.

"Won in the Clouds"

A THRILLING STORY OF AN AFRICAN HUNT

By Otis Turner

Illustrations from the Universal Film

AS night fell and the natives began to kindle a camp-fire, here and there the flickering lights played upon a stocky, khaki-clad man, with a pith helmet, who was standing near one of the campfires. He was talking with a pretty girl, also clad in a riding skirt of khaki, a blouse of blue flannel, and whose brown tresses were crowned with a helmet fashioned like her father's. About the two were grouped twenty or more oily-skinned Kafirs, their black, evil faces outlined by the flickering lights from the fire.

The scene was a tiny camp on the edge of an African jungle, and the two chief personages mentioned were Cecil James, an English hunter of big game, and his daughter, Grace. James had roamed India from end to end in pursuit of jungle beasts, and wherever he went Grace had accompanied him, for she was a typical out-of-doors girl, who enjoyed the exciting sport as much as did her father. By way of change, James had suddenly decided upon an excursion into the African jungles, where, according to reports which had reached him, game was unusually thick. A fortnight after making this decision, James and his daughter were encamped, where we found them, on the borders of the game country.

"So you really think, dad, that to-morrow will find us in the field and landing our first trophies of the hunt?" queried the girl.

"The native runners reported this afternoon sighting two tigers, a lion and a hippo. All were within a radius of twenty miles of the camp, and by starting early in the morning I feel certain we should be rewarded ere nightfall. Hunting, after all, is a game—it is the thrill and surprise of what may lie just beyond that makes it fascinating—that adds zest to the sport."

"I know, dad—" began the girl, when suddenly a hubbub and commotion around a distant campfire attracted their attention and sent them both running in the direction of the sound. Hoarse shouts and angry mutterings, punctuated by a single cry for mercy in a high, shrill voice, lent speed to their feet. Breaking through the angry circle of Kafirs who were assembled about the fire, James found Bangula, one of the natives, pinioned between two of his fellows, while all about him sharp-pointed spears were raised aloft.

"What's the trouble here?" demanded James, in an angry tone.

"Him try steal um gun! Him break um rule. We spear him!" explained one of the natives.

James instantly perceived that Bangula had broken the unwritten law of the camp, which forbade any of the natives to touch the rifles or gun racks, and that he had been instantly taken to task by his associates. Since Bangula was one of the most experienced of game trackers, however, the Englishman resolved to spare him, upon his promise never to repeat the offense.

Giving orders, therefore, which resulted in the release of the captive, James led Bangula to one side and lectured him severely for his breach of discipline. The native was conscience-stricken and groveled at the feet of his savior, for he well knew that but for the interference of James he would have been pierced by a dozen spears ere now, since death was invariably the punishment inflicted for a fracture of the rules by which the native Kafirs were governed.

As James finished his arraignment, Bangula arose again to his feet, his hands flew to his headdress and from behind the band of feathers which encircled his head he drew forth a dirty roll of cloth. Unrolling it swiftly he shook out in his hand what appeared to be an irregularly shaped bit of glass.

"You take um!" urged the native. "Me give um you for save Bangula's life."

James rolled the bit of glass about in his palm, held it so that the light from the camp-fire shone and glittered from its every angle, and finally touched it with his tongue. Surprise was pictured on his face as he asked, "Where you get it?"

"Get um Kabangans!" answered the native, naming a tribe of head hunters, whose country lay just the other side of the jungle, on the bor-

ders of which the party was camped. "You know um?"

James nodded his head slowly as an indication that he understood, and then turning to Grace, remarked: "My child, this is a rare experience. This is one of the finest diamonds I have ever seen. It must be worth a thousand dollars, and yet Bangula says he got it over there in the Kabangan country. If he speaks the truth it means the discovery of a new diamond field, for we are hundreds of miles from any known or hitherto exploited diamond mine."

"How strange!" gasped the girl. "Do you suppose Bangula is telling the truth?"

"Stranger things have happened," answered her father. "This country through here is rarely invaded by white men and wealth in unsuspected quantities may lie almost beneath our feet."

Bangula seemed to understand the discussion going on between father and daughter, and appeared anxious to satisfy them of his truthfulness, for at this point he declared: "You like um, me get more. Kabangans much bad people, but you go long, me get more. Kabangans have plenty more. Me know. Me show you."

"Sure, I'll go," responded James, his blood now tingling with the fever of diamond hunting, and all thought of big game apparently forgotten.

"And I'll go, too," declared Grace, "for with all our Kafirs there won't be any danger."

"No take um Kafir," interrupted Bangula. "Kafir scare um Kabangans. Kill um all! Just we go!"

Though James and Grace both argued with him for a half hour longer, Bangula was firm on this point and eventually they had to concede that he might be right. Orders were accordingly given to the Kafir chiefs to remain encamped where they were, as James, his daughter and Bangula were the following morning going into the jungles on an expedition of their own, which would take several days, and the hunting of big game would be resumed upon their return to camp.

MEANWHILE, in the city of Bloemfontein, another plan for seeking the same diamonds that James and Bangula were trailing was well under way. Siegmund Bjornsen, a wealthy banker of Bloemfontein, had learned of the treasure which lay within the Kabangan country, and realizing how immensely wealthy it would make him should he be able to find and exploit the new diamond field, alone and unaided he set about finding a way of reaching the distant Kabangan country without the hardship of the long and tiresome trip across country.

The Bloemfontein papers were full of the marvelous feats of Roy Knabenshue, the American aviator, and his dirigible balloon, at about this time, Knabenshue being then in Cape Town. Reading of the exploits of the American, Bjornsen was suddenly struck with the thought that here was just the man and the mode of travel that he needed for carrying out his plans. Representatives of Bjornsen, aboard Knabenshue's aircraft, could, within a comparatively few hours, be wafted to the Kabangan country, close treaties with the native chiefs by which the diamond mines might be exploited, and return with the agreements which would enable Bjornsen to go ahead with his scheme, all without any great expense or a long and arduous journey which would consume weeks. The consent of the American airman to the project was now the only obstacle that lay in the way so far as Bjornsen could foresee.

Within the hour a long telegram was forwarded to Knabenshue, briefly outlining the proposition and offering a goodly sum for his services and assistance. Within twenty-four hours Bjornsen was in receipt of a reply from the birdman, saying that he would arrive on the Saturday following.

The day arrived, and with it the American and his airship. All afternoon he was closeted in the private office of the Bloemfontein banker and that evening was invited to the banker's home to spend the week-end. Knabenshue was enthusiastic over the proposition as outlined by Bjornsen and readily agreed to undertake the long trip to the land of the Kabangans. Following his visit to the banker's home and his meeting with Mary Bjornsen, the plump and pretty daughter of the man whose employ he had entered, Knabenshue was more than ever interested, for he found himself bewitched by the golden-haired goddess who presided over the banker's home and flattered himself that Mary, in a measure at least, reciprocated his affection. Accordingly it was with a light heart and a determined spirit that Knabenshue set out the following Monday morning to begin his preparations for the flight.

IN the meantime, James, his daughter, and Bangula had penetrated far into the jungle, and, on the other side, into the country of the head hunters. One day they stumbled unexpectedly into a Kabangan village and, before they could retreat, found themselves surrounded and hemmed in on every side by the coal-black natives. Both James and Grace thought the end had come when they perceived the dark glances which the natives cast upon them, but in a moment their surprise was still further increased by

THE AVIATOR FOUND HIMSELF BEWITCHED BY THE GOLDEN-HAIRED GODDESS WHO PRESIDED OVER THE BANKER'S HOME

beholding all the blacks fall upon their faces in adoration.

While James and his daughter stood as if stupefied by the spectacle, they were addressed in English by a tall and bearded man who stood among the natives, his skin and features tanned to a shade almost as dark as theirs. "Fear not," said this stranger, "the natives think you a fire god on account of the smoke from your pipe. They will not harm you. Less than a week ago I was taken captive by these people and owe my life to a similar occurrence. Seeing me smoking a pipe, they imagined me to be a deity of some sort, and instead of killing or torturing me, they bowed in reverence before me."

Clapping his hands to attract the attention of the kneeling natives, James puffed forth a cloud of smoke and then waved his arm as a token that he would permit those gathered in his presence to arise. Instantly the Kabangans were on their feet and amid much shouting and gesticulating the entire party was led into the middle of the village and conducted to a huge kraal built of straw and jungle grasses.

Food was offered the visitors, and though it was not the kind to which they were accustomed, they managed to dispose of it and to signify their pleasure at the homage paid them. Falling into conversation with the white man held captive in the village, James learned that he was called Portuguese Jack, and that he had formerly been engaged in the slave trade, until a sudden investigation by the British government had put an end to his nefarious business. The natives set aside one of their rude huts or kraals for the sole use of their visitors—the fire gods, as they insisted on calling them—and James soon decided that, after all, the task of securing the diamonds was not going to be so hard as he had at first imagined.

The following day, by way of experiment, James and Bangula wandered away from the village and in the general direction of the spot in which Bangula assured him the diamonds were to be found. The natives at first watched them with suspicion, but as Grace was left behind and the village chief seemed certain that the white man would not forsake his daughter, the watchers were extremely lax in their duties. The next day they went a bit farther, and on the third day returned to camp with a quantity of the precious stones for which they had been searching.

Grace was jubilant over their success and was eager to accompany them on the next trip, but they overruled her wishes and declared that her presence in the camp helped to allay suspicion. When they returned that evening, however, James wished that he had permitted his daughter to accompany them, for she had a most exciting tale to tell.

During the absence of James and Bangula, Portuguese Jack had forced his society upon her, told her that he loved her and insisted upon her promising to remain in the village as his wife. He declared he knew where James and Bangula were busy daily, and maintained that he would expose them to the chief unless she promised to marry him. Terrified, and ready to promise anything in order to get rid of him, Grace gasped out an assent and then shut herself within the kraal to await the return of her father and the faithful Bangula.

James at once realized that a longer stay in the Kabangan village was impossible, and that they would be extremely lucky to escape with even the diamonds which they had already collected. Portuguese Jack appeared on the scene within a half hour following the return of James to the village and the Englishman swore to kill him if he even so much as spoke to Grace again. It was with difficulty that the girl prevented him from attacking the renegade then and there. Knowing that he would call down upon themselves the hatred of the entire native village if he laid hands upon Jack, Grace's father kept his temper under control and contented himself with threats.

Jack, however, had already taken offense, and murmuring that he was going to expose him to the chief of the Kabangans, went off in the direction of the chief's kraal. Rushing her father and Bangula to the big feast house, which stood in the center of the village, Grace insisted upon their burying the diamonds in the loose soil beneath the firepots in the center of the room, declaring that neither Portuguese Jack nor the native chief would ever suspect them in such a hiding place, while they would almost certainly search every nook and cranny of the hut which had been assigned to them and in which they had lived up to this time.

Barely were the diamonds concealed when a band of natives, accompanied by Jack and the chief himself, surrounded them, and, through an interpreter, demanded what they had done with the diamonds they had taken.

James haughtily ignored the threatening attitude of the natives and turning toward the chief he demanded in a loud and angry tone what he meant by such an inquiry. The bluff, for bluff it was, would undoubtedly have been successful but for Portuguese Jack. The renegade smiled wickedly and murmured in an undertone, "It won't work, James, for I've told him of your diamond

"SEEING ME SMOKING A PIPE, THEY IMAGINED ME TO BE A DEITY OF SOME SORT AND BOWED IN REVERENCE"

hunting and you'll never get out of this village alive except with my assistance. You'll get that only upon the assurance that Grace shall become my wife."

"You cur!" cried James, struggling to reach the man who had thus insulted his daughter. "I'll see her killed before my very eyes before I'll consent to such a marriage."

"Then we'll try not to disappoint you," sneered Jack, as he and the chief, accompanied by the muttering natives, retired.

Less than an hour later one of the native runners arrived with news that a large band of Kaffirs were in the neighborhood and instantly the war drums and tom-toms began their noisy call to arms. From every hut and kraal came the native warriors, carrying spears, shields and war paraphernalia. Trooping into the huge feast-house, they offered up a sacrifice to the gods of war and then went forth to meet their ancient enemies in battle.

Taking advantage of the Heaven-sent opportunity, James, Grace and Bangula gathered their few belongings and mounting the howdah of Rajah, their elephant, went silently forth from the village. Good fortune favored them and when morning dawned and the Kabangans returned with many prisoners, they discovered that the fire god and his white daughter were missing. Portuguese Jack cursed long and loudly over the discovery, and though he searched every nook and cranny of the kraal in which James had lived he could find no trace of the diamonds. That meant Grace and her father would never come back. Again the man cursed his gods and raved like a mad creature.

TWO weeks later James, Grace and Bangula appeared in the lobby of the King Edward Hotel in Bloemfontein, whither they had gone following their escape from the Kabangan country. As they sat in the lobby of the hotel, Grace was reading to her father from the morning newspaper. Several days previous the bank of which Siegmund Bjornsen had been president had failed, and the father of Mary was now a ruined man. The proposed flight of Knabenshue to the diamond country was therefore immediately abandoned and the American was about to repack his dirigible and return to Cape Town. The paper from which Grace was reading chronicled the fact that he was going to make an exhibition flight over the city, however, before he departed and interest in the strange exhibition was most keen.

Suddenly Grace looked up to her father, a strange twinkle in her eyes, and remarked: "Daddy, why can't we get this Mr. Knabenshue to take us back to the Kabangan village? Aboard his airship, we can slip quietly back there, secure the precious gems and fly away again without much difficulty or hardship. The dirigible will be sure to awe the natives even more than did your pipe, and doubtless they will be eager to make you chief on account of your marvelous powers."

James laughed at the idea, but the more he thought it over the more convinced he became that it was feasible. Accordingly, that afternoon James and Grace called upon Roy Knabenshue at Bjornsen's home, where he was visiting with Mary Bjornsen, who now was engaged to him. They outlined their accomplishments in the Kabangan country, and, since he already had been fully informed regarding the marvelous diamond fields, it was not hard to persuade Knabenshue to aid them. Terms were arranged to the satisfaction of all concerned and the American birdman promised to undertake the task assigned, upon the condition that James would permit his fiancée to accompany the party. Assent was given, and the following day the huge aircraft sailed away.

A landing was made within two miles of the Kabangan village, and James and Grace, accompanied by Bangula, set out for the native village to secure the stones. It was agreed that the huge aircraft should come for them when a smoke signal was sent from the summit of a hill which rose just behind the village.

Great was the astonishment of the natives and of Portuguese Jack when James and his daughter again entered the village. The renegade determined that the girl should never leave the country alive and he at once went into conference with the chief as to how best to effect her capture.

"Let us not permit the fire god to again leave us," urged Portuguese Jack. "Let us confine him in the feast-house and allow the jungle beasts to guard him for us."

The Kabangan chief readily agreed, and thirty minutes later saw James bound to a stake in the center of the very kraal in which the diamonds were concealed. Grace was terrified when she saw her father led away as a captive, and she hurried forth to the hilltop and kindled the smoke signal which was to bring Knabenshue to their aid. She had determined to leave the country without the diamonds, rather than endanger the life of her father further.

Jack had been busy in her absence. Taking a strip of raw meat he laid a trail from the kraal in which James was confined to the borders of the jungle, where huge lions and tigers were wont to roam. The scent of the meat would bring

these kings of the jungle to the feast-house, and there an even juicier morsel would await them. Jack smiled craftily as he saw his plans nearing completion.

Meeting Grace, he cried: "My poor girl, now you are left alone and unprotected. The lions are already about to devour him. See, there are two of them now!"

Even as he pointed, Grace beheld two graceful beasts, noses to the ground, making their way toward the feast-house. "But I will protect you. faced them with steady eyes. Even while they hesitated, Grace jumped into the kraal and fired her revolver into their very faces. With a snarl of baffled rage, the kings of the jungle turned tail and fled in the direction whence they had come.

Grace managed to release the thongs which bound her father, but in the same instant Jack peered in through the door and saw his prisoners about to escape. Cursing in his rage, the renegade barred the door, and running to a camp-

PORTUGUESE JACK GRINNED VICIOUSLY WHEN THE NATIVES HAD FINISHED BINDING THE ENGLISHMAN TO THE STAKE

Marry me and we can rule over these natives as king and queen, for they regard us as Heaven-sent beings."

"Never!" gasped Grace, as she struck him in the face with her little fist and went dashing to her father's rescue with a wild cry of, "I'm coming, daddy, I'm coming!"

Inside the kraal James tugged and struggled with his fastenings, while before him crouched the lions. Accustomed to cringing, fear-maddened blacks, who always fled at their approach, the beasts did not understand this man who fire over which two huge pots simmered and stewed, he grabbed up a flaming brand and set fire to the thatch and straw walls of the kraal.

James and the girl were digging frantically for the diamonds concealed beneath the very spot on which James had been found, and it was several moments later when they became aware of their peril.

Smoke and flames eddied about them on all sides. Outside, however, assistance was already at hand. The faithful Bangula had seen Jack fire the kraal, and, guessing his purpose, he

jumped to the rescue. Leaping upon the back of the renegade, Bangula bore him to the ground, stunned him with a terrific blow, and then threw open the door. Grace and her father rushed to freedom, the bags of diamonds in their hands, just in time to behold the big dirigible coming into sight.

Natives had rushed from all the huts and kraals as the news of the fire at the feast-house spread throughout the village, but they stopped spell-bound and gazed aloft as the huge aircraft drew nearer. This was surely a messenger straight from Heaven. Never before had they seen such a sight, and in awe they bowed themselves to the ground in adoration.

Portuguese Jack was, however, recovering from his daze and with returning consciousness he perceived what was happening. Even as James, Grace and Bangula were hauled into the car which swung beneath the big silk bag, Jack rushed to the side of the chief and cried: "The fire god is escaping. He takes with him your diamonds. The airship can't hurt you. It is nothing but a bag of wind. Strike it with one of your spears and it will fall dead at your feet. Here, I'll show you."

Grabbing a spear from the nearest native, Jack sent it hurtling within a few inches of the gas bag overhead. Astonished that the gods above took no vengeance, the natives gathered courage and one after another hurled their spears aloft.

"We're gone if ever one of those spears pierces the bag!" gasped Knabenshue.

"Quick, then, hand me one of the lyddite shells!" screamed Mary Bjornsen, alert to what was happening. "It is their lives or ours, and we must not hesitate."

Knabenshue passed over three of the deadly shells, and Mary, Grace, her father and Bangula sent them downward. In a second the village outspread beneath their gaze was wrapped in a cloud of smoke. As it cleared they perceived the huts and kraals demolished, the blazing ruins of the feast-house scattered far and wide, the natives dead and dying on every side and Portuguese Jack, the cause of all their trouble, a cold and lifeless figure on the ground.

Horrified and sickened by the destruction wrought by the shells, the passengers in the car looked away, as the huge dirigible rose higher in the air and slowly sailed away, calm, majestic and supreme.

Wouldn't You Faint If You Saw—

Broncho Billy's Burial!
A kind-hearted Landlord!
Something happen to "Mary"!
A Colonel without a daughter!
A Cines comedy that is funny!
An honest, well-fed half-breed!
A Smuggler without a daughter!
A Lover without a villainous Rival!
A Criminal escape from the Sheriff!
A Country Girl without a sunbonnet!
A Hero hung before Heroine arrives!
An Indian who doesn't fold his arms!
A Girl whom the Villain can't deceive!
Guy Coombs die in less than five scenes!
Francis X. Bushman with his hair mussed!
A lost letter that is not found by the Villain!
A Farmer without shredded-wheat whiskers!
A Cowboy without a bandana around his neck!
Arthur Mackley without a tin plate on his chest!
Someone pay for the drinks in a bar-room scene!
An Invalid who is able to pay the Cruel Landlord!
A Father who approves of the man his Daughter loves!
A Lover who hasn't an engagement ring in his vest pocket!
A Heroine who doesn't know the telephone directory by heart!
A rich Hero who doesn't prefer a gawky country girl to a pretty heiress!
A Hero in imminent peril who hasn't the police station telephone number on the tip of his tongue!

Loree Starr--Photoplay Idol

A FASCINATING SERIAL STORY, PRESENTING A NEW TYPE OF HERO

By Robert Kerr

Illustrated by Lauren Stout

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS—Loree Star, a St. Louis youth, refuses the plea of his mother and relatives to follow in the footsteps of his father, a successful business man. He has leanings toward the stage, and the adulation of the girls of his acquaintance, bestowed as the result of his success as a football player, settles the matter. He goes to New York, and finds that getting on the stage is not as easy as he imagined. He fights on, however, sustained by occasional small parts in melodramas, and finally, when his fortunes are at their lowest ebb, obtains work as an extra man in a moving picture company, through an actor friend. His success is immediate, but Lois Richards, wife of the director, soon shows a decided partiality for him, which causes gossip and jealousy among other members of the company. She lets him see that she is in love with him, but he resists her, and, in revenge, Lois complains to her husband that he has persecuted her with his attentions, and he is summarily discharged. He feels that he has found his true career, however, and, instead of resuming the search for a job, goes boldly to the head of one of the largest of the film companies, telling him that he thinks the time has come for the exploitation of a male star, and offering to write his own scenarios. His offer is accepted, as a result of his audacity. Still believing audacity to be his best card, Loree quarrels violently with the leading director of his new company, who is to produce his pictures, and refuses to work with him. This turns out well, and he is soon on the road to success. Though overwhelmed with "mash" notes, he pays attention only to the letters from a severe critic—a woman, who suggests many improvements in his work, and helps him greatly. Finally, she consents to meet him, and, going to the rendezvous she names, Loree finds that she is Lois Bertram, who caused his previous dismissal. She tells him, calmly, that she trapped him deliberately; that they are marooned in Greenton for the night, with no way of getting away.

PART IV.

THE girl's silvery laugh, that he remembered so well, rang out merrilly, while Loree, still staggered by his recognition of her, was staring stupidly at her.

"Oh, dear!" she cried. "You're too funny, Loree! You're standing there like a great calf. Aren't you glad to see me?"

Loree's silence convicted him. He wasn't glad to see her—because he had never been in love with her, which was just what Lois had never been able to understand.

To give him time to decide what to do, Loree insisted that they go into the waiting room of the little station.

"Oh, you're too bad!" she cried, when they were seated. "I meant to punish you—and you've spoiled it all by making me laugh! I was going to give you a bad half hour. Loree—no one can see us in here. Don't be silly—let's be friends!"

"I've always wanted to be friends," said Loree, choosing his words carefully. "But you—well, you weren't very friendly when I left the company."

"Oh—you didn't take that seriously, did you?" she said. "Why, I had to do that. Grant was beginning to get suspicious. I suppose some of the tabby cats in the company had been talking. So I had to do something to let him see that he was number one with me. Don't you understand? I need Grant in my business."

"Where is he to-night?" asked Loree.

"Oh, off on one of his trips. I don't know where. Oh, Loree—don't be angry! I did trick you—but I've helped you, too, with those letters, haven't I? I've watched your work in the Titan films, and I really do know something about the game. I wanted to see you make good."

For the first time there was something in her voice that troubled Loree. Despite his popularity and his success, and Hampton's constant assurance that he was winning largely on his per-

sonality and his good looks, he was still modest. He liked to think that his triumph was due to his ability as an actor. He was unlike a good many men, who, in his position, would have enjoyed the thought that girls all over the country were actually falling in love with his pictures. And he had never flattered himself that Lois really cared two pins for him. Yet, unless she was acting, what she had just said sounded as if—

"Look here, Mrs. Richards," he began.

"Don't!" she cried, sharply. "I hate that name. Can't you call me Lois?"

"All right—Lois, then," he yielded. "Lois—this isn't square. I was brought up to think pretty seriously of some things. And I was taught that a man who came between a husband and his wife was a pretty low down sort of beast."

"Oh you—you baby!" she cried, scornfully. "What are you trying to do? Protect me? Do you think I need it? Do you think I'm such an innocent, wax doll of a woman that I need your care? You didn't come between us! You've done your best to stay away, and I've come after you! There, Mr. Puritan—does that satisfy you? I'll admit it—I'll be shameless! Oh, Loree—I want you—"

Before he could recoil she flung herself into his arms. Once more he held her, as he had done that other time. And once more his caution, his desire to hold her off, seemed to be swept away by a rising tide that she aroused in him. Involuntarily his arms held her, pressed her to him. Her lips were lifted to his. But he saw the light of conquest in her eyes, and pushed her away.

"I'm sorry, Lois," he told her, in a changed tone, "but it won't do." His voice was steady now; he had made up his mind. "I'll find some way to get you back to New York—or else I'll get you a room at the hotel here and walk to the next town."

"Do you mean that?" she said, her eyes blazing. Her softer mood had passed; looking at her now anyone would have wondered, as Loree did, why Lois Bertram was supposed to be the most beautiful woman star in moving pictures. A malevolent look had come into her eyes.

"If you'll stop a minute you'll see that I can't mean anything else," said Loree, patiently. "I don't think you're quite yourself, Lois." He hesitated as he pronounced her name again. "You—you don't mean what you're trying to say. If you'd stopped to think, you'd never have been mad enough to play this trick. Come—"

"I'll not be ordered about, by you or anyone else!" she flashed at him. "And, look here, Loree—you think you're being very high-minded and noble! You're acting now—for me! As if I could be impressed that way! But if you play with me you'll be sorry some time."

Loree's helpless feeling was rapidly passing. He was not angry; a better word to describe his mood would be disgust. And he thought, too, that he understood Lois' feeling. She cared nothing for him; she cared a great deal for having her own way. He told himself that she might, in some inexplicable way, have been fascinated by him once. But now she was simply a woman, determined to have her will; furious at being thwarted.

"There's no use threatening," he said coolly. "Come, now—let me take you to the hotel. Or, if you prefer, I'll try to find a car, and drive you back to New York."

She looked at him; what she saw in his eyes convinced her that he meant what he said, and would not change his mind.

"I won't stay here," she said, sullenly.

"All right, I'll go look for the car," he said cheerfully.

When he returned, a few minutes later, he was smiling. "I've found an old chap who'll let me have his car," he told her. "It's going to be easy, after all."

She didn't answer. Plainly, she meant to sulk, and Loree, with a shrug of the shoulders, decided that it was just as well. They could hardly, after the scene they had passed through, talk the ordinary talk of a casual meeting. Better for her to be silent, no matter how much she hated him. He spoke to her just once again before they started.

"You'll be glad it turned out this way to-morrow," he said. "I—I'd like to be friends, Lois. You've done a lot for me, even if it was meant to be a joke."

"It wasn't," she said briefly, and gave him a curious look.

"Then I've all the more reason to be grateful," he replied. "And this is going to seem different when you've thought it over. By to-morrow you'll be wondering how you ever came to think of it."

She made no answer, but sat sullenly during the long drive to New York. He took her to her apartment house, saw her into the elevator and was about to turn away.

"Come up with me!" she said, under her breath. "How does it look for you to leave me here?"

So he went up. In a minor matter, such as this, he was prepared to humor her. The car

INVOLUNTARILY HIS ARMS HELD HER, PRESSED HER TO HIM. HER LIPS WERE LIFTED TO HIS. BUT HE SAW THE LIGHT OF CONQUEST IN HER EYES, AND PUSHED HER AWAY

"YOU'RE SILLIER THAN I THOUGHT, LOREE! I SUPPOSE YOU THOUGHT I WAS IN LOVE WITH YOU—THAT I WAS READY TO GIVE UP EVERYTHING FOR YOU, LIKE SOME SILLY CHILD IN A PLAY."

was safe outside; he could stay a few moments, at least.

"Wait for me," she said, still in the hard, cold tone she had suddenly assumed when she had learned that she could not sway him. "I've got to get into a loose dress. But I'll be back—then you can go."

She laughed strangely as she disappeared.

Loree, as he waited, wondered anew at the whole adventure. It seemed unlike the Lois Bertram he knew. It was not like the stories he had heard of her. And gradually the suspicion that she had had some ulterior motive forced itself upon him. Surely she had been acting there at Greenton. She must have known that he would make her come back to New York. A sudden impulse moved him as he saw, on a chair, a time-table. He picked it up; it showed the Greenton trains. And there was a train down—a train that left Greenton at half-past ten, and would have brought them to New York before midnight! All her talk about being marooned in Greenton had been an invention, then. But why?

He had the chance to ask her in a moment. She came in, not as he had half feared, in the sort of negligee in which she had been dressed on his first visit, but in a house gown that became her vastly and met all the demands of propriety fully. She saw the time-table in his hand.

"Found out my little trick?" she asked. Her eyes were brilliant; her lips were parted in a smile. Once more she was the beautiful Lois Bertram.

"Yes, what was the idea?" asked Loree.

"Did you really think—did you have any idea that I meant all the things I said up there? Oh, you're sillier than I thought, Loree! I suppose you thought I was in love with you—that I was ready to give up everything for you, like some silly child in a play."

She laughed again, that silvery laugh that had made Loree wonder on the first day he had heard it, why she was content to act on the screen, and so keep her audiences from hearing her voice.

"So I really fooled you," she said, shaking her head wisely. "I hardly hoped that I could. You mustn't take things—and women—quite so seriously, Loree. And now—don't you think you'd better go home? It's quite late—and—"

She made a little face. Loree, flushing scarlet, rose stiffly.

"Yes, thank you—I think I'd better go," he said. "Good-night."

"Good-night," she answered. She did not go with him to the door, and puzzled and angry, he made his way out alone. He could not imagine what had inspired this last mood of hers. The whole adventure, the crazy meeting at Greenton, the acting she had done there, and on the sullen ride back to town, and then her easy, sarcastic treatment of him when she had induced him to go up to her apartment! And the worst of it was that he could not go to Wilkins, older and wiser in the ways of women, and seek his aid in untangling the problem. Wilkins would laugh at the story, for one thing; he wouldn't understand, in any case.

IF Loree hadn't been so busy he might have spent—and wasted—more time in thinking about Lois Bertram's trick. But he had to throw himself into the work of making pictures, and he soon dismissed the whole episode from his mind, and forgot about it. His pictures were becoming increasingly popular, and he was beginning to be one of the best known of the stars. Broome was delighted with his work, and, though Baker, the director with whom he had had trouble at the beginning of his engagement with the Titan company, sneered, the success of the films took the sting out of what he said.

"It's your personality," said old Wilkins, who had deserted the Rankin company, and was now acting, at an increased salary, with Loree. "You're a good actor, and you write fine scenarios. But, at that, it's you they want to see. You want to look out, boy. For instance—steer clear of our little friend, Lois."

"What's that?" asked Loree, looking up, startled.

"Steer clear of her—and of all her kind," repeated Wilkins. "You're getting to be a great favorite, because of what you stand for, to about a million girls, more or less—and it's going to be more—all over the country. They're romantic, most of them. They used to read Hall Caine and writers like him, and the heroes in those books were their idols. Now, you and fellows like you are taking the place of the book heroes—"

"Don't talk rot," interrupted Loree, flushing.

"I'm not," said Wilkins, calmly. "It's true. You've got some imaginary girl all fixed up as an ideal, haven't you? All right, why shouldn't a girl think the same way of a man? Lots of them do. He's the man they want to marry. I don't mean the man himself, but he's the type—brave, and strong, and handsome, and noble, and chivalrous. Actually, they marry an iceman or a grocery clerk—but until they do they want to keep their ideal. Well, they see you, on the screen, rescuing beauty in distress, and being a modern knight, generally—and then you're it. It's good

business—for you, and for them. It doesn't do any harm—sometimes it does a lot of good. They figure you out as being the sort of saint and hero you are in the films, and they live up to you."

"By Jove!" said Loree, laughing. "That's a good deal of responsibility, isn't it? I hadn't thought the thing out as far as that."

"You're right, it's a responsibility," said old Wilkins. Say, do you remember Trentham?"

"Trentham—he was the first actor who got to be a movie star, wasn't he? Dropped out, lately.

"That's the one. I'll tell you why he dropped out. He was the soulful type. The girls were getting crazy about him. Then he got mixed up in a nasty scandal—the very worst sort. There wasn't any excuse for him. And his stock dropped right down to nothing at all!"

"Why? The scandal didn't affect his acting, did it?"

"No—but those girls couldn't keep on idealizing a man who'd been branded as he had been. He'd let them read and hear about his real self—and it finished him. Know what he's doing now? Suping for a company in Chicago. After that scandal got out he was hissed every time his face showed in a picure in a leading part. They couldn't show the films he was in. So it was his finish."

"Served him right," said Loree. "I hadn't thought of that—but you're right, of course."

"It's a curious thing," Wilkins went on. "It doesn't seem to make any difference if a star's married—that's an exploded idea. You see, it's a type that he represents, not the man himself, who appeals to the girl. His having a wife is all right—but he's got to keep straight. I don't mean that all the stars do, but those who don't are mighty careful not to let the facts get out, if they don't run according to rule. Get the idea?"

"I guess so," said Loree, and he departed.

LOREE had rather expected to hear something more from Lois. It seemed unlike her to have planned the elaborate trick that had resulted in his fool's errand to Greenton and then drop the whole matter. But days and weeks passed, and when she next crossed his path it was in a way that did not seem to concern him directly.

He reached the studio a few minutes late one morning, and, as he went upstairs, he passed a girl. She was crying, and, with her handkerchief to her eyes, did not see him, so that they ran into one another.

"I beg your pardon," said Loree. He was half laughing. Then he heard her sobs. But she pulled herself together gallantly and flashed a smile through her wet eyes.

"It was my fault!" she said. Then she seemed to recognize him, and he heard her catch her breath. For a moment it seemed that she was going to speak. Her lips did, indeed, form his name. He waited for her to say something, but she caught her breath again, smiled, and passed on. Puzzled, he shook his head, and went on up to the studio. There he found Hampton.

"Girl in to see you just now?" he asked curiously. "In black—fair hair?"

"Ye-es," said Hampton, as if trying to remember. "Oh, yes—that girl! Wanted a job. Been with the Rankin crowd—got fired. Told her she was taking her wares to the wrong market. The chorus for hers."

"Why?" asked Loree—already inclined to be indignant.

"Daughter of old Burnside—remember, he smashed up a while ago and died? Girl's been in society—left without a cent. Has to earn her living. So she thinks of the stage—they all do. She's got a chance with a girl show, where the press agent can use her. No good to us—we don't go in for that sort of publicity."

"H'm—take her address?" asked Loree.

"Sure— I always give them the patter—'Nothing doing just now—leave your name and address—I'll send for you if there's an opening.'" said Hampton, with a laugh. He looked curiously at Loree. "You didn't fall for her, did you?"

"Let me have her address," said Loree, without answering the question. "She's an interesting type."

He said nothing more, but through Wilkins he learned something about the girl. She had been playing ingenue parts under Grant Richards.

"Did pretty well, they tell me," said Wilkins, who had pumped some of his old friends. "But Lois got sore when the new leading man over there showed signs of being stuck on the kid—you can guess the rest. Fired—and all of Lois' best little wire-pulling stunts used to keep her from landing anywhere else. Lois is some wire puller, too, when she gets going right."

Loree made no comments. Nor did he say anything more to Hampton—just then. He was learning guile. About a week later he dined with Hampton, as was their custom when a new scenario of any importance was ready. Hampton read the script while they dined; later, when their cigars were lighted, he began to talk.

"This is the best yet, Loree!" he said. "It'll be a knock-out! Four-reeler—that's what we'll make of it. Let's see—we ought to start right away. You for Seaton—Milly Carter for the

heavy woman—I'll play the lawyer—Tommy for the detective—French for the ingenue—no, she won't do. We want the blonde type for that. French is too stolid. Gad—I've got just the woman we want in mind—seen her, somewhere. But I can't place her—"

He began thinking aloud, and Loree, a smile in his eyes, watched him.

"I know!" exploded Hampton suddenly. "That little Burnside girl that was in the other day! Wonder where she is! If she can act, she's made for the part!"

"Got her address, haven't you?" asked Loree.

"I took it!" said Hampton, searching his pockets. "I always do—but be hanged if I know where I put it!"

Loree gave him time to search. Then he supplied the address.

"I had this part in mind when I asked you for it," he said.

"Send for her—I've got a hunch that you're right. She may be just the one—though she's probably inexperienced."

Hampton whistled. Then he stared at Loree admiringly.

"Nothing foxy about you, is there?" he inquired. "You wouldn't tell me to hire her—oh, no! Nothing as simple as that! I had to make the suggestion! Well, you win!"

Mary Burnside was at the studio the next morning when Loree got there. He nodded to her pleasantly.

"Going to let us see your work?" he asked cheerfully. "I saw you on the stairs the other morning—but you've probably forgotten—"

"Indeed I haven't, Mr. Starr," she said. "Mr. Hampton wants to see if I can play an ingenue part, he says, and I'm going to try very hard, indeed."

"Fine!" said Starr. He had written that scenario with a great deal of care, and he thought that Mary Burnside was as sure of success as anyone could be. Most of her scenes were with him; he had arranged that so that he could coach her, if she needed it. And when the morning's work was over, Hampton came up to him with a broad smile.

"She's a find!" he said. "Loree, you picked a winner this time! You want to look out, though, she'll be stealing your thunder!"

"She's welcome, poor kid!" said Loree. "Think she'll do, eh?"

"Sure," said Hampton. "What's the matter with Grant Richards? Has Bertram got him bluffed as badly as that? He used to be onto his job—I thought if he'd passed this kid up she must be a lemon. But she's all right. Give her a month and she'll have Bertram yelling for help—and needing it, too."

Loree's company, as Hampton ran it, was unlike a good many picture organizations. Hampton, though he had been trained by Baker, had a theory that he could get as good results by quiet methods as by the violent invective that Baker favored. When a scene went wrong, he didn't kick over his stool and try to establish new records for long-distance swearing. Instead, he was likely to turn the whole thing into a joke.

"Gee!" he said, once, to Tommy Deane, while the new feature play was being done. "You've sure got the right idea on that scene Tommy! Great—simply great! But Starr's such a crank—suppose we do it the way he suggested in the scenario? No harm in humoring him, you know. Try it like this—"

And, with the utmost patience and good nature, he explained the way the scene should be done—though convincing Deane that his own conception was the better.

"It's ever so much nicer here than it was in the Rankin studio!" Mary Burnside said to Loree, after a few weeks. "Mr. Hampton treats us like human beings—and we really work faster than they ever did."

"Hampton's a fine chap," said Loree, though he had a little twinge of jealousy. Of late Hampton had been claiming all the credit for Mary Burnside's discovery! "You like the game, do you?"

"I'm happier than I ever was when—before I had to work," she said. "But it was hard at first. I tried to get an engagement on the legitimate stage, you know, and some of the men were—well, they were queer—the things they said and suggested—"

Loree's hands tightened. He knew what she meant—knew much better than she did herself, probably.

"I can promise that there'll be nothing of that sort to bother you here," he said. "If you're ever annoyed—speak to Hampton, or to me."

All his life Loree had known what he wanted. In the old days in St. Louis he had determined to become an actor, despite the family plan to make him a partner in a prosperous wholesale grocery business. And, knowing what he wanted, he had always set out doggedly for his goal, determined, sooner or later, to reach it. Now he made up his mind that he had found the girl he wanted to be his wife.

He had secured an upward revision of his contract with the Titan company. His income was larger, by a respectable sum, than the profits of

"I BEG YOUR PARDON," SAID LOREE, HALF LAUGHING. THEN HE HEARD A SOB. BUT THE ATTRACTIVE GIRL PULLED HERSELF TOGETHER GALLANTLY AND FLASHED A SMILE THROUGH HER WET EYES.

the wholesale business in St. Louis, and, though he saved a good portion of his salary, he lived in a good deal of comfort, in an apartment hotel. He had an automobile of his own, and took a great deal of pleasure in driving it. And, for the first time, he was really glad he was earning good money. Before, he had thought little of his salary, except as it was a token of his rise in his profession. But now, when he began to think of the things it could buy for Mary Burnside, he was glad.

And then, just as he was beginning to think that he might dare to ask her to become his wife, he learned the secret reason of Lois Bertram's trick. Going home, after his day's work at the studio, one evening, he found a note from her.

"I'm in great trouble," she wrote. "Come to me at once. This is for your own sake as well as mine."

He pondered long over the note, but he went, in the end. He felt that he could not refuse to go. He could see that she was greatly excited when he was shown up to her apartment.

"Grant has found out about our trip to Greenton, and that you came in here with me that night!" she said.

"Has he?" said Loree, not understanding. "What of it?"

"Can't you guess?" she asked. "Don't you know what sort of evidence that would make in a divorce case? Would anyone believe that we did nothing wrong?"

He stared at her, aghast.

"You mean that he—is going to sue you for divorce—because of that?" he cried. "Why—it's monstrous! Haven't you told him it was all an accident?"

"I haven't wasted my breath!" she said. "Listen—there's just one chance! Grant says he's still fond of me—I believe he is. He says that if you will marry me he will let me get a divorce in Reno. Otherwise—he'll sue me here—and it will all come out!"

It was the look of triumph in her eyes that she could not quite conceal as she saw his dismay, that opened Loree's eyes. He understood everything now—that she had planned the whole thing.

"That's an absurd condition, of course," he said quietly. "You don't want to marry me—"

"Loree—there's nothing else to be done!" she said. "It would ruin you to have such a thing come out. It would look bad—wretched—"

"Oh, you're thinking of me now, are you?" he questioned.

"Of course!" she answered.

"I'm sorry, but I can't do it," he said. "I—"

"There's another woman!" she flashed, springing to her feet. "It's that little Burnside—"

"Stop!" he said angrily. "I won't consent to anything of the sort. My reasons don't matter—"

"You think I don't mean it!" she screamed. "But I do—I do—!"

He took up his hat and looked grimly at her.

"I'll have to risk that," he said.

He opened the door—and faced Grant Richards.

(To be concluded)

Where Slang Was Unfortunate

LITTLE DAN CUPID has been working overtime at the several studios in and around Los Angeles the past few months, and many good stories are going the rounds, told at the expense of the happy couples.

J. Barney Sherry is telling this one, and "Barney" should know, for he says he was present when it happened.

The bride was overwhelmingly pleased with the progress she was making in cooking, and hubby was always so encouraging and so kind in making excuses, if by any chance she did make a little mistake when guests were present. This same opinion of her forbearing husband might have continued indefinitely had she not inadvertently made use of a bit of slang. Noticing that Joe was a trifle downcast when the dinner was about half over, she exclaimed gaily:

"Joe, the worst is yet to come!"

Her husband glanced up quickly, and with a despairing glance inquired, "What! Hazel, have you made a pie?"

FLORIDA STUDIO NOTES
NEWS OF THE PLAYERS AT JACKSONVILLE

By Pearl Gaddis

REALLY, we are getting quite gay down here in our winter colony, for with the arrival of Sydney Olcott and his famous coterie of players, things have livened up decidedly. We now have Lubin, Kalem, Edison, and Olcott's company. Mr. Olcott, formerly a director with Kalem,—director of the traveling Kalem, I should say,—later joined Gene Gauntier's company, but has finally decided to paddle his own canoe; hence his own company, which is releasing three-reel pictures under the Warner's Features brand. During his short time here, Mr. Olcott has produced three of his three-reel plays, and that's going some!

DID you notice those ridiculously funny locations and characters in Edison's "On the Lazy Line," a comedy by Epes Winthrop Sargent? I have Carlton King's word for it that the train used in this play is the only one of its kind in the whole entire state of Florida. And he ought to know, for in his own words, "I dug it up myself. Took me three weeks, but it was worth it." Yes, wasn't it?

ALICE HOLLISTER, of the Kalem, is more beautiful than ever and is doing some of the best work of her career. In a recent picture, she allowed herself to be tossed from the third story of a burning road-house, in order to get realism in her latest picture, "The Bridge." What? Was it a real fire? Well, just ask Jerry Austin, who was severely burned in pulling Miss Hollister from the flames. Director Vignola says that there is no stunt too dangerous for Miss Hollister to perform, when she sets her head to it. Lovely Alice usually gets what she wants, for she certainly knows how to go after it. "The Bridge" is a wonderful piece of photography, and is worth going many miles to see.

RAYMOND McKEE, Lubin's good-looking comedian, is quite popular among the girls of Riverside. They say he's the greatest ever, and he certainly has made good with a rush. But they do say that he has only eyes for pretty Frances Ne Moyer. Good taste, Raymond, my son!

AND now comes the rumor that the "love bug" has extended his malignant influence from California, to Florida. Tom Moore, debonair Kalem lead, is the first victim, and Verna Mersereau, clever vaudeville dancer who has been working with Kalem for a short time, in some special pictures, is the object of "Darling Tom's" adoration. Their engagement has been announced. Here's good luck and congratulations, Tom and Verna!

SOMEBODY hints that Alice Hollister has also been attacked by the "love bug," but she refuses either to deny, or affirm the hint. When questioned about it, she merely shook her dark curls, with a twinkle in her lovely brown eyes, and remarked upon the weather!

YOU want to watch out for Carlton King, (Edison) in "Lo, the Poor Indian," written by himself. They say that it is the funniest thing ever done in South Jacksonville, and that it even made Director C. Jay Williams laugh!

AT the recent ball given by Edison in honor of the Pathé, Kalem and Lubin companies, the rivalry among the actresses present for the position as Queen of Beauty was intense, though very friendly. Luckily, there were no judges elected, and if there had been, the task would have made even an Indian's hair turn gray, for among the shining lights of filmdom who were candidates for the honor were Alice Joyce, Alice Hollister, Helen Lindroth, Lillian Wiggins, Lillian Herbert, Mabel Trunnelle, Marguerite Courtot, Elsie McLeod, and many others who were visions of loveliness to delight the eye. Isn't it a pity that a movie camera was not handy to give the scene to the faithful fans!

VERNA MERSEREAU is a late arrival at the Kalem Studio, and has been engaged, with Director Vignola, in some special pictures that are destined to make film history. Miss Mersereau is a little beauty, besides being a wonderfully talented dancer. The pictures in which she appears are "The Dance of Death," an Hawaiian story, in which she does the world-famous dance of this name; "The Vulture," in which she does an Egyptian dance.

THE EDISON STUDIO, over in South Jacksonville, is being draped in deep mourning. 'Cause why? 'Cause Mabel Trunnelle and her good-looking and popular husband have gone away with Director Ridgely. And everybody loves pretty Mabel T.! On with the sob stuff!

WENT over to the Edison Studio yesterday, which was a cold, blowy day, and as I walked across a vacant lot, to the Studio, I was amazed to see a dignified-looking middle-aged man dashing toward me with a kite in his hand. He was met by a young chap, whose face is well known to picture-lovers the world over—Arthur Housman. I then recognized the other gentleman as William Wadsworth. The kite fever has struck the Edison company, in its most acute form, and now, in the evening, you are apt to hear them say, "Well, fellows, if it's windy to-morrow, we won't take pictures; we'll fly kites." Sic transit gloria!

SAW pretty Alice Joyce downtown recently, and she told me, sotto voce, and all that sort of thing, that she was very busy with her spring wardrobe, and she says that some of the gowns are dreams! I had a private peep at one which has just arrived, and believe me, it's a peach. I have dreamed of nothing else since. Moral: keep your eye on Alice Joyce and the Revolving Sun.

MANAGER MASON, of the handsome new Mason Hotel, recently proved that his heart was in the right place by giving a perfectly lovely dinner-dance to the more prominent members of the "Movie" world, who are here for the winter. A lovely course-dinner was served, with dancing between every two courses, of course, as well as after the dinner. "A right good time was had by all." Three cheers and a tiger for Mr. Mason!

LUBIN certainly loves those fat men! Their newest answers to the name of Walter Hardee, and he tips the scales at ——— (fill in the figures yourself after seeing him. He won't let me) and he bears a striking resemblance to Keystone's "lusty young infant," Roscoe Arbuckle. Also, they do say (whisper it gently, oh my friend!) that Walter has an over-weening fondness for a flirtation with a pretty girl. How perfectly shocking!

MABEL TRUNNELLE has at last joined the ranks of scenario writers, her first being a dramatization of Janet Gilder's well-known book, "A Son of the Mountains." Edison has already released two of this author's most popular books, "Joyce of the Northwoods," and "Janet of the Dunes." Miss Trunnelle expects to produce "A Son of the Mountains" in Nashville, the Weather Man and the elements permitting.

ALICE WASHBURN over at the Edison Studio says that she had the time of her life when Director C. Jay Williams took the company down to Dupont, Florida, to make scenes of "On the Lazy Line." Everybody knows and loves Miss Washburn. I have met her, and I am "hern."

MARGUERITE COURTOT, the sixteen-year-old Kalem lead, is so pretty that she keeps the boys of Jacksonville, those of them who are lucky enough to know her, on their heads half the time and she rules them with a dainty coquetry that is irresistible.

MAE HOTELEY is so popular and so well liked down here that she frequently has to rise and bow, and sometimes even to make a bit of a speech, when she is thoughtless enough to sit in a box at the theater. But she has grown wise now, and always takes an orchestra seat, where she can see without being seen, which is what she goes for.

POSITIVELY, it is getting dangerous on the streets of Jacksonville. Why, if a policeman saw a murder or a robbery taking place, he would either look on with a grin, or else turn a bored glance away for fear of disturbing the taking of a scene for the "movies."

ONE of the most appealing pictures yet made in Jacksonville is now in process of construction at the Kalem Studio, under the title of "The Treasure Ship." In it, Alice Hollister, begins, in the first part as a child of thirteen, and grows up with the picture, ending with her at the age of eighteen. And she looks every one of the parts, too. She is SOME actress, is that little lady!

AND now comes a rumor that Kalem, Edison, Lubin and Sydney Olcott are planning to stay all summer. Oh, if they only will! Here's hoping!

HELEN LINDROTH, Kalem character woman, and one of the best-loved women at the Studio, is doing some wonderfully clever work this winter. See her as the society matron in "The Bridge," then as the dying mother in "The Treasure Ship" and you'll agree with me

PRETTY ELSIE McLEOD gave her many admirers as well as her director and herself a great surprise, when she played the Indian girl in "The Silent Death," made down at St. Augustine. In spite of her blonde beauty, which makes her look as un-Indian as possible, she donned a wig and an Indian costume, and played the part to perfection. 'Ray for Elsie!

HARRY MILLARDE, of the Kalem, continues to be a perfect villain in reel life, and a charming chap in real life. Really, Harry is incorrigible. If he isn't making love to some other man's wife, he is gambling away the firm's money, but the director makes him do it. At heart, Harry is meek as a lamb, and an all-around good fellow.

EDISON has been utilizing some of the wonderful semi-tropical scenes around Ocala, Florida, making a river picture, using an old-fashioned river boat. Miss Trunnelle writes that they are having a lovely time, even though they have only been able to work one-half day out of the five days spent down there. The Weather Man seems to have a grudge against Motion Pictures this winter.

CARLTON KING has just received a letter from Slough, England, from an old friend whom he hasn't seen for years. The friend had lost track of Carlton, until he saw him in a picture and recognized him. Mr. King wrote to his former friend and the old friendship has been renewed.

WEST COAST STUDIO JOTTINGS

NEWS OF THE PHOTOPLAYERS IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

By Richard Willis

WILLIAM D. TAYLOR, of the Vitagraph, is doing notable work for the Western Vitagraph where his fine figure and strong expressive face stand him in good stead. He is at present playing the title role in "Captain Alvarez," opposite clever Edith Storey. The photoplay is by H. S. Sheldon, who wrote "Salvation Nell," and is in five reels. The action takes place in the Argentine some fifty-five years back.

FRANK MONTGOMERY has completed a strong Western drama, "Rex, the Spider." Mona Darkfeather takes the lead, and the only woman's part in the play. Charles Bartlett plays the heavy role and Rex Downs the male lead. "Indian Monty," as Frank is called in Los Angeles, is now putting on an Indian play, entitled "A Matter of Courage," starring Mona Darkfeather in one of her famous Indian maiden parts.

HARRY POLLARD, director of the "Beauty" brand of pictures, who also plays the leads opposite Margarita Fischer, is possessed of great strength, and in "Bess, the Outcast" had a fight with a cowboy who was represented by a good, husky specimen of humanity. Mr. Pollard told the man to "make it real" and the result was a struggle in which both men got quite serious, and Harry knocked his opponent clean out of the picture, and it had to be retaken. The cowboy muttered to Joe Harris, "leading man! nit, he's a blooming prize fighter."

BESS MEREDYTH has left the "International" to join the big "U." She will be seen in some of the special Gold Seal pictures. although her position has not yet been allotted. To commemorate the change she sold a three-reel scenario called "The Web of Circumstances," which will be produced by Allen Dwan in the near future. Miss Meredyth was with the Universal once before and received a warm welcome.

EDNA MAISON is scoring heavily with producer Otis Turner in parts very much suited to her. She recently acted in two photoplays at the same time, and the time she was not acting she was changing, but one never gets a whimper from Edna. In one play her hair was curly and in the other she wore it straight or as straight as she could get her rebellious locks, for Miss Maison hates wigs as much as Otis Turner does. Mr. Turner said to her the other day, "Why isn't your hair smooth instead of curly?" Edna laughed and replied, "I am afraid you must speak to the person I inherit it from. My mother likes my hair and I find it quite useful myself."

THE Famous Players company, under Mr. E. S. Porter, are at present at Dee Mar, where Mary Pickford is again being featured. Harold Lockwood, who is playing opposite, writes that they are working hard and that he is enjoying it immensely. Harold repeats what so many others have said, "E. S. Porter is one great director and has the ability to get the best there is in an actor out of him." Harold Lockwood possesses a most engaging personality which "gets over" on the screen, and his mail is constantly growing—a sure sign of popularity.

CLEO MADISON, the beautiful and accomplished actress who has made such a strong impression upon the photoplaying public, now leads her own company at the Universal. Her remarkable rise in pictures is but an echo of her work upon the legitimate stage, which she deserted for the screen whilst at the height of her popularity. An artist to her finger tips and possessed of exceptional beauty, Cleo Madison appeared in one picture and her future was assured. She appeared with Dave Hartford in a series of Western photoplays and was then chosen to play opposite J. Warren Kerrigan. With a splendid supporting company, which includes Ray Gallagher, Ed Alexander, Beatrice Van and Ray Hanford, Miss Madison is acting under the direction of Wilfred Lucas, who was for three years with the Biograph and who is one of the best known actors and directors in motion pictures.

FRANCIS FORD has started upon the first photoplay in the big serial, "Lucille Love, the Woman of Mystery," for which the scenic artists and carpenters have been working for the past few weeks. Several mechanicians have been added and placed at Mr. Ford's command to insure smooth working. Grace Cunard has some wonderful new gowns for her part of "Lucille," and the change from her recent impersonations of a female Raffles to a vivacious Ingenue is quite startling, and she is bewitchingly pretty.

LOUISE GLAUM has fully recovered from her recent accident to the relief of all who know her. The faces of all her many friends fell when they heard she had been injured in a fall while acting opposite Universal Ike, for Louise is such a delightfully unaffected girl, who always has a cheerful smile and a kindly word for everybody. In the next play put on by Harry Edwards, Miss Glaum plays the part of a schoolmarm, a pretty one, who has her hands full with the troublesome schoolboy, Universal Ike. It is bound to be funny.

BURTON KING continues to produce some especially fine pictures under the "Usona" brand. These pictures will make quite a stir when they are released, both from their excellent direction and because of the acting and the carefully selected stories.

J. FARRELL MACDONALD has resigned from his position of director with the J. Warren Kerrigan company and is not yet prepared to announce his plans. Joseph De Grasse will now produce the photoplays in which J. Warren Kerrigan appears.

CARLYLE BLACKWELL'S tailor said the other day: "It's curious how many actors and business men come in and, after looking around, say to me, 'What is Carlyle Blackwell wearing or ordering?' It is quite embarrassing at times for I do not care to tell one client what another has, and I have to get around it somehow." Carlyle is credited with being one of the best dressed men in the profession and possesses an enormous wardrobe.

PAULINE BUSH has been in motion pictures for three years and celebrated her "cinema birthday" by treating herself to some beautiful new gowns. Miss Bush commands attention from her very earnestness and her ambition. She states herself that her health has improved wonderfully during her out-of-door picture career and that it is affecting her work advantageously. There was a time when she felt she was destined for serious and more or less sad parts, but the joy of living possesses her and she feels she can now take "happy" roles and play them in the right spirit. Here is a conscientious artist who owns to the debt she owes to motion pictures. Good for her.

A GOOD story is going the rounds with the joke on one of the Western Essanay's actors, whose name we will in mercy withhold. Suffice it to say that he is not strong on certain phrases familiar to others who are not mere actors. This party was observed passing a well-known cafe in San Francisco with a lady friend. The proprietor of the cafe, which is notorious for the good times it gives its patrons, saw the Essanay actor and his partner and rushed to the door. "Come on inside," he urged. The actor hesitated, looking at his fair companion in some doubt. "Bring her in, too," said the proprietor, with cordial hospitality in his tones; "She's a Bohemian, ain't she?" "Well, no. I don't think so," said the Essanay man; "I think she's either a Swede or a Norwegian."

A Message to Would-be Photoplayers

By Arthur V. Johnson

EDITOR'S NOTE—*Arthur V. Johnson, the actor-director of Lubin pictures—the ones which, in the last two years, have helped make history in the photoplay world—has a message to give to the aspirant for screen honors. He wants to give it fairly and squarely. It takes more than just a pretty face or a manly form to serve as qualification for the big work of producing screen results. Mr. Johnson talks from a big experience. He knows just what kind of road that of "making pictures" is, and if you want his say-so on the subject, here it is. He gives it to you gladly: Those of you who have real talent and real ambition will find in it the inspiration you need. To you others, you who want to become a picture actor or actress because you think the money is plentiful and the hours easy, to you it will also be an inspiration—it will help you save some time that you may be able to make valuable otherwise.*

To you who ask how to become a screen player it would be very easy to say just one word—"Desist!" but that solitary word would give you no satisfaction, no help, and would be a flippant answer to a serious question. Also, if you have real determination it would not hinder you from following your desire. And so I want to set down *facts:* from them you must get your own answer.

The Biograph company gave me my opening seven years ago, at a time when there were comparatively few people acting before the camera. I was fortunate in many respects: I was an actor of fourteen years' experience; I learned the difficulties of the voiceless drama under a masterly director, and the hold of the photoplay upon the public was just beginning. The combination of these advantages could not be duplicated to-day, when there are hundreds of competent players to be seen on the screen, each with a long record of film successes to his credit; scores of producing companies, each exerting itself to surpass its rivals with tremendous feature photoplays.

To-day there is but one beginning possible for the inexperienced aspirant to make, and that is as an "extra." To get that chance he must apply in person to the studio manager or whoever employs people for the company he means to try to enter. If his appearance is satisfactory, or if he is of a type desired at the moment, he is engaged.

Usually this is done without any guarantee of salary, beyond being paid for each day one's services are needed. And it has been known to happen that an attendance at a studio from nine o'clock in the morning to five in the afternoon each day for two weeks resulted in a check for three dollars—just the one day the extra worked.

This method does not obtain everywhere. At some places one is required to report in the morning, with the remainder of the day free, if not needed. Nevertheless, it only goes to show that it is a precarious way of earning one's living—if it can be said to reach that dignity.

It is comparatively easy for the real actor to show what he can do, but the opportunity does not soon come to the novice. He must be content to work in street crowds, as one of many guests, or spectators—in fact, wherever people are used collectively. Even the chance to be a servant does not soon come to the extra, for it usually goes to the regular player of small parts. It is only by constant, alert attention and conscientious endeavor that the extra can find a chance to raise himself above the hundreds about him. Yet it can be done, and it is done time and time again. Once the worker's talent is noticed by a director he is likely to be in demand. From there he becomes a player of small parts—of bits—and, if everything is favorable, he rises as far as his ability will carry him.

It is rather superfluous just now to go into the details of acting before the camera. The initial plunge and how to make it I assume to be of greater importance. Often I have been asked my opinion of schools which aim to prepare the novice for the studio, but I doubt the wisdom of such teaching. Without that training which can only be gained from constant acting, the beginner has to start at the bottom, so why waste time trying to acquire knowledge which can only be acquired by actual contact?

The field is overcrowded, just as there are said to be surplus thousands trying to make a start on the stage. That fact has never daunted the genuinely earnest, talented worker in striving toward any goal. Photoplay is hard, exacting, uncertain. Success in it means much and brings unquestionable rewards. If you *must* follow this lure, resolve at the outset to *add* to the profession by the cultivation of a high standard of personal conduct at all times; the ability to shut your eyes and paralyze your tongue to all that does not approach that standard in others; and respect for the work that is giving you a living.

It is your duty.

The Demand for Photoplays

A Conservative Analysis of the Actual Situation

OVER ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY *new* photoplays a week are shown in the moving-picture theaters of this country alone—over six hundred a month—*eight thousand a year.*

This is the *demand.*

Eight Thousand a Year!

Where are they coming from?

The old masters of literature have given their best; the new writers are laboring at top speed—and still the demand grows!

Where are they coming from—except from the *minds* and *experiences* and *imaginations* of people in general. *True,* many will be produced by those already in the game. But even though they turn out *quantity* at such a pace as to hurt their *quality,* the *demand,* the crying *need* for *new* and *better* photoplays is far greater than the supply, and *still growing.*

The mouthpiece of one of the greatest film-producing companies direct from the studios says editorially: "We venture to say that not one of the well-known studios will reject any scenarios which have the requisite acting possibilities. They can't afford to reject them. It is becoming increasingly difficult to get sufficient good material to meet the overwhelming increase in public demand. There never was a better opportunity than exists to-day for disposing of really actable scenarios for photoplays." Some directors even forecast an actual famine of ideas.

Again quoting from the above-mentioned editorial:

"The average movie audience wants reality—it wants real human life in all its phases—above all, it wants action."

Now, think over *your* experiences and those of your friends—there's action—there's pathos, there's comedy—there's *punch,* there's the appeal of real human existence—in fact, there's a potential photoplay in hundreds of incidents right in your own circle. *You* use *your eyes,* and *your* head—and the experiences of others if need be.

Of course, there's a certain technique necessary. But that part is easy when explained.

In his new book, "How to Write a Photoplay," A. W. Thomas, editor of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, makes the scenario a clear and simple proposition. He offers you *his* vast experience.

Mr. Thomas, himself a most successful photoplaywright, is a thorough master of his subject. He has given its presentation much careful study, extending over a period of four years. His experiences, first, as an independent critic, then as editor-in-chief of the Photoplay Clearing House in New York, and later in his present capacity of Editor of the "Photoplaywrights' Association of America" and Editor of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, have enabled him to appreciate what the unskilled writers need, and shown him how to "get over" to them the information they require in order to write their every-day experiences into photoplay form—and then *sell* them.

Mr. Thomas' book is the first popular text-book ever written on this subject. It is not merely a technical analysis, such as previous works have been—and *you do not need previous experience, either in writing or in photoplay construction, to understand it and profit by it.* It begins at the beginning with you. The same can be said of no other photoplay instruction book on the market.

But it is impossible to convey in this limited space more than a faint idea of the help this new book will be in the preparation of a beginner's plays. Not only will its first reading open up a new world of pleasurable and money-making activities, but it will also prove an invaluable companion and guide in the adapting of *any* situation to the accepted and requisite photoplay form that will interest the buyer.

We suggest that you open up the "acres of diamonds" at your feet. Begin by making notes of all strange and unusual experiences that come to *you from now on.* They are potential photoplays, or can be used in connection therewith. And, meanwhile, send a postal-card for the "Photoplay Book Bulletin," which not only sets forth a complete analysis of the contents of Mr. Thomas' new text-book, but gives as well *the first chapter* of the book itself.

Just say "Photoplay Book Bulletin," and sign your name and address, and the descriptive bulletin and Chapter I of the new book itself will be sent you by return mail without cost or obligation. A postal will bring it.

Address your card to

CLOUD PUBLISHING COMPANY

1100 Hartford Bldg. **Chicago, Illinois**

"MY MOST EXCITING EXPERIENCE"

As told by the Photoplay Stars in their own words

Editor's Note.—Probably one of the reasons why the "movies" have such a grip upon popular interest is the fact that the danger and excitement which are portrayed are real and not simulated. The truth of this is amply attested by the following, taken at random from the experiences of the principals of filmdom.

A REAL ADVENTURE OF KATHLYN

By Kathlyn Williams (Selig)

THERE have been dangerous episodes in my life as a film actress, but none approached my experience with the herd of elephants at the Selig Zoo, either in the proximity of fatal results or surging emotions. I was a passenger on one of the animals when the entire aggregation stampeded. It was but a short time ago. Mr. Thomas Santschi and I were principals in the scene where the animals were used. Both were on one elephant ready for the supposed journey. Then Anna May, our baby elephant, which had been left in the barn, trumpeted and squealed. It must have been an S. O. S. message so far as the herd was concerned. With one accord the six elephants gathered in a circle, put their heads together and made the queerest noises imaginable. The leader started on a terrific run, followed by the rest. Our animal was second in line.

Straight for the distant barn they ran. An orchard of heavy trees intervened, but the herd cared nothing for these obstructions. Making straight for the trees, they scurried with amazing speed. Animal men with hooks, extra men and others ran into the scene and clubbed the stampeding brutes. They might as well have tried to stop a cyclone.

My feelings were far from being well defined. One thing I realized—that the trees ahead surely would scrape us off under the heels of the following elephants. And scrape us off they did. But one man in that panic-stricken crowd had realized the danger of our position in the line and was responsible for our escape. He was Curley—I wish I knew his other name. With plying hook and all the command of voice possible, he began working our elephant to the rear from the very outset. He accomplished this most difficult task just as Mr. Santschi and myself went

flying to the ground, safe from thundering heels, while the herd continued through a high fence to the barn and Anna May. We were well shaken up, but not seriously injured, continuing to work the remainder of the day. But I wasted no more money on peanuts and oranges for those elephants afterward.

AN ADVENTURE AT SING SING

Carey Lee (Reliance)

While taking an exterior scene of Sing Sing Prison at Ossining, N. Y., the camera had been set up when Edgar Lewis (the director) sent to ask the courtesy of the Warden. The director's assistant returned to tell us we were refused permission, whereupon he was quickly dispatched to keep the guards entertained while we took the scene. Without rehearsal the scene was taken; when the guards realized what had occurred, they pursued us up the hill. We fell into the waiting car and were off. The scene proved to be one of the best in the picture "For the Love of a Man," written by myself. That was the nearest I ever

Read this letter——

Jacksonville, Fla.
March 14th, 1914.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE,
Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen:

Enclosed please find fifteen cents in stamps for which you will kindly forward me, by return mail, a copy of your March edition. Your magazine is so popular down here that it is impossible to get it a week after it goes on sale, as all the stands are sold out. But it's worth all the trouble I have to go to, to get it.

Wishing you success and prosperity, I wish to remain,

Most sincerely yours,

.....

Now read our answer——

Dear Madam:

Acknowledging your favor of March 14th, we are at once sending you a copy of March Photoplay Magazine.

Any month you may find Photoplay Magazine all sold out at the newsdealers--and just the very month you particularly wanted to read it.

Why not make sure of getting it at your home promptly every month, and at the lowest price? You can do this by subscribing for it by the year. Subscription price for one year (12 monthly issues) is $1.50.

Yours very truly,
PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

We say the same to you——

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Photoplay Magazine, 1100 Hartford Bldg., Chicago.
Gentlemen: Enclosed please find $1.50 for one year's subscription to Photoplay Magazine, commencing with.....issue

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A

came to going to jail, but I always suspected that Mr. Lewis knew we would be refused permission to use Sing Sing.

While on the Miller Brothers' 101 Ranch at Bliss, Okla., for the Reliance Company, I nearly received a knife thrust between my shoulders for refusing to marry Little Chief of the Ponka tribe. One of the cowboys saw him in time, happily for me, and the hazing that poor Indian received was pitiful.

LASHED TO A SPAR

Louise Fazenda (Joker)

My most exciting experience in the manufacture of filmed stories was last June. I was lashed to a floating spar in a sea story, and the boat which was chartered to stand by and release me at the end of the scene capsized, due to the negligence of a green hand, who overturned it. There was no rope, ladder or knife available, and all efforts to untie the rope that bound me only tangled it worse in the excitement of the rushing tide. By the time that a hand ax was procured ashore I was exhausted, but, thanks to the life guards having a pulmotor in their equipment, I was revived with no serious results.

DEATH AT EVERY TURNING

By Jean Darnell (Thanhouser)

Gladiatorial combats in the Roman arena were, undoubtedly, thrilling, but they never eclipsed a moving-picture actor's life and death chances to obtain thrills. My career has been one thrill after another—every one a hair-raising affair.

When Thanhouser produced "Carmen," I played *Cigaret* in the cast, and had to go into a real Mexican arena and make love to a matadore. I had just singled out my lover when an infuriated bull singled me out and made a rush, head down and bellowing. It looked like the end, but in my panic I turned a queer somersault over the fence just as the bull struck it a few inches below my finger tips. There were Roman thrills all through this film. In the fight scene, where I had a dagger fight with *Carmen*, I lunged at Marguerite Snow. She was supposed to catch my arm, but failed, and I sliced her arm from elbow to wrist. We washed the blood off, bound it in court plaster and went on with the play.

In "Forest Rose" I was cast in the part of a young mother whom the Indians were supposed to murder, scalp and drag from a cabin. Harry Marx, the Indian chief, did the heavy part. When he broke into the cabin he seemed to forget that I was a regular human being, and came at me with a vengeance, grabbed me by the hair, dragged me and whacked me on the head, and almost fractured my skull. The camera man had to stop until I recovered. Then the Indians dragged me into the yard, set fire to the house, and in the war dance that followed they almost trampled out my life.

In another picture I led a wild cavalry charge straight at a camera operator. I was almost racing when my horse stumbled, and there were a hundred horsemen thundering close behind. You can imagine my feelings, perhaps. But I made a desperate effort and pulled my horse to his feet. After the charge

I slipped from the horse, and was carried back to my hotel a physical wreck.

While off duty I have enjoyed some hair-raising thrills. One day Florence La Badie and I were endeavoring to keep up our reputation for gameness. We were driving a high-powered racing car and every time we came to a "copless" corner, we turned the thing loose. The houses and streets fairly streaked by, and it's a wonder we did not wind up in an unrecognizable tangle. Then Florence dared me to drive into the traffic-filled streets. I steered right up Broadway. I put on as much speed as I dared, and the car swerved, slid, and shot through the traffic like a snake. Not only was our escape miraculous, but also that of the other drivers. I was white with fear. Finally a policeman stopped us. I "stalled" my en-

We Want Every Photoplay Lover To Start A Stamp Collection Now!

The latest German craze, the ADVERTISING ART STAMP, has taken this country by storm. Men, women and children are now starting stamp collections. This fad will grow and we want to help you start your collection without any cost to you.

So we are going to give you stamps on our wonderful six-reel production "SAMSON"—FREE.

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They show Warren Kerrigan, the famous picture star, at his best.

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I want to see the wonderful UNIVERSAL six-reel production "SAMSON" at your theatre.

This coupon will entitle me to one set of the *"SAMSON" Art Stamps absolutely free of cost to me.*

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This coupon is issued by the Universal Film Manufacturing Co.

Fill in your name and give it to the box office of your favorite theatre.

The manager will give you a set of these art stamps FREE and tell you when you can see the greatest photoplay ever produced—

"SAMSON"

UNIVERSAL FILM MANUFACTURING COMPANY

1600 Broadway CARL LAEMMLE, President NEW YORK, N. Y.

"Largest Film Manufacturing Concern In The Universe"

gine and tied up 2,000 automobiles and blocked traffic for twenty blocks.

Another time, while dressed as bathing girls for a seashore picture, Florence spied a boat while we were lounging on the sand. We got into it and fell asleep. When we awoke we were right under a large sign that read: "Private Bathing Beach." We had drifted across the bay with the tide and started to drift away from the beach toward the sea, and it was a hard task to row back to safety against the rushing tide. My nerves could not stand the continual strain. They went to pieces and for two months I was under a doctor's care. But I would not lead another life. Every day there is a thrill. The more thrills the better I like it.

IN OIL-FED FLAMES

By Max Asher (Joker)

Sinking into a nest of oil-soaked rags, after a two-story fall, is the nearest I ever came to death. It happened while working in a Joker comedy production, "Love and Politics." I was a rival of Mayor Harry McCoy. My constituents and I were on a housetop throwing bricks to break up McCoy's meeting. His party set fire to the house. The fire department was summoned and the streams of water knocked the actors from the roof. I slipped and fell two stories into a heap of flaming rags. Wet blankets were thrown on me, and I was exceedingly fortunate in escaping from the seething furnace with a bad shake-up, my clothes almost burned off my back, my face and hands scorched and minor body burns.

BURIED ALIVE!

By Frank W. Smith (Universal)

ABOUT A MONTH ago, King Baggot and I were working on a picture called "The Jarvis Case," during the progress of which it was necessary to dig a cave in a bank of clay. The cave was duly dug, but in the course of the action, while Mr. Baggot and I were inside, there came a crash and an hour afterwards we were dug out, unconscious—Mr. Baggot with sprained ankle and I with a couple of ribs crushed. This, I think, is about the most exciting experience I have had while working in pictures as yet.

ALMOST ZERO IN DANGEROUS FEATS

By William Garwood (Majestic)

MY MOST EXCITING EXPERIENCE was in "With the Mounted Police," a story written around an aqueduct in New York. During the construction of same I was tied hand and foot with a sack over my head and supposed to float in the reservoir on the 10th of December, 1912, with the temperature at 23 F.—nine below freezing point. The moment I struck the water I was unconscious. I was rescued by Mignon Anderson.

NOTHING LEFT TO DO!

By Wallace Reid (Rex)

DECIDEDLY the most exciting experience in my picture career was my last appearance in a Reliance film called "A Race for Life." Rodman Law, the well-known "dare-devil" of the photoplay, was supposed to chase me in various conveyances—first, by horse vs. trolleys; then, train vs. motorcycle; then, hydroplane vs. motor boats (which I knew nothing about); a climb up the side of a board building (one of Mr. Law's favorite amusements); a dive from the middle of a bridge into the Shrewsbury River, and a race between myself in a motor car and Mr. Law in an aeroplane, just above me—which ended with the aeroplane in a clover field with a broken cylinder head, and myself in a cornfield with an equally fractured disposition. The only satisfaction I had was to watch Law parachute 3,500 feet from the aeroplane. At least there were some things I didn't have to do. It was surely a moving week.

HAD TO SWIM!

By Allen Curtis (Joker)

MY MOST EXCITING experience was when I was called upon to fall overboard from the deck of a ship into the ocean. I was not a swimmer, and being ashamed to acknowledge that fact, I determined to go through the stunt even though it would kill me. The action called for me to remain in the water several minutes so that they could take scenes of me struggling (for cutbacks), while the folks on board ship were discussing ways and means to rescue me. It being a comedy, the idea was to get the laughs, showing them calling to me to keep up courage and that they would rescue me as soon as they could change their clothes to bathing suits. You can imagine my feelings when I struck the water with that fear of being drowned; and yet my nerves were keyed up to such a pitch that I unconsciously kept splashing around for about two minutes (at the time it seemed to me two hours) till they went through the scene of rescuing me. When I came out I seemed to have a feeling of confidence that I never had before, and felt no fear of the water.

The strange part of this experience is that it actually taught me how to swim, and I immediately took to water like a fish and have been somewhat of a swimmer ever since.

The PHOTOPLAYWRIGHTS' DEPARTMENT

CONDUCTED BY A. W. THOMAS, EDITOR of
THE PHOTOPLAYWRIGHTS' ASSOCIATION of AMERICA

Being Perfectly Frank and Fair

THOUSANDS OF PERSONS watch the "movies" on the screen every day and night of the week; thousands get the idea that they, too, can write scenarios—"pictures just as strong, virile and dramatic as those we see"—and yet such persons may be deluded into this thought by the fact that moving picture writing *does* seem easy. It is not as easy as some would have aspiring writers believe, and the correspondent, school or institution that is not capable of writing and selling its own stories is not sufficiently educated and experienced enough honestly to advise inquiring writers what to do, and their steady encouragement offered to people wholly incapable of writing scenarios is grossly wrong. To those worthy of help, to those fully capable of development, there are places where honest advice and information may be secured. Realizing the enormous, fast-growing demand for photoplay scenarios and because of the great growth of this department of the PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, we have been compelled to launch a magazine devoted to scenario writers and studio matters in general, and in conjunction with this magazine and the Photoplaywrights' Association of America, we aim to be of still further benefit to both new and old writers. We have been so candid and perfectly frank with our subscribers and inquirers and members of the Association that it has been appreciated; if we believe, from an examination of a writer's manuscript that he has not sufficient talent to warrant his going on with the work, we say so; on the other hand, if we find merit in a writer's work, we encourage him, help him and develop him. And it is frankness of this sort that pays in the end. We have not yet found a disgruntled member, inquirer or subscriber; we have shown hundreds their errors, mistakes, shortcomings and lack of dramatic plot; we have "set them right"; dozens of others we have frankly advised that, in our estimation, they could never qualify as scenario writers, and they "quit the game," contented with the advice, knowing we had saved them dollars in postage and hours in weary preparation of impossible stories. About 80 per cent of the stories submitted showed the writers had talent for the work; all they needed was development in plot-building and photoplay technique. And the stories now coming in show improvement; the Association and this department have worked hand in hand, and the reward is shown in the benefits derived by the writers, to which they testify in the hundreds of courteous, thankful letters we have received. And thus will we continue, in this department, in the Association and in the PHOTOPLAY SCENARIO—to be candid, frank and honest. We appreciate the confidence the writers and editors have placed in us, results show; and we are all the more willing to be of as much benefit to the thousands of writers and authors who have not yet joined our circle of information, criticism and aid to photoplaywrights.

The Writing of Dream Pictures

A COMMON FAULT WITH MANY writers is that, when they are unable to "put over" a plot in script form, they weave it into a dream effect; when the story is so strongly illogical as to be almost laughable, they introduce dreams to carry the story. Several years ago dreams were all right, but now—well, now scenario writers that are selling plots do not resort to dreams. And *dreams* and *visions* should not be confused.

Working Up a Reputation

HOW CAN I GET RECOGNITION? writes a southern scenario author, who has been able to sell three stories within the last few weeks. Being inexperienced, and elated over her first sale, this writer is just a trifle overzealous, ambitious—which is perfectly natural, but the mistake new writers make is that when a sale is made, and the editor is courteous and solicitous enough to write a nice note to the author, the latter takes this to mean that she (or he) must immediately "grind out" all the latest ideas, put 'em into form and rush 'em off to the studio editor, and in a moment, as it were, expect

recognition as a professional playwright. One may make the clock strike before the hour, but it will strike wrong; one may spread the lily apart before it's ready to open, but its shape is ruined; one may pull the melon from the vine before it's ripened, but its flavor is affected; one may dip to the bottom of the spring, but the water is riled. And so as there is a time for things of nature and life, so is there a psychological time in plot-making and selling. To be sure, to be successful, it requires patience, experience, a defined motive and good judgment.

Judging a Scenario's Merits

A YOUNG CHICAGO STORY WRITER asked us the other day to read a scenario which he had written and sent to two studios, only to have it promptly returned, accompanied with the usual rejection slip—"Not available." "But, I *know* it is a good story," the author went on to explain, still holding the script in his hand. "The plot is original, and a couple of friends of mine tell me it should be 'grabbed up' by any live editor," he continued. Then he let us see it. We doubt if the editor at either studio read it. It was written on foolscap size paper, the synopsis was too long by 200 words, it was done hurriedly, and the most objectionable feature was the plot—dealing with an escaped convict, an idea that has been worked so many times it's difficult to use even the word convict. It lacked action, interest; it possessed neither a crisis nor had a climax—it was simply a story, a weak tale of an incident in a man's life. With pathos woven into it, a love touch and heart interest, it would have sold, but it lacked them all. The studio editor is the better judge when the result lies between the author and editor. It's all right to believe you have a "corking" good scenario, but don't go too far in that belief. Be sure it *is* full of action, interest, a touch of pathos, a wisp of love, some suspense and a little complication, logical, a story with a plot and a real climax, not a tale of trifling incidents. The kind the studios want are being written, and more of them are demanded.

Analyzing Photoplay Stories

VIZUALIZATION IS A THING UNKNOWN to many writers, while there are others who appear to let it ruin their scenarios. We read a story the other day in which the author had vizualized three scenes into one, one interior and two exterior. The story was *not analyzed* or she would have undoubtedly seen the mistakes. In other scenes the author shifted a character from place to place, interior and exterior, without having him exit from each particular scene. No analysis was made as to the logical part of the scenario, and, of course, it came back from the producer. Analyze your scenarios before you send them out; be sure they are *logical* from cast to climax.

The Copyright Idea Again

NO ONE HAS THE RIGHT to write a scenario from a copyrighted book or from a short story of a magazine. Neither is it fair for a writer to evolve his idea from copyrighted material, regardless of the fact that some screen productions appear to have been thus originated. As to adaptations, all the producers have staff writers to handle this class of work. If one is particularly interested in some magazine story, and desirous of putting it into scenario form, the author's consent should be obtained. There is good material yet to be found—in the street, the home, on the rivers, in the country, at a dance, in the hospitals, beside the sea, in the parks, here and there, everywhere—suggestions come from the most unexpected places, and opportunities are at every writer's side, waiting to be picked up.

Word Pictures and Scenarios.

DIAMOND DEWDROPS ADDED BEAUTY to the scene in crystal; as the morning sun rose from behind the horizon's haze; here and there the roses and buds and bushes were as if begemmed with pendant rubies, and the maples on the ridge flamed with color. From valley and street came sounds of childish glee. In the cities tired men labored over melting-pots, but in all joy rustled beside each being. Old Sol smiled as he mounted higher and higher, until only an occasional soft-tinted blue thing in the skies suggested a bar to a perfect day. Then the whir of fluttering birds was heard, crispness began to permeate the air of the afternoon closing; the sun was hanging low in the golden west, just tipping the brow of the far away hill. And the charm of the approaching night seemed as beauteous and delightfully welcome as were the radiant rays of the brightest hours. Then a stillness came as a climax to work and pleasure and—but why go further? One might picture the sun's journey across the continent, or tell of the magnificent autumn of the South and of the glories of the Golden Gate country, but that won't sell scenarios. Plot, idea, logical conception and a proper technique mean more in "photoplayphy."

The Army of Unsuccessful.

UNDERSTANDING THE FAULTS of writers, and with an aim to aid them, we offer a cash prize of $250 for the best scenario submitted by a writer who has *not sold one story.* Thus new writers escape the keen competition which would otherwise enter into such contest. This is for *unsuccessful writers only.* See rules of contest.

Educating Henry Higgins

HAVE YOU FOLLOWED HENRY'S LETTERS? If you haven't, you have missed something. Henry started in as a "world-beating scenario writer," to use his own language. Henry is just like many others who lack training and experience. Here's his admission:

Wampum, Pa., March 31st.

Dear Editor: I've just waked up to what the moving picture men want. From observation and your advice, I admit I never had a real plot. Have written 31 plays—not plays. Have read up my grammar. Am studying plot. You're right, my last story was tragedy, not drama. I have profited by your department, but should not have been so "bull-headed" and I'd be further along. But I am going to win—win's right. Golly, I can see myself cashing checks and—there I go again, but I'm "sticking in the game"—and you'll hear from me again, without flower beds to cover murderous deeds. Henry Higgins.

All right, Henry, we'll watch for you again—we're interested, too.

Concerning Questions and Answers

BEING ABLE TO ANSWER BUT a few questions each month on account of the limited space in this department, we have transferred all questions and answers to the PHOTOPLAY SCENARIO. Questions pertaining to players, editors, releases and other photoplay matter will be answered in the new magazine. Don't fail to get a copy of the first number. Send a postal-card for it.

A Chat With Amateur Photoplaywrights

By Perry N. Vekroff

Editor, Kinemacolor Company of America.

AMONG the many letters we daily discard unanswered, I often find some which compel a second reading before laying aside. These come from earnest, conscientious beginners, requesting me to tell them *why* their efforts had been rejected, and what must they do to insure success. Inasmuch as it is the policy of our company to treat all contributors with equal courtesy and consideration, I wish to assure them that I would gladly answer their letters if it were not for the fact that I find it impossible to take the time such a task would require and do justice to my work. If I had the time required, I would feel that a technical discussion of the questions asked would be useless, in most cases, since, judging from the very nature of these questions, my would-be correspondents know nothing or very little about technique. For the benefit of those, then, whose letters I cannot answer, I will cite the instance of a recent interview with a beginning author, who wanted me to outline my attitude toward contributions submitted for the use of our company. As nearly as I can remember, he received the following answer:

"When I read a manuscript for the purpose of appraising its value, I look upon its merits in very much the same way you look at the merits of a suit of clothes you are about to purchase. In the first place, just as you would not go to a tailor for a suit if you felt that you could make one cheaper yourself, we buy only contributions which contain ideas that would not readily occur to us. Nor do we find it expedient to invest in a contribution because one or two situations in it strike us as being rather unusual. We endeavor to make sure that the *entire* effort is unusual, yet well balanced and convincing in all its component parts. To say the least, we would feel as foolish as you would if you bought a suit on the strength of your preference for the collar or the cuffs, regardless of the fact that the remaining parts might be assembled in a shabby and misfitting manner.

"Let us carry the comparison a little farther. Let us assume that your suit of clothes typifies a three-reel production, of which the trousers represent the first reel; the vest the second, and the coat the third reel. Let us, moreover, suppose that the trouser legs, the sleeves, the cuffs, the collar and lapels represent the various scenes, while the buttons and button-holes, the title and sub-titles. Now, then, what is it that makes you make up your mind to buy a certain suit in preference to all the other suits the tailor has shown you at the same price? Is it the coat, the vest or the trousers? Would you be prejudiced in

favor of the coat just because you like the lapels; and would you buy the entire suit because of the coat? Of course not. Nor would you buy the entire suit if you found one of the trouser legs shorter or missing; the buttons and button-holes misplaced; or an extra sleeve here or there. You would insist upon the best material, the best cut, the best fit and the best all-around good suit for the price you can afford.

"Now, if you are so particular with *your* money, how much more particular must the editor be with his company's money? Remember, he is generally held responsible not only as regards the money spent for the purchase of the manuscript, but what is far more important, for the expense of production as well."

The foregoing homely illustration is not offered here as a substitute for technical advice; nevertheless, it helped the above-mentioned author to understand some facts which he had failed to grasp in any other way.

Let me say a few words about technique. Technique, in its proper time and place, is unquestionably a most important factor, without which little or no successful results are achieved, no matter what the field of endeavor. In the case of the beginner, however, it should be a matter of secondary importance. After all, it is only a means to an end, and the mastery of its dry rules may well be postponed until their use becomes imperative. There are other things, fundamental and elementary though they may be, which should precede the study of technique. Deliberate reversal of their order is apt to result in the same disappointment which will await the man that starts to build his house from the roof instead of the foundation.

The first step of the beginner must be the cultivation of those faculties which will enable him to recognize and originate dramatic ideas which can be developed into *real* dramatic plots. A mere series of episodes with an occasional dramatic situation here or a comical one there will not furnish the plot which must constitute the backbone of a marketable photoplay production. The real plot is *organic, well balanced, unusual, yet at all times convincing.* To go back to our illustration, a real plot must be built like a suit of good material, good cut and fit, with buttons and button-holes each in their proper place, and with just that many sleeves, trouser legs and pockets as are required. None more nor less.

The next step of the beginner is to learn to discriminate as to whether his story, logical and complete though it may be, *is worth telling.* That is to say, whether, in the face of so much competition, he has thought out a plot which is a little better or, at least, as good as any the editors have bought. If there is any doubt about that, he had better put his manuscript aside for future revamping. Submission at that doubtful stage will only result in loss of time, stationery and postage. Worse yet, it may help the beginner to cultivate the bad habit of throwing the blame for failure upon the editors, rather than upon himself or herself.

Having learned to recognize and originate dramatic ideas and to discriminate as to whether these ideas are worth telling, the beginning author may now take up the study of technique, which, though by many considered to be the hardest, is in reality the easiest part of photoplay-writing.

There are several ways by means of which the persevering student may become proficient. Some study the several excellent works written on the subject, notably Mr. Epes W. Sargent's "Technique of the Photoplay," others, gifted with the knack of combining system with common sense, devise their own technique, basing it on brevity and clearness; the rest prefer to read their lessons upon the screen itself. The wisest method to pursue is to combine all three ways mentioned with some preference, perhaps, for the direct teaching of the theater. As "the proof of the pudding is in the eating," so are the merits or effects of photoplay best judged during its actual exhibition. Indeed, it is well worth one's trouble to follow a certain motion picture from theater to theater for a week. After seeing the picture for the first time, ask the exhibitor to give you the number of his exchange. Call up the exchange and ascertain the route of that release during the rest of the week. Then go and see that production over and over again. After the fourth or fifth time, the novelty of the thing will wear out and you will find yourself dissecting, analyzing, comparing. You will presently begin to understand why certain scenes and leaders were put here or there; why certain bits of *business* were introduced or left out. Keep this up for a while without neglecting your books or any other piece of helpful literature you can lay your hands on. In the meantime, work hard revamping your own plays. By this time you will not feel so elated over them, for you will be able to realize your shortcomings. Then, gradually, the *real* meaning of such terms as *"punch," "original"* and *"available"* will dawn on you with the charm of a revelation. You will receive your first check; but let that be a source of encouragement, not your undoing. The author who, after receiving his first few checks, lays down his books and makes up his mind that he does not have to work hard any longer, will soon be wasting postage again.

The Practical Side of Scenario Writing

A Peep Into the Future

By Captain Leslie T. Peacocke

Feature Writer on the Staff of the Universal Film Company

ADVICE has been freely given to those interested in the scenario writing field, mainly, I regret to say, by those who have issued books or pamphlets instructing novices how to write photoplays and who have hopes of thus creating a sale for their books or pamphlets, or by those who are offering to criticize scripts for a few dollars and who claim to be in a position to find a ready market for photoplays written by their clients.

These are "The Gentle Grafters," so aptly embraced in an article by the late O. Henry, and their prejudiced advice should be taken *cum grano saltis*. Those who are ambitious to write photoplays can get all the information they require from the scenario departments of any recognized film firm, which always supplies a sample scenario on request, or from the scenario department of the several magazines devoted to the photoplay drama. The PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is most excellent in this respect, and its columns should be eagerly scanned by all scenario writers—both the free-lance and staff writers—as it keeps them advised as to the current need of the various companies and gives sterling, and what is more, free and reliable advice.

The entire field of photoplay writing is rapidly changing, owing mainly to the fact that several big theatrical producers have entered the "game" and are exploiting their old and well-known plays as film productions. This state of affairs will be short lived, because all plays do not lend themselves to screen production and the public will soon become wearied of long-drawn-out photoplays whose plots are hackneyed and have been done in one form or other by the various film companies. Most of the film producing companies are at present also exploiting well-known published novels by prominent authors and are paying a big price for the film rights of these books. These books are handed over to trained staff scenario writers to put into photoplay form and the cost of the productions is naturally causing fear in the heart of the man behind the bank roll.

It is the age of competition and all the companies are vieing with each other to secure all the leading attractions they can, irrespective of the cost of production and without taking into consideration whether the five and ten cent audiences—who constitute the big patrons of the film drama, and will always do so—will enthuse themselves over a presented play or a published book, of which they have probably never heard.

Now, the presented play or published book, nine cases out of ten, does not make nearly as good a reel drama as a photoplay that has been especially written for screen production by a practiced scenario writer, and those who go and view the various productions are beginning to recognize this.

So the earnest writers of photoplays have nothing to fear. The present condition of affairs is only temporary, and when the various manufacturers have experimented sufficiently and have dropped all the money that they can safely afford in experimenting, then the recognized photoplaywright will be recognized as a more important factor than he is at present.

The one-reel photoplay will be the demand of the patron who pays his nickel and dime. The public soon gets tired of being bored by long screen productions, and the producing companies will not take long to find this out, and act accordingly. Magazine stories, as a rule, do not make good photoplays, because a photoplay must be brimful of action, and dialogue is a negligible quantity. And, then, very few magazine stories have an original plot.

A great number of the producing directors write their own photoplays and the field is thus further limited for the free-lance writer. Some of these directors are capable writers and, then, a great many of them are not, but it behooves not a staff writer to wax too enthusiastic on this subject.

The director receives all the blame if a production is a failure and receives the praise that is his due if it proves a success, so we must not blame directors for the stand they take in selecting the plays that they think they can best handle. Eventually, however, the men behind the bank rolls who are interested in the production of moving pictures, will find by well-bought experience that "The Photoplay is the King Pin," and that the scenario department is the most important and essential department of all.

"The Taming of Nance O'Shaughnessy"

A STORY OF SUBMERGED SOCIETY

By W. Chesleigh Benson

Illustrations from the Selig Film

DISMAL shadows mantled the gloomy, gray East Side buildings, and, one by one, the lights in Greater New York's congested district blinked on like flashing glow-worms.

Under the violet blaze of arc lights, along the murky, noisy pavement, hurried thousands of weary toilers. At the curbs venders shouted their wares and scintillated with moving humanity. Crowds of derelicts, blown from every port on the seven seas, were there. Ambition, broken hope, righteousness and crime mingled in common touch.

The throngs were swelled by a hundred or more pallid children, sad-eyed women and laughing girls who flowed from the wide-flung doors of a laundry out into the night lights like a river into the restless sea.

Nance O'Shaughnessy, known as the prettiest girl in the laundry, chatted gaily with three of her co-workers as they threaded their way through the human current. Gertie Kane, a newcomer at the laundry, had asked her to attend the Saturday-night dance at McGuire's Academy, and Nance hesitated and was tempted to spend a dull evening.

Her heart was clean, she was clear-eyed, ambitious, hopeful, and had a keen desire to live. Life was pleasant to Nance, although the squalorous surroundings did not warrant such litheness of spirit, but she was unlike the many in her close-bounded sphere, because she only sought the puritanical pleasures. It had been thus with this statuesque young woman ever since she had been left an orphan child. And, although clamped into the human mechanism of the laundry, the years had not broken her mentally or physically, nor withered her blooming beauty.

While the girls stood on a congested corner and talked over the evening program, Gertie exclaimed:

"Oh, look at the kid!"

Nance followed her gaze and saw a ragged little urchin fall to the pavement while dodging the carts and trucks. Nance rushed to him, caught him by the long, ragged coat and jerked him from in front of a heavy auto truck that bore down upon him.

Her eyes flashed when the driver called the boy a rat. Nance gave the little fellow a coin and asked him his name.

"Me name's Dicky Ryan. I took a chance, Miss, 'cause I gotta get home to me mother. Thanks," concluded Dicky and hurried.

"If that guy'd a put on more juice you'd be doin' the tango to the pearly gate instead of cavortin' with my swell friend, Pat McGuire, at the academy to-night, Nance!"

"That was real brave of you, Miss," ventured a tall, manly looking fellow, who stood quite near and waited for the traffic to halt.

Nance turned and smiled at the clean-cut, boyish face. She liked the smile that dimpled his fresh cheeks; his large, blue, laughing eyes attracted her and she looked at him twice.

"Some fresh jay tryin' to be a regular masher!" remarked Gertie vehemently, and Sandy McCarthy, seeing her cold stare, looked away lamely, wondering whether the girl who had rescued the boy and smiled so sweetly was as cold and harsh.

Nance had followed Gertie's stare and had noticed the young man's chagrin at Gertie's remark, but she was not of the same opinion as her friend.

"Remember and meet me at McGuire's Academy at eight sharp, Nance," said Gertie. And Sandy McCarthy overheard the parting remark.

Then the police whistle shrieked, the throng jammed the crossings, and he lost sight of the attractive girl who had spared him one sweet smile.

Nance thought of the pleasant, laughing eyes and the gentle voice of the young man while

she dressed for the academy dance, and wondered if she would, by chance, meet him again some day. Nance was sure she saw a twinge of lonesomeness on his face, and that interested her more deeply than she would admit. But it was growing late and she forgot the stranger and hurried.

Half an hour later Nance O'Shaughnessy climbed the academy steps slowly because her new shoes pinched, and nodded pleasantly at girl acquaintances and their "steadies." At the top of the stairs she saw Gertie chatting glibly with a flippant looking dandy, who frowned at his watch while Gertie impatiently scanned the crowd, and then the pair passed in as the music began.

Nance stood by the brass rail. She saw Gertie and her friend float by and nodded as they whirled into the mass of swaying dancers. While Nance waited a young man approached and touched her on the arm. She turned a flashing pair of eyes on him, but he bent over her and whispered:

"Listen, dearie, I—"

A strong hand caught the masher by the collar, jerked him roughly off his feet, and he landed solidly and uncomfortably in a heap several feet away.

Astonished, Nance looked up, and found herself gazing into the pleasant, laughing eyes of the clean-cut young man who had spoken kindly to her in the street.

"Thank you, Mister—" she began.

"Sandy McCarthy, Miss—er—" he finished, and hesitated.

"Nance O'Shaughnessy," she smiled, and noticed his red blush.

"Why so late, Nance?" interrupted Gertie, and looked coldly at McCarthy, who moved on down the rail.

"Say, Nance, meet Mister Pat McGuire," she said, and jerked her thumb toward the smiling academy manager. Then Gertie introduced her "steady," and Nance recognized the man who had insulted her a few moments before. He shrugged his shoulders and grinned sheepishly. McGuire immediately became confidential and complimented Nance's charms while they sipped his private stock of imported beer. The cool beverage was pleasant and it was nice to listen to McGuire's suave cajolery beneath the maze of warm lights. Nance did not particularly like him, but he seemed to be congenial and his sophistry pleased her. The imported brew loosened the girl's tongue considerably, and McGuire's eyes sparkled as he watched his attractive new plaything. He looked long at her full, red lips, her steady blue eyes and strikingly handsome features, and noted, covetously, her slender, girlish figure.

"Say, Jimmy, bring Miss Kane an' her frien's beer from my special taps an' no charge," McGuire ordered his waiter, smiled pleasantly and winked at Gertie.

When the orchestra leader raised his baton, McGuire and

NANCE THOUGHT OF THE PLEASANT, LAUGHING EYES AND THE GENTLE VOICE OF THE YOUNG MAN WHILE SHE DRESSED HERSELF FOR THE DANCE

"SAY, NANCE, MEET MISTER PAT M'GUIRE." SAID GERTIE AS SHE JERKED HER THUMB TOWARD THE SMILING ACADEMY MANAGER

Nance arose and he whirled her lightly away with the rhythmic move of the music. McGuire was astonished and pleased with Nance. She glided like a fairy-nymph and her fantastic toes seemed scarcely to touch the floor.

When he drew her to him she frowned slightly and held him away, but in her ecstacy she did not suspect the meaning of his endeavor to embrace her. But McGuire desisted. He knew better than to frighten the fly before safely entangling it in his treacherous web. When the music ceased, McGuire took his blushing partner back to the table, where the pair laughed and chatted with Gertie and her "steady," who were polluting themselves with the imported brew.

When a gaudily dressed blonde, with a tired face and pensive eyes, left the dance floor and sat down at a near-by table, McGuire frowned fiercely and warned her with his eyes.

Nance did not notice this nor his irritation, but Sandy McCarthy, who sat near-by, did, and felt sorry for the sad-eyed woman. Somehow he knew that she had once held the attention that Nance was enjoying, and a bitterness arose in the heart of the man from the rose-blown valleys beyond the stagnant, immoral city. He made a mental comparison of McGuire to a gray hawk which he had killed when it had threatened to carry off some of his mother's white hens. He remembered, too, how his little gray-haired mother had worried and then how she had rejoiced when the hawk was dead.

Sandy wondered if humanity would rejoice if this human hawk were winged forever; this smiling, suave-tongued tempter, who pillaged human hearts of their chastity and then relentlessly flung them into the gutter and turned a deaf ear to their suffering, and plunged madly on in an endeavor to quench the insatiable desire.

Sandy McCarthy closed his jaws hard and watched the joyous beginning of one of the every-day dramas that end inevitably in a tragedy. And with half-closed eyes he asked God to help him guide the little girl he had come to love safely through the storm that threatened to batter her, like a helpless ship, to a bitter end on the coast of ruined lives.

Nance forgot Sandy McCarthy in her mad

ecstacy; the bright lights, tantalizing music and cheerful laughter, and Pat McGuire's fascinating cajolery and rhythmic dancing blinded her, and she rushed on—up to the very brink of the black yawning abyss. And Nance paused there simply because the city ordinance prohibited dance halls to remain open after midnight on Saturdays.

McGuire cursed the ordinance and it nettled him further because he had to remain and check up the night's business. In a tipsy condition he helped Nance down the stairs, embraced and kissed her. But she freed herself and started homeward alone.

She had not gone far when a hand was laid on her arm and once more she looked into the pleasant, smiling eyes of Sandy McCarthy. Her eyes fell and a blush mounted to her cheeks—she had forgotten him.

"Come, please, Miss O'Shaughnessy, and have something to eat?" he asked as they passed a restaurant.

"Thanks, Mister McCarthy," she faltered.

Hot coffee acted as an antidote against the beer, and Nance became silent and thoughtful. But Sandy McCarthy cheered her wonderfully and told her of the beautiful green country, its fragrant air, sparkling streams, mossy banks of violets, about which she had only dreamed. Sandy appealed to her sense of beauty and pureness and she grew enthusiastic when he asked her to spend Sunday in just such a place.

On leaving the restaurant Sandy called an old hansom cab and took Nance safely to her door, and, before he bade good-night he squeezed her hand warmly and gazed into her eyes. Nance could not see the pleasant eyes, but she felt what they would have said could they have spoken. She stood on the threshold and watched Sandy depart, and when his broad back melted into the network of dully lighted streets, two tears rolled down her cheeks—they were happy tears—and thoughtfully she closed the door.

Sandy looked very boyish and happy that Sunday morning, and Nance was as lithe of spirit as a skylark. She talked and laughed like a little girl who was going from the country to the big city, instead of a sophisticated New York girl. When they alighted at a country station sixty miles from the grim, pulsing, teeming town, Nance seemed awed by the greenness and freshness. They walked along a country road and crossed yellow fields of daisies, and he made a wreath and placed it about her head.

When the sun mounted high in the firmament, beside a clear, babbling brook they opened their lunch basket and spread the white linen on a bank of purple asters and together they enjoyed the dainties amid the June flowers, while sweet-throated songsters made wonderful melody.

"Gee! Ain't God good to let people live out here, Mister McCarthy!" she laughed joyously and bit into a sandwich.

"Call me Sandy, if you please, Nance," he smiled.

Nance, holding the sandwich between her teeth, smiled too, and they looked at each other. The pleasant eyes smiled and the magic thought leaped across and registered—"I love you." The birds, and even the homely music of the brook, seemed to breath in every note—"I love you."

"Say, if they ever got that song 'I Love You' on Broadway as I'm gettin' it here, Sandy, they'd make a mint—an' I'm a good critic," she said sweetly and sighed.

"Why, you just told me; them song birds is popularizin' it, the brook is hummin' it, an' them sweet New Jersey winds is purrin' it in my ear, Sandy, an'—well, I'm beginnin' to feel it, too."

Sandy reached across and took her hand.

"And I love you, Nance!"

He kissed her hand and then she drew it slowly away and blushed. Sandy smiled. The downcast eyes, the blush, and his unanswered question obviously told him her love still rested between the fascinating Pat McGuire and his dancing academy and—well, perhaps, the country where the good God kindly let people live.

When the June day died and shadows settled like dark pools, they wandered back across the dewy daisy field and boarded a train at the little station and were whirled back to the murky depths of the canyoned streets of the big, noisy, feverish metropolis.

Sandy sighed when he left Nance standing on her doorstep that night. His eyes shone with a kindly light, but determination was written plainly on his face and he felt that God was on his side.

Kindliness, patience, suffering and perseverance are the seeds of great things and achievements wrought by mankind. Sandy knew this, and with these things in mind he set his heart and soul to the task of taming Nance O'Shaughnessy. It was not greed that prompted him to rescue her alone for himself, but for her womanhood and humanity.

Nance did not go to the dancing academy for two weeks after the Sunday in the country, for Sandy called more often and she spent the evenings with him. Often he would read to her or tell stories, and little Dicky Ryan, whom Nance had rescued at the crossing, came in the evenings and, wide-eyed, listened to the tales of the country.

"Say, if me an' maw could only get there, then

we'd never come back," Dicky sighed, and the wrinkles crept about his mouth, and he laid his hand on Sandy's shoulder and boy and man looked into each other's eyes.

Sandy often recalled the despondent, sad-eyed woman who had seemed to annoy Pat McGuire the night he met Nance, but he did not know that she was the mother of little Dicky, and that Dicky was her only solace. Her sodden husband had lain drunk in their wretched two rooms, it seemed, ever since they were married.

Mame Ryan had had ambitions and planned puff and rouge no longer covered the evidence of debauch. Mame eventually fell into the discard and McGuire shunned her and sought new prey. So she had been kicked down to grovel in the mire of despair, and become known as a "souse" and a mark for brutal gibes.

Many bitterly cold winter nights little Dicky had brought his mother home after she had been ousted from McGuire's. The warm little heart beat with love and pity for her and was wrung with anguish and despair in return. But like a faithful boy he gave his love and shared his pain

"GEE! AIN'T GOD GOOD TO LET PEOPLE LIVE OUT HERE, MISTER M'CARTHY!" NANCE EXCLAIMED JOYOUSLY AND BIT INTO A SANDWICH

to educate Dicky, but her lonely life led her to the dancing academy for diversion, and she had fallen into the clutches of McGuire. McGuire had toasted, boasted and paraded her vaingloriously across his academy floor. But that was long before her beauty had faded.

She had listened to his whisperings and foolishly trusted and loved him. She had drunk his imported private stock, and for a time it brightened her cloyed life, but in the end it proved her downfall. The youthful glint in her eyes was all too soon faded and was replaced by a blood-shot blear. Wrinkles seamed her face, and the powder and sorrow with no one. Even as his great confidence and friendship with Sandy progressed he never divulged his secrets. And each night before he left Sandy and Nance alone on the porch, after listening to the stories of the wonderful green country, he always aid:

"G'by; it's time to go an' meet a frien' now!"

Every day during the two weeks that followed, Gertie coaxed Nance to spend an occasional Saturday night at the academy.

"Whut's the matter, Nance, you ain't gone so clean crazy over that rube guy that you can't come out for a hop once in a while, have you?

M'GUIRE SHOVED FORWARD HIS JAW, DOUBLED HIS FIST AND CURSED. THEN THE CROWD CLOSED IN

An' besides, McGuire is anxious about you every time I see him," coaxed Gertie one Saturday morning.

Nance sighed. She longed for a good dance and wanted to see McGuire. Sandy's puritanical ideas were all very well, but they brought no thrills into her monotonous life. He seemed to be waiting, waiting, for something that puzzled her, and she had lost all patience trying to solve the puzzle. So she called him on the telephone and asked him not to call that night.

Sandy smiled when he hung up the receiver. The light that lured had at last blinded her. He had waited and wondered when the inevitable would happen. But he resolved to be near, and if the charms of the waltz and the fascinating McGuire tempted Nance O'Shaughnessy too near that fathomless brink, only then would he interfere.

With sparkling eyes and a happy blush on her pretty face Nance greeted Gertie and McGuire. They were gaiety personified as they sat and sipped cool brew from the mugs. It was with a thrill that Nance felt McGuire's arm slip about her, and they whirled away in a pleasant waltz. As they danced McGuire drew her closer to him, but she did not push him back as she had the first night.

While they flitted on he whispered in her ear and occasionally his red lips touched her hair. Through dreamy eyes she looked at him and wondered why she had neglected the academy, its intoxicating pleasure and McGuire for the eventless companionship of philosophical Sandy McCarthy, who dreamed of the hills and valleys and the wholesome things.

"Bah! He was but an idle dreamer!" she thought, and decided to see no more of Sandy. Her life was spotless and she had a right to the harmless pleasure of the academy and its amiable companions.

Nance did not realize that the trip to the daisy fields and the long evenings spent with Sandy had already steered her from the imminent rocky shore of wrecked hopes. But her head was awhirl now and she was intoxicated with pleasure. When the dance ended she took McGuire's arm and they started for the tables. But sad-eyed Mame Ryan, in a drunken stupor, staggered up to them and threw her arms about McGuire's neck and sobbed:

"Oh, take me back, Pat dear!"

McGuire's eyes flamed fiercely, and he flung her away, dealt her a brutal blow, and she sank, moaning in agony, to the floor.

Nance drew back, horrified by McGuire's face,

which was twisted into a vicious snarl like a wolf ready to sink its fangs. She was outraged and stunned at his brutality. When she started to help the fallen woman to her feet, McGuire growled and she drew back. At that moment little Dicky rushed in.

"Maw! Maw! It's Dicky! Come home now with Dicky!"

Mame Ryan smiled feebly when she heard the tender voice of her baby boy. But when Dicky started to help her rise from the floor, McGuire sent him sprawling with his knee. Hate burned in Nance's eyes and she picked Dicky up and tried to comfort him and wondered what would happen next.

At that moment Sandy strode into the academy. He surmised the situation at a glance. But when he saw Nance kneeling with Dicky in her arms, his jaw closed hard, he clinched his fists and stepped in front of McGuire.

"You're a dirty, cowardly hawk, McGuire!"

McGuire shoved forward his jaw and lifted his fist and cursed, and the crowd closed in.

"Get to hell out of—"

But Sandy's fist landed on McGuire's jaw and he never finished the sentence.

Sandy helped Mame Ryan to her feet and Dicky took her hand and led her slowly from the academy.

"You big country boob, you got a bunch of nerve buttin' in here, now, ain't you?" sneered Gertie.

Nance frowned and moved near the protecting arm of Sandy, who stood defiantly and faced the toughs. They saw the fiery glint in his eyes; they looked at the wrecked features of McGuire, and the hard fist that had floored one of the best and most fearless bouncers on the East Side, and they fell back and melted to the sloppy tables.

"I'm agin' you, you snake! Turn against a good guy after drinkin' his booze an' usin' his hall, hey! Turn down a guy that offers you somethin' worth while for a boob like him! Well, I'm su'prised you ain't got somethin' under that solid ivory dome, Nance," sneered Gertie and left the academy with her "steady."

Dicky led his mother down the street toward the tenement. But near a wharf the despondent woman halted and little Dicky could not move her. When she looked at the placid, black waters a pleasant thought crossed her morbid mind. Peace lay in the quiet depths and she felt so weary. Suddenly she stooped and kissed little

WITH TEARS STREAMING DOWN HIS FACE DICKY OFFERED ALL HE HAD TO HIS MOTHER—LOVE

Dicky. His instinct told him something horrible was about to happen, and he clasped his arms about his mother's knees and clung to her.

"Oh, maw, don't do it!" he wailed bitterly. But she struggled fiercely to free herself, and he shouted loudly for help.

Nance and Sandy, walking down the street toward the small, treeless park that overlooked the river, heard the boy's call for help. They rushed into the street just as the demoralized woman broke away from Dicky and ran weakly toward the wharf to end her miserable life.

Sandy sprinted and caught her dress when she was about to jump. He drew her back and pinned her against a rail until Nance and Dicky came.

With tears streaming down his face Dicky offered all he had to his mother—love. Mame Ryan looked at the little spark of humanity that had been her only solace through the awful years—the mite of a shepherd, God, in His great goodness, had given her—and a peaceful light lit her sad face and bleary eyes. She knelt on the rough boards, clasped Dicky in her arms, and Nance and Sandy bowed respectfully while she raised her eyes and said the Lord's prayer.

"We are going to leave the city soon, Nance, and find a home in the beautiful country among the people God is kind to," said Sandy.

Nance looked at Mame Ryan, who stood at her elbow.

"And we will find a place there for Dicky and his mother," he continued. Dicky caught him joyously by the arm and Mame smiled as they walked up the dock.

A new light shone in Nance O'Shaughnessy's eyes. It was the light Sandy McCarthy had looked for the day they wandered like happy children through the Jersey daisy fields. While the dawn of true love lit her eyes, Sandy took her in his arms and kissed the warm, red lips. And she took his face in her hands and pressed a fairy-kiss on each cheek and on his pleasant, laughing eyes. Then Sandy placed his arm about her and they leaned on a rail and listened to the river gurgling the old, old song—"I Love You."

A Narrow Escape

PHYLLIS GORDON, leading woman in Director McRae's Bison company, was perilously near death recently at Universal City, Cal. The fatality was averted only through the presence of mind and quick action of Thomas Hosher, a chauffeur. A scene was being taken of Miss Gordon and Winnie Brown in a race on their horses. Al E. Ziegler, camera man, was in the back seat of an auto turning the crank. Miss Gordon is an expert horsewoman, but her mount got beyond her control and ran ahead of the auto. When only a few feet in front of the machine the horse tripped on a log at the side of the road and fell, throwing Miss Gordon into the center of the road. The auto was being driven at such a rate it was impossible to stop it. There was only one thing to be done—turn out. Chauffeur Hosher saw his one chance, took it and cheated death. Miss Gordon was only slightly injured.

"Dope"

A POWERFUL STORY FROM THE BROADWAY SUCCESS

Adapted from the Film Production

By Mabel Condon

Illustrations from the Thanhouser Film

TEN-THIRTY and the desk of John Rogers, Jr., was as yet unopened.

"Call up the house, will you Binkley, and get the scamp on the 'phone," directed Rogers, Sr., as he stormed over to the closed desk and impatiently glanced through the accumulation of mail, scattered there.

"By George!" he fumed, "either he's going to get down here in time or he's going to get out! It's a farce, anyhow, his having possession of a desk here, for he doesn't do a thing when he is here.

"What's that—not up yet? Tell his man to get him up and send him down here in a hurry! No more of this nonsense, I tell you! This is the last!"

And the irate senior partner of the wholesale drug firm of the Rogers, Binkley Company betook his wrath out of his son-in-law's office and slammed the door between that and his own private sanctum.

The task assigned young Rogers' man was no easy one.

Grunts and unpleasant names greeted him as he tried to make his young master understand that he was wanted at the telephone.

"It's the office, sir—Mr. Binkley's on the 'phone and your father said you must get up. Mr. Binkley's waiting, sir."

"All right—Get out of here!" was the unsociable answer as John Rogers, Jr., leisurely and unsteadily arose and found his way to the telephone.

"Yes—'Lo Binkley!——Well, tell the old man he'll see me when I get there!"

The receiver was slammed back onto its hook and Rogers, arising, ordered his man to leave his shaving things alone and to get out. The man obeyed with alacrity and when the door had closed after him, Rogers, plainly nervous, hurriedly opened a drawer of his dresser, released a spring and took from the secret pocket a hypodermic. His fingers, in their nervous haste to insert the needle into his arm, fumbled the instrument. A low curse, a steadying of the sharp bit of steel, the purposeful, imbedding of its point into his forearm, and the features of Rogers began to assume a peaceful, calm expression.

He did not bother to return the instrument to its hiding-place, intending to do that later. Busying himself with his dressing his cheerfulness of manner increased and it was in the midst of the gay "High Jinks" refrain that he ceased whistling to call to his man to assist him with his hat and coat.

When he had gone, his long-suffering valet found the hypo set on the dresser. He picked it up reflectively and a look of sorrow filled his eyes. He knew that the swift pace his young master had set for himself was nearing a crisis. He shook his head and dropped the set into the dresser.

It was nearly noon when the door of the office suite of Rogers, Binkley Company swung inward to admit John Rogers, Jr.

Binkley looked up from the task of signing letters and nodded coldly. Rogers crossed to his desk and rolled back its top. When he had removed his hat and coat he looked over the assortment of mail the morning had brought.

Looking over letters annoyed him. Why hadn't somebody else opened the confounded things? He pushed the correspondence to one side and impatiently ran his fingers through his hair.

Clearly, young Rogers was not over-burdened with an inspiration to work. Looking furtively toward Binkley, he saw his brother-in-law still engrossed in the letters his secretary had brought for his signature. Slipping a flask of liquor from a drawer, he turned away and took a big swallow. Binkley, engrossed in his work only apparently, saw the incident and his disgust for his weak-willed relative showed plainly in his face.

Again young Rogers turned his attention to the matters before him, but he was in no con-

dition to work and finally pushed back his chair abruptly and gave it up.

"Binkley, look over this stuff, will you? I've got a beastly head this morning and there's no use of my staying around here when I feel so rotten."

"Sorry, but I've all I can do myself this morning," excused Binkley continuing to go through the pile of freshly typed letters before him.

"Oh, I guess you're not as busy as all that!" sneered Rogers, rising and donning his hat and coat. "You know, there's one thing I admire about myself," he went on, as he held the collar of his overcoat in place while he pulled down his under-coat beneath it.

"Yes?" Binkley wondered in implication that he had not the slightest idea of what that one thing could possibly be. "Had a drink yet, this morning?" he asked in apparent unconcern.

"Guess you saw me," Rogers admitted. "So as long as you did I might as well have another."

He crossed to his desk, removed the bottle from the top drawer, found a glass and helped himself.

"Look here, John, you'd better cut that out," Binkley advised, turning his chair about and facing the young man. "Take off your hat and coat and stick it out! What's the use of giving in that way—it's not getting you anything and your father's desperate about you. Said this morning he'd have to let you go. Why don't you cut it out?"

"Cut it out?" Rogers repeated with a laugh as he replaced his glass on the desk. Turning, he faced his father, who had witnessed the scene from the door between the offices.

The senior Rogers, tall, erect, masterful, and the junior Rogers, not quite so tall, not nearly so erect and not at all masterful, exchanged a long combative glance.

"Well, what's it to be, dad?" young Rogers broke the constraint by asking. "My esteemed brother-in-law says you don't want me around here any more. He makes it quite apparent that *HE* doesn't pine for my company."

"Nor does anybody else, the way you've been acting," put in his father advancing into the room and standing squarely in front of his son.

"You're a drunkard and you use dope—thought we didn't know it? Anybody could guess it from the way you look. I've given you every chance to make good that I possibly could. And you've had your last chance here. Get out!"

The white-haired man, his eyes blazing, stepped back and pointed to the door. His son, with a mocking bow, advanced unsteadily, turned with his hand on the door knob, bowed again, and, with a calm, "Good-morning, gentlemen!" passed into the outer hall.

By the time he reached the home on Fifth avenue, which was occupied by the Rogers and the Binkleys and the latter's four-year-old son, Jimmy, the calm which had enabled him to make a dignified exit from his father's office, deserted him and he was seized with the same old nervousness that presaged the craving for the only thing that would bring him relief—dope.

Already partly intoxicated, he emptied the decanter on the sideboard in the dining-room and then rang for the butler and demanded more liquor. But the butler had already received his orders from the head of the house and refused to bring the desired solace. Rogers, angry, seized the decanter and hurled it at the butler's head, but he dodged and made a hurried exit. Before the door closed, he pressed his finger upon the Yale lock, and Rogers was a prisoner.

Thoroughly crazed, he pounded upon the door and this meeting with no response from without, he grabbed a vase from the mantel and broke it against one of the panels.

There were hurried footsteps in the hall—His mother and sister, Mrs. Binkley, rushed in. Their presence seemed to make young Rogers wilder than ever, and, pulling the center-piece from the table, he threw it to the floor, breaking a priceless vase and scattering the flowers it had contained, about the room.

Mrs. Rogers and Mrs. Binkley, terrified, fled through the door they had left open, and when it closed after them, the room's occupant was again a prisoner.

"I'll call father," Mrs. Binkley gasped as she frantically signaled Central, on the telephone in the hallway.

"Oh! whatever's the matter with my boy!" Mrs. Rogers wailed, the tears running down her cheeks. She covered her ears to shut out the frenzied sounds which issued from the dining-room.

"Father?—oh, Howard?—well tell father—both of you come quickly! I think John is crazy—Yes, John—he's breaking everything in the dining-room. He's locked in there—Hurry! Mother and I are—"

The receiver at the other end clicked. Binkley jumped for his hat and coat, calling to Rogers to come with him. Rogers appeared and Binkley told of the frantic message from home.

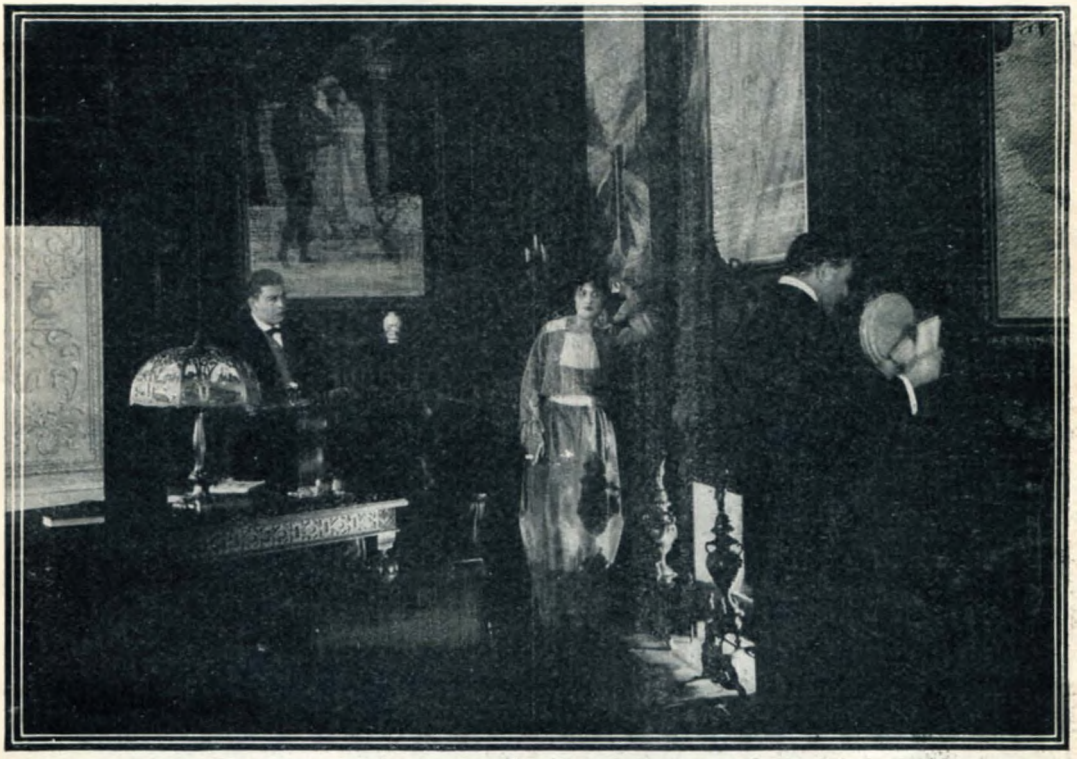
"Just a minute." Rogers decided and rang for his clerk.

"Get Denton and Schroeder up here right away—it's imperative!" he ordered and then returned to his office for his hat and overcoat. The clerk returned in a very few minutes with two

big men and Rogers, followed by them and Binkley, led the way to the elevator, signaled a taxi, and then home.

They found Mrs. Rogers and Mrs. Binkley crouched in the hall with their arms about each other for protection and comfort. From the dining-room came loud curses and demands that the door be opened.

As the men approached, the sound of their footsteps quieted the room's occupant, but when he saw his father and Binkley had two men in tow who were unmistakably attendants, his wrath broke forth again and he rushed at the intruders with an upraised chair.



"YOU DON'T SEEM TO REALIZE, GRACE, THAT THERE'S A LIMIT TO MY BANK ACCOUNT," HE REMARKED ICILY TO HIS WIFE

The two men overpowered him.

"John, John—what are you having done with him?" Mrs. Rogers demanded hysterically of her husband. "Don't have him taken away—let us take care of him here! He'll be all right after a while—don't send him away!" she pleaded.

The determined voice of her husband answered: "No—he's a drug fiend and a drunkard. Take him to Bellevue!"

Fighting his captors, Rogers was led out and placed in a taxicab. From the windows of the house the tearful face of his mother looked out. And behind her was the stern visage of his father. The machine started, turned a corner and was lost to the sight of the watchers.

But had their vision extended a little further, to the west drive of Central Park, they would have noted the seemingly accidental losing of Rogers' hat as he put his head out the window. They would have seen one of the two attendants get out to recover the hat, and then the sudden escape of young Rogers which followed. Leaving the remaining attendant stunned by an unexpected blow and his clever though maniacal handling of the attendant who gave him chase, he fled on, hatless and breathless.

Young Rogers was free!

With the removal of the prodigal son, however, the home atmosphere of the Rogers and Binkleys did not brighten materially. Mrs. Binkley, indulging in too much social activity, developed an extravagance that her husband deplored and cautioned her against, with the receipt of bills that ran into four figures. But this was only one of several disagreeable habits.

Harrison Binkley knew of two of these—one was the extravagance on which he was even then checking her up, and the other was—drink. His

pleadings against her indulgences in both were received with contempt. Yet he continued to plead.

One day, about six months after young Rogers disappeared, Binkley held a bill in his hand that read as follows:

Giffiney and Company, Jewelers, 362 Fifth Ave.
To Howard Binkley:
1 gold toilet set.....$1,100.00
1 platinum fillet set with 12 diamonds 1,960.00

Total $3,060.00

"You don't seem to realize, Grace, that there's a limit to my bank account," he remarked icily to his wife, as he contemplated the bill. "I warn you now, that this is the last extravagance I'll tolerate. Hereafter, I'll pay none but bills within reason. See that you contract no others."

Crossing to the writing-desk, he wrote out a check for the amount called for on the bill. Mrs. Binkley, with a smile of sarcasm rather than thanks, picked it up from her lap, where her husband had tossed it.

She studied the little slip thoughtfully. Slipping it into the desk, she rose, went into the dining-room and helped herself from the decanter on the sideboard.

A SHORT distance from the Rogers' Fifth avenue home, a row of tenement houses graced—or rather disgraced—a narrow side-street.

On the third floor of the third house from the extreme end—and exactly like every one of the street's other houses—a room gave privacy to four people—two men and two women.

The room was the bedroom, the living-room, and the only home of the two women—girls really, for their ages were not more than twenty-three.

"You might as well give us some—we know you have it," the girl sitting at the table addressed the man on the bed.

"That's a nice boy—come across," the girl on the bed teased, putting her arm around the man's neck and patting his cheek.

"Sure—I only wanted to hear you beg for it. And now that you've done it—here it is!"

The man placed a small package upon the table. Eager hands reached for it and when opened, it was passed around among the four, to sniff.

The "flake" was gone; it left in its place a reigning happiness that made the room boisterous with the mirth of the four occupants.

OFTEN HE DROPPED IN AFTERNOONS, WHEN "FRISKING" PEOPLE'S POCKETS FAILED TO ATTRACT, AND WHEN THE GIRLS HAD NOTHING MORE TO DO, USUALLY, THAN READ AND PLAY SOLITAIRE.

A rap sounded on the door—a double rap, followed by a soft tap. This signal brought one of the men to the door and admitted a young man whom the room's occupants greeted as "Slim."

Six months before, his title had been John Rogers, Jr.

"Hello, dearie—the party's just over, but you're welcome," the taller of the girls greeted him.

"Slim" dropped into a chair beside the other girl, who forthwith began to caress his hair and face. The two men paid no attention to the girls. "Share one, share all" was their liberal motto and "Slim" was as frequent a visitor as the other two men. Often he dropped in afternoons, when "frisking" people's pockets failed to attract, and when the girls had nothing more to do, usually, than read and play solitaire.

"Give me some flake," "Slim" demanded, sullen and unresponsive to the attentions of the girl beside him.

"Haven't another speck—and not a cent, either," responded one of the men."

"Give me something to pawn, then," suggested "Slim" irritably.

The others laughed.

"Everything I own's in hock," spoke the man who had been silent up to now.

"Let's have your ring," "Slim" turned to the girl beside him.

"Wouldn't get much for that—besides, I don't want to give it away," returned the girl spiritedly.

But she finally let him have it and he hurried out with it to the drug store, to which he had made countless trips in the last six months.

Webster, the druggist, was a friend to all of them—when they had the money with which to pay for the precious drug they craved. But he did not conduct a pawn shop and told "Slim" so. Angry, the latter, turning to go, slipped some articles into his pocket off a counter in the middle of the shop. One of the stolen articles fell, attracting Webster's attention, and the shop's owner gave chase to the thief, who eluded him and got safely away.

He still retained the ring and decided to get rid of it through a "runner." A negro approached and in exchange for the small band of gold gave him the desired dope. As he thrust the precious bits of paper into his pocket, two plain-clothes men appeared.

"You're under arrest," "Slim" heard and saw the negro escape through a dark doorway. "Slim" pleaded to be "let off," but the detectives were firm. Two women, settlement workers, appeared and accompanied the detectives and their prisoner to the station. They suggested that the lieutenant free "Slim" if the latter would show them where the "runner" got his supply. The lieutenant agreed and "Slim" led the way to Webster's drug store.

There, however, Webster accused "Slim" of stealing and when a search resulted in the finding of a safety razor and a bottle of perfume in his pockets, he was returned to the station and locked up.

He demanded to use the telephone and one of the detectives stood guard as he called a Fifth avenue number.

AT the Rogers-Binkley residence, Mr. and Mrs. Binkley were entertaining a dinner-party. Wine and mirth reigned and of all present, Mrs. Binkley was gayest and most brilliant. The cocktails had just been served when the butler leaned over Mrs. Binkley with the information that she was wanted at the telephone.

"It's most urgent, mam, the party says," the butler said softly.

"Man or woman?" Mrs. Binkley asked impatiently.

"It's a man's voice, mam."

The hostess excused herself and went to the telephone in the hall.

"Who's talking?" she asked. The answer caused her to gasp and to cover the mouthpiece with her hand, lest her guests in the room off the long hall might also hear.

"It's John—your brother," came a voice that she recognized in spite of the fact that it had hardened greatly in quality, since last she heard it.

"Yes, yes—go on!" she prompted hurriedly.

"I've been arrested—oh, for nothing much!—but I don't want to stay in the station all night. I want you to get me out of here."

"I can't—I have a dinner-party on."

"Send your maid with the money; I'll expect her and, say—see that she comes right away, will you?"

"I'll send her," Mrs. Binkley answered sharply and replaced the receiver. Hurrying to her room, she gave a roll of bills to her maid and dispatched her with instructions to keep her mission secret from the rest of the family.

Then she returned to her guests and led the evening gayety.

Too much champagne began to have its effect upon her system, which was already suffering from other excesses. Too much society, for one thing, too many strong cigarettes for another. But the third excess was the most deadly of all—her addiction to the use of dope.

For, like her brother, she had become its victim. It began with the friendly advice of an acquaintance, who recommended some soothing headache wafers. *(Continued on page 152)*

LAST CHANCE!

Photoplay Magazine's Great

Help your favorite win. Don't stop securing votes because he or she may be ahead. Don't take any chances. Someone may push up from the bottom in a whirlwind finish!

It's Votes that count! Don't put

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Clip out the Coupon below. It counts. Send it in now. Every 50 Votes helps.

Why not do your very best for your favorite? A year's subscription to Photoplay Magazine entitles you to 600 votes for your favorite. A year's subscription costs $1.50. Subscribe for a year yourself. Get some of your friends to subscribe to Photoplay Magazine for a year. Send in some yearly subscriptions and you can cast 600 votes for your favorite with each one.

Mabel Normand.

The Standing of the Leading Ladies

(at time of going to press)

1. Mabel Normand (Keystone).....248,350
2. Margarita Fischer (American).....245,800
3. Kathlyn Williams (Selig).....220,300
4. Mary Pickford (Famous Players)....214,050
5. Vivian Rich (American) 202,450
6. Mary Fuller (Edison) 176,300
7. Florence La Badie (Thanhouser).....175,950
8. Marguerite Snow (Thanhouser).....175,400
9. Beverly Bayne (Essanay).....154,100
10. Florence Lawrence (Victor).....123,150

The winners of this Contest will be

(April)

THE PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE,
1100 Hartford Building, Chicago.

Gentlemen:—I desire to cast 50 votes for.....

of the ..... Company.....

Signed .....

Street and No.....

City....., State .....

LAST CHANCE!

Contest Closes April 20, 1914

If your favorite is not now at the top, get busy and secure Votes. Don't be disheartened because he or she may not be near the top. There is still time to win.

it off! Get busy and get Votes!

J. W. Kerrigan.

Have your friends help. Get Ten Artistic Postals of Your Favorite.

Send 10 cents in coin or stamps to Photoplay Magazine. The cards are really works of art, each bearing the picture of a favorite player. Be sure to give the name of your favorite when ordering cards. You can get your friends to help your favorite by sending, each one of them, one of these postals, on the face of which is a message telling them about the contest and how they can aid your favorite. Fill out the blank below and send it in with 10 cents, to-day, *right now*.

King Baggot.

The Standing of the Photoplay Idols

(at time of going to press)

1. J. W. Kerrigan (Victor).....277,850
2. King Baggot (Imp).....229,250
3. Arthur V. Johnson (Lubin).....168,500
4. Jack Richardson (American).....166,450
5. Francis X. Bushman (Essanay).....161,600
6. James Cruze (Thanhouser).....130,050
7. G. M. Anderson (Essanay).....127,550
8. Irving Cummings (Thanhouser).....125,750
9. John Bunny (Vitagraph).....106,800
10. Crane Wilbur (Pathe).....101,950

announced in next month's issue

(April)

THE PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE,
1100 Hartford Building, Chicago.

Gentlemen:—Enclosed find 10 cents, in .....(coin or stamps), for which please send me 10 postal cards with the picture of.....

Signed .....

Street and No.....

City....., State .....

RISING TO TOAST THE MAN TO HER RIGHT, SHE SPILLED THE GLASS OF WINE OVER HIM AND LAUGHED LOUDLY.

And then Mrs. Binkley's slavery to dope had begun.

As the dinner progressed, Mrs. Binkley's conduct passed the bounds of mere gayety and became wild. Mr. Binkley tried to bring her to her senses by word and look, but neither had the desired effect. Rising to toast the man to her right, she spilled the glass of wine over him and laughed loudly as the butler hastened to the assistance of her guest.

"I apologize for the behavior of my wife," Mr. Binkley said, rising. "Overwrought nerves," he added, believing, in his heart, that that covered all the truth. Mrs. Binkley, furious that her husband should thus summarily dismiss her guests, protested at their going, then went to her own room, where she rang violently for her maid to help her undress.

She dropped her jewels into a box on her dresser, scolded the maid for her clumsiness with hooks and ribbons and was seated in negligee before her dressing table when the maid ventured to inform her that her brother had accompanied her back to the house and was waiting, then, to speak to her.

"Didn't I keep him from spending the night in jail?" "Slim's" sister demanded angrily. "I can't see him and you had no right to let him wait. You may go now—and tell my brother to go away."

As the maid opened the door, "Slim" pushed past her and locked the door. Mrs. Binkley sprang up in alarm and "Slim" approached with a threatening leer.

"Wouldn't see me, eh? Well, I guess you'll pay for saying that! I want money, all you can get me and I want it right away. I've wasted enough time waiting around until those friends of yours were through feeding. Now get me the money—and no fooling!"

"I sent all the money I had to the station tonight for your bail—I haven't another dollar," Mrs. Binkley protested backing away from the loathsome object that was her brother.

"Slim" came nearer speaking low and menacingly.

"You needn't worry about not having any money—there's plenty in the safe!"

Mrs. Binkley's horror showed itself in her face and "Slim" brought out a small revolver.

"Now,—will you get it?" he asked mockingly.

"I—I'll try!" his victim answered, and slowly backed out of the room. "Slim" opened the box on the dresser, helped himself to the jewels it

contained and then nervously awaited his sister's return.

Mrs. Binkley's entrance to the library showed her husband asleep in a big chair brought up before the grate. She started to tip-toe out, but the memory of the desperate man awaiting her in her room, sent her stealthily forward. She found the combination of the safe in the drawer of the library table, and then approached it.

"Four right, two left to C, right to K, three left to A."

The heavy door yielded and swung outward. Gropingly, she reached in and found what she sought. She did not know how much she was taking, but judged it was a large amount. With another glance toward her sleeping husband she then returned on tip-toe to the room above.

Mr. Binkley awoke from his slumber with the consciousness that somebody had been in the room with him. By the light from the fire, the various objects stood out distinctly. He looked about and his glance fell on the open door of the safe. He sprang to his feet, and, as he reached the door leading into the hall, he heard somebody cautiously descending. Then the steps retraced themselves and "Slim" was again back in his sister's room.

"Somebody's in the library—is this a game? Did you tip Binkley off that I was here—did you?" he demanded, in a frenzy and with his finger on the trigger of his revolver.

"No! No!" Mrs. Binkley denied.

"I don't believe you! I'll kill the both of us!" "Slim" returned and aimed the gun at her.

With a spring, she seized his arm. He tried to throw her off and dropped the gun. Rapid footsteps approached from the hallway. The butler pushed open the door. Mrs. Binkley interposed herself between him and "Slim," and motioned the latter to escape by the window. As he did so, Binkley entered, and there ensued a stormy scene between husband and wife.

Mrs. Binkley refused to explain the noise of the scuffle, the fact of the open safe and the revolver on the floor. In a temper she ordered her husband from her room and, locking the door, flung herself upon the bed exhausted.

THE Society for the Suppression of Vice had had a busy session. The only way to stop the cocaine traffic was at its source, the members had agreed, whereupon one of them had presented the following resolutions which the secretary read aloud:

"WHEREAS, The use of cocaine and morphine by all classes of people in the United States has reached such alarming proportions that some immediate effort must be made toward the suppression of their distribution and--

"WHEREAS, The only remedy looking forward to the suppression of the traffic must be through the co-operation of the manufacturer,—

"THEREFORE, Be it resolved, That a committee of two be hereby empowered to visit manufacturers and distributors of these drugs and ask them to cease their sale except to reputable physicians."

The chairman arose, put the question, declared it carried and appointed a committee of two women to present the resolution to the manufacturers and distributors of wholesale drugs.

The office of the Rogers, Binkley Company was among the first visited, and the committee of two was ushered into Mr. Binkley's office.

"I quite agree with you," decided the firm's junior partner as he scanned the resolutions and returned them. "Personally, however, I am helpless to act in the matter, as I am only one of the heads of the corporation. But—here's Mr. Rogers; maybe he would care to do something about it."

Mr. Rogers was polite; he was affable, he was most courteous. But Mr. Rogers was obdurate as regards endorsing the resolution of the Society for the Suppression of Vice.

"We owe a duty to our stockholders. Our profits cannot be reduced by well-intentioned but unthinking reformers. I wish you good-day, ladies." And with his courtliest bow he ushered them out and returned to his private office.

A clerk entered to speak with Mr. Binkley. "An order from Mr. Webster; he's waiting for your O. K. on it," he said, handing Mr. Binkley the order sheet. The latter read:

Rogers, Binkley Company, Manufacturers and Wholesalers, Drugs and Proprietary Medicines.

To Silas Webster, 6007 7th Ave., New York City.

6 bottles peruna.
12 Piso's Cure.
12 bottles swamp root.
60 Ozs. cocaine.
40 Ozs. morphine.
12 bottles castoria.
1 gross orangeine powders.

The pencil in Mr. Binkley's hand was drawn through the morphine and cocaine items and the order then returned to the clerk.

"What does this mean, Mr. Binkley? Ain't I going to get this from you any more?" It was Webster, angry, imperative, who was talking.

"You couldn't sell that much morphine and cocaine legitimately in five years, Webster," answered Mr. Binkley turning about and facing the angry customer.

"Hello, Webster—how's business?" Mr. Rogers greeted, emerging from his office.

"Business! I won't have any business if you fellows ain't going to let me have the stuff I order."

"Why, what's wrong? Aren't your orders being filled satisfactorily?"

"Up till now, yes. But look at this order—the two things I have the biggest call for are crossed out. And why?—I'd like to know!"

The senior partner looked inquiringly at the junior one.

"He couldn't possibly sell all that stuff legitimately," Mr. Binkley explained.

"My dear Binkley, we're not running his business. Let him have it," decided Mr. Rogers. He put his own O. K. on the order and Webster made a smiling exit.

MRS. BINKLEY awoke at noon on the day following her dinner-party and its exciting after-events. She was nervous and irritable and when her maid had raised the shades and withdrawn to prepare her bath, she went to her dresser and took out a small bottle. Its small label read:

"MORPHINE (Tablets), 50—1-16 grs., Rogers, Binkley Company, Manufacturers, U. S. A."

The bottle was empty. Opening her purse she discovered it also was empty. Clenching her hands, she looked frantically about her dresser. Ah! her jewels! But the box in which she had placed them the night before was empty also. Furious at her brother for having robbed her of every cent of her money and then of her jewels, she called wildly for her maid, wrenched her wedding-ring from her finger and threw it toward her with the command:

"Pawn it. Then get this prescription filled."

The maid took the bottle, and Mrs. Binkley pushed her toward the door. Then the wife of the junior partner paced up and down, impatiently awaiting her maid's return. She was gone less than half an hour, as a wedding-ring was an article easily pawned and Webster, the druggist, was most obliging and never questioned a prescription.

"Give it to me!" Mrs. Binkley ordered, snatching the bottle from the girl's hand as soon as she appeared. Feverishly, she worked at the cork, withdrew it, and then took several of the tablets. In a few minutes she had become calm

"MY DEAR BINKLEY, WE'RE NOT RUNNING HIS BUSINESS. LET HIM HAVE IT," DECIDED MR. ROGERS AS HE PUT HIS OWN O. K. ON THE ORDER.

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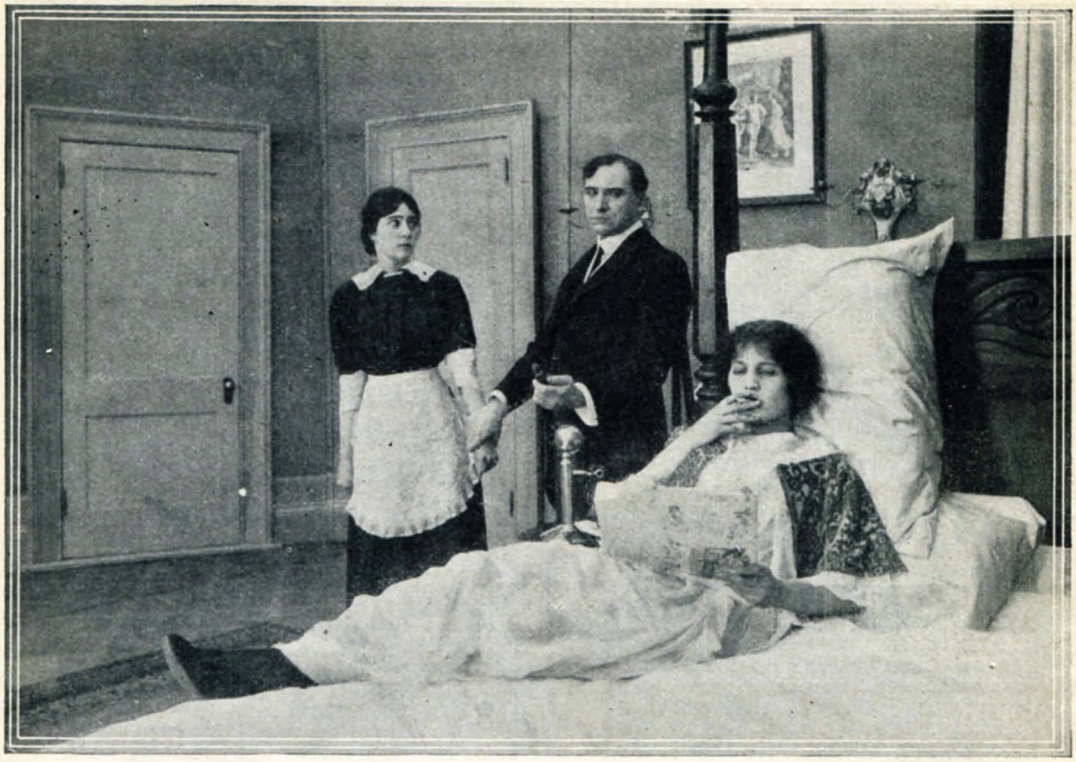

HE PICKED IT UP, READ ITS MESSAGE, AND CRIED, "GOOD GOD! GRACE—NOT YOU, TOO?"

and it was a cheerful, conciliatory Mrs. Binkley who called her husband on the 'phone and asked him to come home early.

Happy at the change in his wife, Mr. Binkley obeyed her call and hurried home. He found her in tasty negligee scanning a fashion magazine and daintily smoking one of her gold-monogrammed cigarettes.

"I know I was horrid last night, Howard dear," she said sweetly, looking up from her magazine, "and I guess I *did* have too much wine. About that other occurrence—the man and the safe—I know you'll understand when I tell you that John came back—"

"Your brother?" Binkley interrupted in surprise.

"Yes; he threatened me with a gun and I had to do what he asked. Forgive me, Howard—but what else could I do?"

"I guess you were right in doing what you did," Mr. Binkley pronounced. Then, thoughtfully, "I hope he knows better than to come again, though."

"And I'm forgiven now, dear?" Mrs. Binkley asked penitently, and her husband kissed her with a fervent,

"Heartily forgiven."

The slender woman propped up against the pillows of the bed, smiled and resumed her magazine and cigarette as a sign of dismissal. She reached up and patted one of the pillows into a more comfortable position, and as she did so, the little brown bottle, with its glaring label, fell from under it to the floor at Mr. Binkley's feet.

He picked it up, read its message and cried,

"Good God! Grace—not you, too?"

His wife tried to snatch the bottle from his hand, but he dropped it into his pocket, and demanded who had obtained the stuff for her. She refused to answer and Binkley, calling the maid, made her confess to the transaction of the morning.

His face white and determined, he strode to the telephone, called the number of Dr. Watson, the family physician, and then waited impatiently for the latter.

"Dr. Watson?—Binkley talking. Please send a trained nurse here at once. My wife is taking morphine and I want her watched. Yes, at once. Thank you."

He snapped the receiver into place and without another glance at his angry wife left the room and sought out Mrs. Rogers in the drawing-room.

Excitedly, he informed her of his terrible discovery.

The nurse arrived shortly and Binkley conducted her to his wife's room, where Mrs. Binkley ignored their entrance. Binkley gave some instructions and left and the nurse prepared for a lengthy stay.

Mrs. Binkley remained in comparative calm for the remainder of that day, but the next morning begged and pleaded for the drug upon which she had come to rely as her sole source of energy and calm.

"I can't let you have any, Mrs. Binkley," the nurse answered for the fiftieth time. "But take this medicine. Come, you'll feel much better after it."

"I won't," screamed her patient as she knocked the glass from the nurse's hand. It broke and the crazed woman buried her head in her pillows and cried.

The nurse continued about her duties and was putting away some things in a closet, when Mrs. Binkley, now calm, conceived an idea that caused her to arise quietly and tiptoe to the closet. Before the nurse could turn around, the door was slammed shut upon her and locked. With nervous haste Mrs. Binkley dressed, put a few things into a traveling bag, donned her wraps and let herself out of the room and sped along the hall to the nursery.

Jimmy was playing on the floor with some one-legged woolly animals and dolls. He jumped up to greet his mother and was rushed into his hat and coat and told he must not talk till they got outside. At the door of the library he was left waiting while Mrs. Binkley hurried to the desk and found the check her husband had made out for her a few nights previous. Then shutting the big doors of the house after them, they went down the steps, hailed a taxicab and drove to the bank. Again Jimmy was left to wait, and when his mother entered the taxi, again it was with a supply of bills in her hand-bag and a smile of cunning about her mouth.

"Pennsylvania station!" she ordered the driver, and arriving, bought a ticket and reserved a private compartment on a train for Chicago.

At the house Mrs. Binkley had just deserted, the nurse, after vainly calling for help, broke a piece out of one of the panels of the closet door, through which she reached her hand to the key and unlocked it. She telephoned Mr. Binkley and told him of his wife's escape. The next day the papers carried the announcement:

"REWARD. $5,000 will be paid for information as to the whereabouts of Mrs. Howard Binkley and son, James Binkley. Signed—Howard Binkley, 7029 Fifth Ave."

A week passed.

HER COMPANY WENT TO WHOEVER BID FOR IT. AND ALWAYS THERE WAS A BIDDER

Mrs. Rogers was trying to distract her mind from the flight, when a form darkened the window. She turned and, in the wan face and hard eyes of the shabby man she saw there, she recognized her son.

"Oh, John! John! My poor boy!" she whispered, her old hands patting him soothingly on the shoulders. "What's happened to you? You—you're so changed!"

"I s'pose I am, mother," "Slim" answered harshly. "I need money—I haven't a cent. The old man would shoot me, I s'pose, if he knew I came to you for some."

There was a movement in the hall. Both the occupants of the room heard it. "It's your father!" said Mrs. Rogers anxiously. "Here—this is all the money I have. Go before your father sees you. Good-by, my boy, good-by!" she breathed.

"Slim" left by the window. It was his favorite method of entrance and exit in any but the houses of the tenement district he frequented constantly now. He drew himself out onto the porch roof and made the slippery descent of a pillar. From a window of the library a hand reached out, jerked him from the banister and father and son faced each other. The older man held a revolver in his hand and when he recognized his son his hatred for him grew in his eyes and he aimed the glistening weapon at him. "Slim" grabbed

for it, they scuffled, and the revolver was discharged. The bullet entered the thigh of the older man. He fell with a cry for help, and "Slim," about to make his escape, was captured by two detectives who had come to report their failure to locate Mrs. Binkley and her son.

Mrs. Rogers hurried in, and her husband pointed his finger at "Slim" with the command:

"Arrest him. He is an unnatural son—he shot me."

At the end of a month Rogers was able to attend his son's trial and wavered not a bit in his sternness when the judge sentenced "Slim" to ten years at hard labor.

Mrs. Rogers collapsed. "Slim's" gaze sought his father's eyes and saw there no mercy. A hand fell upon either shoulder and he bowed his head and was led away to his punishment.

HER EYES MET THOSE OF "SLIM'S" AND WITH A RECOGNITION THAT REFLECTED HORROR IN EACH FACE, BROTHER AND SISTER MET

THE passing of five years brought Mrs. Binkley and her son, now ten years old, to a life in two furnished rooms. The boy went to school and each night after they ate a frugal meal, Mrs. Binkley would bid Jimmy "run away to bed." Then she would put on her pretty clothes, and after going into his room to give him his good-night kiss she would go out—Jimmy never knew where.

Out on the street her company went to whoever cared to bid for it. And always there was a bidder.

The passing of another five years found the mother and her son in more reduced circumstances. Jimmy was engaged as a messenger—and his mean little salary was in demand the minute he received it. Mrs. Binkley now had no pretty clothes in which to go forth every evening, but she went out in her shabby garments and sometimes Jimmy would find her on the floor in the morning in a stupor. When she awoke, she would send him hurrying out for some "flake."

The end of this ten years saw the release of "Slim" from prison. As is usual the released found his way back to his former haunts. An acquaintance of the old days passed him, turned back and slapped him on the shoulder with the greeting:

"It *IS* 'Slim.' Glad t'see you. Come'n have a drink!"

Before he left prison, "Slim" had half a notion that he would reform when he was freed.

So, with this remembrance, he refused, but it took only a little urging to prompt him to join his companion at one of the bars he used to frequent. There the old desires, the old appetites were again aroused and when a "rapper" signaled him from a near-by table, he held a short conference with him at the bar and followed him out to the street.

It was the same old tenement to which they found their way, but there were one or two new faces there. The light in the room was dim; the five people gathered about the table were excitedly clamoring for their turn at the drug that was being passed among them.

As "Slim" and his companion entered, one of the women looked up. Her eyes met those of "Slim's" and with a recognition that reflected horror in each face, brother and sister met. But the appetite of each for the drug that meant their downfall veiled the tragedy of it to them and they took their turn ravenously when the paper slip was passed them to sniff.

Then "Slim" went with Mrs. Binkley to her room, where the frank eyes of his nephew gave him an unpleasant sensation and he borrowed his sister's last half-dollar and left. He had developed a thought that was promising.

The thought had to do with Mr. Binkley. He inquired for him at his office, but was refused admittance. Asking the clerk for paper and pencil, "Slim" wrote:

"If the reward for the $5,000 still stands, I can tell you where my sister and your son live."

Mr. Binkley read the note and excitedly ordered "Slim" to be admitted.

"Slim" looked all of the things that the last ten years had done to him. Mr. Binkley, in the anxiety of the moment, went straight to the subject that had brought him there.

"What is this that you know about your sister and Jimmy?" he asked, wondering if "Slim" still told the truth.

"Give me $500 on account and I'll bring you to them to-night," Slim answered, nervously fingering his shabby hat.

Mr. Binkley reflected for a moment, decided to trust "Slim" and wrote out a check for the amount.

"No, thanks," "Slim" smiled meaningly. "I want the money.

"Very well," Binkley answered, going to the safe and taking out the designated sum.

"Don't forget—to-night!"

He spoke brokenly, in his thought of the happiness he was to enjoy in claiming his wife and son.

"I'll be here at ten o'clock," "Slim" promised, keeping a protective hand on the money that filled his pocket. He left, and Mr. Binkley dropped into his chair to contemplate the happening of the unexpected.

Instead of returning to the room where he had left his newly-found relatives, he took himself and his wealth to the saloon, where he had resumed old acquaintances on this, his first day out of prison.

When he left it was with uncertain steps.

Two men disengaged themselves from the group at the bar and followed him. A short distance from the place they shoved him into a dark corner and tried to take his money, but "Slim" offered violent resistance and when the gun of one of the men discharged with a loud report they fled, leaving "Slim" wounded upon the sidewalk.

Painfully he managed to rise and with great effort got as far as Webster's drug store. He reached the telephone booth, staggered against its door and fell. Webster, realizing he was wounded, rushed to his aid, but was only in time to witness a horrible death agony.

As his last breath struggled through his tightened lips, a clock near-by struck ten.

The evening had been a bad one for Mrs. Binkley. A cough, which made her ache all over, and which had been getting worse for weeks, had her in its grasp this night and left her weak, nervous and wildly craving for the drug that seemed to serve as her only aid in warding off the horrible cough.

"Jimmy—go to—Webster's and ask him—for some 'flake.'"

"A dime's all I got," returned the boy regretfully. "Will that do?"

"Yes—that will buy—half a deck, and hurry," his mother answered feebly.

But Webster was suspicious of the messenger boy who entered and asked for the drug, so refused it.

Jimmy hurried back to tell his mother of his failure, left the dime on the table and went back to report at the office.

"Here, Jimmy," he was ordered, "a call from the Rogers, Binkley Company. Beat it!"

It was ten-thirty when Jimmy reached the Rogers, Binkley Company.

Somebody was pacing back and forth within the office and called a sharp "Come in!" in answer to Jimmy's rap.

The boy entered and a middle-aged man with worry-lines about his mouth and on his forehead looked down at him.

"I want you to take this note to a detective agency—"

He paused and looked earnestly at the boy standing at attention before him.

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HE LOOKED INTO THE BOY'S EYES LONG AND REFLECTIVELY. THEN HE PRESSED HIM TO HIM WITH WORDS THAT SOUNDED LIKE A PRAYER. THEY WERE, "MY SON!"

"What's your name, boy?" Binkley asked.

"Jimmy Binkley," the messenger answered.

The man's hands shot forward and seized the boy's wrists, and, drawing the little fellow to him, he looked into his eyes long and reflectively. Then he pressed the boy to him with words that sounded like a prayer. They were, "My son!"

Mrs. Binkley, left alone, struggled into her poor hat and shabby coat and tottered out through the hallway, down the stairs, and along the streets to the corner where Webster's drug store shed its red and green lights.

When she entered, the store was in confusion. Mr. Webster approached her and tried to persuade her to leave. She screamed that she wanted cocaine, but the druggist, knowing her strength to be about spent, refused it to her and insisted that she return home. With a final spurt of strength she attacked him with her thin, grasping hands. Just then the group in the corner of the store separated, leaving the body of "Slim" exposed to view, and with a cry the woman fell across the form of her brother.

At that moment Jimmy and Binkley entered and Jimmy ran to the side of his mother.

She was not dead. She was conscious and smiled a wan smile at her boy. Looking up she recognized her husband and shrank from him in contrition and terror. With a tight clasp on Jimmy's hand, her sight failed, her faint breathing stopped and Jimmy sobbed out his pitiful love over the body of her whom he had ever revered.

The police, in answer to Webster's summons, entered and took possession of the body of "Slim." They returned for that of the woman, but Binkley waved them aside with the words—

"My wife—and—my son."

The awfulness of the tragedy of the two deaths swept over him, and in denunciation he pointed a finger at Webster: "This is your work!"

With a cynical smile, Webster picked up the little brown bottle that had fallen from the fingers of the woman, now lying dead on the floor.

"Not mine," he said. "Yours!"

His forefinger indicated the label. It read:

"Cocaine. 10 grs.
"Poison.
"Rogers, Binkley Company, Manufacturers."


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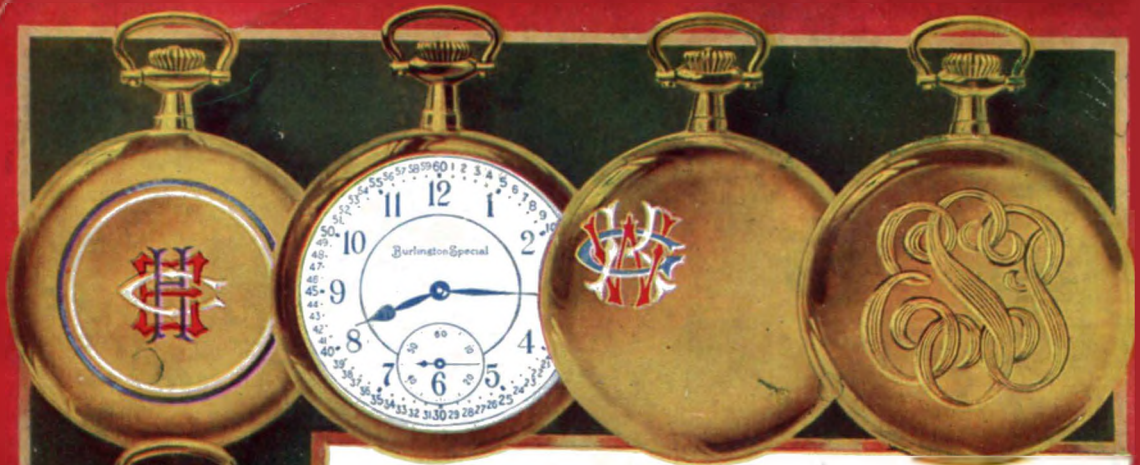

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