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Picture Stories

Illustrated
FILMS
Monthly

MAGAZINE

VOLUME III.

September 1914—February 1915.



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THE CAMBERWELL PRESS,
DUGDALE STREET WORKS, LONDON, S.E.

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PICTURE STORIES MAGAZINE

VOLUME III. SEPTEMBER 1914—FEBRUARY 1915.

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Picture

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Stories

Illustrated
FILMS
Monthly

MAGAZINE

No. 13.

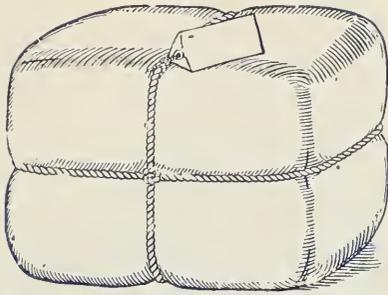
SEPTEMBER.

VOL. III.



Scene from "THE VOICE OF SILENCE," by James Wallis.

COLORED MILITARY SUPPLEMENT



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1/-
Weekly

By Instalments!

ONE SHILLING WEEKLY.

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Are making a most remarkable offer, and in order to introduce their Goods in every home will send a

LARGE BALE of HIGH-CLASS DRAPERY

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- PAIR OF CREAM CURTAIN LOOPS, Massive Tassels.
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- ONE ALL PURE WOOL SHAWL.

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HEAVY GOODS DEPT.

Date.....

COUPON.

To The Lancashire Supply Stores, Bank Parade Burnley.

ORDER FROM FULL NAME.....

FULL ADDRESS.....

RAILWAY STATION.....

I wish to avail myself of your offer, and herewith enclose a POSTAL ORDER FOR ONE SHILLING FOR ONE OF YOUR BALES OF DRAPERY AS ADVERTISED FOR 21/-, and I agree to send you the Balance (20/- ONLY), by Weekly Payments of ONE SHILLING BY POSTAL ORDER. Bale to be sent to above address, Free on Rail.

In answering advertisements please mention Picture Stories Magazine.



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Manufacturers at

HALF USUAL PRICES

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They are made up in the latest modes from the very finest quality of healthy human hair.

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PATTERNS OF HAIR

and remittance must accompany all orders. A little extra is charged for light, golden, and grey shades. Post free, 3d. extra; and abroad, 1s. extra.

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18in.	3/6 and 5/6
20in.	5/6 and 8/6
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24in.	10/6 and 17/6
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28in.	21/- and 30/-

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Marvellous value. Detection impossible.

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PRICE LIST, POST FREE.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF A FEW OF OUR DESIGNS.



Fig. 85.—All round Transformations, price 30/-. Toupee only, 7/6 and 10/6. Semi-Transformations, 15/- and 21/-.



Fig. 87.—Latest style in Empire Puffs or Curls. Entire back dressing, 10/6 and 15/-.



Fig. 60.—A beautiful and light Toupee, made of long, wavy hair, which forms a covering for top and sides of head. Price 7/6 and 10/6. (A Marvel of Cheapness. Worth Double.)

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(Dept. F.N.)
24, Radford Rd., NOTTINGHAM.



Fig. 74.—A centre-parting Toupee, which forms a complete covering for top and sides of head. Price 10/6. Larger size, 15/-.



Fig. 88.—Plated Chignon. Complete back dressing. Price 10/6 and 15/-.

To Readers who were disappointed last month!

THE PROPRIETORS OF
“Picture Stories Magazine”

have pleasure in announcing that they have
 fortunately been able to secure a further number
 of copies of that new Dance _____

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by the Composer of the celebrated “IMPUDENCE” Schottische.

THIS MAGNIFICENT PIANO SOLO is
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 by this Coupon. 

**☉ TAKE ADVANTAGE
 OF THIS, THE LAST
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To the
 Proprietors
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 Magazine,”
 Dugdale Street Works,
 Camberwell, S.E.

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 ing in the September Number of your Magazine,
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 “FILMING” (published at Two Shillings nett).
 Threepence enclosed to cover cost of packing and postage.

Name _____

Address _____

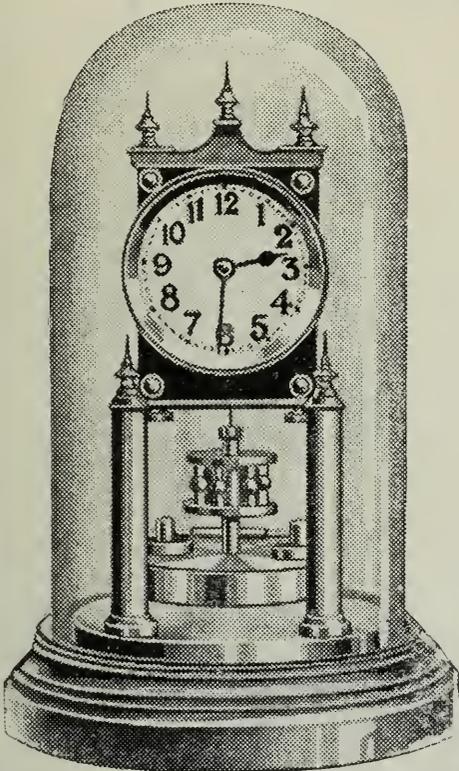
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THE CLOCK FOR ATTRACTIVENESS OR USEFULNESS.

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To every customer filling in Coupon we will enclose **FREE** six beautiful Apostle E. P. N. Silver Teaspoons.

“A THING OF BEAUTY IS A JOY FOR EVER.”

➡ **DON'T MISS THIS OPPORTUNITY OF A LIFETIME.** ➡

COUPON TO BE SENT
WITH ORDER.

COUPON.

Date.....

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Please send me one of your 400-day clocks as advertised for 18/6. I am enclosing postal order for 18/6 on the understanding that if the clock is not satisfactory you will return my money in full.

(Signed, full name).....

(Full Address).....

(Railway Station).....

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Ladies afflicted with unsightly hairs on the face, arms, neck, etc., can easily be rid of them for ever with **Ejecthair**, our inexpensive, quite painless and **permanent cure**. Kills the roots, making re-growth impossible. Success guaranteed. Sent

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7d. For Speedily Checking Costs of Hire, &c.

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E. T. HERON & Co., 9-11 Tottenham St., W.

THE WAR.

Commencing with the October issue, the
Price of

PICTURE STORIES MAGAZINE

will be increased to

FOURPENCE.

See notice on page 3 of cover.

In answering advertisements please mention Picture Stories Magazine.

A most important announcement consequent on the Great War appears on pages 3 and 4 of cover.

OURSELVES !

A year !

What's in a year ?

Three-sixty days and more,

And two and fifty weeks—

And months, less eight—a score !

Twelve months !

Not long indeed—

Time flies, yet we have seen

The I.F.M. become the P—

S— Magazine.

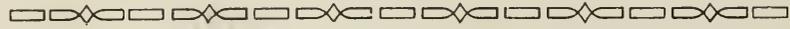
IT is not a mere change in name, it is the change in character which counts. Twelve months ago the attempt was made to run a magazine of a totally different nature from those already on the British market. America had already a magazine devoted to motion picture stories, and a very successful one, but when the idea was mooted on this side the carpers prophesied ill-luck and a short life. They did not realise that public interest in cinematography was so deep and intense and have come to see that the "Illustrated Films Monthly" venture has discredited their foresight. Great Britain has such a mass of readable literature at purchaseable price that any new publication must be prepared for a fight for life during the first few months of its existence; and it is only when the public declare, by support, that a new magazine is filling a want, that it can battle its way out of the influences which at its birth set to work to retard its progress. Cynics and adverse critics there were many when the I.F.M. started its career, but the voices of our friends competely overwhelmed them now after twelve months of successful publication.

A year ago the I.F.M. appeared to fill up a vacancy in the ranks of the monthly magazines. It was the first periodical which dealt exclusively with picture stories. Weekly attempts had been made to popularise screen stories, but until this magazine came along nothing in the nature of a publication giving the best stories adapted from the screen particularly for the picture lover had been issued. There was some temerity in the first step but fears were soon dispelled, and to-day we see the infant of twelve months, now christened the "Picture Stories Magazine," a vigorous and healthy youngster, the centre of interest for a large and ever-widening circle.

□ □

HAVE you ever tried to realise how long a year is and what can be done in three-hundred and sixty-five days ? It amounts to this: There have been a series of muddles, one or two strokes of luck, occasional success, a deal of trouble and worry, much heart-burning on the side of the chief, a lot of self-praise, possibly a holiday, about fifty-two Saturdays or twelve month ends, something accomplished, a mass left undone—and perpetual hope. Hope drives the whole world round—without it the I.F.M. would not now be

BOY SCOUTS AND WHAT THEY DO



BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED.
INTRODUCTION BY B.-P.

BIRMINGHAM RALLY AND
EXHIBITION, ETC.

INCLUDING **1/8** POSTAGE.

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DUGDALE STREET,
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Superfluous Hair



For the low amount of 6d. just try "DEPILATOIRE," the successful and inexpensive treatment for entirely and permanently destroying ugly hair growths.

Its action is instantaneous and free from pain or harm.

"DEPILATOIRE" is quite easy to use and takes the hairs away clean, leaving the skin clear, with absolutely no sign of its previous growth.

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(Customers Abroad, 1/-.) Avoid Imitators.



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FLAGS
OF ALL NATIONS
AT WAR.

FOR USE ON ALL
WAR MAPS.

50 ASSORTED **50**
WITH PINS

Posted Free on receipt of
SIXPENCE.

S. & J. STATIONERS,

205, Richmond Road,
Twickenham, London, S.W.

THE WAR!

Commencing with the
OCTOBER ISSUE,
the price of - -

PICTURE STORIES MAGAZINE

will be increased to
FOURPENCE. - -

See notice on page III. of cover.

In answering advertisements please mention Picture Stories Magazine.

Picture Stories Magazine.

(Illustrated Films Monthly).

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"READY!" 12th Lancers

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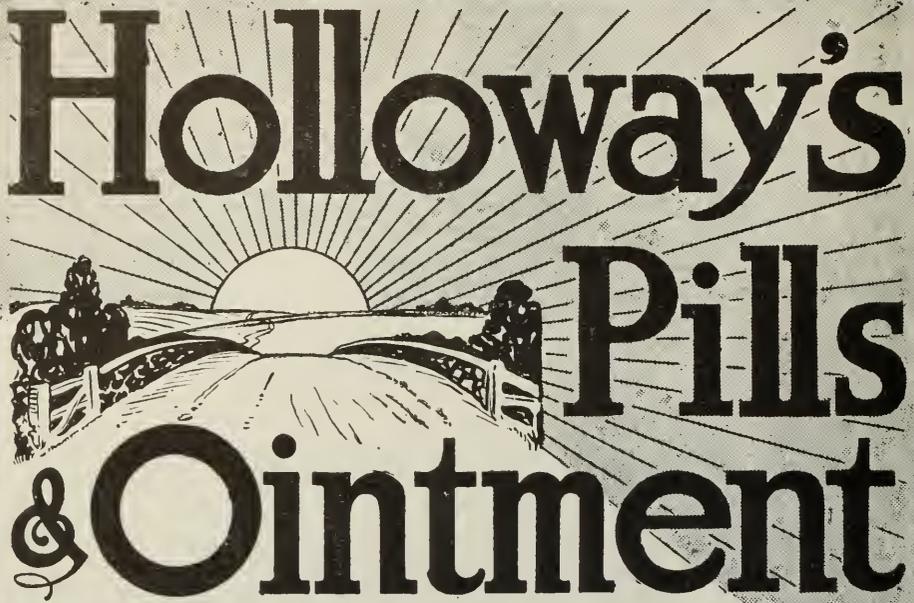
NOTE: These stories are written from films produced by Motion Picture Manufacturers and our writers claim no credit for title or plot. When known to us, the name of the playwright is announced.

SPECIAL ARTICLE:

ON THE SCREEN Evan Strong ... 63

PICTURE STORIES MAGAZINE is printed and published by The Camberwell Press, Dugdale Street Works, London, S.E. Subscription 5/6, post paid to any address in the United Kingdom. Single copies 6d. (including postage). Application for advertising space should be made to the Sole Agents—Messrs. Alfred Bates & Co., 132/134, Fleet Street, E.C.

NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS: MSS. and Drawings must be submitted at the owner's risk, and the Editor will not guarantee their safety. When stamps are enclosed he will endeavour to return them. MSS. should be typewritten.



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The Ointment has earned a great and world-wide reputation by its healing powers in cases of Piles, Bad Legs, Sores, Boils, Burns, Bruises, Chilblains, Chapped Hands, and many skin complaints. It should be used in conjunction with Holloway's Pills which help wonderfully by their purifying action in cases of Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Bronchial and Chest Complaints.

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Mr. CHARLES WELLESLEY
(Vitagraph)



Miss FLORENCE LABADIÉ
(Thanouser)



Miss GERTRUDE McCOY
(Edison)



Mr. HARRY BENHAM
(Thanouser)



Miss LEAH BAIRD
(Vitagraph)



Mr. HARRY BUSS
(Hepworth)



"Marion would be about the size of this little burglar, he thought ; her figure was the same, and the poise of the head identical."

As Fate Willed.

From the VICTOR Drama. Adapted by Rosa Beaulaire.

Richard is considered a good catch by reason of his wealth, youth, and handsome appearance. A society belle sets herself to capture him; and by placing him in a compromising position with her, and then playing upon his sense of honour, she succeeds in gaining his promise of marriage. Richard goes to the seaside. There he meets a strange girl and immediately realises that he is in love with her. Then she goes away and he loses her. The next time they meet she is a thief in his own house, but love explains and triumphs.



HE unceasing sea rolled monotonously on to dash its weight against the rocky shore, and watching the leap forward and the recoil to mass in readiness for the next onslaught, one realised that this perpetual surging and determined attack could no more be controlled than the relentless revolution of the wheel of fate. By the sea one becomes a fatalist; gazing at the never-failing shoreward roll of the waters one comes to understand the mysterious inexorability of destiny. Whatever happens will be in accordance with the intention of fate, and there is no deliverance from its power. Dissatisfied, one oft attempts to break free and map out his own course; but do what one may, this course will surely converge sooner or later on the road laid down by the higher power.

Down there by the sea a scheming mother and her daughter laid plans, little dreaming that they could be upset even when their object was within grasp. In their human presumptuousness they imagined they held the power of control in their own puny hands; careful plans they had laid to capture Richard Lee—a splendid young man, clever, rich, an altogether eligible party; every possible loophole had been diligently covered; nothing that would interfere with a successful issue had been overlooked—but fate had not been admitted to the bargain. They had not pondered over the ceaseless roll of the seas, or noted the honeycombed rocks, undermined by the onslaughts of centuries and ready to tumble into the ocean's maw, and so they understood no might but that

which man could assume for his own purpose.

Of course not: the hotel was their playground; rugged, uncouth nature made no call, the rocks held no interest and were too coarse in their wild, rough native state to take interest in. Had these butterfly persons heeded the lesson of the waves and rocks, perhaps the biting blow of fate, when it fell, would not have struck so deep and shattering.

* * *

There was a little hubbub in the stoep of the hotel, verandah it could hardly be called. It overlooked the sea, which, in the sunset, presented a wonderful silver and gold aspect. However, the heads of the little crowd of mothers and daughters were not turned towards the sea, but to the entrance of the hotel. The hubbub of excitement died to nothing as a stalwart, well-dressed young fellow, Richard Lee, in fact, leapt up the steps, and at the psychological moment Mrs. Carrington and her daughter Inez rushed forward with effusive welcome, leaving Frank Barton, their dandy attendant, to fume at their neglect and discourtesy to him—for had he not waited on them, and been in attendance for days, all for a smile from Inez? And now they flew from him unceremoniously to hang round the neck of this magnificent young male animal, endowed with more of the good things of the world than he could reasonably dispense with.

Richard Lee was a man to turn any girl's head. A dark handsome face, set and determined, with deep fearless eyes, when serious; vivacious and light-hearted when

talking, he was a good conversationalist alike amongst men or women. And then he was a typical athlete, with a figure like a Greek god—no wonder Inez Carrington was attracted, for she was pretty, with auburn ringlets framing a petite and temperamental face. Yet she was empty, though clever enough to conceal the fact. Deep feeling never possessed her heart, she had too much love for the luxuries of the world, and the things money can buy, to entertain sentiment pure and simple.

Frank Barton, the almost penniless pleasure-seeker, looked on at the meeting of the two with envy and disgust. He saw Mrs. Carrington gush to Lee as she introduced her daughter, and in that moment he understood the reason why.

"Oh, Mr. Lee, how splendid of you to come down here. Are you staying long? We heard you were coming," cried Mrs. Carrington as she held out her hand daintily. "I am so pleased to meet you again. You remember the last time we met? I have my only daughter with me here. Let me introduce you. Inez, this is Mr. Lee, whom I have spoken about. I don't think you have met him before. This is my daughter Inez, Mr. Lee."

Poor Lee had no chance to put a word in, not even to say "How-do." Now he bowed politely to the smiling Inez.

"Good evening, Miss Carrington," he said quietly. "I trust you have been having a pleasant time here. It is a beautiful spot. Do you know the choice corners about the country round



"He loved the sea—Inez had little interest in anything."

"We have been here but a few days," Inez replied, "and it has been hot and rather dull. I have been out very little, so I'm afraid I do not know the places very well. I hope it will be more pleasant for you."

"Thanks, I hope so too. I love the wilds and the seas. But I must not dilate on my delights and dislikes. I must now wash the dust of travel from me. It has been very dry up the country and we have come through several dust-storms. You will excuse me?"

"Oh, certainly."

"Perhaps you will join us at dinner, Mr. Lee?" chimed in

Mrs. Carrington with a winning smile.

"Thank you very much." Lee gave a little twist to the other side of his mouth and disappeared through the stoep doorway to seek refreshment at the bar and in the bathroom.

The days which followed were not directly pleasant for Lee. He liked the open, he loved the sea. Inez, whom Mrs. Carrington attached to him at every opportunity, had little interest in anything—she was a hot-house flower and preferred lolling outside the hotel, or lazy driving, to a swim in the tumbling bay, or a sturdy tramp across the headlands.

* * *

The little bay was alluring. Sheltered by jutting spurs of rock, which, turning inwards slightly at the entrance of the bay, formed a natural breakwater on either side. It was a safe bathing place, an ideal swimming pool alike for the expert and the novice. Lee had found it years ago and

whenever he visited Beechcombe he always spent an hour of the morning there. It lay some way to the left of the front which the visitors paraded, and had the additional charm of being unfrequented. Lee had almost invariably bathed alone. He would be up and have his "dip" while the others were at breakfast. This morning, however, he was forestalled, though he had been in the water some time before he became aware of the fact.

It was a soft warm morning, the sun's glow was tempered by the faintest breeze which came off the cooled land, and the waters which flung themselves foaming at the cliffs outside the cove gently lapped the sands within the rocky breakwater. Scarcely a sound broke on the air except the soft s-sisch—s-sisch of the wavelets on the pebbles, and the occasional half-smothered scream of a gull, as Lee plunged in and amused himself with aquatic feats. Of a sudden he became aware that the cove had another human occupant. Away on a ledge of rock, almost out to the horn of the cliff, a figure in a bathing frock was sitting and kicking her feet in the water, allowing the spray to dash over her as the waves rolled up and spent themselves on the masses of rugged stone.

Lee had no interest for woman-kind, but this was a unique experience; and without a second's thought he struck out towards the lady playing mermaid so early in the morning. She must be an exceptional creature, quite apart from those he habitually came in contact with. On he came with a strong over-arm stroke to within fifty yards before she perceived him, so intent was she in her game, and then it was too late to beat a retreat without confusion, though she glanced furtively around to spy a way out should it be necessary.

Lee was now up to the ledge, he grasped the rock and slowly hauled himself out of the water. The mermaid drew back a little, but still sat on the ledge trying

to appear unconcerned.

She was decidedly pretty, thought Lee, and with characteristic features—a very attractive nymph. Aloud he said, "Pardon my unceremonious intrusion, won't you? People who bathe so early allow themselves some liberty. Will you tell me how you found this cove? I had always thought it to be my own special claim, and to see you here this morning before me gave me quite a shock."

"I'm very sorry if I have jumped your claim," she answered, with a whimsical smile, a trace of sadness, however, lingering in her eyes even as she laughed. "Had I known it was your special reserve I should not have intruded, I assure you."

"She is quizzing me," he thought, but she continued:

"I stumbled on the spot by accident yesterday, and being of a solitary nature, I took the opportunity for a quiet paddle. There, I think that answers your questions and excuses me."

"Oh, come," expostulated Lee, "I hardly framed my words in that way. I was merely excusing myself for breaking in on your reverie. Anyway, if you will accept my excuse, I will accept yours, and perhaps we can be friends for half-an-hour. Will you be kind?" Lee was captivated at once by this slim little water-girl. He spoke eagerly.

"Would you like me as your friend?—I have few friends." A depth of sadness had



"He decided on the only course to silence the gossip."

impressed itself again on her features. Already Lee felt an impulse to take her in his arms—she looked like one who needed a pair of strong arms to protect her.

"I should like very much to be your friend, if you will let me," he replied. "Shall we exchange confidences? My name is Richard Lee. I do nothing except lounge about in one place or another, with on occasional burst of athletic energy. I am staying at present at the——"

"Oh, I'd rather take you as you are, without your history," she broke in. "History is not always an indication of the present state."

"Well, perhaps you will tell me your name?"

"My name, if it pleases you to know, is Marion Stearns. But is it necessary, when perhaps we shall be friends but half-an-hour and never see one another again?"

"But need it be that we shall never see one another again? You are not leaving the neighbourhood immediately?"

"Not right away, but my holiday is a snatched one, and my sphere in the other world lies far apart from yours."

"Of spheres we need not talk: there are pleasanter matters of conversation. Tell me now if you will come here again?"

What use to pursue the first conversation of this chance pair further. They met again and again during the next few days, and before the week was out Lee was madly in love, while Marion frankly admired the chivalrous merman; nay more, her regard for him, because she knew convention would prevent closer union, caused a deep biting pain in her heart. She watched his passion grow stronger with fear and anguish, and at last determined to flee and hide her love away where he could not seek it out.

Determined, she made preparations for flight. The night before her departure Lee met her in the moonlight down on the shore. The light came down the rippling waters in a tremulous narrowing band to where they stood on the rocks. And the passion of the young man overcame him—he made to clasp Marion in his arms, so dainty she looked in the moon's glimmer, so tender, so truly lovable.

"No, no," she cried, anticipating his desire, half wanting to submit, yet fearful.

"But, Marion, dear, I love you. I want you. Won't you be kind—come to me," whispered Dick.

"I know, I know: yet it cannot be. You do not know who I am and what obstacles there are in the way of our love."

"Then you love me, Marion!" he cried, seizing on her unwitting confession. "Why should anything stand in the way? Are the obstacles so great that we cannot overcome them in the strength of our love?"

She was silent, wrestling with a strong temptation to yield. But her awful secret—if he should learn of that he would despise her, and she could not risk it. With an effort, an effort which seemed to her like the renunciation of the whole world and all that is good in it, she brought herself to her earlier decision.

"No, it cannot be," she repeated. "I leave here to-morrow; and I hope you will not try to find me. I love you, indeed; but, believe me, it is better to part now and for ever."

"Marion, if you go from me now I shall seek and find you. I will prove to you the power of my love. Marion, give me a little hope."

"It is better thus—there is no hope. Oh, say no more; let me go—you will forget and the pain will not be for long." She stifled a sob and turned from him.

Too dumbfounded and broken-hearted to speak, to call her back, or even follow her, Lee watched the slender figure disappear in the night. Then he returned to the hotel.

* * *

Inez Carrington had got wind of Lee's meetings with the strange girl on the beach. She had noticed his inattention to her and connected it rightly with the influence of the stranger. Scheming and determined to capture him, she set about a plan to inveigle him right away.

It was a beautiful afternoon and Lee and Miss Carrington were sitting listless on the verandah of the hotel. Of a sudden Inez jumped up and clapped her hands in assumed glee. Her companion looked up in amazement.

"What now?" he said.

"I know; its getting frightfully dull here," she cried. "We'll go for a motor-ride. Will you take me in your car, Mr. Lee?"

"If you would like a run, why, certainly," he replied politely, but he did not appear very enthusiastic over the idea; in fact his mind was not present, it was away down by the little bay, where he had first met the mermaid.

With a shrug he threw off his mood and ordered the car round. Little did he know that Inez had been tampering with the tool box as part of a subtle scheme to capture him. He was to find out later when he could not draw back.

They both got into the car immediately it was brought round, Inez sitting up by Lee, who drove himself. For miles they ran out into the desolate country at the foot of the hills, and it was getting dark

when Lee turned in the direction of home. Then it was that Inez put the first part of her plan into action. Slyly loosening the strings of her bonnet, she waited till they speeded up on a stretch of delightfully straight road, then observing that Lee was intent on driving she let the bonnet go.

"Stop, stop the car," she cried; "my bonnet has blown off."

Lee brought the automobile up with a sudden jerk.

"Is it far back?" he queried.

"Yes, it is some way back there," she answered. "I'll wait here while you fetch it—will you?"

"All right, I won't be a minute."

He strode off with haste. It was growing late, they could not afford to waste time—if they were too long away the people at the hotel would begin to talk.

As soon as he had advanced a little up the road, Inez ran to the tool box, seized a spanner, and lifting the bonnet of the car gently she smashed off a couple of plugs. And there was not a spare one left—she had seen to that.

Lee returned quickly. The bonnet was fastened securely on Inez's head and the pair got into the automobile again, Lee

eager to be off.

But the car would not move. What was the matter? It was quite all right when Lee was exasperated. Jumping out he discovered the damage, went to the tool box for the spare plugs and found the spanner only. Examining the broken plugs, he understood.

"We cannot move the car; there are no spare plugs, and these are too damaged to be of



"She almost threw the symbol at him."

use," he said quietly, holding up the battered parts to Inez's view.

She smiled inwardly, outwardly she was distressed.

"What shall we do—how shall we get home?" she cried.

"Walk," was the laconic reply.

"But we cannot walk all that way!"

"We cannot stay here."

"It will take us hours. What will the people at the hotel think?"

So that was the scheme thought Lee, Inez's words giving him the clue. Aloud he said, with bitterness in his voice:

"The car will not move; there is no place near here where we can get assistance—there is nothing but to walk back, or till we meet someone who can give us a lift to the hotel."

He did not feel very kindly towards his companion, and indeed the situation would be very awkward if people began to talk.

Inez said no more, but patiently endeavoured to fit her steps to Lee's long, swinging strides. But she had not played her last card.

They had not marched much more than a mile when Inez gave a little scream of pain and sank down in the roadway.

"Oh, I've sprained my ankle," she moaned, and as Lee bent down to help her she pushed him away, crying, "No, leave me; I cannot move, the pain is so bad."

There was nothing for it but to wait till they were picked up. They were still miles from the hotel and it would be impossible to get home on a sprained ankle—if the ankle was hurt at all. Lee was sceptical. He placed the girl in a comfortable position and they waited side by side. It was dark now, but not cold. The night air was soft and warm and they suffered no discomfort on this score.

It was morning before they were found and taken back to the hotel, and already the busy-bodies were talking. Pointed inferences reached Lee's ears, and at last he decided on the only course to silence the gossips and save the girl's reputation. He asked for Inez's hand in marriage. The engagement was duly announced, and Inez's cup of pleasure was overflowing in the success of her scheme.

* * *

The summer and autumn had passed, the winter season had commenced; and Mrs. Carrington, in the glory of her daughter's capture, had arranged a great ball, to which all the society of Ashton had been invited. It was a society affair on a large scale. Mrs. Carrington had excelled herself, and in secret had gone beyond her means to excite the envy of all. Yet what did a few pounds overdrawn matter when Inez was about to marry one of the richest men for miles around.

Inez was in the seventh heaven of delight, and danced like an excited kitten amongst the guests. Frank Barton was present, looking glum and downhearted; but Richard Lee, her fiancé, and the star of the evening, had not arrived.

As a matter of fact Lee was fully dressed for the ball, but had no desire to attend. He was thinking of someone who had passed out of his life, someone who would have brought him happiness, but who was lost to him for ever. Marion, where was she now?

Had he but known she was near at hand, but hardly on an errand he would have thought. Sitting in his library, the lamps unlit, he was in a sadly pensive mood. The idea of the ball sickened him; he endeavoured to forget the whole affair, and yet the ball had been published far and wide, and he ought to be there.

Indeed, the ball had been published far and wide, and the facts in some cases had come to undesirable notice; for instance, the notice of Jack Stearns, crook and ex-convict, who had chosen that very night, because of the convenience of the ball, to break into Lee's home. He came now, in the dark, creeping round the house, dragging a slender, unwilling female by the wrist. Succeeding in opening one of the doors, he pushed his unwilling companion inside with muttered curses and threats of violence if she did not do as she was told.

Once inside and unable to retire, the girl—she was scarcely more than a girl, and wore a mask—crept cautiously forward, trembling in every limb, seeking in her mind a way out of the position, the horrible, revolting business she was forced into. Outside the library she halted. There was no light, no movement—she stepped inside. Immediately there was a blaze of light and a man with a revolver was standing over her, a form she seemed to recognise, and a voice she knew. But it could not be he! She dared not look!

Richard Lee had heard the slight noise as the girl entered, and in a flash had his Browning ready and the lights switched on.

"What are you doing here?" he said quietly, his eyes taking in the figure of the shrinking girl before him.

Marion would be about the size of this little burglar, he thought—her figure was the same, and the poise of the little head identical. Lee lowered his revolver.

"Who are you? What do you want?" he asked again, a coaxing note in his soft voice.

"I want nothing—I was forced to enter—my father——" She could go no further, great, choking sobs checked her muttered utterances.

Something in that voice brought Lee a step forward. He caught her by the arm and tore off the mask.

"Marion, you!" he cried, staggering back.

She did not answer, but stood trembling, half-turned from him, trying to hide her face in her shame.

The sight of her was too much for Lee, burglar or not. He wanted her, and in a second she was in his arms. As she struggled to free herself, another figure appeared in the doorway. It was Barton. On the continued non-appearance of Lee at the ball, he had been sent by Mrs. Carrington

to find him. Now a queer smile spread over his features, and he turned away with a triumphant light in his eyes.

Hastening back to the ballroom he sought out Mrs. Carrington and Inez, and hurried them to Lee's house to see his discovery.

Lee had just relinquished Marion as they entered—Inez wild with anger and petulance, Mrs. Carrington as dignified as an ancient fowl gloating over a newly-laid egg.

"So this is how you carry on intrigue instead of attending to your fiancée," cried Mrs. Carrington, spluttering in her rage.

"I assure you it is no intrigue, Mrs. Carrington; and as you should be aware, the word should not fall from your lips to me," replied Lee, slightly taken aback by the sudden appearance of his fiancée and her mother.

"What do you mean by having this creature in your house when you are still engaged to my daughter?"

"That is my particular business. As to my engagement to Inez, that is in her hands."

Lee was feeling more satisfied with the turn of events; he saw visions of Marion as his wife in the future. For a few moments he had tasted of paradise with her in his arms. Would they release him so that he might go to her? His eyes sought hers as she sat cringing on a club chair in the corner waiting for an opportunity to flee.

"You shall marry no daughter of mine, sir. It is disgraceful!" shrieked the irate mother.

"It has been your will all along," he returned.

Inez was bursting with stifled rage. She could contain herself no longer. Tearing the engagement ring from her finger, she flung one bitter, scornful glance at Marion, and almost threw the symbol at Lee.

Lee's fingers closed on it and his heart gave a big jump. He did not hear the maledictions of the party as they left him—he was thinking of his freedom to marry Marion.

Snatching an opportunity, the frightened girl sought to escape, but he was too quick for her. "Marion, dear, you have come to me; you must stay with me," he cried exultantly, as he crushed her to him.

"Oh, no. My father——. You do not realise that I am the daughter of a convict," she burst out hoarsely.

"What is that to me? I knew you would come—what matters how or through what circumstances. Marion, you will marry me? See, I put the ring on your finger. You cannot escape that."

And she, her heart overflowing with love and joy, realised that his love was strong enough to overcome all obstacles, and she let her head sink on his breast in submission.

RATS as actors in a motion picture drama are a sufficiently novel sight to cause the photoplay patrons who see them at work to inquire in amazement, "How on earth was it done?"

Nevertheless, rodents played an important part in Kalem's drama, "ACCUSED." In this story, the rats steal a package of bills and cause a man to be accused of theft. The animals are the property of a man in New York, who has succeeded in teaching them a number of tricks. To get the rodents to carry out the part assigned to them, their owner impregnates the bills with a certain odour. When placed upon the table, the rats sniffed the package, seized and instinctively dragged it off the table.

THE story of the American National Anthem—"The Star Spangled Banner"—is being produced as a two-reel photoplay by the Edison Company. Few poems in the history of literature have been inspired and conceived more dramatically than was this one. It was written by the author, Francis Scott Key, during the

early morning of September 14th, 1814, whilst a prisoner of war on the deck of a ship watching the bombardment of Fort McHenry. Who composed the music has never been discovered.

In this production, Edison's are endeavouring to portray a true and accurate history of the cause and effect which culminated in the writing of "The Star Spangled Banner."

THE Universal Film Manufacturing Company has signed a contract with Broughton, whereby his famous detective stories of the adventures of Lawrence Rand will be filmed, with King Baggot, the Imp star, in the leading role.

"The House of Doors," the first of the series to be published, appeared ten years ago in the "Metropolitan Magazine." It has been reprinted eight times in America, and its sequel, "The Mystery of the Steel Disc," was chosen by Collier's as the best detective story ever written in America. In book form over eight hundred thousand are out. There are forty stories in the series.

The Spirit and the Clay.

From the VITAGRAPH Photoplay by Mrs. Hartman Breuil.

Adapted by Bruce McCall.

"The Spirit and the Clay" is the second of our two-instalment serials. The story we leave to the judgment of our readers. Regarding the film, we offer the Vitagraph Company our warmest congratulations for having produced such a magnificent picture. A finer production we have not seen for weeks. Mr. Darwin Karr is especially brilliant in the role of the artist.

INSTALMENT I.

NOW then, Paul, get out of the way, or we'll run over you, Molly and I."

Paul Ferrier ceased from his labour of spreading litter for the cattle, and leaning on his pitchfork, looked admiringly at the pretty, roguish face of the girl who had uttered the dreadful threat.

"I reckon Molly wouldn't hurt me. She's harmless enough. It's you I'm afraid of," he said, with mock seriousness.

The girl laughed merrily. "What, afraid of me? Why, if I was a great strong man like you I wouldn't be afraid of a girl."

"No? Well, perhaps I ain't exactly afraid—not afraid enough to run away, anyhow. But there's something about you—your eyes, now, they hit me every time."

Again the girl's laugh rang out. "Oh, Paul," she cried, "how silly you are. Who's been teaching you to talk like that? I do believe you've been reading love stories. That's the sort of stuff the heroes talk. And you're not a hero, are you, Paul?" She looked at him provokingly.

"No, I suppose not. I'm a farm hand, that's what I am, and I've got too much work to do to stand gossiping. No, I haven't though," he went on with a change of manner. "Be quick and take Molly into the shed, and we'll have a talk over old times. Git up, Molly!" he cried, prodding with his fork the cow which the girl was leading.

The patient animal "got up" obediently, and disappeared into the shed. The girl, having seen that her favourite was well supplied with creature comforts, rejoined Paul.

"Come along, Marie," he said, "we've both done enough work for one day. Do you know, Marie, I'm about sick of farm work. I reckon there's better things to be done than ploughing and feeding cattle. One of these days——"

He broke off as he caught sight of the girl's troubled face.

"Aren't you happy here, Paul?" she asked with a little quiver in her voice.

"Oh, well, I ain't altogether miserable, if it comes to that, but I don't want to be a farmer all my life. I wasn't cut out for it. Still, I won't grumble. I reckon my chance will come one day if I wait long enough."

"But surely, Paul," said she girl, her face still troubled, "you don't want to go away and leave us all—your father and mother, and—and me?"

Paul was silent for a moment or two; then he said soberly, "I think I'd have gone before this if it hadn't been for you, Marie. You've been a splendid little chum to me. I can tell you things I can't tell to my father and mother, because you—well, somehow you seem to understand."

They were walking through the farmyard now.

"Do you remember the first day you came

here?" Paul went on. "Father brought you in the cart—a tiny little girl of six, with curly hair and big eyes. You were afraid of me then, I believe."

"I wasn't," cried the girl indignantly.

"Well, you didn't seem to like it much when I lifted you out of the cart. Rum little kid I thought you were."

"And I thought you were a big, rough, ugly, boy," retorted Marie. "I was sure I was never going to like you."

"And now?"

"Oh, well, never mind. I remember you wanted to show me how clever you were. The very first thing you took me right off

her teasing manner, "I'm sure your chance will come some day, only—only then you'll go away, and perhaps forget all about us."

"Forget you! Why, of course not. I'll get on and make money; then I'll come back and marry you, and give father and mother more money than they've ever dreamed of."

They had reached by now the outhouse which Paul used as a workshop. On a rough bench which he had put up were the materials with which he worked, and a number of clay models in various stages of completion. Simple things they were for the most part—heads of Marie, of his father and mother, and one or two small models of



"He learnt with astonishing ease and rapidity."

to the barn, and showed me the things you had been making out of clay. You were very conceited about them, I remember."

Paul laughed. "And I've shown you everything I've made since," he said. "You've been my critic and my model. Why, how many heads of you have I done, I wonder?"

"I'm sure I don't know, but"—teasingly—"they haven't all been like me, at anyrate."

"But some of them have, and one day I'll do one that'll be a speaking likeness. I can do it, I know. Oh, if only I could have some lessons."

"Paul, dear Paul," said the girl, dropping

animals. They were not all of equal merit, but in some of them there was genius, alive and unmistakable. This farmer's son, ignorant of many things, who had never had a lesson in art, was yet able to put into his clay models that indefinable, mysterious something which for ever eludes many highly-trained sculptors who have spent years in the schools. Paul Ferrier's work, technically imperfect though it might be, had the rarest of all attributes in the work of a man's hands—life.

As yet Paul's only critic had been Marie. His father and mother only admired and wondered—a little disappointed and im-

patient with the lad for spending his time in such a profitless occupation. Marie, his cousin, pointed out faults where she thought they existed, suggested alterations, and altogether helped him more than either he or she realised.

For some time Paul had been engaged upon a bust of Marie. It was the best thing he had yet done—a really remarkable likeness. He was working at it one day outside the shed, having carried his bench and his clay out into the sunshine. Marie, who was sitting for him, was watching his clever fingers busily at work. Both were so engrossed that they did not see a stranger enter the farmyard. A portly, comfortable-looking gentleman he was, wearing a wide sombrero hat, and carrying over his shoulder

The stranger hardly heard him. He had picked up the bust and was examining it closely.

"A portrait, I see," he said, with a glance at Marie. "Excellent work, too. Have you anything else to show me?"

Paul produced a number of other models, and the stranger ran a critical eye over them.

"My lad," he said at last, "you have the gift. You are a born sculptor—a genius. You're untaught, of course, I can see that; but with training you could do anything. Why don't you come to New York?"

Paul stammered out something about not being able to afford it.

"H'm," said the stranger, thoughtfully. "Well, I daresay that might be arranged. Genius like yours ought to have its chance.



"He pressed a bundle of notes into Paul's hand."

an artist's portfolio. He looked about the yard, and then walked across to Paul and Marie. His hearty "good morning" brought them to their feet.

"Good morning, sir," said Paul. "Do you wish to see my father? He's about the place somewhere. I'll fetch him."

"No, no," said the stranger. "I came in to see if there was a chance of getting some lunch—just a snack and a drink of milk. I'm an artist, and have been making a few sketches in the neighbourhood. Why, you're an artist too," he said, with sudden interest. "May I look?"

"Of course, but I'm afraid it's not of much account," said Paul, diffidently. "I've never had any lessons, you see."

Look here, my name is Galton—John Galton. I daresay you've heard of me? No? Well, I'm the principal of an art school in New York, and I'd like to have you as a student. Never mind about the money, I'll see to that."

Paul's face lit up, and then grew gloomy. "I'm afraid father can't spare me," he said. "He needs my help on the farm."

Marie, who had listened to the conversation with mingled feelings, torn between dread of losing Paul and anxiety that he should have the chance he so ardently desired, now put in a word.

"Perhaps we might be able to manage," she said, hesitatingly, "for a time, anyhow."

"Well, let's go and see your father,"

said Mr. Galton, "and hear what he says about it."

The farmer and his wife were in the house, and when Mr. Galton made his proposal the old man met it with an emphatic refusal.

"No," he said. "Paul ain't going to New York to waste his time. I don't hold with them artist fellers—no offence meant, of course, sir."

"That's all right," said Mr. Galton, handsomely. "But your son's a genius, and if you can see your way to let him come to New York he may become a great sculptor. I'm sure you would not wish to stand in

hire a man to fill his place."

It was settled, however, that Paul should have his chance; and when Mr. Galton called next day he found the young man full of gratitude and eager anticipation, and his parents already resigned to his approaching departure. Marie was as excited as Paul himself, but when the moment came for him to leave the old home and set out with Mr. Galton for New York, she broke down, and was only half consoled by Paul's assurance that he would write to her every day and tell her all his doings.

* * *

Paul, raw country lad as he was, felt very



" 'By jove, Marie, it's the very thing,' he cried."

his light."

He put the matter so forcibly, and his persuasiveness and the pleading of Paul and Marie had such an effect on the old farmer that at last he promised to think the matter over.

"That's right," said Mr. Galton, as he was leaving. "I'll look in again to-morrow to hear your decision."

Already weakening, when the old man found that his wife was also in favour of the proposal, he gave way, though in no very good grace.

"I don't know what we'll do on the farm without him," he said. "We can't afford to

awkward and ill-at-ease when Mr. Galton took him into the modelling room at the great art school and introduced him to the young men and girls who were now to be his fellow students. They were a jolly, companionable set, however, and very soon made Paul at home. His heart failed him a little when he saw them at work. They seemed so much cleverer than he, and he thought with dismay of his clay masterpieces at the farm, which now seemed so poor and insignificant. As he became more accustomed to his surroundings, however, and made friends among the other students, the feeling of diffidence passed away, and he threw

himself heart and soul into his studies. He learned with astonishing ease and rapidity, and it was not long before his promise was recognised and he came to be regarded as the school's most brilliant student.

Mr. Galton did not stint his praise, and the other masters were always ready with encouragement and help. The remarkable progress which he made might have turned a less steady head, but Paul was very modest over his achievements, and always ready with generous praise of those of his fellows. The result was that he was the most popular as well as the cleverest student in the school.

A number of wealthy and influential people, artists and art lovers, were interested in the school and in the work of the students, who had become quite accustomed to having visitors standing near them and watching them at work.

One day Mr. Galton appeared in the work-room, accompanied by a tall, elderly gentleman, with a clever, intellectual face. They walked straight up to the bench where Paul was at work upon a bust in the classic style, the head crowned with a wreath of bays. They stood a few moments watching Paul at work, and then Mr. Galton said:

"This is the young man I was speaking to you about. He's by way of being our show student. Paul, this is Dr. Gordon. He's interested in your work."

Paul stood up in his long sculptor's overalls and bowed. Dr. Gordon put out his hand.

"I've heard great things of you," he said. "I want you to show me something you've done, if you will be so good."

Paul flushed with pleasure and embarrassment, but for the life of him he could not think of anything to say. Dr. Gordon stepped forward to the bench and took up the bust.

"Excellent" he said. "Very fine work indeed. I see, Galton, that your praise was justified. You ought to have a brilliant future, Mr. Ferrier. I shall keep my eye on you. I might even buy some of your work. I'd rather like to be your first patron."

"I'm sure you're very good," said Paul, modestly.

"Not at all, not at all; I'm on the lookout for bargains. Besides, I might get my name in your biography—who knows? Well, good-bye. Let me see that bust when it is finished. Come along, Galton, I must

be off now."

As soon as he had gone the other students thronged around Paul and chorused congratulations.

"Your fortune's made, my boy," cried Emil Becker, Paul's particular chum.

"Get out!" said Paul, highly delighted nevertheless. "Who is Dr. Gordon, anyway?"

"My! haven't you heard of Dr. Gordon?" cried one of the girls. "He's as rich as Cræsus. He's a heart specialist; he makes heaps of money, and spends a lot of it on pictures and statuettes and things. He's got a collection worth a million dollars. He knows good work when he sees it, and if he thinks yours worth buying—well, you can bet it is."

All things considered, it was little wonder that Paul went back to his work full of high hopes for the future. In a few days the bust was finished, and Dr. Gordon came again. He picked up the bust and examined it critically. "It's good, very good," he said; "but I mustn't praise it too highly or I shall make you conceited. Will you sell?"

Paul hesitated. "If you think it worth buying," he said.

"Right! Shall we say three hundred dollars?"

The generosity of the offer almost took Paul's breath away.

"Oh, but it's too much. I——really couldn't think——"

"Nonsense," said Dr. Gordon; "it's worth it. It will be worth double in a few years when you've made your name. Well, we'll call it a sale. Here's the money." He pulled out a pocket book and pressed a bundle of notes into Paul's hand, cutting short the young fellow's stammered thanks.

"Three cheers for Paul Ferrier!" cried Mr. Galton, and led the cheers himself.

The students shouted themselves hoarse, and Paul wanted to run away to hide his confusion. It all seemed like a dream, but the crisp notes in his hand were real enough.

How delighted they would be at the farm when he wrote and told them—his father and mother, and Marie. They were his first thought, and were often in his mind during months that followed. Dr. Gordon's patronage proved of great value to him, and commissions began to come in. All his patrons were not as generous as Dr. Gordon, but he soon found that he was making a very satisfactory income, so satisfactory that he began to think about taking a holiday.

Meanwhile matters had not been going very well at the farm. Paul had been sadly missed. His father was an old man, no longer able to work as he had done in the days of his strength. Marie laboured uncomplainingly, taking upon her young shoulders much of the toil which needed a man's thows and sinews. She was not strong, however, and often in those days a curious faintness came over her, and she had to stop and rest for a time until it had passed. But with all her efforts the need for more help on the farm was very evident.

At last things came to such a pass that the old man laboriously wrote a letter to

protested that the work was too hard for her—it was a man's work; but she pleaded so hard that at last he yielded, and the letter was not sent.

A few days later Marie was in the farmyard when a cart drew up in the road, and a well-dressed, stalwart young fellow sprang out, swing open the gate and walked briskly towards the house.

The girl ceased her work and stood for a moment quite still. Then the young man called her name and she ran to meet him.

"It's Paul!" she cried. "Uncle! Aunt! Here's Paul come home."

By the time the old farmer and his wife



"Paul at work on the pedestal."

Paul, demanding his return.

"You must come home," it ran. "We need you. Money is scarce, and we cannot afford to pay for help."

Marie came into the farm kitchen as her uncle was addressing the envelope. He gave it to her to post.

"I'm telling Paul to come back," he said. "We can't go on any longer this way."

"Oh, no," cried Marie in distress; "don't do that. He's getting on so well, and if he gave it up now everything would be spoiled. Let him stay in New York, uncle. I can do his work and mine too." The old man

had got to the door of the house the girl was in Paul's arms.

"Oh, Paul!" she said. "Why didn't you write and say you were coming?"

Paul kissed her several times before he replied laughingly, "I thought I'd like to surprise you all. Hullo! father, mother! Why, bless me! you don't look a day older than when I went away, and Marie is prettier than ever!"

"She's good as well as pretty," said his mother soberly. "She's done your work as well as her own since you've been away."

"That she has," said the farmer. "I don't

know what we'd 'a' done without her. We couldn't afford to hire help."

For the first time Paul realised what sacrifices had been made to keep him at New York, and his face grew serious.

"She's a brick," he said. "But that's all over now. Here's plenty of money, father; you can hire as much help as you want now. I'm well off, and you won't need to work any more. You'll have to get somebody to take Marie's place as well, for I'm going to take her back to New York with me."

"Hold on there," said his father. "I don't know as we can spare her."

But Paul was already walking off with his cousin, and his arm was round her waist.

"I s'pose," said the old farmer, "we'll have to let her go."

"Yes," said his wife; "seems to me we can't help ourselves."

"Well, we can afford to pay a couple o' men now. Fancy the boy making all that money. Seems as if he'd struck somethin' better than farmin', anyhow."

Paul and Marie had gone to a secluded nook where they had played as children, and where, as they grew older, the lad had poured into his cousin's sympathetic ear his dreams of success in the great world. Those dreams seemed now in a fair way to be fulfilled; and Paul had another story to tell, to which Marie listened with head bent to hide her tell-tale blushes. Only when Paul slipped on her finger a ring which he had brought from New York did she raise her eyes to his—trusting eyes and full of love. It was a short engagement, for Paul's holiday had to be brief. In a few days he left the farm and went back to New York, and this time Marie was with him.

Paul had been fortunate enough to find a house with a large, well-lighted room which served excellently as a studio, and Marie, who was enthusiastically interested in his work, spent several hours there with him every day. For six months they had never a care in the world. Then one morning that curious feeling which Marie had experienced several times at the farm came upon her. Paul was alarmed, and insisted upon her seeing Dr. Gordon.

Afterwards, when he saw Paul the doctor had a grave report to make.

"Your wife is seriously ill, Ferricr," he said. "It's her heart—she's strained it somehow. Working beyond her strength, I should think. Do you know if it is so?"

"Yes, I do," said Paul. "She worked for me—did my work on the farm as well as her own, so that I could stay on in New York. And I never knew, never thought even. Oh, what a brute I've been! It's owing to her that I am here to-day. And now, perhaps——" His voice broke.

"Oh, well," said Dr. Gordon, "that was the cause, no doubt. She wants rest, a good long rest, and I daresay she'll make a good recovery. But you must send her away at once."

And so Paul wrote to his father, telling him what the doctor had said. "I'm sending her to you and mother," he wrote. "Take care of her. She must have complete rest."

There was another matter in Paul's mind at this time. He had received a letter from his friend, Emil Becker, stating that a Statue of Fame was to be erected before one of the great public buildings of the city. A number of well-known sculptors were to submit models for competition. "You must enter," Emil wrote. "If your model is chosen it will be the making of you."

The idea appealed to Paul. He had had a multitude of small commissions, but they failed to satisfy his ambition. He wanted to do something great. If he succeeded in obtaining the commission for this statue he would step straight into the front rank. The desire to win soon filled his mind to such an extent that for the time he even forgot all about his anxiety for Marie. On the morning of the day which had been fixed for her departure he had arranged to interview a number of models to see if among them there might be the one he needed for his statue. It pained Marie to see how much he thought of the statue, and how little of her, on this of all days.

The models were a sorry company. They were stiff and awkward, and of anything but heroic mould. Paul dismissed one after another in despair; and when Marie, ready to go, entered the studio to say good-bye, she found him sitting in a chair, the picture of dejection.

"Why, Paul," she said, "what on earth is the matter?"

"Everything," was the gloomy reply. "I can't get a model for that statue. I never saw such a wooden lot. They can't even stand properly. I shall have to give it up."

Marie stood a moment thinking. She knew what a terrible disappointment it

would be to Paul if he could not submit a design for competition. She had acted as his model often at the farm, and he had talked to her so much about his idea for this statue that she knew exactly the pose he required. Quickly she made up her mind, threw off her hat and her outdoor things, and mounted the pedestal which he had prepared, and held out her arms.

He had his back turned to her until she called him.

"Paul! Is this anything like it?"

"By jove, Marie, it's the very thing!" he cried. "Keep just like that!"

He began to work with feverish haste.

It was an hour later when Dr. Gordon and Mr. Galton came into the studio. The doctor started back with an exclamation on seeing the girl on the pedestal. Already he could see she was exhausted, almost fit to drop. An angry look came on his face, and he took a step towards Paul, who, wholly engrossed in his work, had not even seen the newcomers.

Marie leaned from the pedestal and touched the doctor's shoulder.

"No," she whispered. "I can stand it quite well, and it means so much to him. Go away, please—do go away."

Dr. Gordon gasped with astonishment, stood irresolute for a moment, and then, taking Galton's arm, walked out of the room.

He was back in a minute or two, and walked straight up to Paul.

"I told you, you must send your wife away at once," he said, angrily, "and I find you using her as a model. She can't do it—do you hear? It will kill her to stand there. She's almost falling now."

Paul was startled, but a look at his wife reassured him. She was smiling, and nodded to him to go on working.

"Marie's all right," he said. "In a day or two she can go, but I need her now."

Dr. Gordon's wrath blazed. "It's wicked, brutal, criminal, I tell you! Good God! it's murder—sheer murder!"

(To be concluded).

FRIENDS of Val Paul, of the McRae 101 Bison Company, are offering him belated congratulations. It appears that shortly before the company set sail for Hawaii, Val approached a certain young lady with a certain proposal, and—well, Mrs. Paul was May Foster, known on the vaudeville stage as "The Queen of Ragtime."

VINNIE BURNS, who was slightly injured by falling from a window during the staging of the Solax Feature, "The Monster and the Girl," has completely recovered, and will shortly begin work in a new and startling Blache picture. Miss Burns received letters of sympathy from all parts of the country where the daring feats of this little actress have won her friends and admirers in large numbers. Miss Burns, it must be remembered, is only 17 years of age, and has the distinction of being the youngest cinema star.

PHOTOPLAY patrons will find it difficult to recognise William Herman West, the versatile Kalem actor, in the spectacular five-part photoplay version of the famous old drama, "Shannon of the Sixth," just completed by Kalem. Mr. West portrays the role of an East Indian high priest in this story, which, by the way, is based upon the Sepoy rebellion in India. To clad his work with realism, Mr. West studied the Hindoos, who are found in considerable numbers

in California. In one white-haired old individual he found the very type he desired. A study of literature pertaining to the Brahman faith gave him the information concerning the religious services. Incidentally, photoplay patrons will see one of the most realistic expositions ever filmed, when a building in which white women and children are hidden, is blown up to prevent their falling captives to the Sepoys.

VIOLA DANE, well known on the legitimate stage through her appearance in "The Poor Little Rich Girl," which was produced in London a few seasons ago, has signed a contract to appear in pictures produced by the Edison Company. Her debut on the screen will be made in "Molly, the Drummer Boy," an American Civil War story, shortly to be released. The Edison Company congratulates itself on obtaining such a valuable addition to the stock company.

SEVERAL of the performers attached to the Keystone Company's establishment at Los Angeles are in the studio hospitals as a result of unusually vigorous work in a film entitled "The Alarm," in which there is a scene showing a runaway fire engine going over a bluff. This release was staged by Mack Sennett, and centres about the rivalry between city and country fire forces.

The Law of his Kind.

Adapted from the REX Film Drama by Owen Garth.

To Colonel Pritchard, the honour of his family is more than life itself. When he finds that he is married to a lady of more than questionable virtue he shoots himself.



HERE was hustle and bustle in the "Inverness Arms," and not a slight suspicion of shockedness, for young Ian Pritchard, lieutenant in the — Borderers, had come in and ordered accommodation, attended by a beautiful woman, unknown to the host.

Still, she looked a lady, and who could know but that the devil-m'care young lieutenant had not married secretly? Indeed, Nina, who hung gracefully on Ian's arm, looked every inch a lady. As tall as Ian, lithe of form, with a fascinating intelligent face, and wondrous eyes, now bold, now modest, she made a fitting companion to her cavalier; and the host, honest old Roderick Duncan, was not disposed to ask questions, for was not Ian nephew of Colonel Pritchard, of Craig Dhu, a mighty power round about? And it was said that he had made Ian his heir.

"Hurry along, Duncan," cried Ian, impatiently. "I'm waiting for you to tell me supper is ready. I'm jolly hungry, and I dropped in here because I imagined you to be the man to put something appetising before me in a minute. Now you stand gaping as if you take me for an apparition. It's all right, man. I'm solid flesh and no spook, as you'll agree when you set the meal ready."

"Pardon, sir. I was somewhat surprised at seein' ye this evenin'," responded Duncan, jumping round to tell his wife to see to supper. "Wull ye come this way, sir. All wull be ready in a mineet."

But supper was destined not to be eaten at once. A voice outside was heard calling "Duncan," at the moment. Ian gave a start, while Duncan remained rooted to the spot and glanced furtively to the lieutenant.

"Colonel Pritchard!" he ejaculated.

"Duncan, where the devil are you, man?" came the voice again from the doorway. "Oh, there you are. Why didn't you answer, man? Couldn't you hear me? I——"

"What the thunder are you doing here, sir?" shouted the newcomer, a middle-aged, upright man, just going grey. He turned with an air of outraged astonishment on Ian, who was endeavouring to release Nina's arm from his and motion her to leave his side.

"What are you doing here? I imagined you were at Stirling, with your regiment," cried Colonel Pritchard; for it was truly he on a run down to the town to attend to a special commission he would not entrust to a servant.

"Yes, sir, but I had a couple of day's leave, and I thought to run up to see you," muttered Ian, with an apologetic air.

"Coming up to see me with a—a lady, and stopping here. Don't try to bamboozle me, sir. I won't have it. I tell you I won't have it."

Colonel Pritchard was purple with rage. Duncan was standing out of the way, waiting with shivers the turn of events. His wife had flopped her somewhat ponderous figure on to a chair in horror.

Nina clung to Ian, who was also fast losing his temper. "Say what you like, sir," he cried, "but leave the lady out of the question."

"Who is the lady? What is she to you?" flung back the fiery old colonel. "What is she to you, sir? I have a right to know."

"I think you are presuming on your right. You are too much in a temper to realise the impudence of your inquiry."

"Impudence! Impudence, you insolent young cub! How dare you talk to me of impudence? Go back to your quarters. You will hear from me again." And the

colonel stamped towards the entrance, brushing aside Duncan, who came forward with a deprecating air, wrapped up in supplication.

"All right, sir. I shall do as you desire," sent Ian after the retreating figure; "but I would remind you that I am of age, and you can no longer exercise your powers of guardianship over my every movement. Perhaps we shall meet when you are cooler."

"Do as you are told and don't answer back. You are insolent, sir," shouted the colonel as he disappeared, slamming the door behind him.

"That has cooked my goose, I'm afraid," said Ian, turning to Nina. "I must not go against the old man too far, or I shall be cut off."

"What a violent old spitfire! How can you be dictated to by him? Are you a baby still?"

Nina simulated a shudder as she spoke. "You won't go back to the barracks as he said, will you?"

"I'm afraid I must—it doesn't do to provoke him too much. When he is in a rage one doesn't know what he will do. Still, he is not a bad sort. In fact, I'm fond of the old uncle. He's been as a father to me. And he can be jolly at times.

"But surely you are not going to run off now, at once, like a little boy who has been whipped for stealing jam?"

"Well, not at once exactly. We'll have supper and I'll just catch the last train. Hi, Duncan," to the worried landlord, "is that meal ready? We'll have it now, and see that my traps are on the last train. I shall go back to-night."

Ian went back to quarters, but he had no further interview with his uncle, for the war bugles were sounding and Ian's regiment was

among the first to mobilise. They sailed for South Africa immediately, and for two whole years Ian was occupied with dangerous work on the veldt. Honours came his way. He

showed considerable skill in handling his company, and later was detailed for operations against the guerilla bands of Boers, who were harassing the flanks of the armies and the lines of communication. It was in an attempt to drive out a commando in a well-trenched and protected Nek up beyond Lady-smith that he received a wound which, owing to lack of attention, eventually led to his being invalided home, together with his faithful companion and batman, Private Mannings; and though scarcely older than his officer, acted oft-times as his adviser and runner.

Little news had reached Ian at the front, and he was scarcely prepared for the changed order of things when he landed in the old country. It was a very rude shock he received the night he arrived at Craig Dhu to pay his compliments to old Colonel Pritchard.

* * *

Nina, the adventuress, had passed out of Ian Pritchard's life after the night of the incident at the "Inverness Arms." He had been simply infatuated with her for a time. When the call to arms came he promptly forgot all about her, his thoughts being turned into other and more serious channels. If he thought of her at all amongst the flood of recollections the sight of his native countryside brought back, it was certainly not in anticipation of meeting her again, and in particular not in the position he was soon to find she had assumed—a position fraught with trouble for him.

Colonel Pritchard had drawn closer within himself since he had last seen his nephew. Craig Dhu had become his only home. He



"Attended by a beautiful woman unknown to his host."

did not leave it often, and when he did it was to fly back at the earliest moment. He made Craig Dhu—the gloomy, old ancestral dwelling place, perched half way up the rocks on the west coast—his world, and finally decided it was time for him to have someone there to attend to his immediate comfort. The servants and retainers were sterling old busybodies, and firmly attached to him, but there was not, could not be, the slightest form or shape of companionship. He must have a housekeeper—some younger, better educated person, who would control the household affairs, and to whom he could talk about the house when he felt disposed for a word or two of chit-chat.

So he advertised for a housekeeper, and in answer came a charming and apparently accomplished young woman of nearly thirty, perhaps more; still she did not reveal to the casual observer any real idea of her years.

It was Nina! Nina, the adventuress, who had been the cause of the outbreak between Ian and his uncle. Fortunately, or unfortunately, the colonel did not recognise her. He had paid little attention to her at the "Inverness Arms," and had not seen her before or since.

And so Nina became part and parcel of the household at Craig Dhu. She ingratiated herself with the colonel. She was lively or gay as the mood suited him. She chatted intelligently, and she never failed in her duties as far as attention to him was concerned. The course of time made her almost indispensable, and shortly she so wound her way into his affec-

tion that he made a proposal of marriage to her. He had no idea of her dubious past—never a breath of suspicion reached

him up in his eerie retreat—he thought of her as a reasonable, intelligent woman, who would be a charming and faithful companion in his advancing years.

When Ian arrived Nina was duly installed as mistress of Craig Dhu.

Mannings preceded his master to the house with the luggage. He knew Nina, and absolutely let the portmanteau slip from his grip on to the floor in sudden shock when he met her in the hall.

"You here?" he gasped. "What's the game?" Little respect had Mannings for the adventuress. "Mr. Ian will be pleased, I'm sure," he continued. "I should skip, if I were you, before he claps eyes on you, or there'll be squalls."

To say Nina was taken aback would be hardly correct. Manning's sudden appearance gave her a slight shock for the moment. But she had been prepared and was ready for the meeting.

"You forget yourself. Please keep yourself in your place," she remarked, haughtily, "and remember I am mistress in this house, and expect proper deference. Pick up that portmanteau and take it to your master's room. One of the maids will point it out to you."

This was a staggerer for Mannings, and half-dazed he picked up the fallen portmanteau and did as he was bid. However, he was quick in grasping the situation, and pulling himself together hurried to tell his young master of what he had discovered.

"But what can she be doing there?" queried Ian, amazed, when he was told.

"Seems to have the old man well in tow,



"Take that portmanteau to your master's room."

sir, by her attitude," replied the batman.
 "Mannings, you forget that 'the old man' is my uncle. Please speak a little more respectfully. I've noticed you're getting a little too free of speech of late."

"Beg pardon, sir, Didn't mean to be disrespectful; only the shock of seeing her quite flummoxed me, so to speak."

"All right, Mannings. I know you had no intention of disrespect," said Ian with a smile. He liked Mannings, and on the veldt they had been good fighting comrades. "Remember you are home now, my man, and that you have to put a curb on that tongue of yours."

"Right, sir!"

"Now, what's to be done?"

"Think you'd better see the colonel, sir, and find out how the land lies."

"Yes, I think that is the best thing. All right, Mannings, be about in case I want you."

Colonel Pritchard had forgotten the last meeting with his nephew, and he rushed forward now to greet him with all the affection of a father finding his long-lost son.

"Glad to see you back, my boy; glad to see you back safe," he cried. "I watched your movements, and you have done well. Honourably mentioned, eh! Pleasing memento of the campaign;" this last pointing to Ian's arm, which was still in the sling. "Hope it's going on well—nothing serious?"

"No nothing serious, uncle," replied Ian light-heartedly. "It will be all right in a few days now, with proper attention. Couldn't get attention in South Africa. Too many in the same plight. Glad to see you looking so well, uncle."

"I'm fit as a fiddle, my lad. But I've a surprise for you."

Nina had just entered the door, calm and possessed.

"My wife. Let me introduce you, my boy." The colonel was enthusiastic. He was hardly expecting the drop of Ian's jaw.

"Your wife! You don't mean to tell me, uncle, that this—er—lady is— No, you're joking."

"It's quite true, a fact. Why, what's the matter with you, man—have you seen a spook?"

Ian was flabbergasted as Nina came forward with a supercilious smile on her face.

"Good evening, Mr. Pritchard. I have heard a great deal about you from the colonel, and have anticipated this meeting. I hope we shall be great friends." Nina spoke as

if she had never seen him in her life before, while Ian shrank back from the proffered hand, glancing from her to his uncle. With an effort he pulled himself together and bowed. Then he turned to Colonel Pritchard. He was quite collected now, though the blow had winded him.

"I must speak to you, sir, privately," he said, in a low tone, so that Nina hardly heard the words.

"All right, but let us have dinner first," replied his uncle rather testily, smarting under his nephew's discourteous attitude to his wife.

"No, sir; I must speak to you at once—it is of the utmost importance."

"Is it so absolutely necessary now—can't it wait an hour?"

"It must be now, this minute, sir."

"Well, come into the library. You will pardon us a moment, my dear," turning to Nina, who merely tossed her head, with a suggestion of "do your worst," as she eyed Ian.

The two men went into the library and closed the door.

"Well now, tell me what you have to say so urgently."

The colonel spoke first and in an unconciliatory tone.

"You introduced me to that woman as your wife, sir," said Ian, his voice hoarse with suppressed emotion. "Do you know she is an adventuress of besmirched reputation in the south?"

"What do you mean, sir? Do you mean to bring such vile insinuations against my wife?" The colonel had hardly grasped the full significance of Ian's imputation.

"What I tell you, uncle, is true—if this woman is your wife, you have been drawn into a disgraceful *mésalliance*."

"What is this you tell me? I won't listen to it. I will hear nothing—no word—against my wife. Do you hear me, sir? Keep your miserable lies to yourself."

"I am telling you the truth," flung back Ian, enraged at his uncle's dourness. "If you do not believe my words it is because of your blindness to matters which concern your honour."

"You are taking too much on yourself," shouted the colonel, flaring up. "If you have no respect for me and my household, you had better not come here. I will not hear these vile imputations in my house. Do you hear me? I will not listen to you."



“Nina, overcoming the first shock, fell on her knees beside him.”

"Then all I have to say, sir, is good-day," responded Ian coolly, as he turned on his heel. "I will remove myself from your presence till you see fit to recall me. You will learn one day that I have said nothing falsely."

He did not wait for a reply, but left the house right away, after giving instructions for his things to be taken to the village inn.

* * *

Colonel Pritchard, left to himself, began to think of the words he had heard. He became suspicious, as a man jealous of his honour and the honour of his house would.

He began to look about him, and made investigations, with the result that information came to him which gave strength to his nephew's charges. Day by day the evidence of his wife's former adventures became stronger and stronger, till at last he was convinced of her dual character.

Then it was that the awful decision came to him. His house was one of the oldest and best in Scotland—from generation to generation had been handed down a legacy of virtue and honour. What could he hand down in face of his foolish—to him, now—criminal marriage? The thought crushed him. There was no way of escaping the penalty of his folly, no way out of the consequences. Yes, one way! But he must think—it was too awful.

Colonel Pritchard brooded in this way for hours, sitting shut up in his library. The last idea, the idea of the only way out, stirred him. He rose like a weary worn-out man from his chair, and, unlocking the door quietly, went out into the long gallery, looking from face to face of those of his race who had gone before. "Our women were women of virtue," he muttered to himself, half-crooning, "our men, men of honour."

For an hour or more he marched up and down the gallery looking at the faces as if to receive a message and inspiration from them. Then he came to an abrupt stop. It was the only way. He was determined. Resolutely marching to his room, he took a revolver from one of his drawers, and fondling it as if it were to him the message of salvation, he went down to the dining-room.

The faint flush of dawn penetrated the

closely drawn curtains. The colonel opened the casement as if to take a long farewell look at his beloved hills. Then turning to the sideboard he fumbled in a secret drawer and brought forth a small green bottle. From a decanter he poured out a glass of wine, and counted the drops as he held the neck of the little green bottle over the glass. Placing the revolver beside the wine he drew back a moment to contemplate. A smile of satisfaction over-spread his features as he drew a pad towards him and began to write.

He had found the way out!

* * *

Nina had observed the gathering suspicion of her by the colonel, and to-night, in dismay at his attitude, had withdrawn to her room to ponder and scheme. She could not sleep, in fact she made no attempt to go to bed, but sat brooding, fully dressed. Thought had not helped her very much: still, she imagined she had discovered the course open to her. She was smiling cunningly to herself when the report of a pistol startled her.

What did that mean? A guilty fear gripped her heart as she rushed from the room, her cheeks blanched with fright. Instinct led her to the dining-room. A crowd of servants, aroused by the shot, followed her.

For a moment she hesitated to open the door. Something warned her of evil. Her guilty conscience pricked. Mustering all her courage, she turned the handle and swung the door open.

The colonel lay outstretched on the floor, a contented smile on his cold grey features. His right hand grasped the revolver, his left held a scrap of paper.

Nina, overcoming the first shock, fell on her knees beside him. The paper attracted her attention, yet she feared to read. A servant who bent over her muttered the terrible indictment:

"My ancestors were men of honour and women of virtue. It is the law of my kind; there was no other way."

The colonel had joined his ancestors, atoning even as he died for the smirch on the family escutcheon.

The Night Riders of Petersham.

From the VITAGRAPH Photoplay by R. S. Holland.

Adapted by James Cooper.

Richard Coke visits Petersham to claim the inheritance which his uncle, John Coke, has held in trust for him. Petersham is in an excited state owing to the bold statements made by John Burnay, editor of the local newspaper, concerning an illicit still, which he avows is being run in the neighbourhood. John Coke is a ring-leader in this illegal business, consequently he is dismayed to see his nephew becoming so friendly with the editor's daughter—Emily. One night Burnay receives a note, signed by the Night Riders, threatening him with death.

CONCLUDING INSTALMENT.

MR. JOHN COKE'S indignation against the midnight thief who had stolen his nephew's fortune had not diminished by the morning. He declared that all the forces of the law should be put into operation, and promised his nephew that the thief would soon be discovered and the fortune restored.

"There's one thing certain at any rate," he said. "He can't negotiate the securities. He'd be nabbed as soon as he tried. We'll put the police on his track at once."

"It might be a good thing," suggested Richard, "if we got Burnay to put the story in the 'Sentinel,' with a full description of the stolen papers. I think I'll go down and see him."

Mr. Coke frowned. "Oh," he said with contempt, "nobody cares what's in the 'Sentinel.' Everybody knows Burnay's a crank. Besides, I doubt whether publicity is a good thing in a case like this. Puts the thief on his guard, you know. Anyhow, I wouldn't trust Burnay."

"But I don't think he's a crank," said Richard stoutly. "He impresses me as a strong, conscientious and particularly able man. I'd rather like to take him into my confidence, unless, of course, you forbid me to do so."

Mr. Coke laughed shortly. "Forbid! No, no, my dear boy, I only advise. But do as you like. I only hope Burnay may be of some use to you, but I don't think he will."

He laughed again when Richard had gone out of the house—laughed to himself, a particularly ugly laugh.

Richard went straight to the office of the "Sentinel." Burnay's reception of his news rather puzzled the young man. He asked a few questions, looking keenly at Richard from time to time. But he said nothing in the way of comment or suggestion. Once or twice he began to speak, and pulled himself up short.

"Could it have been the Night Riders?" asked Richard, and Burnay nodded thoughtfully.

"Not unlikely," he said slowly; "not at all unlikely."

"My uncle is furiously angry that such a thing should happen at his house," the young man continued.

"Ah, no doubt," said Burnay drily. "He would be, of course."

Something in his tone made Richard look curiously at the editor, but not another word on the subject could he get from Burnay.

In the evening he saw Emily, who dis-



“With deft and tender hands bathed the child’s head.”

played much greater interest in his story, and held her breath with excitement as Richard told her of his sudden awakening and his stab with the hunting-knife in the darkness.

“Oh!” she gasped, “did you get him?”

“No, unfortunately; but I got something belonging to him. This”—producing the bit of cloth—“is a piece of his coat-sleeve.”

Richard had been again to the “Sentinel” office, and was now walking along the road leading his horse. He had laughingly invited Emily to walk a little way with him, and the girl, having glanced at her father and received a nod and a whimsical smile, had consented.

Emily stopped, took the fragment of cloth in her hand, and puckered her pretty forehead over it.

“I don’t think it will be of much use,” she said at last. “Lots of the men about here wear clothes made of stuff like this.”

“Well,” returned Richard, “we can look out for a man with a torn sleeve—or a

mended one. It’s the only clue I have, anyhow.”

“I hope the thief will be caught,” said Emily. “Was it a lot of money?”

“Oh, pretty fair; but it’s no use worrying. There are other good things besides money in the world.”

“Yes,” said Emily, “lots of good things.”

“This, for instance,” said Richard, taking possession of her hand and smiling at her. She blushed a little, and dropped her eyes. “Oh, money isn’t everything,” he went on, “it can’t buy——”

But what it was that money cannot buy Emily did not hear until later, for a child’s scream close at hand put a premature full stop to Richard’s speech. Both turned startled eyes in the direction from which the cry had come. A few yards from them, on the ground, lay a little fair-haired girl.

Emily was the first to reach her. “Why,” she cried, “it’s Job Trainer’s little girl. She’s fallen and hurt herself badly.

Maggie!”

But the child did not answer. In falling she had struck her forehead on a stone in the road, and had fainted with the pain.

“Can I fetch a doctor?” asked Richard. “Is there one in the place?”

“Yes, he lives at the other end of the town. Anybody will show you his house. Here’s Job Trainer coming now. Tell the doctor to come straight back with you.”

Richard sprang on his horse and galloped away, while Job, full of anxiety and distress, carried his little daughter into the cottage adjoining the forge, and placed her on a sofa.

Emily procured water and a sponge, and with deft and tender hands bathed the child’s forehead while Job looked on, helpless as most men are under similar circumstances.

Darkness was beginning to fall when Richard returned, alone. He had learned that the doctor had gone over the hills to visit a patient, and had ridden some miles, hoping to meet him on his return. In this he had been unsuccessful, but fortunately little Maggie was already recovering under

Emily's homely ministrations. Beyond a bad headache, the child seemed but little the worse for her accident, but Job 'Trainer could not have been more grateful to the young people if they had saved the life of his little daughter, who, since her mother died, had been the light of his home.

"It isn't much as I can do, Miss Emily and Mr. Coke," he said, "but if ever I can help you in any way be sure and let me know. I can't thank you enough for what you've done for Maggie."

"That's all right," said Richard heartily. "I've done nothing at all. It's Miss Emily you have to thank."

"She's an angel," said Job. "That's what she is."

Richard agreed so cordially that Emily blushed, while she protested that there was no need to make a fuss about such a simple thing.

"Well," said Job, as they shook hands and bade him good-bye, "perhaps my turn will come some day."

his horse, and had ridden away by a rough, uneven track into the hills. If his nephew had met him he certainly would not have recognised his uncle. Mr. Coke was enveloped in a kind of monastic robe and hood. This strange garb was as black as night, and as Mr. Coke rode along he looked a sinister figure enough. His features were entirely hidden, and through a couple of slits in the enveloping hood his eyes stared over his horse's head into the darkness. He rode fast for he knew his road.

Here, at any rate, was one leading citizen up to no good, and presently it became evident that he was not the only Petersham man out that night in that strange garb. The track along which he rode narrowed, became a path, with thick undergrowth encroaching upon it. There came a challenge. Another hooded man on horseback stepped out from the side of the path.

Mr. Coke gave the password, and the challenger stepped back into his hiding place. Five or six of these sentinels were passed



"Burnay received the threatening note."

It was quite dark when they left the cottage, and in the meantime things had been happening elsewhere. Mr. John Coke, of Petersham, had left his house by a gate which gave on to a lonely road, mounted

before Mr. Coke reached his journey's end. He found himself in a little clearing, a natural amphitheatre. Thirty or forty figures were there, waiting for him, all cloaked and hooded. Some were on horse-

back—horses and men as still as statues carved in black marble. Others were on foot, holding their horses. Several of them greeted the newcomer, and though not a face was visible, Mr. Coke recognised voices that he knew. It seemed that the story of the Night Riders was not quite so ridiculous as Mr. Coke would have had his nephew believe.

These, in fact, were the Night Riders of Petersham, and it was soon clear that Mr. John Coke was their leader. It was to him they looked for guidance in the council which now took place. Many of them were very much perturbed about the revelations in the "Sentinel," and though Mr. Coke pooh-poohed their fears they demanded that something should be done to keep the editor quiet.

"He'll have the sheriff and his men down on us if we don't shut his mouth," said one. "Everybody's talking about what he said in that rotten rag of his the other day."

"Oh, let him talk," said Mr. Coke. "Who cares? He's got no evidence. Why, he doesn't even know where the still is."

"The sheriff will soon find that out," was the gloomy rejoinder: "and I tell you I don't like it; it's too risky. We've got to put the stopper on him somehow. I'm for smashing his damned printing-press, and him too, if he makes trouble."

"Well," said Mr. Coke, "if you want the sheriff to interfere, that's as good a way as any. No, if we must do something, let's get at him another way. There's his daughter, now——"

"That's it!" cried one of the Riders. "Let's kidnap her and let Burnay know he can have her back when he promises to mind his own business. That will teach him not to stick his damned nose into other people's affairs."

The proposition met with general approval, and three or four of the men were told off to effect the capture. They had no settled plan, but trusted to luck to help them out. It did, but not quite in the way they anticipated. They hoped to find Emily at the door, throw her on one of the horses and be off and away before Burnay could interfere. If he did interfere—well, he must take the consequences. They were desperate men.

They rode quietly up to Burnay's house, but though they waited some time, no Emily appeared at the door. At last, becoming impatient, one of the men dismounted and

walked towards the door. Just as he reached it, it opened, and Emily's brother Elmer came out. The young fellow sprang back in alarm on seeing the strange, hooded apparition, but he was too late. With a shout of "He'll do!" the man rushed at him. Another of the riders flew to his assistance, and before Elmer could realise what was happening he was seized, a sack was over his head, and he was thrown across a horse. One of the desperadoes sprang into the saddle behind him, and they tore away at full gallop, the other Night Riders following like the wind. By the time Burnay, who was in his office and heard the commotion, reached the street door, there was nobody in sight, and all he heard was the sound of galloping hoofs in the darkness.

The Night Riders and their captive did not slacken speed until they were well out of the town, and were nearing the place where they had left the main body of the Riders. They passed the sentries, answering their challenge, and rode into the clearing. Then the man who had ridden with Elmer dismounted, pulled the sack from the boy's head, and dragged him roughly into the group of men.

"Why, it's the boy!" shouted somebody, and the words were repeated in a disappointed chorus.

"The girl wasn't about," said Elmer's captor shortly, "but I reckon the boy'll do. What are we going to do with him?"

Nobody was ready with an immediate suggestion, and Elmer, finding himself surrounded by a crowd of weird-looking figures, stared about him defiantly. The man who had charge of him still held him roughly by the shoulder, but his arms were free; and suddenly, one of the Riders pressing close to peer at the lad, Elmer made a grab and tore the hood from the man's face. The man let out an oath, and there was a shout of consternation from the others, while Elmer cried out a name in triumph. For the face that now showed in the moonlight, blanched with fear, was that of one of the best known men in Petersham.

There was a silence, broken presently by the voice of the man who had been recognised.

"He's done for himself," he cried furiously. "We can't let him go now, or he'll give me away."

There was a hurried consultation, and it was decided that Elmer should be bound,



“They waited in silence, every man ready.”

placed on a raft and set adrift on the river not far away. The tide would take him in an hour or two to the rapids. And that, they flattered themselves, would be the last of Elmer Burnay.

The boy's struggles were of no avail, and there was nobody to hear his shouts for help, which were quickly stifled by the gag thrust into his mouth. Then bound and helpless, he was dragged through the undergrowth to the river bank. A raft, nothing more than two or three logs rudely chained together, lay there ready to hand. They threw the boy upon it, untied the rope which held it to the landing stage, and pushed the crazy craft out into the tideway. Having accomplished their evil work, they disappeared into the night.

And then, a little way off among the trees, a man's figure appeared. Richard Coke, after he left the blacksmith's cottage with Emily, had found the opportunity to tell her what it was that money could not buy. Love, he told her, was better worth having than all the money in the world. He would not care a jot, he said, if he never recovered his lost heritage so long as Emily loved him and would marry him. The girl's reply was

the one he had hoped for; and after leaving her at her father's door, Richard, far too happy to think of going to bed, had ridden over the hills in the moonlight, his head and heart so full of Emily that he never noticed how far he had ridden or where, until the sound of men's voices called him back to earth. The voices seemed to be approaching, and obeying an impulse of prudence, Richard dismounted and led his horse away from the path until he felt sure he could not be seen by anyone passing along the track.

He had not to wait long. He saw a number of men go by, carrying between them a big bundle—or a body! He noticed that the men were curiously dressed, but for the moment his attention was concentrated on what they were doing. Hitching his horse to a tree, he followed them to the water's edge, watching from a safe distance. As soon as they had disappeared he ran to the river-side, plunged in, and swam strongly towards the raft. He reached it, flung one arm round the inanimate body he found upon it, and struck out for the shore. Only when they were safely landed did he discover who it was that he had saved. Releasing Elmer from his bonds, he put the lad in the

saddle, mounted behind him, and galloped back to Petersham at top speed.

There is no need to dwell upon the welcome the two received from the editor of the "Sentinel" and his daughter.

"They shall pay dearly for this," said Burnay grimly, when he had heard Elmer's story. "I'll publish their names. I know them nearly all; and the Night Riders of Petersham will find themselves in gaol before the month is out."

The street door had not been closed, and suddenly a bit of paper fluttering there caught Burnay's eyes. He tore it down, and held it out to Richard with an exclamation.

"Print another issue of your paper," the young man read, "and we will burn you out of house and home."

"We'll see," said Burnay.

* * *

There were three days yet before the "Sentinel" would be published, and Burnay's conjecture that the Night Riders would take no further step in the interval proved correct. They were waiting to see if their threat had the desired effect. If, in the face of their ultimatum, Burnay persisted in bringing out his paper he might look out for squalls.

Richard, who had so far seen no reason to distrust his uncle, had informed him of his adventure and his rescue of Elmer from the Night Riders, and Mr. Coke listened to the story with an agitation not altogether feigned. He even went so far as to congratulate his nephew on his pluck. When Richard, however, announced his intention to stand by Burnay if it came to a fight with the desperadoes, Mr. Coke tried to dissuade him.

"Don't interfere," he said. "Take my advice and let the man fight his own battles. There's no reason why you should get a bullet in your head. It's not your affair."

But Burnay was firm, and by the disagreeable smile in which Mr. Coke indulged in when the young man had left him, it might have been thought that he would not be overwhelmed with grief even if his nephew did get a bullet in his head.

The days passed quietly enough. Burnay went about his work as calmly as though no danger threatened. He and Elmer saw to it that all the weapons in the place, a couple of rifles and a six-shooter, were in thorough working order, and they laid in a stock of ammunition. When Richard declared that

he was going to take a hand in the fighting the editor looked at him thoughtfully.

"I don't know," he said. "I'm obliged to you, of course, but it's my quarrel, not yours. I don't wish you to run into danger on my account."

"Oh, come," replied Richard with a laugh, "I'm one of the family now, you know—or at any rate I'm going to be. Besides, I admire you. I'm sure you're right, and I'm with you, heart and soul."

"Well, you're a brave lad," said Burnay, taking Richard's hand in a hearty grip; "but I'm afraid the odds are against us. It will be you, Elmer and I against a crowd."

So it was settled. Publishing day came, and Richard, now openly a Burnay partisan, himself took a bundle of papers into the town, and distributed them in the square by the post office, which served the townspeople as a gossiping centre and market place. He thrilled with excitement as he thought that some of those to whom he handed the sheets might themselves belong to the Night Riders. When he saw a little group of well-dressed men talking together in angry excitement about something they had discovered in the paper, he felt sure of it. He guessed that they were reading Burnay's editorial, in which he denounced in stronger terms than ever the law-breakers, who thought to carry on their nefarious business with impunity. He told the story of Elmer's kidnapping and rescue, and printed in heavy black type the Night Riders' threat to burn him out of house and home.

"Men of Petersham," the article concluded, "I am making a fight for the right against a gang of scoundrels who are amassing wealth by the blackest of crimes. They have tried to buy my silence, and finding that I am not to be bought, they are resorting to violence. They have tried to kill my son, and now they threaten to destroy my livelihood. I defy them! I shall fight; and if the worst comes, I shall lay down my life in this cause. Am I to fight alone?"

To say that the article created a sensation is to put it mildly. The little square fairly buzzed with excitement. Richard, who had soon disposed of his papers, saw Job Trainer in the centre of a crowd of workmen. The blacksmith seemed to be making a speech, and it was evident from their shouts of approval that what he said was much to their minds. Richard drew nearer and heard the end of Job's speech.

"I'm for Burnay," he cried. "He's a white man all through, I reckon. I ain't goin' to see him ruined if I can help it. I'm goin' to take my shot-gun up to his place to-night, and I reckon there's a lot more who'll come with me. What do you say, mates?"

"Right you are, Job," came the cry from a score of throats.

"Three cheers for Burnay!" cried somebody, and as the shout went up, Richard pushed through the crowd and shook Job by the hand.

"That was fine, Job," he said. "You come along to the 'Sentinel' office to-night with all the men and guns you can get, and, by jove! we'll give the Night Riders more than they bargain for."

* * *

Job was as good as his word, and when darkness fell there was a little garrison of quiet stern-faced men in the "Sentinel" office, waiting for the attack which Burnay felt certain would be made that night. Every man had a weapon of some kind, Burnay himself being armed with a six-shooter. Emily, pale-faced, but as cool and brave as any of the men, was ready to perform any service that might be required of her.

There was not much talking. For the most part they waited in silence, every man ready. The waiting was so long that Richard had begun to think there would be no attack that night at all, when there came the sound of horses galloping—many horses. There was a clatter of hoofs on the hard road, and then a thundering at the door.

"Open! We don't want to harm you, but we mean to have the printing-press. Do you hear, Burnay?"

"Yes," shouted Burnay, "I hear."

"Then open the door."

"No," cried the editor. "I'll see you damned first!"

A pause. Then the voice was heard again. "You'd better give in quietly. We don't intend to waste time talking. If you won't open the door you must take the consequences."

"I warn you," said Burnay steadily, "that we are armed, and the first man who comes



"He gazed with horror at his uncle's ghastly face."

through that door will get a bullet in him."

There was silence again for a space. Suddenly there was a smashing of glass, and through the window came a blazing torch, followed by another and another. But the defenders were ready for this, and the torches were stamped out almost as soon as they reached the floor. Two rifle shots rang out. Elmer and Richard had fired almost together. Each hit his man. The Night Riders fired in answer through the window, but none of the defenders were touched.

"Open the door!" shouted Burnay. "Let them have it!"

Richard rushed to the door, flung it open, and fired at the first man he saw. Job and Elmer did the same, and Burnay banged away with his revolver. Taken by surprise, the Night Riders fired wildly, and without effect. In another minute the whole thing was over. The Night Riders fled in a panic, leaving three of their number lying dead in the road.

It was one of the briefest and most

decisive battles on record, and the victory of Burnay and his friends was complete.

The three Night Riders were carried into the "Sentinel" office, and placed side by side. All of them were well-known and influential citizens.

There was nothing more to be feared from the Night Riders, and the defenders separated with mutual congratulations. Richard rode straight to his uncle's house, and reached there not more than an hour after Mr. Coke himself, though Richard did not know that yet.

Mr. John Coke had been one of the attacking party at the "Sentinel" office, and had galloped off when the fight was over, with a bullet wound in his breast. He reached his house, staggered upstairs to his room, opened a cupboard, and began with frantic haste to search for something among his papers. But in the middle of his search he stopped suddenly, groaned, pressed his hand to his heart, and staggering backwards to his bed, fell across it and lay still.

When Richard entered the room he gazed in horror at his uncle's ghastly face and dead, staring eyes. Mr. John Coke, of Petersham, wore the livery of the Night Riders! The young man looked round the room, saw the open cupboard and the papers lying about in disorder. He saw, too, the box which his uncle had given him and which had been stolen from his room. An

open travelling bag stood by the bed, and with a sudden inspiration Richard began turning over the contents. He gave an exclamation as he pulled out a coat of rough homespun. There was a hole in the left sleeve where a piece of cloth had been torn or cut out. The mystery was solved. His uncle was the thief who had visited his room that night.

But why? That was a mystery that was not cleared up for some days, until Mr. John Coke's affairs had been investigated. Then it was found that the securities in the box were bogus, and that Mr. John Coke had converted his nephew's heritage to his own uses. He had, however, left a comfortable fortune himself, and as Richard was the heir-at-law he was not disposed to complain of the way in which things had turned out.

In the next number of the "Sentinel" Burnay announced with triumph the suppression of the illicit still and the arrest of a number of leading citizens, who had been prominent members of the Night Riders' gang.

And two or three months later there was another paragraph in the "Sentinel," announcing the marriage of the editor's daughter to Mr. Richard Coke, nephew of the late Mr. John Coke, of Petersham.

Richard and Emily read the announcement together, and agreed that it was by a long way the most interesting piece of news in the paper.

[THE END.]

MARY FULLER, the particular bright star of the Edison Company's constellation, says she is not going to marry a member of the company—or anyone else, in fact, at present.

THE Mutual Film Corporation of New York recently received a letter from a picture enthusiast, who has evidently seen some of the Keystone motor sensations and appears to think that the present staff is about used up. He writes:—

"I have a man that I think can lie down and let an automobile weighing a ton-and-a-half run over his stomach, that is the two wheels on the one side. If you can use him, or would like to give him a try-out, please state your price, also when you want him."

The writer evidently realises that cinematograph enterprise has few limits, but it is evident he has never learned of the harmless necessary "dummy."

CHARLES M. SEAY, the Edison Director, refuses to have spectators interfere with his exterior scenes any longer. He worked a novel idea the other day. With a group of people watching and striving to get into the picture, Seay rigged up a dummy camera and had characters not in the cast perform, while the real scene, with Barry O'Moore as "Octavius," was being enacted only a few feet distant.

"THE Theatre of Science," by Robert Grau, which has just been published in the States, is claimed to be the first history up-to-date of the motion-picture industry. Mr. Grau has dedicated his work to D. W. Griffith, the famous £500-a-week director of Reliance and Majestic films, in appreciation of his contribution to the development of the photoplay and the significance of his labours for the new art.

The Mystery of Room 643.

The second adventure of Richard Neal, private investigator of crime.

Adapted from the ESSANAY Film by Jack Duncan.

Valuable papers, placed in the safe overnight, are gone in the morning. The mystery is solved and a love affair shattered. Neal regrets his success, in his regard for the girl who discovered her affianced husband a thief.



It was some time after my fortunate rescue of Judith Hamilton, which occurred over the discovery of the priceless scarab, that I met Milton Wade.

I had dropped in for a chat and a smoke with Hamilton one evening, with the hope of again meeting Judith. After gossiping to my friend for some time, the door opened, and I was pleased to see her enter. My pleasure gave way to surprise when I noticed that she was accompanied by a companion, and when the latter was introduced to me by Hamilton as Judith's fiancé, my disappointment was bitter. Milton Wade was his name, and it appeared that he acted as Hamilton's secretary; consequently during Judith's many visits to her father at the office the young people had frequently met. They were now engaged.

Shortly afterwards I took my leave, and on the way home was greatly worried to find that I could not rid myself of a feeling of distrust towards the fellow who was the acknowledged lover of the girl to whom I had taken such a liking.

It was annoying to think that I, Richard Neal, a private investigator of crime, should feel antagonistic towards a man whom I had met but once. It was contrary to my methods.

The next morning I awoke early and had breakfasted and was dressed by a quarter to nine. Glancing through the morning paper I was attracted by an article on the Blackburn case. Blackburn was a big man in the city, and although I had never met him, I was

greatly interested in his case. Criminal proceedings had recently been commenced against him by a former partner, and in the circumstances the following article was rather startling:

THE BLACKBURN CASE.

REMARKABLE SCOOP BY THE PROSECUTOR'S COUNSEL.

We learn on excellent authority that Robert Hamilton, the well-known counsel, has become possessed of several important documents, reputed to have been written by Blackburn to an accomplice.

Smiling to myself at Hamilton's smart scoop, I was suddenly interrupted by the telephone bell. A moment later my man entered the room.

"Mr. Hamilton wishes to speak to you on the telephone, sir."

Going to the 'phone I was startled to hear my friend talking at a terrific pace, and in a most excited tone.

"Steady, old chap, steady. What's the trouble?" I asked.

"Trouble isn't the word for it! Have you read this morning's news?"

"What—you mean the Blackburn affair? Why, I was just about to 'phone through my congratulations," I answered.

"Thanks very much, but the papers have gone."

"Gone!"

"Yes, I had them here last night, and before leaving the office I carefully locked them in the safe. As I was explaining to you the other evening, the thing's quite new and of the latest pattern. A secret alarm

is connected from the safe to my desk, and the only way to open it is via the desk. At least that's what the manufacturers said. Yet, when I arrived this morning I did the unlocking as usual, and the papers had disappeared. There's no mark of any sort on the steel."

"I'll be there in ten minutes," I promised.

Slipping on my hat and coat, I immediately started for Hamilton's office.

* * *

My friend was looking very glum when I arrived, whilst Wade appeared to be making

measure from my pocket I crossed to the safe. The inner measurement was exactly two foot three inches deep, whilst the outer was but one foot nine. The offices being of the modern type, with walls of no great thickness, I was greatly surprised to find that exactly six inches of the steel was embedded in the wall. Immediately an idea struck me, and requesting Hamilton and his secretary to stay where they were, I left the office and walked along the corridor to the next room. The fact that the adjoining office was "To Let" fell in with my



"Milton Wade was his name and he acted as Hamilton's secretary."

a great attempt to seem busy.

After listening to a lengthy rigmarole about the marvellous qualities of his remarkable safe, I gathered from Hamilton all the facts of the case.

About six feet high, three wide and two deep, standing in an angle of the wall, the safe looked a tough proposition for any burglar to tackle.

Although greatly puzzled, my vocation as a detective forced me to make some show of understanding the situation. Taking a

theory, and I felt strangely confident of a simple solution to this seemingly complicated mystery. Opening the door without difficulty, I entered the room.

A few minutes later I returned, and requesting Hamilton to place some papers in the safe I toyed with my magnifying glass, at the same time taking careful stock of Wade. The more I examined him the less I liked his looks, and felt confident that he knew more about the missing papers than he chose to tell.

Having carried out my request, Hamilton carefully locked the safe and I again left the room, to return again almost immediately, telling my friend to take the papers from the safe. Imagine his surprise to find them gone. Wade gave me a half-scared look as I crossed to the desk and threw thereon the papers that had but a moment previously been so carefully locked in the safe.

Ignoring their flood of questions, I told them to follow me, which they immediately did, Hamilton being in a most excited state.

Wade, and his attempt to appear surprised was so obviously false that I felt more convinced than ever that my surmise was correct.

"Although we've discovered how the theft took place, we have not yet found the papers," I said.

This remark troubled Hamilton, but after a little further talk I returned to my flat, there to think out the best course to pursue.

* * *

Seeing that the papers could be of no use whatever to any person except Hamilton or



"After hearing about the marvellous qualities of his remarkable safe, I gathered from Hamilton all the facts of the case"

Trespassing once again into the adjoining office I called them after me, drawing their attention to where several bricks had been removed from the wall, leaving the back of the safe exposed to view. A section of the steel, which must have been unbolted from the inside, was easily shifted, thus laying bare the whole of the upper section of the interior of the safe.

"Well I'm jiggered," gasped Hamilton.

Smiling with amusement at his honest astonishment and indignation, I turned to

Blackburn, I decided to try the latter.

Pinning a reporter's badge to the lapel of my coat—I find it convenient to hold a reporter's position to several newspapers—I started out.

An interview with Blackburn proved to be no difficult matter, and within half-an-hour I was seated beside his desk listening to his plans regarding the coming action. He was rather a pleasant fellow, and had I been ignorant of his past record I should have felt a liking for him.

"And best of all," he was saying, "I believe I shall get the papers back that Hamilton so cleverly got hold of. This morning I received an anonymous letter," pointing to his pocket, "evidently from the thief himself. He wants me to meet him to-night and I'm to take my cheque-book with me. I don't mind if it costs me a hundred or two. The papers are worth it."

He seemed very pleased at the turn things had taken, but I was puzzling my brains as to how I could catch a glimpse of the letter which evidently reposed in the inside pocket of his coat.

Upon his inviting me to smoke an idea struck me. After lighting my cigar I held the lighted match between my fingers, and the moment Blackburn turned his head I dropped the vesta into the side pocket of his coat.

A few seconds later I had the satisfaction of putting the finishing touches to my bright idea. As Blackburn jumped up with the terrible discovery that his coat was alight, I sprang up also, and between us we quickly extinguished the burning cloth.

Naturally this brought our interview to a sudden end, but when I left Blackburn I was carrying a letter in my pocket which I hoped to be the one I required.

* * *

"You will notice, Hamilton, that all the 'e's' in this note are clogged. It was evidently typed on a machine which was badly in need of a clean."

The note under discussion was that which I had the previous day extracted from Blackburn's pocket. Fortunately my luck had been good, and I had appropriated the correct letter. It read as follows:

"If you are interested in the papers that disappeared from Hamilton's safe, call at 148, ——— Street, at seven o'clock to-night, and bring your cheque book."

Typewritten on a plain sheet of notepaper, the only exceptional character about the note was the smudged "e's."

"I shall be at this meeting place to-night, at seven o'clock, and I promise to bring the thief here before eight. Of course, Blackburn has by this time missed his precious note, but I don't suppose for a moment he suspects that anyone has taken it. He is probably under the impression that he has laid it down in a place of safety and forgotten where."

"Don't you think you had better have some help at hand, in case of accident?"

At that moment the door was thrown open, and Judith burst into the room. I was so pleased to see her that perhaps I turned rather abruptly from her father. Judith evidently caught her father's impatient look, and after a few words of greeting she crossed to where the typewriter stood, and inserting a sheet of paper started playfully to tap the keys.

Blushing furiously she handed us the result of her efforts and fled. The paper bore but one sentence, "I love Milton Wade with all my heart."

Hamilton laughed outright, but I had noticed something that stopped the laughter on my lips. The "e's" of the sentence were all smudged.

Telling my friend of my fears that the thief was his secretary and Judith's lover, I drew his attention to the smudged "e's" in the two notes. He refused to credit my belief, but it was out of regard for his daughter that he so strongly took the side of Wade. I knew that in his heart of hearts he believed his secretary guilty, and I felt deeply sorry for my friend and great sympathy for Judith.

However, having started on the case I was determined to go through with it to the very end, unless my friend positively forbade me.

Leaving Hamilton I returned home and seven o'clock found me at 148, ——— Street, a dingy dwelling with broken and dirty steps leading downwards to a gloomy doorway. Looking carefully round I ascertained that my actions were unobserved, and crept cautiously down the steps. Arrived at the door, I stood listening for a moment, but apparently nobody had been disturbed. After considering for a while I decided to knock at the door and the moment it was opened to spring in and chance what awaited me on the other side.

Giving two sharp raps I waited. A sound of footsteps came from within, and presently the door was flung wide open and inside I sprang. Turning quickly I had just time to catch a glimpse of a brutal face, scowling at me from the doorway. Quickly slamming the door, the giant of a ruffian came at me with a rush. The fight was terrible for a while, and I was battered and bruised unmercifully, but after a time condition told, and I had the brute bound to a bed which



“The more I examined him, the less I liked his looks.”

stood in the room.

Sitting down to regain my breath, I awaited the arrival of the thief and Blackburn. Questioning the rogue on the bed proved useless, the only response to my queries being scowls as black as night.

My patience was quickly rewarded however, for exactly at half-past seven by my watch a tap came at the door. Rising quickly I stepped across the room, pulling the door open upon me, thus hiding myself from the visitor's view.

As soon as he had crossed the threshold I closed and locked the door. Turning, I was not surprised at the face which encountered my gaze. It was Milton Wade. He showed some fight at first, but I quickly cowed him. After all, he was not very big, and his appearance suggested the poor fool with no will of his own.

“You miserable cur,” I cried, thinking of poor Judith and the agony she would suffer made my blood boil with anger towards this fool of a creature who had stolen from the man who had fed and clothed him.

“You rotten beggar! Even now I've half a mind to give you the biggest hiding you've ever had in your life.” My “telling off” of the cad was interrupted by somebody giving me a terrific punch in the back. Staggering forward I half fell over Wade, and it was marvellous why my assailant didn't take immediate advantage of my weak position. Regaining my feet I turned to see Blackburn in a threatening position, and the ruffian on the bed had loosened his ropes and was crouched forward ready to spring. Wade sat dazed and dismayed at the turn things had taken.

Quick as lightning I sprang on Blackburn, and the force of my rush carried the two of us across the room to where my blackguardly opponent disappeared over a waist-high barrier into an adjoining chamber. I recovered myself as quickly as possible, but not too soon to ward off a blow from the villain who had a moment before occupied the bed. My anger thoroughly aroused, I went for him with a fierceness that half scared him, and soon he was moaning on the dirty floor



“ ‘Even now I’ve half a mind to give you the biggest hiding you’ve ever had,’ I cried.”

of the still dirtier room.

Without more ado I grasped Wade by the wrist and dragged him up the steps into the street above. There I fortunately secured a taxi.

* * *

As I sat alone in my room late that night, I was not altogether happy. True, the mystery had been cleared up and the thief captured, but somehow I felt sorry that I had not been on Judith’s side in the matter. When I arrived at her father’s office earlier in the evening, she and Hamilton were there. It was some time before the

girl could grasp the fact that her lover had stolen the papers, and when eventually she did so her grief was intense. Hamilton looked at me with a dismayed face and I turned away. What could be done? It would have broken the dear girl’s heart to see that miserable creature, Wade, arrested, consequently he had gone free. I shall never forget the look Judith gave me as she shook hands and wished me good-night, and I wonder now, as I rise to go to my bed, whether she will ever again think well of me. My thoughts bring sighs to my lips.

FRANCIS FORD, who has now completed the “Lucille Love Series,” in which he plays Hugo Loubeque, the international spy, has decided to take a month’s holiday in Portland, Maine, where he will visit his family. Judging from some of the fight scenes in the picture he will need the vacation. But not as much, by the way, as will Ernest Shields, the butler, who deserves a gold medal for the way in which he was thrown around by Ford.

SPIRIT gum is an adhesive used by actors in donning false beards, moustaches, etc. Recently Tom Moore, Kalem’s popular leading man, found that he had run out of the liquid. Calling one of the numerous small boys who hang about the Kalem studios in Jacksonville, Fla., he gave him a coin and ordered him to purchase some spirit gum. Three minutes later the lad returned breathless and perspiring, but triumphantly clutching three packages of Spearmint gum!

“Jim.”

Adapted from the FLYING A Film by James Cooper.

Richard Dameron was wont to idealise marriage. That summer in his forest fastness he wrote the poetic drama, “Jim.” When he had finished it he was convinced that this heart struggle between a man and a woman was no mere fiction of his imagination. There was a real “Jim” somewhere, he felt, and a “Beatrice” in flesh and blood. More, they needed him.



JAMES BRANDON was a wealthy man. He had a fine house, and great possessions, and the most beautiful and the most precious of all his possessions was his wife.

It was business that made James Brandon wealthy. He had one of the finest brains in commerce, and enormous energy. The fascination of running a prosperous and increasing business grew upon him to such an extent that he began to grudge the hours he spent away from it—in his home or in society. Yet he loved his wife. If ever his conscience pricked him for any neglect of her he consoled himself with the reflection that he was making money for her. He had not learned—then, that money, even much money, cannot make a woman happy.

James Brandon had a friend, whom he trusted with his whole heart. They had been chums in boyhood and at college inseparable. Brandon had no secrets from Arthur Lawson, and he believed that he knew his friend's whole heart. He was mistaken. Arthur Lawson had a secret which he hid jealously and in fear. He loved Beatrice Brandon, his friend's wife.

Lawson was a man of leisure, good-looking, clever in a way, popular in the society in which he moved, but more of a favourite with women than with men.

Beatrice Brandon loved her husband. It is important that this fact should be stated definitely, for things were to happen which might have led, and did lead, James Brandon to another conclusion. Beatrice Brandon, then, loved her husband, and, whatever caused her to act in the way she did act was not to be explained by the death of her love for him. It did not die. She was perhaps piqued, a little hurt, fancying herself neglected, half-believing, it may be

conjectured, that her husband's love for her was failing. She was foolish, and her foolishness led to tragedy.

Lawson had the freedom of the Brandon's house. He was the friend of the wife as well as of the husband, and Brandon was glad to think that while he was engrossed in business at his office his wife had so pleasant and entertaining a companion.

For a long time Lawson hid his secret, and then one evening, when he and Mrs. Brandon were sitting in the conservatory, he spoke. He had dropped in to spend an hour or two, as he often did. He found Mrs. Brandon alone, and after chatting in the drawing-room they had gone into the conservatory, where it was cool and pleasant, and where Lawson might smoke if he desired to do so.

Somehow, though they were such good friends, conversation that night did not seem to be easy. There were long silences, and Lawson could see that Mrs. Brandon's thoughts were straying. Sometimes she seemed to forget him altogether, and there was a look of sadness in her eyes which moved him strangely.

“Jim is late,” he said, after neither had spoken for some time.

Mrs. Brandon shrugged her shoulders which gleamed white and beautiful above her evening gown.

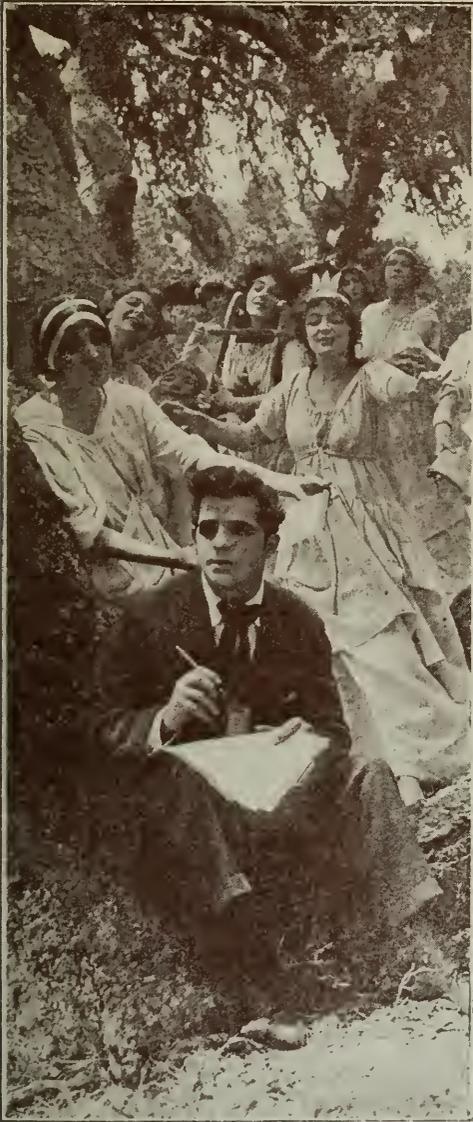
“He always is,” she said, shortly; and then, with an attempt at a laugh, she added, “He might as well be married to the business.”

“Too bad,” murmured Lawson. “I don't see why he can't slacken off a bit. He's made enough money, surely. Shall I—speak to him?”

“Oh, no; pray don't. It doesn't matter. I'm only his wife.” Her tone was bitter.

Lawson rose from his chair and took a

step towards her. "Only his wife!" he repeated in a low voice. "Only his wife, and he leaves you to mope here alone while he plans and plans and works and works to make money. Why, good God! if I——"



"Lost in a reverie, it seemed to him that the Muses appeared to him."

Mrs. Brandon looked up at him, startled. He hesitated a moment, and then went on more calmly.

"If I had a wife like you I'd let the business go hang! I'd show you what love is—teach you how a woman should be loved.

I'd give up everything for you—everything!"

She ought to have stopped him, ordered him from the house on the instant; but she did not. The passion vibrating in his voice attracted and repelled her at the same time.

"Oh, can't you see?" he went on. "Don't you know I love you better than life—friendship—honour—yes, better than honour? I've fought against it, but it is no use. I can't help it—I love you—love you—love you!"

She was on her feet now, facing him with heaving bosom and a look in her eyes that for a moment gave him hope. Then she turned from him, putting out a hand as though to keep him back.

"No, no," she cried, with sudden energy. "I can't—I won't listen to you. It's wrong—wicked." And she went quickly out of the conservatory.

But her hesitation had encouraged him. After a minute or two he followed her. She had thrown herself on a settee in the drawing-room, and in a moment he was by her side, had taken her hand, and was pouring out a torrent of impassioned words. She seemed as one fascinated, mesmerised. Just then she could not have repulsed him.

"Beatrice," he murmured, "Beatrice—my darling." His arm stole across her shoulders.

Her face had been averted from him, but now she turned slowly, very slowly. Suddenly she screamed out. There, on the hearth-rug, not six feet from her, stood her husband, white-faced and grim, his eyes as hard as steel and as pitiless.

Brandon had driven home in his car, and was about to take off his overcoat in the hall when, through the open door of the drawing-room, he saw his wife and his friend. He had entered the room silently and waited.

Even when his wife screamed he spoke no word. Lawson rose from the settee, and to do him justice faced Brandon coolly enough.

"Well," he said, "it was as well you should know. What are you going to do?"

Brandon looked at his wife and back again at Lawson. Then he said quite calmly:

"I'm going to kill you."

Lawson stared, and tried to laugh. "Oh, come, that's ridiculous."

Brandon went to a cabinet which stood against the wall, opened a drawer, took out a case and opened it, disclosing a pair of revolvers.

"We'll go into the garden," he said.

"I shall count three and we will fire together. And I shall kill you. You may kill me, too—I rather hope you will."

Lawson realised that Brandon was in earnest, but he made an attempt to gain time.

"But there should be seconds—witnesses Besides, a duel in the twentieth century—it's preposterous!"

"Choose your weapon," was the grim answer, as Brandon held out the case. Lawson, with a shrug of his shoulders, took the nearest revolver. Brandon took the other, and held open the door which gave on to the garden. Lawson, with the perspiration breaking out on his white face, passed out.

As Brandon was about to follow, ignoring the woman who stood watching him in an agony of terror, she ran to him.

"Oh, Jim," she cried, "don't go—oh, don't go—oh, don't go!"

He turned upon her sternly. "You wish him to go free, unpunished. I tell you he shall die to-night."

"Jim," she cried again, "it's for you I fear, not for him. Oh, my dear——"

But he had gone, and she dragged herself to a seat, hopeless, utterly miserable, waiting for the sound she dreaded to hear. Presently it came, two sharp cracks, almost together. Her heart stood still with horror. Was it Jim—or Lawson—or both? Unable to move, she sat there, waiting.

It seemed hours afterwards when the garden door opened, and her husband came in and stood before her, stern and relentless as Fate. She got to her feet somehow, and tottered towards him, clasping her hand in her agitation.

"Jim, have you——?" She could get no further, but he understood. He touched the bell before he answered.

"You will never see your lover again," he said. Then to the old manservant who had entered the room, "Peters, pack my



"The publisher picked up the manuscript . . . in a bored fashion."

bag, will you? I'm going away at once."

He followed the old man out of the room, and his wife was left alone in her misery. She accused herself bitterly. She had been mad—wicked, but she had not meant it. A little mild flirtation, perhaps, just to teach Jim a lesson, to let him see that other men appreciated his wife if he did not. It would have gone no further than that, and now—there had come this awful tragedy, and her happiness was for ever destroyed. Surely, though, Jim would listen to her; he would not go without giving her a chance to explain. Her thoughts took another turn. What had happened out there in the garden? Fearfully she walked to the door, opened it, and gazed out. All was still and peaceful in the moonlight. It seemed impossible that a man could have been killed there.

Jim came in then. She ran to him and fell on her knees.

"Oh, Jim," she sobbed, "you're not going? You won't leave me?"

But there was no yielding in James Brandon's face, and soon she ceased to plead. She hid her face in her hands.

"What shall I do?" she moaned. "What shall I do?"

He stood looking at her in silence for what seemed a long time. She did not see his face soften when he said at last:

"Live to cleanse yourself from this shame, and may God pity you."

Without another word he left her. She dragged herself to the table, and wept there,

with her head on her arms in an abandonment of grief.

* * *

Richard Dameron was a poet, with a heart as simple and pure as that of a little child. He lived in a beautiful world entirely of his own imagination. There was no sin nor sorrow nor tragedy in that world, only high and noble ideals, kind hearts, good deeds, and happiness.

Richard Dameron was beloved of the Muses. They were prodigal of their gifts to him, and at last one day it seemed good to them that, as he was a mortal living in a mortal world, his eyes should be opened to the realities of life. He must be taught that the world of his imagination was not the real world of men and women, which is so wonderfully and mysteriously woven of good and evil, love and treachery, happiness and pain.

Dameron was sitting one summer day in the pleasant shade of a spreading tree on the edge of a forest clearing. It was a favourite haunt of his. Often he came there to dream, and occasionally to write his dreams. As he sat there, his head thrown back, his eyes half-closed, lost in a reverie, it seemed to him that the Muses appeared to him. Very real they seemed, and he did not move or speak, being afraid that if he did so they would vanish and he would see

them no more. One after another they came and hovered near him, some smiling and gay, and others of pensive and serious aspect.

Then for a space they disappeared, and far different visions appeared. Richard Dameron saw the interior of a wooden hut which might have been the home of a hunter or backwoodsman. It was a poor enough little place, and the scanty furniture was rough and home-made. A big bearded man in shirt-sleeves leaned against the table. He was smoking, and gazing at a photograph in his hand. His face was very sad. He looked like a man who had known sorrow.

There came a second vision. Dameron saw a splendid house, with a porch covered with lovely flowers. The house was set in a beautiful garden. As Dameron gazed he seemed to see inside the house. At a table there a woman was sitting, and her eyes seemed to hold all the sorrow of the world.

Then this vision faded like the others, and Dameron raised himself, feeling like a man to whom a mystery had been revealed. What could it mean? He did not know, but he felt an irresistible impulse to write. Already the story was taking shape in his mind. He found his pencil and a pad of paper, and began to scribble with feverish haste. It seemed to him that some power greater than his own was making the pencil



"Beatrice Brandon read the poem to the end."



"A woman was pointing and talking excitedly to the chauffeur."

fly over the paper. Never had the words come so easily. This was the simple story he set down:

If you go to the lake
An' you follow the road
As it turns to the west
Of the mill,
Till you come to a stake
A surveyor has thrown
Like a knife in the breast
Of the hill.

An' you follow the track
Till you come to a blaze,
By the side of the same
In a limb ;
You will light on the shack,
In the timber a ways,
Of a party whose name
It is Jim.

I have half an idee
Thet, if back you could turn
To the start of the trail
Fer a spell,
Thet a woman you'd see,
Thet a lot you would learn,
Thet the regaler tale
It would tell :

Of a feller too fond,
Of a woman too weak,
Of another who came
To a door——
Then an endless beyond—
Lips thet never must speak,
An' a man but a name
Evermore.

If you go to the town,
An' you follow the street,
By the glitter an' glow
Of the light,
To a mansion of brown,
Where the music is sweet,
An' the lute whispers low
To the night ;

In the dark of a room
At the end of a hall,
Where the visions of gold
Flutter in ——
There she sits in the gloom,
She, the Cause of it all,
In the midst of her gold
An' her sin.

Never before, he told himself, had he written anything like this. He could not understand it; he seemed somehow to have been an eye-witness of a tragedy—he who had hitherto lived in an unreal, ethereal world of eternal spring.

He took the manuscript to a publisher next day, and with considerable difficulty managed to obtain an interview with the great man himself.

Mr. Bent shook his head at first. "I'm afraid we can't do any business with you just now," he said. "You see, Mr. Dameron, your last volume did not go very well, and to tell you the truth, I don't care to take the risk of publishing any more poetry yet awhile."

"But this is really good," urged Dameron, "quite different from my usual work. Will you read it? It is quite short."

The publisher picked up the manuscript and glanced at it in a bored fashion. Presently, however, his attention was rivetted, and he read on to the end.

"This is good," he said. "Quite uncommon; it is like a mystery story. Personal experience, eh?"

"No, quite imaginary—only"—he hesitated—"only—well, I have an odd feeling that it is a revelation of something or other. I don't understand it, and I can't explain,

but I simply had to write it."

"Ah," said Bent, thoughtfully. "Well, I'll publish it ; it will make people talk."

The verses appeared in due course in a volume with a number of other poems. One day Dameron found himself in his favourite haunt again. He had the book with him, and as he idly scanned the verses there came over him again that curious feeling of tragedy. The directions were so definite and clear—it seemed that they were clues to lead him to the discovery of some secret, the solution of some mystery, perhaps to bring two sundered hearts together once more.

It was this last idea that decided him, and he rose with the determination to follow the clues and see what came of it. The lake, or at any rate, a lake, was not very far away, and he remembered with quickening excitement that the road which skirted it ran "to the west of the mill."

A little beyond the mill, just off the road, plainly visible in the undergrowth—growing thickly at the foot of the rising ground—he saw the stake, "like a knife in the breast of the hill." The simile had a touch of horror.

Pressing on by a rough track through the trees he came presently to a big tree, and there, sure enough, was the "blaze" made by some hunter who had feared that he might lose the path. On yet further, and at last, there came into view the rough wooden

hut he had seen in his vision. On the half-open door was nailed the skin of some small animal, drying in the sun.

Dameron's excitement by this time had become almost painful. Very quietly he crept up to the door and entered the hut. A man—the man of his day-dream—was there, leaning against the table, gazing at a leather-framed photograph in his hand. Dameron longed to see the photograph, but it was hidden from him, and he did not wish to reveal himself to the man. He stole quietly out of the hut.

"I have found the man," he said to himself, all his senses tingling—"now for the woman."

"If you go to the town"—that was what the poem said. The town, he felt quite certain now, was the one in which he himself lived, but as to the house—well, he must trust to guidance for that. He went back along the trail, skirted the lake, and entered the town. He seemed to be walking without his own volition, and he was not in any way surprised when presently, turning through the gate of a carriage-drive, he saw the splendid house and the flower-covered porch of his vision. Perfectly sure of himself, he mounted the steps and entered the hall. A door on the left stood open, and in the room, gazing with sad eyes out into the garden, stood—the woman!

Very softly the poet advanced to the table and placed the volume of verses upon



"He saw the woman find the stake."

it, face downwards, and open at his own poem. Then he stepped back towards the entrance, just as the woman turned with a sigh from the door which led to the garden.

Dameron saw her pick up the book, look at it in a puzzled manner, and begin to read. Then he went out.

Beatrice Brandon read the poem to the end with a wildly beating heart. She never doubted that it was her own story she read, and that "Jim" was her husband. When she had finished reading she summoned Peters.

Not long afterwards, when Dameron was sitting by the roadside waiting, a car passed him. A woman was standing up in the seat, pointing and talking excitedly to the chauffeur.

Dameron rose and followed. Keeping at a little distance he saw the woman find the stake—the first clue. She had the book

open in her hand, and now set out along the track which led to the hut. When at last she came within sight of it she stopped, put her hand to her heart as though trying to calm her agitation, and went on. She reached the door, pushed it open slowly, and entered.

Was this, then, the end? Dameron followed her to the door, and saw the man with his head bowed in his hands upon the table.

For some moments the woman stood looking at him, and in her eyes was a wonderful look.

"Jim!"

It was the lightest whisper—but the man heard. He raised his head slowly until his eyes met hers.

"Jim!" she whispered again, and held out her arms. "Husband!"

Dameron saw the look of love and wonder on the man's face, and he left them together.

BILLY JACOBS, aged three years, who plays in Sterling Kid comedies, and who is the youngest leading man in the world, entertained a couple of hundred motion picture people recently, when he directed a scene on the stage. One of the stage carpenters made him a toy camera, and merely for the fun of it, Billy was induced to direct a scene. He conducted himself according to the best traditions, and demonstrated that he was well acquainted with the mannerisms of directors.

THERE is one field in the motion picture industry in which there is very little competition, as Studio Manager, Mr. James Johnson, of the Blaché Company, has discovered. Recently he wished to find a man to jump from the top of a six-story building for "The Million Dollar Robbery." Four different times he had the camera all set up and grinding away, when the prospective dare-devils changed their minds on nearing the edge of the roof. An acrobat with a less changeable mind was eventually located, however, and the last scene was completed. Actors, doctors and lawyers who find the competition too strong would do well to investigate this field.

MOTION picturedom knows no sweeter or more charming player than Miss Alice Hollister, Kalem's famous star. It nevertheless seems this player's fate to be cast principally in roles which show her as an adventuress, or, as Miss Hollister herself describes it, as a "she fiend."

Recently a visitor to the Kalem Studios at Jacksonville, who had frequently seen Miss

Hollister on the screen, saw the Kalem favourite in flesh and blood for the first time. After meeting the actress she—for the visitor was of the fair sex—studied Miss Hollister in silence for several minutes and then blurted out:

"Pardon my curiosity, but I am anxious to know whether you are as nice as you look or as mean as you appear in the pictures!"

WHILE staging a complicated water scene for a new Blaché photo-drama, entitled "The Mysterious Bride," Madame Alice Blaché narrowly escaped serious injury recently, when a large glass tank gave way under the pressure of the water, and scattered broken glass in every direction.

The accident happened in the Blaché studio, where the tank had been built and carefully tested for the making of a scene, in which Kenneth D. Harlan is thrown into the sea in a sack, and cuts his way to liberty while under the water. In view of the fact that Annette Kellerman and Director Herbert Brennon had had a narrow escape, because of the breaking of a glass tank last winter, Madame Blaché took every precaution to try to prevent a similar occurrence. But a flaw in the glass must have weakened it in a manner impossible to detect with the naked eye, for scarcely had the camera begun to grind when the side of the tank near which Madame Blaché was standing suddenly gave way, and only the rapidity with which she ran before the flood of water and shower of broken glass saved her serious injury.

The repairing of the tank was only a matter of a few hours' work, and the scene was finally completed without a recurrence of the accident.

A Nation's Peril.

Adapted from the 101 BISON Film by Owen Garth.

Clifford, Secret Service man, falls in love with the daughter of a foreign spy. His rival is the agent of another country. There is intrigue and fighting on board ship, and the long-drawn-out feud is continued when the rival emissaries reach land. The climax comes when a motor-car containing the spies plunges over a cliff in the Hawaiian Islands.



FOR reasons which will be obvious, my story must be in the form of a narrative in which, through the roundabout source of my information, lack of cohesion may in places be noticed. It affects two states and a group of islands in the Pacific, which perhaps the reader will be able to recognise when it is said that the United States command most of the trade, and that on account of their fortifications and harbours the islands have a great strategic value in case of any war operations in the Pacific.

I am not at liberty to divulge all the information in my possession—many points must be left to the reader's imagination, yet sufficient can be told to reveal the gravity of the situation at the time when the incidents related here took place.

It had come to the notice of the United States Secret Service Department that a nation, on friendly terms with, yet harbouring hostile intentions towards the country, was making earnest efforts to obtain knowledge of a military and naval nature in regard to a group of islands in the Pacific Ocean. In fact it was surmised that the Legation of the country in question had received instructions to get plans, etc., of the fortifications, and William Clifford was detailed to circumvent any move in this direction. Because of his intimacy at the Legation he was well-placed for the task set him. He had been a regular visitor for some time: Marie, the daughter of the Ambassador, was the attraction, and the fact that this little lady seemed to prefer the attentions of Clifford aroused deadly jealous hate in M. Verone, attaché at the Legation, who had pleaded his cause and been rejected. To make matters worse Verone had suspicions and watched Clifford's every move carefully.

* * *

There had been a ball at the Legation, at which all had been lightness and gaiety, but a few days later a message flashed over the wires instructing the Ambassador so definitely that to-day there was an air of great earnestness about the place. A small party of men and women, secret agents, had called and were closeted with the Ambassador and his attaché. The subject of the meeting—as became known afterwards—was the question of the islands in the Pacific and their utilization. The plans had to be obtained by hook or crook, and for special reasons Verone was to lead the party to carry out the instructions.

"You realise," said the Ambassador to his agents, particularly addressing himself to Verone, "that there is a possibility of the United States Secret Service smelling a rat and endeavouring to head you off. You must, however, let nothing hinder you—these instructions must be carried out to the letter, no matter what the consequences."

"Clifford is the only one to fear," sneered Verone, "and I'll deal with him."

"If violence is necessary it must be resorted to; but I would suggest you avoid all contact with other agents if possible."

"That fellow Clifford has been nosing round for some time," Verone broke in again, unable to control his jealous hatred; "and if I am not mistaken he is a member of the Secret Service. If there is trouble at all I anticipate it from him."

"Well, if you suspect Clifford, keep a close watch on him," responded the Ambassador; "but myself I have noticed nothing to arouse my suspicions." Then turning to the party of agents he said: "You have your instructions. The ship leaves port to-morrow at four in the afternoon. Don't fail, and good luck to your efforts. I think there is nothing more to

talk over at the present juncture."

This was a hint that the meeting was ended, and in a moment the Ambassador was alone with Verone.

"Now, Verone," he said, as the last of the company disappeared behind the door, "this is a chance for you. You must let nothing stand in the way of obtaining these plans, and it would be better to get out of the country as quietly as possible. What are your plans?"

"I have formed no definite plans, sir," answered the attaché, "except to make a quick dash to get the information before the United States Secret Service is aware that we have moved."

"That is all right, but how do you propose to cover your movements?"

"Well, I think it would be wise to disguise the expedition as a pleasure trip. Why not send Marie with a chaperone? That would throw dust in the eyes of any who had suspicions. The others of the party could travel separately. Marie, her chaperone, and I could travel together."

"A good idea. I'll see that Marie goes to-morrow. Her aunt can go with her." The Ambassador rubbed his hands together with pleasure, while Verone smiled covertly. This would mean that Marie would be out of Clifford's way for a time, and perhaps he then would have a chance to press his suit again.

But Verone reckoned without the astuteness of Clifford and his companions. They had learned of some uncommon movement at the Legation and were on the alert.

Before the boat left the port next day the agents who were to work with Verone

had settled themselves in various parts of the vessel, while Verone, Marie, and her aunt had come aboard together. Verone was chuckling and offering himself congratulations at the way he had hoodwinked the Secret Service, but his satisfaction changed to chagrin when, at the last moment, Clifford and a couple of strangers boarded the vessel.

The boat sailed out into the placid ocean, and two parties were hiding from one another in the hope that their intentions had not been realised. False hopes. That voyage

was to witness a tragedy and an attempt which could terminate in the death of the principal of one of the parties.

Verone was beside himself with rage as he watched Marie and Clifford talking happily together — for, of course, they had found each other. He swore vengeance, and he was not above carrying his thoughts into action. Paul Verone was not a man to stop even at murder was he aroused and thwarted, and now his blood boiled as he thought of the upsetting of his nicely laid schemes.

It was hot in mid-ocean, the sun beat down with merciless in-

tensity, and the passengers gasped for breath. An awning had been erected on deck and beneath it all the first-class passengers sheltered, drinking, in their efforts to keep cool, pints of iced lime-juice, which the stewards were hurrying round. One man disdained the protection of the awning—he waited in the shadow of the wheel-house, grasping tightly in his fingers a little phial of colourless, tasteless liquid, and watching Clifford, the Secret Service man, who sat alone pondering over



"She seemed to prefer the attentions of Clifford."

his plans to circumvent the spies. Paul Verone watched him for an opportunity to do him harm.

Presently Clifford called a steward.

"Hi, man, bring me a glass of something iced, quick," he ordered.

"Right, sir—a minute."

Verone took in every word. This was, perhaps, his chance.

The steward passed him and disappeared down below. In a minute he reappeared with a glass of lime-juice on his tray. As he passed Verone attracted his attention.

"Say, steward," he said, "do you make out a vessel over there on the horizon?"

"Where, sir?" asked the man, looking round the ocean.

"Over there—look," said Verone, pointing so that the man's back was turned to him. All the while he was pouring the contents of the phial he held into the glass. "My eyes are not too good; perhaps I have made a mistake," he continued.

"I can make out nothing, sir."

"Oh, no doubt I was mistaken. Thank you."

The steward passed on and supplied Clifford with his drink. Verone waited only till he saw his shadow raise the glass to his lips, and then with a sinister smile on his face he hurried back to his cabin to await events.

* * *

When Clifford drank the⁷ potion so cunningly administered by Verone its effects were immediately apparent. The victim became violently ill and had to be carried down to his cabin in a state of collapse. But medical aid on the spot proved the saving of his life; and though there was nothing to implicate Verone in the affair, Clifford's men set a sharper watch on him. It was this that led to a dastardly outrage by the attaché.

It was almost dark before he left the shelter of his cabin, where he had sulked for hours, after learning that the poison he had put in Clifford's glass had not been effective, and further that there was hope of a rapid recovery for the patient. However, when the darkness and the slight chill of evening had driven the passengers to the saloon, he ventured above, and paced the deck like a caged animal in sheer rage. If he knew he was being watched he gave no sign, but as a matter of fact one of Clifford's most trusted men was spying on his move-

ments. Circumstances which followed would suggest that Verone was aware of the other's presence, and also suspected him of carrying papers which would reveal Clifford's intentions and plans. The attaché's subsequent action was strange if he had not expected what he found.

No sooner did the secret service man step out of his hiding place than Verone was on him, catching him round the throat and half throttling him before he could do anything to defend himself.

The ship was quiet, no one appeared on deck, and even the officers did not seem to notice anything untoward, though a death-struggle was going on near at hand. Verone was more than a match for his opponent, and eventually managed to get the papers he was struggling for. Not a word was spoken between the two men. They wrestled silently, each exerting his utmost strength, knowing he might expect no mercy from the other. Suddenly Verone seized his antagonist round the waist, and with a mighty heave hurled him over the rail into the dark waters surging round the boat. A slight splash above the groaning of the engines was heard as the body cleaved the waters, then nothing more, only the pitter-patter of soft shoes on the deck as someone came running towards the spot.

Verone stood gazing down at the place where the secret service man had disappeared, when a scared voice at his elbow asked breathlessly:

"My God, what is the matter with you? What has happened?"

Verone swung round as if he had been struck a blow, being agitated beyond description. But as he recognised the man beside him a sickly relieved smile broke on his pale features.

"You, Maron! Did you see?" he muttered. "Did you see the spawn go over?"

"I saw nothing except that you were unduly agitated. Who has gone over?" said Maron, one of Verone's men.

"One of the Secret Service men. He was watching me, so I threw him overboard to the fishes. But I obtained his papers first," Verone responded jerkily.

"Threw him overboard, eh! Well, good riddance. But what are you going to do now? This affair with Clifford has created a stir, and now this on the top of it may cause a deal of unpleasant investigation



“He was standing up in the forward motor-car gesticulating wildly.”

and trouble, I am inclined to think.”

“You’re right. The best thing I can do is to hide till the ship comes to port. Yes, I know, you shall hide me in your trunk.

They will imagine both of us have gone overboard, and also Clifford will be thrown entirely off the scent. When we arrive you must take your trunk, and as soon as you

are out of sight you will release me. Do you follow?"

"Yes, I have the idea, but you must get down without being seen, or the plan will be discovered."

"Come then, at once. We will put it into execution now, this minute, and delude the whole lot. Don't forget to do as I have explained."

This plan was carried through. Consternation spread throughout the ship when the supposed tragedy became known, but by the time the vessel reached port the excitement had died down, and it was generally accepted that the two men had disappeared overboard in the dark. If Clifford suspected there was any connection between the attempt to poison him and the disappearance of his right hand man, he kept his opinions to himself.

* *

There was a great bustle amongst the foreign spies when the vessel arrived in dock; their luggage, including the trunk in which Verone was secreted, was

hustled ashore with all haste and dashed across to a waiting motor-car. Marie was forgotten and left to the care of her aunt and Clifford. The United States Secret Service man had remained close by the side of the two women ever since the disappearance of Verone. But this does not insinuate that he had forgotten, or was neglecting his charge. Rather the reverse—he was keeping a sharp weather eye open for any sign which would reveal the spies and give any indication of their movements.

He also came quickly off the boat after instructing his subordinates to keep close and never lose sight of him.

The dash for the motor-car by the spies awakened his suspicions, and he immediately gave the signal which called all his men to his side.

"Charter the strongest automobile you can find," he cried to one. "Hurry, lose no time, and also bring a policeman with you."

The man saluted and rushed away to return in a few minutes.

"Jump in," he ordered, and turning to Marie and her aunt, he said in softer tones: "Wait for me at the hotel—I shall be there shortly. I cannot explain now, but will do so later."

"Drive away," he said to the motor-man; "follow that large car going up out of the town over there—catch her if you can."



"The car plunged over the canyon to destruction."

The policeman looked on inquiringly—in fact amazed—but Clifford quickly reassured him of the legality of his actions.

"Look here, officer," he said: "that car yonder contains the most desperate set of spies let loose.

They are here to make plans and get information of the fortifications, and we must prevent them getting away. I want you with us to arrest them."

"But your authority for this, sir?" queried the policeman.

"This is my authority," replied Clifford, showing a paper revealing his identity.

"All right sir, that's sufficient."

The fleeing car had drawn clear of the town and was momentarily out of sight of the pursuers.

"Faster, man; let her right out. You must catch that car," cried Clifford.

In another moment they caught sight of

their quarry, and Clifford took a good look at her through his field-glasses. A figure in the other car caught his attention. "My God," he cried, letting his hands drop, "it's Verone. How did he get here?"

Verone it certainly was, and he was standing up in the forward motor-car gesticulating wildly. The fliers were making for the hills. The two cars were spinning along a fine strip of road with the slightest incline to the foot of the mountains, and the second car seemed to be gaining ever so little.

"Speed her up, speed her up," cried Clifford. And as he spoke the motor-car gave a jump forward. The cars began to draw a little together on the upward stretch. As it rose higher, the road ran round the foot of towering crags, and along the edge of yawning precipices. It was a wild and dangerous ride—one slight swerve, and the automobile and its occupants would be hurled to eternity. But there was no hesitation—both cars were going at top speed. Sometimes the turns in the spiral road hid them from each others' view, but still the stern chase was not abated a jot. The pursuers were gaining perceptibly. Verone began to fear and drew his revolver for emergency. They were so near now that shots could be exchanged and general firing opened without harm being done. They had risen high above the surrounding country, and the road had become a mere track, bounded on one side by solid rock, while the other side fell straight down into the valley hundreds of feet below.

Not thirty yards parted the motor-cars, when a shot striking the spies' driver caused him to let fall his hands from the steering-wheel. Out of control, the car leapt for the edge of the canyon and plunged over to destruction, carrying all with it.

The pursuing driver pulled up as smartly as possible, but he had reached the spot where the fugitives had disappeared before he could come to a standstill. Clifford jumped out before the car was stationary, and peering over the edge of the precipice tried to find signs of the unfortunate spies. There were none—the car and its crew had diverged to complete annihilation.

The Secret Service men stood for a moment contemplating the terrible end of those they had been sent to circumvent, then Clifford sharply ordered their return.

"Back to the station hotel, driver, and go carefully," he said. "We can do nothing—they have been smashed to atoms."

* * *

When Clifford reached the side of Marie he hesitated to tell her of the fate of her father's attaché and friend, but the girl read the news in his face.

"Something serious has happened," she cried in alarm. "What is it—tell me?"

"Yes, something terrible has happened," answered Clifford. "It is difficult for me to tell you, but you must prepare yourself for the worst. Monsieur Verone is dead, his companions also."

"Verone dead," echoed Marie, "and his companions! Who were his companions? I never knew he had any, except aunty and myself. But what do you mean by he is dead? We thought he was drowned when he was missed from the boat."

"No, he was not drowned. It is a long tale, which perhaps some day, if you will let me, I shall tell you. Verone and his companions lie dead, smashed to pieces at the foot of the mountains. His motor-car fell over the cliffs."

"What will poor father think?" murmured Marie.

"He will be sorry, but will say he died in the service of his country."

Had Verone's expedition been successful there is little doubt that war would have resulted between the two nations, but its failure had the effect of damping the war spirit of his country's government. The affair also aroused the United States military and naval authorities, who took a keener interest in the islands afterwards. That the secret of the fortifications will become known to another power is scarcely possible now—they are too jealously guarded.

Clifford, I know, was complimented on his smartness and pluck, but I cannot tell you if he is married yet. At any rate, Marie showed a distinct interest in him, and the affair of the Pacific Islands seemed to be the birth of a pretty romance.

The Voice of Silence.

From the EDISON Photoplay by Richard R. Ridgeley.

Adapted by James Wallis.

Sue, a deaf mute, becomes acquainted with a wireless operator at Cliff Island and learns to use the apparatus. Three "crooks" of international notoriety overpower the operator when trying to communicate with the yacht on which they plan to escape, but Sue warns passing ships. They are captured and Sue gets a reward.



THE majority of people, no doubt, would have felt that to have been born both deaf and dumb would be an affliction too heavy to bear with any degree of equanimity, but judging from her merry laughing eyes and rosy cheeks, Sue Smith apparently did not share in this general belief. Sue was the eldest daughter of her widowed mother, who eked out a precarious livelihood by taking in washing and doing the hundred and one odd jobs required by the better-class residents of the district.

Although Sue had been deaf and dumb from birth she was her mother's right hand in everything, and also looked after her two impish little sisters, Rosa and Joan. Her unfortunate infirmity did not in any way prevent her from being a remarkably pretty girl.

This little family lived happily together in a small tumble-down cottage on the coast near the seaside town of Farnhead, and the sandy beech in front of their home formed a splendidly healthy playground for them all day long. Little wonder that Sue thrived amid such surroundings.

Sue's only recreation during the few spare moments she snatched from her duties was fishing. With her even pleasure served some good purpose, for the fish she caught made a welcome addition to the plain fare their limited earnings could afford. Pulling out in the leaky old rowing boat that was kept moored in the creek near the garden, she would sit as still as a mouse in engrossed delight over her line, hardly daring to breathe as some finny monster would playfully nose the bait that dangled so temptingly before it. It was a pretty sight to watch the girl as this playful sport went on.

Sue's pose was one of eloquent anticipation and her mobile features successfully expressed expectation, pleasure or regret, as the desired captive investigated was hooked or swam away as the case might be, and when hauling up a wet, wriggling fish, she made little excited, inarticulate sounds of pleasure in her throat.

One afternoon Sue was so wrapped up in her favourite pastime that she did not notice the tide was carrying her farther and farther away from the shore, until she pulled up her line and started to row home again. Her plight was not improved either when, in endeavouring to turn the boat about, she lost her oars. The poor girl was now quite helpless to save herself. Her wild, terrified appeals for help brought no response, and as she stood up and gazed around her eyes could not sight another sail anywhere as they anxiously swept the horizon. To add still further to her predicament and distress, the wind began to rise, and she could only sit down and bail out the water that was coming over the sides, trusting to Providence to keep her safe.

On and on swept the boat, until it seemed to Sue as if she would be carried out into the middle of the Atlantic. Presently she felt the boat grating upon a pebbly beach, and was thrown violently to the bottom. Quickly picking herself up, she clambered out, and after pulling her craft safely out of reach of the angry waves, looked about to try and discover her whereabouts.

Sighting a building with a long wire-stayed erection in the front on the top of the cliffs, the cold and weary girl slowly climbed up the narrow pathway towards it. Sue had never seen a wireless telegraphic station before, and in some doubt as to the



“Sue’s only recreation was fishing.”

manner of reception she would receive from the owners of so strange a building, crept silently to an opened window and looked through.

Stephen James, the operator in charge of the big wireless station on Cliff Island, sighed contentedly as he reached out for his pipe. He had just got through several very heavy calls, and now, thank goodness, he could enjoy a quiet smoke.

“Everything seems to come in a mighty rush to-day,” he grumbled to himself as he looked up from his keyboard and then sat still petrified with amazement. Visitors to Cliff Island were few and far between, and to look up and suddenly discover a seeming apparition of a girl dumbly gazing at you from scarcely three feet away seemed to Stephen to possess some supernatural influence.

Quickly collecting his scattered faculties, Stephen queried with a pleasant smile: “Hello, kiddy, and where have you come from?”

Sue darted away upon seeing Stephen move towards the window, but the big-hearted operator pursued and caught her up at the gate and led her into the station with

reassuring words and gentle pats of encouragement upon the shoulder.

Seeing her wet and generally bedraggled condition, Stephen sat Sue in a chair, silently took off her sodden shoes and stockings to dry, and gave her some of his own to put on for the time being. Then he set food and drink before his strange guest, and watched with puzzled amusement until the last crumb had been ravenously devoured. When Stephen proceeded to question Sue, he was at first astonished to receive no replies to his repeated queries, but perceiving from his moving lips what he wanted, and taking heart from his kindness, Sue pointed to her ears and mouth and shook her head.

To her great delight Stephen appeared at once to understand. “Poor little beggar,” he exclaimed aloud. “Fancy being both deaf and dumb. Never mind, youngster, we shall soon get to understand each other.”

By vigorously motioning with her hands, Sue quickly made her new friend understand that she had been carried from the mainland out by the tide and had lost her oars, and wished to get back again as quickly as possible. Stephen nodded sympathetically, and busied himself in making ready to send

her safely away. Giving her her own shoes and stockings, which were now dry, and providing a new pair of oars, he accompanied her down to the beach, and after seeing her safely started on her journey home, walked back to his post with the satisfied feeling of of duty well done.

In the meantime, Sue's long and unusual absence had greatly worried her mother, who learned from Rosa and Joan that she had taken the boat out and gone fishing. Her mind filled with all those anxious thoughts and premonitions so typical of a mother's nature, Mrs. Smith was on the point of instituting a search party, when a shriek of delight from her younger daughters announced the wanderer's safe return. Sue flew into her mother's outstretched loving arms, and when the excitement had somewhat subsided she dumbly explained to the interested family all the details of her wonderful adventure.

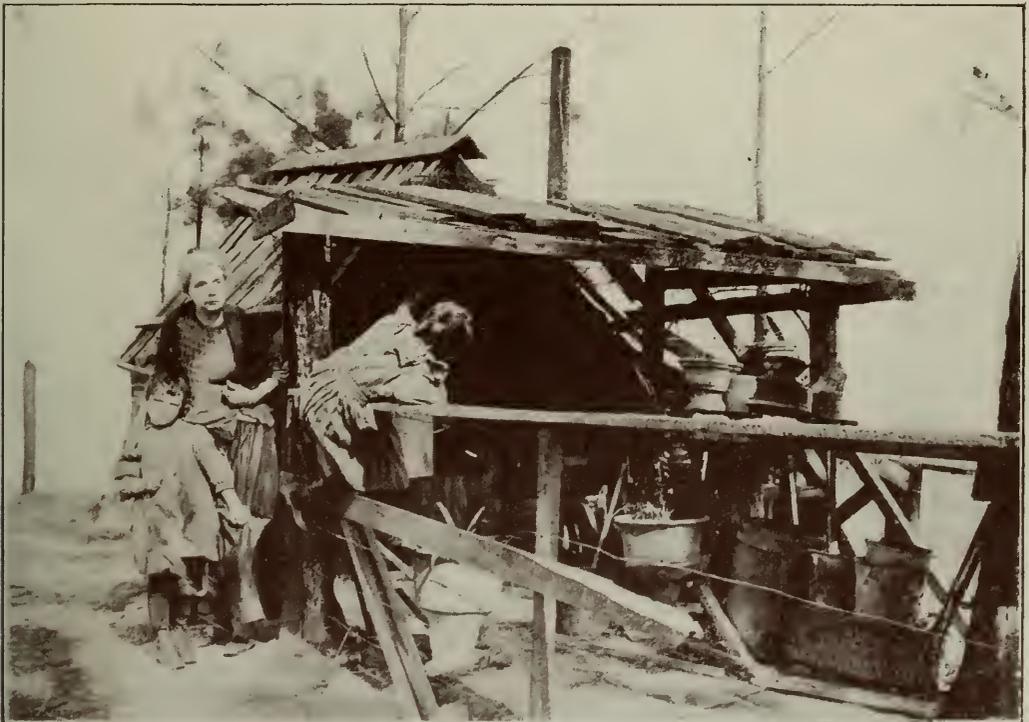
The next day Sue ventured out again to see Stephen. A friendship rapidly sprung into being between them, and Stephen found himself looking forward to the visits of the shy little girl with a considerable degree of interest. Even fishing now lost its

previous attraction for Sue, and every minute she could spare from helping her mother found her at Cliff Island.

For some time a great drawback to their intimacy was the lack of a satisfactory medium of conversation between them, until an idea suddenly entered Stephen's head, and seizing pencil and paper he rapidly wrote, "Can you read?" Sue nodded her head with a bright smile and scrawled in reply, "Yes, sir." This discovery that she could both read and write emboldened Stephen to teach Sue how to use the wireless apparatus. She proved an apt pupil, and in a very short time, to her great delight, Stephen allowed her to send some of his less important messages. Little did either of them think how useful this accomplishment was going to prove in the near future, and what a large part it would play in averting a great tragedy.

* * *

Some six months after Sue's exciting experience on Cliff Island, Farnhead was favoured with a visit from three strangers, who landed one day from the little steamer that was the only means of communication between Farnhead and the neighbouring



"Sue's mother anxiously waited her return."

towns. Probably had the good people of Farnhead any idea of the true identity of their visitors, they would not have received them in so indifferent a manner.

"Big" Tom Currey, "Slim" Eastman and Maggie Black belonged to one of the most dangerous gangs of criminals in the country. They were by no means just ordinary thieves—they were really at the head of an unscrupulous and powerfully organized band, which the police of three continents were vainly endeavouring to bring to justice, and which had tremendous resources behind it. They had just succeeded in effecting a most daring bank robbery, and in accordance with a preconceived plan had set out for the locality in which Stephen James' station was situated. They had arranged to have a steam yacht waiting off Cliff Island to provide them with the means of escaping with their booty from the detectives who were hot upon their track.

After landing, the three "crooks" stood upon the pier discussing the best method of advising their accomplice of their arrival.

"Tim Cirrigan is waiting for us off Cliff Island in his yacht," said Maggie Black. "Now, I suggest that we go out there and get the operator to send him a wireless message to pick us up from there. It will be much safer and more convenient than making him come here. What do you say, Tom?"

"Yes! I think that is the best plan, Maggie," replied "Big" Tom. "We can go over in one of these motor boats, and be safely away in less than two hours. When we get their, Maggie, you had better go on ahead to the station and arrange for the message to go through and we'll follow on afterwards. Come along, we will start off at once."

The three worthies experienced no difficulty whatever in hiring a craft to take them over to their destination and were soon speeding on their way.

* * *

Stephen James was looking through his weekly bundle of letters and newspapers, and in glancing at one of the latter read a detailed account of the recent exploit of his coming self-invited visitors and the large reward that was offered by the authorities for their capture :

£3,000 REWARD.

For capture of "Big" Tom Curry, "Slim" Eastman and Maggie Black,

wanted for the theft of securities, valued at £600,000, from the Provincial Trust Company. Known to have started south. Full description as follows : Maggie Black—height about 5-ft. 6-ins., blonde, generally fashionably dressed

"I wish they would come my way," muttered Stephen, throwing down the paper. "I could just about do with that reward, but capturing criminals isn't my luck."

"Come in," he shouted, as Maggie Black knocked at the door. At that moment a message came through for him, and he turned to the key-board without seeing who entered. The call was a fairly long one, and Maggie while waiting picked up the paper which Stephen had just been reading to look at. The first thing that caught her eye was the account of the robbery, from the consequences of which she and her two partners were fleeing. The thought that Stephen had possibly seen it struck terror to her soul for a moment. Swiftly gliding to the door she motioned Curry and Eastman inside and pointed to the paper.

"I believe he's on to us," she whispered. "Anyway, we cannot afford to take risks now, so be ready to out him if necessary."

Stephen finished his call, and, turning to his visitor, asked, "Well, madam, and what can I do for you?" Then his glance travelled over the two men, and almost involuntarily the cry came to his lips, "Why, you are——." Too late he saw his mistake. As he sprang to the keyboard to tap out the alarm, "Big" Tom and "Slim" darted forward and closed with Stephen. Backwards and forwards they swayed, knocking over the chairs and table in their violent exertions; first one man on top and then the other. The issue was in doubt until "Slim" pulled out a revolver and snapped : "Put your hands up, or, by God, I'll plug you full of lead!" Recognising the foolishness of probably throwing his life away uselessly by continuing the struggle against such unequal odds, Stephen sullenly submitted to be gagged and bound by "Big" Tom and Maggie.

"You thought yourself mighty clever, didn't you, Mister Operator?" jeered the woman. "But we're just one mark too wide for you this time. You've got to take a little trip with us now for the sake of your health."

Rapidly turning to the other two men



“Sue made him realise that she understood.”

she instructed, “Quick, someone may come in at any moment. Bundle him down to the boat. We shall have to keep him with us until we can find Tim’s vessel, or else he’ll split before we can get clear.”

Stephen was hurried down to the shore and forced into the waiting motor-boat, inwardly cursing his impulsiveness for getting himself into such a plight, but aid was nearer than he anticipated.

Providentially, Sue Smith had chosen this day to pay a visit to her old friend at Cliff Island, and she arrived at the station a few seconds after Stephen had been overpowered and dragged away. Her quick eyes took in every detail of the struggle, and she instinctively guessed that something serious had happened. Rushing to the window she saw to her horror and dismay a motor-boat heading away from the island towards Smith Cove and Stephen lying bound and gagged in the stern with a man standing over him with a revolver.

Sue did not stop to consider the whys and the wherefores of the situation. She knew of only one way in which to assist Stephen, and that was by the help of the wireless apparatus. Seating herself in front of the key-board, she sent out a general

alarm call:

“Desperate criminals have captured operator at Cliff Island and are in motor boat heading for Smith Cove. Stop them.

“S. Smith.”

This done she flew down to the landing stage to impatiently await the developments of her action.

Sue’s opportune message was picked up by a passing ship, which immediately put about and pursued the miscreants.

A stern chase is always a long chase, but Stephen did not find this thought very comforting as he watched the pursuing vessel gradually overhaul the motor boat. Since leaving Cliff Island he had made several efforts to free himself, but each one was frustrated by the watchfulness of his captors, and had become reconciled to his fate when he discovered a speck on the horizon following them. As it crept closer and closer he saw it was a large yacht and his heart bounded with new hope. Stephen took good care not to mention his discovery to the other occupants of the boat, but a volley of oaths from Eastman shortly afterwards intimated that the three rogues had seen they were being pursued.

"That's not Tim's yacht," said "Big" Tom, as he peered anxiously through his hand at the rapidly approaching vessel. "Somebody's got the tip we're out here. I expect it's through that cursed operator tied up there."

In vain were their efforts to outpace the pursuing yacht. It overhauled them so quickly that in a very short time they were compelled to stop and surrender. Stephen hurriedly explained the identities of the prisoners and himself to the captain, who thereupon informed him of the wireless message received from the Cliff Island station signed "S. Smith."

Satisfied that his late captors were in

safe hands, Stephen returned to Cliff Island in the motor boat and tenderly thanked Sue for her bravery and thoughtfulness. Then leading her into the station he sent a wireless message to the police authorities, advising them of the capture of the three criminals and claiming the liberal reward in the name of his little friend.

Drawing Sue towards him, Stephen wrote—

"Do you understand? I have notified the authorities that the criminals are captured and that you are entitled to the reward"

—and Sue, slowly raising her shining eyes to his, made him realise that she understood.

THE Hepworth Manufacturing Company are still requiring strong plots, single and two-reel dramas, and single-reel comedies. While thanking all those who responded to their last appeal for scenarii, Messrs. Hepworth would point out to intending authors that they have used the word *strong* advisedly, and a plot which cannot be so designated does not stand the least chance of acceptance. Good prices will be paid.

RAOUL A. WALSH, who plays Villa in the early parts of "The Life of Villa" and other "heavy leads" for the Reliance and Majestic Companies, was born in New York City. When fifteen years old he ran away from home and before he saw New York again he had visited every continent. He went on a cattle-ship to South Africa, and after a few months there worked his way to South America. His stay in Peru was short but exciting. An Englishman had started a revolution and young Walsh joined him. The revolution was brief and the Englishman was shot. Walsh would have suffered a similar fate had he been caught. Some months later the adventurous young man was in Mexico, where he was a cowboy for a time, and became a bull-fighter. He was a professional toreador at Chihuahua for a year, but after being seriously injured and spending a long time in a hospital, he moved to Texas. He finally landed in New York, where he played in "Charlie's Aunt," "Simmony Jane," "A Romance of the Underworld," and "Thai." He also appeared in musical comedy, where his tenor voice was of value. Two years ago Walsh joined the Biograph Company, of which D. W. Griffith was director, and when Mr. Griffith joined the Reliance and Majestic Companies as director-in-chief, he took Walsh with him.

JAMES J. CORBETT, in "The Burglar and the Lady," produced by the new company, is in eight reels, as is also "The Sins of Satan," and a third photodrama, the title of which is being jealously guarded at present writing. The six-reel drama is a screen adaptation of Dickens' "The Chimes," by Mr. Blaché, produced in collaboration with Tom Terries. An exceptionally strong cast, which includes "The Charles Dickens' Associate Players," was used in this production, and the Dickens' atmosphere is said to be remarkably true to that of his famous works.

The presenting of Solax and Blaché features have not been interrupted by the activities of the new company. Each of these well-known concerns is still producing one feature a month and is adhering to the three-reel policy.

MISS MARIE DRESSLER, the famous American musical comedy actress, will shortly be seen in a Keystone comedy, which, both in length and subject matter, is expected to surpass all previous releases by this company. Mr. Mack Sennett, managing director of Keystone's, has been engaged on this subject with Miss Dressler for some time past. The film will afford when completed a full evening's entertainment, and while there will be plenty of fun in it, it will not be a purely comedy release, but will also give Miss Dressler opportunities to show her talent in pathetic and sentimental episodes.

In order to give her talent full scope, several buildings were erected in the spacious grounds of the Keystone Los Angeles establishment, including a bank with revolving doors, tile flooring and large windows, and a house so well constructed that it is intended to be used permanently as a residence. A large amount of money has been expended on this production.

Frederick the Great.

THE STORY OF HIS LIFE.

Based upon the EDISON Film by James Wallis.

Few monarchs in history have had more eventful careers than Frederick the Great. His unhappy youth, the death of his father, the terrible Seven Years' War, and the final triumph of the Prussian nation—are a few of the incidents.

HIS YOUTH.



FREDERICK, the hero of the Seven Years' War, was born on January 24th, 1712. His father, Frederick William, was a rough uncultivated man, with a passionate temper that

brooked no opposition, though he had considerable merits as a sovereign. His imperious will and coarse associations rendered him an object of dread and hatred to his family, and he banished anything approaching refinement from his Court.

Thus the youth of the Crown Prince Frederick was passed amid surroundings of singular unpleasantness.

It was one of Frederick William's pet ambitions to bring up his eldest son as an exact copy of himself, but being endowed by nature with an acute and refined mind, it was not surprising to find that Frederick revolted from the narrow mode of life into which his father attempted to force him.

When but a boy he was taken from the hands of the ladies of the Court and placed under the care of male tutors, his education being directed solely by his father. This consisted only of things that were thought by Frederick William to be practically useful—very little time for amusement was left him; and in order to make him grow up strong and hardy he was even stinted in his food and sleep. As he grew older he was burdened with an incessant round of military drills and reviews. Beer and tobacco, his father's invariable evening solace, were alike odious to him, and he took no pleasure in the great hunting parties which were the King's favourite recreation.

On the other hand, he developed at quite an early age an unconquerable passion for

literature and music, which was only intensified by the violent efforts made to suppress it.

His favourite instrument was the flute, and his love for playing it on every conceivable opportunity appeared, in the old king's eyes, a sign of effeminacy that did not concur with his idea of what his successor should be like. "Fritz," he would say with infinite contempt, "Fritz is a fiddler and a poet, and will spoil all my labour."

This tyranny and contempt on the part of his father served only to build up in his son's mind a feeling of disobedience and dislike, and various other causes helped to widen the breach. From contempt the King gradually grew to detest his heir, and showed his detestation on every possible opportunity. Even in public he treated him with the greatest indignity, and would then taunt him with cowardice for not resenting the affronts. The only open friend the young Prince possessed among the whole Court was Leopold, Prince of Anhalt-Dessau, nicknamed "The Old Dessauer."

Frederick William used to settle many important affairs of the State with the aid and counsel of an assembly termed "The Tobacco Parliament." This was a meeting of his chosen friends and ministers convened together to discuss matters over pipe and bowl. More often than not these gatherings concluded in a scene of indescribable dissipation and with the greater part of the members hopelessly intoxicated. Little wonder that Frederick's intellectual mind preferred the society of his books and music to such rough company.

During these sittings Frederick William, when under the influence of drink and knowing his heir's repugnance to attend these meetings, would command his presence, and openly bait and ridicule him before the



“This was a meeting of his chosen friends and ministers convened together to discuss matters over a pipe and bowl.”

roomful of people, and also force him to both drink and smoke.

“Come, milksop, be a man!” was one of his sneerful commands, as he sat and watched the Crown Prince’s poorly concealed dislike to comply with his wishes.

Upon one occasion, happening to visit Frederick’s apartments when his son was giving a secret recital upon the flute before a few friends, he snatched the instrument away, and infuriated beyond control, shouted, “Haven’t I told you to be a man, you whelp!” Seizing the boy by the hair, he dragged him to a window and would have strangled him with the cord of the curtain had he not been prevented by a chamberlain.

Frederick’s position in time became intolerable and he resolved to escape from it by flight, when in his nineteenth year, but the attempt failed and he was thrown into prison and his accomplice was executed before the window of the room in which he was confined. So enraged was the King by this action on the part of his son that more than a year passed before he would consent to even see Frederick, and then only a partial reconciliation was effected.

This brutal treatment had the effect of forming and souring the Prince’s character. Originally gentle and lovable, his nature

became hard and selfish, and as he grew from a boy into a man, he became proud, reserved, and capable of deep dissimulation. He saw the necessity of conforming, outwardly at least, to the will of the King, whose favour he gained by applying himself diligently to the affairs entrusted to his management. Gradually, too, he came to perceive the good qualities which lay underneath the rugged exterior of his father, who, in his turn, recognised with pleasure the abilities of his son. The Prince now obtained a separate establishment and married soon afterwards the Princess Elizabeth Christine of Brunswick-Bevern, whom the King had selected for him. From that time he enjoyed a larger measure of liberty than had hitherto been allotted to him—his main reason for consenting to the marriage, so that he could without hindrance cultivate his literary and artistic tastes in the society of friends of his own choice.

As Frederick William’s life drew to a close, he experienced the ill-will of the Austrian Court, whose firm ally and friend he had always been, but who in turn had persisted in regarding him as a subject and an inferior. This studied neglect and contempt grew in time offensive and aroused a deep feeling of resentment within him. While on his death-bed he received a

message of a singularly insulting nature from the Austrian Government, and realising his own helplessness to suitably reply to it, pointed to his son, with whom he was completely reconciled, and said with pride and sorrow, "There stands one who will avenge me."

HIS ACCESSION AND FIRST FEW YEARS OF REIGN.

FREDERICK ascended the throne on May 31st, 1740, at the age of twenty-eight. In personal appearance he was rather good-looking, well-made though below the average height, and with a face possessing great power of expression.

At the time of his accession he was little known except to a few intimate friends, and even these had no idea what manner of monarch he was likely to make. No one suspected that beneath his previous convivial and easy-going exterior there lay concealed a stern, ambitious disposition.

It was thought that his accession would usher in a golden age of peace, but this illusion quickly vanished, though some of the young King's earliest acts seemed to confirm such a view.

Within the first few days of his reign Frederick abolished legal torture; granted

complete freedom to the press; declared himself in favour of universal toleration in religion; and demonstrated that he regarded his own interests and those of his people as identical by liberally distributing corn from the public granaries at moderate rates to the poor of several famine-stricken provinces. Yet Frederick soon showed that he meant to rule with the strong hand, as his father had ruled before him. The power of the sovereign was practically absolute in Prussia, and Frederick saw the strength of his position, and availed himself of it to the full by taking the reins of government into his own hands far more completely than Frederick William had ever done.

Frederick possessed a large share of the qualities which make a great ruler—a strong love of order, a very clear insight into men and things, great administrative capacities, combined with indefatigable industry, and a mind capable of forming the most extensive schemes and of attending at the same time to the minutest details of their execution. To these qualities must be added a rare strength of will and a self-reliance that never faltered. In addition to being a great administrator he was at the same time the most clear-sighted statesman in Europe. He always knew what he wanted and usually knew how to get it.

With the mass of his subjects, and especially with his soldiers, Frederick was extremely popular. His system of government was doubtless despotic and paternal, and at times even tyrannical; but for a young country that had to fight for its existence, a paternal despotism is no bad thing, at any rate when the despot identifies himself with its welfare so completely as Frederick did. It may be questioned whether under



"He would have strangled him with the cord of the curtain had he not been prevented by a chamberlain."

any other form of government Prussia could have weathered the storms of the Seven Years' War.

At the time of Frederick's accession, the political horizon in Europe was tolerably clear, but before he been on the throne seven months, his kingdom was engaged in a war with Austria.

Frederick saw in the internal disputes that resulted in consequence of the accession of Maria Theresa, the eldest daughter of the dead Emperor Charles VI., to the throne of Austria, an opportunity for aggrandisement such as might never occur again, and determined to utilize it by seizing Silesia, an Austrian possession contiguous to his own dominions, and reviving Prussian claims to four small duchies, about which there had been contro-

versies for some generations.

The campaign lasted for about eighteen months, and is known as the First Silesian War. The Austrian troops were decisively defeated at Mollwitz and Chotusitz (Czaslau) and peace was signed at Breslau, on June 11th, 1742, by which practically all Silesia, together with the county of Glatz, was surrendered to the Prussians.

The conquered territory enlarged the area of the Prussian kingdom by one third, and increased its population and revenue by



Prince Frederick and Princess Elizabeth Christine.

about one half. In addition Silesia was strategically of immense importance. As long as Austria held it, it was hardly possible for a Prussian army to penetrate to Vienna, while the Austrians could at any time march without difficulty into the heart of the Prussian kingdom.

Two years later the Second Silesian War was commenced, and although the effects of the first campaign were very disastrous to Frederick, the later operations went all in his favour, and the Austrians were success

ively defeated at Hohenfriedberg, Sohr, Hennersdorf and Kesselsdorf.

Peace was signed at Dresden on Christmas Day, 1745, and by it, Austria agreed to recognise the Treaty of Breslau. Upon his return home the King of Prussia was hailed by universal acclamation as Frederick the Great. The result of the First Silesian War was the recognition of Prussia as one of the great powers of Europe, while the second secured her influence in Germany; they may also be said in some degree to be responsible for the greater and more bloody Seven Years' War.

For the next ten years Frederick was busy with law reforms and other useful projects which his country was greatly in need of after its efforts in the Silesian wars. At the same time he went on continually strengthening his army and laying up treasure year by year, for he knew well that however peaceful his own intentions might be, Maria Theresa would never forgive the conqueror of Silesia.

PRUSSIA AND THE SEVEN YEARS' WAR.

THE occasion of the Seven Years' War was the American quarrel of England and France; its cause was the determination of Maria Theresa to repossess herself of Silesia.

Maria Theresa, as the almost lifelong foe of Frederick the Great, demands some little attention at our hands. In all respects she was a worthy antagonist. She was barely twenty-four years old when the untimely death of her father suddenly called her in 1740 to a position as perilous as it was exalted. But young as she was she showed herself fully equal to the emergency, and her own high spirit inspired all about her with enthusiasm. She was strikingly handsome, and combined a most fascinating manner with a powerful and masculine understanding. Her energy and determination never flagged, and her courage seemed always to rise in proportion to the difficulties she had to contend with. It is said at one time Frederick wished to marry her; but, apart from their difference of religion, the pride of the Austrian Court and the predilection of Maria Theresa herself for someone else, were insuperable objections to a marriage which would have altered the whole course of German and European history.

In 1756 international relations between

the great powers became very strained, old ties were torn asunder and the course of events soon ranged them into two hostile camps; on one side stood England and Prussia, and on the other France, Austria and Russia, with several of the minor states.

War was imminent, and Frederick, satisfied that he was about to be attacked by a coalition, saw his only hope of safety lay in anticipating his foes, and towards the end of August he burst into Saxony at the head of 75,000 men. Meantime war had already been declared between England and France, and these two wars, separate at the outset, soon became blended in one, which is known in history by the name of the Seven Years' War.

The first battle was fought at Lobositz, Bohemia, on October 1st, 1756, where a well-contested, but indecisive engagement ensued, in which both sides claimed the victory. The Austrians, who had advanced to relieve the Saxon army, were, however, forced to retreat with their object unaccomplished, the Saxon forces were compelled to capitulate and Frederick took possession of Saxony. Thus ended the first campaign of the Seven Years' War—it was not wholly favourable to Frederick, for by the time the capitulation was signed the season was too far advanced for military operations, and during the winter Austria was enabled to complete her political and military preparations.

The odds against Prussia when the war was resumed the next year were tremendous, although not so absolutely overwhelming as mere figures showed. It has been calculated that the population of the states that were then arrayed against Frederick amounted to 90,000,000, and that they put 430,000 men into the field in the year 1757. The population of Prussia was 4,500,000, her army 200,000 strong, of which number a quarter was required to garrison the fortresses. To counterbalance the disparity, if his troops were few in numbers compared with the hosts of the enemy, they were in quality inferior to none in Europe, and they were commanded by the finest general of the age; also although his country was poor, so far was it from being burdened with debt that treasure to the amount of two and three-quarter million pounds had been amassed during the peace.

The year 1757 was the most brilliant of Frederick's life. The later years of the



A scene from the film.

war were perhaps more glorious—the years in which, with dwindling resources, he stood on the defensive against a host of enemies, keeping them at bay by consummate strategy—but the events of 1757 struck the imagination more forcibly. In no other year did the King gain such great victories: in no other did he experience so sharply the vicissitudes of fortune. The campaign opened for him with the brightest prospects. Entering Bohemia at the head of a vast army, he won a great battle before Prague on May 6th, which seemed to lay Austria prostrate at his feet; yet six weeks later he was so crushingly defeated at the battle of Kollin, that it appeared to be the certain forerunner of his ruin. He was compelled to evacuate Bohemia, while his enemies, encouraged by the defeat of the hitherto resistless conqueror, closed in upon him from every side. Austrians, French, Russians, Swedes and Imperialists, all fell upon him at once. His position seemed desperate, when suddenly rising like a lion from his lair, he scattered his foes by two great victories—the battle of Rossbach and Leuthen—each of which resulted in the total rout of the beaten army. The former cleared his north-west frontier and the latter drove the Austrians

back into Bohemia with a loss of nearly two-thirds of their number. The Russian army which was overrunning East Prussia returned home, and the Swedes were dislodged from the few places they had captured in Prussian Pomerania and were forced to seek refuge under the guns of Stralsund.

Never had Frederick's reputation stood higher than at the close of this memorable year.

The campaign of 1758, if less fertile in striking incidents than that of the previous year, brings into prominence the great strategical qualities on which, far more than on his battles, the military reputation of Frederick is based.

In April, 1758, England concluded a close Treaty of Alliance with Prussia, granted Frederick a subsidy of £670,000 a year, and elected Duke Ferdinand of Brunswick to the command of the Hanoverian army. This last item was particularly pleasing to Frederick, for Ferdinand was an excellent soldier, and this re-establishment of the Hanoverian army under an efficient leader, covered his right flank and saved him from fear of invasion from that quarter.

Operations were commenced with an offensive movement, and siege was laid to

the important fortress of Olmutz, which had to be raised when nearly completed through the loss of a great convoy of 3,000 to 4,000 wagons. This loss placed him in considerable peril, but marching into Bohemia he maintained himself there until news came of a Russian advance into Brandenburg. He defeated the Russians at Zorndorf on August 25th, 1758, and drove them into Poland.

Hastening back into Saxony, through his reckless choice of an encampment, Frederick was attacked during the night and beaten with severe loss by the Austrian army at the Battle of Hochkirch, on October 14th, 1758. Re-organizing his army, without interference from the prudent and timid Austrian commander, Daun, Frederick relieved Silesia which was threatened by a second Austrian force, and returned in time to save Saxony.

The close of this campaign marks a definite shape in the history of the war. To all outward appearance Frederick's prospects were still fair enough, but the protraction of the war was telling far more on the resources of Prussia than on those of the great powers allied against her. Three years of the war were gone and the ardour of Frederick's enemies showed no sign of abating. Maria Theresa was a great stumbling block to a peaceful settlement.

Already Frederick was at his wit's end for men and money. The severe campaigns had made great havoc in his army, which the levies from the Prussian dominions were inadequate to fill, and but for the English subsidy he could have hardly subsisted at all.

The summer was half gone before there was any serious fighting in the campaign of 1759, owing to Frederick remaining entirely on the defensive. Towards the middle of July, the Russians advanced and took possession of Frankfort, and were there joined by a reinforcement of 18,000 Austrians. Although confronted by an army of nearly double his strength, Frederick resolved to fight, and after first gaining an advantage was completely and overwhelmingly routed in the Battle of Kunersdorf on August 12th, 1759. For the first (and last) time in his life Frederick gave way utterly to despair, but by degrees the prospect brightened and the inactivity of the victors to follow up their victory allowed him time to recover from the effects of his defeat.

When the Russians subsequently retired into Poland the campaign would have probably ended had not Frederick's desire

to close it with a victory led him into a fresh disaster, which resulted in the surrender of a whole Prussian corps of nearly 13,000 men at Maxen, on November 23rd.

The position of Frederick was now precarious in the extreme, and was one that called forth all the powers of his genius to redeem. His constitution was almost broken down with disease and accumulated calamities, and now owing to a change of government England withdrew her support. For more than two years the king had been maintaining a mere struggle for existence, losing ground inch by inch, and the recent disasters exulted the enemy and spread a feeling of despondency through the Prussian ranks.

But while the downfall of Prussia seemed impending, matters in Western Germany had proved much more successful. Ferdinand had driven the French across the Rhine but after beating them at Crefield on June 23rd, 1758, was himself defeated at the Battle of Bergen on April 13th, 1759, and was forced to retire. On August 1st, however, he defeated them again at Minden and forced them to retreat in disorder.

Fresh misfortunes followed in the early part of 1860. A Prussian corps was annihilated at Landeshut on June 23rd, and a general advance was begun by his opponents. After a series of intricate manœuvres, Frederick defeated the Austrians with great loss at Liegnitz, on August 15th, and on November 3rd defeated them again at the Battle of Torgau.

The next year, 1761, was one of marches and manœuvres without a single pitched battle. At no period of the war had the situation of Prussia looked so hopeless as at the close of this year—fully half of the Prussian dominions were occupied by the enemy, and the army was reduced to 60,000 men. Under these circumstances the loss of the moral and material support of England must almost certainly have turned the scale against Prussia but for a sudden and complete change in the policy of Russia through the death of the Czarina Elizabeth, who exercised a personal animosity against Frederick, on January 5th, 1762. She was succeeded by her nephew, Peter III., who had long maintained a great admiration for the Prussian king. On May 5th peace was declared between Prussia and Russia, and a month later an offensive and defensive alliance was entered into. Sweden now retired from the war, and for the first time

since 1768¹ Frederick took the initiative. The deposition of Peter by his wife Catherine, delayed Frederick's plans, but the new Czarina confirmed the treaty of peace. The Battle of Burkersdorf, fought on July 21st, 1762, forced the Austrians to retire, and truces made between the opposing armies before retiring into winter quarters, ended what proved to be the last campaign of the Seven Years' War.

By the Peace of Paris signed by England, France and Spain, it was agreed that both England and France should retire together from the German war. This withdrawal left Austria and Prussia face to face. It was obviously useless for Austria to think of accomplishing unassisted that which she had failed to achieve with half Europe fighting for her, and Maria Theresa, recognising the inevitable, avowed herself ready for peace. A treaty of peace was accordingly signed at the Saxon castle of Hubertsburg on February 5th, 1763, by which both Austria and Prussia retained the territory they owned previous to the war.

The results of the seven years' war proved a great moral triumph for Frederick. Prussia had not lost an inch of territory in spite of the vast coalition Austria had formed for the purpose of destroying her, and her success had attracted the admiring attention of Germany and inspired it with a longing for national existence. Austrian supremacy was overthrown and Austria and Prussia were established as equal powers.

THE CLOSE OF FREDERICK'S REIGN.

THE Peace of Hubertsburg divides the reign of Frederick into two equal parts. The first period of twenty-three years was occupied in gaining for



A scene from the film.

Prussia a position among the great powers of Europe. The second was chiefly devoted to securing that position and to healing the wounds the country had received in the struggle by which it was gained.

Frederick's death was caused by a severe cold he caught at a review, when he sat on horseback for six hours in the drenching rain without even putting on his cloak. From this chill he never recovered, and he breathed his last soon after two o'clock on the morning of August 17th, 1786. He was seventy-four years old and had reigned forty-six. His was not the fate which has sometimes befallen great men, of being cut off by untimely death in the midst of their labours. He died full of years and with his work accomplished. He had found Prussia the weakest and by far the smallest of the great European powers, and he left her their acknowledged equal in strength and reputation. He had broken the Austrian supremacy in Germany and taught the German nation to look up to Prussia as its natural leader and had fully justified his designation of "the Great."

The author desires to express his appreciation of F. W. Longman's excellent book "Frederick the Great and the Thirty Years' War" for much valuable information.

On the Screen

by

EVAN STRONG

Mr. Strong has for several years been connected with one of the largest houses in the Film Trade. In his monthly article this keen observer discusses happenings in the Picture World and gives his ideas and suggestions which, supported by such practical experience, prove valuable and instructive reading.



FEW evenings ago I was drawn into a theatre—not a first-run place, but still a picture house of some standing, at which oftentimes very good programmes are given. I did

not go because I wanted to. At the time I was very busy, but I went to please another person. What was the result? I came out sad at the loss of two valuable hours. Usually I enjoy pictures to the utmost—I never consider an hour or two in a cinema wasted, and I am refreshed ready for the next day's tasks. But on this occasion I was sick to the soul. I had watched a four-reel melodrama which had been boosted, as our friends along the water say, all over the country. It had all the murderous incidents, all the blood and screechings of a penny dreadful—and the end was an appalling anomaly of the kind which calls for ridicule. Half the film was padding, the other half uninteresting novelette. And this picture, I believe, has had a great run in every large town and county. Why? Because no doubt it is an exclusive, ushered in with a blare of trumpets, and its title so blazoned forth that people began to talk of it even before it appeared. But this sort of thing must be condemned. It spells the debasement of the cinema, and one can well understand that there are those who utter unkind words about the pictures after such a performance.

* * *

TO me the film is a wonderful thing—the manufacture an art on equal footing with any other. The good film teaches things the masses would never know or understand were cinematography an impossibility; the good picture on the screen, as well as the work of art in the

gallery, teaches the beauty of things, and creates interest in the little-known, therefore its debasement in any shape or form is an evil, and all lovers of the motion pictures must on all occasions be definite in their expression of regret when absurd and in-artistic films are screened. Risks and dangers, thrilling feats and daring incidents have their value in so far, but sheer blood-thirstiness, murder, reckless shooting and battery, mere episodes pushed in to bolster up some action in the picture, is not only unnecessary but a crime against cinematography. Strong words, you say, but you realise the truth of it, and that is all I wish to bring home. Perhaps the next time you see a film of this nature at your favourite cinema you will not hesitate to suggest to the manager your displeasure. For you, it should be remembered, are the true censors of films; and if you do not make your voices heard, perhaps some day the power to demand this or that class of entertainment may be forced out of your hands.

* * *

IN America, you know, the big film manufacturing concerns make a programme of pictures for every day, and these pictures are sent to the special exchanges which supply them to the cinemas. A cinema fixes with the exchange of a company for a regular programme by contract, and once the engagement is made the patrons have to sit and watch whatever the company care to make and deliver. This is not at all to our English taste. We do not want such a system here, but attempts are being slyly made to force the thin end of the wedge in, and some people are only just waiting the opportunity to force it home. While you have the power in your hands then use it

to demand the pictures you want, and support your cinema manager, who has a very thankless job when it comes to arranging his programme. Give him encouragement and the quality of your entertainment will not depreciate. He will appreciate your interest and you will feel a closer intimacy with cinematography.

* * *

FOR some reason or other I have recently had a spate of inquiries by would-be film actors and actresses, and one particularly buoyant message from a little girl. It is marvellous the wasted talent there is in this country if what I am told is all true, and I have no particular reasons for doubting it. Still, all these screen aspirants seem to have an idea that picture acting needs but an aptitude for facial contortion, gesture and imitation, without any special training, and it is here the great mistake is made. Screen acting requires infinite pains and study in training. It is only one in a million who can go straight away with little knowledge of the business and act before the camera. Patient training and weeks of downright hard work precedes the screen artiste's debut, and then oftimes the debut is not only the first but the last appearance. The most successful actors and actresses in films are those who have shown ability to take pains. Their lives are full of honest hard work—the work of preparation and study apart from actual acting, and they get no relief, for picture making goes on from early morning to late evening—it is a strenuous business. So I would say to all you young aspirants: If you are really so interested, if you really imagine you have the genius for screen acting, study and learn; and if after a few months' hard gruelling—with introspection—you still hanker after the glory of appearing on the screen, and if you still think and believe you could make good if you have but the opportunity, then visit the various studios and make application for a smaller post, but rest assured you are not going to be treated as Asta Neilsens and King Baggots before you have proved your worth.

* * *

CINEMATOGRAPHY has come to China with force and vigour, and the Chinese are after making their own

plays. To the Chinaman, our Western society drama and play is incomprehensible, as may be well understood and so he is setting about the manufacture of films that he and his brethren will naturally understand. Some time ago an American went out to China for a firm to make pictures, but it appears the firm imagined the yellow men people to be handled as savages. The gentleman who went out to make pictures, however, quickly realized conditions and invited a local dramatic club to play before the camera. The result was instant success. He trained the young men of the club—they were all young men even for the female parts, because the women never act in China—and he brought them to a high stage of film—acting efficiency. Then something went wrong—not with him, but the treatment meted out to him by his firm, and he decided to return to America. On the eve of his departure a delegation of Chinese merchants waited on him—they were the fathers of the boys he had trained. They wanted him to stay and make pictures, and the result of the conference was the formation of a Chinese company for the production of motion pictures in China. At present this gentleman is in America buying what he needs to start work. He speaks most highly of Chinese intelligence and integrity. He says that if they are treated rightly they are the fairest, squarest men to do business with he has found anywhere. They never go back on their agreement, and never agree to anything they do not mean to carry out. This is all excellent reading, but the great point is the advance of cinematography. This, in fact, is a notable conquest—the conquest of the oldest civilization, which we all imagined had sunken into irremediable decay.

* * *

OWING to the enormous demand for copies of the music—Filming—the proprietors wish to apologise to readers who were disappointed at not receiving a copy. Arrangements have now been completed for a further supply from the publishers, and all outstanding applications will be dealt with within the next day or two.

Readers who have not yet applied for copies should do so at once, to avoid disappointment. No further supplies will be obtained.

NOTICE.

THE WAR.

RENDERED necessary by the increased cost of paper, the Proprietors of "PICTURE STORIES MAGAZINE" respectfully give notice to their readers that, commencing with the October Number, the price of the publication will be increased to FOURPENCE.

This slight increase will enable the publishers to retain that high standard of quality which has so distinguished the Magazine in the past, besides enabling them to adhere to their original intention of improvement month by month.

The Proprietors hold themselves justified in not reducing the quality and size of the Magazine, as, in their opinion, readers would prefer to pay the extra penny.

It is unfortunate that this occurrence should have happened immediately following our Birthday Number, but the Editor feels confident that readers will pay the extra amount—appreciating the iustness of the cause which has made this increase necessary.

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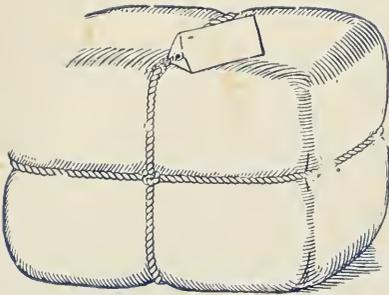
No. 14.

OCTOBER.

VOL. III.



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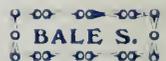
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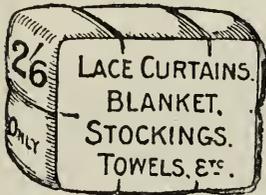
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Picture Stories Magazine.

(Illustrated Films Monthly).

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PICTURE STORIES MAGAZINE is printed and published by The Camberwell Press, Dugdale Street Works, London, S.E. Subscription 5/6, post paid to any address in the United Kingdom. Single copies 6d. (including postage). Application for advertising space should be made to the Sole Agents—Messrs. Alfred Bates & Co., 132/134, Fleet Street, E.C.

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His Last Chance.

Adapted from the IMP Drama by Rosa Beaulaire.

A young reporter, given to enjoyment rather than to hard work, is suddenly called to book. A last chance is offered him, and with the aid of a friend he plots to work a "scoop." The "scoop" is successful, but the plot ends in tragedy. The reporter is arrested for murder, but the application of the "third degree" reveals the real murderer. The working of the story is curious.

BOB REID walked into the editor's office with some qualms. He knew he was on the carpet for neglecting his work and feared the result.

"That you, Reid?" shouted the chief over his shoulder.

"Yes, sir," replied the quaking reporter.

"I want a word with you. Your stuff is not up to scratch. You're slacking, and if you do not improve there are breakers ahead."

"Well——"

"Don't make excuses, but listen. I'm going to give you a chance. If you don't bring in something good within the next fortnight, your connection with the 'News' will be severed."

"I'll do my best."

"You'd better. Don't talk now. Think it over—and do something."

Reid did not talk, he got out as quickly as possible.

For a moment Bob thought seriously, but the mood did not last long. Our young reporter was not one to give way to pessimism.

That night he was playing cards as usual with Tom Wilson, his chum, and a few choice spirits, at the house of Carl Ritz, the millionaire, to whom Tom Wilson was secretary. Ritz was away, and Tom did pretty well as he liked in his absence.

Play ran high that night and Wilson ran into a course of bad luck. All his ready cash disappeared into the pockets of his friends, and before the grey dawn broke it looked as if the game must be stopped. But Tom was not beaten yet—he would never let the game end before daybreak—that would be against all convention.

"Wait a minute, boys," he cried, rising.

"I'll get some more coin. We can't stop so soon."

He had the idea in his head of appropriating some of his master's loose money, for he had the keys of the safe, and this would not be the first time he had borrowed surreptitiously when in a tight hole.

But someone else was watching to take a hand in the game—the butler, a suave fellow, but one to whom any sensitive person would take instant dislike. Ritz kept him because he did his work well; Wilson tolerated the man because he knew too much.

Tom opened the safe and seized a handful of notes, when a slight sound caused him to turn. At his elbow was the smirking butler with one hand extended; the significance of the attitude was obvious, and recovering from his first shock Tom thrust a goodly tip into the grasping paw.

"Quiet, Johnston; not a word," he said with one finger to his lips. "Remember, Ritz must not hear of this until I can put the money back."

"Sir, I'm as dumb as the grave," replied the butler in a monotone, still smirking as he retired.

Tom went back to his chums and the game continued. It was broad daylight when the revellers left. Just before the departure, Bob Reid called Wilson aside and whispered: "Tom, the chief has sat on me again; given me a fortnight to make good; I'll call this afternoon to talk things over with you. Will you be in?"

"Yes, old man; any time you like," replied Tom.

"All right, then. Good-bye."

"Good-bye."

Bob dashed home, bathed, and burnished himself up a bit, and dashed off to the office.

Black looks met him, and he was glad to get out and round to see Wilson. On the way a bright idea struck him. Wilson had received a notification that Ritz was returning in a day or so. He, Bob Reid, must get a "scoop" to reinstate himself at the office. Why not? Yes, why not kidnap Ritz with Wilson's aid—hold him a few days while he, Bob, filled his paper with stories and then gave the police a hint where he could be found. He would win all along the line if only it could be done.

Bob immediately proposed the scheme to his friend, but Tom Wilson was dubious at first.

"How do you think we can carry it out?"

We cannot get hold of Ritz without his recognizing us?" he queried.

"Well, drug his nightcap then," said Bob. "You say he always has a final drop before returning in."

"Yes, perhaps we could do that,

but we should have to be very careful. What do you propose to do when we get him out of the house?"

"Drop him in a car and take him to the old deserted house, over Crag Hill; you know, the place we stumbled on about a month ago when we toured round."

"Yes."

"Then we'll bind him, place him comfortable, and leave him. After a few days we'll give the police a sly tip by a roundabout way and he will be found. It will create quite a stir, and I shall get a story which will do me a bit of good."

"It sounds easy—and I should like him out of the way for a day or two, to give me

time to replace the money I have borrowed.'

"Well, then, we'll fix it; if successful, and there's no reason why it shouldn't be, it will put us both right. Are you game?"

"Yes, I'm ready."

"When does Ritz come home?"

"To-night."

"Then the sooner we carry the scheme out the better. We'll do it to-night. You carry out your part; drug his drink and signal me; I'll find a car and wait till you let me know all is ready."

* * *

Karl Ritz returned home late in the evening, had dinner, and dismissing everyone, prepared for a quiet read and his last drink.

That drink was drugged. Wilson had done his part.

Ritz, sitting by the fire, reading a lamp at his side, quickly succumbed to the drug, and the two conspirators had no difficulty in carrying

out their arrangements. The millionaire was kidnapped, bundled into a motor car, and rushed off to a deserted house, where he was placed, securely bound, and left.

Bob got his story in the "News." It was a great scoop, and Reid was complimented by the chief. His position was assured, and progress made possible. Wilson, however, was very nervous. True, the respite was useful. He would be able to put matters straight; but he had fears. He was not elated like Bob Reid, and his was the right presentiment. His chum got a rude shock late that afternoon.

He was talking in the outer office with his confrères, talking about his great scoop,



"The millionaire was kidnapped and bundled into a motor car."

when a rather portly gentleman entered, followed by a police constable.

"Mr. Reid?" asked the rather portly gentleman.

"Yes, sir, I am Mr. Reid," answered Bob.

"Do you recognise this?" asked the stranger, producing a small notebook.

"Yes, it belongs to me; I had lost it."

"Do you remember where you lost it?"

"No, I'm afraid not."

"Well, I am Detective Smoles, and I must warn you. This morning, we received a mysterious message immediately after hearing Mr. Ritz was missing. Following instructions in that message we visited a deserted house outside the town. In the

attic we found a dead body—bound. It was the body of Mr. Ritz. This notebook was lying at his side."

Bob gave a gasp of horror.

"Dead—no; surely not dead. He was not dead when—"

he cried, stunned by the news.

"I must warn you again, for I must take you into custody.

"I can explain exactly—everything. But not here. I will come with you," said Bob eagerly, if shakily.

Bob asked the detective to go to Ritz's house with him, and the officer acquiesced. There Tom Wilson, who collapsed almost at the sight of the police constable, was interviewed. The two young fellows told the detective their side of the story, omitting nothing down to the merest detail of the reason for the kidnapping.

They so impressed the detective that he decided on a piece of risky strategy—the

strategy known in the United States as the "Third Degree."

The brother of the dead man was telegraphed for. But he was not allowed to enter the house or be seen. When he arrived he was met by the detective, who explained all the circumstances of the crime and sought his assistance.

"First of all, Mr. Ritz, I want you to shave off your beard and make yourself up as near as possible like your brother," said the detective. "The story those boys have told me is too clear and explicit for one to believe it to be anything but the truth."

"And what have I to do with the unraveling of this mystery?" queried the dead man's

brother, who was extraordinarily like Karl, except for the beard.

"You will see presently. Undoubtedly the murder was committed by someone who saw and knew a deal. Perhaps someone in your

brother's household. We shall see. I want you to enter the house without being seen; after shaving, sit in your brother's chair as if you were at home—in fact, act as your brother, and await developments. We shall be at hand, hidden, but watching."

When dusk came on the millionaire's brother, now clean-shaven and easily to be mistaken for the dead man, was smuggled into the house and dressed in some clothing which made him a perfect double of his brother. Then he was placed in his brother's favourite chair and left alone—though the detective and the two boys were hidden behind curtains.

Time passed without development, but



"In the attic we found a dead body—bound."

presently the butler came slipping into the room. At first he noticed nothing. The hidden men held their breath. Was this perhaps the murderer?

Then a shriek burst from the butler's lips as he turned his eyes on the chair and saw whom he might have thought to be his dead master.

The poor wretch gibbered and crouched back as the figure in the chair rose and pointed an accusing finger at him.

"No, no," he screamed. "I didn't name to do it—indeed I didn't."

This was enough for the detective and the other watchers. They rushed on the cowering fellow and held him fast.

"All right, I will confess," he cried, seeing that he had been outwitted and had revealed his guilt.

"I didn't mean to do it. I swear I had no intention of killing him, but I was mad and I smashed his head on the floor in my rage."

He told further how he had seen the two young fellows take the millionaire out of the house and into a motor car, how he had followed and entered the deserted house after they had placed the inanimate form inside and left. Then he crept in and up to the attic. His master was regaining consciousness and he offered to release him if he would pay a large ransom. It was the

money he wanted. He wished his master no harm, but when he refused his demand he became enraged. He made the demand again, and still the millionaire refused to listen. This made him mad, and seizing the bound form by the throat he smashed his head on the floor. The millionaire never moved again; and horror-stricken and in fear, he, the butler, flew from the place and endeavoured to cover up all traces of his guilt. When he saw the well-known form in the chair he thought it was his master's ghost, and broke down in terror.

The butler's confession was sufficient for the detective. The wretched fellow was taken to answer for his crime.

The last thing the detective had to say to the two young fellows who had placed themselves in such a terrible position was:

"Cut yourselves away from the frivolities you have been accustomed to—they have brought you within shadow of the gallows. Had this man not confessed perhaps you would have paid the penalty of his crime. And all because you could not realise the serious side of life. Take my advice, alter your ways, and thank your lucky stars for your escape."

Bob Reid and Tom Wilson took the advice. They do not play cards and revel now. They are serious men.

Telephones: { 5794 } Victoria.
 { 4836 }

All remittances should be addressed to H.R.H. The Prince of Wales, Buckingham Palace. These and other letters to the Fund need not be stamped.

National Relief Fund.

Treasurer—H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

Joint Secretaries: } C. Arthur Pearson.
 } Hedley F. Le Bas.
 } Sir Frederick Ponsonby, K.C.V.O., C.B.

YORK HOUSE,

ST. JAMES'S PALACE, S.W.

To the Editor.

Dear Sir,

We regret to say that the Subscription Sub-Committee of the National Relief Fund has heard of a good many cases in which use has been made of its name, or of the names of those connected with it, with the object of securing support for appeals which are quite unauthorised.

We hope you will be so good as to permit the appearance of this letter, the object of which is to inform your readers that they may be assured that any extravagant or grotesque appeals emanate from persons who have neither the authorisation nor the support of this Committee.

Yours faithfully,

C. ARTHUR PEARSON.
HEDLEY F. LE BAS.
FREDERICK PONSONBY.

*Joint Secretaries, Subscription Sub-Committee,
National Relief Fund.*

August 24th, 1914.

The Spirit and the Clay.

*From the VITAGRAPH Photoplay by Mrs. Hartman Breuil.
Adapted by Bruce McCall.*

CAST.

Paul (as a young boy)	PAUL KELLY
Paul (older)	DARWIN KARR
Marie (as a young girl)	AUDREY BERRY
Marie (older)	NAOMI CHILDERS
Galton	Mr. KIMBALL
Emil	REX HITCHCOCK
Gordon	GEORGE STEVENS
Paul's Parents	WILLIAM SHEA and KATE PRICE
Director	CAPTAIN HARRY LAMBART

CONCLUDING INSTALMENT.



AUL, absorbed in his work, scarcely noticed Doctor Gordon's departure, and his patron's passionate outburst fell on deaf ears. With the utter selfishness of genius he

had thoughts only for his art, and regarded everything and everybody only from one point of view—as helps or hindrances to the work into which he had thrown his whole being. Even his love for Marie had disappeared, or at any rate been thrust into the background. She was no longer his wife, the object of his heart's affection, to be tenderly cherished and protected; she was merely a model, indispensable to the successful accomplishment of his work. His anxiety on account of her health had passed completely from his mind. He forgot that he had written to his father telling him that Marie was coming home and that she must have absolute rest; and he imposed upon her the most fatiguing task possible—to stand for hours at a time posing for the statue which he was convinced was to make him famous as one of the world's greatest sculptors. He accepted her devotion without question or scruple, never giving so much as a passing thought to the nobility of her self-sacrifice.

And Marie, in her great love for him, did not breathe a word of complaint. Hers was the love which gives itself utterly to the loved one, neither asking nor expecting reward. She knew that the work was

killing her, and the one desire of her heart was that the end might not come before Paul had finished the model.

The strain was frightful, and the pain at her heart got steadily worse and harder to bear. Her self-control was wonderful—heroic. Her great fear was that she would not be able to hide from Paul the agony she was suffering, and she summoned all her energies to preserve a calm and unmoved exterior, which was only disturbed at intervals when Paul's eyes were turned for a few brief moments from his living model to the work growing under his hands. Often at such times she swayed and seemed about to fall, but she always made the supreme effort and stood calm and composed when her husband's eyes fell upon her again.

It was a wonderful little work of art Paul was creating, instinct with genius in every line. Simple in conception even to austerity, it had an arresting beauty: and though it was only a model, one could see that on a greater scale it would be a nobly impressive work.

Paul himself was delighted with it. He insisted that Marie should admire it, and in this she never failed him. Her praise was honey to him, and he never guessed that the hours through which she stood on the pedestal were for her a long-drawn-out agony. He would have gone on working without cessation if he could have done so and he grudged the time for necessary food and repose. As for Marie, so enfeebled and

exhausted was she by the close of her daily ordeal, that each evening she thought it impossible to return to it on the following day. And every morning her love and devotion won a new triumph.

face was very grave, very sorrowful, as with uplifted hand he said :

"She was very brave. I honour her. She has gone to her rest."

Paul stood a moment or two in silence,



"His face was blanched with a terrible fear."

So the tragedy went forward without a halt, inexorably. Paul was a quick worker. In three days he had completed his model, and Marie's terrible ordeal was over.

Paul stood back to admire his work. "There," he said, "it's finished. Come here and tell me what you think of it."

He was not looking at his wife. She took a half-step forward, tried to smile; then her face was contorted in agony, she put one hand to her heart, swayed a moment, and fell with a crash upon the floor of the studio.

Paul was by her side in an instant, his arms were round her. His face was blanched with a terrible fear.

"Marie!" he called frantically. "Marie!"

But the loving eyes were closed and no answer came.

Then, laying her tenderly down, Paul rushed out of the studio to summon Dr. Gordon. In a few minutes he returned with him.

A very brief examination sufficed. Dr. Gordon spared him all reproachment. His

clasping and unclasping his hands, his face working painfully. Then he said in a strange, hoarse whisper :

"Dead! My Marie dead! And I've killed her. God forgive me!"

He fell upon his knees and pressed passionate kisses on the still, white face.

* * *

Paul was bowed down with the weight of his sorrow and bitter self-reproach. The realisation of what he had done had been overwhelming. He saw now, when it was too late, how utterly selfish and cruel he had been. Marie's face, as she lay there in the studio, white and still, was always before his eyes. He could not shut out the sight, and he felt himself a murderer, a monster who had killed his wife with callous, calculating cruelty. He shunned all human companionship, and sat day after day in the studio, brooding

Since the day of Marie's funeral he had not seen the model which had been the cause of the tragedy. It had been removed from

the studio, and he did not inquire by whom.

He felt that he hated it. Then one day he received a letter stating that his model for the statue of Fame had been awarded the prize, and that he was commissioned to undertake the work.

For a moment he was puzzled, but after a while concluded that Mr. Galton or Dr. Gordon had sent the model to the committee. But it did not matter now. Nothing mattered. Marie was dead; he had killed her. There was neither work nor happiness in life for him any more; only bitter grief and remorse. He crumpled the letter and let it fall. Tears sprang to his eyes, and groping his way blindly to a chair he sat down burying his face in his hands, his frame shaking with heavy sobs.

It was so that Mr. Galton found him, and after vainly trying to persuade him to put aside his grief and find solace in his work, the good-hearted director went away to Dr. Gordon, to whom he gave such an account of Paul's state as to induce him to make an immediate call at the studio.

When the doctor entered with Mr. Galton, Paul was sitting listlessly in the chair, on his face an expression of dull, hopeless misery! In response to their greetings he gave them an indifferent "good morning," betraying no interest as to the object of their visit.

Dr. Gordon and the director exchanged glances, and then the former, ignoring Paul's manner, said:

"I've called to congratulate you, Mr. Ferrier. Mr. Galton tells me you have been commissioned to do the statue. It's a fine success for so young a man. It means success, fame—but there, I always believed in you."

Paul looked at him queerly. "It doesn't matter now," he said. "I shan't do the work—I can't."

"Oh, come," was the reply, "that's childish. Of course you've had a heavy blow; we all feel for you; but you're too much of a man to knock under. Grieving won't bring back the past. You must work, man, work—that's your salvation."

Paul shook his head. "It's no good. My career is ended. I shall never know peace of mind again."

Dr. Gordon turned aside to Mr. Galton. "We must do something," he said in a low voice. "This brooding is the worst thing possible for him. Unless we can persuade him to work and get him interested

in it I fear he will lose his reason. Can you suggest anything?"

Mr. Galton looked thoughtful. "Well," he said, "there's the model for the statue. The committee sent it back this morning. The sight of it might arouse him."

"Good. We can try it at any rate. Let's have it brought in."

Mr. Galton went out and presently reappeared with two or three of the students who had been Paul's particular friends. They brought with them the model.

Paul recognised it with something like a shudder. It seemed to bring all the pain and tragedy back again. He turned his back upon it, but Dr. Gordon put a hand on his shoulder.

"It's painful to you at first, of course," he said; "it is natural that it should be; but you must be strong and brave. You owe something to the world, you know, and you must not rob it of your talent."

Dr. Gordon's urging was seconded by Mr. Galton, and the students too joined in, begging Paul to undertake the work and not to spoil his career.

"We are all so proud of you, Paul," Mr. Galton put in. "Don't disappoint us now. Work, my boy, and forget your sorrow."

They left him then, and he sat for some time thinking over all they had said. At last he rose, got his materials together, and began to work. But he could not concentrate his attention. His heart was not in his task. Without the inspiration of the living Marie he soon found it impossible to continue. He surveyed with disgust what he had already done, and in a fit of childish irritation was about to destroy it ruthlessly when something stayed his hand. Something! It seemed to him that he heard his wife's voice calling softly, "Paul."

His heart seemed for an instant to stand still, then beat hard and fast. He turned slowly to the pedestal on which Marie had formerly stood for so many weary hours. She was there! It was Marie, composed and erect, in the familiar pose, with arms outstretched, in flowing classic robe, her face calm and serene.

He started forward, but something—her stillness and impassivity, perhaps something ethereal about her, arrested his steps. He realised that she was nothing earthly, and turned quickly to his bench and began to work with feverish haste, as though he knew

he must not waste a moment.

He worked on and on like one possessed. There was no sign of weariness in his model now. Not till daylight waned, and shadows were creeping into the studio, did he cease his labours. Reluctantly he rose from his bench, and then, hesitating, and with a strange look in his eyes, he moved towards Marie, with yearning arms held out.

As he approached she smiled and was gone. The pedestal was vacant. He was alone in the studio—alone with a memory.

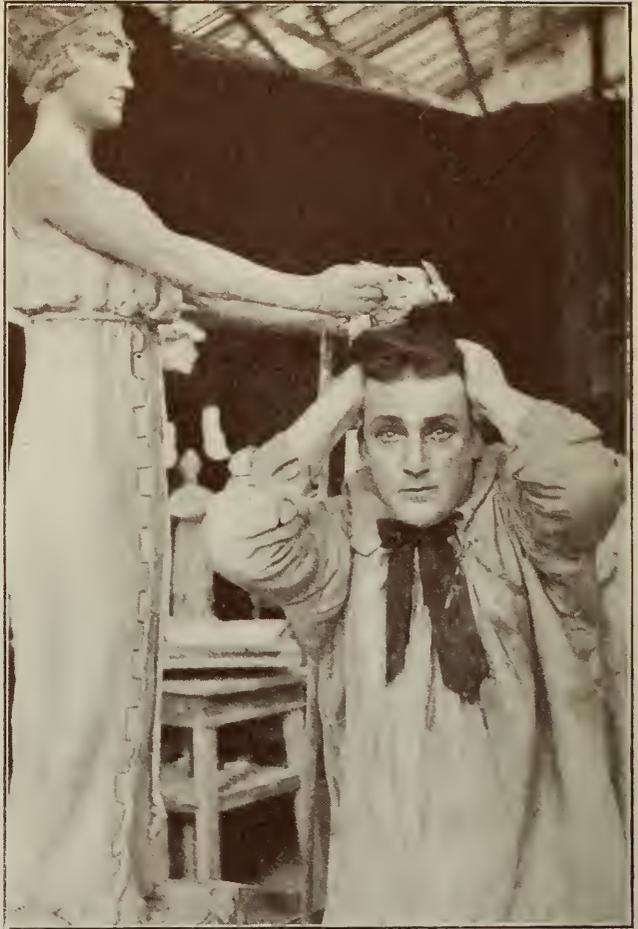
Paul stood a moment, still with that curious look in his eyes, gazing at the place where she had been. Then, letting his arms fall with a weary gesture, he turned heavily away.

On the following day the miracle was repeated, and Paul worked without intermission as long as daylight lasted. Always as he rose from his bench she vanished. Day after day Marie appeared with unfailing regularity. The statue was taking shape, growing into the thing of beauty that Paul had imagined. His face grew worn and old-looking, the wild look in his eyes grew wilder, but he worked day after day as though endowed with a strength that was super-human.

For some days his friends left him alone, hoping that he had taken their kindly-meant advice. The fact that he never seemed to go outside the house, however, at last began to cause them serious anxiety, and Dr. Gordon and Mr. Galton one day decided to pay him another visit. They entered the studio in the afternoon, and found Paul hard at work. He showed no pleasure at seeing them, and returned only surly answers to their salutations.

Both were astonished at the progress which Paul had made with the work.

"My dear boy," said Galton, "it's wonderful; it will be a masterpiece. Don't you think so, Gordon? How on earth has he



"He realised that she was nothing earthly."

managed to do so much work in the time?"

Dr. Gordon did not answer. He was looking at Paul. His face was very serious.

"See here, young man," he said, at last, "you're working too hard. You'll make yourself ill, or——" He did not finish the sentence, and after a pause he added, "You must give yourself a rest. Come now, put away your tools; you've done enough for to-day."

Paul looked up impatiently, almost angrily.

"I can't stop," he said. "Don't you understand? I must work while my model is here."

Dr. Gordon started. "Your model! Where? What do you mean?"

Paul threw out a hand, savagely. "Why, there she is—Marie! Can't you see her? She comes every day. She won't stay much longer. Go away and leave us—do you

hear?" he cried angrily. "Go away! You are hindering my work."

"But, my dear Paul," said Galton, soothingly, "there's nobody here but ourselves. You're overwrought."

Paul paid no heed, and the two visitors gazed at one another in consternation. Then, talking together in low tones, they went out of the studio. When Paul looked up again he was alone, and the pedestal was vacant.

"Curse them!" he muttered. "They've frightened her. She will never come again."

The thought sent him into a frenzy, and he raged up and down the studio, cursing Galton and Gordon for their interference.

The work was nearing completion. Some time to-morrow it would have been finished; and now they had spoilt everything. He ground his teeth in furious rage.

The daily wonder of Marie's reappearance had had a curious effect upon him. Though, when she first came, he had known that she was a vision merely, conjured up by his imagination and his great need of her, he had now grown so accustomed to seeing her in her place in the studio that he had come

to feel that she was indeed his wife, restored to him in a mysterious manner—why, he could not understand. The facts that she always eluded him, vanishing when he made any movement in her direction; that she never spoke to him after the first time, and never gave any sign of recognition beyond a tender, wistful smile, did nothing to shake this belief of his, which had grown stronger as the days went by. Now the agitation caused by the visit of Galton and Dr. Gordon, and his belief that they had frightened Marie away for ever, was too much for him in his enfeebled, overwrought condition. If Dr. Gordon had seen him as he raged up and down the studio he would have known that what he feared had already come to pass.

That knowledge, however, was not long withheld from him. After dinner that evening, Dr. Gordon, with Mr. Galton and one or two young people, friends and fellow-students of the young sculptor, were sitting talking in the drawing-room, when Paul rushed in. He was still wearing his working overall, and they looked in alarm at his contorted face and wild, staring eyes. He



"On his face an expression of dull, hopeless misery."

stopped as they rose, and Dr. Gordon, who took in the situation at a glance, began to speak soothingly.

"Why, Paul, my dear fellow, we are just——"

"Marie!" Ferrier interrupted fiercely. "My wife! Where is she? What have you done with her? You've taken her from me, curse you!"

Galton gave an exclamation, but Dr. Gordon answered kindly but firmly, "Calm yourself, my dear boy. You must not excite yourself. Sit down and let us talk it over."

Paul paid no heed. Brushing the doctor aside with a snarl, he dashed at the mantel-shelf, seized the bust which Dr. Gordon had brought from him months before, and hurled it to the floor, smashing it into a hundred fragments.

Mr. Galton and the doctor rushed at him, securing his arms. but now his fury seemed to have expended itself, and he suffered himself to be led quietly to a chair. He sat there, staring straight before him, a look of horror in his eyes, as though he saw some dreadful thing. When they spoke to him he made no answer, perhaps, did not even hear what they said. Dr. Gordon left the room, returning presently with a glass of some liquid.

"Drink this, Paul," he said, quietly.

Mechanically the young man reached out his hand for the glass and was about to put it to his lips, when his madness returned.

"No!" he shouted. "I won't drink it! It's poison — poison! I know. You've taken Marie away, and now you want to kill me!"

His voice rose to a scream, horrible to hear. He sprang up and dashed the glass down at his feet.

"I want my wife," he shouted "Marie! Marie! Where are you?" Before they could stop him he had rushed out of the room and out of the house.

Dr. Gordon and Galton, following him home as fast as they could, found the studio door locked against them. To their repeated knocking and entreaties that he would let them in, he replied rationally enough. He was all right, he said, and they could come again to-morrow. He would not open the door now. With that they had to be content, and they went away somewhat easier in mind.

All that night Paul did not close his eyes.

When the first gleams of daylight entered the studio he determined to try to work on his beloved statue. All his memory of what had happened on the previous night had passed from his mind, and he found himself wondering whether Marie would indeed return. Without her, he knew, the work would never be finished. Would she come? He was bending over the bench when there came a sound as soft as a sigh.

"Paul!"

He straightened himself with a jerk. She stood there again on the pedestal, and she smiled at him.

"For the last time, Paul," she whispered.

He nodded happily, and began to work at once. In a couple of hours he had finished, and surveyed his work with pride. And, indeed, it was a thing to be proud of. Paul's whole soul at the moment was full of the pride of the artist, of the creator. Always his wife had been second to that, and she was second now. She stood looking at him, with a smile in which tenderness, love and pity were blended. She had given her life for him, and his need of her had called her spirit even from the world where spirits dwell. Now her self-sacrifice was consummated and she could go.

At last Paul looked up, and some realisation of the tremendous debt he owed her came upon him. He held out his arms.

"Marie," he murmured, "my wife," and took a step towards her. But as he advanced she glided away from him, slowly, as though floating in the air, towards the statue. He stopped, and as he gazed, still with outstretched arms, she reached it, was merged in it. Statue and model were one.

For several minutes Paul stood there, staring at the plaster figure into which it seemed to him to have entered in very truth. He was as one dazed by the wonder of it. Then, recovering, he walked unsteadily to the statue, and began to caress its cold, plaster face, which, as it seemed to him, Marie's tender, loving smile yet lingered. He spoke to it softly, crooning words of incoherent tenderness.

The door opened quietly, and Dr. Gordon came in. He drew himself up sharply and caught his breath. Mr. Galton, who was following him, also stopped, and the two men gazed at the pitiful, tragic spectacle.

"Poor fellow, poor fellow," muttered Dr. Gordon. Then he walked across the room and put a hand gently on Paul's shoulder.

"Come, Paul," he said, "your work is finished now. May Galton and I see it?"

Paul turned and said quietly enough, but with a queer note in his voice: "She came back to me this morning. She's here, in this clay. I have found her, and with the warmth of my kisses will restore her to life." And he kissed the statue passionately.

While Dr. Gordon was wondering what to say or do, a number of students came trooping into the studio. The sound of their voices roused Paul. He stood a moment or two glaring at them with a face of fury, and the look in his eyes was that of a wounded beast at bay. Suddenly he sprang to a chair, seized it with a shout, and swung it above his head. As he dashed forward they fled before him in terror. Dr. Gordon and Mr. Galton were the last to go, and when he had banged the door upon them Paul went back to the statue.

Outside Dr. Gordon and Mr. Galton held a consultation, and decided that the removal of the statue was the only chance of saving Paul's reason, if indeed it was not already too late. They laid their plans, and after a time again entered the studio. Dr. Gordon carried a decanter of wine and a glass. The wine was drugged.

Paul was seated in a chair. The paroxysm of madness was over for the time, but he looked at them suspiciously.

"Paul," said Dr. Gordon steadily, "I want you to drink this; it will do you good."

He poured some of the wine into a glass and held it out to Paul, who hesitated, then took the glass and drank off the contents.

Dr. Gordon watched him keenly. He began to talk very slowly, yawned in the middle of the sentence, became incoherent, and presently his eyes closed and he fell

back in the chair unconscious.

"That's all right," said Dr. Gordon. "Now let's get this thing away before he comes round."

Mr. Galton opened the door and admitted half a dozen workmen, who prepared to remove the statue. The drug, however, was not so potent as Dr. Gordon had imagined. The commotion made by the workmen aroused Paul; he stirred, opened his eyes and gave a swift glance about the room. Dr. Gordon and Mr. Galton attempted to restrain him, but with a wild cry he thrust them aside and threw himself upon the statue. Claspng his arms about it in a frenzy he began to push it before him to the open window of the studio, looking back at them over his shoulder as he did so. By the time they realised what the madman meant to do he was at the window. Gordon and Galton sprang forward together, but too late.

"Marie, Marie, I'm coming!" he cried triumphantly, and sculptor and statue disappeared, crashing to the pavement below.

It seemed an age before anybody moved in the room. They were overcome with the horror of the thing. At last Dr. Gordon leaned from the window and looked fearfully down. Paul lay there quite still in the moonlight. All around him were the fragments of the statue which was to have made him famous.

As Dr. Gordon gazed, it seemed to him that out of the ruins there arose a gracious and most beautiful vision. It was as though the shattered statue had come to life. A fair and queenly woman stood there beckoning to Paul.

He looked very peaceful when they found him, and about his lips there was a happy smile.

OUR EDITOR WITH THE COLOURS.

Overflowing with enthusiasm for the "cause," our Editor, Mr. Fred J. Jones, last month laid down the pen for the rifle, having responded to his country's call.

Looking like an heroic picture-actor in his khaki uniform, this worthy son of Mars one morning bade farewell—only temporarily we trust to his colleagues, the young ladies of the staff almost yielding to tears; and now, instead of potting picture plays, he is out for "potting" the enemy.

We hope the record of his noble deeds (and reproductions of his numerous medals?) will occupy more than a four-page supplement in some future number, and if that should fortunately be the case, our regrets at his departure will not have been in vain. Readers of "PICTURE STORIES MAGAZINE" will, we feel sure, confirm the parting cheers we gave him on their behalf, as well as a few lusty ones of our own in wishing him *bon voyage*.

The latest news is that he is "going strong."

The Shepherd.

Adapted from the VICTOR Drama by Owen Garth.

Out in the West life is a big gamble on the rolling plains, an exciting gamble in which chance plays the greater part. Wild, sturdy men of primitive passions: men who live for the day and discount the morrow; violent, gentle, rugged, kindly men, whose life is all a romance of struggle and fight—these are of whom the story treats. It tells of the hatred of cattlemen for sheepmen, and the sacrifice of a boy for his mother's sake. It is a hard combat against pride, and the good in the fellow eventually wins. An outcast, humiliated by his erstwhile companions, he still has the love of his mother and his sweetheart to support him in his hour of trial—and that love leads him aright in the end.



JEFF ALBRIGHT let his head sink on his arms. The dimly lit room, Albright's special den in the ranch house, was solemnly still. The grey head of the rancher never stirred.

He was dreaming—a sad far-away dream of the old days when his bonny wife, Madeline, filled the house and the surrounding country with sunlight and merry laughter. He had been happy in those days, as happy as a man could be; but the time came when Madeline's spirit began to droop, the loneliness of the vast valley, far removed from town or city, only inhabited by rough ranchmen, palled on her; she hankered after the gayer life, the city from whence she had come; and one evil night she had slipped away with her baby boy back to the city—no doubt she had gone back there, to live another life under another name, but Jeff could never find her, and the years since had been a dreary period of mourning, marked by whitening hair and a soured temper.

Would she ever come back? Perhaps she was dead! Jeff had little hope—and he was weary, weary of life without Madeline.

With a sudden movement Jeff Albright

threw off the burden which weighed him down, and jumping to his feet, turned out the light and sought his couch.

* * *

A thin streak of light sprang up over the eastern hills and spread rapidly round the border line of the range; red fire followed in its wake, and soon the morning sun, vivid



Mr. J. Warren Kerrigan
in "The Shepherd."

and aggressive, burst into the world. It outlined a lonely rider on a distant spur of the hills, a horseman who sat motionless as a statue and gazed with eager appreciative eyes into the valley now awaking. Faintly borne to him came the lowing of the cattle, a small band of horsemen dashed out from the shelter of the low-roofed house, and the solitary rider, with a shout of glee, as if catching the exhilarating energy of the cattle-men, set spurs to his horse and clambered down the ridge.

It was Jack Albright following the call of his blood. He had left his mother in the city, had saddled up and ridden out into the West. Unwittingly he had stumbled on to his father's ranch, but he had no idea of his father, and it was unlikely, even in the event of their meeting, that their relationship would be revealed, for old Albright

had only seen his son as a baby, and was not given to talking to any one about his wife.

Jack Albright made straight for the house, intending to apply for a job, and almost dashed into a pretty girl as he came round the corner. His horsemanship was revealed in the way he pulled up his steed and saluted the lovely apparition before him. She was indeed fetching in her simple dress, and Jack experienced a slight flutter as he took in the lithe figure, the fresh tanned face, and the mass of rebellious curls.

"Good morning, Miss. I trust my sudden appearance did not frighten you?" he cried as the girl drew back a little. "Can you tell me if I can find the rancher here?"

"Yes, he is in the house," came the reply in a sad voice.

Anita Carew had reason to be sad. Her father, Buck Carew, one of the wildest cattlemen for miles around, and foreman on Albright's ranch, had just died. Anita had loved her father as the only person belonging to her, despite his rough wild ways, and now he had gone; she was alone, and broken-hearted. Save for the people at the ranch she had no friends—her world began and ended in that valley, and presumably the remainder of her days would be spent there, for Albright had made the house her home—and where else was she to go?

The sad voice touched Jack's impressionable heart. He would have endeavoured to sympathised with her there and then, but he had no right. His business was to obtain a job, and so replacing his hat he left Anita and rode up to the door of the house.

Carew's death had left a vacancy for a foreman. Jack's splendid manhood and his superior appearance appealed to old Albright, and before noon Jack Albright was in the strange position of being foreman to his father without either knowing their relationship.

Jack rarely met old Albright in the days



A Scene from the Film.

which followed, but he made a point of seeing Anita often. Sometimes they rode out into the hills together; friendship ripened into love, and one day Jack took his courage in his hands and asked her to be his wife.

The reply was just what one expects from a woman:

"But——!"

They were out in the hollow of the hills sheltered from a blazing sun by a few scrubby trees, which appeared to be punished for intruding themselves into a grass region.

"But what, dear? I love you—you love me—there's nothing simpler," said Jack.

"Yes, but have you considered? You know many girls in the town, girls who have position, perhaps money. Can you love and marry me knowing I am without anyone in the world, ignorant, poor and dependent, and without knowledge, except of the ranch?"

"Silly girl! What has that to do with it? I love you, Anita! Isn't that enough for everything?"

"Is it?"

There was no answer, for Anita was being kissed so passionately that to speak even in protest was impossible—but, as a matter of fact, Anita had no desire to protest. Later she wore a ring and the "boys" knew she was affianced to Jack.

* * *

The trouble came in a peculiar manner. Shepherders had come into the valley. What was more, the "boss" had posted up a notice outside the wayside saloon offering a fine price for a good foreman. The offer was tempting, but the cattle boys treated it with contempt, for if there is anything a ranchman detests and despises it is sheep and their tenders. A shepherd is a pariah, a thing for sneers and the butt of ridicule—to become a sheepman is to lose caste.

In this manner the notice outside the saloon was received. A crowd of boys gathered round and were "jollyng" each other when Jack strode into their midst.

"What's up, boys?" he cried in his jovial voice.

"Going t' be a sheepman, Jack?" came the chorus.

"A sheepman! There are no sheepmen here, surely."

"Sure there is. Look at this!" said one, pointing to the notice. Jack looked, and with a laugh he tore down the paper and went into the bar.

The next day a letter came for Jack from home. His mother was ill, she must undergo a serious operation and had not the money. If he could, would he help her?

The poor old mother—of course he would help her. But could he? At present he had not the money to send, and the need was pressing. She might die if help was not immediately forthcoming.

Jack groaned in his agony of fear.

A vision of his mother dying flashed through his head, to be succeeded by another—the notice offering a big price for a sheep foreman.

A shepherd! No, the degradation was too great. Anything but that. And yet—he must have the money, his mother must not die. She should not die if he could save her. Disgrace or no disgrace, contempt or not, he would try the sheep

foreman post. It was a sacrifice, but better anything than his mother to die.

* * *

Jack became the sheep foreman and the money he sent to his mother. He cut himself from all who honoured him, yet he saved her life. For weeks he had not seen Anita. What did she think of him now, a shepherd, whom every cattleman despised and distrusted? So thought Jack as he rode listlessly down to the saloon, his head drooping on his chest.

A group of boys watched him as he came up, and then turned their backs and walked off as he held out his hand. The cattlemen would have nothing to do with a shepherd, and more, were becoming enraged with the presence of the sheep.

Jack's head sank lower—the debasement was hard. If but one had spoken to him!

"Jack," said a soft voice at his elbow.

"Anita! Don't you despise me like the rest?" There was a harsh, bitter note in his voice.

"How could I, Jack? I feel it as much as you do. I wish I could soften the pain, dear. Won't you trust me? Don't you love me still?"

"Love you, you darling, yes and for ever. Now I can go on. Now I know you feel the same to me it doesn't matter about the others."

And the shepherd went back, with his heart uplifted and his head no longer drooping, to find a message from his mother saying she had recovered and was coming to stay with him awhile. This again lightened his heart—he felt he had in the support of these two women strength to go forward in the face of any adversity.

* * *

But the cattlemen had not finished with him yet. Their hatred of the 'sheepmen' grew in intensity as the thousands of sheep came down on the rich pasture, cropping where the grass was sweetest. Isolated attacks on the herders began to take place. Jack had his hands full to control affairs. He was riding out one evening when cries in the distance attracted him. Spurring in the direction of the sounds, he came upon a couple of cattlemen rounding up and driving off the sheep, while others were attacking the herder. He drove straight at them, putting the aggressors to flight by his determined action.

"Guess we'll 'ave to quit this country,

foreman," said the battered herder, as he rose to his feet.

"Quit nothing," said Jack, the light of battle in his dark eye. "I tell you if anyone quits, 'twill be those yonder."

"Reckon they'll try to drive us out anyway."

"Let them try. We should be able to hold our own. We're going to hold on, I tell you."

"Well, look out, that's all—they mean trouble."

Trouble they were concocting. The routed cattlemen went back with a tale to old Albright of the attack made on them by Jack, and a hurried council of war decided that the sheepmen were to be swept from the range.

A message to this effect was sent to Jack, the ultimatum giving him till the next evening to clear out, lock, stock and barrel. He received it as he was waiting and watching at the door of his hut for the arrival of his mother.

* * *

It was dusk on the evening that Jack had to leave or be turned off the ranch. A hum of excitement was apparent at the Albright ranch and a number of horsemen saddled up and set out, led by old Jeff Albright himself. Anita, who had heard of the ultimatum, watched the proceedings with misgiving.

What if he should refuse to leave and they shot him? For they certainly would shoot if there was any resistance. Fearful for her lover, she determined to warn him of approaching danger. A daring rider, no sooner had the idea entered her head than she jumped on her favourite mount and galloped off by a circuitous route to warn Jack of the cattlemen's intentions. Picking her way courageously in the growing darkness, she was able to reach her lover's hut ahead of the cattlemen. She dismounted behind the tiny wooden house and listened. Voices could be heard inside, one her lover's, one—a woman's! What could it mean? She—but she had no time to think—the cattlemen were coming up to the door, and in giving way to suspicions she had failed in her mission. It was too late to try and warn Jack now. The cattlemen, revolvers in hand, were at the door.

Old Jeff Albright dismounted and thundering at the door, demanded that the sheepman should come out,

"Come out and clear out, you sheepman," he cried.

There was no answer. The two persons inside had risen to their feet, the one prepared with his revolver to defend himself, the other in amazement and surprise.

"That voice," she muttered. "Jack, that is your father's voice. Who is it, boy?"

"It's a cattleman, mother dear, a cattleman who has allowed himself to be persuaded by a gang of cowards whom I licked the other day," he said, raising his voice so that those outside might hear.

Jack walked to the door and flung it open as the old man began thundering his threat again.

"You've got to clear out sharp," yelled Jeff Albright, as he saw Jack framed in the doorway. "Sharp, d'ye hear?"



A Scene from the Film.

We're a crowd and our guns are ready. We're not going to have any hanged sheep-man on this range. Clear out!"

"Jeff!" A cry of joy came from the old woman. "Jeff—my Jeff."

"Madeline—you! What are you doing in this sheepman's hut?"

"The sheepman's your son, Jeff, our son, our little Jack."

"What!" shrieked the old man, amazed in his turn.

"Yes, Jeff, my boy, our Jack." She was

A FILM adaptation of E. Phillips Oppenheim's novel, "The Master Mummer," will be produced by the Edison Company, and Mary Fuller will appear in the triple role of Princess Isobel, her daughter and cousin. Mr. Oppenheim is a well-known writer of fiction who possesses a very admirable gift of telling stories of absorbing interest and constructing ingenious plots in which are woven attractive characters. The production will be given in five reels.

MISS LILIAN GISH, of the Majestic Company, is a young woman who believes in using every spare moment of her time to the best possible advantage. She is a keen student of literature, with Shakespeare and Tennyson among her chief favourites. When she leaves her home each morning Miss Gish always carries one or more books tucked under her arm. As she waits in her dressing-room at the studio or about the stage waiting the call of the director to play her part before the camera she applies herself diligently to her work of reading. The writings of the average popular shallow novelist have no place in her affections.

DONALD CRISP is one of the most versatile of the actors associated with the Reliance stock companies. He plays anything from the youthful hero to the villain, and makes an equally good Western sheriff or convincing sailor or society man. Mr. Crisp was for some years with Cohan & Harris, appearing in "The Yankee Prince," "The Little Millionaire," and other productions of that organisation. He worked with D. W. Griffith at the Biograph Co. before joining the Reliance, and has appeared in "The Battle of the Sexes," "The Escape," "Home, Sweet Home," and other of the big "Griffith" features, in parts of widely varying characters. He finds time to produce films as well as to act, and "The Newer Woman," one of his productions for Reliance, will be shortly shown in London.

appealing now. "I have been ill, Jeff; he has done this to save my life."

Cattle feuds were forgotten in the joy of reunion. For Jeff—his Madeline had come back to him. And there was his son, this fine, daring specimen of humanity—a chip of the old block. Anita crept into Jack's arms as his mother sank her head on her husband's shoulder, and it was a wondering band of cowboys who wandered back to the Albright ranch house that night.

MANAGER JOSEPH SHEAR, of Solax and Blaché Features, has returned from Mexico with Director Harry Schenck, and a large company of Solax players, including Miss Vinnie Burns. Miss Burns proudly exhibits a bullet which ploughed up the ground within three feet of her, passing between her horse and the horse of Mr. Schenck, who rode beside her.

The company entered Mexico by way of Eagle Pass, Texas, and made their way under a strong guard furnished by General Francisco Murguia, of Villa's army to Monclova. They not only succeeded in getting motion pictures of the Battle of Monclova, but also several hundred feet of film showing the departure of trains loaded with troops bound for Mexico City, where the decisive battle of the war is in preparation. The stories they tell of the terrible sights they were compelled to witness easily explains the fact that no other motion picture company has ventured into the same locality.

CONSTANCE BENNETT, who plunged into the icy waters of the East River from the Williamsburg Bridge, for the Blaché feature, "Fighting Death," has also qualified as the first woman steeplejack by climbing to the gilded ball on the top of the Equitable Trust Building, New York City.

Although still in her teens, Miss Bennett, who is a pupil of Rodman Law, the pastmaster of daredevilry, has probably performed more hair-raising feats than any woman in the world's history. In the four-reel picture, "Fighting Death," she is seen in two of her most sensational performances—the leap from the great bridge, in which she was accompanied by Rodman Law, and the plunge on horseback from a 58-foot cliff into the ice-fringed waters of Ausable Chasm.

The perils of the horseback leap were increased by the fact that the horse bore two riders—Miss Bennett and Rodman Law—and the thermometer registered zero.

¶ We have secured from the Jesse L. Lasky Feature Play Company, of New York, the exclusive British rights for insertion of their pictures in novelette form in the "Picture Stories Magazine."

The public are not yet familiar with the above Company's productions, but we assure our readers of their sterling value.

We commence with "Brewster's Millions," which will be followed by many others of equal merit.—*Ed.*

Brewster's Millions.

THE ROMANCE OF SPENDING A MILLION DOLLARS.

*Adapted from the Photoplay Production of the JESSE L. LASKY
Feature Play Company by Edna Rose Cox.*

EDWARD ABELES AS "MONTY BREWSTER."

INSTALMENT I.

CHAPTER I.

MONTY BREWSTER was a bank clerk. There were those who said that he wasn't much of a bank clerk, and that if his grandfather had not been president of the bank he would have had to get out and look for another job, with fair prospects of landing in the street-cleaning department. But, as a matter of fact, he was a perfectly good clerk, and he managed to do his work and enjoy life as well. Some time, it was generally understood, Monty was going to be rich. Obviously, however, that time was not to come in the lifetime of old Edwin Peter Brewster. But Monty did not let that worry him.

He was on terms of friendship, but not of intimacy, with his grandfather. Too easy-going to cherish resentment, Monty still could not quite forget that his grandfather had never forgiven his father for his marriage—that Monty's mother had not been considered good enough to marry into the Brewster family. So, though he might have been able to live with the old man and enjoy a good many of the luxuries of life, he preferred to go his own way and live on the small salary that the bank paid him.

It is well to get an idea of Monty at this time. Picture him just about to celebrate his twenty-fifth birthday; not bad looking; easy-going and careless in his views; always ready to take the path of least resistance.

Nothing worried him, because he would not allow anything to have that effect on him. In short, he was a good deal like a great many thousand young fellows of his age.

A common bond had endeared him especially to one group of young fellows. They had formed a club, of a sort, and they called themselves the "Little Sons of the Rich." All of them were poor; all of them had prospects. These prospects were indefinite, like Monty's. His grandfather had no other heir, but, as Monty used to say, "You never can tell—he's just as likely to leave his money to a home for indigent cats."

This was the Monty Brewster, then, who was helped to celebrate his twenty-fifth birthday by the other Little Sons of the Rich. They all liked him. Therefore they were glad that he had a birthday. And fate so willed affairs that it was just as the feast was about to end that an old servant came to Monty with the news that his grandfather was dead.

It is a fitting moment at which to begin the story of Monty Brewster and his millions. For the old man's death removed Monty from the class of those who had prospects. No longer had he to look forward to a distant day when he might be wealthy. For a considerable part of the old man's fortune, a million dollars, was left to him, without restrictions of any sort. It was his to do with as he liked. He was no longer a Little Son of the Rich—he was rich himself.

Nor had he to wait indefinitely for the



“‘Seven million dollars!’ Monty said. ‘Good Heavens! it makes my million look like chicken-feed.’”

money while legal tangles were straightened out. On the twenty-sixth of September, three days after his birthday, the executor for the estate handed him a bulky envelope that still seemed ridiculously small, for it contained securities of the most gilt-edged sort, to the total value of one million dollars.

CHAPTER II.

I SIMPLY can't believe it, Peggy—there isn't so much money in the world!”

So said Monty Brewster. He was talking to Peggy Gray. In some sort a relation, she was more—she was Monty's dearest friend. He had lived most of his life with the Grays. Mrs. Gray had mothered him after the death of his own parents, and he and Peggy had grown up together like brother and sister. Now he was back, for a visit, in the house that had been his home. Since his grandfather's death he had been staying in the gloomy old house in Fifth Avenue; getting back to the Grays' was like a breath of country air.

“You'll soon convince yourself that there is, Monty,” laughed Peggy. “I only hope—Monty, don't be angry. But mother and I have worried a little—we couldn't help it.

You're not going to spend your money foolishly, are you—as so many young fellows do when they grow rich as suddenly as this?”

“I'm going to have a good time!” said Monty, with determination. “If that's foolish, why, I'm going to be foolish! But, no, Peggy—I'm not going to be just a waster, if that's what you mean. And I can tell you the first thing I'm going to do—I'm going to see that you and your mother get some enjoyment, too! That's one reason I'm so glad. Peggy! What's the matter with you?”

There were tears in her eyes.

“I knew you were going to say something like that—we both did,” she answered. “But, Monty, dear, can't you see that we mustn't take anything from you?”

“Why not, I'd like to know?”

“Monty—we just can't! We've never let anyone help us—we've always taken a pride in getting along by ourselves. We've got to keep on doing that.”

“It's absurd,” he said, after a moment.

But his arguments failed to move her, and, moreover, she made him promise not even to mention the subject to her mother.

“Well—I'll do as you say,” he yielded at last, grumbling. “But I think it's mighty

small business, Peggy! Here I've been looking forward to making things easier for you—and you spoil half my joy in getting the money."

"You'll see I'm right, Monty," she said. Then, "Oh, I almost forgot! Monty, there's a letter here for you from some lawyers. It came this morning."

He threw up his hands.

"More trouble!" he said. Peggy, half the people in New York are sitting up nights trying to figure some way to get this money from me! This is a new dodge. Let's see it."

But as he read the letter from Grant and Ripley, one of the oldest and most respected law firms in the city, Monty whistled.

"I guessed wrong on this!" he said. "It's another will—looks as if someone had left me more money. It's my uncle—Old James T. Sedgwick, my mother's brother. You've heard of him—the one who always hated my grandfather so bitterly!"

"More money! Well, it never rains but it pours!" said Peggy. "Monty, you must go at once to see about it!"

CHAPTER III.

THE next day Monty, staggered, bewildered, dazed by what Mr. Grant, the lawyer, had just told him, stared at the attorney in the book-filled office.

"Seven million dollars!" he said. "Good heavens! It makes my million look like chicken-feed, doesn't it? But why—why in the name of all that's wonderful, have I got to be penniless to get it?"

"Those are the conditions named in the will," said Mr. Grant. "I happen to be able to explain. Mr. Swearngen Jones, executor of the will, and your late uncle's partner in the mining ventures in which they made their fortunes, has told me of the case. Mr. Sedgwick hated your late grandfather, Mr. Brewster. He did not wish you to owe anything to the late Mr. Brewster. And perhaps he liked the idea of the task imposed upon you. For you will not find it easy to spend a million dollars as the will directs——"

"Won't I?" said Monty. "I think——"

"Let me go over the conditions again, Mr. Brewster. On the twenty-third of next September, your twenty-sixth birthday, you are required to prove yourself penniless, except for the clothes you are wearing. You must prove to the executor that you are shrewd

and able to look after your business affairs. You must give sparingly to charity, and make no endowments. You must neither give nor lend money to your friends. You must not be dissipated. And you must possess, at the end of the year, no assets, either visible or invisible!"

"Well, I still think it's easy! And who wouldn't trade one million for all that cash? It makes me dizzy to think of it."

"Don't be hasty," said Mr. Grant. "I do not know what Mr. Jones will require, but I think he will want you to keep an expense account, and show some sort of voucher for the money you spend. And, by the way, here is another point. You remember that you must take no one into your confidence? You cannot get help by explaining to your friends what you have to do."

"By Jove—maybe it won't be so easy, after all! Won't you wire Mr. Jones and ask him to explain his understanding of the conditions, Mr. Grant?"

"Yes—a good idea. Come in to-morrow and I'll tell you."

So, still dazed, Monty left him. All day and most of the night he was figuring on his task.

"I'll have to spend an average of \$2,081.12 a day," he reckoned. "And all the time the bank will be paying me interest—I'll have to get rid of that too. I can see that I've got to work on a schedule. I wonder what Jones will figure as legitimate ways of spending money!"

In the morning he went to the lawyer's office again.

"Did Jones answer?" he asked.

"He did—and prepaid the tolls on his message, I'm sorry to tell you!" said Grant with a laugh. "Here's the most important part of his telegram: 'Here are the rules I want him to work under: (1) No reckless gambling; (2) no idiotic Board of Trade speculation; (3) no endowments to institutions, because their memory would be an invisible asset; (4) no indiscriminate giving away of money; by that I don't mean him to be stingy; (5) no more than ordinary dissipation; I hate a saint—so did J. T. S.; (6) no excessive donations to charity.'"

"Whew!" said Monty, rubbing his forehead. "He's going to hold me right up to the line, isn't he?"

Grant made no comment.

"It's a big gamble!" said Monty, suddenly.



“Mr. Sedgwick hated your late grandfather.”

“But I’m going to try it! I may throw away my million and then lose the rest—but I’ll take the chance.”

“I wish you luck, Mr. Brewster,” said Grant. “And, take my advice—start at once!”

CHAPTER IV.

THAT was good advice. Monty knew it, and proceeded to put it into execution.

“I don’t know any better spenders than the Little Sons of the Rich,” he mused. “The only trouble is that they’ve never had enough to spend.”

So he gathered them about him.

“I’m going to make my money work!” he told them. “I’m going to need a lot of help. You boys go on the pay-roll. Harrison, you’re going to be my superintendent. Gardner, you’re to be my financial secretary. Joe Bragdon, I want you for private secretary. Smith, you’re a lawyer. I’ll make you my personal counsel. Pettingill, you get busy with Harrison. I want the finest apartment in town—and you’re to decorate it after old Nopper Harrison picks it out.”

Monty’s career as a spender began nobly. Harrison, however, couldn’t please him with the apartments he selected—they were too cheap. Monty picked one out, in the end, at \$23,000 a year—it was really \$24,000, but Harrison saved \$1,000 by paying the rent in advance, for which he got no thanks.

With Pettingill’s help he bought wonderful hangings and furnishings, and pictures that great collectors wanted. But he made

private arrangements with all the dealers to take back everything he bought at a fixed valuation at any time within a year—remembering that he must own none of these things when he made his final report to Swearngen Jones. He could buy them, pay well for their use—and then worry as to how to get rid of the money that would come back to him when he turned them back to the dealers. Still, he was accomplishing something. For his dining-room, for example, Pettingill urged a gorgeous screen of favrile glass, to soften the overhead lights. It cost twenty thousand dollars, and the dealers would pay only nine thousand to get it back.

It was on that scale that he bought things. Nopper Harrison and the rest were worried.

“I know he’s a millionaire—but he won’t be one long at this rate!” said Harrison. “Hang it—it’s rotten to see the old chap! He’s spending his money like a drunken sailor—doesn’t seem to realise that he hasn’t got a bottomless purse. And this dinner—he’s going to try to outdo all the Sunday paper stories of New York luxury. That’s Mrs. Dan de Mille—well, you know, she’s a good sort, but I don’t see why she should be spending Monty’s money.”

“Monty’s grateful to her for doing it,” said Bragdon. “She’s one of the real society people, and he says she can give tone—whatever that is—to these dinners he’s planning to give! Gold plates—what rot!”

“He’ll ease up pretty soon, I suppose,” said Harrison. “It’s up to us to see that he does, anyhow. We’re his friends; we’ll

have to keep our eyes open and try to stop him from spending his money too foolishly."

Monty himself began, about this time, to have other things than the spending of money to bother him. His new found wealth had introduced him to social circles in which there had been no room for a bank clerk, even one whose grandfather was E. P. Brewster. Up to this time Monty had never even fancied himself in love. Peggy Gray had been almost the only girl of his acquaintance, and the idea that he might fall in love with Peggy would have made him laugh. She was like another man—his feeling for her was that of a brother. He was fonder of her than of anyone he knew, but it was the fondness of friendship.

But now he was seeing Barbara Drew on terms of equality that fairly dazzled him. He had known her, in a distant way, for a long time. Now they met in an entirely different way. It wasn't his money, for the Drews were not poor themselves. It was only that his money enabled him to move in her circle, and so to see more of her.

And it angered him that he must make himself seem a fool in her eyes—for he understood perfectly that people, seeing him in the act of burning up a million dollars

without any knowledge of his reasons, were going to think him crazy or worse. He couldn't confide in Barbara—the terms of the will forbade that. And she seemed already disposed to favour a little English nobleman, the Duke of Beauchamp. What would she think of him? And how could he take the time he should to court her when he needed all his time to spend his money?

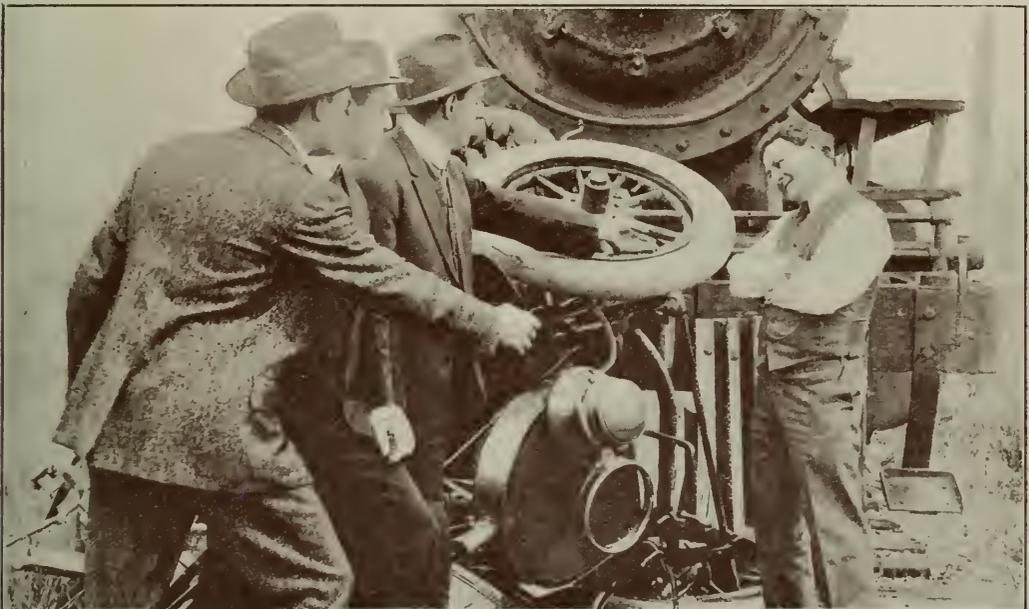
Finally a brilliant idea came to him. He telegraphed to Jones, asking if he couldn't marry and turn his property over to his wife.

"That's not giving it away," he told himself. "He ought to fall for that all right."

Then, as if the whole matter was settled, he went off to find Peggy Gray. He had to confide in someone—and who should be able to sympathize with him but Peggy? And when he saw her, Peggy, with a laugh, started to rally him about Barbara?

"I hear all sorts of tales about you, Monty," she said. "If they're true, you're to be envied. Barbara Drew is a charming girl."

She had teased him before, only to draw indignant denials. She rather liked that, and now, when she saw him flush and look



"He had bought an imported automobile; and deliberately stalled the car one day in the path of an oncoming freight train."

away from her, Peggy felt a sharp little pain. Had she struck nearer home than she supposed? Peggy, somehow, couldn't conceive of Monty in love; Monty getting married; Monty ceasing to be the friend and playmate she had always known.

"I—guess—I—oh, Peggy—I hope they are true!" he burst out, finally. "Don't tease me, Peggy. Do you think I've got a chance?"

For a moment Peggy had to turn away. This was something she had never dreamed of. At first a fierce little jealousy burned in her, and then she caught herself. Of course, she didn't care for Monty that way; he was just a dear fellow and a good friend—a big brother.

"A chance?" she said finally, indignantly. "Monty, what girl wouldn't—oh, well—yes, I think you've got a chance."

"I—by George—I hope you're right," said Monty. "But a girl like that, Peggy—why—oh, she won't look at me—"

"Have you asked her yet?"

"No—but I'm going to to-night! Wish me luck, won't you, Peggy?"

"Of course I do," said Peggy, and thought she meant it.

She cheered Monty up wonderfully, so much so that he could even laugh at the telegram he found from Swearengen Jones:

"Stick to your knitting, you damned fool.
S. JONES."

CHAPTER V.

BEFORE Monty proposed to Barbara Drew, as, despite Jones' telegram, he meant to do, he had a little business to transact. He had discovered a new way of spending money that appealed to him mightily, because it seemed to him that Jones would approve of it. Two local prizefighters were to engage in a match that night, and because one was a champion, he was a favourite at long odds. So Monty immediately commissioned Nopper Harrison to bet all he could get down against the favourite. Nopper protested, but in vain.

"Your man hasn't got a chance!" he said, disgustedly.

"That's all you know," said Monty. "Maybe I've got a tip."

Just before he went to see Barbara, Harrison called him up.

"I placed three thousand—at 5 to 1," he said.

"Was that the best you could do?" asked

Monty. "Shucks, I thought you could lay at least ten thousand. All right."

He had asked Barbara for an appointment by telephone, and she had been very gracious in granting it. Probably she knew what he wanted; indeed, she would have been less than observant had she not. Monty had been wearing his heart on his sleeve for days and weeks. And a more experienced man than Monty, seeing Barbara, would have suspected that she knew just about how she meant to receive his proposal. Even the room seemed set for the occasion. And yet he left her without having persuaded her to become engaged to him. That was his fault. He did not urge her enough.

"Monty, you must give me time!" she had said, gently, in answer to his impetuous declaration.

And, to her surprise, he had been all contrition.

"As much as you want—as long as you tell me there's a chance—that there's no one else now!" he said.

That was not what she wanted at all, and he ought to have known it. She wanted to be urged; to be swept away.

"I do like you—and there is certainly a chance, Monty," she told him. "But—can't you wait a little?"

And he had promised to wait. There were tears of vexation in her eyes when he left her. But Monty was happy. It had been an effort to nerve himself up to the point of proposing to her at all; he rather welcomed the respite she gave him.

"She didn't turn me down cold, anyhow," he told himself, "and that's something."

He reached the scene of the prizefight late, but Nopper Harrison had held a ring-side seat for him.

"Say—it's a great fight!" said Nopper, enthusiastically. "Our man's been holding him in fine style. Look—here they come for the fifth round."

And less than two minutes later, Monty, with a groan, saw the man he had backed slip in a blow that knocked the champion out and enriched Monty by fifteen thousand dollars! Not only that—he still had the original three thousand!

"I won't undertake to advise you any more!" said the amazed Nopper. "It's the biggest reversal of form in years—all the sharps say so! Where did you get that tip, Monty?"



“ ‘You’ve made a clear hundred thousand—or will have, before the closing!’ said Gardner.
 ‘Monty, I take off my hat to you!’ ”

“Oh—chap I know,” said Monty. “Here—give the Kid a thousand, he’s earned it.”

But Monty had some good luck. Despite the reverse caused by the unfortunate outcome of the prizefight, his ledger showed that he was doing well. This ledger he kept himself, and no one else ever saw it. It had columns for profit and loss, but what most men would call losses were Monty’s profits. And after one of his extravagant dinner parties, which had become the talk of the town, a great piece of good fortune came to him. He and his guests had just left the dining-room when there was a terrific crash. Startled and dismayed, they rushed back—to see the table, with its beautiful china, a mass of wreckage, under what was left of the twenty-thousand dollar screen from the ceiling! It had broken loose in some fashion.

“Thank Heaven!” said Monty, devoutly.

“What?” asked Barbara Drew, sharply.

“That we had left the table, I mean, of course,” said Monty. “Suppose we had been there!”

His explanation was accepted—and that night he entered an item of twenty thousand dollars on the right side of his ledger. The screen was now so much clear loss—the

dealer could not take back its fragments.

CHAPTER VI.

BUSY times followed for Monty. To keep up his average of spending grew more and more difficult. At first it was comparatively simple to do it, but soon he had bought all the things he could find an excuse for wanting. He was well ahead of his average, but he could see arid days coming, in which he wouldn’t spend more than a hundred dollars or so, unless he devised some new extravagance. He had bought an imported automobile, and deliberately stalled the car one day in the path of an oncoming freight train, which reduced its value, in about five seconds, from fifteen thousand dollars to fifteen cents.

But this and kindred ways of spending his money had earned him the reputation as a fool and a wastrel. Gossip came to his ears. All society, it seemed, was condemning him for a witless young spendthrift. Barbara, he could see, was getting worried. He thought her manner was colder. But what distressed him even more was the troubled look he detected in the eyes of Peggy and her mother. They did not criticise him, but he noticed that they were

worried and unhappy, and he guessed why.

Even the knowledge that the gossips and the critics were wrong, and that he had a reason for what he was doing, failed altogether to deaden Monty's sensibilities. He didn't like the way people were talking. They accused him of not having any sort of a serious purpose in life. So he decided to go into business. He studied Wall Street with the aid of Elon Gardner, who was a broker. He knew that there he could make an impression as a business man and still lose a lot of money. Brokers universally respected as sagacious men did that every day.

"Buy me Lumber and Fuel," he told Gardner, when he had made up his mind.

"As an investment?" said Gardner, doubtfully. "It's all right, but you can get it cheaper by waiting. It's at the top of a rise now and it's going to slump."

"No—as a speculation," said Monty. "On margin—buy me ten thousand shares!"

"You're crazy!" said Gardner. "It's due to hit the slide any moment."

"I've got reasons—and you'll do as I say, please," said Monty, a little stiffly.

Gardner yielded, reluctantly. After all, it was Monty's money. And when Monty, the day after he had given his orders, walked into Gardner's office he found Nopper Harrison and most of the others there. They looked at him sorrowfully. He went at once to the ticker. L. and F. was off a point already.

He waited around hopefully. He saw his friends gathered gloomily about the ticker, and he knew by their expressions that all was going well. He must be losing heavily with every click of the instrument.

"I was afraid of this—she's going down," said Gardner.

"Don't worry—I know what I'm doing, Gardy," said Monty. "Wait till you hear from me—don't sell, on any account. If you need more margin, put it up—you've got the securities. I'm off for a ride—need exercise."

"You'd better stick right here," said Gardner, warningly. "No telling what will happen."

"You've got your orders—don't sell till you hear from me, if the stock goes clear through to Australia," said Monty.

Then he went off. As he rode through the park he responded joyously to the thrill

of the galloping horse. With any sort of luck he would lose a hundred and fifty thousand dollars or more. That would enable him to take it easy for a month. He enjoyed his ride thoroughly and prolonged it so that he had just time to change before going to his club to meet Colonel Drew, Barbara's father, for lunch. He waited a minute or two for the colonel, and noticed, with surprise, that the older men seemed to have changed in their attitude toward him. They looked at him with respect. Then the colonel came in.

"Ah, you sly dog!" he said. "Monty, why didn't you let your friends in? How much have you made? Enough to cover a few of your extravagant doings, I'll warrant."

"What do you mean, colonel?" But Monty knew; his heart sank within him.

"Why, your drive in Lumber and Fuel, to be sure," said the colonel. "You sent it up to a hundred and fifteen! A clear gain of five points!"

Monty summoned a ghastly smile.

"Oh—yes—pretty good, wasn't it?" he said.

"You sold at the top, of course, didn't you?" said the colonel. "It's off now—it'll keep on dropping."

"Sold? Not a bit of it!" said Monty, hopefully. If the stock was going down he might still retrieve his winnings.

"H'm!" said the colonel. "I went short—excuse me a moment while I telephone."

He told his brokers to cover his short sales and go long—and advised his friends to do the same. And, as a result, when Monty went back to Gardner's office he was the centre of a wildly enthusiastic crowd.

"You've made a clear hundred thousand—or you will have before the closing!" said Gardner. "Monty, I take off my hat to you! You're a wonder. She slumped and I spent a hundred telephoning you. But she went right back—and she's on her way up to the skies now."

"Yes—sell at once," said Monty, in sudden panic.

His quick sale cost him some of his profits and the respect of Gardner and the rest. But on the whole deal, instead of losing a hundred thousand or more, he won nearly sixty thousand dollars!

[To be concluded in the November issue].

On the Verge of War.

Adapted from the 101 BISON Film by Owen Garth.

Few realise the tremendous network of spies which covers Great Britain in spite of the War and all it has taught. Few know the methods and means which are used for obtaining information, or of the unscrupulousness and the ingenuity with which the national secrets are revealed to the enemy. This story endeavours to throw a light on the methods of spies, and tells the story of an attempt to steal important naval plans, which almost succeeded.



PEDRO VILLARD was confronted by a formidable task. The most resourceful of spies, he felt that here was a test of his capabilities, a severe test which would tax them to the utmost.

It required thinking over. Pedro went out into the street and thought, thought hard, but with one keen eye on all that passed and happened. The plans indeed were important, the naval base for the operations against the country he served was of the utmost importance. If he could obtain the plans he was ordered to secure, then half the value of the base would be nullified when war broke out. To think that way was one thing, to carry out what the authorities ordered was another. Why, he did not even know, in the first place, where to turn to look for the plans—and even if that were clear, there would be the task of laying his hands on them; and to be sure, valuable plans, such as these, were not left lying about here, there and anywhere.

Diable! That they should press him to time and threaten him if he failed.

Pedro Villard's steps turned to a meaner quarter of the town and presently brought him to a dirty-windowed café. Here he turned in and met, whom he had expected to meet, several of those in a similar profession to his—paid minions of the same government.

He sat down at the same table, but for a moment never spoke. The others took no notice of him.

Several minutes of silence on Villard's part followed. Then he spoke, but without looking at his companions.

"Have you heard anything—are you at work?"

"General information only at the moment," replied the one nearest to him.

"Anything useful?"

"No, but you know the Admiralty is busy. We must expect a breaking off of negotiations soon."

"Any news of the naval bases?"

"Slight. It appears the Admiralty are preparing harbour plans. That young pup, Freeman, has been seen there often. Known to be rather smart at that kind of work. He has been to the Admiralty several times during the last few days. Carries an attaché case always and seems wide awake."

Villard asked no more questions. He was trying to get a start, a point to work from. Perhaps in this information.

The arch spy rose without saying a word.

"Are you on the——" One of the company was about to ask a serious question, but Villard wheeled and checked him in time, making a signal to ensure silence and secrecy. Then he went back into the street.

Freeman, Lieut. Freeman! Yes, Villard knew the man. Only a youngster, yet one of the cleverest plan tracers in the navy. Villard had had a disagreeable meeting with him before. But he, Villard, was a different person now. A spy has to change his colour and his character as circumstances demand. Pedro Villard was a totally different person from the man who had met Freeman.

The vicinity of the Admiralty proved an attraction for the next few days. He watched Freeman enter and leave the place, and quickly discovered his business. Freeman was his quarry. He had found out that the Lieutenant was making a tracing of the

naval base so badly needed, but he wished it had been any man but this stripling. To know him was one matter, to beat Lieut. Freeman was another, Villard knew well. Had he not fallen across the lieutenant's path before? The remembrance was not pleasant. Villard racked his brains for a plan to outwit the man he shadowed, but he made little progress. Evening came and Villard was no nearer the development of his plans than before. Casually he dropped into a small theatre where variety turns were being given, but he took no interest in the entertainment till a hypnotist appeared on the stage. With him he had a pretty girl, who seemed to be completely under his influence. This aroused Villard at last, and before the end of the performance he managed to send a note to the hypnotist, a bearded man, who styled himself Professor Polari, asking for an appointment.

Something was working in Villard's head. He waited for Polari's answer. It came, giving the name of a restaurant not far from the theatre as a place of meeting on the next afternoon.

Villard was up and watching the Admiralty early next day. He saw Lieut. Freeman enter the building, and by a fine piece of bluff he managed to follow. Once inside he was like a cat on the watch. Presently a door opened near him. He saw Freeman say good-bye to a grey-haired official and heard the final remark :

"We must have the tracings as soon as possible—you'll get to work on them at once."

Saluting, Freeman left with Villard on his trail. So he had the tracing in his possession, thought the spy. But how was he to get his hands on them.

Lieut. Freeman went along at a quick pace and finally stopped before a small house in the best part of the city, let himself in with a key, and disappeared from sight.

Villard had advanced a little further. He

took the address for later use, then turned back to keep his appointment with the hypnotist. He found the latter awaiting him.

Conversation took a general turn at first, but after having slyly drawn his man, Villard entered into the purpose of their meeting.

"Professor Polari," he said in his suavest tones, "I watched your performance yesterday evening and I was deeply impressed by your powers. Now I could, in work I have before me, utilise your ability, and pay handsomely for it. Are you ready to earn a small fortune?"

"Yes, I am eager to make money. Theatre work scarcely provides more than a mere subsistence. But what is the work?" replied Polari.

"Nothing particularly difficult and not at all dangerous."

"In that case I am prepared to undertake it. But I must know the work first."

"Right, listen, I will explain to you. A certain young architect has some plans which my firm want particularly to see. The plans are not to be stolen. We only desire them in our possession for a few hours.

But we must have them at

once, and get them with the greatest secrecy. I know where they are. I merely want you to get them out of the house without raising a hue and cry, and I think you, with the aid of your assistant—er——"

"My daughter," interposed Polari.

"Just so, your daughter, might be able easily to manage this."

"How do you propose to start?"

"We must get your daughter into this young fellow's house. He lives alone with his mother."

"Hm—that's the initial difficulty. How do you propose to work after overcoming that?"

"Then you must use your splendid powers, professor."

"Yes!"



"Once inside, he was like a cat on the watch."

"Remember, the pay is high—the risk nothing to speak of. What do you say—fifty pounds now and four hundred and fifty when the task is successfully accomplished?"

Professor Polari thought a moment, then he extended his hand to the spy.

"All right, it's a bargain, and it will not be my fault if the papers you wish to see are not forthcoming."

"Good! Here are fifty pounds now. I will call and see you this evening."

The spy had not mistaken his man. Professor Polari wanted money. The prospect of earning it easily swept away all his scruples.

* * *

Fortune in the next few days was on the side of Villard. Mrs. Freeman had trouble with her maid, and Myra, the professor's "daughter," was compelled against her will to accept the vacant situation. How this was managed needs no telling. This was a simple matter for so clever a schemer as Villard. Now it was Polari's turn to work. His wonderful influence made the girl do his will, even when out of sight and hearing. Everything he willed she accomplished, making no mistake.

Lieut. Freeman quickly took note of

her strange actions. Once he turned sharply and saw her staring intently at the plans he was working on. This aroused his suspicions. When he went out he hid the plans carefully, but even this was not proof against Polari's will. Myra found them at a time when she was repairing a cloak which Mrs. Freeman intended wearing at a ball the following evening. Still under her "father's" influence, she sewed them up in the cloak, her fingers working in the stitching a message in the Morse code.

It was a great effort on Polari's part. The spy stood over him and urged him till the hypnotist collapsed under the strain, but not before he had explained where the precious plans were concealed and how they were to

be smuggled out of the house.

When Lieut. Freeman returned he went immediately to the hiding place, but the plans were gone. For a moment he was dumbfounded. He saw visions of himself degraded. He pulled himself together, however, and sought Myra. His suspicions rested on her. There was no direct clue, but the girl was a mystery. Perhaps she was the tool of some spy. The lieutenant found her making the finishing stitches in the cloak, and he resolved on bold strategy. Tearing the cloak from her hands he demanded to know where the plans she had stolen were.

The girl shrank back in fear—she put out her hands as if to ward off some danger.

"Where are the plans you have stolen? Where have you put them?" cried Freeman, sternly.

"I—I—" she would confess, but the vision of Polari came up before her—he was at work again impressing his will on hers. She attempted to resist, but it was useless. Worn out and weak, she swooned under the effort, and would have fallen had not Freeman slipped his arm round her. Laying Myra gently down on the couch he called his mother, and then proceeded quietly to search the cloak.



The hypnotist and his daughter.

When Myra swooned, Polari was straining his powers to the utmost, and the continual will-strain was evidently telling on him. Only under the constant urgings of the spy was he forced to work. When his medium lost consciousness the wear and tear was becoming unbearable. Losing the connection at the critical moment was the last straw. Suddenly he collapsed, and when the spy lifted his head to see what was wrong, he found that Polari was dead.

With a scowl of disregard and disdain, he turned away. What mattered the hypnotist to him now? He had learned where the plans were, and knew that if all went right they would be in his possession within the next few hours. He had no more use for his

tool—it was perhaps better he had died.

* * *

The first thing that Lieut. Freeman did when he discovered the loss of the plans was to telephone his chief, who came down to him immediately. To the grey-haired chief Freeman explained all that occurred.

“Have you searched the house?” was the chief’s first question.

“No, but I have a shrewd suspicion that they are still here,” answered the Lieutenant. “Give me a few hours and I think I can find them. No one has left the house since they were missed and no one has entered. I think my mother’s maid can tell me something about the matter.”

“Have you questioned her yet?”

“I commenced to but she was taken ill.

As soon as she is better I will draw the truth from her. In the meanwhile, if you will allow me, I will search the place.”

“Well, perhaps that is the best way. But those tracings must not leave this country,” said the chief, picking up his hat. “You understand, you will be held responsible if they do—and that means——” he halted significantly, then added: “Don’t prolong the search. If the plans have left

this house we must be quickly on the trail.”

“I understand, sir, but I reckon there will be no need to look outside, except for the blackguard who engineered the theft,” replied Freeman, grimly, as he saluted the departing figure.

Immediately the chief had disappeared, Freeman ran back to the room where he had left the maid with his mother. The girl had regained consciousness, but was not in a fit state to be interrogated. Picking up the cloak he looked at the stitching the girl had been doing when he snatched the work from her hands. The stitches were irregular. He looked closer. They were in black thread, whereas the lining was white; and instead of even and close together,

they were long and short, after the fashion of the—why, it was in the Morse code! This was interesting, perhaps it would tell something more, something about the plans, for plainly a message was stitched there by the girl for some purpose.

Slowly he deciphered the message: “At the charity ball, Mrs. Freeman’s cloak.”

This was the message which, by means of telepathic waves, had been conveyed to the hypnotist before he collapsed, and from him to the spy.

Lieut. Freeman gasped as he read. This was the solution of the mystery. The plans were no doubt sewn up in the cloak, and were to be extracted at the charity ball by a third person, to him unknown.

Feeling the cloak all over, Freeman found

the precious plans, and taking them from the lining replaced them with a roll of blank paper, without anyone knowing. He informed his chief of the recovery of the plans, and then waited. The real culprit would be caught red-handed at the ball. He would arrange for that.

* * *

The charity ball was going to be a brilliant affair. Scores of fashionable people were already assembled when

Lieut. Freeman and his mother arrived. They were soon swallowed up in the crowd, but Freeman, handing over his mother to a friendly circle, doubled back to the entrance to watch. His mother had worn the cloak with the code message stitched in it; the person who looked for that message, and the papers it revealed, would be the man he wished to capture.

Slowly all the people moved into the ball-room, and the hall was left practically free except for a few men who still loitered there. Taking up a position where he could watch all that happened in the cloak-room with the aid of a mirror, Freeman awaited developments.

Presently he saw a figure in evening



“Picking up the cloak he looked at the stitching.”



“The pair drew from Myra the whole sad story of her life.”

dress enter the room and run his hands over the clothing. Holding himself against his first impulse to rush in and close with the intruder, Freeman waited and watched developments. He saw the thief's gesture of satisfaction when he fastened on Mrs. Freeman's cloak, and read the message in the stitches. He saw the spy rip open the lining of the cloak and gloat over the papers he drew forth. Then Freeman gave a signal and dashed at the spy. Several

secret police appeared from hiding places, but instead of one man, they found a number to grapple with, and in the melée Villard broke from Freeman's grasp, and jumping through a window, escaped. The hue and cry was raised, but Villard had a good start and placed as much distance as possible between him and his pursuers, who took some time to pick up the trail. He raced them to the coast in an automobile, jumped into a waiting boat, and was rowed

out to a ship lying off shore. No sooner had he boarded than sail was set, and the vessel was quickly swallowed up in the dark.

That was the end of Pedro Villard as far as Lieut. Freeman was concerned. The ultimate end of the spy leaked out sometime later. Arriving at his destination he was hilariously welcomed as he waved the papers which were supposed would reveal the enemy's naval base, and all particulars about it. But when those supposed plans were opened, and only blank paper revealed (the decoy papers Lieut. Freeman had placed in his mother's cloak) the demeanour of the assembly changed. The chief of the bureau charged Villard with treachery. The smashing of his hopes enraged him. He ordered the spy's arrest, and the beaten fellow was hurried away, God knows where. This only is known: twelve hours later Pedro Villard ceased to breathe.

* * *

The ball was left to itself as far as Lieut. Freeman was concerned when the spy escaped. He joined in the chase, and even endeavoured to intercept the strange vessel which disappeared into the night. But he failed, and chagrined, he was forced to return home. There he found his mother shaken with anxiety and mourning her ruined cloak. He tried to sooth her. In this, so far as himself was concerned, his appearance was sufficient, but that did not repair the spoilt cloak.

"Never mind, mother; I'll buy you a new cloak as a present. Do you know that old cloak has saved my reputation? The lost plans were hidden in it, and that is what the thief was after when he slashed the lining so."

RUTH ROLAND is the owner of a brand new motor car. The irrepressible Kalem comedienne was on her way to the studio one morning, where she was to take part in "The Bingville Fire Department," a Kalem comedy, when the auto suddenly came to a halt. Nor could any amount of tinkering induce it to work.

The usual crowd promptly gathered.

"Trouble?" asked a bystander.

"Yes," curtly replied Miss Roland.

"What power car is it?"

"Forty-horse," came the answer.

"Well, what seems to be the matter with it?"

Miss Roland glanced at the inquisitive one in

"But you got the plans back, boy," cried old Mrs. Freeman eagerly. She was proud of her son, and prouder of his position and progress.

"They're all right, mother. They were not in the cloak, I had removed them previously."

"Then why did you let me wear the cloak, knowing it would be cut to pieces?"

"Strategy, mother, strategy. I wanted to catch that spy. But now I want to see that poor little girl who was made the dupe of those infernal scamps. I'd like to know her story."

"She is in there, boy." Mrs. Freeman pointed to another room. "Quietly, she is not thoroughly recovered yet," she admonished.

Lieut. Freeman entered the room where Myra sat wearily trying to piece together the events of the past few days.

"Don't move, remain where you are," he cried out, as she turned. "I have not come to bully you this time."

A wan smile spread over her rather pretty but sad features.

Mrs. Freeman followed her son to enquire how the patient was progressing, and the pair drew from Myra, bit by bit, the whole sad tale of her life: how she had come under Polari's influence when young; how he had treated her as a daughter, though he was not her father; and how she had been compelled to do his will, though she had oftentimes rebelled against it.

Before the recital was concluded, Freeman entertained a different feeling for Myra. That feeling in the days to come developed into something stronger, more defined. But that is part of another story, not to be written here. The reader, however, will scarcely have difficulty in reading the end.

disgust. "Well," she replied, "from the way it acts I should say that thirty-nine of the horses were dead."

SALLY CRUTE, one of the Edison "stars," has made an impression upon an entire family of moving picture enthusiasts. She has received at the studio a dozen America beauty roses with a note stating that her acting in the Edison film, "The Powers of the Air" has wonderfully touched the hearts of every member of the family. It will be of interest to many to know that Miss Crute is an artiste of no mean ability with pen and brush, aside from her capabilities before the camera.

The Adventures of Miss Tomboy,

OR, LOVE, LUCK AND GASOLENE.

From the VITAGRAPH Photoplay. Adapted by James Cooper.

This vivacious and clever young lady falls into no end of scrapes, from which she emerges successfully. Bunny tries to act the Spartan father, but his good nature gets the better of him every time, and Miss Tomboy scores.

INSTALMENT I.



HERE were times when Mr. Bunny could have found it in his heart to wish his daughter had been a boy. In that case the mad pranks in which she was continually indulging would have been natural and proper. It was right enough that a boy should climb trees, play baseball, run races and get into all sorts of mischief. People expected them to do these things, remarking indulgently that boys will be boys; but when girls did them they had a habit of being shocked and of declaring that such things were most undignified and unladylike, as indeed they were.

It occurred to Mr. Bunny every now and then in moments of thoughtfulness that his daughter Lillian was too old now for these things. She was nearly nineteen, and it was really time that she left off shocking the proprieties and setting the conventions at defiance. She ought to settle down into a staid, well-behaved young lady, as became her and her father's position in society. Mr. Bunny, in fact; easy-going and indulgent parent as he was on the whole, was beginning to feel seriously disquieted. He lived in constant fear of what she might do next.

He wished sometimes that his sense of humour was not so keen. He could not for the life of him help being intensely amused at her pranks; and often when he was rebuking her for something particularly outrageous he spoiled the whole thing by going off into fits of laughter. Then the little minx

knew she had him, for he always found it impossible to get angry again after that. A pair of soft arms round his neck, a kiss, and Miss Tomboy's merry laughter, completed her father's subjugation, and he could only register a mental vow to be stern and uncompromising next time.

Miss Tomboy, in spite of the worry she caused him, was the apple of his eye. He was immensely proud of her really, and delighted in her affection for him. Still, as she had been born a girl, he did wish she would not act so much like a boy. Things were really getting desperate, and the time would come, he told himself, frowning and looking very stern indeed, when he would have to put his foot down.

It was perhaps owing to his fear that he would never be able to manage his daughter himself that he began to think seriously of turning over the responsibility to someone else. There was Van Alstyne, for instance, a decidedly eligible suitor; older, much older than Miss Tomboy, of course, but very wealthy, and very anxious to marry her. Like many other indulgent fathers, Mr. Bunny did not dream that his daughter would seriously oppose such a scheme; but there was an obstacle, and that was Cutey. He and Miss Tomboy had been excellent chums since the girl's nursery days, and just lately the idea that they might become more than chums had added to Mr. Bunny's other worries.

There was no objection to Cutey as a possible husband for Lillian on financial

grounds: he had plenty of money, but he was just such another irresponsible madcap as the girl herself, and a match between them was not to be thought of. Mr. Bunny was very determined about that, very determined indeed. He must tell Lillian that she must not be so friendly with Cutey.

Matters were at this stage on the day of the garden party. Mr. Bunny had entered upon this function with fear and perturbation. He was afraid of what Miss Tomboy might do. But for a wonder everything went off successfully. His daughter devoted herself to the entertainment of the guests with a dignity and charm which delighted his heart and won compliments from the guests themselves.

When the last of the guests had gone Mr. Bunny and his daughter had a little chat, and he told her how pleased he was with her behaviour. She was very demure, but there was a roguish twinkle in her eyes, which might have warned Mr. Bunny of trouble to come. But he did not notice it, and went off to have forty winks in the shade, leaving Miss Tomboy alone.

She waited until he had settled down, and then gave a soft, low whistle. Immediately out of the trees there came a smart, good-looking boy, apparently four or five years older than Miss Tomboy. His laughing face was alight with mischief.

"S-sh!" whispered the girl, pointing to the chair at a little distance in which Mr. Bunny was reclining, peacefully asleep. "Doesn't he look sweet?"

Cutey laughed. "I'm dying for a cup of tea," he said. "Do give me some."

Miss Tomboy poured out a cup and handed it to him. They were enjoying themselves immensely when Mr. Bunny, disturbed by a fly which was promenading over his expansive countenance, opened his eyes. He saw his daughter cramming a bun into Cutey's mouth, and heard her declare that he'd got to eat it if it choked him. Cutey negotiated the mouthful after a struggle, and while the horrified Mr. Bunny looked on, undecided as yet how to act, he saw Miss Tomboy brush the crumbs from Cutey's lips with her dainty lace handkerchief, after which Cutey paid her a similar kindly attention. Mr. Bunny made sure that they were going to kiss one another, but they did not.

Instead, seized by a sudden impulse, Miss Tomboy rushed off across the lawn to a

swing which was hung upon one of the trees. She made a charming picture, which Mr. Bunny was in no mood to appreciate. He groaned.

Now Miss Tomboy was seated on the swing, and Cutey was preparing to give her a start. The girl leaned back in the swing until her face was very near to Cutey's. There was invitation in her eyes and her lips were very tempting. It would have been hard for any man to resist, and Cutey did not try. He kissed her.

This was more than Mr. Bunny could stand. He bounced out of his chair, and in a rage hurried across the lawn to the culprits. They were in blissful ignorance of his nearness, and before he was able to utter a word Cutey had kissed Miss Tomboy again. It must be said that she made no attempt to prevent him.

"Well," spluttered Mr. Bunny, "of all the ——. What are you doing, sir? What the devil are you doing?"

Cutey trembled. Mr. Bunny looked so very angry. "I—I couldn't help it, sir," he stammered. "You see, I—I——"

"Yes, I do see. It's scandalous. How dare you kiss my daughter? Right before my eyes too!"

Miss Tomboy burst out laughing. "We thought you were asleep," she said.

Mr. Bunny spluttered worse than ever. He nearly choked. "You're a minx," he bawled. "I'll lock you in your room. And as for you, Mr. Cutey, or whatever your silly name is, don't let me catch you hanging round here again. I won't have it, do you hear? You go! Clear out."

Miss Tomboy had to submit to a severe lecture after that, but it was not of much effect, for next day, as Mr. Bunny was going off to his club, a friend stopped him.

"That girl of yours is at it again, Bunny," he said. "She's playing baseball now, with the boys."

Mr. Bunny went back to the house, ordered out his car and went in search of Miss Tomboy. He found her, sure enough, wielding the bat, and shouting to Cutey to pitch the ball as hard as he could.

Mr. Bunny strode across the field. Cutey saw him coming and fled.

"Lillian," said the irate old gentleman, "put down that bat, and come along home at once."

Protesting vigorously, Miss Tomboy nevertheless obeyed. But she was smarting

under the humiliation, and Mr. Bunny thoughtlessly gave her an opportunity to pay him out. When they reached the car he mechanically climbed in at the back, leaving the driving seat clear for Miss Tomboy. She sprang in, and started the car with a jerk which nearly jolted Mr.

fancied himself in his reefer coat, white duck trousers, and smart yachting cap. Cutey did his best to give his guests an enjoyable time, and Mr. Bunny was charmed. There was yacht racing going on, and he was loud in his admiration of the white-winged beauties as they skimmed and flew past the steam yacht.



“She gave a little scream of delight. Trousers, white duck trousers!”

Bunny out of it. Then, with a sublime disregard of the speed limit and the rule of the road, she drove him home. It was such an experience as made Mr. Bunny wish that motor-cars had never been invented.

It was shortly after this that Mr. Bunny became interested in yachting. He had somewhat relaxed his severity with regard to Cutey, and that young man found many opportunities of meeting Miss Tomboy. Perhaps the fact that Cutey was an enthusiastic yachtsman himself, and owned a fine steam yacht, had something to do with Mr. Bunny's changed feelings towards him. Mr. Bunny, however, was still strongly determined that his daughter should marry Van Alstyne. Still he accepted Cutey's invitation for himself and his daughter to spend an afternoon and have tea on the steam yacht which was anchored about half-a-mile from the shore.

Mr. Bunny dressed for the part, and rather

“I've more than half a mind,” he said, “to go in for the sport myself.”

“Well, why not?” returned Cutey. “I know the very boat for you. There she lies.” He pointed to a smart, likely-looking cutter lying not far away. “She'd have been racing to-day,” he said, “but her owner is hard up. He'd be only too glad to sell her.”

“Oh, Dad, do buy her,” put in Miss Tomboy.

“Hm,” remarked her father, “we'll see. Is she fast?”

“Fast!” cried Cutey. “She's a regular clipper. She can show her heels to anything in these waters. She's a cert. for the Club Cup. Would you like to take the launch and have a look at her?”

Mr. Bunny had decided to buy the boat before he had been on board ten minutes. He could already see in imagination the Club Cup in the place of honour in his library. He fancied himself telling his friends how his

yacht had won it. Miss Tomboy was overjoyed, and Mr. Bunny turned from a conversation with the skipper to find her and Cutey dancing madly about the deck.

"Lillian," he said sternly, but he had not the heart to be angry with her. He firmly declined, however, to give her permission to climb the mast.

"Well," she said, "I'm going to learn how to sail the yacht, at any rate. It will be heaps more fun than driving a car."

She forthwith set about the conquest of the skipper, and had her first lesson in seamanship that very afternoon. For the next few weeks she caused her father no anxiety at all. She was out almost every day in the yacht, and it was not long before the skipper declared enthusiastically that she could handle the vessel as cleverly as he could.

But Miss Tomboy fell into disgrace once more. Cutey came to her one day and told her that he had entered for a swimming race, and nothing would content her but that she should enter too.

"But it's only for members of the club—the yacht club," he remonstrated.

"Well, I'm a member of the yacht club," she retorted.

"Yes, but it isn't a race for girls."

"Well, I'm going to swim in it," said Miss Tomboy decidedly, "and you must help me."

Cutey surrendered, after suggesting that her father might not like it.

"He won't know anything about it," was the reply; "and if he does, I can manage him all right."

Unfortunately Mr. Bunny was one of the crowd who turned up to watch the race. While waiting on the pier for the start he missed his daughter, but concluded that she had found friends somewhere. Presently Cutey, in his swimming costume, came along, and Mr. Bunny, feeling

particularly cordial to the young fellow just then, clapped him on the shoulder and wished him luck. He was so much interested in Cutey that he did not notice another competitor slip past him. This competitor was enveloped in a big ulster and had a man's cap pulled well down over the eyes. Cutey escaped from Mr. Bunny, and followed.

The crowd gathered at the point on the pier where the race was to finish, and Mr. Bunny was in the front row. As the swimmers approached he cheered and shouted, and became so much excited that he was in imminent danger of pitching head-foremost into the water.

Presently one swimmer drew away from the others, and came towards the pier, cleaving the water with a strong, clean stroke.

"Beautiful!" cried Mr. Bunny. "Never saw finer swimming in my life!"

It was his hand that helped the swimmer up the steps.

"Bravo!" he cried with enthusiasm.

"Magnificent! Mag——"

He never finished the word, for there, standing before him on the pier, clad in a costume as scanty as any ever seen at Trouville, was Miss Tomboy herself, his daughter!

To say that Mr. Bunny was shocked is to give a hopelessly inadequate idea of his



"'What the devil is this?' he cried."

feelings. He was horrified, scandalised. His jolly old face was one vast blush. What on earth would people say?

As a matter of fact people were delighted. They cheered Miss Tomboy to the echo.

Mr. Bunny struggled for words, but succeeded only in producing a series of disjointed and furious exclamations. He brushed his daughter's attempted explanations angrily aside.

His daughter! Standing there with all these people staring at her! He tore off his coat and flung it around her. Then at last he managed to speak.

"Go and—put some clothes on."

For this escapade Miss Tomboy was sentenced to solitary confinement in her own room until such time as she should profess a proper penitence, and give a solemn undertaking to mend her ways. To make her captivity the more secure Mr. Bunny took all her outdoor clothes away and locked the door of her room, after telling her that her meals would be brought to her by the servants.

"When you have come to your senses," he called, "you can let me know."

Here was a nice position for poor Miss Tomboy! All sorts of fun going on in the world outside and she was a prisoner in her room, debarred from any share in it. At first she hoped that her father would relent, but as the day wore away she realised that he really meant to be firm this time. She hoped that Cutey would find out where she was, at any rate, then something might happen. She had great faith in Cutey's ingenuity and inventiveness.

It was on the evening of the third day of her imprisonment that she heard his low whistle in the garden outside. She rushed to the open window. With a gesture he imposed silence. He had no desire to be caught there by Mr. Bunny. He held up something in his hand, and then threw it so that it fell in the middle of the room. Miss Tomboy pounced upon it and found a note wrapped around a pebble. She read it eagerly.

"Tommy darling,

"The skipper of your father's yacht has been taken suddenly ill. He won't be able to sail the boat in the race to-morrow. Your father has set his heart on winning, and he doesn't know yet that the skipper is ill. I've thought of a splendid idea. Can't you manage somehow to get out and sail the yacht?

I'm sure you can win with her, and your father will be so delighted that he'll forgive us, and everything will be right again. Do manage it somehow.

"CUTEY."

Miss Tomboy agreed with Cutey that it was a splendid idea. It would be an adventure after her own heart. But it was of no use thinking about it. She almost cried. The reply which she threw down to Cutey into the garden was this:

"How can I get out? My clothes have all been taken away."

This was a facer, indeed! Still, Cutey was a lad of resource. Presently Miss Tomboy got another note:

"I will bring you some clothes to-night, and come and meet you in the morning. We'll go straight away to the yacht."

An hour passed before Miss Tomboy heard Cutey's whistle again. When she went to the window he threw up a ball of string.

"Pull," he whispered.

She hauled up a big brown paper parcel. As soon as he saw that she had it safely, Cutey disappeared.

As Miss Tomboy cut the string of the parcel she felt some curiosity as to what Cutey's taste in clothes would prove to be. She hoped the colours would suit her. She gave a little scream of delight, all to herself, when she saw what was in the parcel. Trousers! White duck trousers, a navy-blue reefer coat, a yachtman's white sweater and the duckiest little stocking cap! She tried on the cap first, and found that she could tuck her curls away in it without trouble. She put on the other things. They fitted her splendidly, and she decided she was rather a nice-looking boy. It had not struck her before that this was an adventure in which skirts would be out of place, but she saw now that it offered the only chance of outwitting her father, who, though he would not be on board the yacht, was sure to be watching the race. She did not want him to know who was sailing the yacht until the race was over. If she could manage to win, she told herself, she would not care how angry he might be. And perhaps, as Cutey suggested, he might be so pleased that he would forgive them both. Anyhow, it was going to be splendid fun!

Her tree-climbing practice stood her in good stead next morning. The door of her

room being locked, she had to leave by the window, and to clamber down into the garden by way of the porch. Cutey was waiting for her, and they hurried off together to the harbour, and were soon on board the yacht.

The crew welcomed their new "skipper" enthusiastically, so enthusiastically that Miss Tomboy wondered whether her disguise was as good as she had imagined.

There was plenty of time yet before the race would begin, and Cutey and the "skipper" had a look round to see that everything on board, every spar and sail and rope, was sound and shipshape.

Cutey suggested a preliminary cruise to try the yacht's paces. The moorings were cast loose, and the trim little vessel stood out to sea.

"She'll go well in this breeze," said Cutey. "By jove, Tommy, won't it be ripping if you win! You will win, too! There's nothing in the race that can beat this boat to-day. Your father will be so pleased that he'll do anything you like."

As Cutey spoke he had a look through the glasses at the pier-head. "He's there," he said. "Lord! won't it be a treat to see his face when he knows who has been sailing his boat!"

"There's the get-ready gun," he said, five minutes later. "We'd better get somewhere near the mark."

Miss Tomboy brought the yacht cleverly about and ran her down towards what Cutey had called the mark, which was an imaginary line between the pier-head and a flag-ship, about a hundred yards out at sea. The "skipper" managed so well that the yacht crossed the mark as the starting-gun fired, and was first away, heading towards the first buoy.

"Good!" said Mr. Bunny, rubbing his hands, too much occupied in watching the yacht to notice who was at the tiller.

Miss Tomboy brought into play that day all the tricks of seamanship she had learned from her father's skipper, and showed a knowledge of the tides and currents which made Cutey regard her with respectful admiration. She took advantage of every ounce of wind, and showed the way to all the other boats in the race.

Three times round the course they had to go, passing between the pier and the flag-ship at the end of every round. Mr. Bunny's heart swelled with pride as mem-

bers of the club complimented him on the speed of his yacht and the clever way in which she was handled.

"Who's sailing her?" asked one. "Clever young chap, whoever he is."

"Young chap!" said Mr. Bunny. "Why, it's the regular skipper, the one who always sails her."

"Well, he's grown younger then," was the reply. "And he's shaved his beard and moustache. This chap looks no more than a boy. You have a look when the boat comes round again. But somebody told me your skipper was too ill to race to-day."

"It's the first I've heard of it," said Mr. Bunny.

When his boat completed the second round, and shot past the pier well ahead of all competitors, Mr. Bunny stared very hard at the trim figure with the natty stocking cap who was at the helm. He could not make out who it was at all. He concluded at last that his skipper, finding himself unable to take part in the race, had sent this young fellow as a substitute.

"So long as the yacht wins, I don't care," he thought. "And whoever it is that is sailing the boat, he knows his business. If he wins I'll do the handsome thing, by Jove! I will."

Throughout the last round his binoculars were constantly in use. He hardly took his eyes off the yacht, and when she passed the pier for the third time, and the gun fired to announce that the cup was actually his, he felt like dancing a hornpipe. He reflected in time, however, that for a man of his figure, such a performance would be undignified in the last degree.

Miss Tomboy, having won the race, brought the yacht round in a brace of shakes, and headed her for the harbour. As she passed the pier-head Mr. Bunny, making a megaphone of his hands, yelled, "Come to me, here, when you're ready."

Cutey waved a hand in acknowledgment.

When the yacht was moored, and Miss Tomboy had received the congratulations of Cutey and the crew, she said, "Now for it! I wonder what he'll say."

They got into the dingy and rowed to the steps at the pier-head. Mr. Bunny was waiting for them at the top, his face beaming. But when Cutey and the "skipper" appeared, the joy of the victor changed to the anger of the father. The "skipper's" hair had somehow escaped from the cap

and streamed down over her shoulders. The "skipper" stood confessed as Miss Tomboy herself!

Mr. Bunny forgot all about the yacht, and even all about the cup. He positively danced with rage.

"What the devil is this?" he cried. "Aren't you ashamed of yourself, coming here in those clothes? And how dare you leave the house without my permission?"

"I won the race though, Dad," remarked

Miss Tomboy, with charming impudence.

"I don't care," said Mr. Bunny, furiously. "I won't stand any more of it. I'll send you away. I'll——"

But Miss Tomboy and Cutey had fled.

Mr. Bunny, thinking the matter over afterwards, decided that the time had come for him to put his foot down firmly and uncompromisingly. Miss Tomboy must be told that she was to marry Van Alstyne.

(To be concluded).

WALTER EDWIN, the Edison director, is thinking seriously of enlisting. His recent experience at the head of the Prussian Cavalry (?) of "Frederick the Great," an Edison two-reeler, released September 7th, leads him to believe that he could cope with international situations single-handed. This sumptuously clad and elegantly mounted body of cavalry was trotting in a country road to indulge in a friendly battle scene when they were suddenly confronted by a large bull. Several of the horses became unmanageable, and the column was speedily routed. Edwin, however, succeeded in executing a flank movement which put the bull to flight. He is positive that he would be equally successful in real warfare.

WS. HART, the famous Western character actor, has joined the New York Motion Picture forces in California. He will be featured immediately in some of the most important Western dramas written and produced by Thomas H. Ince. Mr. Hart's stage experience covers a period of twenty-one years. Most of this time he gave impersonations of the rugged men of the country beyond the Rockies. His early reputation was made in support of such illustrious stars as Modjeska and Rhea. More recently he delighted theatre goers with his strong convincing work in the original productions of "The Squaw Man" and "The Virginian." Mr. Hart is Western born, and many of his characters are studies direct from life. He will be starred in Broncho, Kay-Bee and Domino films, and is regarded as a great acquisition to the forces controlled by Thomas H. Ince.

ANDY CLARK, of the Edison Company, who is being featured in the "Andy" comedies, is a baseball enthusiast. Just at this season, when he is not being filmed, he is usually to be found in the neighbourhood near the Edison studio playing baseball. This is considered by him to be the chief of all sports.

MISS LILLIAN WALKER, the Vitagraph motion picture star, whose portrait appeared in our July number, was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., on April 21st, 1888. She is of Swedish descent, the name Walker being the Americanised version of her family name, Wolke. She was educated in the Brooklyn public schools and the Erasmus High School. Her first position was as a telephone operator. Later she became a professional model, and from that she drifted on the stage, her first engagement being in "The Little Organ Grinder," in which her fellow star, Maurice Costello, was the leading man. Her next theatrical engagement was in comic opera, from which she entered vaudeville. Travelling soon grew tiresome, so she again worked as a model. While thus engaged she applied to the Vitagraph Company for an engagement. She was accepted, and her first picture was playing opposite Mr. Costello in a drama entitled, "The Inherited Taint." She was exceptionally successful, and since her rise to stellar honours has been rapid and sure. She has appeared in almost two hundred pictures, her best effort being as Miss Tomboy in "The Adventures of Miss Tomboy." In this she accomplishes much which even great screen artistes will never attempt. It is a marvellous performance.

Throughout the world Miss Walker is known as "Dimples," a nickname honestly earned. She is an excellent swimmer, a fearless horse-woman, a splendid automobile driver, and an exceptional dancer.

DO you like coffee? Drop in at the Edison studio any afternoon and have a cup with Miriam Nesbitt. When you are invited in you will find the coffee-pot steaming merrily over an electric stove, presided over by a poverty-stricken widow or a radiant society beauty—according to the part that the hostess happens to be playing that day. But always there will be the charming Nesbitt personality—and unsurpassable coffee.

The Acid Test.

From the VITAGRAPH Photoplay. Adapted by James Cooper.

The story shows how a self-sacrificing wife endured the crucial test of misfortune which her millionaire husband employed to discover whether she had married for love or money, and how in the result the heart of her husband was won.



GRACE ASHTON had come to the conclusion that she must marry money. She wanted money indeed much more than she wanted to be married. She had no desire to give up her freedom, to change the life which was so pleasant to her for one, which, however solid and substantial its advantages (if she married the right man), would certainly have its drawbacks as well.

It will be seen that love did not enter into the lady's calculations. She looked at the matter, as she would have said, sensibly. Some people, as a matter of fact, would have said she was cold-blooded. Certainly there was no excess of sentiment about her. She considered the case, for and against marriage, as calmly and dispassionately as a man of business weighs the advantages and disadvantages of a projected investment. And she made her decision, as has been stated.

Money she must have. She had expensive tastes, loved beautiful clothes and the pleasures of society. The small fortune left her by her father was growing smaller, for the income proving insufficient for her, she had drawn upon the capital. The state of her finances had begun to be a source of anxiety, and after much thought she could see only two alternatives—a marriage or severe economy. Therefore—marriage.

She had an abundance of suitors. Her beauty and charm were undeniable, and wherever she went she always had her bodyguard of men. Several, she knew, were in love with her, and only waiting an opportunity to speak. She herself was heart-whole, and much too sensible to allow herself to fall in love with any man without being first assured that his financial status was satisfactory. And as she mentally ran over the list of the men who were accustomed to dance attendance upon her, she decided

that none of them came under that category.

There was Jack Huston, for instance, who was coming to call for her presently to take her to the Lotus Club ball. He was a pleasant enough fellow in his way, and was her devoted slave. But life with him would be at best only genteel poverty.

She had got so far in her thoughts when there came a knock at the door of the boudoir, and her maid entered with a visiting card and a big cardboard box. The card Grace acknowledged with a shrug of her beautiful shoulders. It was that of Mr. Jack Huston himself. The maid cut the string, opened the box, and produced a wonderful bouquet of roses. Grace looked at them without interest, selected one or two to wear, and went down to the drawing-room, where Huston was sitting. She acknowledged with a little smile his compliment upon her appearance, thanked him for his gift without enthusiasm, and suffered him to put her cloak over her shoulders. Then they went out together.

A taxi-cab was waiting, and in a few minutes they had arrived at the Lotus Club. If Huston had imagined that his privilege as her escort carried any proprietary rights he was quickly undeceived, for Grace was soon the centre of a group of men begging for dances. Huston found himself only one of the crowd, and on the outskirts at that. He looked on jealously while she talked and laughed with the others. His chance came a little later, but he did not get much satisfaction out of it. Instead of the three or four dances for which he had hoped, she only promised him one, and he scribbled his initials disconsolately in the latter half of her programme.

"I think you might have spared me more than one," he said, in a low voice. "I have been looking forward to this ball, and I thought——" he paused.

"Yes, what did you think?"

"Well, I thought I might have had the supper dance at any rate."

Grace laughed. "Oh, well, you know, I can't give everyone the supper dance. You should have asked before. First come first served."

"But I wanted to talk to you, and now I shall have no chance. It makes me mad to

at arm's length for so long, had determined on this night to push matters to a crisis. And this one, when they were sitting on a settee in one of the ante-rooms after the dance, began to make love to her with a cool assurance which seemed to say that he had no fear of a refusal.

She decided that the best thing she could



"Wherever she went she always had a bodyguard of men."

see all these other men round you."

Grace glanced round to make sure that nobody was within earshot, and Huston went on in some agitation.

"Look here, Grace, I must speak. You can't hold me off any longer." He gripped her arm. "Can't you see I——"

He let go her arm with an impatient exclamation as Grace's first partner came to claim her. The newcomer took in the situation at a glance.

"Hope I don't intrude," he said with a laugh. "It's our dance, Miss Ashton."

Vastly relieved, Grace took his arm, and they went off to the ballroom, while Huston, cursing inwardly, betook himself to the smoke-room.

Grace's new cavalier, however, proved as embarrassing to her as Huston had been. It seemed as if all the men whom she had been playing off against one another, and keeping

do was to affect to treat his proposal as a joke. She astonished him by bursting out laughing.

"How well you do it," she said merrily. "You must have practised a lot."

He sprang up with an angry protest on his lips—a protest which remained unspoken. As he had interrupted Huston's avowal, so he himself was now interrupted. One of the M.C.s approached, accompanied by a man Grace had never seen before.

"Miss Ashton," said the M.C., "I want to present Mr. Marston to you. You've heard of him, I daresay."

Grace had heard of him. The whole town had heard of him, and had been talking of little else for days. He was a mine owner, and had come from somewhere out West. He was a millionaire several times over, a bachelor, and according to popular report, he was looking for a wife. He was the catch of the

season. People said he had roughed it in his early days, but he had the manners of a gentleman and the look of a man who generally got what he wanted.

What he wanted now, it seemed, was to talk to Grace Ashton. The M.C. had gone back to the ballroom, and Grace's late partner, who had stood glowering at them for a minute or two, had also disappeared. The millionaire wasted no time.

"Let's sit down and talk," he said, and led her to the settee from which she had risen on his appearance.

Grace's mind had been working rapidly. She determined to be very nice to Mr. Marston.

"I meant to get to know you," he said. "I saw you when you first came. I'd have got somebody to introduce me then, but I'm not a dancing man. I suppose you are very fond of it? You can send me off when your partner comes, you know."

Grace smiled and handed him her programme. "You may have the next," she said. "There happens to be a vacant place."

"That's charming of you." He wrote his initials. "And shall we sit it out?"

"If you think you won't be bored," laughed Grace.

"Not I. There's more danger of that for you. You see I'm not much used to this sort of thing. It's a good many years since I went to a ball. I've had other things to do."

"Yes?" she said interrogatively, when he paused, but he did not tell her then what other things he had done. Instead, looking at her with a smile in his eyes, he said: "I wonder if you'd give me one of those roses."

Considering that he had known her only about five minutes, the request was a little unusual, but there was a simplicity and directness in his manner which quite robbed of any suggestion of offence. Rather to her own surprise, Grace found herself handing the rose to him.

"And now," she said, "in return for that, you must tell me something about your life out West. It must be awfully exciting. It must be a better life for a man than the life led by most of the men I know. They play games, and flirt, and gossip at their clubs, and these things fill up their days. They are not the men who do things."

There was a subtle flattery in this to which Marston was not insensible, any more than he was to the look of admiration in Grace's eyes as she spoke the words.

Marston was a strong man, and a clever one. In his dealings with men he had seldom met his match; where women were concerned, however, any society butterfly could have taught him many things. He trusted Grace absolutely, and fell an easy victim. During the rest of the evening he took every opportunity of being with Grace, and when she announced her intention of leaving, he begged her to let him drive her home in his car.

Huston had not appeared to claim his dance. Grace had indeed almost forgotten his existence. If she thought of him at all, it was with a fervent hope that he would not cross her path again that night.

No such luck! She was just leaving the cloakroom with Marston when Huston came in with a number of other men. His face was flushed, his hair rather disordered, and he was talking loudly. Suddenly he caught sight of Marston and Grace, and walked towards them scowling.

"You're not going home already?" he said to Grace. "What about my dance?"

Grace turned her back on him and said something to Marston. The millionaire looked at Huston.

"Yes," he said coolly, "Miss Ashton is going home under my escort. Have you any objection?"

Huston blustered. "Yes, I have," he said. "She came here with me, and I'm going to see her home."

"That is for the lady to decide," retorted Marston.

Huston attempted to thrust Marston aside, but the mine owner put out an arm and forced him back. "Don't make a disturbance here," he said. "I don't think you are sober."

Huston was furious. He clenched his fists and would have rushed at Marston, but the other men held him back, and he ground his teeth with a curse as Grace went off with the millionaire without casting a look in his direction.

* * *

In a week Marston's engagement to Grace was announced. It caused some excitement at the Lotus Club, and Huston bore, with an ill grace, the chaff with which he was unmercifully overwhelmed.

Marston, who had been made an honorary member of the club, received the conventional congratulations from everybody except his great friend, Ned Connor, who declared

roundly that Grace was a heartless flirt, and had set her cap at Marston because of his money. The millionaire, however, would not believe it, and angrily refused to hear a word against the girl. He was, so Connor declared, infatuated. Marston went off in a rage with his best friend, and more in love with Grace than ever.

They were married. Grace Ashton had succeeded. She was now Grace Marston, wife of a millionaire.

PART II.

IT was on their honeymoon that Marston began to have misgivings. His wife seemed to care little for his society, and to welcome any opportunity to escape from it. She treated him coldly and received his protests with airy indifference. He lavished his wealth upon her, bought her expensive presents, and did everything he could think of to please her. She accepted all this as her due, but never thanked him by so much as a loving word or look. He might as well have married an iceberg, he told himself bitterly.

One day, when her ignoring of him had been more than usually plain, he recalled what Ned Connor had said. Ned had warned him not to marry her. He had said she was heartless, and only wanted his money. Was it true?

Marston had taken a house in the town where he and Grace had first met. They went back there after the honeymoon. He had hoped that when they were in their own home Grace would be different, but she plunged headlong into a whirl of gaities. His part, she let him see plainly, was to make plans for her amusement, to pay the bills, and to be ready to accompany her when an escort was required. He, who had been accustomed to rule men, was now expected to be trotted about as the slave of a woman. That he loved her with his whole heart and soul only made his slavery the harder to bear.

They went one night to another ball at the Lotus Club. Grace flirted outrageously, and with Huston of all men. Marston thought it was time to interfere, but at his first word she turned her back on him and walked off with Huston.

Mrs. Marston made the mistake of judging her husband by the standard of the other men she knew. But he was made of different stuff. There came a time when he decided to put his wife to the test, to see if it was really only his money she wanted, or if he himself had any place in her affections.

His wife had expressed a wish to see a new play, of which the whole town was talking. He promised to take her, and as he would be occupied in town until the evening on important business, it was agreed



"And now in return for the rose, you must tell me something of your life."

that she should meet him at the theatre. Marston was there early, but though he waited about in the entrance hall until half-an-hour after the play had begun, his wife did not appear. At last he gave up hope and went home.

Grace was not in, and in answer to his enquiry, her maid told him that she had gone out to a bridge party and would not be home until late.

He showed no sign of feeling when the maid gave him the information, but afterwards in his own "den" he decided that he would stand it no longer. How he wished he had heeded Ned Connor's warning. It was then that the idea of testing her occurred to him. He could not even now believe that she was utterly indifferent to him. This night should decide it.

"So you've come back," he said, when Grace returned some hours later. "Had a good time?"

Grace was drawing off her gloves. "Pretty fair, thanks," she answered, coolly.

"I waited for you at the theatre."

"The theatre?" she rejoined, wonderingly. "Why, of course—with a laugh—I forgot."

His face darkened. "It doesn't strike me as amusing," he said.

There was a knock at the door, and the maid entered with a telegram, which she handed to Marston and withdrew. He opened it and gave an exclamation.

"What is the matter?" asked Grace. The look on his face had scared her.

He handed her the telegram.

"Mine petered out," she read. "Plant seized by creditors."

"What does it mean?" she asked anxiously.

"It means that I am ruined," he answered.

"Good God! Every penny I have is in the mine. Everybody thought it was worth millions."

He had expected her to weep, to reproach him, to do anything, in fact, rather than what she did do. She sat down at a desk,

opened a drawer, took something from it, and wrote for a minute or two. Then she stood up, and, still without looking at him, held out a slip of paper.

"What's this?" he asked, as he took the



"He handed her the telegram."

paper.

"A cheque," was the reply. "I have a little money of my own, you know. Not very much, I'm afraid, but perhaps it will help. I want you to take it."

"But—but—hang it! I can't."

"Isn't it of any use?"

"Oh, it's not that—but all your money—it's splendid of you, but—"

"Do take it. I—I want to help."

He nearly took her in his arms and confessed then and there, but she still kept her back turned towards him, and he put the cheque in his pocket and went out of the room.

Next morning he announced his intention of going to Colorado to see if anything could be saved from the wreck. She showed no sign of emotion as she wished him luck and gave him a cold cheek to kiss.

The days passed. After a week she received a telegram from him:

"Everything lost. Absolutely ruined."

She broke down then, but whether her grief was for her husband's sake or her own it would have been difficult to say. But when he came back she went to him as he entered the room and kissed him of her own accord, for the first time since they had been husband and wife. Again the impulse

came to him to confess, but the test had not gone far enough yet.

He began to talk to her about their future. They would be poor—very poor. He would have to start all over again. He would make another fortune, he declared, but there would be hard times first.

"We must give up this expensive house," he said. "We shall have to go into cheap apartments for a time, and I must look for work. It will be hard for you—very hard. It isn't quite fair, perhaps. Are you willing to share my life? You can have your money back if you like, you know."

She had another surprise for him. Turning, she threw her arms round his neck and burst into tears.

"Oh, Tom, don't be so cruel," she sobbed. "It's your money now. I'll go with you anywhere—I want to go."

Marston could have sung for happiness, but he held himself in.

They found their cheap apartments, and Grace set about making their rooms comfortable and home-like with an enthusiasm which she had never shown for the palatial house they had left. Marston was delighted, and the days that followed were the happiest he had ever known. He had hard work to keep up the deception.

One morning after they had eaten their frugal breakfast, and Marston had started out, as he told her, to look for work, Grace went into the town to do her modest shopping. She was returning when she passed Jack Huston, who was standing on the pavement by the side of a big motor-car. She did not see him, but he saw her, and jumping into the car, bade the chauffeur keep her in sight.

Grace had only been indoors long enough to remove her hat when there came a knock at the door. She opened it, and Huston walked in, without waiting for an invitation. She was so taken aback that at first she could not find words.

"So this is where you have hidden yourself," he said, looking contemptuously about the room. "You don't seem to have made much of a bargain, after all. You'd have done better to have married me."

"I don't agree, Mr. Huston," Grace retorted. "I married a gentleman."

Huston winced at that. "Well, I don't

want to quarrel," he said. "Look here, Grace, this is no place for you. I can't fancy you as the wife of a poor man. Come away with me. My car is at the door. I've come into a fortune since I saw you last. I love you, and I can give you every luxury, everything you can wish for. What do you say?"

Marston, outside, strained his ears to hear Grace's reply. He had seen the car waiting in the street, and had rushed upstairs and put his ear to the door, in time to hear Huston's infamous proposal. What would be Grace's answer?

"You brute!" he heard her say. "How dare you make such a suggestion to me! You coward! To think your money could make any difference. Why, I'd rather be poor with my husband than rich with any other man in the world! He's worth ten thousand of you!"

Marston heard a curse and a scream, and burst into the room to find his wife struggling in Huston's arms. Red flames seemed to dance before his eyes. He sprang at the scoundrel and in a flash had him by the throat, in a grip of iron. He would have shaken the life out of Huston there and then if Grace had not stayed his hand.

"Let him go, Tom," she begged. "He's not worth it."

Certainly he did not look worth much as Marston, exerting all his strength, flung him across the room. He looked a still more contemptible object when, a few seconds later, he picked himself up and, edging as far away from Marston as he could, slunk out of the room.

Marston turned to his wife. "I've a confession to make," he said. And then he told her, looking into her eyes.

"I nearly confessed a score of times," he said, "but I'm glad I went through it after all. I know now that you're true gold."

She put up her arms and drew his face down to hers.

"Tom," she whispered, "I love you."

It was some minutes afterwards that he said, "We can go back home now."

Grace looked round the shabby little room, and laughed rather wistfully.

"I should like to come back here sometimes," she said softly. "It was here that I learned to be happy."

One of Our Girls.

*Adapted from the FAMOUS PLAYERS Production
by Wm. Orchard.*

An American girl pays a visit to her French relatives, amazes them with her antics, saves the reputation of her cousin, and marries the hero after the exposure of the villain.

“**V**ES, the maid always screams when the butler kisses her.” Comte de Crebillon bowed, with a deprecatory gesture, as he made the explanation to the two gentlemen who had run into the garden from the house on hearing a piercing scream. The Comte smiled indulgently, and the alarmed guests, with apologetic

remarks and broad grins, turned back to the house. The Comte watched them for several moments, then the studied smile died from his face, and he turned back in the direction of the house, remarking gloomily:

“Well, that was a narrow escape. Never mind, the old well covers the secret for ever.”



Captain Gregory.

The Comte de Crebillon had cause for anxiety. Ever since he had married Julie Fonblanque for her large *dot* he had been haunted by the vision of his real, but secretly married wife, who, in a crazy fit, had thrown herself down the well with a piercing scream. It was suicide, yet the Comte knew only too well that he was responsible for the death of his wife. Ever since he had determined on marrying Julie Fonblanque he had caused his real wife to be incarcerated in a cottage, with a vile, drink-sodden woman for keeper, and under his instructions drugs had been administered to his victim until the poisons had shattered her reason. Then one evening, with the party in his house, his wife suddenly appeared, having in some way evaded her keeper, and in the garden beside the old well had confronted her husband and spoken

bitter, haunting words. Then the final paroxysm and the sound of the splash. Ugh—!

The Comte was glad to enter the ballroom again, even though he experienced another unpleasant surprise when the visitor from America, pretty Miss Kate Shipley, said to him saucily, “We are engaged.”

“Congratulations,” he murmured insincerely. “Is it the lucky British captain?”

“Yes,” retorted the girl. “And I shall have the man of my choice, too. That’s even luckier.”

The Comte winced. The allusion to his matrimonial venture had touched him on the raw, for it was an open secret that his wife, Julie, had loved her cousin Henri, and only the pressure of her parents had compelled her to marry the Comte.

Kate Shipley had come all the way from America to attend the wedding of her French cousin, and the breezy, free and independent manner in which she expressed her opinions had endeared her to some members of her cousin’s family, and had amazed and shocked others, including the Comte, who believed in the principle that girls should be seen and not heard. As athletic as a Roman gladiator and as bold as a Sikh warrior, Kate’s physical and mental qualities shone out radiantly against the background of effeminate-looking males and doll-like women. Awake at five, dumbbells and Swedish drill at five-thirty, coffee at six, swimming at a quarter past, and Kate was ready to face the world from any vantage. She was even suspected of boxing on the quiet in her little private gymnasium, and a



The Villain—Comte de Crebillon.

few claimed that Kate aspired to the white woman championship of America.

"Ah, the British captain will tame our pretty American visitor," continued the Comte somewhat acridly. "The British beat their women, eat large beefsteaks, and say 'damn' every minute. I've heard all about them."

"Does Captain Gregory look as if he performed all those things?" asked Kate, with dangerous quietness.

"Ah, *ma chérie*, it is my little joke," retorted the Comte diplomatically, as he moved amongst his guests.

The Comte's fears returned as he caught a peculiar look from Dr. Girodet, an old friend of Julie's family. He had been one of the men attracted to the garden on hearing the scream, and in the meantime had turned the subject over in his mind.

"Do you know, Comte," he said, addressing Comte de Crebillon, "I have a fancy that the cry we heard came from the well."

"Really," said the startled Comte. "I fancied myself that it was one of the maids of whom the butler is very fond."

"The cry was too piercing," replied the doctor, shaking his head. "I have a mind to have that well sounded."

"Ah," said the Comte, "I think it is unnecessary."

Dr. Girodet was as good as his word. While the gay friends of the château were welcomed in on the following night to a gala ball, several men, under the direction of the doctor, had brought the corpse of the drowned woman to the surface. The Comte, who had heard of the matter, had gone into the garden to think his position over. He feared no danger, for even the discovery of his wife's body would bring no crime home to him, for she was absolutely unknown to anyone in the vicinity, and no one in their wildest dreams



"Good morning."

had suspected the Comte of a previous marriage. It was while he ruminated that a silent little procession, headed by Dr. Girodet, traversed the gravelled walk to the gate.

"My suspicions were correct," said the doctor to the pale-faced Comte. "It was some poor demented creature who sought death in your well."

The Comte, unable to trust himself to speak, merely bowed his head as the little procession passed. With a supreme effort he pulled himself together and walked back to the house, and the first thing he did was to pour himself out a large glass of port, which he drained to the bottom.

"Heavens!" he muttered, as the colour stole back to his face. "What shocks I am undergoing. I wonder if that interfering doctor has any suspicions"

The wine had restored his courage and he sought this wife's room. Here occurred another shock to his nerves, for Julie, with her back to the door, was kissing a photograph with transports of passion. The Comte hardly believed it was his own, and he crept up behind his wife to ascertain the cause of her happiness.

A glance satisfied him. The portrait was that of Julie's cousin, Henri. With a mocking smile the Comte reached out his hand for the portrait.

"Madame, when a woman marries," inter-

posed the Comte, "she gives up all her old loves."

"I hate you," replied Julie desperately. "My cousin was the one I ought to have married."

"Perhaps so," replied the Comte, coolly taking the photo from her hand with a jerk. "In this life few people can get what they want."

"I have already warned your cousin Henri that he must meet me at the point of the sword if he pays any further attentions to my wife," continued the Comte. "I never fail to kill my man in a duel, and Dr. Girodet knows that, for he has asked me to spare your lover."

Julie burst into a passion of weeping, and the Comte, feeling very virtuous as the injured husband, withdrew. For several minutes Julie allowed her tears to flow, then she commenced that dangerous operation for a woman—to think.

Julie turned to her writing materials, and after many attempts she compiled the following letter:

"My darling Kate,

"I can bear this misery no longer. I

am going to Henri, who loves me truly. Tell mother and father—I cannot. I know you understand and will not despise.

"Your heartbroken
"JULIE."

When a few minutes later this note was handed to Kate, that girl determined to rescue her French cousin from her impossible position. Although Kate sympathised with Julie over her ill-starred passion for Henri, she still believed that if only Julie would conquer her feelings, there was still a possibility of a calmer matrimonial career. Yet, here was Julie wrecking her whole life by one false step.

Kate rushed out and encountered at the gate her aunt's carriage, waiting to take the old lady out for her daily shopping expedition. Time was important, and without hesitation Kate entered the carriage and told the coachman to drive her to Henri's address. The coachman, thinking his mistress had changed her mind and that Kate was using the conveyance herself, drove off immediately.

Madame Fonblanque's face, as she stood outside the gate a few minutes later, was a



KATE SHOCKS HER DIGNIFIED FRENCH RELATIVES.

HAZEL DAWN
"ONE OF OUR GIRLS"
PUBLISHED BY THE
FAMOUS PLAYERS FRAMCO

study of perplexity, bordering on despair.

At this moment the Comte de Crebillon came in view. He eyed his perplexed mother-in-law with surprise, and in reply to his unspoken question she said :

"Now I can't go shopping, for Julie has taken the carriage."

The Comte started. "Did she want to do any shopping to-day?" asked the Comte.

"I suppose so, but the tiresome girl might have told me," said mamma, as she turned back into the house.

The Comte remained where he was for several moments, then he turned back and went down the road at a quick pace, and his steps led him in the direction of Henri's lodgings.

"I think I know the kind of shopping you are indulging in to-day," murmured the Comte to himself. "But I don't want you to make a fool of yourself—it would spoil the family settlements."

He arrived at Henri's lodgings, and without informing the servant he went straight to Henri's rooms. There was the sound of a woman's voice, and as the Comte pushed open the door there was a flutter of skirts, and as he entered and faced Henri, he was just in time to see another door closing rapidly.

"To what am I indebted for the honour of this visit?" demanded Henri, coldly.

"Can you ask?" sneered the Comte, looking round him.

"I still ask," retorted the young man.

"Well, my virtuous friend," continued the Comte, "I have reason to believe that

my wife is here, in your apartments. Perhaps you will be kind enough to inform her that I wish to escort her home again."

Julie, in the other room, behind the door, quaked at the steely sound of her husband's voice, and it was all Kate could do to prevent her cousin from collapsing. It was certainly an awkward position for both women, and Kate, seeing the condition of Julie and wishing to save her further suffering, resolved on a bold stroke.

"He will kill Henri," moaned Julie, in despair.

"Hush," murmured Kate, placing her hand over Julie's mouth. "He will hear you, if you do not keep quiet."

There was a diversion in the other room by the arrival of Captain John Gregory, who had an appointment with Henri. The Captain and the Comte bowed to each other, and the latter again turned to Henri with the remark:

"Perhaps you will be kind enough to call my wife, sir."

Seeing that the young man made no attempt to meet

his wish, the Comte turned to the door of the ante-room, with the remark :

"Perhaps my wife requires some assistance."

It was at this moment that Kate carried out her plan of self-sacrifice. Pushing Julie into a corner behind the door, Kate marched out and faced the astonished men.

There was a tense silence for several moments. After the first surprise the Comte turned to the Captain with a sneering smile :

"It seems I have made a mistake. It is



"Dumb-bells at five-thirty."

not my wife, and I apologise."

The Captain turned a little pale. It was a cruel moment for him, but he bore the shock silently. The Comte turned to leave the room, but he could not miss a parting shot.

"Miss Shipley, pray do not use my wife's carriage in your future intrigues."

"Stay."

It was the Captain's voice. The Comte turned interrogatively.

"You have insulted this lady by using the word intrigue. Please apologise."

There was a disagreeable smile on the Comte's face as he retorted: "I thought the evidence was strong enough even for an obtuse Britisher."

The Britisher took a Britisher's revenge. With a quick swing of his arm he struck the Comte on the cheek, and when the Comte recovered there was an exchange of cards and a mutual invitation to get up early in the morning and settle the little trouble with lead.

There was more trouble when Julie and Kate arrived home. Mdme. Fonblanque had heard of the proposed duel between Captain Gregory and the Comte de Crebillon. The outraged lady sought her niece and proceeded to deliver a lecture.

"What's this disgraceful thing I hear? The Comte and Captain Gregory to fight—over you."

"That's all right, auntie. The Captain is as good a shot as the Comte."

"Well, I never. Is that all you have to say in excuse of your conduct?" ejaculated Mdme. Fonblanque, thunderstruck.

But Kate slipped away unconcernedly, although there was a pathetic little droop of the lip when she thought of the reproachful look in the eyes of the Captain when she had emerged from her hiding place in Henri's rooms.

"These American girls," sighed Mdme. Fonblanque, "they do what they like."

The duel took place the next morning, with Dr. Girodet and two seconds in attendance. Dr. Girodet had a twinkle in his eye when the men were placed opposite each other, at twenty-five paces, with pistols ready cocked.

The signal was given. Two shots rang



The Comte's demented wife.

out, and the Comte de Crebillon fell to the ground. The seconds saluted ceremoniously, and congratulated each other on a well conducted function. Dr. Girodet went to the wounded man.

"Ah, a fatal spot," said the doctor, feeling for the wound. "You have only a few moments to live. Have you anything on your mind that you would say before you go?"

The Comte did not feel quite so bad as that, but he was terrified, and who will contradict a doctor? Immediately he heard the words a trembling seized him, and he gasped out:

"Yes, I have a confession to make."

"Very well, I'll take it down," replied the doctor.

"The woman who met her death in the Fonblanque well was my legal wife, Sylvia de Crebillon. She was partially insane through the use of drugs, which I confess having caused to be administered.

"[Signed] COMTE DE CREBILLON."

"Very good," continued Dr. Girodet. "We have you at last. You have been tricked. The injury you received is slight, and there is not the least fear of your dying—not just yet." The doctor turned to several uniformed men who had just arrived on the field. "I think the services of these men are needed more than mine."

The resuscitated Comte rose to his feet with a bound, but it was no use. A second later he was handcuffed and led away.

The amazed Captain Gregory hardly knew what to make of these unexpected developments until Dr. Girodet made him wiser. The clever doctor also hinted to the Captain that he must not mind the appearances of the incidents in Henri's room, and the officer nothing loth went back to the house to seek out Kate.

He found a note on the table for him which the Captain opened eagerly.

"I can't explain things, so if you won't believe in me don't follow me.

"K.S."

"P.S. If you do believe in me, you fighting Britisher, I am in the conservatory.

"KATE."

The Captain immediately went to the conservatory and sought out the wilful, beautiful girl who had made havoc with his

heart. He spied her hiding behind a large fern, and he hurried forward with a touch of his habitual shyness. The girl's smiling face peering from between the ferns reassured him, and becoming suddenly bold he caught her in his arms.

"So you do believe in me?" said Kate softly, a few minutes later.

"Yes," replied the Captain. "I am too good an Englishman to risk my life for a woman that isn't worth fighting for."

And that is how our girl became Mrs. Gregory.

Meanwhile the guilt of the Comte de Crebillon being secured by his own confession, his marriage to Julie Fonblanque became, in legal terms, "null and void," and it did not help the Comte to bear his imprisonment any easier to hear that Julie and her cousin Henri had at last been united.

SEVERAL interesting additions have recently been made to the list of celebrities appearing in the Mutual Girl Serial, which the Dominion Exclusives Company are handling in this country. British audiences should be particularly interested in the scenes in which Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, the author of "Sherlock Holmes," and Lady Doyle are introduced. Sir Arthur is asked to assist in the discovery of "Our Mutual Girl," who has been abducted, and confers with Mr. W. J. Burns, the famous American detective, as to the best means of finding her. Mr. and Mrs. August Belmont, prominent leaders in New York society, Ysaye, the famous violinist, and Jimmy Britt, one-time lightweight champion of the world, are other interesting people who have been persuaded to pose for the camera by Mr. Jack Noble, the energetic producer of "Our Mutual Girl."

CLAIR WHITNEY, of the Blaché Company, who was a clever dancer before entering the realms of motion pictures, was presented with a large and magnificent silver cup recently for her delightful interpretation of the tantalising tango at the Grand Central Palace, U.S.A. Her partner was Arthur Backrack, and their demonstration was convincing proof that they are as much at home on the waxed floor as they are before the camera.

AT it again! Once again Dick Neill's athletic ability brings him into the limelight.

Ever since he broke his shoulder in "The Charge of the Light Brigade," the Edison directors have been very careful not to give him a chance to risk his neck again. In "The

Counterfeiters," an Edison single-reel drama, however, he makes his escape from the third floor of the house in which he is imprisoned, by descending a rope hand over hand for 200 feet. Then, having summoned the police, he returns to his prison by climbing the same rope. Meanwhile Sally Crute wrestles manfully with the loose end of the rope, and succeeds in holding it out from the house and preventing Neill from bumping against the wall. After completing the picture he felt so sore that he at once took up training again, and is now in such great physical shape that he guarantees to climb the same rope with one hand held behind his back!

RUTH ROLAND, the famous Kalem comedienne, who appears in "Wanted, an Heir," a new comedy, has a coloured servant whose husband died recently. According to Miss Roland, the man had formerly been a preacher in the African Methodist Church.

"According to Marilla," said Miss Roland, "he failed to satisfy his flock during the first year of his ministry, whereupon a committee requested his resignation."

"Look here!" demanded the preacher. "Whut's de trouble wid mah preachin'? Doesn't I argufy?"

"You sho does, brother," replied the spokesman.

"Doesn't I 'sputify concerning the Scriptures?"

"You suttingly does," admitted the other.

"Den whut's wrong?"

"Well, brudder," replied the head of the committee, "hit's dis way: You argufies an' you 'sputifies, but you doesn't show whercin!"

An Englishman's Home.

Adapted from the B. & C. Film, which is founded on the great Wyndham's Theatre Play by a far-seeing and talented author, who chooses to be known as "A Patriot."

"I appeal to my fellow-countrymen to uphold the honour of their land. Every man we can raise is needed in this great struggle of giants I am not exaggerating when I say that England stands at the crisis of her fate. She depends on her young men now, and I know they will not fail her in her need."
Field-Marshal Earl Roberts.



“GERMANS!” said Brown scornfully. “We shall never see any of them here, you may bet your boots on that!”
Brown was just an ordinary Englishman, in comfortable circumstances. He had lived in snug security so long that he could not believe himself, his family, and his property in any danger from a foreign foe. Indeed, he had almost come to believe in the impossibility of war. England was at peace, and did not want to quarrel with any other nation. Why should any other nation, then, want to quarrel with her? The idea was preposterous.

Sometimes he may have been vaguely disquieted on reading in the papers about the rapid increase in Germany's naval power, and the marvellous perfection of her immense army. But these things, after all, he told himself, were entirely Germany's business: they could not concern him. England had a fleet, too; it cost a lot to maintain—too much, he thought—and it was quite powerful enough to make Germany think twice or three times before attacking this country, even if she ever had the idea of doing so, which Brown did not for a moment believe.

As for the talk of a citizen army, whose task it would be to defend the shores of England and the homes of Englishmen, that was nothing more than moonshine. If there was no possibility of England being attacked, where was the need of a citizen army? Brown's logic was quite conclusive to himself, as to thousands of other Englishmen. The Browns of the country regarded the Territorials with an amused indulgence.

Amateur soldiering was no doubt a pleasant enough game for those who liked it. Therefore there was no reason why men should not learn to shoot, form fours, right wheel, and all that sort of rot if they wanted to, but there was no call upon the general body of citizens, quiet, law-abiding men, to sacrifice time and comfort for these things. No call at all. To keep the lawn in good order and to grow roses was much more useful work—so the Browns believed.

Brown had many an argument with young Paul Robinson about this. Robinson did believe in a citizen army; he was convinced of the reality of the German menace. It was no mere taste for soldiering that had induced Robinson to join the Territorials, but a strong sense of duty, and he and thousands of others all over the country were drilling, shooting, and making themselves into efficient soldiers against the day when the trumpet call would ring out—To Arms!

But they were only the thousands; the millions were Brown and his like, who went blindly on with their business, their gardens, and their games, incredulous of danger, and completely misreading the signs of the times.

Brown and Robinson had been having one of their arguments on this Bank Holiday morning. The house was full of young people. Brown's daughters and their male admirers were full of innocent fun and good spirits. They were bent on spending an enjoyable day; and since a thick fog made golf and tennis impossible, they were going to make themselves as happy as possible indoors playing Diabolo, or any other game



“Men had climbed the telegraph posts and cut the wires.”

which might suit their inclinations for the moment.

The fog which had overhung the North Sea and the East Coast of England for a fortnight had rather upset Paul Robinson's arrangements too. He had intended to spend the day at target practice, but that was impossible under the circumstances. His disappointment was keen, but after the argument with Brown, which had closed with the latter's contemptuous dismissal of the German danger, he went away to the headquarters of his battalion, hoping that the fog might yet clear away so that he could get his target practice after all. As he walked down the garden path one of the young men he was leaving cried out to him:

“Well, Paul, you are a mug! Fancy spending a Bank Holiday practising rotten shooting!”

Paul paid no

heed, and the Browns and their guests, becoming absorbed in the deep mysteries of Diabolo, soon forgot all about him and about the Germans as well.

The fun was going fast and furious when there came a dramatic interruption. A thundering knock at the door brought the game to an abrupt conclusion, and before the merry party had recovered from their surprise a number of men in uniform walked into the room. The leader, a bearded giant, addressed Brown in the voice of a man accustomed to command. He asked him questions about the surrounding country, how far it was to the nearest town, where the railway station was situated, and whether there were telegraph and telephone offices in the village.

Overawed by the officer's manner, Brown gave the required information while his



“Brown's little daughter had a revolver presented at her head.”

daughters and their admirers looked on wondering. When the questioner turned away and began to speak to his companions, Brown thought it time to assert his dignity and his rights as a free-born Englishman. Who the intruders were he did not know. He had the average Englishman's ignorance of military uniforms, and supposed that these were Territorial officers, or perhaps Regulars engaged in some manœuvres in the neighbourhood. They spoke good English. Anyhow, that they should walk into his house as though it belonged to them filled him with resentment.

"Look here," he said, "I don't know who you are, but you take my advice, my man, and stick to the road. You Tommies are all very well in your place, but remember that an Englishman's house is his castle!"

The men laughed, the leader most heartily of all. With a curt word or two of thanks



"An officer with a drawn sword seemed to be indicating the direction of advance."

they filed out of the house and went away.

Robinson, returning to Brown's house from another direction, saw them leave, and seemed very much puzzled and worried by Brown's account of their visit and the questions they had asked.

"I believe they are foreigners," he said presently, but Brown ridiculed the idea, declaring that Robinson had Germans on the brain.

But Robinson was uneasy, and determined to get to the bottom of the mystery.

An hour or two later, to Brown's anger and astonishment, the men came back again. They entered the house without ceremony, but this time Brown got in the first word. The picture of outraged dignity, he faced the bearded officer.

"I insist upon having your name," he said, "and the name of your absurd corps. Now, sir!"

From his superior height the officer



"You have killed one of my men. You must pay the penalty."

looked down upon his questioner, and replied calmly :

"I am Prince Yoland, in command of the Black Dragoons of his Imperial Majesty the Kaiser!"

The German smiled to see the effect his amazing words produced. Brown gasped, and exclamations of astonishment and dismay broke from the other members of the party. Another officer came up quietly and stood by the side of his leader. He held a revolver in his hand.

"Hands up!" barked Prince Yoland suddenly, and at the word Brown's hands shot up above his head. If he had been able to look round he would have seen that his family and his friends had also obeyed the command. They were given sternly to understand that they were prisoners.

Prince Yoland calmly took possession of the place, making it his headquarters. Officers came and went with reports and instructions. The countryside, they said, was absolutely quiet. The spies were doing their work thoroughly, the people of the district took no notice of them, and the authorities were quite unsuspecting. There was nothing to obstruct the onward march of the troops. Men had climbed the telegraph poles and cut the wires.

Poor Brown was bewildered. Why had not the news of the German landing been flashed along the wires as soon as they reached the coast? Suddenly he remembered with a shock that the telegraph and telephone system had not been working for days, owing to a strike. The rest of the country must be in utter ignorance of what was going on.

Robinson had been right after all. The invasion he had feared was now an actual fact. But if Brown had begun to realise this, some of those in his family circle were still incredulous in the presence of the very Germans themselves! A young fellow



"Setting fire to the place out of sheer, wanton lust of destruction."

named Smith, engaged to Brown's daughter, even tried to extract some fun from the situation. The Germans ignored his feeble witticisms, but when he said something about this making prisoners of harmless citizens being "all rot," Prince Yoland remarked significantly :

"Where I come from none of the citizens are harmless. They are all soldiers."

Smith pondered, and so did Brown. They had both sneered at the idea of a citizen army. It would have been useful now!

Brown gained some experience during the next few hours of the way in which an invading army behaves to the people of the invaded territory. He and his family and guests were made to understand that they were the servants of the Germans, and that they must do immediately what they were ordered to do. If they showed any unwillingness they were brought to a more submissive frame of mind by the most terrible threats. The Germans did not hesitate to be brutal even to children, and Brown's little daughter was treated roughly and had a revolver presented at her head because she was not ready enough with her answers. When the elder daughter, though trembling with terror herself, ventured to remonstrate with Prince Yoland about the brutality of his men, he only said :

"Madam, they are hungry and must have food. This is war—and war is not gentle."

Brown was even yet unable to realise the

full gravity of the situation. It seemed so unreal, so absolutely impossible. It was like a nightmare, and presently he would wake up! But meanwhile the nightmare continued. When he saw the Germans damaging his house, his furniture, and his beloved garden he became exasperated, and did what the ordinary man does in times of place when he sees his belongings assailed.

"I'll have no more of this nonsense," he cried. "I'll go and fetch a policeman!"

Poor little man! The utter futility of what he was about to do never struck him. He would have gone to the police if a drunken man had entered his garden and started to destroy his rose trees, and so he went to instruct the village constable to arrest a German army!

But the constable was nowhere to be found. Everywhere he saw German soldiers. They seemed to be preparing to march.

A score or so of officers were standing in a group. One of them was looking through field-glasses, and another, with a drawn sword, seemed to be indicating the direction of the advance. There was a general air of bustle and excitement.

When Brown got back to his own house, still in a pitiful state of bewilderment, he found to his relief that the Germans had left.

"They've gone," Smith cried, as Brown appeared. "It's all right now. It's none of our business. Let's have some fun." He sat down at the piano and began to play a rollicking music hall air.

Paul Robinson, who had by this time formed a clear idea of what had happened, rushed into the room in time to hear Smith's words.

"Are you all mad?" he shouted, beside himself with anger. "The country is coming down like a house of cards, and you, and thousands like you, are saying it's none of your business. All you think about is having some fun. Oh, my God!"

He dashed out of the house, sprang on his bicycle, and rode like the wind to the headquarters of his regiment.

There came from somewhere outside the crackling of rifle fire, and while the Brown household were staring at one another in dismay, the door was burst open and in rushed a number of soldiers—scores of them, filling the house. They were British this time, and at a sharp command from their officers the men took up their positions at

the windows and doors, and began firing as rapidly as they could. From outside came answering volleys. Here and there a man fell.

At this poor Brown lost his head entirely. What on earth were these men doing to his house? Wasn't an Englishman's house his castle? He rushed up to an officer and positively screamed at him:

"Is this a madhouse let loose? Stop! What right have you in my house? If you must play this fool's game, go outside and do it in the public road!"

The officer looked at him with contempt. "You are a civilian," he said. "You can't lift a finger in defence of your house or your country. It's a pity you did not earn the right, instead of cursing those real patriots who are doing their best."

Brown slunk away abashed. He was beginning to learn his lesson, and it was very bitter.

There was a tremendous roar, followed by a crash. It seemed to Brown that the house rocked to its foundations and then split into fragments. It was not as bad as that, but the damage done was considerable. The Germans had trained a gun on the house, and their shells soon made the place untenable for the British, who evacuated it, leaving Brown once more master of his own house, and that house a ruin.

By this time he was in a pitiable condition, and ragged up and down like a madman, calling down bitter curses upon the heads of the men who had done this thing.

The roar of the guns had ceased, and presently somebody came to tell Brown that the Germans were coming back again. He sprang to the window and saw a number of them entering the garden. In a frenzy he snatched up a rifle which had been left behind when the British retired, brought it to his shoulder, and fired. He laughed savagely when a German soldier fell. His joy was short-lived, however. The men burst into the house and seized him before he could turn away from the window. They dragged him brutally before the captain. Brown's pleading and the appeals of his daughters and guests were brushed rudely aside.

"You have killed one of my men," said the captain, savagely. "You are not a soldier. You have no right to defend your house. You must pay the penalty!"

Quiet enough now, his face wearing an expression of pained bewilderment, poor

Brown was seized by a couple of soldiers, dragged into the garden, and placed against the house wall. There was a sharp word of command, a volley rang out, and Brown fell, shot through the heart—the man who would not believe.

* * *

Fortunately there were others who had believed. The news of the German invasion reached in time the general commanding the district. Mustering all his forces, he made a rapid march, defeated and routed the

Germans, and made prisoners of all who were not killed and wounded. Those who had remained at Brown's house were taken by surprise. They were amusing themselves by setting fire to the place out of sheer wanton lust of destruction, when the British surrounded the house and took every man prisoner.

The great invasion had failed, but it had taught Englishmen a lesson. Poor Brown, shot in his own garden like a dog for daring to defend his home, had not died in vain.

MAURICE GEORGE WASHINGTON COSTELLO was born in Pittsburg, Pa., on Washington's Birthday, February 22, 1877. His father was Thomas Costello, born and raised in Ireland. His ancestors, three generations before, came from Spain. His mother was Helen Fitzgerald, also born and raised in Ireland. Her ancestors are pure Irish, as far back as can be traced.

Maurice Costello's parents were married in America. His father died when Maurice was two years old. The mother still lives. He has two sisters but no brothers. He was educated in the public schools at Pittsburg. Going to work when about 11 years old, as a printer's devil, he never had a chance of attending either high school or college, being compelled to support the family.

When he was about 16 years old he commenced to appear in amateur entertainments. His first professional engagement was with the Davis Stock Company in Pittsburg early in 1897. He continued with that organisation for three years, playing everything from the smallest parts to the most important characters. His first professional work with a company recognised as the most successful stock company in America gave him training such as few actors ever receive.

* * *

Possessing an enviable reputation as a stock actor, Mr. Costello was engaged with the Boyle Stock Company in Nashville, Tenn.; the Spooner, the Columbia and the Gotham Stock Companies, in Brooklyn, N.Y.; the Yorkville Stock Company in New York City, and Summer Stock Companies in Wildwood, N.J.; and Fall River, Mass.

Six years ago he played a few extra parts with the Vitagraph Company of America. The crude cameras and projecting machines of that period and the style of motion picture acting did not seem to agree, as there was a terrific jerkiness in all pictures. Mr. Costello evolved the "slow

motion" style of acting which is now used by every pictorial star of importance in the entire world. This new style of acting attracted the attention of the Vitagraph Company, and he was engaged as their first leading man. His exceptionally varied theatrical experience soon gained for him an enviable reputation in pictures. His only motion picture engagement has been with the Vitagraph Company of America; he is still in their employ and heading their list of stars. In addition to acting he directs all his own pictures.

* * *

In December, 1913, he headed a company of Vitagraphers sent round the world. This trip required nearly a year and pictures were taken in every country visited. The trip proved the most successful of the several similar trips made by other concerns, for Costello's ability as an inventive director surmounted many of the obstacles which have been the undoing of the other similar companies. His repertoire numbers about 300 dramatic plays and more than 1,000 photo plays. Prior to entering the dramatic profession, Mr. Costello was well-known as an all-round amateur athlete. He is an enthusiastic automobilist and boxer, a Mason, and a member of the Greenroom and Screen Clubs.

Mr. Costello was married to Mae Tresham, a non-professional, and has two daughters, Dolores and Helen Costello.

New York Morning Telegraph,
12th April, 1914.

NOTHING much will be heard of the Cinema in Germany for a long time to come, as news from Holland suggests that the business is almost dead.

Military films are very popular throughout Holland just now, and the troops are specially encouraged to visit the cinemas where mobilisations and war operations are being shown.

The Widow's Mite.

Adapted from the THANHOUSER Film by Edouard.

Pained that he is unable to make his teacher a birthday present like the rest of the scholars, the little son of a washerwoman places a valuable pin, found by his mother in a blouse sent to be washed, in the teacher's satchel. The pin is lost, and suspicion falls on the teacher, who breaks off her engagement in consequence. The plucky little fellow, however, confesses tearfully to what he has done.



T is a strange little village, Farnbridge: a line of straggling cottages, with a number of fairly wealthy houses on the outskirts, together with no industry to keep it alive. All sorts of people settle there because it is pretty in the neighbourhood. In the middle of the village, flanked by an open space, stands the school-house, where all the children, who cannot go to the neighbouring town, make their initial studies. Later the better class people send their boys and girls to the higher schools in Burnford.

Mrs. Alger, whose husband was a prosperous manufacturer in Burnford, sent her twin daughters to be taught by Miss Hall at the village school. Billy Badgley, whose mother was the washerwoman, and the little son of the curate, went also, together with the grocer's girl. There was little class distinction. All the children loved their teacher whole-heartedly. She was a woman to be loved by others also. A slim figure, with masses of brown-golden hair wreathed round a sunny, intelligent face, Mary Hall attracted attention from the first, and then wound herself round the heart of any man who found himself in her company.

So it was with Nolan Gane, the young uncle of the Alger twins.

Their meeting came about in the most unconventional manner. Nolan had come down from the city, where he led the usual pretty gay life of the young man with enough to spend. He intended a few days holiday, and being a great favourite with the girls he was perforce made to accompany them to school the very first day of his stay.

No use to protest that schools made him shudder—the twins would have nothing.

"Do come, Uncle. We shall see so little of you, being at school all day," they cried as they curled round him.

"And if I come, it is only ten minutes' walk, and you will be quickly swallowed up by the other scholars. What interest is that for me?"

"Oh, well," said one, "I think you'll find it very interesting. We have an awfully pretty teacher."

"Cheeky puss! Do you think to draw me with the promise of seeing a pretty teacher?"

"Do come, Uncle," chimed in the second twin; "we'll introduce you, and I'll bet you a box of chocolates you fall in love!"

"Oh, so it's chocolates you're after, not my company. Anyway I'll come just to enjoy your discomfiture when you see your chance vanish."

"Hurrah, come along then; we must go now."

Laughing and chafing, they went to the school, Nolan somewhat interested to know what the twins' idea of feminine beauty was. At the school door there was no sign of their teacher.

"She's inside. You must come in and be introduced," said the girls.

In they went right up to the front of the class, the girls holding Nolan's hands as if to prevent his escape.

"Teacher, please we've brought our Uncle Nolan to introduce to you," cried the bolder.

Uncle Nolan flushed slightly and lost his self-control somewhat as Mary Hall turned on him a pair of twinkling blue eyes, and with the slightest inclination of her little head murmured a "Good-morning."

"Er, good morning," responded Nolan, and the twins smiled behind their hands.

"Would you care to take a chair for a

moment? I must open the lesson," said Mary, waving him to an uncomfortable looking seat at the side of her desk.

"Yes, thank you—that is, I should like to watch the lesson, if I may," answered the visitor, haltingly, as he took the proffered seat. He was hoping she would continue to talk to him. The twins were right—she was indeed pretty. Of course, it was all rot love at first sight and that sort of thing. But he wished he could remain self-composed—his fingers were a nuisance and his hat would be all out of shape by the time he got over his nervousness. Anyway, the twins should have the chocolates. It was worth it. He threw a glance towards them. The were chatting confidentially behind the teacher's back. Little scamps! No doubt he was the subject, and they were laughing at him.

"Pardon me, I'm afraid you must just watch and listen," Mary broke in on his thoughts, flashing a merry smile at him.

"Oh, yes; I'll imagine I'm at school again, only it will be more pleasant than my actual experiences at school," he answered, inanely.

The lessons progressed. The twins were more intent on their uncle than their studies, and Nolan was uncommonly interested in the teacher's movements, more so than in her efforts to inculcate knowledge into the heads of the youngsters. Once he looked up and caught the twins grinning and whispering surreptitiously, while one pointed a finger at him; another time little Billy Badgley stared at him with an encouraging smile. It was certainly both pleasant and uncomfortable. He was glad he had come if only that it pleased the twins, but he felt very strange and awkward: somehow it was a sensation he had never had before; and when, as the teacher placed her hand on the desk near him, he felt an almost irrepressible desire to seize it and kiss it—

he only restrained this folly by calling himself a blithering idiot.

The lessons for the morning were over. Nolan rose, but he made no attempt to move. He waited, like the twins, to say "good-day" to Miss Hall. That "good-day" was not said inside the school-house, but somewhere near the Algiers' house, where Mary left the trio to go her own way, after acquiescing in the hope that "he" and "she" might meet again.

* * *

Poor Billy Badgley toddled to school in bare feet. It was summer, and Billy hated the restrictions of boots and stockings; also Mrs. Badgley found it saved quite a considerable outlay to let her pride and joy have his own way as to footgear.

Though Billy had his way in this respect, he was not happy this morning. It was teacher's birthday, and while Billy would liked to have shown that he remembered the auspicious event, as others no doubt would, he had not a present, or the means or the opportunity to get one. Moodily he took his seat, and as the other scholars went one after another to the desk with a birthday gift each—chocolates, flowers, and the like—a big lump rose in poor Billy Badgley's throat. He wanted to cry, but



"Billy."

manfully struggled to hold back his tears. It was a gallant fight—the tears would well up in his eyes, and at last he could restrain himself no longer. He buried his tousled head in his arms on the form and cried as if he were the most miserable little boy in the whole world.

The sound of the choking sobs attracted the teacher; she saw Billy's shaking form, and realising what was the matter ran down and took the mite in her arms.

"Why, Billy, what is the matter?" she asked soothingly.

For a moment Billy could not answer,



“Oh, Mrs. Badgley, what a beautiful pin.”

then swallowing his sobs he muttered :

“I love you much as the rest, teacher, but I ain't got nuffin' to give you.”

“I know, Billy; but what does that matter? Don't cry, little man. I tell you what, Billy, I'll come and see you and mamma at home after school, just for my birthday.”

“Will you true, teacher?” said Billy, looking up eagerly. It was an honour for teacher to visit his humble home.

“Yes, Billy, soon after school,” she answered to reassure him, at the same time remembering she had promised to go to the Algers' that evening, particularly to see her fiancé, for friendship had quickly developed into love between Nolan and Mary, and already she wore a pretty diamond ring on her finger.

That same day Mrs. Alger had sent a deal of laundry for Mrs. Badgley to operate upon, and the honest washerwoman, sorting out the garments, found a beautiful pin in one of the blouses. Intending to return the pin, which undoubtedly was a valuable one, she stuck it in her blouse and went on with her work till her pride, Billy, returned from school. Shortly after Billy came someone else, but instead of blustering in like the widow's mite, this second person politely knocked.

“That's teacher,” ejaculated Billy as he made for the door. “It's her burfday, so she's coming to see us.”

“Good gracious, lad! Did you ask her to come, on washin' day, too?”

Billy had no answer for his mother's cry of alarm—he was too busy opening the door.

“Come in, teacher, please,” cried Billy, and Mary Hall stepped in, lively and jolly as her wont, particularly when visiting the

homes of her poorer pupils.

“Good evening, Mrs. Badgley. Up to your eyes in work, as usual,” was Mary's cheerful greeting.

“Yes, miss. You rather flustered me. Billy didn't say as you was comin',” said the widow, wiping her hands on her apron.

“So, you young scamp, you kept my birthday visit a secret,” said Mary, shaking a finger at Billy. But Billy, now perched on a chair, did not seem to mind the admonishment much or take it seriously.

At that moment Mary's eyes caught the brilliant pin stuck in the widow's blouse.

“Oh, Mrs. Badgley, what a beautiful pin,” she cried, for, like all young women, she liked pretty ornaments, though few came her way.

“Yes, miss, I found it in a blouse. It doesn't belong to me, indeed,” said Mrs. Badgley. “Would you like to look at it, miss?” holding it out to her.

“Thanks. Oh, isn't it a beauty. Wouldn't I like one like this. But—well, I have not got one, that's all.” And Mary laid the pin down on the table as she turned to look at something else the other side of the room, which the widow had to show her.

This was where Billy entered into action. The pin was within his grasp, the teacher's satchel was also lying on the table. Billy connected the two articles. Teacher had said she would like it; it was her birthday also. Then why not? And so he slipped the pin into the satchel, and sitting on the edge of the table, looking as innocent as a lamb, said nothing till the “Good-bye” came; but in his heart he was shouting with pride and joy. It was a clever achievement, cunningly executed, and successful. That was little Billy Badgley's idea.

When Mrs. Alger discovered the loss of the precious pin she was ready to accuse anyone of theft. Then suddenly she remembered it might be in the blouse she had sent to the wash. Calling Nolan, she rushed him off down to Mrs. Badgley. That good lady was not prepared for this second visit, and, to be truthful, was not well pleased with the interruption. Still she had to be respectful—Mrs. Alger was one of her best patrons.

“Mrs. Badgley,” cried the newcomer, out

of breath—she and Nolan had hurried—“have you found a gold pin in one of my blouses? I have lost one and I am sure it was in my silk blouse.”

“Sure, I have, marm,” replied the washerwoman, her hand going to her breast where she had previously put it. “I stuck it in my blouse, intendin’ to return it, marm. Why, where is it? I had—Oh, of course, teacher called in, and noticin’ it, I showed it to her. she must have put it down somewhere here,” continued Mrs. Badgley, searching on the table.

Little Billy under the table quaked. He and he alone knew where the pin was, and now there appeared to besome trouble over it.

“It’s not here,” continued Mrs. Badgley, after hunting high and low in the most impossible places; “perhaps teacher took it, absent-minded like.”

“She must have taken it if she was the only one here,” chimed in Mrs. Alger angrily.

“Don’t talk like that till you are sure,” broke in Nolan, in defence of his sweetheart, though he had a strange feeling of doubt.

“Who else could have it, then? No one else has been here, Mrs. Badgley says.”

“Let us go and see before we cast stones,” answered Nolan, feeling annoyed at the situation; and off the two went again to find Mary, followed some way behind by the washerwoman, desirous of clearing herself.

Billy left alone, shook with fear. They had accused his beloved teacher of stealing the pin—and it was his fault. Misgivings of queer forms filled his infant heart—he tried to imagine the consequences, but, poor little fellow, he failed. Visions of convicts

he had once seen flooded his mind, and climbing on a chair to look in a mirror he beheld himself in convict garb. Unhappy mite, he gave way to his fears, and for the second time that day his puny frame shook with weeping. Bitter weeping too, for he had only worked to make someone happy, and instead he had brought evil.

Mary, on leaving the washerwoman’s house, wandered slowly in the direction of the Alger house, but by a roundabout way. The twins were watching for her, and espying their teacher a long way off flew to meet her. At the same time Nolan and Mrs. Alger came hurrying up from the other direction.

The three awaited them.

Mrs. Alger was out of breath and out of temper. “Mrs. Badgley tells me you have taken my valuable pin,” she shrieked at Mary.

“I taken your pin! Ridiculous!” replied Mary haughtily.

“No, no. Mrs. Badgley merely said you had it in your hands last. She thought you had taken it in mistake,” put in Nolan.

“Do you imagine, also, that I took the pin away?” inquired Mary of her flurried fiancé.

“Oh, no; certainly not—not intentionally.” Nolan wished to explain himself, but Mrs. Alger prevented him.

“I will have you searched,” she cried, and called to a passing policeman, to whom she said:

“This person, I believe, has taken a valuable pin of mine. Search her bag, please!”

“Do you mind, Miss?” said the constable, laying his hand on the satchel.

“Look through it if you care to,” answered Mary, impatiently, angry at the accusation, and disgusted with her fiancé for his suspicions.

The constable went through the satchel, and his fingers closed round the pin, so slyly placed there by Billy.

Mary gasped with amazement.

Mrs. Alger gave a suppressed cry of joy, and threw a glance of “I told you so” at Nolan, who looked as if he would like the earth to open and swallow him.

Mrs. Badgley, who had arrived in time to see the pin drawn forth, muttered in dismay, “I’d never have thought it.”

Mary stood aghast, too surprised



“Little Billy, under the table, quaked.”

to say a word. No doubt Nolan took the silence and the expression on Mary's face for guilt and fear of arrest, for he stepped over to her and whispered, "Never mind, I will see they do not arrest you."

"You, too!" was all Mary could say to this added insult, then taking the engagement ring from her finger she thrust it into Nolan's hand with a look of unutterable disgust.

He stood gazing at the symbol, scarcely aware what to do with it, when a pitter-patter of bare feet came from down the road. The policeman had disappeared, and the twins had been carried off a little way by their mother as if she feared contagion. The pitter-patter came nearer and resolved itself into little Billy running for all he was worth.

"I did it," he cried from afar, and continued to cry as he came near. "I did it—I put the pin in teacher's bag for a burfday present."

"I'm sorry, teacher. I 'ad nuffin' to give you; an' I didn't think it was stealin'." Tears were coming into Billy's eyes again, and Mary, as she had done before, snatched him up in her arms.

Nolan crept round.

"Forgive me, Mary, dear. I knew there

must be some mistake," he said ingratiatingly.

"Who made the mistake?" was the swift, unrelenting answer.

"Well, you would not listen to me, would you?"

"I do not listen to those who can think bad of me."

"But I never——"

"You did. It was not love, but pity that made you endeavour to protect me from arrest." Mary was sarcastic—could afford to be now.

"Yet pity is akin to love—and is there reason why Billy should have all of both?"

But Mary only mixed her bonny hair with Billy's tousled locks till she felt an arm steal round her waist. Then she sat Billy down and turned on Nolan with all the anger of a disappointed woman. She raked him fore and aft with a broadside of the bitterest words she could find—her eyes flashed fire; but Nolan stood it all, and placed a neat shot when chance made it possible. Eventually Mary capitulated; and Billy, seated on the top step of the Algiers' house, enjoyed himself immensely as Mary's face hid itself somewhere between Nolan's shoulder-bone and his collar.

WALLACE REID, who has just joined the Reliance and Majestic forces, is the son of Hal Reid, the playwright and one-time film producer. On his own account, he is athlete, author-actor and the youngest director in film-dom. Mr. Reid towers to a height of six-feet two-inches. Surveying in Wyoming, poetry, newspaper work, acting, and collaborating with his father in writing and staging plays, gave the young college graduate a great deal of interesting experience. It was out of sheer curiosity that he started to learn the motion picture business. Four years ago he went to the Selig Company as assistant camera man. Soon he was playing juvenile leads. This led to the Vitagraph, the "American," and the Universal. Since joining the Mutual, he has starred in "Arms and the Gringo," and "The City Beautiful."

THERE is encouragement for youthful scenario writers in the success of Miss Anita Loos of San Diego, California. This young lady—she is only eighteen—has written many film plays for the Majestic and Reliance Companies. She was discovered by D. W. Griffith when the latter was chief producer to the Biograph Company.

THE Edison Company is producing a film of the well-known play, "My Friend from India." This piece had a very successful run in New York City, and Walter E. Perkins, who took the leading role in the legitimate production, will also play the same part in the film version, which will be in three parts.

JAMES O'NEILL, a Blaché Star, graduated from the University of Pennsylvania as a dentist, where he was a fellow student of Fred Mace. James O'Neill, of Solax and Blaché features, soon went the way of the footlights, and rose so rapidly to fame that his career as a Thespian would make an interesting book of many pages.

Although well remembered for his work in "An American Gentleman," with Rose Stahl and Helen Ware; in "Up York State," with David Higgins; and in "The Men of Jintown," with Howell Hansell, James O'Neill scored his greatest stage success in "The Burglar," by Augustus Thomas, in which he starred for ten years. As a motion-picture star he received immediate recognition, and has been appearing in Solax and Blaché photo-dramas for the past two years.

On the Screen

by

EVAN STRONG

Mr. Strong has for several years been connected with one of the largest houses in the Film Trade. In his monthly article this keen observer discusses happenings in the Picture World and gives his ideas and suggestions which, supported by such practical experience, prove valuable and instructive reading.



HE war has not done what the prophets to'd us confidently it would do. On the contrary, it has proved a spur to the film trade. Reports from all over the country show extraordinary success, and those who could only see black clouds hovering over the horizon at first have been forced to the conclusion that at least those black clouds have silver linings. There is cause for optimism, but there is also the need for effort to maintain enthusiasm in the cinema. It must not be forgotten that the fillip to cinematography in Great Britain is to some extent due to the sudden output of topical war films which aroused the patriotism of the public. The time will come when the war picture will be nauseating, and then it is that the cinemas will have to face the great fight. When that day comes it is to be hoped the public will realise that support of the cinema is support to one of the greatest industries in the country, which has at the moment an opportunity to entrench itself against foreign competition. Particularly should the cinema-goer remember that Germany has for years dumped enormous quantities of films in Britain, and is even now endeavouring to keep her footing on the market by sending subjects through Holland, Italy and Scandinavia, under different trade marks. It is up to the British trade to kill the German cinematograph business in England, and thus make room for British manufactures. German films are not of the best quality. Now and again an exceptional film has come over. The British and American, French and Italian, are much superior to the general

"stuff" turned out of German factories; but the Germans, with their peculiar methods, had captured a large slice of the cinematograph trade here to the detriment of the home market.

* * *

DO you realise what support of the home market means? It means the support of British workmen; and the most patriotic thing to do at the present moment is to spend as far as you can, but see that what you spend goes into the pockets of your countrymen. Beware that when you go to the cinema your money is not flowing into the pockets of your country's enemies. Go to the cinema as often as you can, but impress on your manager that you only want to see films produced by Englishmen, England's Allies or Neutrals. He can get them, and will get them if you ask him to.

* * *

IT did not take our Editor long to decide that the "Call" was directed to him personally, and so he went straight away and is now at X (as the papers say). I am sure readers of "Picture Stories Magazine" will join with me in wishing him the best of luck, a brush with the enemy and a triumphant return. The cinema trade has given a host of fine fellows to the country's service in this day of trial. We know they will do their duty well, for they are all sturdy, sterling fellows, of unquenchable spirit. So here's to them again, and to our patriotic Editor and the men who have left our staff to take up arms in the cause of justice and right, which the Allies are fighting.

SOME interesting stories are being told of camera-men at the front, or rather attempting to get to the front. I was in Brussels myself just before the Germans entered, and I made friends with a party of half-a dozen camera-men who were held up in the capital. Several of these made a burst away to get pictures of the fighting at Haelen, but though they got in the firing line, and actually took pictures, a bullet put one of the cameras out of action, and when the men got back to Brussels the police destroyed all their negatives.

There is little likelihood of us ever seeing any actual war pictures. Extremely stringent measures are being taken to prevent cameras getting within miles of the fighting. It is alike in Belgium and France, only in the latter country the government have allowed a couple of operators with the troops. It is a moot question whether this refusal of facilities to the cinematographer is wise or not, yet I am content to let the authorities know best, and indeed, I hardly see what good will be done by revealing all the terrible incidents of battle. We shall learn enough of the devastating effects of war from the pictures we shall certainly see of the ravaged, burned countryside. I have seen enough with my own eyes to realise the awfulness of war, but what I have seen is trifling to the stories I have heard from British, French and Belgian friends who have been in the middle of the fighting. Germany has a deal to answer for, and she will answer for it on her knees. If the tales of rapine which I have had recounted to me are one tithe true, then Germany and the Germans deserve no mercy. Cinema-goers! boycott everything German, either from Germany or handled by Germans.

* * *

ONE of the most unhappy effects which is to be traced to the outbreak of hostilities is the postponement of the Kinematographic Exhibition which was to have been held at Olympia in September. This exhibition was to have been arranged on a grand scale, and would have been the means of bringing the general public into closer touch with the inner side of cinematography. We were promised, also, visits from a number of prominent artistes, and cannot but regret that they have had to be held over. We hardly know the film players well enough. If we are theatre patrons we know our favourite actor or

actress intimately. Not so our screen favourites—these we never see in the flesh, and perhaps we form some very crude ideas of their personalities. For instance, we scarcely realised what a rational and wonderfully interesting person Miss Florence Turner is until we shook hands and talked with her at the Glasgow Exhibition at the beginning of the year. So it is with others, we do not know and get the right interest in them until we see them. This postponed exhibition would have afforded an excellent opportunity of meeting some of the "stars" of the profession. It is a pity that it could not be held. But perhaps in January—I hear that it is quite probable that the exhibition will now take place early in the new year.

* * *

ONE very gratifying effect of the war has just come particularly before my notice. Previously a large number of firms who handled films placed their printing orders abroad, chiefly in Paris—I mean the printing of films. Naturally, they have found this is no longer possible, and all such work once done abroad has now to be executed in Great Britain. It is unfortunate that France should be hit in consequence, as in our trade fight we are out to assist our brave ally, but France must, under the condition of things, wait till campaigning is over in the land, then she will capture a vast amount of the manufacturing orders which hitherto went to Germany. It will be a rejuvenated and reinvigorated France that will rise above this war, and she will find that Britain will help her with trade as well as with troops and sympathy.

In another direction the war will put new life into the British film interests. Owing to the impossibility of producing on the Continent, many firms have notified their intention of producing over here. Great Britain has been sadly overlooked as a producing country, though the possibilities are great. Perhaps circumstances will bring about a proper recognition and utilisation of these possibilities. It would mean the building up of a great industry and the foundation of smaller industries for the needs of the great one. Let us hope the golden era of British cinematography is about to open.

* * *

NO doubt many cinema-goers are considering retrenchment in their favourite form of amusement. It is

to be hoped, however, that they will think twice before cutting out the cinema in their pruning of expenses. Retrenchment on the part of theatre patrons now would cause a grave injury, in that it would demoralise the trade which has an opportunity of establishing itself firmer than ever. Cinematography and its many ramifications employs a vast number of people, and if it should come that theatres had to reduce staffs on account of poor patronage, the misery this would bring about would recoil on the whole vast business. Therefore I would implore you to put in appearance at the cinema as regularly as ever. You need have no fear that there is or will be a falling off in quantity or quality. All the studios are working at top speed to produce feature films. This season will bring out some of the best efforts of the cinematographic art, and you should not miss them.

* * *

CINEMATOGRAPHY has given of her best to the country, in this, her hour of need. Hundreds of fine young fellows have answered the call, and are now at the front or in training. They have poured out from the theatres, from the offices and from the studios, many of them sacrificing everything in their intense patriotism. You also, patrons of cinematography, can do something, can show your patriotism even if you cannot fight. In theatres all over the country appeals are being made for the various funds which have as their purpose the amelioration of destitution. Hundreds of theatres are devoting their proceeds to one or another fund. From Glasgow alone over a thousand pounds have been given to charity. This means money right out of their pockets, it means the money you spend for an evening's amusement. Is it not, then, worth supporting the cinema to the utmost when they are doing such good work? Go to the cinemas, go more often, not less often!

* * *

But the picture houses have not stopped at this. They are proving invaluable recruiting agencies, and further, they are making appeals which should touch the heart of everyone. Particularly opportune is the appeal being made in the picture halls for cigarettes for the soldiers. You devotees of Lady Nicotine know what it means to be without a smoke. You must realise the delight of a puff to a brave

Tommy who has been fighting all day. Cinema proprietors are asking you to drop one of your packet of ten in the general box to be forwarded to the troops. Will you be so niggardly as to ignore the appeal? Of course not. I knew you would not, you will be free with your doles, and not only single "fags," but whole packets and bundles will tumble into the pile which is going to bring solace to hundreds of tired out or wounded fighting men.

* * *

THEY are beginning to squabble in America over a matter which we have long settled here—the question of the long or "feature" film. They are coming to reason over the water and are beginning to understand that we are right. A picture is not a "feature" because it is long, for the majority of long films are padded films, and we do not want them. What we want and what we have decided and impressed on the trade we will have, is a concise story with life and sustained interest in it. Americans are demanding the same. They have put up with what the producer thinks they want long enough, and are asking to be studied. Perhaps one day they will take another hint from us and follow our ideas of a programme worth sitting out.

* * *

THIS month sees an innovation in the "Picture Stories Magazine," the price being raised to fourpence. This increase is dictated by the enormous rise in expenses, particularly the papers on which this magazine is printed. Fourpence, after all, is not an excessive price to pay for a magazine of the nature of this one. There is no other journal supplying the want that "Picture Stories Magazine" is supplying. When readers realise this I am sure they will not cavil at the price. They will go on buying and reading the magazine because they want and like it, and they will introduce it to their friends who have not yet been fortunate enough to see it. Readers will have noticed too that the quality has improved. Our birthday number brought numerous congratulations from up and down the country. This has been the aim of the Proprietors all along—to improve and always more improve the journal and its contents. You will admit our success so far, and you will help us to achieve further success.

With the Players

WALTER LONG, the Reliance leading man, while playing a crook in a recent Reliance detective drama, had a genuine compliment paid to his make-up. The company was making several scenes in Santa Monica and a short intermission had been given for lunch. Long, in his crook make-up, went into a small restaurant. The proprietor eyed him all over and refused to serve such a suspicious looking character, and as the actor was starting to leave the cafe he ran into the arms of a waiting policeman. It seemed that the restaurant-keeper had phoned the police the moment after Long had put in an appearance. Explanations followed and the "crook" was permitted to return and eat his lunch in peace.

DAVE THOMPSON is to appear in the Thanouser productions again after being, for about twelve months, Cast Director at the New Rochelle Studios. His well-built figure has been missed during the time in which he merely arranged the stages, placed the right people with the right producer, superintended the "make-up" of the artistes, ordered the costumes, wrote up new property lists, directed the scenic artists, and secured people for the next day's work. The foregoing was Mr. Thompson's employment each day, after which he had "nothing to do until to-morrow," unless some belated producer showed very plainly that he wasn't finished. Several of the "Big" productions have also been staged and rehearsed by Mr. Thompson, whose enthusiasm for the pictures is unlimited. He is one of the veteran Thanouser players, born in Liverpool, whose future work in Thanouser Films will be watched with interest by many people who will remember him in former days. He appears to advantage in "The Pendulum of Fate," taking the rôle of "The Banker."

CHARLIE BENNETT, we hear from the Keystone studio, was educated for the law. He used to go play-acting at night, though his parents little suspected his duplicity. He got his start with Edwin Booth. To father and mother Bennett all actors were eminent souls, so Charlie felt obliged to keep his eminent connections in the profession a profound secret. He is one of many people now famous on the boards

or in the film who began their career more or less surreptitiously. To-day, Bennett is one of the most popular and one of the cleverest members of the all-popular Keystone group.

MR. HARRY ROYSTON, the actor who figures at the commencement of this number, is an experienced pantomimist of the old school, and was for many years the principal comedian to Mr. Fred Karno.

He generally acts the part of the villain in the films, having especial talent in this direction. A man of herculean proportions and terrific strength, no encounter or struggle can be too fierce for him, and some of the fights put up by "Our Harry" still stand unsurpassed in the annals of film history.

The greatest thing he ever did was his "Bill Sykes" in "Oliver Twist," everybody agreeing that such a splendid and life-like rendering of this difficult part had never before been witnessed.

Mr. Royston is now engaged in portraying the important part of "Dennis" in Hepworth's latest production, "Barnaby Rudge." When this all-English film is finished it will be found that Mr. Royston has greatly added to his own personal laurels.

MISS ALICE DE WINTON, whose portrait appears in our art supplement, is the very latest recruit to the picture world in general and to the Hepworth Manufacturing Co. in particular.

A West End actress of great repute, her name is already familiar to the public. A skilful and experienced actress, she has all the necessary attributes for a successful picture player; and now that she will constantly be appearing in the wide and unfettered field which the camera offers for her art, there is no doubt of her scoring a series of big successes.

The two principal parts which she has hitherto played are those of "The Faithful Governess," in "One Fair Daughter," and "The Collier's Wife," in "A Throw of the Dice." In the latter, her impersonation was effectful and forceful to a degree, and caused the critics to welcome her as a great acquisition to Picturland.

Miss de Winton is, by the way, a bit of an authoress, and both of these two stories emanated from her pen.

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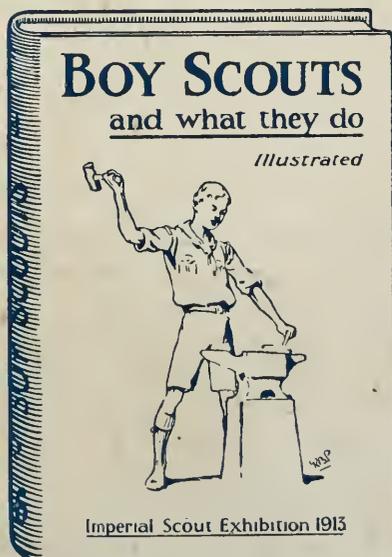
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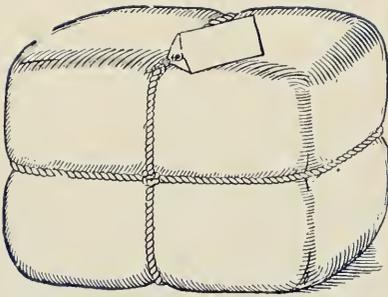
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No. 15.

NOVEMBER.

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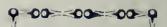
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IT comes to four pounds, fourteen shillings, and eleven pence half-penny," said the landlord, "and I should be very glad if you would pay it to-day."

The landlord looked as though he would be surprised as well as glad. He glanced about the studio with some contempt. He had not much opinion of artists, and had rather doubted the wisdom of letting the place to Rodney Miller at all. He would never have done so but that it had remained a long time vacant, and he had despaired of getting a tenant. For some time the young artist had paid his rent regularly enough, but now the account had been running considerably longer than the landlord liked. There were artists, he had heard, who made piles of money by their pictures. He could not understand how people could be such fools as to buy them, but there it was. However, Mr. Miller was not an artist of that sort. So far as the landlord was able to judge, he had not a penny to bless himself with. The landlord was inclined to think the young man had been starving himself for some days. But that was not his business. He wanted his rent.

Rodney Miller looked at the bill in a scared fashion. He made a pretence of casting up the items to see that the total was correct, though even if he had succeeded in knocking off the pounds and leaving only fourteen shillings and eleven pence half-penny, the settlement of the account would still have been beyond his power.

"It's all right," he said, presently. "I shall have the money in a day or two. I'm expecting to sell a picture."

"Hump!" said the landlord. "I shouldn't bank much on that." He looked round the studio again, and it was evident that he doubted whether any picture there, or the whole of them together, would realise the amount of his account.

"It won't do," he went on. "I must have the money to-day. I've waited long enough, and I can't live on promises. I want the money, or I must ask you to find other lodgings."

With that he went away, leaving Rodney Miller staring at the bill, with his heart somewhere down in his boots. He had taken this place with such high hopes—had been sure that his undoubted gifts would soon carry him to success. But the dealers would scarcely look at his work, and his little store of capital had gradually diminished. It was a case of everything going out and nothing coming in. Only a few shillings now stood between him and destitution—few shillings and a few pictures.

Well, he would not despair yet. He would try again. He believed in his pictures, and it might be that he could induce a dealer to purchase one of them if he tried very hard. A guinea or so might persuade his landlord to let him stay a few days longer.

He carefully wrapped up one of the canvases and went out. The dealer to whom he submitted it was not anxious to speculate. He admitted the merit of the picture, which was a decidedly clever study—the head of an old man.

"It's good enough," said the dealer. "I don't deny that, but then, you see, nobody knows you. Now, I daresay in ten years' time, or five for the matter of that, I may be willing to give you quite a good price."



“ ‘ You are Circe herself,’ he cried.”

for a little thing like that, but now—well, Mr. Miller, it wouldn't pay me, and that's flat.”

It was no use attempting to persuade him, and Rodney was about to wrap the picture up again when the dealer said :

“ Look here, I'll tell you what you can do. Leave it here and I'll show it in the window. If it sells you pay me a commission ; if it doesn't—well, there's no harm done.”

It was a chance, at any rate, and Rodney left his picture, which the dealer at once gave a conspicuous place in his window.

The result was far and away better than either the artist or the dealer expected. It so happened that Geoffrey Brooke, a celebrated African explorer, who had recently returned from an expedition, was wandering about the city that day, renewing his acquaintance with picture-sellers, dealers in antiques and curios, and people of that sort. Brooke was an enthusiastic collector, he knew a good painting when he saw it, and it was a hobby of his to patronise clever

young artists whose work showed promise. He was passing the shop when Rodney's picture caught his eye. Both subject and workmanship attracted him, and he went into the shop to examine the canvas more closely. His appreciation was so evident that when he inquired the price the dealer promptly doubled the figure he had first intended to ask. The explorer paid cheerfully, and after praising the picture highly asked some questions about the artist.

Having effected the sale, the dealer had no hesitation in telling the purchaser that the artist was a young man, with plenty of talent, bound to win success sooner or later, but at present quite unknown. Mr. Brooke asked for his name and address, and having received the information, called on Rodney without loss of time.

The young artist at that moment was anticipating the humiliation of confessing to his landlord that he had not the wherewithal to settle his account, and wondering where an earth he was to sleep that night

Suddenly there was a knock, and the landlord himself appeared, hinging the door wide.

"It's come," thought Rodney.

But the landlord stood aside. "Mr. Geoffrey Brooke," he announced, and there came forward a big, burly man, whose face was tanned from long exposure to tropical suns. He stepped forward with a smile and hand outstretched.

"Mr. Rodney Miller?" he said.

"That is my name," returned Rodney, taking his hand.

Mr. Brooke came to the point at once. "I've just bought your picture. It's good—very good. You'll get on. I'm interested in young artists, and thought I'd call and see if you have anything else I might care to buy."

As he spoke he began to wander round the studio, stopping to examine the pictures, finished and unfinished, which were scattered about the place.

"That's a nice bit," he said, standing before a landscape which stood on an easel. "I'll buy that. What's the figure?"

Rodney stammered out something. He could not believe his good fortune.

Before the explorer left he had bought the landscape and two other pictures, and Rodney was able to settle with his landlord and leave himself in funds sufficient to keep him for some months.

* * *

The explorer had taken a fancy to the artist as well as to his work, and he set himself to make Rodney Miller the fashion. Buyers began to come along, and the young artist soon had more commissions than he knew what to do with. He had to get a more commodious studio in a more fashionable quarter. Society, which had known nothing of him and cared less a few weeks ago, made much of him now that Brooke had taken him up. Wealthy art patrons recognised his gifts, and, what was better, bought his pictures. His studio became a fashionable resort, and his "private view" days were society events. Thanks to Brooke, he won success, not exactly in a day, but in a surprisingly short space of time. Such sudden fame would have turned the heads of some young fellows, but Rodney Miller had some modesty and plenty of common-sense, and success did not spoil him.

He got to know Brooke very well indeed, and the more he saw of the explorer the more

he liked him, and their friendship grew.

Having seen his protégé securely established, Brooke had gone off to take a holiday, as he expressed it, and see what civilised countries looked like. He had been wandering about Europe for three or four months, when one morning Rodney received a letter from him. It was dated from Paris, and informed Rodney that the writer had married a charming girl. "I have to leave her, worse luck," he wrote, "for I'm off to the Congo. When I come back you must come and see us and make my wife's acquaintance."

The letter amused Rodney. It was just the sort of impulsive thing, he told himself, that Brooke would do—to go and get married and then rush off to the other end of the world. Rodney wondered what his wife thought of it, and what she was like.

He had, however, other things to think of, and soon forgot Mrs. Brooke. His mind just now was full of a picture he was going to paint. It was to be a picture of Circe, the temptress, who destroys the souls of men. He had been trying for weeks to find a model. None of his regular models would do for the part. The Circe he hoped to find must be beautiful and cruel, passionate and pitiless, with allurements in her face and merciless laughter in her eyes. He advertised, and interviewed scores of models, professional and amateur, but without finding the Circe he wanted.

One morning he was almost ready to despair. The applicants had been more than usually impossible. He began to wonder if there was in the whole town anybody who came within reasonable distance of the model he was looking for. Then, the very last of the applicants, came one who was different from all the rest. Beautiful as an angel, was his first thought when she sat in the chair opposite him. Her eyes held him from the first moment. They were not the eyes of an angel though. What were they? He could not tell, and gave up wondering. They were the eyes he wanted, and when she smiled he knew that he had found his Circe at last.

That smile stirred him strangely, and he could hardly compose himself to ask the usual questions. It appeared that she was an artist's model. She had seen some of his work, and was very anxious to pose for him. He was flattered, and it was arranged that her duties should begin at once.

When she had attired herself in the costume

he had designed and taken up her position in the studio he could not repress an exclamation of delight.

"You are Circe herself," he cried. "I never hoped to find anybody so—so exactly what I had imagined."

She smiled at him, a strange, slow smile which was wonderfully sweet and alluring. It was with a curious feeling of intoxication that he began to work.

The days went by almost as in a dream. They did not talk much, and the picture

enough, but I cannot do any more to it. Come and look."

And she came, walking slowly and gracefully in the trailing robe which left her lovely shoulders bare. She stood close to him, looking at the picture.

"Oh," she murmured, "it is too beautiful—much too beautiful."

"No," he whispered; "no! She is not nearly so beautiful as you—you—"

His hand touched her shoulder, and the touch sent a tremor through his frame.



"She sang tender love songs of a bye-gone day."

made progress. One day he asked for her name.

"Oh," she said, "what does that matter? Call me Diana—just that."

As he looked at her beautiful shoulders and superb figure he thought the name suited her. But then her eyes and her smile—no, she was Circe. He turned to his canvas again and worked on, well content.

There came a day when he threw his brushes and palette to the floor. "It is finished," he cried. "It is not half beautiful

Suddenly she turned, and murmuring, "I love you, I love you" threw her white arms round his neck, and pressed her burning, passionate lips to his.

And he was sure that he loved her. Who she was he had never been able to find out. She was certainly no ordinary artist's model, for sometimes an elegant motor-car was in waiting for her at the studio to take her home when work was over for the day. Rodney, after the day when she had declined to tell him her name, had made no attempt to

penetrate the mystery with which she chose to surround herself. It was enough for him now that he loved her and that she loved him.

The car was waiting for her this afternoon, and as he was holding the door open for her a boy came up with a telegram for him. It was from a friend and patron, Mr. Henry Warren, reminding Rodney of his promise to spend a week-end at Eldenhurst, Warren's country place. "My daughter, Eva, is longing to see you," the message ended.

"Let me see it," said Diana, and without thinking he handed her the telegram. She read it with a frown on her face. "Of course you won't go?" she said.

"Oh, yes, I think so," he answered. "Why not?"

For all answer, Diana crumpled up the paper and threw it to the ground with an angry exclamation. It was only when Rodney picked up the telegram after the car had driven away that he guessed at the cause of her anger—"My daughter, Eva, is longing to see you." He was not ill-pleased at the thought that Diana was jealous.

* * *

Rodney, who was now a painter of importance, had no difficulty in finding a purchaser for his *Circe*. The picture was bought by a famous art dealer, who announced his intention of making it the chief attraction of a forthcoming exhibition.

Rodney accepted Mr. Warren's invitation, and found the week-end at Eldenhurst so pleasant that he required very little pressing to extend his stay. He would have found it difficult at first to say what made his visit so enjoyable. His host was kindness itself, the place was a paradise of sylvan beauty, and he could paint to his heart's content. And there was Eva. She reminded him of a wild rose. She was shy, sweet, and charming. He caught himself once thinking that the contrast between her and Diana was the contrast between the pure, fresh air of a spring morning, and the close and enervating atmosphere of a ball-room. He blamed himself for the thought, but it came to him again and again as the beautiful summer days went by.

He drew crayon sketches of Eva in her cool summer frock and bewitching sun-bonnet, and in the evenings she sang tender love-songs of a bye-gone day, accompanying herself on the harp. And there came an evening when he had to ask himself fairly and squarely whether

it was Diana or Eva that he loved. That night he proposed to Eva and was accepted.

On the day he returned to town he found Diana at his house waiting to see him.

"You have been so long away," she said reproachfully. "I thought you were never coming back. I don't believe you love me really."

Rodney was silent for a little, then he told her that he had made a mistake. He had never really loved her, and now he was engaged to someone else. He said it as gently as he could, but even to him it sounded brutal. There was a terrible scene. She clung to him, weeping and beseeching, and when he disengaged her arms and turned away she opened her bag and took out a tiny phial. She had it almost at her lips when he saw her, and snatched the phial away with a cry of horror. She left him then.

"The day you marry Eva Warren I shall die," were her parting words, spoken with such intensity that he was convinced that she meant what she said.

A day or two later Brooke, who had returned earlier than he had anticipated, called to look him up, and Rodney feeling the need of a confidant, told his friend of the scrape in which he had got himself.

Brooke laughed at his fears.

"Never take women seriously, my boy," he said, giving Rodney a hearty slap on the back. "Laugh at 'em. That's the way to treat women."

But then he did not know Diana.

* * *

It was about a week later that Rodney accepted an invitation to dine with Brooke, and he went to the house wondering what his friend's wife would be like. The explorer welcomed him effusively, and took him to the drawing-room.

"My wife will be here in a minute or two," he said. "I'm sure you two will like each other. I haven't told her who's coming. I just said you were an old friend. She'll be delighted to know it's Rodney Miller, the famous artist."

Rodney laughed, and Brooke turned away to speak to a servant. Rodney had his back to the door. Some slight sound caused him to turn, and there, quite close to him, was—Diana! She recognised him at the same instant. She gave a gasp and started back, her lips moved, but no sound came from them. Her face looked in a moment drawn and haggard, and there was fear in her eyes.

Rodney was startled too, and gazed at her in bewilderment. What on earth was she doing here?

Brooke's hearty voice broke in. "Ah, there you are! Diana, this is Mr. Rodney Miller, an old friend of mine, and a fine artist. He shall paint your portrait—by the Lord he shall!"

Rodney could not help shuddering, but Diana made a desperate effort, and began chattering away in quite a natural manner.

Fortunately, Brooke noticed nothing, and they went into dinner. Rodney was in torment, and when presently Brooke said to his wife, "We must go to the Turner Gallery to-morrow and see Miller's new picture, 'Circe,'" he felt as though he must scream aloud. That picture—the temptress in all her voluptuous allurements—was Brooke's wife! He would recognise her in a moment. It was horrible to think of.

Brooke went out of the room to see to the wine, leaving his wife and Rodney alone.

There was no time for more. Brooke returned, and they talked once more of unimportant things. At last Rodney felt that he could stand it no longer. The meal was only half over, but he feigned a sudden illness, and got away. Brooke was all anxiety, and would have seen him home, but Rodney begged him to go back to his wife.

The artist was at his wit's end. To let the picture remain in the gallery for Brooke to see was not to be thought of. Yet how could it be prevented? The gallery was to be opened to the public to-morrow. At last Rodney determined to go to the dealer who had bought the picture, and beg him to withdraw it from the exhibition.

He acted upon the determination, but the dealer declared that such a thing was quite impossible. He refused to consider the proposal for a moment. In despair Rodney went home. He found Diana there. He told her of his failure, but she refused to accept it as final.



"The car was wedged between two huge masses of rock."

"You must get the picture back at any cost," she breathed across the table.

"I can't," he answered, hopelessly. "It's impossible."

"You must!"

"You must go to the gallery to-night yourself, and get the picture," she said.

"You must. I daren't let my husband see it. Oh, promise me you will go."

He promised, though what he would do

when he got to the gallery he had not the least idea. When Diana had gone home he took his case of painting materials and went out. At the gallery he found a sleepy commissionaire on guard, and explained that he had come to touch up his picture a little, before the exhibition opened. The commissionaire offered no objection, and declining his offer of assistance, Rodney passed through into the great silent gallery. He knew where his picture was hung, and turning on the electric light he found a pair of steps, and placed them in position.

Diana's face, Diana's eyes, looked at him out of the canvas. It was truly a wonderful likeness. Brooke must not see it. But to get the picture away now was impossible. The commissionaire would not let him pass with it. There was only one thing to do—he must destroy it, slash out the face which he now hated. Slowly he produced from the case a long, keen-bladed knife.

No! He could not do it. This was his masterpiece, the finest work he had ever done. He would not destroy it. He had thought of a better way. With feverish haste he got out his palette, his brushes, and his colours, and with a few skilful touches he had made of it a different face. It was still beautiful, still alluring, still Circe, but no longer Diana. Satisfied that the picture could now safely meet Brooke's eyes, Rodney packed up his case and left the gallery, waking the sleeping commissionaire to bestow a tip upon him.

Brooke was loud in his praise of the picture next day, and Diana, when her husband was not looking, grasped Rodney's hand and gave him heart-felt thanks. Only the dealer who had arranged the exhibition had any complaint to make, and in reply to his protest, Rodney said :



“ Diana's battered lifeless body.”

“ If you are not satisfied I am willing to buy the picture back.”

The dealer said no more about the matter.

* * *

Rodney saw little of Mrs. Brooke during the days that followed. He began to think that that chapter in his life was closed, and to look forward to happiness with Eva. He and Eva had met the Brooke's once at an evening party, and it seemed to Rodney that Diana was very charming to the girl. If he had seen her change of expression after Eva had left her he would not have felt so sure that everything was right. Diana, indeed, had all she could do to disguise her jealous hatred of the girl. She was determined to prevent Eva's marriage to Rodney, and recked nothing of what her own fate might be.

But the days flew past and the eve of the

wedding arrived. On the following day Rodney would be married to another woman. The thought was torture to Diana, and she determined to act. She ordered the car to be brought round, and drove to Rodney Miller's house. He was not in. She wrote a note, folded it, and placed it in a vase of flowers on his writing table, where he could not fail to see it. Then she went on in the car to Eldenhurst, a few miles out of the town. Eva was willing enough to go for a run in the car with her.

* * *

When Rodney Miller returned to his house he found Mrs. Brooke's note. This is what she had written :

"By the time you receive this note I shall have gone to my Maker. But not alone—I shall have taken her with me—the girl you love."

"My God!" gasped Rodney, with white face and staring eyes. What a fool he had been to think such a woman could forgive or forget. Already the girl he loved might have fallen a victim to her jealous fury. But there might be a chance to do something. He ordered out his car and started in pursuit. Fortunately there had not been much time lost, and he reached Eldenhurst soon after Diana and Eva had started away. He followed in the direction which they were said to have taken. At a place where the road was under repair, the workmen told him that a car with two ladies had gone by only a few minutes earlier. There was something wrong, they said. One of the ladies had called out to them, frantically

begging them to stop the car, but it was going too fast for that.

Rodney hastened on with a chill fear growing at his heart. Suddenly he realised where they were, and where Diana was making for. This road, growing more and more rough, led only to an old, disused stone quarry. Diana, with Eva as her captive, was driving to a terrible death. At last, far ahead, he saw the car. It was swaying dangerously from side to side, and he caught a glimpse of a struggle as the car disappeared round a corner. His own car was doing its utmost. It was hopeless to think of overtaking the other. It was horrible to think of Eva being dashed to death while he was powerless to save her. He shuddered, but kept on. He turned the corner and saw the car again. It had almost reached the edge of the quarry, and involuntarily he lowered his eyes.

What was that lying by the side of the road? He pulled the car up with a sudden jerk, sprang out and bent over the prostrate figure.

"Eva," he called. "Eva, darling. Speak to me."

The girl shuddered, opened her eyes.

"Oh, Rodney," she cried, and burst into tears.

* * *

They found Mrs. Brooke's car wedged between two huge masses of rock, and Diana's battered, lifeless body far below.

Brooke and everybody else, even Eva, thought that Diana was insane when she took that terrible leap. Rodney Miller could have thrown some light upon the matter, but he kept his own counsel.

EDWARD BOULDEN, of the Edison Company, whose slimness makes him eligible for certain character parts, tells a story of a letter received from an elderly lady expressing her desire to adopt Edward with the intention of bringing him up to be a model young man. Boulden declined the offer without informing her just how many years he had been old enough to vote.

A REPORTER was interviewing Edison, "And you, sir," he said to the inventor, "made the first talking machine?" "No," Mr. Edison replied, "the first one was made long before my time—out of a rib."

—*Express Overseas Mail.*

A HAIR (BREADTH) ESCAPE.

A LADY bather got out of her depth the other day at Margate. Her screams were answered by a well-known picture-actor of the "Daring" type. A few strokes carried him to the spot, and he reached out a muscular arm to grip the poor lady, who was just about to sink. But her frantic struggles just at this moment dislodged her bathing-cap, which soon floated away, carrying with it her wig.

"Oh, save my hair!" she cried. "Save my hair!"

"Madam," replied the gallant rescuer, hauling her in, "I love saving life, but I am not a hair-restorer."

—*Pictures and Picturegoer.*

His Ambition—and its Attainment.

By Evan Strong, and accentuated by Sys.

IS cognomen was John Wyllie, but he quickly became "John Willie." "What's in a name?" you may say, having read a little; well, a great deal sometimes. For instance, if you repeat John Willie half-a-dozen times rapidly you will obtain a very good idea of what our new "star" was like. Long, gaunt, always with a furtive look over the shoulder, as if he feared his wife was running after him—he was the sort of fellow who reminded one of a yard of curdled milk. He walked on two legs like the rest of us, but his stride was more like the prospective jump of a kangaroo arrested half-way through by cramp. He had a voice which reminded one of a musical frog suffering from an attack by a poodle driven mad by a double-headed eagle.

John Willie was under-assistant at Twillings & Co., the first house in the town for underwear and ladies' confectionery, as the advertisements ran. His duties consisted of bowing to fishwives and playing on their flattery by addressing them somewhat as follows:

"Goo'-mornin', madam. What can I do for you t'day, madam? Nice line here in woollen—No. Perhaps this would

interest you—ver' cheap. Not any thing like them in town. You'll take a pair, madam? Thank you, madam. And the next, please? Nothing more to-day? Thank you, madam. Elevenpence-three-farthin's. SIGN. Your change, madam. Thank you. Goo'-mornin'."

I believe he had got to saying this by heart, because he invariably started with the woollen—and ran down the list with every refusal. However, this was not his only task—sometimes he would be sent out to a customer, and such occasions provided an excuse to dash off to the theatre and feast on the posters and programmes with gnawing envy in his breast as he thought of the waste of fulsome flattery and printer's ink on individuals less worthy of note than himself. For John Willie had a great opinion of his artistic qualities. He aspired to the stage. Oft when trade was slack he would draw to the corner and dream and

dream of himself as "Piazzo" out-singing Caruso, of the storming applause of millionaires and millionairesses, fêting and lionising, and so forth, till a voice sounded in his ears:

"Miking again, John Willie! If I catch you once more, once more only, out you go. The next time a week's notice



"Yes, mam! What can I do for you?"

on the spot, so take note."

The sword of Damocles held over his head only fired his zeal to perfect himself ready to launch into the "star" world. The radiance of his dreams blinded him to all else in life. He would attain to that which he knew he was fitted above all others.

The Saturday came when John Willie drew his salary as usual—they called it salary at Twilling's, so much more respectable, you know—and went out to deny himself supper that night and to feed on biscuits all day Sunday to be prepared with his fee for the singing master on Monday. An opera

singer he would be, and so, free of work on that eventful day, he hastened to his first lesson. He never got beyond the first lesson—as a matter of fact he never got through it. His first attempt was something between the growl of a lion with the toothache and the screech of unoiled hinges of a badly hung door. The master having pocketed the fee, was so astounded at the volume of sound which hit him full in the drum of the ear, that in the excitement of his discovery he seized a handy music-stand and struck Willie such a thwack on the top of the head that his jaw went to with a jolt which made the windows rattle in harmony. John Willie in that moment communed with more "stars" than he ever would, even supposing he rose to the very heights of his ambition. And he did not relish the firmament, but his zeal was dampened not a bit; in fact, the subsequent friction at the affected area tended to inflame it—the ambition, of course.

Though he came to realise that singing had its disadvantages, Willie still clung to the idea that he would be an actor, naturally at Drury Lane, or other great houses. He went straight away to a dramatic school: two evenings a week after eight o'clock—fee five shillings for twelve lessons; perfection in histrionics guaranteed.

He paid his fee again and recited a verse from "The Charge of the Light Brigade," which Tennyson appears to have written for this purpose. That was enough—. As his vocal organs got to work the school



"Made friendly advances."

fell on him like one man—and told him he lisped (he did when they had finished with him). Now a man who lisps cannot be an actor. Fancy hearing your favourite "dream" appealing: "Fliendth, Romanth, counthlymen, lend me your earth!"

So the dramatic master told him to go down to the shore, put a fair size stone in his mouth and practice intoning the roaring of the waves, and all the murmurings and mumblings of the waters.

But as there was no shore anywhere near Willie's home, he hid himself to the river and there endeavoured to follow out the master's instructions, with the result that he soon decided that the laurels of the stage were not for him.

Willie lived a life of death—suspended animation they call it—for the next few days. All his hopes were shattered, all his ideals were cast to the muddy street, the starry firmament dissolved into a Milky Way, and sour milk at that. He thought of everything but suicide, but eventually resigned himself to an eternal repetition of "Goo'-mornin', madam," etc.

Then the hand of fate intervened. So long turned against John Willie, it now reversed to stroke his face gently and benignly.

It happened that he was sent one morning down to Shrimpswing Street, near the fish and fruit market, on an errand for the firm. Round a stall at the corner of the square a great crowd was bandying a red-faced woman who stood determined behind a pile

of wonderful white-heart cherries.

The saleswoman, however, did not appear particularly eager on sales. She stood, arms akimbo, shouting, "Nar then, whatcher all scragging round fer, block'eads?" and "If yer don't 'old back a bit I'll swiipe some on yer."

Willie was very astounded at this procedure on the part of the person who depended on the desires of the passers by for her existence. He went in to have a closer look—at the cherries—when a thunderous voice roared near his right ear, "Hi, make way; let him in. This is a good type!"

Willie was about to turn and expostulate with the owner of the roar when the saleswoman asked his requirements. The cherries were interesting. Willie inquired the price.

"Sixpence a pund," was the reply.

"My, that's dear, ain't it?"

"Orl right then, we'll give um ter yer; 'ere y'r, I don't think."

"A'right, hold yer wool on, missus," said Willie; "give me a penn'orth, and don't try to push those behind on me—I know yer game; give me some from the good'uns here in front."

This brought forward an expression of

EARLE WILLIAMS, whose portrait appeared in our supplement of March last, was born in Sacramento, California, on the 28th of February, 1880. Augustus P. Williams, his father, was one of the early settlers of California, having first lived in Boonville, Mo. His mother was Eva M. Paget, of the family of that name from Cincinnati, Ohio.

James Paget, the famous actor of an earlier generation, was the uncle of Earle Williams and the only member of the family who ever entered the theatrical profession. When Earle was a boy at college his uncle was always advising him never to go on the stage.

But in spite of all that his uncle said, he in after years started in that profession. He received his education at the Oakland Public Grammar and High Schools, afterwards he attended the Polytechnic College of California, but left before he obtained his degree.

His first situation was as office boy, which position he filled during the time between school and college.

In 1901, he obtained his first theatrical engagement as utility man with the Baldwin-Melville Stock Company in New Orleans.

goodwill from the lady, who called Willie a pet name, something like "red-headed pocket-pickin' monkey's brother," and at the same moment, a burly and beery individual, presumably the husband, rolled across and made friendly advances, first knocking Willie's hat off—not missing his head.

And so Willie came to the fulfilment of his desires. It was a film scene played in the market in which various types were required, and Willie was a revelation. Later, the film company, whenever they had similar scenes to take, employed Willie often. His activities were very strenuous, insomuch that he never received less than a dozen punches in the head every week, was smitten to earth half-a-dozen times, three times thrown into the water, besides being swamped with whitewash, slung into rubbish heaps, etc., etc.

But what did this matter when he had achieved all that he aspired to—to be an artiste, a film actor, a dramatic hero!

This activity, however, did not coincide with Messrs. Twillings, and Willie found himself with the much promised "sack. Did this worry him?—not a bit. Had he not become an actor?

Among his engagements on the legitimate stage were "The Man on the Box" and "The Chorus Lady," in which he played heavy parts with Henry Dixie and Rose Stahl respectively. In Mary Mannering's "Glorious Betsy" and "The Third Degree," he played juvenile. He played his last theatrical engagement with George Beban in "The Sign of the Rose" in vaudeville. During the summer of 1911 he went down to the Vitagraph Company to get a summer engagement, and has stayed there ever since.

His splendid stock training and possessing ideal qualifications for a motion picture actor he soon held an enviable position in the motion picture world. In the following pictures he has gained great successes: "The Christian," "Love's Sunset," "Vengeance of Durand," "Memories that Haunt," "Lovesick Maidens of Cuddleton," "The Dawning," "The Red Barrier," "Two Women and Two Men," "The Bond of Music," "The Test of Friendship," and "The Thumb Print."

He likes a good heavy part or a strong dramatic lead best, such as Carl in "The Vengeance of Durand."

His hobbies are motor-boating and photography. He reads a good deal, mostly old classics and strong playwrights.

The Adventures of Miss Tomboy,

OR, LOVE, LUCK AND GASOLENE.

From the VITAGRAPH Photoplay. Adapted by James Cooper.

The further pranks of Miss Tomboy, aided by her clever fiancé only serve to aggravate the already exasperated Bunny, whose resourcefulness is wonderful, and yet he concedes to the lucky pair.

		Cast:	
Miss Tomboy	LILLIAN WALKER	
Her Father	JOHN BUNNY	
Cutey	WALLY VAN	
Van Alstyne	CHARLES WELLESLEY	
The Commodore	...	A MOTOR-BOAT ENTHUSIAST	

Director: WILFRED NORTH.

CONCLUDING INSTALMENT.



CUTEY'S hopes of softening Mr. Bunny and inducing him to regard him as a prospective son-in-law sank below zero. He had built very much upon the successful result of the yacht race, supposing that the winning of the Club Cup would have put Mr. Bunny in such good humour that he would have been unable to refuse his daughter anything. He soon found out his mistake. Mr. Bunny, when he reflected that it was to his rebellious, madcap daughter he owed the success of his yacht, almost brought himself to the point of wishing that he had never bought the vessel at all. Cutey had confidently expected forgiveness for Miss Tomboy and indulgence for himself; instead of which Mr. Bunny was furiously angry with his daughter and had nothing but abuse for poor Cutey, who, he was convinced, had persuaded her into the escapade. On the pier, after the yacht race, he had been positively rude; and but for the fact that he was Miss Tomboy's father, Cutey would have found it impossible to keep his temper. As it was he pocketed the humiliation, and was more than ever determined to marry Miss Tomboy, whether her father liked it or not.

Cutey, as has been said, was a lad of resource and not easily cast down. He knew quite well that love laughs at many other things besides locksmiths, including angry fathers, and he soon shook off his depression.

A talk with his friend, the Commodore of the Yacht Club, contributed largely to raise his spirits. The Commodore had been the confidant of many love-lorn youths in his time and was always ready with sympathy and advice.

"Why don't you elope?" he asked.

"No good," replied Cutey gloomily. "She wouldn't. Besides, I cannot manage to get a talk with her now to try to persuade her. The old man is always about, and he hates the sight of me."

The Commodore put on his considering cap. Presently he made another suggestion: "Take her for a run in the 'Paula.' Daddy cannot interrupt your conversation there, and perhaps you'll be able to fix things all right."

"That's a good idea," Cutey agreed; adding doubtfully, "if it can only be managed."

"Have a try," said the Commodore. "No place like a yacht for courting. Why, in my young days—however, that's another story. Well, here's luck."

It may have been in consequence of the Commodore's good wishes, but whether it was or not, luck certainly did favour Cutey. Next day he called at Mr. Bunny's and found that gentleman and his daughter in the garden. Mr. Bunny had succumbed to the heat of the day. He was lying back in a garden chair, with his hat tipped over his eyes and his hands loosely clasped upon that



“Mr. Bunny had hoisted himself into the passenger’s seat and was holding on like grim death.”

part of his anatomy which he sometimes humorously called his waist.

Miss Tomboy was eating an apple with manifest enjoyment. The sudden appearance of Cutey caused her some alarm.

“Father’s awfully angry with you,” she whispered. “If he sees you here, he’ll——”

“Oh, he’s sound asleep,” interrupted Cutey, also in a whisper. “He’ll never know. I say, cannot you come for a trip in the yacht with me? I want to have a talk. We’ll be back in an hour or two.”

“Oh!” gasped Miss Tomboy, “I’d love it! But”—with a doubtful glance at her parent—“do you think he is really asleep?”

For answer, Cutey stepped lightly over to the recumbent figure and raised the hat from Mr. Bunny’s features. It was evident that he was blissfully unconscious of any plot against his domestic peace.

“Get your things on,” said Cutey; and together they left Mr. Bunny to his slumbers, his dutiful daughter turning and making a grimace at him as she reached the verandah, which ran along the garden front of the house.

It might have been half an hour later that Van Alstyne strolled into the garden.

He had hoped to find Miss Tomboy there, and his disappointment at finding only her father was considerable. Mr. Bunny’s slumber was profound, and Van Alstyne did not disturb him. He took Miss Tomboy’s vacant chair and soon fell asleep himself.

Mr. Bunny was the first to awake. He stared at Van Alstyne in bewilderment for a minute or two, wondering how he had come there and where on earth that madcap daughter of his had got to. Then he rose from his chair and went to arouse his friend.

“Hi! wake up! wake up! Where’s that girl got to, I wonder? She was here a little while ago.”

Van Alstyneyawned and stretched himself. “She was not here when I came,” he said. “I came hoping to see her, but I found only you, and as you were asleep I followed your example.”

“I suppose she’s gone indoors. Let’s go and see.”

But they did not find Miss Tomboy there, and when Mr. Bunny heard from the servants that she had been seen to leave the house with Cutey he said things about that young man which were quite unfit for publication.

“I don’t like that young man,” said Van

Alstyne viciously. "He is a nuisance. Why do you allow him to come here?"

"I don't," retorted Mr. Bunny, "but he comes all the same. I've told him if I catch him hanging round here I'll kick him into the street, and—and he laughs at me."

"You should not have gone to sleep," said Van Alstyne.

Mr. Bunny fumed. "I've had enough of it," he said. "I won't be laughed at by my own daughter. She shall marry you as soon as we can fix things. I'm determined she shall."

"Good," was the reply. "I am quite agreeable. Only where is she? She may have eloped."

"Damn it! So she may." The idea startled Mr. Bunny. "We must find them," he said. "Perhaps they've gone yachting or something."

Somewhere about this time Miss Tomboy and Cutey were arriving at an understanding on board the "Paula." Miss Tomboy had declared to Cutey that she would never marry anybody but him, and that forty fathers should not make her change her mind. As for Van Alstyne, she said she hated the sight of him.

Cutey slipped a ring on the third finger of her left hand.

"My! What a beauty!" she cried. "Then we—we are engaged?"

"I guess we are," said Cutey. "Now kiss me."

"I wonder what father will say," ventured Miss Tomboy several minutes later. Cutey, who was wondering too, did not reply.

When Cutey had seen the yacht safely moored he and Miss Tomboy prepared to face the music. Landing at the pier from the dinghy they met Mr. Bunny and Van Alstyne at the top of the steps.

The irate parent ignored Cutey and turned angrily upon his daughter. "What does this mean?" he cried. "How dare you behave in this disgraceful way?"

Miss Tomboy actually laughed! "It's all right," she said, "we're engaged!" and she held out her hand so that her father could see the ring.

"What the devil!" Mr. Bunny exploded, his face purple with rage. "Engaged! Of all the impudence! Don't talk such nonsense to me. You'll go along home at once, and Mr. Van Alstyne shall go with you." Then, aside to Van Alstyne he said, "For goodness sake, take her away and pop the question at once."

If ever Cutey felt inclined to kick his rival it was then, as Van Alstyne walked away

with the reluctant Miss Tomboy, bestowing upon Cutey a supercilious smile.

"You wait!" muttered Cutey to himself. "You wait!"

Van Alstyne's triumph was short-lived. It is difficult to make a proposal of marriage when everything you say is turned into ridicule, when the girl will not even let you hold her hand, and asks commiseratingly if you are in pain when you are trying to put into words the tenderest sentiments. Van Alstyne's suit did not prosper, and, to crown all, Miss Tomboy insisted upon spoiling their tête-à-tête by adding to the party two girl friends who happened to come along.

At last, in sheer despair, Van Alstyne left them and went to tell his troubles to Mr. Bunny. Together they decided that this business had got to be settled right away.

"I'll see," said Mr. Bunny, with immense decision, "if I'm to be flouted like this by a bit of a girl! I'll show her who's master."

Presently Miss Tomboy appeared, saucy and cheerful as ever, greeting her father and Van Alstyne as though nothing had happened.

Mr. Bunny adopted new tactics. Instead of flying into a rage with her, he kept himself well under control, and curtly announced his decision.

"You shall marry Mr. Van Alstyne to-day."

Miss Tomboy looked at her father for a moment or two, and then burst out laughing. "Don't talk so silly, father," she said. "You forget I'm engaged to Cutey."

Mr. Bunny kept a firm hold upon himself. "You can't be engaged without my consent. I say you shall marry Van Alstyne to-day. You'd better go and make your preparations. We shall expect you at three o'clock."

"Well," said Miss Tomboy, coolly. "I shan't be ready by that time, nor in a year, nor a century. I'm going to marry Cutey, and you may as well make up your mind to it. As for marrying Mr. Van Alstyne, I'd rather be an old maid and keep cats for ever and ever. There!" She threw up her head defiantly, and walked away.

"I don't believe she likes me," remarked Van Alstyne, plaintively.

"Oh, she'll come round," was Mr. Bunny's reply. "You don't understand women. Firmness is what they need—firmness."

But Van Alstyne still seemed dubious.

Miss Tomboy realised that her father was in earnest this time. Matters had come to a crisis, and it was time to put into operation

a little scheme which had been discussed between her and Cutey, to meet just such an emergency as this. She scribbled a note:

"Cutey, dear,

"Father has put his foot down. He says I'm to marry Van Alstyne to-day. But I want to marry you. I shall be on the pier in an hour. Have everything ready, and we'll go to Newport in the 'Paula,' and be married at once.

"Yours always,

"TOMBOY."

She sent the note to the Yacht Club by her own maid, who was in her confidence, and entirely sympathetic.

Cutey, in a state of great excitement, told his friend the Commodore what was afoot.

"Good lad," said the Commodore. "By gad! It makes me feel young again. Off with you. Let me know if I can help at all. Can I run you to Newport in the motor boat? She can do forty an hour or so. That would be something like an elopement now."

"No, thanks," said Cutey. "The 'Paula' will do us very nicely. It's awfully good of you though."

"Righto! Lord! I'd give something to see old Bunny's face when he knows you're married." The Commodore chuckled.

Cutey hurried away to get things ready, and he was waiting at the pier steps with the dinghy when Miss Tomboy appeared, breathless with running. In five minutes they were on board the yacht, and in five more they were under way.

Miss Tomboy believed she had got away from her father's house unobserved. In this, however, she was mistaken. Van Alstyne, mooning around the house, had seen her slip out of the garden gate and hurry away down the road. His first impulse was to run and overtake her, but he was doubtful as to the reception he might get. Then he thought of informing Mr. Bunny but reflected that that would mean losing sight of the girl. He decided to follow her.

She led him along at a good rate, and he soon saw that she was heading for the pier. From a safe distance he watched the meeting between her and Cutey, and saw them get into the dinghy, which at once pulled away in the direction of the yacht. He cursed himself for his stupidity in not having stopped her as she left the house. There was only one thing to be done now. He

hurried off to tell Mr. Bunny what he had seen, and to demand that that gentleman should take action at once.

To say that Mr. Bunny was angry is to give an absurdly inadequate idea of his feelings. He went almost frantic with rage, and vented some of it upon Van Alstyne.

"Why the devil didn't you stop her?" he demanded. "You say you want to marry her and you let another man carry her off under your eyes. Of all the silly idiots!"

"It's no use going on in this fashion," Van Alstyne returned angrily. "What's to be done? That's the question."

"Done!" cried Mr. Bunny. "Why fetch 'em back, of course. There's that steam yacht of mine, the 'Arrow'—she's faster than the 'Paula.' They've got a good start, but we might do it if we're smart."

Mr. Bunny had not hustled so much for years as he did during the next half-hour. Van Alstyne had all he could do to keep pace with him as they hurried down to the pier. Every now and then Mr. Bunny broke into a run, and he arrived at the pier steps out of breath, but even more angry than he had been when they started. The 'Arrow' was moored about a hundred yards from the pier, and in response to Mr. Bunny's hail and frantic waving, a boat put off from the yacht. Very soon the owner and Van Alstyne were upon the deck. The skipper met them with a salute.

"Get under way at once," said Mr. Bunny. "We've got to overhaul the 'Paula.'"

"The 'Paula'!" said the skipper wonderingly. "Why, she's been gone half-an-hour or more."

"I don't care if she's been gone half a day," replied Mr. Bunny, with asperity. "You've got to catch her. You're faster than she is, ain't you? Very well, then."

The skipper asked no questions. He gave his orders in a sharp, sailorly fashion, and pretty soon the "Arrow" was doing all she knew, going full steam ahead after the "Paula."

Cutey and Miss Tomboy, imagining themselves safe from pursuit, were already deciding what they should say to Mr. Bunny when they returned from Newport and faced him as man and wife.

"Of course, he'll be angry at first," said Miss Tomboy, "but he'll soon come round. He won't be able to unmarry us, anyhow, and I believe after a time he'll come to

think the whole affair a good joke. He has a sense of humour, Dad has."

"Well," returned Cutey, "I hope you are right, but he doesn't seem to have seen the joke so far. I wonder if Van Alstyne has a sense of humour too," he added viciously. "I owe him one for the grin he gave me when he walked off the pier with you. I don't think he'll feel like grinning when we see him again."

"He's a beast," said Miss Tomboy heartily, "but we needn't worry about him any more. Oh, Cutey, isn't it just lovely, running off to be married like this. Do you know, I've always wanted to elope. Wouldn't it be exciting if they chased us?"

she can. We can't grind another yard out of her. Hold on though; I've got an idea."

He dashed along the deck and disappeared into the wireless cabin. In a few minutes he returned, full of excitement.

"We'll beat them yet," he cried. "I've sent a wireless to the Commodore, asking him to get to us in his motor boat."

"But can he do it?" asked Miss Tomboy. "Won't the 'Paula' reach us first?"

"Not if the Commodore gets the message promptly. His boat can fly, simply fly. We shall be at Newport and married before the 'Arrow' can get anywhere near the place."

Meanwhile the "Arrow" was making good progress, and Mr. Bunny and Van Alstyne



"Just before they started they had seen an aeroplane rise in the air."

Cutey was gazing astern. "By gad," he said suddenly, "that's just what they are doing, I believe." He snatched up the binoculars and gazed earnestly at a steamer far behind them. Cutey dropped the glasses with a gesture of despair. "It's your father's yacht, the 'Arrow,' coming along like the very deuce! She'll overhaul us long before we can get to Newport."

"But surely," urged Miss Tomboy, in great agitation, "we can do something. Can't you tell the skipper to put on more sail or something?"

Cutey shook his head. "She's doing all

counted on a speedy end to the chase. The "Arrow" was within a mile or so of the "Paula" when a motor boat flew past them. She cut through the water at such a rate that she seemed to leave the yacht standing still.

"By jove!" exclaimed Mr. Bunny, "that chap is moving. Wonder where he's off to? Hullo! what's wrong with the 'Paula'?"

Mr. Bunny might well ask that question, for the "Paula" had come almost to a standstill. As he and Van Alstyne gazed through their glasses, they saw the motor boat run alongside the yacht. Two figures,

a man and a girl, descended a ladder over the "Paula's" side, and get into the motor boat, which immediately started off again at full speed.

Mr. Bunny swore, and Van Alstyne joined him with much heartiness. But Miss Tomboy's father was not beaten yet. The "Arrow" carried a motor boat too, and in less time than it takes to tell it was over the side, and with Bunny and Van Alstyne aboard was doing its best to overhaul the Commodore's flier. They soon saw, however, that they stood no chance whatever. It was then that Mr. Bunny astonished his friend.

"We'll get an aeroplane," he said, "and catch 'em that way."

"A what!" gasped Van Alstyne.

"An aeroplane. A friend of mine close by here has two or three. He'll get us to Newport in no time, and we'll be able to stop their little game."

"I'm not coming," said Van Alstyne decidedly. "I'll go back to town and wait for you."

"Afraid?" sniffed Mr. Bunny contemptuously. "Faint heart never won fair lady, you know. Still, if you won't— Well, here we are."

He had steered the boat inshore and now ran her alongside a little pier. They scrambled out and by good luck found a motor car waiting at the entrance. Mr. Bunny struck a bargain with the chauffeur to drive them to his friend's place, half a mile away. He found the aviator quite ready for an adventure, and very soon Mr. Bunny had hoisted himself into the passenger's seat and was holding on like grim death. The airman started the engine, the machine ran along the ground for a few score yards and then rose in the air.

In the Commodore's motor boat they had not been asleep. They had seen the other motor boat start away from the "Arrow" and had seen it make for the shore. It was Miss Tomboy's quick wit that divined the reason for this.

"I do believe," she said in amazement, "father is going to get an aeroplane. Mr. Thomson's place is somewhere there, and he's always asking father to take a trip with him. Now he's going to do it."

"Oh, well," said the Commodore, "if he's going to fly after us, we might as well go back home. We don't stand an earthly."

Cutey chimed in. "Don't you believe it. We'll fly too. A friend of mine at Oyster

Bay has one of those flying boats, a hydroplane, or whatever you call it. Why, there it is now, on the slip-way, ready to start."

"That's a bit of luck," remarked the Commodore, "if only your friend is there."

He was. They hailed, and Cutey's friend hurried to the water's edge, listened to their tale and entered into the game with enthusiasm. He could carry two passengers with ease, he said, and Cutey and Miss Tomboy were in their places before you could say "knife." The seaplane skimmed along the surface of the water and presently rose gracefully, cleaving the air like an enormous seabird, and Miss Tomboy gave a little gasp of delight. She was sure no girl had ever had so exciting an elopement.

Just before they started they had seen an aeroplane rise into the air over the land. When they were fairly on the way Cutey looked back. The aeroplane was now fairly near them, and Cutey thought he could make out Mr. Bunny's figure in the passenger's seat. The old man had some pluck, anyhow, he thought.

Mr. Bunny saw them, too. For a moment he forgot where he was, forgot that he was suspended precariously between the sky and the water. He leaned forward, let go his hold upon the supporting uprights and shook his fist furiously at the seaplane. As he did so he overbalanced and pitched, head foremost, out of the machine.

Cutey gave a cry of horror. "Stop!" he shouted. "Farman, stop! He's fallen out! Good God! he'll be drowned!"

"Who? What on earth's the matter?" said Farman. "What's all the row about?"

"Mr. Bunny—Tomboy's father—just pitched head first out of that aeroplane. For heaven's sake, let's go down and pick him up. There he is—hooray!"

Cutey's relief was so great that he waved his hat and cheered like a schoolboy. Mr. Bunny was fortunately able to swim, and though when they descended on the water close by him he was puffing and grunting like some asthmatical sea monster, he was really little the worse for his startling experience. He clambered with some difficulty on to one of the floats of the seaplane, and was thus conveyed to *terra firma*.

What was to be done now? Would Mr. Bunny do the graceful thing and give the runaway pair his blessing? Or would he insist upon Miss Tomboy's going home at once. He seemed to be in some doubt

himself as to the best course to adopt. Perhaps he realised that he cut rather an undignified figure in his dripping clothes.

Miss Tomboy made the first advance. "Why, daddy," she said, laughing, "you're wet!"

It was not a particularly tactful speech under the circumstances, and it made Mr. Bunny angry—so angry that he ordered her to leave Cutey at once and come home with him. But that was not at all to Miss Tomboy's mind, and she tried other tactics. Presently she had the satisfaction of seeing a smile dawn and spread all over his expansive countenance. Still he refused to relent, until Miss Tomboy saw Van Alstyne

hurry towards them in a motor-car.¹

"Here comes that horrid man again," she cried. "I won't marry him—I won't, so there!"

Mr. Bunny gave in then. "Well," he said, "if you won't, you won't, I suppose. You'd better go on and finish your programme. Take care of her, Cutey, my boy. You'll find me at home when you come back. Off you go!"

And Mr Bunny himself lent a hand to push off the seaplane and watched it rise into the air. Then he turned to Van Alstyne and burst out laughing. Alstyne, however, quite failed to see the joke. He had no sense of humour.

[THE END].

"NOW I'll show 'em some fine pictures," said a British soldier in France as he started operating a machine gun with the coolness of a cinematograph operator.

IT was in a Scottish picture-house, and two men were agreeably surprised to find a cup of tea and a biscuit given them free by the management at four o'clock.

Half-an-hour later one of them broke the silence. "We've seen a' the pictures now, John," he said, "we may as well go out."

To which John, after a minute's thought, replied, "You can go if you want to. A'm stayin' to dinner."

—*Idealletter.*

ROBERT CONNESS comes from a family long known in the annals of the American stage, his stage connection having been with the Frohmans in "The Prisoner of Zenda," "Colonial Girl" and "The Bachelor's Baby," and has starred with Mary Mannering, Blanche Walsh and Hedwig Richer.

Mr. Conness made his first appearance before the camera in the Edison studio about five years ago, and will long live in the minds of the motion-picture public for the excellent dramatic technique displayed in such Edison films as "His Daughter," "Children Who Labour," "Church and Country," and "Van Bibber's Experiment." Having been engaged in a large theatrical production Mr. Conness was compelled to forsake his screen delineations for a brief period. He has returned to the Edison Company, and will again bring gladness to the hearts of his admirers by displaying the versatility and dramatic accomplishments for which he is famed.

THEY were producing the court scene in a big picture. The player who took the rôle of the prosecuting attorney was fiercely cross-examining one of the witnesses for the defence.

"Repeat the words the prisoner used," he thundered, pointing his finger at the trembling witness.

"I'd rather not," said this individual, timidly, "they were hardly fit words for a gentleman's ear."

"Ah!" exclaimed the lawyer, "then whisper them to the judge."

RUTH HENNESSY, ingenue lead with the Essanay Company, is a good swimmer. She goes through the water like a mermaid, but a short time ago she was nearly drowned in enacting a water scene with some girls who could not swim. They seized her, and being twice Miss Hennessy's size they weighed her down for the third time. Timely assistance of the men in the scene saved a very popular young lady, who is thankful to be alive to-day.

THE "star" appeared at the studios one morning with her dainty finger smothered in bandages.

"What have you done to your finger?" several of the other players asked simultaneously.

"Oh, just reckless driving!"

"Motor?"

"No—nail!" said the star as she closed the door of her dressing room.

Brewster's Millions.

THE ROMANCE OF SPENDING A MILLION DOLLARS.

*Adapted from the Photoplay Production of the JESSE L. LASKY
Feature Play Company by Edna Rose Cox.*

EDWARD ABELES AS "MONTY BREWSTER."

CONCLUDING INSTALMENT.

CHAPTER VII.

BUT luck couldn't keep turning away from Monty. Within a week of his coup on the stock exchange, which silenced a good deal of the talk about him, a bank in which he had a deposit of more than \$100,000 failed, owing to mismanagement, and it seemed most unlikely that any of the money would ever be recovered—or, at most, a beggarly ten or fifteen cents on the dollar. Monty had money in other banks, and he hoped that one of them might fail. He needed cheering up at this time, for he had managed to offend Barbara Drew by his plainly marked objections to the attentions of other men to her. She had returned his Christmas present to him, and had managed to avoid him. When he called she was not at home, and even Peggy, to whom Monty had gone for sympathy, had been unable to cheer him up.

The failure of one bank affected others. There was no panic, but people were uneasy, and it took little to start rumours about other institutions. The one that finally had to bear the heaviest fire was the Columquit National, of which Colonel Drew was president. It seemed as stable as a rock, but a run started. Other bankers, seeing a chance to push Drew to the wall, refused to help. And so, suddenly, Monty was confronted with a crisis. For Colonel Drew, swallowing his pride, begged his help.

"Monty, my boy," he said, "this run is senseless. If you will, publicly, increase your deposit, I think the run can be stopped."

Monty was torn between his desire to help Barbara's father and his fear of Swarengen Jones. For to deposit a great sum in a bank that was on the verge of failure was likely to seem to Jones a delib-

erate attempt to evade the conditions of his uncle's will. If the bank failed and the money was lost, there was more than an even chance that Jones would refuse to hand over the money to him. Monty fought out his battle with himself. For a moment he was tempted to do it, and let Barbara see how she had wronged him. Then he stiffened his lip.

"I'll do it, Colonel," he said. "But—Barbara must never know."

Amazed, the Colonel promised his silence. Within ten minutes, in the face of the frightened depositors, Monty opened a bag and took from it great rolls of bills—thousand-dollar bills encasing much smaller ones, for effect. The run stopped at once. Such a proof of confidence was enough. The bank was saved.

It was to Monty's credit that he would not profit by the chance to win Barbara's love. He still loved her: loved her, despite her recent coldness, better than ever. But he wanted to win her, if win her he did, on his own merits.

Colonel Drew, however, could not quite understand the situation. He had always been fond of Monty; Brewster's action in saving his bank had given him a paternal feeling toward the young man. Like everyone else, he knew how Monty was going through his money. But he felt that, after all, Monty was only sowing his wild oats. And when he learned that Barbara was giving a party to which Monty had not been invited he was furious. In his anger he forgot his promise to Monty, and told her how much they owed him.

At first Barbara was touched. She was ready to be reconciled, for she felt that Monty had done this on her account. Had he come to her then, humble, suing for a restoration of the favour she had so capriciously withdrawn, they might have become

engaged. But that was not Monty's way. He knew that he had done nothing to merit her disfavour: he was not prepared to go down on his knees to her. They met at a dinner at Mrs. Dan de Mille's. Mrs. Dan was still acting as Monty's social guide and mentor.

"Let's kiss and make it up, Babs," suggested Monty.

That wasn't the idea at all. She stiffened at once.

"I don't think I quite understand," she said, to lead him on.

"Well—I'm sure I don't!" he said. "I don't know what I've done—but I supposed that you must be over your tiff by this time——"

And then Barbara made a great mistake.

"I suppose you thought so because of what you did for my father!" she said. "I suppose that's why you've waited until now to beg my forgiveness——"

"What?" He interrupted her sharply. "I haven't begged your forgiveness, because I've done nothing to require it! And, as to what I did for your father—you were not supposed to know of that."

"Oh, you knew very well I'd learn of it!" she said. "I must say——"

"Please don't say anything more," he said, with a new note in his voice. "I think I understand your feeling."

CHAPTER VIII.

THAT marked the beginning of a new stage in Monty's wild year. His friends noticed a wilder recklessness on his part—a desire to spend money even madder than before. Monty was fighting to get over his infatuation for Barbara. She had revealed herself to him at Mrs. Dan's in colours he had never suspected, and the experience embittered him. He heard, now that his ears were open, many things that had never come to him before. He discovered that many of Barbara's friends thought that she had been holding him off on account of his extravagance; that she was determined not to commit herself because he seemed impelled to spend his last cent.

As the weeks passed Monty began to realise more fully than ever the difficulty of spending a million dollars. And, too, his distress over the trouble with Barbara wore on him. His health began to be affected. He had little to cheer him. One loss of sixty thousand dollars, for instance, though

it represented so much of his task accomplished, hurt him. For Nopper Harrison, his trusted friend, had been betrayed into taking some of his money. He had speculated with it, intending to share the profits with Monty—and he had lost. Manfully, he confessed what he had done.

"It's your fault, in a way," he said. "I don't mean to whine—but have you any idea of the temptation? You trusted me absolutely—and I've betrayed your trust, Monty. I've got to get out."

Get out he did, despite Monty's attempts to make him stay. In vain Monty assured him that the money did not matter; that he had never meant to do anything wrong.

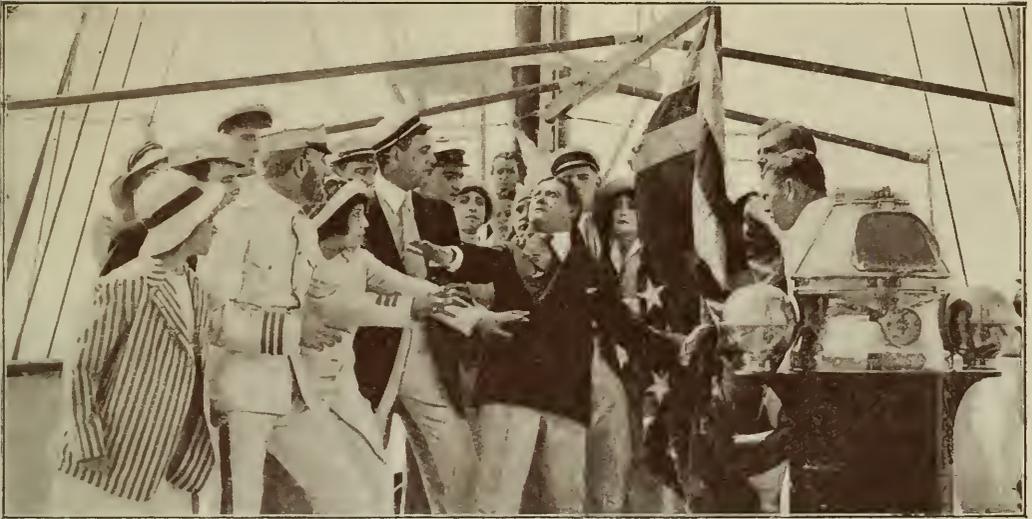
"I'm going West—going to look for gold," said Harrison. "I've discovered my own weakness—and I'm going to try to straighten out the kink. Don't worry, Monty. It's a good thing to find out such things about yourself before it's too late."

So he went, with Monty's money, which he had finally been induced to accept, to stake him. Monty felt that he had lost, for the time, at least, one of his truest friends. And it was a time when he needed all his real friends, for his acquaintances were beginning to despise him. They foresaw a time when he would be poor, and they all wanted, when the day came, to be able to say, "I told you so!"

Monty played ducks and drakes with his health—and paid the price, at last. Just before the date of a gorgeous and wildly expensive ball, for which, among other things, a Viennese orchestra had been imported, he broke down completely. For a month he was flat on his back, saving money, which even the charges for an operation for appendicitis did little to offset. And when, after a luxurious convalescence in Florida, he was able to begin really spending money again, summer was almost at hand.

"I need a yachting cruise to set me on my feet," he told his friends. And so he chartered, at enormous expense, the *Flutter*, the finest steam yacht available, and invited a party to sail the seas with him. He planned to be gone until August—to leave himself about a month in which to clean up the spending of his million. On September 23 he had to make his report, and to be penniless.

Mrs. Dan de Mille and Mrs. Valentine, the wife of one of his oldest friends, were to chaperon his party. Peggy Gray was to be



“ ‘I’ve stood enough of your interference,’ he shouted. ‘Keep off!’ ”

a guest, though he had been unable to induce her mother to come. Joe Bragdon, Reggie Vanderpool, Dr. Lotless, who had seen him through his illness, and his sister, Isabel, Dan de Mille himself, to the universal surprise (since he and his wife were supposed to be on terms of formal acquaintanceship only, and there had been rumours of a friendly divorce), Paul Pettingill, Subway Smith, and one or two others, made up the party. These, Monty knew now, were his real friends. He was beginning to get over his love for Barbara Drew. Things he heard before he sailed helped. She had said that no girl would be safe in marrying him; that he was just throwing his money away. And Barbara, plainly, had a very high regard for money.

CHAPTER IX.

ON the *Flitter*, as she ploughed steadily eastward, everyone was happy.

Monty, to his surprise, found that Dan de Mille, whom everyone accepted as a cipher attached to his brilliant wife, was a most likeable chap.

“Oh, no one ever sees that I’m crazy about Dan,” said his wife. “I jump around a lot, and I keep on the go—but I always come back to him—and he’s always there, waiting for me. He’s quiet—I’m lively. But he’s the best fellow that ever lived.”

“I believe you,” said Monty, heartily. “I’m awfully glad, Mrs. Dan. Do you know

—I’ve always liked you, of course, but now I like you better than ever!”

“That’s a real compliment, Monty,” she said. “Do you know, you’re a rather blind person. Since I’ve been seeing more of Peggy Gray I wonder how you ever came to hang around Barbara Drew.”

He flushed.

“Peggy’s a good sort—the best ever,” he said. “She’s just like a sister to me.”

“Oh, is she?” asked Mrs. Dan, with a curious look and a smile.

Peggy herself seemed happier than she had at any time been since Monty had inherited his million.

“You’re more like the old Monty,” she told him, smiling up at him as they leaned over the rail, watching the setting sun.

That brought him a twinge of bitterness. He knew that what she meant was that he was taking things quietly; that he was spending no money. And he could not tell her that the only reason was that he had no opportunity. But he did feel more at peace with himself, and he realised that his career as a spendthrift, despite its justification, was having an insidious effect upon him.

“If I kept this up much longer,” he told himself, “it would have a pretty bad effect on me.”

On the yacht Monty cemented his friendship with many of the party. Nothing had more to do with this than an incident in mid-ocean, when, at the risk of his own life,

he jumped into the sea and held up a sailor who had been knocked overboard, until aid came. He had been the only one to see the man go over, and the sailor's gratitude for Monty's act was touching.

But the halcyon days on the yacht could not last. They finally reached the other side, and then ensued a carnival of spending money that seemed to Peggy a veritable saturnalia. Monty hoped to rid himself of a good deal of money at Monte Carlo; instead, to his despair, he won no less than forty thousand dollars! But that was only a temporary set-back. He more than made up for it. Once Peggy saw, crowning a hill over a lake, a villa of rare beauty.

"What a lovely place!" she exclaimed.

Monty hired it for two weeks—at a cost of more than a hundred thousand francs. He thought of a motor tour—and hired half-a-dozen brand-new cars of the finest make, in which he conducted a pilgrimage through Italy. In Milan he chartered La Scala, and, since it was not the opera season, was required to pay a fabulous price to assemble a company for a performance of "Aida." And Peggy, though she enjoyed this, happened to say that it was a pity that, with so many empty seats, the poor people might not have been admitted.

"Fine—we'll give them another performance to-morrow night!" said Monty. And, despite her protests, he did it. But time was flying, and Monty was beginning to grow nervous and restless. The strain was telling on him. He was never content to stay long in one place. One reason was that a sudden change in plans always meant added expense. But the others could not know that, and by this time it was plain to all of them that the greatest fortune would soon be dissipated if Monty kept up his pace. They knew how much he had inherited; they knew also, approximately, how much he was spending.

"That boy's going broke," Dan de Mille told his wife and Peggy Gray. "I suppose it's none of my business—but I like him. And I've figured things out. He won't last the year out at this rate."

The others were talking, too. Gradually a sentiment was growing up among Monty's guests that they should, whether he liked it or not, save him from himself. But he knew nothing of this talk, and he was in the best of spirits when the yacht turned towards Egypt. Alexandria, where he had letters to English residents, gave him a chance to

entertain lavishly and spend more money.

But there he had a quarrel with Peggy that was to lead to serious consequences. The other women had talked to Peggy. She had been reluctant to speak to him, and had even felt that it was disloyal to join the discussions about his extravagance. But here she was forced to speak.

"Peggy," he said, "you've got to take me on trust. I can't explain myself, even to you; but I know what I'm doing."

"Monty—nothing can excuse such wanton waste!" she said. "If you were doing something useful with your money—if you were giving it to charity! But this—oh, it's wicked! Won't you, if you're as fond of me as you say you are, try to please me?"

But he could give her no satisfaction, of course, and she was hurt. Even the best-balanced of us have moods of wildness and recklessness. And such a mood now seized Peggy. Monty had irritated her; she thought, wrongly, that he had not taken her seriously. And, just because she was so sane, so well-balanced, the imp of perversity that got hold of her soon obtained entire possession. Though, on the surface, she was the same old Peggy, she was really only waiting for a chance to get even with Monty, to worry him half as much as he had succeeded in worrying her.

CHAPTER X.

AT one of the entertainments ashore with which Monty's new-found friends in Alexandria tried to repay his lavish hospitality on the yacht, one guest stood out among all the others. This was an Arabian Sheik, Mohammed by name, and a very great man indeed in his own part of the world. He wielded tremendous influence, and though Monty and the rest of the party heard that his character was far from being spotless, they were also told that he was practically immune from any punishment.

"Of course, if he jolly well went too bloomin' far, he'd get scragged," one of the Englishmen explained. "But they give him a pretty long rope—because governin' a country like this means usin' the bally natives, you know. And it isn't like a British colony, Egypt isn't. It's Turkish territory, really—and we rule through the Khedive. So don't offend this black bounder—because he's really a howling swell, accordin' to their lights."

Mohammed amused the party of Americans

greatly; and, in return, most of them amused him—especially the idea that men let their wives appear in public with their faces exposed—though he knew enough of English ways to be used to this. But one member of the party didn't amuse him at all. That was Peggy. From the moment he first saw her his eyes never left her.

"You've made a hit, Peggy," said Monty. "Our coloured brother there seems to think you're just about right."

"That's his privilege," said Peggy, tossing her head. And at once the little imp of mischief whispered in her ear. She heeded him, and the next moment she shot a ravishing glance at Mohammed.

"I say—don't do that, Peggy," warned Monty. "He's not one of us, you know—he may misunderstand."

"I can look after myself, thank you," said Peggy, defiantly—and hunted up Mary Valentine to tell her the joke.

But Peggy had overshot the mark. For Mohammed did misunderstand. And within half-an-hour he contrived matters so that Peggy was presented to him. And then, with all the throng about her, he made an impassioned declaration, and invited her to become his wife!

"Here—I'll answer him, Peggy!" said Monty, indignantly.

"I'll answer him myself!" she said. "Oh, noble Sheik—it is not the custom among us to woo a woman so. You must come to the yacht—there I will answer you."

"But the answer will be yes?" he begged.

"Why not?" said Peggy, archly—and escaped.

It was all a joke to her. But she reckoned without Mohammed. He took her seriously. And the next afternoon, to her dismay, he actually came aboard the yacht, with a number of his dusky retainers, and explained that he had come to take her home with him.

Still she thought he was joking—admired him for being able to do it. But Monty was standing beside her. He saw the look in the Arab's eyes, and placed a protecting arm about her. In a moment Mohammed stepped forward.

"Dare you to lay a hand on my promised bride, dog of a Christian?" he asked, furiously. "Come."

He took Peggy's hand, and in a moment she understood—and drew away shrieking.

"Don't you dare touch me!" she cried "Monty—I was a fool—oh—"

Monty had been prepared for just that. The yacht's crew were ready. And in a moment Mohammed and all his retinue were being forced back into their boats. Monty, when they were gone, turned to see a repentant Peggy. But he was angry now. He forgot how much cause he had given her to be piqued.

"Don't play with fire again," he said, shortly.

Only Monty believed that there had been real danger, however, even then. But that night was to bring the others proof that they were wrong. Monty, after a late party, was alone in a dark part of the deck. He was near Peggy's state-room, as a matter of fact. He was lost in thought, figuring as to how he stood in his tilt with his million. And suddenly he felt a stunning blow. Had it struck him full, his life story would have ended on the spot, but it was a glancing blow, that left him half-unconscious. Dimly, unable to move, he saw dark forms swarming over the side—saw them burst in Peggy's state-room door. In vain he tried to cry out, but it was not until they had emerged, carrying a white figure, that he was able to move.

Then he did cry out and arouse the crew. But it was too late to prevent the Arabs from carrying Peggy over the rail and into one of their boats. All he could do was to help Captain Perry to get boats over, to call the crew and the passengers out, and to start the searchlight. Then with Captain Perry directing the gleam and pointing to the boat that contained Peggy herself—the Arabs had three boats—Monty started in pursuit, with Joe Bragdon in the boat that he himself commanded.

The searchlight was the thing that saved them. With its aid the boat from the *Flicker*, driven by the trained oarsmen of the crew, went three feet to the Arabs' one, and in a few moments Monty, pistol in hand, could see Peggy's white form, with a huge Arab standing over her, knife in hand.

"Stop!" cried the Arab. "If you come nearer she dies."

Even as he spoke a shot cracked out. The Arab fell into the water, carrying Peggy with him. But Monty was equal to that emergency. He was overboard in a moment. Before the others realised what had happened he had reached Peggy,

who had come out of her faint as she struck the revivifying water, and was swimming back to the yacht with her.

CHAPTER XI.

ALEXANDRIA and the exciting events that had transpired there had been left behind. And on the *Flitter*, headed northward now, and crossing the Bay of Biscay, a little council of war had gathered to discuss the actions of Monty.

"I've never had such a good time," said Dan de Mille, "but for his own sake we've got to stop Monty. He's mad! This last freak to extend the cruise to the North Cape is the limit. He'll land in New York a pauper! We've got to make him turn and sail for America."

"How?" said Captain Perry, whom the men of the party had taken into their confidence. "If Mr. Brewster tells me to take the yacht to the North Cape or the North Pole, I'll do it. I agree with you, but I'm obeying orders from my owner."

"Still, you're the commander," said Subway Smith. "You've even the right to put Brewster in irons if you deem it right."

"Yes—but there's no chance to make it right."

"Listen," said de Mille. "Monty has said that any of us can leave the yacht at the most convenient port. Well—we're all agreed that Boston is that port. Captain—you heard him say that. So, unless you get special orders from him countermanding our request, you would take us to Boston, wouldn't you?"

"Yes, sir—I can agree to that."

"All right," said de Mille. "Do us a favour, Captain. Stay away from Brewster's cabin—and we'll guarantee that you get no orders from him. Do you understand?"

"I won't deny it—I do," said Perry. "I don't like it, gentlemen—and yet—well—I'll do it."

Monty awoke on the morning following to find de Mille and Pettingill in his cabin.

"Monty," said de Mille, "we're here on an unpleasant errand. There—well, the fact is, there's been a bit of a mutiny. You've got to stay in your cabin here—because we've decided to go home. The Captain has your orders to take us to any port we name—and we've named Boston. Also we're going to keep you from reaching him and countermanding those orders."

What Monty said at first may not be set down in print. But he calmed down



"Will you marry me to-morrow morning?" he asked. "Early! it's my birthday."

presently, and appeared resigned to his fate.

"I'm your prisoner, then?" he said. "Well—I'll just bet you, de Mille, that I get loose when I want to."

"I'll take that bet for a thousand," said de Mille, "provided you don't get help."

"Right," said Monty.

But though, after his first outburst, Monty took his imprisonment lightly, it was really a crushing blow. Even when his guards grew seasick his smile was forced.

"The man who asked to be delivered from his friends was right," he said, bitterly.

For this meant that he would be obliged, after reaching New York, to rack his already wearied brain in an effort to discover new extravagances that would support the scrutiny of Swaerengen Jones. He had counted on getting rid of nearly forty thousand dollars by the extension of the cruise to North Cape. Now he would have to spend the extra money the trip would have cost, and he would also save the money for the last month of the yacht's charter—since he would be in New York with more than a month of the time to run.

"Damn the luck!" he said.

But fate, which had dealt Monty so many blows, was stirring herself to aid him. Up on deck the captain looked anxiously at his glass.

"There's dirty weather coming," he said. "I've heard of the glass acting this way in the Pacific—but it's not Atlantic weather."

And his predictions were justified. For the dirty weather the captain had anticipated turned out to be a hurricane of tropical violence. The *Flitter* was not meant for such weather. But she would have weathered it all right had it not been for an accident—the breaking of her shaft. Monty, in his cabin, with the door locked, learned of this disaster when the terrific rolling and pitching changed in character, proving that the yacht had lost steerage way, and was being buffeted helplessly by the huge seas. And it was Peggy who remembered him and came to let him out.

On deck he greeted a frightened crowd that was trying to put the best possible face on matters.

"Well!" he said, "if you'd let me have my way this would never have happened!"

But he did not rub this in—being a good sport. And for the first time since he had inherited his million he forgot about money. For it was plain that the situation was full of peril—and he was thinking of Peggy, and

of the mother who was waiting for her in New York.

The *Flitter* lay helpless in the raging storm. More than once it seemed that her end was at hand. But the storm abated as quickly as it had arisen. From the moment of the lessening of the wind they had relief; within six hours all danger was past.

"Thank God!" said Captain Perry, devoutly. "Ladies and gentlemen—I've seen bad weather, but I never came closer to losing a ship. And now—well, we've got to rig up sail and get down to the Canaries, somehow. We've been blown out of the steamship lanes—and we're in for a week or so of drifting. It looks like calm weather, too."

Once more he was right. And Monty, with a hundred thousand dollars still to spend, began to think he was going mad. For they got nowhere. He had to get to New York, and day followed day with no apparent chance that they could. The others could not understand his impatience to get back to New York now.

"It's not so long since you wanted to go to North Cape—and now you're worrying about getting to New York!" said Peggy.

He couldn't explain. But, at the last moment, when it seemed to him he had been driven to the limit of his endurance, a tramp steamer was sighted.

"Thank Heaven!" he cried. "Signal her to take us in tow, captain!"

"You're mad!" said Perry, aghast. "That would mean salvage—it would cost you a hundred thousand!"

"I don't care—do it!" said Monty.

But Perry refused, absolutely.

"It's a waste of money," he said. "We may be slow, but we'll make land safely."

"Then I'll do it myself!" cried Monty. With a spring he reached the box of signal flags. He knew the code, and in a moment he had hoisted the signal that appealed for help. The others tried to drag it down, but he held them off with a revolver.

"I've stood enough of your interference!" he shouted. "Keep off!"

"Let him alone," said Perry, with a groan. "They've seen the signal—that does it. He's got to pay now."

CHAPTER XII.

IT was the twenty-second of September, and Monty and all of them were back in New York. He was the mock of all but the few loyal friends who had been on

the yacht, for now everyone knew that he had gone through his million, and was practically a beggar. The salvage he had had to pay had left him only a few thousands; these he had managed to spend in the few days since his landing. No remonstrances had checked him. De Mille had done his best; it had been in vain. And now, with the million spent and his receipts ready for Jones and the lawyers, Monty had gone back to the old home with the Grays. He had sold all his clothes to a junk dealer; he owned nothing but the one suit. In his pocket he had about fifty dollars. Peggy, with tears in her eyes, met him—and wondered at his jubilant air.

"Cheer up, Peggy!" he said. "It's been a nightmare—but to-morrow I begin a new life—or, rather, I go back to the old one. I'm going to be the same old Monty Brewster again!"

"The old Monty!" she said softly. "Oh—if that is so, it's worth all the money you've thrown away."

Something in her voice made him look at her. He took her hand.

"Peggy!" he said. "Look at me. Don't you believe in me?"

Slowly, timidly, she raised her eyes to his.

"Oh—I do—yes, I do!" she cried, joyfully. "Monty—you've changed—since we came home—since yesterday! I do believe you're going to make a fresh start and be happy—money or no money."

"I am!" he said. "Peggy—if you believe that—could you—would you—dare I ask you to share it with me? Oh, I know I've been a fool—I was blind—I went off after a girl who isn't fit to tie your shoelaces. But it's you I've loved—always."

She stared at him incredulously. But his eyes convinced her.

"Monty!" she said, "Oh, my dear—how long it took you to find it out! Monty—I'm glad you're poor—glad—glad!"

For a time there were no words between them. Then Monty started.

"Will you marry me to-morrow morning?" he said. "Early? It's my birthday—and I want to make this fresh start with you."

For a moment she hesitated. Then: "Yes, I will," she said, bravely.

"Fine!" he said. "Just one more burst of extravagance, dearest. We must celebrate—I've got enough to hire a car and have a good quiet dinner all to ourselves."

"Monty!" she said reproachfully. "Your

last cent——"

"I've got prospects," he said, gaily. "Several jobs—and—oh, lots of things!" Not to tell her his news was the hardest thing he had ever had to do. But he managed it, and he wore down her objections. They had a glorious time! What newly engaged couple could not forget even poverty and a lost million.

But that night, when he took her home, he found a message from Grant and Ripley that frightened him. It summoned him to their office. They were waiting for him.

"My boy," said Grant, "I've got terrible news. I haven't told you before, because I felt it could do no good, and I've hoped for the best. But for three weeks we've had no word from Swearengen Jones! He has converted all the estate of Mr. Sedgwick into cash—and he has totally disappeared."

It was a bolt from the blue. Monty stared at them.

"Then—there will be no millions?" he gasped. "I've thrown away the substance to grasp at a shadow?"

"I'm afraid so," said Grant. "We've waited till the last moment, hoping that he would clear up the mystery—he's a bit of an eccentric. But out in Butte, Montana, they're worried about him. They think he's met with foul play. It may be that he will turn up yet—but——"

"It's all in the game," said Monty. "I've got my health—and I'm going to be married in the morning. Thank God, I can still go to work."

Not a word of reproach for them. That was Monty. His million and Swearengen Jones had brought out the real stuff in him, after all. He exulted in the knowledge that Peggy trusted him enough to marry him in spite of everything. And not once, though when he had asked her he had expected to be richer than ever when she became his wife, did he think of backing out or even of waiting. He had been tried in the fire—and the flame had only tempered him.

But when the morning came and he saw her he felt that he was free to explain to her at last—and he did.

"You see, I had a reason for my folly, dear," he said. "And I wasn't brute enough to ask you to share my poverty."

"Ah, but I'm going to!" she said. "Somehow I knew you were in the right all the time, Monty. I trusted you!"

Joe Bragdon and Elon Gardner had made

all the arrangements. And now they appeared and said the minister was waiting.

And so Monty and Peggy were married. Monty rejoiced at being able, at last, to tell these friends who had stood by him why he had acted as he did. He was soothed by their sympathy; and while Dan de Mille was apologizing and promising him a job, there was a commotion in the hall. Into the room strode a tall man with all the marks of a Westerner. In his hand was a satchel.

"What's this?" he shouted. "Too late for the wedding, hey? Well, never mind! Here's

your wedding present, my boy! There's seven million dollars in that bag—in the finest securities and certified checks you ever saw!"

It was Swearengen Jones. He had indulged in a lifelong fondness for melodrama. But no one, least of all Monty, reproached him.

"You're all right, my boy—and you've won a girl in a million, if she trusted you after the way you've had to act!" he said. "But your time is coming. I've told the papers the whole story—and from being yesterday's fool you'll become to-day's idol!"

[THE END.]

ANITA STEWART, who plays the principal part in the Vitagraph Picture, "Shadows of the Past," was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., on February 17th, 1895. She attended Brooklyn Public School No. 89, and graduated as the youngest member in her class. She next went to Erasmus High School, and while there studied vocal music and piano under the direction of Mrs. Henry Gunning, mother and teacher of Louise Gunning, the operatic star.

While attending High School Miss Stewart's personal beauty was utilised by several New York artists, who employed her as a subject for calendars and high-class pictorial lithography.

It was through her brother-in-law, Ralph Ince, that she secured her first position with the Vitagraph Company. For the first six months she did little other than extra work, but was learning the rudiments of the picture game from the ground up, as Mr. Ince naturally took a strong personal interest in her professional achievements.

Her first part of any importance was the lead in "The Wood Violet," and she made such a profound impression that a second picture, "The Lost Millionaire," was written for her, and in it she again achieved wonderful results. Later, a third picture, "The Treasure of Desert Island," was written for Miss Stewart, and again she did exceptionally well.

One of her greatest professional accomplishments was in the lead in "A Million Bid." Her exceptional performance in this five-reel picture made her a Broadway star in one night. Miss Stewart's advancement as a moving picture actress has been rapid and sure, and she now ranks as one of the most stable and dependable ladies of the Vitagraph Stock Company. She is as effective in comedy as in tragedy, and can switch from light to heavy roles at a moment's notice. It will be remembered that we made a feature of her portrait in our May number.

EUGENE PALLETTE, the leading man with Reliance and Majestic Films, is a striking figure at the Western studio. Deciding at 16 that he wished to be an actor, and meeting with strong opposition from his father, he ran away from home and worked for two years in the logging camps of Louisiana. Later, he carried the chain for a surveying outfit through Montana and South Western Canada. Then he went to Texas, where he worked as cattle puncher. After a year of ranch life he travelled about, giving exhibitions of rough riding at horse shows and carnivals. Since striking Los Angeles, he has played with the Universal, the Kay Bee, the "American," and is now appearing in romantic pictures of Western life, under the generalship of D. W. Griffith. He is good looking, an all-round character actor, and a superb horseman. He is also a powerful swimmer, and a month ago was appointed municipal life guard at Venice, a beach resort near Los Angeles, and has already saved four persons from drowning.

WHO is the other young man who frequently plays opposite Miss Ostriche in Princess Films? is a question which has been asked several times. Nolan Gane is his name, and in "Too Much Turkey" he and his charming partner are seen to great advantage. This fine looking young player created quite a sensation in New York theatrical circles a few years ago by playing the part of a real star when but thirteen years of age in the production "From Rags to Riches." Mr. Gane has also played with Orloff, the great Russian actor, and it is said that he is one of the most talented juvenile leading men among American photoplayers to-day. His clever acting in the Princess productions has already won for him many admirers on both sides of "the pond," in spite of the fact that he has been in "pictures" but a comparatively short time.

Father's Flirtation.

*From the VITAGRAPH Comedy Photoplay by Edwin Ray Coffin.
Adapted by Bruce McCall.*

The all-conquering Bunny, with his enthusiasm for the ladies, finds himself in an awkward predicament, but—as usual—after many humorous doings, emerges scathless.

				Cast :	
Bunny	JOHN BUNNY	
Mrs. Bunny	FLORA FINCH	
Betty	MARY ANDERSON	
The Widow	LOUISE BEAUDET	
Agnes	KATE PRICE	
Landlady	KARIN NORMAN	



HOLIDAYS were over, and Betty was going back to college. Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Bunny, were in a sad way about it. Mr. Bunny tried to take the matter philosophically. He puffed away furiously at his big calabash pipe, and told his wife between the puffs that it was ridiculous to take on as she was doing.

"The girl must go back," he said. "She's got to be educated, hasn't she? Very well then, what's the use of crying about it?"

"You may talk," sobbed Mrs. Bunny, "but you feel just as badly about it as I do, only you smoke and I cry—I can't help it."

"Huh! that's the worst of a woman," grunted Mr. Bunny.

But even he was rather affected when Betty came in—impulsive, loving-hearted Betty, who threw her arms about her father's neck, smothered him with kisses, and shed copious tears.

"Dash it, Betty," said Mr. Bunny, "don't cry like that. You're taking all the stiffening out of my shirt-front."

Betty dried her tears and her mother followed suit. Between them they got Mr. Bunny into his enormous overcoat, and clapped his hat on his head. Mother and daughter managed to put a fairly good face upon the matter up to the moment of parting, when both dissolved in tears once more. The train took Betty away, and Mr. Bunny took his wife home, and did his best to comfort her.

"You've got me, my dear," he said plaintively.

Mrs. Bunny stopped crying. "Yes," she retorted, "and sometimes I wish you'd go

away to school instead of Betty."

Mr. Bunny could not think of anything effective to say.

It was about three weeks later that a letter came from Betty begging them to pay her a visit.

"You have promised so often," she wrote, "and you never come. All the other girls' parents pay them visits and give them a good time, and I insist that you do so too. I can get a room for you in the boarding-house where I stay. I won't take any refusal, and I shall expect you early next week."

"Well, my dear?" asked Mr. Bunny, after his wife had read the letter aloud.

"We're going," she said, adding: "I shall expect you to be on your best behaviour."

"My love," said her husband, with a touch of reproach in his tone, "ain't I always on my best behaviour?"

"I remember once or twice—still, I shall be there to look after you. I shall see that you don't get into mischief."

It was with no joyful anticipation, on Mr. Bunny's part, at any rate, that they set out upon their journey. His troubles began at the very outset. Mrs. Bunny stepped briskly into the railway carriage, leaving her husband to follow with the hand luggage. The gangway was barely wide enough for him to pass through sideways, but he made a frontal attack upon it, with a bag in each hand, and got nearly wedged in. He tried other tactics, and succeeded in forcing the passage with great difficulty and considerable loss of breath.

"Do you know, my dear," he said to his wife later, "I believe I must be getting fat."

"Perhaps you are a trifle portly," she answered.

"That's it," said Mr. Bunny. "Portly—that's the word."

Betty did not meet the train, but she was watching from the window of the boarding-house, and when they came in sight she rushed out to meet them, and bustled them into her sitting-room.

"Oh, I'm so glad you've come," she cried enthusiastically. "We'll have such a time. I do want father to enjoy himself."

"Your father," said Mrs. Bunny severely, "will be under my eye."

The landlady—a cold, austere-looking woman—was introduced, and preliminaries having been arranged, led Mrs. Bunny away to show her the room prepared for her. Mr. Bunny, who, with a huge cigar in his mouth, had been wandering up and down the room, was left alone with his daughter.

"Poor old dad," said Betty. "He shall have a good time, he shall."

Mr. Bunny kissed his daughter, winked solemnly, and said:

"Look here, Betty, you're a good girl. I'm going to take a stroll round the town, just to see the place, you know. Don't tell your mother."

Betty laughed. "I won't say a word," she said, "but mind you don't get into mischief."

Mr. Bunny went out chuckling to himself. To escape even for an hour from his wife's watchful eye and rather sharp tongue gave him a pleasant sense of freedom. And there was no harm in a quiet stroll.

Alas for good intentions! He had not gone far before he forgot all about them and about Mrs. Bunny as well. It was a woman who proved his undoing, as has happened often enough before, and to men made of sterner stuff than Mr. Bunny, who had a roving eye.

She was a smart little woman too, as pretty as a picture, Mr. Bunny thought. She stepped briskly along, and in passing threw him a sidelong glance and a roguish smile.

That smile went straight to Mr. Bunny's susceptible heart. He turned and looked after her, and then—was it accident or design?—she dropped one of the parcels she was carrying. Gallantly Mr. Bunny ran to her assistance.

"Thank you so much," she said sweetly, giving him another smile which prompted him to suggest that he should carry her parcels for her.

She accepted gratefully, and Mr. Bunny was promptly constituted light porter. He was enjoying himself hugely, and no thought of Mrs. Bunny crossed his mind.

The little woman chattered away, and so captivated him that when they reached the house where she lived and he had handed over her parcels, he found courage to ask if he could call upon her that afternoon.

"Oh, yes, do," she answered, so cordially that Mr. Bunny was convinced he had made a conquest. What a charming little woman she was! None of your silly, giggling girls, but a smart, sensible woman of the world. He walked away with a jaunty air and a sense of exhilaration which made him feel almost a boy again.

He was in the mood for adventures that morning, and adventures came his way. With his new youthfulness he looked with indulgent eyes upon a party of four young fellows, wonderfully arrayed in fantastic clothes, who were dancing along the pavement and seemed remarkably joyous about something or other. They were shouting at the top of their voices something which Mr. Bunny guessed to be a college war cry.

"Rah—rah—rah—rah!"

Mr. Bunny, who felt not a day older than these merry lads, recalled many such mad doings in his college days, and sighed because those days were over. He followed them, and forgetting that he had put on flesh in recent years, wished that he could wear clothes and a hat like theirs, and go dancing and shouting through the streets.

One of the young fellows turned and saw him following, called out something to his companions, and in another minute the jolly quartette had surrounded him and were dancing about like wild Indians.

They had probably expected that Mr. Bunny would be angry, and when he too began to laugh, and even to dance, they were delighted.

"He's one of us," cried one. "He's a real 'Rah-rah boy!'"

"Rah — rah — rah — rah," roared Mr. Bunny, cutting capers with astonishing agility. Suddenly he stopped and held up his hand to command attention.

"Boys," he said, solemnly, "I must have some 'Rah-rah' clothes too."

"You shall," they cried in chorus, and linking arms, two on either side, they led him to a big outfitter's shop and marched him up to the counter.



"He somehow got into the garment."

"I want some 'Rah-rah' clothes like these fellows are wearing," said Mr. Bunny. The assistant stared.

"It's all right," said one of the young men. "He's one of the boys. Fit him out."

The assistant smiled, and looked critically at Mr. Bunny. "It's rather a large order," he remarked.

"Don't you try to be funny, young fellow," said Mr. Bunny, severely. "Trot out the tape measure."

To cut a long story short, Mr. Bunny was with some difficulty accommodated with a suit of some light striped material, with black braid round the edges of the coat, the sleeves, and the legs of the trousers. It was very much like a suit of pyjamas, and when a hat and tie had been found to match, his appearance was certainly startling. He paid the bill and went out with his new

companions, proving himself one of the boys indeed by standing drinks all round.

Time slipped away, and at last so did Mr. Bunny. He had forgotten all about lunch, but he had suddenly realised that it was about time to go and keep his appointment with the lady whose squire he had been in the morning. He did not tell the "Rah-rah" boys where he was going, but slipped away when they were not looking. He would have preferred a different costume from the one he was now wearing, but there was no time to go and change. He felt a little self-conscious as he walked through the streets, but nobody seemed to think his appearance was anything out of the ordinary until he reached the house to which he was bound.

Two ladies had just come out and were descending the steps as he was about to ascend. One of them caught sight of him, and cried out to the other:

"My word, Marie! Isn't he the limit? Did you ever see the likes of that?"

"Sakes!" exclaimed Marie, and shrieked with laughter.

"It must be the clown from the circus. Ain't he fat?"

It was true that Mr. Bunny's glaring clothes rather exaggerated his bulk, but Marie had no right to reproach him on that score, for she was no midget herself. Mr. Bunny, however, ignored the ladies, went up the steps, and rang the bell.

His acquaintance of the morning welcomed him effusively.

"You dear man," she said. "Do you know I felt sure you wouldn't come?"

"Couldn't keep away," he rejoined, with an ardent glance.

The lady sighed, and dropped upon a settee. "Men," she murmured, "are such deceivers. One never knows whether they are to be trusted."

Mr. Bunny also took a seat, very near the lady.

"You may trust me," he said. "I

wouldn't deceive you. Do you know," he added, "I took a fancy to you the first moment I saw you."

The lady sighed again and smiled. "How you do go on," she said. "I like your suit."

Mr. Bunny surveyed himself complacently. "Yes, rather smart, I think," he said. Then edging still nearer to the lady, he murmured, "You're awfully pretty. I'd like to kiss you. Would you mind—just one?"

The lady held up her finger, frowning and smiling at the same time in a most bewitching way. "You naughty, naughty man," she said, and would probably have said more if there had not been a ring at the door bell at that moment.

"Some ladies to see you, m'm," said a maid, putting her head between the curtains, and Mr. Bunny's charming friend left him alone.

* * *

If Mr. Bunny had enjoyed himself, his wife's experiences had not been so pleasant. She was not at all pleased with the room which had been allotted to her. She considered that her daughter's apartment was uncomfortable and badly furnished, and she quickly formed a very unfavourable opinion of the landlady.

"Pack up your things, Betty," she said. "We'll find somewhere else to stay."

"I should think," said the landlady, spitefully, "judging by some people's manners, that my house is a good deal better than some people have been used to."

"If you mean me," retorted Mrs. Bunny, hotly, "let me tell you that I consider you a vulgar, impertinent person. I shall take my daughter away at once. Manners, indeed."

"P'haps you'll pay me what's due," said the landlady, "if you've got the money, that is—which I doubt. Then you can go and welcome. I have only gentlefolk in my house."

Mrs. Bunny deigned no reply in words, but she paid the money, and the landlady walked off with her nose in the air, making further withering remarks about "some people."

Their belongings were soon packed, and Mrs. Bunny and Betty left the house. The landlady stood at the door to see them off, and there was another wordy battle on the steps.

Two ladies who were passing the house stayed to listen, and learning that Mrs.

Bunny and her daughter were seeking apartments, suggested their own boarding house.

"Mrs. Sweet will just love to have you," said one of them, that very "Marie" who had been so amused by the spectacle of Mr. Bunny in his "Rah-rah" clothes.

The four ladies walked off together, and it was their ring at Mrs. Sweet's door bell that had interrupted Mr. Bunny's love making.

That gentleman presently heard a voice he knew only too well. He peeped cautiously between the curtains, and there in the hall, within a few feet of him, saw to his dismay—his wife and Betty. He heard his wife say that they wanted rooms, and waited to hear no more. A hurried glance round showed him a door on the other side, and he was through it in a moment. He saw stairs, and sprang up several steps at once. Reaching the top, he opened the first door he came to, and found himself in a bedroom.

He had made his escape only just in time. Mrs. Sweet showed her callers into the drawing-room, and looked round for Mr. Bunny. He was nowhere to be seen, and excusing herself for a moment, she hurried out into the hall. Not a sign of him was visible, and much puzzled, she returned to her new guests. After a talk about terms she led the way upstairs, and Mr. Bunny was scared almost out of his life by the sound of their voices and footsteps approaching the very room in which he had taken refuge. Without a second's hesitation he dived under the bed, and lay there quaking. He heard his wife assuring Mrs. Sweet that the room would suit very nicely. Then the landlady went away.

"I wonder where on earth your father is," said Mrs. Bunny. "He's up to mischief somewhere, I'll be bound, leaving all the worry and work to me as usual. As soon as you have unpacked, Betty, you must go and look for him. I won't have him wandering about a strange town alone."

"All right, mother," said Betty. "I won't be five minutes unpacking. You lie down and rest. I'm sure you're tired."

Her mother obeyed, and presently Betty went to search for the lost one. Mr. Bunny was in a pretty predicament. He was almost afraid to breathe, for the least movement might bring disaster. He had never been so uncomfortable in his life, and wished with all his heart that he had

never set eyes on Mrs. Sweet.

At last he felt that he could not stay there another moment. The room was so silent that he thought his wife must be asleep. Stealthily he worked his way from under the bed. He was nearly clear of it when Mrs. Bunny stirred and sat up. Her husband shot back again, but he had forgotten his caution. Mrs. Bunny heard a sound, and scrambled off the bed. She saw, protruding from beneath it, a foot and part of a gaily striped trouser leg. With a shriek of terror she rushed out of the room, and poor Mr. Bunny heard her screaming over the landing :

"Mrs. Sweet! Mrs. Sweet! There's a

threw a shawl round his head, hiding his face as much as possible. He opened the door. Nobody was in sight, and he hurried downstairs and out at the front door.

But his luck was dead out. Two ladies were mounting the steps, and catching sight of the extraordinary apparition, one of them screamed out.

"That's my dress—my new dress! Thieves! Help!

Both ladies made a dash at Mr. Bunny, who turned in desperation and fled back into the house again. He dared not go upstairs, and he dashed through the first door he saw. He found himself in the



"They pushed him into the drawing-room."

man under my bed! Mrs. Swee-ee-ee!"

Then he heard her scampering down the stairs, still screaming at the top of her voice. Evidently he could not stay where he was. He made a dash, skipped along the landing and got into another room.

The whole house was in commotion. Women were screaming, "Fire! Burglars! Murder!" He heard people running up the stairs. What on earth was he to do? He saw something lying on a chair, picked it up, and had an inspiration. It was a lady's dress, and evidently its owner was of a substantial figure. He somehow got into the garment,

kitchen, and the old black cook let out a series of blood-curdling yells which sent him flying out again by another door. He was now in the servants' quarters. He burst into a room where the scullery-maid was "doing" her hair. She, too, began to yell, and truly by this time Mr. Bunny's aspect was enough to scare anybody. He did, however, manage to induce her to be quiet for a moment, and then he threw himself on her mercy. A gift of money secured her services, and she helped him to escape by way of the window while, so it seemed from the noise, the whole household was banging at the room door.

The girl was loyal. She declared that she had seen nobody, an assertion which sent the black cook into a fury.

"Why," she screamed, "ah done seed it wid my own eyes! It come a-scootin' through de kitchen right inter this yer room."

However, it was plain that nobody else was in the room now. Mr. Bunny was by this time clear of the house, and running down the street as hard as he could pelt, with Marie's skirt held up clear of his ankles, and a crowd of men, boys, and women shouting and laughing at his heels. He ran like a hare, but he was caught at last in the outstretched arms of a burly policeman. His struggles were vain, and his subsequent explanations confused and unsatisfactory.

He was taken into custody, and entered the office of the inspector at the moment the owner of the dress was reporting her loss to that functionary.

Mr. Bunny's entrance caused a sensation. The inspector and constable went into fits of laughter, and Marie cried out:

"Why, there it is! He's got my dress on. Well, of all the impudence!"

By this time Mr. Bunny had unwound the shawl from his head and face, and had begun to take the dress off as well. As he handed to Marie her property she burst out laughing.

"Why, it's the gentleman we saw going into the boarding-house this afternoon."

Mr. Bunny explained that it was all a joke on his part, and any lingering doubt which Marie may have felt disappeared when he pressed upon her a generous monetary compensation. As she refused to charge him the police had no option but to let him go. The sound of their laughter followed him into the street.

He had only got a short distance from the station when he met his wife and Betty coming in search of him. They had been about to appeal to the police, and were so overjoyed to find him again safe and sound that even Mrs. Bunny forgot to ask awkward questions. They led him away in triumph, a chastened and penitent captive.

As they reached the place where Betty had been staying, Mr. Bunny was about to

turn in there, but they informed him that they had found another boarding house. He went on willingly enough, but when they reached the street in which Mrs. Sweet's house was situated he became restive and nervous. When he found that they were going to take him in there he flatly refused. He sat down on the steps in front of the house and declined to move.

"But why?" asked the astonished Mrs. Bunny. "What's the matter?"

"I don't like the look of the place," he said weakly. "I'll go to a hotel."

"Oh, that's nonsense," snapped his wife. "You're coming in now."

And in he had to go. They pushed him into the drawing-room and ran away to fetch Mrs. Sweet. But that lady found him first. She came into the room by another door, and as soon as she saw him flung her arms around his neck and kissed him soundly.

"Don't do that—you mustn't," spluttered Mr. Bunny. "Look out—get away. I tell you—she's coming."

He pushed Mrs. Sweet away just in time. Mrs. Bunny and Betty, talking excitedly, burst into the room.

"This is my husband," said Mrs. Bunny. "I thought he'd got lost, or run over or something. I've been in such a way about him."

She embraced him affectionately. Mr. Bunny had not such a kissing in one afternoon for years. He threw a scared, beseeching look at Mrs. Sweet over his wife's shoulder. He could see that the landlady meant to make trouble. She shook her fist at him and looked furiously angry. He was in for it now. Stay! There was one chance. Praying that his wife might not see, he thrust a hand into his pocket, took out a crumpled handful of dollar bills, and handed them over Mrs. Bunny's unconscious shoulder to Mrs. Sweet.

Mr. Bunny had never known this sort of thing fail with landladies, and it did not fail now. Mrs. Sweet took the bills, glanced at them, and smiled knowingly. Mr. Bunny breathed again.

HELEN HOLMES, whose work in railroad dramas has won for her the title of "The Daughter of the Railroad," will shortly be seen in another railroad drama, "The Lost Mail Sack." As a result of the experience she has

gained in railroad stories, Miss Holmes can run a locomotive, operate a telegraph transmitter, or couple a car as good as any railroad man. "The Lost Mail Sack" shows the charming Kalem star in an unusually strong rôle.

At the Foot of the Stairs.

Adapted from the REX Film by Owen Garth.

A husband discovers his false wife's love for another man but does not suspect her plan to elope. The new maid—a tool of thieves—is treated kindly by the husband and hesitates to assist in an expected burglary which occurs simultaneously with the wife's departure, but the maid's faithfulness to the husband asserts itself and she shoots the lover, at the same time driving the burglars from the house and eventually taking the place of the cast-off wife.

		Cast:			
The Husband	...	ROBERT LEONARD	The Crooks	...	{ HARRY CARTER
The Wife	FLORA GARCIA	The Stool Pigeon	{ LLOYD INGRAHAM
The Maid	ELLA HALL	The Detective	...	JIM MASON
The Friend	...	ALAN FORREST			BRUCE MITCHELL



BOB LEONARD married for love, at least he thought so, but his wife, Lydia, might have been sentimental in the early wedded days; though now, after a couple of years, the situation palled on her. Luxury had been her real object in marrying Leonard, the rich, very rich business man. She had thought wealth the all-to-be-desired in life. She had learnt the truth. Even every luxury she desired did not reconcile her to her rather over-bearing, masterful husband, whose daily life seemed to be a fight for gold, and more gold. The pair drifted slowly apart till he left her to her own devices and buried himself in his work.

When things get to this pitch in married life it is dangerous—for the woman. The danger appeared in its usual form to Lydia. She was handsome, in a dark, somewhat bold style; she liked pleasure and revelled in the complimentary attentions of men. Thrown into a life of gaiety outside her husband's sphere, she met one man who, by his gallantry and attendance, became her knight-errant; she came to dream of him as a brave knight who would rescue her from the gilded castle prison, and he was only too willing to play his part—it suited his temperament, for to Wilbert Romaine a woman in an ordinary situation had no attraction, while intrigue was as the breath of his nostrils.

Kingsmount, where the Leonards lived, had grown to fame on account of the very rich people who took up their abode there;

it became also notorious for a gang of crooks who were attracted by the wealth of the place and fattened on the spoils of their clever schemes. Engineered by a brilliant scamp, whose dupes, drawn from all classes, walked in fear of him, these schemes were ingenious, and always original. Never was the same trick played twice, which accounted for the difficulty in tracking the gang down. The crooks had a great plot on now, no less a one than to rob wealthy Bob Leonard's safe—a full one, no doubt, as they reckoned. But to "crack the crib" as ordinary burglars was foreign to their ways—they could afford to disdain such crude methods. First they must have a spy for information—a traitor in the house who would open the doors to them when they came, and make their task easy.

And in that way little Ella Hall came to serve in the Leonard household. How she came to act for the gang is impossible to say: that she was in their clutches and forced to do their will was obvious. For weeks they had waited their opportunity, then it came: the Leonards' advertised for a maid, and Ella was forced to apply for and accept the situation.

Poor little girl, frail as a field flower, and as pretty; a sad face, wreathed in fluffy fair hair, she had seemed the one to play such a part—no one would have suspected her duplicity. So much the better for the "crooks."

* * *

Bob Leonard had just come down from

his study with his face hard set and angry fire in his eyes. He glared at his wife who had just come in and stood by the hall table tugging nervously at her obstinate gloves.

"I saw that fellow Romaine accompanying you home," cried Bob. "Have I not said that you should avoid him? Haven't I objected to your being in his company? Is my word to stand for nought to you?"

"Why should I avoid him?" petulantly answered Lydia, turning to face her husband and brave him. "Wilbert Romaine is intelligent and interesting. He moves in the best circles. Why should I deny myself the pleasure of a talk with him?"

"Because I object. That should be sufficient."

The maid who had entered the hall crouched back and listened with blanching face as she heard the high-pitched words.

"If I obeyed all your injunctions I should do nothing," retorted Lydia.

"Better that than you should disgrace yourself and my house."

"What disgrace is there in talking with a friend, who happens to be a gentleman?"

"Gentleman! Your notion of a gentleman is distorted." There was the utmost scorn in Bob's voice. Little Ella, peeping out from a recess, let her eyes fall on him in admiration. Romaine had tried to kiss her once when he called for Mrs. Leonard. He disgusted her, and she felt towards Bob, as he spoke, as to one who championed her against one who had insulted her.

"To link your name with that fellow's is to court scandal," continued Bob, half turning to go. "I forbid you to speak to him again, and if I find him coming here I shall kick him out of the grounds ignominiously."

"I shall do as I like," pouted Lydia, half in tears.

"You will do as I bid you," flung back her husband, as he went towards his study, "or you will regret the consequences."

Lydia shrugged her shoulders when his figure disappeared, and the maid came out of her hiding place to help her mistress, but she lingered a moment at the foot of the stairs to gaze wistfully at the retreating figure of her master before she relieved Mrs. Leonard of her wraps.

Little Ella had been deeply attracted by the brusque man—her master—during the short stay in his house. She contrasted him with those who ruled her. She admired him for his strong, straightforward qualities,

and became sick at heart when she remembered the base purposes for which she had entered the house—the spying which she had been forced to do and which would result in his injury. She was thinking of these things as she attended on Mrs. Leonard, and a shudder ran through her frail frame. To-night they were coming—the thieves—she had prepared the way for them, discovered the combination of the safe and informed them. She trembled with fear and disgust, and her trembling attracted Mrs. Leonard's attention.

"What is the matter with you, Ella?" cried Lydia, as the maid let her cloak slip to the floor. Then catching sight of the drawn, pale face: "Are you ill?"

"Oh, no," stammered Ella, "not ill, but I had a queer feeling at the moment. I don't know what it was. It has passed now." The poor girl smiled bravely.

Mrs. Leonard's mind worked rapidly. "You look unwell. You had better take a rest," she said. "Lay my things away, put out my thick travelling costume and then go to bed. I shall not want you any more."

"Yes, madame. Thank you," answered Ella, glad to escape, and snatching up her mistress' coat and hat sped away.

Mrs. Leonard smiled. That was one danger out of the way. If her husband only went to bed early the course would be clear. She had no compunction, no regret in what she was going to do. Her husband's stern commands and restrictions, the evaporation of her ideals, led her to the step without a pang of remorse. Wilbert Romaine would come for her soon after midnight. She would run away with him to a life of romance and gaiety—all that was denied her under the stern roof of this cold, disappointed husband of hers. She would be free of all trammels. With Wilbert she would live life as it came, and there would be no one to say "nay" to this or that which she might desire to have or to do.

* * *

Masses of black clouds rolled across the sky and blotted out the light of the moon. Kingsmount had gone to rest for the most part. Bob Leonard's house was uncannily quiet, wrapped, it seemed, in a death slumber. Not a light appeared in any of the windows, not a sound awoke echoes throughout the large mansion. All appeared heavily asleep; but two women were wide awake, waiting, waiting, each for the hour which would

bring them creeping downstairs for a purpose which they wished no one else to know.

In her room Mrs. Leonard, fully dressed, with a dark veil over her face, her hand bag packed with all her valuables, listened for the stone at her window which was to warn her that her lover had come to carry her off.

Ella, the maid, lay awake on her bed, clad in her serving garb, tossing uneasily from side to side, striving to think a way out of her horrible position. To betray the man who had been kind to her was abhorrent, her whole being recoiled from it, but some influence held her on the course she had taken, some indescribable sensation which came not from her repulsion or her fear, something which she could not explain. She might just sleep and forget, ignore the men who would come stealing up to the house at the appointed hour, and brave their revenge. This was in her heart to do. Yet she could not sleep—that intangible something compelled her to lie there awake and wait. Wearied and nervous from the medley of unpleasant sensations which swept over her, she jumped to her feet and looked at the clock. It wanted five minutes to

twelve! Her confederates—the gang she hated and loathed—would be under the window, and she should be there to open the way for their vile outrage. For a moment she hesitated as if making up her mind, then she moved towards the door with pale, set face. Turning the handle silently she stepped out on to the landing and groped her way slowly towards the stairs. Down she crept, now and then halting to listen if there were any sounds of movement behind her, and hearing none, moved on again till she reached the hall.

A spot of light flashed across the far-side window. They were there! She knew they would be at the window—had it not all been arranged. Yet that spot of light

gave her a shock. All her courage ebbed out, her self-control almost broke down, and she wrung her hands in dismay. Her eyes were fixed on the dread window; the dim outline of a man's face, unrecognisable, showed there, and then a hand, seemingly from nowhere, beckoned her imperiously. Impelled forward, she fumbled with the catch and noiselessly raised the lower portion of the window, then stood back as three men stealthily clambered through and into the hall.

"Where is the safe, girl?" whispered one, who appeared to be the leader, seizing Ella's wrist. "Lead us to it, and no games." And he half drew a revolver from his pocket.

Ella shuddered, and pointing across the hall, led the man to the small private room where Bob Leonard kept his money. The two other men followed like cats into the room, neither uttering a word.

"The combination, quick!" asked the leader, giving the girl's wrist a sharp twist.

The pain caused her to utter a smothered cry.

"None of that—the combination of the safe; sharp, or it will be worse for you!"

In fear, Ella told him under her breath, giving a nervous glance towards the stairs.

"Here, take this gun and watch while we get on with the business," said the man, thrusting his revolver into Ella's hands, and leaving her on guard.

As she waited a slight sound reached her ears. Someone was descending the stairs! She turned to the burglars with a "shsh" of alarm. They stopped their work and waited breathlessly.

Nearer and nearer the steps came. Ella, whose eyes had become accustomed to the darkness, saw a female figure come round the turning and begin to descend the lower flight. A gasp of surprise almost escaped her. It was Mrs. Leonard, dressed to go



"Where is the safe, girl?"

out and carrying a bag!

The burglars huddled back numbered.

Mrs. Leonard dropped her bag gently on the hall table and went to the door. Ella breathed again. Perhaps her mistress was going out, and if so the intruders could escape before they were detected. But what was her purpose in going out at this time of night? Had she some clandestine meeting—with Romaine, for instance! The thought flashed through Ella's muddled brain like an electric flash. She forgot her awkward dilemma, and in her newly-awakened curiosity crept forward a little. Still she could not see her mistress, but she heard the bolt softly slip back and the door gently open. A whisper from Mrs. Leonard reached the keen listening ears:

"Wilbert, Wilbert, are you there?"

A curse escaped the chief burglar as a man's voice answered in a guarded undertone:

"Yes, I am here. Are you ready, darling? The car is waiting. Let us get away as quickly as possible."

"Yes, Wilbert, I am ready to go, to go anywhere with you, dear; but come in one minute—softly—I must see your face once."

Oh, that inconsequence of woman, even in the most desperate situation! Here was a pair of would-be runaways, each a social criminal, whose safety depended on their rapid flight, walking into the danger of discovery at any moment simply for a woman's whim.

The man entered and took the woman in his arms. They lingered a moment, and Lydia, breaking away and becoming very serious, whispered:

"My bag, Wilbert; bring it, please; it is on the table—but careful!"

Ella saw the pair now as they came, a blurred mass in the darkness, to the centre of the hall. Motioning to the men behind her to get back into hiding, she crouched down beside the head of the stairs, her heart throbbing with rage. She felt at this moment something more than regard for her master; and his betrayal, the first act of which was being enacted before her very



"The strong, rough man and the frail serving girl understood each other."

eyes, emboldened her, and filled her with almost uncontrollable anger. She could have sprung forward and denounced the pair, particularly Wilbert Romaine, the man who had insulted her, and whom she hated. Yet she held herself in check and waited, her finger itching at the trigger of the revolver she still held in her hand. Her mind worked rapidly. To denounce the pair would be to arouse the household, and bring about the discovery of the nefarious work she and her confederates were engaged in. But her master must be saved the disgrace about to fall on him. For her mistress she did not care—if her mad action would recoil merely on her nothing would matter much. It would not besmirch her name alone, however—Bob Leonard would feel the disgrace also. He must be spared. Ella, crouching by the stair head, her eyes ablaze, had the feelings of a tiger-cat defending her young. She would shoot, as a last resource, the man who would injure her master, and seek whatever escape from the penalty of the crime that might present

itself when the critical moment arrived.

Wilbert Romaine had reached the table and his hand was groping for the bag.

"Where is——"

Those were the last words he uttered; a revolver shot cut the sentence short. A strangled scream, and the thud of a falling body, told that the bullet had taken effect. And Ella gazed at the still smoking weapon in her hand, dimly realising that she had pulled the trigger and the consequences thereof.

* * *

The report of the revolver created consternation amongst the intruders who had come to steal. Ella, recovering her self-possession, ran to them, urging them to remain in hiding. Bob Leonard, aroused from his sleep, threw on a dressing-gown and dashed down the stairs. At the same moment a policeman from the beat outside the house rushed in through the open door. When the light was switched on by the master of the house a strange sight met his gaze. Lying dead across the table was Wilbert Romaine; at his side and bending over him a policeman; shrinking away from the body, horror-stricken, was Lydia; while little Ella, the revolver still clutched fast, came creeping out of her hiding place.

For a moment no one spoke.

"Is he dead, officer?" at last Leonard said.

"Yes, sir, quite dead—instantaneous, I should say," replied the officer. "Have you any idea of how it was done?"

"None."

"And the lady, sir."

Leonard threw a withering glance at his wife. She dropped her eyes in shame. Filled with horror and grief at the tragic death of her lover, she could utter no word.

Another police officer joined the little group.

"Please——I shot him. I heard a noise, and thinking it was a thief, I fired." It was Ella Hall, half-shy, half-brazen, who spoke.

"You, girl!" cried Leonard.

"Yes, sir; I—I could not sleep. I laid awake, and hearing a noise in the hall I took the revolver and came down. Seeing a dark

form in the hall, I fired."

Leonard looked deep into the girl's eyes for a moment, and he fancied he read something else there—the mute look of devotion told him more than the words. Turning to the police officers who had been making notes, he said:

"Carry the body to that ante-room and lock the door." Fortunately he intimated a room on the opposite side from where the burglars were crouching in fright. "It is a case of misadventure, which I can explain. You can report to your superiors," he continued, "and I shall see that no one leaves the house till the morning."

The officers carried out his instructions, for Leonard, as a Justice of the Peace, was a man to be obeyed. When they had removed the body and left the house the master bolted the door carefully and prepared to return upstairs. For a moment he paused and glared at his wife, who stood like as one turned to stone. With a savage gesture he cast her off from him, and turning to the little girl at the foot of the stairs he threw her a glance which repaid her for her great sacrifice. The two, the strong rough man and the frail serving girl, understood each other.

When the hall was clear Ella switched out the light, and going to her late confederates—for she had finished with the gang—ordered them quickly from the house.

"Not until we have something for our trouble," hissed the leader.

"There are five chambers still unfired," said Ella suggestively, "and if you do not hurry I shall use the revolver again."

The men knew she meant it; they felt that as she had not hesitated to fire in the first instance, so she would scarcely have much compunction to do so again—and they hurried out.

Not until then did the brave girl give way, and dropping the revolver on to the table from her trembling hands she dragged her weary body, shaken by dry sobs of physical and mental relief, up to her own room to sleep off the horror of that night at the foot of the stairs.

It was a new woman who awoke next morning—a woman into whose heart the light of love had come.

The Scales of Justice.

Adapted from the FAMOUS PLAYERS Film by Wm. Crchard.

A woman is wrongfully accused of murder, and the warrant for her arrest must be signed by her lover, a District Attorney, who is called upon to prosecute. He throws up the case, and then comes the final scene when the real murderer is denounced in court as he tries to escape.

			Cast :	
Robert Darrow		PAUL McALLISTER
Edith		JANE FEARNLEY
Alice		CATHERINE LEE
Frank Dexter		HAROLD LOCKWOOD
Walter Elliott		HAL CLARENDON
Old Russell		MARK PRICE



ES, this is the eternal story of two men and a woman, with its tale of disaster to each of the parties.

It began when Robert Darrow resigned his position as junior partner in the city firm to take up the post of District Attorney of Russellville. It was a great rise in the world for the clever young lawyer, and his many friends admitted that he deserved his success. Those who witnessed the installation ceremony—for Darrow's district in the United States covered an area about the size of Wales—never forgot it. Thousands of people lined the streets and cheered the District Attorney on his way to the Court House, where he took the oath to dispense justice and punish wrongdoers without fear or favour. Then there was a reception in the evening, and Robert Darrow received the congratulations of his friends and acquaintances. Darrow's head was quite unturned by all this success, but the words of congratulation he prized most of all in the great throng were those of a woman.

Edith Dexter had known the young lawyer before he became the District Attorney of Russellville, for he had acted the part of peacemaker between the young widow and her grandfather, Phillip Russell, the biggest landowner in Russellville. Five years previously Edith, as a girl of eighteen, had foolishly wedded a young man whose taste for alcohol had furnished her grandfather with a legitimate excuse when he forbade her to have nothing to do with Frank Dexter. Old Russell had a more eligible match in his eye

for Edith—his protegee, Walter Elliott, who was his right-hand man in the office and the son of an old and esteemed friend. Edith had refused this young man and married Dexter, with the result that her grandfather had disowned and disinherited her.

A fatal accident had cut short Dexter's career about four years later, and Edith found herself a widow with her little daughter Alice, and nothing but destitution staring her in the face. She had had a few business dealings with Darrow and, hardly knowing why, she had poured her troubles into the ears of the young lawyer.

Darrow promised to help her and sought an interview with Edith's grandfather. He pleaded her cause eloquently, and at the dramatic moment ushered in Edith and her child. Even then things would have been doubtful were it not for the diplomatic intervention of little Alice, who climbed on a chair and patted her grandfather's face caressingly. The grim old countenance relaxed, and Darrow retired, knowing that he had won.

* * *

"Mr. Russell," said Elliott unhesitatingly, "I want to speak to you on the subject of Edith. Perhaps you have noticed——"

"Yes, yes," replied the old man warmly. "I have noticed, too. Remember, my boy, it is my dearest wish that you marry Edith and share the fortune I shall leave her. I know that Darrow calls too often, and I'll speak to Edith to-night."

The young man retired with an anxious face. He had good reason for his anxiety to marry Edith as quick as he could, for he



"A long, lean arm grasping a knife."

knew that his resources were at a low ebb and his credit worthless. Unknown to his benefactor, he frequented night clubs, where he lost more money than he could possibly earn. He had to raise it somehow, and he had helped himself liberally to the contents of the safe. Old Russell had discovered the first of the deficits from his books, but never suspected the real culprit. In his anxiety for expert help he telephoned to a friend, a chartered accountant.

"Is that Walcott?" asked the old man. "I believe one of the clerks is robbing me. I can't tell Elliott—he's too sympathetic. I want you to go over the books with me at my own home, as it is too infernally hot here in the office. You can come over to my house this evening. Thank you."

The old man went home—taking the account books with him—and prepared a table on the verandah where he and his friend could work in the cool of the evening. Outside the verandah was a thick clump of bushes, and beyond this again was the beautifully laid out garden in which Russell delighted to entertain his guests.

This evening the visitors included a group of intimate friends: the wife of old Walcott, Darrow, and several of Edith's friends. Russell looked anything but pleased when he saw the marked attention that Darrow paid to Edith, and when the lawyer left her to speak to another party the old man went over to his granddaughter.

"Edith, I want you to keep your party away from the verandah to-night. I'll be busy

with Walcott, and," continued old Russell with emphasis, "stop encouraging that Darrow. You're going to marry Elliott."

If Edith had made a mistake in marrying Frank Dexter she was under no illusions regarding Elliott. She cordially detested that young man, and her grandfather's repeated reproaches worked the young woman into a paroxysm of temper.

"I shan't marry him," she burst out.

"You shall," retorted her grandfather, getting angry in his turn, and placing his hand threateningly on his granddaughter's shoulder. "You made a matrimonial mistake before, and I must see that you do not make another."

"I hate and despise Elliott," replied Edith, passionately. "Sooner than be his wife, I'd kill myself with this"—*this* proved to be a knife which the angry young woman pulled from her bosom.

The old man turned away rather pained. "You should not carry knives about you like that," he remarked coldly. "I hope you will, please, put it away on the first opportunity."

Two people witnessed this painful scene from a distance, one being old Walcott's wife, and the other Elliott. Mrs. Walcott was frankly scandalised, but Elliott retired with a grim smile on his face.

That young man was very uneasy. In the first place, he knew why Walcott was summoned to the house, and the culprit, wishing to try and cover his defalcations, crept to the table on which the books were lying, and taking out his penknife manipulated a few entries in the day book. He had just finished this little job to his satisfaction when he looked up to find the horrified face of old Russell gazing into his.

Phillip Russell dropped into his chair with a groan. It was a bitter disillusionment.

"You are the thief who has been robbing me, your benefactor."

There was no reply, for Elliott retired with ashen face and bitter hate in his heart.

The old man, leaning his head on his hand, gave himself up to his grey thoughts. There was no need now to look for the thief—he had caught him red-handed, and nothing remained but to find out the extent of the

losses. In his pre-occupation he did not hear the rustle of the bushes behind him, nor see a long lean arm grasping a knife hovering at his side. The ghostly hand was rigid for a moment, then plunged sideways and old Russell fell forward with a groan.

He managed to stagger to his feet and totter round to the side door to call for assistance. Here his strength failed him, and he collapsed on the steps just as several of the horrified guests ran towards him. But their assistance was too late. Old Russell was dead.

There was an excited gathering round the old man's body, and Darrow, who had rushed up to render assistance, said sternly: "Who could have done this deed?"

Elliott, who had just joined the throng, turned to the District Attorney as he pointed to Edith.

"I believe she murdered Mr. Russell, and still has the knife on her person. You have the authority—search her."

For a second there was a deep silence as the throng looked on the working face of Edith. "I did not do it," she gasped. "How could you?"

The District Attorney looked at her for a moment. The charge having been deliberately made, he had no option but to search her. He moved forward as in a dream.

"Permit me," he said, drawing Edith towards the shelter of the doorway.

He emerged again a few minutes later with a strange fixed look on his face.

"You are mistaken," he said, turning to Elliott; "she has no knife."

But ten minutes later, when in a secluded part of the garden he took out of his pocket the knife he had taken from Edith, there was a bitter look on his face as he murmured:

"And you, Robert Darrow, promised to dispense justice without fear or favour. You

promised to hold the scales of justice even."

* * *

It was not that Darrow believed that Edith had killed her grandfather; he was convinced there was some ghastly mistake, but as a lawyer he knew the damning effect which the possession of a knife on such an occasion and the previous quarrel would have on any matter-of-fact judge and jury. Yet there was a mystery somewhere; and although a horse-stealer named Crump, who had been arrested in the grounds, was charged with the murder of Phillip Russell, this charge fell through for want of evidence, and Crump was then charged with a previous offence of horse stealing and sent to prison. Yet Crump could have told a great deal about the murder of old Russell, but fear held his tongue silent.

There was still an atmosphere of suspicion about Edith which was carefully fostered by Elliott, who had also introduced a private detective into the house in the guise of one of his friends. This individual followed up every clue; and one day during Edith's absence he ransacked the young woman's wardrobe and came across a gown with a piece of the neck torn away. This he fetched to Elliott, who on seeing it immediately produced the missing piece.

"I found this in old Russell's hand after



"'She has a knife. Search her,' cried Elliott."

he was stabbed," said the young ruffian.

The detective snapped at it, and as he compared it with the rent, a smile of triumph spread over his face. "There's no doubt about the guilt of this woman. If we only found the knife the case would be complete. I'm going to apply for a warrant for her arrest."

Meanwhile Darrow had sought out Edith and begged her to tell him all she knew about the matter.

"I don't know," replied the young woman tearfully. "There is a terrible mistake somewhere."

"I know there is some terrible mistake," replied Darrow; then a note of tenderness crept into his voice as he added, "marry me, and we will fight it out together."

"No, no," replied Edith quickly. "Elliott and others still suspect me. I will not marry you with this stain on my name."

Darrow sighed. "I'm coming over this evening," he said. "You must try and remember everything that happened on that dreadful night, and we can perhaps straighten out the tangle."

But on his return visit that evening Darrow experienced a surprise.

He was met in the garden by the detective and Elliott, and the former in his quick way said:

"Mr. Darrow, I've prepared a formal application for the arrest of Mrs. Edith Dexter—will you sign it?"

"I hope your evidence is correct," said the District Attorney coldly.

"Yes, it is," replied the other rapidly. "Here's a piece of cloth, torn from her gown,

found in the old man's hand. Of course I'd like to wait till I've found the knife, but there's no time to waste—she knows I'm wise, and is getting ready to leave now."

"Impossible," replied Darrow, sharply. "She has an appointment with me."

"Perhaps," retorted the other; "but if you don't believe me, you can see with your own eyes. She is coming along."

It was true. Edith, dressed, carrying her travelling case and pulling her little daughter, Alice, along with her in an

agitated manner, suddenly confronted them. She started and looked confused.

"There you are," said the detective; "now will you sign the warrant?"

Darrow took the fateful piece of paper in his hand, well aware that Elliott's eyes were searching his with cynical curiosity. There was silence for a moment, broken only by the deep breathing of the captured woman. Then Darrow took a fountain pen from his pocket and signed the warrant.

The arrest aroused enormous interest, and what wounded

Darrow more than anything was the statement by the local paper that he, being District Attorney, would have to prosecute for the State. "Robert Darrow, popular young District Attorney, conducts his first murder case to-morrow," ran the wounding paragraph. But it was true, and Darrow passed many weary hours wondering how he could shield the woman he loved and yet be true to his oath.

He paid several visits to the prison to see Edith, who, as a privilege, was allowed to see little Alice for an hour each day.



"Marry me, and we will fight it out together."

The child brought sunshine to more than her aching mother's heart, for further down the white-washed passage was another prisoner who never seemed tired of watching the little visitor. Several times Crump—for it was he—allowed a smile to spread over his grim face when Alice proffered him flowers between the bars of his cell; and one day, when the visitor had departed, Crump sank back on his rough bench with a sigh, murmuring, "If I had a kid like that to love, I'd never have been here."

judge, "I cannot prosecute this woman. Despite the strong circumstantial evidence against her, I believe her innocent, and I hereby resign my office as District Attorney."

There was a murmur behind. "Lunatic," whispered one. "Fool," said another, but again there was a dramatic interruption. A child's feet pattered up along the benches. It was Alice, wildly excited, and waving a piece of paper in her hand.

"It's for the judge," called out the little child.



"He made a wild dash for liberty."

The morning of the trial arrived, and Edith was put into the dock. Then came the witnesses who saw the painful scene between Edith and her grandfather in the garden. It seemed a clear case, and everybody was settling down to a verdict of guilty when the District Attorney rose to his feet. Everybody expected the usual appeal to convict the prisoner, but when he did speak those in court could hardly credit the evidence of their ears.

"Your honour," he said, addressing the

The paper was taken from the child's hand and given to the judge, who read the contents aloud:

"I seen the murder of old Philip Russell and the kid's mother is innocent. I was skeered to tell before bekus the man who did the job said he would put the blame on me and his word would go further than mine.

Bill Crump."

"Where is this Bill Crump?" asked the judge, looking around.

Almost, as if in reply to the question, the horse-thief was ushered in between two guards. He was immediately sworn, and asked to tell what he knew. Crump possessed a rough eloquence of his own, and he graphically described the scenes of the murder of old Russell, as seen from his hiding-place in the bush.

"And who is the murderer?" asked the judge at the conclusion of the horse-thief's narrative.

"He is here!" replied Crump, turning his eye on the people around.

"Point him out," commanded the judge quickly.

Crump's arm shot out with sudden force and an accusing finger pointed to the ashen-faced Elliott.

RUTH STONEHOUSE was to jump from a cliff in one of Essanay's pictures, "Sun-bonnet Strings," which is to be released in the near future, and Richard Travers was to catch her in his arms. Ruth jumped, but she came down much faster than Travers calculated, and as a result they both went tumbling down the hill. She struck Travers' bruised shoulder, which he received in an automobile accident recently, and he was unable to withstand the weight. The camera man kept on grinding when he saw the pair rolling down the hill, so has a rare piece of negative. Ruth was buried in gravel up to her waist when she finally stopped rolling, and Travers kept on going until he was almost in the lake. They both escaped without serious injury.

FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN is an enthusiastic bird fancier, and at the present time has a collection of more than two hundred feathered songsters. Mr. Bushman spends much of his leisure among the birds, and is constantly acquiring new specimens. Many of his friends from all parts of the world send him birds, and he is declared to possess one of the best collections to be seen outside a "zoo." By the way, he still clings to his 1910 little white straw hat, and wears it around the studio between scenes, although plenty of "millinery" is at his command in his dressing room.

G. M. ANDERSON, the famous "Broncho Billy," had a narrow escape in a most hazardous adventure which nearly resulted in the loss of two lives. He had tried to save the life of Marguerite Clayton, who was tied securely to a broncho which broke away from a hitching post and dashed for dear life down the

"There!"

The cowering man rose to his feet and made a wild dash for liberty. But he had only got a few yards when restraining arms were thrown round him. He spent that night in Edith's cell.

* * *

Several weeks later no one would have recognised in the happy wedded couple who left the church the haggard-faced pair of three weeks back. Edith's only regret was the resignation of her husband's great position, and she told him so.

"You sacrificed too much for me."

"No," replied her husband. "You taught me a greater truth than I could find in all my law books. And the greatest of these is love."

Anderson mounted his calico pony and started in pursuit. For miles the two horses went as fast as their legs could carry them, until Anderson finally caught the bridle of the runaway horse and brought him to an abrupt stop, throwing the horse, Anderson and Miss Clayton on to the rocky road. Both were painfully injured, but were able to continue work in a few days. Mr. Anderson has written a scenario around this wild ride, and entitled the picture, "Broncho Billy's Wild Ride."

DOLORES AND HELEN COSTELLO, daughters of Maurice Costello, are already following in their father's footsteps and taking to picture acting. Quite apart from the reflected talent of their distinguished parent, they are really clever little actresses. Such scenes as they already appear in are taken after school is over, but they will soon abandon school life for they are going on a world tour with the Vitagraph Co. They are both fearless of the water, though non-swimmers, and both of them possess boy's bikes, being daring riders. In their magnificent home at Flatbush they get all the benefits of country life, and are the adoration of their parents. Dolores (the one most like her father) is eight, and Helen, who resembles Mrs. Costello, five years old. We are sure our readers will be pleased to see in our present supplement the portraits of these handsome and talented children.

MARY FULLER, the particular bright star of the Edison Company's constellation, says she is not going to marry a member of the company—or anyone else, in fact, at present.

Through Flames to Fame.

Adapted by Owen Garth from the DANMARK Film Drama.

A tale of dogged perseverance that from threatened poverty, by strenuous effort, wins through to honour and reward. Malice and vengeance are ranged against the hero, and elements themselves conspire to his defeat, but he triumphs in the end, aided by the bravery and devotion of a woman whose sympathy he had awakened.

Cast :

The Lighthouse Keeper ...	Mr. RASMUS OTTESEN
Miller and Innkeeper ...	Mr. P. S. ANDERSEN
The Girl of the Lighthouse ...	Miss EMILIE SANNOM
A Farmer	Mr. CH. LØWAAS
His Wife	Mrs. BIRKEROD SCHIWE
Tom, their only Son ...	Mr. E. GREGERS



VERY emigrant sets out to the new world with the hope in his heart that riches will be easy to acquire and that the path of life will be thereafter ever smooth. Many fail to realise their hopes. Anticipation is not backed up by determination, and they find that it is the same old struggle all the world over, and success comes only to him who sets out not only with desire but with resolute intention, determined, whatever obstacles fall across his path, to surmount them and fight onward till his aim is achieved.

Tom Milton left home for America carrying a vision of a cosy old farm tucked away in a sublime valley, where mother and father, both aged and incapable of much further effort, clung to their home with that superb tenacity which is characteristic of those born and bred on the land and of the land. Things had been going bad. A couple of years and the further struggle would be impossible for the old people. Tom decided on a bold course—a bold bid to ensure his parents' comfort in their old age—and on landing in the new world across the ocean he set about realising his desires with such assiduousness that spells success.

After trying one or two things Tom at last found work which suited his temperament and promised advantage. He entered the customs service and was entrusted, with others, the work of detecting and preventing

smuggling, which was so common some years back on America's coasts. As the months passed Tom's work brought him to the notice of his superiors. Once or twice he was entrusted with small special missions, which he carried through satisfactorily, and perhaps it was natural that he should be offered a chance on the difficult task which now presented itself to the officials.

Off duty one day, Tom was suddenly called to his chief's office to receive orders. Scenting a special "job" he presented himself at the desk with alacrity.

"You have done very well, Milton, since you have been attached to us," said the chief, looking up at the lithe figure and eager face before him; "and I intend to give you a chance on a private mission, which, if successful, will be advantageous to you."

"Yes, sir; I shall be most willing to undertake any task. I am sure I shall do my best to carry it out successfully," replied Tom, beaming all over his face at the idea of his luck.

"I know you will, I know you will do your best, Milton," responded the chief; "but I must warn you it is no light task, and there may possibly be a grave element of risk about it."

"So much the better, sir. I shall be the more anxious to work cautiously."

"Yes, you will have to be most cautious. If the people you will have to run down get wind of your mission, the game, from our



"In the dusk he followed him to the old Mill."

point of view, is lost, and it may be you will suffer at their hands. By all accounts, that is judging by their actions, they are dangerous men."

"I am ready for the work, sir."

Tom's eagerness caused a flicker of a smile to run across the chief's features.

"Well, let me explain the position. We have been aware that dynamite is being smuggled into the country along the coast around here, but where and how we have not the faintest idea. We know it is going on—and on a fairly extensive scale, but our suspicions lead us nowhere. Men who will smuggle dynamite are men who will be dangerous, and headquarters realising this is a one-man job, and a serious one, have offered a big reward to the man who can trap the smugglers. The reward is 3,000 dollars. It is worth trying for."

"Three thousand dollars!" ejaculated Tom, his mind calling up a vision of his old home.

"Yes, that is the reward. If you bring the smugglers to book it is yours. Do you think you can manage the mission?"

"If it is possible to track them down, I will do it, sir," cried Tom confidently.

"All right, then, here are your instructions," handing the revenue man a paper. "Adopt what course you like, but keep in close touch with me, and summon all help you want immediately you get your quarry in sight.

Good luck to you."

"Thank you, sir," said Tom, saluting his chief as he turned to go.

Three thousand dollars! The reward astonished him. The magic figures burnt in his brain as he walked down the street, oblivious to all that was happening around him. Three thousand dollars. Why, that and his little savings would enable him to cross the ocean and ensure his parents' home for the rest of their lives.

A shadow spread over his face. The

day before he had received a letter from his mother. It told him the old people were hard pressed and required help. Well, here was the chance. He would earn that reward if it were possible for human being. Three thousand dollars—£600; nearly £700 with his savings! Why, he would be able to settle down on the old farm and build it up till it was flourishing once again.

Gloom was chased from Tom's mind. The reward was his. He almost felt the coins jingling in his pockets as he walked along.

* * *

In the next day or so Tom shuffled out of anything which might betray him as a revenue man. He mixed freely with the fisher folk and the country people, and incidentally heard a deal of gossip which he stored in his mind for future use. He was always about, and hoping to hear a dropped word which might put him on the right scent frequented Mulroyd's bar, down by the old jetty at High Point, which stood at the head of the bay and gave its name to the sturdy lighthouse standing a mile from the shore, on a large rock, to warn seafarers of the dangerous coast thereabouts.

Mulroyd, the owner of the bar, was one of those furtive creatures, sullen and silent, who smoked on end, and seemed to be always looking for someone or something over his shoulder. Besides the bar, which was a flourishing business, he owned a large mill

across the fields from the village, in a spot which was little frequented. He not only owned it but worked it himself, and no one but Mulroyd ever visited it. This at first aroused Tom's curiosity. He determined to watch Mulroyd on one of his excursions to the mill and see if there was any secret in the place. One evening in the dusk he followed him, but discovered little except that once inside Mulroyd locked the door and began moving something about, exercising, it seemed to the listener outside, great care.

Somewhat Tom felt that Mulroyd and his tavern were well worth keeping an eye on, and so he bearded the proprietor one day and asked him for a job.

"What can you do?" grunted Mulroyd, running his eyes over Tom's sturdy limbs.

"Well, I'm used to field work and can carry on in a mill," answered Tom.

"Don't want no mill hands about here."

"Then perhaps you can give me a job in the bar?"

"Done any bar tending ever?"

"Yes, I'm pretty used to many things."

"Humph—think you could take on here and handle this place?"

"Yes, I'm certain I could."

"Then you can start, but don't commence any hank, or out you go sharp."

"Trust me."

"Get your apron on then. I'll see you fixed first. Got some business to do. If you can manage it'll give me a chance."

Tom congratulated himself on the advance he had made, but he discovered nothing for a couple of days to arouse suspicion. But about the third day there were rapid developments. The lighthouse keeper and his sister came ashore and visited Mulroyd. They met as old friends, and seating themselves round a table a little out of the way, the two men laid their heads together, while the girl soon tired of

their confidences and left them to join in the dancing.

Tom waited on the pair assiduously, trying to hear their conversation. Scraps fell on his ears as he came behind them with the drinks they called for.

The lighthouse keeper, Thomasson by name, a big, burly fellow, had important news for Mulroyd, and Tom gathered from the few words he caught that they were comrades in a none too honest enterprise.

"Jansson's lugger will lay off the coast to-night," he heard Thomasson say.

"Carrying anything? —shsh, be careful," replied Mulroyd, becoming aware of Tom at his elbow.

"Who is that fellow?" asked the lighthouse keeper, as the new barman retreated again.

"Oh, I think he's all right. Came round here looking for a job and I put him on to mind the bar. Quite safe, I should say, but it's best to be careful."

"Any good for our job, d'ye think? We could do with a lift. There's too much stuff accumulating at my place. Some of it must be brought ashore to-night."

Tom caught the words "must be brought ashore to-night," as he sidled up to the pair, and that strengthened his suspicions. But he could not wait for more. Kitty Thomasson dashed up to him and endeavoured to attract his attention. Intent on his work he took little notice of her, and



"'Keep your dirty money,' she cried. 'I want none of it.'"

returned behind the bar to think.

After a pause Thomasson spoke again.

"We could do with a strong fellow like that chap to help us to-night. There will be a lot to do. Do you think we could take him along without much risk?"

"We could, perhaps, without letting him know too much," replied Mulroyd. "We can tell him the tale."

"Call him over and see if he is willing to come."

"Righto. Hi, come here a moment," shouted Mulroyd, turning and calling to Tom, who obeyed the command at once.

"We've got to get over to the High Point Lighthouse to-night to change material and take stock," said the bar-keeper to Tom. "We shall want a hand. Can you come along?"

"Yes, certainly, when you like," answered Tom.

"Get ready now then: we'll get off at once."

Tom discarded his apron, and the four, for Kitty accompanied the men, went out and down to the quay where Mulroyd's launch was moored. Lagging behind a little, Tom managed to scribble a few words to his chief. This he despatched by a waiting confederate. But he reckoned without Kitty, who, attracted to him, was watching all his movements, and who, becoming suspicious when he despatched the note, warned

her brother of what she had seen.

The three were in the launch when Tom came to the water's edge.

"Never mind to-night," cried Thomasson, as he pushed off. "We can manage ourselves, no doubt. We'll pick you up another time."

Tom stood dumbfounded as the launch moved out of the harbour. They evidently suspected him, and if their night work was what he imagined it was, they would now be on their guard against him.

For some time he stood thinking out his next move. He decided on a bold course. If Mulroyd and Thomasson were the smugglers, the sooner he could discover conclusive evidence the better. If they were engaged in legitimate business, there could be no harm to them in him knowing what it was. He would follow them to the lighthouse, and by pre-arranged signals inform the revenue men, who would soon be on the spot for any emergency. It was a risk, but it was the only useful course.

A dinghy attached to a vessel alongside provided means to get to the lighthouse. Tom leapt in, and unshipping the oars began to pull out with strong strokes. The launch had arrived at the lighthouse before he determined to follow, and the two men were engaged in other business as the dinghy sped across the bay, so that its approach was unobserved

* * *

True enough, Jansson's lugger was lying off the coast that night. Closely reefed she was difficult to see from a distance, but Thomasson knew her whereabouts; and after Kitty had been landed at the lighthouse, the two men set out again for the lugger, from which they quickly loaded up. As quickly they returned to the lighthouse, and landed the cases they had obtained, hiding them away in a cellar scooped out in the rock itself at the



"Inch by inch she crawled along towards the end."

base of the lighthouse. Then they retired to Thomasson's little parlour, which led out on to the gallery, from where the lighthouse-keeper could assure himself that the light was in working-order.

Grog and cigars preceded the division of notes, which apparently had been paid over to the two men. Kitty was present, and Thomasson evidently thought it policy to offer her a portion of the reward. But she pushed the notes aside with a gesture of disgust.



“Across the bay a boat was speeding.”

“Keep your dirty money,” she cried; “I want none of it. Oh, you need not fear I shall ‘peach’ on you,” as Thomasson sprang up with an oath and stood over her threateningly. “Your business is your own affair. I want to have nothing to do with it. At the same time I have no intention of betraying you.”

“You’d better not. I’ll stand no nonsense, my girl,” snarled Thomasson, resuming his seat.

“It is not your threats that will keep me quiet. I have other reasons,” replied Kitty calmly.

By this time Tom had reached the lighthouse and he quickly clambered up on to the gallery where he could get a view of the persons in the parlour.

“You’d better go and have a look at the lamp,” suggested Thomasson to Kitty.

“Why don’t you go yourself?” was the reply.

“Because I have something important to say to Mulroyd,” returned the lighthouse-keeper.

“Yes, just look at the light, while your brother tells me what he has to say,” put in Mulroyd coaxingly.

“All right; get on with your business quick,” said the girl, rising to go. “But don’t imagine I’m going to remain up in the top gallery long to suit you.”

Tom, who was crouching against the wall,

saw the girl make towards the door, and looked round for a way of escape should she come out on to the gallery. A ladder to the lamp gallery offered a way, and he hastily mounted and stowed himself out of sight. For some few moments he listened and, hearing no sound, straightened himself up and began to consider what was to happen next. It was a ticklish task he had set himself. Was it worth it? His hand stole to his pocket and he drew out a much-creased piece of paper—his mother’s letter, in which she referred to the need of help in the old home. As he was reading a stealthy figure crept round the lamp, and before he was aware of it Kitty had snatched the letter and dashed off.

Here was a predicament. To follow her would be useless—he would be discovered. If he stayed where he was she would doubtless bring the men folk along, and—

But he worried himself needlessly over this. Kitty had conceived a sudden liking for the brawny fellow, and she had snatched the letter more from inquisitiveness than anything else. Running inside the lighthouse she straightened the piece of paper out and read. The message it conveyed touched her warm, impulsive heart. She took the letter back to its owner.

“I’m sorry I snatched your letter,” she said meekly, holding the crumpled piece of paper out to Tom. “Will you, please, take

it back?"

"Thank you. You are kind, but why to one who is trespassing?" said Tom, interested in the girl who acted so curiously, and whom he had a good look at now.

"I don't know. Interest, I suppose. I read the letter and thought you would like it back. I am so lonely here, so friendless—I should like you to be a friend!"

Tom was frankly taken aback by this unconventional appeal, but he felt too that he would like to be a friend of this wild beauty, and he extended his hand.

"That's settled then, we're friends," said Kitty, as she took his hand. "But you must get away from here, or perhaps there will be danger. My brother will be sure to come up a little later to see to the lamps. Come in here while I go out to see if the way is clear." And the girl dragged him into the lamp-room as she spoke.

Wondering at the time Kitty remained on the upper gallery, her brother came out of the parlour to see what was the matter. He saw the girl looking over the lamps, and he saw, also, what made him emit an oath and dash back to his comrade—Tom's face in the light between the flashes.

"That fellow of yours has followed us," he cried. "He's in the lamp-room with Kitty."

"What!—Is that skunk tracking us?" yelled Mulroyd, springing to his feet. "We must nab the pair of them before they have a chance to split."

"Steady, there. This job must be done softly," said Thomasson, restraining his excited companion. "Follow me—quietly. We must grab Kitty first and get her away, and lock that spy johnny up here till we can deal with him in our own time."

The two had reached the top gallery when Kitty came out of the lamp-room to see if the way was clear for Tom's escape. As she came round the gallery she ran unwittingly



The escape from the death trap.

into the arms of the waiting men. They seized her, and Mulroyd, clapping a hand over her mouth, held her fast despite her struggles, while Thomasson sprang forward to the door of the lamp-room, and slammed it before Tom realised that anything untoward had happened.

With a shout of triumph the lighthouse-keeper fastened the door on the outside, and Tom was left a prisoner, while the two smugglers—for smuggling was the business, the two were secretly engaged in—carried Kitty down to the launch and off to the mainland.

It was still pitch dark when the launch reached the quay, and the smugglers were able to hurry the girl across to Mulroyd's desolate mill, and imprison her there safely without anyone being the wiser. Satisfied she would be secure there till they chose to release her, they returned to the tavern to refresh themselves. The wind had freshened, and angry, dark clouds were scudding over the skies as they stumbled over the fields on their way back. They sought the shelter of the tavern gladly, and endeavoured to restore themselves to equanimity with liberal doses of rum.

* * *

Left to himself Tom looked about for the best thing to do in the circumstances. He had been in so many awkward situations this evening that his present position did

not worry him considerably. First he must find a means of signalling to the shore, thus letting the revenue men, whom he had warned by the note, know where he was. They would be on the look out. The lamp provided the only means of signalling, but he had no knowledge of its manipulation. That it could be flashed to the mainland he knew, but how this was managed he had not the faintest idea. Anyhow he did the best thing in the circumstances—he tried; and after a deal of fumbling, more by luck than judgment, directed a flash shorewards. Having accomplished this to his satisfaction, he started a tour of inspection. Going through the several rooms he found nothing to incriminate the inhabitants of the lighthouse, but descending into the basement he stumbled on a trap door which led by a rope-ladder into a dank cellar.

The thunder had begun to roll overhead when Tom left the lamp room, and the wind was whipping up the waters to fury. Now and then a streak of lightning lit up the rock and the sturdy building upon it, but this did not deter him in his search. Down in the basement Tom heard the waves dash with violence over the lighthouse rock, and the crash after crash of the thunder which roared in a continuous roll overhead. For a moment he hesitated, reflecting that his comrades, even if they recognised the significance of the light flashing shorewards, would be unable, in such weather, to render him any assistance. Then he stepped resolutely on the rope ladder after fixing the trap-door open and began to descend. He had almost reached the bottom when the door snapped to, the shock precipitating him to the floor. The ladder was fixed to the centre of the door and his weight on it had been sufficient to break the catch which held it open, and he was now a prisoner in the vault. All efforts to escape were hopeless—his weight on the ladder when he climbed up to force the door open rendered his attempts useless—he was trapped like a rat in a hole.

* * *

Kitty, left alone in the dark, dreary mill, was overtaken with fear. She clambered up into the uppermost chamber, and finding a window looking out to sea, strained to see any sign of what was happening at the lighthouse. The storm frightened her. She shrank back as each flash of lightning lit up the countryside, the quay, and now and again the High Point rock.

As the first faint lights crept up in the east a little of her usual courage came back to the frightened girl. She groped about in the tiny room at the top of the mill to see what she could find, or to discover a possible means of escape. Of escape, however, nothing offered a chance, but she found an old telescope used by Mulroyd to watch the sea when the smuggling boats were about, and this enabled her to inspect the lighthouse closely. For some time she watched the lightning playing round the rock, then as a terrible fork of electricity darted down from the sky she staggered back with a cry of alarm—the lightning had struck the lighthouse, and a mass of dense smoke rose from the spot. Presently the smoke rolled away, and she saw that the lighthouse was afire, for tiny shoots of flame were spurting out from the side where the lightning appeared to have struck. A horrible concern for the man she knew to be in the lighthouse seized her. She must get out to help him! Again she sought round the mill for a way of escape, but there was no exit open. Stay, there was one way—but that was perilous; the chances were that even if she got out of the mill that way she would be dashed to death on the ground. But it was worth trying—anything was better than being shut up helpless there.

The great wings of the mill were stopped, but she could remove the brake and crawl out to the utmost end of one of the wings and trust to luck in a jump when it came near the ground. The idea fascinated her. She took one more look at the burning lighthouse, and then, rushing to the brake on the wings, eased it considerably, so that when she crawled out on to the one horizontal from the axle, her weight would carry her slowly down to the ground. One thing she miscalculated—the effect the movement would have in releasing the brake altogether.

Gathering up her short skirts, Kitty climbed out over the axle on to the great wing which stretched out parallel with the ground. Inch by inch she crawled along towards the end. It bore her weight till she was more than three-quarters of the way, then slowly it began to move. Still she continued crawling, the wings gathering momentum every inch. She had just reached the end as the wing carrying her came near the ground, when the brake



“The dynamite . . . hurled masses of rock against the door . . . making the two men prisoners.”

released entirely, and the wings flew round suddenly, shaking off her hold and throwing her several yards to the ground. A few moments she lay half-stunned, but the intensity of her purpose revived her. Though severely shaken she picked herself up and raced towards the quay, where she jumped into the first boat and pulled with all her strength to the lighthouse.

Tom, unaware that anyone was on the way to rescue him, tried every means to find a way out of his dismal prison. Unsuccessful, he took it philosophically, and with the aid of matches had a look round. In a corner he discovered several square boxes, and closer investigation caused him to put out his matches. It was dynamite. This was the smugglers' store-room, and he had stumbled on it by chance, though he appeared to have little hope of using the evidence he had found and so win the reward which meant so much to him and his people. Of a sudden an idea seized him. In his pocket he had a huge general utility knife, in the back of which was a strong gimlet. If he could fix this firmly enough in the wooden ceiling and so hang the end of the rope ladder by it that he could

relieve the end attached to the trap-door, he might be able to force an exit. It was a plan worth trying. It took some time to carry out, but he was urged on by the tiny wisps of smoke which stole in through cracks in the ceiling. Wondering what this could mean, being oblivious to the fact that the lighthouse had been struck by lightning and was burning, he worked with renewed energy, and finally managed to move the trap-door sufficiently to get his head through. The room above was full of smoke—he realised with a flash that the lighthouse was afire, and a chill struck his heart as he remembered the dynamite in the cellar. In haste he wriggled through the opening he had forced, and fought his way blindly out on to the lower gallery. The flames licked him at every foot of his passage, and he gasped for breath. But at last, blinded and choking, he reached the open air, and pausing a moment, looked round for means to get away from the rock. Across the bay a boat was speeding, its solitary occupant pulling with might and main. He hailed it desperately. The rower half-turned in answer, but never ceased pulling vigorously a second. It was Kitty. In a few minutes

she was alongside the landing steps.

"Jump in quick," she cried, not waiting to exchange greetings or ask questions. "There is dynamite in the basement. It might blow up any moment."

Tom did as he was bid, and taking the oars rowed furiously away from the death-trap he had so narrowly escaped. They did not speak to each other until the boat was half-way across the bay. They watched the burning lighthouse with fascination. Of a sudden a thick black column rose from the base of the rock, and there was a terrific roar, a great shaft of flame leapt upward, enveloping the whole building. The dynamite had exploded, the noise drowning even the terrible voice of the storm. The lighthouse seemed to sway a moment, then the whole structure collapsed. The watchers in the boat were held spell-bound at that moment. Tom had ceased rowing, but a huge wave, caused by the explosion and the collapse of the lighthouse, recalled him to his senses. He grasped the oars again to steady the boat which was caught in the swirling waters and tossed hither and thither like a piece of matchwood, but through the agency of Providence was not overturned.

It was all over. Kitty, who had not removed her eyes from the rock which had been her home for years, turned to her companion :

"Thank God, I was in time," she cried, and Tom re-echoed the sentiment, though he did not speak. He was too intent on reaching the mainland.

Willing hands were ready to assist the much-tryed pair when they came alongside the quay—men of the revenue service, who had been aroused by Tom's signals from the lighthouse and alarmed by the subsequent fire and explosion. Tom explained all that had happened in a few words.

"But now to catch the smugglers," he

concluded, "wherever they may be."

"Perhaps Mulroyd's tavern will reveal them," said one of the revenue men.

"Or the mill," put in Kitty, bitter with her experiences.

"We'll search the tavern first," cried Tom, leading the way, with one arm round Kitty. Somehow the two tacitly admitted their indebtedness and sympathy for each other.

But the smugglers were not found at the tavern.

* * *

When Kitty escaped from the mill the violent wind drove the wings round at a terrific speed. The axle, uncoiled, became overheated, and soon the wood on the primitive axle-box began to smoulder. Aroused by the terror of the storm, Mulroyd, who, with the lighthouse keeper, had drunk himself into a stupor, got up to look out of the window. The grey morning light revealed a sight which sobered him in a trice. The windmill wings were flying round at a terrific rate and smoke was issuing from the topmost windows.

"The dynamite," he screamed, awaking Thomasson. "The dynamite—the mill is afire."

"What's the matter with the dynamite, you fool?" muttered Thomasson, still under the influence of the grog.

"I tell you the mill is afire. We must



The trials of the old folk.

save the dynamite or it will be blown up," cried Mulroyd again, shaking his comrade roughly. "Jump up, man, and come along," he continued, as Thomasson roused himself. "We may be in time yet."

Thomasson, half comprehending that what Mulroyd said was serious, got up and followed his comrade out of the house. As they came in full view of the mill they could see the little flashes of flame round the axle of the wings. They hastened their steps, and soon were running their hardest across the ploughed fields. Around the foot of the mill Mulroyd had built up a pile of rocks which gave the structure a solid appearance. These were to cause the downfall of the smugglers, for rushing into the place after Mulroyd, Thomasson, still under the influence of the grog he had consumed, madly seized a small case of dynamite, and carrying it to the door hurled it outside. The wind of the explosion blew the door to, and the dynamite when it went off hurled masses of the loose rock against the door, rendering it impossible to open it from the inside, and making the two men prisoners.

HOW would you like to wear a cool million dollars in jewellery, if only for a few hours? How would you like to wear a gown designed by "Lucille" (Lady Duff-Gordon) costing over £600?

This is exactly what Alice Joyce, the beautiful Kalem star, is to do in a forthcoming feature of the Alice Joyce series. The jewels will be loaned to Kalem by one of the Fifth Avenue's most prominent jewellers, while the magnificent gown to be worn by Miss Joyce is now being made by the most fashionable modiste of to-day.

The mere cost of borrowing the jewels which Miss Joyce is to wear, even though it is to be for only a few hours, is enormous. Because nothing covering a case similar to this has ever come to the attention of the insurance and bonding companies, special arrangements have had to be made with the concerns who have undertaken to assume the risk.

Pinkerton detectives have been engaged to guard Miss Joyce while the filming of the scenes in which the Kalem star wears the jewels is in progress. A special force of men will guard the studio in which the scenes are to be made, and none but those showing special passes will be admitted to the place until the gems are on their way back to the steel vaults of their owners. The title of the Alice Joyce feature in which the jewels are to be worn will be announced shortly.

Prisoners in a burning mill with a store of dynamite! Mulroyd cursed his comrade. As the fire burned lower the trapped men rushed about like madmen trying to find an exit.

Succour was to come from outside, however, for the revenue men were hurrying up to the mill. Seeing what had happened they feverishly responded to the cries of the prisoners; and despite the danger from the fire overhead, cleared away the rocks sufficient to admit of an entrance being effected. The smugglers were dragged out, and too beaten to put up resistance were marched off to jail. The mill continued to burn fiercely for some time afterwards, but eventually the dynamite blew-up and all that remained later in the day were the blackened and smouldering ruins.

The case against the smugglers was conclusive, and the chief of the revenue department decided that Tom had well earned the reward. With the money he returned home to the aid of his own old folk, but he took someone with him—a wife; it was Kitty, the lighthouse keeper's sister.

OWING to the fact that America is such a prominent film-producing country, visitors to cinema theatres often find themselves puzzled by the peculiar dialect in which the explanation of the pictures is given. There is "rustler," for example. This means cattle thief. "Rustling a broncho," therefore, stands for stealing a small horse; a broncho being the kind of animal generally ridden on the western plains. Other cowboy terms are: "Hold-up," a demand for money; "thug," a highway robber; "quitter," a coward; "rube," a yokel; and "shack," an old barn. Again, we are learning several new ways of saying hooligan. "Hoodlum" is one, and "tough" another. For our tramp, too, there are "hobo" and "deadbeat," while "dive" is equivalent to "thieves'-kitchen," or a resort of bad characters.

WHO invented Motion Pictures? Edison's Kinetoscope, invented it 1887, was demonstrated at the World's Fair, Chicago, in 1893; whilst Muybridge, in 1872, Donisthorpe in 1876 and Reynaud in 1877, have variously been credited with the invention, but it seems that the honours should go to Mr. Henry R. Heyl, who gave the first exhibition at Philadelphia on February 5th, 1870.



The Basilisk.

A TALE OF MYSTERY AND ROMANCE.

Adapted from the Hepworth Drama by John Harrow.

A strange and uncanny subject, little understood, is that of clairvoyance and hypnotism, which, if practised by a rogue, leads to danger. Freda succumbs to the influence of a deceiving mesmerist, who endeavours to get her in his power; but the story shows how the spell is broken, and how a terrible Nemesis wreaks vengeance on the would-be destroyer.

Cast :

Basil Reska	WILLIAM FELTON
Eric Larne	TOM POWERS
Freda Hampton	ALMA TAYLOR

Written and Produced by CECIL M. HEPWORTH.

“**F**INDS up, governor.”



The command was ignored however by the man standing calmly at the other side of the table, and amazed indeed were the two burglars who now found themselves unable to remove their eyes from his. Never a word did he speak, yet by some invisible power he held the two marauders completely at his mercy. Another moment and they had slunk out of the room and were disappearing across the lawn as fast as their trembling legs could carry them.

* * *

“It may be possible to hypnotise weak minded people, but I doubt if any man can control a brain equally as strong as his own. In my opinion, the thing is simply a battle of strength between minds.”

“You may be right, Larne; nevertheless it is perfectly true about those two rascally burglars. They were completely at my mercy. Why, one of the fellows actually covered me with a revolver and found himself unable to use it.”

The above discussion took place in old John Hampton's house. A number of well-known people were present, among them Basil Reska, with whom the reader came in touch in the opening paragraph.

Young Eric Larne was there as a matter of course. Since losing his heart to Freda

Hampton he had practically haunted the house. The fact that the occult formed the topic of conversation annoyed him considerably. No healthy young man believes or cares anything about such things as hypnotism, and Eric was a fine specimen of British manhood. Turning to Reska he challenged him rather warmly.

“To support my remark I am quite willing that you should practise your hypnotic powers on me, and I honestly believe it is beyond you to cause me to do anything against my will.”

Basil readily responded to the challenge, and after making a few elaborate preparations did his very utmost to hypnotise the sturdy young fellow. His efforts were treated lightly by the remainder of the company, and roars of laughter greeted his obvious failure. Reska was maddened at the humiliation he had suffered.

“Give me another chance,” he cried, “and I will prove to you that I possess the powers I lay claim to.”

“Try me, Basil,” said Freda Hampton. “Perhaps I shall prove more responsive than Eric.”

“No, Freda, don't do it,” cried Larne. “You know I object to this sort of thing.”

Eric's protest seemed to decide the girl, and flashing her lover a roguish smile she seated herself in front of Basil, and the latter made his second attempt. It was

obvious from the commencement that Freda was strangely influenced by Reska, who, with his bold grey eyes and powerful clean shaven face, possessed that fascinating demeanour which proves so attractive to members of the opposite sex.

The company was very quiet as Basil brought his powers to bear on the girl, and as his influence began to take effect several of the ladies present gave vent to awe-stricken gasps. Freda's smiling face slowly contracted into a stony stare. Reska explained to her that she was Lady Jane Grey about to be executed, and she admitted that such



The Burglars gain an entrance to Basil's house.

was the case. In a quiet penetrating voice he commanded her to beg for mercy from the people present, and going on her knees to each in turn she did so.

The scene was pitiful in the extreme, and unconscious shivers began to pass round the room.

Basil realised that he had gone far enough, and allowing his face to relax into a smile he released the girl from his influence. For a while she was too bewildered to grasp the situation, then looking round with a smile she said:

"What has happened?"

Upon being told of the absurd things she had done, the girl blushed to the roots of



"'Ands up, governor."

her hair, and looking with terror at Basil she hurried from the room. Shortly afterwards the remainder of the ladies followed her, leaving the gentlemen to their coffee, cigars and gossip.

Although efforts were made by several of the men present to turn the conversation into a more pleasant channel, the subject of hypnotism could not be kept under, and before long the whole company were arguing as to whether Basil's extraordinary power was sufficiently strong to influence anybody who was not actually present.

"I am willing to bet you a fiver that you cannot hypnotise Miss Hampton now that she is absent." This offer was made by young Eric, who was still feeling hurt over the ridiculous capers that Freda had cut whilst under Basil's influence.

The hypnotist smilingly accepted the offer, and selecting a small dish from the table he explained to the angry young fellow that without moving an inch from where he was now seated he would cause Freda to come into the room, take the dish from his hand and return with it to the drawing-room.

All eyes were fixed on the door, and a gasp ran round the now silent room as it was seen to open. Freda appeared, and upon her face was that strange mesmeric look which the assembled company had seen there but a few minutes before. She

crossed to where Basil sat, and without speaking a word she lifted the dish from his hand and returned the way she had come. As she entered the drawing-room the influence left her, and she was astonished to find herself holding the little dish, having no idea where it had come from. The ladies present were amazed at Freda's action, and a mysterious silence reigned.

Far different was the scene in the dining-room. Basil was being noisily applauded by the men, with the exception of Larne, who, greatly disgusted with himself for causing this second disturbance, completely lost his temper. Glaring at Reska, he cried:

"I believe you are the very devil himself." Snatching his case from his pocket he took out a five-pound note, and crushing it into a ball, flung it full into the face of the hypnotist. Stamping like a mad bull he hurried from the room.

As may well be expected after the events recorded above, all friendship between Eric and Basil was at end. The strangest result however, arising out of the experiments conducted by Reska at Hampton's house, was that he conceived a wild passion for the girl who had proved so susceptible to his mesmeric power. When this became apparent to onlookers it caused Eric great annoyance, and his feeling of hatred towards



"Freda's smiling face slowly contracted into a stony stare."

Reska became more and more acute. So deeply did his jealousy affect him that he refused to allow Freda out of his sight. Through this, further complications arose, as Freda objected to being unable to move unless accompanied by him. Angry words passed between the lovers, and now Eric had resorted to following her wherever she went.

One day about a week after the events recorded previously, Basil was sitting at his window when Freda chanced to pass. His passion for the girl had now become so great that he longed for her company. The temptation of the present opportunity proved irresistible, and exerting his influence once more he forced her to enter



“Reska conceived a wild passion for the girl who had proved so susceptible to his mesmeric power.”

his house.

That morning Eric had followed Freda and was surprised and annoyed to see her enter Basil's gate. After a moment's thought he suspected that she was not acting of her own free will, and decided to follow her. He was just in time to stop Basil's insulting behaviour.

“You cur,” he cried, as he saw his lover in the arms of his rival. Rushing at Reska he grasped him by the throat and would have strangled him but for the timely intervention of Freda, who had now recovered from the effects of Basil's mesmeric influence. Flinging the wretched hypnotist to the floor he shook his fist in his face, and laughing triumphantly left the house with Freda. For a time at least the



“He grasped him by the throat and would have strangled him.”

spell was broken.

* * *

All went well for a while, Freda and Eric carefully avoiding the man whom they now both loathed. Fate deemed it that they should meet again however, and the meeting took place at a house where Freda and Basil were fellow guests. Her greeting of him was extremely cold, and this attitude on the girl's part was bitterly resented by Reska. He determined to crush her spirit once and for all. That night, when everybody had retired to rest, Freda could not sleep.

Again and again she tried, but instinctively felt that the invisible force of the man she hated was again being brought to bear on her. After vain endeavours to resist his influence the girl was forced to leave her room, and although she was aware that her destination was Basil's room, she found it impossible to direct her footsteps into another channel.

Reska had overlooked one point however, and that was that it is impossible for a man to use hypnotism in order to get a woman into his power. He was to learn the truth of this with startling suddenness.

The moment that Freda entered the room and saw her wicked tormentor's intentions, her faculties returned to her. Directly she realised her freedom from the power of this devil she recalled her past sufferings at his hands, and her wrath was terrible to see.

"For once your power has failed you," she cried. "It is my turn now, and I will kill you." Snatching up a chair she rushed at the man, but the miserable wretch, astounded and amazed at the failure of his plans, could only grovel at her feet. At the sight of this cowardice Freda's anger left her, and dropping the chair she hurried from the room, her shoulders shaking with sobs.

After a time Basil recovered from his state of terror, and he became consumed with rage. To think that he should be



"Snatching up a chair, she rushed at the man."

defied. He sat up far into the night, and had before laying his head on the pillow planned a hideous and terrible revenge.

* * *

Eric was again back at the Hamptons. Things were now going very smoothly between him and Freda, and he was quite happy. There was still a doubt in his mind as to whether they had seen or heard the last of Basil Reska. If he could have seen Freda at that moment he would have known

that the hypnotist was still exerting his powers over the poor girl, this time with the intention of exacting his revenge.

Freda had dressed for dinner and was just preparing to descend, when she felt the horrible influence stealing over her. Try as she could she was unable to resist it, and seizing a knife from a trophy of old arms which hung upon the wall she descended the stairs and went along the corridor in the direction of Eric's room. The young fellow did not see her until she was quite close to him, and then, looking up, he saw his sweetheart a few paces before him, knife in hand.

"Oh! my God!" he cried. "Freda, what are you going to do?" But as he dashed forward and seized her wrist he realised her condition, and his anguish at seeing his beloved once more under the power of their mutual foe was so great that he slipped to the ground in despair. The girl stepped forward, knelt on one knee, and the knife was raised ready to strike.

* * *

"Now, Eric, I am quite comfortable."

"Are you quite sure, dear? Have this other cushion."

"No, thanks. I have more than enough cushions. The only thing I want now is to hear the story of how Basil met his death and how my hand was stayed from killing you."

"Very well, I will continue."

"After I slipped to the ground in despair I saw you advance with the knife in your hand and that terrible look on your face which made me so afraid. Just as your arm was raised and I had given up all hope, a marvellous change came over your face. It resumed its old expression, and I knew that the influence had left you. You simply smiled at me and swooned.

"After I had recovered a little from the



"The knife was raised ready to strike."

terrible shock I became mad with Reska, and could not rest until I had once and for all stopped his wicked practice. Rushing round to his house I discovered the reason of your sudden release from his power. Fate had taken the matter out of my hands, for he was already dead. A fellow of Basil's temperament was naturally fond of weird and curious animals, and it appears that an old friend of his in India had sent him a poisonous snake which had not had its fangs drawn. Quite unknown to Basil the thing had got loose, but he was far too engrossed in exerting his mesmeric power over you to notice anything that was passing around him. Crawling on the table the snake struck him full in the face just at the moment when you were about to plunge the dagger into my heart. Of course, with his death the spell was broken, and you became master of yourself again."

"Oh, how horrible, Eric."

"Yes, dear, but he brought it on himself."

"We won't say unkind things now, Eric.

All the misery through which we have passed has only brought us closer together, and in the delight of the bright and happy future which stretches before us we can forgive even Basil Reska the harm which he tried to do us."

These Good Old Days.

By *Evan Strong.* Illustrated by *Sys.*



A mourn the passing of the good old times. I wonder if in fifty years to come the screen-actor will clothe himself in sackcloth and ashes in regret for the convivial days of the present, which will then have passed into the old lumber box of the things that have been? It is a merry life, this of the screen-actor, hung to-day and pushed over a hundred-feet canyon to-morrow; but what's the worry? Insurance policies stand good, and the next man's feet are not too big for your shoes. That is the philosophy of the screen-actor; to the quarter-sessions with old Schopenhauer and his measly philosophy of pessimism; will or no will, satisfaction or the reverse, we are a band of optimists, else there would be no features.

Padding along a dusty road, dreaming as the wanderer dreams of good beer and walloping big cheeses, a spider-legged, three-weeks-to-a-shave, blotting-paper-tongued loon got a swollen nose from a big red fist for stopping a runaway horse with a trap and a young lady behind it. And that is how I came to join the "movies."

When I came to, a hefty johnny asked me politely what I wanted to jump up like a punch and judy show (only that was hardly the expression) right in the middle of the picture and necessitate the exposing

of another couple of hundred feet of film, by the Lord Harry, and a few other noteworthy and picturesque celebrities.

I said I didn't really know, which was perfectly true, and withal in the circumstances a rather witty and useful remark.

"Do you know we are taking a picture?" threatened the burly one.

"Indeed, I was not aware of it," I reply.

"May I ask where you are taking it to, if it's not too rude a question?"



"Pardon me!"

Mind you I was not entirely recovered from the avalanche. It was an avalanche, wasn't it, or was it a typhoon? And I was rather surprised as this being an artist who might be carrying a valuable canvas to an exhibition, perhaps a picture on which he pinned his whole fortune in the future. I could have pinned all my hopes on a postage stamp at that

moment.

"Where was I taking it to—I mean a 'movie,' you silly ass," bellowed Mr. Bull. I could have sworn his name was Bull, he was a picture of bovine ferocity. But I had no answer for him. "Movie" beat me all out and I felt like lying down and never moving again, so I just remarked:

"If you would inform me if this is really my nose or a stray balloon I should be very much obliged." You see I was suffering badly from the success of my first entrance into pictures and was a bit swollen-headed,

though the swelling was localised.

Mr. Bull seemed fairly flabbergasted and left me for a hurried consultation with his somewhat nondescript friends. Sooner or later he returned and planting himself before me firmly on two legs he said :

"Say, young feller-me-lad, do you want a job?"

That was adding insult to injury, but recollections of what had passed led me to acquiesce, and from that day onward I have been a "movie" actor; and I tell you honestly a furniture dealer could not have done more moving than I have since my answer to that simple question. Talk of rapid transits, there's nothing comparable to the "movie" man's existence for that. Once I remember I moved from the sixth storey to the ground—through being mistaken for the dummy—in less time than it takes to record it, and when I came out of hospital I sailed across the Atlantic between two scenes and we finished the picture the same day.

No doubt there are a few aspirants who read these lines seeking for a tip as to methods of procedure and training for picture actors. Let me tell them one thing: The Order of the Boot makes a deep impression and it is not infrequently awarded. Still, there's a chance for you, but you must practise and train. Don't fiddle with your collar, young aspirant—you'll get a tighter one some day when you join the "movies." First of all, if you are a "heavy" you must practise being landed on the point by a



"Falling doesn't hurt one."

fellow four times your size and still be able to smile sinisterly in the next scene; secondly, you must learn to fall off a motor-car going at eighty miles an hour, and such things too numerous to mention, as they say in catalogues. But let us leave this for to-night. Suffice it that the "movie" actor's life is full of possibilities and sudden stops. To-day has passed and you're not in hospital; to-morrow, well, you may be pushed over yonder cliff, and its a good fifty odd feet drop on to solid rock. But what's the odds? Falling doesn't hurt one—it's that sudden stop at the bottom only which jars so.

No doubt in fifty years' time our successors will be mourning the good old days; and we, we are optimists, and sufficient for the day is the hospital at the end of it.

AT a picture house in Glasgow a lady had the misfortune to tear her skirt against a piece of iron projecting from a "tip-up" seat. She complained bitterly to the attendant at the front, who replied: "I am very sorry, madam, but I don't think the governor is responsible, as you will see by the notice on the walls that 'Seats are not guaranteed.'"

GRACE CUNARD and FRANCIS FORD are busily engaged in a powerful six-part production, "The Phantom of the Violin," after which they will feature in a series of pictures "My Lady Raffles," with Miss Grace as My Lady.

BRyant WASHBURN, whose face is so familiar to the public as the villain in Essanay productions, is tired of wearing a false moustache and has decided to grow a real one. From the present outlook Bryant will be wearing a false one for some time, in spite of the fact that he is using every possible means to coax the "misplaced eyebrow" along.

VICTOR POTEI, the famous "Slippery Slim" of the Essanay Western Comedies, has been nick-named "Six O'Clock" by his friends. He is straight up and down they say.

The Call of the Deep.

*Adapted from the DANIA Biofilm Drama
by Rosa Beaulaire.*

The hesitating maid, in love with a gallant lieutenant-diver, marries another and a richer man, but regrets her mistake. A powerful story of a woman's anguish, a lover's sacrifice, and how understanding came to her too late.



Orphan since quite small, Eva Manning, now entering on her twenty-first year, looked upon life with gentle ease, and thought of possible romances and ultimate marriage with complacency as part of the purpose of living. True, her surroundings were scarcely such as to arouse very deep feeling on the subject of the future. Everything was calm and well-ordered in the house of her maiden aunt: the pair had a sufficiency to live comfortably upon, and nothing ever occurred, or seemed likely to occur, to ruffle the smooth surface of their every day existence.

Eva, sedate, and in many ways a charming girl, had her lovers: one a fine young naval officer, attached to the divers' division for special service; the other a rich young merchant, whose fortune had been made by his father, and whose business ran smoothly and profitably with little direction from its owner.

Summer fled with the two dangling after the girl, each watching the other and fearful lest the one should gain an advantage. Winter struck down the feeble old aunt, and with the spring she was gathered to her family.

The shock of her aunt's death re-acted terribly on Eva. The rich youthful blossoms fled from her cheeks. She drooped visibly, and when she learnt that there was nothing left to her—the old aunt had hidden her failing financial state, trusting in a good marriage for her niece—Eva thought her cup of sorrow was full to overflowing. She did not understand that she of all others should be so treated by fate. She could not

realise that thousands suffered at fate's hands worse calamities than that which had befallen her.

Faced with poverty, the heart-broken girl, her home sold over her head, sought humble lodgings in the town, and endeavoured to live on the few pence which had been saved from the wreck. She allowed all thoughts of Holmes, the rich lover, and Lieut. Hammond to pass from her mind; but they had not forgotten her.

* * *

It was a soft spring morning, with a balmy breeze which brought scented promise of a luxurious, flower-bedecked June, when Gustave Hammond, off duty for a few hours, took it into his head that he had let enough time slip under his feet to satisfy the proprieties, and that this morning was opportune to press his suit for the hand of Eva. Whistling in his hope, he presented himself at the house where Eva had taken refuge, and was admitted.

He felt confident, and gave not a passing thought that possibly she would raise any objection to his offer. Like the blunt sailor he was, he plunged headforemost into action.

"Miss Manning—Eva, I have come purposely to ask an important question," he burst out, after compliments had passed. "I want you to be my wife. I love you, and have waited long. Will you—can you say 'yes'?"

Eva was taken off her guard, but she recovered her composure rapidly.

"I'm sorry, very sorry, Mr. Hammond, but have you thought seriously of my position now?"

"I have only thought that I love you and

want you badly. What do I care for position!"

"Yet position is a matter of importance. Have you considered what it would mean to you, who are fighting for progress in your profession, to be tied in your actions with a poor wife?"

Eva spoke in calculated tones she was far from feeling. In her heart she felt she would like to yield to this manly fellow, but she crushed the sensation. She must, if she married at all, marry a rich man. She could not stand poverty.

"But—Eva, how can that affect me anyway?" cried Hammond, half losing heart. "My love is sufficient to overcome all obstacles if you love me."

"And if I do not love you?"

"I will teach you to if you will marry me," he appealed.

For a moment Eva was impressed by his fervour, but she recalled herself as he came forward and grasped her hand. Drawing her fingers gently away, she gave him his answer:

"No, it is useless. I must marry a rich man. Indeed, I have determined, if I marry ever, to marry a man who can give me all the luxury and comfort I want. I am sorry, very sorry if it hurts you, but it cannot be."

"Is that your last word? Can't you give me a little hope to come again later?" cried Hammond, heart-broken.

"I'm afraid not. You must think no more about it. It is impossible. Still, let us be friends," said Eva, turning to him with a forced smile and extending her hand.

Hammond was beaten and broken. He took the small hand held out to him and tried to smile. But the effort was a ghastly failure and he fled from the house.

Not long afterwards he heard that Eva was betrothed to rich George Holmes, and he understood. Yet he felt that she did not love the man she had accepted—and he was



"He dropped over the side and disappeared below the waters."

right. Poor Eva had been guided by other motives than love. Though she hardly realised it, her heart was in Gustave Hammond's keeping, and she was to learn later how fast the unseen bonds of love were between them. She loved, but did not know it—like others, she could not appreciate love or distinguish it from liking. Fate was to teach her in its heartless, inexorable way.

* * *

A large yacht was scudding across the blue bay where Hammond's vessel, from which diving operations were being directed, was anchored. As it flew past, running swiftly before a strong wind, a handkerchief was waved. Lieut. Hammond, who had picked out the yacht with his glasses, returned the compliment, and the yacht altered its course. It was Holmes' vessel, and he was carrying off his bride for a honeymoon trip. In a few moments they were within hail, and Hammond invited the yacht party aboard. The sails were run down and the yacht brought to, while a dinghy put out from its side and made for the diving vessel. Five minutes later George Holmes and his bride stepped aboard.

"Welcome aboard the old tub," cried Hammond; "and let me congratulate you, George." Holmes was an old friend. "And my compliments to the bride," turning to Eva.

Watching Hammond closely she detected a bitterness in his words, which Holmes failed to observe, and when the latter turned for a chat with the mate, an old crony, about matters nautical, Eva felt embarrassed and nervous alone in the lieutenant's company.

"Shall we take a stroll round the ship?" said Hammond, "while George takes a lesson from Williams in navigation."

"If you like, yes," she answered, half-fearing her old lover's attitude. Parted from him she felt her love welling up from her heart, and she was afraid.

They only went a few steps when Hammond halted and took her hand.

"Eva, you have sold yourself for wealth. You love me, I can see it in your eyes," he said, gently.

"And if I do it is too late now. Why do you mention it when you must know it hurts?" she answered, sadly.

"It hurts me also, but I had to learn the truth from you. I loved you—and still love you so dearly, Eva."

"Yes, I know; oh, I know——" She could say no more, her emotion overcame her, and she could scarcely retain her composure. Her fingers played with a magnificent bracelet which adorned her wrist. As she played with it the clasp came open and it lay loose in her hand.

"A wedding gift from George?" queried Hammond, vaguely and for no reason, as he gazed at the jewel.

"Yes. Oh, Gustave, I am broken-hearted," she cried passionately. "I hate his gifts—they are to me as signs of bondage." With a vicious gesture she threw the bracelet over the side of the ship before Hammond could prevent her, and at the moment Holmes came up.

For a second he halted beside them as if doubtful of the attitude of the two. Hammond caught sight of him immediately, and with ready wit sought to shield Eva.

"It slipped off accidentally as Mrs. Holmes was leaning over the side," he stammered.

"What?" asked Holmes.

"The bracelet. But I noticed where it fell. We have a diving suit aboard and I will recover it." Then turning to the trembling bride: "Don't fear, Mrs. Holmes, I shall easily find it—the water is not deep here."

Calling his handymen he had the diving suit brought and quickly donned it. Seeing everything in order he dropped over the side and disappeared below the waters.

Two or three minutes passed—they seemed like hours to Eva, who was overwhelmed with her sorrow. Now, and now only, did she realise what she had lost—what a great possession she had sold for riches. In her pain she wrung her hands, and the nails dug deep into the flesh as in the agony of the waiting she endeavoured to control her emotion.

Of a sudden a cry struck her ear, as from a distance. Someone had shouted that the air pump had failed. What did it mean? She flew to the side.

The men in the boat were hauling in the ropes attached to the diver for all they were worth.

Fascinated and uncomprehending, she watched the huge helmet appear above the water and



"That hand held the bracelet: he had brought it back to her in exchange for his life."

the willing hands stretch out to drag the inert mass into the boat. They brought him aboard the ship. He never moved as they laid him out on the deck and hastily unfastened the helmet. Then the truth flashed upon her. She found her voice in her terror.

"Is he dead? Don't say he is dead," she cried, and rushed to the side of the silent diver. "He is not dead. Tell me he is not dead," she moaned, as she took one of the cold hands.

That hand held the bracelet. He had brought it back to her in exchange for his life. For Hammond had died under water when the air gave out.

Holding up the bracelet, Eva fell half-fainting across the body of the dead man, moaning her love and endeavouring to call him back to life.

With gentle arms her husband raised her and led her away. He could not be angry, though all happiness for him had fled.

* * *

That night, as she lay in her richly caparisoned bed on the yacht, the voice of her lover called to Eva from the waters. He called her to throw off her dearly bought bondage and come to him. In her dreams



"To her who could not understand had come eternal romance."

she saw him beckon her, and she stretched out her arms to greet him. Dreaming, she rose to go to him. He led her on up to the deck, and the cold wind blew through her flimsy garb, but she did not notice the cold—she belonged not to the earth, and was subject to none of the discomforts of man. She walked, still guided by her lover's voice, to the bow of the yacht. His face appeared on the surface of the water below and smiled in welcome. She stretched out her arms in yearning. He called again, bidding her come to him for ever. For a moment she stood poised between heaven and the sea. Then there was a splash—she had gone to her lover! To her who could not understand had come eternal romance.

BY THE EDITOR.

JUDGING by the numerous enquiries that come to hand from interested readers who ask for the names of the players in their favourite films, we gather that the present number will be much appreciated, as we are enabled to include the cast with nearly every story. We are always pleased to have expressions of opinion from our friends calculated to improve the PICTURE STORIES MAGAZINE.

NEXT month's issue will contain a powerful story of the two-act Kalem film drama, "The Potter and the Clay," featuring Marin Sais; an interesting "Flying A" number, "The Cocoon and the Butterfly," featuring Miss Vivian Rich and Jack Richardson; an Edison romance, "The One Who Loved Him Best," starring Bigelow Cooper, Marjorie Ellison and Herbert Prior; and the first instalment of a most enthralling Lasky serial, "The Call of the North," with Bessie Barriscale in the cast. Also supplement portraits of Marin Sais, Little Kathie Fischer the "Beauty" Juvenile lead, Hal Clements (Kalem), Bigelow Cooper (Edison), Winifred Kingston, who figures in the Lasky film "Brewster's Millions," etc.

On the Screen

by

EVAN STRONG

Mr. Strong has for several years been connected with one of the largest houses in the Film Trade. In his monthly article this keen observer discusses happenings in the Picture World and gives his ideas and suggestions which, supported by such practical experience, prove valuable and instructive reading.



SOME years ago I wrote in a newspaper an article on the people's picture gallery—the poster hoardings. It was at the time of a general election and the man in the street was

being coaxed by the finest examples of poster-artist work in this country to give his vote for this or that party. And I don't know but that the party which engaged the best artist did not gain materially by the utilisation of his work. An appeal is an appeal, and the strongest to a mixed public is not cast-iron facts, but the Lloyd Georgean touch which arouses sentiment. But I am far from thinking of politics and parties—I am among the cinemas, on the outside. Posters form a great part of the cinemas' publicity campaign. They are intended to appeal to sentiment and arouse interest. Yet how often do we see posters which from their very crudeness repulse rather than attract; posters which may well have come from the old travelling showman's stock, with the fat lady in gaudy tights, and cannibals typifying no race on this earth. They drag cinematography down to the level of the "penny gaff," and are an insult to those who think of the cinema's purpose in a higher way.

* * *

AMONGST these "throw-backs," however, it is a pleasure to notice here and there posters of a better class, with the unmistakeable stamp of the artist on them. These tell a story and the theatre which exhibits them calls in doubting patrons in greater numbers than does that which pastes its front up with the cheap and nasty variety. The manager who studies the effects of his posters soon realises that the better ones draw a better class of

patron, and, taking for granted his programme holds good, this patronage increases. He never goes back to the slap-dash stuff merely because it is cheaper—it doesn't pay him. Here is where you, dear reader, can do a deal for cinematography. Avoid the poor-poster cinema; you want better pictures, and you can be sure that good posters are a safer index to a good programme. By supporting the highest in its relation to cinematography, a steady improvement all round will be brought about simply by the influence of the pressure, passive though it may appear. And we all want improvement; no one with a real interest in cinematography wishes to see it sink to the level of the penny peep show.

* * *

IT would seem that British manufacturers are awake to the opportunity which presents itself at the moment, and not only are the old-established British film producers working at top speed to place on the market films which will fill the gaps left by the extensive stoppage of foreign importations, but new manufacturing companies are springing up eager to take the advantage which offers. Best of good luck to them. We have waited for British capitalists to awaken to the fact that a splendid and profitable industry is slipping from their grasp for lack of support. The foolish idea that Britain could not produce films as good as those sent from abroad on account of the climate was absolutely exploded when the Imp Company came over and made "Ivanhoe" at Chepstow Castle, and when the London Film Company and others commenced putting out their popular subjects. We slept and let others take our money—now we realise we have a big chance, and it is

gratifying to note that this chance is being seized with both hands. There is a demand for British films because—when well produced—they are more in accordance with British taste. We realise that now—but why did we not realise it earlier?

* * *

IF you would realise the advance of cinematography you must watch the theatres—not only the picture halls but legitimate theatres. The war has caused a money stringency, and of all amusements, perhaps the theatrical—classic, drama and comedy—is feeling the pinch most. Yet the cinemas everywhere are full to overflowing. In this instance, the easy adaptability of the cinema is partly the cause of its success. But this is not the only sign—there is another, more important, and that in Islington, where after a century and a half of vicissitudes as Shakespearean and melodrama house, music hall and boxing saloon, the old Sadler's Wells Theatre has turned to the pictures and has brought back to itself some of the lustre it gloried in when Samuel Phelps achieved his successes there in classic parts—1842-62. Sadler's Wells Theatre was built in 1765 and had a century or more of varying success. During the past few decades its fame has been out-shone. Attempts, some admirable, some paltry, were made to revive its attraction, and now at last it has opened its arms to the pictures. Is this not a sign of the times?

* * *

IN his efforts to convince the world that he and his soldiers are really angels of peace, the Kaiser has managed some new stage effects in his usual inimitable style. There is no one to touch Wilhelm as an actor on the stage of the world, and as a quick-change artiste he is unapproachable. I have seen him at the head of his guards suggesting that, as ruler of all he desired, the sun only shone to increase his splendour. I have seen him in the street with his aides-de-camps smiling the smile of innocence and peace. But these were merely rôles—yet he played them well. When the war broke out Wilhelm ordered that cinematographers should follow the troops to take pictures which would reveal to neutral nations, not the glory of the German army, so much as the loving attitude adopted by the men towards non-combatants of the enemy and the welcome they received in the villages and towns. In Brussels, for instance, they were photographed with women waving

handkerchiefs from windows. It was well stage-managed—we know that. But at Louvain they have said they were met with rifle-shots, and certainly, after the destruction of the place following on a drunken quarrel, the pictures of the Kaiser's *Schweinebunde* (any German will tell you what it means, if he doesn't die of apoplectic rage when you mention it) goose-stepping through the ruins show no handkerchief-waving or any other sign of welcome. Perhaps the sceptical attitude of neutrals has proved to the Kaiser that his posing and posturing is weak, and his stage managing faulty, because exaggerated; for all photographers have been driven away from the German troops, and in future no correspondent, painter, or photographer will be allowed with the German forces.

* * *

I QUOTE from an American writer :—“ I cannot conceive of any finer mission of moving pictures than that of disseminating the truth. The tremendous error now being made in the Old World has grown out of primitive resistance to enlightenment. It is almost inconceivable that this or that family should be permitted to hold authority on self-assured ‘divine right.’”

The writer sets himself a two-fold message: first, to point out to Germans, who cannot understand America's lack of sympathy, the reasons of America's attitude during the war; and secondly, to show how motion pictures should take the place of historical books and general literature in creating universal understanding. America's attitude is strictly neutral, even pictures being produced teach neutrality and avoid incidents which might incite racial antagonism. Germans misinterpret this, and the writer points out that they do not understand the American people, and have but a dim idea of how the nation came into existence. Germans go to America in quest of better conditions than they have enjoyed at home, and finding members of other nations doing the same thing, begin to draw unsound inferences, which are fostered by lack of the right information. Historical pictures, correctly produced, would do a lot towards introducing the true idea. Pictures are operating to build up character—when they arouse the right feeling they become a factor in building up national character. This appears to be such excellent advice that I risk amplifying it here. If historical pictures are produced at all, and also pictures which

depict in one way or another national character, the producer should, in fairness to the picture patron, take the greatest pains to avoid conveying a misconception.

* * *

IN 1903 H. G. Wells wrote: "For lack of sufficient literature a number of new social types are developing, ignorant of each other, ignorant almost of themselves, full of mutual suspicions and mutual misunderstandings; narrow, limited, and dangerously incapable of intelligent collective action in the face of crises."

If you will put in this sentence "cinematography" for "literature," you will immediately grasp what I am driving at. If before the war we could have placed before the German people pictures revealing the character of our nation, its history and growth, and the reasons for its growth to greatness, the intelligent body of that country would have repudiated what we see to-day—the effort, on the Kaiser's orders, to crush "French's contemptible little army." The German army and people thought it could be done as easily as said, because they had no reason to believe otherwise—they had not seen that French's army was not made to be crushed. Again, had pictures of our history, truly produced, been common in Germany, there would have been no talk of "a scrap of paper," because it would have been realised that a pledge with us is a solemn thing. But Germany could not understand why we fought for the preservation of our pledge, for the German sees in "a scrap of paper" a pledge which is binding so long as it is favourable, but should policy require evasion, then renunciation becomes a piece of business acumen. In such manner are all contracts held in Germany, and as the German doesn't know the Britisher, he is dumbfounded at his attitude in regard to his undertaking when that attitude involves danger and serious discomfort.

* * *

THE American writer maintains that pictures should be a universal vehicle for creating mutual understanding. Literature will never do this—so far-reaching as its scope is. The pictures, however, go to the masses and explain, in a primitive way, by action what is to be explained. Had we British understood the German character, we would not have put too much reliance in the signature to the Belgian neutrality

treaty; we should have been prepared for floating mines and the "lie campaign;" and vice-versa, the Germans would have had no doubts as to what the invasion of Belgium entailed, and the clarion call which sounded throughout the British Empire when the story of Mons was told.

"The only thing that can put the mass of intelligent men upon a common basis of understanding is an abundant and almost universally influential contemporary literature."

* * *

THE attempted boycott of German films may be sound from a business point of view, but I doubt if from our side, that is the cinema-goer's side, it is common-sense. If you desire to see a "thunder" film, if you wish no other kind, stick out for the British variety every time; but if you attend the cinema for a double purpose, as you should do, for amusement and information, the really serious German work should be studied. We are fighting the Germans, and it would do us good to study them. All have not had the chance to go to Germany and gain their knowledge of the German first-hand, therefore those who have not been so lucky should make the most of the pictures. Watch the actions of German players closely, follow out the course of the plot and try to reason out the motives behind it. You will get an idea of how the German brain works, and of the principles which govern the German. You will come to understand some of the meaning of what I have written in a previous paragraph, because what I have said will be evident in the motives which underlie the actions in the film.

With regard to the boycott of cinemas supported by German capital, I think the least said soonest mended. I would not go into one knowingly myself, but an organised boycott—well, individuals surely should know what to do in such a case, always remembering that the "silver bullet" plays a great and decisive part in modern warfare.

* * *

WHY not send your old copy of the "Picture Stories Magazine" to Thomas Atkins, Esq., at the Front? He would dearly like to pass the weary hours of waiting in the trenches with a readable magazine on his knees.

With the Players

"Oh bright-eyed, brown-haired, laughing maid,
At nought dismayed, of nought afraid,
How many times your face I've seen
Upon the motion picture screen."

MARY PICKFORD, to whom the above refers, seems ever welcome to our readers, either on the screen or in print, therefore we are including her in a new pose in our supplement.

This pretty "star," known as the "Queen of the Movies" and the idol of two continents, was born at Toronto, Canada, on April 8th, 1894, and is therefore just over twenty years of age. Her husband is Mr. Owen Moore. She commenced her career on the stage at the age of five. Among the first characters she portrayed was that of little "Eva" in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Later, "Little Mary" took to pictures, and immediately jumped into the front rank of film favourites, but her greatest triumphs were reserved for the Famous Players pictures, commencing with "A Good Little Devil," produced by David Belasco. From this onward Miss Pickford played the leading parts in productions suitable to her special talents, enabling her to "shine" with greater brilliance than ever. Her salary is stated to be £200 weekly.

It was little Mary's dearest wish to visit the United Kingdom this summer, and arrangements had been made to this effect, but to the disappointment of thousands of her admirers the War made the visit inadvisable for the present. Perhaps later on —

MAX FIGMAN, the celebrated American actor, was born in Vienna in 1868, and made his first appearance on the stage in 1883. After he had "starred" in a great many well-known plays he was cast for the leading part in the famous comedy-drama "The Man on the Box," which toured the States with tremendous success. Naturally, when the Lasky Feature Play Company decided to film this famous play, they engaged Max Figman and his wife Lolita Robertson to play the leads.

Another actor took part in the drama whose talents threatened to outshine those of any in the cast, the actor being Max Figman's baby, which won the hundred per cent. prize in the "Woman's World" Baby Contest, and is just now two years old. The proud father purchased a print of the picture from the Lasky Company,

which he has sealed up, and which will be given to the baby on its fifteenth birthday, when it will have an opportunity to see just how it looked when it was a eugenically perfect specimen.

ONE day five years ago a girl from a small Thames-side village took part in a "mob scene" for a motion-picture play. She was one among a hundred others. The director who was producing the play had employed a thousand like her in similar positions, yet in spite of that she stood out clearly as a possible star.

Since that day ALMA TAYLOR has steadily advanced, till now she is easily the most famous of English picture girls. Why? In the answer is to be found not only the key to this romance of the films, but also the secret of all greatness in picture playing as distinguished from the stage. And the answer is: Alma Taylor believed the plays she played in, just as does the little child who "pretends" she's Cinderella.

Not one girl in an entire county has that gift. And that is why Alma Taylor's work has always been so remarkably popular wherever British films have gone. She has been well-known as Nancy in "Oliver Twist," Margaret in "The Cloister and the Hearth," Molly in "Blind Fate," Mad Madge in "The Heart of Midlothian," and finally as Freda in "The Basilisk."

EMIL GREGERS, the handsome and intrepid leading actor of the Danmark Film Company, also fills the same capacity in the Royal Opera House, Copenhagen.

As most people are aware, the risks run by a cinema actor are sometimes rather big, but Mr. Gregers seems to revel in such parts as call for any amount of personal risk, as will readily be seen in the productions in which he figures, notably in "The War Correspondents," "For Ever," and "Through Flames to Fame." He is a most versatile actor, often rehearsing comedy and drama on the same day, and his abilities as a comedy actor are in no way small, but when he turns to his favourite—drama—he forgets the world and throws himself whole-heartedly into his business.

Up to the time of going to press he is still unmarried, but as so many of the fair sex lay siege to his heart, we on this side shall never be surprised to hear of his marriage.

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AUTHORS' APPEAL.

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FOR GOOD OR EVIL, or partly for good and partly for evil, the names of us who have signed this appeal are familiar to readers of magazines; the names, also well known to you, of many others, our brethren in the craft of writing, might, we feel sure, have been added, if time had allowed of their sanction being obtained. Often—and in the case of some of us for more years than we care to reckon—it has been our privilege to try to interest you, thrill you, or amuse you. We and our fellow-writers have been the companions of your leisure, your resource in hours of ease, sometimes, perhaps, your diversion and solace in seasons of weariness, illness or trouble. Without flattering ourselves, then, we may claim to have been, in some sense, your friends. And you have been good and faithful friends to us. You have found us dull and disappointing sometimes, no doubt; and you may have your special likes and dislikes for this and that man or woman among us. But on the whole there has grown up between you the readers and us the writers a familiarity and a friendship, not often openly ex-

pressed—opportunity for such expression seldom occurs—but, as we believe, very real, and, we hope, strong enough to incline you to listen to us when we speak to you on a matter, not of diversion or amusement, but of high seriousness and of national obligation. We have always been in earnest about doing our best to deserve your approval. Even more earnestly we now beg you to respond to our appeal.

As probably all of you are aware, H.R.H. The Prince of Wales has been pleased to establish a National Relief Fund, to meet the myriad cases of hardship and distress to which—despite the goodwill of our citizens—the war gives rise. To supplement this Fund, we want you to raise a Magazine-Readers' Half-Crown Fund, and to this end our appeal is inserted in this magazine by the courtesy of its proprietors, and will appear (we hope) by a like courtesy in every magazine published in the kingdom. It rests with you, and each of you, by sending your Half-Crowns, to make the appeal a success, and to enable us to offer, in your names, a splendid contribution to the Prince, who

himself is serving the country so zealously as soldier and citizen.

Many of you, no doubt, have already given to the Prince's Fund, but many others—able perhaps to do only a little—will have found no opportunity that seemed apt for doing even what they can. Whether you have given or not, we ask you now to give us your Half-Crown. Half-a-Crown is not much to the well-to-do. To many of you, we know, it may be a good deal, but then the cause is one in which you are bound to give, freely and ungrudgingly, to the limit of your power, be it small or great. Half-a-Crown is not much in itself, but you number tens of thousands—aye, hundreds of thousands. And though we ask but one Half-Crown from each of you, we shall gladly receive as many as you can send. If the richer among you are giving a poor friend a magazine you have done with, why not pay his Half-Crown for him?

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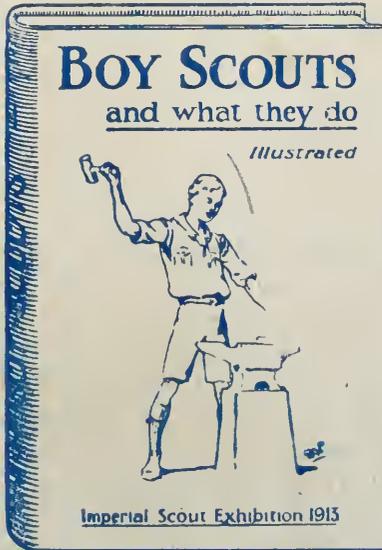
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No. 16.

DECEMBER.

VOL. III.



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PROLOGUE.



GALEN ALBRET trudged through the deep snow of a Hudson's Bay winter. Already hunger had assailed him; he was growing steadily weaker with every step. And not at all in the cowardly spirit of one repining against fate, but rather in the mood of the strong man knowing what he must face, he realised that he was near the end. Misfortune had beset him; he had lost his rifle, and with it the food supply he had carried. If he could reach the post where Jock Wilson was factor, all would be well. If not—well, the tale was one that would soon be told.

Not once did Albret think of giving up. Not once did he cease to press forward, with shortening steps, that grew feebler and feebler as one succeeded the other. His duty to himself and to the great company he served alike bade him speed on. And, as he trudged on, one thought came to comfort him. His post was well cared for. Graham Stewart, in charge when he had set forth, would do in all things as the rules of the company required. True, he was young. But he was a trader of rare skill, well used to the ways of the great North. He was here, indeed, because he had heard the call of the great solitudes. Almost alone among the men who wrestled with the frozen spaces for a living, Stewart was there of his own free will.

This fact had attracted Albret, himself a great lover of the north, to the younger man. Here was one who could, if he would, enjoy life at his ease in the cities of the east. No need to earn a living had brought him north—he was, if not wealthy, at least

independently, even comfortably off. Yes, his post would fare well, even if he did not return.

But failure is not often the reward of such indomitable courage, such a will to live, as Albret had. It was late at night when he dragged himself painfully over the last few frozen yards, and fell, beating against the door, at the factor's house. And then, once his signal was heard, his troubles were at an end. Stout Jock Wilson himself carried him in, despite his huge frame. Wasted as that great body now was, Jock could do it. But Galen Albret, in the height of his strength and power, could never have been lifted by any save a giant.

While Galen slowly won back his strength, there flowered one of those wild, swift romances of the frozen places. Not in the tropics alone do passions rise to their fiercest heights, both of love and hate. Far from it. In the north, where summer smiles but to give way again to winter, the fires of love and hate burn as brightly as under southern skies, where snow and ice are but tales. Elodie, Wilson's daughter, helped to nurse Albret back to life. And, even as he loved her, she returned his love. Gone were the thoughts she had cherished of Rand, the silent, sombre trader; forgotten was her half-given promise that she would yield to his suit and wed him. Once she had seen Albret, no other love could find a place in her heart.

She listened readily to his plea; in the night, lest Wilson oppose them, they slipped away. And the next day, with Indians for the only witnesses, the wandering priest who served those isolated trading posts married them. They knelt before him; they arose, rapt with the wonder of the thought that



Rand shows the Factor the pouch as proof of his wife's love for Stewart.

they were man and wife. And so Albret returned to his post with a wife, he who had gone forth alone and doomed as surely to live alone as any man might seem to be.

Stewart greeted him with a delight that was tempered by sadness. He, too, had had his romance; his wife was dead. Dying, she had left the boy who was now making his first trip into the northern lands with his father, little Ned Stewart. Yet Stewart, despite the sorrow of which Albret's marriage reminded him, was able to share the factor's happiness. He liked the gentle Elodie, too, at sight. Moreover, he was glad to think that a woman would be at the post.

Happy days followed for all of them. Albret never ceased to delight in the girl he had made his wife. She, in turn, loved him wholly. Between her and Stewart, too, there sprang up a friendship. He talked to her, in his calm way, of his dead wife, and she listened to him with ready tears in her eyes, thinking of her own happiness. The boy, Ned, she loved devotedly. With Stewart she taught him things about the woods; from both he learned how to use the snowshoes an Indian had made for him.

And then came Rand, transferred at his own request from Wilson's post to Albret's. There seemed nothing sinister in his coming. His manner to Elodie was perfect. Just

once he spoke to her of what had lain between them.

"You hit me pretty hard, Elodie," he said, then. "But—well, I guess you took the better man. I guess you were wiser than I was, after all."

"I didn't mean to hurt you!" she said. "I'm sorry. But I couldn't help it."

That was all. Albret knew nothing of Rand's former suit. He liked Rand, because the man was efficient, a

good trader, who asked few questions and made no excuses, preferring to accomplish alone whatever he undertook. And there was something in common between them—the common tie of the north. So all was set for Rand's plan. For he had come to the post with a deep and sinister purpose. And, as soon as he dared, he began to sow in Albret's mind suspicions of Elodie and Stewart. Rand had nothing against Stewart; it was upon Albret himself, and Elodie, that he desired to be revenged. Stewart was simply a means to an end.

Nor was it long before his purpose was accomplished. Elodie herself helped him, unwittingly. She made a little present for her father, a pouch of beads, in the Indian fashion, to hold tobacco. And knowing that Stewart was soon to make a trip to her father's post, she asked him to deliver it for her.

Rand knew of this. He showed Albret the pouch, in Stewart's cabin, as evidence of what he charged.

But for Albret's temper nothing might have happened. But he, accusing Stewart, even on this flimsy evidence, flew into a fearful rage when Stewart contemptuously declined to answer him.

"Go then!" he said. "I expel you from this territory! You shall take La Longue Traverse."

Stewart did not understand. He set out bravely enough. But in the first night his rifle was taken; five days later he died, shot by an Indian who had trailed him from the start.

The boy was left; and weeks afterwards the priest, returning to civilization, took him away to be cared for by Stewart's relatives living then in Duluth.

CHAPTER I.

TWENTY years after Graham Stewart had met his death in the silent solitude of the forest, a man, who save for the absence of a beard, might have been taken for Albret's victim, come to life, strode through the snow, singing a song in the patois of the French rivermen as he marched:

"Le fils du roi s'en va chassant"

he sang—

*"En roulant ma boule,
Avec son grand fusil d'argent,
Rouli roulant, ma boule roulant.*

*Avec son grand fusil d'argent,
En roulant ma boule,
Visa le noir, tua le blanc,
Ropuli roulant, ma boule roulant."*

Light-heartedly he sang the old chanson that had gone westward with the voyageurs. The joy of living was seething in this young man, who, like his father before him, had answered the call of the north. Why was he here? He had asked himself that same question. He faced danger here, yet that was not it. He was close to nature, yet nature held sway in other places. He could make money—but his father's estate had accumulated during the years of his boyhood, and he had already more than he knew how to spend. He loved the north; perhaps that explained it, in a measure. That and the driving desire, the primitive urging to learn what he had never been able to discover—his father's fate.

Young as he had been when his father died, he had not been too young to understand that about the loss of his father there had been something strange, something sinister, something that was far from being normal or as it should be. And in him, as in all those nursed in the primitive places of the earth, there was that elementary principle of justice. If there was that about his father's death that called for vengeance, it was for him to discover it and do that simple justice that men who live in the far



Graham Stewart is sent to his death on La Longue Traverse (the Journey of Death).



Graham Stewart, sent out on La Longue Traverse, bids good-bye to his boy Ned.

and all his furs had been taken from him—confiscated. Each time he had been taken, under escort, to the south, and warned to keep away from the closed lands. And now, despite those warnings, he was back, a song on his lips, though he knew well the risk he ran—the risk of being sent upon La Longue Traverse, the journey of death, from which men did not return—cast out from a post, without arms, with barely a week's food, and with Indians to watch the trail. No, men did not escape the dangers of La Longue Traverse. Yet Ned Trent took the risk gaily, as he took everything.

He was heading now for a particular rendezvous; there, he knew, he would find Indians ready to trade. He reached them; they snapped up his trade eagerly and gave him, instead, the skins they had gained through months of work.

He stayed with the friendly Indians, who warned him of the presence, within fifty miles, of company men. In the morning, to his surprise, a man called him by his abandoned name.

"Ned Stewart, as I live!" said this man. "My boy, don't you remember me?"

Trent searched the older man's eyes, and at last recognition dawned in his own.

"Father Crane!" he cried. But at once he lowered his voice. "My name here—and now—is Trent, Ned Trent."

CHAPTER II.

IT was the priest who had taken Ned with him after his father's death to Duluth. And now they set down together and talked of things the old priest had nearly forgotten.

"You take me back through the years, my boy," he said. He sighed. "Ah, I am thinking of your poor father—and of how I could have saved him had I have been at the post when——"

"Go on," said Trent, his eyes gleaming. "It is to learn what you can tell me that I am here! Do you know, sir, I have never known how my father died?"

The minister started. He looked long at

places mete out to one another. Perhaps that accounted for his coming; perhaps the North itself had called him.

Whatever the reason, here he was, a free trader in the land that the Hudson Bay Company, robbed of most of its old monopoly, still held sacred to itself. Here man-made laws, as they are written in the statute books, went unheeded. Here might was right, and the might was the might of the great company and the law the law that its factors dispensed. The one law that all knew was this—that no free trader might dare to penetrate this northern wilderness of Hudson's Bay; that none such might trade there with the Indians unless he was willing to face the penalty.

Twice already company men had found Ned—Ned Trent, as he called himself—going about his business, legal and yet illicit, with the Indians, carrying his trading pack, receiving from the natives the furs they were glad to give him because he paid better than the company. Each time his pack

the young man, the past rising before him.

"Well, I suppose I must tell you!" he said, wearily. "So much of sin, and hate, and bitterness, in a world where there should be only love and charity! Listen, then, but understand this—I have always believed there was some horrible mistake—that what they said and believed of your father was not true. Remember that when you hear me, for I shall tell what others thought, and why they acted as they did."

And so Ned Trent heard, with stiffening face, the story of his father's death. He heard everything—except the names of those who were concerned. The priest showed him the pouch that had caused all the trouble. But the names he refused to give.

"No," he said, firmly. "'Vengeance is mine, said the Lord.' Remember that, my boy. Your mind is filled with hate now. But it is not for you to take the law into your own hands, and doubly it is not for me to further such a design if you now cherish it. You have changed your name. You have done well. A free trader is not safe here. Remember that I am your friend, but keep away from the company's men."

"Or they will kill me as they killed my father!" said Trent, bitterly. "I know. Oh, I am careful. I do not mean to die until I have discovered what you have refused to tell me. I shall discover all some day, and then those who killed him will have to answer to me!"

"Ah—youth—youth?" sighed the old priest. "Well, God be with you, my son! I am needed elsewhere. It may be that we shall not meet again. Farewell."

They parted. And before the sun had reached the zenith Ned, too, had left the friendly Indians and was pressing northward alone. His way took him through untracked portions of the wilderness, for, though there were trails, to follow them now, as the winter was breaking, would expose him too greatly to the danger of encountering company's men. And he needed no trails; he was able, well equipped as he was, to travel anywhere.

It was well for another traveller that he travelled as he did. For just before dusk he came upon a French-Canadian half-breed. The man was staggering, moving in circles, feebly. He had been smitten by snow blindness; with all his supplies gone, he was near to death. For two days Trent cared

for him; at the end of that time the half-breed was able to travel.

"You are one of those free traders—no?" said the half-breed. "Ba—I am a company man, I—but you are my fren'. I, Achille Picard—I am your fren'. You have saved my lif'*v'la—c'est assez!*"

"Good-bye, then, friend," said Trent. And they parted.

CHAPTER III.

THUS Trent fared in his first meeting, on this trip, with a representative of the great company. He laughed to himself as he left the volatile half-breed, wondering if he should see him again.

"I'm not likely to find them helpless, those company men, as a rule," he said to himself.

And knowing that they were all around him, he redoubled his vigilance. But he had to sleep. And, less than a week after he had left Picard, Ned awoke suddenly in bright moonlight to find himself covered by half a dozen rifles.

"Throw up your hands, young man. We've got the drop on you," said a rough voice. "Let's see you—ah."

"Yes, you've got me, McTavish," said Trent, coolly. "All right. No use fighting against odds. Well, what now? Going to escort me out of town again?"

"So it's you, is it, Trent?" said McTavish. "You had fair warning. No, I'll not escort you out this time. I'll take you to Conjuror's House, and we'll see what the factor there has to say."

"Old Galen Albret himself, eh? The big man of the whole country? My, I'm getting important."

"Joke all you've a mind to now," said McTavish, grimly. "I'll warrant Albret will make you laugh out the other side of your face!"

"Well—we'll see," said Trent, easily. "You can't frighten me anyhow, McTavish, as I guess you've maybe learned by now."

"Small credit to you," grumbled the other. "A man's got need of some sense before he has brains enough to fear—and you've not got that."

That ended the exchange of talk between them. After that, during the long trip to Conjuror's House, there passed between McTavish and his prisoner—for prisoner Trent was, as he well knew—only such words as were wholly indispensable. In the north

speech is not wasted ; Trent and McTavish understood one another, and there was no need of making conversation. And so Trent, under compulsion, went on, uncertain as to the fate he was to meet, knowing nothing, in actual fact, about it—except that it was likely to prove highly unpleasant.

The last part of the journey was made in a comfort almost luxurious, for it was made on the swift flowing Moose River that ran, as Trent knew, right by the trading post of Conjuror's House, the most important of the whole vast region. After they reached the spot where the canoes were there was nothing for Trent to do but to sit back in his place and watch the Indians as they paddled. Free trader he might be, and outlaw, but he was white, at least, and full blooded, and manual work was not for him while there were those of lesser breeds to do it—so argued McTavish.

* * *

Early on a bright morning the flotilla of canoes that McTavish led came to Conjuror's House. Trent, sitting back idly in his place, scorning to show his curiosity, certainly without incentive to follow the example of others, who leaped ashore as soon as the canoes touched the bank, was interested, even though he hid his interest. His eyes fell first on an old man, tall, rugged, broad and massive of build, with a

snow white beard. At a glance he knew him as the famous factor, Galen Albret, although he had never before seen him, had never before heard him described.

This was the sort of man about whom legends grew up. Easy, even at a glance, to see that he was born to rule ; that he would dominate any assembly in which he had a part. An involuntary shiver shook Trent. He was not a coward ; he was not easily alarmed. He had had his share of danger. Yet about this man there was something that expressed determination and relentlessness. And, talking to McTavish, he had shot one look at the silent man in the boat, a look so baleful, so full of malice, that it could not fail to leave its mark.

And then, all at once, Trent forgot Albret, forgot McTavish ; forgot his own danger, vague but imminent. For his eyes, wandering about, came suddenly on a figure that seemed at first grotesquely out of place, the figure of a young girl standing on the shore, and regarding him with a curiosity frank and unashamed. In a moment responding to the instincts of the caste that claimed him when he was not in the north, he was on his feet, hat in hand. She paid no attention to him beyond a grave inclination of the head, so slight that it could not be called a bow. And so, for a long minute, they stared frankly at one another.

"God !" said Trent to himself. "A girl—a white girl—here ! And a beauty. Young, too. She's not more than nineteen. She's no squaw. No breed, either !"

Then the spell was broken. The girl turned away. Without a backward look she walked towards the principal house of the post.

Trent stared after her ruefully. Then a voice broke into his musing.

"Galen Albret will see you,



Picard caught in the bear trap.

Trent, in his office," said McTavish.
"At once!"

CHAPTER IV.

"YOU have been caught twice before in my county by my men," said Galen Albret, without prelude, when he had stared at Trent for several moments. "The second time you were warned that you would come here a third time only at your own grave peril—that such lenient measures as escorting you out of the country would not be adopted again. Yet you are here."

"That is quite true, all of it," said Trent, quietly. "Yet I am within my rights. The forest is free. Your monopoly has expired. The company no longer has the exclusive right to trade in this domain."

"None the less I shall exercise that right," said the factor. "If you are to be allowed to go free again I must have your word of honour that you will not again interfere with my trade."

"If I refuse—as I do?"

"I know how to enforce my will."

"Yes, I suppose you have sent men on La Longue Traverse before, though not all know."

The simple words made a sensation. For in that post, in that whole region, indeed, men spoke those words with bated breath, in hushed tones, among themselves—and never, by any chance, to such a one as Galen Albret, endowed there, by the might of his own power, with the high justice, the middle, and the low. Perhaps he had sent men out upon La Longue Traverse never to return, but it was done in secret. It was never admitted. Albret seemed to glower now.

"What childish talk is that?" he asked, sternly. "There is a legend of La Longue Traverse, true——"

"It is no legend. I know men whose whitening bones, could they be found, would prove its truth," said Trent. "You may kill me, if you like—that way or another. But do not think you can deceive me."

"Go, now," said the factor, quietly. "I will dispose of your case later, and in my own good time. Meanwhile, you are not to



Julie determines to kill Rand to save her lover Picard.

make any attempt to leave the post."

"Small danger of that," laughed Trent, bitterly. "You have taken away my gun and my food. What chance would I have in the wilderness, even if you did not send your Indian *couriers du bois* to see that I did not by any chance escape?"

"Enough," said Albret. "Such discomforts, such deprivations as you have to suffer you have brought upon yourself. Go."

CHAPTER V.

TRENT stepped from the factor's office into the open air, seemingly distraught, almost indifferent. Those whose eyes were upon him saw a man who was, perhaps, unconscious of his danger, or, if not unconscious, supremely careless. Yet Trent's senses were every one alert. He not only knew the danger he was in; he was determined to evade it, in some fashion. The will to live was strong in him. And he had seen that in the factor's eyes which convinced him that there was no merey for

him in that old man. He must fend for himself, and, above all, he must act quickly.

The problem was one to stagger him. He was here alone, without a friend, save for the old priest, who might be almost anywhere, and, ten to one, could not help him were he near. In all that vast region he might look for aid only from some free trader like himself—and few of those were bold enough to come where the long arm of Galen Albret might reach them. Then, suddenly, his eyes lighted. For they fell on the form of Achille Picard, the man he had saved, shrinking behind the door of a cabin.

"Picard—Achille—old vagabond!" he cried, heartily. "So I did save your worthless life, hein? Come here, then, and let me shake your hand!"

Achille came, reluctantly. He owed this man his life, yet he knew Trent to be proscribed. Was it fair, then, to ask him to associate himself with such a one? Yet he came; gratitude, after all, was strong in him. And there was Julie, the woman he loved, to whom he had told his adventure. She was listening; what would she say did he refuse to acknowledge this benefactor?"

"Listen, Achille," said Trent, dropping his voice, yet assuming an air as if what he was saying were trivial. "I am in trouble—you know."

"I beleaf you!" said Picard. "Dose old man—she no lak' you—you trade dose fur—no?"

"Just about that, Achille, Listen, you know what goes on here? You have heard of La Longue Traverse?"

"*Oui!*"

"Have there been men sent out since you came here?"

"*Ba oui!* I tink. Nobody know but dat ole man and his *couriers du bois.*"

"I suppose I shall take that trail, La Longue Traverse?"

"I have think so," agreed Achille.

"Then, Achille, if you will get me a rifle I will give you a hundred dollars!"

"No, I can't do eet," said Achille, instantly. "Ole man, he find out. He know everyt'ing. He count every rifle—w'en he meesees wan he fin' out purty queek who is tak' heem."

And Picard was obstinate. Neither his gratitude nor his cupidity when Trent raised his offers moved him. All he could offer was advice.

"Maybe," he said, "you stan' some show

if he sen' you out queek. Dose duck is yonge yet. They cannot fly yet. Here, I weel help—for what you deed for me. *V'la* I geev' you my knife!"

"But how can I make him send me quickly? Won't he think about the ducks?"

"Maybe. You mak' heem mad at you—"

"I'll do it!" vowed Trent. "That is the best chance. You're right, Achille."

"*Oui*—eet ees wan chance—not much! He ees get mad purty queek. Den maybe he ees sen' you out *toute suite*—maybe he ees shoot you!"

"And I'll take that chance, too," said Trent.

CHAPTER VI.

GALLEN ALBRET sat in his study dreaming. He had almost forgotten about the free trader who must take La Longue Traverse. After all Trent was only an incident in the life of the post. There had been others. But suddenly his daughter Virginia, the girl Trent had seen, spoke to him out of the silence.

"Dad, who was that man who came in with Mr. McTavish? He acted so strangely, and all the men treated him in such a strange way? No one will tell me about him."

Albret considered her. Most of the day had passed; twilight had fallen.

"He is a stranger who is where he does not belong," he said, finally.

"What is his station? Why should we not receive him as a guest?" she asked.

"He is a gentleman—that is enough," said her father. Then, abruptly, he changed the subject. "Virginia," he said, "you are growing up. It is time you saw something of the outside world. Would you like to go to Quebec this year—to school?"

"I should like to go some time," she said. "I should like to go with you."

"I cannot go this year," he said. "But you—if you will—can go with the Abitibi brigade. You have until it starts to decide."

"Thank you, father," she said. "I will think of it."

They fell silent. She understood that she was to ask no more questions concerning the stranger. And then, suddenly, while she was thinking, not of Quebec, but of him, he was in the room unannounced.

"Are you there, Galen Albret?" called Trent, sharply.

"What then?" said the factor, in his

deep tone. "I did not send for you."

"No, but I have come. When do I start on La Longue Traverse?"

"Stop that nonsense," said Albret, sharply. "As to when I shall send you away I do not know."

Trent lighted a cigarette.

"I do not smoke in this room. My daughter uses it often," said Albret.

"What do I care for your habits?" demanded Trent.

And then Virginia, angry at his insolence toward her father, rose from the shadow that had hidden her.

"You have left your manners far behind, sir," she said. "I was told you were a gentleman by the man you are insulting, who is old enough to command your respect."

The cigarette flew into the hearth.

"I beg your pardon!" cried Trent, his design of spurring Albret to anger forgotten. "I did not know you were here!"

Once more he stared at her. And though she coloured slowly, she could not withdraw her eyes from his. She was puzzled, mystified by him.

"I beg you to pardon me," he said, again. "But I am desperate. For months I have seen nothing but the wilderness. And now, suddenly, I come here—I find men, and books, and houses—comfort—homes. And—and a woman—a woman, mademoiselle, such as men like me dream of in the light of their fire at night. Others may stay—may go out, knowing that they return to all this that I see! But I—I am to take La Longue Traverse! That is why I seemed to insult your father without arousing his anger."

"But this long journey that you speak of," said the girl, bewildered. "Other men take long journeys—men less strong than you. They return safely, so why should you be lost?"

"But not from La Longue Traverse."

"La Longue Traverse?" she questioned. "What is it?"

"Some call it the Journey of Death," he said.

"But——" she began, wondering.

"Ah, I can explain—I will—if you will let me see you again, alone," he whispered. "To-night, by the guns, you will be there?"

Tears were in her eyes as she looked at him. Still she did not understand. Suddenly she fled. Albret's voice roared in his ears.

"You hound," cried the factor. "Would you play upon my daughter's sympathy to save your life? Dare you make love to her under my very eyes?"

Suddenly Trent remembered his design to anger this man. He had succeeded in that, at least. He threw back his head and laughed in the other man's face, which turned black with anger.

"By God!" cried Albret. "You go too far! You have spoken of La Longue Traverse! It shall be made real to you—as real as anything ever was!"

CHAPTER VII.

SMILING, Trent left the house. He had achieved something—Galen Albret was angry. He had not shot him down; the chances were, however, that he would send him out on the journey of death within the week. And Achille Picard's suggestion, as Trent well knew, was sound. While the ducks and other young birds were still too young and weak to fly, there was a chance for him to snare them, or kill them, perhaps with bow and arrow. If—and it was a big if—he could protect himself from the watchful Indians, the *couriers du bois*, who would be on his trail. Trent was a rich man. But he would have given cheerfully all his wealth for a rifle. Armed, he would have had no fear. Going forth unarmed, save for Picard's knife, he knew that the chances were a hundred to one against him, even after his success in hastening Albret's move.

And then suddenly he remembered the girl. Would she help him? She had seemed to be interested. There was a chance then. Perhaps he could play upon her sympathies, her emotions, and win the help from her that all others denied. Well, it was worth trying. He cared nothing for what might happen to her. She was only a means to an end. Would she meet him? He waited, tensely, watching by the guns.

At last he saw her. She came from her father's house, slowly hesitating. He stepped forward in her path. Her eyes fell; she coloured painfully. But he took her hand.

"You came," he said. "Ah, I knew you would come! You took pity on me then?"

"I—did not come—to meet you," she said falteringly. But the rich colour in her cheeks gave the lie to her words. She was struggling with her reserve, with her modesty. This man seemed able to invade the re-



Sandy McTavish, Factor of Kettle Portage, arrives at Conjuror's House with Ned Trent's prisoner. (Smoke is cannon salute).

most places of her consciousness; at his summons she was ready to forget her duty to her father, her duty to herself. Why? She had asked herself that question, tormented by the waves of emotion that swept her, leaving her baffled.

"You came," he said, taking her hand again. "That is enough. Why should I care why?"

"Will you explain?" she asked, desperately. "Will you tell me why all this is happening? Why you talked so to my father—and why he answered you as he did?"

"Come with me," he said. "Here there are too many to listen. What I said would be repeated. Come with me and I will tell you all—all that you must know."

Reluctantly, wondering at herself for consenting, she acquiesced. She let him take her by the hand and lead her to the high bank above the rushing water. There they looked down. Above them were myriads of stars. In the north the flashing lights played, filling the sky with a blaze such as none in southern latitudes may hope to see—the wonder of the Aurora Borealis, flash-

ing and blazing there like some great conflagration. About them it was as light as day, but in the light there was a quality that was different, weird, unearthly. A fit time and a fit place, indeed, for this girl who knew so little to learn something of life. And as she looked up into the face of this man, who, she could no longer doubt, was facing some strange and terrible experience, she shivered a little.

"Now!" she cried, freeing her hand, suddenly. "Tell me! Tell me! What is this—Longue Traverse of what you speak? Why should you, a strong man and a brave, fear this journey? Is it more dangerous than a voyage to the Athabasca or the Peace? Do unknown perils lurk along its course? Tell me!"

"La Longue Traverse!" he repeated, moodily. After all, he thought, was it for him to tell her? Was it for him, for the sake of grasping at one faint chance, to blast her faith in her father, to accuse the father to his daughter? He wondered! And as he looked into her eager eyes he was moved, for the first time, with some real thought of her. She appealed to him at last as a



Ned, a prisoner, first sees the Factor's daughter.

woman. She stirred his chivalry, and he exulted fiercely at the knowledge, for it proved that he could face death and still think of other things.

"I have told you," he went on. "Some call it the Journey of Death. I am to take it I think. It may be that I shall call on you to make a choice—to choose between your pity and what you might think to be your duty. Then, if I must ask you to make that choice, I will tell you all there is to be told of La Longue Traverse. Now, it is a secret not altogether mine. But tell me. Are you, perhaps, a little sorry for me? Do you understand that I am no coward—that I am not given to complaining thus when fate elects that the coin shall fall the wrong way for me?"

"I—yes, I am sorry for you," she said, gravely. "I can see that you are unhappy and that is enough. That—and that you are a brave man. For that is written in your eyes."

He laughed lightly.

"To win such pity is worth unhappiness!" And as he looked at her his mood changed—and the whole spirit of the man. "Look!" he cried. "A shooting star! You know the legend? That means a kiss!"

He kissed her suddenly, before she could draw away, full on the red lips. She started back; in her cry there was anger, and

shame, and—sorrow. She fled from him. And Ned Trent looked after her, s a v a g e l y , morosely.

"There are prices too high to pay for life!" he said to himself, bitterly. "To expose her to his anger, for, if she helped me, he would know. No. And she was—beginning to care. I had to stop that. I have done it. She hates me now, despises me! It is better so!"

Ten minutes later he passed her window. His song was on his lips—" *En roulant ma boule—Rouli roulant, ma boule roulant!* "

"And he can sing!" she cried, bitterly, to herself. And flung herself, weeping, on her bed, to wonder, as she lay awake, what these things might mean.

CHAPTER VIII.

NED TRENT supposed that he had killed her interest in him. He had only stirred it to fever heat. For in that night of sorrow, as she pondered, things grew clearer to her. She forgot the insult of that kiss; she remembered only the warmth of his lips on hers, the surging answer of her whole being to the call of his. And, young as she was, she knew that that kiss was light only in seeming; that behind the sudden impulse was something that she could answer freely, proudly, with upraised head. He had not spoken, but—there are times when there is no need of words.

And so Virginia meant to learn the truth that all—her father, Trent, everyone—seemed leagued together to keep from her. She had asked direct questions, and been put off. Now, before she asked more questions she was determined to have the means of knowing whether the answers she received were truthful or not. Here her sex helped her—and she counted upon that.

Her sex and the fact that she was supposed to be even more ignorant than she actually was.

She was not lacking in guile. She had noticed that Picard and Trent were friendly. And so in the morning she managed to overhear a conversation between them. It told her much, though even so she lacked the knowledge of certain things. It told her that Trent faced a real peril for one thing, for she knew that Achille was no alarmist. It told her, too, what it was that he might ask of her—a rifle. For he was trying once more to make Picard give him his, or steal one for him. And Picard was refusing, on the ground that her father would know and hang him.

"Ah, well," she heard Trent say at last, "what will must be? There was another way, I think, but I have closed that to myself. Some things I cannot do!"

Her heart leapt at that—for now she guessed his meaning. Now, at last, she was close to knowing. La Longue Traverse still baffled her; the meaning of that she must discover. But, knowing as much as she did, she refused to let that lack of knowledge hinder her. And before dusk she had wormed the secret out of the only other white woman at the post, Mrs. Cockburn, wife of the post doctor. Mrs. Cockburn had been almost a mother to her; she understood now, as no man could have done, the real stress under which the girl was labouring. "I should not tell you. I scarcely dare," she said, when Virginia had made her demand.

"If you do not," said Virginia, "I shall go straight to my father! I shall tell him what I suspect, and I shall make him tell me, no matter what he says or does!"

The doctor's wife saw that she meant it. She

sighed and feared what might follow.

"No," she said, slowly. "Rather than have you do that I shall tell you myself. But it will bring you unhappiness, my dear—and I wish you could bring yourself to take your father still on faith, as you have always done—to be sure that, whatever he does, is done for the best. What I shall tell you of La Longue Traverse will seem hard—it will seem cruel, unjust. Yet—I believe that it is necessary, things being as they are."

"Tell me," said Virginia. "I expect the truth to hurt. I am learning that the truth almost always does hurt."

And so filled with horror as she understood, she learned the meaning of the dreadful phrase. She learned the fate Ned Trent was condemned to meet—and that it was her own father who was to send him to his death, as, perhaps, he had sent other men to die.

"Thank you," she said, simply, when Mrs. Cockburn had done. "I know now what there is for me to do."

And so, as dusk was falling again, she made her way to the river bank. She thought she knew where she might find Trent. Nor was she disappointed. He was sitting on a rock looking out over the water. At her coming he looked up. But the fire that always lighted his eyes before



Stewart and Me-en-gan fight for possession of the rifle.

when he saw her was missing. His mood did not change to meet her coming.

"Forgive me for being here if you sought solitude," he said. "This will be, I think, my last day of plenty. I am making the most of it."

"You are leaving the post soon?"

"To-morrow morning early, I am told," he said.

"And you are ready for the journey? You have everything you need?"

He looked at her, surprised more by her tone than by her words. And then he lied, deliberately.

"Everything," he said, calmly.

It was true, then, she thought, her heart singing within her. He would not use her! Then—he must—care.

"Have you a rifle, for La Longue Traverse?" she asked.

For a moment he was confused. Could she know, he wondered? And he lied again, sure that she could not—and that he would never tell her.

"A rifle?" he said. "Of course, mademoiselle! Who would travel in the north without a rifle?"

"You!" she answered, passionately, abandoning her reserve. "Oh, I know everything?"

CHAPTER IX.

"I KNOW everything!" she repeated. "I know what is to be done to you—and by my own father! My eyes are open. I am no longer a foolish girl! You meant to get me to help you—with my eyes closed. Now you must let me help you—for do you think I can allow you to be treated so, with such injustice? No!—"

But he was not thinking of himself. She saw the furious colour blaze up into his cheeks.

"Who told you?" he demanded, savagely. "It was Picard. I will teach him."

"No, no," she cried, half laughing, half crying. "It was not! It was some one else, some one you do not know. I had the right to know."

"No!" he said. "And no one had a right to tell you something that has brought sorrow to your eyes." He broke off, and was silent a moment, in deep thought. "Listen, girl," he said. "As you know so much, I must tell you more. You know the fate that awaits me, but not the reason. There are two sides. I came here with my eyes open—

I knew what would happen if I were caught. I faced the risks. It was a fair fight. Perhaps it is wrong—but if it is, it is a system that is wrong, that is cruel, that is unjust—not the man who obeys the laws of that system, your father. It is inevitable, what is to happen to me. And—I do not complain."

"But, last night," she said, "you spoke of asking me to choose—between pity and duty. Did you not?"

"That you must forget," he said. "Those were idle words—no more."

"They were not," she cried. "My pity was to have given you a rifle. My duty was to my father. Was it not so?"

He saw that she must know the truth.

"Yes," he admitted, dejectedly.

"Then why—why have you not asked me to choose?" she said. "Why have you abandoned that 'other way' of which I heard you speak to Achille Picard, for I was that other way, was I not?"

"I—I could not ask you," he said, slowly. "I knew you would be found out. You might be punished."

"But you knew all this when you still planned to do it?"

"Yes, but then it was different. Then—I did not—I had not known you, really. Now I would rather take my chance—even of death."

"Ah," she said, softly. "You lied to me then! But—it was a noble lie—a wonderful lie! How many men would have dared to tell it, I wonder? And—you shall have my help, after all!" He interrupted her with a sharp cry, but she silenced him. "No—listen. I can give it without the risk you fear. For years ago a friend of my father's gave me a small rifle—small, but straight and true. I have not used it—my father has forgotten it. He would never know that it was gone. I shall give it to you—but on a condition. You must promise me to leave this country to-night—never to return. Will you do that?"

"I—I must," he said. "But—after you have done this—never to see you again—"

"I will give you the rifle, then," she said. "But—I would not like to lose it altogether. You must give it back to me. That you may do in August—in Quebec. That you must promise too."

His face blazed with delight.

"In Quebec? You are going to Quebec?" he cried. "Then I shall want to live! Get

me the rifle and the cartridges—and I shall fly to-night! They will not suspect—and with the start I shall have and a rifle in my hand, let them catch me if they can!”

He took her hands and held them closely in his own.

“Ah, the things that I shall say when I return the rifle!” he said. “You will bring it?”

“In an hour—here,” she whispered. “I shall be listening—for the things you are to say!”

She heard him singing a few minutes later as he passed her window.

“But how can he help singing?” she asked herself.

CHAPTER X.

THEY met in the flaming night, where to find darkness they had to seek the shadows cast by the trees and great rocks. She bore the rifle and the cartridges.

“It is enough?” she asked him, anxiously, tears in her voice. “There is nothing else that I can do for you, Ned Trent?”

“Nothing else,” he said. “Except to think of me when you pray!”

“La Longue Traverse,” she said, with a shudder. “Even with a rifle it will be hard. I am filled with dread. I fear what may come to you.”

“Banish your fears!” he laughed. “I have none now. I know the way, and if any try to stop me, I think they will find that, thanks to you, I am a match for them.”

“Then if there is nothing else, you must go,” she said. “Oh, to know that you are going, perhaps to death—to hardships, certainly——”

“No greater hardships—not as great—as I faced coming in,” he said. “The hazards of the forest, of the trail, yes. But what are they? I do not fear them. Till August, then—in Quebec.”

And once again he kissed her full on the lips. But this time her kiss answered his: this time she did not cry out or flee from him. For a moment they clung to one another. Then he was gone.

She lingered a moment. And then, suddenly, she heard a sound of scuffling.

Guttural cries assailed her ears. She ran toward them and saw Trent struggling with Me-en-gan, her father’s most trusted Indian. Others were running toward the fighters. Even so Trent saw her, and thought of her.

“Go—go quickly!” he cried. “You must not be seen here!”

She knew that he was right. With a sinking heart she fled. He was strong. Would he be able to get away?

Before she slept she knew the truth—that he was a prisoner again, and this time a prisoner in very truth. She heard the tokens of her father’s anger, his order that Trent should be brought before him in the morning for trial. And, shuddering, she lay awake, wondering how she might save him, and finding in the end only one plan that offered any hope, and that so slim, so faint, she knew, that she could take no comfort in it.

Then morning came and she saw her father, grim and silent, go from his breakfast to the room where he dispensed the rude justice of the post. Tensely she listened, striving to hear what went on. She was barred from the room; she might only guess.

* * *

Inside Trent faced the factor with a calm face and an eye that yielded nothing to the stern gaze of his accuser and his judge.

“Now, indeed,” said Galen Albret, “you have touched a vital thing. Before when I dealt with you I could show mercy. The matter was serious; it was not one of life and death. Now you have touched my discipline. You have undermined the whole structure of my authority. For you had aid! Some one of my people gave you a rifle. Who did that?”

“No one. I stole it,” said Trent.

“You had aid,” repeated the factor. “There was another person with you just before you were captured. The Indians do not know—but there were others who saw. I offer you one last chance. Tell me who aided you, who gave you that rifle, and I will let you go free. You shall be taken from the country in peace and honour—or you may travel with the Abitibi *brigade* when it goes out. But, if you do not tell me . . . !”

“Well? Better let me know—for I will answer no more questions!”

“Then, in five minutes, I shall hang you! You might survive La Longue Traverse. I take no more chances with you!”

“Hang me like a common criminal! You wouldn’t dare!” cried Trent. For the first time he went white. To be shot, that was a man’s death. But to be hung—in the north—it was to damn him as the lowest of

the low, a death he abhorred.

"You shall see. In five minutes, if you have not told, I shall give the order. Let me know who aided you—and you shall go free. If not, you shall be hung!"

"I believe you do mean it," said Trent. The first sharp shock was over. "I'll take your word for it. Stop talking. Go to the devil!"

"Father!"

[They wheeled together to face Virginia Albret. She stood in the door. Beside her was Me-en-gan.

"You must go back," said Trent, catching his breath. "Galen Albret, send her away."

"Virginia," said the factor, sternly, at one with his enemy for once, "you must leave the room. You have nothing to do with this case. You must not interfere."

But the girl came on. She faced her father bravely.

"I have more to do with it than you think," she said. "For it was I who gave this man the rifle!"

Trent groaned. Albret, for a moment, was speechless.

"Why?" he asked, his face working.

"Because I love him," she said.

CHAPTER XI.

IN his blind anger, caution had still ruled Galen Albret, as it had all the days of his life. He had sent Virginia to her room; Trent he had ordered locked up. And then he had set out to unravel the twisted skein. Trent must die; that much he knew. But that could wait until he knew just how far things had gone; until he knew, too, how greatly Virginia was to blame.

And first he saw Trent. He had gained some control of himself; his rage had quieted so that he could let the younger man talk.

And once more Trent lied.

"I deceived your daughter," he said. "I lied to her. I made her think I was your victim in more ways than were true. She is only a child. She was moved by her pity and her ignorance."

"I think you are telling the truth, and it does you some credit," said Galen Albret, grimly. Suddenly his eyes fell on the pouch the old priest had given to Trent. He started, and his whole manner changed. "Where did you get that?" he asked. "I— I have seen that. It belonged to a man—"

"You know it?" he asked. "It was my

father's, and a proud possession!"

"I might have known," said Albret, with a terrible softness. "You are Graham Stewart's son? You were born to be a curse to me! Now—now I know! I beat your father. I shall beat you."

Trent launched himself then. With one fierce cry he was at the factor's throat.

"You are the man who killed my father!" he cried. "It was to find you that I came to the north—not to get the furs!"

Albret shook him off for a moment; before the attack could be renewed half a dozen men had answered the factor's call for help.

"You will wait here," said Albret, "until I am ready. Then—well, it will make no difference to you!"

He went out, grimly. In his eyes men saw that he was in no mood to be approached. He was living over again the days of his youth, when he had hated Stewart and sent him to his death on La Longue Traverse. But one thing had been accomplished. He had softened toward Virginia. She had been the victim of Stewart's son, as her mother had been his father's victim.

"Tell Virginia to find me by the river," he ordered.

She came, tears in her eyes, pleading.

"No," he said. "Virginia, I shall tell you a story now that I hoped you would never learn. But I must tell you, that you may learn to hate this man who has won your heart with lies."

Sorrowfully he told her of Ned's father and her mother. And when he had done she looked up at him with blazing eyes.

"And you believed—on such flimsy evidence as that!" she cried. "You killed a man for that! You believed my mother faithless to you, on the word of a scoundrel like Rand! And what if it were true? Must a son be like his father?"

She broke off suddenly.

"What is that?" she cried, in a changed voice. "A canoe floating down towards the rapids. It has gone by the landing. There is a man in it."

They ran together to the water's edge. And, as it went by, Albret seized the canoe.

"Rand!" cried Virginia. "He's wounded!"

Galen Albret lifted the wounded trader from the boat. Together they laid him on the shore.

"He's dying," said Albret.

And at that the wounded man opened his eyes.

"Yes," he said, chokingly. "Shot myself—an accident. Is that you, Factor? I—I've got something to tell you. You—you got the girl I loved. Years ago—she married you. I hated you both. I—lied about her and Stewart. There was nothing wrong——"

He choked and coughed. A moment later his head slipped back. He was dead. And Galen Albret, the foundations of his whole life shaken, looked into his daughter's eyes.

"Here is the key," he said brokenly. "Release him. Tell him—and bring him to me. I want to ask him to forgive me."

Cast :

Graham Stewart	...	ROBERT EDESON
Galen Albret	...	THEODORE ROBERTS
Virginia	...	WINIFRED KINGSTON
Rand	...	HORACE B. CARPENTER
Elodie	...	FLORENCE DAGMAR

The story is founded on Stuart Edward White's book "The Conjuror's House," and the film, which is in five parts, contains 317 scenes.

NOTE :—A Factor at a trading post is the chief officer, and more powerful than the Czar in his own domain

WHILE it is the dream of thousands of girls to appear in motion-picture dramas, wear gorgeous gowns and play society dames in general, there is one photoplay star who would rather jump into a pair of tattered overalls and climb into the oily cab of a locomotive than take part in the most intense society drama ever written.

This remarkable person is HELEN HOLMES, the Kalem actress, whom the railroad men out West have dubbed "The Daughter of the Railroad." Miss Holmes doesn't care what role she portrays—telegraph operator, fireman (or should it be firegirl?), or substitute engineer, so long as it enables her to live in the atmosphere of the railroad.

The most recent drama in which Miss Holmes appears is "Grouch, the Engineer," in which she enacts the role of a railroad man's widow. A railroad serial story is being written around the captivating personality of Miss Holmes. This story is called "The Hazards of Helen," and will consist of a series of episodes, each complete in itself, showing the hazards encountered by Helen, who is a railroad telegraphist. Of course she has lots and lots of love affairs—everybody from the meanest wiper to the railroad president falls in love with her. But who the fortunate suitor is will not be divulged until the final episode.

THOSE of our readers who have been enraptured with the Gold Seal series of pictures, "Lucille Love," will be delighted to hear that they are to be succeeded by "The Trey O' Hearts," which is no doubt an epochal production, both from the literary and dramatic view point. The story is from the masterly pen of the famous author, Mr. Louis Joseph Vance, whose novels, "The Brass Bowl," "The Band Box," "The Black Bag," and "The Bronze Bell" are so much appreciated by British fiction lovers. The staging of the drama has had all the advantages of the wild, mountainous country adjacent to Hollywood in California, as well as on the high seas off the Californian coast. Some hairbreadth experiences in the filming of the story have happened both to Miss CLEO MADISON, the leading lady, who plays the double roles of the twin sisters, Judith and Rose Trine, who respectively symbolise good and evil, and Mr. GEORGE LARKIN, the leading man, who plays Alan Law. Both artistes in several instances narrowly escaped death in performing feats of daring to give zest to the drama.

Some of the most remarkable examples of trick photography and double exposure ever attempted in the history of the cinematographic art have been employed. There are fifteen instalments of "The Trey O' Hearts," each correlated but complete in itself.

The Cocoon and the Butterfly.

Adapted from the "FLYING A" Photoplay by G. W. Smith.

A powerful dramatic film, depicting the struggles of two orphan girls against the temptations and snares that beset them in their fight for existence.

		Cast :			
John Walton, Student in Sociology	WM. GARWOOD	
Jackson St. Clair	JACK RICHARDSON	
Clare Meredith	} Sisters {	VIVIAN RICH	
Anne Meredith		AFTON MINEER	
Mrs. Worthington	LOUISE LESTER	
Wm. Crandall	HARRY VON METER	
Valet to Walton	W. J. TEDMARSH	

"It is of no use, Anne," said Clare Meredith to her sister. "What is of no use?" queried Anne.

"Really, I was thinking. I didn't expect—but there, the cat is out of the bag. It is useless struggling on as we are from day to day for our very existence."

"Clare! you cannot mean—to give up altogether. To die of starvation," gasped Anne, as she rose and clasped her sister, wildly.

"No, not that," replied Clare, wearily. "This strain is awful. I don't know what I am talking about. Forget everything I said. Of course we will go on. We must!"

"Since father died it has been horrible. Have we any money left, now, Clare?"

Clare gently disengaged her sister's arms and pushed her slowly into a chair.

"Listen, Anne," she said in a tired voice. "I will tell you our position. I did not mean to, you are so young—too young to bear burdens and sordid cares. When dad died he left nothing. We only had the clothes we stood up in, until I worked and bought more. I always told you, Anne, we had a tiny income. We had, but I toiled hard for it. Now that is gone. Your schooling must cease. I cannot pay another term until I get work, and in the meantime—rent, food and clothing—" She could get no farther—the days of incessant anxiety had brought her to the verge of hysteria.

"Don't talk about it now, Clare," Anne said soothingly; "we shall struggle through. I didn't know things were really so bad. Of course I can give up school. I can work, Sis, and together we can do so much more."

"I know, dear, you will help, but you cannot work yet. No one will have you. You are only a child. Then again, where is the work?"

Anne, with her simple views of the world, smiled away the query. Work! why of course she could. And in what capacity? Any would do to tide over the present existing state of affairs. She was not afraid to face the world. It was her right to help. Hers to become a factor in the toil for daily bread—not to be a burden, she thought.

"You must stay at home, Anne, while I search for employment," continued Clare, wistfully regarding her.

"Will you promise to let me work, later, if I do—to let me *do* something?"

Clare crossed to her sister and for a few moments contemplated her earnestly. A thousand thoughts flashed through her mind as she studied Anne's pretty upturned face. Could she let this child go out into the world alone, beset on all sides by snares and temptations? Dare she do it? Anne was strong, certainly; but against older and more experienced people would she hold her own? She was afraid—fearful as to the consequences. If anything happened to Anne—it was too awful to consider. Slowly she decided. Clearly she pointed out the ways

of men and women—painted them in vivid colours in all their crude reality. Anne was obdurate. She fumed and coaxed alternately, and to save a breach Clare assented.

"You shall work, Anne, after I have found a position. But meanwhile you must be content to be guided implicitly by me."

Little more was said by either of the sisters. Anne had gained her point. Clare was going to seek work on the morrow with stronger fortitude.

To Clare the days sped along rapidly. Numberless applications for employment were met with a stereotyped but polite refusal. There were so many houses of call and so little time in which to accomplish the work. But one memorable morning Clare was more fortunate. In response to her piteous appeal for work she was accorded an interview, and this bore fruit. The sudden transition from shadow to sunshine held her spellbound. Work at last, and in one of the largest emporiums in the city.

She rushed away to pour into Anne's eager ears the glad news.

"It is now my turn," said Anne, after the first symptoms of delight had died down. "You must get me in the same house as you are. Then we can always remain close enough for you to watch and keep guard over me," she added whimsically.

But Clare was not in the mood for banter. There were many preparations to make before she took up her new duties. She must brighten up her apparel—a touch here

and there would smarten it.

Until the day arrived for the commencement of her new duties she worked assiduously on her shabby garments, and under her skilful fingers they were transformed. Mrs. Worthington, her landlady, proved a veritable angel in disguise. She counselled, helped and purchased little feminine odds and ends, and did all in her power to make the way easier for the destitute girl. Clare was content—the first time for many a long day, and she started out for the emporium with a light heart and full of confidence.

She was to act as secretary to the manager, Jackson St. Clair. She was not conversant with a secretary's duties; but what matter, she could quickly learn. True, she felt horribly nervous as she entered the great doors of the emporium, but this was overcome rapidly. The first day was fraught with much attention from the manager, for he was solicitous of her comfort. Anxious she should get on, exacting as to her duties, and as time went on he developed a sudden friendliness for the girl. He wormed her history out of her; and when he learned of Anne's ambition to work, insisted on seeing her, and promised a berth for her in the emporium. Clare brought Anne to see Jackson St. Clair, and it was then she saw his real character. He paid Anne every attention, and was almost deferential in fact. After the interview was concluded and Anne engaged as a model, he retained her hand at parting much longer than necessary. Later in the day he sent his clerk away with a message, and rang for Clare.

Between Clare and the clerk there had sprung up a strong friendship, and the clerk had on more than one occasion noticed St. Clair's attentions to Clare. In the circumstances he was loth to go out and leave her with the manager alone. But duty was duty, and John Walton, the clerk, was a man rigid in adhering to his orders. Clare came in and was familiarly greeted by St. Clair, who, under the pretext of dictating a letter, bade her be seated. He dictated part of the communication, then suddenly grasping Clare's hand proceeded to pour out his passion for her. Clare was taken by surprise, and a slow



"Anne steadfastly declined any interference in her love affair."

flush overspread her face. Then angrily she snatched her hand away.

"How dare you!" she cried, jumping up. "I will report this to your superiors."

"Sit down, Miss Clare—er Meredith. Sorry. There is no necessity to create a scene. Walton may be back any minute. I didn't mean any offence. Perhaps I startled you," replied St. Clair, suavely.

"I will not sit down. You have insulted me by your ungentlemanlike behaviour, and if it ever occurs again I will report you," cried Clare, heatedly.

"There, there, just like all the ladies. Lambs when they have all their own way; furies when they don't. You may go now, Miss Meredith. I will ring again when you are wanted."

St. Clair turned to his letters, and Clare, trembling with indignation, retired. She passed Walton on the way, and by her heightened colour he guessed there had been a stormy scene in the office. However, let events shape their course, he thought, as he entered the office. He had a rod in pickle for St. Clair when the time came.

For some time St. Clair altered his tactics and became the polite man of business when Clare was at work, but suddenly he pursued his old course, and his attentions were even more odious. Clare could stand this no longer. She was compelled to either accept St. Clair's unwelcome advances or resign. The situation was grave. She knew she could not afford to vacate. Then there was Anne, now a model, and getting on splendidly in her new sphere. Would this affect her chances? There was one course open—accept St. Clair. No, she would rather starve. Anne need not be affected—she would be quite safe. Clare decided to leave, and in an interview with St. Clair handed in her resignation. St. Clair cajoled, but to no purpose. Clare was determined. When she arrived home and joined Anne she briefly related her troubles, and impressed upon her the necessity of repelling any advances St. Clair might make.

Anne was sorely troubled over their latest misfortune, but bravely bore up and offered what little consolation she could. Now that their income was considerably reduced it



"'You are John—, the owner of the emporium,' he gasped."

behoved them to economise more than before. Clare set out a second time in quest of work, but it was in vain. Meantime St. Clair had transferred his affections to the new model, Anne. She, innocent and never suspecting the fickleness of the man, encouraged rather than repelled him, and accompanied him on several motor trips. It was while Anne was dismounting from St. Clair's car outside her home that Clare saw her and hastened to admit her sister. St. Clair was waiting with Anne as she reached the door, and evidently expected admission. He was doomed to disappointment, and muttering curses slunk away.

In vain Clare pleaded with Anne to have done with St. Clair. Anne was infatuated with him. She had seen no false side to his character, and refused to cast him off. Mrs. Worthington was called in and coupled her pleadings with Clare. The result was barren—Anne steadfastly declined any interference in her love affair.

Downcast, Clare gave up for a time, and then she hit upon a method of proving to her sister the folly of her action. Dressing herself in old-fashioned and prim-cut garments, and altering the crisp waviness of her hair to a strict old-maidenly style, she visited the emporium. Her transformation was so perfect that she was not recognised. By good fortune she obtained a situation at the bargain counter, and commenced there and then, as the emporium had a tremendous rush of business. Later she acquainted Anne with the news—when she had recovered from the shock of her altered

appearance, which deceived her own sister.

Clare's plan was to watch St. Clair and Anne, and at the right moment discard her disguise and reveal herself to St. Clair; and if he offered her his attentions once more, to accept them, and conclusively prove to Anne his perfidy.

Clare's opportunity soon came. St. Clair was in the model department examining the latest creations of fashion when she had occasion to pass through. She stopped, facing St. Clair long enough to allow him to partly recognise her, and then passed on.

St. Clair immediately followed her, and as she gained her own department he came up.

"Miss Meredith? Surely I am not mistaken?" he said in a low tone.

"Quite correct," answered Clare, brusquely. "You did not expect to see me here like this?"

"No. I must admit I was staggered. But why this alteration? I could have reinstated you, you know."

"I was afraid you would stop me if I came again as I was," said Clare glibly, "and so I disguised myself to make sure."

"Resume your proper dress to-morrow, Miss Meredith. I will explain to anyone the reason for this outfit, and——"—he bent nearer and his breath fanned her face—"will you dine with me to-night—just to bury our differences?"

Quietly but firmly Clare declined, but gave a promise to accept an invitation at a later date. St. Clair stalked away, purring like a giant cat. He was well pleased. He had overcome Clare's scruples. At every opportunity he hovered around her, paying honeyed compliments. Clare accepted his advances, and succeeded admirably in keeping to her part. St. Clair was deceived into the belief that she cared, and soon proffered the invitation for the dinner, which Clare accepted readily.

It transpired that John Walton during this time had been watching Clare keenly. He was puzzled by her behaviour, and he also noticed Anne's pique at being suddenly cast off for the older sister. His faith in Clare was strong—he could not bring himself to believe that she was really hankering after St. Clair. The revelation came from Clare herself. She met Walton outside the emporium and confided her plan. She asked his assistance, as a friend, to help her carry it through. She was going out to

dinner with St. Clair that evening and wanted someone at hand to protect her, should he press his attentions too far. Walton gladly acquiesced and longingly watched Clare's departing figure.

"There shall be another revelation to-night—this time for Jackson St. Clair," he soliloquised.

St. Clair came for Clare punctual to the minute. He carefully wrapped her cloak around her shoulders and tried to caress her, but laughingly she restrained him. They journeyed to the most luxurious café in the town, at Clare's suggestion, for she had arranged this with Walton, and there she gave herself up for a time listening dreamily to the strains of the orchestra. Dimly St. Clair's compliments floated to her, but she paid little heed. His voice grew hoarse and strained with the quantity of wine he was imbibing. He leaned over the table and pressed her to drink. He was fast losing his senses in a whirl of passionate adoration for the woman opposite him. Clare sipped her wine and gently pushed him back into his seat.

She had observed Walton enter and take a seat at a table near at hand. But what a different Walton. Immaculately attired in evening dress, well-groomed and looking positively handsome, he fitted into the luxurious surroundings as though born to them. Clare smiled across at him and then watched her partner. St. Clair was just filling her glass.

"Just this one, dear," he said thickly. "One more—it won't harm you. See, I am going to. It will stimulate the brain and drown the cares of business."

"I wish for no more, Mr. St. Clair," said Clare icily.

"Mr. St. Clair, eh? Why not Jackson? We're old friends now." St. Clair bantered. "Just one, Clare; just one more."

He bent across the table, patted her cheek, and then his passion getting the mastery he attempted to kiss her.

Clare turned crimson. His caresses contaminated her. She loathed the creature and blazed into fury.

John Walton came and stood at their table, quietly and calmly surveying the scene. He was internally bubbling over with rage, yet externally cool and collected.

"Accept my card, Mr. St. Clair, please," he said sternly.

St. Clair started at the sound and snatched

the card, stifling an oath that rose to his lips. As he read he paled, then turned ghastly. That scrap of pasteboard had unnerved him.

"You are John——, the owner of the emporium!" he gasped.

"At your service. When my father died he left all to me. I was abroad at the time. I determined to work among my employees and my managers to find out exactly their merits. I have succeeded in finding the most despicable of men in one—Mr. St. Clair. Need I proceed?"

"You liar! Where are the proofs?" shouted St. Clair, beside himself with rage and mortification.

"Here," replied John, displaying some papers. "Another proof is that you, you hound, are discharged from my service this instant. Go!"

THE "RUM 'UN" of Thanouser fame was recently asked what class of film is most appreciated in a certain locality. He meekly suggested that a good seller would be a "gingery" two-reeler, but there *must* be a plot, and gave the following:—"Her mother was a white woman and her father a red man, and she was called Ruby Green. She loved a pale face, who hated her like poison, but owing to her saving his life when he was ambushed by a band of Esquimaux, he espoused her out of gratitude. He soon got tired of her and eloped in an open boat with a German fraulein who lived in the next house. On the way to a desert island a submarine came from the clouds and attacked him with its periscope. Drawing his revolver he outflanked its right wing, but unfortunately in the encounter the fraulein lost both her limbs, and deciding she was no further use to him he threw her overboard. Finally he returned to England, bought some racehorses, and ran them crooked. Laying against them he made a lot of money, died respected by all those who did not know him, and was buried in the Moratorium at Woking."

DOROTHY GISH, the clever young actress of the Majestic Company, recently proved her possession of an uncommon influence over animals, and incidentally rescued her director from an unpleasant predicament. The latter had hired a launch at San Pedro harbour. The owner had left his big wolf hound aboard the

St. Clair supplicated, craven coward that he was, for pity. He appealed in vain.

Calling a waiter to get his hat and coat, he put on an air of complete contempt, and with a baleful look at Clare strode majestically away. Clare had sat quietly through the scene, but she received a shock when John Walton disclosed his real identity.

"Thank heaven, that scoundrel has passed out of your life," said John, offering his arm to Clare. "Perhaps now Anne will be convinced of his base perfidy. She goes back to school."

"School!" echoed Clare.

"Yes, Clare, to school. A business house is no place for her yet. I will see to that."

"You mean——," said Clare, upon whom the personal pronoun was not missed.

"I mean, she is going to be *our* sister."

boat, and when the company attempted to get aboard the big animal stood guard and refused to permit them to approach. No other launch was available. After wasting about two hours, Dorothy Gish came to the rescue and walked up fearlessly to the big dog. The attractive Majestic artiste and the big dog were quickly the best of friends, and when Miss Gish approached the other members of the company and led them aboard the dog offered no objections. The hound remained close to Miss Gish during the entire day, and when the party returned to Los Angeles in a motor car the combined efforts of all the members of the company were required to keep him out of the car.

WHO stars in Beautys — why, Peter the Great and me." Little Kathie Fischer, seven year old child, lead in the Beauty films of the American Company, is the spirit of mischief, and just the sweetest, most irresistible little girl at the same time. Kathie was born at Oaklands, California, on August 26th, and for several years has been under the tutelage of her aunt and uncle, Margarita Fischer and Harry Pollard. For a year and a half she has been acting in photoplays, and her performance never fails to show a distinct character of appreciation. She and her pet bull dog, Peter the Great, are inseparable companions. Under the careful guidance of her uncle she has scored in emotional contrasts, and no child-lead is better loved or appreciated than Kathie.

Lola.

Adapted from the "FLYING A" Film by Geo. W. Smith.

A powerfully conceived drama of contrasts. The rural homestead and paternal affection. The glamour and tinsel of world fame, and the subsequent taste of the dross. Enacted amidst magnificent Bohemian settings and rustic arbours.

		Cast :	
Lola, the Prima Donna	...	WINIFRED GREENWOOD	
Larry	...	EDWARD COXEN	
May, Lola's Sister	...	CHARLOTTE BURTON	
Lola's Manager	...	GEORGE FIELD	
Her Father	...	JOHN STEPLING	
Theatrical Agent	...	W. J. TEDMARSH	
The Professor	...	PERRY BANKS	

CHAPTER I.



LOLA tripped lightly home from her singing lesson. Her tutor, the village choir-master, had been full of praise for her rich, young voice. He had promised her the vacant seat in his choir. She was in high glee. To belong to the choir was indeed a notable achievement. It was the ambition of the simple country folk to have one of their children in the choir. The ambition had caused the patient old choir-master a deal of anxiety. Applicants of all ages, and with voices that would put a crow to shame, came to join. They could not understand why they were rejected, and went away disconsolate. Lola had coveted a position in that choir, but all were agreed she would never attain it.

Little wonder then that this vivacious girl burst unceremoniously in upon her father and sister and poured out the good news. She could not contain herself for sheer joy.

"Lola, my lass, don't excite yourself so," gently remonstrated her father. "We are glad to have one of ours in the choir. It is a fine thing; but, girl, just simmer down."

"I am going to practice in the other room, dad, now, and you listen. I don't believe half the time you hear a note."

"I hear—can't be off from it. Well, run away, Lola, and get it over."

She danced out of the room, and soon the sweet strain of her singing drifted towards the listeners.

"That girl can sing," remarked May. "She can, and I'm just proud of her. You'll have to start training now, May. Your voice isn't so bad. I've heard you warbling in the kitchen," answered her father, approvingly.

"I could never equal Lola, dad. She is a born singer. Her voice will earn her hundreds of pounds later, when she sings before the big folk in the cities."

"When she sings where?" her father shouted. "Don't you put that idea into her head, my girl, or there'll be trouble. None of my girls are going on the stage, not if I know it."

"I thought, dad, you would like Lola's voice to be heard by the high in the land. It seems such a shame if she cannot reap the benefit of it," replied May, apologetically.

"Let's hear no more of it. She'll only sing in the choir—and here."

May relapsed into silence, whilst her father busied himself with a book. Lola could still be heard, and May envied her voice. Lola was petted and spoiled. She was practically left out in the cold. Even Larry, their friend who worked at the small foundry, had eyes only for Lola. They were inseparable companions, and it was clear that they were rapidly falling in love. May had more than a passing regard for Larry, but what was the use—Lola had all the gifts of Dame Fortune?

The days sped on, and Lola's voice became the talk of the village. It was the one absorbing topic. Both old and young would congregate around the house and listen

with rapt eagerness to her singing. It was during one of these periods that a theatrical agent happened by chance on the village, and joined in the silent, listening group. He immediately recognised in the singer's voice a tremendous commercial asset. He made enquiries of the village folk and found out quite easily all there was to be known of Lola. He waited for her on the Sunday, and as she left the porch of the quaint old church he approached her, humbly, deferentially, as though she were a queen. He drew vivid pictures of the stage. The glamour of fame, the tremendous salaries, the patronage of royalty. He offered an enormous sum if Lola would consent to sing in opera. Lola, easily impressionable, was flattered to the core. She heard him out in breathless silence. In her own mind she would have accepted gladly the tempting offers he held out, but there was her father. He was the ogre.

Together they visited him. The look of blank astonishment that overspread his face when they confronted him was a study. Lola explained the agent's mission. She thought her father would have choked in his rage. He was bereft of speech for some moments.

"You want to take my gal away to go on the stage," he roared. "Get out of this house, and don't let me catch you hanging around after my daughter, with your stage-struck notions. As for you," he continued, turning to Lola, "go into the other room, and talk to May. I will settle this affair with your stagey friend." Lola, anxious to avoid a further outbreak, complied. Her father, still fuming with anger, pushed the agent outside, and slammed the door ere he was barely off the step. He returned and threw himself into a chair, to con over this fresh contretemps. Later he relapsed into a sullen silence, and at an early hour retired

to bed, leaving the two girls to console each other.

Larry had not been round that evening, and Lola wondered. But not for long. She was soon occupied in turning over in her mind the day's events. Gradually she was beginning to long for the glare of the foot-lights. She pondered over all she had read in the papers of famous actors and actresses. They were all rich, and had fine clothes and motor cars. Why should she not enjoy the good things the world gave, and revel in luxury? As the evening lengthened her whole being was obsessed by the one desire to go on the stage. She had the agent's card safely in her keeping—she could get him to assist her, which course she knew he would willingly pursue. But another question arose. Had he gone away?

Feverishly she bade May good-night, and made her way to her bedroom — she had come to a decision. She would set out and find the agent early next day before anyone was astir. Hurriedly she packed up a few belongings, wrote a note to her father, and sat down to await the dawn. And what of Larry? He had not come to see her that night. He had sent no message. Besides,

she was not sure she cared so very much. She really could not diagnose her feeling towards him. He was such a staunch friend, a good companion; after that—it mattered little.

The twittering of birds broke in upon her train of thought. They heralded the dawn—the dawn of a new day in her life—the dawn of fame.

CHAPTER II.

"EIGHT years ago," said Lola; "it seems an age, but in reality a short time."
 "Yes, eight years to-night, Lola, since you ran away and joined the operatic profession. It has been a period of constant



Lola.

success for you. Now you are at the zenith of your fame. They rave about you, and honestly they have cause."

Lola was seated with her manager in the most expensive and luxurious hotel in the city. They were just taking dinner. She had voiced her thoughts, as she had done many times, when feeling moody and preoccupied.

Her companion looked at her admiringly. She presented a strikingly handsome appearance contrasted with the multifarious gathering there. She had developed into a beautiful woman. In the whirl of a new life all the old simplicity had vanished. She was reaping to the full her toll of riches. Her salary totalled four figures per week. She had everything money could buy. But she was not content. At the back of her mind lay the old home, May, Larry, and the white-haired choir-master. What had become of them all? She had never written, never troubled to enquire, and to-night was the anniversary of her flight from home. Surely a fitting time to try and see the old folk—a time to go and beg forgiveness for the hurt and anxiety she must have caused. Her father would be angry, but it would soon pass with the joy of seeing his daughter again. May would welcome her, and Larry would be pleased. He was too generous-hearted to say an unkind word. She would take Larry for one of their old-time country rambles, and perhaps—who knew—Larry might still hold her in his high esteem. She suddenly wanted to see them all. She startled her escort with the query—

"Do you think you could spare the time to go down to my old home with me? I want badly to find how they are faring."

"Home?" echoed her manager.

"Yes. I have never written them, and to-night is the anniversary of my flight. I *must* go and see them all."

"Very good. But what about your appearance at the opera to-morrow?"

"We will return in time for that. I feel now that I have acted disgracefully towards my family. It is time for reparation."

"Will you go by motor or train, Lola?"

"Motor, I think. It will be such a surprise for them."

"I will make all arrangements. Now, please, proceed with your dinner. You have barely eaten anything."

"I do not want to eat. The prospect of seeing my father, sister and Larry has taken away all appetite."

"Larry?" queried Field.

"Of course, you don't know Larry. He was my old-time playmate," returned Lola, thoughtfully.

Her manager accepted the information with a frown. He was madly infatuated with Lola, and the possibility of a rival had never troubled him. He must do his utmost to keep them apart. It was too late to dissuade Lola from her purpose. But he would keep a vigilant watch. They concluded their meal, and Lola was escorted to her apartments, where she busied herself far into the night making preparations for her journey. She retired to rest, utterly fatigued. She was early astir the next morning, and was waiting long before Field arrived. When he did she hurried him into the car awaiting them. They set off at a great speed. During the greater part of the journey it seemed to Lola as though they would never arrive. The car was tearing along at a frightful rate, and Field had occasion more than once to countermand her impatient order calling for more speed. Familiar landmarks began to flash by, and at last they slowed down as they entered the narrow village street. Everywhere was just the same. The old humdrum life was still proceeding. Lola recognised a few of the villagers, but they stared vacantly and showed no signs of recognition. She directed the chauffeur to the old homestead, and they stopped before the rickety wooden gate. She sprang out and bade Field wait until she called him. She would surprise them alone.

Hurrying up the path she reached the sun-blistered door, and rapped impatiently upon the panels. With beating heart she listened for the well-known footsteps of her father or sister No answer. She rapped again, louder. Still again, and no reply. Frantically she hammered on the door, but all remained quiet within. She strode to the window. It was shuttered. She walked around the house. All was strangely calm and quiet. Every window was shuttered. In her excitement many things had escaped her notice—the weed-grown path, the darkened, curtainless windows, the dust-laden doorstep. It suddenly came home to her that they had gone. A reasonable explanation considering the lapse of time. She hastened back to Field and acquainted him with the news. Together they tramped through the village and at last interrogated someone, who put them on the right track.

They reached their destination, and again Lola went up to the house alone. In response to her knocking the door was opened, and May confronted her. A gasp of astonishment, and they were clasped to each other. Suddenly May's joy turned to horror. She placed her hand over her sister's mouth and slowly lead her to the garden at the rear. There, seated beneath a tree, was Larry. But what a change had come over him. He now wore darkened spectacles, and held a heavy stick between his knees upon which he rested his arms. He sat motionless, and May, still entreating silence, led the way back to the house. Their footsteps made little sound on the grassy pathway.

"You have seen Larry—seen what is wrong. He sits there all day when it is fine, and never moves. Sometimes I read to him when he is restless."

"May, what is wrong with Larry? What are you hiding from me? Where is dad?" The questions came tumbling from her quivering lips.

"Don't speak a loud, for heaven's sake," gasped May. "I will tell you the whole miserable

story. Sit down, Lola. Don't let him hear us talking—it will ruin everything."

Lola sank wearily into the proffered chair. Her castles in the air had been wrecked. She felt too despondent even to dare hope. May's voice, hushed and strange, came to her.

"When you ran away, Lola, we searched everywhere for you. Father found your note early that morning, soon after you had gone. He couldn't believe the evidence of his eyes. He raved and cursed, and I thought he would have struck me. He sent me one way, while he went another, to search for you. Days passed and no news came. One of the villagers told him he had seen you going away early with a stranger. As time went on he came to believe

this, and poisoned his mind against you. Never a day passed but what he raved about your conduct. I feared for his sanity. Larry had met with a serious accident at the foundry, and never gained consciousness for a long time. He knew nothing about your flight. Then dad died. He was taken ill and died almost immediately."

"Dad—dead!" cried Lola, hoarsely. Her face was drawn and haggard. "God, what have I done?"

"He died still cursing you, Lola. It was the bitterest blow of all. The villagers swore you hastened his end. Nothing they could say was bad enough. All this time, Larry, in his delirium, had called for you. When the danger had passed, and the fever abated, he begged them to bring you to him.

I went to see Larry, and the inspiration came to me. I would tell him all; and, Lola, I always cared for him. I would ask him to marry me. I am not ashamed to confess the fact. You didn't want him; I always did. Larry's accident had left him blind. His sight had been destroyed. That alone decided me on another



A Scene from the Film.

course of action. I went to Larry as—Lola. I nursed him as Lola. He believed it was Lola. Everyone kept up the deception. It saved his life. He grew strong and well. We roamed the countryside together, I as his guide and promised wife. Think of it, Lola. He, affectionate and never tired of praising my self-sacrifice, always believing his Lola was a true, unselfish woman. I, caring and tendering him under your name. We were married, and now have three little ones. He tells them of their mother's worth, her sterling qualities. He named the first after you. He is always talking about Lola—he can never say enough. I was happy for a time, but the consequences of my act of deception assumed a hideous shape. Should you return and meet Larry all would be

exposed. We lived at the old home. I prevailed upon Larry to leave it, and we informed no one where we were going. I wanted to get away from here to feel more secure. Larry did not want to go. We took this cottage, and soon our neighbours found us out. I could only go on hoping you would never return. Larry had a considerable sum of money from the foundry. We are provided for during life. Now you have returned you want Larry! He is yours, but you didn't care. You must go away, Lola, for his sake and the children's. The revelation of my duplicity would kill him. You won't see him, won't tell him? Lola, for the love of pity, go away. He may come in any moment now."

May, with tears streaming down her wan face, pleaded piteously. She clung in a frenzy of wild despair to Lola. Every minute now was fraught with danger. Half leading, half dragging, she got Lola to the front door.

Lola was too stunned, too broken-hearted for speech. She realised the necessity of going out of Larry's life for ever. No sacrifice was too great to repair the past. As they stood in final farewell, a childish voice broke in upon them. A dainty vision of frocks and curls bounded out and clung to May's skirt. This was the last straw. Lola could stand no more. Sobbing quietly, she crushed May to her, kissed the wondering face of the little one, and was gone to join the curious and patiently waiting Field.

Not a moment too soon. Larry came to the door and the tapping of his stick aroused May.

"I thought I heard voices, Lola," he said.

"You did, Larry. Mine—and Lola's," she answered, quickly.

"Come here, little Lola" said Larry,

holding out his arms, and Lola bounded into them and nestled close to her father.

Gently May led him indoors. She sighed heavily as she prepared the evening meal. Towards night she brightened perceptibly, and the horror of the situation gradually faded away. She sought the sweet content of her home that had long been trembling in the balance.

Lola stepped wearily into the waiting car, tear-stained and downcast. Field made no remark. He respected her mute appeal. All through the journey she maintained a grave silence. She knew now that the glamour and popularity of the stage was nought to her. May was far happier in the man she loved and her children. Shuddering sobs shook her frame, but she bravely stifled the hysterical outburst welling up within her. Her face set hard and stern. She gradually steeled herself to composure to meet the ordeal of the night's entertainment. She felt an arm slowly encompass her and grasp her firmly. No word was spoken. She understood that dumb sympathy. Slowly she bent her head until it rested on Field's shoulder. She was spent with the day's ordeal. She rested there, glad for the respite from care. Field smiled sympathetically. His whole being went out to the woman beside him. He would shepherd her through life, and share the burden of all troubles to come. It was a transformed Lola that awoke some time later. Sorrow had vanished—the rest had done its work. She smiled pitifully up into Field's enquiring face.

"It is all over," she whispered. He little guessed the world of meaning underlying that simple expression as he caught her to him.

THEY were touring in the extreme West of Ireland with a cinematograph show, and had covered the small corrugated iron hall they had rented with posters, reading "Come and see Zigomar to-night, 3,500 feet long." The inhabitants of the town being under the impression it was a circus, turned up at the appointed time, but not a soul would plank down his money and enter the building. Upon the proprietor enquiring the reason for this conduct, he received the following reply: "We can see more of the Zigomar outside than we can inside, because you can't get an animal 3,500 feet long in that hut."

"TAMMANY" YOUNG, who has been making a hit in the "Bill" series of Komic films released by Western Import, had a rather inconvenient compliment paid to his make-up as the office boy the other day. He went into a shop in Santa Monica to buy some tobacco, and the clerk refused to serve him, sternly declaring that no tobacco would be sold to a minor. "Tammany" retreated in a rage. A short time later he returned with Ed. Dillon, the Komic director, who with some difficulty persuaded the clerk that Young had actually reached the years of "indiscretion" and was entitled to his smoke.

The Potter and the Clay.

*From the KALEM Two-Act Photoplay by Mrs. Owen Bronson.
Adapted by Owen Garth.*

The story of a wronged woman who spends her life working a scheme to injure her betrayer through his daughter. She succeeds, but her own child turns from her to protect the other, and the man and his prey are left alone in the world to suffer in solitude for their wrong.

		Cast :		
Bertram Trent, a Man of Wealth	DOUGLAS GERRARDE
René, his Wife	OLLIE KIRKE
Dorothy, their daughter	CLEO RIDGELEY
Rose Masters	MARIN SAIS
Lillian, her daughter...	ELSIE MAISON
Gates, a gambler	THOMAS LINGHAM

CHAPTER I.



BERTRAM TRENT pursed up his thin lips in anger, and worrying furrows deepened his brow. The letter he had just received told an awkward tale, not in so many words,

but he knew what it meant. He had awaited it, but the blow was none the less staggering, though foreseen. It roused the bad in the man, and stung the more because it was the result of his own dishonourable conduct.

"Come to me at once. I must see you. Lovingly, Rose." That was all the note contained, but Trent realised that if the story behind those words was ever disclosed his career and social life would be wrecked, and his chance of marrying René Milford would be ruined.

For some time, as he sat by the fire in his study, the man gazed viciously into space, revolving in his mind some plan for avoiding his responsibility as an honourable man. He was doubtful if money, of which he had plenty, would be of use in this case. Rose Masters was by no means of the common class, and would spurn the offer of gold for silence.

He had wooed her, the beautiful orphan,

and with his cajolery and presents won her affection. She had trusted him and expected marriage. Trent's intentions, however, were base. Marriage with Rose was impossible he had decided; it was still more out of the question now that the baby was born, and since René Milford had come into his life.

Gold, he concluded, after all was the only medium with which to extricate himself from the net, and it was with an air of determination that he called his man to bring his hat and stick and prepared to visit the girl he had deceived.

Rose Masters, pale and distracted, awaited Trent in a fever of expectation. His tardiness in visiting her forebode evil; she feared he would be angry; that he might, for all his smooth words and protestations of love, refuse to marry her and save her honour. Well brought up and highly intelligent, she felt her position acutely. Already she saw the backs of those people she had mingled with in society turned on her. She had heard the sneers of others, no more worthy than herself perhaps, yet vouched for by the marriage certificate; and the visions conjured up in her doubt and fear disheartened her. She was despondent and on the verge of nervous hysterics when her lover was announced.



"A touch of the gambling fever attacked her."

She dashed out to meet him, crying as she flung her arms round his neck. "Bertram, oh Bertram, I'm glad you have come. I have wanted you so. I am so downhearted."

But Trent did not respond to her caresses. His face was hard set as he removed the arms which twined round his neck, and thrust the girl aside.

"No nonsense, please. I have not come for that," he said, coldly.

Rose shrank back, her fears loomed up in a host of terrible figures.

"But, Bertram, our baby——!" was all she could utter, as her tongue clave to the roof of her mouth. "Our baby, Bertram!"

"Your baby—that is what I have come about," he returned, turning on the stricken, trembling girl, and suggesting in his voice that he was not responsible for her faults.

For a moment she stared, only half-comprehending. Then with a cry she dashed to the babe's cot, took the wee occupant in her arms, and carried it to its father.

Trent gazed just a moment at the bundle in Rose's outstretched arms, but only a moment. With a gesture of disgust he waved it away.

"Let's come to business now, I have no time for sentiment," he said, drawing out his cheque book.

"Business! What business have we—are you not going to marry me?" cried Rose, half realising what he meant.

"Of course, you know as well as I do that it is impossible for us to marry. Why do you ask such silly questions?"

"But you promised," whispered the poor

girl, in tones of great agony.

"I promised nothing. But I do not intend to leave you helpless in your trouble," said Trent, in a tone of mock benevolence. "I shall make out a cheque now which will provide for you in the immediate future."

"I want honour—my honour, not dishonourable money," hurled Rose in his teeth, drawing to her full height and throwing the creature before her a look of unutterable scorn and disgust. "I want your name for my child—your child. Of your money I want not a penny." Then, distracted, she broke down; and placing her arms round the man pleaded with him, asked him to

marry her for her child's sake—to be honourable and take her burden honourably on his shoulders.

Trent was adamant. Shaking himself free, he placed the cheque before the mother of his child and fled from the house.

Rose mechanically took the scrap of paper, the price of her respectability, and with breaking heart and eyes that burned but could not cry, she tore it slowly in shreds and let the pieces flutter to the floor.

* * *

Bertram Trent imagined he had paid his debt with his cheque. He made the mistake others have made. He ignored the fact that in her love Rose Masters had sacrificed everything for him, and that in the violent reversion of love to hate, which is natural in such natures as that of Rose, she would sacrifice him, his honour, and everything should she get the opportunity. He went his way as if the path was clear, and he paid assiduous court to René Milford. In a few weeks he had won her, and the society engagement was blazed abroad in the newspapers.

Rose Masters came down languidly to breakfast and picked up the morning paper by force of habit. As she sipped the coffee her eyes roamed up and down the columns until arrested by a note which caused a sudden stab at her heart and overwhelmed her with pain. For a moment she refused to believe, but a second look convinced her she was not suffering from any delusion. There it stood in cold print: the announcement of the coming marriage of Bertram

Trent and René Milford. If she had been silent, harbouring the notion that Trent would return to her, she now realised he had shaken her off for ever; he had thought, like the cur he was, that his cheque had settled all accounts, and she could live down her shame as best she could. Waves of passionate emotion swept over her—shame, anger, hatred, then again shame. She determined on one more attempt to win recognition and recover her honour, and there and then she wrote her lover a note—appealing, compelling words which came from a wrong heart.

The pathetic urgent message from the woman he had wronged brought Trent round in a fever of fear, yet he came prepared. With him he carried an agreement, which, if Rose signed, would relieve him of all anxiety in the future. He entered the room where she was, violently ignoring her appeal to his better nature.

"I have come for business, not for sentimental reasons," he said brusquely. The taunt stung the woman, who was clinging desperately to a last thin hope.

"But your engagement, Bertram, your engagement to Miss Milford," cried Rose, terrified; "tell me it is not true; that you love me still and will marry me?"

"I thought we had done with such nonsense at our last meeting. I cannot marry you."

"Bertram, for the child's sake," she implored, tears, hot stinging tears overflowing down her blanched cheeks.

"At our last meeting I gave you a cheque

for the inconvenience you had been put to." The man was brutal in his words, but he felt like one lashed with the knout.

"Did you imagine I should accept that? I tore it up. Did you think money could buy my honour?"

"It is no time for heroics. I have a proposition to put before you. It will save trouble and in time heal wounds." He took a document from his pocket and laid it on the table. "Sign that," he said, pointing to the paper, "and your child's future and yours will be assured; if you will not, well——!" He gave a shrug of the shoulders which suggested a good deal, and Rose saw that he had decided definitely, that he was immovable and callous. To appeal to him further would be useless. Dumb with pain she sank down in a chair beside the table.

For a moment she looked at the man, the cause of all her trouble. He turned his shamed face, and she took up the paper and put her name at the foot, realising not what it meant, but that it had to be for the sake of the nameless little thing in the cot.

But she had not done with Bertram Trent. Quick as a flash she dashed to the cot, and seizing the baby she came and held it before the father, saying:

"Through your child I shall have vengeance, even if I must wait till I am an old woman. You go now, you think, free, but I swear I will dog you and I will strike you down through your child in the end."

The words had the fervour of a prophecy, and Bertram Trent shrank before the scorn of the woman. Grabbing the paper which lay signed on the table, he turned, unable to utter a word in defence, and fled.

CHAPTER II.

BERTRAM TRENT had been married twenty years, but he was a grey-haired widower now. Sorrow had come heavily on him. When he married René Milford he spent a short while of bliss; then death came, with life. Little Dorothy was born, but her mother died, and a grief-stricken man was left alone in the world with a wee morsel of humanity and a broken heart.

Dorothy grew up a beautiful girl, charming in many ways. To a great extent she filled in Trent's life the void caused by his wife's death. The



"He pushed her aside."

outer world saw less and less of him, all his care and devotion being centred on his child.

At the age of eighteen—she had, as a matter of fact, passed her eighteenth birthday—Trent took her into society, and for her sake went once more into the world he had neglected. But he soon wearied of society frivolities, such as a young girl delights in, and left her pretty much to herself.

Twenty years had not made so much difference in Rose Masters. A little fuller, more stately, and even handsomer, she had, somehow, by her forceful character, maintained a sort of footing on the edge of society. She was even welcomed amongst a certain set, known to go the pace a little.

Her daughter, Lillian, she had placed out of harm's way. The sisters at the convent watched her development. The sanctity of the church had its effect on the child, and in budding womanhood she was singularly sympathetic, with the wonderful beauty of simplicity.

Rose Masters had not forgotten her vow. Year in, year out, she had watched, but unseen, till Trent had forgotten her existence, certainly forgotten the threat. This made the plans which quickly took form in Rose's head when she witnessed the entry into society of Dorothy easier of execution.

She took an old gambling friend partly into her confidence, and with his aid weaved the net which was to wreck Trent.

By some means she obtained an introduction to light-hearted, impressionable Dorothy, and flattered her into friendship. Then she made preparations to strike.

The season was dragging a little. The ceaseless round of parties and dances was beginning to pall. A restaurant affair had been arranged by a society dame as a novelty, but before the evening was through the mediocre music and the senseless chatter fell very flat, and the guests were ready for any diversion.

Dorothy Trent was present, richly gowned as she usually was. Rose Masters had come also with her escort, and the three had drawn together round a table, bored by the monotony.

"Oh, I wish something would happen to liven matters," exclaimed Dorothy, petulantly. "I am heartily sick of parties; the season is so dull."

"I feel just as you do," replied Rose, nudging her friend.

"Who wouldn't get bored?" put in the

man, wearily. "For myself, I intend to turn round to Simonelli's a little later. I have some interesting people going round to-night, and I promised to put in an hour with them."

"Simonelli's—where is that? The name sounds attractive," cried Dorothy.

"Why, haven't you been there yet?" returned Rose, with an air of apparent surprise. "If you have not been there, make up your mind and pay a visit when you can. It is most interesting."

"Certainly a change for the better after this," said the friend.

"When are you going?" queried Rose. "I should like to go round for an hour, if you will take me."

"With pleasure—and Miss Trent, if she would care to accompany you, I'm sure she would enjoy the change."

"I should like to, but—I don't know about Pa," answered Dorothy.

"Oh, your father wouldn't mind. The best known people go there for amusement," replied Rose. "If you would care to come, I promise to take care of you."

"Do you think I might go?"

"Why, certainly. Why not?"

"Will you take me under your wing?"

"That's settled, then; we'll go now," put in the friend, winking to Rose, who returned a knowing smile, and moved from the table.

Simonelli's was a fashionable gambling resort, under the cover of a club, where society met. Dorothy evinced some surprise when she was led into the roulette room, carefully divided off from the rest of the premises, which formed to all appearances a comfortable high-tone club. But surprise gave way to interest, and like all young novices she felt a desire to risk small sums. A touch of the gambling fever attacked her, yet she drew back, somewhat fearful of the new experience. It was a decided change, this excitement, from the dull party left behind at the restaurant, yet the question as to whether she had done right in coming there disturbed her. Rose and her companion hastened to reassure the unsophisticated girl, and after some encouragement she took the first plunge—and won.

"I've won, haven't I? How much?" cried Dorothy, elated.

"Five pounds," replied Rose Masters' escort.

"You are lucky," exclaimed Rose, beaming. "Try again. Novices always win."

Dorothy played again and lost. She made a little *moué* and placed some more money on the table. Luck held with her again and she turned with joy to Rose Masters, but she had disappeared. She had made her opportunity after years of waiting, and now it was within her power to strike Bertram Trent through his daughter she was prepared to do so, no matter who suffered.

When Dorothy had turned to the table the second time Rose Masters stole out of the room and to the telephone box. With haste she called up the nearest police station, and laid information which set the police on the tracks of the gambling haunt. What did she care, at the moment, for the numbers of society people at the club who would be ruined by the exposure. Her sole idea was to strike Trent, her betrayer, and she was blind to all else. Her treachery accomplished, the vengeful woman slunk out of the building and left her late companions to the fate she had brought upon them.

When Dorothy found Rose missing she turned to the table again, encouraged by a smile from the man who had accompanied the pair. She had just staked her money when a loud knock came at the door, and the cry which sent a chill through everyone present.

"Open, in the name of the law!"

The door opened and several policemen entered. The crowd of well-dressed ladies and gentlemen shrank back in dismay, and Dorothy, an awful fear seizing her at the sight of the constables, endeavoured to sneak into a corner of the room out of sight. But she was held back by one of the policemen, who came over to her and asked her name and address.

With quavering voice she gave the particulars, and then burst into bitter tears, begging her captor to let her escape.

"Can't be done, Miss," replied the burly fellow, with a touch of jocularism. "You came here on your own responsibility, and you must take the consequences."

"But I was brought here without knowing—for the first time," she pleaded.

"That's a tale for the magistrate," answered the constable, and left her to her fears.

* * *

Bertram Trent got up from his breakfast intending to telephone the friends Dorothy had visited the previous night, imagining the

party had broken up late and she had stayed with them the night.

A knock came at the door, and almost immediately the maid entered, followed by a police officer and Dorothy.

"Bertram Trent, sir?" queried the officer. "I have brought your daughter Dorothy home to verify the name and address given."

"What! What do you mean? Verify name and address. What has happened?" asked Trent, dignified.

"Well, sir, we raided Simonelli's late last night, and amongst the people there was your daughter."

"My daughter—at Simonelli's! There must be some mistake."

"No mistake, sir, I have brought her from there. They were all detained and interrogated while their addresses were verified. Secret gambling den, that place, and there'll be some excitement about it."

"Papa! I was taken there without knowing. Miss Masters took me. I did not know it was a wrong place to go to," cried Dorothy, rushing to embrace her father.

He pushed her aside, muttering "Miss Masters. Rose Masters, at last."

He drew himself up as if recovering from a blow.

"All right, officer. You may go now."

"Right, sir."

The constable had hardly withdrawn when other visitors were announced—Rose Masters and her daughter.

Trent shook like an aspen leaf as the woman's vow came back to him after many years.

Flinging off Dorothy, he advanced towards Rose, but halted under the fire of her eyes.

"Bertram Trent," she cried, pointing an accusing finger at him, "I said I would have revenge even if I waited till the end of my life. I have had it. You are ruined. You will no longer lift up your head proudly after this night's work."

Trent was too beaten to answer.

"Will you recognise your daughter now?" continued Rose, triumphantly, bringing forward Lillian.

"I will recognise no one. Your daughter I do not know," screamed Trent, in a rage. "My daughter I have finished with. She no longer belongs to my house."

Lillian, frightened by these passionate outcries and scarcely comprehending, went

over to her stricken half-sister and tried to comfort her. Her heart went out to Dorothy, and in her simple faith she sought to soothe her.

Lillian's mother endeavoured to draw her child away. She had gained the day and was satisfied to leave it at that. Trent was crushed, that was all she cared.

But Lillian refused to leave her half-sister. The pair resisted every effort to

part them. And they went out together—to the convent.

* * *

Before many days had passed the two girls, bereft of parents, entered the church, giving their lives over to good works.

Rose Masters and Trent drifted apart again. There could be no reconciliation. And two blighted lives ended their days in misery and solitude.

ONE of the most unique, spontaneous and pleasing demonstrations ever accorded a screen favourite was extended to MARY PICKFORD, the Famous Players' popular star, when Millard Johnson, of the Australasian Film Company, representing the exhibitors and public of Australia, brought her an immense silver loving cup and a big album of autographs from her admirers across the Pacific, as a mark of appreciation of her splendid art.

Mr. and Mrs. Johnson arrived at the American studios of the Famous Players with the rare gifts while Miss Pickford was rehearsing a scene from "The Stepsister," one of her forthcoming releases; and Daniel Frohman, representing the Company, stepped upon the stage and stopped the scene, to the surprise of star, director, and cast, while he ushered on the representatives of the thousands of donors who had contributed to the fund with which the loving cup was purchased.

Mr. Johnson announced his mission, and explained that the idea of tendering Miss Pickford this unusual tribute emanated from the Greater J. D. Williams Amusement Company, on the occasion of the star's triumph in "Tess of the Storm Country," and met with a general response from the Australian public.

Attached to the album is the great seal of the City of Sydney, which has never before been attached to any but official documents. The album also contains the official signature of the Lord Mayor of Sydney, and the official attestation of the Town Clerk. The official signatures of these officers have never before been granted for any purpose of this kind. The signatures in the album are each and every one the bona-fide autographs of "Little Mary's" admirers, who voluntarily placed them there as a tribute to her art and popularity.

The loving cup was purchased with 13,651½ Australian pennies, each one of which was voluntarily dropped into glass jars placed in the lobby of the Crystal Palace for this purpose. The crest engraved on the cup is that of the City of Sydney, the first time in the history of that municipality that the official coat-of-arms have

been engraved on a loving cup tendered as a demonstration of appreciation to the fame and popularity of an actress.

The presentation of these gifts is all the more remarkable because the object of the tribute was ten thousand miles away at the time.

Mr. Johnson remarked that when one stopped to think that thirteen thousand odd persons who walked up to the desk in front of the Crystal Palace lobby to sign the album did so because they felt they were expressing directly to Miss Pickford their warm-hearted admiration, one would realise the millions of friends she had made throughout the wide world by expressing to them, in the silent language of the screen, her universal message.

Miss Pickford accepted the gifts and Mr. Johnson's speech of presentation in a very serious manner. For a few minutes she struggled between smiles and tears, and then, her face alight with happiness and gratitude, addressed Mr. Johnson: "Through you," she said, "I thank Australia for making me the happiest girl in America."

A motion picture was taken of Mr. Johnson's presentation and Miss Mary Pickford's acceptance of the cup and album, which will be sent to Australia, so that the donors of the gifts can see the scene enacted ten thousand miles away from the source of its origin.

On the cover of the album are impressed the lines, "The Roll to Honour Our Little Mary Pickford—a Tribute from Australia," and on the fly-leaf appears the following: "Art is universal, human sympathy international, genius the property of the world. Your 'Tess,' Mary, is ours. She will live long in our hearts—we love you for her."

"Tess of the Storm Country," the production that evoked this unprecedented tribute, was produced by Edwin S. Porter, and termed by trade critics in this country Miss Pickford's greatest triumph, creating an artistic sensation throughout the world. Though the subject is purely American in spirit and sentiment, the characterisation was so faithful to life as to extend its appeal to distant countries and peoples.

The One who Loved him Best.

From the EDISON Film Drama by Richard Ridgely.

Adapted by Edouard.

A modern tale of Cinderella and her sister, in which an old man learns of his mistake when death creeps over him. It is too late to repair the wrong he has done in his will, but by strange fate Cinderella comes to benefit through her sister's contemptuous action, and two people are saved just as their despair is almost beyond endurance.

Cast :

Colin Keen, the lighthouse-keeper	BIGELOW COOPER
Florence, his elder daughter	MARJORIE ELLISON
Julia, his younger daughter	MABEL TRUNNELLE
Derrick Webb, a young fisherman	HERBERT PRIOR



NE would scarcely have believed them sisters, yet Florence and Julia were children of the same mother and father.

Years ago their mother had died, and since then they had lived a solitary life with Colin Keen, the bluff old lighthouse-keeper, their father, in the little cottage on the top of the cliffs, near by the lighthouse which warned sailors of the perilous rocks which jutted out into the bay from its base.

The girls were now grown up. Florence at twenty-four was a beauty; rather tall, with masses of brown hair, an upright figure, with stately carriage, she attracted attention. She liked dress and took special pride in her appearance, nor did she mind if her younger sister slaved all day amidst the house work, if but she could play lady according to her ideas. Florence's nature was not at once obvious, for she had a charm of manner which deceived all, even her father. As she liked flattery and attention, so she could flatter and cajole to any extent. Julia, the younger, now twenty-one years, was the drudge, the Cinderella whom no one realised. The beautiful dresses of her sister were unknown to her wardrobe, which consisted chiefly of working clothes, and one dress known as her Sunday best. She was

pretty, but her prettiness was too often obliterated by the dirt of cleaning up and the meanness of her dress. A sensitive little creature, neat and orderly—when work was over—with a plump figure and rosy, earnest features, she kept herself in the background, and allowed Florence to take to herself all the good things of life which came their way, even the man she loved.

A rippling breeze and a glorious sun made the bay a wonderful place on a certain summer's day when old Colin Keen came toddling down from the lighthouse to the cottage where his two girls waited for him. Tea was ready when he lumbered into the kitchen in his sea boots and sat down to the table. Julia set the tea for him while Florence hung round the old chap with all show of affection.

"I've been a-thinkin'," said Colin suddenly, as he put sugar in his tea, "which of you two gals loves me best. Course you both love your old father, but which of you would do most for me?"

"Oh, daddy, you know I would do anything for you," exclaimed Flo, throwing her arms round his neck. "I love you so much I would do anything in the world."

"Yes, I know you love me, gal; and you, Julia," turning to the younger, who had



“They had lived a solitary life with Colin Keen.”

made no sign, “do you love me too?”

“Yes, daddy; I love you also,” she said simply, and turned to take care of her work.

“Daddy, I love you better than anyone else in the whole world,” said Flo again, as she kissed the old man; “no one could love you better than I do.”

“Umph,” grunted the old man as he pulled out his pipe. He said no more, but a few days later when he decided to make a will he left all his money and goods to Florence, stating in the document that he felt sure she would always take care of her sister.

For old Colin had money hid away—money he had made out of his successful little fishing business which he carried on apart from attending the lighthouse. No one knew the hiding place, though Julia near stumbled on it one day. It was not in the bank—Colin had a fear of banks breaking, and his house was safe enough.

* * *

There had been several days of sunshine, breeze there was none, and no fish were to be caught, so the fishermen said. It was an idle day at Lysle; the boats were all beached and the men were enjoying a holiday. Up the winding path which led to Colin Keen’s cottage a stalwart figure trudged, sharply outlined on the edge of the cliff. He seemed a tremendous fellow and he swung along

powerfully. This was Derrick Webb, commander of old Colin’s little fleet of fishing boats, and he was off now ostensibly to see his employer, but really to see Florence, to whom he had lost his heart.

A cry of greeting came from the door of the cottage, and looking up he saw Florence waving her handkerchief in welcome. Julia was inside. Just for a moment she felt a pang of jealousy, for she

knew it was Derrick coming, and she imagined he felt some affection for her. Yet now Flo would greet him and answer his cheery cry, while she, on account of her untidiness, must hide herself.

As a matter of fact Julia had made a mistake. Derrick entertained no thought of her except as his sweetheart’s sister, and as such he paid her little attentions and was always courteous to her. This attitude Julia had misconstrued, but she was to be disillusioned, and that afternoon.

“Hullo!” shouted Derrick as his head appeared over a dip in the pathway and he stepped on to the plateau on which the cottage stood.

“Hullo!” shouted Flo in return. “I’m glad you’ve come, Derrick. I’m dying of this solitude.”

“What! you tire of this?” sweeping his arm in the direction of the cliffs and sea. “I could stand and gaze at this beauty all day.”

“Yes, perhaps for one day, but you would tire of it day after day when you are entirely alone,” responded Flo demurely, at the same time archly searching Derrick’s face.

“But why should you remain alone, Flo? Surely you—that is——”

She had led him where she wanted, and he had unwittingly taken the cue.

"You mean I might marry and enjoy the prospect with someone else! Yes, I might, if the right man came along."

Derrick was blushing, blushing furiously beneath the tan, and when he spoke again there was a dry intensesness in his voice.

"If I could be the right man, Flo, I should be happy anywhere with you. Flo—will you marry me?"

A listener did not hear the answer. Julia did not wait for her sister's reply. She only saw from the inside room Flo's head sink upon the fisherman's shoulder, and she imagined her heart had broken. She had treasured Derrick in her heart, and had hoped that one day he might have said the same words to her. Now her ideals were shattered. She had heard him asking her sister to marry him. He was lost to her; the only ray of joy in her life died out, and she wept.

After a time she dried her tears, and when the young couple came into the house she listened to the story they told her stoically; she even congratulated them and wished them luck, but there was no enthusiasm in her voice and no smile on her face. Derrick noticed this and wondered.

Several times after Derrick noticed a wistful look in Julia's eyes when he met her as he came after her sister, and he commenced to take a deep interest in the little Cinderella. He

began to compare the two girls, and though it could be scarcely said he wavered in his allegiance to Flo, yet he came to admire the devotion of the younger, her reserve and her patient endurance; he wondered she did not revolt against the unfairness she suffered, and the butterfly nature of Flo began to become slowly apparent.

An unhappy accident to old Colin brought out the true character

of the elder girl and caused a cleavage between the two lovers.

Colin—his work, polishing and preparing the lantern accomplished early—took a stroll down the cliff path, descending on to the beach over a steep part of the rocks by a rough hewn causeway sometimes used by the seamen. For an old man like Colin this was an undertaking. He managed to negotiate it, not so easily as in his younger days, but with difficulty, and he had gone but a few yards along the beach when a stroke of apoplexy overtook him and he tumbled to the ground as one dead.

Flo, who had watched his going, ran to his assistance, but when she reached his side his appearance was so much like death that an involuntary exclamation escaped her lips as she rose from her knees:

"Now I shall have all the money to do as I like."

But the old man was not dead. In fact the fit was passing, and his senses, though not the power of his limbs, had returned to him as Flo spoke her thoughts.

"You—you—!" Colin struggled to speak, but the effort was too much for him, and he sank back to the sands. Flo, dismayed, screamed for help, bringing quickly Derrick, who was paying his usual visit.

With their aid Colin Keen was carried to his home and placed comfortably in his



"Old Colin had money hid away."



“ ‘ You—you— ! ’ Colin struggled to speak, but the effort was too much for him.”

favourite armchair to regain his breath.

For some minutes he fixed Flo in a stare of disgust, never speaking. She attempted to caress him in her usual fashion, but he repulsed her roughly. Then his eyes fell on Julia. She was endeavouring to make her father cosy, and her every movement revealed evident concern. Colin’s stern look melted as he watched her, and as she knelt beside him he stroked her hair, while Flo shrank back behind him, out of range of his look.

“Give me pen and paper,” cried the old man, straightening himself with an effort.

They were placed before him and he determinedly took the pen in his fingers to write.

“I will——,” he gave a groan and the pen slipped from his fingers to the floor. Colin Keen sank back into his chair and breathed his last breath before he could accomplish that which was in his heart to do.

The three present divined what he had intended writing, but it was too late now. Colin Keen was dead; his elder daughter would inherit whatever he left according to the old will—but against the dead man’s desire.

* * *

Colin Keen, the lighthouse keeper, had been carried to his last resting place. The lawyer had been at the cottage and had read the will to the bereaved daughters and friends and had now departed. Only Flo, Julia and Derrick remained.

For a time they sat in silence, which Florence broke, jumping up suddenly, and exclaiming in a harsh tone:

“Julia! you must look round for work, and the sooner you find it the better.”

“But, Flo, you will let Julia stay here with you, surely?” put in Derrick, amazed at the outburst.

“The house, the money, and the business has been left to me, not to Julia,” said Florence sarcastically.

“You don’t mean to turn me out?” queried Julia nervously.

“Well, you needn’t think I’m going to keep you, because I’m not,” came the cruel reply.

“Flo!” Derrick had jumped to his feet aghast. “Flo, you cannot mean what you say. Your father made it clear that he left you the money on the understanding you cared for your sister’s welfare. Besides, I’m sure he meant to alter the will before he died.”

"Perhaps he did, but there is nothing emphatic in the will—and I won't keep her, there." Flo's voice rose angrily.

"Don't trouble about me, Derrick," said Julia, turning wearily to the fisherman. "I do not ask charity, and I am sure I can find work and keep myself."

"But it is unfair, monstrously unfair. Your father——"

Julia stopped him. "Never mind, I should prefer to earn my living," she said quietly, though tears appeared in her eyes.

"I shall not trouble you, Flo"—she turned to her sister with a sad smile; "but will you give me something—something that Dad used, just in remembrance of him?"

"You can have that," replied the elder sister, vehemently pushing an old upholstered chair towards Julia, the chair which old Colin Keen had used every day for many, many years.

"Thank you. I will just collect my things together and then I will look for a place in the village," said the younger girl, going towards the door.

She had barely disappeared when Derrick turned fiercely on his sweetheart.

"Flo, you have shown a side of your

nature to-day which I would not have credited," he cried. "I must ask you to consider our engagement at an end. I cannot marry you."

"But your promise, Derrick!" said Flo, a little afraid. "You will not break that for a chit of a girl like Julia?"

"Better break a promise than spoil my life. And as for Julia I will marry her and care for her if she will have me."

"You will repent it!" cried Flo, thoroughly alarmed and furious.

"Perhaps, but I shall never marry you, and I regret ever having been deceived by your graces. Good bye."

Derrick slung out of the cottage, and catching sight of Julia outside hurried towards her.

"Julia!" he said softly, as he reached her side and noticed her sobbing, "don't cry, dear. Marry me, Julia. I have learned to love you, though I have only realised it in the last few days. Marry me, dear, and make me happy, and I shall try to bring happiness to you also. Can you love me, Julia?"

"Oh, Derrick, I have always loved you, and your engagement to Flo almost broke my heart," sobbed the wretched little Cinderella.



"'I will——,' he gave a groan, and the pen slipped from his fingers to the floor."

"I thought you despised me because I was the drudge—and—I love you so, Derrick, I would marry you—but Flo?"

"I have finished with Flo; our engagement is broken. After to-day I could not go on with it, because I love you and want to take care of you."

What need to pry into lovers' secrets further. In a few weeks Derrick and Julia were man and wife. They had a simple little cottage in the village. Derrick still controlled the fishing fleet of which Florence was now the proprietress, and he was happy in his work and young wife. To Flo's hints and threats he turned a deaf ear. She made efforts still to win back his affection, but all in vain—all the love that Derrick held was bestowed on Julia.

The days passed in simple pleasure and joy. The happiness of the pair rankled in Flo's heart. She determined on one great throw, and she selected a moment when she could catch Derrick alone and out of sight of his wife.

She came upon him one day working alone at the boats.

"Good-day, Derrick! Getting ready to put out?"

"Good-day, Flo! Yes; I'm just seeing everything is ship-shape."

"And Julia—how is she, Derrick?"

"Blythe and bonny as can be; as happy

as a lark about the house, and always working as usual."

"Yes; she always was a drudge." Flo spoke with a sneer which stung the young husband to the quick. "Are you not tired yet, Derrick?"

"I don't know what you mean about being tired, but I should prefer, if you cannot speak respectfully about my wife, that you do not speak of her at all," he answered testily.

"Don't get angry, there is no need for that. I wonder if you would have stood up for me in the same way, at one time, Derrick?"

"At one time, yes, but that is not now."

"You mean——"

"That all my affection for you is dead, Flo, and nothing will bring it back."

Flo went white to the lips in anger—she had not anticipated such a direct cut.

"You are insolent," she cried. "I came to make friends with you, and in your swollen-headed opinion of that chit you turn on me. I warn you not to carry it too far."

"I shall carry it just as far as I think necessary to defend my wife from your insults."

"You reject my advances for your friendship?"

"Absolutely."

"Then leave the boats. Go to your miserable wife and ask her for support. You are discharged; and you may starve

before I shall lift a finger to aid you or her."

"Very well—I doubt that we shall ask you for help," responded Derrick, putting on his coat. "I suppose you decided on this action previously."

"You are dismissed. I will not have you in my service. That is sufficient for you."

Derrick did not deign to speak again, but turned towards his home. Discharge meant a deal to him—to whom else could he turn for work?



"'You don't mean to turn me out?' queried Julia, nervously."

Still he could not listen to Flo's words without uttering a protest, and perhaps—who knew—the fates might care for him. Something would turn up.

* * *

Misfortune had laid a heavy hand on Derrick and Julia. Gradually their little savings were eaten up and a blank wall rose up against them. Derrick could obtain no work. No one would engage him. Flo had seen to that. With their last penny

spent, Julia determined to pocket her pride and apply to her sister for help, but she met with a rebuff, and dragged her weary body home to the almost empty cottage, broken in spirit.

Derrick awaited her.

"What luck, dear?"

"None, Derrick. Flo refused to listen to me. She is adamant." Julia spoke hopelessly.

They both sat silent for a time, too broken to speak. After a while Julia felt a weird, uncanny feeling come over her. She looked about the room, but nothing met her gaze apart from the well-known bits of furniture which remained. It seemed to her that some unseen being was trying to attract her attention—some influence making itself felt. She could not shake it off.

Suddenly the blind at the window fell down and Julia sprang to her feet in fright.

"What's the matter, girl?" said Derrick, turning to her.

"I don't know quite, dear; something strange seems to have taken hold of me. I felt there was someone else in the room, and when the blind fell it frightened me."

"This trouble has upset your nerves. Don't worry, dear," said Derrick, putting his arm around his wife; "there must be an end to this." He kissed her gently.

"You must put the blind back, Derrick," she said smilingly.

"All right, lass, in half a shake. Here,



"'Notes,' he cried. 'Money, Julia!'"

let me have the old chair to stand on."

He swung the chair round and put his foot against the back to push it towards the window.

"Scr—r." His foot went through the old upholstery.

"Oh, Derrick, you have torn it," cried Julia.

"It seems like it, doesn't it? Why, what's this? Notes, as I'm a sailor lad! Notes, Julia. Hurrah!"

Derrick picked up a small roll of notes which had fallen out of the back of the chair and waved them in the air.

"Notes," he cried. "Money, Julia!"

"They must have been hidden there by Daddy," said Julia in a flurry. "See if there are any more."

True enough Derrick found another roll, sufficient to make him jump for glee. It was a very nice wad the old man had hidden.

For a moment Derrick danced round the room for joy, then he gathered up Julia in his arms and planted kiss after kiss on the pale face that smiled through the tears

* * *

There was enough in the treasure trove to set Derrick up for himself. He bought a little smack, and luck turned to him again. Time saw the hard-trying pair happy and prosperous, and Mrs. Webb is never tired of telling how old Colin Keen came to repair the wrong done by his will.

The Unwelcome Mrs. Hatch.

Adapted from the FAMOUS PLAYERS Film by Wm. Orchard.

Marian Lorimer palls upon her coarse-natured husband, and he turns to the waiting arms of Madge Creighton. A baby girl comes to the Lorimers, and for a time unites husband and wife more closely, but soon Lorimer becomes again more entangled with the other woman. Jealous and angry, Marian listens to the false counsel of her husband's trusted friend, and consents to elope, telling Lorimer in a note that she has gone. At the gate Marian turns back, but Lorimer has already read the message and refuses to admit her. On the strength of the fatal note, Lorimer obtains a divorce, with the custody of the child, and marries the other woman. Marian goes West, taking the name of "Mrs. Hatch." Years pass, and one day she reads in the paper that her child is about to be married. The longing mother returns and begs her former husband for one glimpse of her daughter. She is denied, but helped by the old nurse, Agnes, Marian sees her child again. As a modiste, bearing the wedding gown of her daughter, Marian creeps into her old home and sees her loved one without the latter's knowledge of their relationship. Her former husband and his wife discover her presence and learn her identity, and they threaten Marian, who steals away. How the other woman is justly punished, the cruel husband humbled, and mother and child at last united, is dramatically unfolded in this powerful photoplay.

		Cast :	
Mrs. Hatch	HENRIETTA CROSMAN
Richard Lorimer	WALTER CRAVEN
Gladys Lorimer	LORRAINE HULING
Mrs. Lorimer (2nd)	MINNA GALE
Jack Adrian	HAROLD LOCKWOOD
Harry Brown	PAUL TREVOR
Old Agnes	GERTRUDE NORMAN

"You have made your choice, I make mine. John Stanton will at least give me the respect you have denied. I am leaving with him.

"Good-bye. MARIAN."

CHAPTER I.



RICHARD LORIMER read his wife's note with a set face—the face of the outraged husband. At this moment he did not think of the provocation his wife had received; of the charming lady friend with whom he spent most of his time in the drawing-room, and whose penchant for crystal-gazing and telling fortunes had brought nothing but

misfortune to the Lorimer household.

He only thought of the wrong done to his own honour. It irritated him even more to think that his own bosom friend, John Stanton, had been the man to seduce his wife from her allegiance and home. The clever Stanton had early seen how the land lay between his host, Mrs. Lorimer, and the lady friend, and had played his part cleverly. He sympathised with Mrs. Lorimer and skilfully turned her attention time after time to her husband and the pretty crystal-gazer in deep discussion on the art of fortune-telling, and when the wife's jealousy had been thoroughly aroused his sympathy had turned to offers of love.

Mrs. Lorimer had refused the offers made with scorn. She did not forget her own

reputation nor her love for her little daughter Gladys, whose tiny fingers had done more to prevent open rupture between husband and wife than anything else. But Lorimer had become more infatuated with the other woman; and one day Stanton pleaded again with Mrs. Lorimer, and this time, to his surprise, his overtures were accepted. Delighted, the tempter threw his arms round the young woman and tried to snatch a kiss, but she shrunk away with the words:

"No, no—not now!"

Stanton smiled—he could afford to wait a little longer for the kiss; her evident alarm had merely amused him, for he murmured: "Just wait, my pretty bird, till I get you altogether."



Mrs. Lorimer, afterwards Mrs. Hatch.

Without giving herself time for further consideration, Mrs. Lorimer packed up and then went to her little daughter's bedroom. Here she found Agnes, the faithful nurse, seated beside her charge, and when the mother had kissed the sleeping child, Mrs. Lorimer turned to the nurse.

"Promise me, Agnes, that you will always look after little Gladys."

The nurse's eyes had opened with amazement. Then, as she realised something was wrong, she gasped out:

"Are you leaving us?"

"Yes; now promise me to look after Gladys."

Agnes promised, with tears in her eyes. She had seen for some time that things were going wrong in the house, but she was powerless to help. Then Mrs. Lorimer slipped out of the house, and joined by Stanton had taken the irrevocable step.

Richard Lorimer, as soon as he had read the note, rang for the butler. To that discreet worthy he delivered the following ultimatum:

"Mrs. Lorimer has gone away. If she returns do not admit her."

Mrs. Lorimer had returned within half-an-

hour. Perhaps as she left the house she realised the enormity of her crime, but the call of her mother-love had been the strongest motive, and before the pair had reached their train the woman had hesitated. Stanton expostulated, and then brutally told her that her husband's door would be closed to her if she attempted to return. Then, as he saw that she was determined to retrace her steps before it was too late, he had sworn at her and cursed her feminine indecision. When the woman returned, however, she found the door closed, and it remained closed in spite of her entreaties.

Some weeks later Richard Lorimer, with his wife's letter as evidence, had secured a divorce with custody of the child. After that he solaced his bruised heart by marrying the crystal-gazer.

CHAPTER II.

EIGHTEEN years later few would have recognised the divorced Mrs. Lorimer in the successful store-keeper Mrs. Hatch. The latter had absolutely buried her identity after the re-marriage of her husband, who, not hearing anything about her in the passage of years, believed her

dead. Not that his heart had softened in any way to the woman to whom he had played a false part. On the contrary, he had almost forgotten her, and seemed quite satisfied with the solace offered by the once fair but now rather stout-looking crystal-gazer.

Mrs. Hatch could have re-married if she had wished. One dear, middle-aged gentleman had offered his heart and hand, but these she gently refused. Her only keen sorrow was the enforced absence from her daughter's side, and whenever she pictured Gladys she always thought of her as "the baby." Then one day Mrs. Hatch realised the passing of the years, and it was a newspaper that wrought the change. Happening one day to glance down the society news of the "Morning Telegraph" the following



Mrs. Hatch, formerly Mrs. Lorimer.

paragraph almost took her breath away :

"HEIRESS TO WED.

"Gladys Lorimer, daughter of Richard Lorimer, is to wed a San Francisco society man, whose name has not yet been announced, although it is understood he comes from one of the wealthiest families."

For several moments Mrs. Hatch was almost stunned by the suddenness of the news, then she experienced an overwhelming desire to see her daughter again, and to remain near her if possible, even though Gladys would have to remain ignorant of her identity. She decided to sell out her business and return to New York, and when she had completed the sale a few days later she made preparations to pack. She was surprised in the midst of these preparations by her middle-aged friend, Harry Brown, who showed his admiration of Mrs. Hatch by proposing regularly three times a year. His surprise was intensified by seeing Mrs. Hatch lovingly kissing a baby's boot.

"It was my baby's bootie. They took her from me because . . . because they thought me unworthy."

"Who?" queried Brown, wonderingly.

Then Harry Brown learned for the first time the poignant story of the woman he loved. Marian Hatch told it simply, without any embellishments or names, and at its conclusion the kind-hearted Brown was deeply moved. "You have been greatly wronged," he said.

"Now I am going to New York to see my girl," continued Mrs. Hatch, with brightening eyes. "I suppose I shall not know her, but a mother's heart will guide me."

"I shall be able to accompany you I hope," replied Brown. "I have been invited to New York to stay with some acquaintances with whom I have business relations."

The next day Brown and Mrs. Hatch travelled to New York, after which Brown went to meet his acquaintances, whilst Marian, before engaging rooms, went on an errand of love round the jewellers' shops in search of a suitable wedding present for her



The Eternal Triangle.

daughter, which would be sent unnamed.

Mrs. Hatch sent a message to her former husband requesting to be allowed to see her



Mother love.

daughter, and like a dutiful husband, Mr. Lorimer consulted the second Mrs. Lorimer about it. That lady advised him to refuse the request, and Lorimer assented, saying, "Yes, she mustn't come here. Her presence may upset our plans."

But Marian Hatch was not to be denied. She managed to communicate with the nurse Agnes, and after the first shock of seeing her long-lost mistress, the nurse promised.

"I can manage to let you see her at a garden party to-morrow. I'll tell you how she will be dressed;" and old Agnes, who performed the part of lady's maid to Gladys, described the costume she would be wearing. Mrs. Hatch contented herself with the promise, which was eventually carried out.

She gloated her eyes on the figure of her daughter who fluttered in and out of the throng of visitors. Mrs. Hatch also saw her husband and the second Mrs. Lorimer, but for these she had no eyes. Old Agnes managed to steal up to her old mistress's hiding place in the bushes to ask her if she had seen her daughter, and Mrs. Hatch's first plea was—

"Bring her nearer to me, Agnes; I want to see her quite close."

The nervous but kind-hearted Agnes said that this would lead to Marian's discovery, but she was finally persuaded on some excuse to bring the unconscious girl nearer to her mother in hiding. Jack Adrian, the girl's fiance, followed her, and Agnes whispered: "That is the gentleman she is going to marry. He is a very nice young man."

Marian glanced at him, glad to see the light of admiration in his eyes for the girl he was escorting. Then her gaze became fixed in surprise when she descried her friend and tender lover, Harry Brown.

"Who is that?" she asked, pointing to Brown eagerly.

"That is Mr. Harry Brown," replied Agnes. "He's a friend of Mr. Adrian, who introduced him to you—Mr. Lorimer."

Meanwhile Gladys had gone beyond the range of Marian's vision, and Marian, obsessed with the desire to be near her daughter, entered into a little conspiracy with Agnes, the result being that Marian was to be introduced into the house as a modiste's assistant who was to try on the wedding and travelling dresses and make any necessary alterations and improvements. "I only want to be near her: to hear her voice," said Marian eagerly. "She must never know I am her mother."

This was arranged the next day, and Marian's days were full of unalloyed delight. Gladys never knew how many little attentions and labours of love she received from the modiste's assistant, but she divined that she was very clever and very sympathetic in her attempts to suit the young lady's tastes.

But if she was able to keep her identity free from Gladys she was discovered by Harry Brown, who after the first moment of surprise was put into the secret of her presence in the house.

"And is Mrs. Lorimer the woman who supplanted you years ago?" asked Brown grimly.



The "baby" as bride.

"Yes," replied Marian sadly.

To her surprise the elderly gentleman swore, and Marian fancied she heard him

say, "Well, I'll get even with her for that."

Despite all protests, Brown introduced Marian to Jack Adrian as Gladys' real mother. "He's a good young fellow," said Brown in reply to Marian's protestations, "and would be rather pleased than otherwise to make your acquaintance."

And Jack Adrian fully came up to his old friend's testimonial. He knew that Mr. Lorimer had merely encouraged the match between himself and Gladys because he (Adrian) was wealthy in his own right. But he loved Gladys for her own sake, and he also admired and respected this sweet-faced old lady who had borne her trouble and first mistake with fortitude, and with a blameless life.

The wedding ceremony was rehearsed, the final touches put to the dresses, and then came the real ceremony itself. The happy young couple went on their honeymoon, and Marian Hatch retreated into the background, well content to have been so near her daughter within the past few days.

Brown stayed on in his friend's house for a little longer, pleading to his acquaintances that he had a little business to transact. What this business was no one knew, but it was noted that he spent a great deal of time at the Lorimer's house and made himself very pleasant to Mrs. Lorimer, whom he flattered until he began to turn that lady's head. People began to talk, and as usual in such cases the husband was the last to realise what was going on around him. Brown possessed a charming manner and knew how to pay pretty compliments with the air of a Beau Nash. There were secret meetings, and Mrs. Lorimer became more enamoured of her admirer. Then one day Brown suggested an elopement, and after the first flutter of amazement the lady con-



Re-united after twenty years.

sented, and the first news that old Lorimer had of the affair was through the servants. For several moments he was speechless with amazement and chagrin, then his habitual hardness reasserted itself, and turning fiercely to the butler, who had grown old in his service, shouted—

"If Mrs. Lorimer returns, do not admit her."

The butler started, for a vivid recollection of the last time he received that command awoke in his memory.

Meanwhile Mrs. Lorimer had gone to Harry Brown's rooms as arranged, and received a chilling welcome.

"So you have left your husband?" he asked.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Lorimer the second, with a sudden vague fear in her heart.

"How charming," retorted the man acidly. "I suppose it would surprise you to know that I am acquainted with, and for that matter really love, the first Mrs. Lorimer, whom you supplanted and caused to be driven from her home and her daughter's side. I thought I would pay you out for that, and my plans have succeeded in a manner that leads me to believe there is poetic justice in real life after all."

"So your love was all a plan to ruin me?" gasped the woman with whitening face.

"Yes," retorted the other. "So far as I

am concerned, I don't want you. Go back to your husband, and taste the bitterness you have brought into Marian's life."

The woman rushed out and almost flew in the direction of her husband's house, hoping that Mr. Lorimer was still ignorant of her escapade, but the look on the butler's face when she knocked at the door confirmed her worst fears.

"Mr. Lorimer has given me orders not to admit you," said the butler impassively. Perhaps he did not feel so sorry on this occasion as he had on that fateful day twenty years ago.

* * *

A week later Gladys and her husband returned from their honeymoon. For several days after Gladys was a little amazed at the mysterious movements of her husband, which was intensified when one day he handed her,

ROBERT G. VIGNOLA, whose splendid character work has won him so much admiration from patrons of the picture theatres, is affectionately known as "Bob." He is of Italian parentage, was born in Italy, but went to America when quite a child, where he received a thorough education in the best schools and colleges. From college he went on to the dramatic stage, where he spent a number of years before entering into pictures.

The careful study which he gave to each part he played during his theatrical engagements caused him to develop a fondness for the creation of types, and soon he was devoting his attention exclusively to what is known as "characters."

During the past five years Mr. Vignola has created a wide range of parts in the Kalem plays, but his finest work was undoubtedly in the role of Judas in "From Manger to Cross," Kalem's great religious masterpiece. His characterizations in Kalem's Irish classics will long be remembered, for "Bob" Vignola is one of the truest artistes now playing before the camera.

To prove what a master of make-up he is it may be mentioned that he was able to walk about the streets of Jerusalem whilst playing in "From Manger to Cross" without attracting any attention, so clever was his make-up. Another time the actor crossed from one side of New York to the other when made-up as a Jew, and no one saw through the disguise.

Mr. Vignola being an exceptional linguist, has been of great assistance to the Kalem Company, which he had accompanied on several visits abroad, and when the company recently visited Italy he made his first acquaintance with the land of his parents.

with a smile, a photo of a sweet-faced lady.

"Do you know who that is?" he asked.

"Yes, it is my modiste's assistant," replied the girl, examining the picture.

"It is your mother's picture. She is not dead as you were led to believe, but living and yearning for you."

"Mother not dead, but yearning for me!" exclaimed the amazed Gladys. "Then where is she?"

Jack Adrian went to the door, opened it, and called out—

"Come in, mother. Gladys is asking for you."

The woman known as Mrs. Hatch came in with arms outstretched, and the young woman with one quick glance of delight moved swiftly forward.

In those few moments Mrs. Hatch felt the bliss of being re-united to her child after twenty years of estrangement.

The fact that he is an expert horseman, a skilled hand with the fencing foils, a daring swimmer, and an all-round athlete, enables him to bring to his characters a greater force.

Mr. Vignola is now one of Kalem's most prominent directors, and produces most of the films featuring Alice Hollister.

TAKING advantage of a motor accident, the director of Kalem's two-act drama, "The False Guardian," was enabled to give a touch of added realism to the climax of that story.

In the second act of this production the heroine is seen being taken away in a car. It is the intention of the conspirators to incarcerate the girl in an insane asylum and then steal her fortune. The characters, ALICE HOLLISTER and ROBERT WALKER, were in the machine, which suddenly skidded and crashed into a tree. Fortunately neither of the players was injured in the slightest degree. The accident had been recorded on the film, however, and the Kalem director, stopping the camera, had the machine overturned, while Miss Hollister and Mr. Walker took their places on the ground beside it. The camera commenced clicking away and the result will be seen when "The False Guardian" is shown.

MARY FULLER very nearly met with an accident the other day while she was driving a pair of blue ribbon winners through Central Park. They were two frisky young cobs that balked at anything which resembled an automobile.

The Toll.

*From the VITAGRAPH Photoplay by Elizabeth R. Carpenter.
Adapted by Bruce McCall.*

Misunderstanding, jealousy and tragedy are the key notes of this special feature. Saved from blackmailers Steele protects Marta, his deliverer, but Marta's husband vows vengeance and follows them from Italy to America, stabbing his wife, whose dying statement reveals all and restores peace.

		Cast :	
John Steele	JAMES MORRISON
Antonio	GEORGE COOPER
Marta	DOROTHY KELLY
Elaine	MARIE WEIRMAN

CHAPTER I.

A sail to-morrow, Bates. Europe is all very well, but there's no place like home, eh?"

"I think so, too, sir," replied the valet respectfully.

"I don't think any of these foreign places come up to New York, sir."

John Steele laughed. "I expect we're both prejudiced, Bates. Anyhow, it's America for me all the time, and I shall be glad to get back. Just take this cablegram for me. You can pack when you come back."

"Yes, sir."

"I'm going out to-night for a last look round. I shall be home about midnight. Wait up for me, will you, Bates? We'll arrange everything then."

"Yes, sir."

Bates went off with the message, and John Steele, millionaire, sat awhile thinking. There was a special reason for his eagerness to be back in New York. He was engaged to be married to Miss Elaine Forsythe, and he had been separated from her now for three months. He had expected to be away longer, but the business upon which he had come to Europe had been settled sooner than he anticipated, and he was going to hasten back to New York and be married on the date originally arranged. He knew that Elaine would be as delighted as he was. So he sent his message :

"Sailing from Genoa to-morrow. No need to postpone wedding."

Steele had no idea that anybody in Genoa beside his valet and the manager of the hotel had any interest in him or his movements, but on this evening he was the subject of a discussion between three of the worst characters in the city. Their meeting took place in an underground hovel in a quarter which had no good reputation. It was the abode of Antonio Perino, a member of the Camorra, that dread secret society which has its members in all ranks of society and its agents in every country in the world. It is perhaps the most dangerous and widespread criminal organisation existing, and these men were three of its most desperate members.

Antonio Perino was their leader. Clever, audacious, and utterly unscrupulous, it was his part to plan the crimes which were carried out by others. Smart and well-groomed, wearing evening clothes of faultless cut and an immaculate silk hat, he looked singularly out of place in the humble apartment.

He sat at a table with his two companions, rough-looking customers in the garb of workmen. A flask of wine and glasses stood on the table, but the men were too much interested in what Perino was saying to trouble about drinking at the moment. Antonio did not invite his wife Marta to take part in the discussion. She was at the far end of the room, ostensibly engaged in household duties, but straining her ears to catch, if she could, something of the conversation. It was carried on in such low tones, however, that she only caught a word now and then, but she knew enough of the

way of living of her husband and his associates to be sure that they were planning some villainy. She went about her duties with a heavy heart. Her life was one long terror of the police, and she was sick with the misery of it.

Antonio pushed his chair back and rose, telling his fellow-conspirators to stay where they were until his return.

His wife confronted him as he was about to ascend the stairs which gave egress to the street.

"What is it now?" she asked dully. "Where are you going?"

He laughed and patted her face as though

Antonio Perino saw Steele pass through the doors, saw obsequious attendants relieve the American of his hat and coat, and smiled. He knew the attractions of the place, and judged that the man he was after was not likely to leave for two or three hours at least. He turned on his heel and walked quickly out of the grounds. In a few minutes he reached the mean street in which he lived. He found his two subordinates sitting at the table where he had left them. Speaking in a low tone so that his wife should not hear, he gave them precise instructions.

"If all goes well," he said, "you should



"Antonio did not invite his wife Marta to take part in the discussion."

she were a child. "Oh, come," he said, "little girls must not ask questions. You'll know all about it later on."

He ran up the stairs and made his way to the hotel where John Steele was staying. He hung about outside until the young millionaire appeared, and then followed him, taking care not to be seen himself.

The millionaire, suspecting nothing, entered the grounds of the Casino, stood for a minute or two undecided what to do, then went on and passed into the building. It was, he thought, as good a way as any other of spending his last evening in the city.

be back here in half-an-hour or so. Be careful now, there's a fortune in this for all of us."

CHAPTER II.

JOHN STEELE, in spite of his eagerness to return to New York, was finding the evening pass pleasantly enough amid the throng of pleasure-seekers in the Casino. Presently an attendant came pushing through the crowd towards him.

"Mr. John Steele?" he inquired.

"Yes, what is it?"

"You're wanted. A gentleman is waiting

to see you down by the entrance to the grounds on urgent business."

Steele was puzzled. "Why couldn't he come in? Who is it, do you know?"

"No, sir."

"Oh, well, I'll go."

As Steele reached the gate he saw a taxicab waiting. A man in livery stepped forward.

"You are Mr. John Steele?" he said.

"That's right. What do you want with me?"

The man gave a swift look round and leaned forward. At the same moment Steele was seized from behind in a vice-like grip, a gag was thrust into his mouth, and

volubly in Italian, half pushed and half carried him down rickety stairs into the room where Antonio Perino and his wife were waiting. The woman gave a cry and started forward, but her husband brushed her roughly aside.

"Bravo!" he cried. "That was quick work. Carry him in there." He pointed to the door of another room. "Hold on, though. Take that thing out of his mouth, and let's hear if he has anything to say."

Before the man who was holding him could obey, Steele, in a desperate effort, got an arm free and tore the gag from his mouth himself, and at the same time attempted to hurl himself at Perino. In a moment his



"The woman gave a cry and started forward."

his arms were pinioned. He struggled like a madman, but his assailants were too many for him. He was speedily overpowered and forced into the taxicab. One man jumped in after him, another sprang on the box-seat and the taxi dashed away. The whole affair had not taken more than three or four minutes.

Steele had no idea of the meaning of the outrage, but he was soon enlightened. The taxi stopped, the driver jumped down and opened first the door of the taxi and then that of the house before which it was standing. Then the two ruffians dragged their captive out of the vehicle, and cursing

arm was jerked back, and the grip of a strong hand at his throat nearly choked him.

"You'd better be quiet, Mr. Steele," sneered Perino, "otherwise——" He paused and flourished a revolver significantly.

"What the devil do you mean by this—this outrage?" cried Steele furiously. "I'm an American citizen. You'll have to pay for this."

"No," retorted Perino, "that is where you mistake. It is you who will pay."

Steele laughed defiantly. "If you think of getting a ransom you're out of your reckoning," he said. "I'll see you damned first."

Perino shrugged his shoulders. "Take him away," he said. "I'll talk to him presently."

Steele was dragged into the inner room. Perino was about to follow when his wife interposed.

"Let him go, Antonio," she begged. "Trouble will come of this, I am sure."

"Don't be a fool," he snapped. "There'll be no trouble if you do as you are told, and keep a still tongue. It means money, much money."

"But the police? Oh"—clasping her hands—"I'm afraid, I'm afraid."

"It's quite simple," was the reply. "I propose that you should give me your cheque for fifty thousand dollars. When I have converted it into cash you will be liberated."

Steele laughed. "Suppose I refuse?"

"I don't think you will, but if you do it will be worse for you. Your friends will not be likely to see you again in that case. You will be offered a choice—the revolver you saw just now, or this"—he produced a long, wicked-looking knife. "You will find it much easier to pay the money, I think."

Steele strained furiously at his bonds. "You infernal scoundrel!" he roared. "You



"The grip of a strong hand at his throat nearly choked him."

"Bah! you're a fool. There's no danger, and the police will never know. He'll pay up quietly enough."

"But suppose he will not?"

"Well," said her husband, "he must either pay or——" He did not finish the sentence, but there was a look in his eyes which made his wife shudder and recoil from him.

Perino passed into the inner room. Steele's arms had been bound behind him and lashed to a stout iron ring in the wall. He faced the sneering Italian fearlessly.

"Well," he said, "what's your programme?"

dare to threaten me! Why, I'll——"

"You'll be quiet," interrupted Perino, "or we shall stop your mouth again." With a sneering laugh he leaned forward and gave the helpless man a stinging slap on the cheek with his open hand. "That will teach you to be more civil when I come to see you in the morning," he said, as he followed his two ruffians out of the room.

Steele realised that his position was serious. It was evident that the men in whose power he was would stick at nothing to achieve their end, and they were not likely to leave him so ill-guarded as to give him an opportunity to escape. His only

hope was in his valet, who, when he found that his master did not return to the hotel, would certainly give information to the police. That, however, could scarcely happen before the morning, and even then the police might not succeed in finding him. The position was decidedly awkward, but all the same the young millionaire was firmly resolved not to write the cheque which Perino had demanded.

The door opened quietly and Perino's wife, of whom he had caught barely a glimpse in the other room, entered with a tray on which were bread and wine. He glanced at her keenly with a sudden wild feast of hope. The woman's eyes held a look of pity as she held the tray towards him.

"Your supper," she said.

"Thanks very much," returned Steele with a smile, which brought an answering one to the woman's face. "I'm afraid, though, that I shall not be able to enjoy it. You see my hands are tied. I say," he went on in a quick whisper, "couldn't you manage to unloose them for me?"

She started. "I dare not do it," she whispered back; "I dare not." She stood looking at him, breathing hard; then suddenly she seemed to find courage, and setting down her tray she quickly unfastened his hands.

It was good to feel free once more, and Steele, after thanking her, started for the door, but the woman stopped him.

"Oh," she gasped, "you must not. They are all there, my husband and the others. They would kill you, and me too." She was trembling violently, and her eyes were wide with terror.

Steele saw that for the time, at least, it would be safer to remain where he was. He took the tray which the woman held out to him again. She went out of the room, and he heard one of the men step forward and close and lock the door.

The young millionaire spent the night planning various methods of escape, and rejecting them all. He decided to trust to chance; and when soon after daylight one of the miscreants entered his prison he sprang upon him with the fury of desperation, and bore him to the ground. Unfortunately for Steele, Perino and the other man rushed into the room. It was impossible for him to fight the three, particularly as Perino had a revolver, which he held perilously near Steele's face.

"Shoot! damn you!" cried Steele. "You daren't do it!"

"Dead men sign no cheques," said Perino smoothly; "but nevertheless you will be shot if you try these games again. You shall have another hour or two to make up your mind. I think you will do what I want."

"Then you are mistaken. Not one red cent will you ever get out of me," was Steele's defiant rejoinder.

Perino said nothing to that, and he and the other men went out of the room, locking the door after them. Steele was thankful that they had not bound his wrists again.

They had been gone perhaps half-an-hour when the turning of the key in the lock once more startled him. It was the woman with his morning meal.

"Are they there?" he asked eagerly in a whisper.

She shook her head. "They will be back soon," she said.

"Then let me out now—at once. I'll pay you well for it."

"Oh, I don't want your money, but I dare not do it. They would kill me. My husband gave me his revolver and told me to shoot you if you attempted to escape. Oh," she wailed, "what shall I do—what shall I do?"

Her distress was terrible, and Steele was sorry for her, but this was too good a chance to be missed.

"Look here," he said, "you ought not to stay here at all. Come away to America with me; you will be safe there."

It was wonderful to see the change that came over the woman's face. It was as if she saw a new and happy life opening before her.

"Oh," she cried, "to America—with you—do you mean it?"

"Of course I mean it. Come along. We'll go right away to-day."

It did not take her long to make her preparations, and in a few minutes they left the house together.

Bates was very much astonished when he learned that they were to have a lady for travelling companion across the Atlantic, but he was too well trained a servant to offer any comment.

CHAPTER III.

ON their arrival at New York, Steele placed Marta in charge of the old valet, instructing him to secure comfortable rooms for her in a quiet hotel

until he could decide upon his next step. He had begun to realise that his responsibility for a young and pretty woman in a city utterly strange to her might prove a considerable embarrassment. As he went off to call upon Miss Elaine Forsythe and her parents, he wondered what they would say to it. He decided that for the present, at any rate, they had better know nothing about it, and in his delight at seeing Elaine again, and talking over their marriage, which was to take place in the following week, he even forgot about Marta himself.

It had never crossed his mind that her husband might cause trouble. He imagined that ornament of society safe enough in Genoa. As a matter of fact Perino arrived in New York only two days later than his wife and Steele. On returning to his home and finding both his prisoner and Marta flown he guessed what had happened, and in a furious rage vowed to follow her to the end of the world, and to kill her when he found her. He had no difficulty in finding out where Steele lived in New York, and he set himself to watch his movements.

Steele had decided that he must tell Marta he was about to be married. The more he thought about it the less he liked the idea of telling her. However, it had to be done.

He called one afternoon at the hotel where she was staying and told her the news casually, as though it were a matter of no particular concern.

For Marta it was terrible news. When she had that vision of happiness far away in Genoa she had seen a new life opening up for her with this handsome young American always by her side. She had done with the old miserable life altogether, and had grown to love Steele with her whole heart and soul. She would have been content to be his slave if only she might love him. Now she knew that she must not, and her dream of happiness was shattered at a blow by a few carelessly spoken words. She was too proud to show that she cared, and though her face went white and her heart almost stopped beating for a moment or two, she controlled her agitation, and wished him happiness, quietly acquiescing when he announced that for the present she had better stay on at the hotel. They could decide later about her future life.

Steele left her then, and she went to the window and leaned out to watch him as he left the hotel. As he stepped off the pavement and crossed the road she saw a man come from behind the pillars of the hotel portico and follow him. In an instant she was back in the room with blanched face and wildly beating heart. The man who was following Steele was her husband, Antonio Perino!

No thought of her own danger crossed her mind. Her thoughts were only of Steele, and she knew that her husband would exact a terrible vengeance upon the man who had once escaped his clutches and had robbed him of his wife. She must warn Steele at once. Perhaps even now she might be too late. With feverish haste she put on her hat and coat and



“The beautiful Miss Elaine Forsythe never appeared more beautiful than she did in her bridal array.”

hurried off to Steele's house.

He was astonished to see her, but before he could frame the question which was on his lips she burst out in agitation :

"My husband! He is here, in New York. He followed you from the hotel—I saw him. Oh, he will kill you. He is a fiend!"

Steele was startled but he endeavoured to calm her fears. "Oh, nonsense!" he said; "he daren't hurt me. New York is not Genoa. But what about you?"

"Oh, never mind about me. It is you who are in danger."

Steele thought a moment; then he said with decision, "You must not go back to the hotel. It is not safe. You must stay here. I will tell my housekeeper to engage you as one of the maids. And look here, if your husband should find you out and come here and make trouble, you will always find a revolver in this drawer. If you have to defend yourself, use it."

So Marta took up her duties, finding a melancholy happiness in living in the same house with the man she loved, though he was shortly to be married to another.

Steele's marriage took place, and there were many of the bridegroom's opinion—that the beautiful Miss Elaine Forsythe had never appeared more beautiful than she did in her bridal array, with a wreath of orange blossoms in her dusky hair. After a brief honeymoon Steele brought his wife home, and Elaine was conscious of something of a shock when she saw her husband greet one of the maids as though she were an old friend, shaking her hand warmly. Steele was not aware that she had seen, and Elaine, though sorely puzzled, made no remark. Her jealousy was awakened, however, and she determined to watch Marta.

For some days she noticed nothing suspicious, and then one morning when she was in the drawing-room Marta came in



"Poor Marta, it was plain, had not many minutes to live."

to dust. Elaine had placed a photograph of Steele on a table just inside the door, and now, hidden behind a screen, she watched to see what would happen.

Marta's eyes lighted upon the portrait as soon as she entered the door. She picked it up, and after gazing at it tenderly she pressed it passionately to her lips. Certain now that her suspicions were all too well founded, Elaine was about to confront her, when Steele himself came into the drawing-room. In confusion, Marta thrust the photograph behind her, but when Steele laughingly insisted on seeing what she was hiding, she reluctantly produced it.

"Well," Steele laughed, "what were you going to do with it?"

Her reply astonished him. "Oh," she said in a loud, passionate voice, "I cannot stand it any longer. I love you—I love you, and I am going away."

Steele looked grave, and did not reply for some moments; then he spoke a few words which his wife could not catch, and presently Marta went away, Steele following her out of the room.

None of the three actors in the little drama had seen a dark, sinister face pressed against the window, and two eyes blazing with hatred peering into the room. Antonio Perino had discovered his wife's hiding-place.

Convinced of her husband's faithlessness, Elaine went miserably to her room, and telling her maid to pack a bag for her, sat down and wrote a note to her husband. This was what Steele read when he returned an hour later—

"I overheard you and the girl Marta talking. I know all. Good-bye."

He stared at the note in amazement, at a loss to know what it meant. At last a light broke in upon him. His wife must have been in the drawing-room when he found Marta with his photograph. She must have heard the girl's foolish outburst. What a fool he had been not to take his wife into his confidence! She would have gone to her father's house, of course. He must go there at once and tell her everything. In another minute he was hurrying out of the house. Antonio Perino, who had already seen Elaine leave, followed him a little way and then returned.

Marta, with a weight of misery at her heart, was mechanically putting things in order in the library, when the sound of somebody entering the room hurriedly startled her. She looked up, recognised her husband and screamed in terror. He had an open knife in his hand, and with a snarl of rage he rushed upon her. For a moment or two she struggled with him, but her strength was nothing to his. He drove the cruel blade into her side and she fell moaning against the writing-table.

"That has settled you," muttered Perino viciously; "his turn will come next."

He had spoken too soon. Marta remem-

bered what Steele had said [about the revolver. It was in one of the drawers of the table. She could not save herself now, but she could save him. Her strength was fast ebbing away, but with a desperate effort she managed to open the drawer and secure the weapon. Perino had gone to the window. He was just turning away from it and towards her when she fired. He swayed for a moment and then fell like a log, with a bullet in his heart.

Meanwhile Steele had reached Elaine's father's house. The old gentleman was furious at what his daughter had told him, and refused to let Steele see her. He even declined at first to hear his side of the story, but after a time he relented, and at length, in response to Steele's earnest pleading, he consented to go with him and question Marta herself.

They found the house in a commotion. The housekeeper and the servants, with frightened, awestruck faces, were gathered in the library. Perino was dead, and poor Marta, it was plain, had not many minutes to live. She lived long enough, however, to tell in broken, halting words the story of the tragedy, and to clear Steele.

When all was over the two men went back to Elaine, and she learned that her husband's love for her had never wavered for a moment.

"Poor Marta," she whispered, "she saved you for me."

Steele, as he kissed her, saw that her eyes were dim with tears.

FRANCIS FORD and GRACE CUNARD recently played the parts of a human interest story, produced by Mr. Ford, who played the dual role of twin brothers, both in love with the same girl. The title is "The District Attorney's Brother."

These popular favourites are also to be seen in "The Tangle" (Powers comedy), and, as notified in our last month's issue, a three-reel 101 Bison-Universal feature, "The Mysterious Hand;" part of the "My Lady Raffles" series. They have a name for creating mystery stories, and the latter picture, which is mysterious in each and every scene, only goes to confirm and uphold the good opinions already so well established regarding these players. The story is not obscure nor difficult to understand, as might easily be the case unless great care were taken in the production. All the sly actions and exciting happenings point

to a clearly obvious end, so that one is not left in the dark trying to unravel a long and meaningless picture.

Supporting Miss Cunard and Mr. Ford, the director and leading man are Duke Worne and Arthur Mumms.

The story deals with the efforts of Kelly, a detective, to apprehend a band of crooks, led by a woman whom Kelly once knew as a servant girl. At a reception given by a young debutante, the crooks are present, bent on stealing the girl's presents. Kelly is also on hand, suspecting such action on their part, and he manages to catch a glimpse of My Lady Raffles at work, but she escapes from him by a clever ruse, and Kelly is still left without his prey.

There is an exciting raid and a thrilling chase between two motor cars.

Time—the Great Healer.

*From the HEPWORTH Film Drama by Blanche MacIntosh.
Adapted by Rose Beaulaire.*

A scheming village "Carmen" parts two lovers on the eve of their marriage. The blow berefts the bride of her reason, and for years she waits at the old trysting place for the lover who has succumbed to the wiles of another woman. When she is grey-headed the son of her lost sweetheart comes her way, and she imagines her lover has returned. The shock of seeing him courting a village maid restores her reason, and she turns to one who has waited through youth to old age for her—and in his arms she finds refuge and solace.

Cast :

Mary	Miss ALMA TAYLOR
Peter	Mr. STEWART ROME
Harry	Mr. TOM POWERS
Kate, the village "Carmen"	Miss VIOLET HOPSON
Her Brother	Master ERIC DESMOND
Dick, son of Harry and Kate	Mr. TOM POWERS
Alice, Peter's niece	Miss CHRISSIE WHITE



MARY looked bewitching as she stood in the green porch of the old cottage laughing at her mother's tears. It was not an unsympathetic nature which caused the laughter, but her

mother was peeling onions just outside the door and the wry faces she made as she tried to repress the oniony tears were too ludicrous for words.

Mary's picturesque shovel bonnet, which poised itself on a wealth of unruly chestnut hair, shook so vigorously—and perilously—that one wonders how it held on. But suddenly the laughter ceased. Mary made a tiny *moué*, petulant rather than naughty, and turned indoors. A man had appeared at the garden gate—a strong, healthy working fellow, with simple honesty written in every line of his features. He was one of the lovers who dangled after sweet Mary; but Mary, though she liked Peter well enough, had already given her heart to another, and she, sensitive nature, feared the rebuff she must one day give the poor fellow when she told him.

"Ho, Peter, come along in a minute,"

cried Mrs. Winstone—wiping her eyes as he came lumbering up the garden path. "Nice day," she continued; "but why are you all in your Sunday best, man?" noting his clean clothing, which he had exchanged for his working garb.

"Come 'specially to see Mary, marm; want to speak to her," blundered the fellow in his slow, thick speech. "Thought I'd better come clean, like."

"Ho, Mary is it, Peter?" replied Mrs. Winstone, nodding knowingly. "Mary's inside. No doubt she'll speak to you if you go in. You don't want me in there—you know the way. In the parlour, she is."

"Thank you, marm, I'll go in," said Peter, removing his hat and stepping through the doorway.

Mary awaited anxiously. The moment had come she felt and she was nervous. It hurt her to be unkind to Peter, but she loved Harry. Her heart could not be given to two. As she heard his step inside she sat herself quickly in a chair by the window, and endeavoured to appear unconcerned.

She trembled a little. Peter came and stood near her.



Their engagement.

"Mary—I want—that is, Mary, I've come to ask you to marry me," burst out Peter, twirling his hat in his hands, but earnest—earnest as an honest man can be.

"Marry you, Peter? No. Surely you don't mean it?" she said softly with her head averted.

"Yes, Mary—to marry me. I'm but a simple chap, Mary. I know—I'm not near good enough for you, Mary, but I love you."

She did not answer. Emotion was getting the upper hand. She hated to repulse him and wished she could avoid it. Peter went on, after a pause, waiting for her to speak :

"I've watched you grow up, Mary, since I was a lad, and I've loved you all the time. Will you marry me?"

"Peter, dear Peter, I can't. I—oh, it hurts to tell you—I love someone else, Peter. He has all my heart. I can't marry you."

"I'm sorry, dear," was all the simple fellow could say. "Sorry I caused you pain. I should have known better."

"Oh, Peter, I'm so unhappy," blurted out the girl, the tears trickling down her cheeks. "I didn't want to hurt you. I had hoped you would never ask."

"Don't cry—it doesn't matter. I ought not to have asked you"—patting her shoulder.

"But we shall be friends still?" she queried, looking up.

"Yes, we shall be friends—always," he returned as he straightened himself and sighed. Then with bowed, sorrowful head he left her, saying no word more.

That same afternoon, but late, Mary had another visitor—a lively, handsome sailor lad, that blithe Harry to whom she had given her heart.

He came up the walk singing, snatched off his hat as he reached the smiling women folk,

pecked at Mrs. Winstone's face, received a slap in return, but unconcerned slipped his arm round Mary's waist and marched her off.

"Come along, Mary," he cried jovially. "I see you've apples for the House; we'll go through the glade."

"You're in a great hurry," replied Mary, ruffling herself, "and take too much for granted."

"Better too much than too little. Good-bye, mother," he shouted, as he led Mary, who made a protest coquettishly, away.

"Mother, indeed! What shall we hear next?" returned Mrs. Winstone, preening herself; then with a smile, "Good-bye, you scamp."

The pair went slowly along the country road to the glade through the copse which hid the House, as the squire's mansion was known to the villagers. Words of love passed, and when they came to the stile in the middle of the copse Harry gallantly helped Mary over, and before she could avoid it, or was even aware of his intention, snatched a kiss.

The suddenness of it brought deep blushes to the maiden's cheeks, but she did not resist when Harry took her in his arms and planted kisses again and again on her full, ripe lips. Then came talk of the engagement, and they moved on to the House as betrothed.

It would not have been well for Harry to

have accompanied Mary up to the door, so he left her at the gate.

"You run in while I stroll back to the stile; but hurry, dear," he said. "I can't stay long without you."

"Well, let me go—how can I hurry when you hold my hand so tightly," cried Mary, seeking to free herself.

"Sweethearts don't leave each other like that," replied Harry smiling.

"Oh, I'm not going for a fortnight."

"But it will seem longer to me," he said, as he planted his lips on Mary's burning cheeks and let her go.

Back at the stile a surprise was waiting for blithe Harry. Another had heard the love-talk five minutes earlier, and, jealous, determined to draw the sailor lad from his sweetheart at all costs.

Kate Arnold, dark as a gipsy, with the wild beauty of the tribe, had set her eyes on Harry long before and had decided he was a man after her own ideal. To win him she would do anything, as she was capable of any scheme and cunning to gain an end she had set her heart on. Charming, when she desired to be charming, but heartless—to injure Mary added zest to her designs.

Kate had been hiding in the bushes when the lovers had passed and she followed them till she saw Harry turn back. Immediately she guessed his intention, and turning, fled to the stile, where she settled herself on the ground and waited.

As Harry approached, Kate gave a cry of pretended pain. The sailor lad was at her side at once.

"Oh, I have hurt my foot," cried Kate, looking up at Harry with pleading in her eyes.

"A moment, perhaps I can assist you. Have you far to go?" said Harry, bending down to raise the girl from the ground.

"I must get home—my little brother waits for me."

Harry lifted her easily.

"There, see if you can put your foot to the ground."

"Oh—it hurts!" Kate made a pretence of doing as was suggested.

"Where do you live?"

"At the cottage just at the end of the lane. I must get home. Will you help me?"

"That's not far. If it hurts too much I will carry you. Come, place your arm round my neck."

Kate did so, and Harry carried her in his strong arms to the cottage and placed her carefully in a chair. But Kate did not remove her arm from around his neck. For a moment they gazed into each other's eyes. Then Kate drew the lad's head down, threw her other arm around him and kissed him.

When Harry left he promised to return again to see how Kate progressed.

Mary was dismayed when she discovered her sweetheart was not at the appointed place, but she accepted his excuses when he returned, and they went back to the Winstone Cottage together.

The days that followed were troublous ones for the sailor lad. Tighter and tighter Kate Arnold's net closed round him, till in despair he persuaded Mary to name an early



"Come, place your arm around my neck."



“After the first couple of spoonful he opened his eyes and looked round wonderingly.”

day for their marriage, hoping in this way to elude Carmen. Kate, however, was not to be denied. On the very eve of the wedding she caught Harry as he was leaving his bride's house and told him what brought a flush of shame to his cheeks and chilled his heart with the fate it pronounced.

* * *

“Mother! Peter! don't I look beautiful?” Mary came tripping into the parlour in all her wedding finery, and bowed to her mother and Peter, in pride, as she spoke. “But hasn't Harry arrived yet? Why is he late!”

“There's time yet, child. No doubt he's tittivating himself up,” replied Mrs. Winstone soothingly. “He'll be here, merry as a bird, as usual, in a moment.”

“Yes, he'll be here in a minute or two, for sure,” added Peter.

The minutes fled, but no Harry arrived. At last a ragged urchin came running up the path with a letter in his dirty fist. Peter observed him first, and scenting something unpleasant, hastened to meet him. He took the note and gazed absently at it for a second. It was addressed to Mary—in Harry's handwriting. For a moment Peter was undecided, then he tore the envelope

open and read. His heart stood still for a instant; he roused himself, and with the bad news written on his features he went to the waiting women.

“What is it, Peter—what has happened?” cried Mary, seeing the trouble in his face. “Has anything happened to Harry? Tell me.”

Peter could not answer, but with head averted he handed the letter to her, and she read—

“Dear Mary,

“Forgive me. I cannot marry you. Kate Arnold told me last evening that which makes me in honour bound to marry her. I have gone away with her. Forget and forgive.

“Your heart-broken Harry.”

Uncomprehending absolutely what it meant, she let the fatal missive slip through her fingers, then with a scream of shame and despair she fell heavily to the floor and lay, in her bridal gown, unconscious.

It was many days before Mary recovered from the great shock of her lover's unfaithfulness; and when at last, under the skilful attention of the physician and the care of her mother, she came round, her reason had

vanished—the memory of the immediate past had been blotted out from her mind. She could only think of her lover. That he had run away with another she was unaware; she waited for him: she looked up at every footstep, thinking it was Harry. But he never came. Still she anticipated him. Disappointment only gave birth to renewed hope, for she could not appreciate the truth, and no one dared tell her.

Years passed and Mrs. Winstone died. Peter, middle-aged, slightly bent and bearded, constituted himself Mary's guardian. Every day, rain or fine, hail or blow, she could be seen at the gate watching the long lane for the one who would never return. Her cheeks had lost the first blush of youth, but she was still beautiful, and the grey streaks in her red-brown hair scarcely were noticeable to the casual observer. Mary waited with a smile on her lips, and when the day was sunny, as on that broken wedding day, her bright eyes danced with anticipation. Her mentality progressed not one jot with the years—she was still a girl in mind, and her one fixed idea was that her lover would return. For nearly twenty years she had waited, and she still, each day with new hope, waited, waited.

* * *

Summer had come early in the southern counties, and the countryside was alive with birds and butterflies. The hedgerows were bright and fresh, and even the dusty country roadways were attractive in the sunshine. But one poor soul who trudged along the road which led by the cottage where Mary Winstone waited was not happy. Footsore, hungry, the poor out-of-work stumbled along scarcely knowing whither, or caring. On the outskirts of the village he asked at the house of a rich maiden lady for work in the garden, but he was driven out—a tramp. And a tramp he was in appearance. There was no work in the town for Dick Tindsley, and he had taken to the road in the hope of finding food. Yet the country offered no more than the town. Those who might have helped him were as heartless as the town taskmasters—and he stumbled on, resting by the roadside, and feeding on whatever he could pick up in the fields—too proud to beg actually—endeavouring to sell his labour, but everywhere unsuccessful.

He crawled on—his muscles and his stomach revolting at the strain—till by the

time he approached the Winstone Cottage he was practically finished, being scarcely able to drag one foot after the other.

Mary was waiting at the gate. She saw the weary tramp, and her warm heart awaking, she went forward to assist him. He fell in front of her, and she lifted his head tenderly as she called for Peter to come and help.

As she raised the tramp's head she gasped. She looked steadily at him, then crying for joy she folded her arms around him.

"Harry, my poor Harry! You have come back to me," she cried, as she kissed his brow and fondled his matted hair. "Harry, dear, don't you know me—Mary? Don't you hear?" The motionless form was past hearing or understanding, and Peter and Mary carried him into the house, where they prepared nourishing broth and poured it down his parched throat. After the first couple of spoonful he opened his eyes and looked round wonderingly, then he seemed to doze off again. Mary wanted to rouse him in her joy, in her imagination that her lover had returned. She was beside herself with delight, and wished him to talk to her to hear his beloved voice. Peter, however, wisely led her away. "Not now," he urged gently; "he is tired and worn out. Let him rest awhile."

Peter feared for the consequences when Mary learnt that this young wayfarer was not her old sweetheart. He was wondrously like Harry! The same mouth and hair; the features, rather worn, but still resembling Harry's in the main. Could it be that this was another edition of the run-away sailor lad—could it be his son? Harry's son! Peter determined to be present, and alone, when the stranger came to, to question him and to put him on his guard. For the present Mary must not be disillusioned—it was dangerous.

The stranger was put to bed and Peter was left to watch him, slumbering in a chair by his side. As the morning broke and the first rays of the sun came smiling through the window the patient awoke. Peter's eyes were already open and watchful.

As Dick half rose in the bed and gazed bewildered around, Peter went to his side, motioning him to be quiet.

"You are in safe care," he whispered; "do not trouble."

"Where am I?" asked the wondering

stranger, looking around him with distraction.

"You are with friends. We found you worn out by the cottage gate and we brought you in. Come, take a little of this broth, it will strengthen you."

Dick drank greedily, for he was famished. The few drops he had taken the previous evening and the sleep had done him good, but he was still hungry.

Peter waited in silence till he had satisfied himself, then he asked him coaxingly :

"Will you tell me who you are? You are marvellously like someone I used to know long ago."

"I am like my father. My name is Dick Tindsley," replied Dick.

"Tindsley! Was your father's name Harry?"

"Yes."

"And your mother?"

"She is dead!"

"Tell me, was her name Kate?"

"Yes. Before her marriage to my father her name was Arnold, she told me once—Kate Arnold."

"Then you are the son of the man I knew. He lived in this village—your mother also. But quietly, let me tell you something. First, will you do me a service?"

"If it is possible. What is it?"

"I will tell my story first, then you will understand."

Peter related his story—the story of Harry Tindsley's betrothal and his disappearance on the wedding day, but avoiding all that would hurt the listener.

"The lady who found you yesterday—do you remember?"

Dick nodded.

"She is Mary. For years she has awaited your father's return, and when you came yesterday she thought it was her lover come back to her. She believes you

are Harry, her lover—your father. If she learns otherwise I'm afraid the shock will kill her. Will you stay here and carry on the deception? I will find you work—you can work with me. Will you stay?"

There was a note of pleading in Peter's voice which made the young fellow look up, and impressed him. For a moment he thought deeply.

"Stay for her sake—it will be her death if you leave now," implored Peter.

"I'll stay," cried Dick. "You have saved my life practically. I should be ungrateful if I refused."

So Dick Tindsley became a member of the household, and Mary became happy and bright in her imagination. Nothing she could do was too good for Dick. She would watch for his return from work with Peter and would fuss around him, caring for his comfort when he was in the house.

As for Dick, he played his part well, but as the months passed along it became increasingly difficult. Another woman came into his life.

Good food and attention, honest labour in the open air, worked wonders with him. His frame filled out, the old haggard look died, and in its place appeared bright youthfulness. He was good to look at, and as he was attracted to Alice, old Peter's niece, so she was drawn to him.



"Confused ideas ran through her head."



“Mary found Harry in a garret.”

Alice was a bonny girl, and sensible. Nothing had passed between the two, but there was an understanding that they were sweethearts. Yet Alice showed no sign of annoyance when Mary paid so much attention to Dick. Indeed, she assisted in the deception.

Alice was content to wait for Dick, but as time went on he seemed less and less inclined to wait. His suppressed emotion burst its bounds one day, and he asked Alice to marry him. They were in the garden, and screened by the bushes failed to observe Mary sitting at her accustomed place near the door.

“But what about Mary?” queried Alice in response to Dick’s pleading.

“I cannot help it, Alice. I can wait no longer. We must take the risk,” he answered.

“It might be serious for her.”

“Yes, but she will have to know one day. We cannot wait till she dies.”

“I love you Dick, and would like to say ‘yes,’ but I must ask uncle first.”

“Allright, then, ask uncle—but soon. I will wait a little longer. But as you say you love me, give me one kiss to seal the bargain?”

The kiss was given by a rosy-cheeked maid, and Mary saw it.

She had heard the voices and had peered through the bushes just at this moment. No need for Alice to speak to uncle now. The trouble was caused—unwittingly, but absolutely.

Mary stared for a moment at the lovers through the bushes like a mad woman. She saw them kissing, and a wild pain darted through her head. With a cry she fled into the house and up to her room, and flung herself in violent grief on to her bed. Confused ideas ran through her head, her temples throbbed—all was confusion; she could not think, she could not comprehend—it was all a maze, but there was a terrible mental pain.

Of a sudden something seemed to give way, the pain eased, and her outlook cleared. She remembered! Her lover, Harry—he had deserted her, left her and run away with Kate Arnold. But what was this? Where was her bridal gown that she had been wearing when the letter came?

Mary ran to the mirror and looked at herself. She was in ordinary dress—her face was changed! She ran her fingers

through her hair. It was grey!!

"I am an old woman," she moaned. "Oh, Harry, Harry, where are you?"

Then she understood.

* * *

When Peter returned home he found a new woman to greet him.

"Peter—I remember," Mary said simply to him. "It all came back to me to-day."

"You remember—what, dear?" replied Peter in a dazed fashion, at a loss for anything further to say.

"I know now I am an old woman, Peter. I know Harry will not come back to me. It is all over. I have suffered, but we will speak no more about it. I understand now, Peter; I understand."

Tears stood in her eyes as she gazed sadly up at him—and he said nothing. A lump had come in his throat which threatened to choke him and he turned away.

Several weeks later a letter came to Mary. She opened it feverishly and read the few badly scrawled words. It was from Harry. He was dying. He pleaded her forgiveness

and asked to see her once before the end.

Mary cried over that letter bitter tears, but the new sorrow killed the old. She determined to see her old lover, and with Peter as support and Dick as guide she set out for the big town.

Mary found Harry in a garret in the meanest part of the town—a man spoilt and ruined, a wreck of the once debonair fellow she loved.

He recognised her as his eyes were fast glazing, the burning fever having all but claimed its victim.

"Mary, I loved you always—forgive," he murmured, and as she bent over and kissed his brow the life sped out of his spent body.

The saddened trio returned to their village, each mourning their dead; yet out of death came new life.

Peter, when the edge of grief had worn off, claimed Mary at last as bride, while Dick had not long to wait. Alice, all just impediment removed, succumbed to his impatience. And so time healed all wounds and brought happiness where all was sorrow and dismay.

WILLIAM HUMPHREY, of the Vitagraph players and producing staff, was injured in an automobile accident at Asbury Park, N. J., on Sunday, September 6th. Mrs. Humphrey, who accompanied him with his niece, Carrie Bertsch, was very seriously injured.

She had three ribs broken, and suffered other internal injuries. Miss Bertsch escaped without injury. Their machine skidded on the road running along the shore, and turned turtle from the roadway on to the sandy beach. Mr. and Mrs. Humphrey were caught underneath the car.

IT needs a versatile actress to impersonate in turn such famous characters as Delilah, Cleopatra, Catherine de Medici, Catherine of Russia, Queen Mary, Joan of Arc, Empress Josephine, and a few other odds and ends of historic women characters. **RHEA MITCHELL**, of the Broncho Company, has done it—of course for the films. She's been an Eskimo queen in the wilds of Alaska; she's driven dog sledges over wastes of snow and camels over the desert; she's been an Hawaiian surf swimmer; she's been a Moro enchantress; she has ruled over Chinese and Japanese villages, and she is an accomplished rough-rider. Miss Mitchell has more than fifty million feet of adventure to her credit, and says she's going to raise it to the century before she retires.

MISS EDNA GOODRICH, the celebrated American actress, who was to have begun work a few weeks ago for the Jesse L. Lasky Feature Play Company on the moving picture production of the "Warrens of Virginia," in a letter to Samuel Goldfish, head of the Lasky firm, advised that the picture would have to be postponed as she was marooned at Ostend, and had busied herself for some weeks as a member of the Belgian Red Cross. "I have occupied my time," writes Miss Goodrich, "by making bandages for the wounded. My hotel, the Kursaal, has been turned into a hospital, and there are many badly wounded soldiers here. Everybody is coming forward with a magnificent spirit to aid in the alleviation of the suffering of the poor fellows who have risked their lives for their country."

The cast for the "Warrens of Virginia" was completed and the players engaged, but had to be dispersed and the production postponed.

MRS. EDWIN THANHOUSER tells a good story of her son Lloyd, whilst the family were making a trip across the Atlantic from Genoa immediately after the outbreak of the war. Accommodation was anything but good on the vessel and many people slept on deck. Lloyd told his mother that he "felt like a tramp," because the other passengers were always asking him where he slept last night!

A Christmas Story.

From the VITAGRAPH Photoplay by A. A. Methley.

Adapted by Leyton Somers.

A pretty story of three little children, who, after hearing the story of "Christ in the Manger," creep out to a barn to see if the Christ Child is in the stable, and how the incident caused a family to be re-united in love and happiness.

			Cast :	
Wilson	TEFFT JOHNSON
Molly	CARLOTTA DE FELICE
Bessie	ETHEL LLOYD
Jack	JAMES MORRISON
Eldest Child	HELEN COSTELLO
Younger Child	CHARLES SLATER
Baby	BABY FOLEY



ACK HARVEY was an artist liberally endowed with talents and good looks, but without a penny in the world beyond what he was able to earn, which was not much. His good looks commended him to Molly Wilson, but her father—who set very little store by good looks, and had no great opinion of artists generally—frowned upon him as a suitor for his daughter because of his poverty. He tolerated their friendship, however, and was quite easy in mind, feeling certain that whatever the young artist's feelings might be, Molly was far too sensible a girl to fall in love with a man who had nothing but his talents wherewith to support himself and a wife.

As a matter of fact Molly and Jack had already progressed far beyond the stage of mere friendship, and on this autumn morning, while Jack was painting in Mr. Wilson's beautiful garden, with Molly looking on, they were discussing no less serious a problem than how best to acquaint her father of their engagement. Jack proposed to conduct the affair himself, but Molly, who knew her father's opinions pretty well, had more faith in her own powers of persuasion.

"He won't like it at first," she said. "I'm sure he wants me to marry a man with money. Money! I hate the word—but dad doesn't."

"Then what chance have I?" said Jack gloomily.

"That's just it. You've no chance at all. He'd simply order you out of the house at once. But I'm his daughter, you see; he can't turn me out, and I shall have a chance to talk him round. Dear old dad, he's sure to be nice about it in time—when he realises how much I love you. Anyhow, I shall tell him that I mean to marry you, whether he likes it or not."

Molly was right. Her father did not like the idea at all. She chose a time when her widowed elder sister was present, certain that she would have Bessie's sympathy and support, at any rate. But as soon as she had broached the subject her father burst out in anger.

"What? Marry an artist! A fellow without a penny! A fortune hunter! It's ridiculous! I never ought to have allowed the fellow to hang around here. I might have known he was up to no good. But I'll have no more of it. I won't allow you to see him again."

Molly could have borne a plain refusal and trusted to time and her powers of persuasion to have their effect, but her father's injustice to her lover was more than she could stand, and she flared into anger equal to his own.

"You've no right to insult him," she cried, passionately. "He's not a fortune hunter; he would marry me if I had not a

penny in the world. He wants me—not my money.”

“My money,” corrected Mr. Wilson. “You have none of your own, and if you marry this—this beggar, you’ll get none of mine either. I’ll disown you, and then you’ll find out how long his love will last. Now, not another word,” he said, sternly, as Molly began another outburst. “If you marry this man you are no daughter of mine.”

Poor Molly left the room in tears, and though her sister pleaded for her Mr. Wilson refused to relent.

“Bah!” he said. “It’s only a silly girl’s fancy; she’ll get over it.”

In that, however, he was mistaken. Molly did not get over it; and when, on the following evening, Mr. Wilson returned from his office he found waiting for him a brief note from his daughter—

“Dearest Dad” (he read).—“By the time you get this Jack and I will be married. Please forgive us—I love him so.—Molly.”

His daughter Bessie was watching him as he read. The look on his face frightened her.

“What is it, father?” she asked. “What’s the matter?”

“Matter enough,” he replied, grimly. “Molly has married that beggar.”

Bessie gave an astonished exclamation, and her father turned and looked keenly at her.

“Did you know of this?” he demanded. “Did you help her?”

Bessie shook her head sadly. “No, I did not know, but I know they are very much in love with each other.” Mr. Wilson made a gesture of angry impatience, but his daughter went on, laying a hand on his shoulder, “Couldn’t you manage to forgive them, father? She’s your daughter, you know, and you cannot undo the marriage. He’s quite a nice young fellow, really, and I don’t believe he cares a bit whether Molly has money or not. Do forgive them; it would make Molly so happy, and me too.”

Mr. Wilson’s stern face did not relax. He tore the letter across. “No,” he said; “she has made her bed, and must lie on it.



“Couldn’t you manage to forgive them, father?”

I’ll never speak to her again, or own her as my daughter. She may starve with her penniless husband.”

“Oh, father, you don’t mean that, I’m sure.”

“Yes, I do. Don’t mention her name to me again.”

Bessie saw that he meant what he said, and that for the present she must bow to his will. She could only trust to time to soften his heart.

Two years and more passed away, and though Bessie kept up a correspondence with her absent sister, Mr. Wilson never by so much as a word or a look betrayed any anxiety as to what had become of his favourite daughter. Bessie began to think that he never would relent. Then one morning, a few days before Christmas, she entered her father’s study to find him seated at his desk with his back turned towards her. He did not hear her come in. He was gazing at something in his hand. Bessie could not get a proper view of it, but her heart gave a leap as the thought came to her that it might be Molly’s photograph. As she watched she saw her father press the object to his lips.

“Oh, father,” she said so suddenly that he started.

“I want to write a letter. I wonder if you’d mind my writing it here?”

“Of course not. Come along.”

Her sharp eyes saw that he slipped something under the blotting pad as he rose from the desk. She seated herself in the chair, and when he had gone to the other side of the room she moved the pad a little and



In the stable.

saw that it was indeed Molly's photograph which he had kissed. She could have laughed for joy, for this meant that her father's heart had softened. He did want Molly back again, though he might be too proud to say so. Perhaps it was the influence of the Christmas season and the memory of by-gone happy Christmases that had worked the change. She determined to act immediately.

She wrote a letter to Molly, begging her to come home for Christmas and to bring her husband. "I am sure," she concluded, "father will be glad to see you, though I have not told him I am writing."

The letter reached Molly in a humble home in a distant town where she and her husband were living. Things had not prospered much with them. They were very poor. Jack had not yet won either fame or wealth, and it was a great event when he was able to sell a picture for two or three guineas. Still they were happy, and the coming of a baby boy, in Molly's eyes, had even increased their happiness.

Molly, in a great state of excitement, carried the letter to the room which Jack used as a studio. A great longing had come over her to see her father and sister and the old home again.

"We will go, won't we, Jack?" she said.

Jack looked doubtful. "Well, if you think your father really will be glad to see us. He doesn't seem to be a party to the invitation."

"Oh, but I'm certain Bessie would not have written like this unless she was sure it would be all right. Oh, Jack, I'm so happy."

Then another thought occurred to her. "I forgot the money," she said anxiously. "Can we manage it, do you think?"

Jack had made a mental calculation. "I think we can just about do it," he said; "but it will take nearly all we have. We'll go, little girl."

Molly's eyes gleamed delightedly. "It will be lovely to be at home for Christmas again," she said, "I knew father would forgive us in time."

"But we don't know that he has," Jack objected.

"Well," said Molly decidedly, "I'm sure he'll never be able to resist baby—nobody could."

* * *

The next day was Christmas Eve. In Molly's old home there had been great preparations. Bessie was full of excitement. She had heard nothing from her sister, but she felt sure that Molly would arrive in time for the hoped-for family re-union and reconciliation on the morrow. She had judged it better not to say anything to her father, hoping that the unexpected appearance of Molly would do more to win his forgiveness than words. It pained her to see her father's face so sad. If, as she hoped, he was feeling remorse for his harshness to Molly more than two years ago, it would seem to him a mockery that his house should be a house of rejoicing at this time. More than once she was on the point of telling him what she had done, but she thought better of it. She was very tender and loving to him, and told the children to play quietly and not to worry their grandfather.

It was a great time for the children—two bonny boys and a tiny baby girl. They were to have a Christmas tree. They had seen it. Dickie declared that it stood as high as the ceiling, and it was to be very wonderful, with candles and coloured lights, and laden with marvellous toys—"fousands and fousands!"

In the evening, before nurse took the children away to bed, their mother gathered them about her chair in the firelight and told them beautiful Christmas stories. The one they liked best was about the first

Christmas of all, and they listened quietly as their mother told them of the Christ Child—the Babe of Bethlehem—whose mother “wrapped Him in swaddling clothes and laid Him in a manger, because there was no room in the inn.”

“Was the manger in a stable?” enquired Dickie.

“Yes,” said his mother, “a stable like ours.”

Then she told the wondering children how the Wise Men saw the star in the East, and followed it until it led them to the place where the Christ Child lay, and then they entered the stable and worshipped and gave wonderful gifts to the Babe, who, though His cradle was a manger, was really a great Prince—the Prince of Peace.

They went off to bed after that, and while they slept the Christmas tree was hung with toys and gifts until it looked like a tree out of a fairy tale.

It was very late before Bessie had finished her preparations for the morrow. Molly had not arrived, and Bessie, who had at last given up hope of seeing her sister that night, went to bed. Soon the house was in darkness.

* * *

Molly and Jack and the baby had started on their long journey that morning. At a point a few miles from Mr. Wilson’s house it was necessary for them to change to another railway and to purchase fresh tickets. When they reached the booking-office Molly, who was carrying the baby, heard Jack give a sudden exclamation. He stopped and began to feel hurriedly in all his pockets, one after another.

“What is it, Jack?” she asked anxiously. “What have you lost?”

“My wallet,” he replied, his face very white. “All the money I had was in it, and I can’t buy the tickets. Somebody must have picked my pocket in the crowd.”

“Are you sure it’s gone?”

“Yes, certain. I haven’t a cent left. What on earth are we to do?”

Molly felt like crying, but she kept up bravely. “How far have we still to go—ten miles?”

“Yes, all that. Why?”

“I was wondering if we could not walk it. We can’t stay in this place without money, and I’m sure Bessie will be expecting us.”

Jack stared. “Walk it! In the dark? It has been snowing; and besides, there’s the baby.”

However, there seemed to be nothing else

to do, and so at last they set out on their weary tramp. Before they had gone half the distance poor Molly was fit to drop with weariness, but she kept pluckily on, and did not breathe a word of complaint. On the snow-covered roads their progress was terribly slow. They were afraid to stop and rest for fear they should fall asleep from sheer fatigue, and to fall asleep in such bitter weather meant death.

When at last they reached Mr. Wilson’s house it was long past midnight, and the place was in darkness. Somehow Molly had never contemplated this possibility. It might be that her father was still unforgiving, and if so he would certainly be angry at being aroused at such an hour. She had an inspiration.

“We’ll spend the night in the stables,” she said. “There’s sure to be a vacant stall and plenty of straw.”

They went round to the back of the house and found the door of the stable fortunately unlocked. There was, as Molly had said, an empty stall and plenty of straw. Jack lit a lantern, and Molly, with the baby in her arms, sank down upon this primitive bed and was fast asleep in a moment. Jack pulled the warm, dry straw over her and then spread his great-coat for a coverlet. Then he burrowed into the straw himself. The three slept as peacefully there as though lying in beds of down.

* * *

It was very early on Christmas morning when Dickie awoke and aroused his brother and little sister. For some time the contents of their stockings and the toys on the chair by the bedside claimed their interest, but presently Dickie made a startling proposal.

“I say, let’s go and see if there’s a baby in our stable.”

It did not strike the children as startling, however. With their mother’s story of the night before fresh in their minds, it seemed to them quite a natural thing to do, and certainly a very interesting one. The question of dress did not trouble them much; but as the morning was undeniably cold the two boys wrapped themselves in the warmest dressing-gowns they could find, and they bound up baby Joan’s little fur-coat and made her as warm as they could. Then, in their bedroom slippers, the three children went downstairs, opened the front door, and stepped out into the snow. Fortunately there had not been a heavy fall, and the way to

the stables offered no difficulties. Dickie opened the door, and very softly the children stepped inside.

The grey drawn-light was by this time filling the stable, and there, sleeping peacefully in its mother's arms, was a baby! The children were not in the least astonished—it was all so exactly like the pretty story their mother had told them.

Baby Joan wanted to climb on the straw for a closer look, but Dickie restrained her; and then, very quietly so as not to wake the baby, the children went out of the stable, closing the door gently behind them.

"Let's go and tell mother," was Peter's suggestion, but Dickie would not hear of it.

"No," he said. "I'll tell you what to do. We'll be the wise men, and take gifts."

"But we haven't got any," objected Peter.

"Yes, we have, silly," said Dickie; "we've got toys and things. Of course," he added, "Joan isn't a man, but I daresay a baby won't mind that."

Peter agreed that it was a lovely idea, and Baby Joan was very well content to do as her brothers told her. So they went into the house again, gathered up all the toys they could carry, and went back to the stable.

* * *

When their mother went to their room a few minutes later to wish them a Happy Christmas she was surprised to find the bed empty. She went all over the house and questioned the servants, but not a trace of the children could she find. In great distress she aroused her father, and together they went out into the snow. It was an easy matter to trace the children by their footmarks—they led straight to the stable door.

Mr. Wilson, who was a little in front, opened the door and stopped dead with amazement. His daughter reached his side, and together they gazed at one of the prettiest scenes imaginable. The three children, Dickie, Peter and Baby Joan, were kneeling on the straw, their arms full of dolls and other toys, patiently waiting until the baby they had found in the stable should wake.



"They were a happy party that Christmas."

Their mother was first to solve the riddle. "They think it's the Christ Child," she said, in an awed whisper.

Mr. Wilson stepped softly into the stable. "Who on earth can they be?" he muttered. He bent down and looked at the face of the sleeping woman, and straightened himself with a frown.

His expression told Bessie who it was. Molly had come home! She was on her knees by her side in a moment, calling her by name and kissing her. Molly awoke to find herself in her sister's arms.

Mr. Wilson, still with that hard, stern look on his face, had turned away, and even when Molly said softly, "Father, I've come back. Are you not glad to see me?" he showed no sign of relenting, whatever he may have felt.

What might have happened there is no knowing, but at this point Jack, of whom nobody had taken any notice, had an inspiration. He took the baby in his arms and held it out to Mr. Wilson.

"Here's your new grandson, sir," he said. "Won't you wish him a Happy Christmas?"

Mr. Wilson, who had been softening for a long time, melted at that. When Molly saw his frown give place to a smile she knew that all was well, and as she flung her arms about his neck she cried, "I said so. I knew he would never be able to resist baby."

They were a happy party that Christmas Day, and Mr. Wilson, with his long-lost daughter restored to him and his youngest grandchild on his knee, was the happiest of all.

On the Screen

by

EVAN STRONG

Mr. Strong has for several years been connected with one of the largest houses in the Film Trade. In his monthly article this keen observer discusses happenings in the Picture World and gives his ideas and suggestions which, supported by such practical experience, prove valuable and instructive reading.



THE past few weeks have brought a development in the cinematograph world which will please those that maintain that to provide for its lasting popularity the motion picture must take on a more educative character. This development is the advent of a number of lecturers who detail incidents and adventures, mostly personal, as the picture runs down the screen. I have heard one or two of them, and must admit that the increased interest was quite out of proportion to expectation. War topical takes on a different nature—the voice of a good lecturer puts real life into them; and if the lecturer knows his subject, has lived through the episodes thrown on the screen, one gets a much better idea of what war really is. So far, I think, the war has done nothing so good for cinematography in general as this creation of lecturers to films. It is not entirely new, for sure, but in the past film lecturing has resolved itself into a series of pictures with a detached voice droning away at the side of the screen, and rarely in any sort of sympathy with the subject apparent.

Now these new lecturers are generally men who have a purpose, apart from business, in their work. Most of them have a tale to tell the world; a tale of woe it may be, or a tale of bravery. But whatever their lectures are chiefly concerned with, the sermon of them, in revealing the horrors of war, is going to have effect in the future. As aside from this the educational value is immense. One learns of places and happenings and characteristics which gain in the relating by being illustrated by pictures depicting the actual things explained. It is to be hoped that not only the few now engaged,

but dozens and dozens more will take up this film lecturing, not only in relation to war and exploration, but in regard to all kinds of subjects which come within the scope of the camera. The status of cinematography will be raised thereby, and its longevity ensured.

* * *

A VERY distinct line is drawn between the average film and the “educational,” and the latter is on the weaker side. The reason for this is that the average “educational” is somewhat dry, rather like our old school books; and instead of awaking interest and being taken in with some degree of pleasure, it is merely tolerated. Few want the purely educational, and when it appears in a programme it is more than half the time as a fill-up or on the score of variety. This is not because the people do not desire to be taught by means of motion pictures—the fault is entirely with the manner in which the educational pictures are produced. We cannot, it seems, get away from the notion that to learn one must take on the aspect of an owl, and chew over disagreeable pap. High brows and stolid reading is still the mark of the intellectual! And unfortunately—or fortunately—the average person who goes to the cinema doesn’t want to be an owl, does not mean to risk mental indigestion, nor has he much respect for the “intellectual” label.

* * *

I AM with the average person every time. I do not want the dry-as-dust stuff “put over” on me after office hours. My mental agility is less than it was; it has been at its topmost bent all day. My brain has been doing the half-mile at sprint pace,

and, the tape passed, is now fagging. I want recreation when I go to the cinema in the evening, but am not averse to acquiring a little knowledge, provided it is given with a relish which will tickle my mental appetite, or providing it is half unconsciously absorbed. And so it is with us all, but very few have taken the trouble to realise this; in consequence, the "educational" takes a back seat, and the high brows turn with scorn from the "rabble" which seeks to be amused and happy rather than be bored and miserable.

* * *

OUR educational authorities have a deal to answer for on this score.

Conservative and utterly incapable of seeing the good in anything but their fathers' methods, they have wasted the finest of educational opportunities. They have failed to make use of the cinema and of cinematography. Had they the will they could purge the picture halls of objectionable pictures and replace them with films of particular educative worth. Instead of looking at cinematography fairly and squarely they have abused it roundly, and the more abusive have been, as a rule, those who had never seen the inside of a cinema. Their idea of cinematography is vague, and "what the peasant does not know he will not eat." Really, cinematography—the very ordinary kind—is doing as much for the education of the people, perhaps more, as are the newspapers. Each picture, the ordinary domestic drama, the Wild West stuff, the comedy, the Russian tale, has its lesson. We learn of other lands, we accept the influence of laughter, we are taught a moral, customs of foreigners, geography, history, a thousand and one things, unappreciative at the time of the effort, and indeed of the value of the lesson. Why should not the "educational" film be brought more in line with the ordinary picture? What matters if the lesson goes home effortless—if it goes home! It will have to come to this, and the film lecturers are going to play a big part in bringing it about.

* * *

SOMEONE has called me to book for a note in my article in last month's PICTURE STORIES MAGAZINE. I must explain and clear myself. It appears I advised patronage of German films, and that is unpatriotic. Yes, in a way! But

when you know the conditions you will realise my intention was good. There are a number of good German films in this country and they came here before the war. There were a number of Germans in the film trade in this country before the outbreak of hostilities, but there is not one now, because under the Defence of the Realm Regulations, 1914, no alien enemy is allowed to trade in films, to be employed in the film trade, or even to enter film business houses. Now to explain to some degree what I wrote last month. It is not unpatriotic to appreciate German films, but it is unpatriotic to supply the enemy with funds. As a matter of fact, I daresay, every German film in the country at the present moment is handled by Britishers, who paid (before the war commenced) for the film. Having paid away their money for an article at a time when it was legitimate, it is not fair that they should suffer on account of circumstances they could not foresee. So long as the money does not go into the pockets of the enemy no harm is done. Money, however, does go into the pockets of Germans at the present moment, and in large quantities from the cinemas of this country. But these Germans live and produce their goods in America. I should not be surprised, however, if some of them had fat banking accounts in Germany. It would not surprise me particularly if some of the money taken by German-Americans from the cinemas of this country did not find its way to the Vaterland even now. So, gentle reader, if your patriotic fervour needs an outlet, you have a hint as to direction, but do not crib the poor British film-man who seeks to regain some of what he had paid away before Germany was a disclosed enemy.

As to firms with German capital—including cinemas—as I have said before, we should each of us individually know our duty. The best we can do at the present time is to demand as far as possible British goods, British handled, at British cinemas. But at the same time we must avoid becoming so bigoted as to deny the obvious value of a foreign subject.

* * *

WAR-TIME is a time which emphasises the truth of the adage "Charity begins at home." But in war-time we must realise that home does not mean our own little house in the suburbs, or our cottage by the sea; but all Britain and

Ireland, Canada, Australia, and all the colonies. The whole British Empire is "home" to-day. It behoves us to do all we can for our "home" before we seek to do anyone good outside—but I am going to ask for one little extension of the word and bring in gallant little Belgium. As ordinarily "Charity begins at home" means that one must look after the needs of one's family first before giving away to others; so it means in its broader sense to-day that we must look after our own people, our own industries and trade before thinking of sending our money elsewhere. A deal of money flows out even now into other lands which are not suffering the strain we are, and much of that money could be spent right here in London to the benefit of thousands if the public raised its voice and used its influence. Everywhere we hear of the increasing demand for British ware. Who has had the temerity to press the demand for British films? There are many British firms making and producing sterling stuff at the present moment, have finished pictures on the market, but suffer in some cases from prejudice. For some time British films suffered from comparison with French, Italian, and American products. But French films fail now—our Allies have other and sterner work at home to do—they have no time for the manufacture of pictures; and as far as the others go, our British films of to-day are easily up to the average, and oft-times better. For, as I have always said and maintain, the good British film is nearer the British taste than any production which comes from abroad. It is natural. We may not manufacture sufficient to cover all programmes in our land, but we do manufacture enough to have three times, even four times, more showing at our picture theatres than appears at present. In every class of film—comedy, drama, scenic and topical—we have made a tremendous advance in this country, and the British film industry should be better supported. We must have American pictures; we have to show Italian, Danish, and other films; we must not shut out good moving pictures from any country; that would be a very short-sighted policy, and one I should not in the least like to see pursued; but still I think there should be in these days a greater spirit of "Charity begins at home," and a stronger demand for all-British film productions. Of the many film companies at work in Great Britain I would mention the following as they come

to mind: The London Film Co.; B. & C. (British and Colonial); Barker's; Hepworth's; Cable; Bamforth's (Winky Comedies and D. Tempest's Cartoons); Clarendon; Neptune; Phoenix (Folly, Pimple Comedies); Captain Kettle Films; Motograph; Searchlight, etc.

* * *

DESPITE the war, cinematography is gradually creeping nearer its own. There have been reports that engineers are taking up motion pictures for teaching and explaining their business, and that the doctors of this country are taking a greater interest in the medical and surgical application of cinematography. The Catholics also are not despising this means of educating their people, while the Army is waking up to the fact that motion pictures are excellent for target practice. It is this extension and wider scope of cinematography which gives those who have so great an interest in the art increased courage and enthusiasm to "boost" the pictures. On the other side, there is an inspiring sign that the old prejudice of the middle and higher classes against picture halls is breaking down. Nowadays the cinemas reveal a better dressed gathering in the dearer parts. The motion pictures is having a democratic influence. The various classes are being drawn together to enjoy the same style of entertainment, and we have the war to thank to a great degree. War has enforced a tighter hold on the pocket. With the darkened streets, people who once upon a time tripped up to the big town theatres are now content with the pleasures to be derived at the cinemas. The "legitimate" theatres are suffering, unfortunately, and the lesser priced, more get-at-able, picture halls are reaping a harvest. We may be sorry for the theatres, but we are all the same mighty glad of the impetus given to cinematography.

* * *

"THE HAND OF IRON," to appear in our next issue, is a powerful story of a cruel army officer in love with his colonel's daughter, and a rival for her hand with a brother officer. "A Splendid Dishonour" is a strong tale of love and sacrifice brought about by an insane doctor; and "The Virginian" is a graphic four-reel kaleidoscope of the Golden West, featuring Dustin Farnum, whose portrait appears in the present issue.

With the Players

MR. H. B. WARNER, the popular actor, is a "Cockney" by birth, having been born within sound of Bow Bells on the 26th October, 1876, and was educated at Bedford Grammar School. Curiously enough, this Londoner made his first appearance in "The Streets of London," in which his father also took a part, but his first regular engagement was taken at the Elephant and Castle Theatre, in 1898, in "It's Never too Late to Mend." From this onward, Mr. Warner became a popular figure on the London stage and starred in some of the best known plays of late years. In 1905 he visited America and played leading man with Miss Eleanor Robinson in a series of plays. In "A Lost Paradise," Mr. Warner plays the star part in a powerful drama which illustrates the great twentieth century struggle between capital and labour. We see here gigantic machinery of which the work-people are merely the humble and underpaid servants. There is the inevitable strike, and as the champion of the workers Mr. Warner is superb.

VVIVIAN RICH, who supports the role of Clare Meredith in "The Cocoon and the Butterfly," appearing in this number, has two little admirers, Effie and Georgia Johns, who presented her with a thoroughbred collie the other day.

Miss Rich, who is very fond of dogs, appreciates the gift. She has named her dog "Guess." The collie is a beautiful specimen of his breed and has been greatly admired. Miss Rich takes keen delight in being asked the name of her new pet.

Without a smile she will say "Guess," and of course the enquirer calls to mind every conceivable name. Not being successful the usual enquiry is "Well, what do you call him?" Miss Rich will then smile and say, "Guess." The enquirer turns away with "I'm on."

DUSTIN FARNUM, the renowned Lasky feature actor, is included among our supplement portraits. His name is a household word in the States, whilst he is by no means unknown on this side of the Atlantic. Born at Hampton Beach, New Hampshire, on the 27th May, 1876, Mr. Farnum commenced his brilliant career at an early age, and made his greatest success in "The Squaw Man," the film version of which has also been produced by

the Jesse L. Lasky Feature Play Company of America. He is also seen to great advantage in "The Virginian," which is founded on the play of that name, and will shortly figure in the Lasky-Liebler production of "Cameo Kirby."

WINIFRED KINGSTON, who will play the leading feminine role opposite Dustin Farnum in the Lasky-Liebler production of "Cameo Kirby," is posing in one of her "Call of the North" scenes for Coles Phillips, the prominent American artist.

MISS MARIN SAIS in private life is Mrs. P. O. Hartingan. She is noted for her horsemanship and can at least claim to be the most finished horsewoman in the West.

Although of slight build and of highly strung and nervous temperament she performs feats on horseback which astonish even cowboys. She is versatile in her work and a great favourite with moving picture audiences the world over. She is descended from the early Spanish settlers, and her family still own the original ranch and mission established by her ancestors.

It has been several years since Marin Sais, William H. West and Cleo Ridgeley have appeared in a comedy production, but that these versatile Kalem stars are genuine laugh-creators is demonstrated in "Micky Flynn's Escapade,"—a story of the mix-up which follows a thief's stealing a roll of bank notes from another criminal. It so happens that the money is counterfeit, and before matters go very far, a fraud in the form of a "blind" beggar, a pair of counterfeiterers, a shoplifter and an escaped convict is involved.

BOYD MARSHALL, of the Thanhouser Stock Company, came to the screen after considerable stage experience in musical comedy and vaudeville. He possesses a fine baritone voice, and is a graduate of the Michigan University of Music, U.S.A. In earlier days he studied with the intention of becoming a professor of languages, but changed his mind in favour of the footlights. Mr. Marshall is a clean-cut young fellow, with brown hair, brown eyes and a fair complexion. He is five feet eleven inches tall, and is an expert pianist, being much in demand at the various social events in New Rochelle, N.Y., where the Thanhouser studios are situated.

MONA DARKFEATHER had a very thrilling experience recently. While making a run before the camera at the head of thirty Indians she saw a huge tarantula on the mane of her horse, Beauty. A bite from this six-inches-wide spider meant agonizing death—this she knew. But she did not know how to get rid of it, as she was riding bareback and had no riding whip. Almost quicker than it takes to tell it, the tarantula had made a leap and landed on her bare arm. Fortunately, a Sioux Indian, one of the company, brought his horse abreast of hers in the nick of time, and with his six-shooter brushed the tarantula from her arm. But it made still another leap, this time to the Indian's horse. He could afford to take no chances, and so fired his revolver point blank. Although it was only a "blank," it killed the insect, and hardly wounded the horse. That evening, however, it was found that some of the poison must have been blown into the horse by the charge, and the beast being in agony, they had to shoot it to stop its suffering.

CARLYLE BLACKWELL writes that he considers his next production, "The Man who Could Not Lose," the greatest story he ever made. This sounds good for the winning man, as Carlyle has had some experience in putting on pictures. He made three hundred and forty-two while he was with Kalem. In "The Man Who Could Not Lose" production, the Favourite Players' Film Co. have used twelve hundred supers on the stage and in the audience of a theatre which they hired in Los Angeles to take this scene, which was written by Richard Harding Davis, adapted for the screen by Robert A. Dillon. Carlyle is also making wonderful preparations for some big scenic effects in a future feature, "The Last Chapter." For some of the African scenes native kraals are being erected and quite a large order for manufacturing assegais and shields has been placed.

GERTRUDE MCCOY, the leading lady of the Edison Company, received a very painful injury to her left hand while rehearsing a scene directed by John H. Collins.

In making her exit from a room, Miss McCoy had reached for the half-opened door, when suddenly it slammed, crushing two of her fingers between the edge of the door and the woodwork. Although suffering intense pain, Miss McCoy never lost consciousness, but displayed that indomitable nerve which has gained for her a host of admirers among the fans.

Upon examination by the studio doctor it was found that the two fingers were badly crushed

and the nail on one completely torn off. The deepest sympathy is felt for Miss McCoy by all the members of the Edison Company and many hopes are entertained for her speedy recovery.

MMARGUERITE CLARK, who attained a personal triumph in "Baby Mine," Margaret Mayo's successful play, is the latest stage celebrity to be converted to the screen, through the medium of the Famous Players four-part production, "Wildflower."

"Wildflower," by Mary Germaine, is a drama of the lights and shadows of the sun-kissed forest and the depths and shallows of human life, a delightful tale of sweet innocence and eternal youth, admirably exemplified in the personality and mannerisms of the winsome little actress.

There are many tender passages in the production, many humorous touches, and some tinged with the little sadnesses that creep into any true story of life. But Wildflower sheds her fragrance throughout the four reels of the subject, a thing of beauty always and always a symbol of purity.

Marguerite Clark's first film characterisation is a notable one, and entitles the enchanting little star to be considered an important acquisition to the screen. She is supported by an adequate and capable cast, including Harold Lockwood, James Cooley, E. L. Davenport, and Jack Pickford.

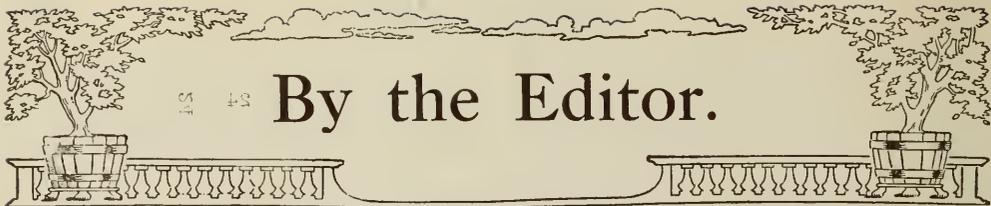
BBERTHA KALICH makes her first appearance before the motion picture public in a five-part production of her dramatic success, "Marta of the Lowlands."

The play was written by the Spanish dramatist Angel Guimera, and affords her an admirable vehicle for emotional characterisation.

After her triumphs in "Mouna Vanna" and "The Kreutzer Sonata," much is expected of the actress in the film production of "Marta," and much is forthcoming.

Mmc. Kalich makes Marta a patient sufferer, a tragic figure indeed, as she bravely endures all the cruelties and indignities that are thrust upon her by the ruthless "master."

The entire cast of the play were sent to Cuba for the exteriors of this production, where the tropical glades furnished an atmosphere appropriate to the action. The excellent work of the cast must be passed over. Wellington A. Playter suggests with commendable effect the awkwardness and ingenuousness of Manelich, the shepherd; Hal. Clarendon is an ideal Sebastian, cruel, haughty and fiercely passionate; and Lillian Kalich is sweetly pathetic in the role of Muri. The Famous Players have made in this a notable production.



WORD of explanation is due to my readers. In last month's PICTURE STORIES MAGAZINE was announced the first instalment of the Lasky play, "The Call of the North," but the story being of such an enthralling nature it was deemed advisable to insert the whole of it in the present number. Included in our present Supplement is an interesting portrait of Miss Winifred Kingston, who takes a prominent part in the story.

* * *

IN response to my invitation for expressions of opinion and suggestions calculated to improve the magazine, I have received several replies, and as they are just the sort of answers expected, some of the hints will be acted upon in due time. A musical column has been asked for, but the requests are not numerous. Of course the depletion of our staff through the war is the cause of the postponement of several features we had in mind for almost immediate introduction, but these will appear later.

* * *

Our roll of honour at Oldfield's (the Proprietors of PICTURE STORIES MAGAZINE) to date includes the following sturdy patriots who have enlisted for the war, some of them already being in France:—James Bleeze, Henry Cleaver, Sidney Crocker (Red Cross), Leslie Hollinghurst (Aerial Corps), Stanley Hollinghurst (Aerial Corps), Fredk. J. Jones (our ex-Editor), George Lacey, Ralph Milner, John Nash, William Nesbit, Philip Porter, J. Reid (invalided home), Frank Saunders, Charles Simmons, George Slater and Arthur Street. May the best of luck accompany them and bring them safely back!

* * *

IT seems that to be a star picture actor or actress is synonymous with possessing a smart motor car or, as they term it in America—automobile, for we are continually reading of hairbreadth escapades and cute driving on the part of these lucky players. Gerda Holmes, of the Essanay Co., is the latest to be in a collision in Central Avenue, where apparently police traps are

non-existent, judging by the high speed attained in such a traffic area. Wallace Beery (Sweedie) also has a new racing car and is going strong at record breaking. His latest feat is to cover a mile in 56 seconds, but he is still thirsting for fresh conquests. Richard C. Travers had his new Overland car stolen, but the thieves were located, and after a wild chase arrested, but not before smashing into a telephone post whilst skidding round a corner.

* * *

WRITING of cars, several readers have admired the present Editor's new Speedster, and many are the questions asked as to how the fire originated which destroyed the last one. It may have been that the twopenny torque tube got caught in the friction wheel, causing the exhaust clutch to advance its "ignish." I am positive (+) the voltmeter had not been on the loose and that the spark gap could not have been more than two "picas" off the dumb iron. The condenser probably "shorted" up the pole, serrating the trembler blade of the back axle. The amount of spirit entering the driver's carburetter at the extra inlet counterbalanced the proportion of popping governing the compression stroke of the accelerator. Anyway, this explanation must suffice for the time being.

* * *

OUR January number promises to be the best yet issued. It will contain the eight extra pages as in November and December copies. Most interesting stories will be "The Spitfire" (Famous Players), featuring Carlyle Blackwell; "Jailbirds" (Flying A), with Vivian Rich and Jack Richardson in the cast; "Daylight" (Flying A), starring Winnifred Greenwood; two Vitagraph numbers; probably a Lubin and a Kalem production, in addition to the items mentioned on page 3 of cover.

* * *

AS I write it is only four weeks to Christmas, therefore I conclude by extending the heartiest of good wishes to all my readers and to our soldiers and sailors for the festive occasion.

OUR JANUARY NUMBER



Will include :

A Splendid Dishonour (Essanay)

The Virginian (Lasky)

The Hand of Iron (Edison)

Portraits of :

Charles Kent (Vitagraph)

Bessie Barriscale (Lasky)

William West (Edison)

Mrs. Maurice (Vitagraph)

Edna Goodrich (Lasky)

Mabel Trunnelle (Edison)

etc., etc.



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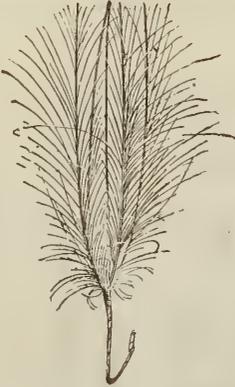
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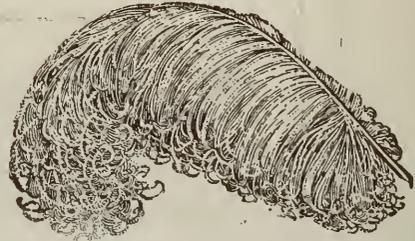
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Scene from A SPLENDID DISHONOUR (Essanay).

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Miss BESSIE BARRISCALE	Lasky
Mr. WILLIAM WEST	Edison
Miss EDNA GOODRICH	Lasky
Mrs. MAURICE	Vitagraph
Miss BERTHA KALICH	Famous Players
Miss MABEL TRUNNELLE	Edison
Miss EVELYN SELBIE	Essanay

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		Cast :	
John Reynolds	ANTONIO MORENO
Ida Reynolds	JULIA SWAYNE
Madge Hardy	NORMA TALMADGE
Jacques Albert	KALMAN MATUS
Old Man Hardy	FRANK CURRIER

YOU must take a holiday at once—a long holiday. Give up all work, all business cares, all worry, and get away into the country.”

The doctor spoke with decision, and John Reynolds never dreamed of disputing his verdict.

“Is it very serious, doctor?” he asked.

“Very. You ought to have come to me before. You must do as I tell you now without loss of time, or you will break down badly. You're on the very verge. Get away; country air, rest and freedom from worry will make a new man of you. But go at once. Hullo! what's wrong?”

Reynolds put a hand to his head and swayed perilously. He laughed uncertainly as the doctor sprang to his side.

“It's nothing—headache—a little giddiness—I'm alright now.”

“No, you're not, by a long way. I'll see you home.”

Reynold's car was waiting, and the two men got in and drove to Reynolds's house.

He was a wealthy man, a banker, married and in love with his wife. Mrs. Reynolds was beautiful to look upon, but the only thing she loved about her husband was his money. He had not found that out yet, and believed that her love for him was as great as his for her.

When Reynolds and the doctor reached the house they went into the room where Mrs. Reynolds was having her portrait painted by Jacques Albert, an artist, who

was just now the rage in society circles. She appeared to resent the intrusion, and manifested only a languid show of interest and remarkably little concern when the doctor informed her that her husband was unwell and must take a holiday.

“He works too hard,” she said lazily. “I'm always telling him about it.”

“Don't worry, Ida,” remarked her husband. “A holiday will set me up all right. You'll be able to manage while I'm away?”

“Oh, yes; I daresay I shall.” That was all; no word of sympathy or solicitude. Reynolds sighed, and there was a touch of indignation in the doctor's tones when he said—

“I have taken the liberty, madam, of telephoning for another medical man to meet me here. I think the case is serious, and I should feel more satisfied if we had another opinion.”

“But surely there cannot be anything very wrong? You are not really ill, are you, John?”

“No, dear, of course not; just a little run down, that's all.”

The second doctor came in just then. He listened to his colleague's statement of the case, asked a few questions, and agreed both with the diagnosis and prescription.

“Well, now,” said Reynolds, with an attempt at cheerfulness, “where am I to go? That's the question.”

Both doctors made suggestions, but the places they recommended did not seem very

attractive to the patient. Albert cut in—

"I know the very place," he said. "An uncle of mine, a farmer, has a place out West, at Fairdale. Beautiful scenery, mountains, lakes, woods and delightful climate. It is a wonderful place."

"It sounds all right," said Reynolds' doctor. "I daresay it will do as well as any other place. Go there. Better go to—

"Of course," replied Mrs. Reynolds. "And you must come back quite well."

There was no warmth in her tones. When he had gone slowly out of the room and the door had closed she gave a little laugh. "I shall be lonely," she said softly, letting her eyes rest for a moment upon Albert.

The artist smiled. "That would be too cruel," he said.



"'I love you,' she murmured. 'I love you. I am yours.'"

morrow, or to-day if you can. Well, good-bye and good-luck to you."

The two doctors went away. Reynolds crossed to where his wife was sitting.

"I'm awfully sorry, Ida," he said softly, caressing her face with his fingers. "Perhaps I shan't need to be away very long. We can write to each other anyhow."

Next day Reynolds said good-bye. His wife kissed him dutifully, and it never struck him that the pain of parting was all on his side.

* * *

Albert was hard at work in his studio. He was more than a fashionable portrait painter—paid large sums to flatter his sitters

and make most of them appear more beautiful than they were. He had great gifts, and he was now busy upon a picture for the Salon. He had as model an old man, very ragged and disreputable-looking, but with a face full of character. The artist had been painting for an hour or more, and was so engrossed in his work that he did not hear the door behind him open and close again softly. His name was spoken gently, and he turned to see Mrs. Reynolds standing there.

"Ida," he cried, and bent to kiss her, but she started back with a gesture of her hand towards the old man, who sat quite unconcernedly in the pose in which the artist had placed him.

celebrate my freedom, so I have come—here."

Reynolds had thought his wife rather cold and undemonstrative, but she was neither to Albert. Suddenly, while they were talking, she threw her arms about his neck, drew his face down to hers and kissed him on the lips with a passion equal to his own.

"I love you," she murmured. "I love you. I am yours."

* * *

It was a long journey to Fairdale, and Reynolds was tired out by the end of it. Albert's uncle, whose name was Hardy, was at the station to meet him, and they drove



"She laughingly insisted that he should turn his back."

"Pouf! He does not matter. He is just a model."

"Then you may kiss me, but send him away."

Albert did both, and when the old man had gone he took her in his arms and showered passionate kisses on her unresisting lips.

"Well," he said, after a time, "have you come for a sitting?"

"No, indeed. Nothing so dull. I have come for a talk. I was lonely. I told you I should be."

"Has your husband gone?"

"Yes—this morning. And, oh, it is such a relief. I felt that I must do something to

away in a primitive kind of country cart. The old man was garrulous, and talked continuously about the place and the people and the advantages of country over city life.

"I wouldn't live shut up in a town," he said, "not for a million dollars."

Reynolds found the old man's chatter entertaining, and the drive through the glorious sunshine and beautiful scenery was already doing its work in restoring his spirits.

They turned into a rough carriage drive and came in sight of a low, rambling, picturesque house. Close by the sunlit waters of a lake gleamed through the trees.

"There's Madge," said the old man, sud-



“The girl crept up behind him and tickled him with a piece of grass.”

denly. “Hi, Madge. Come here!”

Reynolds had a charming vision. A girl in a loose frock and pinafore, with unruly curls and a roguish, laughing face, scrambled up from the side of the lake, where she had apparently been fishing, dropped her tackle, and came racing towards them. Reynolds thought she was the prettiest thing he had ever seen.

Half-way to the cart she remembered the stranger, and came forward shyly.

“My daughter,” said old Hardy, with pride in his voice. “Madge, this is Mr. Reynolds. We must do what we can to amuse him while he stays with us. I tell him he’ll soon get well and strong again here.”

Madge took Reynolds in with one swift, laughing glance. She seemed to approve, and put out her hand frankly. “I hope you’ll like being here,” she said.

Reynolds had no doubt of it, and said so. He felt heaps better already; and when, having rested after his journey and eaten a homely meal with Madge and her father, he took a book and sat in the lovely old garden, and decided that the lines had fallen to him in pleasant places indeed. His thoughts went back to the city—the house he had left, the wife whom he loved. What was she doing, he wondered? A footstep and a shy, sweet voice broke in upon his reverie.

“I thought you might like some flowers.”

Madge stood there smiling, with an arm full of beautiful blossoms.

“Er—thanks, so much. That was kind of you,” he said, absently, taking the flowers and placing them by his side.

Madge looked at him, then with an impatient little twitch, walked slowly towards the house. When she had gone a little way she turned, caught him looking after her, and flashed a smile over her shoulder. He smiled back, and after that he found it hard to give his attention to his book.

That was the beginning. In a few days Reynolds began to feel astonishingly youthful. After all, he was not so very old—only a year

or two over thirty, but hard work and worry had aged him. Now his years seemed to fall away from him as by magic, and he told himself in the sunny days that followed that he did not feel a day older than Madge, who was eighteen. Truly they were like boy and girl. They ran races, went for long walks in the woods and lanes, rowed on the lake, and sat talking in the garden in the summer evenings. It was all delightful, though perhaps for Madge, who knew nothing about him except that he was handsome and a very pleasant companion, a little dangerous.

One morning he missed her, and wandering down to the lake side by himself saw her at some distance paddling in the water.

“Come along!” she cried, when she saw him. He shook his head, smiling. “Oh, well, then, I’ll come out. Wait for me.”



“Mrs. Reynolds had been struck a frightful blow by the bonnet of the car and killed in an instant.”



“She tried to smile at him as she gave him her hand.”

She scrambled out, sat at the foot of a big tree and laughingly insisted that he should turn his back while she dried her pretty feet on her frock and slipped her shoes on.

After that they played. Reynolds' city friends would have stared to see him making stones skim over the surface of the lake and playing hide and seek among the trees with a girl whose hair hung loose about her shoulders, and who seemed to be the spirit of the place—the very incarnation of life and joy. It came to him with a pang of regret that his holiday was slipping away all too fast. His health seemed to be quite restored, and there would soon be nothing to keep him here.

A day or two later Madge brought him a letter. He was asleep in a chair in the garden, and the girl crept up behind him and tickled him with a piece of grass until he awoke. As he opened his eyes and smiled at her she threw the letter in his lap and danced away.

In a few minutes she came back. Reynolds was absorbed in his letter, and he did not at first notice her. Something fell from his fingers. As he stooped to pick it up he saw her, and after a moment's hesitation held it out to her. It was a photograph.

The girl took it and involuntarily stepped back out of his sight.

“Who—who is it?” she asked, almost in a whisper.

Reynolds did not look up from his letter. “It's my wife,” he said.

There was no reply for some moments. Then Madge put the photograph on his knee. “She is very beautiful,” she said slowly, and went away to the house, to her own little room.

* * *

Albert had finished the portrait. It now hung in the picture-gallery in Reynolds' house. He had not flattered his sitter this time, except perhaps by telling her that he could not paint her more beautiful than she was. But their meetings continued, and this morning Mrs. Reynolds was expecting him. The post had brought her a letter from Albert, and while she was reading it the artist himself was announced.

“Well,” he said, after he had kissed her, “is there any news?”

“Yes,” she answered gloomily, “I had a letter from my husband last night. He talks of coming home.”

“What! So soon?”

“Yes, I suppose he thinks I'm pining for him. He'll be home in a week. Oh, if he only knew how he bores me, how I wish he would stay away altogether!”

“Then, I suppose this—our happy time—is almost over?”

“No,” she cried fiercely, “no! I'll never give you up. I love you with all my heart, and I hate him—yes, hate him!” She threw her arms round his neck and gazed at him passionately, hungrily. “And you—you love me too?”

“Yes,” he murmured; “you know I do.”



“He took from his pocket a packet of letters and laid them on the table.”

But we must be careful. My letters!"

"Oh, your dear letters. I love them. I shall see that they are safe enough. I've found a splendid place for them. Come and see."

She led him into the picture-gallery adjoining, and going to the portrait which he had painted she touched a spring in the frame. A small panel at the side opened, disclosing a space from which she drew out a packet of letters.

"Here they are," she said, and pressed them to her lips.

"But is it safe?"

"Quite; nobody knows of this but you and I. Now, what shall we do? We have not many more days, and I want to go out with you."

"My car is at the door. We'll have lunch somewhere and then go for a run in the country."

They had lunch in a crowded restaurant. It was not easy to say there the things they wished to say, but Albert leaned across the table towards her, looked into her eyes, touched her glass with his, and whispered:

"My darling, to a lifetime of love and happiness."

They drank. Albert paid the bill and in a few minutes they had left the city behind them.

There was a madness in the woman's blood that day. Selfish and worldly as she was, she felt that she would have been content to go driving with Albert on and on, faster, ever faster, never to come back to the city and the husband whose return she dreaded.

A big car passed them with a party of young people. In her present wild mood Mrs. Reynolds could not bear that anybody else should take the foremost place, even on the road.

"Faster! Faster!" she cried. "Oh, Jacques, I want to fly. You *must* beat that car."

Her voice, her nearness, the pressure of her hand on his arm infected him with her recklessness. He put the car to top speed, and it rushed along the road, dashing once more ahead of the big car. One of the occupants shouted a warning, but it went unheeded.

Albert did not know the road, and at a fork he turned to the right instead of the left. The way was rough, and suddenly, before either had time to realise what was happening, the off-wheel struck a great boulder, a

woman's scream rang out hideously, the car overturned and rolled over and over to the foot of the steep bank at the side of the road.

The big car came along cautiously and stopped. The occupants, with white, scared faces, got out, and clambered down the bank. Mrs. Reynolds had been struck a frightful blow by the bonnet of the car and killed in an instant. Her companion was unconscious, but came round presently. He was only bruised.

* * *

Since Madge had made the discovery that Reynolds was married she had changed in some subtle fashion that puzzled him badly. She was no longer the gay, light-hearted companion she had been. She declined his invitations to row on the lake or to go picnicing in the woods. She stayed for the most part in the house or wandered listlessly about the garden. The change in her worried her father, but neither he nor Reynolds hit upon the cause of her altered demeanour.

It would have surprised Reynolds to learn that she had lost her heart to him. He had thought of her as a child, very sweet and charming, but still only a child. He was sorry to lose his playmate, but that was all—as yet.

One day he came upon her by a hammock slung between two big trees in the garden. Madge had her back to him, and she was looking at some object in her hands. There was about her attitude something of dejection, of sadness, which moved him strangely. As he got close to her he saw that she was holding his cap which he had left in the hammock. The look on her face might have been a revelation to him, but his mind was just then occupied with other thoughts.

"Why," he said, "I've been looking for my cap everywhere." As she handed it to him he added, "I say, can't we have a walk or a row or a race or something? I shall soon be going away, you know."

Before she could reply a boy came hurrying across the grass towards them. He handed a telegram to Reynolds, who, with a word of apology, tore open the envelope. As he read his face went a curious dead white, and he swayed, seeming for a moment about to fall.

"Oh, what is the matter?" cried Madge, in alarm, clasping her hands tightly together

and leaning forward. "Is it bad news?"

He said nothing, but handed her the telegram. This is what she read:

"Mrs. Reynolds killed in motor accident.—Felice."

His white face and agonised eyes went to the girl's heart.

"I'm so sorry," she breathed, "so sorry"

Reynolds tried to speak, but could not. He turned abruptly and went into the house. He hurriedly packed his things; then, having grown more composed, he went to say good-bye to Madge. He found her leaning against a tree by the side of the lake. She tried to smile at him as she gave him her hand, but the tears were very near the surface.

For days Reynolds was like a man stunned. Not till after his wife's funeral did he begin to take up the threads of his life again, and then only in the listless fashion of a man who no longer found the world a very pleasant place.

One day he went into the picture-gallery and stood a long time gazing at his wife's portrait that Albert had painted. It was a wonderful likeness. The eyes smiled; almost it seemed as if in a moment she would speak to him. What, he wondered, would she say?

Something a little unusual about the frame attracted his notice, and he fingered it idly, pressing it here and there. Suddenly he touched a spring, and a small panel flew open at the side of the frame.

* * *

Jacques Albert had soon recovered from the shock of the accident and his slight injuries. He was well enough now in body, but very much troubled in mind. His letters to Mrs. Reynolds. Supposing her husband should find them! While they remained in Reynolds' house he was in peril, and yet he could not think of any way to secure them.

An inspiration came to him while he was reading a letter from his uncle, which he received a few days after Mrs. Reynolds' funeral. Old Mr. Hardy informed him that he had brought Madge to town for a change, as she had been low-spirited since Mr. Reynolds left. "Come and see us at St. Charles Hotel," the letter concluded.

"Reynolds—Madge," he said to himself. "Why this is the very chance. Madge is sure to go to see him. She can quite easily get to the picture gallery and secure the

letters without his knowing anything about it."

He went at once to the hotel and told her what he wanted her to do, with a coolness and effrontery which repelled the girl. He had counted on persuading her easily, and was astonished when she gave an indignant refusal.

"But," he said, "we loved each other, she and I," as though that was an invincible reason why she should do this thing for him.

Madge was horrified, angry, contemptuous. "Oh," she cried, "his wife deceived him. His love was wasted. I shall tell him."

Albert sprang from his chair in dismay. "No, no," he protested, "you must not. Think of me." She made a gesture of contempt. "Well, think of her memory then." He held out his hands in appeal.

Madge turned away, and after a pause, said in a strange, hard voice, "You must go now. I hate you—but I will think what to do."

After he had gone she had a struggle with herself. For the life of her she could not help a feeling of exultation, even in her sorrow for Reynolds. This other woman had been false to him. If he only knew. If only the other woman's image could be overthrown he might come to love her—Madge—in time. If he only knew! And she could tell him! No, she would not, could not be so mean. She loved him so that to dream of giving him pain was torture. Suddenly she made up her mind that she must get the letters, even if in doing so she threw away her last chance of winning Reynolds' love.

Her father came in as she was putting on her out-door clothes. She determined to take him with her.

"Come along, daddy," she cried; "we're going to call on Mr. Reynolds."

The old man was only too pleased to see her showing interest in anything. He readily consented.

They were shown into the drawing-room. Mr. Reynolds would not keep them waiting long, the maid said. This was just the opportunity Madge desired, but she could not leave her father without an explanation. Old Hardy himself solved the problem by falling fast asleep.

Madge had no idea where the picture gallery was, but she made a shot at a door which stood slightly ajar. It proved the

right one, and she stepped timidly into the great room. The walls were covered with pictures, but it did not take long for Madge, with the face of the photograph imprinted on her memory, to find the one she wanted. How was she to find the spring? She began to pass her fingers along the frame.

"Madge!"

The voice frightened her horribly. It was so sharp and stern. Her hands dropped to her sides—for a moment her heart seemed to stand still, and then beat furiously.

"What were you doing?"

"I was—I was—looking at the picture," she said, faintly, hanging her head.

Reynolds said nothing for some time. He was thinking. He had gone into the drawing-room, seen old Hardy asleep there, and followed Madge into the picture gallery.

HELEN HOLMES, of the Kalem Company, is all to the fore in railroad drama. Her series of locomotive pictures, "The Hazards of Helen," have been somewhat costly, but the expenditure has been justified by results. A contract for the use of locations and material has been fixed with the Santa Fe Railway Company, so that the real thing (we almost said "reel" thing), is shown, and not cold studio happenings. The first of the series is called "Helen's Sacrifice." Helen is the night operator at Lone Point. Learning that Benton, the day operator, is worried because of his baby's illness, Helen relieves him so that he may spend the day with the infant. Benton forgets to tell Helen of the message he has received notifying him to sidetrack Freight No. 245 until the Fast Express passes. Helen does not discover his awful error until the freight has passed. She overtakes the train by taking a short cut, which necessitates her making a leap on horseback off a fifty-foot cliff, and later swinging from her horse to the moving locomotive. How Helen saves Benton his position at the cost of her own brings the picture to an exciting finish.

The second of the series is "The Plot of the Railroad Cut."

We gave some particulars in our November number of a recent production in which Helen also figures, but the most exciting romance of the iron trail ever filmed is undoubtedly "The Demon of the Rails." There is an awful combat between an insane engineer and a young man who seeks to overpower him.

Helen Holmes, J. P. McGowan and G. A. Williams are among the Kalem stars who appear in this drama. According to the story, Mabel's

What on earth was she doing with his wife's portrait? Suddenly illumination came to him. He remembered that Albert was old Hardy's nephew and Madge's cousin. The scoundrel must have asked her to get the letters. But why should she do it—why run the risk of discovery? Reynolds solved that riddle too, and his voice was very tender when he spoke again.

"Madge, little Madge. I know."

She lifted wondering, wistful eyes to his.

"I know, little Madge. You wanted to spare me the pain of finding out, but I know already."

He took from his pocket a packet of letters and laid them on the table.

Then he held out his arms to her, and Madge, her eyes shining, went to him.

sweetheart, Billy, freight engineer, is suspended because of neglect of duty. Several days later Mabel learns that Olmstead, of the Fast Express, has gone insane during his run. She notifies Billy. At the risk of his life Billy boards the speeding train. He overcomes the crazy man after a terrific struggle and averts a horrible wreck by the fraction of a second. His heroism brings about his re-instatement and makes possible his marriage to Mabel.

Miss Holmes has deviated temporarily from railroad to appear in a society drama, "His Nemesis," which is of extraordinary interest.

ANYONE looking into the smiling eyes of MORRIS FOSTER would never believe he had been a villain—not a real villain, but a villain in moving picture stories. He boasts of having stolen at one time or another 57 varieties of wives from their husbands, and claims that the bold bad man of the play meets with more thrilling experiences than perhaps any other character on the screen.

Mr. Foster remembers only too well the occasion when he was supposed to be abducting a young girl, who had previously fainted with fright. He carried his precious burden away via the fire escape, and on reaching the ground was surprised to find himself in the arms of a big policeman, who possessed a fine Irish brogue, and who promptly arrested him. A very heated argument followed, and Mr. Foster had a very hard time trying to convince the "cop" that he was "only doing it for the pictures," and wasn't a bad man really. Things looked rather bleak for him until the director appeared on the scene and corroborated Mr. Foster's remarks.

The Virginian.

*From the Photoplay by JESSE L. LASKY Feature Play Co.
By Courtesy of J. D. Walker World's Films, Ltd.*

Adapted by Edna Reichenbach.

This film—a triumph of the camera—contains some wonderful scenes and coloured views. The Virginian (a free lance cowboy) makes hosts of friends and is engaged in rounding up cattle thieves. The story shows how Trampas, the local bully and bad man, is made to back down, afterwards meeting his deserts in a duel with Molly's lover.

			Cast :
The Virginian	DUSTIN FARNUM
Molly	WINIFRED KINGSTON
Steve	J. W. JOHNSTON

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE FILM.

CHAPTER I.



HERE are—or there were—cowboys and cowboys. We are to see the Virginian, a super-cowboy, perhaps—so he might have been called by one of those Englishmen who travel through the “States,” seeing the country from a Pullman observation platform and returning, hurriedly, to write a book about Americans. And with the Virginian others are to be shown—Trampas and Steve—Shorty, the misguided—all the strangely mixed elements that go to make up the life of the range. There is the present tense again! That made up the life of the Wyoming range, I should say. For the old days in Wyoming are no more. There are cowboys still: Frontier Day at Cheyenne still calls them.

It is a peaceable community. It keeps the law. A man who steals a horse has a margin of safety, before landing in jail, little greater than that of the thief who climbs a porch in the suburbs of New York. No longer are the sworn officers of the law elected by rustlers, who understand that the sheriff and his posse will ignore the appeals of the good citizens, and so force them to take the law into their own hands for the protection of property. No longer is there

peril of Indian attacks. Those days are past. In these pages, perhaps, they will live again, those vanished days, and the men who made them what they were—as men, in the last analysis, make every passing phase of life what it is. One thing is sure—the men of those days were men. And in these days the men who ride the range are still men—though they are men of a different sort.

Consider the Virginian, then, in the beginning of this chronicle. A man, first of all. A man a little slow, perhaps, in his movements, until the need for speed arose—and swift, then, and lithe as a cat, or a panther. A man usually with a smile lurking near his lips, but near only, and not obtruding itself until the need for it was plain. We meet him, then, at Medicine Bow.

Medicine Bow, in those days, was a cattle town. That is, it had a station, first of all, on the transcontinental railroad, which was its main reason for being. It had a post office and a general store, and it had many saloons and one hotel. Other things, lamentably, it had, too; but of these there shall be no mention here. Men who are at grips with nature do things, require things, of which account need not be taken, and which, in their later years, they prefer to forget.

But the Virginian neither required nor was interested in these baser things. Town

to him meant a meeting with old friends from other ranches—his own was Judge Henry's, Sunk Creek, a mere trifle of two hundred and sixty-three miles from Medicine Bow; a few drinks, perhaps, stopping at the point where discretion was not yet out of sight; certainly a game of poker. Stud poker they played in those days. And stud poker bears to the tamer game of the east the same relation that ordinary poker bears to marbles when the players are not allowed to play for "keeps."

So he rode into town that time. There was plenty doing. Uncle Hughie was off to get married again, for one thing.

Uncle Hughie was always trying to get married. He managed all the preliminaries by correspondence—and all went well until the happy bride-elect saw him. Then she would die suddenly, or have fits—she would get out of it, anyhow, and Uncle Hughie would return, sorrowing, to the cattle land and his gold mine, and look for another help mate. This time he was off to Laramie, and the Virginian, to his joy, was in time to harass him as he waited for the east-bound train.

And in town there were four drummers—travelling men. The Virginian, generally speaking, didn't like a drummer. They were too sociable, too prone to fraternise with him at sight. The Virginian was willing to be friendly—with reservations. He esteemed friendship highly. It was an estate not lightly to be entered upon. Once established, however, it was not to be lightly abandoned either.

The Virginian didn't know about these drummers when he first got into town. It was Steve who enlightened him; Steve, the gay, the irresponsible, with whom the Virginian had bunked and ridden many a time. Each hoped that soon Steve could find employment on the Sunk Creek ranch, that they might be together again.

"Hello!" said Steve, out of the depths of his joy. "You old son of a——! How are you, anyhow?"

"I'm right well, Steve," said the Virginian, in his slow drawl. He ignored the epithet Steve had applied to him. This might have surprised some. But there were times when the Virginian would not have ignored it. When men are close to nature it is the spirit rather than the word that counts. Of this there was to be proof.

"Town's full," Steve went on. "Drum-

mers—four of them! A Yankee, selling a consumption killer. Two Dutchmen, selling jewellery. And a Jew, selling anything you want! No beds to-night!"

Steve didn't care for a bed. He had his saddle and his blanket roll; that was enough. But the Virginian pursed up his lips.

"Pshaw," he said, gently. "I was aimin' to sleep in a bed to-night—just for a change."

"The Yankee's the cleanest," said Steve.

"But—I wanted a bed to myself," said the Virginian, in a tone of gentle remonstrance. "Bet you two to one—bet you anything you like—I get the Yankee's bed."

"Drinks for the crowd—all around!" agreed Steve, happily. "It can't be done!"

"It can—but let's eat, now," said the Virginian.

They ate. And then, food being out of the way, they sought a poker game—nor had they far to seek. And there across the table, the Virginian—and Steve—saw Trampas for the first time. Trampas, who was to play so large a part in both their lives.

Trampas was losing before the Virginian and Steve entered the game. The new blood did not change his luck. And he was in an ugly mood. There came a break. It was the Virginian's bet, and he hesitated.

"Your bet, you son of a——," said Trampas.

It was the same epithet that Steve had used, not once, but a score of times. Yet now the Virginian's gun flashed on the table.

"When you call me that—*smile!*" he said.

And Trampas, after a moment in which hate shone from his eyes—smiled.

CHAPTER II.

IT was scarcely eleven when the Virginian left the game. And Steve went with him. Together they made their way to the "hotel." It owned the name by virtue of one large room, in which there were, perhaps, a score of beds. Each had at least one occupant; some had two. The Virginian smiled, and beckoned to Steve to stay outside the door. Then he went in and spoke to the Yankee drummer, who had previously begged him to share his bed. While Steve stayed outside the Virginian prepared for bed. But now Steve was not alone. A crowd, hearing of the bet, was



Dustin Farnum and his horse "Monte."

with him, and wondering what was to follow.

The Virginian's preparations were simple. He slipped his knife and his gun beneath the pillow—and removed his boots. Then he lay down. The drummer considered this.

"I should think you'd feel that artillery under your head," he said.

"I do," said the Virginian.

"Then I should think you'd lay it beside you," went on the drummer.

"If I did that," explained the Virginian, "I wouldn't be easy, seh!"

A moment of silence.

"Good night," said the drummer.

"Good night, seh," said the Virginian, sleepily. "'Course, if I get to rearin' around in the night—making noises, maybe, you'll understand——"

"Of course," said the drummer, "I understand, my friend. I'll just wake you—it'll be a nightmare, I suppose?"

"Wake me? On your life, no!" said the Virginian, earnestly. "If I do that—don't touch me! Don't let your laig rub against me, even. You see—I'll be thinkin' there's Indians around—an' if anyone was to touch me I'd just naturally grab my knife and start in. Just lay still till I quiet down, and you'll be all right."

"I see," said the drummer, very thoughtfully.

Again silence. But it was broken in a moment by the silent—or nearly silent—movements of the drummer. He arose. He didn't even stop to put on his shoes. He tiptoed towards the door and the waiting crowd, already doubled over with its laughter. And, as he neared the door, he stumbled over his sample case. At once the Virginian, with an unearthly yell, bounded out of bed. And then Bedlam was loose.

The cowboys out-

side fell upon the drummer. They played horse with him—and with the other drummers. And when they were appeased the voice of Steve was heard. He wanted to pay his bet. He demanded that the whole town be aroused to help him pay. And it was so ordered. It was a happy night—and a peaceful one, even if it was not quiet.

And in the morning Uncle Hughie was back—warning having been telegraphed from Laramie. This time he had succeeded. A bride was on his arm. And Uncle Hughie's buggy had been seized. It was a fit vehicle now for an hymeneal journey. White ribbons flowed from it; legends, appropriate, if rather plain in their implications, had been chalked upon it. And Uncle Hughie and his bride departed in a shower of old shoes.

Not long afterward the Virginian departed too. He took an affectionate farewell of Steve.

"I had a right pleasant visit to town," he admitted, reflectively. "Now it's back to the range and to hard work—eh, Steve? Be good to yourself!"

And so he rode from the metropolitan distractions of Medicine Bow back into the wilderness of the open range, the land he loved best. He was on good terms with all the world, and especially with his horse Monte. He bore no grudge even for Trampas—he had forgotten him. Had he

thought of him at all it would have been with the hope that their paths would not cross again. Vain hope!

CHAPTER III.

BUT he rode long and far with nothing to disturb him. About him rolled the smooth range. He crossed little rolling ranges of hills; he threaded valleys, where cattle looked up at his passing, and turned away. Cattle were everywhere. Most of those he saw, after he had ridden a few hours, bore the Sunk Creek brand, and he admired their fine condition. Judge Henry, his employer, was a man who knew the cattle business. The beef he shipped was prime; it earned the highest prices when it was sold in Chicago.

And so the Virginian rode, meditating on the wonders of the life he knew. He was now twenty-four years old. For ten years, since the impulse to wander and see strange lands had driven him from his Virginian home, he had ridden the range. He had seen—and he knew intimately—Texas and Montana, Arizona and Wyoming, Arkansas and Oregon, California and New Mexico. Home he had seen but once in those ten years. Once in every generation of his breed such a one as he was born, destined to wander, to go far. One thing was certain—he had cared for himself in all those years of wandering. He had asked no odds of anyone.

And so he rode, a song on his lips, a little, tuneless sort of song, one of those interminable ballads of the cow country, "The Cowboy's Lament," perhaps—perhaps another. He knew them all—and sang them all to the same tune.

And he didn't know, of course, that he was riding to meet a lady. A very special lady—none other, indeed, than Miss Molly Stark Wood, of Ben-

nington, Vermont! It would have made no difference had he known; that was fate. He would have ridden on, the same song on his lips, had he known. But he didn't know. He didn't know it even when he saw the stage coach nicely stuck in a hole in the ford over a creek. All he knew was that the stage was stuck, as it had been stuck before, and that the driver was saying earnest things—and things, too, quite unprintable—to the horses. It struck the Virginian as strange that he could not hear what was being said—that he had to construct the harangue from memory and imagination. He spurred Monte on and rode up alongside.

And then, through the window, he saw Molly was inside. She was a little frightened; a good deal indignant. In Vermont, in all New England, indeed, such things did not happen. The Virginian saw; he exchanged a quick word with the driver. Then, calmly, he reached through the opened door and lifted Miss Wood to his saddle. He held her tight as he rode through the water to the other bank. And she! She was so surprised that she didn't say anything until he stopped and let her slip to the ground. Then she caught him looking at her, half amused, half puzzled. And she flushed.

"Well," he said, "I reckon you were in right smart of a mess, back there?"



The fun starts.

"What am I to do?" she asked, indignantly. "How am I to keep on! That stage was supposed to take me to Judge Henry's ranch."

"It can't," said the Virginian, positively. "Not right away, that is. I reckon you'll have to let me manage it, ma'am. I take it you're the new school mar'm?"

"I'm the new teacher—yes," she corrected.

"Yes—that's better," he agreed, meditatively.

"Well, ma'am—I guess I'll have to just borrow one of his hosses off the stage. I'll fix you a side saddle on Monte here—and we'll make out all right."

"Thank you," she said, less sternly.

And so, under the escort of the Virginian, she rode into the corral and up to the verandah of the ranch, where Mrs. Henry greeted her with tears and thanksgiving, and the Judge suggested explanations. Which, being offered, prompted him to extend a cigar to the Virginian, who accepted it, inspected it, placed it in his pocket for future reference, and rolled a cigarette instead. He wanted a smoke badly. For it had not seemed to him quite the thing to smoke while he rode with Miss Wood and answer her artless questions, asked from the New England point of view, concerning the territory of Wyoming.

CHAPTER IV.

AT Sunk Creek, in these days, the Virginian was happy. He had saved some money; he looked forward, very vaguely, to owning a place of his own some time. And, meanwhile, life was pretty good. There was the range. There were his friends. And there was always life itself, which invited questioning and repaid interested observation. The Virginian was not highly educated. There are few schools that profess to furnish



Some fun with the drummers.

an education to those who desert them at the age of fourteen. So there were mysteries of book learning that the Virginian did not know. He could read; he could write. He could, upon occasion, talk in English as impeccable as your own—but the occasion did not frequently arise, as he saw it.

He knew men, however, if he did not know books. He had been studying them all this time. He had met them on their own ground in circumstances set as far apart as the poles. He knew something of women, too. Not much; not too much, it may be said. And yet it had always seemed enough. Until this business of the school-house at Bear Creek and the coming of Miss Molly Wood, all the way from Vermont, to teach the rising generation of that part of Wyoming.

And Miss Wood made a difference. It was ten months before he saw her again. And then it was at a barbecue, given to celebrate the amazing rise in the price of steers. That rise meant prosperity for all Wyoming and all the rest of the cattle country. It had to be celebrated. And a barbecue seemed, of all ways, that most fitting for such a celebration. Miss Wood was to be there, naturally. And the Virginian, riding two days and a night to be among those present, learned many things. Miss Wood had admirers. That was one of the things—

and it did not please him. She had favoured none of them; would not even ride alone with them. That was another, and it made him smile in a more satisfied way.

It was some time before he had a chance to speak to her. So it seemed to him, at least. He thought she looked at him, once or twice. But she gave no sign of recognition. Perhaps he had more chances than he saw to go to her. I think that must have been it. She saw them, you may be sure, if he did not. And it may be that this played a part in subsequent events. At any rate, he did not speak to her or have the luck to land near her at the great table where they all feasted in the open air. He was trying to reach her, but, in the confusion attendant upon the arrival of Uncle Hughie, he couldn't.

Uncle Hughie's latest venture in matrimony had been blessed, indeed. He had twins! And when he drove up, with his wife proudly exhibiting them, there was a roar of welcome and of delighted laughter. Uncle Hughie was the hero of the day thenceforward; there could be no rivals.

But, after the feasting, there was the dancing. There the Virginian expected to shine. By grace of his ancestry he could dance. And he knew steps that were not common in Wyoming. He could waltz, and he could do it well. So he expected to get even for everything. But he didn't. He approached Miss Molly bravely enough. And, "Will you have a turn with me?" he said.

She looked at him curiously.

"I—don't seem to remember you," she said. "Have we been introduced?"

Now she didn't quite mean that. Perhaps the thought of the long time since she had seen him first was rankling. At all events, she expected him to remind her of their meeting. She meant to remember, then, and to unbend. But the Virginian only stiffened, bowed, and left her. But he came back bringing a friend to introduce him. Again, gravely, he asked her to dance. But she was angry now, for he had put her at a disadvantage. And Uncle Hughie came up, just in time. She laid her hand on his arm. In a moment she was off. And the Virginian, glowering, took himself off—outside, where a cask of whiskey was still respectably full. Deeply was he hurt and sorely offended. And by the cask he found Lin McLean, a kindred spirit.

"I saw it," said Lin. But he did not smile.

He, too, was morose. He, too, had suffered. And in time he confessed. She had shown him some favour. And, earlier, he had striven to steal a kiss. And his punishment sat heavily upon him. He was bewildered. But the Virginian, outwardly sympathetic, was proud and happy within. He had judged her rightly. Still—that did not excuse her. He drank deeply, and Lin with him. It did not make them drunk. But the red liquor had its effect. They left it in due season, and straying away from the dancing floor came to a room where babies lay. They had to be brought to the dance, those babies; here they lay, safe and quiet, while their mothers danced. And looking through a window they saw the floor.

"There she goes—with Uncle Hughie," said Lin. "Ugh—old enough to be her grandfather!"

But the Virginian did not heed him. He was considering the babies. And the spirit of mischief was in his eyes. Suddenly he was at work. Babies were shifted, silently, smoothly, so that that they did not wake. Coverings that belonged to one were laid upon another. For a moment Lin watched him, amazed. Then he understood and began to help. When they stopped no baby was where it had been; none had its original covering. They looked at one another. Slow smiles dawned upon their faces.

"I'll be going," said Lin, with a deep breath. "You riding my way?"

"No," said the Virginian, surprised. "You going, Lin? I'm stayin'—right here!"

"They'll lynch you when they find out!" said Lin. "They won't be safe for as much as twenty-four hours—it'll take them that long to see the joke!"

"Think so," said the Virginian.

And he stayed. Lin left him, sorrowing. And it came to pass as he had predicted. The dancers broke up. They went home. And within an hour the first of them came spurring back. All night they came; all night mothers and fathers sought to recover their own, and babies were exchanged. And who more helpful than the Virginian! As for Lin—he was the only one who was missing. Men rode out on his trail. They did not catch him. But it was as the Virginian had foreseen. The only absent one was the one suspected. And in the morning light, when all the pursuers had come back empty handed, he spoke up.



Molly brings the Virginian to her cabin after he is shot.

"It's just as well," he comforted them. "You were after the wrong man, yuh see! It was I that did it."

They couldn't lynch a man who acted like that. Mothers said their say to him, and he disarmed them by the way he listened. And Miss Molly Wood was responsible for that—though she would have disclaimed her responsibility indignantly had it occurred to anyone to bring the charge!

CHAPTER V.

HE made his peace with Miss Molly Wood, of course. That was inevitable. She was furiously angry when she first heard of the affair of the babies. But he disarmed her, as he had disarmed the mothers, by his absolute refusal to defend himself. And, in many ways he appealed to her. By his difference from all the men she knew, for one thing. This not alone because he was a Westener and a cowboy. She knew plenty of these; her term at Bear Creek was not very old before she could have had her pick. He was as different from most of the men of this new land as he was from the denizens of Vermont.

And one thing in particular strengthened

him with her immeasurably. He wanted to know things she knew. He wanted to read, to understand the allusions she made to books of which he had never heard. And so it was not long before she was teaching him as well as the children who trudged daily, or rode, to the little school house on Bear Creek. She did not see too much of him; it was a long ride from Sunk Creek to where she lived, in a little cabin next to the house of Taylor, pioneer of all the Bear Creek married men. That, it may be assumed, helped both of them. He would ride to her, talk, ride with her, and go away, with the books she lent him. And when he came again she could see the growth in him, as she would never have seen it had they been together more constantly.

There was a great distance to be bridged between them, of course. And the Virginian, I think, realized that before she did—and this probably was because he meant to bridge it, while it was a long time before the idea that it might be bridged came to her. Yet he was very sure, almost from the first, that in the end he was to have her. He was not used to wanting things he did not get. But he could wait for this, because he must.

And he had much to occupy his body and his mind. At Sunk Creek there were changes. There is that about the handling of cattle that makes men nomadic. So it has been since the days of Abraham. In Wyoming it was no different. To Sunk Creek came Trampas, he whom the Virginian had subdued at Medicine Bow. And Trampas found a friend in the foreman, for reasons obscure to the Virginian, who, none the less, bided his time, and endured much petty injustice because he liked and trusted Judge Henry. Came also Steve, that friend of his who was nearer to him, and dearer, than any man on the range. The Virginian had long tried to bring him to Sunk Creek; he succeeded at last.

Many things must be passed over with a light touch. Judge Henry, knowing things hidden from the rest, was making his own plans. And he sent the Virginian in charge of a crew and a thousand head of cattle to Chicago. Delivering the steers was the easiest part of the work. Bringing back the crew, in idleness, with temptations to quit on all sides, was a thing more difficult. But that the Virginian accomplished. He had his troubles. Trampas, out of sheer devilry and for the pursuance of that feud he had begun in Medicine Bow, tried to keep him from doing so. But he failed. The Virginian lost only one man—his cook. Him he kicked off the train somewhere in the Dakotas, but in doing so he made room for Scipio Le Moyne, a loyal ally, a cook *par excellence*. With Scipio he acquired one Shorty, a weak brother of a cowboy.

That journey had been a test. It had developed into a fight almost with Trampas, but a fight of wits rather than of strength. And when they returned, as the Virginian well understood, the trouble was likely to be more acute. On the train, the Virginian was in charge. At Sunk Creek he would come again, with Trampas, under the dominion of a foreman who liked Trampas. But that was not to be. For when they reached Sunk Creek there was no foreman! He had gone, bag and baggage. And his successor was the Virginian.

CHAPTER VI.

HE had Trampas under his heel now. For just the first moment, I suppose, being distinctly human, he exulted in that thought, and planned to take his vengeance. But this was a mood that did

not last. He fell at once into the habit, peculiar to those who are born to be leaders, of separating absolutely his personal self from his official personality. And he knew, as soon as he thought things over, that he couldn't use the authority the judge had given him to make trouble for Trampas. Trampas, of course, expected his time. He waited a day, following some code of his own, to give his enemy time to discharge him. Then he went to the new foreman.

"I'll take my time," he said briefly.

"Yuh leavin'?" said the Virginian, mildly surprised as it seemed.

"I know how things stand here now, I reckon," said Trampas, sulkily. "You're foreman now——"

"I am," said the Virginian. "All yuh've got to do here, Trampas, is your work. Yuh understand? As long as yuh do that, yuh can stay—for all of me. You're a good cowman."

Trampas bit his lip—and stayed. Few had thought he would do that. But there were reasons for his action, as was presently to be made plain. He had no thought of abandoning his feud; of giving up his hatred for the man who was now set over him. From the first he had been in the wrong, in every clash between them. But Trampas had that mixed blood, Indian, Mexican and white, that only made his hate flame fiercer because of that. And in his mind there was a new plan of a way to strike at the Virginian.

Outwardly he did his work. But all through that winter he was plotting. He knew the Virginian's old friendship for Steve; he could see, too, how the new foreman felt toward Shorty. For Shorty the Virginian was sorry. The little fellow had a mind too small to understand many things. He was influenced too easily for his own good. And the Virginian, seeing that Trampas was busy with both Shorty and Steve, ground his teeth and wondered if he had done well to let Trampas stay.

Already dark things had been said of Trampas in that country. More than once cattlemen had suspected him of a willingness to round up cattle and change their brands. And the Virginian, for one, was secretly sure that at Sunk Creek Trampas was only lying low, recuperating, getting ready for a new campaign of rustling. If he took Steve and Shorty with him! If he dragged them down to his own level! That would make the balance between them incline heavily to the

side of Trampas—and the Virginian felt that his enemy was shrewd enough to know it.

Spring justified his fears. For on a certain day the three of them came to him at his office, where he was going over the accounts for which he was responsible.

"We'll take our time," said Trampas.

"Yuh letting Trampas speak for you, Steve?" said the Virginian, sorrowfully. Shorty, for the moment, he ignored.

"Aw—I can get a better job," said Steve, uncomfortably. "An'——" He hesitated; then he broke out: "This place is too holy for to suit me, anyhow!" he declared, violently. "Since yuh got to be foreman they ain't no livin' with you, Jeff!"

The Virginian said no more. Silently he arranged the details. And that day all three of them rode away. But Scipio Le Moyne, promoted now to that place in the Virginian's friendship that Steve had held, saw the sorrow that was in the foreman's heart. And he knew that for once Trampas had scored a victory.

"Them two is going to have it out—to a finish," he commented to himself. "And the Lord help Trampas—if it's fair fighting!"

CHAPTER VII.

WHICH it was not to be. There was that in the blood of Trampas that forbade fair fighting, unless he were cornered, and there were men with strength enough to make him choose it. And his first blow was struck, by proxy, that very spring. The Virginian rode into the hills on an errand for Judge Henry. A neighbour—he lived within two hundred miles—had borrowed some horses. They were wanted now, and for reasons of diplomacy, the Virginian himself went to find them.

Just what Trampas did no one could ever prove. There were plenty who knew, or were sure enough to say they knew. This much is certain. Indians, not many, but enough, left their reservation. This was forbidden, but winked at in season. As a rule, they were peaceable enough, when they were let alone. Trampas knew them. He saw them now, with whiskey in his possession, which passed to them. And if there is a meaner sin, a deadlier one, than giving Indians whiskey, the West does not know it. That much it is sure that Trampas did, as he had done before. But this time he gave it to them freely and without price, whereas before he had sold it for gain.

And it was one day after his meeting with these Indians that they met the Virginian. Had Trampas described him? Had he exacted a promise in return for the liquor? That is what cannot be proved. What is known is that they left the Virginian by the side of a creek seemingly as dead as a man might be. He lay there, his head in the cold water, his horse standing by him. Perhaps that saved him.

These Indians were new to the business of killing white men. They were scared as soon as they had seen him fall, and they had ridden off swiftly, without waiting, as their fathers would have done, to make sure. And so it was that when Miss Molly Wood rode by three hours after the shots had been fired, and saw the horse standing there, so still, the horse Monte, that she knew so well, there was still life in the Virginian.

How she knew what to do and found the strength to do it heaven only knows! Perhaps women are endowed with such knowledge. It may be that there is that born in them that comes out in time of need. Molly, at any rate, knew. She found the wound. Without a cry, she cut away the cloth of his shirt, and although he flinched, washed out the gaping wound in his shoulder, perilously near the lung, as even she could tell, with clear, cold water. And then, somehow, with Monte helping her, she got him to his saddle, and walked beside his horse, her own following, until she brought him to her cabin.

The Taylors were gone. Still she had no help. She undressed him; she got him, though by this time he was in the grip of his fever, and raving with delirium, into her own bed. Just as she finished the Taylors returned, and in a moment Taylor was riding for the doctor, and his wife was relieving Molly of her task. But it was she who saved his life, as the doctor, when he came, was the first to admit.

"Quick care—of the right sort," he said. "That's done the trick—that and a constitution God gives few men! He's getting dividends now for the clean life he's led—and I don't know the man. But I can tell you that he's the living proof of how he's lived."

Live he did—and to bless the Indian weapon that had laid him low. For he had come to Molly at a crisis. She had been on the point of going home to Bennington. And, had she gone, she would not have returned. He had terrified her by his wooing. Of late

it had grown more and more urgent; she had felt herself slipping, yielding ground to him. And she had been afraid. She had not dared to let herself slip too far. But this—ah, this changed everything! She had seen him sick and helpless. She had heard him raving—and not once had words she should not hear come from his lips.

He was chastened, as sick men are wont to be, when he began to grow better. Somehow he had learned that she had meant to go, and that she had been afraid to tell him. And at last he spoke.

"I—I owe you everything," he said. "And I've been seeing things. I reckon I grieved you, bothering you as I did. And now—you're going. That's right. That's proper. It's not fitting that you should be grieved and bothered. So—when I can, I'll go away."

She looked at him, wide-eyed.

"But — but —" she cried. "Oh — I'm going to stay."

Suddenly she caught him up, weak as he was, in her arms. And he knew. Knew

that his dream had come true. Knew that in the moment of the renunciation he had achieved his victory.

CHAPTER VIII.

BUT still, though he had won her so, the dalliance of the newly engaged was not for them. In Vermont Molly, becoming betrothed thus, would have seen her man often, daily perhaps. But for the Virginian there was still his work to be done. More than ever now in fact. Never one to take his duties lightly, he had no need to hear from Judge Henry that the times were critical for those who drove cattle.

And so his visits were as rare as they had ever been, when once he was well enough to ride away back to Sunk Creek and take up his work. In his absence much had accumulated. Details there were to be worked out. And the menace that had long hung over that land was growing to proportions that could no longer be ignored.

The thieves were growing stronger.

In all the varied history of the West there has never been a chapter more curious than this that the cattle thieves wrote into the record. Imagine a wide stretch of country in which sheriffs, judges, juries, all the machinery of the law were engaged, not in enforcing justice, not in protecting right, but in making justice impossible, in upholding wrong! Yet that was what was being done. The thieves were organized. They elected the judicial officers, they packed the juries. No proof of theft was strong enough, no thief could be convicted.

And so, at last, Judge Henry and the others moved. Judge Henry was the greatest cattle owner of them all, yet it was not for that reason alone that the Virginian was put in charge of the work that had to be done. For no one could deny that he, of all men, was the one for this task. It was a posse that they organized. Extra legal—even illegal—if you like. But law, after all, springs from the people. It is the people that create law and the means of enforcing it. From the people there is no appeal.



Trampas, in a rage, enters saloon, threatens the Virginian and commences to shoot.

And when the means of enforcing the law that the people have made fail, the people have always taken the law back into their own hands. Sometimes that implies lynching—sometimes revolution.

Here there was no choice. A band of cattle thieves was at work. It had no fear of courts or sheriffs, it knew that it need have none. And so the Virginian rode out at the head of his posse, men of his own stamp, not revengeful, not filled with passion, only determined. They were sober; they were judicial.

And for six weeks, while Molly, knowing nothing of all that was going on, waited and wondered, longing to see him, the Virginian led his troop. In the end much had been accomplished. He had lost two-thirds of his force, for parties had been sent off here and there to pursue those of the rustlers who had been cornered. The organised band was broken up. It was flying over three States, and every scattered section was pursued hotly by men who knew what was to be done. The Virginian himself, with a dozen men or less, was hot on the trail of one party. Trampas, he felt, was of it. And to succeed he must get Trampas, to succeed fully. To get the rest and let Trampas escape would not be enough.

The trail told its story plainly enough. Always the Virginian and the others gained, driving the rustlers before them into the Tetons—bad country—with almost no outlet. That was the sum of the Virginian's strategy. He meant to bottle up the thieves, to catch them so, with as little risk as might be to the men he led.

And he was right. Trampas was with the rustlers. He led them. They trusted him to get them free, and he laughed in their camp at the thought that the Virginian might catch them.

"That dude—that preacher!" he said, scornfully. "Before he catches me——"

And yet the next morning, in a dangerous piece of country, Shorty, catching his horse, called sharply to him:

"Look!" he said. "Do you see—over there?"

"By God!" swore Trampas. Then, "Come on."

"But—the others!" cried Shorty.

"Let them look to themselves. Come on!" he cried.

And so the Virginian and the rest, creeping up under cover, found their prey. But

they found only two—two had escaped. And the Virginian reeled back as he saw that one of his prisoners was Steve, who had been his dearest friend.

CHAPTER IX.

NOT a word did Steve and the Virginian exchange. With all the others Steve talked. But to the Virginian he gave not so much as a glance. With the others, through the night, he even joked. With them he went over the events of the chase. To their delight he told them how they had been tricked, explaining how the rustlers had escaped from this trap or that, which had seemed sure to catch them. Steve was game.

"Don't yuh look so glum, boys," he said. "This is just business. We took our chances with yuh—didn't we, Ed?"

He spoke to the companion of his capture, trussed with ropes like himself, and sitting, bound, beside him.

"Sure," said Ed.

"It's right white of yuh, Steve," drawled Honey Wiggin. "If yuh think we like this—well, we don't!"

"It's all in the game," said Steve. "I played to win—an I lost. I've done that before—but mebbe the stakes wasn't so big. Not so all fired big as they was this time."

Night settled down upon the camp at last. Even when it was the Virginian's turn to keep guard, Steve lay wakeful, said no word.

And morning followed night. All knew what was to be done. There was no need of words—in the grey, ghostly light of dawn they gathered, the men who had taken the law into their own hands. Steve and Ed mounted, but with their hands tied, were in the midst of the group.

"Where?" asked one of the posse.

"That clump of cottonwoods," said the Virginian, pointing.

Silently they rode. They came to the cottonwoods. And it was Steve's turn first. His horse stood still beneath a hanging branch of a great tree. Suddenly the Virginian rode up beside him and leaned close. "Steve!" he whispered. "I've got to do it! Steve—good bye!"

And still Steve looked straight before him, and his lips did not move. The Virginian turned away.

Silently, when they had done their work, the cowboys of the posse rode off on their

various ways. They had no mind to stay together. What they had done they had to do; that did not improve the taste that was left in their mouths. Two of them led the horses that Steve and Ed would need no more. And the Virginian with one man rode back toward Sunk Creek, five hundred miles away. Just before they made camp for the night the Virginian's horse shied suddenly. With a start he was out of his saddle, and looking down on something that lay on the ground. It was Shorty. A bullet hole was in the back of his head.

"I expect Trampas done that," said the other man.

"I expect he thought Shorty would give him away—him being such a poor little fool."

It was an epitaph.

"But we can't prove it!" cried the Virginian, giving way for one fierce moment.

"No," said the other man, shaking his head.

"That's so. But I expect there'll be plenty of reasons for killing Trampas—if one catches him. Oh!" He straightened up suddenly, remembering. "I 'most forgot. Steve give me this to give yuh—when—when we'd finished."

Just a few lines on a piece of paper.

"Good-bye, Jeff. If I'd tried to talk to you I'd have played baby."

If there were tears in the Virginian's eyes there was none to see him. But he muttered to himself.

"Steve!" he said softly, but the other heard. "And I thought you had it in for me!"

CHAPTER X.

COULD one from Vermont be expected to understand such things? Certainly not at first. Nor did Molly. Strange tales, dreadful, distorted, came to her. Her



The Virginian returns after killing Trampas.

lover, still held away from her, took a new and dreadful shape in her mind—this man who killed wantonly, as it seemed to her. A lynching—and her Virginian had directed it! Small wonder that she was troubled.

Perhaps he might have made her see in time. But he did not have to face that task—and in it he might have failed. It was Judge Henry, hearing of her pain, who took it upon his own shoulders to make her see the truth, to explain to her some of those differences between Wyoming and Vermont that she had not yet been able to learn.

And so in the end she was appeased, and faintly reconciled. Such things were fearful; that she maintained. But the judge made her see that they had justification.

She understood, at least, that the Virginian had believed himself in the right, and she had the quality of mind to see that, after all, it was this that counted.

But in those days she had other troubles. Her family, for example. In Vermont there had been a young man, an excellent young man, and rich, withal. It was that she might escape him and the conviction that her family desired that she should marry him that she had accepted Bear Creek's offer to teach its young. And the news she had sent home, that she had chosen her man, here in the great West, and meant to marry him, had produced an effect in Bennington like that of a bursting shell.

Her mother, horrified, had written tearfully and wildly. But that, because, after all, it was a mother's letter, she could in some measure forgive. It was her married sister who had hurt her most deeply. For she had written that she was shocked and grieved; that if Molly, indeed, could bring herself to marry one so far below her as a cowboy—wasn't a foreman a sort of upper servant?—she, for one, did not see how she could justify herself in being present at the wedding.

Molly had flamed at that. And in that moment she had resolved that neither her sister nor any of the others from Vermont should have the opportunity to see her married. She had found love and all it meant in Wyoming. In Wyoming, then, should be her marriage, with the Bishop of Wyoming, that priest whom the Virginian loved and revered, to unite them. And their honeymoon should be, first of all, in the open spaces, in the mountains she had not seen, but that the Virginian knew by heart. Later, when the first joy of it was part of their lives and she should have gained serenity, they would go to Vermont, and she would show him to the family that had dared to doubt her choice.

Some of this she told the Virginian. It made him happy that she should choose to have it so, for it was so that he would have chosen. He was a little afraid, you see, of this family of hers, so different from any he had ever known. His instinct had told him how it must regard him; how it must fear him, and, perhaps, even hate him, for having won her.

And so their plans were made. He had to choose his time, or did so, at least, with a high regard for the convenience of Judge

Henry and the well-being of the ranch. But he told her that if they were married on the third of July he might take a full two months—and of that time they decided then and there a month should be spent alone in the mountains. Another month would take them east, where he might be shown off to the family. And then they would come back to take up their life together.

CHAPTER XI.

THEY rode into the town together the day before that which they had named. In the morning they were to be married; they were to set off at once after that. There was to be no formality. Simply they would go to the little church and stand before the bishop. Such friends as chose to come would be there. Lin McLean, married himself by now; the Taylors; Scipio Le Moyne; Honey Wiggin. All of these would surely be on hand. Judge Henry, probably, and his wife too, would appear.

She was to spend that night before her wedding at the little hotel, with Mrs. Taylor as her companion. And as they rode he laughed, and amused her by reckoning the hours that were left in terms of seconds. And even as they did so a horseman spurred by in a cloud of dust. He nodded. The Virginian returned the nod, curtly.

"Who is that?" she asked.

"A man who doesn't like me," he said, steadily. "His name is Trampas."

"Oh," she gave reply. She caught her breath. She remembered the tales she had heard of that raid into the Tetons, of Shorty, with the bullet in the back of his head. "Oh," she repeated. "He—he won't try——"

"No," he said. "Be easy."

Once they reached the town he kept his eyes open. But of Trampas there was no sign. He took her to the hotel and went with her to her room to see that all was as it should be, promising, lightly, to kill the proprietor if it were not. And there came his three friends: Honey Wiggin, Lin McLean and Scipio.

"We'd like to borrow him, Miss Wood," said Honey. "We'll be good."

"You don't know how!" she laughed. "But—he isn't mine yet. So I suppose that you can have him."

"Don't change your clothes," said Scipio.

The Virginian flashed a look at him, and understood. And when he went out his gun was where it had been while he rode.

"Thanks," said the Virginian to Scipio. "So—he's here? I saw him, back aways. But I wasn't sure."

"He's here—and drinking," said Lin. His voice was gloomy. "He's got friends in town, too. They're backing his play. Say the word—we'll take it off your hands."

"A man don't get married *all* the time," pleaded Honey. "This ain't as usual——"

But the Virginian only shook his head.

"I'm hoping he'll behave—until after to-morrow," he said. "But if he don't—I reckon it's between me and him."

They did not look for trouble. They went to a saloon to have one drink together. And suddenly, maddened by the whiskey he had drunk, Trampas was with them. Men seized him; they threw up his hand and his bullet struck the ceiling. But his tongue they could not check, and he poured out his hate, while the Virginian stood unmoved.

"I don't want trouble with you," he said.

"Yuh never did!" said Trampas, with unprintable additions. Then: "I'll give yuh till sundown to leave town!"

They gasped. Trampas had cast the die. But still the Virginian was quiet.

"Trampas," he said, "are you sure you mean that?"

"Yes!" said Trampas, "and much more."

"Gentlemen," said the Virginian, turning to his friends, "this is my affair. You'll oblige me?"

"It's your affair," said Scipio. He looked around. "Does anyone feel a call to mix in?"

There was no answer and the Virginian went into the street and looked at the hotel—knowing that she was there. Ten minutes later he still did not know what to do. He met the bishop, who had heard, and was sorry.

"You—you must fight?" said the bishop.

"Bishop—how can I help it?"

The cry was wrung from him. The bishop sighed and shook his head.

"Have you told Miss Wood?" he asked.

"Need I?" demanded the Virginian.

"At once!"

Slowly the Virginian turned to the hotel.

CHAPTER XII.

HE thought she did not know. But at the sight of her he saw that fools had told her. She clung to him, sobbing.

"Oh—you're safe—you've come back to me!" she cried. "I was so frightened when I heard—but it's over——!"

He held her, and looked at her, amazed.

"Over?" he said. "Did yuh think it was over?"

She started from him.

"You mean? You're going to——"

He bowed his head.

"What can I do?" he asked. "He's cast a slur upon me. If I don't meet him, I admit it's true. One of us has got to be killed for that—and it won't be me. I know that. God couldn't play such a trick on me as that."

"You'd murder him—to prove you're brave? When everyone knows that already?"

"Don't say murder," he said sternly. My dear—I've got to live here. This is my country. Could I live here when men could say that Trampas had ordered me out of town—and that I'd gone?"

"You care more for what they say than you do—for me?" she asked, tensely. "Then—if you do that—this is the end!"

The beads of sweat stood out on his brow.

"You mean—there'd be no to-morrow?"

She nodded.

He moved toward her. Then he spoke, very gently, as he drew back.

"No," he said. "I was going to kiss you good-bye—but I've no right to do that, now. I——"

He turned toward the door. But she clung to him, tried to hold him back. Gently he freed himself. She screamed, and he went out with that sound in his ears. In the street he looked about. Suddenly something brushed his sleeve. He fired—twice. And a hundred feet away lay what had been Trampas. He walked toward him, his gun still ready. But he had done his work. He brushed aside those who came running to congratulate him. Slowly he walked back to the hotel. He went to her room and stood in the door. She was sitting, her head bowed on her hands, by the bureau. She looked up, and saw him in the glass.

"I—I've got to tell yuh," he said. "I've killed Trampas."

"Oh—thank God!" she cried.

And she was in his arms.

"But you said——" he began, bewildered.

"Oh—that! I—can't you see?—I was afraid for you!"

They laughed together.

Lily of the Valley.

From the VITAGRAPH Photoplay by William Addison Lathrop.

Adapted by Bruce McCall.

To protect the name of his old friend and preserve his sweetheart's independence, Hugh Graham, a young fellow, sacrifices his own fortune. She learns what he has done and will not accept it unless he agrees to share it with her.

Cast :

Lily	LILLIAN WALKER
Hugh Graham	EARLE WILLIAMS
Donald Maynard	Mr. LEWIS
Mr. Kemble	EDWARD KIMBALL
Aunt Prudence	KATE PRICE
Aunt Samanitha	GRACE E. STEVENS



most evenings John Kemble and his old friend Donald Maynard met at the club. They always sat at the same table. The other members recognised that long tenure had given them a sort of prescriptive right to it, and they always played a quiet hand at poker for small stakes, just to make the game interesting.

On the night when this story opens they had been playing for some time, when Kemble gave a gasp, dropped his cards upon the table, and put his hand to his heart.

Maynard jumped up in alarm at his old friend's appearance. Kemble had gone suddenly pale, and his face was drawn with pain.

"John! What's wrong, old boy?"

For several seconds Kemble could not answer. He seemed to find a difficulty in breathing, but he gradually recovered. Some of the colour came back to his face, and he said in a faint voice, very unlike his usual jolly, robust tones:

"Oh, it's nothing serious—nothing to worry about. I felt a bit queer for a moment, but I'm better now."

"Sure, John? Hadn't you better see a doctor?"

A curious smile just touched Kemble's lips. "I've seen one—a month ago. It's my heart, old friend. I've had my warning," he said.

Maynard was distressed. "Warning!" he exclaimed.

"Yes. I'm not to excite myself, or go in for any exertion—oh, you know. It may come at any moment, and except for you and—Lily, I would not mind so very much. It will be hard to leave the girl—she has no mother."

Maynard was plainly disturbed, but he tried to make light of the matter. "These doctors," he snorted, "they don't know. You're good for years yet. Why, you're a younger man than I am."

Kemble smiled and presently rose. It was clear that he was not his usual self. He spoke low and haltingly. "I think I'll go—now," he said. "Perhaps—a night's rest—will pull me round all right."

Maynard, full of anxiety, which he hid as well as he could, went home with his old friend, and he and Lily made Kemble comfortable in his favourite chair in the library.

The girl's pretty face clouded over when Maynard told her that her father was not very well. She kissed him tenderly and hovered about him with anxious care.

"Look after him, Lily," said Maynard. "He's tired, that's all. He'll be all right in the morning."

John Kemble, however, knew that there was something more than weariness. Choosing a time when Lily was out of earshot, he murmured in Maynard's ear:

"Best be prepared. There's twenty thousand dollars in that drawer," with a motion of his hand towards the writing table. "If anything happens to me, old friend, I trust you to look after my girl."



"They gazed at her smart town clothes in wondering admiration."

"Holiday, I suppose? You young men get more holidays than we used to get in my day."

Graham laughed. "I've had too much holiday. I'm sick of having no work to do. I can't get any at the law, so I'm going to try teaching school for a change."

He explained the position. "Oh, well," Maynard said, "it won't do you any harm, and perhaps when you come back things may improve. By the way, where is the school?"

Before Graham could answer the telephone bell rang at Maynard's elbow.

The old man raised the receiver.

"Eh—what," he said. "What's that? Who are you? Lily? Yes, I'm listening." A pause. Graham saw the old man's face change. "Dear, dear. I'm so sorry—so sorry. I'll come round at once."

He replaced the receiver and turned to Graham. "Bad news," he said gravely. "My old friend Kemble died this morning. His daughter is alone in the world. I must go round there—at once. Good-bye, my boy. Good luck to you."

When Maynard reached his old friend's house he found Lily prostrate with grief. She and her father had been great chums, and his death was a terrible blow. Maynard found some measure of relief from his own sorrow in trying to comfort the girl.

Kemble had left his affairs in perfect order, and Maynard was constituted guardian of Lily and trustee of her fortune. For a time Lily mourned for her father. It seemed to her that life could never be the same again. But at sixteen, happily, sorrows do not last, and she gradually regained her high spirits and lightness of heart.

Maynard, an old bachelor, found her rather a responsibility. He had no ideas at all about the training of young girls, and he felt vaguely that Lily would be all the better for a little mothering. His thoughts wandered back to his own young days in Spring Valley. He occasionally went down there in the summer on a visit to the old home. His married sister, Prudence, still lived there, ruling her husband and her unmarried sister Samantha like a benevolent despot.

Maynard accepted the trust, and soon after left Kemble and his daughter together.

Next morning Maynard received a call from Hugh Graham, a young friend and protege of his.

Graham was a lawyer. He was clever, which makes for success in the legal profession; and good-looking, which is not usually a hinderance. But somehow neither cleverness nor good looks, nor the two combined, had yet enabled him to make a living at the law. Clients passed him by, and he began to wonder if he had wasted his time. Funds were running low, and the need for earning a living pressed him hard. He studied the columns of the newspapers, and applied for two or three posts which were advertised. This morning, much to his surprise, he had received a letter stating that the committee of managers of the Spring Valley School had considered his application and decided to appoint him as teacher for the summer, at a salary of sixty dollars a months.

It was not the kind of post he would have chosen, and he had only applied in desperation, hardly hoping for success. However, it would be a living, and a summer in the country would be pleasant enough. He reflected with a wry smile that he could leave his "practice" without fear of a rival getting it.

There was nothing to keep him in town. In half an hour his bag was packed. On his way to the station he called in to say good-bye to Maynard.

"Going away?" asked the old man, cheerily.

It would be the very place for Lily. He had a long and serious talk with the girl, and the result was that he wrote to Prudence saying that he was sending Lily to her. "She's a dear girl," he wrote; "and I want you to be a mother to her."

It was an appeal that went straight to Prudence's motherly heart. She had no children of her own, and was prepared to lavish a wealth of affection upon her brother's ward.

Uncle Si, a genial giant who feared nothing on the earth but his wife, met Lily at the station, and drove her to the house in style. Her arrival threw the quiet little place into excitement. Prudence and Samantha took to her at once, and she to them. They gazed at her smart town clothes in wondering admiration.

"My!" said Samantha, "ain't she gran'?"

"And ain't that a dandy little hat?" exclaimed Prudence. "Laud sakes, child, you're much too smart for the village—the people will all be staring at you."

"Oh, it's all right," said Lily brightly.

"I've got a sun-bonnet and some washing frocks in my trunk, and to-morrow I shall be a village girl myself."

Uncle Si put in a word. "I reckon there ain't any girl in the village as pretty as she is," he said deliberately.

"Now then you, Si," Prudence snapped; "are you goin' to let the horse stand there all night?"

Si retired abashed, and Lily, escorted by Prudence and Samantha, was shown over the house.

"You know," said Prudence, a little later over the tea-table, "you took us rather by surprise. We thought, Samantha and I, that Donald was sending us a little school-girl; and here you are, quite a grown-up young lady. I suppose you're too old for school, ain't you?"

"Oh no," laughed Lily.

"I've got a lot to learn yet. Mr. Maynard says I ought to go to school while I am here."

"Did he now? Well, there's a good school in the village, and a new master has come for the summer. He's very clever, they say; comes from some big city or other. I don't know whether he'll be

able to teach you anything," she finished doubtfully.

Lily laughed again merrily. "Why, I'm only sixteen, and I hardly know anything really. I'll go to the school to-morrow and sit at a desk with the other girls."

"Boys too," observed Samantha. "But they don't sit at the same desks."

So it happened that, as Hugh Graham was opening school next morning, a charming vision in a simple white frock and sun-bonnet walked demurely towards him between grinning boys and whispering, excited girls.

"If you please," she said, "I want to come to school."

She was quite at her ease, which was more than Graham was. He was conscious of whisperings and nudgings and suppressed laughter all over the school. He made an effort.

"What is your name?"

"Lily Kemble."

"How——" He had been about to ask how old she was, but she seemed so self-possessed, so different from the village girls, that he could not. After a pause he said: "I'm afraid you'll find the other girls rather—well, backward, but you may take a seat."

Lily found a place between two of the girls, who began at once to ask her all sorts of questions in loud whispers.

"Silence!" called Graham sternly, and the lesson proceeded; but that day the master found his pupils more than usually difficult, and his own attention was continually wandering. The new pupil was a disturbing influence.

When school was let out several of the



"'I'm walking your way,' he remarked pleasantly."



“Well,” she cried, “don’t you know better manners than that.”

boys and girls gathered round Lily; chattering, laughing, and asking questions. However, the two girls between whom she had sat in school considered that they had a right to her, and each taking an arm, were walking off with her when Mr. Graham appeared.

“I’m walking your way,” he remarked pleasantly, joining the trio. The two village girls sniggered, and the boys shook their fists and displayed every sign of jealous indignation. Perhaps Graham did not see them; at any rate he paid no heed.

The younger girls, who stood a little in awe of the master, presently ran away home, and Graham saw Lily to her garden gate. On his way to his lodgings it struck him that teaching school in Spring Valley was a good deal pleasanter than waiting in a city office for clients who never came.

The children very soon realised that the master was taking a special interest in the new pupil, and when one morning he took Lily aside to give her a Latin lesson by herself there was nearly a riot. Lily, however, was so charming to all of them that trouble was averted, and her youthful admirers came to consider it quite natural that the master should like her too.

Lily, who had the romantic notions of most girls of her age, began to think a good deal about the handsome schoolmaster. One day, when Graham had taken his pupils climbing among the hills which shut in Spring Valley, she slipped on a boulder and twisted her ankle. Graham, who had been following close behind, rushed up, full of

anxiety, and finding that it pained her to walk, insisted upon carrying her home in his arms. After that he became her hero.

For a day or two she had to stay at home, and Graham was astonished to find what a difference her absence made. It was then that he began to wonder whether his attitude towards Lily had been altogether what the attitude of a schoolmaster for a pupil ought to be. He determined to take himself sternly in hand, and to treat Lily exactly as he treated the other scholars.

On the morning when Lily returned to school he had his chance. He saw her scribbling on a scrap of paper which she presently folded and attempted to pass to a girl two or three seats away. This was against the rules, and Graham decided that discipline must be enforced. He rose, and Lily, with his eyes upon her, tried to hide the note and became engrossed in her lesson. Graham took two steps and confronted her.

“Give me that note,” he demanded.

Lily flushed, stammered, and finally said she could not.

“I insist,” said the master, the more firmly because the whole school was now agog with interest.

“I—I can’t, please,” protested Lily, in a low voice.

“Very well; you will go to the end of the room and wait there until you can. When you give me the note you will be permitted to go home—not before.”

Lily, with a scarlet face, shot a scared look at him, rose slowly from her seat, and walked down the room to the place he had indicated, determined that whatever happened he should not have the note.

The school was by this time in disorder, and Graham dismissed the children, ignoring their very unruly behaviour. They were furious at the humiliation of their favourite, and at an indignation meeting in the playground the bolder spirits among the boys threatened to do dreadful things to the master.

Inside the school the master sat at his desk pretending to read, but acutely conscious of the forlorn little figure at the

other end of the room. Once he thought he heard her sobbing, and was on the point of telling her she might go. But it would never do to show weakness. He took a firmer grip of himself. Presently he heard steps approaching slowly. He did not look up until Lily was standing at his desk. Her face was flushed and tear-stained. She dropped a crumpled piece of paper on the desk and almost ran out of the room.

Graham smoothed the paper and read these words:

"Isn't Mr. Graham sweet? I think I shall marry him some day."

He smiled, folded the note carefully, and put it in his breast-pocket.

"I wonder," he whispered softly; "I wonder."

In the playground Lily opened her Latin book at the first conjugation. She took her pencil and viciously crossed and re-crossed the verb "amo." Beneath it she wrote in a schoolgirl's round-hand, "I hate you!" Then she went home and cried on her bed for an hour.

On the following day Graham's engagement came to an end. He was going back to the city and the law. Members of the school committee came and bade him good-bye, thanking him for his services. Lily, who had determined that she would never speak to him or think of him again, fought for a long time against a longing to do so, and at last went timidly into the school. But Graham walked out with the committeemen without even seeing her.

Lily went sadly home, and in her own room opened her Latin book again and kissed the verb "to love."

PART II.

GRAHAM was disappointed at not seeing Lily before he went. However, this beautiful summer was over now. He had to go back to work. He meant to put the whole of his energies into his profession, and to win success.

It really seemed as though the months he had spent at Spring Valley had changed his luck. Clients began to come in; he won some small successes, became known, and

before long was the possessor of a flourishing practice. He thought of Lily often, and sometimes he took out of his pocket a scrap of paper and read with a quiet, rather wistful smile, the words written upon it: "Isn't Mr. Graham sweet? I think I shall marry him some day." Well, she was only sixteen, a schoolgirl; no doubt she had forgotten all about him by now. But he sighed as that thought came to him.

For two years he heard nothing of her. Then one afternoon he had a shock. He had called to see Maynard and found the old man in sore trouble. In reply to his questions Maynard told him what was wrong. He had been speculating—had lost, and gone on risking still more money. That too, went, and at last all he possessed had gone. Then—and when he came to this part of the story the old man bowed his head in shame, and his words came haltingly—he had speculated with money he had been holding in trust; and he had lost it, lost every penny! Maynard broke down and sobbed like a child.

Graham listened gravely. He gave the old man no reproaches. He saw that he was suffering enough. Putting a hand on his shoulder he asked the question:

"How much was it?"

"Twenty thousand dollars."

Graham whistled. "Whose money was it?"

"It belonged to the daughter of an old friend of mine, John Kemble. He trusted me to guard it for his girl Lily—and, God forgive me, I've been false to my trust."

"Lily Kemble!"



"He sat down with the two women for a business talk."

"Yes. I don't think you ever saw her. She has been with my sister in the country, at Spring Valley, for more than two years."

"Good Heavens!"

Maynard lifted his head. "What's the matter?"

"Oh, nothing; only Spring Valley is the place where I taught school for a summer."

"Then you saw her?"

"Yes, I saw her. But cheer up! I'll see if something can't be done."

"There's nothing to be done. I'm ruined. I haven't a penny. I've betrayed my trust. I daren't face her, I daren't!"

Graham went back to his office to think. Lily, dear little Lily, was a pauper. True, he had never dreamed that she had money of her own, but now that he knew it hurt him to think she might come to feel the pinch of poverty, and have to work hard for her living out there in Spring Valley. He realised now that he had loved Lily almost since the first day he saw her. There was nothing he would not do, no sacrifice he would not make to show his love and to shield her from harm. He thought a long time over ways and means, and at last came to the conclusion that by realising nearly everything he possessed he could raise twenty thousand dollars. He lost no time before taking action. By the next afternoon he had the money, and went straight to Maynard's house with it. But he was too late. His old friend sat huddled up in his chair—dead. He had gone to give an account of his stewardship.

* * *

The two years had passed happily enough for Lily at Spring Valley. She was no longer a school girl, and had grown prettier and more charming than ever. Prudence and Samantha worshipped her, and Uncle Si was her devoted slave. She was a general favourite in the district, and the name by which she was known, Lily of the Valley, was at once a pretty compliment and a sign of affection which all and sundry felt for her.

They lived in a little world of their own in Spring Valley—a world in which the arrival of a letter was an event. When therefore Lily, returning from a drive with Uncle Si to the post office, brought with her a letter to Prudence in her guardian's writing, there was quite a commotion in the household.

Prudence sat in the big chair and broke

the seal so deliberately that Uncle Si's patience was sorely tried. Prudence turned her head suddenly and caught him looking over her shoulder.

"Well," she cried, "don't you know better manners than that. You'd better go outside and wait until I tell you to come in."

Si would have gone meekly enough if Lily had not intervened.

"Oh, auntie," she pleaded, "don't be too hard on him. Of course he wants to know what's in the letter—we all do. Do be quick and tell us, there's a dear."

Prudence relented with a good grace, and drew out the enclosure, glanced at it—and gave a startled exclamation.

"Oh," cried Lily "is it bad news?"

Prudence read the letter aloud. There were only a few words:

"Dear Prudence—I have lost all Lily's money, every cent. The disgrace is killing me.—DONALD."

Samantha threw up her hands and Uncle Silas muttered something beneath his breath. Then—as if by common impulse, the three of them looked at Lily—and Lily laughed!

"It might be worse," she said.

"Worse, child!" screamed Prudence. "Why, all your money has gone."

"Well, it can't be helped. I shall have to work now. You won't turn me out, will you?"

"No," said Uncle Silas, quite emphatically, and Prudence did not rebuke him by so much as a look.

They talked things over. Perhaps after all something might be saved from the wreck. It was decided that Lily should go to the city and see her guardian, to find out exactly how matters stood.

"Poor old guardian," she said. "I'm sure he must be dreadfully sorry."

Prudence kissed her. "I'm sure there never was anybody so unselfish as you, child," she said.

Lily went away to prepare for her journey, and Samantha went out and spread the news, so that when Lily was about to leave the house for the station there came villager after villager with words of kindly sympathy and gifts of flowers, which touched Lily so that she nearly cried, but decided to laugh instead.

And after all she did not go. While the people were crowding about her a messenger rushed up with a telegram. It was for



“ He took something from his pocket, opened it out, and held it so that she could read it.”

Prudence, and ran like this :

“ Mr. Maynard died yesterday. I am on my way to settle Lily’s estate.—
HUGH GRAHAM.”

“ Graham—Hugh Graham,” said Prudence. “ Why, it must be that young lawyer who taught school here that summer two years ago. How things do happen to be sure !”

There was no need for Lily to go to the city now. She could only wait for Graham, and her heart beat faster as she remembered the note she had written and which he had insisted upon her handing over to him. She had long ago erased the words, “ I hate you,” from her Latin book.

Graham arrived the next morning. He was welcomed by Prudence and Samantha, but Lily was nowhere to be seen. The girl was not far away, however, and when he sat down with the two women for a business talk she was listening outside the door of

the room, longing to enter, but too shy to do so.

She could hear all he said quite plainly, and her heart beat and her eyes shone as she listened.

Graham got to business at once. He placed a tin box on the table, unlocked it, and displayed bundles of papers. He proceeded to explain that he had been Mr. Maynard’s legal adviser, and had been instructed by him to hand over Lily’s inheritance.

“ Twenty thousand dollars,” he said, “ all in good securities.”

Samantha was about to speak, but Prudence restrained her.

“ Is it all there ?” she asked.

“ Yes, every cent.”

Prudence looked at the young lawyer in a puzzled way for a moment or two, then she smiled, put her hand in her pocket and

forthwith produced Maynard's letter.

"Then what does this mean?" she asked.

Graham read it and grew confused. "Oh," he said, "that must be a mistake—yes, it's a mistake."

But Prudence was not to be deceived. "Mr. Graham," she said, "this is your money. You're trying to shield my brother and make the money up to Lily. I think it's just splendid of you, and I'm going to tell her what you've done."

"Oh, no, please," protested Graham, in dismay. "Don't tell her, for goodness sake. But I'd like to see her if I may."

It seemed, however, that Lily was not in the house, and Graham presently went out to see if he could find her. He wandered through lanes and footpaths, and up into the hills. Everything reminded him of her, but the girl herself he could not see.

At last he came to the old schoolroom, pushed the door open and walked in. It was empty. No! At the further end, at one of the benches near the master's desk, sat a girl in a white dress. Her head was bowed on her hands, but he knew her at

once, and his heart gave a great bound. Was she crying?

He stepped noiselessly down the room and took his old seat at the desk. The figure had not stirred.

"Lily," he called, softly. She raised her head slowly, wonder and joy dawning in her eyes.

"Bring your book to me."

She brought it—her old Latin book—open at the verb "to love." It was his turn. He took something from his pocket, opened it out and held it so that she could read it:

"Isn't Mr. Graham sweet? I think

I shall marry him some day."

"Will you, Lily?" he whispered. "Say you will."

She looked up at him shyly. There was no need of words. He clasped her in his arms and their lips met—to the intense delight of Uncle Si, who happened to be peeping through the schoolroom window at the moment. He trotted off at once to tell the joyful news to Prudence and Samantha.

MESSRS. HEPWORTH in a facetious vein tell us of a few film fallacies, little things that may happen in any studio.

1.—FIRE-ARMS.

(a) There is always a loaded revolver in every drawer in every room of every "cinema home." That is one of the ways of knowing the home is a picture home.

(b) The weakest and most nervous woman can always hit a man in once, and generally in a vital spot. On the other hand cowboys and trained soldiers can pot at one another point blank for hundreds of feet (technical term, meaning seconds; you'll get to understand this as you go on) without dropping a man; except sheriffs, who always get winged directly they show up.

(c) Any motor car, however desperately driven, can be stopped instantly by shooting at its wheels. Any old policeman who couldn't hit a haystack at two yards can hit a motor tyre doing sixty, and stop the car dead every time and without deflating the tyre either! No film chauffeur has ever been known to drive on the rims, and he wouldn't do it if a hundred heroines were being burned alive for need of him. It isn't done.

(d) If a man points a pistol at you and says "hands up," you hold up your hands, even if he is so near that you can push the thing down his throat before he had time to fire it. Fifty men can be held up in this way in a room so small

that the man with the revolver has to back a bit to give them room to lift their hands up.

(e) If the man with the pistol does not say "hands up," then you seize him by both wrists and rock backwards and forwards until the pistol goes off, once at the ceiling and once at the floor. That finishes that part, and the picture changes to "girl listening."

(f) Black powder is always used in film fire-arms; even the Germans have never dreamed of smokeless. British soldiers at the front use Martini-Henry rifles still. Henry doesn't mind, and Martini rather likes it.

(g) Revolvers can be fired dozens and dozens of times without re-loading—especially when used by a girl—naturally she wouldn't carry cartridges in her nightgown.

2.—LETTERS.

(a) A letter sent from the other side of the world invariably arrives simultaneously with its writer. He says, "I shall be with you almost as soon as you receive this," and he does it, too, in two or three seconds. Your blind mother just has time to press her hands together with joy, and there he is complete with bag and macintosh. He shakes hands vigorously all round, and says how glad he is to be back in the old country once more. Then he looks at his watch and says, well, he is afraid he must be off now, claps on his hat, shakes hands with everybody again, and goes back to China or Bermondsey.

Jailbirds.

Adapted by George W. Smith from the "FLYING A" Feature Film.

The story concerns a courageous young lawyer and a pretty young artist, with whom he falls in love after saving her from a band of robbers.

		Cast :	
Robert McFarlane, a Young Attorney			WILLIAM GARWOOD
Dirk Patterson	JACK RICHARDSON
Mrs. Patterson	CHARLOTTE BURTON
Henry Dupree, a Crook	HARRY VON METER
Mrs. Carson, an Accomplice	LOUISE LESTER
Audrey Austin	VIVIAN RICH
Mrs. Austin	Mrs. MARTIN
Attorney Bright	REAVES EASON
Judge O'Brien	THOMAS GULLIFER

CHAPTER I.



DIRK PATTERSON had for years terrorised the community in the neighbourhood in which he lived. A powerful, surly, drink-sodden brute, man and beast suffered alike from his persecutions. His wife, browbeaten and bullied, lived in a perfect hell. Their little one suffered in no small degree. Had it not been for the child Mrs. Patterson would long since have terminated her torturous existence. She loved her baby, and that alone inspired in her the desire to live. To shield it from the brutal assaults of the father—to bring it up pure and free from the slightest taint of dissipation it may have inherited.

She waited now, anxious and wan, for the return of her husband. As was usual, he had gone out to work—work he never found, and his advent meant a storm of abuse, blows, and every conceivable form of cruelty. The tiny mite, clasped tightly in her arms, stirred fretfully. She wrapped the well-worn shawl tighter around it and crooned a soft lullaby, hoping to hush it to rest before the father returned. But the child, ill-fed and poorly clad, cried weakly, pitifully. He beat the air with his tiny fists, and tried to convey to the over-wrought mother that he was hungry.

Despairingly, she placed him in a roughly improvised cradle, singing to him the while and rocking him with feverish haste. His plaintive cry abated as he gradually fell asleep.

A muttered oath, heavy lumbering footsteps, and Dirk Patterson lurched through the doorway. In a drunken haze he saw his wife bending over the cradle. His blood-shot eyes darted hate. He made a terrific lunge at her, missed, and staggered. She, knowing the result, snatched the baby to her, and not an instant too soon. Patterson reeled and fell heavily into the cradle, exactly over the place where the infant had rested.

He was too stupified by the effects of alcohol to rise, and grunting, cursing, and waving his hands frantically, he succumbed to a drowsy influence.

"You brute!" gasped his wife. "You would have killed my baby. Oh! Heaven, I cannot stand any more. Why are such men allowed to live?"

Hastily she donned her outdoor garments, and with a look full of contemptuous loathing for the thing sleeping on the cradle, she stole out, crushing her baby to her.

CHAPTER II.

THE APPEAL.

ATTORNEY BRIGHT sat in his office puffing away at a fat cigar. He was prosperous, and took care to let everyone know it. He was the typical lawyer, cold, keen and calculating. Perverse to everything but his fees, which were always in excess of those charged by others of the fraternity.

A discreet tap was heard at the office door, and Bright arose and admitted the

visitor. It was a regular custom for him to attend the door, as he often said "it gave him ample time to size a client up." It was Mrs. Patterson who entered, and trembling in every limb, sank wearily into the proffered chair.

"Your business, madam?" began Bright, briskly, then softened as he noted the careworn expression of the woman.

"It's about my husband, Dirk Patterson. I—I—want a divorce," she faltered.

"What!" Bright cried. "No lawyer in this town dare attempt to take on the case. Your husband would murder him. He is the most notorious scoundrel in these parts—and the most brutal. I pity you, but really I cannot accept the case."

Dumb despair was written on the woman's countenance.

"You must help me," she cried, wildly. "I cannot put up with this life any longer. It is killing me and the baby."

She sobbed hysterically, and clutched Bright's arm convulsively in her fear.

"My good woman, I cannot undertake your case," said Bright, with an air of finality. "Be so good as to stop this outburst, it will interfere with my clerks. Allow me," and he led her gently to the door. As it closed upon her he smiled knowingly at one of the grinning satellites, and resumed his seat.

Mrs. Patterson left the office of Attorney Bright a crushed, despairing woman. She had staked all on this attempt to free herself from a drunken sot. She had lost. The wherewithal to pay a lawyer's fee had never entered her head. She had thought pure pity would have carried it through. But lawyers, such as John Bright, require something more substantial; and he, in his shrewdness, knew nothing was to be had from either wife or husband.

There had come to the town one, Robert McFarlane, to practice law, and Mrs. Patter-

son had heard, in that curious tell-a-woman manner, all there was to be known of him. He flashed across her mind—a ray of hope, a last desperate effort. She felt exhausted and ill from the effects of the ordeal through which she had just passed, and with every vestige of courage gone she entered McFarlane's office, unannounced, unheard.

McFarlane was busily engaged writing in a legal-looking book. He glanced up and could not repress a start as he sighted the woman beside his table. Courteously he placed her into a chair and enquired her business. Tearfully, and with many promptings, Mrs. Patterson told her story. McFarlane was deeply moved.

"I will conduct your suit, Mrs. Patterson, and there is not the slightest doubt we shall win," he said, as she concluded.

"I cannot thank you enough. It was more than I dared to hope," thankfully cried the woman.

"Furthermore, Mrs. Patterson, I wish for no fee. I will carry this through free of all costs. Now go home to your husband and act as though nothing had occurred," concluded McFarlane.

Mrs. Patterson could not control her tears, but they were ones of joy—thankfulness for herself and her baby. She left, strong in

her new-found friend, firmer in her purpose.

CHAPTER III.

THE FIGHT.

WHEN Dirk Patterson awoke from his drunken stupor he arose from the cradle, which had suffered beneath his weight, and fell into a chair. He had a racking headache, and a parched tongue and throat. He called his wife, a call that resembled the guttural bark of a dog. He received no answer and barked again. Still the same result. He was not accustomed to have his calls disobeyed. With an effort



Miss Vivian Rich
as "Audrey, the Illustrator."

he rose from the chair, and unsteadily went out of the house. He lounged across a factory yard, seeking his wife. Two workmen he accosted for news suffered a severe mauling because of their inability to give him information.

Turning into a narrow road he espied her trudging along. Something seemed different about her. He racked his dull senses for the cause. It burst upon him. Her step was brisker, her head held very high. She no longer walked with lagging footsteps and head downcast as of yore. As she came up he caught her roughly by the arm.

"Where ye' been?" he bellowed. "Talking about me to yer neighbours? I'll give ye' something to talk about." He raised his hand to strike, then clutched her throat. He shook her unmercifully and almost loosed the infant from her clasp.

"For God's sake, stop!" she gasped. "I'll tell you."

He released her, under dire threats of repeating the operation if she told him false.

Her courage had fled with his approach, and with many appeals for pity she told all.

"I'll murder him, and you next," he roared. "Go home and wait till I come."

She turned, glad to have escaped so far, and furtively watched her husband make off in the direction of Robert McFarlane's office.

Patterson stalked noisily into the room, and McFarlane looked him coolly up and down.

"Well, who are you?" he asked, sharply.

"Usband of the woman you're getting a divorce for, and you stop that case or I'll stop you."

Patterson came close and leered into McFarlane's face. He was seated, but at

the threat jumped up blazing with anger.

"Get out, you low, miserable cur!" he shouted.

"Stow that," hissed Patterson, livid with rage, "or I'll do you in."

He grasped McFarlane's throat, and the two became locked in a deadly embrace. Both were powerful men—Patterson at a disadvantage through drink, McFarlane in excellent fettle. They swayed, and fought with the ferocity of beasts. Furniture crashed to the floor, books and papers scattered pell-mell. Patterson's breath was coming in quick gasps, he was nearly done. He made a sudden wrench, freed himself, and then grasped his pistol. In a flash McFarlane

pinned him. The struggle was renewed with greater violence. Patterson meant murder—it blazed from his eyes. McFarlane hung to the hand that held the pistol, but he was gradually giving out. Slowly the gun was raised nearer and nearer his head. He threw his whole weight and strength into the issue. A blinding flash, a curse, a sickening thud, and his adversary lay before him, his life-blood ebbing



"Patterson reeled, and fell heavily into the cradle."

from a bullet wound in the head.

The pistol he grasped was smoking. He never realised it was in his possession. He must have gripped it in that last desperate struggle. Three men came rushing into the room. They had heard the shot—the three men happened to be Judge O'Brien and his two officers in that Western town.

CHAPTER IV.

AUDREY, THE ILLUSTRATOR.

AUDREY AUSTIN, although very young, had come to some notoriety in the town as an artist of no mean ability. She had been very friendly with Robert

McFarlane, who had criticised and counselled, and done much to contribute to her success. Acting on his repeated injunctions to go to New York and pursue her career, where there was greater scoop, she left home and established herself in a well-to-do quarter of the great city.

Audrey soon discovered that the success she enjoyed in her home town was no asset in New York. Her designs were good, her caricatures amusing, but lacked that finesse which would have stamped them professional. For many weeks Audrey persevered to realise her ambition, but the publishers did not want so much ambition—they required work that would fill their coffers readily. Now and again a sketch was accepted, but, be it known, not on account of the drawing, but because of the beautiful artist.

She began to get very disheartened, and would return to her quarters, after a fruitless round of the publishing houses, and sob out her trouble all alone. She had made no new friends in the big city, keeping strictly aloof from everyone.

One afternoon she returned utterly broken in spirit. Things had come to a crisis. Many of the big houses had even declined to see her. She threw herself on to a couch, and in her abject misery sobbed as though her heart would break.

In the adjoining flat Henry Dupree and Mrs. Carson sat chatting. They were "crooks" that moved very high in social life. Many daring thefts had been carried out by them, and as yet they had managed to evade the clutches of the law. The partitions that divided the flats were very thin, and the sounds of violent sobbing came to them.

"That must be our pretty neighbour," remarked Dupree, nonchalantly.

"Suppose so. Shall I go and see?" answered Mrs. Carson, rising.

"Yes, we'll both go. Perhaps we can chum up with her. She would be very useful." There was full significance in the tone.

Accordingly they went and rapped at Audrey's door. She jumped up, and hastily drying her eyes opened to them.

"May we come in, dear?" asked Mrs. Carson, kindly. "You seem to be in great trouble. We heard you crying. You should not be alone so much. It is conducive to misery."

She advanced slowly into the room, followed by Dupree.

"Allow me to introduce my friend, Mr. Dupree, Miss——"

"Austin — Audrey Austin," broke in Audrey, quickly.

"I am Mrs. Carson. Now we all know one another. Tell me your troubles, dear. Perhaps I can help you."

Audrey felt her heart go out to this woman with the suave voice and gracious manner, and confided in her. At the conclusion of her narrative she showed her some sketches, and a great deal of dumb show passed between Mrs. Carson and Dupree, unobserved by Audrey.

From that time the acquaintance steadily ripened. Audrey was a constant guest of Mrs. Carson's and was being financed until her work should earn her an adequate income. Audrey had declined assistance at first, but gradually her qualms of conscience were overcome, and she accepted the proffered assistance without demur.

Slowly, very slowly, her work was being accepted, and she accompanied her two new-found friends to dinners and theatres with a lighter heart. One evening after a very successful day in the city she returned and found Mrs. Carson awaiting her. She tendered a pressing invitation to dinner that night, and wished Audrey's presence. They were going to meet some very notable people, people who would be able to influence her career, she told her glibly. Audrey accepted and accompanied Mrs. Carson and Dupree to the most fashionable hotel in the city.

CHAPTER VI.

THE ESCAPE OF ROBERT MCFARLANE.

ROBERT MCFARLANE had been sentenced to penal servitude for life for the murder of Dirk Patterson. He chafed and fumed during his incarceration at the unjustness of his sentence. Patterson had been killed in self-defence, and there was no doubt that he had meant killing Robert. But evidence was all against him, and the death sentence was commuted to a life term.

His thoughts dwelt on means of escape, and this gradually became an obsession. The opportunity came unexpectedly. On a raw, bleak morning, when the heavy mists were slowly dispersing, trouble rose among the gang in which he worked. The warder's vigilance was distracted in the turmoil that ensued, and he slipped quietly away.

He heard the harsh clanging of the prison bell and the muffled reports of the guns announcing his escape. He re-doubled his efforts to get clear away. Fate aided him.



"No lawyer dare attempt your case."

He was befriended at a wayside cottage, provided with clothes and a little money. His benefactor had a son of his own shut up within those cold, grey walls, and his sympathy

went out to the escaped prisoner.

After many narrow escapes McFarlane eventually eluded his pursuers and reached New York. There was no time to be lost, and he determined on a bold course. He started in practise as a lawyer under an alias. He knew that this would bring him into contact with the police courts, but decided that the daring of the whole thing would throw his pursuers off the scent. This proved correct. His business thrived and he prospered accordingly. The hue and cry after him died down, and his case was relegated to the long list of undiscovered. Many times his thoughts travelled back to the old days in the little Western town. He was glad that poor Mrs. Patterson was freed from her brute of a husband, although he had paid part of the terrible price exacted.



"Patterson had for years terrorised the community."

He wondered how his little artist friend, Audrey, had progressed. He often thought of her, perhaps too much so for his peace of mind.

His existence was a very lonely one, and he

craved the desire for a companion to dispel the gloom of his abode. Many times he would frequent the luxurious cafes and while away an hour listening to the music

and chatter going on. He returned home one night after a strenuous day, restless and ill at ease. He could not compose himself to anything. At last, in a very irascible

mood, he donned his evening dress and made his way to Dex Mond's, the hotel of New York. He chose a table well back from the laughing, idle crowd, and sat listlessly toying with his serviette.

Away in the distance a group of well-dressed people attracted his attention.

Their conversation was rather louder than etiquette demanded, and he caught occasional phrases of it. One girl among the group sat silent and pre-occupied. She fidgeted now and again, apparently being in a nervous condition. McFarlane could only see her profile. Suddenly she turned her head in his direction, looking at, but not seeing him.

He could hardly repress the gasp of astonishment that almost broke from him. It was Audrey! He was on the point of sending a waiter to her to announce his presence when something occurred that set his faculties keenly on the alert. He sat quite still and watched.

Dupree, for it was he, and his accomplice were closely examining a glittering diamond brooch, which had been handed to them by one of the guests for the inspection of its beauties. An unmistakable sign passed between him and Mrs Carson as it was handed back to the owner. A little later Mrs. Carson arose, and while Dupree engaged the owner of the brooch in earnest con-



"A blinding flash, a sickening thud."



Audrey at work.

versation she awaited her opportunity and deftly extracted the jewel. Resuming her seat with a conventional excuse, she pointed to a painting on the far side of the room, and, as all heads turned to look, she slipped the brooch into the pocket of Audrey's coat hanging over the back of a chair. Then the chatter resumed, and shortly after a horrified cry broke from one of the guests.

"My brooch! It has been stolen!"

People jumped to their feet amazed. Waiters ran about confusedly, helplessly. In the midst of the hubbub the manager approached the now hysterical woman. He heard the particulars from Dupree, then the other guests, and at once instituted a rigorous search. Audrey came last. The jewel was found in her coat pocket. Indignantly she disclaimed all knowledge of the affair, but despite her protests she was arrested. Dupree had intended to get away with Audrey, and later extract the brooch, leaving Mrs. Carson to still entertain, but the loss had been discovered before he could carry out his plans. McFarlane had witnessed the whole affair, and now rushed up to the group.

"That girl is innocent," he shouted, pointing to Audrey. "I saw *that* woman commit the theft!" indicating Mrs. Carson. Audrey stood petrified—she had recognised Robert.

"Mr. McFarlane, thank you," she managed to gasp out.

"Don't worry, Audrey; I will see to this," he returned easily. There was nothing for it but for the whole party to go to the police station, and off they went.

Once inside, the chief subjected all to a searching cross-examination. McFarlane

stated his case against the "crooks" lucidly and decisively. His testimony concerning the theft carried weight.

Dupree and Mrs. Carson were formally arrested. One of the police had been scrutinising McFarlane, and suddenly held a whispered consultation with his chief. A book of photographs was produced and several extracted. There was no mistaking one large photograph. It was McFarlane in convict garb. The chief knew they had found their man. Two officers approached, and in a flash McFarlane was handcuffed.

"You are Robert McFarlane, the escaped convict!" said one of the officers.

"It is of no use denying that fact," answered McFarlane. "But look to *those* two criminals I have discovered—they will escape you yet."

Dupree and Mrs. Carson were edging towards the door to make a final dash for liberty. They were pounced upon and dragged back. Their bid for escape proved their undoing. Mrs. Carson broke down and confessed to many thefts. Dupree stood speechless with rage and mortification.

After a long consultation McFarlane was paroled and Audrey released. Outside he told her the whole miserable story of his incarceration and his escape, and the events leading up to it. Audrey listened compassionately, and together they reached her quarters. They planned to return to the old Western home. McFarlane was eventually pardoned for his services in bringing two criminals to book. Audrey does not worry any more about publishers. She went into partnership with Robert, and filled that gap in his life for which he had long craved.

"THE MILLION DOLLAR MYSTERY" is the title of the great serial which Thanouser Films, Ltd., will commence releasing early in January. The picture has already met with considerable success in America, where it was produced, and there is every sign that it will be equally as successful in England. The story is in 23 episodes, each a complete incident in itself, and from beginning to end it brims over with excitement and thrilling scenes. Every effort has been made to prevent the story from "dragging" at any period, and the producers have evidently realised that the success of a film serial, like a magazine or newspaper serial, depends entirely upon making every instalment of more than usual interest. The photography and acting throughout is superb. Miss FLORENCE LA BADIE is the heroine of the

story, and JAMES CRUZE and MARGUERITE SNOW also appear prominently in the cast. A big cash prize will be offered for the best alternate solution of the mystery to the solution which will be given in the last episode of the picture; and one of the prominent London weekly journals will print the story in serial form.

J. WARREN KERRIGAN and JACQUES JACCARD are authors of "The Dreamer," recently produced, with the former playing the title rôle of a Western young man.

By caring for a friendless Indian the young Westerner learns of a valuable deposit of gold, and is thereby able to secure sufficient wealth to search for his father, estranged from the mother, and a happy re-union follows. George Periolat, Mrs. Benson and Vera Sisson play prominent parts.

The Spitfire.

Adapted from the FAMOUS PLAYERS Film by Patrick Glynn.

A young American is robbed of his jewels in a London hotel, and the thieves escape to a yacht of which they take command by forged instructions. The young man pursues the thieves and is then placed under restraint on a charge of scheming to steal his own jewels. How the yacht-owner's daughter releases him and believes his story is told in detail.

Cast :

Bruce Morson	CARLYLE BLACKWELL
Valda Girard	VIOLET MERSERAU
Marcus Girard	REDFIELD CLARK
James Ormond	LIONEL ADAMS
Tracy and Beasley	{ Ormond's Confederates }	{ ...	ROBERT CUMMINGS
Aunt Mary	W. R. DUNN
Cousin Polly	LOIS ARNOLD
			JUNE DALE



WHEN Beasley, Tracey, Traynor, and James Ormond got together somebody suffered in pocket. The detectives knew every man of this clever gang, who were proficient

in every branch of criminal art, from forging cheques to breaking open safes, but the law—in the shape of police—never managed to lay its hands on them with sufficient evidence to secure conviction. Whenever “the gang” operated—they were called *the gang* by the detectives as a tribute to their exceptional smartness—it was such a clean piece of work that even the victim experienced doubts as to whether he had been really robbed, or whether he was the victim of hallucinations.

Some people said that it was really James Ormond who carried all the brains of the gang, and that the rest were merely commonplace thieves. Perhaps they were right, for to the public Ormond was an eminently respectable person, being no less than the President of the International Touring Company, which guided you faithfully from Timbuctoo to Kamskatca, and very often left you there with an empty pocket.

The four men were gathered in snug quarters in Ormond's residence, with the master mind laying down his plan of campaign.

“I am on a very good thing this time,” he commenced. “You have all heard of Marcus Girard, the wealthy capitalist? Weil,

I have been cultivating that gentleman lately, and I think he is worth following up. You know he is a great yachtsman, and he told me he was going on a tour to Europe, and asked me to find a first mate for him. Well, I am going to do so, especially after what I have seen in the newspaper this morning. You'll understand when I read the paragraph out to you. Just listen now—

“A certain New York capitalist and yachtsman on his last return from Europe found himself in serious trouble with the custom officers, who discovered in his luggage valuable jewels which he had “forgotten” to declare, and which were intended to bedeck his beautiful daughter Valda, a popular debutante and one of the prettiest women in America.”

“Now, boys,” said Ormond looking round, “if there are any jewels looking for an owner, I think they would be better in our pockets than round Miss Valda's neck.”

The gang laughed. But Ormond, who rarely smiled even at his own jokes, turned to the most intelligent and most businesslike-looking of his confederates—Beasley.

“You're to be the first mate of the ‘Spitfire’—we'll need that yacht in our business. You've been to sea before, and know something about the life.

“Now you three,” continued Ormond, turning to the rest, “you will accompany me on a little trip to London. I'm on a big



“ ‘We'll need that yacht in our business!’ said Ormond.”

thing this time, or you may bet I wouldn't leave New York and take on the expenses of this trip. It's jewels again, but there's a better chance of them even than old Girard's lot. In short, I intend to kill two birds with one stone.”

That was all the rest of the gang could get out of Ormond. But they were not keen for details. They had implicit faith in his plans.

That night Beasley turned up at the quay and took up his duties as first mate. In addition to the crew there were Captain Larris, Mr. Girard, the millionaire, Valda, his daughter, and Valda's Aunt Mary and Cousin Polly. After a little supper in the saloon given by the millionaire to his friends, the “Spitfire” sailed slowly and majestically out of the Hudson River on its European trip.

Meanwhile Ormond, after leaving instructions with Beasley as to his address in London, had sailed by the mail boat and arrived in the English capital just when the “Spitfire” touched Calais. Beasley learned

that the stay at Calais was likely to be protracted, for Girard left the yacht here on the plea of sudden business, and proceeded to London. The new mate wondered what this might mean, and decided that it was time to communicate with his chief. In his letter, addressed to James Ormond, Hotel Cecil, London, he said: “Arrived at Calais. Dropped G. and valet at Liverpool. Business will keep G. in London ten days. He is staying at Hotel Ritz. I await further instructions.—Beasley.”

When Ormond received this note he smiled and told his companions things were going well. “Now it's about time you all got some details of our business. We have been following up a young American who has in his valise a set of the most perfect jewels that one could possibly wish to see. I heard him talk one day when I was sitting next to his table at Rigolitti's restaurant, and from what I gathered he had evidently been in Egypt and saved a great Sheik's daughter from some great danger. The Sheik, as a token of gratitude, made him a present of

a lot of jewels, and this young man, whose name I found to be Bruce Morson, took a case out of his pocket and showed the contents to his friend. I only just got a glimpse, but the jewels fairly blazed, and I heard his friend whisper to him: 'You ought to be careful about carrying that case about with you. It's worth a king's ransom, and there are hundreds of men—and women too—who'd knife you with pleasure to get what you carry about with you in your case.'

"This young man Morson smiled, and said he had come out of many a tight corner as top man. He looked a cool, brave chap, but I fancy he's got a bigger opinion of himself than he ought to have at his age, and I'm going to show him that when he's up against James Ormond he's up against something. Now you know why we've shadowed this young man to London."

"Where is he now?" asked Traynor.

"In this hotel!" replied Ormond.

"With the jewels?" queried another of the gang excitedly.

"With the jewels!" replied Ormond again.

"And now the next thing to be done is to engage a room next to his."

Ormond had been busy at the Hotel Ritz also since he had received the letter from Beasley. He did not see Girard himself, but he found that gentleman's valet looking very disconsolate and moody, and with more than the suspicion of a black eye. With the offer of a cigar a conversation opened, and Ormond learned that Girard, who was possessed of a very irascible temper, had come to the hotel in a fit of spleen, and

after ordering his valet about like a dog had finished up with hurling his boot at him—hence the black eye.

"I'm just fed up with Marcus Girard," said the valet vindictively. "If I could find another job I'd leave him in the lurch with the greatest of pleasure."

Ormond's eyes shone. "Well, I happen to know this Marcus Girard also, and he has made me suffer too, and I should like to get my own back on him. What do you say to helping me? I'll make it worth your while."

The valet agreed and listened to the other's instructions. "Remember now," continued Ormond after several notes had changed hands, "if any telegrams arrive from Calais for Mr. Girard you are to read and answer them as I have instructed you."

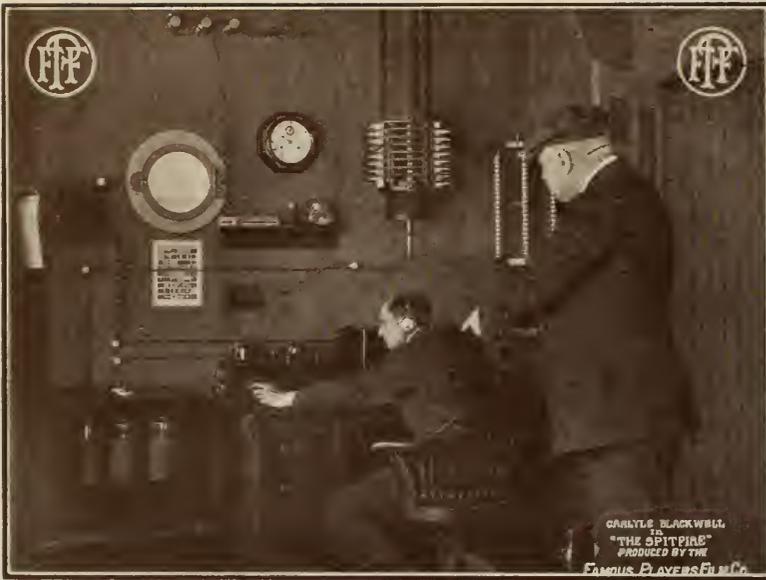
The master criminal returned to the Hotel Cecil, and that evening there were a great many plots and plans arranged to steal the unsuspecting Morson's jewels while he slept. The thieves came in by a window along a fire escape, and without a sound commenced a silent but effective search for the



Miss Valda Girard.

young American's valise.

If one of the thieves had not tripped over the counterpane Morson might have slept through the whole transaction. Awaking suddenly, he immediately grasped the circumstances, and springing from the bed hurled himself at the nearest moving shadow. Instantly there was a terrible struggle between Morson and the thief he had gripped, and the others took advantage of the confusion to slip out of the room. When Morson had overpowered his man and turned



"Get into communication with the 'Spitfire.'"

on the light, he hastily looked for his valise. It was gone.

The thieves having got away with their booty, left for Calais. By arrangement Ormond left before the others, with instructions to them to meet him on the yacht "Spitfire." It seemed a strange appointment, but the gang learned that Ormond seldom, if ever, made a mistake. It was with the greatest confidence that Ormond boarded the "Spitfire" and interviewed Captain Larris.

That individual had been considerably aggrieved and mystified by a telegram which he had shown to Miss Valda Girard and the guests on the yacht. Captain Larris had known his eccentric employer do many eccentric things, but the last seemed the limit.

The telegram read—

"Captain Larris,
"Steam Yacht 'Spitfire,'
"Calais, France.

"Have appointed James Ormond to take full charge of yacht. Fly private signals and cruise off Sandy Hook till further orders. Drive her like hell.

"Marcus Girard."

"What do you think of it, Miss Valda?" queried the surprised captain.

"Strange," replied the girl. "Very strange. I wonder if my father really sent it. Send him a wire asking him to confirm this one.

There is something wrong, I fancy."

The captain complied and despatched the following telegram—

"Marcus Girard,
"Hotel Ritz,
"London.

"Are James Ormond's orders from you to take full charge of 'Spitfire' authentic?"

"Larris."

The astonished captain received a reply that nearly carried him off his sea legs.

"Captain Larris,
"Spitfire,"

"Calais, France.

"Mind your own business, or you will have no business to mind.

"Marcus Girard."

"That settles it," murmured the captain, with a groan. "It must be genuine. Now I have to give up command to this James Ormond who has come aboard."

It must be admitted that James Ormond behaved like a gentleman, although he gave no reason why he should have been asked to take command of the yacht over the captain's head. He hinted at mysterious instructions and that was all, and with the help of his augmented crew, in the shape of three of his gang, he prepared to leave Calais Harbour. But he reckoned without his victim—Morson.

When he discovered the loss of his jewels he gave his prisoner a beating that made him feel sore years after at the very recollection of it. Then he tied him in a chair, and after the most bloodcurdling threats as to what he would do to the captive—who happened to be Traynor—if he did not confess, he drew a statement from that miserable man as to the identity of the thieves and their plans for getting away. Young Morson immediately dressed, took the next train to the coast, crossed over to Calais and arrived on the quay just in time to see the "Spitfire" sailing out of the harbour.

Morson was as resourceful as Ormond. In five minutes he had secured a motor boat to take him in the direction of the "Spitfire," although the boatmen told him there was no earthly chance of catching up with the yacht, which by now had reached the open sea. But Morson, with the aid of a fistful of silver, prevailed; and then realising the "Spitfire" was getting well away, he hit on a ruse to obtain his object.

"Look here," he said, turning suddenly to the two boatmen, "I must get on that yacht—no matter how—but I must get on it. Now I want you two to pretend to have a row with me, and throw me overboard. You needn't be alarmed. I can swim like a duck for hours. When that yacht sees I am deserted they'll wait to fish me out of the water. At least I hope so."

Marson had to pass some more silver before he could prevail on the men to carry out his wishes. Then the play began. There was an angry scuffle in the boat, watched by the crew and the ladies of the "Spitfire," then Morson went overboard like a rocket, and the motor-boat put back to the harbour.

Ormond had seen all that took place in the boat also, and when he was asked to save the swimmer—whose clever ruse he had seen through—he refused to do so. Valda Girard, however, asserted herself, and being the shipowner's daughter her wishes had to be respected, and five minutes later the dripping Morson was hauled on board. But the astute Ormond forestalled him with Miss Valda Girard.

"Miss Girard," said Ormond confidentially, "I must warn you against this man. Your rescued gentleman is a revenue officer. He boarded this yacht by a trick to trap your father, who has placed some

undeclared jewels in our care. Now you know why I have taken command of the yacht."

Miss Valda Girard was really alarmed. She had a lively recollection of the last time her father had trouble with the revenue authorities when he had tried to smuggle through a packet of jewels. On that occasion Valda had a few heated words with her father on the folly of his ways, and here was the same thing happening again.

"Is it true?" she asked Ormond breathlessly.

"Quite true," replied the other glibly. "This man plays on women's sympathies with the story of having come from Egypt with a fortune in jewels and being robbed by burglars in a London hotel."

"I shall be ready for him," returned the girl, with compressed lips.

Consequently when Morson appeared before the fair Valda that lady listened to his story patiently, and then said curtly—

"You are an impostor and a thief! You shall work your passage."

In an instant the young American saw how the clever Ormond had checkmated him, and his anger overcame him.

"I don't blame you," he said. "If somebody had told me the story I wouldn't have believed it myself. But my jewels are on this yacht, and when we reach New York



"You called me a thief. I am. I'm going to steal you."

"I'll have you all arrested for complicity."

The girl waved her hand impatiently as though she did not desire to hear anything more from him.

But Morson did not belong to the "down-hearted" brigade. He was young and began to see the humour of the accusation against him of wishing to steal his own jewels.

"Say," remarked Morson one day to Cousin Polly, during a slack half-hour. "Your Miss Valda is dead nuts on me."

"She believes you have been trying to deceive her," said Cousin Polly. "Valda has very high notions of honour."

"I wonder if her father called the yacht after her," continued Bruce Morson irreverently. "She's a real spitfire herself."

"Polly," interrupted the voice of the lady under discussion, "just come here a moment." Then Valda came into view herself and said curtly to the culprit, "You are to hold no conversation with my guests."

Morson bowed with the suspicion of a grin. Valda turned away with flushed face, murmuring to herself, "He thinks I'm a spitfire, does he?"

Although Morson was in disgrace with the young lady who held such power over his personal liberties, the position of the men who had usurped control of the ship was not an enviable one. They had a secret port to put into, but while they were on the high seas there was always a chance that messages would be transmitted to other vessels about the "Spitfire." Although Girard's disgruntled valet had performed his work well in sending forged telegrams at the critical moment, Ormond knew that Girard himself would move heaven and earth to get into communication with his yacht, and that gentleman began operations by getting the wireless company to transmit the following message to all steamers, "Locate the steam yacht 'Spitfire,' *en route* to New York."

The "Spitfire" was not *en route* to New York, but nevertheless passing vessels thus warned were on the look-out. This got on the nerves of Ormond and his confederates, and they vented their spleen on the unwelcome guest Morson.

"He hasn't enough to do," said Ormond savagely that day. "Give him some real work."

One of the gang immediately went for a bucket and brush, and before hauling them to the luckless Morson vindictively hit him

across the shoulder with the brush. Miss Valda, looking down on the scene from the bridge, flushed angrily, and then called out:

"Mr. Morson, I give you permission to avenge that insult."

Bruce Morson looked up with a gleam in his eye. Then he turned to his insulter with a whirlwind motion, and ten seconds later one of Ormond's gang was calling feebly for brandy.

That afternoon the wireless apparatus was agitated, and Captain Larris was handed the following notice:

"Captain Larris,
"Spitfire."

"Take charge immediately. Reduce speed and await instructions. Will overtake you.

"Maurice Girard."

However, Ormond had made his plans on hearing the wireless apparatus working, and he and his confederates made for the safe in which the jewels had been lodged for "greater security" against Morson. In their effort to blow open the lock the gang set fire to the cabin, and there was a stampede over the side of the vessel in one of the boats, as it looked as though the fire would sweep through the vessel. Miss Valda at last realised the real identity of the interlopers, and told Captain Larris to take charge just as that delighted officer received the wireless message from the owner. The first thing that he and Morson did—who jumped into the place of the late mate—was to get the fire under control, and then went in pursuit of the thieves, who were dragged back, looking for once in their lives thoroughly dispirited. Ormond was satirical but gloomy.

That afternoon Morson went on to the bridge with confidential steps and eyed Miss Valda with the gaze of a lion. That young lady, looking exceptionally charming in her yachting costume, was seated on a deck chair, and on Morson's bold approach she blushed and turned her gaze out to sea. But Morson was not to be denied, and her attention was drawn back from dreams by the young man's strong voice.

"Miss Valda."

The girl turned. "Yes," she replied softly.

"You called me a thief," continued the young man, "and I am. I am going to steal you!"

The Hand of Iron.

From the EDISON Screen-play by Sumner Williams.

Adapted by Edouard.

A tale of a stern soldier who suffers the "cold-shoulder" through his strict attention to duty. He is even "cut" by the woman he loves, but a brave and worthy piece of work brings her back to him, and discomferts one who endeavoured to injure him.

		Cast :	
Captain Steel	RICHARD TUCKER
Colonel Taylor	WILLIAM WEST
Helen, his Daughter	GERTRUDE McCOY
Lieutenant Yardley	RICHARD NEILL
Ryan, an Agitator	HARRY EYTINGE



DULLO, old Steel looks grey—scents trouble with the colonel."

It was Yardley, an irresponsible subaltern in the smoking room of the—th's

mess, who spoke, and he addressed his remark to all present.

Several of the younger officers smiled with apparent satisfaction, while Lieut. Yardley looked up, gleefully remarking—

"Serve him jolly well right. It's about time Steel was hauled over. Take a bit of the stiffening out of him perhaps. His religious ideas of duty bore one."

Yardley's sentiments were re-echoed by the officers around, for Captain Steel was a martinet who stood for no nonsense and was severe in any case of dereliction of duty. Even the younger officers were not exempted—he told them all pretty plainly what he thought of their free and easy ideas of soldiering, and consequently got himself very much disliked.

An orderley had just appeared from the colonel calling Captain Steel to his presence immediately. As the captain entered the C.O.'s office and saluted, Colonel Taylor turned on him austere and complained of a report from "B." Company, the captain's command, which had been badly drawn up.

Steel had no explanation other than that he imagined the report was in order, and the colonel dismissed him peremptorily with a warning that more care should be taken in future.

The reprimand rankled in Captain Steel's mind, and as he made his way back to the

mess he determined to have it out with the lieutenant of the company who was responsible for the report. The lieutenant happened to be Yardley, and he was alone, reading in the smoking room, when Captain Steel re-entered.

"Look here, Yardley," said the captain with some heat, going straight across to the lieutenant, "the colonel has just bullied me about the careless construction of the report you drew up yesterday. You will have to pay greater attention to your work. I will not suffer the responsibility of your slipshod methods in future. If anything like this happens again I shall have to place the responsibility on the shoulders of the real delinquent."

"I don't know what you mean, Captain Steel," replied Yardley, coolly. "The report was quite in order."

"In order as you understand it in your happy-go-lucky idea of doing a thing. You will have to wake up and realise your duty, man."

"I don't know what right you have to speak to me like this," said Yardley, bristling. "I realise my duty and do it as I wish."

"Doing it as you wish is not as the colonel and I wish. You must conform to our ideas of duty, and be less free in the use of your tongue to older and superior officers."

With this Steel flung out of the room, leaving Yardley to form plans for his humiliation. He thought of several, but only one seemed possible of execution, and that was through Helen Taylor, the colonel's



“The colonel dismissed him peremptorily with a warning.”

lovely daughter, whom both men paid court to, and who appeared to favour Yardley.

Helen was a lily, the maid who was ever ready for picnics and pleasure parties, and not backward in taking a hand in a practical joke. Childlike and superficial to all appearance, she had a very deep vein of sentiment in her composition. This Yardley failed to realise when he poured his tale of woe into her ears and enlisted her sympathies against Steel.

The ——th were stationed near one of the largest arsenals in the country, and naturally were subjected to many restrictions which were not suffered in other stations. Wilful Miss Helen chose to ignore one of these important restrictions on the day of a big evening party which she had coaxed her father to hold at their house. She wished to make the place attractive and hit on the idea of hanging Chinese lanterns all over the grounds.

Steel came upon her as she and a batman were engaged on the task.

“Pardon me, Miss Taylor, but what you are doing is against regulations. These lanterns must come down,” said Steel.

“Why? I see no harm in them.”

“No, maybe not; but the regulations will not permit them here.”

“I shall not take them down. I shall hang as many as I like, and your beastly old regulations can go hang.”

“Take those lanterns down, every one,” commanded Steel, turning to the soldier and ignoring Helen.

The man commenced to do as he was told. “You shall not spoil my party. You are a horrid man with a swollen head,” cried Helen.

“What’s this? What’s this?” a voice chimed in behind her, and Steel saluted. “What is all this trouble and temper about?” asked the colonel, for he it was.

“Captain Steel says I cannot hang these lanterns, and has ordered Johnston to take them down. Tell him they may remain, papa.”

“I’m afraid Captain Steel is right, my child. The regulations here will not permit those lanterns to remain. They must come down.”

“It is all your fault—you are always meddling and interfering in other people’s business,” cried Helen, turning on Steel and stamping her foot in temper.

"I assure you, Miss Taylor——" began Steel in excuse.

"I don't want your assurance—it is as hateful as your conduct." Helen was on the verge of tears in her disappointment, and to hide her emotion she flew back to the house, leaving the men alone.

That evening, when the party was in full swing, Yardley, drawing Helen aside, insiduously embittered her still more against Steel. She told Yardley of the episode in the grounds that day, and taking advantage of the moment he suggested that she should revenge herself on the captain.

"How can I pay him back?" asked Helen.

"I know. Steel would do anything to be in your good graces," replied Yardley. "Why not lead him on, draw him to propose, and then throw his proposal back in his teeth?"

"Oh, but that would be horrid. I don't think I could do it."

"It will teach him a lesson which he richly deserves. He already thinks he has only to ask."

"Does he imagine I should entertain such an idea?"

"Of course, we all hear his hints on the subject."

"The wretch—I'll teach him not to be

presumptuous where I am concerned."

"It would be well for him. Allow him to walk you round the grounds. I'm sure he will propose if he has half a chance, and you will kill all his self-esteem and cocksureness when you laugh him out of countenance."

Helen pondered a moment.

"Take me down now. We'll go to him. I'll try," she said. "I should so love to pay him back for this afternoon, and for daring to hint that I would fall into his arms, the impudent beast."

And so Yardley led her down to where Steel was seated conversing with a couple of elderly ladies.

Helen was radiant. The idea of the adventure had lent a brightness to her eyes, which in the evening light made her fascinating. She was gowned in a dress of grey clinging material which sat off her slim, lithe figure. She seemed such a woman as any man would make any sacrifice to win a smile from; and Steel, when she approached him with inviting glances, was victimised immediately. He rose, and Helen took his arm, leading him round to the outer extent of the garden.

Steel's heart beat violently. He never anticipated so much favour at the hands of



"Steel was seated conversing with a couple of elderly ladies."



“His passion got the upper hand of him and he pleaded his love earnestly.”

the woman he truly loved. His brain was afire, and as he drank in her beauty in the moonlight his passion got the upper hand, and he pleaded his love earnestly and with emotion.

The man was in earnest — terribly in earnest, but he was not prepared for the shock of Helen's answer.

She laughed at him—jeered in his face.

“You ask me to marry you, Captain Steel,” she cried, flinging her head back and laughing at the joke. “I thought you would. That is why I enticed you here. Isn't it funny!”

“But, Helen——”

“Please do not ‘Helen’ me. I have heard of your boastings and I determined to show you that I am not to be had for the mere asking. I induced you to ask just to have revenge! You can go, Captain Steel. I do not want to hear from you again.”

“You don't mean to be so cruel—you don't mean what you say,” cried Steel, snatching like a drowning man at a straw

“I mean exactly what I have said. Please leave me.”

Steel stood for a moment dumbfounded, then with misery on his face and head bowed—he left her. She looked after his retreating figure for a moment. A pang of pity stabbed her as she noticed how he was hurt, but she was called back by the sound

of a chuckle behind her.

“I should imagine old Steel will alter his tune from now onward,” said Yardley, who had been hidden in the bushes but now came forward. “You have fairly routed him.”

He tried to slip his arm round her slender waist, but she repulsed him with a gesture of disgust, and before he could seek an explanation of her changed attitude she had fled.

* * *

Captain Steel was a strong man. He showed no outward sign of the bitter disappointment he had suffered. He went about his duties with the same scrupulousness as before, and Yardley found no satisfaction in his treachery. Helen seemed to avoid him now. She seemed to repent her base revenge; she was moody, and Yardley, the instigator, only reminded her of that distasteful evening.

A few weeks sped in general inactivity at the station, apart from the usual routine week. But one fine morning Captain Steel was called to the commanding officer's office and given orders to take his company down to the arsenal where strike troubles had arisen.

“The strikers are threatening,” said the colonel to Steel. “They are being roused by that agitator Ryan. I have orders to send troops to protect the store, and you will take your full company down at once.”

“Yes, sir.”

“But mind, avoid any violence. Observe a passive attitude and do nothing to irritate. You will carry three rounds of ball ammunition, but this must not be used except in the very gravest need. Mind, there must be no firing and no use of the bayonet. Assemble your company at once.”

“Your orders shall be carried out, sir.” Steel saluted, turned on his heels and left.

Half an hour later the captain, Lieutenant

Yardley, and "B" Company were marching briskly down to the scene of the trouble. Into the yard, where the strikers were being harangued by Ryan, they marched and lined up facing the men.

"For inspection—port arms," commanded Steel. He had not forgotten the colonel's instructions, and meant to see that no man had a cartridge ready in the breech, and so possibly in a moment of nervousness pull a trigger and cause damage.

Suddenly a flight of stones and brickbats struck the soldiers. One well-aimed missile caught the captain in the head and he went down for a moment unconscious. Several of the men were struck and bleeding. They showed signs of restlessness, and Yardley, in his nervousness, gave the order to load and fire.

But the order was not carried out.

The men were just coming to the present when Captain Steel struggled to his feet.

"Halt!" he shouted, flinging up his hand. "Order arms!" The rifles rattled on the ground in obedience to the command. Then Steel turned to the lieutenant.

"How dare you give orders contrary to my command," he shouted, inflamed. Wheeling towards the strikers, the captain went forward to seize Ryan, the cause of all the bother. A big burly fellow interposed himself, but a well-planted blow from Steel downed him, and in a moment Ryan, struggling and fighting, was seized in an iron grip and flung into the ranks to be made a prisoner.

This exhibition of strength cowed the strikers. The crowd melted away. A couple of days later the men were back at work again.

When the trouble was over and the troops had returned to barracks Captain Steel was complimented by Colonel Taylor on the

manner in which he had handled the affair.

The story of the actions of the two officers were bruted about the station and eventually reached Helen's ears. She then realised the worth of each man, and her regret for her miserable revenge became more poignant than ever.

As for Steel, he cut himself off from his fellow officers more severely than before. His chief recreation seemed to be wandering round the country in the neighbourhood of the station. The man was brooding. He had won recognition for his strict attention to duty, but he had lost the one treasure his heart longed for—Helen.

It was perhaps a week later that Captain Steel came face to face with the colonel's daughter in a narrow lane where there was no retreat and no opportunity to avoid her. Steel sharpened his pace and saluting passed her rapidly.

"Captain Steel!" A soft cry brought him back to her. She looked rather sad. He noticed it and wondered, while a desire to sweep her up in his arms sped through his being.

"Miss Taylor—you called me?"

"Yes, I have been told of what happened at the works, and I wanted to add my compliments. You were brave—I'm so glad you did not allow the men to fire on the strikers."

"I merely did as I was ordered. Yet I



"Ryan, struggling and fighting, was seized in an iron grip."

appreciate your remarks, Miss Taylor, and thank you for them."

"You are very proper and conventional, Captain Steel," she murmured softly, averting her face, which burnt hot. "Once upon a time you would have called me Helen."

"Once—but not now. You withdrew the right."

"Oh, I am so sorry for that evening. I was driven to act so horribly through rumours that you looked upon me as already won."

"Rumours lie—and lie for someone's purpose. Believe me, I have never mentioned your name to anyone. My feeling towards

you was too sacred."

"Was?" she queried, then continued, "Will you forgive me, Captain Steel?"

"With all my heart, Miss Taylor. Don't let us think or speak of that episode again."

"Miss Taylor?"

"If you confer the right again—Helen."

"Yes, 'Helen,' please."

"You mean—?"

"Has duty blinded you?"

"Helen—you love me? Tell me is it true?"

"I have restored a right and have been forgiven for what I bitterly repented. If we forget—don't you understand?"

"I do—God bless you, darling."

ALL our stories of life cannot have happy endings. The picture programme that is too sweet soon cloy the mental palate. Tragedy, in literature and drama as in life, has its part to play. Furthermore, we have always understood that the ladies (who constitute the volume of photoplay enthusiasts) enjoy nothing so much as a show which will afford them a good cry. We have therefore ample grounds for the use of dying heroines and slaughtered heroes; provided, of course, that any one programme does not contain more than one example of tragedy unalloyed.

But there is a negative side to this subject of debate. We have always contended that the photoplay drama essentially paralleled the magazine short story rather than the staged drama. And it will be admitted, we think, that the vast preponderance of successful short stories are of the "happy ending" classification; or if not entirely happy, at least contain no real tragedy.

It is an old axiom among editors of short story magazines that ninety per cent. of all the manuscripts received from new writers have tragedy for their theme. Nearly every novice in story writing seems to fall naturally into the tragic vein. And the reason for this is not hard to find.

Grief is one of the most forceful and one of the commonest of human emotions. Its commonness makes for familiarity with it; its force makes it easy to represent in fiction and demands little plot for its support. It is, therefore, the ideal motif for the amateur; and so it has proven. In the writing of either short story manuscript or photoplay script, tragedy is the line of least resistance.

Such being the case, too great freedom with tragedy plots is found to betoken either an amateurish sterility of plot ideas or an indolent

tendency to take the easiest path. The occasional artistic merit of tragic drama in no wise excuses the production of mediocre and commonplace photoplays in which tragedy is a prominent factor. We may say, indeed, that only the highest form of artistic production excuses the use of tragedy at all.

It is surely self-evident that depicting happiness, and so adding to the world's sum total of happiness, is the greatest service the motion picture can render mankind. Let us confine our production of tragedy, therefore, to only so much as will serve to leaven the mass of good feeling. Let tragedy be as salt to our food, and used in similar proportion.—*Motography*.

FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN, who is starring in Essanay's production, "A Splendid Dishonour," received a letter recently from a man in Mississippi who wishes to fight a duel with the hero.

It appears that the man said his wife is infatuated with the film star and spends her time looking at his photograph and visiting theatres where Mr. Bushman appears on the screen. The husband is aware of the fact that his wife has never seen Mr. Bushman personally, but thinks it his duty to challenge him to a duel.

In "The Private Officer," adapted from *Munsey's Magazine*, Bushman plays both the hero and villain of the drama. He appears as Lieutenant Frothingham in command of his company and at the same time as Private Harry Lampton. As Frothingham he confronts Lampton in the ranks and reprimands him. Bushman as Frothingham is placed under arrest and led from his quarters to the guard-house, while Bushman as Lampton looks on. The girl repudiates Bushman as Frothingham, while she congratulates Bushman as Lampton and accepts him as her betrothed.

A Splendid Dishonour.

Adapted by Bruce McCall from the ESSANAY Photoplay.

A powerful story of love and sacrifice, in which an insane physician is revealed as the real murderer in time to save the accused from punishment for a crime of which he is guiltless.

		Cast :	
Sergeant	FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN
Hugh Annersley	BRYANT WASHBURN
Julia, his Sister	RUTH STONEHOUSE
Van Epworth	E. H. CALVERT
Dr. Appledane	LESTER CUNEO
Brewster	THOS. COMMERFORD
Kerns	CHAS. HITCHCOCK
Havens	JOHN H. COSSAR

CHAPTER I.



DR. APPLIEDANE would hardly have squared with the notions of those people who hold that the first duty of a doctor is to be cheerful for the sake of his patients. He was tall, thin, and lank—a mere lath of a man. His face was of a very curious deadly pallor, his cheeks were hollow, and he wore a long beard, which he was continually stroking with long, claw-like, restless fingers. His sinister aspect was completed by a pair of sombre, terrifying eyes, which seemed always to hold smouldering fires. It was a marvel that such a man succeeded in getting patients at all, but he was credited with skill far above the average, and he charged high fees. So people went to him.

Frank Sergeant went because someone recommended him to do so. He had not been feeling up to the mark lately, and had been talking of his symptoms.

"Heart, my boy," said a friend. "See a doctor, and take it easy for a bit."

"Bosh!" said Sergeant. "Indigestion."

He did not feel very sure about it however, and when his friend went on to recommend him to consult Appledane, the greatest heart specialist in town, he thought he might as well have the matter placed beyond a doubt.

Dr. Appledane received him gloomily, as was his wont. Sergeant felt as though he

had walked into a place of doom.

Having made his examination, Dr. Appledane turned his back on the patient, and sat stroking his beard, shaking his head, and staring at the opposite wall.

"Well, doctor," said Sergeant presently, striving to speak cheerfully, "what is it?"

"Heart." The word struck Sergeant like a rifle-shot.

"Is it—is it very bad?"

"Yes; I do not give you six weeks."

"Good God!" Sergeant reeled with the shock. "You don't mean that? I won't believe it."

"Nevertheless it is true. I will stake my reputation on it."

The voice was cold, unreal somehow. The dreadful words fell like ice.

"I tell you I won't believe it. Why, I'm as strong as a horse. It can't be true—my God! it can't be true. You're fooling me."

Dr. Appledane said nothing. He just looked at Sergeant with those dreadful eyes, turned away, and shook his head once more. Even when Sergeant came close behind him he did not turn. He had said all he wished to say.

To Sergeant the doctor's verdict seemed a thing impossible of belief. He was young, rich, strong, with his life before him, as he had believed; and now to be told that he had less than six weeks to live! It was horrible, but the doctor's words were inexorable as Fate. Slowly it dawned upon Sergeant that he was a doomed man. There



“‘Heart.’ The word struck Sergeant like a rifle shot.”

was no use in staying here. He paid Dr. Appledane's fee and left the house. A young, well-dressed girl, who was just entering, turned and looked after him with interest as he walked away.

Sergeant went home, and in the room which was his special den sat down and looked things in the face. Six weeks! And yesterday he had been looking forward to forty, fifty, perhaps sixty years! He must leave all this—he looked round the beautifully furnished room, with its many evidences of wealth and refinement. His friends—he had many—he could not tell them; he would never be able to bear their pitying glances. He thanked God he was not married. Nobody else would suffer, at any rate.

Then he thought of the six weeks which were all now left to him of life. He saw himself counting the days as they slipped one by one away from him and he drew nearer and nearer the end. God! how awful! Better to end it right off. But first there were one or two necessary things to do.

He went to a little safe which was let into the panelling of the room, took a bundle of

papers from it and carried them to the table. He looked them through, made a few notes here and there, put the papers in order again and returned them to the safe. Then he opened a drawer and took out a revolver.

The door of the room opened suddenly, and in his surprise Sergeant let the weapon fall on the carpet at his feet. He stared at the intruder—a young girl, evidently belabouring under strong emotion. She saw the revolver, and with one bound had secured it. She faced him, breathing hard.

“Oh! you were going to kill yourself. How awful!”

Sergeant was recovering by this time. He made a grab for the revolver, but she sprang back out of his reach.

“No, oh no,” she cried. “Listen to me, please; please hear what I have to say!”

He shrugged his shoulders and waited. Laying the revolver on the table she began to speak rapidly. At the first words she had captured his attention.

“You cannot live six weeks, and you were going to kill yourself. Why should you not die instead of my brother, as you have to die anyhow?”

He stared, but she did not pause.

“I have just come from Dr. Appledane. I met you as you were coming away from him. Your face was terrible. I asked him about you and he told me. I came on here at once. Oh, I thank God I was in time. I am Julia Annersley. My brother is in prison, charged with murder. You have heard of the Griswold murder?”

He nodded, looking at her with a new interest. Griswold, a wealthy merchant, had been found dead in his chair—murdered, with a revolver bullet in his heart. Some young fellow had been caught almost in the act, with the weapon still in his hand. It was her brother Tom.

“He did not do it. He had nothing to do with it at all. He is as innocent as I—oh, please believe he is innocent. My brother could not do such a thing. He had no reason to do it. And he is all I have in the world.”

She broke down and cried bitterly.

Sergeant, strangely moved, murmured some words with a vague idea of trying to comfort her. She brushed her tears aside.

"Oh, I want to save him," she went on brokenly, "and there was nothing I could do. Then I saw you."

"Yes. I don't see of what use I can be."

"Oh, but you can save him if you like. You—you—oh, can't you see what I mean? You have to die anyhow. You might—might—die for him." Her words came with a rush at the last. "You could confess to the murder, and then he would be free—free; and I should have my brother again."

It was an amazing proposal. To Sergeant it seemed like some hideous nightmare. This girl was actually proposing that he should give himself up and be executed for a murder which he had never committed, and all to save the life of a man he had never seen. It was preposterous. She was terribly in earnest, and very beautiful in her appeal.

"No," he said. "I'm sorry for you, very sorry, but I cannot do what you ask. Why should I incur dishonour, disgrace, for a crime not my own?"

"And is not suicide dishonour and disgrace?"

"Perhaps; but if you will excuse me, that is my concern."

"Then must my brother die?"

Sergeant threw out his hands in protest.

"Really, Miss—Annersley, I——"

"Oh, she cried, "it is terrible—terrible. He is innocent, and you might have saved him; and now your death will be wasted."

Wasted! What an extraordinary idea! His death wasted! It had never struck him to think of turning it to anybody's advantage. The conceit, tragic as it was, appealed to his sense of humour. Besides, she was very pretty—and she was crying her heart out. He watched her stumbling to the door. In a moment she would be gone—

"Miss Annersley!"

She stopped, and turned quickly towards him.

"I will do what you ask."

Her face shone. "Oh, do you mean it?"

He nodded grimly. "As you say, I've got to die anyhow, so——"

She rushed at him, laughing and crying at once, threw her arms round his neck and kissed him on the mouth.

"Oh, it's splendid of you! I'll never,

never forget it. Every day of my life I will thank you."

He smiled a queer, twisted smile. "I hope that may be some consolation to me."

She looked at him keenly, and a twinge of remorse took her for what she had done.

"Oh," she breathed, "I should not have asked you. After all, why should you do this great, this wonderful thing for me?"

"Well," he said, whimsically, "it will be an experience—my last. Good-bye."

She gave him her hand and then went slowly to the door. Her face was very troubled.

* * *

It was not a very difficult matter to divert suspicion from young Annersley to Sergeant. One or two anonymous notes dropped into the police letter-box were sufficient. After all, the case against Annersley rested upon purely circumstantial evidence, and his explanation of his presence in the room with the murdered man might be correct. At any rate the police thought the allegation against Sergeant was worth investigation.

Sergeant had made his arrangements. He had prepared a "confession" and placed the document with others in the safe in his own room. When he was informed that a gentleman had called to see him, he guessed that he was a detective. When the man entered the room he was turning away from the safe with an appearance of haste and confusion carefully calculated to arouse suspicion in the official mind.

The man, however, did not mention the murder. He had called, it seemed, to know if Sergeant could give him any information with regard to a certain company promoter who, long reputed wealthy, had suddenly absconded after engineering an extensive and ingenious swindle.

Sergeant answered the questions calmly, telling all he knew, but he was quite aware there was an ulterior object in the man's mind. He caught him every now and then casting keen but furtive glances about the room, and especially towards the spot where the safe was hidden in the wall.

The detective thanked him after a time, and bade him good morning civilly enough. As soon as he had gone Sergeant took his hat and coat and went out.

He called upon Julia Annersley. When he was shown into the drawing-room she was waiting for him, with her hands clasped before her and a look on her face which was



"Some young fellow had been caught almost in the act, with the weapon still in his hand."

certainly not one of joy and satisfaction.

"Well," he said, "it is working. They are after me already."

To his utter surprise she burst into a storm of weeping. "Oh, I am wicked," she moaned. "I ought not to have done it—I ought not to have done it."

"Oh, come," he said in bewilderment, "there's nothing to cry about—nothing at all. You'll soon have your brother with you again."

She threw out her hands in a gesture of despair. "But you—you! I shall have condemned you to death."

"No, no," he said, "that was already done, you know. I should have died uselessly, and now it is different—now I shall die to save one you love."

"But—but you," she stammered, and then forgot everything in the abandonment of her grief. "I don't want you to die. I want you to live—I love you."

She clung to him, weeping, and kissing him again and again. He stood quite still,

fighting against himself. If only he were well—with his life before him! But he was to die in less than six weeks. A groan broke from him.

"My God! To think that our love is all in vain!"

She looked up through her tears. "Then you love me too—you love me?"

His self-control vanished. He strained her to him, kissed her madly, forgot everything else for a brief space, then almost roughly he disengaged himself, caught up his hat and stick—and left her.

Reaching his house he went into his own room, and saw that his scheme had been successful. The detective was there and another man with him. One of them had the packet of papers in his hand, and the door of the safe stood open.

"Frank Sergeant," said the one who had called before, "I arrest you for the wilful murder of John Griswold."

CHAPTER II.

THE news of Sergeant's arrest caused a sensation. His friends at first refused to believe it. So far as they knew

he had never had any dealings with Griswold, and he was the last man to commit such a crime—even if he had. The fact of his confession was difficult to get over, however. They insisted that he should at any rate have the best legal advice, though he declared himself quite indifferent. Van Epworth, the famous criminal lawyer, who offered his services out of friendship, could not understand it at all. Sergeant did not seem like a guilty man—he refused to talk about the crime.

"I killed him," he said, "and that's all there is about it. I shall plead guilty!"

Van Epworth's protestations and arguments had no effect upon him, and the brilliant lawyer had to admit that he was baffled.

Julia Annersley read the account of the arrest in the paper. Her great plan had succeeded, but it brought her no gladness now. The thought of going to tell her brother the news was horrible to her now that it involved the dishonour of the man she

loved. But it had to be done.

When she reached the prison and was permitted to see her brother she found that he had already heard. He was half crazy with joy.

"Julia, have you heard?" he cried. "I'm free! Somebody else has confessed to the murder. It's in the paper. Here—look at it!"

She put the paper gently aside. "Yes, Hugh. I came as soon as I saw it."

"Well, you don't seem very much excited about it."

"Oh, but I am," she said, with forced enthusiasm. "Hugh, let's get away from this place at once."

The necessary formalities having been observed, Annersley left his cell a free man.

Brother and sister were passing along the corridor when a warder spoke to Hugh. The man was just opening a gate leading to another cell.

"Look," he said softly, "that's the chap who done the murder."

Annersley looked at Sergeant with eager interest, and then turned to talk to the warder, who was holding the gate half open. Neither he nor Annersley noticed the girl slip into the cell. When Annersley at last noticed her absence and looked into the cell he was amazed and horrified to see her in the arms of the murderer—a man, so far as he was aware, she had never seen before. He rushed through the gate.

"Julia," he cried, "are you mad? Who is he? What the devil does this mean?"

The girl turned on him passionately. "I love him!" she flashed out. "I love him!"

Her brother stared. "You—— Good God!"

Then he turned to Sergeant. "Look here," he said. "I don't know

anything about you, except that you are a self-confessed murderer. You've got to stop my sister coming here like this. I don't want her name to be hawked all over the town."

Julia would have pleaded with him, but Sergeant restrained her. "He's right," he said. "You must not come here again."

Annersley led the weeping girl away.

* * *

It was a week later. Sergeant had now only five weeks to live—or less. He reflected, with grim humour, that if they did not hurry up he would cheat the executioner yet. It was strange, he thought, that he did not feel ill. He felt, in fact, a great deal better in health than before his arrest. The symptoms which had sent him to Dr. Appledane had entirely



"She clung to him, weeping, and kissing him again and again."

disappeared. Was it possible that the doctor had been mistaken?

One day, when Van Epworth paid his regular visit, he brought with him a paper. Sergeant idly scanned it, until the name of Dr. Appledane caught his eye at the head of a column. "Dr. Appledane Insane," he read in huge, black capitals. The story that followed was an amazing one. It appeared that the famous heart specialist, always eccentric in his manner, had lately been acting in such a curious fashion that his servants had given information to the authorities, with the result that Dr. Appledane had been certified as a lunatic and was now in confinement.

One of the forms of his insanity was very curious. He had condemned to death many people who had consulted him, telling them that they had grave disease of the heart, whereas subsequent examination had proved them to be perfectly sound.

Sergeant stared at the paper, scarcely able to realise what he read. He was on the point of drawing Van Epworth's attention to it, but thought better of it. As the lawyer was leaving, however, he said—

"You might ask Dr. Brewster to call and see me, will you, Van?"

The lawyer, who had observed Sergeant's sudden change of manner, promised, and as soon as he was clear of the cell turned to the paper to discover what Sergeant had read that could have aroused his interest to such a degree. It might be a clue to the mystery.

He saw the Appledane story and read it through. "That's it," he said, when he had finished. "That's what he was reading, though how the devil it concerns him is beyond me." He decided, however, that an investigation would do no harm.

Dr. Appledane's old manservant showed him into the consulting room, and was quite willing to talk at any length upon his late employer's eccentricities. Van Epworth let him talk while he himself rummaged about, opening drawers and examining papers. He pounced suddenly upon a little book which proved to be a kind of diary in which apparently Dr. Appledane had been accustomed to jot down notes about his patients. There were many entries which Van Epworth passed with a glance only, but at last he came to one which startled him—

"August 8. The arsenic powders are working splendidly. Griswold suspects

nothing. My experiment will succeed."

"Good God!" Van Epworth muttered. Arsenic powders! But Griswold had been shot. What on earth did it mean? The old servant could not tell him anything; had never heard of Griswold as one of the doctor's patients. Van Epworth determined to get an interview with Appledane himself.

They made no difficulty at the asylum about admitting him when he explained his business. Dr. Appledane was not considered dangerous, and when the lawyer was shown into the room where he was confined he found him stroking his beard and staring straight before him. His eyes, however, rolled in a manner which would have terrified anybody with less nerve than Van Epworth possessed.

Chatting pleasantly, the lawyer drew a chair to the side of the madman. Suddenly, leaning towards him and speaking in a confidential whisper, he said—

"That was a clever business, doctor, your killing Griswold—very clever. Won't you tell me how it was done?"

It was a bold opening, but it succeeded marvellously. Appledane's face became contorted with a diabolical smile, he nodded his head vigorously several times, and began to talk.

He told how Griswold had come to him for advice about his health, and how he had prescribed and made up for him certain powders containing arsenic. He chuckled like a fiend as he described how the unhappy man grew gradually worse. There came a day when he refused to take any more of the powders, declaring that they were killing him. He raved and cursed, and tried to rush at Appledane. In the midst of his excitement he fell back suddenly in his chair and lay still—dead.

The madman laughed, sending a chill of horror to the lawyer's heart. Then Appledane went on.

"He was quite dead—the fool! To defy me! But I knew they would find out he was poisoned, and they would have found me out, but I was too clever for them. Ha! Ha!"

Van Epworth held himself in hand. It was coming now!

"So," Appledane went on, "I found a revolver in a drawer in his table, and I bent over him—I can see his fool's face now! I put the revolver close to his heart and shot him."

"You—shot him?"

"Yes. Ha, ha, ha!"

The madman's laughter followed Van Epworth out of the room.

* * *

Dr. Brewster leaned back in his chair. He had examined Sergeant thoroughly.

"Young man," he said, "there's nothing the matter with you—nothing whatever. You are as sound as a bell."

Sergeant sprang up. "But are you sure, doctor, there's nothing wrong with my heart?"

"Heart! Rubbish! I tell you you're as fit as a fiddle. You had indigestion, that was all. Prison diet has cured that. You'll live to a good old age." The old doctor paused, stammered and looked confused.

"I'm sorry," he said, "I forgot. What a damned old fool I am!"

"Never mind," said Sergeant, wearily. "It doesn't matter."

The doctor's thoughtless remark had made him realise how things stood with him. It did not much matter whether his heart was sound or not; it's beating would soon be stopped for good and all. He had thrown his life away.

No, not that! He had saved Julia's brother, at any rate, the brother she loved; and saved her too from disgrace and dishonour. He told himself grimly, as he sat there, that he would go through with it now. He only hoped it would not be long.

The barred gate of the cell was thrown open suddenly, and Hugh Annersley rushed in and fell on his knees beside Sergeant.

"I know everything," he cried. "My sister has just told me what you have done

for her—and me. I won't let you do it. It isn't right. I'll—I'll come back to prison—I'll——"

The lad burst into a storm of tears, with his head bowed on Sergeant's knee. Suddenly he sprang up.

"You mustn't stay here. I won't have it, I tell you. Warder! Warder!"

He rushed away before Sergeant could stop him, but before he was clear of the cell the warder entered with Van Epworth. The lawyer's face was beaming.

"Nice sort of chap you are," he said to Sergeant. "Why, you're not a murderer at all. What the devil made you say you were is a mystery to me."

Sergeant's excitement showed in his face.

"Then who——," he began.

"Who? Why, Appledane, the old villain. He's just been telling me the whole ghastly story. He killed Griswold with arsenic powders, and shot him afterwards. He's as mad as a hatter, and will never be hung for it, that's the worst of it."

"So we're both free," said Sergeant, grasping Annersley's hand.

"Well," said Van Epworth, "I guess so. Get along out of it."

They got along, and Sergeant went with Annersley to the latter's house.

"You'll find Julia in the drawing-room," said Hugh.

* * *

Half an hour later Sergeant said, "Appledane is the most horrible fiend I ever heard of, but if it had not been for him I should never have met you—darling."

She was sitting on the rug at his feet, and he met her upturned face half way.

MARY PICKFORD'S renewal contract, entered into last week with the Famous Players Company, is for £400 weekly, or to be exact, one hundred and four thousand dollars (over £20,000) for one year. It replaced the contract which Miss Pickford held with the same company for 1,000 dollars (£200) weekly or 52,000 dollars the year preceding.

The F. P. agreement was reached between Mr. Adolph Zukor and Miss Pickford despite an offer from another picture firm to the actress for two hundred thousand dollars, also for one year. It is said that Miss Pickford was not satisfied with the financial outlook of the larger offer, although the competing concern offered to deposit 50,000 dollars as a guarantee.

The Pickford-Famous Players contract calls

for the two thousand dollar payment every week. During the year Miss Pickford may appear in eight Famous Players films. She cannot do over twelve, which might be reached, although an unusually large number. A condition of the agreement is that the Famous Players in addition pays for all wardrobe necessary for Miss Pickford in the pictures, from shoes to dresses, and little Mary has expensive ideas regarding dressing for the screen. Another provision says Miss Pickford has the privilege of passing upon the plays selected for her, also the supporting casts, rejecting either or both at her pleasure.

The name of Pickford has been doing wholesale duty of late through the multiplicity of old Pickford reprints made by other manufacturers when little Mary commenced film work.

The Double Life.

Adapted from the LUBIN Film Drama by Luc Toucourt.

Unknown to her daughter she runs a fashionable gambling saloon. Her partner discovers the nest where the innocent girl is hidden; he tortures the mother, who will not hear of his marriage with her daughter, and finally exposes her. In one last supreme act of sacrifice and renunciation the mother saves her daughter's shame. "I lied to you," she says. "There is no tie between us."

		Cast :	
Al. Hollister	HARRY C. MYERS
Cora Tracy	ROSEMARY THEBY
Miss Finch	BEATRICE INMAN
Alice Tracy	ANNA LUTHER
David Ritchie	HARRY WILGUS
Mrs. Ritchie	Mrs. HAGEL

“**R**EMEMBER, Miss Finch, there must be no visitors, and you must keep careful watch over Alice. Avoid those you are not well acquainted with, and keep my daughter from encountering ‘strangers.’”

Cora Tracy was very determined. She had run down from the city to the little cosy nest in Hertford where she had secreted her daughter Alice, and she was now giving final instructions to Miss Finch, the staid guardian and companion.

“Your desires shall be carefully attended to, Mrs. Tracy,” said Miss Finch meekly, as in the moment Alice came dashing in to say good-bye.

“Off again so soon, Mumie,” she cried. “And I did so hope you would stay a little longer this time. Won’t you take me with you to London once?”

“One day, dear, but not now. I am so busy making money; I should not have time to look after you. But I must go now. Good-bye, dear.”

“Good-bye, Mumie. I wish I could come with you.”

“Another time. Good-bye.”

Mrs. Cora Tracy stepped into the waiting automobile, waved a bit of dainty lace—apology for handkerchief—and a moment later was round the bend in the road and out of sight.

Alice went slowly back to the house. She was an attractive girl, just nineteen, and her hair still hung in chestnut masses down

her back. Rather pale, but of a pallor that struck one as particularly healthy and becoming; with dark, steadfast eyes, which had a habit of shooting light when the owner was surprised or laughing. She was winsome enough for any man’s taste, and Cora Tracy did well, considering the people with whom she mingled, in keeping her daughter tucked away in this delightful country spot, out of sight and out of contact with the world.

The little cottage stood in the woodlands some three or four miles out from the country town of Brogden, and very rarely were there any visitors.

Alice spent her days roaming the hillsides or painting in the woods bordering the river. Here were many beautiful spots, fit subjects for the brush. Romance entered Alice’s life through these woods. Painting one serene day in a splendid copse she was made suddenly aware of strangers near by, but before she could move, easel and canvas were dashed to the ground and herself almost upset by an unruly collie dog, on to which a young fellow was hanging in an effort to direct its course. It was evident, however, that he exerted himself very little, and appeared to enjoy the dash as much as the collie, till he saw the damage done and the dismay on the face of the girl.

Alice gave a little scream as the leash began to tangle itself round her legs in the dog’s frolic.

“Oh, I say, I’m sorry,” cried the stranger, lifting his hat and struggling to restrain his companion with one hand. To say the



“Hollister found an attractive charm in innocent Alice.”

least, not a very successful manœuvre. “I say, I’m awfully sorry,” he repeated. “I didn’t imagine anyone was behind those bushes when we dashed through. I’m so sorry. Has any damage been done?”

“Yes, there has. If you had eyes you would see it,” responded Alice angrily.

The stranger looked hurt and abashed.

“You’ve utterly spoilt my picture and frightened me out of my wits,” continued the girl. “How dare you dash into me, upsetting everything like that.”

“Really, I didn’t know you were there or I should have advanced more cautiously,” said the youth. “Shall I pick up your things?” he added, going down to collect

the various items strewn on the ground. “Shall I set them up for you again?”

“No, thank you. You have upset me entirely for the day, with your circus behaviour.”

“Perhaps, then, I may carry them for you?”

“Perhaps you can not. I prefer to carry them myself.”

Alice endeavoured to be cutting—as a matter of fact the affair was gradually assuming the aspect of a joke with her.

The youth paused and thought hard for the next phrase.

“But I should like to carry them in token of my regret and humility,” he said.

"I have said——"

"Yes, still you can change your mind."

"Not in such a case."

"Then, with respect to the circus behaviour?"

"No, not even with regard to that."

"Then I shall carry your things just to prove to you that I am not a circus and that 'Mac'—that's my dog's name—is no adjunct to a circus. Which is your way?"

Alice laughed, and immediately the pair were on a friendly footing.

"I live at the cottage," said the girl. "You may carry my chattels to the gate as a penance."

"Thank you. The penance inflicted by you is a favour. Lead on, 'Mac.'"

Some days later David Ritchie brought flowers for Alice, which Miss Finch endeavoured to hide, but not effectively. Alice met him again at the bank in Brogden, where David held a humble position, and later Mrs. Ritchie called at the cottage. Despite Miss Finch's close watch the pair managed to meet, and a strong boy and girl friendship sprang up between them.

This was before another man appeared on the scene. Al Hollister, Cora Tracy's partner at the gambling saloon, often wondered where his beautiful companion suddenly disappeared to at times, and scenting some mystery determined to watch and follow. He was a detestable creature, but hid his true character under a cloak of charm which deluded everyone he came in contact with.

Hollister watched Cora enter her private car one fine day, and a moment later he had jumped into another and had given the driver instructions to keep the first car in sight.

They drew out into the country, the second car maintaining a respectable distance behind the other, and in little over three hours' run Hollister, who was becoming impatient, saw with satisfaction Mrs. Tracy's car pull up. He ordered his driver to stop, and waited. When Mrs. Tracy entered the cottage garden he followed.

Cora Tracy walked in without meeting anyone. She was just greeting Alice inside when Hollister appeared.

"Good afternoon," he said softly, bowing low to Alice. Then turning to Mrs. Tracy, "Introduce me, won't you?"

For a moment Mrs. Tracy was too taken aback to speak. She looked as if she would

order him from the place, but on second thoughts decided not to make a scene.

"Alice, this is Mr. Hollister, a friend of mine. My daughter."

But there was suppressed rage in her voice. That this man of all others should have invaded her daughter's sanctuary was bitter. Alice had no idea of her mother's calling, and Cora had always endeavoured to keep the slightest breath of suspicion from her. She had sought to shield her child from the sordid world, sought to spare her any blush of shame; and now this creature, whom she despised, even while she heartlessly engaged in his plans for fleecing the unsophisticated, had burst in, bringing with him the awful taint from the city. Mrs. Tracy could have killed him. Were glances venomous he would have shrivelled up where he stood, but he merely smiled, and his smile carried a challenge. Cora Tracy had to submit to his presence and bear his flirtation with her daughter, the one thing she loved, and the one she would shield from all danger and contact with evil.

Hollister found an attractive charm in innocent Alice. He came again and again, and by his delightful manner, interesting talk and attentions, won a corner in her heart. She admired him. She had little knowledge of the world and the ways of men—how could she do otherwise?

* * *

David Ritchie had gone to London, and in his pockets he jingled quite a respectable sum of money, for his visit was primarily to make a rather important purchase for his mother. As he stood outside the terminus looking round rather uncertain—London's busy streets unsettled him somewhat, and he was not accustomed to the traffic—a smart stranger hailed him.

"You appear to be in slight difficulty, sir. Can I be of service to you?" asked the stranger, politely.

"Thanks, very much," replied David, secretly blessing the very polite and good-natured Londoner. David was in a quandary—he was glad of assistance. "I want to get to Regent Street. I wonder if you could direct me?" he queried.

"I am going in that direction. If you have no objection to my accompanying you I will show the way."

"That's awfully good of you. If it is not troubling you too much, I should be pleased."

"This way then."

The stranger went down the road with David at his side. They became quite friendly. Suddenly the stranger stopped before a large house—they had entered a fashionable side street.

"Just a moment. I must make a call here," he said. "Do you mind waiting a moment? Or perhaps you will come inside? It is my favourite club. Come along in for a moment."

Nothing loathe to follow the affable stranger, who had rendered him such service, David followed. They were relieved of their hats and sticks in a well-appointed hall, and then entered an ante-room.

"Rather a nice place this," said the new-found friend. "One can have a little quiet

played in my life," said David, looking up.

"Oh, that doesn't matter. You are not compelled to play. Shall we go in for a minute?"

"Yes."

David followed his friend in, saw him stake a pound and win, watched the other players—young men, old stagers, elegant women—and became absorbed. The stranger disappeared. David was alone and he was drawn to stake a few shillings.

Winning and losing, David remained in the gambling den some time, then he was suddenly brought to himself by discovering his last pound had gone. For a moment he was amazed. A realisation of what had happened caused him to step back from the table and stare round blankly. Where was the "friend" who had brought him in? Perhaps he would help him out of his predicament. But the stranger had vanished completely, and finally David found himself thrust out into the street roughly by a burly man, whose vicious face impressed itself on his vision.

With but a few shillings of the money he had come to London with, David found his way back to the station. Downcast and miserable, he seated himself in the corner of a compartment of the train which would take him

back to Brogden. Poor David, he could not then imagine that the incidents and remembrances of that day were to be useful in the near future.

Hollister had asked his partner, Cora Tracy, for permission to court Alice, and had been denied with a sneer. But he was not a man to be easily deterred when he had selected his prey.

One day he appeared at the cottage with a message purporting to come from Mrs. Tracy—she had sent him to bring her daughter to London. She wished her to go at once. He would take her back in the car.

Delighted at the prospect of going to London, Alice quickly donned her travelling clothes and sallied out. Hollister helped



"A cry of alarm and fear came from the other end of the wire."

sport here too, if one likes. Come here and look."

He led David to a curtained doorway and showed him a room of gamblers, all intent on various games of chance—some desperately determined and playing according to prepared schemes, others—the women chiefly—plunging with utter recklessness. Now and again an hysterical laugh would announce a win, but many a muttered curse at ill-fated luck passed unheard. David looked on for a moment with open mouth. The stranger watched him with half a smile.

"Have often won a cool fiver or more when I have wanted it badly in there," put in the man at David's elbow. "Would you like to go in and have a look round?"

"I should—but I don't play. Never

her into the car, but unfortunately for his clever scheme David Ritchie was coming up the road to the cottage at the time. He recognised Hollister as the man who had thrown him out of the gambling house, and seeing him enter the automobile with Alice he scented danger.

Too late to warn the girl, the quick-witted lad took the next best course. He decided to get to London and if possible intercept the pair. That they were London bound he had little doubt—for the automobile made off in that direction. A race to the station ended in a successful dash for a waiting train, and David was once again *en route* for the city where his last adventure had ended so disastrously.

Hollister had no intention, as may be imagined, of taking Alice to her mother. He had a subtler plan. He would compromise her first and so gain her mother's consent to their marriage.

Accordingly, on a plea of feeling hungry and with a good journey still before them, Hollister pulled up at an hotel as soon as they reached London, and ushering Alice in, ordered a little supper to be served in a private room.

Timid at first, Alice yet found interest in the man's witty conversation and chivalrous attention. But as they ate, Hollister drank more and more wine, till his senses no longer guided his actions, and he did the one thing which revealed to the simple girl the danger of the situation.

He tried to kiss her! She resisted and repulsed him.

"Ha, ha, my young spitfire," he gurgled, as he leant heavily on the table to support himself; "we shall see whether you will submit or no. In a few days you will be my wife—my wife, ha, ha—then we shall see. Wait a minute."

Alice put the table between him and herself, and Hollister, laughing uproariously, reeled away to the telephone. With some difficulty he obtained the number he wanted.

"Mrs. Tracy there?" he shouted.

"Yes, speaking," came the answer.

"I say, Cora——"

Alice stiffened herself as she heard the familiar name.

"I say, Cora, I want your permission to marry your daughter."

"Never! I'd rather she died first."

"Oh, come, don't be heroic—besides, Alice is here, in London, with me now."

"You lie!"

"Give your consent, or——" The man's voice conveyed an ominous threat.

"Never!"

"You don't believe she is here with me—in the hotel?"

"No." The voice at the other end was agitated. "You always were a liar and you are lying now. You think you can bluff me."

"You shall see—wait a moment."

Hollister put down the telephone, and seizing Alice he forced her to speak.

A cry of alarm and fear came from the other end of the wire; and enraged at Hollister's sneers, Alice hurled the telephone in his face.

He reeled back with a curse.

"You think you are better than I am; you think you are too good to marry one like me," he hissed. "You shall see. We are going to your mother. You shall see what sort of woman she is."

"I shall not come with you."

"It will be worse for you if you don't. We are going to your mother, do you hear! Come quietly or there will be trouble."

Alice, frightened at his threatening attitude, gave way and followed Hollister out of the hotel into the waiting automobile, and they drove off.

* * *

Guided by instinct and by his memory for landmarks, David Ritchie found, without great trouble, the gambling house, to which he had no doubt Hollister intended taking Alice. As he turned the corner of the street an automobile dashed by. In it were Hollister, and cowering at his side Alice Tracy. David shouted the girl's name. But either she didn't hear or she was too stupefied to realise. David started to run. He reached the steps of the house just as Hollister had helped the girl out of the car and pointed the way to her.

"Alice, stop! Don't go in!" shouted David, breathlessly.

Alice went on unheeding, but Hollister turned.

"What do you want?" growled he.

David pushed forward up the steps as if to prevent the girl entering, but the gambler interposed, and seizing the young lad in his powerful grip threw him down into the street again.

"Get out—or you'll be hurt," he cried.

The lad made another effort to get in, but

was again repulsed, and seeing the futility of endeavouring to force his way past Hollister, turned suddenly and made for the nearest police station.

The hunt was not immediately successful, for David knew very little of the ways of the metropolis. In the meantime Hollister had hastened into the house after Alice. Seizing her by the wrist he dragged her forward to look into the gambling room through the same curtains that David had obtained his first glimpse.

"There, what do you think of that?" Hollister exclaimed exultingly. "That is the pretty game your mother runs."

"No; oh, no," cried Alice, shrinking back.

"Now you know. You imagined yourself too good for me. What do you say now of your mother's profession, and the way in which you are clothed and fed? This is where your fine clothes come from, my girl. Fine feathers plucked from those innocent chickens by your mother for you. What do you think now?"

"It is not true. You lie. It cannot be true," the girl moaned in anguish at the thought.

"Not true! Come, you shall see your mother. You can ask her for the truth."

Hollister led her to a well-appointed room where he knew he would find the mistress of the gambling den. He pushed Alice in.

Mrs. Cora Tracy was pacing the room like an enraged lioness. At the intrusion she looked up wildly and halted in her march.

"Mother!"

"Alice, my darling, you are safe. Thank God!" cried the elder woman as she folded the girl passionately to her breast.

"Safe, yes," laughed Hollister, who had entered. "Will you give her into my safe keeping now, Cora?"

"No, a thousand times no! You have done all the ill you can do. You shall do no more!"

"I'll force——" Hollister halted and listened.

"Mother, tell me it is not true what this man has said."

"What has he said to you, darling?"

There was no time for answer.

"The police!" gasped Hollister, and charging across the room he rushed Alice through the gambling den and into a secret passage by which he hoped to escape.

Quick as lightning Mrs. Tracy followed on their heels. David Ritchie had brought the police and broken into the house with them. They left the secret door open in their haste, and the police searching round found the way and entered the passage, which led to a small hidden chamber.

David and Mrs. Tracy had attacked Hollister, who was endeavouring to drag the resisting girl away. The two men were locked in deadly embrace as the police dashed in and separated them.



"The police took her also, and the pair of criminals were led forth."

Seizing Hollister they led him out, but he had his revenge even in his defeat.

"That is the owner of the house," he shouted, pointing to Mrs. Tracy. "She is the one you should seize."

The police took her also, and the pair of criminals were led forth. David, supporting Alice, followed. As they came into the main salon again Cora asked her custodian if she might speak a minute to Alice. In the few terrible moments she had been conjuring up a means for saving her daughter the shame which had fallen on her, and which would wreck her whole young life. Cora Tracy, despite her infamous profession, her heartlessness where others were concerned, loved

her daughter and would shield her. Even now she had thought out a plan to this end. It meant a great sacrifice—the supreme sacrifice of her love and all she loved.

Her request granted, she turned to Alice and kissed her, the girl clinging to her as the policeman sought to remove his captive.

Cora released Alice's arms from about her, then steeling herself to the sacrifice said, with emotion she could not check—

“My shame shall not fall on you. Forget me, and forget that you knew aught of me. I lied to you—there is no tie between us.”

The words struck the poor girl a cruel

blow. She shuddered. Impulsively she thrust out her arms to be taken to Cora's breast again. But the policeman dragged the woman away.

Overwrought by her experiences Alice swooned, and would have fallen but for the watchfulness of David, who stood by her even now.

Mrs. Tracy was hustled off to jail, while David carried Alice away to his mother's home. And when the edge of her sorrow wore off she changed her name as the wife of the brave boy whose wits had saved her a horribly living death.

The Courage of a Coward.

*From the BRITISH & COLONIAL Photoplay, produced
by Eliot Stannard.*

In this film, which is of quite unusual merit, a woman's struggle between physical fear and her love for her husband is vividly depicted.

		Cast:	
The Wife	Miss ELISABETH RISDON
The Husband	Mr. ERNEST COX
The Burglar	Mr. A. V. BRAMBLE
The Doctor	Mr. H. GRAY MURRAY

HE had always considered his wife a coward—all women were cowards. What an exhibition of terror she presented when the maid brought in the mouse that the cook was afraid to kill. Yes—she certainly was a coward.

But a crisis comes when the husband's life was hanging by a thread. “If he sleeps through the night,” the doctor said, “he will recover.” And with splendid devotion the wife watches by the bed, with only the slow ticking of the clock for company.

Gently drawing aside the curtains she looks into the moonlit gardens. Suddenly she is transfixed with horror—darting along in the shadow of the trees is the figure of a man—a burglar! What should she do? The servants are asleep at the top of the house, and already she can hear the stealthy movements below—at all costs her husband must not be disturbed.

Very quietly she creeps down the stairs and arms herself with an old-fashioned dagger that hangs in the hall. Hearing a sound behind him the burglar turns, and without a moment's hesitation springs on the girl. A terrible struggle follows, at the end of which the intruder lies dead on the couch.

In the morning the husband is declared to be out of danger; the wife is arrested for murder, and it is not until a week later that the husband is strong enough to make enquiries as to her whereabouts. In a very dramatic court scene the wife makes her defence, and the verdict is justifiable homicide.

Returning to her home she finds her husband in the depths of despair, but her arrival soon dispels his gloom.

He understands now how, when he lay at the very gate of death, his life was saved by “The Courage of a Coward.”

The Tell-Tale Scar.

Adapted from the THANHOUSER Drama by Owen Garth.

By a stroke of luck a young Italian wins a big reward for capturing a dangerous criminal, and with the money overcomes the opposition of his girl's father. But there was a moment when his life hung in the balance, and only a lucky revolver shot saved him for his sweetheart.

Cast :			
Pietro	MARRIO FOSTER
Maria	MAYRE HALL
Old Fosco, Maria's Father	J. S. MURRAY
His Wife	Mrs. FARRINGTON

MARIA had seen her father busy arranging the rosy apples and the golden lemons in the front of the little New York shop, and deemed it an opportune moment to slip out for a chat with Pietro. Pietro owned the little barber establishment at the end of the street, and was not very rich, unfortunately. But she loved the merry lad, and he—well, he adored her. Had he not told her a thousand times, would he not do anything she desired? One day, perhaps, he would make money and then—-. It was a delicious thought. They would marry and be so happy in their own little house.

When Maria appeared before Pietro's window the proprietor hastily dropped his spotless overalls, and jumping into his coat was at her side in a minute. He led her to the park, and there, hidden by the shubbery, told Maria the oft-told tale again.

They decided to beard papa in his den. That night it was arranged—when old Fosco had closed the shop and was settled in the little back parlour, in a happy mood, with his huge concertina and homeland melodies.

Then Fosco would be happy, and perhaps might receive Pietro in a jovial spirit, listen to his story, and waive the monetary consideration he had imposed.

Five hundred dollars! The price was not too high for Maria, but Pietro was more likely to fly than to make five hundred dollars.

As was his wont, old Fosco had retired from his fruit selling for the day, had supped simply but well, and had seated himself with his concertina, while his wife and companion sewed.

In the middle of a favourite melody a rap came on the door. Maria anticipated it and flew to open it. Pietro, in his best clothes, entered nervously.

"Good evening," said Pietro, gazing round with apprehension, at the same time pressing Maria's little hands which remained in his.

"Good evening," grunted Fosco fiercely. He was not really fierce—that was but his way; perhaps his moustache had a deal to say in the matter. That was wildly abundant and fiercely aggressive. "Come in, man," growled Fosco again. He had ideas, and one was to be strict with children, including as children all who were more than ten years younger than himself.

"Thank you. I came—er, Mr. Fosco—" commenced Pietro.

"Yes, I can see you have come," put in old man Fosco abruptly. "What have you come for? Not that I mind your coming—come when you like. But what are you dressed up like a city jay for?"

"I came, Mr. Fosco, to—er—ask you to allow Maria and me to marry. I love Maria and—"

"Yes, go on."

"Maria loves me. We want to marry. I have a nice little business now. We would have enough for two."

"Yes, and what about three?"

"Oh, well we hadn't thought of three."

"And if you have a bad period in business—have you any money put by?"

"Well, I have saved a few dollars."

"A few dollars, eh! A few dollars! Have you five hundred dollars?"

"No, not so much as that."

"Well, then, Maria cannot marry you. Five hundred dollars I said, and five hundred

dollars I continue to say. When you have that amount you can have Maria—not before.”

“But, Mr. Fosco——”

“That is my last word. Come again when you have the money.”

Poor Pietro. He had to be content. With a despairing glance at Maria, who was ready to weep, he left, and closed the door behind him, to go mournfully back to his bachelor diggings.

A few days passed without Pietro seeing Maria, except at a distance. He fretted and worried out all sorts of ideas for making money. But none of his plans seemed in the end capable of being put into practice. But fortune was watching Pietro closer than he thought. A customer entered the shop—a young, lithe man, who frequently was shaved by Pietro, but who spoke little and gave the barber no notion of who he was, or his business.

Pietro shaved him carefully. The customer put his coat on and paid; then in a confidential manner, drawing near to the barber, he showed a badge which Pietro recognised immediately. It was the detective's badge.

“Shsh! Listen! I'm on a big job. Perhaps you can help me,” said the detective softly. “I've watched you long enough to trust you, and this job must be done at first without help from the force. You have a number of strangers coming here to be attended to—all classes of society, eh?”

“Yes, all kinds come here from the neighbourhood.”

“Good. Now, there is a dangerous man I wish to lay hands on. I know he is hiding somewhere hereabouts, but I have been unable to catch him. A reward of five hundred dollars is offered to anyone who can bring about his arrest.”

“Five hundred dollars!” ejaculated Pietro.

“Yes—and what is more, you seem to be placed in a position to win it, for all strangers about here come pretty well within your range. Here is a photograph and description of the man wanted. If you run across anyone whom you suspect ring me up immediately at the next station.”

“I will—and I hope the chance will come soon,” breathed Pietro enthusiastically.

“Good. There's just one point. This fellow has an ugly scar on the left side of the neck which he usually hides from view.” The detective gave the position of the scar. “Should you find anyone so marked that's

the man. But mind—be careful in everything. Mums the word. Good-day and luck.”

“All right, trust me. Good-day.”

Pietro looked at the photograph and the type underneath offering the reward. Five hundred dollars! That meant Maria. If fortune but favoured him!

The barber was enthusiastic, but had doubts. The days passed in the old routine, and Pietro's vision of the reward got weaker and less bright. No one who came in or passed by gave cause for suspicion. Strangers were shaved, but none with a scar on the left side of the neck.

* * *

In a week or so Pietro had forgotten about the photograph and had conjured up other methods of making the little fortune which was to bring him to his bride. Business, unhappily, was not very brisk, and the young barber was correspondingly down-hearted. Pensively he shaved or cut the hair of the few regular customers, and when they had departed sat on the arm of the chair and ruminated.

He had sunk into a state of utter oblivion to the outer world on one occasion when a gruff voice sounded in his ears.

“Say, are yer goin' to sit there all day, or are yer goin' to shave me?”

Pietro jumped up in fright.

“Sorry, sir! Shave, sir? Take this chair.”

He placed the stray customer—a rough, burly fellow—in the chair and arranged his head for the operation, wondering the while where he had seen the face before. Musing thus he mixed the soap. Then it flashed across his mind. The photograph, of course. He went to place the customer in a still better position and incidentally took a fuller view of his features. Withdrawing to the side he fished the photograph from his pocket. “The very man!” The words almost escaped him, and in fear he thrust the picture back and commenced lathering the burly fellow's face. Drawing his head on one side he looked for the scar which was the sign of the five hundred dollars to him, and in the surprise of discovery he almost dropped his brush. He trembled with suppressed emotion. It was with the greatest difficulty that he manipulated the implement with which he earned his living. He thanked God when the operation was through successfully and he had received

payment from the customer, and almost danced with glee when he left the shop.

No sooner had the man departed than Pietro, doffing his working garb and replacing it with his ordinary coat, ran out into the street for the purpose of following and discovering the criminal's lair. He shadowed him up side alleys and through mean streets, always careful to be out of sight when his quarry threw furtive glances around before proceeding. They turned down one of the streets of jumbled tenements, low-class shops and drinking dens, and Pietro, from the shelter of a doorway, saw the man with the scar halt outside a dirty café, look round, and then hurriedly dive into a doorway at the side.

After a few moments Pietro followed. He entered the passage and crept up the dirty stairway. On the second floor he heard voices proceeding from a room on the right, and listening, recognised the voice of his late customer. Bending down stealthily, lest he should make a sound which would reveal his presence, he peeped through the keyhole. He gasped at what he saw. The burly customer was facing four scoundrelly fellows with a drawn knife and he was haranguing them for complaining of their share of some robbery, spoils which evidently had just been divided.

The sight was enough to convince Pietro. He dashed from the house and off in the direction of the police station. Some way off who should he run into but the detective who had given him the photograph.

"Quick—I've found him," he gasped, seizing the detective by the arm.

"Found who—what's the matter, man?"

"The man with the scar!"

"What! 'Scrapper' Lucas? Thunder! Say, you run back—where's the place?" Pietro told him street, number and floor. "You run back and watch. I'll be there with some men in half a twinkle. Don't let him out of your sight, sonny."

"Righto—you know the way?"

"Yes, we'll follow sharp."

Pietro doubled back, and was soon at his point of vantage outside the door again with his eye glued to the keyhole.

Some of the men moved towards the door, and Pietro flew on his toes to the landing above, out of sight. Four men came out and passed downstairs. One by one they slipped out and into the café next door, then Pietro resumed his watch. He saw Lucas hiding spoils away in various places—now and again pausing to listen or peer under the blind of the window into the street.

Pietro became anxious. He was afraid Lucas would leave before the police came. Besides, it was uncomfortable bending down at the keyhole so long and always on the *qui vive* lest someone should catch him. A desire to sneeze came over him. He repressed it; but the tickling refused to be denied. Pietro took out his handkerchief to muffle the sound if he sneezed suddenly, and as he did so a box of matches dropped on to the floor. Lord! His heart stood still. It was but a slight noise, but he prayed that the man inside had not heard.

But he had heard. With years of training in burglary and ears receptive to the slightest suspicious sound, Lucas picked up the fall of the match box. In an instant he was alert. He crept like a big cat towards the door.

Pietro—his heart now palpitating hideously with suspense—straightened himself up against the door to escape detection should the inmate of the room look through the keyhole. He dared not breathe. Suddenly



"Five hundred dollars I said and five hundred dollars I continue to say."

the door lurched open and Pietro, taken unawares, fell into the room. As quickly a heavy body fell on him and a struggle commenced, in which chairs and tables were smashed. Though not of the strength of his opponent, Pietro was wiry and wriggled out of his clutches. Lucas drew his knife and came for Pietro, but as he struck the lad dodged to the side of the table and seized the descending arm. The knife stuck deep in the wood, and again the terrible wrestle began, now one, now the other getting the advantage.

For some reason or other, while the fight was proceeding one of the gang left the café downstairs and came back to the room. When he saw what was happening he did not wait but dashed off for reinforcements.

"Hi, mates, Lucas is fighting with a 'tec, single-handed, up-stairs. He wants some 'elp. If this 'tec gets the better of 'im we're done," he croaked hoarsely under his breath.

In a second they were all up and chasing out of the café into the house next door. Simultaneously a squad of police, led by the detective, entered the street.

As the rogues burst into the room where the barber and his customer were battling, Pietro had just broken loose and put the space of the place between him and his opponent. On seeing the reinforcements he grabbed a chair, and as the men advanced swung it with good effect. But his chances against overwhelming odds were nil. He was soon "downed" and held by the scoundrels. He cursed and struggled, but without avail. Lucas advanced towards him with the knife ready in his hand to stab him to death in cold blood.

"Yer dirty tyke," he screamed, with rage and lust of murder in his eyes. "Yer thought ter git 'Scraper' Lucas an' collar the reward. Yer'll git yer reward right enough. Five inches of cold steel in yer ribs."

"And you'll get the rope," hissed Pietro. "You think you'll escape, but you're surrounded now. Do you think I'm alone? Ha, ha, the rope!"



"Lucas drew his knife and came for Pietro."

"Curse yer, yer won't squeak long. Say yer prayers." Lucas raised his hand. The steel flashed in the brave lad's eyes; he quivered.

"Take that——" Lucas made to strike, but the blow failed to go home. Instead a pistol shot rang out from the window, and the ruffian dropped his knife and howled in pain. In the next minute the men holding Pietro released him, and sought to save themselves from the police who burst into the room. Lucas was covered by the detective who came through the window, and he dared not move. The fight was knocked out of him by the bullet in his arm. In five minutes the whole gang were handcuffed and hustled off, while Pietro, in a state of collapse, was led away by the complimentary detective.

* * *

The story of the capture of "Scraper" Lucas caused a deal of interest, but Maria and the elder Foscos did not learn the tale till some days later.

The fruiterer's was closed, papa Fosco had forgotten business and had settled down to his concertina. Maria was in her own room crying. She had not seen Pietro and had given way to heart sickness which comes of hope deferred.

Just then a knock came at the door of the little parlour and, in response to the gruff "Come in," Pietro entered with a cherry smile.

"Well?" cried old Fosco, while his wife jumped up in surprise.

"Good evening, Mr. Fosco. Hope you're well!" said Pietro.

"Yes, I'm well. What is it you want?"

"It isn't it, it's a lady."

"What do you mean? Stop your foolery, and explain your visit."

"I want Maria."

"Didn't I say last time that you cannot have Maria until you had five hundred dollars?"

"Yes, you said that last time and I had not five hundred dollars, so I——"

"I hold to what I said."

"You are as good as your word?"

"Yes, always."

"Then bring Maria. Here are the five hundred dollars."

"What, you have them? How the——"

Mrs. Fosco, her eyes glistening at the

sight of the notes, screamed for Maria; old Fosco himself was so fascinated that he could not finish his sentence.

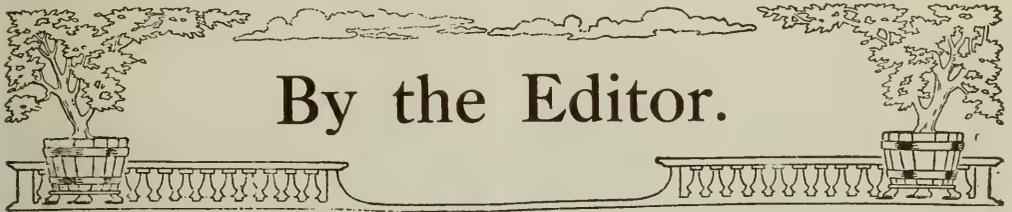
Pietro laughed. "Haven't you heard of the capture of 'Scraper' Lucas and the reward of five hundred dollars?" he cried. "I have won the reward—here it is. Now where is Maria?"

Fosco gripped the lad by the hand. "She's yours, lad. God bless you," he muttered.

"Maria, Maria," cried the mother, going to the door. "Here's Pietro, and he's got the five hundred."

In a flash Maria came down the stairs and flew straight into her lover's arms.

Old Fosco smiled. "Love overcomes all obstacles," he murmured, putting his arm round his wife; and Maria looking up into Pietro's face re-echoed the sentiment.



By the Editor.

NUMEROUS congratulatory letters have reached us respecting "The Call of the North," the chief story in our last issue, and requests for more of these glimpses of North-

West Canadian life, which are in themselves such a pleasure and moreover a real education. Arrangements have therefore been made for including in future numbers some of these interesting subjects.

* * *

UNEASY lies the head that guides the editorial pen, for in our zeal last month to enumerate all the good boys of this firm who are serving their country, we quite overlooked the names of Special Constables Herbert Garson, C. H. Hollinghurst and Fred J. Standerwick (River Patrol). These worthies o' nights are on the *qui vive* for lights which may be code signals to the enemy, and are just as essential in their particular spheres as the lads in Khaki, for they do excellent work and shiver up aloft on fire-brigade towers and roofs, or down in the dark, dingy

atmosphere of the silent river and under railway bridges. Four o'clock in the morning is all very well in a nice bed, but out on duty, even a big coat and muffler is not *too* satisfying despite the hot coffee and cigarettes.

* * *

WE continue to receive complaints from readers that their particular newsagents find it difficult to obtain supplies of PICTURE STORIES MAGAZINE. Those who are kept waiting so long after publishing day for their copies of the magazine have it in their own hands to remedy matters. If met with the excuse "We don't keep it," or "We cannot get it," they should transfer their custom for *all* periodicals required to a more enterprising bookseller, or make sure of having a copy regularly by filling in our subscription form on page 3 of cover. We are always glad to receive the name and address of any news-agent who experiences any difficulty in getting this magazine from the local wholesaler, and our friends can do us a good service by writing to report any delay of this kind.

THE mysteries of cinema-play writing are often the subject of long letters asking the editorial advice, more especially the query concerning the placing of the amateur scenario when once written. First of all the play must be laid out in a practical way, which invariably means a rearrangement by an expert. The whole subject bristles with so many technicalities that we can hardly do better than recommend the useful shilling book, "Playwriting for the Cinema" (Ernest A. Dench), published by Messrs. Adam & Charles Black, 4, 5 & 6, Soho Square, London, W. This little work covers the whole field of writing and marketing photoplays, giving at the same time some really valuable hints on common errors which should be avoided.

WE have to ask a little patience from many of our charming lady readers who request us to publish photographs of Francis Ford and Grace Cunard (the latter appeared in our July number), also Tom Powers. We are promised them for a future supplement, and that they will be the latest sittings of these popular favourites is quite to be expected. Mr. Powers is not now acting in Hepworth films, having left their stock company.

OUR next issue (February) concludes the third volume. A list of the contents is set out on page 3 of cover, and a very entertaining number it will be. Like in the present supplement, the ladies occupy more pages than the gentlemen, this being a contingency that we cannot always avoid. Pithy paragraphs of the careers of most of these popular players will be found in the same pages, as we know from our readers' letters how this little feature is appreciated. We gave some interesting details of Max Figman in our November number.

PROMINENT in our February number will be "THE REWARD OF THRIFT." This two-part dramatic production was made by the Vitagraph Co, in co-operation with the American Bankers' Association, and whilst it touches on many phases of banking methods, it portrays the life of men who are daily in danger and who have not provided for their dependents in time of need. Tefft Johnson enacts the part of Ned Carney.

Produced with all the Milano Company's wealth of art, "THE QUEEN OF DIAMONDS,"

another of our February stories, will be of absorbing interest. It is a play of passion, greed and love, and the lady who plays the leading rôle, Miss Juanita Kennedy, has wonderful scope for her powers of endurance and athletic propensities in this masterpiece.

QUITE the best thing in Criminal or Detective Drama will be the Lubin story, "THUMB PRINTS AND DIAMONDS," with Harry C. Myers and Rosemary Theby in the cast. Another Vitagraph two-part feature to appear is "A CONEY ISLAND NIGHTMARE," showing how Josie Sadler sees things in her sleep, the result of too many adventures and too much cheese.

POSTPONED from our present number, which is already full to overflowing, the "FLYING A" story, "DAYLIGHT," will be found in the February issue. Mr. George Field and Miss Winnifred Greenwood sustain the respective roles of Bob, and Marie the Mountain Girl.

"LIFE'S DARK ROAD" presents Tom Powers as the lover, supported by Stewart Rome, Violet Hopson, Ruby Belasco, and Henry Vibart. How a father after eighteen years' penal servitude worked as a butler in the home where his daughter had been adopted is vividly pictured, and a most enthralling story is the result.

WITH all the triumph of comedy John Barrymore scores in "THE MAN FROM MEXICO," a five-part production presented by Daniel Frohman. To give away now the ludicrous dilemmas and laughable misfortunes which happened on a mythical trip to Mexico would only discount the interest to be derived from reading the story or seeing the film.

WE shall also include the All-British Bamforth tale, "PAPA'S LITTLE WEAKNESS," and the Kalem photoplay, "THE RIDDLE OF THE GREEN UMBRELLA," featuring Alice Joyce as a lady detective, supported by Guy Coombs.

MARCH number will contain—but there, we are getting too far ahead; and the ruthless printer, who stands six-foot-six, is hovering near the editorial den in a threatening attitude waiting on the last piece of "copy." Common prudence therefore dictates a postponement!

On the Screen

by

EVAN STRONG

Bury in dark, impenetrable vaults
The old dead year ;
Let not its sordid, miserable faults
Cause us a tear.



HAT is the spirit I should like to write in this month. As the old year dies we all feel a slight twinge of regret, but we should not let regret for what is past shackle us in our outlook on the future. With the new year we must throw off the burden of the old, and stride forward bright and free into the open future—

Merry, blithe, and free, and gay,
That's the spirit for New Year's Day:
No regrets and self-wrought pain
Will right past follies and faults again.

Therefore why worry about the silly old mistakes of 1914? Let us start afresh; see if we can do better, and in that spirit we must improve. For, naturally, we want to improve. Cinematography must advance—there is no standing still in this great art. Every field of man's activities has to be conquered. New and broad territories have been added to the realm, but cinematography is like the Kaiser in desire—only legitimately—it wants the earth. And it will conquer the world because it will confer enormous advantages.

As an instance: I have been reading in a foreign journal of a Danish engineer who claims that he has invented an apparatus which can take pictures in the stomach. Some time ago Siegmund Lubin stated that he had improved a machine by which he could take pictures of a lobster being digested in a man's stomach. But that was from the outside. This Dane's apparatus will go inside and take pictures. He has a long flexible rubber tube with a lens at the end. This he inserts into the patient's mouth and down the gullet into the stomach. With light reflected by a mirror from an arc-lamp, the photographs are taken, and a true state of the patient's stomach is recorded.

Imagine what an immense boon this will be to humanity. Thousands, millions suffer from complaints which originate in the stomach, and if physicians can get at the true cause and the seat of them they will quickly supply the cures.

* * *

BUT this is one example in hundreds. I hope to write a long essay one day on the benefits cinematography has conferred on humanity, but I fear the scope of this monthly article is too narrow for it.

* * *

A RECENT article on the cinema artist has brought me a batch of letters.

If I thought my few words would damp the ardour of those of my readers with inclination for this fascinating life I was sadly mistaken. All the letters are earnest and zealous, and I have had to be very careful in replying not to hurt the writers' feelings.

The first impulse of one immersed in cinematography is to answer to the photoplay aspirants with Punch's advice to those about to marry, "Don't." But on second thoughts one is not so abrupt. To some this answer must be the best, but there may be one with latent talent and such an answer might mean a loss. And I do not wish to run the risk of someone rising up in a few years' time as a cinema artiste and saying to me: "Here I am—what do you imagine *your* advice is worth now?" That would be too humiliating. I'll take no risks. Yet I will repeat to my correspondents that the way to the front of the camera is stony and thorny; there are many pitfalls and man-traps, and all sorts of conceivable obstacles. They can be surmounted—with persistence and continued effort, added to an amount of talent—as Wolff surmounted the obstacles of the Heights of Abraham.

To the would-be cinema artiste, therefore, I would say: First read the lives of great men who have had to overcome all sorts of barricades before reaching their objective; read the lives of the great photoplayers and

learn how they advanced : study the screen-play, and when you think you have mastered its mysteries try for a minor position with a film manufacturing company. Be one of the crowd to start with, but work that you are picked out from amongst the others by the producer. When, as one of the rabble, the producer calls you by name, or gives you instructions to fling the first stone at the strike-breakers, you have your foot on the first rung. Stick to it, and if you move your foot be sure it is upwards.

There are some books on the photoplay which may be useful, but I should say most can be picked up in the trade papers. Leave the schools alone, but if possible, before you start out, join an amateur dramatic or operatic society and learn a little of the mysteries of the stage. But no amount of advice can make you a photoplayer. Actual work is the only school. Therefore if you are in earnest and resolved, if your determination is backed with some talent, keep on pegging away till you get a job of any kind in the studios, absorb everything there and wait your opportunity. When that comes along seize it with both hands, heart and brains. That is the best advice I can give.

* * *

THERE has been some talk of utilising cinemas as recruiting agencies. It might have been tried months ago. The pictures—given the right sort—would have been the finest advertisement for recruits that could possibly be thought of ; but it has been neglected. And one doesn't know why. In many odd ways the cinemas of the country have been thoroughly patriotic ; no doubt they have sent (apart from members of the staff) hundreds of patrons to the colours, but were a great recruiting effort made, cinematography would beat any agency for bringing the men to the army. If Lord Kitchener really desires more men it is to be hoped he will not overlook the cinema in his next appeal. The managers will support him all through—why not let them see what they can do ?

* * *

THE upward tendency of pictures is revealed in the increased filming of novels and historical incidents. We are getting on the right rails, but there is danger of running off when subjects of which the general public have no knowledge

or in which they have no interest are reproduced. To be perfectly frank, I should imagine that the majority of cinema patrons read the newspapers but little, therefore in the way of literature their information on the Roman era is limited, and in several other ways they are not in a position to appreciate certain subjects which are thrown on the screen. It is a great pity, but nevertheless true we must admit, and many a good picture must suffer from this cause. Therefore it is a wonder that producers who desire to introduce the literary or historical touch into pictures do not delve into the more common library of British history. Walter Scott promises a lot, and has not been exhausted with "Ivanhoe;" Dickens is not yet dry, Marryat, Fenimore Cooper, Brontë, Bulwer-Lytton, have surely something to offer ; and the tales of Alfred the Great, Hereward the Wake, Thomas a Becket, Magna Charta, Wat Tyler, Walter Raleigh, and the hosts of others should supply unending film stories. The educational value of such stories too would be enormous. It would be absorbed without effort and with interest. It is a pity some great and wealthy philanthropist does not step forward and set down the wherewithal to manufacture pictures of this nature.

* * *

I AM looking forward with much hope to the new year. We are all looking forward confidently. But what trust have we in the promise of 1915 ? In the realm of cinematography we anticipate the new year will see a greater advance, the increase of many more enthusiastic adherents, new fields explored and their good things brought before us, all prejudices broken down, the use of the film for the propaganda work of all good causes—in the interests of science, business and education ; for teaching hygiene, cleanliness, and honour ; for broadening the views of those who stop at home, and extending the vision of those who have not opportunities. Above all we trust the war will terminate with honour and glory to our arms, and thus allow of peaceful expansion in areas that are now closed to this wonderful art. Nineteen-fifteen should see a marvellous development of cinematography.

Best greetings to all readers : good health, prosperity and downright real happiness in the New Year.

With the Players

MADAME BERTHA KALICH, whose striking portrait we are able to include in our present supplement, was born in 1874, and made her first appearance as a singer in comic opera, after which she went on the stage and rapidly achieved a reputation for strong dramatic parts. Perhaps her greatest success was in the name part in "Marta of the Lowlands," which toured the States during the years 1907 and 1908; and when the Famous Players Film Co. decided to present a film version of this great play to the public they naturally selected Madame Kalich to play in her original rôle, which is depicted with all the power associated with its presentation on the stage. She portrays a rôle that will live for ever as one of the greatest demonstrations of pantomimic art ever recorded on the screen. There is something stately, austere, terribly beautiful about her attitude throughout the rôle.

Marta is a beggar child who is adopted by Sebastien, the wealthy landowner. Sebastien makes Marta his victim. He wishes to marry a wealthy woman, but at the same time retain his influence over Marta. He therefore arranges through Tomas, the hermit, to marry her to Manelich, a simple, untutored shepherd living in the mountains—a rough child of nature who kills wolves with his bare hands and knows naught of guile and deceit. The wedding is consummated, Manelich being under the impression that Marta loves him, he being truly in love with her. Later he learns that he has been tricked, while Marta, who had at first believed that Manelich had been bought with the master's gold to become her husband, finds her conclusion wrong, the honesty of his love compelling her own. Then come developments which makes the drama one of the most passionate, intense, trenchant character studies ever created. The play is mounted down to the smallest detail with such illusion of reality as to be life itself.

We referred in our last number to this gifted actress.

MISS EDNA GOODRICH, whose portrait adorns our supplement, was born at Loganspost, Indiana, on December 22nd, 1883. She has had many dramatic successes and has starred in several of Charles Frohman's stage productions. We were able to detail in our last month's issue how this gifted lady, whilst being held up in Ostend, had busied herself in making bandages for the wounded.

CHARLES KENT is said to be one of the oldest actors on the films. He has been on the legitimate stage since 1875, and has played nearly every part from "Hamlet" down to "Black Eyed Susan's" father.

He is known the whole wide world over as the "Vitagraph Grand Old Man," and has also had conferred upon him the name "Dean of the Screen" by his countless number of admirers.

His greatest success was in "Daniel," the magnificent biblical subject which was produced early in the present year. His rôle required great courage and nerve, as Mr. Kent had to enter a den of lions and fondle the big Vitagraph lion named Nero. It was, however, not long before Charles and Nero became staunch pals. Mr. Kent's performances on the screen have secured him a front rank place in the world's leading screen actors.

MISS EVELYN SELBIE, for almost four years of the Essanay Western Stock Company, is familiar to hundreds of thousands of lovers of films through her excellent character work. A native of the Rockies she is a born horsewoman, and naturally a lover of the open life of the plains of the West. Her home in Niles, California, is a cosy bungalow situated in a pleasant spot in the valley where it is fanned by the trade winds of the Pacific Ocean.

Previous to joining the ranks of the silent drama Miss Selbie was a member of the Frawley Stock Company of dramatic players, an organization that is so well-known from Alaska to Mexico.

Flirting with death seems to have become a popular diversion with her. She has been lost in the mountains on horseback alone; rescued from a whirling pool that no one dared to enter but she, and she has been the only passenger to occupy a seat on top of the old stagecoach owned by the Essanay, when it took a wild ride through boulder-floored rivers in a production called "The Crazy Prospector," some months ago.

She is never happy unless dressed in a corduroy outing suit or a divided skirt with riding boots. Although possessing an extensive wardrobe with many beautiful gowns, she cares not for social affairs. Her week ends are happily spent at Tobin, where she has an artistic bungalow which is called "Jetvin."

Miss Selbie has lately taken up palmistry, the idea having occurred to her whilst playing in "Slippery Slim and the Fortune Teller," and she finds the study most interesting. Another of her hobbies is that of collecting coins of all nations. A handy cowboy of Niles has made good use of them in decorating a bridle, martingale and collar for the actress' pet pony. The horse seems to feel its importance while "dressed up" in the new regalia, and struts along as proud as a peacock with its owner on its back.

She is always pleased to hear from her British admirers, who may address her care of The Essanay Film Manufacturing Co., 1333, Argyle Street, Chicago, Illinois, U.S.A.

WILLIAM WEST has spent many years on the stage serving in almost every imaginable capacity, including some time on the music-hall stage.

Five years spent as a member of the Edison Stock Company have served to convince Mr. West that the picture player, like every other artiste, must ever be a student, and we find him diligently at work observing and studying the various problems which constantly arise in the newer field. His character portrayals range from farce and burlesque to tragedy and pathos—each one a gem of its kind.

Mr. West's success is due in a degree to his wonderful skill in the difficult art of "making-up." He has a thorough knowledge of the essential differences between the stage make-up and that required for the photoplay, a subject of which he is an undisputed master.

The fidelity with which Mr. West presents his various character portrayals can readily be gathered from a few of his more recent films, "The Resurrection of Caleb Worth," "The Tango in Tuckerville," "The Borrowed Finery," and "Frederick the Great."

Keenly alive to every situation, with a high artistic appreciation founded upon long years of experience, Mr. West may truthfully be said to represent all that is best and finest in dramatic art.

MABEL TRUNNELLE, one of the leading ladies of the Edison Company, who is to be seen in our supplement, has played many characters with that company. She is soon to have her ambition realised by playing the part of a Japanese girl, in a picture entitled "Greater Love Hath No Man," by Mary Imlay Taylor, and in which she is wearing a Japanese gown embroidered by herself.

Miss Trunnelle joined the Edison Company over four years ago after a stage experience which gave her an ideal training. It is the ambition of the average actress to appear in some long run piece for two or three seasons. This Miss Trunnelle accomplished in a short time, but she found that, no matter how intricate the character, the lack of opportunity for various characterisations did not give her ample range for her powers. Accordingly, when offered an opportunity to join one of the large stock companies, she readily accepted. Here she found the training for which she had been seeking. Thus it was that when she came to the Edison Company she brought with her a wealth of experience and technical knowledge, for she had played over three hundred different parts.

What Miss Trunnelle has accomplished since becoming an Edison player is a matter of common knowledge among all photoplay patrons. Her wonderfully expressive features, her truly eloquent eyes and sincere artistic temperament have made her one of the greatest favourites on the screen. With that art which is the greatest of all, she can forget herself entirely in the portrayal of any rôle, and for that reason she imparts to her work a feeling of sincerity that is refreshing. Who but cannot admire her delightful portrayals of young girls?

Among her recent appearances have been "Othello in Jonesville," "A Concerto for the Violin," "The Man from the West," "Ann," "The Maid of Honour," "The Running Away of Doris," "The Family's Honour," "The Actress," "Dolly Varden," "Why Girls Leave Home," "Caste," and "The Girl in the House-boat."

The latest news is that Mabel has bought a pet monkey, which appears in a leading part in "A Gipsy Madcap."

MR. MARY MAURICE, or "Mother," as she is called by countless thousands, owes her present world-wide popularity to the Vitagraph motion pictures.

For many years "Mother" has been on the stage, but the incessant travelling on the road became tiresome, and she naturally accepted an offer from the Vitagraph Company. As "Mother" herself expresses it, she is now a real human being and not a gipsy living in poor hotels and carrying everything in a satchel. And her engagement is for fifty-two weeks every year, with no necessity for ever thinking of another one. She gets as much pleasure and happiness out of pictures as she puts into them.

Picture

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Stories

Illustrated
FILMS
Monthly

MAGAZINE

No. 18.

FEBRUARY.

VOL. III.



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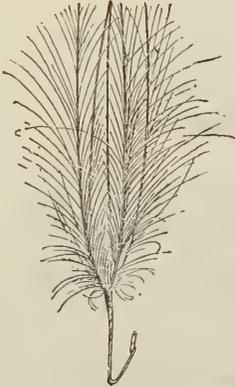
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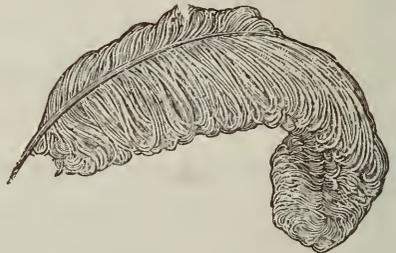
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Miss MARGUERITA CLAYTON	Essanay
Miss JUANITA KENNEDY	Milano
Mr. HARRY BEAUMONT	Edison
Miss MURIEL OSTRICHE	Princess & Thanouser
Miss CHARLOTTE BURTON	Flying A
Miss MARGARITA FISCHER	Beauty
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Miss LOLITA ROBERTSON and Mr. MAX FIGMAN
(Lasky)



Miss MARGUERITE CLAYTON
(Essanay)



Miss JUANITA KENNEDY
(Milano)



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(Edison)



Miss MURIEL OSTRICHE
(Princess and Thanouser)



Miss CHARLOTTE BURTON
(Flying A)



Miss MARGARITA FISCHER
(Beauty)



Miss VIVIAN RICH
(Flying A)

The Reward of Thrift.

From the VITAGRAPH Two-part Feature Photoplay by Edwin M. La Roche. Adapted by Bruce McCall.

Self-respect and thrift arouse the envy of the injudicious. In the end they bring their own reward and win the admiration of others.

Cast :

Ned Carney	TEFFT JOHNSON
Nell, his wife	ROSE E. TAPLEY
Fay	LUCILLE HAMMIL
Bill Lafferty	NED FINLEY
Red Crogan	JACK HARVEY

PART I.



HOSE old builders of two or three centuries ago would stare if they could come back—as perhaps they can for all we know—and see how buildings are run up nowadays.

Men can build a skyscraper in these days, a mammoth structure of a score storeys, with ribs and a framework of steel, in somewhere about the time those fine old fellows took to build a cottage.

The men employed in such work earn good money, and they deserve it, for it is no joke to fix a girder seventeen or eighteen storeys above Mother Earth, with only a narrow foothold and a down-look that would set a weak head spinning.

Yes, they earn good money, but there are all sorts of men among them; and while some are thrifty and save against a rainy day, and yet always have money in their pockets, others spend as they go and have to resort to all manner of shifts to carry them along till pay day.

Ned Carney was one of the thrifty sort, and Bill Lafferty and Red Crogan were not. All three drew the same amount when pay day came round, but whereas Ned took his money home to his wife, Lafferty and Crogan generally made a night of it in the corner saloon which made a pretty big hole in their wages to begin with.

One evening it happened that they were all leaving the works together with their pay envelopes in their pockets.

"You'll come and have a drink, Ned?" said Lafferty. "Just a glass and a talk for an hour or so."

Ned shook his head. "No, Bill, it's not in my line. Besides, I promised the wife I'd come straight home."

"And bring all your money like a good boy, I suppose," sneered Red Crogan.

Ned Carney laughed. "Not a bad plan either. I tell you straight I've no money to waste in the corner saloon. I can find something better to do with it."

"Well," said Crogan, "I reckon it's mean never to spend a cent with pals. You don't catch me being a miser. I believe in enjoying myself."

"There's enjoyment and enjoyment," Ned rejoined good-naturedly. "I reckon I have as good a time as most. Why don't you two give my plan a trial? It isn't a bad thing to have a little money put by."

"And never have a glass or a bit of a spree! No, thank you," said Crogan. "Me and Bill aren't that sort, are we, Bill?"

"Not much," was Bill's answer, and the two, wasting no more words on Carney, went off to the saloon.

Ned Carney made his way home, and as his wife and little daughter prepared his meal and busied themselves in ministering to his comfort he wondered what on earth Crogan and Lafferty found so attractive in the corner saloon.

"Here you are, Nell, old girl," he said, as he handed her his wages. "Now let's have a look at the bank-book."

The inspection proved highly satisfactory.

"It's creeping up," he said. "One of these days I shall be able to set up in business for myself. You shall have all sorts of pretty things then, Nell, and Fay too, bless her."

His wife put her arm round his neck. "I don't want the pretty things, Ned," she said. "So long as I have you and Fay I shall be happy enough."

"Never mind," he rejoined, "you shall have the pretty things as well. I'm saving for all of us, you know. Now then, Fay, how's your school banking account going on? Got enough to buy your mother a silk dress?"

"Not yet, Dad," laughed the child, "but I'm getting on. I put something in every week."

"That's right; there's nothing like it. I wish I'd began to save when I was your age."

On the Monday morning Ned had a ticklish job. A heavy steel girder had to be hoisted to the seventeenth storey. Ned saw the fastenings made secure, and then, standing on the girder and holding on to the chain, he gave the word to hoist away. Lafferty was aloft to help place the girder in position. It had ascended fifty or sixty feet when Lafferty heard a shout from below, and peering over he saw a sight that made his heart stand still. Far down he saw that the great girder was swaying dangerously, and Ned Carney hanging in mid-air head downwards, held only by his foot in the loop of the chain.

For a moment Lafferty was too scared to be able to think what to do, but he soon collected himself. The men below had witnessed the mishap and the crane engine was stopped. Lafferty, with white face and set teeth, clung to the chain, swung himself out, and descended into the abyss hand over hand. It was a plucky thing to do, but there were not many things Bill Lafferty was afraid of. When he reached the girder the most perilous part of the business began. A mistake might send both of them to a terrible death. But Bill Lafferty made no mistake. He was as cool as possible now and had all his wits about him. Seating himself firmly astride the girder he leaned over, and putting out all his strength he raised Ned little by little until he had him safe. Ned was almost unconscious when Lafferty gave the word to lower, but he was strong both in nerve and in body, and when they reached the ground he was almost himself again. The chain, however,

had injured his ankle, and he was unable to set his foot to the ground. Bill Lafferty and one of the other men had to lead him home.

Naturally Mrs. Carney was full of concern when she saw her husband come home in such a fashion. Lafferty reassured her.

"Don't you get worried, Mrs. Carney," he said. "Ned ain't hurt much. He'll be as right as a trivet in two or three days."

"Thanks to you," said Carney, grasping the other's hand as they put him in a big chair. "Nell, Bill's a hero; he saved my life. I should have been done for if it hadn't been for him."

"Shucks! I ain't done nothin'," protested Bill. "Anybody would 'a' done it."

That, however, was not Mrs. Carney's opinion when she had heard Ned's story. She thanked Bill with all her heart, and he, in spite of his modesty, rather enjoyed the experience of being regarded as a hero.

"I'll come in later to see how he's getting on," he said as he left them:

Ned had to spend the next three or four days in bed, and Bill made several calls. He was, however, but a poor sort of hero as yet, and far too much under Red Crogan's influence. The two happened to be standing near the entrance to the Savings Bank one day during the dinner hour when Mrs. Carney came out, carrying her bank-book in her hand. She did not see them.

"There's Carney's wife," said Crogan. "Been drawing money out of the bank. Carney's been a miser for years; he must have thousands o' dollars in there now. They think a lot o' you, don't they?"

"What d'yer mean?" inquired Lafferty. "What have I got to do with their money?"

"Well, I was thinkin'—they bein' so proud o' you—that if you was to go and tell her you was down on your luck, hard up an' all that, she might p'raps make you a present of a few dollars. They'd come in very handy."

Bill thought for a moment. The temptation was strong, for at this moment ten cents were all the money he had in the world. "I'll try it," he said.

He went round to Carney's house, and after enquiring how Ned was progressing he began to pitch his tale, making it as pitiful as he knew how.

Mrs. Carney knew something of his way of living, and had a pretty shrewd idea that if he was in need of money it was through his own fault. But she could not bear the thought of refusing to help a man who had

saved her husband's life at the risk of his own, and so Bill Lafferty went away richer by ten dollars.

Crogan insisted upon helping him to spend it. They had several drinks in the corner saloon, and while Lafferty was leaning over the bar Crogan took the opportunity to pick his friend's pocket of what remained of the money. Presently Bill missed the bills and taxed Crogan with taking them, an accusation which that individual angrily denied. Lafferty was furious and there was a fight, which ended in both of them being thrown out of the saloon. And so Bill Lafferty's pockets were empty again.

It was a few days later that Ned Carney and his wife hit upon a first-class investment for their savings. A booklet published by a

already been purchased by the society's members.

A visit to the offices of the society followed, then a few days of house-hunting and the payment of a portion of Ned's savings, and they were installed in a delightful little house with a garden which provided pleasant occupation for the leisure of both Ned and his wife. The feeling that it was their very own added to their delight in it.

It was about this time that Ned was put on a new job. Instead of fixing steel girders hundreds of feet above the ground, he now had to descend beneath it and do highly skilled work in caissons. This new job was quite as dangerous as the other; perhaps even more so, for the slightest hitch in the working of the machinery while Ned was shut in the caisson meant that the air supply would be cut off and water would rush in and overwhelm him. Bill and Crogan were two of his work-mates here also, but their job was above ground, and Bill had to see that the lid of the man-hole was securely fastened in its place after Ned had passed through. It happened that the new job started on pay day, and when they had finished and were all taking their money Ned, who took every opportunity to preach the gospel of thrift, persuaded two of the sand-hogs, as the ordinary labourers on the job were called, to open a banking account with part of their wages. Lafferty

and Crogan came up while he was talking to the two men. They laughed and sneered, and tried to tempt the sand-hogs to the corner saloon. One of the men yielded, but Ned carried the other off in triumph to the bank.

PART II.

MOST of the workmen, the distance being too great for them to go home to the midday meal, were in the habit of taking their lunch in the corner saloon. Ned himself was not infrequently among them, and on such occasions he took his glass of ale like most of the others. Only one glass though; he never allowed himself to exceed that allowance. He had finished his lunch and was leaving the saloon one day



“His wife put her arm around his neck. ‘I don’t want the pretty things, Ned,’ she said.”

building society came into Ned's hands. It explained how, by paying a certain amount down and a regular payment of a sum no larger than a moderate rent, it was possible for investors to live in their own houses, instead of going on year after year paying rent to a landlord and never having so much as a brick to call their own.

“Nell, old girl,” said Ned enthusiastically, “this is just the scheme to suit us. Why, the rent we pay for this flat will buy us a house of our own.”

“But how can that be?” asked his wife. “It doesn’t seem reasonable.”

“It is though,” said Ned. “It’s all explained here.”

They looked through the booklet together, admiring the pictures of houses which had



furious face, and some of the other men restrained Ned from inflicting further punishment upon him. With a glance of contempt at Lafferty, Ned turned his back upon him and left the saloon.

When he reached the caisson in which he was to spend the afternoon he found Lafferty and a number of sandhogs there. Ned took off his coat, gathered his tools together, and prepared to enter the

“The other men restrained Ned from inflicting further punishment upon him.”

manhole. As soon as he had lowered himself in Lafferty fixed the manhole cover and fastened it securely according to custom. Air was pumped to the man inside by machinery. It was Lafferty's job to stand by the manhole, and presently, the sandhogs leaving for another part of the works, he was left alone. He was smarting from the blow and the humiliation Ned had inflicted upon him, and shook his fist in fury at the man-hole, muttering curses as he did so.

not long after he had been put on the caisson job, when in came those boon companions, Lafferty and Crogan.

“Hollo, Ned,” cried Lafferty, slapping him genially on the back. “Now you are here you've got to have a drink with me. Come on. What's it to be?”

Crogan seconded the invitation in a sneering fashion.

“No, thanks, Bill. No more for me today. I've got a ticklish job on this afternoon, and I want a clear head and a steady hand.”

“Oh, that's all rot. Another glass won't hurt you.”

“Leave him alone, Bill,” put in Crogan; “he's signed the pledge. Regular little Band of Hope boy he is.”

Crogan's sneering example affected Bill, who had already had a drink or two in another bar. With a contemptuous wave of his hand towards Ned, he said loudly enough for everybody in the bar to hear:

“You go home and look after your wife. That'll keep you busy.”

Before the words were well out of his mouth Ned Carney's big fist crashed upon his jaw and sent Bill cannoning into a group of bar-loafers.

“Damn you!” Ned cried, raising his fist again. “What do you mean by that? I'll break every bone in your body.”

But Bill Lafferty had had enough. He shrank away from the uplifted fist and the

manhole. As soon as he had lowered himself in Lafferty fixed the manhole cover and fastened it securely according to custom. Air was pumped to the man inside by machinery. It was Lafferty's job to stand by the manhole, and presently, the sandhogs leaving for another part of the works, he was left alone. He was smarting from the blow and the humiliation Ned had inflicted upon him, and shook his fist in fury at the man-hole, muttering curses as he did so.

It was the devil's own luck that Crogan should have come up at that moment.

“Is he in there?” he asked, nodding towards the man-hole.

“Yes, curse him,” replied Lafferty, “he is, and I wish he'd never come up again.”

“Well, that's easy,” said Crogan, with a quick glance around. “Keep him there!”

“How? What do you mean? How can I keep him there?”

“Turn off the air pressure—and let the water in!”

“But—but that's murder.”

“Shucks! Nobody'll know. It will be put down to an accident.”

Lafferty shook his head in a scared fashion. “Oh, well,” said Crogan, “if you like to take a blow and not give one it's your business. Only you've got a chance to settle scores now. You're afraid, I suppose. Here, take a drink of this.”

He held out a flask and Lafferty took a pull at it. It was fiery stuff, and inflamed his passions. He cursed Ned again.

"Well, are you going to do it?" asked Crogan. "It's easy enough—just the turn of a wheel—and nobody to know anything about it."

"I'll do it," Lafferty burst out suddenly. "I hate the sight of the canting miser."

Crogan, satisfied with his work, went off, and Lafferty, half-mad with whiskey and his craving for revenge, went towards the little wheel, a turn of which one way or the other meant life or death to the man inside the caisson. Lafferty peered nervously around, but could see nobody. Then with trembling hands he gave the wheel a turn and ran back to his post at the man-hole.

The indicator of the gauge which showed the amount of air pressure in the caisson fell slowly down towards zero, and anybody who knows anything about caisson work is aware of what that means if there is a man down below. It means that the man presently begins to gasp for breath, feeling as though his lungs are going to burst. He begins to struggle, fight desperately, growing weaker and weaker until he can struggle no longer, and he falls back into the water rising rapidly around him.

That is what was happening to Ned Carney. He shouted, knowing all the time that his voice could not possibly be heard above ground. He fought with the strength of a strong man, knowing that presently it would be all over with him. The noise of rushing waters was in his ears, and he knew he must drown there like a rat in a flooded cellar. Already the water had reached his waist . . .

Above ground Bill Lafferty waited, sobered now, and trembling with fear at the thought of what would happen to him—if he were found out.

Suddenly he heard a shout and men running. Some of the labourers catching sight of the indicator as they passed noticed that the air pressure had been shut off. One sprang to the wheel, while half-a-dozen of them rushed over to where Lafferty was waiting.

"Get the man-hole off quick!" one of them shouted.

"There's no air! By God! Carney will be killed. Off with it, d'ye hear!"

Lafferty was only too glad to obey. The men were already making a rope fast to a baulk of timber, and as soon as the man-hole was off the rope was lowered inside, and one of them went down.

"I've got him," he shouted presently, and the men above pulled with a will. In a few seconds Ned Carney and his rescuer were above ground, Ned unconscious and apparently lifeless.

They laid him gently on some planks, and one of the men placed his hand on Carney's heart.

"Dead!" he said in a shocked whisper, and Bill Lafferty, who with Crogan, stood a little apart from the group, felt his blood run cold with fear.

But one of the men had seen accidents like this before.

"I don't believe it," he said. "They're always like this when they're taken out, but they often come round all right. One of you run across to the hospital and tell them we're coming."

The hospital was fortunately not far away, and very soon the doctors and nurses had Ned's case in hand. It was not the first of the kind they had dealt with by many, and they knew exactly what to do. Under their treatment he gradually regained consciousness. It had been a very close call, but his recovery was only a question of time. In three days he was able to receive a visit from his wife and little Fay, and from that time he made rapid progress.

He was much puzzled to account for the



"Then with trembling hands he gave the wheel a turn."

accident at the works, but concluded that something had gone wrong with the machinery. A man always had to take risks of that sort. No suspicion of Lafferty or anybody else crossed his mind.

Other people, however, had their doubts. Rumours began to run round the works and round the town. The sand-hogs reported that the air had actually been turned off, and when the manager had satisfied himself that the arrangements for supplying air were all in perfect order, he put the matter in the hands of a detective.

The detective made careful enquiries among the men. He found that Ned Carney was a general favourite, but that there were two men that did not like him. They were Bill Lafferty and Red Crogan. He heard the story of how Lafferty had insulted Ned in the saloon and had been knocked down for his pains. He learned, too, that on the afternoon when Ned had nearly lost his life, Lafferty was on duty at the manhole, and that Red Crogan had been seen talking with him there. The detective seemed pretty certain that one of the two was at the bottom of this dark business. Perhaps they were both guilty.

Neither Lafferty nor Crogan was aware that anybody was making any enquiries about them. But Lafferty, who was a long way from being wholly bad, was now a prey to remorse for what he had done. It was not his fault, he told himself, that he had not committed murder, and even as it was the police might get hold of him. He could not bear the sight of Crogan's sneering face now.

"You and whiskey are the cause of my trouble," he said to him once.

"Your trouble," retorted Crogan. "Why what trouble are you in? Nobody knows you did it, but you're going the right way to make them suspicious, walking about with a face like a funeral, and getting scared at the sight of a policeman. Come and have a drink."

"No!" said Bill savagely. "I've had enough of that sort of thing. No more whiskey for me. I'd never have done it but for whiskey."

"Oh, well, just as you like," said Crogan. "But you'd better not get nasty with me, you know I might get nasty too."

With this threat he went off to the saloon. He was drinking at the bar when a stranger touched him on the arm.

"I want a word with you," he said "about that accident in the caisson the other day, when the air supply went wrong, you know. I'm a detective."

Crogan turned on him with a snarl. "Oh, are you? Well then, you have come to the wrong man. You go and talk to Bill Lafferty, he was in charge of the gauge that day, not me."

The detective questioned him further, and learnt enough to convince him that Lafferty was indeed the man he wanted. Before taking any further action, however, he determined to hear what Ned Carney himself had to say about the affair.

Ned had been discharged from the hospital and was now at his home. It happened that on the evening when the detective went to pay his visit he found Bill Lafferty in the garden path. Bill had come to the conclusion that he could not go on like this any longer. Ned had been a good friend to him in many ways, and Bill had made up his mind to make a clean breast of his crime, and ask forgiveness. Now, when he had almost reached the door, nervousness overcame him, and he was in two minds whether to keep his secret after all. The detective gave him a keen look, and wondered whether to arrest him on the spot. He thought better of it, however, and went to the door. Bill, not knowing who the detective was, made up his mind at the same time, and when the door opened in answer to the detective's ring the two men were standing on the door-step side by side.

Mrs. Carney gave Bill a warm welcome. Her husband had told her nothing of the scene in the saloon, and for all she knew the two men were still friends.

"Why, it's Mr. Lafferty," she said. "Come in; Ned will be so glad to see you."

This was not at all in accord with the detective's suspicions, but he followed Bill into the room where Ned was sitting in a big chair, looking rather pale and thin, but otherwise not much different from the old Ned.

The detective meant to get the first word in.

"Mr. Carney," he said, "I've come to make enquiries about what happened at the works the other day. I'm a detective. I've found out that there was no accident. The air supply was deliberately shut off."

Ned started. "Deliberately shut off!" he echoed.

Bill Lafferty shifted his feet uneasily.

"Yes," said the detective, "deliberately. And I've found out that this man Lafferty was in charge of the air gauge. I suspect him of having turned the air off. Of course it's only suspicion. I've no evidence that he did it, but I understand that you and he were not on good terms and that he owed you a grudge. I only want your confirmation of that to make a very strong case against him. Now then, have you any reason to think he was an enemy of yours?"

Ned hesitated. For a moment he was inclined to make Lafferty suffer for his crime; but only for a moment. He remembered that but for Bill his wife would have been a widow and little Fay fatherless.

"What, Bill?" he said with a laugh. "No, Bill's no enemy of mine. Why, he saved my life not long ago. We are the best of friends."

The detective could do nothing against that. He looked disappointed and incredulous, but he knew he had no case. As he went out of the room Bill came forward shamefacedly and began to stammer out incoherent thanks.

Ned cut him short. "It's all right, Bill," he said, shaking his late enemy heartily by the hand.

There was an interruption. Fay handed her father a letter which the postman had just delivered. It informed Ned that he had been promoted, and was henceforth to be foreman of the works.

Bill's joy was as great as Ned's, and his congratulations as hearty and sincere. His reformation was complete, and on the very next pay day after Ned had started work again another account was opened at the bank.

Writing was not one of Bill's accomplishments; he could not even sign his name, and so, to make sure that no unauthorised person should draw upon his account, the cashier took a record of his finger prints, much to Bill's amusement.



"In three days he was able to receive a visit from his wife and little Fay."

A week or two after that, when Bill was coming out of the bank Crogan stopped him, and, pleading poverty, requested a loan. Much inclined to refuse, Bill yielded to get rid of him, and handed over a dollar bill. When Bill walked off Crogan had his bank-book in his hand. He had picked Lafferty's pocket for the second time. He opened the book and saw the total of Bill's savings. He thought it would be the easiest thing in the world to walk into the bank, present the book, and demand the money.

That is what he did. The clerk looked at him keenly, and made a signal to somebody on the other side of the counter. Crogan was quite unsuspecting, even when the clerk pushed forward a pad and told him to put his fingers on it, and afterwards to press them on a piece of paper.

The next thing Crogan knew two officials in uniform had him by the wrists. A policeman was called in, and Crogan was taken off in custody.

* * *

All this took place about five years ago. Crogan has about served his time by now, and when he comes out on ticket-of-leave it is more than likely he will learn that Edward Carney and William Lafferty are firm friends and partners in a flourishing business as contractors. He will probably sneer and put their success down to luck, but Ned and Bill both know better. It is "The Reward of Thrift."

Daylight.

Adapted by Geo. W. Smith from the "FLYING A" Photoplay.

A clever composer, so distracted by club life and bachelor gaities, neglects his music and is threatened with blindness. His wealthy uncle sends him to the mountains, where he meets and falls in love with Marie Evanturel, finding new inspiration. After a brief return to his old life he again seeks the comfort of the mountains, and with the return of his sight all ends happily.

Arthur Langley	...	ED. COXEN
Marie, a Mountain Girl...	...	WINNIFRED GREENWOOD
Bob, a Guide	...	GEORGE FIELD
Charles Steele, Arthur's Uncle	...	JOHN STEPLING
Dr. Stanley, an Eye Specialist	...	WILLIAM BERTRAM
Henry Gordon, Music Teacher	...	HARRY EDMONDSON
Old Emma, Bob's Mother	...	JOSEPHINE DITT
Music Publisher	...	F. A. WALL
Society Leader	...	EDITH BORELLA

CHAPTER I.



ARTHUR LANGLEY was a musical genius. He had been studying the piano under one of the greatest musical professors of the day, and could even give him points.

His uncle, a wealthy man, with whom he lived, spared no expense to gratify his



Bob, the Mountain Guide.

nephew's every whim and fancy. He was plentifully furnished with money, led a bachelor existence, and in fact went the whole hog.

Club life appealed strongly to him, and he frequented the fashionable and expensive clubs at all hours of the day and night. In consequence,

the burning of the candle at both ends interfered with his musical talent. Of a highly-strung sensitive nature, his nerves could not stand the strain. He began rapidly to weaken. Under the con-

tinuous glare of artificial illuminant his eyes suffered, and contrary to all advice, he pursued his career with even greater zealousness than before.

He became a source of constant worry and anxiety to his uncle. He alone knew that much more of club life and electric light would completely ruin his nephew's sight. Disliking the task of displeasing him, he cast about for ways and means of a pleasant nature to ween him from clubdom.

Arthur came home very late that night and found his uncle waiting for him.

"Arthur, my boy," began his uncle quietly, "sit down. I want to have a little chat with you before you retire."

"Go ahead, uncle; I'm all attention," answered Arthur, lightly, as he seated himself. He looked pale and ill under the soft glow of the lights.

"It's about a little holiday I want you to take. You have not been at all well lately.



Marie, Bob's Cousin.

This strenuous night life is beginning to tell. I'm not reproaching you, boy. I fully understand the fascination it holds for young folk. I've had some myself, but just have a respite for a few weeks. When you get well and strong again, perhaps you'll give it up altogether."

"It must be your imagination, uncle. I'm quite fit, and really you have no cause to worry."

"Listen, Arthur. You are my heir. You are the only living relative I've got. Get well, take this rest, and then find some nice little woman and marry. Have children of your own to carry on the old name."

Arthur was deeply impressed, and laid his hand affectionately over the old man's.

"I will try, uncle; but as for marriage," and he smiled disdainfully, "I'm wedded to my music."

"There's a good fellow. I'll pack you off to the mountains to-morrow. We'll talk about married life when you return. Now to bed."

He clasped Arthur's hand warmly, and gave it a fervent shake. Arthur watched his retreating figure out of sight, and then commenced to arrange his plans for departure.

CHAPTER II.

AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

NESTLING away among pine-covered slopes stood the habitation of "Old Bob," the mountain guide. He lived with his orphaned cousin Marie, who kept house and attended to his daily needs. Bob was not old, but he was always known by that sobriquet, as nobody knew his real name.

He was setting out on one of his daily excursions up the mountains in pursuit of game when he was accosted by a stranger. Marie stood on the gravelled pathway, a

dainty figure in a simple gown.

"Do you know old Bob, the guide, in these parts?" he queried.

Bob looked him up and down. He took in at a glance the well-dressed figure, and noted the cultured voice.

"I'm, Bob," he replied, at length.

"Good! I'm Arthur Langley. I've come up here in search of health and quietness. Now can you fix me up with accommodation?"

"I'll ask Marie. Come this way, sir," responded the guide.

They made their way to Marie, who had been an interested spectator. The ceremony of introduction was awkwardly performed, and Marie blushed as she took Arthur's

hand. He was instantly captivated by her dainty grace, and gave her an admiring look.

It was arranged that Arthur should make his abode with them, and he was duly installed. For many days he hunted and fished with Bob, and his health rapidly mended. As time went on

he took Marie on surreptitious rambles. Arthur's unmistakable preference for her company grated on the nerves of Bob. He was madly infatuated with her, but had never disclosed his affection. Time made him surly and morose. He knew if the stranger remained much longer all hopes of Marie would have to be relinquished.

He and Arthur went away shooting one morning, and he cursed, under his breath, as he heard her affectionate farewell and regard for his (Arthur's) safety.

They took one of the most dangerous and precipitous paths—Bob, sullen and moody; Arthur, gay spirited and light-hearted. He never noticed his companion's surly humour. They sighted game, and an exciting chase followed. Their quarry led them along a high rock. Bob was travelling dangerously



Death of Bob.

near. He suddenly halted, slipped, and hurtled over the side.

Arthur found his mangled body after a perilous descent. Bob was quite dead. Help was procured and the body conveyed to his home. Marie was grief-stricken at the catastrophe, and Arthur had great difficulty in pacifying her.

Bob was buried, and Arthur remained on to console Marie. He had approached her to become his wife, and she had accepted. There was a little piano in the mountain cabin, and on this Arthur commenced to practice.

Then he received a letter from town summoning him back. His uncle had died suddenly. He hastily packed up his few belongings, and bidding Marie a tender farewell, bade her wait patiently for his return.

CHAPTER III.

FORGOTTEN.

AFTER the funeral ceremonies Arthur found himself a very wealthy man. His uncle had left him everything. He sought out his old acquaintances, and the clubs claimed

him once more. The mountain cabin, Marie, everything, was forgotten in this new whirl of "life." He impaired his health, undermined his constitution, and worst of all, his sight began to fail. Days passed and his vision was all but gone. He declined to take advice, and matters drifted. Gradually his gay existence began to pall. He grew feeble, and with great difficulty got about. At the club one night, looking a total wreck, he threw down his cards and stubbornly refused all invitations to play further. He had done with it. He wanted Marie and the fresh mountain air. He called a cab and left his friends vowing never again to enter the portals of the club.

It was a brilliant day when he dimly espied the mountain cabin that held his all. He groped his way along—his eyes were so

dim he could hardly discern his whereabouts. He bared his head to the glorious sunshine and turned his face towards the brilliant orb. A shaft of light stabbed his eyes and made him wince. He closed them to shut out the glaring daylight. When he opened them again all was dark—impenetrably black. He had been stricken blind.

Marie had heard his despairing cry and came rushing out to him. They embraced for a long time. She had been tortured with all kinds of thoughts during his absence. Once indoors Arthur told her all. He wanted to release her from the engagement. With tender, womanly solicitude she reasoned and pointed out that he wanted her more than ever with this new affliction upon him. Marie cajoled and coerced, and won the day.

They were married quietly in their mountain home. The time went on, and Arthur sought inspiration in his new found happiness. He played the piano and turned out composition after composition, brimming with musical genius. Marie wrote at his dictation.



Seeking inspiration from Nature.

Later he prevailed upon her to go to the city and offer his latest efforts for sale. He had no need of money, he only wanted to become famous as a composer. Marie went, and the result was unbounded satisfaction for all concerned. In accordance with Arthur's earnest wish, his name as the composer was not divulged. Marie left her address with the publishers and journeyed back with the joyous news.

Arthur's music was being played all over the country. Hundreds besieged the publishers for the name of the composer. Among them many well-known society leaders sought for this musical lion. Several of Arthur's old acquaintances recognised a great familiarity in style and composition to his own. This eventually gave them the clue. Marie's address was given them by the publishers,

and they made judicious enquiries. It did not take long to connect Arthur with the anonymous composer. He received letters daily urging him to return to society. How they discovered him he was at a loss to understand.

At length he and Marie decided to return. It gave them both a pang of remorse to leave the old homestead, but Arthur was too keen in his aspirations for Marie to stand in his way.

CHAPTER IV.

DAYLIGHT.

A TREMENDOUS gathering had assembled to hear Arthur play. There were noted people from all parts of the city. There was a buzzing like a swarm of bees as he entered with Marie on his arm. He played that night as he had never played before. He was accorded an ovation unequalled in the history of the musical world. He had reached the zenith of fame. That night was only one of many that followed in quick succession. Society *grande dames* clamoured for his appearance at their luxurious "at homes."

Marie grew tired of high life, but never a complaint passed her lips. Arthur turned his attentions to a famous eye specialist. He learned there was a possibility of restoring his sight. An operation was prescribed, and he accepted the information indifferently. He was rather sceptical as to the issue. The fateful day arrived. The operation proved a wonderful success, and Arthur saw the first light for many months. Marie was over-joyed. True, Arthur was bound to strictly adhere to one injunction, and that—never to remove the shade from his eyes either under artificial or daylight. The result would be disastrous.

With sight restored he visited clubland once more, entirely disregarding his former

THERE are numerous changes to record, the most important being a rumour (since denied) that Mary Pickford has left the Famous Players and signed on with the Kay-Bee Company. Charles Chaplin has left the Keystone Company. George Larkin and Gretcher Lederer are both now with the Rex Company. A new comer to the Famous Players Company is Marshall Neilan. The Jesse L. Lasky Company announce the debut (under their management) of the celebrated actor, House Peters, in their new Belasco play, "The Girl of the Golden

vow. His friends laughed at his weakness. For many a long weary hour Marie would sit up patiently awaiting him. Then tired and dispirited would retire.

Arthur's habits grew worse, until Marie could stand it no longer. She remonstrated with him, but all to no purpose. At last, in sheer desperation, she left him, quietly and without a word of warning, and went back to her mountain home. She knew if Arthur wanted her he would search everywhere, and surely there.

He returned early that morning and found her missing.

CHAPTER V.

RECONCILIATION.

AFTER weeks of hard living Arthur once more gave up the old life. This time he determined that it should be for good. He could find no trace of Marie, and was very despondent in consequence. He resolved to visit the mountain cabin and live there in solitude until Marie was discovered, then they would both forsake high life and continue their former tranquil life.

* * *

Just outside the cabin stood a rustic seat, and Arthur dropped wearily into it. He was exhausted and spent. The long toil up the mountain side had fatigued him. He turned the past few months over and over in his mind. *He wanted blindness—and Marie.* Without her, life was void. He fumbled with the fastenings of his shade and made to wrench it off. He fully understood the consequences of such an act. He did not care—he was beyond that.

He tore the shade off—he would suffer blindness.

"Arthur!" One long, wild cry, and two hands closed over his eyes, shutting out the fatal daylight.

"Marie," he whispered, "take me in."

West." Virginia Ames, and her husband True Boardman, like Marguerite Clayton, have gone over to the Liberty Company. Jack Standing has returned to the Lubin Company. Ruth Rowland has left the Kalem Company. Edwin August has *again* transferred his services, this time to the Kinetophoto Company (he is a real "movie.") Henry Walthall has joined the Balboa Company. John Brennan is now in Ford Sterling's Company. Warren Kerrigan is *not* making a change, but continues with the Universal for a further two years.

The Man from Mexico.

Adapted from the FAMOUS PLAYERS Film by Patrick Glynn.

This famous comedy success of H. A. Du Souchet upholds the mythical adventures of the light-hearted, light-headed and bibulous Fitzhew. After a spell of humorous prison life, his return home at the end of thirty days in Mexican dress, with a Spanish hand-book to get into and get out of more scrapes and tangles, also the hoodwinking of Clementia to the end, furnishes an excruciatingly funny finish.

Cast :

Fitzhew	JOHN BARRYMORE
Prison Warder	WELLINGTON A. PLAYTER
Daunton Majors	HAROLD LOCKWOOD
Clemintina	PAULINE NEFF
Louis	FRED ANNERLY
Sallie	WINONA WINTERS



JOHN FITZHEW wanted a night out very badly. Since his marriage two years previously John had been a decorous husband and had almost forgotten the sensation of a furred tongue and swelled head. This was a testimony perhaps to Mrs. Fitzhew's management, and as long as Mrs. Fitzhew was in sight John was like a baa-lamb. But one day Mrs. Fitzhew decided to pay a visit to her mother and the news sent a heavenly thrill through John's soul.

He sought out his old friend Majors, who, despite all traps and allurements, remained a bachelor. He and John Fitzhew had painted not one, but many towns red in the old days, and when the two rascals got together the tales they unfolded of their past adventures would have turned Mrs. Fitzhew's hair white if she had overheard. On this occasion they were not so discreet, for as soon as Mrs. Fitzhew had gone down the steps to catch the train to her mother's home, John Fitzhew solemnly produced a bottle of '87 port.

"My friend," he said deliberately, "drink, for we are going to make a night of it to-night."

Majors drank slowly and reflectively. He possessed a calmer nature than John Fitzhew, but John claimed that this was due to Majors' extraordinary powers of imbibing without showing effects.

"I know," said Fitzhew, slapping his leg delightedly. "The Cleopatra."

Majors' eyes gleamed. He remembered "The Cleopatra," for was it not there that the prettiest dancers and the choicest drinks were on view and obtained. There were many night clubs in New York, but "The Cleopatra" topped the list.

"The Cleopatra' let it be," replied Majors. Neither of the men had heard the door close softly nor the light swish of a woman's skirts. Mrs. Fitzhew had come back for her umbrella and had heard every word of the conversation. Then, as the men began to move, she slipped out again.

"The brutes," she exclaimed angrily on the other side of the door. "To think they were only waiting for my back to be turned to go to a low cabaret. I shall not go to mother's now. I shall follow them to 'The Cleopatra,' and see what games they are up to."

But she dared not go to the cabaret alone, and searching in her mind for a partner to accompany her, she decided on Arthur Farrar, who was in love with Sallie, Fitzhew's pretty sister, and who looked to Mrs. Fitzhew to forward his suit with the capricious girl. A telephone message brought that young man in hot haste to the house, for he believed that Sallie had at last decided to accept him, but there on arrival he met the anxious but propitiating countenance of Mrs. Fitzhew.

"I want you to do me a favour," said that lady quickly. "I want you to accompany me to 'The Cleopatra' to-night."

"What?" screamed the young gentleman in horrified accents.

"Oh, it's all right," interrupted Mrs. Fitzhew passionately. "My husband is going there this evening with a friend, when he thought I should be at mother's. Now I am going there to watch them, and as I dare not go by myself to such a low place I would be very much obliged if you could accompany me."

The young man demurred, but Mrs. Fitzhew knew his weak point and diplomatically mentioned that another young man was beginning to take an interest in Sallie. That decided Farrar, and he replied that he was ready. Meanwhile Mrs. Fitzhew disguised herself by placing a thick black veil over her face, and accompanied by Farrar followed in the wake of Fitzhew and Majors, and after waiting outside the door for a little the pair went in.

The scene as they entered even took away Farrar's breath. The air was hot and palpitating with the motion of girlish forms, which danced every conceivable step in the terpsichorean art. Arranged round the large salon were a number of tables at which men in evening dress were sipping coffee and liqueurs, and in many cases the dancers shared the refreshment on the invitation of the visitors. At the far end an orchestra discoursed dreamy, voluptuous waltzes, and there being a vacant table at that end Arthur Farrar conducted his partner in that direction.

Lifting her thick veil a little Mrs. Fitzhew turned her glance round the hall in search of her erring husband and his friend Majors. She did not know that she was a bit late in her arrival, for Fitzhew and his friend had left "The Cleopatra" after a mild flirtation with Paquita, the Spanish dancer, who had seized upon a photo of Clemintina and kept

it to tease him. Fitzhew by this time was in a condition to see the proverbial two moons; and Majors, true to his reputation for soaking without letting the effects go to his head, judged it time to get his friend out. The pair had hardly reached the street when the police raided "The Cleopatra," and rounded up the dancers and visitors, many of whom were hauled off to the police station.

Clemintina Fitzhew spent the most anxious five minutes of her life when the police raided the cabaret. She had not anticipated this; neither had Farrar, but that gentleman—fortunately for himself and Clemintina—was related to the leading magistrate, and when he asked that he and his companion be allowed to go on leaving their names and addresses, the sergeant of police consented. Tearful and trembling Clemintina fled from the cabaret. Never again!

Meanwhile, the scapegrace husband and his friend had reached the outer air, and this instead of cooling Fitzhew's fevered brain seemed to act as a stimulus. Becoming alarmed, Majors suggested a cab, and one was called, but Fitzhew apparently thought

himself to be the driver, and when prevented by the real driver from mounting the box he smote that patient individual on the nose. This was even more than a jarvey could stand, and he retorted in kind. Five minutes later two policemen, with the help of Majors, dragged the combatants apart.

Fitzhew was led to the police station protesting and profane. Here he was brought before the magistrate, who was sitting specially to sift the evidence of the crowd who were hurried before him after the raid on the cabaret. Fitzhew's glimmering of sense had not reasserted itself, and after calling the magistrate "ol' chappie" and his captor "an imitation of a policeman," the case was heard.

The cabman swore that Fitzhew had savagely assaulted him, and the police corroborated. In answer to the magistrate's



The lock step.



“The police raided ‘The Cleopatra’ and rounded up the dancers.”

questions, Fitzhew merely invited the gentleman to “come out and have just one drink with me.” Majors nudged his friend and whispered: “Shut your mouth, you’re talking too much. Plead guilty; you’ll stand a chance of getting off with a warning.”

“Who want’sh to be warned?” exclaimed the aggrieved Fitzhew, wagging his head at the magistrate. That worthy, with a look of contempt at the culprit, said sternly:

“Thirty days.”

“You’ve done it,” groaned Majors. “You were always a fat-head.”

The sentence of thirty days seemed to bring Fitzhew to his senses at last. He was led staggering to the cell; with a fierce whiskered warder in charge. Majors followed to see what could be done for his friend in this extremity, and there was a consultation with the warder, after which a couple of notes changed hands.

“It’s as much as my place is worth,” said the warder at last. “But I’ll give your friend till the morning to stay at home and

arrange his affairs. Of course I must accompany him and stay with him. If not, the deal is off!”

Thus accompanied, Fitzhew was led home to sleep off the effects of his potations, and whilst he slept the warder watched. When Fitzhew awoke his head was splitting and his first glance encountered the saturnine face of the warder.

“Take it away,” shouted Fitzhew, who was only half awake. “That’s what I’ve been seeing all night.”

When the situation was explained to him by Majors, who had stayed the night in the house, Fitzhew was thunderstruck. “Do you mean to say that I’ve got to go to jail for thirty days?”

The warder nodded. “You had better hurry up and make your arrangements,” said that individual. “In about an hour’s time I’ve got to deliver you up to the jailer.”

“What will my wife say?” groaned the luckless culprit.

Clemintina herself was in a tremour of

excitement over her own mishap at the cabaret and had passed a bad night. When she sought her husband in the morning Fitzhew accounted for the presence of the warder by telling her that he was the new secretary he had engaged to go with him on a journey that combined business and pleasure.

"Going on a journey?" echoed Clemintina, suspiciously.

"Yes, dear. I've decided to go to Mexico for thirty days on business, and the change will do me good as well. I hear the climate is splendid."

"I'm going with you," remarked Clemintina with decision.

"But, my dear," expostulated the alarmed Fitzhew, "I don't think it would suit your health at the present time. And then, what about Sallie—who is there to look after her?"

"Yes, what about Sallie?" remarked Majors. "You'll have some young man running away with her if you don't keep your eye on her."

That decided Clemintina. If there was one individual more than another she wished to mother it was Fitzhew's sister, and both men knew her weak point.

And so an hour later Fitzhew started for "Mexico" (in charge of a warder).

* * *

Arriving at "Mexico," Fitzhew was compelled to take a bath, and was then given a suit of prison clothes. That night he slept on a hard mattress, which possessed other residents, who gave the new occupant the most irritating time of his life, and finally compelled him to lie on the floor as the solution of the trouble. Then the next morning, after a sleepless night, he was put into line with a number of other prisoners whose faces would have graced Madame Tussaud's chamber of horrors. Fitzhew was struck with the manner in which the

other prisoners walked in single file behind each other, each man raising his leg simultaneously and bringing it down again like a lame duck. The warder called Fitzhew out from the ranks and informed him that he must learn this step.

"What is it?" asked the bewildered Fitzhew.

"The lock step," said the warder with a grin. "You must learn it. Now watch me, and see how I do it."

The warder gave an exhibition of the step, and Fitzhew copied it as well as he was able. A few minutes' practice made him efficient, and Fitzhew fell into the ranks, and the long line of drunkards, burglars, wife-beaters, forgers and other offenders "lock-stepped" towards the quarry where they were working out their sentence of hard labour.

Fitzhew's only comfort were the occasional visits of Majors, who in this crisis played the part of a loyal friend to the letter.

But one day a great shock awaited Fitzhew. His wife, who took an interest in prisoners, had obtained permission from the governor to present flowers to

each of the jailbirds. Fitzhew's horror was unbounded; and as at the time he was in the governor's room listening to an account of his written complaints about the quality of the prison fare, he solved the difficulty by diving under the governor's desk, after first informing that astonished gentleman of his relationship to the fair visitor. The governor was a gentleman and said nothing. He accompanied the visitor on the round of the cells with her basket of flowers, and here a surprise awaited Clemintina in her turn. Handing one of the bouquets between the bars of a cell to its occupant, she fancied she saw a look of recognition in the man's eyes. The next moment she recollected that this was the Italian waiter who had attended her and



"'Thirty days,' said the magistrate."

Farrar at "The Cleopatra" on the fateful night. All interest for the prisoners' welfare immediately died out of Clemintina's breast, and half-fainting, she escaped from the prison after making her excuses to the Governor.

The days sped on; the dull monotony of breaking stones being relieved by occasional outbursts from the prisoner, and one day Fitzhew tumbled right into the centre of a

prison plot in which revolvers were flourished and strong language used. Fitzhew happened to be of service to the governor in this adventure, for he saved that worthy from a premature bullet, and the remainder of Fitzhew's time was pleasant in comparison to the first weeks. But Fitzhew could never stomach the menu. It was beans for dinner Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and every day of the week, and when he was discharged Fitzhew mentally resolved he would never look at beans for the remainder of his life.

* * *

His welcome home was of the most boisterous description. Clemintina had in the meantime, with a view to surprising her husband, learned a little Spanish, and after the pair had embraced, she said: "Habla Vd. Espanol."

"What?" exclaimed the culprit off his guard.

"Habla Vd. Espanol. Don't you know Spanish?" repeated Clemintina.

"Er, yes," stuttered Fitzhew, desperately. "Ya, ich liebe Dich."

The inevitable Majors, who accompanied Fitzhew home, grinned and whispered: "You fat-head. You're speaking German."

The perspiration broke out on Fitzhew's forehead and he eyed his wife anxiously.



"He spoke of the bull-fights he had seen."

That lady's knowledge of Spanish was too recently acquired to allow of detecting the meaning of her husband's reply, and with another embrace she brought her husband in, saying, "And now you must be quite hungry after your journey."

Dinner was announced, and whilst they were waiting Clemintina pressed her husband for details of his life in Mexico.

"Tell us all about the bull-fights and Mexican dances."

Even Majors admired his friend's ingenuity at this moment—Fitzhew had had access to the prison library, and whilst he was not studying the Anglo-Spanish dictionary for Spanish words to repeat to his wife, he was reading accounts of the Spanish bull-fights and manners of life. In glowing terms he spoke of the scenes he had witnessed, the places he had visited; and whilst he rambled on Majors' mental vision went back to the prison clothes and the ineffaceable faces of the other prisoners, and he grinned again.

The dinner was brought in and Clemintina turned smilingly to her garrulous and gesticulating husband.

"We are having olla podrida in your honour to-day—a Mexican dish composed chiefly of beans."

"BEANS!" groaned Fitzhew, who could not contain himself.

Exposure was nearer than he thought.

His wife was beginning to get suspicious, but it was not until the waiter arrived with the special dish that a diversion occurred. It was none other than the waiter of "The Cleopatra," who had seen Clemintina that night and who had been a fellow prisoner with Fitzhew. As soon as Clemintina saw this fellow she fainted clean away, whilst the Italian's ejaculation as his eyes fell on Fitzhew was "Jailbird!"

The truth was out at last. Clemintina knew that prison and not Mexico was the place where her husband had spent his thirty days. Fitzhew's artfulness, however, did not forsake him altogether, and to his wife's reproaches he retorted—

"My love, I couldn't bear to see you in

Director :—"So you want to act in pictures, do you? What experience have you of the stage?"

Toper :—"Well, I was the 'horrible example' once at a temperance lecture."

QUITE the daintiest brochure we have recently seen is "The Film Life of Mary Pickford," price 2d., and obtainable from Messrs. J. D. Walker's World's Films, Limited, 166-170, Wardour Street, London, W. To "give away" the contents here would detract from its interest, and therefore we advise the legion of admirers of "Little Mary" to each send for a copy at once, as there is a keen demand for the booklet. Mr. Henry W. Prockter, the Publicity Manager of the Famous Players Film Company, has ably edited and arranged the contents, giving a faithful portrayal of all the little characteristics and details that exercise the minds of most picture-goers, who will find all their favourite queries answered, and at the same time be able to gaze on some new portraits of this "Queen of the Movies."

Notwithstanding various statements in the American Press and rumours on this side that Mary Pickford is severing her connection with the Famous Players, we have her own statement authoritatively contradicting any such supposition.

THE world's largest locomotive was used in "The Leap from the Water Tower," one of the episodes of Kalem's "Hazards of Helen" series. This locomotive is the property of the Sante Fe Railway Company, and it was only after considerable effort that the producers obtained permission to use the iron monster.

prison stripes. When I found out you were to serve thirty days I took your place."

And Clemintina, who really believed that her name had been called out in court during her absence, and that she had been sentenced to thirty days, hugged her husband, murmuring "What a sacrifice."

Fitzhew winked over her shoulder at Majors, who made a stern resolve to save all his laughs until he got home and could give himself justice.

That was the last of Fitzhew's adventures. He never strayed again from the wifely control, and if ever he was tempted, a recollection of the thirty days spent "in Mexico" was sufficient to restrain him.

An idea of the size of this engine can be imagined when its length is declared to be one hundred and twenty feet seven inches. Its weight is eight hundred and fifty thousand pounds. The locomotive can pull a load of one hundred and ten thousand pounds. The cost of this colossus is £88,000.

HELEN HOLMES, the charming actress who is the heroine of the "Hazards of Helen" series, had the honour of running this locomotive in the course of "The Leap from the Water Tower." She did this with such skill that it won for Kalem's courageous leading lady an honorary membership in one of the Western railroad unions.

TALL, commanding, with a face that shows the workings of a keen and serious mind, is **TRUE BOARDMAN**. No figure save that of Broncho Billy himself is more familiar or more welcome in the famous Western dramas than his. It is as true as his name that he never protrudes his personality and that none of his parts are household words, but, nevertheless, we'd miss Boardman from those exciting escapades in which he has figured times without number. He is a young man yet, only thirty-one years old, and yet he has spent half of that period on the stage. He used to be quite a favourite with the folks who loved their stock companies in the days when Brooklyn cared for little else, and his subsequent five years at the old Central Theatre in San Francisco, where he was with the Belasco stock players, have stood him in excellent stead. Boardman is one of the old guard with the Western Essanay Company, but he has had considerable experience in the pictures prior to his association with G. M. Anderson.

Thumb Prints and Diamonds.

From the LUBIN Criminal Drama. Adapted by Owen Garth.

The story concerns a famous gem which excites the greed of the crook Turner, who plans to rob the millionaire collector. With the aid of forged thumb-prints, suspicion falls on Frank Lewis, a private detective. How, after a roof struggle to the death, the wrong is righted—the story unfolds.

		Cast :	
Frank Lewis	HARRY C. MYERS
Helen Storm	ROSEMARY THEBY
Daniel Storm	BARTLEY McCULLUM
Dick Turner	BRINSLEY SHAW
Bob	EARLE WHITE



LIKE most very rich men, Daniel Storm had his hobby, and being a millionaire he could indulge in this hobby, a very expensive one, to his heart's content. Diamonds then, and his daughter Helen, were the chief claims to old Storm's attention; and at the moment it is doubtful if the girl was not relegated to second place, for the millionaire had just acquired a famous gem for his collection, a magnificent diamond on which he had long set his heart.

The papers of the country were ringing with the news, with the result that in the hearts of many sharp envy was aroused, and not a few craved to deprive Daniel Storm of his possession. Amongst these was one in particular, Dick Turner, known as a smart man about town, but really one of the cleverest thieves that ever mocked at the police and the forces of law and order.

When he read, a cunning gleam lit up Turner's eyes. He turned to a pal, another crook, but not so smart as himself; and placing his finger on the interesting paragraph, asked what he thought of it.

"Eh, some haul if we could get hold of it," was the reply to Turner's inquiry.

"If we could get hold of it!" cried Turner. "I'm going to have it, trust me."

"But how?"

"Never mind how. I'll find a way. You'll not see me for some days, but keep a

good look-out and be here when I return. Understand?"

"Yes. I suppose it's no use asking your plans—you were always close."

"No use at all. I'm going to work them out now. Keep a tight hold on your jaw till I come back. Ta-ta."

"Good luck."

Turner had left before the good wishes were uttered, and a few minutes later was working out a clever scheme, in the privacy of his own den, for the appropriation of the famous diamond.

* * *

It would perhaps simplify the story if the composition of the Storm household were explained.

Daniel Storm had made an immense fortune out of wheat, and advancing towards sixty years of age had selected a fine old house some miles out of town, with few neighbours and a peaceful countryside, to settle down in. Yet old Storm was a sociable character and was pleased to welcome visitors, who often put up at the house for weeks at a time. Apart from these occasional visitors the household consisted of Helen Storm, Frank Lewis, private detective and secretary to the millionaire, and a few servants.

Lewis had been attached to the house some time now, and it was patent to all, except old Storm, who was too deeply engrossed in his hobby to notice anything

else, that the young man was over head and heels in love with Helen, who returned the sentiment.

Daniel Storm's daughter was a beautiful woman, that is the first thing to be acknowledged. Of medium height, lissome and active, good health and a happy nature shone in her dancing black eyes, while her dainty little head, wreathed in a mass of dark brown, almost black hair was capable of entertaining all and every scheme for fun and amusement. No wonder all the men were in love with her and spun out their visits at the house beyond the conventional term. And small wonder, since they were constantly together, that Helen and the private detective fell in love, for Lewis was

deposited in a safe. He also offended Helen by his attention to her. Still he remained, and old Storm would not hear of any complaints and warnings. Determined to watch the stranger, Lewis dogged his footsteps everywhere; at night he slept with his door open ready to act on the slightest suspicious noise. Thus it was that one night, about a week after the stranger's arrival, he jumped up in a fright, hearing soft footsteps slipping down the stairs. Hastening to investigate, he saw the newcomer go to the 'phone and overheard the conversation.

Obtaining a number in the same district, the stranger asked cautiously for "Bob."

"That you, Bob?" he asked, apparently in reply to a voice at the other end. "Good.

I'm Turner. Down at old Storm's house. Have located the diamond."

There was a pause, during which Lewis slipped down the stairs and into the library.

The stranger, none other than Turner, the crook, who had forged a letter of introduction and thus came to the house as a friend, began speaking again.

"Hullo—you know the window on the left of the porch. Be there in fifteen minutes" (pause). "Understand? I'll have got the diamond by then and will hand it to you through the window" (pause). "Oh, I shall stay on here till the coast is clear. They'll

never suspect me" (pause). "Hurry now—in fifteen minutes—under the window."

Turner waited a second for the answer, and then with a satisfied smile hung up the receiver.

Lewis, hiding behind the curtain, would liked to have sprung on him there and then, but caution whispered that it would be better to wait till the thief commenced work and capture him red-handed. His trigger-finger closed gently round the revolver in his pocket. He held his breath as Turner pushed open the door and entered the library.

Leisurely the thief switched on the light and surveyed the safe. A smile spread over his evil face as he rubbed his hands in



"And small wonder, since they were constantly together, that Helen and the private detective fell in love."

a smart young fellow and such a figure of a man as attracts a woman's attention

With matters at such a stage it was natural that when a smart stranger appeared at the house, presented a letter of introduction from an old friend of Daniel Storm, and was invited to stay a few days, the invitation being accepted, the two young people were chagrined. It meant a breaking in to their peaceable love-making. Besides, the newcomer did not inspire them with confidence, though Daniel Storm took to him and showed him the collection in the library.

Several days passed, during which the newcomer aroused the suspicions of the private detective by his predilection for the library, where the precious collection was

anticipation, and a chuckle broke between his lips as he bent down to inspect the iron door it was his intention to force. With the stealth of a cat he commenced work, and Lewis, behind the curtain, was about to cover him when Turner straightened himself up, stood listening a moment, and then went to the window. Opening it he looked out, but seeing no one returned to the safe and in a minute or two had it open.

"Hands up!" A brusque command sounded behind him, and springing round in amazed fright the thief found himself looking down the ugly barrel of a revolver held in the determined hand of Frank Lewis.

A curse broke from Turner.

"That's no use, Mr. Turner," said Lewis quietly; "the game's up this time. Put your hands up—you're caught in the act, and had better give in quietly unless you wish to be hurt."

Turner's gaze wandered from the revolver to the window, to which Lewis stood with

"Stay. I know. We'll throw suspicion on him," continued Turner. "Here, take the baubles and put them safe in your pocket."

"Righto—I'm not against doing that; that's just what I came for."

"There's no time for frivolity," said Turner severely. "Mind you don't play any pranks. If you do——" He let out an oath which caused the other to shake apprehensively.

"Well, what do we do now?" he asked, as he took the jewels handed him and carefully wrapping them up in a handkerchief placed them in his pocket.

"We upset the contents of the safe like this, see," said Turner, suiting the action to his words. "Then we take his thumb and make a print of it on the diamond tray."

"Yes?"

"Suspicion will fall on him. If we get him out of the way for a while it will be all the stronger. Come, give me a hand to carry him out. We'll fix him up comfortable in



his back, but the later missed its meaning.

"There's no escape that way. One step and I'll blow a hole in you."

Again Turner's eye went to the window, and before the private detective could comprehend the revolver was knocked up from behind and a pair of sinewy hands fixed on his throat.

Bob Turner's accomplice had arrived just in time to save his comrade. Overwhelmed by the pair who had attacked him, Lewis was quickly borne down and stunned.

"Here's a nice state of affairs," ejaculated the man called "Bob," kicking the unconscious man at his feet. "What's to be done now—grab the swag and scoot before he comes round?"

"No! We carry out our plan as before," said Turner coldly. "We'll tie him up first."

"And then?"

"There's an empty house across the way, we can place him there."

the house yonder and leave him to come round and survey the position. It will amuse him to riddle out how he was bested."

The two men picked up the inanimate form none to gently and passed it out of the window. They carried Lewis to the empty house and left him securely tied up there. The job finished, Turner told his accomplice to clear out.

"You know where to place the stones," he said. "Let me know when you are through and how much you receive. No games mind, or it will be worse for you. Get off now."

"And you?"

"I'm going back to the house and to bed, till someone discovers the robbery."

"And then——?"

"I shall make it hot for that chap there," pointing to the unoccupied house.

The servants entering to clean the library next morning discovered the disturbed safe.

The alarm was given and the whole household was roused. Turner was with the first to condole with old Storm, who was beside himself with rage and exasperation, but Frank Lewis did not appear.

"Lewis, Lewis, where is Lewis?" cried the old man, thinking his private detective would reveal the culprit and restore the jewels.

"Wake him up and bring him down immediately," he shouted to the frightened servants, one of whom flew to Lewis' room, only to return with the message that Mr. Lewis was not there.

"Not there," raved Storm, "not there; then why is he not here attending to his work?"

"He may have gone out early, papa," put in Helen, desiring to protect her sweetheart.

"Or he may have a very good reason for being out of the way just now," said Turner with a sneer.

"What do you suggest, sir," cried Helen contemptuously.

several thumbprints — of various people. Shall we see if we can find any on the safe, or the diamond tray, which I see has been left?"

Helen sniffed at Turner's plausible words and plainly showed her contempt for his vulgar suspicions, but her father readily fell in with the suggestions, and the investigations were carried out. With the aid of a large reading-glass the safe and the tray were closely inspected.

"Ha! as I thought," ejaculated Turner as he ran his eye over the tray, "The thief's thumbprint. Now we shall see if my suspicions lead us anywhere."

He handed the glass to Daniel Storm and invited him to inspect the thumbprint.

"Yes, the impression is distinct enough," cried the old man, "but how are we to discover whose it is?"

"I think I can help you even in that," said Turner. "Some days ago, while watching the movements of your private detective,



"Perhaps Mr. Storm will understand me," returned Turner, looking at the old man.

"No, sir, I do not understand; perhaps you will explain."

"Well, lest my suspicions are not well grounded, I think it best we should find out all we can before I give utterance to my thoughts."

"Good, good," muttered old Storm. "What do you propose doing?"

"I would suggest that the matter is hushed up for a day or so, and that we make private investigations. In the meantime, however, you could put the police on the track of Mr. Lewis and have him watched."

"But what about the diamonds?"

"No one will try to dispose of them for a day or so for fear of being captured. The best will be to warn the police and to find out what we can here, ourselves. I may tell you I have had suspicions and have taken certain precautions. For instance, I have

I came to the conclusion that there were ulterior motives in his actions. I hardly imagined he had designs on your famous diamonds, but I thought at least it would be well to be prepared."

"Yes, yes—and you watched him?"

"I not only watched him, but I obtained an impression of his thumb, and here it is," showing a piece of paper with the thumbprint on it.

"Father, how can you listen to such outrageous insinuations?" It was Helen who cried out in alarm. She did not fear for her sweetheart, but she feared the machinations of this saue stranger, who appeared desirous of injuring Lewis.

"Silence! We must see if the suggestions bear investigation before we decide to ignore them," cried her father.

"That is my opinion, sir," said Turner.

"Your opinion," cried Helen, exasperated. "Who cares for your opinion when you

endeavour your utmost to injure a man who has done you no harm, but whom you, for some reason, wish to incriminate."

"You misinterpret my intentions entirely, Miss Storm. I have no wish to injure Mr. Lewis unjustly. But I think your father will agree, we have to sift all evidence and not allow friendships or any other feelings deter us in our efforts to get at the bottom of this affair. Am I right, Mr. Storm?"

"Quite right. Now let us compare the prints," said the old man.

Helen flounced from the room in disgust, and the two men went on with their investigations.

"Why, they're exactly identical," cried Storm as he compared the thumbprints. "The scoundrel, the ungrateful scoundrel—to live under my roof and plot to rob me of my most cherished possessions."

"Calm yourself, Mr. Storm," said Turner. "He cannot have gone far and the police are bound to catch him."

"But the diamond?"

"He will not have disposed of it yet. It will be found on him."

"We had better advise the police to arrest him!"

"Yes, I would suggest that; and further, I would advise that nothing be said of what we have discovered; that no one be told our suspicions, not even Miss Helen."

"The ungrateful scoundrel! And I had treated him like a son."

"Well, you know the adage of the dog which bites the feeding hand."

"To well—it's true."

"I'm exceedingly sorry, Mr. Storm, but I feel you will recover your lost diamond, and that young blackguard will be brought to book."

Turner, the arch-scoundrel that he was, consoled the old man and won his thanks; he had stolen his most valuable possession, now he would set about an attempt to gain his daughter, the other treasure. That would not be so easy, but it was worth the while. With Helen his wife he could live in luxury the remainder of his life. And the old man was with him! Why should he not win her?

* * *

The eventful day drew out. Frank Lewis, cramped up with his arms bound, awoke to his senses. Amazed, he looked out of the window of the house in which he was

deposited and saw at some distance the porch of Daniel Storm's home. As he watched, the figure of a woman came out under the porch and stood there, the dying sun lighting up her hair with its glorious red rays. The girl was Helen, and Lewis, now realising his position, the events of the night before coming back to his numbed brain, tried to attract attention by shouting. The figure in the porch appeared to turn his way. He shouted with all the strength of his lungs, but to no avail. She turned away again and a second figure came out under the porch. Lewis struggled to free himself—he recognised the new figure as that of Turner, the villain who had robbed his sweetheart's father; who had stunned him, and, with his accomplice, bound him and placed him in this prison.

The thongs were bound too tightly. Lewis, despite his strength, could not move them. Again he shouted, but his voice was weak with his frantic struggles, and no one heard.

He was forced to watch the thief speak to his sweetheart and comport himself with all the assurance in the world. Lewis almost fancied he could distinguish the leering, self-satisfied smirk of the scoundrel. His blood boiled, but he was roused to fury when he saw Turner take Helen's hand and draw close as if to whisper words of love. He saw her snatch her hand away and turn from the fellow, and he felt a glorious satisfaction; but he writhed to think that he should be the witness of this insult without being able to lift a finger to avenge it.

As the light went down Lewis, worn out by his efforts to free himself, fell asleep, and it was broad daylight before he opened his eyes again. He looked about him for a means to escape from his unenviable position—the pangs of hunger and the fury of dismay started him at work on the restricting thongs with redoubled energy and method.

Meanwhile everyone was astir in the Storm household. Turner had descended early to receive a letter he expected, and was not too well pleased with the news. He had hoped for a quick disposal of the diamonds, but "Bob's" message that the police were watching him gave him shivers. However, he preserved an appearance of equanimity towards Helen, and he counselled patience when Daniel Storm desired to take more vigorous action and lost his temper. But the letter worried him, and he read it

again and again. That letter was the crooks' undoing.

He followed Helen about all day seeking a favourable opportunity to press his suit, but she cleverly led him off, divining his purpose.

Once she let him talk—in the library—and he was so agitated by the way in which she handled him that he had difficulty in controlling himself. Helen laughed inwardly as he thrust his hands nervously in and out of his pockets, and laughed outright when he slunk out of the room beaten by her raillery and rebuff. As he left, a piece of paper fell from his pocket as he withdrew his hand. Helen

noticed, it but she did not think it worth while recalling him. Instead she picked up the paper and read.

Her face blanched at she took in the meaning of the words. Turner had stolen the diamonds and had attempted to thrust suspicion on to Frank to cover himself. She hesitated a moment, hardly knowing what to do. Steps sounded in the hall. She determined to take the paper to her father, and made for the door.

Just outside was Turner, his face livid. He read what he feared in the girl's attitude and tried to seize her, but she eluded his grasp and flew up the stairs to her own room and locked the door.

Turner, now blind with rage, the outcome of his fear of exposure, dashed up the stairs after her. Had he been wise he would have sought to save himself and escaped, but he lost his head, and hurling himself at the locked door endeavoured to force it open.

Frank Lewis had worked away at his bonds till he succeeded in freeing himself, and rushing into the house ran to his sweetheart's assistance.

Turner leaped through the window opening on to the roof of the porch.

"Now for the reckoning," said the young fellow between his teeth, as he rushed at Turner like a mad bull.

Frank braced himself for the shock and caught Turner in a bear-like hug. To and fro the pair wrestled, the thief cursing might



"The thief found himself looking down the ugly barrel of a revolver."

and main and endeavouring to extricate himself from his opponent's iron grasp. Nearer the edge of the roof they struggled, till they literally swayed over the brink. Then something descended on the head of the rogue and he relaxed his hold, stumbled over the edge and fell to the ground, where he lay still.

"Thank God you thought of that flower-pot in time," cried Frank, as he took the half-fainting girl in his arms. "In another moment we should both have been over."

They found Turner still in death, and carried him into the house to await the police.

Frank Lewis related his experience to Daniel Storm, who in penitence for his misbelief and swayed by his daughter's appeal, gave the young pair his blessing.

Later that evening the police telephoned to say they had captured Turner's accomplice, "Bob," as he was trying to dispose of the famous diamond.

The gem was returned, and old Storm continues his hobby; but remembering the attempt on his treasure, he is careful of his visitors now, and reserves his heartiest welcome for his one-time secretary and his beautiful wife—who, whenever her father waxes warm in his arguments with his son-in-law, whispers in his ear the one word, "Thumbprints," and the old man gives in, right or wrong.

A Coney Island Nightmare.

From the VITAGRAPH Feature Play by Kenneth S. Webb.

Adapted by Bruce McCall.

Josie, after a day full of experiences and too much cheese for lunch, becomes interested in a new book, "The Castaways." She suffers a terrible nightmare, and, as she awakes after an awful struggle, throws the book into the water, her adventures in slumberland having cured her of a desire for "thrillers."

Cast :		
Josie	...	JOSIE SADLER
Hank	...	BILLY QUIRK
The Hero	...	DENTON VANE
Heroine	...	EDNA HOLLAND
Coloured Waiter	...	MR. SNEEZE



JOSIE was romantic, though you might not have thought it to look at her. She was undeniably fat. Hank called her plump, but then he dared not have said anything uncomplimentary to her even if he had wanted to, which he didn't. Hank was Josie's young man, and very much in love with her. He was the greengrocer's young man too, and spent a good deal of his time with a basket on his arm going round to customers with cabbages and turnips and that sort of thing.

Hank was out with his basket one hot morning, and feeling tired he sat down on a pile of timber by the roadside. He picked up a newspaper which someone had thrown away, and as he scanned its pages a big headline caught his eye. It informed all who cared to know that on the previous day one thousand people had enjoyed high jinks at Coney Island.

Hank read the account of how they had done it, and was immediately consumed with longing to go and do the same himself. It was hot here in the city, and work was very tiring and unbearably monotonous. He thought of the amusements at Coney Island, its manifold delights, the rocks, the beach, and the sunlight on the sea. What a day he and Josie might have there if only he could get a brief holiday!

Hank was a lad of resource. When he got back to the shop, and his employer was giving him instructions for the delivery of some more cabbages, Hank suddenly began to stagger like a drunken man.

"Hallo!" cried his employer. "What's the matter. You ain't drunk, are you?"

"N—no," stammered Hank, "but I don't feel very well. Something's come over me. Heat I reckon. Thought I was going to faint."

He held tightly to a case of bananas, and swayed a little to and fro.

"Well, I reckon it is hot," said the greengrocer; "too hot to live. Look here," he added kindly, "we ain't very busy just now; you'd better take the rest of the day off. Go home and lie down for a bit."

Hank needed no second bidding. He thanked his employer and cleared out. It was wonderful how much better he became as soon as he had got out of sight of the greengrocer's shop. He hurried home, donned his holiday suit, and was round at Josie's house in next to no time.

He found his lady love engrossed in an exciting novel she had obtained from the library. She started to tell him about it before he could explain why he had called at this time of day, but he stopped her.

"Never mind the book," he said. "We're goin' to Coney Island for the day."

"Oh, go on," said Josie; "ain't you goin' to work?"

"Got a holiday. Be quick and make yourself look beautiful, 'cause I'se awaiting for yer, honey." Hank broke into song.

"But, Hank, do you really mean it?"

"Sure I do, Josie. Now go and get ready right away."

"Well, I really would like to tell you about my book. The hero——"

"Oh, never mind the hero! I'm your hero to-day at any rate. We'll be late if you don't hurry."

Josie convinced at last that Hank was not joking, ran off to change her dress, but she took her beloved book with her, and propped it up on the dressing-room table to read in snatches while she was completing her toilet. Hank waited impatiently, but he forgot his impatience when she appeared in a dream of a dress and a duck of a hat, and looking plumper than ever.

Arm in arm they started out to take the car.

To their indignation the driver of the first car took no notice of them whatever, though he waved and shouted

frantically. They had better luck with the next one. The car stopped and passengers leaned out and shouted impertinent remarks.

"Why don't you marry the girl?" inquired one of them.

Hank was engaged in conversation with the conductor at the moment, making quite sure that this was the car he wanted, but he broke off in the middle of a question to say:

"Well, I am goin' to, ain't I? And what's it got to do with you, any way?"

There was a chorus of laughter, and the conductor cut in:

"Can't wait here all day. If you're coming, hop in."

Josie and Hank, with some assistance from the conductor, hopped in. Josie, who apparently preferred her book to Hank's conversation, was soon absorbed, and her young man put on a terrifying expression in order to convince the smiling passengers that he was not the sort of fellow to be trifled with.

They had got a good way on their journey

when the conductor appeared and demanded fares. Now Hank was not too well supplied with money, and was not going to spend any of it in car fares if he could help it. So he said he was very sorry, but he had come out without any.

"Well, you're a pretty one," remarked the conductor. "A nice young cub to come out with your sweetheart, you are. Think the company keeps cars running to give you joy rides, I s'pose. Well, I guess you've got to pay or git. Which is it to be?"

"Well," said Hank, with an engaging smile, "I

ain't got no money."

"Then off you go," the conductor catching hold of Hank's collar and heaving him out of his seat.

Hank showed fight, but before he knew what was happening he was sprawling in the road, and Josie was getting off the car in a hurry, treating the conductor to a piece of her mind at the same time.

Well, here they were! There was nothing for it but to walk the rest of the way, but they had had a pretty fair ride for nothing,



The savage chief.

and another mile took them to Coney Island.

There they plunged into a whirl of delights. The Somali Village first attracted their attention, and they gazed open-mouthed at the scantily-clothed specimens of the inhabitants who paraded about outside while a loud-voiced showman told of all the wonders to be seen inside. Hank and Josie made their way to the ticket office and paid the price of admission. Going with the crowd, they found themselves presently looking over a fence into an enclosure where a score or so of half-naked savages were careering wildly about, dancing and screaming like mad. A few of them had set up a target and were throwing darts at it.

"Huh! I can do that," remarked Hank with scorn. "Bet I can throw as well as any of them heathens."

Before Josie could put out a hand to stop him he had scrambled over the fence and was among the Somali. Josie was horror-struck. She half expected to see him killed, cooked, and eaten before her eyes; but nothing so diabolical happened. The niggers received him in quite a friendly fashion, and when he seized a dart and threw it at the target they laughed and applauded with enthusiasm.

Hank returned to his lady love's side. He showed no desire to emulate the Somali when they broke into a war-dance. A most realistic fight followed. The savages flourished their weapons ferociously and yelled in blood-curdling fashion. Josie was frightened and clung to Hank, who was hardly less scared than she was.

Somehow they found themselves left alone. The rest of the spectators had retired to a distance, and the reason for this was soon clear. With a yell that made Hank jump nearly out of his skin, the whole troupe of woolly-headed heathens rush out of the enclosure, and ran leaping and whooping straight for Hank and Josie.

Josie's scream was nearly as blood-curdling as if she had been one of the savages herself. She and Hank bolted for their lives, with the savages after them and the spectators shrieking with laughter. What might have happened there is no knowing, but just as Hank began to feel that he could run no longer he saw a big iron gate ahead of him. It was open. He and Josie dashed through at the same moment, and banged it in the faces of the grinning niggers, who had never had such a fine bit of fun since they left their native wilds.

"My laud!" panted Josie, "they're some savages. Can't we find a show that isn't so—skerry like?"

But Coney Island for them was a place of thrills. They strolled into Steeplechase Park, and suddenly a wooden gangway which they were crossing began to heave up and down and to sway from side to side in a dreadfully "skerry" fashion. They succeeded in crossing, however, only to rush into adventures even more disconcerting. A big, fearsome-looking bear completed their discomfiture, and they had to run away again. They began to doubt whether Coney Island really was amusing after all.

"Gee!" cried Hank suddenly. "What's this nigger doin'?"

They were passing behind a wooden screen and had an excellent back view of a big negro who, with his head through a hole in the screen, was allowing the people in front to take pot-shots at him, while he dodged the missiles with extraordinary agility.

"Hi, nigger!" cried Hank, "let me have a go."

The big nigger turned a grinning face to them. "Berry well," he said, "but dey hit hard—sometimes."

A minute afterwards Hank was in a position to corroborate the statement, having received one on the right cheek. He went to Josie for sympathy and turned a deaf ear to the nigger's invitation to have another go.

It was time for lunch. They found a restaurant with a table on a balcony whence they could see the antics of a laughing, gyrating throng on the revolving discs below. Hank could not resist the temptation, and leaving Josie with her book, which she had been jealously holding through all their adventures, he ran downstairs to have a turn on the discs himself. He was whirled and thrown about to his heart's content, and after the usual altercation with the attendant he re-appeared on the balcony, very much dishevelled and with a tremendous appetite.

The black waiter was just bringing their lunch, and Josie cried out at him angrily:

"Now then, you black trash, why haven't you brought what we ordered? It was wiener schnitzel we wanted, not seagrass. We're not going to eat that. You go back and bring what we asked for."

The waiter set the dishes down. "What you mean?" he said. "I reckon this is what you ordered."

"Well," Hank put in, "I reckon it ain't,



“There he was—dress suit, white shirt front and all.”

and you'd better not give us any back talk, you black nigger you.”

“I'll see about this,” said the waiter, and vanished, returning in two minutes with a gigantic attendant, the very one with whom Hank had just had a little difficulty downstairs.

“What, you again?” remarked that individual. “Seem to think you own the place, you do. I guess we can do without your custom. Outside, quick! You won't go? Right!”

For the next ten seconds or so it seemed to Hank that he had somehow got mixed up in an earthquake, and by the time he had collected himself sufficiently to tell the attendant exactly what he thought of him he was outside the restaurant. “Oh, come along, Hank,” said Josie. “He's bigger than you, and I'm so hungry.”

In that they were of one mind, and they took the edge off their appetites at a quick-lunch counter. Hank secured also a bag of meat-pies and a bottle of beer for later consideration. Then they turned their backs on the artificial attractions of Coney Island and went back to nature. In other words, they went down to the seashore, ate their lunch comfortably on a rock, and looked at the sea.

The excitements of the morning and the lunch together were too much for Hank, and presently he stretched himself on the rock in the sunshine and went to sleep. Josie, reclining at ease with her head on his breast, opened her book and immediately lost herself in the thrilling adventures of “The Castaways.” She had just got to the point where the captain of the ship, who had been contemptuously flouted by the heroine, was

about to maroon her and her lover

"On an uninhabited island
In the Blue Arabian Sea,"

when she too fell into slumber, and dreamed that she and Hank were the heroine and the hero of the book.

The captain of the yacht on which they were was no less a villain than the car conductor who had made himself so unpleasant in the morning. Josie knew they had nothing to hope from him, and when he said, showing his teeth in a fiendish grin—

"Perish on the high seas, and learn what it means to make an enemy of Captain Mike!" she gave herself and Hank up for lost.

Captain Mike himself pushed their boat off, and as the yacht sailed away they saw him standing on the bridge watching them and heard his hateful laugh.

They reached the island, and as Hank helped her out of the boat she noticed that he had a gun, though she had no idea where he had got it from. It seemed quite a nice island to look at, but as they had eaten nothing since breakfast and it was now afternoon they had not much inclination to admire the beauties of nature.

"Can't we find something to eat?" Josie whimpered. "I'm so hungry."

Then it was that Hank proved himself just the companion for such an adventure. He seemed to know all about the remarkable vegetation of the island. You would have thought he had been a castaway all his life.

"See!" he said, dramatically. "The bread tree and the milk-weed!"

And there, sure enough, was a tree the lower branches of which were laden with bakers' loaves, crisp and crusty and golden brown. They took a loaf each, and then Hank, going towards a curious-looking shrub, turned down a branch and a stream of milk came gushing out!

Of course this was better than being without food, but Josie thought she would like something to eat with the bread. Hank soon made that all right. A couple of small dogs appeared from nowhere in particular and Hank gave them both barrels of his sporting rifle. In a moment then the dogs were sausages!

It was only after they had eaten their fill that Hank began to be disquieted. What were dogs doing on an uninhabited island? Was it really uninhabited?

The question was answered in startling

fashion. There was a chorus of ear-splitting yells, and at the other end of the little glade in which they were sitting there appeared a gang of the most frightful looking savages that ever had missionary for dinner. They had huge rings in their ears and noses, murderous looking spears in their hands, and no more clothes than were absolutely necessary.

"Fly, Josie, fly!" cried the heroic Hank, throwing his rifle to his shoulder. He fired again and again. Savages topled over like ninepins, but others came on, and Hank, seeing no chance of beating them off, rushed away in Josie's wake.

Alas! Another troop of warriors headed them off, and with ugly black devils shouting and leaping around them they were led in triumph to the native village.

It would have rejoiced Captain Mike's evil heart to see his victims now. There was not much uninhabited island about this. Hank and Josie made frantic appeals to their captors, who, if they did not understand the words, comprehended the meaning well enough and gloated over the agony of their captors. It seemed, however, that some of them, at any rate, knew something of the language.

"Boil 'em alive," they shouted, and the whole lot began a fantastic dance around Hank and Josie, screaming at the top of their voices in horrible chorus:

"Boil 'em alive! Boil 'em alive!"

Josie screamed in terror, and she screamed again when one gigantic savage who seemed to be the chief prodded her arms and passed his hand over her face, smacking his lips in anticipation. Josie, as we have said, was fat, and the chief was something of an epicure.

He gave an order and the two luckless captives were dragged to a tent. There were two holes in the canvas, and as they stuck their heads through and looked at the yelling black devils dancing outside Josie would have given a good deal to be back at Coney Island watching Hank put his head through the screen to be shied at.

They were dragged out of the tent again and haled before the chief, who, as Josie gazed at him with horror-struck eyes, changed miraculously into the big black waiter at the Coney Island restaurant. There he was—dress suit, white shirt front and all. The rings had disappeared from his nose and ears.

"Ha, ha!" he laughed. "You want wiener schnitzel, do you? Well, I think you no get it here. We have you for dinner to-day. See?"

Josie was too far gone to do anything but weep, and Hank was in no better case.

The waiter waved his hand and the dancing mob drove their victims to a place where an enormous saucepan was suspended above a pile of wood and other inflammable material. As they approached a match was applied to the pile, and laughing in fiendish glee at their victims' screams and entreaties, the savages lifted them and dropped them into the saucepan, which was nearly full of water. Josie saw that hateful waiter smacking his lips again and patting his waistcoat. With a despairing shriek and a tremendous effort she—woke up.

The savages and the fire had disappeared. There was nobody but herself and Hank, and he was just rolling off the rock into the water, which had risen while they slept and was now between them and the shore.

"Hank! Hank!" screamed Josie, grasping his collar and helping him to climb on the rock again. "We shall be drowned! The water's all round us! Oh, what shall we do? And oh, I've had such an awful dream."

"Never mind the dream," said Hank; "we've got to get out of this. I wonder how deep the water is?"



"The savages lifted them and dropped them into the saucepan."

Holding on the rock he tried the depth with one foot, and shouted in triumph:

"It's all right, Josie; it's all right; we can walk ashore."

And walk ashore they did, and though they got pretty wet in doing so Josie was too thankful to mind. They were on dry land once more when she remembered something.

"My book!" she cried. "It's on the rock."

Hank darted away on the instant, waded to the rock and brought the book back to Josie.

She took it, held it for a few moments, and then threw it into the sea.

"I won't waste my time on books any more," she said viciously. "That's what gave me that awful dream. I guess we'd better be gettin' off home."

MISS BEVERLY BAYNE, the pretty Essanay actress, was crossing Broadway and Lawrence Avenues, Chicago, on her way home just at dark.

A tiny girl in ragged garments was standing on the corner with a tin cup trying to gather pennies. But she was so little and so shy that hardly any one noticed her.

Miss Bayne looked down as the wee voice said "Please," holding out her almost empty cup.

"Faver is dead and muvver is sick and can't work," said the voice when asked why such a little girl should be asking aid on the street.

Miss Bayne reached for her purse but found she had forgotten her change.

She promptly took the tin cup from the grimy hand, and with her arm around the girl, who was scarcely more than a baby, began to sing. For Miss Bayne has a beautiful voice as well as being a star motion-picture actress.

In a moment the careless, passing throng was attracted. They recognised her and shouted "Beverly Bayne."

There was a rain of money into the cup which was soon overflowing. The tiny girl gathered it all up in her apron and started for her home, her face radiant.

The Queen of Diamonds.

*Adapted from the MILANO Film Masterpiece
by James Cooper.*

A truly interesting plot, remarkable for its intense excitement, showing how a girl races for wealth across continents, braving the terrors of a fire at sea and after being taken prisoner by the Death's Head Gang and drugged, is finally rescued by her devoted lover.

FEATURING MISS JUANITA KENNEDY AS "GRACE"

PART I.



COLONEL KINGSTON was dying. He knew it, though as yet he had kept the knowledge of the fact from Grace. The girl still had hopes of his recovery, though to eyes not blinded by love, as hers were, it was evident that Colonel Kingston had been growing steadily weaker for a long time. It was many days now since he had been able to get out and sit in the sun-bathed garden of Kimberley House. He spend his days now in a long invalid chair in the room with the sunniest and most cheerful aspect, and Grace tended him with loving care, banishing gloomy thoughts and making the time pass as pleasantly for him as she could.

This afternoon, as the sick man watched her moving about the room, he was trying to make up his mind to tell her that his time was growing short, and that he must very soon leave her alone in the world. There was something else, too, that he must tell her. But not yet; to-morrow would do.

"Dear old Daddy," she said, as she lit a cigarette for him and busied herself with preparations for tea; "you're very quiet to-day. I can't have you moping like this, you know. You've just got to forget all your little worries and make haste and get well."

The sick man shook his head and smiled.

"You're a dear girl, Grace. I don't know what I should have done without you all these weeks. It's too hard of me to take up all your time as I have been doing."

Grace shook her finger at him playfully. "I'm not going to let you talk like that," she said. "Don't I just love waiting upon you? If you want to please me in return you must make up your mind to get well."

It was a little later in the afternoon that Colonel Kingston realised that to-morrow would not do, and that he must say quickly what he had to say to Grace. A violent fit of coughing brought the girl quickly to his side. When the paroxysm had passed he bade her kneel down and listen carefully while he told his story.

"I am a dying man, Grace," he said, speaking slowly and with difficulty. "I have known it for some time. I ought perhaps to have told you before, but I feared to make you unhappy. But now I can put it off no longer. I feel that the end is near, and there are things I must say to you."

The girl searched his face with anxious eyes. "Won't to-morrow do?" she asked. "You are tired now. In the morning you will feel stronger. Tell me to-morrow, Daddy."

"No, my child; to-morrow may be too late. I must tell you now while I have the strength. What I have to say will surprise, perhaps sadden you, but you must promise to listen quietly."



"Grace questioned Gilbert, but he knew nothing except he had found the casket lying on the floor."

The girl, striving to keep back her tears, promised, but she could not repress an exclamation at Colonel Kingston's next words.

"You are not my daughter." Grace made a movement as though to rise, but she remembered her promise, and putting strong constraint upon herself listened as Colonel Kingston told her that she was the daughter of his oldest and dearest friend, a mighty hunter who had been famous throughout South Africa. He had left the camp one day with a few companions to shoot big game, and the little party was treacherously attacked by a large force of natives. The hunters, though surrounded and vastly outnumbered, fought like heroes, but they were soon overpowered, and all but Grace's father were massacred upon the spot. Him, the leader, the natives dragged away. Perhaps they intended to keep him prisoner, or far more likely they had reserved for him a more dreadful fate. But he escaped, and, wounded as he was, managed after dreadful sufferings to reach the camp from which he had set out with his party.

"A messenger was sent off to me," said Colonel Kingston. "I was forty or fifty miles away with a troop of horse. It was my first independent command, and our duty was partly police and partly

military. When the messenger found me and told me what had happened I took a few men and started at once. Our horses flew. When I reached the camp your father was dying. One of his men came to the side of the rough couch with a baby girl in his arms. He bent over the couch and your father with a feeble hand smoothed the child's curly hair.

"Grace," he murmured, "my little Grace." "Then, with an effort, he lifted a silver casket from the couch and handed it to me. His lips moved, and I could see by the look in his eyes that he wanted to speak, but he could not. His eyes wandered again to the child, and when they brought her near he kissed her and fell back dead."

Grace was crying softly.

"You were that little child, Grace," went on Colonel Kingston. "After we had buried your father I took charge of you, and you have grown up as my daughter. We have been happy together, Grace, have we not?" he said wistfully.

"Oh, yes," sobbed Grace, "so happy."

Colonel Kingston, exhausted by the effort of telling his story, was lying back in his chair with his eyes closed. Now he sat up suddenly, and his voice was strong and steady.

"Go to my desk," he said, "and bring me the silver casket you will find there."

Grace did his bidding, but by the time she had returned to his chair his strength had expended itself. He put out his hands to take the casket but was unable to grasp it, and it fell upon the floor as Colonel Kingston sank back in his chair—dead.

Grace had not noticed the entry of a third person into the room. This was the dead man's nephew, James Heriot. He had entered in time to see the casket fall, but not to hear anything of Colonel Kingston's story. He now came forward, and after satisfying himself that his uncle was dead he put his arm around the weeping girl and led her to a chair. He summoned servants, and after the body had been carried away and Grace had left him alone in the room he saw the casket lying on the floor.

Heriot was Colonel Kingston's only surviving relative, but he had quarrelled with his uncle, and for a long time they had not met. Heriot, a gambler, a spendthrift, and a notorious evil liver, had been forbidden the house. He had heard of his uncle's illness, however, and had braved his displeasure in the hope of obtaining money by persuasion or other means.

He picked up the casket and opened it. At the moment he heard footsteps approaching, and thrusting his hand into the casket he took out a small leather case and hurriedly replaced the casket on the floor.

There entered Gilbert, a giant, who had been Colonel Kingston's confidential servant for many years, and was Grace's devoted slave.

"I was just going, Gilbert," remarked Heriot. "Tell Miss Grace I'll look in again to-morrow, will you?"

He had been gone only a few minutes when Grace returned. She had remembered the casket. Gilbert brought it to her. She found inside written instructions to take the diamond which was in the casket to a Mr. Thompson, solicitor, Cape Town, from whom she would then receive a document revealing the whereabouts of a rich diamond field which had been discovered by her father.

The instructions were clear enough, but except for the paper on which they were written the casket was empty. Grace questioned Gilbert, but he knew nothing except he had found the casket lying on the floor. It was not until the following morning that they remembered Heriot had been for some time in the room alone. Grace immediately concluded that he had taken the diamond, and was confirmed in her opinion when, on calling at his rooms, she was told by his servant that he had left town on the previous evening, saying that he was going to Europe.

He had gone, of course, to dispose of the diamond, which could be done with greater safety and convenience in any of the European capitals than in Cape Town, where awkward questions might be asked. Grace determined to go in pursuit of the thief, and as soon as possible after the funeral of the man who had been her guardian she set off upon her journey, accompanied

only by the devoted Gilbert.

For a fortnight they had fair weather and a prosperous voyage. Then there came a night when passengers were roused from sleep by the cry of "Fire!"—the most terrible and tragic cry that can be heard at sea. Grace heard the shouts and the screams of the panic-stricken passengers, but before she could leave her cabin Gilbert rushed in. Without waiting to make any explanation Gilbert swung her over his shoulder and carried her to the deck, pushing his way with herculean strength through the throngs of men and women. It was a terrible scene. The officers of the ship strove to preserve some semblance of discipline, but their voices could not be heard amid the frightful din, and many of the passengers, driven into a frenzy of fear by dense volumes of smoke which poured through the hatchways, sprang from the deck into the boats almost before they could be lowered into the water. Several boats, terribly over-laden, capsized, and men, women, and children were thrown shrieking into the water.

At last Gilbert saw his chance, and, still carrying Grace over his shoulder, managed to get a place in a boat just as it was leaving the ship. It was the last boat, and its departure was the signal for an outburst of cries and curses, the most despairing ever heard by mortal ears. As the boat rowed away Grace saw crowds of unhappy people who had been left jumping into the sea, preferring death by drowning rather than to remain on the burning ship. It was a sight which she could never afterwards recall without a shudder.



"Many of the passengers sprang into the boats."

The disaster had occurred almost within sight of land, but the tragedy was not yet complete. The boat in which Grace and Gilbert were was the only one which had got safely away from the ship, but it was seriously overloaded, and when it had almost reached safety it was caught by an eddy among the rocks and overturned. Of all on board only Grace and Gilbert reached the shore.

PART II.

THEY found shelter and a kindly welcome in a fisherman's cottage.

All their belongings had gone down with the ship, and when Grace had pressed upon the humble family who had given them succour the small sum which was all they would consent to take she was left with a very slender store. Her pursuit of Heriot had perforce to be abandoned for the time while she sought for some means of earning a living.

They had been at the cottage for two or three days, and Grace was sitting by the fire in the evening listlessly scanning the local paper when an advertisement caught her eye. It was an announcement that M. Plancon, of the Alcazar Theatre of Varieties in a large town a few miles away, had a few vacancies for dancers. It happened that Grace was passionately fond of dancing. While staying in London with Colonel Kingston a couple of years before she had taken lessons from a famous Russian dancer, who had declared that Grace was capable of taking the rôle of *première danseuse* in any capital in Europe. Here, she thought, was a chance to turn her accomplishment to profitable account. Gilbert, when she told him of her idea, shook his head and tried to dissuade her, but his objections had to give way before the imperative necessity of making some money.

She wrote to M. Plancon, and an appointment was arranged, the result of which was so satisfactory that she was engaged upon the spot as principal dancer. Her success was instantaneous, and the new star at the Alcazar speedily became the talk of the town. Her beauty and her talent brought admirers to her feet, but of them all none was so devoted and persistent in his attentions as the wealthy young Count Armand d'Arville. He had been in the theatre on the night of her first appearance, and was so much impressed that he endeavoured to make her

acquaintance after the performance. He made the mistake, however, of attempting to purchase Gilbert's favour by a gift of money. It was angrily rejected, and the faithful body-guard shouldered the Count roughly aside as Grace appeared, stepped into the car which was waiting for her, and drove away.

Count Armand did not accept the rebuff as final. He got Plancon to introduce him in proper form a day or two later, and he and Grace were very soon on a friendly footing, so friendly, indeed, that Grace told him her history and the story of the diamond.

He had as yet not ventured to declare his love for her, but this proof of her confidence in him gave him hope that when he did so she would not be unkind. He did not intend to hurry matters, but circumstances were too strong for him. One afternoon in Grace's drawing-room he was leaning on the piano and she was playing and singing an old song full of a wistful tenderness. Her beauty, her nearness, the seductive sweetness of her voice, broke down d'Arville's resolution. A gust of passion swept over him, and with a sudden swift step he had his arms around her, and was kissing her madly.

Hurt and indignant, she struggled to get free, and at last succeeded.

"How dare you!" she breathed passionately. "How dare you!"

For a moment he looked crestfallen and ashamed, but only for a moment.

"Forgive me," he said; "you must forgive me! I could not help myself—I love you so."

Grace shook her head slowly, but did not look at him.

"Oh," he went on eagerly. "I know I ought to have spoken first, and told you of my love. I meant to do so, and then—you were so beautiful, so sweet—oh, you *must* forgive me. Let me prove my love. There is nothing I will not do for you. I will—yes, I will get back the diamond for you, if you will promise to be my queen."

Grace gave way at that and smiled at him.

"You consent?" he cried joyfully; but before Grace could answer Gilbert entered the room. Seeing the Count bending over his beloved mistress the giant's fury broke loose. He seized the ardent lover and flung him aside with as much ease as though he had been a child.

The Count was furious, but Grace stepped

between the two men, and putting a gentle hand on Gilbert's arm said gently:

"Gilbert, I want you and Count Armand to be friends. He is my promised husband."

* * *

A week later the three were on Heriot's track. A private detective, engaged by the Count, learned that Colonel Kingston's nephew was suspected of being connected with a gang of international thieves. He lived extravagantly, and was known to have disposed of an enormous diamond to an American millionaire.

10 Gilbert was the first of the party to catch sight of Heriot. He set himself to dog his

footsteps, but he did not do it skilfully enough, and his first essay in criminal hunting ended in his being placed in a police cell charged with stealing the pocket-book of the very man he was following.

Heriot managed the affair very cleverly. At the police station he heard Gilbert give the name of the hotel at which he was staying. Heriot at once concluded that Grace would be there too, and seeing a chance to get her into his power he wrote a note, purporting to come from Gilbert, telling her that he was on Heriot's track and asking her to come at once to a restaurant, the address of which he gave. Heriot sent the note off, and went himself to the restaurant, and waited.

When Grace entered the place an hour later and asked for Gilbert, an obsequious waiter conducted her into an inner room, where she was immediately seized by two villainous-looking men, who, in spite of her cries and struggles, dragged her to the wall, forcing her hands and feet into crevices in the brick-work. One of the men pressed a spring, and at once the wall began to rise slowly.

When the motion stopped, and Grace, half dead with fear, was released, she found herself in a room draped all in black, which gave it a horribly sinister aspect. The room seemed to be full of men, all of whom wore evening dress. It seemed to Grace that this must be some awful dream. Staring with frightened eyes at the sinister faces around her, she suddenly heard a voice she knew, and, turning, saw Heriot.

"A little surprise, my dear Grace," he said. "Allow me to introduce my brethren of the Death's Head Gang, all met to do you honour."

For a moment Grace forgot her fear in anger at realising how she had been trapped. But he only laughed at her anger, and when fear returned upon her and she appealed



"He . . . was kissing her madly."



“A little surprise, my dear Grace,” he said. “Allow me to introduce my brethren of the Death’s Head Gang.”

piteously to be allowed to go, he said with a sneer that as she had been fool enough to come she must put up with the consequences.

* * *

Meanwhile Count Armand had found at the hotel a note from Grace telling him where she had gone and asking him to follow. This he did without hesitation. The shabbiness of the restaurant and the behaviour of some of the customers aroused his suspicions. It was certainly not a place for a lady. He decided to act warily. He took a seat and ordered a drink. Several well-dressed men came in, and each, as he was addressed by the waiter, paused, seemed to make some sign, was forthwith conducted to the far end of the room, and vanished. Shifting his chair slightly as another man entered, Armand saw the sign he made was a curious crossing of the fingers. As soon as the man had disappeared Armand attracted the attention of the waiter, and made the sign.

“This way, sir,” said the waiter in a low voice, and Armand followed him down the room. The man opened a door which gave on to a flight of steps. Descending these

into a cellar, the Count saw the man who had made the sign to the waiter holding on to a wall which was already beginning to rise. The man turned and saw him. With an oath he let go his hold on the wall and rushed at Armand, who had just time to drop him with a vigorous right-hander when another assailant sprang at him from behind. Turning with lightning speed, the Count served him as he had served the other, and springing up the steps, dashed through the restaurant and into the street before anyone could lay a finger on him.

* * *

In the grim council chamber of the Death’s Head’s Gang Heriot and his villainous crew were debating what was to be done with Grace. Suddenly a man rushed in among them. “Brothers,” he cried, “our secret is discovered; we are betrayed. Before long the police will be here.”

His words caused consternation, but Heriot and a few of the coolest among the gang listened to his story.

“The spy,” said Heriot sharply, “why was he not caught?”

"We chased him," was the reply, "but he gave us the slip."

"We must get away," said one of the men, "but what are we to do with the woman?"

Heriot laughed, pulled out a revolver, and pointed it at the fear-stricken girl. "This will be the quickest way," he said.

There were cries of protest, and at last it was decided that she should be drugged and that Heriot should carry her off. He himself prepared the potion and forced her to drink it. She became unconscious almost at once, and he carried her out of the room.



"He himself prepared the potion and forced her to drink it."

PART III.

COUNT ARMAND had gone straight to the police headquarters and told his story. On learning his name the superintendent sent for Gilbert, who, it appeared, on being questioned had stated that the Count would be able to prove his innocence. There was no trouble about that. Gilbert was released, and when he and the Count left the station they were accompanied by a force of police, who were instructed to effect the arrest of Heriot and the Death's Head Gang. They knew it would be useless to enter the restaurant openly, so they adopted a simple ruse. A brewers' dray, laden with a number of big barrels, drew up in front of the place. The cellar flap was raised, and the barrels were lowered one by one into the cellar. The top of one of the barrels was forced out, and Gilbert's head emerged. Armand appeared from another, and from each of the others scrambled a policeman in uniform.

A hasty look round assured Armand that the cellar was the one which he had previously visited. He pointed to the wall and gave instructions in a low tone. The policemen held on to the wall while Armand searched for the spring. He found it, the wall began to rise, and in a few seconds he, Gilbert, and the police burst into the room where several of the gang yet remained. The new comers were armed, and so were the criminals.

There was a very pretty little revolver fight, but it did not last long. With three of their number put out of action, the re-

mainder of the gang surrendered.

There was no sign of Heriot or Grace. One of the criminals, under the persuasive influence of Armand's revolver, led the way by secret passages to the underground apartment to which the girl had been taken in her stupor. But the room was empty now. A tiny handkerchief, with her monogram in the corner, was lying on the floor, but that was all.

Armand would not give up the search even then. The guide led him and Gilbert through long and tortuous passages, until they emerged into the light of day among the rocks on the seashore.

* * *

Heriot had not let the members of the gang into all his secrets. None of them knew, for instance, that he had recently purchased a villa on the sea coast. It was there that he had taken Grace, and she returned to consciousness while Armand and Gilbert were searching for her a few miles away. She was lying on a couch, and she opened her eyes to see Heriot standing by her side. His face wore a look of chagrin, and no wonder, for he held in his hand a piece of paper which she at once recognised as that which had been in the silver casket. Heriot had taken it from the bracelet on her wrist, and now learned for the first time that in taking only the diamond from the casket he had thrown away a fortune. Suddenly his expression changed, and turning upon her he said :

"You know what this is?"

She nodded.

"Well," he said, "I mean to get all there is to be got out of it. But I can do nothing without the diamond, and that is in New York, curse it! I'm going to get it back, and I'm going to take you with me."

In her weak and exhausted state, and her deadly fear of him, the girl dared not refuse; and when, some days later, the enquiries of Armand and Gilbert led them at last to the villa, they found the place for sale, and only a caretaker on the premises. They went in, however, and on the windows of one of the rooms they found the words "New York" scratched with a diamond.

* * *

Arrived in New York, Heriot, accompanied by Grace, called upon the millionaire to whom Heriot had sold the diamond. He was quite willing to sell the gem back—at a profit. But the sum demanded was more than Heriot was able to pay, and he had to be content for the time with an option of purchase in three months. There was a chance of raising the money. The Death's Head Gang, of which he was the chief, operated in America as well as in Europe, and there were pretty certain to be realisable assets at their headquarters, Wild Horse Ranch. Anyhow, it was his only chance.

By threats he forced Grace to accompany him to the ranch, and from there she managed to post a letter to Armand. She addressed it "*Poste Restante*," and when Armand, by a fortunate inspiration, inquired at the post office for letters, it was handed to him. He broke it open eagerly and read:

"Will this letter ever reach you? I am at the Wild Horse Ranch—Heriot's prisoner. Every evening from the window marked with a cross I watch and wait for you."

The following evening Armand and Gilbert reached the ranch. Nobody challenged them as they dismounted and approached the house on foot. The window marked with a cross on the wall beneath it was easy enough

to find, and a pebble thrown against it by Armand was the first intimation Grace had of the arrival of her rescuers.

The window was not very far above the ground, and her release was effected without much difficulty.

There was no time for many words, and in less time than it takes to tell she was in the saddle with her lover, and the trusty Gilbert was galloping at their side.

By an unlucky chance Heriot saw them go. In a fury he roused the men about the place. Horses were saddled, and a troop of the finest riders in the State dashed away in pursuit of the fugitives. Shouts and the thunder of hoofs soon told Armand what was afoot, and he and Gilbert urged their horses to their utmost speed. But Armand's horse carried a double burden, and it was only a question of time before they must be overtaken.

They were on the road now galloping for their lives. Presently, sweeping round a corner, they saw before them a broad river. Now, indeed, all was lost! No! there was a landing-stage and a big ferry-boat waiting. Armand sprang from his saddle and helped Grace to dismount. Gilbert led the two horses on to the ferry-boat, and by the time Heriot rode cursing on to the landing-stage with his followers, the fugitives were out in mid-stream, safe from pursuit.

Heriot's fury was frightful. He stood up in his saddle cursing and raving like a madman, pulling at his horse's reins until the animal became frightened, and rearing, fell back into the swiftly-running river. Screaming for help which none could give, Heriot was swept along towards the rapids. His bruised and battered body was found wedged between jagged rocks some hours afterwards.

Grace and Armand did not go back. Neither had any desire for further dealings with the Death's Head Gang. Besides, Armand was anxious to buy back the diamond and to claim the fulfilment of Grace's promise to be his queen.

SYD CHAPLIN, the famous comedian, brother of Charles Chaplin, has signed on with the Keystone Company, and recently left New York for the Los Angeles studios. Syd, who, like his brother, made a hit in the famous "Mumming Birds" sketch, was born in Cape Town on St. Patrick's Day, 1885. He went on the stage at an early age, appearing in a dramatic production, "The Two Little Drummer Boys." When sixteen years old he left the stage. After

several years of a sailor's life, he secured an engagement with Charles Frohman's "Sherlock Holmes" Company, thence into vaudeville in a comedy sketch, "Repairs." His part in this called for a street corner socialistic speech to working men. Chaplin made it a comedy inebriate part which proved to be the hit of the show, and he then joined Mr. Karno, working in his various sketches for eight years.

Life's Dark Road.

From the HEPWORTH Photoplay by J. Clay Powers.

Adapted by Rosa Beaulaire.

In unthinking anger he killed a drunken ruffian who had insulted the memory of his dead wife. He was sentenced to eighteen years, and his baby daughter, with no mother to care for her, was adopted by wealthy people. On his release he devoted the rest of his life to a secret protection of his daughter by serving as butler in the house where she had been adopted.

Cast :			
The Father	STEWART ROME
The Daughter	VIOLET HOPSON
Adopting	{ HENRY VIBART
Parents }	{ RUBY BELASCO
The Lover	TOM POWERS



GREY-HEADED, old before his time, his face lined with grief, George Winton stepped out of the prison gates. For eighteen years he had been behind those gates—eighteen years of a living death. During those eighteen years never a visitor had come to him with news of the outside world. He had accepted this as part of his punishment. His deed had made him an outcast.

Yet he had paid a terrible price for that deed, done in a few brief moments of mad, blind fury. Truly he had paid. Now, walking away from the prison, with his hat pulled over his eyes to avoid possible recognition, he was thinking again of what had happened eighteen years ago—brooding as he had brooded every day in prison and every night in his lonely cell.

He had been happy—once. He and his wife had loved each other dearly. He had never held a big position, but they had been able to live quite comfortably on his salary; and when the baby came it seemed that nothing more was wanted for perfect happiness. They had been too happy, he thought sadly. The gods were jealous. Helen had fallen ill of a mysterious illness which baffled the skill of the doctors. He saw her wasting daily and the shadow over his life grew heavier every day.

How well he remembered the morning she sat in the big chair, looking very frail, but with a flush on her wasted cheeks and her eyes shining. The laughing, cröning

baby was on her lap, and she told her husband that she was feeling so much better. But he was uneasy and went to the office with a heavy heart.

On his desk lay a letter addressed to him. He broke open the envelope and found a curt intimation that owing to the necessity for reducing expenditure his services would no longer be required. There was a cheque for a month's salary.

Half dazed, he said good-bye to his fellow-clerks, and went home. The doctor was there, very quiet, very grave. He took Winton aside and told him that there was no hope—only a few days more and all would be over. He fell on his knees by his wife's chair and she smiled at him—a smile so sweet and withal so sad that his heart ached now at the memory of it.

In a few days she died. After the funeral he returned to the little house where they had been so happy. There was the child to think about, and in spite of his great sorrow he had to set about looking for work, leaving the baby with the servant, who had been with them ever since their marriage. It was a heart-breaking job this looking for work. Nobody wanted a clerk, and in desperation at last he tried a job as a labourer. His appearance and the look of his hands told against him; foremen said he was not built for hard work. So he went on till his little store of money was nearly spent.

There came a day when, after many hours of fruitless searching, he turned into a public-house. He sat at a table with a glass



"He mustered courage to gaze in at one of the windows."

of beer before him and took out his wife's portrait. Two drunken loafers, passing behind his chair, looked over his shoulder, and one of them, with a jeering laugh, leaned over and snatched the photograph from his hand. He sprang up in anger and demanded its return, but the man, with another drunken laugh, threw the photograph into the corner of the room.

Winton could not remember clearly what happened after that. He recollected that men came rushing in and that he was seized by policemen. On the floor lay the man who had snatched the photograph. He was dead, and Winton was told that he had killed him with a chair which now lay by his side.

Then came the trial, of which he remembered very little. He had been in a kind of stupor, from which he was aroused in time to hear his sentence. Eighteen years! And in prison he had had no companion but his thoughts, and no consolation but the memory and the photograph of Helen.

His first duty now must be to find his daughter. The baby he had left would be by this time almost a woman, nearly nineteen years of age. He walked on, heeding nobody, until he came to the little house where he had lived. The old servant was living there still, older now, so old that she could not

recognise him until she had put on her spectacles and scanned his face. Then she welcomed him with joy, and told him where his daughter was.

His little Helen had been fortunate, the old woman said. When the furniture had been sold, and she had learned Winton's sentence, she had taken the child and placed her on the steps of an orphanage. On that very day a lady and gentleman, Mr. and Mrs. Fairlegh, of The Oaks, had called at the orphanage and offered to adopt a baby girl. The nurse, from a hiding-place close by the entrance to the building, had seen the tiny Helen driven away in a carriage with Mr. and Mrs. Fairlegh to their home. She was alive and well, the old woman said, and a most beautiful young lady. Her real name was unknown both to her and her adoptive parents.

He left the old woman and went to The Oaks. There, in a beautiful garden, he saw his daughter. Her likeness to her mother was marvellous, and he could scarcely keep himself from claiming her then and there as his flesh and blood. He fought down the impulse, but some exclamation or movement of his caused her to turn, and she rose in surprise at seeing a strange man there.

His sorrow-lined face and evident distress awakened her sympathy, and at her request he followed her to Mr. and Mrs. Fairlegh. He told Mr. Fairlegh some kind of story, and asked his help in obtaining employment. But Mr. Fairlegh had nothing to offer him, and Winton went away disappointed.

After that he haunted the house, and was rewarded sometimes with a glimpse of Helen about the grounds. One evening he mustered courage to gaze in at one of the windows. There were guests present, among them two young men whom he at once decided were suitors for Helen's hand.

These young men were guests of the Fairlegh's a few days later at a picnic in the woods. Winton was as near to the party as he could get, keeping out of sight by hiding behind trees. He saw his daughter, with the two young men in attendance, walk forward to a crest of a hill to admire the view. They were leaning on rough railings which had evidently been put up to, serve as a protection. Mr. Fairlegh, noticing them there, sent his old butler to warn them that the railings might be unsafe. Winton saw



“Mr. and Mrs. Fairleigh, of The Oaks, had called at the orphanage and offered to adopt a baby girl.”



“Helen was in her dressing-room when the butler entered in response to her call.”

the butler reach them, but before he had said more than two or three words there was a breaking of wood, a cry—and Helen and one of the young men had disappeared.

Winton sprang forward, reached the edge of the cliff-like descent, and paying no heed to the other man and the butler, who seemed to be beside themselves with fear, he clambered over and began to scramble down. With infinite difficulty and at great risk he reached his daughter, who was lying there unconscious. By this time a rope had been lowered, and fastening this around her he shouted to those at the top to pull. Holding on to the rope, he supported her as well as he could, and soon the two were safe at the top.

The girl, who had not been much hurt, was soon brought round, and she and Mr. and Mrs. Fairleigh overwhelmed Winton with their gratitude. Meanwhile Helen's companion in the mishap had also been rescued. He had been stunned and had sustained a few bruises only.

After that Winton was installed in the house as butler. Mr. Fairleigh pensioned his old servant, who was getting past work, and gave the post to Helen's rescuer. He constituted himself the girl's guardian, and his devotion to her was evident to the whole household.

The two young men continued to come to the house, and it seemed to the butler that Helen regarded them with equal favour and was unable to make up her mind between them. It was plain that they, on their part, were rivals, and knew it.

Winton had formed an unfavourable opinion of one of them—the man who had stood on the edge of the precipice on the day of the accident, shouting for help instead of going to Helen's rescue. He determined to watch the young men, and if he found one or both unworthy to tell Helen what he knew. The opportunity came one night after the rivals had left the house. Winton followed them. He saw that one went home at once, while the other, the one he disliked, after trying to persuade his rival to accompany him, and jeering at him because he declined,

continued his walk to a part of the town which at this hour of the night was given over to amusements and what the young men of the period call life.

The man turned in at the portals of a building which seemed to be part hotel and part club. He had the air of an habitu . Winton, after a moment's hesitation, said a word or two to the man in livery standing at the door, and was admitted. Crossing a lounge, he passed through a door through which the man he was following had gone, and found himself in a large, brilliantly-lighted apartment. The place was full of people—men in evening dress, and women whose daring attire, painted faces, and too-ready laughter told Winton something of what he wanted to know.

At first he lost sight of his man in the crowd. The noise and the movements of the people were bewildering. A dance was just beginning. Some of the people were card-playing. Suddenly Winton found the man of whom he was in search. He was sitting at a table, and one of the women was on his knee. She was smoking a cigarette and laughing noisily every now and then at what the man was saying. As Winton looked he saw the man kiss the girl openly, and immediately afterwards she removed the cigarette from her own mouth and put it in his.

This was the man who hoped to marry his daughter! Winton had seen enough. He



“As Winton looked he saw the man kiss the girl openly.”



“ Mr. Fairleigh pensioned his old servant, who was getting past work, and gave the post to Helen’s rescuer. He constituted himself the girl’s guardian, and his devotion to her was evident to the whole household.”



“ Good-bye, and thank you, Winton,” said Helen. “ We shall hope to see you here when we come home.”

turned and left the place. On his way back to The Oaks he glanced in at the window of the house into which the other man had gone, and saw him sitting by the fire smoking and reading.

* * *

Helen was in her dressing-room when the butler entered in response to her call. Her manner was cold, and she seemed a little surprised, but she listened to his story.

"I know I've taken a liberty, Miss Helen," he said hesitatingly; "but I thought you ought to know."

"Thank you, Winton," she said. "What you have told me has helped me to make a decision."

With a heart full of gratitude he bent, kissed her hand, and withdrew.

It was only a few days later that the man who had been Winton's

choice for his daughter came to the house, and telling Helen that he had secured a good appointment abroad, proposed and was accepted. He put a ring on her finger and their lips met in a kiss as the other man, passing through the garden towards the house, saw them. With a muttered curse he turned on his heel and disappeared.

Shortly after Helen was married, and Winton, as he looked on at the ceremony which gave his daughter into the hands of a man worthy of her, felt almost happy again. He could face life's dark road with courage.

"Good-bye, and thank you, Winton," said Helen, as she was leaving The Oaks with her husband. "We shall hope to see you here when we come home for a holiday in a year or two."

The butler has that to look forward to.



"He could face life's dark road with courage."

WILLIAM (BILL) SHEA, who appears in six different characters in the Broadway Star Feature play, "Mr. Bingle's Melodrama," was born in Dumfries, Scotland, October 11th, 1858.

His father was Thomas Shea, a civil engineer, born in Tralee, Ireland. He was with Farragut at the Battle of New Orleans.

His father's father was also a Thomas Shea, a civil engineer, whose wife was a direct descendant of General Sullivan of Revolutionary fame. The grandfather was one of the pioneer constructors of railroads throughout Great Britain. Bill Shea's mother was Mary Jane Tate, born in Edinburgh, and later on a very prominent actress in the Edinburgh Theatre Company.

Bill was brought to Brooklyn, N.Y., when he was less than a year old, and obtained his schooling in that city at the public schools, finishing at the St. James' Catholic School, also in Brooklyn. While in St. James', Bill appeared in many amateur theatrical entertainments, and his success was such that at the age of eighteen he left school and accepted an engagement with Albaugh's Transfer Stock Company in Albany, N.Y. For the next twenty-five years or so Mr. Shea appeared with many important organizations, and in support of such eminent stars as

Edwin Booth, Joseph Jefferson, Lawrence Barrett, Clara Morris, the elder Salvini, Rossi, Maggie Mitchell, and Mrs. Fiske. During the eighties he became well-known as an Irish dancer and singer.

Nearly twelve years ago Bill, becoming disgusted over the way things were going in the theatrical profession, was induced to pose for pictures, and was the first real actor ever employed by the Vitagraph Company. The treatment he received was so courteous and the salary so alluring that he became a permanent member of the concern. As the movies were not so popular in those days as now, Bill had considerable time on his hands, and he was elected the official actor-catcher for the Vitagraph. He spent much of his time going up the Rialto and personally imploring actors to accept moving picture engagements, for at that time actors looked upon pictures with contempt.

Mr. Shea has been with the Vitagraph Company twelve years and during that time has played approximately 4,000 parts, inasmuch as he has played as many as fifteen parts in one picture. He is the oldest actor in point of service in motion pictures, and has yet to score his first failure.

Papa's Little Weakness.

Adapted from the BAMFORTH All-British Film by Edouard.

Gouty papa objects to Claude, but the girl has an idea. Papa trembles in a storm; lightning terrifies him. So the lovers stage some terrific weather, pa hides under the bed in fright, and taking advantage of his helplessness the girl slides down a rope from her bedroom and elopes with the storm manufacturer.

		Cast :	
Papa	...		Mr. G. FOY
Ethel	...		Miss HELEN GALE
Claude	...		Mr. JOHNNIE WARDON



AND it was decided that they should marry. That is, Claude and Ethel decided it should be so as they stood on the steps of the old house. All that was necessary now was papa's consent. Papa's consent was the deciding but doubtful quantity.

Claude may have been a dude, and the least satisfactory to an old martinet like pa, but Ethel, a bright little witch, could see as far through a brick wall as anyone, and she realised that Claude was far from being the fool he looked.

She feared his encounter with pa, but it had to be; the desired union could not be accomplished till pa had been successfully negotiated.

"Papa's got gout again in one of his feet; the right one," said the girl wilfully as she pecked at her beau; "so now's your chance to ask him."

"What! Ask him when he has gout. Do you desire to marry me or bury me?" Claude started back with fright.

Ethel smiled. It was a joke. Claude tried to think so too and smiled back.

"But, dear, isn't it an excellent opportunity. You know—he cannot possibly kick you out with a gouty foot, can he?"

Ethel tried to look wise, but there was a twinkle in her eyes which Claude rightly

interpreted, and smiled in Ethel's eyes.

"Now you're meaning to be funny."

"Indeed, no. You must ask him to-day now we've decided." Ethel emphasised the last three words. "And as papa's tied to his chair, I think it's a most propitious moment."

"But—Ethel——"

"No 'buts,' now's the time. Pull yourself up, brace your knees, march in and get it over. I'll wait here for the latest news."

"If it must be, it must; but I tell you, Ethel, I don't relish the old man with the gout. I suppose you couldn't break it to him gently first?"

"No, I can't. Don't be a coward. If you don't go in right away you can consider our engagement at an end."

Ethel borrowed the stage effects of an old infantry sergeant to increase the value of what she said.

"That settles it, then," gasped Claude, buttoning up his coat. "You'll remember I died on the field of glory facing the foe, and bury me decently with the ensign of the 'B.B.B.P.P.' as a pall."

"B.B.B.P.P.—what's that?"

"'Band of Braves who Bearded Prospective Papa's,' isn't it?"

"Now you're trying to be funny."

"Tit for tat."

"Oh, stop fooling. Go in and settle it."



“Elope! How jolly! When, Claude—to-night?”

Ethel spoke raspily and gave her fiancé a push through the door. He was her fiancé, no matter what pa said. She decided such matters for herself. Still, pa's consent would make matters easier, and Claude was not so well off that he could despise the old man's blessing—meaning his cheque.

So Claude went in, but he did not stay long. Pa certainly had gout, but he had also been a footballer, and he could not resist the temptation to let fly at goal—and he reached it. In fact, he scored enough in three minutes to place his team beyond defeat for several years. He seemed to scent Claude's purpose, and did not wait for preliminaries, but got away with a burst that overwhelmed the defence effectively.

Claude returned to the foot of the steps to receive the condolences of Ethel.

“Poor old boy - and he used his gouty foot after all. I should not have thought it. Never mind! There—that will ease the pain,” and she pecked him on each cheek. “Better luck next time.”

“Next time! There isn't going to be a next time. Ethel”—Claude made up his mind suddenly—“we must elope.”

“Elope! How jolly! When, Claude—to-night?”

“We must form our plans first.”

“And how about papa's blessing?”

“Thanks. I've had enough of his partic-

ular brand of blessing to last a life-time. What are you laughing at?”

“Was I laughing? Then it must be at the jolly idea of eloping. Let's make plans quickly, Claude. I'm impatient to elope—it'll be such fun.”

“Well let's see. First of all you have to get out of the house.”

“That'll want some doing with pa watching me all over the place.”

“We must distract his attention somehow.”

“But how? Please tell me.”

“I know.” Claude was suddenly struck with a desire to dance a jig, but a painful reminder caused him to stop almost before he had started.

“Well, what is it?” put in Ethel eagerly.

“I'll get a special licence.”

“Most brilliant,” retorted the girl sarcastically.

“Wait and let me explain.”

“If you explain at this rate we'll be married in our winding sheets.”

“Don't be flippant.” Claude became serious and confident. “When I have the licence I'll come round the back with the car, get you out of the window and we'll sail away.”

“I thought you said a motor-car?”

“Yes; well, that's only a figure of speech anyway. What do you think of the idea?”

“Rotten.”

“Well, what can you suggest?”

“Supposing pa spots you hauling me out of the window! He'll shoot you with his old blunderbuss.”

“I hadn't thought of that.”

“We must deceive him first, then make a dash for it. Now I've got an idea——”

“Really, dear!”

Ethel took no notice of the interruption but unfolded her plan, which consisted of frightening her father with artificial light-

ning—his one fear being of lightning. Claude was to disguise himself as a woman and fake the lightning under the window when darkness fell.

The plan decided on, Claude went home to think it over, while Ethel returned indoors to prepare the storms.

Storms are easy to arrange with a barometer and a wet cloth, and Ethel was not so dutiful a child that she hesitated to carry out the deception. And so that afternoon the barometer, after maintaining that it was going to be fine and balmy, suddenly declared that a violent storm was brewing. Such is the influence of a wet cloth and a wilful child on a barometer. Ethel would influence anything or anyone, even her pa, except on one point—marriage.

Now gout, though oftentimes the result of luxury in ordinary circumstances, and with a storm brewing, especially if you dislike thunder and lightning, gout is simply—wicked. Ethel's pa was wicked when he saw the changed face of the barometer. Even had the lovers' plan failed, the barometer would have been correct, for it was stormy—pa was himself so stormy that the very chair sighed with relief when bedtime arrived and the old man lumped upstairs.

* * *

It was silent, so quiet and silent, that pa, who still quivered in anticipation of a storm, became strangely philosophic on the question of barometers.

With the clothes round his neck he waited, determined that he should not be caught unawares. A slight crackle under the window startled him, then stealthy footsteps which followed caused him to leap out of bed in a flurry. A scream of agony ran through the house—pa had hopped out on the wrong leg—and the language which

announced the fact—though it reached the ears of the girl, who merely pretended it was bedtime—did not shock her, but merely caused her to rock with laughter.

It was the beginning of the fun.

Pa, convinced that burglars were about, seized his old blunderbuss and prepared to greet them in the true old-fashioned way. With a vigorous pull he tore the window open and thrust the antiquated weapon out.

"Who's there?" he bawled like an ancient sentry, half afraid of his own voice, yet forced to act by a sense of duty.

No answer came.

Pa looked out—a bedraggled skirt disappearing round the corner of the house met his eye.

"Huh—only an old woman," he grunted and pushed the window to. Grumbling aloud he replaced the blunderbuss and made to pull the curtains across. As he did so a blinding flash caused him to stumble back and pull the blinds and all the window garniture down.

"O—ooh," he whimpered as another terrible flash followed the first. And pa made a dive for the bed—and crawled under it. Flash after flash lit up the room at intervals of a few seconds. Every time the poor old man endeavoured to come out from his place of refuge another awful, blinding flash sent him cowering back. After a while



"'All right, pa ; we're getting out all right,' came a pair of voices in unison."

the flashes became less frequent—and finally died away.

As pa crept out from under the bed, assured that the storm had passed over, his daughter was busy writing a note of enlightenment, and this finished she affixed it to a piece of board smelling abominably of black powder—the same she had a moment previously drawn up through the window by a piece of string and placed it outside pa's door. Then she slid down an improvised rope into the arms of a muscular female, the woman whom pa had seen disappear round the corner.

"Well, have we deluded the old villain?" demanded the "woman" in an unmistakable masculine voice.

"Deluded him! Oh, it's a joke. Pa's under the bed, convinced there's been a terrible storm. Oh, dear, I shall ache to-morrow for this."

"H'sh, he'll hear you, and tumble to our little game. Come along, dear. I have the car waiting. We'll toddle, and leave the blessing till the deed is done."

The pair hustled across to the car just as

pa opened the window again to gaze out on to a calm and peaceful night.

Again he caught sight of the female garb. "What's that——woman hanging about here for?" he muttered. "Hi, there"—he raised his voice—"get out, will you. Don't you know you're trespassing? Get out or I'll——"

"All right, pa; we're getting out all right," came a pair of voices in unison. "We'll come back for your blessing later. What d'you thiuk of the storm?"

"You—you——" the old man spluttered in rage.

"Never saw such awful lightning!" came the voice of a man from a distance. "Terrible while it——"

But pa heard no more. He rushed from the room to give chase and stubbed his toe on the piece of smelly wood. He picked up the piece of paper attached and read. It was Ethel's writing.

"Well, I'm——" He halted and tore his—dressing-gown in the strength of his swelling wrath.

HELEN LESLIE'S name five months ago was enrolled in the "extra waiting list" of the Universal West Coast Studios. "Experience, none," was written after it, and there the attention of the employment office ended. Not so the directors, however. They saw the quiet, unobtrusive, little brown-haired, brown-eyed girl of scarcely eighteen years and recognised in her absolute type a perfect juvenile. She was given small parts and instruction in the use of grease paints by other actresses about the studio (for where will you find people so willing to help inexperience as among actor folk) and she made her debut.

Gradually her parts became more important, and still she did them well. At last, three months after her coming to the Universal, she was cast for her first lead, the part of Jessie Guthrie in "A Soul's Awakening" (produced by Frank Lloyd during the absence of Otis Turner on his vacation). So willing was the little girl to learn all that any one could teach her, so ready was she to listen to the words of those whose experience gave them the right to explain to her, that before the last scene had been taken she was recognised as one who was not only bound to rise in the game, but one with whom it was a pleasure to work. Then with the organising of the new Rex Company, to be put under Frank

Lloyd's direction, she was cast for the position of juvenile lead.

Miss Leslie was born eighteen years ago in Indianapolis. After a thorough schooling in Notre Dame, she and her father and mother (there are no brothers nor sisters) came to California, where she very naturally dropped into the niche that she was best fitted to fill.

HUNDREDS of thousands of persons throughout America are eagerly awaiting the Essanay photoplay, "The Way of the Woman," because of the widespread interest it attracted through the selection of the most beautiful telephone girl in America to take a part in the play.

The contest was conducted by the Newspaper Enterprise Association, which serves hundreds of newspapers in as many cities. Thousands of girls entered the contest, and Miss IRENE ESTELLE HOUGH, a nineteen-year-old girl of Omaha, Neb., was picked as the winner.

She took the part of Dorothy in the play, and proved as good an actress as she is beautiful, with the result that the play is one of exceptional merit. Exhibitors have made many inquiries in regard to the play because of the wide-spread interest caused by the contest. This picture will be shown in the British Isles shortly.

The Riddle of the Green Umbrella.

*From the Two-reel KALEM Detective Story by Hugh C. Weir.
Adapted by Sydney Raymond.*

Madelyn Mack, a girl detective, assumes the task of solving the mysterious death of Professor Helmar. The suspects are Professors Floyd and Reynolds, suitors for the hand of Dorothy, the murdered man's daughter. Madelyn soon discovers evidence which points to Reynolds as the murderer. How she runs the criminal to earth, and how Reynolds endeavours to inflict a terrible fate upon the detective, brings this to a startling climax.

Cast :

Madelyn Mack, a girl detective...	...	ALICE JOYCE
Alonzo Helmar, Professor of Greek	...	JAMES B. ROSS
Dorothy, his daughter	...	MARGUERITE COURTOT
Professor Floyd	} Rivals for	{ ... GUY COOMBS
Professor Reynolds		



HOW it came over here the Lord only knows, but it was declared by Professor Helmar, the old grinder of Greek at the college, to have been (that is the handle of it) the portion of a deadly instrument once used by the Borgias. Whether this be true or not, the green umbrella handle was a peculiar object, and once seen could never be mistaken or forgotten. That its antecedents were of a criminal order seems likely, for in this story it all but fixed a murder on the shoulders of a perfectly innocent man.

There were two younger professors who were very friendly with old Helmar. He was an interesting and learned old man. Moreover he had a charming daughter, Dorothy, and one would not be wrong in saying that Helmar to great extent owed his popularity with Floyd and Reynolds to Dorothy. They consider themselves rivals inwardly. They might have gone playing rival for an indefinite period, for each was afraid of the other, had not Reynolds got into a tight fix monetarily, and sought to extricate himself with the college funds. Helmar caught him,

and Reynolds then determined to murder the old man. He had twenty-four hours in which to do the deed—twenty-four hours in which to return the appropriated money. He couldn't do it—so Helmar must be out of existence before he could blab. Reynolds decided on that—he considered it while experimenting in his private stink-room, and racinus convinced him it must be so. With racinus the deed could be done openly, yet without fear of suspicion, for racinus is so deadly that a mere sniff will end life without the victim giving a perceptible sign that he has been poisoned.

So Reynolds prepared to put his dastardly scheme into operation. He tossed about in bed that night scheming how racinus was to be administered, and when the morning broke he had hit on a measure which was at once simple and cunning. Borrowing some old clothes and dressing himself so that he was unrecognisable as the smart young professor, but looked more like a tramp, he waited for Helmar to issue from his house. He had not to wait long. The old professor came shuffling down, intent on being shaved by his favourite barber before entering the

lecture-room. Reynolds followed him into the shop and seated himself in the next chair.

"Nice mornin', sir," the barber greeted cheerily.

"Yes, yes, nice indeed," replied old Helmar in his high-pitched voice; "nice morning, and quite time we had a little nice weather."

"As been bad—still we must hope we 'as a good summer."

"Hope is a thing without roots or foundation, it arises from nothing and effects nothing. I have no hope."

The barber shook his head and ran the lather brush round the professor's face.

Reynolds leant forward. "No hope," he muttered to himself and his fingers tightened over a tiny vial. "No hope; he has no hope," the hand holding the vial was over the lather pot. The barber spoke again:

"Vacation soon, sir. Shall miss you, I suppose."

"I suppose as you suppose. Perhaps I shall go away, that's what you mean."

"Yes, sir; I expect's you'll take an holiday."

Reynolds slipped back into the chair with a sigh. His right hand slipped to his breast-pocket as the barber turned for the shaving pot. He dipped the brush in and gave it a stir, then turned to his customer again, holding the pot in hand.

Reynolds listened, but he feared to watch his victim. He heard the softest of sighs from Helmar, but it sounded to him like the booming of a big gun.



"By her clever deductions and spying, Madelyn Mack obtained sufficient evidence to lay the guilt at the right door."

"You'll be going to the hills for the holidays, sir?" said the barber.

There was no answer. The barber changed the subject. He had the razor in his hand.

"Razor all right, sir?"

The professor deigned no reply. The man looked. Consternation spread over his face. He shook the professor.

"Professor, professor," he cried, shaking him again.

But the professor was dead, and the only noise in the little shop was the gentle closing of the door as Reynolds slipped out.

* * *

The sudden and mysterious death of Professor Helmar created a stir. There was consternation at the college, and Dorothy, so abruptly bereft of her natural protector, was heartbroken. She broke down like a fragile reed, and not all the consolation tendered by Floyd and Reynolds could soothe her sorrow.

For several days the police and detectives could form no theory of the crime nor find a clue to the mystery. But the post-mortem examination revealed the inhalation of racinus. By whom was it administered, however; or had the professor committed suicide? Reynolds realised that it might be awkward if by any chance suspicion was directed towards him. The barber had talked about the down-at-heel stranger in the shop, and the impression that the death was a case of murder gained ground. Reynolds decided to divert all suspicion from him by throwing it upon someone else. And whom better than Floyd, his rival? If Floyd were arrested the path would be clear to Dorothy. The means were to hand. The old green umbrella handle, which his fellow-professor admired so much, charged with racinus and hidden in his room, a hint to the police, and he, Reynolds, need have no further worry for himself. Cold-blooded and determined he set about the vile task. It was easy to obtain the umbrella, doctor it, and then hide it in Floyd's room.

And when the police came they found it. Floyd, protesting his innocence, was hauled off to prison to await his trial after the initial proceedings found a case against



“Madelyn sprang back in horror as she saw Reynolds crumpled up.”

him, and Reynolds chuckled in unholy mirth.

“Safe—safe, and all obstacles out of the way. Dorothy will be my wife and I shall be free and happy, while he——” Reynolds muttered to himself and laughed. Then he prepared to visit and pay court to the poor girl whose father he had slain.

* * *

Madelyn Mack lifted her pretty dark head from the newspaper and thought. One would scarcely have taken her for a detective. But such was her profession, and her beautiful face and air of simplicity, added to her wide knowledge of criminology, made her successful.

“Hum! The umbrella was found in Floyd’s room. No particular care had been exercised in hiding it. The poison traces were distinct. Hum; curious and simple,” so she mused. “But was Floyd in the habit of playing with poisons? Only a man well

acquainted with racinus would think to utilise it!”

She jumped up, took another glance at the newspaper report, donned her hat and coat and went out. She had decided to visit the college, calling in on her way at the barber’s shop.

The barber looked up with astonishment as she entered and beckoned him aside.

“I’m a detective,” she said quietly, “and am investigating the Helmar case. I want you to answer me one or two questions.”

“Yes, miss.”

“Who was here when Professor Helmar died?”

“No one but myself and——”

“And who?”

“Well, there was a rough-looking fellow sitting in the next chair, but he had gone when I looked round.”

“Oh! Did you notice anything peculiar

about him? Have you seen him before?"

"No, miss; I took little notice at all."

"When you found the professor was dead what did you do?"

"Called in the police."

"Did you notice anything suspicious about the place—any unpleasant smell?"

"Now I come to think of it, when I came to use the shaving pot again I noticed a musty smell like and I washed the pot out before I shaved anyone else."

"You washed it out completely."

"Yes, miss."

"Thank you. Good-day."

"Good-day, miss."

Madelyn Mack went out into the street. She had an idea. If she could trace the "rough-looking fellow" she might be able to lay hands on the murderer. That Floyd was innocent she felt convinced. The murder had been well planned and carried out, and the clumsy evidence which pointed to Floyd was not likely. No, the suspicions of the police had been directed to the man arrested, and by someone in the college who had access to the professor's rooms.

She came back to her original plaint. Who played with and understood the little known poison racinus?

* * *

Reynolds made little advance with Dorothy, and as the day of Floyd's trial came on he became nervous. His conscience began to prick. Wherever he went he felt someone was dogging his footsteps, watching him, knowing he was the murderer. Yet he saw no one who seemed to watch or follow him. He fought against the feeling and gave no outward sign of his discomfort, but at times, in the privacy of his own rooms, he felt Fate's hand tight round his throat and he wondered what it meant.

By her clever deductions and spying Madelyn Mack obtained sufficient evidence to lay the guilt at the right door. Only one link was missing, however—she could find no trace of racinus. Her efforts to trace the poison to the possession of the man she watched led her to disguise. As a housemaid she sneaked into Reynold's room when he was out, and sought for the elusive poison. And she found it in a phial on his desk! The chain was complete. Reynolds was as good as convicted, and Floyd would shortly be a free man.

But what was that? A shuffling of feet sounded outside the door. The lady detective looked round for a hiding-place, but before she could act on her impulse the door was thrown open and Reynolds, wild-eyed appeared.

A curse left his lips as he saw the girl.

"What are you doing here — you?" he screamed.

"That you will know later, Mr. Reynolds," she answered, summoning all her nerve. At present I cannot inform you."

"Oh! you cannot inform me; we'll see! You've been spying. You think you have found something and you can't inform me." He appeared to be half-crazed. "Well, you won't inform anyone else," he proceeded calmer, as he shut and locked the door.

"Open that door before I call for help," she said coldly.

"Oh, call for help, eh! You sneak into my room to spy and thieve, and you will call for help. And you would tell anyone who came what you have found. You'll not have the chance."

Madelyn shivered in spite of herself. The man seemed mad.

"Shall I tell you what you have discovered? You have found out that I killed Helmar," he went on sneeringly. "Yes, I killed him. I put racinus into his shaving pot. And Floyd will hang for it."

"Not if I can help it."

"But you can't help it. He will swing, I tell you, for my crime. As for you, I shall give you a hypodermic which will deprive you of all memory. Ha, ha, ha, what do you think of that? You thought you had me cornered—and Floyd, my rival, will swing, ha, ha."

"You cold-blooded cur."

"Maybe, maybe," he continued, more calm, "but I shan't hang. Floyd will hang; and you—you will have no memory."

Reynolds made a step towards Madelyn, the needle for administering the drug in his hand. She looked wildly round for some way of escape, some means of saving herself. Her eye fell on the tiny bottle containing the racinus. It was just within reach.

The madman had grasped her wrist; the needle was about to be inserted into the vein despite her struggling.

Crash! The frail little bottle struck Reynolds in the face, he gave a gasp and dropped to the floor. In less than a minute he was dead. Madelyn had seized the bottle

in despair and hurled it at her assailant with all her might. It broke on contact with his features and the fumes did their deadly work quickly. Madelyn sprang back in horror as she saw Reynolds crumpled up, and then she broke down.

* * *

The evidence of the lady detective—when she had recovered from her terrible ordeal—was sufficient to secure Floyd his release. Madelyn Mack was able to prove conclusively

atonishment the figure was in his arms.

"You believed me, Dorothy? You trusted in my innocence?" he said softly.

"Always—and I knew the guilty one would be found out." She was crying against his breast.

He tried to soothe her, but the words stuck in his throat; he could only murmur some foolishly common-place words in his emotion.

"Come, dear, let us forget," he said at



"Floyd's eyes fell on a quiet, black figure as he entered the prison ante-room."

that Reynolds was the murderer, and the unravelling of the mystery created a furore all over the country.

When the unfortunate young professor, who had suffered though innocent, left the prison he found someone waiting him. The pain and sorrow of the past month had taught two young people the true story of their hearts' feeling. Floyd's eyes fell on a quiet, black figure as he entered the prison ante-room, and before he could overcome his

last. "Out of our sorrow shall come pure joy in our love for each other."

And he led her away.

The Helmar mystery is forgotten, and the old green umbrella has disappeared—that is, from common knowledge. It may be seen, however, in the museum of a police court, and the story it tells has helped many a detective to seek—beyond the purely circumstantial evidence of a crime—deeper into motive and reason.

See page 402
for an important
announcement.

The Mystery of the Seven Chests.

*From the SELIG Adventure Drama, written by
Jas. Oliver Curwood.*

Adapted by Guy Newton.

The tale of a belated confession, an urgent letter being mislaid for fifteen years. The seven chests are sold to pay storage charges, taken on a yacht twenty miles up a river, pursued by a band of villains in another yacht, stolen in the early morning, and after many vicissitudes recovered, but what was in the chests?

		Cast :	
John Belmont	EDWIN WALLOCK
Rose	ADDA GLEASON
Cleo	LILLIAN HAYWARD
Her Husband	WM. STOWELL
Jack Lawless	C. C. HOLLAND
Rose's Father	WM. HUTCHISON
Harbour. Pirates, Sailors, Servants, etc.			

ONE—two—three—four—five six—seven!” counted the warehouse manager briskly. “Certainly, sir. We can keep them for you as long as you like. What do they contain, sir? Do they contain anything of great value?”

“Oh, well, I don't know that we need go into that. Their contents are important to me, but of no value to anyone else.” Jack Lawless shot a sudden keen glance at the manager, who, however, was looking at the seven small securely-locked chests, and did not see it. “Very important to me they are,” Lawless repeated. “I am leaving the town or I would have kept the chests with me. You're sure they'll be safe here?”

“As safe as if they were under your own eye, sir.”

“That's all right then,” said Lawless. He gave his name and address, paid the charges, and left the place.

Jack Lawless was a puzzle. How he managed to live in the style in which he did was a mystery even to his friends. He

worked, so far as they knew, neither with his head or hands, yet he never seemed to be without money.

There were many men who whispered that Jack Lawless had had a hand in many desperate affairs in his time, and had done most things from pitch-and-toss to murder, but there was nothing to connect him with any particular crime. Perhaps the seven chests held secrets.

Jack Lawless walked away, satisfied that the chests were in safe keeping. He was a little bit more pre-occupied this morning than usual. He stepped off the kerb without looking to see if the road was clear. There was a shout, a grinding of brakes, a scraping of rubber-tyred wheels, and Jack Lawless lay senseless in the road.

A crowd quickly gathered; a policeman appeared, to whom the driver of the car gave a voluble account of the accident, declaring that it was not his fault. An ambulance arrived and Lawless was taken to the hospital. A doctor examined him at once, and when Lawless recovered consciousness a little later he was told very gently

that he had only an hour or two to live. He took the news calmly enough, and after a time asked the nurse for writing materials. He wanted to write a letter he said, and when the nurse brought pen and paper he insisted, in spite of her protests, on writing the letter himself. And though he was suffering horrible pain he managed to write a few words. He folded the paper and put it in an envelope, addressing it to Miss Cleo Lawless, his sister. Then with a sigh he laid back on his pillow. An hour later he was dead.

The letter was placed on a desk ready to be posted in due course, and that was the last anybody saw of it for fifteen years.

* * *

Lawless's sister was now married. The letter was brought to her in the lounge of an hotel where she was staying with her husband. The messenger from the hospital, who had enquired at her old address and had been directed to the hotel, explained that the letter which her brother had written on his death-bed fifteen years ago had only been found that morning lying at the back of an old desk.

It happened that part of this explanation was overheard by a girl named Rose Harman, who was also staying in the hotel. Rose knew who Cleo was, and had reason to know, though she herself was unknown to Cleo. Rose was the daughter of a man who, for more than fifteen years past, had been in prison for a crime of which he was innocent. He had been tried for murder, had barely escaped the capital penalty, and received a life sentence. He was quite certain in his own mind that the murder had been committed by Lawless, whom he had known well in the old days. Rose was only a child when her father was tried for his life, but she had heard the whole story from his lips many a time when she had visited him in prison. She believed absolutely in her father's innocence, but their hopes of proving it had almost given place to despair. It was at her father's suggestion that, ever since she had been old enough, she had kept a watch, more or less vigilant, upon the movements of Lawless's sister.

"She's his only relation that I know of," her father had said, "and she may know something. Anyhow, it's my only chance."

Rose had promised to do what she could, but hitherto what she had been able to do had amounted to exactly nil. Now, passing

within a few feet of Cleo, she heard a word or two spoken by the messenger who had brought the letter, and heard Cleo exclaim in a surprised tone:

"My brother! Why, he died fifteen years ago."

The messenger said something else that Rose could not catch, and then went away. Cleo stared at the letter in her hand for several moments, and then tore open the envelope. There was nobody else in the lounge, and Rose, stepping silently, came up behind Cleo and peered over her shoulder at the single sheet of notepaper she held in her hand. The note was short, and Rose read it almost at a glance—

"Dear Cleo," it ran. "I'm nearly done for. There are seven chests in storage at Jenkinson's. Get them. "JACK."

Seven chests! What did they contain? Something important or Lawless would not have troubled about them when he was dying. Rose's heart gave a leap as the thought came to her that one of them might contain evidence that would establish her father's innocence. Without waiting to see what Cleo did, the girl hurriedly left the hotel and went to the penitentiary where her father was imprisoned. She obtained an interview with him and told him what she had learned. Harman was much excited. He declared that Rose must go to the town where Lawless had died and get possession of the chests. The girl left at once. She guessed that Lawless's sister and her husband would lose no time in starting out upon the same quest, and in this she was right.

Cleo was the first to reach the town, but a disappointment was waiting for her. The warehouse manager told her that he had disposed of the chests only two days before. As they had never been claimed, he had exercised his right to sell them. The purchaser, he told Cleo in reply to her agitated questions, was a gentleman named Belmont, who had bought them as a curiosity, proposing to take them to his country house and open them there for the entertainment of a party of guests. The chests had been taken on board Belmont's yacht, the "Dawn," which was to sail shortly.

"Why," said the manager suddenly, pointing to a gentleman passing on the other side of the street, "there goes Mr. Belmont himself."

Leaving her husband, Cleo at once ran out

of the shop in pursuit. At her call Belmont stopped and looked enquiringly at her.

"Mr. Belmont," she said, "you've bought seven chests from the warehouse there. I want you to let me have them; they are mine."

"Indeed, ma'am," said Belmont coldly. "I'm afraid I can't oblige you. I've bought and paid for them."

"But they belong to me," said the woman, angrily. "However, I don't want you to lose over them. I'm willing to give five thousand dollars for them."

Belmont shook his head. "No, ma'am," he said. "I'm going to keep them. Good day."

Cleo was furiously angry, but she could do nothing, and returned to tell her husband

the girl hastened to the wharf, arriving there in time to see the "Dawn" steaming away over the wide waters of the lake.

CHAPTER II.

ROSE did not hesitate. She determined that somehow or other she must get to Belmont's house. The only way of getting there by water was by chartering a steamer, which, of course, was beyond her means. She made up her mind to hire a car and go by road, though the way was roundabout and difficult. She calculated that her store of money would just see her through the journey.

For two or three hours the car went along at a good rate, but at last they came to a part where the road was so bad that the chauffeur refused to go any further. She must do the rest of the journey on foot, he said. It was only six miles, and if she kept along the shore of the lake she could not miss Belmont's bungalow.

Rose paid the man, leaving herself with a few coppers only, and began the tramp. Almost worn out with anxiety as she was, the walk along the sandy shore would have taxed her strength under the most favourable conditions, but she had gone scarcely half a mile when a storm sprang up. Rain fell in torrents and drenched the unhappy

girl to the skin, while the wind howled around her like a thousand furies let loose. It was bitterly cold too, and there was no opportunity of shelter. Wearily she dragged her aching limbs, mile after slow mile, and she was almost dead with fatigue when she saw the welcome lights of a house at last. It was all she could do to stagger up the steps.

The servant who answered her ring stared in amazement at the woe-begone figure, with dark hair unbound and framing a white, almost death-like face, and the drenched clothes clinging to the slender girlish frame.

"Oh, you poor thing," cried the sympathetic housekeeper, who had been sent for; "whatever are you doing out on a night



"He and Rose went on board and the skipper ordered the moorings to be cast off." 54

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of her failure. The pair went down to the wharf, and ascertaining that the "Dawn" was to sail that day, endeavoured to bribe Captain Moon, who was in command of her, to hand over the chests to them. They met with no success, and Captain Moon's report of the affair only made Belmont the more determined to keep the chests and to solve the mystery which he was convinced was hidden within them.

A few hours later Rose paid a visit to the warehouse. The manager, astonished and puzzled at receiving two applications for the chests after they had remained unclaimed for fifteen years, told her the same story he had already told to Cleo.

Almost beside herself with disappointment

like this? Why, you look nearly dead. You must stay here to-night, anyhow. We must get you to bed at once."

"Oh, no," gasped Rose, "you're very kind, but I must see Mr. Belmont—I've come here to see him, and I must see him at once—I must."

She spoke so earnestly that the house-keeper promised to arrange it, and presently Rose, her fatigue almost forgotten, found herself pouring the story of the chests, her father, and Lawless into John Belmont's sympathetic ear.

"Oh," she pleaded, "you will let me have the chests, won't you? My father has suffered so much, and perhaps—I don't know—there might be something in those chests that would prove his innocence and set him free."

Belmont was touched. The girl with the pleading, beautiful eyes, and her passionate love for her father was very different from the showy, loud-voiced woman who had previously demanded the chests from him. He considered a moment or two; then he said:

"You shall have the chests. You deserve them for what you've gone through. You've been a brick. But you must have a good night's rest first, and in the morning we'll see what's in the mysterious boxes."

* * *

Meanwhile Cleo and her husband had not been idle. Cleo guessed that the chests contained valuables of some kind, while the fact that they had been her brother's dying thought proved that he at any rate set considerable store by them. It was the worst kind of bad luck that Belmont should have obtained possession of the chests only a day or two before she learned of their existence. It might be difficult and dangerous work to get them now, but Cleo and her husband were not accustomed to stick at trifles, and they meant to have the chests.

They set their wits to work, and came to the conclusion that their best chance of success lay in making the journey to Belmont's house by water. Cleo's husband

spent some time in looking round the harbour, and at last found the very craft for his purpose, a fast and smart motor boat. He picked up a crew from amongst the most desperate characters in the place, and bound them to his interests by advance payments and a promise of more generous treatment still when they had accomplished the work in hand. They started on their voyage somewhere about the time that Rose Harman had begun her journey by land.

They were well on their way when the storm came down upon them. Wild and reckless characters as the crew were, they were good seamen, and late at night they moored their vessel at a quay some distance from where Belmont's yacht was already lying.



"Rose could have cried with disappointment."

The leader and two or three of the gang went on shore to reconnoitre. They found Belmont's house without difficulty, and the leader peering cautiously in at the window of a room, which seemed to be the library, saw two or three padlocked cases standing on the table. It would be an easy matter to get through this window and secure the chests when the house was quiet and the inmates in bed.

Dawn was just breaking when four of the desperadoes, creeping up to the house, forced an entrance by the library window.

They found the seven chests, and were preparing to remove them when the sound of someone moving in the house alarmed them. At a whispered word from their

leader they concealed themselves as best they could behind articles of furniture.

They had made more noise in getting into the house than they had thought. Belmont, always a light sleeper, had been awakened. Slipping on some clothes, he took a revolver and went towards the library. As soon as he opened the door a current of cold air from the open window took him in the face, but before he had time to grasp what this might mean two men sprang upon him, while another seized him from behind, catching him in an iron grip which prevented his crying out. A fourth man clapped a gag in his mouth, and in less time than it takes to tell John Belmont lay bound and helpless on the floor.

* * *

Rose Harman woke with a start, all her senses alert in a moment. What it was that had disturbed her she could not tell, but as she lay listening the house seemed to be filled with strange subdued noises, and she could have sworn that she heard footsteps and murmuring voices. She got out of bed, dressed hurriedly, and opened the door of her room. All seemed to be quiet now, but as she stood there straining her ears there came a sudden sound from the direction of the library. Without a thought of danger the girl sprang forward, threw open the door, and the light—now streaming in at the window—showed her Belmont lying on the floor.

To remove the gag and loose the cords that bound him was the work of two or three minutes only. He told her briefly what had occurred. The household was aroused, and soon Belmont, accompanied by Rose, was hurrying down to the quay. Fortunately steam was already up on the "Dawn." The crew came tumbling up in response to the owner's hail. He and Rose went on board, and the skipper, being told what was afoot, ordered the moorings to be cast off. The "Dawn" was soon showing her best speed in chase of the thieves, whose little vessel was now almost out of sight on the horizon.

"We shall catch her all right," said the skipper, confidently. "There's nothing in these waters can touch the 'Dawn' for speed."

His confidence was justified. They came up with the motor-boat hand over hand, and the pirates soon saw that they could not

hope to escape, and were outnumbered also.

The captain of the "Dawn," who never took his eyes off the chase, presently shouted a warning.

"Keep under cover! They're going to shoot!"

A rifle shot rang out. It was followed by others, but nobody on board the "Dawn" was hit.

The desperadoes, realising the "Dawn" must presently be alongside, ran their vessel close in-shore, believing that the "Dawn," which was much larger, would not dare to follow them. They lowered a boat with frantic haste, and tumbling the chests on board, the leader and a number of the gang clambered in and pulled like mad for the shore.

A boat was lowered from the "Dawn." Rifles were served out to the crew, and they too rowed for the shore, being received with a fusilade from the pirates, who had taken up positions among the rocks. They were poor marksmen, and none of the attacking party were touched. When they had landed the word was given to return the pirates' fire, and the cries and curses which broke out showed that some of the bullets, at any rate, had got home. Suddenly Cleo's husband, who had been urging on the pirates, dropped his rifle, threw up his hands, and fell shot through the heart. That was the end of the battle. The ruffians, having lost their leader, had no stomach for further fighting. Nearly all were wounded, more or less seriously, and they surrendered. With the seven chests they were taken on board the "Dawn."

* * *

Having seen his prisoners safely secured, Belmont and Rose returned to the bungalow, whither the seven mysterious chests had already been conveyed.

Now that the end of her quest was near, Rose was trembling with excitement and anxiety. Perhaps, after all, her exertions had been in vain. The chests might have no secret to reveal. Belmont himself, though full of curiosity, was not very hopeful. With the assistance of his servants he smashed the lock of the first, and raised the lid. It contained a curious assortment of articles, many of them valuable, probably the proceeds of burglaries. But there were no documents of such a nature as Rose had hoped to find. So it was with the second,

the third, the fourth, the fifth, and the sixth. Rose could have cried with disappointment. Belmont smashed the lock and opened the seventh chest, and among the miscellaneous collection of articles it contained Rose at last found what she had been looking for. It was a confession signed by Lawless—a confession of murder. It proved beyond doubt that the man who had now been dead fifteen years had committed the crime for which Rose Harman's father had been unjustly condemned.

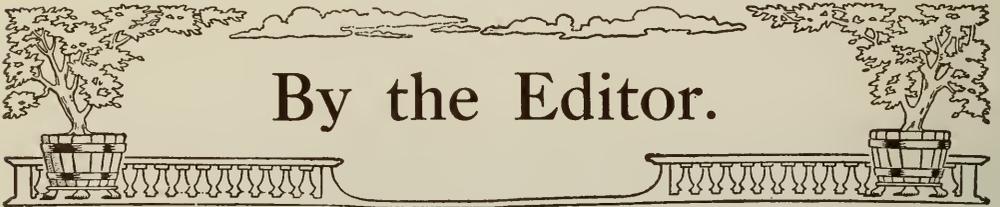
"It's clear enough," said Belmont, when

she showed it to him. "You can go and set your father free as soon as you like. I'm glad," he said, holding out his hand. "You can tell your father from me that he has a daughter to be proud of."

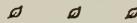
Rose blushed prettily. "Oh, Mr. Belmont," she said, "how can I ever thank you?"

"I know a way," was Belmont's reply, as he smiled at her.

As Rose is now Mrs. Belmont and mistress of the bungalow, it may be supposed that his way suited her too.



WITH the present issue of PICTURE STORIES MAGAZINE the third volume comes to a close. We think our friends will appreciate the improvements which have appeared since our earlier numbers, and many will doubtless avail themselves of the opportunity of possessing the volume bound in the handsome cloth and lettered cover that we supply through any bookseller or direct from our Publishing Department.



Indeed, we find a general desire on the part of a number of readers to possess *ALL* the back issues. So great has been the demand that we have had to reprint a few of those that were low in stock. Anyone who is interested in securing the back numbers or volumes are referred to the advertisement on Page 3 of cover. We hardly know how to account for this unprecedented rush unless the news has prematurely leaked out that the publication of the Magazine is to cease with the present number, or, rather, to be suspended until after the War, when a revival may be justified. In trade parlance, we are to be "put to bed."

WILL EVERY READER SEND US THEIR ADDRESS ON A POSTCARD, SO THAT WE MAY NOTIFY THEM ON RESUMING PUBLICATION.



Meanwhile, we shall be delighted to hear from our readers any time they care to write us, as we are still in close association—through our printing business—with all that pertains to the Moving Picture World. Hearty thanks to all our readers for the support and interest so ungrudgingly given.

On the Screen

by

EVAN STRONG



GREAT deal has been said about the opportunity of British film producers during this war, but as far as I have been able to discover little has been done by the general picture loving public to help them in this opportunity. For some reason or other there seems to be a definite prejudice against British manufacturers—a prejudice bred of the old days when British productions were not, truly, worth a snuff of the candle, and when American, French and Italian films were the only ones worth considering. It is hard to kill prejudice in Great Britain, so to-day, when British manufacturers should be reaping the advantage of this opportunity, foreigners step in and gather all to themselves. Now it is untrue that the British film is not so good as imported films—in numerous cases they are better! For instance, the plot and story of a British film is usually superior.

In production, again, the Britisher has advanced by leaps and bounds—maybe he does not stage the “thrilling” incidents which come across the waters, but, at any rate, as far as British stories are concerned he is naturally more exact in setting. Who has not seen and laughed at the anachronisms of foreign films—Charlotte Bronte’s tales with motor-cars; the “stately homes of England” with wooden verandahs of the colonist type; “the scion of an English noble house” with the inevitable black-rimmed monocle and thick black tape attached? Such things never occur in British films, and our manufacturers could not render the country “copper” conspicuous with the stripped armlet of the Metropolitan police. One could go on all day pointing out where the British film producer has the better of the stranger, but the greatest feature of all, to my mind, is the fact that till now the obsession for “white slavery” incidents has not taken hold of the home film man.

When one considers all these things one only realises the stubbornness of the British people in the matter of prejudice. It is the time to talk of helping our “brithers,” and all of us should consider very seriously the question of spending to benefit the people of these islands before sending our money into the pockets of people abroad. When I write like this—taking up the cudgel for the Britisher—it is not to belabour workers over the water. We have still a large need for foreign films—our output is not nearly sufficient in itself—but if the manufacturers were backed by the demand of the public they would quickly increase the home supply, and by so doing increase employment in the British film trade.

During the past month I have visited theatre after theatre to get an idea of the leavening of British films in the programmes at the picture halls. The result has been most disappointing. The leavening has been almost negligible. Most programmes are entirely American, with the exception of a scenic (French or Italian), and the topicals and gazette. Below I give some calculations from a number of programmes at theatres at the end of December.

Out of fourteen programmes there were not more than five actual British pictures, or out of the total of pictures five per cent. only were British, about thirty per cent. were various topicals (British and foreign), interest and scenics about fifty per cent. were American, and the remainder Continental and doubtfuls.

In two special programmes there were seven and five American films, one and nil British, two and one French, nil and one Australian, and nil and two Anglo-American.

Let us try again. A large new theatre in the Thames Valley, recently opened, presented a programme of eight numbers, about 10,000 feet of film in all. 6,000 feet were American (three firms—two of which are headed by German names), 3,500 feet by a French firm, and 500 feet Italian.

There was not a foot of film by a really British firm.

The seating capacity of this hall would be about 1,500, and the entrance money paid by British people would be for three days about £400. This British money pays for the programme, but not a penny is paid to a British manufacturer; a third paid goes to an Ally firm, and two-thirds go to neutrals, some of whom have German names, and in certain cases are German by birth. A man would be less than a man if his sympathies were not with the country of his birth. We should think less of him if he spurned his Fatherland, even though an enemy. But this is not the point. The point for consideration is—is it right that British manufacturers, who produce stuff as good as anyone, should be ignored, and the coppers out of the pockets of the picture loving public be sent to swell the accounts of foreigners? At another moment we would not think of this, but to-day our minds are brought to this thought that every penny spent should, wherever possible, be spent for the benefit of British trade, and only when British firms cannot supply what we require should imported goods be bought. If twice as many British films were seen at our picture halls there would still be room for well over fifty per cent. of foreign productions.

* * *

WHILE a vast number of short-sighted people are protesting against the Sunday opening of picture palaces, it is refreshing to note the attitude of a number of Church worthies on this important question. Those who think clearly realise that no harm can be done by opening the cinemas on Sunday, provided they are conducted properly.

Dr. Amigo, Bishop of Southwark, has made an interesting statement at St. George's Cathedral. He said there was no harm in Roman Catholics going to places of amusement on Sunday, but he wished the kinematograph entertainments opened at two o'clock instead of six, so that the people might attend evening service after an afternoon spent in the picture theatres.

This is a reasonable attitude, and those spoil-joys who have fought so hard and bitterly to close up a legitimate amusement should mark well what the reverend bishop thinks.

HAVE you noticed any falling off in the standard of films lately? A number of people have made complaints to me that the stories are worn-out and hackneyed, that there seems to be a falling back to the old melodrama, and that the comedy is such slapstick stuff that it would not raise a smile on the face of the happiest man in creation. All of which I beg to submit is wrong. If there has been any falling off it is because some theatre proprietors have sought advantage by renting old and cheaper stuff, and because no real choice is made in comedies for projection; the films often not being selected on their merits, but upon a name made years ago. Otherwise I myself seem to see a continual, though gradual, advance in the quality of film stories. If you have any doubt just read the stories in this magazine a year ago and compare them with those you read to-day. The result would be to satisfy you that cinematography does not look backward, but ever forward.

Strange things come to a fellow who writes a column like this. One hears all sorts of complaints, and has sometimes difficulty in replying. But as to the improvement in picture stories there is no difficulty, the evidence is on every hand. Handsome theatres are springing up everywhere to project films for the entertainment of all classes of the community—the class that once shunned the cinema as “cheap” now cuts out the “legitimate” and patronises the “movies.” If cinematography had fallen off in quality this would not be the case—if pictures did not become better and better there would be a decrease in the attendance at cinemas. But the reverse is the case. The cinemas, ever increasing in number and size, flourish, even during the war, while other attractions are on the wane.

* * *

*If you wish to view the “movies,”
And enjoy their every phase,
You must be innoculated
With the motion picture craze.*

*You must read the tale in earnest
(In this magazine 'tis best),
You must haunt the picture houses,
Never let the players rest.*

*When you know by sight each artist,
And have favourites by the score,
You're a worthy “movie” patron;
Tell me—can you wish for more?*

WE all have moments like this—some people (the writers) call it inspiration—others (the readers) call it balderdash. Still it is a fact, the more you go to the pictures the more you desire to. The craze, if one may call it by so unsatisfactory a name, is as catching as fever. Indeed, it is a fever with some. Fortunately, there is no need for isolation—enthusiastic fever like that for the pictures is a contagion we would all like to see spread wide and wider.

* * *

SOME people have laughed to scorn the story which emanated from Berlin to the effect that the Grand Staff is utilising a new cinematographic invention for reconnoitring work by aeroplane, but the truth is that cinematography is being used far more in this war than most people

imagine. The idea of taking motion pictures from an aeroplane is no new one, and no doubt the Germans have accomplished what they state. It is doubtful, however, if the invention, which they claim to be novel and only known to the German Headquarters, is anything more than what has been the common property of all cinematographers for some time, and by which excellent motion pictures can be taken at many miles range. To what purposes cinematography is being put in this war will hardly ever be known except to a few, but we can rest assured that its possibilities are understood, and a great development in its use will be the outcome. I do not mean the use of cinematography for mere recording work, but for other purposes of far greater import at the immediate moment.

WALLY VAN, of the Vitagraph players, was christened Charles Wallace Van Nostrand, yet he is best known as Cutey, a name bestowed on him by his countless admirers. He was born in Hyde Park, Long Island, N.Y., on September 27th, 1880, and received his early schooling in Brooklyn.

He graduated from the School of Sciences, New York City, with the degree of Civil Engineer.

He was actively engaged in the construction of the tunnels under the East River, in New York City. While so employed he became an expert on modern gas engines, specialising on high-powered, high-speed marine engines. In this capacity he was engaged by J. Stuart Blackton, Commodore of the Atlantic Yacht Club, Vice-President of the Vitagraph Company, owner of the famous Baby Reliance racing motor boats. Wally participated in all the great races in which these several boats were engaged, and was the big feature in establishing many world's records.

Through Commodore Blackton, Wally entered motion pictures.

Wally had gained fame as an amateur actor in college plays, and he quickly made an enviable name for a photoplayer. He has written many of the plays in which he has appeared. His greatest success is in "The Adventures of Miss Tomboy," as his mechanical ability permits him to do many things which the average screen actor could never hope to accomplish.

Wally is a direct descendant of Robert Morris, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. His immediate family is now the oldest in New York City.

In addition to appearing in pictures he also

directs them. He is one of the few screen artistes who can write, star and direct his own productions. An example as to his knowledge of engines is given in the following:—Wally had to appear in three different pictures in which high-speed petrol engines were to be employed. Having obtained a 90 horse-power motor-car, he started to the scene of the first picture. In this scene he had to manipulate a flying machine. After the scene was taken, the motor sped him on his way to the scene of the second picture, where he ran a train of four cars at the speed of a mile a minute for eighteen miles.

In the next scene he sailed an engine-driven yacht; still his work was not finished, for he had to rush off to where he drove a Baby Reliance motor-boat in a race. After all this rush he was last seen going off in his car at the rate of fifty miles an hour, seeking a well-earned rest.

THE FAMOUS PLAYERS announce the engagement of the celebrated and popular star, John Mason, who will be presented in the world-renowned drama, "Jim, the Penman," by Sir Charles L. Young. Many theatre-goers remember with pleasure the stage presentation of this play in London some years ago, and the deep interest it created in theatrical circles.

Mr. Mason will of course play the title role, Jim Ralson, the man whose clever pen works so much harm, even to his most dearly loved, and which finally writes his own punishment.

Mr. Mason has scored brilliant triumphs in a number of stage successes, including "The Ambassador," "The Witching Hour," and "As a Man Thinks."

The Bishop's Silence.

From the REGENT Film Story.



IS conscience tortured by the guilty knowledge that another is suffering for his crime, Bishop Laurence confesses from the pulpit to his congregation, telling them the story of his past life. When a young clergyman, Laurence was the accepted lover of Marie Avery, a rising young actress. Her brother Martin, a famous actor, is engaged to Laurence's sister. Because Martin Avery would not release Marie from her theatrical engagements in order that she might be married to Laurence immediately, the young clergyman quarrelled with her, and for a while they parted. During this estrangement, Laurence, who had unwittingly won the love of Olivia Mowbray, the daughter of a parishioner, was led into sin. He pledged his word to marry Olivia, but the promise was broken. Later, Laurence took deacon's orders, and he and Marie became reconciled, but the young man continued to meet Olivia in secret. The girl's father, who, by a peculiar chain of circumstances, was led to believe Martin Avery responsible for Olivia's ruin, followed his daughter to one of the meetings. On this particular evening Laurence had donned one of Martin's suits—the actor was staying with him at the time—in order to disguise his cloth. Mowbray surprised his daughter and the supposed actor, and commenced a furious attack on Laurence. In self-defence the other struck him down, and Mowbray was killed by the fall. Horror-stricken, Laurence and Olivia fled from the spot, and Martin Avery, who was taking an evening stroll in the neighbourhood of the crime, came under the ban of suspicion. It was well known in the

district that Mowbray had uttered threats against the actor for the ruin of his daughter, and on this evidence Avery was arrested. At his trial Olivia committed perjury for the sake of the man she loved. Everything pointed to Avery's guilt, and an innocent letter he had written to Olivia enclosing an autographed photograph of himself proved the last link in the chain of evidence against him. Convicted of manslaughter, he was sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment. Later, Laurence married Marie Avery, but although success came to him, the clergyman's life was haunted by his crime. As the years passed Marie guessed the truth, and the realisation of her husband's guilt killed her. Still the years dragged on, years of terrible misery for the conscience-stricken bishop. When Martin Avery was released he returned to his profession, and the public flocked to support their former idol. Laurence found it impossible to keep away from the theatre, and visited a performance in order to see his friend. Avery recognised him in the audience. The next day Laurence received a letter from the actor telling him that Martin had all along known the truth, but had kept silent for friendship's sake and the sake of his sister Marie. The letter ended: "I freely forgive you." A revulsion of feeling overcame Laurence at this kindly action, and he decided to confess his sin before the world. With the words: "My brethren, I am not worthy to wear these clothes, my life has been one black lie," he falls tottering from the pulpit. When the horrified onlookers reach his prostrate body life is extinct. Bishop Laurence has gone to face his Redeemer.



With the Players

MARGUERITE CLAYTON enjoys the distinction of playing opposite that popular idol of moving-picture lovers, G. M. Anderson. None of her predecessors have created a more favourable impression than she. Miss Clayton is unique in her wonderful success in the pictures, as, previous to her association with Essanay, she had no experience whatever in any kind of stage work that counts. But what Miss Clayton lacked in experience she made up in brains; and though her physical attractions are very self-evident, she doesn't rely on them alone for a moment. She is a hard and very earnest worker, and takes both herself and her work very seriously.

Marguerite was educated in a convent and joined the Essanay Western Company about a year ago in answer to an advertisement, which, as it turned out, was one of the best investments at nominal cost on record. Neither of her parents have been on the stage. They live in Utah and her father is a wealthy retired mining engineer.

She recently received a real fright when portraying a difficult part in a play called "Broncho Billy, a Friend in Need." In one scene Miss Clayton supposes Broncho Billy to be a thief. She points a revolver at his head and declares she will shoot if he does not hold up his hands. Her finger was on the trigger when Mr. Anderson, his hands high above his head, calmly ordered the camera man to stop the picture. The company was greatly surprised until Mr. Anderson took the revolver from Miss Clayton and removed six cartridges from its cylinder. The actress nearly fainted when she saw how close she had come to shooting the Essanay leading man. The revolver, it seems, belonged to Mr. Anderson, and he had forgotten to remove the cartridges after his previous day's target practice.

Miss Clayton had a surprise the other morning on arriving at the studio at Niles, California. She was confronted by a serious-looking man in clerical garb who presented her with a bible. He said he had seen her use an old and torn one in several pictures, and had travelled several hundred miles to present her personally with a new one.

How Marguerite's pet cub bear saved her jewellery from burglary on one occasion makes interesting reading. The cub, which was recently given to her by a friend, sleeps in a chair near her bed. The robber went through her dressing

chest and extracted all her jewels. Evidently thinking the sleeping bear was a valuable fur, he grasped it none too gently. The indignant bear gave a snarl and snapped the intruder on the wrist. The much surprised burglar let out a howl of surprise and pain. Not knowing what the furry thing was that clung to him and bit and clawed, he dropped his plunder and fled in terror. By the time Miss Clayton roused the villagers, who quickly turned out with their guns, the burglar had escaped in the darkness.

Report has it that she is leaving the Essanay to join the Liberty Company.

We much regret to hear that this clever lady last month fell from a stage-coach and fractured her leg in several places, and that her recovery is likely to take some time.

MISS MURIEL OSTRICHE came to the pictures without previous stage experience of any kind. She is a very popular young lady for whom the Princess brand of pictures were specially created by the late president of the Thanhouser Film Corporation (Chas. J. Hite), who wanted an ingenue lead—one with russet brown hair. Her work with Boyd Marshall in Princess Films has been marked with much success. Miss Ostriche occasionally plays in the Thanhouser films and recently did splendid work as Mary McLaren in the two-part drama, "The Strike." She has just passed her seventeenth birthday and was a leading lady at fifteen, playing extra at the Biograph studio after high-school hours. After that she played for Pathe's and then joined the Eclair Stock Company. Miss Ostriche is an excellent dancer, a clever tangoist, and has won several silver cups and other prizes in dancing competitions. She is an artiste of exceptional ability, being particularly good in dramatic rôles. Her home is in New York.

MARGUERITA FISCHER, formerly on the legitimate stage, at first thought it *infra dig.* to act in pictures, and after nine months with the Selig Company went back for a short time. The attractions of the screen became too alluring, and the desire to get away from the hardships of travelling on the road, also to be able to settle down in one place, decided the matter, much to the benefit of Marguerita's many friends and admirers. We give a portrait in our present supplement of this charming photoplayer.

NAOMI WESTON CHILDERS, who will be seen as Margaret Lane in the stirring four-part military drama, "The Tangle," is a popular member of the Vitagraph Company, and was born in Pottstown, Pa., November 15th, 1893. Her father, John Douglas Childers, originally came from England, where his uncles were ministers to the King of England. Elizabeth McCarthy was the maiden name of Miss Childers' mother, and she was born in County Clare, Ireland.

Miss Childers received her education in the public schools of St. Louis, Mo., attending the Grammar School and Central High and Maryville Convent. As a child she was always imitating people or speaking pieces, and at the age of ten made her first professional appearance in "Alice in Wonderland," at the Odeon, in St. Louis.

Even in her childhood days Miss Childers was noted for her Grecian cast of features, and accepted many offers to pose in the Grecian costume for artists in oil, and, as she became older, added concert readings to fill in the time between the posings. Miss Childers' uncle on her mother's side was a noted lecturer in Ireland, and it is quite probable that she acquired her taste for the lecture platform from him, as she won merited recognition as a reader, having appeared at the Chart Club Drawing Room, Morning Choral Symphonies, and before the Daughters of the Revolution, but the lure of stage life was strong, and she joined a stock company playing in St. Louis. It was now but a step to Broadway engagements, and it was not long before Miss Childers became identified with such well-known stars and attractions as Henry Kolker in "The Great Name," Laura Nelson Hall in "Every Woman," in which Miss Childers appeared as Beauty; "Ready Money," "Madame X," etc.

Miss Childers joined the Vitagraph Company about a year and a half ago, and has been busily engaged ever since, as she has not only posed for numerous pictures but has written a number of scenarios which have been produced. A few of the many Vitagraph pictures in which she has appeared include "Their Mutual Friend," "Officer and a Gentleman," "Price of Vanity," "Crucible of Fate," "The Spirit and the Clay," "The Tangle," "Woes of a Waitress," "The Wrong Flat," etc.

GM. ANDERSON, playing in his famous role of "Broncho Billy," is a thorough believer in realism in his art. He believes in carrying through his hair-raising episodes in the minutest detail and as true to life as possible.

When scenes picture deeds that risk life and limb he is always ready to take chances to give the public an exact imitation of the actions represented.

In his latest act he braved death by climbing a perilous flight of almost perpendicular stairs on his favourite Pinto pony. Not only did he make the ascent in safety, but he made the far more perilous descent.

The spectators held their breath as the pony slid and clung from step to step down the fearful height. A slip and horse and rider were threatened with being dashed to the ground below.

But so thorough a master horseman is he that he guided the pony safely to the bottom.

Even the cowboys of the West, used as they are to all sorts of desperate feats, cheered and tossed their hats in the air.

Neither horse nor rider received a scratch. The hazardous ride will be shown in one of the "Broncho Billy" productions of the Western feature drama to be released soon by the Essanay Film Company.

AWOMAN who visited one of the motion picture houses in Chicago recently saw FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN on the screen. She was overcome with emotion and left the theatre. The next morning she called at the Essanay studio to see the star actor. He was out at the time, but the woman declared he was her son, who had run away from home in childhood. When assured that Bushman is a Virginian and not a native of Chicago, she refused to believe it. She declared she could not be mistaken in her own son, and vowed she would return later to claim him.

LEONA HUTTON, the popular Broncho actress, specializes in "crook" stories, though this talented film player declares that never in her life has she had an opportunity to study first-hand the type of woman which she impersonates. In "A Crook's Sweetheart" she did such convincing work that several of the other actors at the New York Motion Picture Studios took it for granted that she formerly had been associated with prison reform, or at least had visited court-rooms and jails to find her types. When they said as much, however, Miss Hutton replied, "I've never even read a 'shilling shocker.' I've lived out West all my life, and not many Western women become criminals, you know. But, maybe, my sympathy from childhood with poor, abused Nancy Sykes has given me the ability to portray her sort."

Miss Hutton is an all-round out-of-doors girl. She is perfectly at home in the saddle, and can paddle a canoe like an Indian. Plays which require trips into the San Bernardino Mountains to secure wild and romantic settings are her delight.



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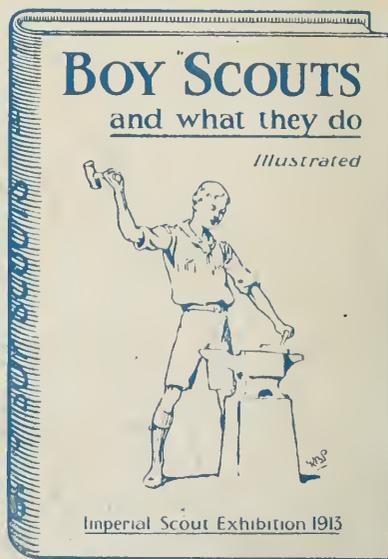
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