



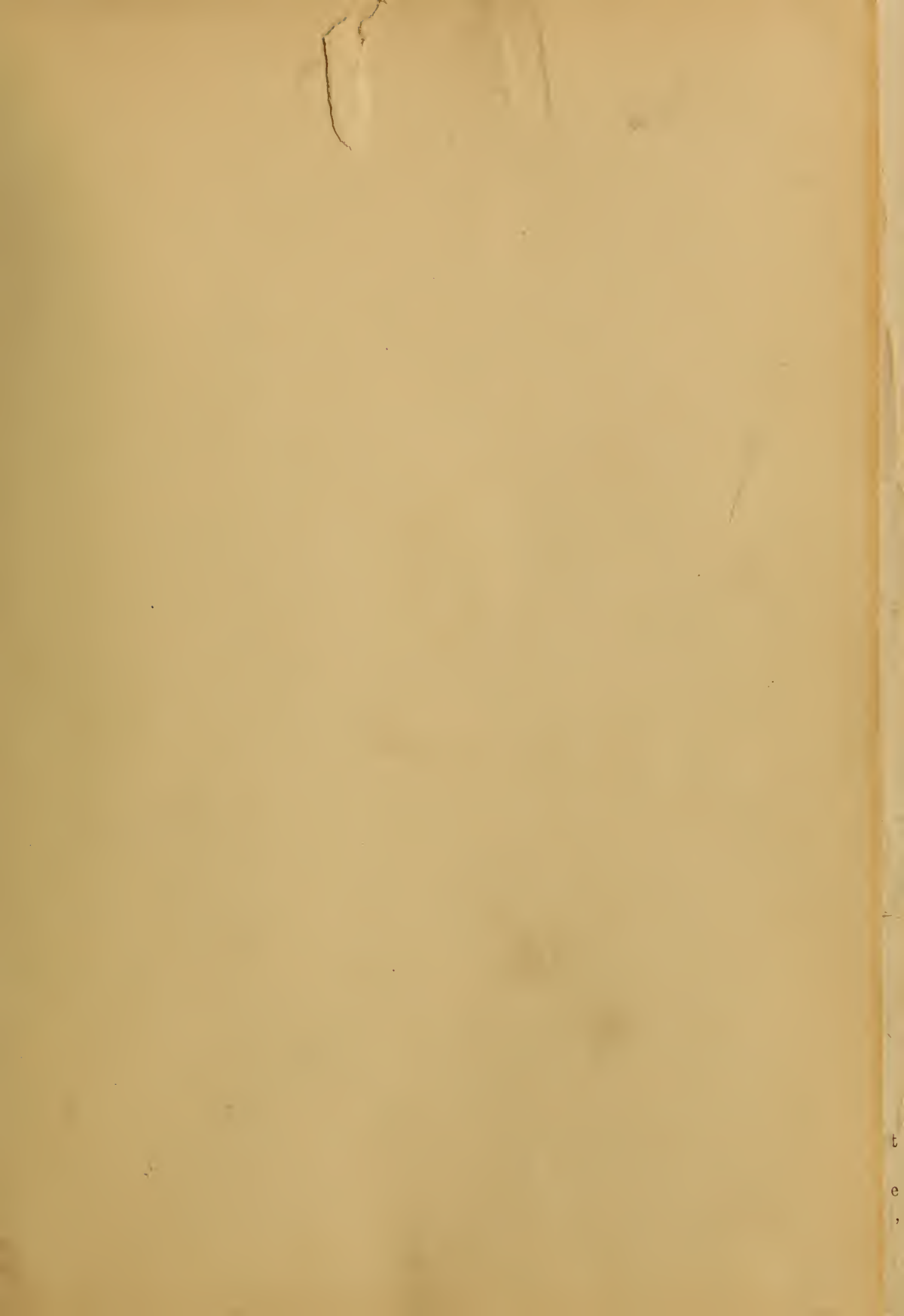


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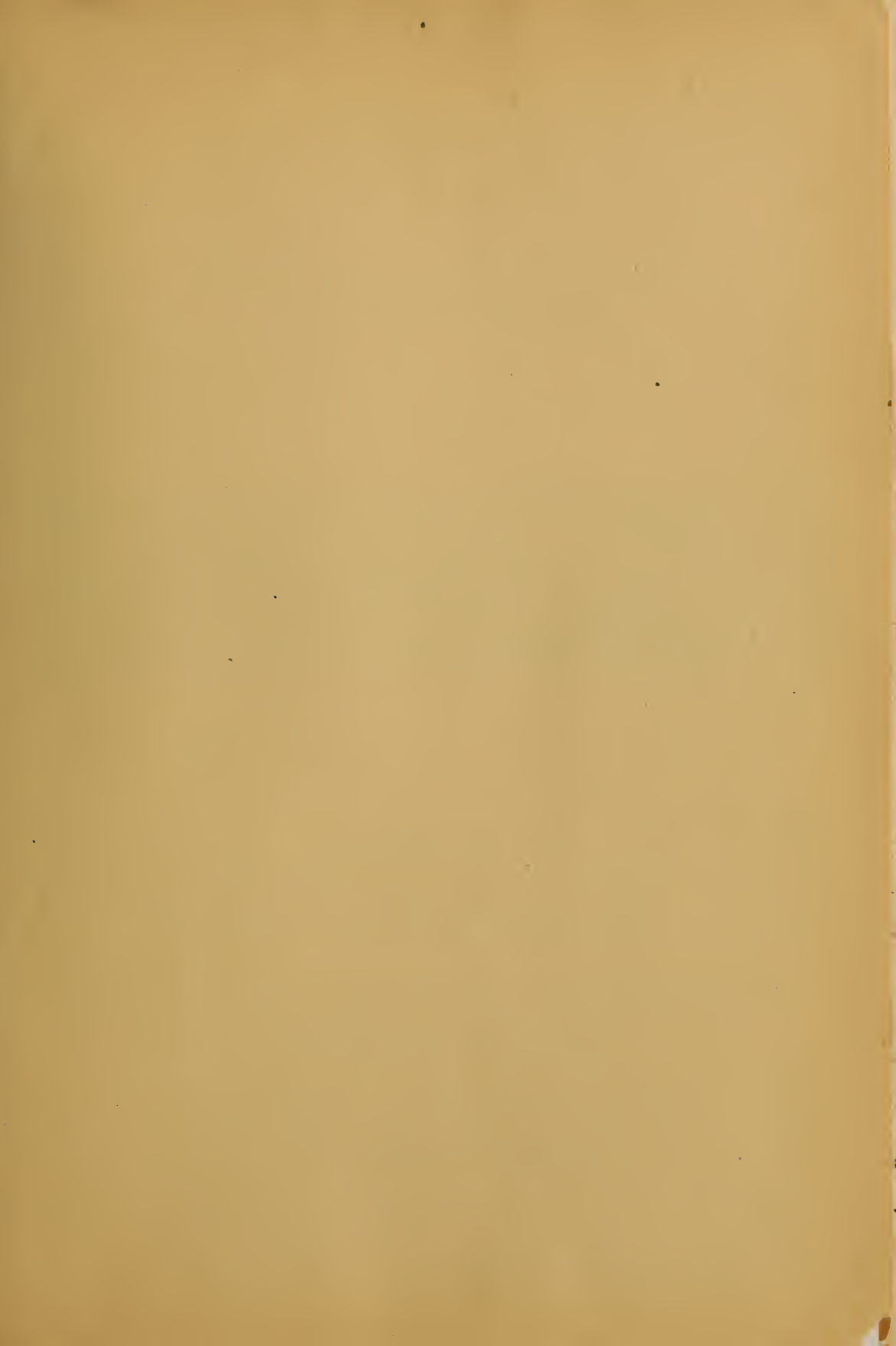
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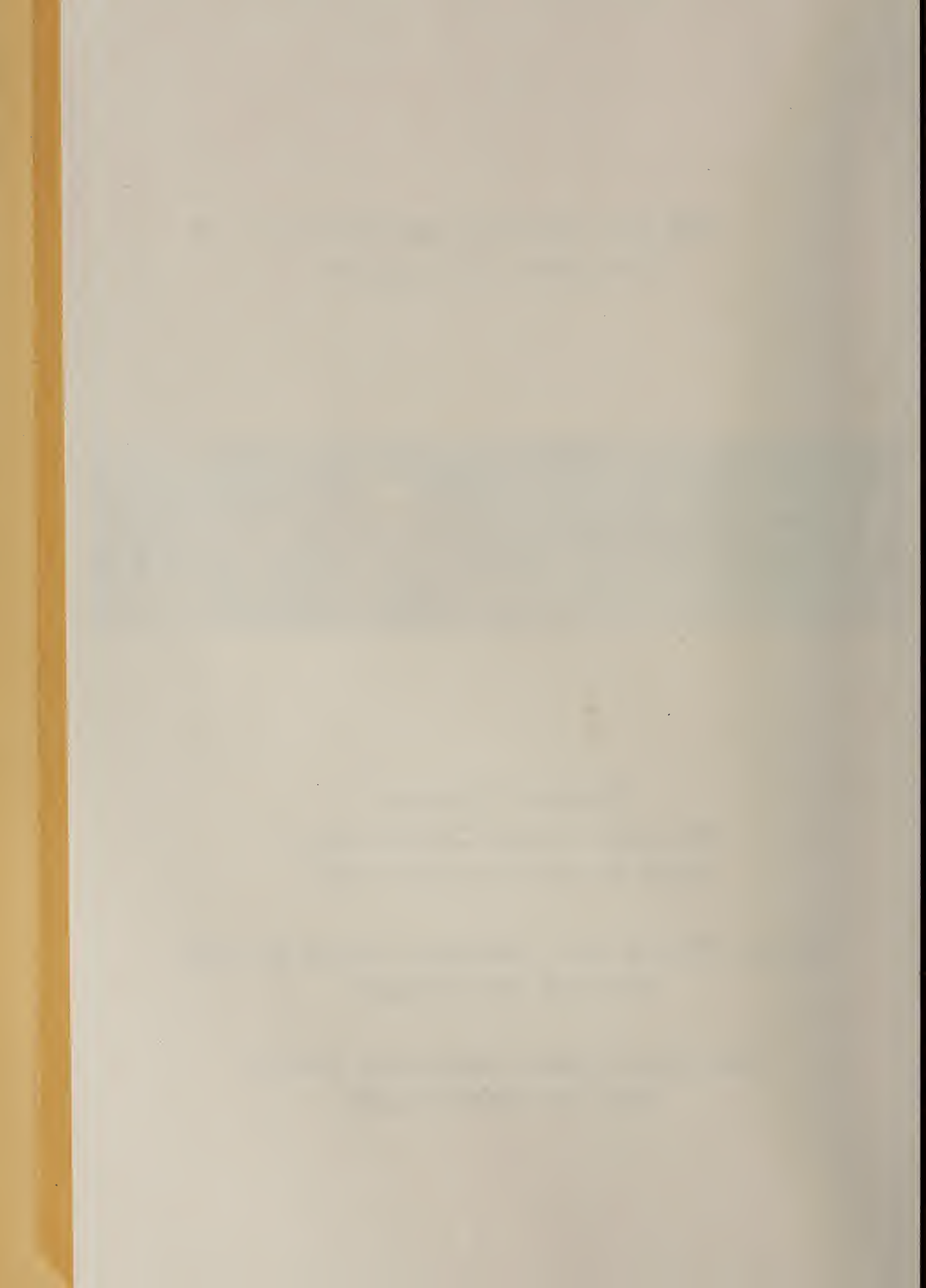
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# The Motion PICTURE STORY Magazine

FEBRUARY, 1911

PRICE 15 CENTS



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“JOSEPHINE! MY DESTINY OVERMASTERS MY WILL. MY DEAREST AFFECTIONS MUST BE SILENT BEFORE THE INTERESTS OF MY COUNTRY.”  
—NAPOLÉON.  
—MRS. JULIA SWAYNE AS JOSEPHINE.

# The Motion Picture Story Magazine

Published for the Public Monthly by THE MOTION PICTURE STORY PUBLISHING COMPANY

Publication Office, 26 Court Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

J. STUART BLACKTON, President

D. ROY SHAFER, Vice-President

EUGENE V. BREWSTER, Secretary and Treasurer

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Vol. 1

FEBRUARY, 1911

No. 1

*"Dost thou love pictures? We will fetch thee straight—  
Adonis painted by a running brook;  
And Cythera all in sedges hid;  
Which seem to move and wanton with her breath,  
Even as the waving sedges play with the wind."  
—Taming of the Shrew.*

## EDITORIAL

### PROEM

THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE presents its compliments to its readers and hopes for a more intimate acquaintance.

This publication is so absolutely unique amongst the hundreds of monthly magazines, its Editors feel assured that the novelty will of itself attract an attention that the publication will hold.

Irrespective of its merits as a play, the dramatized novel is assured the patronage of the supporters of the book.

THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE, thru the courtesy of the leading manufacturers of moving pictures, both here and abroad, is able to announce the monthly presentation of at least a dozen short stories lavishly illustrated with photographs from life of those actors engaged in the presentation of the photoplay upon which the story is based, and which will be produced within the current month at all of the leading photoplay-houses thruout the country. These stories will be among the most notable of the seventy or eighty stories to be presented each month, and will represent the very best of a varied product.

Unlike the dramatized novel, which frequently makes radical departure from the published book, these stories adhere closely to the original tale,

and the reader will find no disappointment in the pictured drama thru the violence done to preconceived impressions of the various personages.

We feel that this Monthly will meet a demand from the increasingly large number of picture patrons, and we thank you for the welcome of which we feel assured.

**T**O IMITATE, as Aristotle observes, is instinctive to the human race, and from clever imitation all men derive a certain pleasure. That is why, for three thousand years, the drama has been to the world one of its greatest sources of entertainment, culture and education. Indeed, "The play's the thing," but not necessarily the spoken play. Gesture and facial expression are more eloquent than words. The eyes can speak as well as the lips. "Actions speak louder than words." And not only this, for all the world loves a picture, and that is why the moving picture has come into such unprecedented popularity. By Theophile Gautier it has been well remarked that the skeleton of every good drama is a pantomime, altho the bones that form it must be covered with the living flesh of poetry.

The moving pictures not only imitate; they interpret human life. No painter can paint with the hand what the motion picture spectator can see with his eye.

As Cowper observes, "Blest be the art that can immortalize,—the art that baffles time's tyrannic claim to quench it." And what better accomplishes this than the moving picture? It puts in permanent form the history of to-day for the scholars of to-morrow. It sketches life, customs, habits and character as no words can do. It makes an accurate record of times present, and brings us into more intimate relations with times past.

**T**HE FIRST dramatic representations known in Europe were devotional pieces, acted by the monks, in the churches of their convents, representative of the life of the Saviour and of his apostles. The drama has long since passed the time when it was used for religious or even for moral purposes, yet the moving picture play has come, and we frequently see plays in illustration of Bible stories and of other moral truths.

**O**NE ADVANTAGE of the moving picture over the theatre play is in the variety of the scenery and the facility with which it can be changed. At the theatre we seldom see more than three scenes, and we are obliged to wait several minutes to see even these; while at the moving picture plays, we may see a hundred in one piece, without losing a minute of our time and without losing a bit of action. Besides this, the limited space on the theatre stage makes elaborate scenery impossible, whereas the picture play often presents real instead of painted scenery.

**T**HE PICTURE play has been a God-send to those who have been complaining of bad acoustics in the theatres, and of actors with poor enunciation or bad elocution. And we must not forget that there is in every community a considerable number who are hard of hearing, or even deaf.

**A**FAMOUS preacher recently said that he believed more good was done to the boys by the moving picture plays than by the churches. "You can teach a boy a lesson," said he, "in Sunday School, but he is not interested, and, if he listens at all, he soon forgets what he has learned; while the lesson of the moving picture is not only intensely interesting, but it has a more dramatic and lasting effect on the boy. If I could select my own pictures, I believe I could reform any bad boy."



# PALS

Adapted from the Play by Colin S. Collins

The Story of a partnership that was broken thru the rascality of a Mexican, but made whole again thru fortunate circumstances

**T**HE WICKED looking blade gleamed coldly in the light as it flashed on high. Some of the regular patrons of the "Grub Stake" bar edged toward the door. When "Greasy Diego" went on a drunk it was just as well to be somewhere else unless you happened to have a "grouch" against the life insurance company that wrote your policy.

Those who could not get to the door

stood looking, with the odd indifference of the plainsman to the passing of human life, and in that electric moment wondered what Jack Harper would do to Diego should the thrust not prove immediately fatal.

Harper was reasonably quick on the draw, but the hammer had caught against a frayed edge of the holster, and he was at the Mexican's mercy.

But the blade did not fall and



DENTON'S ARRIVAL IN THE WEST.



AT LAST THE DAY CAME WHEN THE DUST WAS WEIGHED AND THE LAST ADDITION MADE UP THE SUM.

Diego uttered a cry of pain as an iron grip closed over the slender wrist with a pressure that seemed able to crush it. For a moment he writhed and struggled, seeking to turn the blade against this new antagonist, but the knife clattered to the floor and in another moment half a dozen men were piled upon his prostrate form and Harper was shaking hands with his preserver.

"And you a tenderfoot," he cried amazed. "When I saw you get off the stage I sure had it figured that you'd take some training to get in line for the West, but—say—you're a ready-made man, that's what you are. What's your name, Old Timer?"

"Brooks Denton," answered the easterner, not conscious of the compliment the expression "Old Timer" conveyed.

"You're all right, Denton," cried Harper, "and any time you want a pal just tell me about it. I'm your man if you want me."

"Then I may as well tell you now," was the smiling response. "I do want a pal, and if you mean it, I think we can get along first rate. I've enough to grub-stake two for a few months and—"

"And I've a pretty comfortable cabin," volunteered Harper. "Is it a go?"

"The very thing I wanted," was the hearty response. "Let's have a drink to celebrate the event and then get down to business."

The invitation to all hands to step up to the bar completed Denton's popularity not an hour after he had stepped from the stage, and presently he became part owner of Harper's cabin by virtue of a liberal contribution of stores.

The partnership brought success to Harper, whose development work on a lead did not return the promise of the indications. With two men to work they made more rapid progress, and the indications again grew most favorable. Harper had been famous in camp for his prejudice against "tenderfeet" from the East, but now he swore that the ideal combination

was a man from the East and one from the West.

When the work was temporarily stopped by a cave-in which laid Denton up for several weeks Harper nursed him as tenderly as a woman and knitted more firmly the bond between the two men.

Then came pay-rock, and day after day Harper and Denton added to the store of gold in the chimney piece and planned what they would do when the pile grew big and they could sell the mine for a good, round sum. Five thousand apiece was the sum they set for the "cleanup," and then Denton would go back East for his family while Harper stayed to sell the mine. Denton's mother was failing fast and he was anxious to get back home.

At last the day came when the dust was weighed for the hundredth time, and with the last addition made up the sum. Half the night they sat up and planned, and it was late when they rose in the morning.

"You go up to the claim and start in," suggested Denton, "and I'll wash the dishes and clean up. We'll put in one more day and to-morrow we'll cash in the dust and divide. I don't like the idea of so much dust here. Diego doesn't like us and one of these days he'll make a raid."

"Not while he remembers the grip you gave him," denied Harper with a laugh, as he shouldered his tools. "Bring up some stuff for lunch when you come."

Denton nodded, and when his pal had gone he busied himself with the dish-washing. He was still at work when a miner living up the creek dropped in.

"This came in on the stage this morning," he explained, handing him a yellow telegraph envelope. "The driver asked me to bring it along to save him the trip, and he says he's going back at half past eleven."

He hurried away, for he knew the contents of the envelope and, man-like, he hated a scene.

With trembling fingers Denton tore open the envelope and confirmed his fears. His mother was sinking. Per-



DIEGO UTTERED A CRY OF PAIN AS AN IRON GRIP CLOSED OVER HIS SLENDER WRIST.

haps it would be too late to see her alive, but she was calling for him and they knew that he would come.

He glanced at the clock. It was eleven. There was no time to go up to the claim and tell Harper. There was time only to throw a few things in a grip and hurry to the Grub Stake to take the stage for the railroad.

On the back of a flour-sack he wrote a brief note for Harper, explaining the situation, and promising to return as soon as possible. "I don't need the dust," he added. "We will divide when I get back."

He left this and the telegram on the table where Harper would be sure to see it, and he never noticed "Greasy Diego" peering through the window. The Mexican had seen Harper going toward the claim alone, and thought his chance had come to be revenged upon the man who had humiliated him.

Something he guessed from the message and the actions that followed,

and now a new scheme of revenge suggested itself. As soon as Denton left the shack he slipped thru the lightly latched door and made a rapid survey of the room. It did not take him long to locate the loose bricks in the chimney that marked the hiding place, and he paused only long enough to destroy the note and telegram and leave in its place another that read:

"I'm tired of the country and I'm taking the dust. You can have the mine to get more from."

Diego, unlike many of his class, could write well, and it was not the first time that he had forged the writing of others. The note would have puzzled Denton himself, and it completely deceived Harper when he tired of waiting for his lunch and returned to the shack.

"My pal," he moaned as he sank into a chair. "He could have had the doggone dust, if he wanted, if he only had asked, but to do me dirt like this when I trusted him!"

That was what hurt. He had trusted Denton as a brother. He had come to love him with more than a brother's love, and the betrayal destroyed his faith in all men.

For more than an hour he sat silent and gloomy, staring with unseeing eyes at the rifled cache. Then he rose, and there was a new look in his face; it was hatred and stern purpose and he buckled his holster about his waist.

At the Grub Stake, while waiting for the evening stage, he learned that Denton had taken the noon stage and that he had carried a large bag that seemed to be heavy. It could not have contained all of the dust, some of it must have been cached; but he had gone, and with him all of Harper's faith in his fellow man.

"I'm going to catch him," Harper confided to the Sheriff, "and when I do I guess there won't be any need of an inquest to find out that he's dead."

"Better go careful," urged the Sheriff. "They don't care for gun-play back East."

"I'm not doing this to please them," reminded Harper, as he climbed aboard the stage, and the Sheriff knew that it would be short shrift for Denton should he be found.

New York is a large place and Harper searched the directory in vain for the Denton he sought. There were many in the huge volume, but not the man he wanted, tho he visited each in turn. Day after day he set out on his quest, ever hopeful that he would find the man who had played him false.

He was on the search in the suburbs when there was a cry from the passers-by, and he turned in time to see a speeding automobile knock down a little child. The people surged about the car, but Harper was first upon the scene and it was he who raised the little one from the dust.

The self-important small boy vol-



HE TURNED IN TIME TO SEE A SPEEDING AUTOMOBILE KNOCK DOWN A LITTLE CHILD.



"I'LL GIVE YOU TEN SECONDS TO SAY YOUR PRAYERS."

unteered to show the way to her home, and leaving the policeman to get the address of the owner of the car Harper bore his burden as gently as could a woman, nor did he lay the burden down until her own little bed was ready and the doctor had come.

"I'd like to come out to-morrow and see if she's all right," he said awkwardly to the mother, and so it happened that the next day Harper, laden with fruits and toys, was ushered into the tiny room where the little sufferer lay, her sprained limbs tightly bandaged.

Harper loved children, and he was soon deep in the intricacies of a fairy tale, while the mother stole out to take advantage of the respite to attend to her household tasks.

"—And so the Princess turned and said," he recited, then he sprang to his feet and gave utterance to something that was very unlike the language of a Princess in a fairy tale. Like a flash his gun was whipped from its holster, and he stood with the ugly

muzzle pointing to the heart of the man who had been his pal.

"I've found you," he cried, forgetful of the child. "I've found you, you thieving cur. I swore when I found you that I would shoot to kill and I'm going to do it, Denton."

"Jack! Are you crazy?" cried Denton as he saw the light of madness in the other's eyes.

"I guess I am," came the response. "You'd be crazy, too, if your pal had done you dirt."

"I! How?" There was conviction in Denton's tones, but Harper gave no heed.

"You know well enough," he snarled. "Don't lie out of it, now I have you cornered. I'll give you ten seconds to say your prayers. One, two—"

Denton could not speak. He did not understand what had happened. He could not imagine what his offense had been.

"Three—four—five—" Harper was counting slowly, and with the solemn

tones of a judge pronouncing a death sentence.

"Six—seven—eight—nine—"

The finger on the trigger trembled.

"Don't you frighten my papa! Don't Don't!"

Both men had forgotten the child in the tense moments. The cry broke the spell. Harper let the pistol fall to his side.

"The kid saved you," he said huskily. "Let me go before the craziness comes again."

He turned toward the door, but Mrs. Denton blocked the way. In her hand she held a telegraph envelope which she offered to her husband. Denton read and passed the yellow sheet to his pal.

"The greaser got the money," the wire ran. "He borrowed a horse to take it across the border, and that is how we happened to get him. He confessed. Try and locate Harper and tell him. He's looking for you."

The slip fluttered to the floor. Harper turned to his friend.

"I ain't worthy, after the way I acted," he said huskily, "but if you can forgive—"

A handclasp was the answer and Harper turned to the little bed and placed an arm about the frightened child.

"We'll make her the third pal," he said tenderly. "That morning I blasted out the pay streak and there's gold enough for three good pals."

Miss Clara Williams



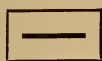
Miss Clara Williams is one of the most popular of the picture players. While she has had fine success in various other rôles, she excels in the plays of the West. Having spent several years on a cattle ranch, she is familiar with the real cowboy, she is an expert horse-woman, and a lover of out-door life. All of Miss Williams' impersonations are highly artistic.

Notable Bits from Photoplays

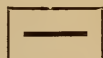


A SPIRITED SCENE FROM "THE BUCCANEERS."





# Birds and Birdmen



By J. Stuart Blackton

Illustrated with Photographs by the Author



**M**OTORING thru Long Island one crisp brilliant day in October several years ago, we slowed down at the intersection of two picturesque ways where thickly wooded glades ran to the road's edge on either side, and halted our car where, thru a vista of crimson and golden leaves, a glimpse of sparkling water and yellow marshland redolent of a George Innes landscape, tempted us to tarry and spread our "al fresco" lunch.

Half an hour later, with a cigar between my teeth and feeling at peace with all the world, I lay flat on my back and looked straight up into the many-hued sky; looked just for the sake of looking, and saw, presently, half a dozen tiny black specks which finally took shape and resolved themselves into a flock of wild geese. On





they came, straight and true, until, on outspread pinions, they floated directly above me. Suddenly from the marsh, a heron rose with raucous cry and flapped gracefully up and over the tree tops, while almost simultaneously a flock of wild ducks whirred out of the water and streamed out like a pennant swirled by the autumn wind.

The geese with one accord swept majestically in a circle, and then, as if having decided unanimously on their direction, headed due South and in a few seconds disappeared.

Life did not seem so satisfactory; I envied those birds, envied their wonderful freedom of flight, their marvelous mastery of the domains of the air, a kingdom yet unconquered by man, and wondered if human science or inventive genius would ever put humanity on an equality with the goose in the matter of flying.

Last October at Belmont Park, a few miles from the same spot on Long Island, on the same kind of a day, I lay back on the rear seat of a touring car and watched two tiny specks so far up that occasionally they would be lost in a rose-colored cloud that appeared to be trying to blot them out.

Steadily they grew larger and more distinct until every detail could be seen limned in black tracery against the glowing arch of the heavens.

My query of five





LE BLANC'S MONOPLANE IN THE AIR AND AFTER CUTTING A TELEGRAPH POLE  
IN TWO.



years previous was answered—they were not geese—the two specks were Johnstone and Hoxsey descending from an altitude flight of nearly ten thousand feet above the earth's surface. As they neared the ground another shadow passed athwart my vision, and Latham in his bird-like monoplane swooped gracefully upwards, the golden sunset glinting on the under side of his broad pinions as he swerved and dipped in his circling flight, paraphrasing the heron whom I had not forgotten.

And still more wonders! Here were the "wild ducks," the saucy little Demoiselles, and the baby Wright; Grahame-White's Blériot and Moisant's monoplane, nine in all, circling and wheeling; crossing and re-crossing; whirring and buzzing until the air seemed to be, and literally was, full of huge bird-like creations, conceived, built and operated by the genius, skill and daring of man. The domain of the air was conquered. This is a story of conquest.

Later in the week little Moisant with his quiet, confident smile and his courageous black eyes, nonchalantly stepped into a monoplane that he had tried for only a few minutes and triumphantly flew from the middle of Long Island to and around the Statue of Liberty and back to almost the identical spot from which he started. To-day I read that the same

intrepid little air voyageur had flown four times over the city of Richmond.

Another conquest! and yet, as in all conquests, the price has to be paid—the cost is dreadful. Poor, genial, dare-devil Ralph Johnstone has paid Death's toll and many others went before, in the same quest, and still more will follow. So, after all, is the question answered yet? Can man with all his human intelligence be compared, so far as flying goes, with the simple goose?



"A double task to paint the finest features of the mind, and to most subtle and mysterious things give color, strength and motion."—*Akenside.*

"A work of art is said to be perfect in proportion as it does not remind the spectator of the process by which it was created."—*Tuckerman.*

"The object of art is to crystallize emotion into thought, and then to fix it in form."—*Delsarte.*



# Abraham Lincoln's Clemency

A Prose Version of Francis De Haes Janiver's Famous Poem,  
"The Sleeping Sentinel"

IT WAS against the regulations, and only a few days before, the General had laid special stress upon the importance of obeying to the very letter the injunctions laid down, but habit breeds contempt for infraction. An all-day scouting trip had tired the men, and Will Scott felt that it would not matter if for a few moments he sat down to rest his tired limbs. He was almost at the end of his tour of duty, but it seemed to him that he could not remain standing until the relief came when he could find rest in the guard tent.

He only meant to rest for a moment but almost on the very instant, his head sank forward, and forgetfulness from his weariness came in blessed sleep.

He was back again on the green Vermont hillsides, and presently he would go back to the old homestead, where a huge cut of apple pie and a draft of milk would assuage a hunger made the more keen by his tramp thro fields and woods. He was just in sight of the home, as he thought, when a shot was heard—perhaps Dick Hoe was shooting squirrels with the old long-bore rifle that had been his grandfather's before him.

"Post number seven!"

That expression had no part in the Vermont picture. Post seven? Why that was *his* post: the beat he had been set to guard. He sprang to his feet, rubbing his sleep-heavy eyes, and for a moment his heart seemed to cease its beating. Before him stood the sergeant and the relief patrol.

Will's own gun still smoked from its recent discharge, and far down the line he could hear repeated the call: "Corporal of the Guard! Post number seven!"

The camp, roused by the alarm shot, was quickly astir, and the red-sashed officer of the day came hurrying to the scene. At command, Will stepped in between his comrades, and he marched off to the guard tent, not as a member of the relieved party, but as a prisoner, charged with being asleep on post.

Court martial convened in the morning. The Judge Advocate made his plea with a wealth of forensic eloquence, but he knew that he urged a hopeless cause. Will Scott had been caught asleep on post, and "Post seven" at that, which was the direct approach to Chain Bridge, the road to Washington from the Virginia shore. Just beyond the lines were encamped the Confederates, so close, indeed, that tobacco from the Southern ranks was daily exchanged for sugar, tea and flour from the North. The fraternizing of the outposts of the two armies was a thing before unheard of. Strong measures were needed to stamp it out before serious consequences resulted. For the good of the discipline of the entire army, Will Scott must die, and not even Will himself was surprised when sentence was pronounced. He was to die within the week.

There was time for the ministrations of the regimental Chaplain, time to get a letter to the dear old Mother



IN THE LIBRARY OF THE WHITE HOUSE A TALL, GAUNT MAN LOOKED DOWN UPON THE ROWS OF TENTS.

in Vermont, and with a keen eye for effect, General Smith—"Baldy" Smith as he was known to his men—argued that the lesson for the others would be the stronger if the execution of sentence was delayed. The men were used to the *instant* snuffing out of life, and the sight of Scott waiting day after day to meet his doom would be vastly more effective.

It was night. On the lots back of the White House rose a white city of war. The tents, newly issued to the recruits, still were white in the moonlight, for these latest volunteers had not seen service and were waiting impatiently for orders to move South when some discipline had been instilled into the untrained companies.

In the library of the White House, a tall, gaunt man, whose face was beautiful for its very homeliness, looked down upon the row of tents.

Upon the strong, homely face there was a look of anguished sorrow such as the face of Christ might have worn in the garden of Gethsemane; for

Abraham Lincoln, stern of face, but tender in heart as any woman, knew that many of those who slept beneath the white canvas soon would sleep the last sleep of death beneath the red clay of Virginia, and his heart wept for those mothers who would mourn their lost firstborn.

The cause was just and holy, but he had plunged the country into war and he felt a personal responsibility to the thousands whose unmarked graves were filled before their time.

He did not see the broad Potomac, flowing in silver tranquillity past the sleeping city; he did not see the broad sweep of the flats, or the headlands across the eastern branch. His gaze passed beyond these to the scenes of carnage, where brother fought against brother, and the flower of the land was laid low.

There came, too, the vision of that Vermont home from which had come that day an appeal for the life of William Scott of the Third Vermont. It was a simple little letter, eloquent not in words but in the simplicity of the

mother's plea for her only boy who was to die disgraced.

He received hundreds of such letters, and they never lost their appeal; but he had granted pardons until Secretary Stanton had declared that he was destroying discipline and had made the President half promise that he would withhold all pardons in the future.

It had only been a half promise, and altho he meant to keep it, the President found it desperately hard. And something about this letter, its convincing simplicity, perhaps, had strangely moved him. Full half the night he had worked over plans, reports and dispatches, his heart strings torn by their stories of death and defeat.

Out on the Virginia plains, on the other side of the river, a firing squad, still dull with sleep, and with no relish for their detail, listlessly made their way to the scene of execution. A week had passed, and Will Scott marched with head erect between his companions, whose rifles he would presently face.

Bravely he took his stand before them. Bravely he raised his head as the Sergeant gave the command to make ready, altho he knew that next would come "Aim," and "Fire," and with the last, a deafening roar that would be to him the last earthly sound.

"Aim!"

His muscles stiffened and he waited the last command.

"Halt!"

It was not the Sergeant's voice, and the hoof beats told of the approach of an orderly. It could not be a reprieve. What could it mean?

The bandage was torn from his eyes. An orderly from another regiment was standing beside the sergeant, and thru the dust that mingled with the morning mist a carriage was seen to approach, and presently the tall form of the President, taller still for the old fashioned high hat, came upon the scene.

"I need live soldiers more than I do dead ones," he said to the officer. "I pardon William Scott."

He handed the formal pardon to the



"HIS HEARTSTRINGS TORN BY THE STORIES OF DEATH AND DEFEAT."



ALL HIS MUSCLES STIFFENED AND HE WAITED THE LAST COMMAND.

man, and turned to Will, who was speechless with joy.

"Young man," he said severely, "I have been put to a lot of expense to save your life. How are you going to pay me?"

"We c'n mortgage the farm," suggested Will, offering the only solution he could find. Lincoln placed his huge hands on Will's shoulders.

"That is not enough," he said kindly. "Repay me by showing that I have done well in saving a man from disgrace. Prove that he was worthy of that effort, and I shall not regret my lost sleep."

"I promise," cried Will, as the President turned away, and his words had the sanctity of an oath.

Again night, and a city of tents, but this time they are crude shelters, the makeshifts of the Southern army, stained by storm and soil; and, over the field where all day the battle raged, the boys in grey, by lantern light, picked their careful way, searching for the least spark of life in friend or foe. In the hospital tents, the surgeons, soaked in blood, perform

hasty amputations, or probe for hidden bullets, and the brave women of the South lend their gentle ministrations to their heroes and to their enemies without discrimination. It is enough that they suffer.

In one corner of a field, half hidden by a fence, Will Scott moves deliriously. Bravely he had fought to hold the position, urging his comrades to defend their post, and the Third Vermont had done much to lessen the decisiveness of the Southern victory. In the camp of the Third, where they had halted in their retreat, the men speak in whispers of Scott's bravery, and even "Baldy" Smith admits that "Old Abe knew what he was doing" when he let Scott go free.

On the field, Will Scott looks up, and in his dream he sees the President approach, the kindly smile upon his face, in his hand a wreath of laurel. He half raises himself upon a shattered arm.

"Then you knew I kept my promise!" he cried with joy, and with a happy smile upon his face he falls back—dead.





BRAVELY HE HAD FOUGHT TO HOLD THE POSITION.



"I PROMISE!" CRIED WILL, AND HIS WORDS HAD THE SOLEMNITY OF AN OATH.

The field surgeon, hurrying hither, kneels beside him and feels his heart. "Pass on," he orders, as he lets the limp arm fall. "We are too late."

Will Scott had kept his promise. He had proven himself worthy of his pardon. He had fought for his flag and honor.

## Vitalizing the Teaching of History



Reclothing the Dry Bones of the Dead  
Past with the Living Flesh of Reality

TO THE average schoolboy the personages of history mean very little. It is true that a few of the favorite generals of the Revolution or of the Civil War are possessed of a sort of fictitious reality, but to most of our healthy-minded children it is unreasonable to expect them to be interested in the dry facts of history.

The American boy knows the heroes

of the baseball field as he will never know Napoleon; the former are flesh and blood and the latter is hidden between a worn-out cover of a History of France. It remained for the motion picture producer to raise from these dead pages of history, real heroes and stories of the past that will live in memory and hold the interest of the schoolboy spellbound. It's history disguised as fun.

# The Life of Molière

**M**OLIÈRE is one of the rarest order of poets, whose very faults become sacred in the eyes of admirers. He is not only revered as a master, but beloved by us as a friend. Of all the French dramatists, he is the only one whose genius is as conspicuous to foreign nations as it is to his own. Like Shakespeare, he is for all time and for all races.—*Bulwer*, "Essays."

Molière is perhaps, of all French writers, the one whom his country has most uniformly admired, and in whom her critics are most unwilling to acknowledge faults.—*Hallam*, "Middle Ages."

Living in the blindest period of the world's history, in the most luxurious city, and the most corrupted court, of the time, he yet manifests thru all his writings an exquisite natural wisdom; a capacity for the most simple enjoyment; a high sense of nobleness, honor, and purity, variously marked thruout his slighter work, but distinctly made the theme of his two perfect plays—the *Tartuffe* and *Misanthrope*; and in all that he says of art or science he has an unerring instinct for what is useful and sincere, and uses his whole power to defend it, with as keen a hatred of everything affected and vain.—*Ruskin*, "Modern Painters."

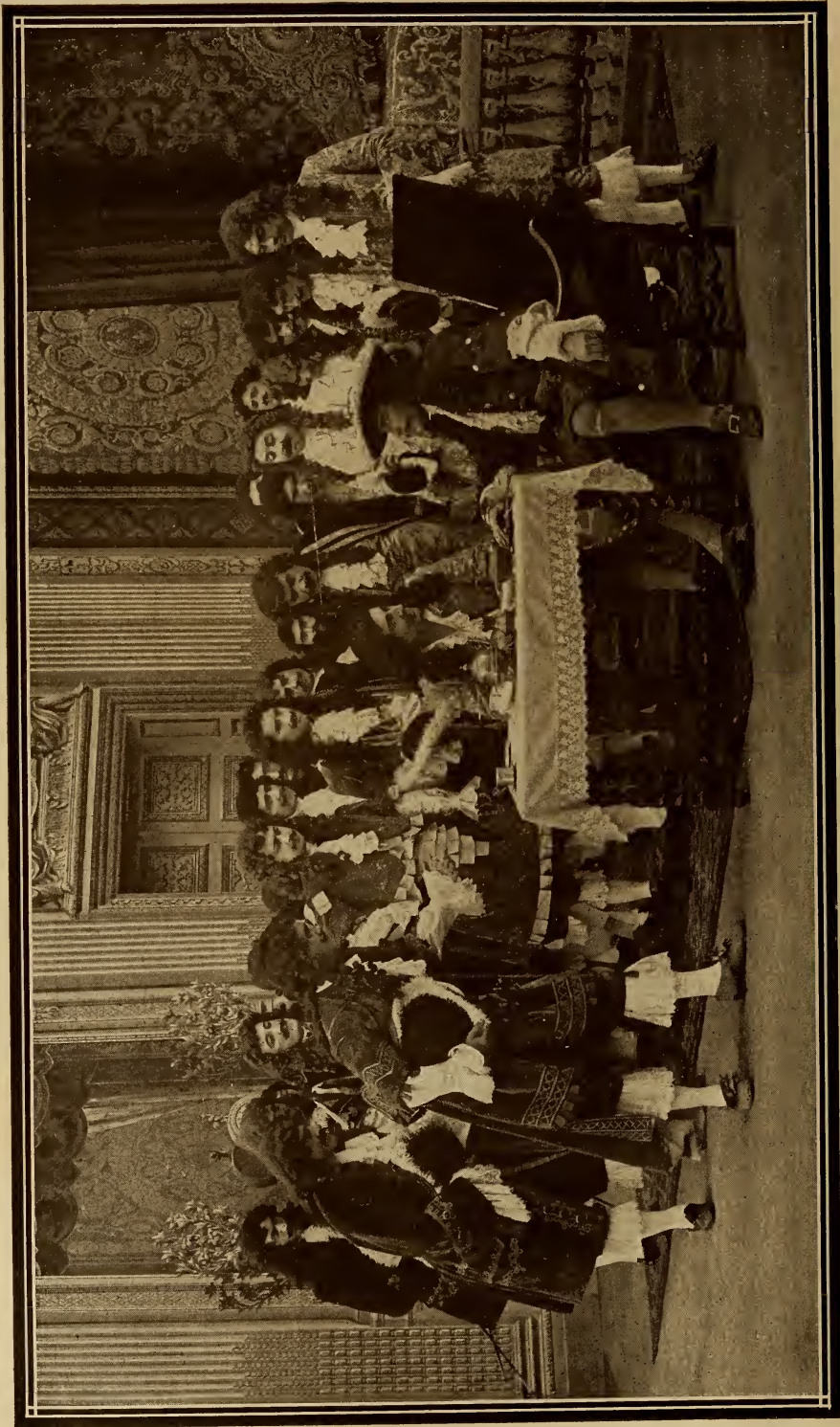
Here Molière, first of comic wits, excell'd  
Whate'er Athenian theatres beheld;  
By keen, yet decent, satire skill'd to please,  
With morals mirth uniting, strength with ease.

—*Lord Lyttleton*, "Letters."

Molière—whose name is the greatest in the literature of France and who, in the literature of the modern drama, is the greatest after Shakespeare—the great actor-playwright who excelled in comedy and who was far ahead of his time in tragic declamation; the genius who was decried and villified by competitors whose eyes were blinded by jealousy to his real greatness; the husband who suffered tortures in his domestic life, thru the unfaithfulness of the wife whom he loved to distraction; the one-time strolling player who put rural France into spasms of laughter, and the polished comedian who contributed still greater distinction to the splendors of the most illustrious court that the world has ever known.—*James S. McQuade*.

**J**EAN BAPTISTE MOLIÈRE was born on the fifteenth of January, 1622, and he flourished during the reign of Louis XIV. His life was an eventful one, his career was picturesque, and now, after more than three centuries have passed, he is pro-

nounced The Shakespeare of France. It was a splendid thought that prompted the photo-artists to produce "The Life of Molière" in moving pictures, and it is a pleasure to reproduce in this magazine a few of the many beautiful pictures, some of which are here shown.



MOLIÈRE DINING WITH LOUIS XIV AT VERSAILLES.



MOLIÈRE'S BOYHOOD WAS SPENT IN A THEATRICAL ENVIRONMENT.

We first see Molière at work in his father's shop, when a boy. All the employees are busy at their appointed tasks, except the youthful playwright, who snatches time to re-read one of his earlier efforts. The door opens and Scaramouche, the Italian comedian, enters in quest of a particular style of chair. Molière tenders his play for perusal; but, just as Scaramouche begins to be interested, Poquelin, the father of Molière, comes in unexpectedly, and the play is hastily thrown out of sight. Again the boy poet places it in the comedian's hand, and some clever work is done by Scaramouche, as he tries to read the manuscript without being detected by the stern upholsterer.

The next scene shows Molière at the Louvre palace, where he meets Louis XIV for the first time. Here we see the scorn of the courtiers for the actor-dramatist, and their consternation over the consideration shown him by their king. This scene will be

remembered for the delicate beauty of the interiors shown.

Next we view the stately splendor of the festival at Versailles, where hundreds of courtiers, ladies in waiting and great nobles attend on the king. The beauty of the court costumes, which in that time set the fashion for all the royal houses in Europe, and the courtly air and demeanor of every individual in the royal pageant, have been faithfully reproduced. One cannot but marvel at the excellence of the training of this vast throng of players, every one of which acts his or her part as if to the manor born.

As Molière comes into the scene, the acting of the king, of the courtiers, and of the great actor himself, is faultless. When the king places his arm around Molière's shoulders and walks off with him, it is a delight to watch the faces of the surprised and jealous followers; and, when next we see Louis seated at table with Molière,



HIS LAST APPEARANCE.

servicing him with his own hands, the cup of the courtiers is full.

The scene showing the distraction of Molière over the desertion of his wife, is a pathetic picture, and displays talented emotional acting. Then, when she appears, and we watch the play of coquetry on her witching face, just before she finally leaves him, and note her charm of manner and grace of deportment, we do not wonder at poor Molière's abandonment to despair. The attempt of the faithful maid-servant to arouse Molière from his apathy and melancholy, is a brilliant specimen of silent acting in both rôles.

The last appearance of Molière, and his first in the rôle of *Malade*, in the notable production of his own famous work, "La Malade Imaginaire," is a

fine depiction of the stage of the tennis court theatre, and of the French manner of acting in the seventeenth century. He was seized with convulsions while acting this part, and died soon after, on February 17, 1673.

The closing scene shows a statue of the dramatist at Versailles, in bust form. By means of a dissolving scene, the bust is surrounded by a throng of notables, assembled at its dedication to the poet's memory. A beautiful girl approaches the statue and places a laurel wreath on the chiseled brow; then, as if by magic, a similar wreath is seen in the uplifted hand of everyone present, making an imposing and fitting apotheosis of the greatest literary genius that France has ever produced.

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"For art is Nature made by Man  
To man the interpreter of God."—Owen Meredith.



UNVEILING THE STATUE OF MOLIÈRE.



MISS ALICE JOYCE.

One of the familiar figures in the moving picture world, and one of the most popular, is Miss Alice Joyce. Miss Joyce made her *début* before the public as a moving picture player, she having had no previous experience upon the stage; but, from her grace and acting, this would hardly be believed, even by the most critical observer, and it is the consensus of opinion that the histrionic talents of Miss Joyce are quite equal to her beauty—which is saying a great deal.



# The Love of Chrysanthemum



A Little Tragedy of Japan Wherein a Tourist Fails to Realize That Love is a Sacred Thing the World Around



Koto softly drew his breath between his lips, a sibilant sigh of satisfaction.

"The terms are well arranged," he said, as he clapped his hands; then to the little maid who entered he added: "Send Miss Chrysanthemum here."

Presently she came, as pale and slender as her namesake flower, and with a frightened look in her great black eyes that told her fears of what

was to come. She had seen her father in consultation with the marriage broker many times in the past week, and she knew that a marriage was planned.

"It pleases the honorable Sayo to make alliance with this despised house," announced Koto, tho his lips curled in scorn as he uttered the prescribed formula, for his grandfather had been a two-sword man, and none had heard of Sayo's father until the



CHRYSANTHEMUM PREPARES FOR HER MARRIAGE.



THE WEDDING OF CHRYSANTHEMUM.



"I COULD ONLY THINK OF YOU AS YOU STOOD AGAINST THE CHRYSANTHEMUMS YESTERDAY."

steamships and the white race had come to curse Nippon's shores.

"Surely the honorable Sayo would not demean himself by alliance with the poor Chrysanthemum," she pleaded, "and—Oh! Honorable Sir!—I do not wish to marry."

Pleadingly she regarded him, but Koto was not to be moved. Sayo had promised ten thousand yen. Chrysanthemum must be married, some time. The girl read his cold eyes and steeled her own.

Mechanically she submitted to the ministrations of her maids, adding the finishing touches herself to the elaborate make up as Koto entered with the groom. It was a brief ceremonial, and in a little while poor little Chrysanthemum was being carried to her new home, taking comfort only in the thought that Fusi, who had been her handmaiden since her childhood, was to go with her.

\* \* \* \* \*

Vance Redmond, strolling along the

narrow road, drank in the beauty of the scene with the keen appreciation of the artist. The rickshaw, carrying the merchant to his business office, attracted his attention to the gate from which it had emerged, but the beauty of the garden was not what held Redmond's glance. The great masses of bloom were fair, but they served only as a background to the daintily dressed Japanese lady who sat idly upon the bench.

Six months had passed, and Chrysanthemum still dreamed day-dreams of a real love.

With an artist's keen appreciation of all things beautiful, Redmond feasted his senses until she raised her eyes, and their glances met. There seemed an invitation in her smile, and with a courtly salute Redmond proceeded to enter the garden.

As quickly as her absurdly small feet would permit, she toddled toward him.

"The honorable stranger does not

realize that this is private ground," she reminded him, with quaint dignity, even while the note of longing in her voice told of her desire to bid him remain.

Redmond's smile was frank and engaging. "Your pardon," he said quickly. "I only desired to ask guidance to the nearest inn."

With delicious indecision Chrysanthemum debated the question, conscious that Fusi, from the verandah, was watching, with fear and disapproval in her eyes.

Sayo was a master not lightly to be crossed.

But she could find no excuse for prolonging the conversation and Redmond passed on with an elaborate bow and Chrysanthemum watched him until he passed from sight. A touch upon her shoulder roused her.

"My lord has long ears and a strong arm," she reminded. "It is not well that the Lady Chrysanthemum should speak at the gate with the man from across the sea."

"And yet, Fusi, our Emperor's edict requires us to be courteous to all strangers," she reminded.

"Courteous, yes," admitted Fusi, "but—" she did not finish the speech as Chrysanthemum moved away with as much dignity as she could command. How could a mere servant be expected to understand?

He came again on the morrow when Sayo had been whisked off to the town in his rickshaw, and this time Chrysanthemum threw discretion to the winds and came to the wall to meet him.

"I'm coming in," he announced masterfully, after a moment's chat. "Don't look so alarmed, little lady, I know my way. I came last night when I could not sleep and looked at your window."

"You could not sleep?" she repeated. "Because—"

"Because of my thoughts of you," he cried, as he took a seat on the bench and drew her down beside him. "I could only think of you as you



REDMOND FOUND THE ABSENCE OF SEATS AWKWARD.



"I WAS HOMESICK FOR THE SIGHT OF A FAMILIAR FACE."

stood against the chrysanthemums yesterday."

He reached for some of the lovely blooms, and she sank from the bench to the ground at his feet where she might better hide her blushing face. He filled her arms with the flowers he plucked, taking an artist's delight in the picture he created.

"It is warm here in the sun," he said presently, and Chrysanthemum smiled.

"If you will deign to enter our miserable house," she began, with ceremonious politeness, but Redmond was already on his feet and was assisting her to rise.

"That I will," he cried heartily, and he followed her into the house where the cool shade was made more inviting by light hangings and matting as soft as carpet.

With a stroke of her fan against her hand, Chrysanthemum summoned the trembling Fusi, and ordered tea for the guest. Redmond found the

absence of seats awkward in spite of practice, and he was glad when the tea ceremonial was over and he could assume a more comfortable pose. Drawing Chrysanthemum toward him he drew back the shapely head and pressed a kiss against her coral lips.

To Chrysanthemum the world seemed to stand still. She had seen the European kiss, and to her it had seemed a silly custom; but now, it transported her to a new world of delight, a world of tender love so different from the cold, formal love of Japan. She knew now why she had been loath to marry Sayo, and what it was she had longed for in vain. She raised her head and returned the kiss, and with it she gave her whole heart.

"Madam! The master comes!"

Redmond did not understand the native tongue, but the horror in Fusi's voice told him enough. He sprang to his feet, his face drawn and white. He felt no physical fear, but the



"IT WAS JUST A LITTLE GEISHA WHO HAS POSED FOR ME."

scandal would not be pleasant, and he knew that Japanese husbands had a most unpleasant trick of suggesting "hari-kari" to faithless wives. It would be too bad should the flower-like little woman be compelled to pay so high a price. The thought dazed him.

The quick-witted Fusi pushed him behind a screen and sank to her knees before the empty teacup. Sayo glanced keenly at the cups—it was not usual that the maid drank with the mistress, and Chrysanthemum's manner betrayed her nervousness; but he found nothing to confirm suspicion tho once he actually leaned upon the screen behind which Redmond was in hiding.

To Redmond it seemed hours before the husband left the room, but at last he went, and, with a hurried promise to return, he dashed past the rickshaw man and was gone.

\* \* \* \* \*

Redmond, sitting in front of the

hotel the next morning, sprang to his feet as a party of tourists entered. He had spent a bad night thinking of what might have happened to poor little Chrysanthemum. Men and women of his own race would keep him out of mischief for a while. But his impersonal interest was turned to an active one as he spied Alice Langley.

"Vance!" she cried as he seized her suitcase. "What good fortune brings you here? I was homesick for the sight of a familiar face, and here you spring out of the ground."

"I haven't been planted yet," he answered with a laugh; "but I might as well have been buried underground as to be in this deserted inn."

"You libel the place," she protested. "It seems a most delightful spot. The country is beautiful. You must show me the most picturesque landscapes you have found."

"I'll be delighted," he cried sincerely, as they moved toward the hotel.



"VANCE—WE ARE WAITING FOR YOU. ARE YOU COMING?"

Remove the dust of travel as quickly as possible, and the exploration shall commence."

He handed the suitcase over to a Japanese, and with a laughing warning to her to be quick, he turned again to his chair, but now the ennui had vanished. A sedan chair was coming down the road, the bearers advancing at a trot. As they drew nearer, he uttered an impatient oath for Chrysanthemum was leaning from the chair, her face aglow with love and welcome.

"You did not come," she reproached, as Redmond assisted her from the chair. I waited very long and then—I came. Was it *very* wrong?"

"It was not wise," he said, gently, and Chrysanthemum winced at the reproof in his tones.

"But you did not come," she reminded, "so it was that I must come to you."

"I was coming," he explained rapidly, fearful that Alice might

return, "but some friends arrived; I will come later—this evening."

"This evening?" she repeated. "You will surely come?"

"Surely," he cried. "I will come to find you waiting by the chrysanthemums."

Slowly she turned, and as she did so Alice Langley ran down the steps. "Was I very long?" she asked archly, "or was I too soon?"

She glanced meaningly in the direction in which the chair had disappeared. Redmond colored.

"Not a moment too soon," he declared, ignorant that Chrysanthemum had halted her bearers and had stolen upon the hotel porch to listen jealously to what this "friend" might have to say. "It was just a little Geisha who has posed for me. I'll get my sketching kit and we'll start out."

They hurried into the hotel, and with trembling steps little Chrysanthemum crept toward her chair. He



NEVER BEFORE HAD SHE SEEN HIM IN ANGER.

had called her a Geisha, a dancing woman of the tea houses!—but he would come to her that evening, and perhaps then he could explain. These Europeans had so many strange ways.

But the little woman, waiting in the fragrant night, was doomed to disappointment. Redmond, sitting with Alice Langley, was pouring out the story of his love into not unwilling ears. He had drawn out his watch to show her her own picture in the case, when the action reminded him of his tryst with Chrysanthemum, and he started up guiltily.

"Where are you going, Vance?" she asked, as he caught up his hat.

"An appointment I had forgotten," he answered, ill at ease.

"Important?"

"Very."

"Then prove your love by remaining here with me and forgetting this very important engagement," she commanded.

Slowly Vance sank upon the bench. Alice, with a quiet smile of triumph,

offered her lips for the betrothal kiss, and all else was forgotten.

And little Chrysanthemum, watching amid the flowers, waited and waited in vain, until the faithful Fusi drew her away to bed.

Once again, in the morning, she made appeal. Miss Langley and others were already in their rickshaws as her chair came up. Only Redmond was waiting, suitcase in hand, for his boy.

"You did not come," she said pleadingly. "Have I offended?"

"Vance!" Miss Langley's voice was cold and hard. "We are waiting for you. Are you coming?"

Silently he pressed Chrysanthemum's hand. Her face showed that she understood. With tear-blinded eyes she groped her way to her chair, as the others started away. Thru the shrubbery Sayo watched them go. watched Chrysanthemum borne back to her home, and with lowering face he followed slowly afoot.

But slow as was his progress, he



was in his home when Chrysanthemum crept, like a hunted thing, thru the garden and into the house. Already Fusi had been told to go and now Sayo faced his wife sternly.

"You come back to the house you have disgraced?" he asked coldly.

"Disgraced?" she echoed dully. "Perhaps it is disgrace to love another and by him to be cast away? To make my name a laughing stock at the inn!"

Furiously he caught up a knife from the wall and bent over the prostrate, shuddering woman.

Affrighted she shrank from his approach. She did not fear death. That she knew to be the only way to wipe out the stain, but Sayo frightened her. Never before had she seen him in anger, and there was something more terrible than death in this swift change from the impassive man she had known. Her terror seemed to recall that coldness. The knife fell to the floor as he turned away.

"I cannot kill," he cried hoarsely. "I cannot kill—but go!"

Slowly she crept from the room, back into that garden where fate had come to her, to the bench whereon they two had sat, and he had filled her arms with flowers and had called her his Lady of the Chrysanthemums.

*His lady!* And now his caresses were for another and he was gone.

She pulled a chrysanthemum to her.

Perhaps it might be that his hand had brushed it as he had reached for those with which he had filled her arms.

Ruthlessly she stripped the petals from the stalk, as he had stripped her life of hope, and pressed the bare stem against her beating heart. Her hand touched the handle of the knife she had caught up when Sayo dropped it. One moment it gleamed in the moonlight, then, with a shuddering sigh, her slim body crumpled up and she lay very still, her face pale in the



THERE FUSI FOUND HER LOVED MISTRESS AND FELL SOBBING AT HER FEET.

moonlight, while slowly the obi was stained with crimson hue.

There Fusi, stealing from the house, found her loved mistress, and fell sobbing at her feet.

Chrysanthemum had loved. Perhaps it were better so, but in the cold moonlight Fusi sobbed for the mistress she could not yet follow across the River of Souls.



## Notable Bits From Photoplays



SCENE FROM "THE CONSPIRACY OF PONTIAC."

# Mike The Housemaid

From the Scenario of William H. Kitchell

—      Wherein the "New" Maid Finds Fatal to His  
Plans the Attentions of Policeman Clancy      —

IT HAD been a week or more since Dutch Mike and Light-fingered Pete had made a haul, and then it had done little more than square accounts with Murphy, up at the corner, for various and sundry "growlers" that had been had on credit, and duly recorded on the accommodating slate.

But that was not the reason Pete

was reading the "help wanted" advertisements. Pete had read all the rest of the paper, and had turned to these for want of better.

"Girl of all work; one competent to take care of the silver," he read. "Gee, Mike! I wish it was a butler." "The silver can't be much good if they don't have a butler," suggested Mike, consolingly.



CLANCY'S ARRIVAL INTERRUPTS THE TWO THIEVES.



PETE'S MISERY IS MADE APPARENT TO HIS PAL.

"A sugar bowl and six plated spoons would look like a chest of silver just now," declared Pete, plaintively. "Look here, what's the matter with *you* getting the job? You've got the things you used on that last lay."

"Sure thing," assented Mike. "That won't take long! Excuse me a minute and I'll send my sister."

It required but a few minutes for Mike to transform himself into a decidedly personable servant girl, and an hour later Mrs. Carrington was explaining to him the duties expected of her maid. Mike noted with satisfaction that the silver was better than he had dared hope, and his report to Pete was more than satisfactory.

But Mike narrowly escaped detection, the first evening, for slipping out of the back gate for a quiet smoke, he was very nearly caught by Officer Clancy. Mike quickly hid the cigarette, and his nervousness was ascribed by Clancy to the dawn of love. He liked to consider himself a "lady

killer," and he knew by experience with departed maids that the Carrington larder was kept well stocked, and that Carrington himself was a good judge of whiskey, and did not keep too close an eye upon the decanter.

It was only natural that Mike should dislike policemen, and when the gallant officer began his love-making, Mike longed to introduce his fist to Clancy's jaw; but he coaxed Clancy along and took satisfaction in fooling one of his sworn enemies.

The chance to "take care of the silver," according to the ideas of Mike and Pete, soon came, and the Carringtons were not fairly out of the house before Pete slipped into the hall, and, after supplying Mike's demand for a cigarette, began to pack the loot into his bag.

But they had not counted on Clancy, who had also noted the departure of the Carringtons. The task was not fairly begun before his club

beat a lively tattoo upon the back gate, startling Mike and sending Pete into a panic of fear.

Dashing into the front hall and up the stairs, he found a safe concealment in the curtained shower bath, and Mike made everything safe by tying the cord securely about the rubber cloth; then, with fair composure, he went to admit Clancy.

"Sure it's a bite and a wee drink yer have for yer Clancy," he coaxed, as he followed Mike into the kitchen; "an' since the folks are away, it's in the dining room we'll eat in proper style."

He led the way as he spoke, and there was nothing for Mike to do but meekly follow, tho at every step he mentally devised fresh torments to which he consigned the policeman.

A cake and the decanter satisfied Clancy, tho now and then he varied the fare by cracking nuts on the mahogany table with the butt of his revolver, and, with every stroke of the

weapon, Mike more and more wished that it was the Clancy skull that was being cracked.

With the quieting of the house, Pete stirred to activity. Now, it so happened that in tying up the rubber cloth in which Pete was concealed, Mike had tied Pete's hands to his side; and, in his endeavors to free himself, Pete accidentally turned on the cold water of the shower bath, and the chill flood descended. Soon the tub was full to overflowing, and the icy stream flowed upon the floor. The door fitted too tightly to permit a free passage of the water, and soon the bathroom was afloat.

Pete writhed and struggled, now cursing, now coughing, but never ceasing his efforts to free himself. The water soaked thru the tiles, and the steady drip-drip of water on the table below soon attracted Clancy's attention to the trouble above.

"Sure, the water do be comin' from



THE CARRINGTONS ARE ASTONISHED AT THE INDOOR SHOWER.

th' bathroom, Nora, darlin'," he murmured. "I'll be after runnin' up and shuttin' it off."

"I'll go," Mike interrupted. "It will need mopping up."

"I'll come and help," volunteered Clancy. "It's not Pat Clancy who'll let them little hands do all th' hard work."

"You'll not," declared Mike, thrusting him back into the seat with unnecessary force. "I'll have no man messing things up. You stay here and finish the decanter."

"I'll come," insisted the stubborn Clancy. "I'll follow me darlin' Nora to th' ends av th' earth."

"You'll not," said Mike, wondering what could have happened to Pete. "I'll go and you'll stay right here."

"I'll do no such— What's that?"

Mike shared Clancy's dismay. It was the master and mistress unexpectedly returned, and there was Pete tied up in the shower bath!

"You get out the back way before they see you and report you to the Captain," ordered Mike, as he started on a run for the second floor.

Clancy was too startled to follow



MIKE IS DISCOVERED.

the advice, and he blindly pursued Mike up the stairs. To throw him off, Mike bolted into a bedroom, but Clancy was too close to be shaken, and he thrust his way into the room in spite of Mike's endeavors.

"Hide me," he cried hoarsely. "The Sarge told me last time that I'd be broken th' next time they found me off post."

In his desperation he threw his arm about Mike's neck in eloquent appeal, and his red thatch-like hair nearly rose erect, while Mike's glossy wig slipped from his head and hung heavy in Clancy's hand.

"Ha! 'Dutch Mike!'" gasped Clancy. "It's *you*, is it, up to your tricks again?"

Mike's only answer was to bolt from the room and into the bathroom, where Pete had just succeeded in freeing himself. At the sight of Clancy he sought to climb thru the window, but it was too small, or Pete was too large, and the bedraggled burglar was yanked back into the room only to splash again into the tub.

There is no use in fighting the police. It only means a clubbing, and Mike and Pete, realizing that the game was up, consented to go quietly, and Clancy proudly led them down the stairs. He had counted on help from Carrington, but there was more than that, for the disorder in the dining room, the water dripping from the ceiling and the noise upstairs had sent Carrington to the 'phone to call the police, and the reserves were there to observe Clancy's triumph.

"I saw that there was something up," explained Clancy, with a warning look at Mike. "Th' back door was open and in I came. 'Twas a desp'rit fight, and I lost me gun, but I bagged 'em, Sarge."

With proper escort the twain were marched off to the station house, while Clancy lingered to permit Carrington to slip a note into the hand thrust ostentatiously behind his back.

"Sure it was a lucky escape," mused

Clancy, as he trudged toward the station, "an' them fellers won't tell; but it's a pity Nora is Mike or Mike wasn't Nora. Sure she—I mean he—

was a fine figure of a gurl. It was Mrs. Clancy it was after making her I was—and she—I mean he—is Dutch Mike!—a curse on the pair of 'em."



CLANCY PLAYS A CLUB AGAINST A PAIR OF KNAVES AND TAKES THE TRICK.

## Wanted to See Miss Irwin

Arthur Hotalling dates his picture career back to the first machines. He had charge of the first exhibition of motion pictures which was given at Atlantic City some sixteen years ago.

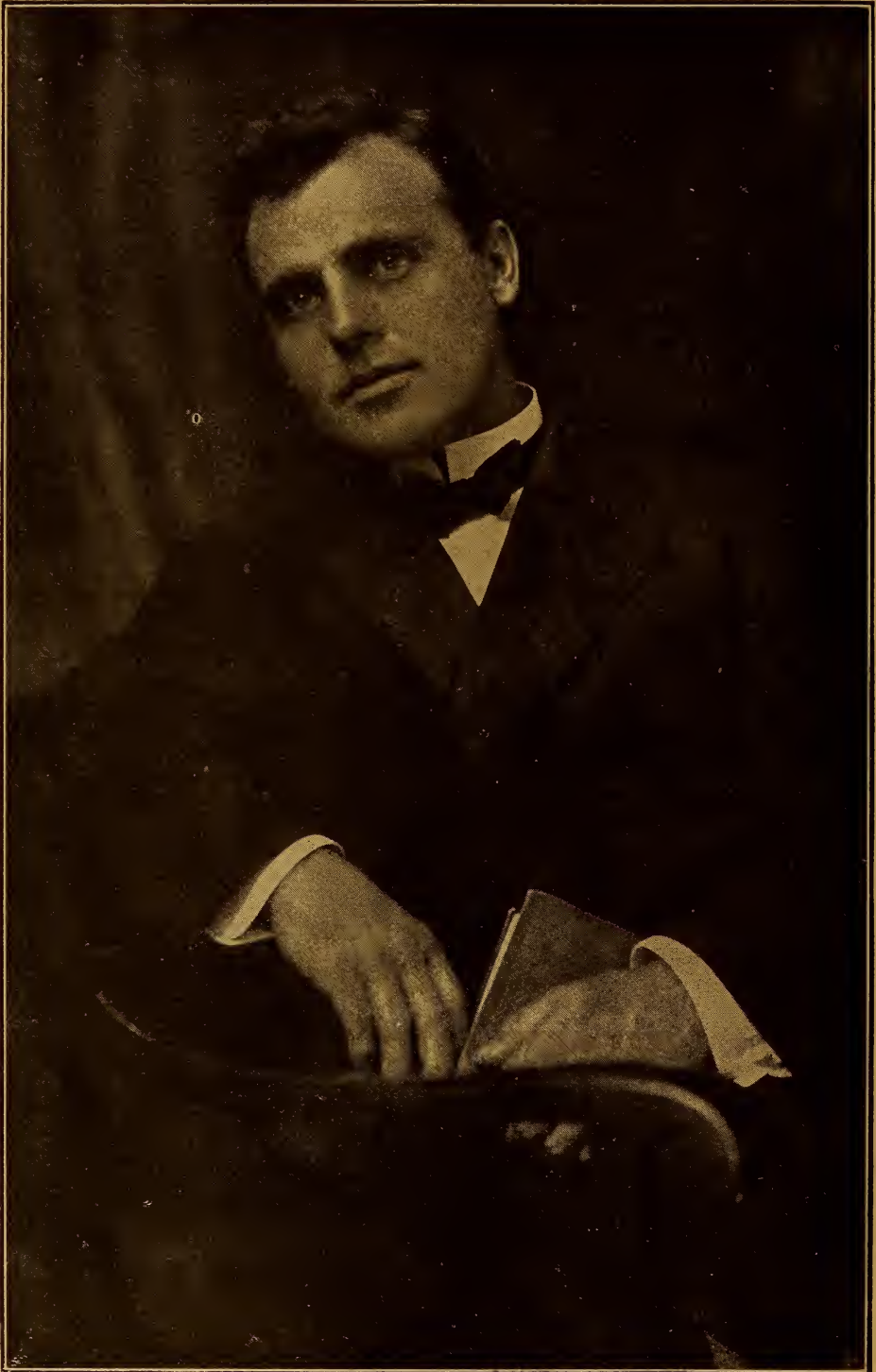
One of the star pictures of that day was one of John C. Rice and Miss May Irwin, in their famous kissing scene from *The Widow Jones*.

After the performance one evening a woman approached the manager with the request that her card be sent back to Miss Irwin. Mr. Hotalling

explained that the actress was in New York.

"I know better," was the indignant response. "I have known her for years and I saw her on the stage just a moment ago. Please take my card or when I do see Miss Irwin at her hotel I shall report your refusal."

Vainly he tried to explain that the photographs had been made in New York, and that only the pictured presentment was shown, but she would not have it so, and the following morning's mail brought a note for Miss Irwin that fairly sizzled with wrath.



JUDGE WILLIS BROWN, THE CREATOR OF THE CITY OF BOYS AT CHARLEVOIX, MICH.



# The City of Boys

A fascinating sketch of the city founded by Judge Willis Brown  
to make bad boys into good citizens

**A** SCHOOL OF CITIZENSHIP!  
That sounds better than the reform school, doesn't it? And it is better, for it is conceded that reform schools often serve to make good boys bad and bad boys worse, particularly when they are "schools of crime where the older offenders instruct the lesser delinquents in the art of law breaking." At Boy City these same "kiddies" are taught to make and to enforce laws—not to break them. They are taught all the duties of citizenship and when they leave Boyville for the world outside they are better in mind, body and morals, for their residence within the charmed limits of the play city. That is the idea of Judge Willis Brown, of the Juvenile Court of Chicago, and Boy City is famous among penologists the world over. It is a manufactory of manhood that is doing more good for the youth of Chicago than can be realized without intimate association with Boy City and its products.

The City of Boys is not an institution of instruction but of education in its broadest meaning; the education which comes from experience. It is a system of educational recreation. The City of Boys emphasizes the real elements which make up a boy's desires—fun and opportunity actually to do things. The instruction and discipline which obtains in a boy's life in home, school and church; every activity in which he enters, is under the direction of adults who are in authority. This discipline is

necessary and its purpose is to grow a man of character. Its fundamental is that the growing boy needs moulding in the right way so that in after years when manhood is the fulfilment of boyhood, there shall be fixed habits of honor and virtue.

Notwithstanding this care and instruction given boys, many of them go wrong. Many violate laws to a greater or less extent. When a boy becomes incorrigible, disobedient, willful; when he smokes cigarettes, stays out nights, runs away to adjoining cities and often to far distant places, two deductions are always made. One is that the boy is naturally bad and needs severe punishment, the other is that the boy has not had proper control and instruction. This latter reason may well be responsible for many of the boys of bad homes and vicious environment doing unseemly acts, on the theory that they know no better, that they are but following the example set before them and that they are misunderstood. The harsh treatment given these boys by the criminal courts made necessary the establishment of the Juvenile Courts.

As a judge of the Juvenile Court, Judge Brown found a great many boys of good homes coming before it. These boys having had good examples, loving parents and religious instruction and advantages not enjoyed by the poorer boys, nevertheless committed acts fully as vicious as these so-called unfortunate boys. Then it was claimed that these boys were simply "naturally" bad, and, in



THREE CHARACTERISTIC SCENES IN BOY CITY.

spite of their good homes, they chose to be tough and unruly. Out of these situations Judge Brown came to the understanding that no normal boy desires to do the wrong thing. That all boys, however they might be instructed, were following the adult life of the community in which they lived. Not because those they followed were adults, but because adults made public sentiment, and boys were but a part of the community life, and therefore attempted to act their part. A majority of the boys coming before Judge Brown in the Juvenile Court commenced their delinquent habits as they were made a part of society: First, the gang of boys with a leader, then the larger group, until, unconsciously the boys were doing things contrary to the desire of parents and teachers, but in harmony with the accepted policies and sentiment of the boyhood of the community, the Boy City in the regular city in which they lived.

The purpose was to organize the boys of a community into a regular Boy City, where they could be recognized as a real part of the city life, distinct and apart from the men; where it was recognized that boys had certain rights as well as responsibilities, and therefore it is deemed not fair to measure the acts of any boy, whether those acts be good or bad, by the standard with which we measure the acts of men. In this plan there is still the unconscious influence of the adult community and in the working out of the City of Boys to its real success, a National City of Boys at Charlevoix, Mich., was established by Judge Brown. It comprises 100 acres, where, every summer, boys live in a real City of Boys. No adults other than those who accompany groups of boys to live in the city.

This "City of Boys" idea says to every boy: "You know what is square. You have been taught by mother and father, you know what is their desire for you to do. You know what religious belief they wish you to follow and you know what is right for you to do. In the Public School you

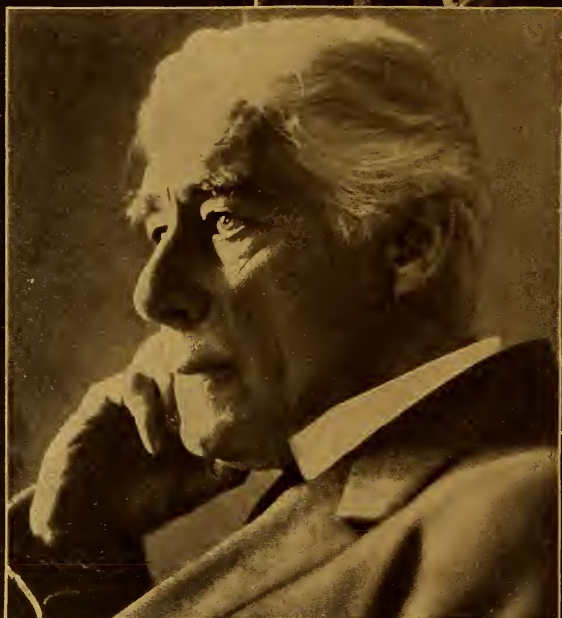
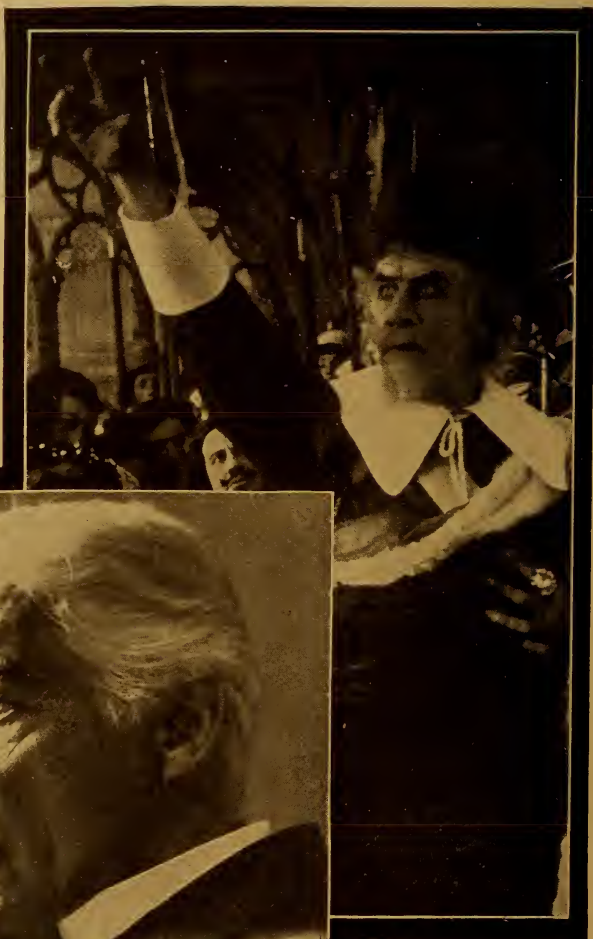
understand the purpose of study and instruction. Now we give you an opportunity to carry out all you know in a city of your own where no man or woman rules. Run your own business. Have your bank, conduct your daily paper, eat when you want and sleep when you desire. Do whatever you please, enter politics or business, play all the time if you can afford it, or work, but do everything on the square."

The City of Boys is not a reformatory or a scheme of moral instruction. If a boy cannot play square he is sent home, and denied citizenship, not by adults, but by the boys themselves. A cheat, in any way, loses his citizenship. The City is for clean boys, who must meet responsibilities, who must meet temptations, who must assume responsibilities, who must grow into citizenship, and it is a place where he can test himself, where he can apply the instruction and example he has received and where he can find himself at a period of life where habits are not fixed and where changes can be made without the overturning of a whole life as is the case with men. It is a federation of groups of boys from various cities of the country who camp for the summer in one place. Each camp becomes a city ward, with its councilmen, who thus become a part of the city administration. It is preventive work, and educational to the highest degree.

On the fun side, which largely controls a boy, the fun is at its extreme tension here. The things a boy enters on the fun side are real. The circus is a real circus, with real people paying real money to witness the marvelous feats of the show. Their games are under the direction of experts, and they have their National League playing by wards. This City of Boys is a living illustration to the boy of all the fun he ever dreamed of having, and the biggest fun any boy can have, because there is eliminated entirely the undesirable methods attending so much of the so-called fun boys have in the adult-city life, which fun makes necessary the juvenile court.

## Mr. Charles Kent

Charles Kent is an actor of international reputation, and he has lately acquired a reputation equally great in the moving picture world, not only as a picture player, but as a director, for he has also staged a number of elaborate picture plays, notably "Lancelot and



Elaine" and "The Life of Moses." The accompanying pictures of Mr. Kent will doubtless be recognized with pleasure by thousands of readers, for he has become a favorite.



# Thomas à Becket

PERHAPS no more fitting illustration of the vivification of history may be found than in the picture story of Thomas à Becket. If some liberties have been taken with the text they are slight, and do not interfere with the main facts, while they add dramatic value.

The opening picture shows King Henry II playing at chess with his favorite courtier, his Chancellor, Thomas à Becket. Rosamond, the king's mistress, stands beside the monarch, her arm carelessly about his

shoulders, a tableau that shows immediately the status of the group.

Becket, assured of the good graces of his king, allows himself to win the game, and with an angry gesture, Henry overthrows the table with its kings and queens, its knights, bishops and pawns—an action significant of the tragedy that is to come.

A messenger is announced, and he enters with a letter announcing the death of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and presents the king with the cross that is the emblem of that holy



THE KING AND HIS CHANCELLOR PLAY AT CHESS.



KING HENRY JEERS AT BECKET'S PENANCE.

office. The Archbishopric is at the disposal of the king.

For a moment Henry pauses. He is not at peace with the clergy. To them the Pope is higher than the King. His glance falls upon Becket. Here is the sort of Archbishop that he needs, a courtier ready to do the bidding of his king, a man of adroit address, of vast wealth, of worldly knowledge and desires.

The king is not without a sardonic sense of humor. He will make his Chancellor an archbishop.

Aghast at the honor thrust upon him, Becket would refuse the office, but the insistence of the king is not to be denied. Slowly Becket kneels, and about his neck is thrown the chain which supports the cross. The Archbishop of Canterbury is no longer dead, but now he is called Thomas instead of Theobald.

The second scene establishes in a few fleeting feet of film the character of the man far better than it could

be done in pages of character drawing.

The son of a Saracen mother, converted to Christianity, thru love for Gilbert à Becket, a London merchant made a prisoner and a slave while on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, Becket at heart was a deeply religious man, tho the calling of his conscience had been stilled by his life at court and by kingly favor. His embassy to France, when the magnificence of his retinue moved the French to wonderment, had still further contributed to the carelessness of his conduct, but his elevation to the Archbishopric deeply moved him, and we see him in his chamber of his palace seeking to convince himself that the appointment was ordained of God and not merely the jest of his royal master.

In a vision he perceives an angel of the Lord; and, in answer to his eager questioning, he is assured that indeed he is the chosen of the Almighty, and with his eyes upon the



FATHER GERALD DENOUNCES THE KING'S LOVE FOR ROSAMOND.



"THE CHURCH ALONE HATH POWER TO PUNISH HER PRIESTS."



FRAMING THE FAMOUS CONSTITUTION OF CLARENDON.

cross, he consecrates himself to the work.

He next is seen in the oratory of the palace at Canterbury. In penitence for his sins he humbly bares his back, and while he prays for forgiveness, his priestly attendants lash his shoulders with knotted ropes.

There Henry finds him and for a moment hugely enjoys the scene. The thought of Becket, the pleasure loving Chancellor, the man whose wealth and power were second only to that of his king, baring his shoulders to the thongs of his monks and priests, is a delightful bit of humor—something quite in keeping with the royal jest that turned from court to church the gayest spirit of them all.

With deft touch he mirthfully imitates Becket's sighs and groans, eliciting from the attending courtiers a responsive laugh; for, like their master they assume that Becket's attitude is but a pose.

But the sincerity of the man is not to be denied. With simple dignity and

impassioned eloquence he urges Henry to turn from the evil of his ways. One by one the courtiers slink away, until only Henry is left to face the telling reproaches. At last, he too, bows before the passionate plea, and, with a laugh that carries no mirth, he leaves the chapel.

Henry's mercurial temperament soon shook off the effect of Becket's words and the gay court found no change. Rosamond, more favored than Queen Eleanor, carried things with so high a hand as to stir the whispers of the subjects, and the King's confessor, Father Gerald, pleads with him to give up the favorite. In a paroxysm of rage Henry orders him from the room and Gerald hurries away. But dismissal will not suffice. Men-at-arms are dispatched after him with orders to behead him, and he, himself follows fast to see the decree carried out.

And so they come to the Palace of Canterbury where Gerald has found sanctuary. In vain does the king de-



mand that Gerald be turned over to justice because of his insult to his monarch. The Church claims power over her priests, and Becket will not listen to the demands. By the sheer power of personality he stands defiant before the king, and the king and courtiers, for a second time, make a retreat.

But the hot-headed monarch is not to be bearded by a priest. Becket is summoned to Clarendon, where the Barons are met in council, and where they have framed the Constitution of Clarendon. And one of the first clauses of that constitution decrees that the priests shall be answerable to the courts of law and not to their bishops for their transgressions.

Here, surely, has been found the means of breaking the proud spirit of the courtier-priest, but Becket regards with contempt the demands of the Barons, and with equal indifference he faces their flashing swords, when they storm into the hall to demand of

him the reasons for his insolence. With calm mein he raises his cross of office, and they retire abashed.

The defiance of the man whom he has raised to power maddens Henry and with furious cries he utters the historical lament:

*"What a parcel of fools and dastards have I nourished in my house that none can be found to avenge me on one upstart priest?"*

Four of his knights took heed of his cry. They were Reginald Fitzurse, William Tracy, Hugh de Morville and Richard Brito. Three of these had been attendants upon Becket when he was Chancellor; had eaten of his bread and enjoyed his bounty. Now Becket had become an "upstart priest" of whom the king would be rid, and they rode to do his bidding, forgetful of the debt they owed their former master. Their allegiance had been transferred to the king.

Rapidly they rode to Canterbury, and there, amid his frightened priests,



THE TEMPORAL BOWS BEFORE THE SPIRITUAL POWER.

they found the man they sought. Apprised of their approach Becket had sought one of the chapels of the Cathedral and, still defiant of his king, and still loyal to his Church, Becket bravely met the fate that made him a martyr to his cause.

The last scene shows Henry receiv-

ing the news of Becket's death, and, almost on the instant, the dispatches announce the failure of his arms in France and Scotland. In a vision the saintly face of Becket is seen, his hand raised in the apostolic benediction, as the king covers before him, torn by his awakened conscience.



THE DEATH OF BECKET BEFORE THE ALTAR OF ST. BENNET.



# The World Before Your Eyes

By Prof. Frederick Starr, of Chicago University

I HAVE seen Niagara thunder over her gorge in the noblest frenzy ever beheld by man—I have watched a Queensland river under the white light of an Australasian moon go whirling and swirling thru strange islands lurking with bandicoot and kangaroo—I have watched an English railroad train draw into a station, take on its passengers and then chug away with its stubby little engine thru the Yorkshire Dells, past old Norman Abbeys silhouetted against the skyline, while a cluster of century-aged cottages loomed up in the valley below, thru which a yokel drove his flocks of Southdowns—I have been to the Orient and gazed at the water-sellers and beggars and dervishes—I have beheld fat old Rajahs with the price of a thousand lives bejeweled in their monster turbans, and the price of a thousand deaths sewn in their royal nightshirts as they indolently swayed in golden howdahs, borne upon the backs of grunting elephants—I saw a runaway horse play battledoor and shuttlecock with the citizens and traffic of a little Italian village, whose streets had not known so much commotion since the sailing of Columbus—I know how the Chinaman lives and I have been thru the homes of the Japanese—I have marveled at the daring of Alpine tobogganists and admired the wonderful skill of Norwegian ski jumpers—I have seen armies upon the battlefield and their return in triumph—I have looked upon weird dances and outlandish frolics in every quarter of the globe, and I didn't have to leave Chicago for a moment.

No books have taught me all these

wonderful things—no lecturer has pictured them—I simply dropped into a moving picture theatre at various moments of leisure, and at the total cost for all the visits of perhaps two performances of a foolish musical show, I have learned more than a traveler could see at the cost of thousands of dollars and years of journey.

Neither you nor I fully realize what the moving picture has meant to us, and what it is going to mean. As children we used to dream of a journey on a magician's carpet to the legendary lands, but we can rub our own eyes now and witness more tremendous miracles than Aladdin could have by rubbing his fairy lamp. But we're so matter-of-fact that we never think of it that way. We're living at a mile-a-second gait in the swiftest epoch of the world's progress—in the age of incredibilities come true. We fly thru the air—chat with our friends in Paris by squirting a little spark from a pole on one shore of the Atlantic to another pole on the other side, and so we take as a matter of course that which our great-grandfathers would have declared a miracle.

The moving picture is making for us volumes of history and action—it is not only the greatest impulse of entertainment but the mightiest force of instruction. We do not analyze the fact that when we read of an English wreck we at once see an English train before us, or when we learn of a battle that an altogether different panorama is visualized than our former erroneous impression of a hand-to-hand conflict—we are familiar with the geography of Europe—we are well acquainted with how the French

dresses, in what sort of a home he lives, and from what sort of a shop he buys his meat and greens.

We take so much for granted—we are so thoroly spoiled by our multiple luxuries—that we do not bestow more than a passing thought upon our advantages, because the moving picture machine is an advantage—a tremendous, vital force of culture as well as amusement. An economy, not only of money but of experiences—it brings the world to us—it delivers the universe to our theatre seat. The moving picture is not a makeshift for the playhouse—its dignity is greater—its importance far beyond the puny function of comedy and tragedy. It is a clean entertainment, lecture and

amusement all rolled in one—in its highest effort it stands above literature—in its less ambitious phase it ranks above the tawdry show house. It teaches nothing harmful and it usually teaches much that is helpful.

The moving picture is not a makeshift, but the highest type of entertainment in the history of the world. It stands for a better Americanism because it is attracting millions of the masses to an uplifting institution, drawing them to an improving as well as an amusing feature of city life. Its value cannot be measured now, but another generation will benefit more largely thru its influence than we of to-day can possibly realize.

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## A Dixie Mother



THE CAUSE OF ALL THE TROUBLE.

(See Opposite Page.)

# A Dixie Mother

By Louis Reeve Harrison

A FATAL day near the end of the Civil War saw General Capel, desperately wounded and supported on either side by his sons, seek refuge in their old home. The destructive blast of battle, which had swept that region and withered the face of nature for miles around, was not spent. A shell exploded near the fugitives as they passed an uprooted tree, and an old family servant came forth to warn them that they were pursued by a detachment of Union soldiers; their situation was almost as

desperate as their irretrievable fortunes or their hopeless cause. Physically ruined, all was lost save honor.

The divinity of their home, a Dixie mother, was comforting her frightened daughter and waiting to embrace her husband and sons. Virginia Lewis Capel, devoted wife and fond mother, stood proudly in an old colonial hall, whose walls were hung with ancestral portraits and revolutionary swords, waiting and hoping. She was slight of figure, almost as delicate looking as her daughter, but there was a great



THE DIXIE MOTHER BOWED HER HEAD IN BITTERNESS AND YIELDED HER SWORD AS GRAVELY AS IF SURRENDERING AN ARMY.



THE MOTHER SAW AND UNDERSTOOD.

heart throbbing in her bosom. She came from more than one line of those indomitable fighters who conquered savages at home and foes from abroad for generations. There was iron in her blood.

When the men entered the hall, Mrs. Capel's eyes filled with tender sympathy for all, but she took the man of her heart in her arms. She lavished tenderness on him while making him comfortable, then turned to her sons as if the deep wells of her affections were inexhaustible.

To her eldest son, Fielding, about to return to the field in spite of a serious wound on his head, she said with deep emotion:

"Oh, but I am proud of you! Go if you must. The splendid Boys in Grey are contesting every inch of ground and can not spare you from the ranks. Go and win gloriously! The battle is to the brave, my son, not to the strong."

She turned to her youngest child, Merriweather, fresh from a military

academy, but he shook his head mournfully, indicated that they were surrounded by the enemy and turned away completely disheartened.

She laid her hand in gentle protest on his arm; he was the last babe to nestle on her bosom, but he only sighed in despair. The soft light faded from her eyes as she took a sword from the wall, pointed to the portraits of her son's ancestors, and said, significantly: "Lest we forget!"

"They fought in a better cause," he muttered.

The mother's eyes flashed and the sword gleamed in her hand.

"Go fight!" she commanded, giving him the sword and drawing him on. "Fight, my son! Fight till the last drop of blood in your body is shed. Shall our men stay at home when others are in the field? If you must fall, let it be with your face to the enemy. Die like a Southern gentleman."

Fielding had already gone, determined to rejoin his regiment.

Merriweather kissed his mother fondly and hurried after his brother.

A detachment of Union soldiers under Lieutenant Sears was approaching, as the Capels attempted to escape, and a sergeant raised his gun and fired.

Merriweather Capel, bravely facing the detachment with uplifted sword, clasped his hand to his breast and fell, mortally wounded. He kissed his sword, wafted the kiss in the direction of his darling mother, closed his eyes and died content, "like a Southern gentleman."

The shot warned those in the hall of impending danger. Mrs. Capel roused her husband and managed to help him to a hiding place behind a secret panel door, and then went forth to learn the fate of her sons. Fielding had escaped, with Lieutenant Sears in pursuit. Merriweather lay dead, and near him stood a Union sergeant loading his gun.

The mother saw and understood.

Pale and tearless, she led the way to the hall, while the Union soldiers carried in Merriweather's body and laid it on the sofa. They wasted no time on sentiment. Mothers' sons were falling like autumn leaves. The privates went to search the house, while the sergeant prodded the walls with his bayonet in quest of some secret hiding place.

The mother watched him with sullen hatred. Her eyes wandered to the body of her son and then to the weapons on the wall.

Suddenly a flame lighted in her eyes.

She seized a sword and attacked the sergeant with the ferocity of a tigress defending her cubs.

She was driving him all over the hall, beating down his defense, when Lieutenant Sears entered and parried her weapon with his own sword.

She was now surrounded by blue-coats, her daughter was pleading with her, and the big Lieutenant reminded her that she was a non-combatant.

The Dixie mother bowed her head in bitterness and yielded her sword as gravely as if surrendering an army-

corps. She conceded the force of his claim, but there was no submission of spirit. When her son Fielding was brought in, a prisoner of war, the little mother shed no tears. The only betrayal of her heart's agony came when she placed one hand on the brow of her dead boy, the other on the breast of the survivor and said to Sears:

"God has taken one. Spare me the other!"

The Lieutenant bowed gravely and assured her that Fielding should be his special charge, and with his troops left the house.

That day Sears sought his sister, working as a nurse in a field hospital, and committed Fielding to her particular care, saying:

"Blue or Grey, we are simply American brothers fighting among ourselves."

When General Capel came to view the body of his dead son and learned that the other was in the hands of the enemy, his revengeful passion was fearful to behold. The grizzled warrior raised his sword hand in fierce resentment and his eyes glowed with settled hatred as he exclaimed:

"May Almighty God strike me dead when I bow to that flag!"

The Dixie mother sank down by her dead boy and murmured:

"Oh, the pity of it all!"

In the years that followed the close of the war, the wounds on nature's face were gradually covered by green verdure, but the scar on General Capel's heart never healed. His son, Fielding, had married the lovely northern girl, who had nursed him through a dangerous illness, and had remained in the North to repair his fortunes. The brooding General would accept no aid from what he regarded as a traitorous source, and his gentle wife asked none. She bore most of the after-burden of hardship and self-denial with the same mental power of endurance that had inspired her patient courage under affliction.

One day, after she had been gathering flowers for their meagre table, the faithful old servant and her daughter

came driving up in the venerable family carriage with precious news. Fielding and his wife, with their baby, accompanied by her brother, Lieutenant Sears, had come South for a family reunion, and were lingering near until Fielding could be assured of their welcome. Fielding sent the picture of his baby and hoped that his father would give it the kiss of peace.

The irreconcilable old General refused.

In the baby's hand was an American flag.

That was the cause of the trouble.

Mrs. Capel followed her husband into the house, trying to pacify him and bring about some arrangement to unite the family after long separation, but he was inexorable. Sure that he would eventually consent, Mrs. Capel sent Cuffy for the cradle in which she had last rocked Merriweather. She continued to plead with all the sweetness of her nature, her daughter joined her voice to the supplication, and even old Cuffy, when he had returned with

the cradle, made a mute appeal, but General Capel pointed to the sofa where his son's body had lain and said:

"Have you forgotten?"

The Dixie mother, crushed at last, sank into a chair by the cradle.

Her proud spirit was broken.

The long restraint she had placed on emotions failed her when it seemed that the light of woman's life must be denied her, and her mind went wandering. She rocked the cradle softly and smiled. She was thinking of her own little babe, but there was a strange expression in her eyes that alarmed General Capel. The divinity of his home had given the best of herself to every one within reach of her influence. Her reward was a denial that threatened mental dissolution if not death.

"Come," he said to the others, "there is not a moment to lose."

All three hurried out, and the little mother was left alone.

Mrs. Capel's smile vanished. She



"MAY GOD ALMIGHTY STRIKE ME DEAD WHEN I BOW TO THAT FLAG."





"BLUE OR GRAY, WE ARE SIMPLY AMERICAN BROTHERS FIGHTING AMONG OURSELVES."

dimly realized that her youngest child was dead. She rose and took a few flowers from the table, then dropped them one by one in the cradle. How sorrowful to part with children! The earth is dreary without them. When their light is gone, the purest charm of existence is taken from us. But we can meet them again. Once more we can look into the pure eyes of love and discern the infinite purpose.

The little mother took a sword from the wall and tried its point.

She raised her arms on high to ask pardon for her deed.

It was time for her to go to meet the child in Heaven.

Then there came a heaven-sent message.

Lieutenant Sears, the baby in his hands, dashed in at the door and placed the little messenger from on high in the Dixie mother's arms.

The others followed and gathered round the source of their happiness.

Now her heart glowed with the warmth of old days.

Gradually, the intelligence returned, and when she realized her full happiness, the Dixie mother turned to her husband and whispered:

"Let us keep our feelings sacred in our hearts and leave no heritage of hate to our children."

General Capel was no man of half measures.

He took the baby that held the flag and pressed his lips upon it with the old-time chivalry that had made him the Dixie Mother's best beloved.

It was a kiss for peace for the new generation.

North had met South and had vanquished, but his son had won a daughter of the North, and the little one, nestled at last in its grandmother's arms, was promise of that day when sectional prejudice should be forgotten and Mason and Dixon's line become a memory.



**MISS FLORENCE E. TURNER.**

One of the picture-play artists who will never be forgotten is Miss Florence E. Turner, for she has won a permanent place in the affections of the picture public. Beautiful, graceful, versatile, sympathetic, she adopts her marvelous talents equally well to every part assigned to her, and she has taken rank among the foremost players of the world. This is not surprising, however, when it is remembered that she began her public career on the stage at the age of three.

# Love's Awakening

— First Love Is Not Always Best nor —  
Is the Race Always to the Swift —

HIRAM GRAHAM smiled as the last huge load of hay rolled into the barnyard, and the haymakers, young men and women, slid from atop the load, the girls protesting with many a giggling shriek that they never could jump, but suggesting that it was very easy when a pair of strong arms waited to clasp them as they landed.

It was Dave Allen who was first off the load to hold out his arms invitingly to Jewel Graham, but she paused a moment, and it was Jim Long who secured the plump prize and bore her away in triumph. Dave was only a farmer's son, while Jim was a clerk in a village drug store. He had been "keeping company" with Jewel for several years and Dave Allen's more quiet love making availed him nothing.

Perhaps it was those long summer days in the haying field, when Jim begged a week off to share the fun, that brought matters to a head, but it was not long after when Jim and Jewel sought Hiram Graham and Jim asked his approval of their engagement.

"I guess it's all right if Jewel wants you," assented the shrewd old man with a kindly smile, "but don't you think, Jim, that you are wasting your time here? Doc Tanner told me the other day that a smart young fellow like you ought to be able to make his way in the city. They pay better there, and I guess Jewel would rather wait until you can make a home for her in the city."

"I guess you're right," assented Jim, coloring with pride at the praise. "I was thinking of that, and if Jewel will wait I'll try."

Hiram nodded and so it was decided that Jim should go to town. His employer recommended him to a city friend, and the *Hopkinsville Banner* in stilted praise congratulated the city upon such an important addition to its captains of industry.

But Jim made good for the most sanguine prophecies. He knew his business, and the patrons of the city store took a liking to the fresh-faced lad, whose manner was an odd blend of country freedom and city elegance. The young women, in particular, found many more errands calling them to Stephan's drug store, and Stephan smiled and raised Jim's salary.

He was not insensible to their flattery, and he responded readily to their flirtations, even tho he was faithful in thought to Jewel; but while the others were content to let it remain a flirtation, Violet Ware had decided upon a conquest, and bet a box of chocolates with her chum that she would wring a proposal from Jim within three months.

Violet was a leader in the neighborhood and her very evident preference flattered Jim; but while he felt himself bound to Jewel, his resistance was breaking fast.

Stephan was willing to give him a few days off, and he wired Jewel that he would arrive on the evening train the following day. He felt that could



JEWEL'S FATHER SENDS JIM TO THE CITY TO WIN HIS WAY.

he see her again he would forget Violet's fascinations, but Violet was not to be denied.

"Tomorrow's your night off, isn't it?" she demanded, as she perched herself on one of the high stools before the soda fountain. "We are going to have some people in to play euchre. Now don't say no. You simply *must* come."

Jim's face clouded. "I'm sorry," he began slowly, "but I am going to take

a vacation and go home for a day or two."

"To see your sweetheart?" demanded Violet jealously. "I know that is what it is. And you'll leave me in the lurch, Jim, when I had counted on you? I made it Thursday because I knew that was your evening off. If you don't stay I'll——"

She did not complete the sentence, but her eyes were eloquent of threat, and of promise as well. Jim was weak

and before she had left it meant another wire to Jewel calling off his visit. He felt like a coward, but Violet was near and Jewel seemed very far off.

There was wire trouble and it was not until Jewel, stealing from home, had eagerly paced the station platform, that the telegram was given her. Dave Allen saw the droop of her shoulders and hurried to her side.

"Bad news, Jewel?" he asked with sympathy. "Don't break down, little girl; don't break down."

"I'm not going to," she declared between sobs, "but Jim promised to come and then he telegraphed that he couldn't."

"Perhaps he couldn't," urged Dave, generous to his rival, but Jewel shook her head.

"We were going to be married. He could come if he wanted to. It's some girl."

As Jewel turned toward home, the tears would not keep back. Dave took her in his buggy, and with his strong arm about her, he offered consolation that he sought to make brotherly, but which none the less had a touch of his hopeless love in it, and Jewel found it very comforting.

He came again in the morning and together they sat upon the porch. Hiram, seeing them, smiled to himself, for Dave always had been his favorite.

The rural delivery driver came down the road in his rattling buggy

and dropped a letter in the Graham box. Jewel ran to get it.

"It's from Jim," she announced, with flashing eyes, as she perched herself up on the top step to read it.

It was a long letter and between the lines Jewel could read many things, for Jim had written it late the night before when he was still smarting under the thought of Violet's answer to his proposal,—“Why I didn't know you cared for me *that way*, Jim. I'm *so sorry*.”

It was a plea that had worked before, but Jim knew that he had been tricked, and in his eagerness to get back what he had lost he said too much.

With flaming cheeks Jewel folded the letter and tucked it into her pocket. Dave rose awkwardly from the steps.

"I guess I'd better be getting along," he said slowly, feeling that he was in the way.

"Must you?" asked Jewel in a voice that she tried to make careless but which told it's tale."

"I don't have to until you send me," he announced, as he took his seat beside her. "Will I ever have to, Jewel?"

"Not unless you want to, Dave," she said with a blush, and her father, coming suddenly upon them, smiled and gave his blessing. He had always had faith that his little girl would find true love some day. And she had.





"HER GRAN'PÈRE WAS A BIG CHIEF."

# The Perversity of Fate

From the Picture Play by Taylor White



In which the reader is taken from the city streets to the Canadian wilds, and is once more shown that Fate is a fickle jade who disarranges even the best laid plans



“AND YOU’LL wait, dear—even tho the time seems long?”

Marion Marlow glanced at the thin gold eirelet that was the sole ornament of her slim, capable fingers. It was characteristic of John Rose that he should ask Marion to marry him, even while confessing that he could not afford a diamond ring as the pledge of his troth.

“I’ll wait,” she promised, with a little shudder that caused her to nestle more closely against the powerfully muscled shoulder, “but Quebec is such a long way from here, Jack.”

“Not so far as the Michigan camps,” he declared lightly, “and I stand a better chance. I’m not fitted for the city, it’s too big and too small at the same time.”

Marion nodded understandingly. A few years before he had come to New York to make his way—one of the thousands who annually set forth to conquer—and Rose had been one of the conquered. He longed for the freedom of the lumber camps, the wide, open spaces of the woods, and he lacked the aggressiveness that forces men ahead where opportunities are few and applicants many. He was not content to be a clerk in a store, yet he could not advance himself.

Marion herself had done much better. From file clerk she had worked her advancement until now she was James Elrood’s confidential secretary, quiet, alert to her employer’s interest,

and never forgetful of her duties. She was making more money than Jack, and it was partly this thought that drove him back to the woods when the offer came from the Elk River Company’s foreman. In the woods he could earn enough to support a wife and family. In the city he never could hope to gain the advance.

And so he went back to the Canadian forests, where, with each stroke of his keen-bladed axe, he liked to think that he was carving out the home that he should make for Marion and her mother; and Marion, in the city, went quietly about her work making herself more and more valuable to Elrood.

Jack’s letters carried small encouragement. Several times it seemed as tho promotion were in his grasp, but always there came the unexpected—once a touch of fever, once a broken arm, but always when he came back there was a new foreman in charge of the camp and Chance had again passed him by.

“It’s the perversity of Fate,” Jack wrote. “Some time, when I do not need the luck, it will come. And when I see Royston and his family I envy them.”

The words came back to Marion one night as she sat in her cold room and counted and recounted her slender resources. All summer her mother had been slowly failing, and now the great specialist to whom she had gone



HE WAS THINKING OF ROYSTON'S COURTSHIP.

for advice had ordered her South for the winter.

"The first flurry of snow will seal her death warrant, Miss Marlow," he had solemnly assured her. "She must go South before the frost comes, or it will be too late."

He had turned to the next patient with no thought of the quivering lip or blanched face. To him she was only a "case"—not even an interesting one; and now she sat with the bank-book and her purse before her, wondering how she could make one dollar do the work of ten.

But the problem was solved and some weeks later John Rose, sitting in front of the rude bunk house, read and reread the brief letter that had come in by the last messenger. It seemed as if he knew it by heart, yet he read it over and over again, trying to realize that it was from Marion.

"Dear Jack," she had written, "don't think badly of me because I return the ring. It is not because I am tired of waiting, dear, but because I cannot make mother's life the price. Mr. Elrood has asked me to be his

wife. We shall be married in September and the honeymoon will be to take mother South, where she will at least have a chance for life. Forgive and try to forget. Your Marion."

A light step on the dried grass roused him, and he looked up with a scornful smile on his lips. Tel, the daughter of the half-breed, Pierre, who possessed all the lithe grace of her Indian mother, the daughter of a line of chiefs, made no secret of her affection for the stalwart woodsman. Whenever he sat down to rest and to think, he was accustomed to hear the light footfall, as the girl silently stole past, content if he but gave her a smile.

Slowly Rose tore up the note and let the tiny fragments flutter to the ground. "Tel," he called, "come here."

With the rich blood dyeing the light tan of her face the girl obeyed, eyeing him wonderfully. Rose had affected a contempt for her silent worship. He was thinking of Royston's courtship. It was seldom that he spoke; never had he called her to him before



"Tel, you love me, don't you?" he asked. "To-morrow we will go and see the priest. Father Raoul shall speak the service. Shall it be so?"

Wonderingly the girl stole toward him and raised his rough hands reverently to her lips.

Rose laughed loudly, mirthlessly, as he rose and took her in his arms, and presently he went in search of Pierre, to whom he repeated his proposal.

As if to emphasize the irony of fate, promotion came quickly to Rose, now that he no longer cared. From foreman of the gang to superintendent, he rose with a rapidity that caused Pierre to smile and murmur softly to himself:

"That girl Tel is mascot sure, and Jack Rose she is ver' lucky that she has ol' Pierre's daughter for her bride. Her gran' père was a big chief. She is of blood royal."

Surely it seemed as if Jack was lucky above his fellows, for Tel worked wonders in making the simple hut a home, and only the gnawing

thought of Marion saddened his content. He had thought to marry Tel and forget his faithless love; but, the more he strove, the more she seemed to dominate his thoughts.

And so it was five years later when Le Blanc and François paddled their light canoe swiftly up the river to the lumber camp. There was a third figure in the frail craft and John Rose's heart gave a great leap as he strode down to the bank to welcome the *voyageurs*.

"Mrs. Elrood!" he cried in surprise as he lightly lifted her to the shore.

"Not Marion?" she asked gaily as she shook her skirts, wrinkled from long sitting in the canoe. "Surely you should have a warmer greeting for one who has traveled thousands of miles up this horrible river just to see you. I thought the Mississippi was the longest stream, but I know better now."

"To see *me*?" echoed Rose. "Then Mr. Elrood——"

"Is dead!" she completed, as a



"AND WHEN I SEE ROYSTON AND HIS FAMILY I ENVY THEM."



"FATHER RAOUL SHALL SPEAK THE SERVICE."

shadow flitted across her face. "My sacrifice was in vain, Jack. Mother died that winter. Not even the South could save her. Last spring Mr. Elrood died, and I thought that—perhaps—that you——"

She faltered, but Jack did not come to her aid. Thru the leafy screen of the forest he could hear Tel as she sang about her work.

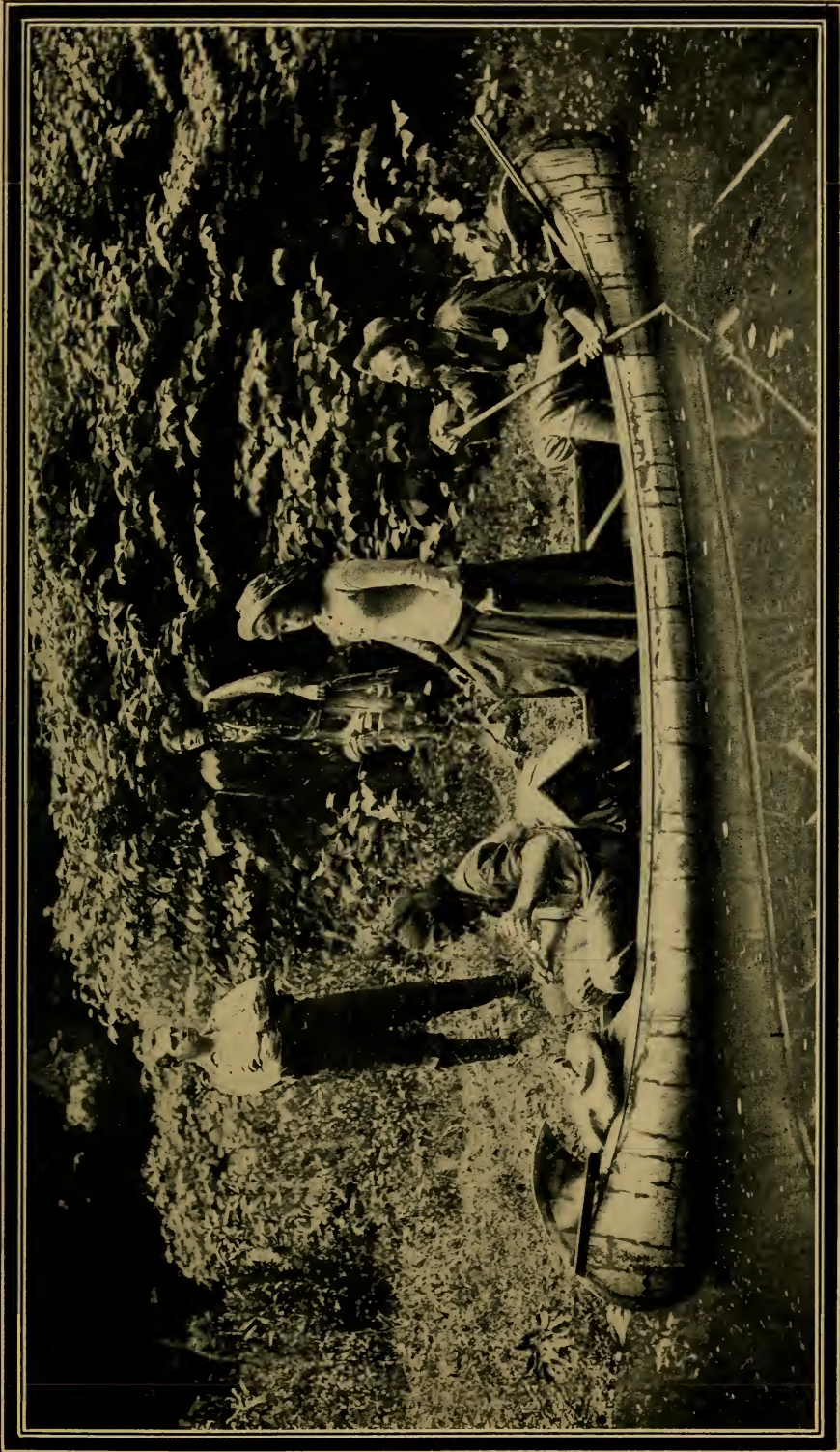
"We shall be glad to welcome you,"

he said quietly. "Mrs. Rose sees few strangers."

"Mrs. Rose! You are married! Impossible!" cried Marion. "Jack, dear Jack, surely you waited——"

Rose hung his head. "You said yourself we had waited too long," he reminded. "It was not that I did not care. I sought forgetfulness."

"And found it?" she cried, anxiously. "Oh, Jack!"



THRU THE WINDING TRAIL HIS WIFE REGARDED THE ODD TABLEAU.

Rose made no reply, but it was clear he had not forgotten that Marion still reigned queen over his heart.

"She is your lawful wife?" cried Marion, "or is it one of those marriages with an Indian, or a half-breed? There are many such wives—but the union is not legal."

"We were married by a priest," explained Rose, "but it didn't need that to make her my wife. She loves me. She is faithful. She brought me luck. She made my home. She trusts my promise. That's the hard part, you see—she trusts me; can I prove faithless to that trust?"

"What is all that to love?" cried Marion, contemptuously. "Jack, I am a rich woman; a very rich woman. She shall have money. She can go to Quebec or Montreal. In the novelty of it she will forget. Perhaps she would prefer to stay here and marry one of her own kind. It can be arranged—with money. I have that."

"I have money, were that all," interrupted Rose. "It's not the money. If it were only that."

"You care more for her than you do for me?" she demanded, jealously. "I am less to you than this half-breed girl. You no longer care!"

Rose caught her hand. "I do care," he cried. "There has not been a day in all these years that I have not cared—that the hurt has not been here. In my sleep I see your face, I hear your voice. Awake!—I long for your caress!"

Marion clasped her hands with joy. "Then my trip is not in vain," she cried. "Since we two still love, nothing else matters. You will tell this little half-breed that you are going away. You will soon forget her and she——"

The man checked her with a ges-

ture. "She must not know," he said earnestly. "We have made a sad mistake, and nearly ruined our lives, dear heart, but it must not touch her. The good Father over at the mission has made us man and wife. What God hath joined no man may put asunder, unless he pays the price. The price would fall on you as well as on me."

"I am ready to pay, Jack," she cried fearlessly.

Rose shook his head.

"You do not know the cost. Think of the price that she, too, must pay. We should have each other. She would be left alone. I cannot ask her to pay. I cannot, I must not!"

For a moment the woman of the cities looked into the brave, fearless eyes of the man of the woods, and her own faltered. She saw that he still loved her with the love that never dies, but she saw also that she could never win him. Above love he placed duty—duty to the woman he had sworn to protect. Did she tempt him she would gain only his physical companionship. He would despise her for causing him to break his word.

At her call the guides came, and wonderingly resumed their places at the paddles. Thru the winding trail his wife regarded the odd tableau curiously, then the paddles dipped into the water and strong strokes forced the canoe through the still waters.

With folded arms Rose watched the woman he loved borne from him, and then he turned to the woman who loved him. "The perversity of fate," he murmured, recalling a letter written in the long ago.

"Luck comes too late—but honor stays," and with his arm about Tel, he turned back to the cabin that she had made their home.

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"Whosoever loves not picture, is injurious to truth, and all the wisdom of poetry. Picture is the invention of heaven, the most ancient and most akin to nature. It is itself a silent work, and always one and the same habit."—*Ben Johnson.*

## Personalities of the Picture Players



MISS LOTTIE BRISCOE.

The great success of Miss Lottie Briscoe as a photoplayer is not surprising when it is remembered that she was, for years, with that master of dramatic art, Richard Mansfield. Miss Briscoe has already won a host of admirers in the moving picture world by her clever work and pleasing personality.

# Stage Favorites in the Film

By Stanley Crawford



The drama makes its contribution to the photoplay as do all the branches of literature



**A**LL BRANCHES of literature make contribution to the photoplay stage, the humorist and the historian, the novelist and the dramatic writer, the scientist and the sage.

Perhaps no stage production enjoys more general favor than the dramatization of Marie Corelli's novel *Thelma*. With many stage directors it is a fixed fact that when business is

bad *Thelma* will build it up and the box office always proves the value of the rule.

It was inevitable that *Thelma* should find its way to the photoplay theatre. Apart from its popularity, the splendid opportunity for the presentation of striking scenes would tempt any director and so it happens that *Thelma* has become a reality to



THE OLD NORSEMAN INVITES THE ENGLISH TOURISTS TO DINE WITH HIM. HERE THELMA FIRST EXPERIENCES THE DELIGHTFUL SENSATIONS OF LOVE.



THE PARTING. OLAF GULDMAR IS LOATH TO GIVE UP HIS DARLING THELMA.

thousands, a living woman, not a personage in a book or "that dear Miss Blank" who is the favorite at the local stock company's home and Thelma for a week.

For theatrical presentation a diversity of scenes is not practical, but the photoplay ignores these limitations and the main incidents of the book are portrayed with a realism that is not possible to the stage with its restrictions of space and its painted scenery.

Thelma in picture form is vastly more convincing than the stage production, and will bring delight to thousands of admirers of Miss Corelli's most favored novel.

With the constant additions made

to the list of visualized literature, the library and the photoplay-houses will become adjuncts of each other, and in course of time the field will be broadly covered by a series of productions so carefully made as to be worthy of their association with the highest forms of the literary classics.

It is not looking too far into the future to anticipate the time when the motion picture camera will become an aid to the lecturer on English literature, and the film will find its proper place in the school room and in the lecture hall. Already increasing use is being made of motion pictures in the medical schools, and this is but the first step in that direction.





MR. G. M. ANDERSON.

One of the youngest men in the moving picture world, yet one of the oldest in the industry, is Mr. G. A. Anderson, who first became prominent as a photoplayer, then as a director, then as a playwright, and finally as a manufacturer. He is at present associated with Mr. George Spoor, and he seems to succeed equally well in all that he undertakes.



# The Golden Supper

From the Poem of Lord Tennyson

“LIONEL! You love Lionel?”

For answer Camilla hid her blushing cheek against the rough fabric of Julian's doublet, and the simple action told more eloquently than words that to her he was but the cousin and foster brother. In a glance and a word the dream of years had vanished.

Her mother dead in childbirth, Camilla had known no mother but his own, and she had shared her father with him in return. As sister and brother they had grown to youth, and

the simple affection of the girl had found a rich return in Julian's love, a love so strong it had not seemed that words were needed.

And now, as a sister confides in her brother, she had confessed her love for Lionel, and poor Julian found the world suddenly grown grey and cold.

But Lionel found words to tell his love, and soon their troth was pledged, and only Julian took no pleasure in the fact. He made excuse to seek the wilds, and tho his



LIONEL AND CAMILLA IN THEIR GARDEN.



THE BETROTHAL OF LIONEL & CAMILLA.



LIONEL LEADS THE BRIDE TO HIS OWN HOME.

absence robbed the marriage of one great joy to Camilla, she did not realize that it was a hopeless love that kept him from the feast.

When she was gone, he came home again, but sadly changed, and found his greatest pleasure in long walks among the hills: for, he was possessed by visions, in which it seemed that the wedding peal was followed by the toll for death, and this, in turn, by wedding bells again.

So persistent was the vision that he fought down his desire to leave the land and to journey in strange countries that he might forget his grief, and he lingered on in the home that had been theirs.

Nearly a year had passed. Not once had Julian seen his cousin, for he felt that to look upon her face again would only open the old wounds, and he kept close at home until the dreadful day, when gently his mother broke to him the news that Camilla was no more.

At least a part of the vision had

come true, for the knell had indeed followed the marriage chimes; and with bowed head and heavy heart Julian sought Lionel, who had been his friend, to share his grief.

For three days the fair young bride had lain in that last sleep, and now the time had come to carry her to the vault wherein her mother lay.

No casket shrouded the lithe form, for in that land it was the custom to lay the bier within a niche in the vault, and slowly Julian followed the sad procession that bore her to the tomb.

His tears were natural, for was he not the foster brother of the dead? So he and Lionel mingled their grief above the still vision that seemed the sleep of life instead of death. Then the mourners went their way, leaving the newly dead among the ashes of the old, and Julian rushed into the forest that so often had been the sanctuary of his grief.

But he came again that night to the city of the dead. In life Camilla

had been denied him, but now the dead was his; and, stealing into the vault, he struck a light that showed him in fleeting flare his path to the cold marble where lay Camilla. The moon from a vault high up lighting the calm face, it seemed to be the face of one that still lived.

Julian bent and kissed the cold lips—his first tender kiss of love, and it seemed that the softly curving mouth had not the marble chill of death, but the velvet warmth of life. With strange persistence the thought clung that she still lived, and his trembling hand sought the snowy breast.

It could not be a delusion—faint but steady the blood seemed still to pulse through the veins! Half-mad with doubt and fear he looked again upon the peaceful face. An eyelid quivered and the first faint flush of life tinged the marble of her cheek and throat.

With a great cry he caught her up, and, wrapping her in his cloak,

bore her to his mother's home. More than once on the long journey he was forced to sit and rest, but always he held the still form in his arms, half fearful yet that he had not wrested her from death.

His mother started at the apparition, as Julian staggered into the hall bearing his lovely burden; but now the breast heaved faintly, the tinge of life was more pronounced, and as the dawn drew nigh, the mother ceased her ministrations; for the trance was ended and, weak and spent, Camilla lay like a broken lily nursed again to bloom.

Gently they told her of her trance, and of the burial, and she gave a little cry of surprise and disappointment.

"And was he so quick to let me go?" she asked, and the look of agony in her eyes cut like a knife her brother-lover's heart, even while it bade him hope that he might yet keep her for his own.

This hope was soon dispelled by her demands that Lionel be sent for, but



JULIAN LOOKS HIS LAST UPON HIS LOVE.



the sorrowing man had left his home to wander with his grief.

"He will return," Camilla said, with faith, "and when he does, you, who gave me back my life, shall give me back to him."

Silently Julian left the room and took to horse lest his temptation be too great, but he left word that a summons might reach him when Lionel was returned.

Meanwhile another life, brought from the tomb, came into being; and

in grateful recognition Camilla named her son after Julian, and this was his reward.

Then Lionel was brought back from his seclusion by the sea, where he had been living as a hermit; and Julian made a feast for him, a banquet so stupendous that it had no equal.

With lavish hand roses were strewn in garlands over the hall, and the table gleamed and glittered with gold and precious stones set in Venetian crystal. A huge portrait of Camilla,

draped in black, seemed to lend the presence of the original to the feast; and, when the guests had done, Julian rose to speak.

"It is a Persian custom," he began, "when greatest honor would be done a guest, to lay before him every treasure of the host."

He paused and all the guests applauded the idea; but Julian raised his hand for silence and went on.

"The custom carries further. When the guest is honored to the utmost, the host brings that which is thrice dearest to his heart. But first I ask a question.

"I knew a man who had been served for years by a faithful slave who, now grown old and weak, was thrust into the street to die. There came another man who pitied his estate, took him to his home and nursed him back to health. Now to which man—the one who cast him forth to die, or to the one who saved from death—did that old slave belong?"

Julian paused, and with his silence

the debate began. Some argued for the owner, but the rest pleaded for the man who had saved the slave's life, declaring that he who owned the slave had cast him aside as worthless while the other had beneficently rendered him of value.

At last they turned to Lionel, who was learned in law, and left the point to him.

"No point of law holds good," was his reply. "By all the claims of love and gratitude the slave belongs to him who saved—not to the one who cast away."

Julian smiled, and, turning to a friend, made sign to him to bring Camilla in.

She came, clothed as a bride with wondrous veil, and yet, unlike a bride, she bore the rosy infant in her arms.

"Now are you fully honored," said Julian with a smile, "for you behold all that I hold most dear;" and with a courtly bow he led her to a chair beside Lionel.

A murmur of surprise swept over



JULIAN'S GIFT TO HIS GUEST.

the hall. She was so like her picture that some said that Camilla must have had a sister who had come to take her place; but others called her a cousin, and still others thought her some woman from a foreign clime whose marvelous likeness to Lionel's dead bride had led Julian to bring her to his home.

Questions came thick and fast, but Camilla made no reply, and when they asked her if she was dumb, it was Julian who answered for her.

"She is dumb because she stands, like that poor slave of whom we lately spoke, obedient to the master, who, by your own decree, has every right. Now shall I excel the Persian, for I

give, to my beloved guest, that which I hold most dear!"

Simply he told the story of his love for the foster sister that had shared his childhood days, told of the vision of the bells that had rang, first marriage, then death, and then joy again. Told of her trance, of his visit to the vault, of her return to life, the birth of her young son, and, then, rising, led to Lionel the bride he thought was dead.

And with the climax of the Golden Feast, Julian turned from the hall, with but a single friend, and then left the country, that he might not see the happiness he had so generously given back to his friend.



"The story will never go down."—*Fielding*.

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"A picture is a poem without words."—*Horace*.

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"Art is more godlike than science. Science discovers; art creates."—*Opie*.

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"There are shades in all good pictures, but there are lights too, if we choose to contemplate them."—*Dickens*.

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"He cometh unto you with a tale which holdeth children from play, and old men from the chimney corner."—*Sir Philip Sidney*.

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"In portraits, the grave and, we may add, the likeness consists more in taking the general air than in observing the exact similitude of every feature."—*Sir Joshua Reynolds*.

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"The artist is the child in the popular fable, every one of whose tears was a pearl. Ah! the world, that cruel step-mother, beats the poor child the harder to make him shed more pearls."—*Heinrich Heine*.

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"The first merit of pictures is the effect which they can produce upon the mind; and the first step of a sensible man should be to receive involuntary effects from them. Pleasure and inspiration first; analysis afterward."—*Beecher*.



MR. HARRY MCRAE WEBSTER.

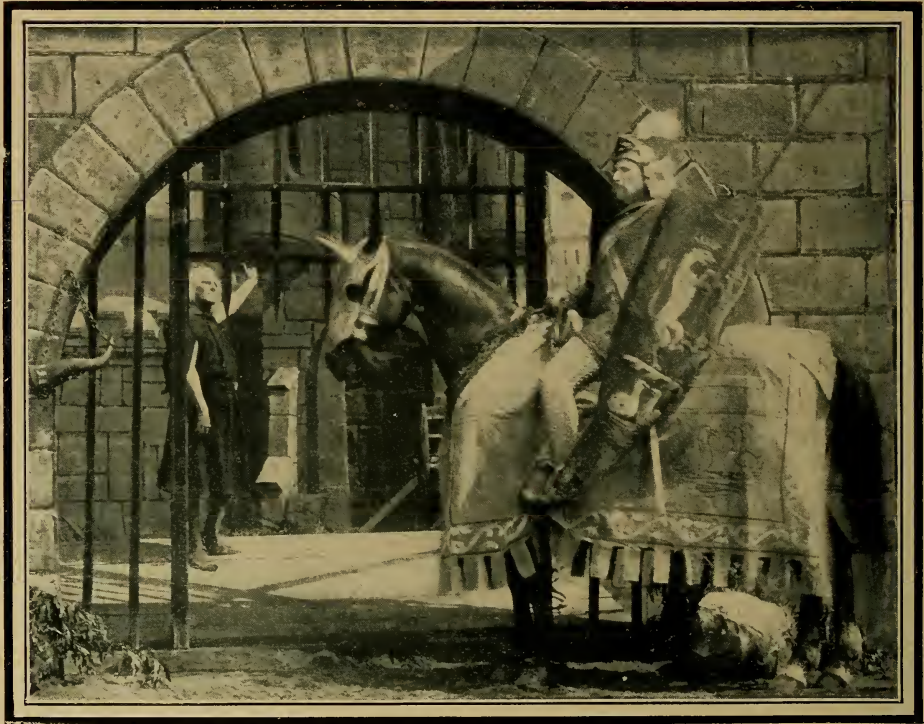
Scotland has her chief representative in the moving picture world in the person of Mr. Harry McRae Webster. Mr. Webster's skill and extensive experience in all matters theatrical have served him in good stead and made him a notable figure, and he has done much to raise the standard of merit in the photoplay industry.



# Elaine in Picture



“Now for the central diamond and the last  
And largest, Arthur \* \* \* let proclaim a joust  
At Camelot,” and when the time drew nigh  
Spake, (for she had been sick) to Guinevere  
“Are you so sick, my Queen, you cannot move  
To these fair jousts?” “Yea, Lord,” she said, “ye know it.”  
“Then will ye miss,” he answered, “the great deeds  
Of Lancelot.” \* \* \* And the Queen  
Lifted her eyes and they dwelt languidly  
On Lancelot, where he stood beside the King,  
He thinking that he read her meaning there,  
“Stay with me, I am sick; my love is more  
Than many diamonds,” yielded: and a heart  
Love-loyal to the least wish of the Queen  
Urged him to speak against the truth and say,  
“Sir King, mine ancient wound is hardly whole,  
And lets me from the saddle;” and the King  
Glanced first at him, then her, and went his way.



LANCELOT'S ARRIVAL AT THE CASTLE OF ASTOLAT.

He left the barren-beaten thoroughfare  
 Chose the green paths that showed the rarer foot,  
 And there among the solitary downs  
 Full often lost in fancy, lost his way;  
 Till as he traced a faintly shadow'd track  
 That all in loops and links among the dales  
 Ran to the Castle of Astolat he saw  
 Fired from the West, far on a hill the towers.  
 Thither he made and blew the gateway horn.  
 Then came an old, dumb, myriad-wrinkled man,  
 Who let him into lodging and disarm'd.



AND MUCH THEY ASK'D OF COURT AND TABLE ROUND, AND EVER WELL AND READILY ANSWER'D HE.



LANCELOT IS WOUNDED AND UNHORSED.

They couch'd their spears and prick'd their steeds, and thus  
Their plumes driv'n backward by the wind, they made  
In moving, all together down upon him  
Bare, as a wild wave in the wide North Sea,  
Green-glimmering toward the summit, bears with all  
Its stormy crests that smoke against the skies,  
Down on a bark, and overbears the bark,  
And him that helms it, so they overbore  
Sir Lancelot and his charger, and a spear  
Down-glancing lamed the charger, and a spear  
Prick'd sharply his own cuirass, and the head  
Pierced thro' his side, and there snapt, and remained.

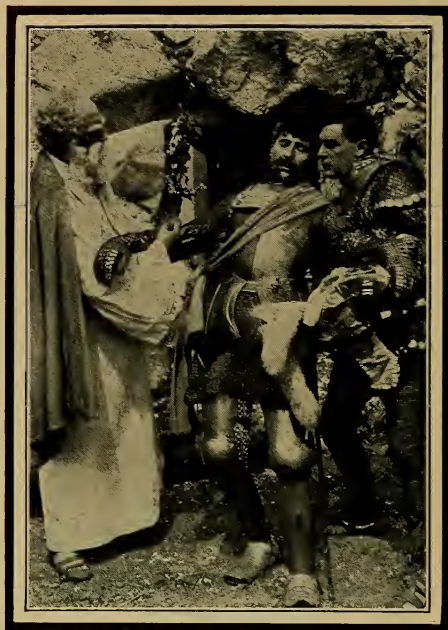


SIR GAWAIN IS SENT IN QUEST OF LANCELOT.

“Heaven hinder,” said the King, “that such an one,  
 So great a knight as we have seen to-day—  
 He seemed to me another Lancelot—  
 Yea, twenty times I thought him Lancelot—  
 He must not pass uncared for. Wherefore, rise  
 O Gawain, and ride forth and find the knight.  
 Wounded and wearied needs must he be near.  
 I charge you that you get at once to horse.

We will do him

No customary honor: since the knight  
 Came not to us, of us to claim the prize,  
 Ourselves will send it after. Rise and take  
 This diamond and deliver it, and return,  
 And bring us where he is and how he fares,  
 And cease not from your quest until ye find.”



Then she that saw him lying un-  
sleek, unshorn,  
Gaunt as it were the skeleton of  
himself,  
Utter'd a little tender, dolorous cry.  
The sound not wonted in a place so  
still  
Woke the sick knight, and while he  
rolled his eyes  
Yet blank from sleep, she started to  
him saying,  
"Your prize, the diamond, sent you  
by the King:"  
His eyes glisten'd; she fancied "Is  
it for me?"  
And when the maid had told him all  
the tale  
Of King and Prince, the diamond  
sent, the quest  
Assign'd to her not worthy of it, she  
knelt  
Full lowly by the corners of his bed,  
And laid the diamond in his open  
hand.

There from his charger down he  
slid, and sat,  
Gasping to Sir Lavaine, "Draw the  
lance-head;"  
"Ah my sweet lord Sir Lancelot,"  
said Lavaine.  
"I dread me, if I draw it, you will  
die."  
But he, "I die already with it:  
draw—  
Draw,"—and Lavaine drew, and  
Sir Lancelot gave  
A marvelous great shriek and a  
ghastly groan.  
And half his blood burst forth, and  
down he sank  
For the pure pain and wholly  
swoon'd away.  
Then came the hermit out and bare  
him in.





“I pray you use some rough discourtesy  
To blunt or break her passion.”

Lancelot said

“That were against me: what I can I will;”

\* \* \* \* \*

And Lancelot knew the little clinking sound;  
And she, by tact of love, was well aware  
That Lancelot knew that she was looking at him,  
And yet he glanced not up, nor waved his hand,  
Nor bade farewell, but sadly rode away.  
This was the one discourtesy that he used.



THE BARGE AT THE PALACE WATER GATE.

—and the barge,  
 On to the palace doorway sliding, paused.  
 There two stood arm'd and kept the door; to whom  
 All up the marble stair, tier over tier,  
 Where added mouths that gaped, and eyes that ask'd  
 "What is it?" but that oarsman's haggard face  
 As hard and still as is the face that men  
 Shape to their fancy's eye from broken rocks  
 On some cliff-side, appall'd them, and they said,  
 "He is enchanted, cannot speak—and she,  
 Look how she sleeps—the Fairy Queen, so fair!  
 Yea, but how pale! What are they? Flesh and blood?  
 Or come to take the King to Fairyland?  
 For some do hold our Arthur cannot die  
 But that he passes into Fairyland."





THE PROCESSION TO THE SHRINE.

So toward that shrine which then in all the realm  
Was richest, Arthur leading, slowly went  
The marshal'd order of their Table Round,  
And Lancelot sad beyond his wont, to see  
The maiden buried, not as one unknown  
Nor meanly, but with gorgeous obsequies,  
And mass and rolling music, like a Queen.



LANCELOT GRIEVES AT ELAINE'S BIER.

"For what am I? what profits me my name  
 Of greatest knight? I fought for it, and have it:  
 Pleasure to have it, none; to lose it, pain;  
 Now grown a part of me: but what use in it?  
 To make men worse by making my sin known?  
 Or sin seem less, the sinner seeming great?  
 Alas for Arthur's greatest knight, a man  
 Not after Arthur's heart! I needs must break  
 These bonds that so defame me: not without  
 She wills it: if she will'd it? nay,  
 Who knows? But if I would not, then may God  
 I pray him, send a sudden Angel down  
 To seize me by the hair and bear me far,  
 And fling me deep in that forgotten mere,  
 Among the tumbled fragments of the hills."

# The Big Scoop

By James Bartlett

A Graphic Story of Panic Days on "The Street" and How a Reporter Regained His Situation

"DUNK AGAIN," murmured Gordon, who sat at the head of the "rewrite" desk and nursed a perpetual frown.

"Which one?" demanded Conover, the City Editor, wearily. "I wish I was editing a temperance paper. Perhaps then I could count on a staff."

"It's Connors," explained Douglas, known in the office as "Gordon's antidote," but you can't blame the boy. Three hours in the flooded gutter last night at the warehouse fire with thin shoes and silk socks. You can't expect him not to 'take something' for it—and you know Jim's failing."

"But we're paying him to work, not to get drunk," protested Conover. "Connors," he added, raising his voice.

Jim Connors made his uncertain way to the desk and held on the side to steady himself.

"Go to the cashier," came the sharp command. "We must have men here who can do their work."

"There's lots of other papers!" came the thick response.

"Then get one," was the quiet retort, as Conover turned again to his work.

Late that night Jim Connors staggered into the little flat that was his home and Bessie Connors gave a pathetic little cry.

"Again, Jim?" she asked with gentle reproach.

"Worse than just 'again,' Bess," he said, half sobered by the thought. "I'm let out and Conover said last time it was final."

"It will come out all right," she assured him, comfortingly. "Get a good night's rest and it will be all right in the morning."

With tender sympathy she helped him off to bed. It was Jim's curse that he loved drink, but she could not reproach him when she realized the hardships a reporter is called upon to endure.

But it was not all right in the morning. Jim, clean shaven and in his right mind, swallowed his pride for the sake of Bess and begged to be taken back. He even took appeal to the managing editor, when Conover proved adamant, but it was of no use. Discipline must be maintained, and sadly Jim turned from the familiar office to seek some other place.

But in panic times newspapers retrench, and everywhere he was met with the same reply. They were laying off, not taking on men. There was no opening.

Since the panic was most pronounced in the financial district, Jim bent his steps toward "The Street," in the hope that he might pick up some item of news that he could sell at space rates. Even a couple of dollars would help. But, tho he went to all the offices where he was known, the reply was the same. There was nothing not covered by the City Press.

Long after the Exchange closed, and the busy brokers had rushed up to the uptown hotel that was their favored gathering place, Jim hung about the deserted district in the hope



"GO TO THE CASHIER," WAS THE SHARP COMMAND. "WE MUST HAVE MEN HERE WHO CAN DO THEIR WORK."

that some late stayer might give him a tip; and more than one worried official was staying long after hours planning how they might weather the next day's storm.

It was late when Jim entered a cafe for a cup of coffee and a sandwich, and as he slowly sipped the coffee he was conscious that men at the next table were discussing matters of importance, tho they spoke so low that even Jim's sharp ears could not catch what was said.

It was enough for him that one of the men was Taylor, the president of the Consolidated Trust Co., so he listened; and when they went out Connors followed, stopping a moment to pick up a paper that had fluttered to the floor beside their table.

Almost stealthily he entered the side door of the bank and the door closed upon them. Jim could not see thru the frosted glass, and after a moment's inspection of the paper, which represented nothing to him,

he decided upon a bold stroke and loudly rapped upon the door.

With the explanation that he had a paper belonging to Taylor he brushed past the night watchman and entered the Director's room. His appearance was timely, for the loss of the paper had just been discovered, and Taylor was turning his pockets inside out in the hope that it might yet be found concealed among the other bulky papers that he carried.

He breathed a sigh of relief as Jim handed him the paper, and for a moment the men forgot his presence as they discussed the loss of the sheet, each seeking to blame the other for the negligence. The party had been joined by another, whom Jim recognized as the State Bank Examiner, and Jim realized that a big story was brewing. He realized that he would not be permitted to remain in the room much longer, and with quick movement he broke the end from a penholder and wedged it into the desk

telephone standing on the table so that the lever would be kept up.

A moment later Taylor dismissed him with a word of polite thanks and the veiled suggestion of a reward. Jim accepted the thanks but declined the reward. Once outside the room his mind worked quickly. He knew that the telephone desk was close to the private entrance, and as the watchman stood to let him out, he paused.

"I'd like to use the 'phone a moment," he said, trying hard to keep his voice steady. "I understand about using the board."

"Against orders," was the curt response, but Jim was insistent. He reminded the watchman that he had just performed a service for Taylor and the man in gray gave a reluctant assent.

"I've got to go and punch the clocks," he said. "Hurry up and be done by the time I get back."

With the time clock slung from his

shoulder he started upon his tour, and Jim quickly took his seat at the board. Plugging the jack into the switch for the directors' room, he was delighted to find that his ruse worked. Assured of their privacy, they spoke loudly in their excitement, and it was soon made plain that the Bank Examiner had not found their affairs to his liking. When banking hours came in the morning, there would be a notice of suspension on the heavy plate glass of the doors, which would probably sound the doom of other trust companies that were already trembling on the verge.

Jim could hear the steps of the watchman on the stone of the stairway and he got the Record office.

"Give me Mr. Bruce," he cried. "That you, Mr. Bruce? this is Connors, Jim Connors. I've a clean scoop. Will you hold the press until I can get up?"

Bruce, the night editor, promised, and with a hurried word of thanks to



CONSCIOUS THAT THE MEN AT THE NEXT TABLE WERE DISCUSSING MATTERS OF IMPORTANCE.



"I COULDN'T EXPLAIN OVER THE 'PHONE!" HE GASPED, "BUT THE CONSOLIDATED WON'T OPEN IN THE MORNING."

the watchman, and with a coin to back it up, Jim slipped from the bank. It was several blocks to Broadway and the cars, and Jim sprinted, only to be stopped by a watchful policeman suspicious of anyone in haste at that time of night amid the storehouses of millions. His reporter's card set him right, but precious moments were lost.

Meanwhile, in the office, chaos reigned. Bruce had ordered the forms held for the scoop, and others hotly protested. It was merely some drunken freak of Connors' they declared. More than likely he would not show up, but in the back room of some saloon would sit in maudlin glee over the trouble he had created.

"I'll give him five minutes," announced Bruce at last. Some of the men gasped. At that time of night, with the out-of-town mails to catch, seconds were minutes and minutes hours. Gordon, working overtime, smiled evilly.

With his eye on the clock Bruce waited. One minute, two, three, four times the second hand had gone round, and a fifth time it drew close to the minute. There was a stir outside and Jim burst into the room.

"I couldn't explain over the 'phone because the watchman was coming," he gasped, "but the Consolidated Trust won't open in the morning and the story is not to be given out!"

It was Gordon himself who sprang from his seat and thrust Jim into it. Someone else brought a typewriter and as the sheets flew from the machine they were rushed to the linotype men. There was no time to write whole sheets. In sentences and paragraphs the paper was pulled from the machine and rushed off, and when Jim wrote the "30" under his last line Bruce heaved a sigh of relief. The mails would be caught and the story was worth waiting for.

"I guess you've earned the right to another drunk if you want one," he

said with a smile, but Jim shook his head.

"Me for the girl and the kid and a big sleep," he said with emphasis.

"Don't hurry down in the morning,"

nounced with a happy laugh as Bess, roused from her nap as she sat at the table, looked half fearfully up. "It's high time you and the kiddie were in bed, little girl, and that's where I be-



"IT'S HIGH TIME YOU AND THE KIDDIE WERE IN BED."

urged Bruce, "but there will be your old desk open for you when you come."

With a grateful pressure of the hand Jim hurried away and the subway whisked him home.

"I'm late but I'm sober," he an-

long, for I've pulled the big scoop for to-morrow, and—Gee! but I'm tired."

Bess understood and with a cry crept into his arms. Jim had made no pledge, but she felt that this time the wordless promise would be kept.



# A Cowboy's Vindication



A shot during a struggle, and Frank Morrison is branded with the mark of Cain, but by his own efforts the real murderer is discovered



"FRANK, do you suppose he is going to town again?"

"It looks like it," admitted Frank Morrison with a frown. "And only yesterday he promised to leave drink and the cards alone. It's not altogether Will's fault, tho. The fellows at the saloon seem to take a delight in getting him drunk."

"Perhaps if you went after him," suggested the mother, "you might induce him to come home."

"I'll try," promised Frank, but it was with no hope of success that he saddled his horse and rode into town after his errant brother.

Will had a good start and a better horse, and it was not long before he drew rein in front of the Golden Gulch Saloon. With shouts of welcome the habitues gleefully pounced upon him and dragged him inside to buy the drinks for all. Faro Nan was included in the invitation, as a matter of course, and Will stood beside the bar chatting with her as Jesse Gibbs, a gambler, entered and took in the scene with one quick glance. In a flash he had drawn his gun, but before he could fire, Frank, entering just behind him, had caught his hand and wrenched the weapon from him.

"You leave Will alone," he sharply commanded as he returned the gun to the gambler.

"Then tell that brother of yours to keep away from Nan," was the surly reply.

Well pleased with the situation Nan laughed triumphantly. She was beautiful, in an evil way, and more than one had paid for his adoration with his life. She gloried in her records.

She suffered Frank to take his brother away, for she was a little afraid of Gibbs, and was glad to have Will out of the way for a time.

The brothers drove home in silence and when they came to the corral Frank pointed to the house.

"I'll take care of your horse," he said shortly. "Go into the house and don't bother mother."

Usually Will was quiet after one of his trips to town, but the few drinks he had taken had fired his blood with a desire for more, and when Frank entered he was shocked to find his mother in tears.

Bit by bit she told him how Will had taken money from her purse and had slipped out of the house again, and with an angry exclamation Frank turned and retraced his steps toward the corral.

Will was there, trying with hands that trembled in their haste, to saddle his horse. As Frank came upon the scene Will turned with an ugly oath and whipped out his gun. There was a short, sharp struggle, a report, and Will sank limply to the earth.

Stunned by the thought that he had killed his brother Frank could only kneel beside the body, wildly crying to Will to speak to him. He never





FRANK IS UNJUSTLY ACCUSED OF KILLING HIS BROTHER.

saw the slinking form of the gambler hurrying toward his horse. Coming to the ranch to dispose forever of Will's rivalry, Gibbs had seen his chance to blame his crime on Frank and it was his gun that had spoken at the very moment that Will's pistol was discharged in the struggle.

But with cooler thought Frank realized that when the pistol was discharged the gun was pointed into the air. His mind reverted to the quarrel of the morning and pinning a note to Will's coat announcing that he was going in search of Will's murderer, Frank left the corral and followed the tracks clearly made in the soft earth by Gibbs' horse, which was differently shod from those of the Morrison ranch.

Gibbs had taken a back trail to town, and it so happened that the Sheriff and his posse, apprised of the

murder by the gambler, and riding to apprehend the slayer, did not pass Frank as he rode to town. There was only Nan and the barkeeper in the Golden Gulch when he entered.

Gibbs' face blanched as he saw Frank enter, and he sought to draw his gun, but the cowboy was too quick for him, and had him by the throat before he could draw.

Nan looked curiously on, declining to interfere and rather enjoying the struggle between the two men.

Frank had only surmised, but Gibbs' face told him that his guess was right, and the sheriff, riding back to town after a fruitless quest, found them there. The confession was brief, and Frank, cleared of the brand of Cain, rode back to comfort the mother who, alas, was bereft of a son, but of one only, for Frank had found his vindication.





ACROSS THE PRAIRIE.



# My Prairie Flower



An Exchange of Identities in which it is Proven that the  
Master is the Better Man

“JENKINS! Mr. Robert back yet?” Henry Ford’s voice was sharp and quick; the voice of a man accustomed to command others, but there was a suggestion of eagerness in the masterful tones.

“Not yet, sir,” came the respectful response. “He said as how he was likely to be a little late, sir.”

“Little late,” Ford glanced at the clock. It had been late when they left the opera and they had dropped the Brandons at their home, a full half mile out of the way. “Jane, if that boy comes home in the same condition he was in last night, I’m going to send him away.”

“Boys will be boys,” she reminded. “There was a time when you sowed wild oats, Henry.”

“I know I did,” was the unexpectedly frank response, “but if I had sown as many as Bob, I’d be cutting hay yet. It’s for the boy’s own good, Jane.”

He turned as there came from the hall the smothered voice of expostulation, a thick protest and an opera hat rolled into the room, followed by Robert Ford who the moment before had thrown the hat at the expostulating Jenkins.

“I thought so!” cried the father. “Bob, you’ve had your last chance. I told you last night that if you ever came home in that condition again I would send you West. I’m going to do it, sir, to-night—now!”

Bob waived his hand in an amiable gesture of acquiescence and fell into a

convenient chair, promptly going to sleep. He was oblivious alike to the weeping mother and his angry father. It had been something more than a year since the threat of being sent to a ranch had alarmed him. He had heard the cry of “Wolf!” too often to be disturbed.

“Do you hear what I am saying?” demanded Ford. “I tell you that I shall send you West unless you promise to mend your ways.”

“All ri’,” assented Bob. “Tell me res’ in mornin’. Goo’ night.”

Ford straightened up hopelessly. His wife plucked at his arm timidly.

“He’s a dear good boy, Henry,” she pleaded. “It is merely that he has bad associates. There is no real harm in him.”

“Precisely why he is worth while saving,” explained Ford as he shook her off with gentle roughness. “Jenkins!”

He raised his voice to a shout, but Jenkins appeared with a promptness that argued that the valet had been listening outside the door. Silently the man received instructions to pack Bob’s grip and see that he caught the morning train, and after completing the task somewhat reluctantly, he touched his forehead in acknowledgment and turned to the sleeping lad.

Bob responded to his persuasion, for more than once Jenkins had let him into the house without disturbing the old gentleman, and had lied loyally afterward as to Bob’s condition at his homecoming. Stupidly Bob made his



"ALL RI', TELL ME THE RES' IN THE MORNIN'."

exit, leaving his father declaiming violently to hide his own sudden flood of tenderness.

It was several days later that Bob and the faithful Jenkins arrived at Midland, the closest railroad station to Star Ranch, where Henry Jones raised the cattle whose flanks bore the Lone Star of the State. Jones and Ford had been college chums, had entered the same fraternities, and each, in his way, had been successful.

Jones had been advised by telegram of Bob's coming but the wire had mentioned no train, and the travelers had made better time than was expected. For his old chum's sake he was glad to take Bob in, but he did not like the idea of having a roystering young chap from the city where his pretty and susceptible daughter, Flora, might fall in love with him.

It was well after train time when his foreman arrived in town for the mail,

and dropped into the hotel to ask the clerk to send Bob on to the ranch on his arrival, and in that interval Bob had been inspired with an idea.

The idea came from Bob's knowledge that Jenkins carried a letter to Jones from the elder Ford. It was unsealed and Bob grinned as he read it thru. It was not a long letter but right to the point:

NEW YORK, May 7, 1910.

MY DEAR HARRY,—

My son, Robert, has been on a spree and needs bracing up. Take care of him for me and give him plenty of hard work. Jenkins, his valet, who hands you this, will assist you in keeping him straight. May come out later myself.

Your old schoolmate,  
HENRY FORD.

"Jenkins!" Bob's tone was of judicial severity. "I don't like this idea of hard work. I think that we'll just

swap identities for a while. *You* will do the hard work, Jenkins, and I'll have the harder work of assisting in keeping you straight."

"But the master—" began Jenkins faintly. "He said, sir—"

"Never mind what he said," ordered Bob sternly. "It's a bad thing for a servant to repeat bits of gossip that he overhears. I don't want to hear it. *I'm* saying that you are to be Robert Ford for a time, and you want to see to it that you do not disgrace the honored name you bear, and that you work hard to get all that alcohol out of your system. You hear me?"

The habit of obedience was strong within him, and Jenkins meekly answered "Yessir," and wondered miserably what the elder Ford would say if he found out. He was still receiving instructions from Bob when the clerk entered to announce that a man had come from the ranch and would take

them back with him. Jenkins made a dive for the grips, but a warning kick from Bob when the others had their backs turned, reminded him that he was "Mr. Ford" now, and, rather enjoying the sensation, he led the way grandly from the room.

It was a rough ride through the alkali, and both master and man were glad when the inviting green of the ranch house grove came into view. For a moment Bob half decided to resume his own identity, when he caught sight of Flora on the porch, standing beside her parents; but the thought of the hard labor changed his mind again, and leaping lightly to the ground he turned to assist Jenkins out.

Instinctively the valet turned to get the grips, but a low growl from Bob reminded him of his new estate, and a moment later he was greeting the disappointed Jones and the wondering Flora. A tug at his coat reminded him, and in a careless fashion he made



A TUG AT HIS COAT REMINDED HIM OF HIS POSITION.

Bob known as his valet and Bob was honest enough to blush.

Jones called one of the men to help Jenkins with the bags and dismissed him from his thoughts. He was worried about his guest, and more than ever he was decided that it would be well to keep him away from Flora as much as possible. A quiet glance from his wife confirmed this opinion, and as her mother led Flora into the house Jones suggested to Jenkins that they take a look over the ranch buildings.

Bob was surprised to find that ranch houses are as well furnished as places "back east," for the room into which he was led was as comfortable, tho not quite as elegant, as his own apartments in New York. He looked longingly at the soft bed and the lounging chair close to the shaded lamp, but his escort brought him rudely back to earth.

"Dump your boss' grip and come along," he suggested. "I got to get back to my own work. You can come back to fix him up."

He led the way down the stairs and across the yard to the low bunk house. Here was the real "roughing it," and for a second time Bob's heart failed him, as he glanced at the tiers of bunks three high, and was told that as a newcomer he would have to sleep in one of the topmost row.

"I have to be in the house," he remonstrated; "Mr. Ford will want me early in the morning."

"He'll get you," was the unfeeling response. "We get up at four and I guess you can get across the yard before he gets up. We'll see you don't oversleep."

There was a meaning in the grin with which the last sally was greeted, and as one of the men threw his suit case into the despised bunk, Bob sank upon the edge of the lower one with a groan of dismay. He was game, but there seemed little choice between the hard work for Bob Ford and the hard bed for Jenkins. He was sorry he had not remained Ford.

The feeling was emphasized a little later when Bob went back to the house. The Jones family were just sitting

down to an appetizing supper; and Jenkins, cordial with a manner that would have been a laughable imitation of Bob's own air, had he an appreciation of humor at the moment, was making himself pleasant to all.

"Everything all right, Jenkins?" he asked, condescendingly, as Bob touched his hat. "Better get your supper, my man. I shall not need you until bedtime."

He nodded to indicate that the interview was over, and turned to Jones, who indicated that he was to sit next Flora. Unconsciously Bob reached for a chair, to Jones' shocked surprise; and Jenkins, mindful of the kicks he had received, let his face broaden into a grin that changed into a look of shocked surprise as Jones turned appealingly to him.

"Jenkins," he said severely. "I am surprised at you. Retire immediately, and remember, my man, that Texas is the same as New York."

Flora's look of surprise made Bob wince, and as he turned away he remembered the letter.

"Beg pardon, sir," he said with the salute he had copied from Jenkins. "I was 'most forgetting, sir. A letter from Mr. Ford, sir."

He handed Jones the letter and smiled at the appeal in Jenkins' eyes. He watched, as Jones read the brief letter; and when the ranchman had placed it in his pocket he enlarged upon the habits of the supposed Ford, and the necessity for making him work very hard, until Jenkins lost his appetite for game pie and the other tasty dishes, and pleaded a headache, which only served to confirm Jones in his decision to "work it out of him" in the most complete fashion.

Slipping from the "big house," Bob sought the lair of cookee and, attracted by the savory odors, found to his surprise that bacon and potatoes are decidedly tasty to a hungry man, and that good coffee from a tin cup is good coffee still.

There was a steady stream of rough witticisms directed at Bob, but he took it all good-naturedly, answered in kind,

and by the time the meal was over he was so thoroly in their good graces that Jim Langdon decided that he should have a drink from his flask to further the cementation of friendship. For a moment Bob clutched eagerly at the flask. Beyond the "tapering off" drinks on the morning of his departure, the watchful Jenkins had seen that there was no opportunity to obtain whiskey. Now, the very odor of the raw liquid fired his blood, and he greedily raised the flask to his lips.

He stopped and put it from him. He knew what the result would be, and he could picture the look of grieved surprise in Flora's face when she saw him intoxicated.

"I'm much obliged," he said simply, "but it's 'bad medicine' for me, old man."

"You mean you're too good for this crowd? You don't want to drink with us?" came the truculent demand.

"Not at all," pleaded Bob. "It's

merely that whiskey doesn't agree with me—or agrees with me too well. Have it either way."

"You take a drink!"

Langdon offered the bottle with one hand and in the other he presented his revolver. He had had two drinks, which was just enough to stir up trouble.

"I have no gun and I wouldn't use one if I had," cried Bob, hotly. "I tell you I don't want to drink because it's not good for me and you offer to shoot. I fight with my fists, man fashion. If you want to try that way come outside."

"That's the way to talk." Bud Hendrie sprang to Bob's side and laid an approving hand on his shoulder. "You're some fighter, Jim. Make good."

Nothing loath, Langdon slipped off holster and cartridge belt, and let them tie the boxing gloves on his hands. Bob had expected bare fists and was



LANGDON FELL HEAVILY TO THE GROUND.

glad that it was to be with gloves, tho there was little of the original padding left in the gloves. Bob slipped out of his coat and into his gloves, and the whole crowd adjourned to the front of the cook house where an impromptu ring was quickly formed.

It was a short fight but a good one. Langdon was no mean adversary in either skill or strength, and had a slight advantage in weight; but Bob, in his better moments, was something of an athlete, and knew how to handle himself well. Indeed, a champion middleweight had gained a fat check for teaching Bob the secrets of his knock-outs. Bob sparred to hold Langdon off, and, when he saw his chance, he shot over a blow that had earned for its inventor a belt and a title, to say nothing of the inevitable vaudeville engagement.

Langdon, taken off his guard, fell heavily and took the count, but soon was on his feet and as eager as the rest to shake Bob's hand. The sudden

change in the temper of the crowd was a surprise to Bob, and with entire frankness he explained the reason of his refusal, and pledged his friendship to them all. He was now a full-fledged member of the bunk house, and Langdon even offered him his own lower berth, a proffer that Bob was too generous to accept.

He spent a better night than Jenkins, who tossed restlessly upon the soft mattress, as he dreamed that he had been sent to herd cows, and that the fierce animals had turned on him. Jenkins had the city man's dislike for animals with horns, and Jones took a pride in his little herd of Longhorns as a breed that was fast disappearing and soon to be almost as rare as the buffalo.

He woke to find his master standing at the foot of his bed, and regarding his slumbers with amusement.

"It's about time you got up, Jenkins," he said pleasantly. "I've been up about two hours and have had



A STRANGE AND FRIGHTENED COWBOY.





"SEE, HE IS FALLING!"

breakfast. Get into these togs. They are your—er—working clothes, you know."

Jenkins regarded with marked disfavor the rough clothing, the chaps and spurs that told of work on horseback; but he knew better than to disobey, and rose with a groan as Jones entered to see if his guest lacked for anything.

With Flora not present, Bob was able to embroider the tale of the supposed Fords' misbehavior, and to dilate upon the father's eagerness that the son would work hard.

"He's right," assented Jones heartily. "I'll see to it that your master has plenty of exercise. You won't know him in three months. We'll build out that flat chest and put some flesh on those thin arms. You leave him to me."

Jenkins shivered at the suggestion contained in the last words, but there was no help for it; and, looking very little like a cowboy, he was led to breakfast and then to the sacrifice. The

little knot of cowboys were waiting for him in front of the ranch house, and Bob could scarcely restrain his laughter when he assisted his frightened valet into the saddle. Jones had picked out a horse safe enough but scarcely to be called gentle and Jenkins bounced about in the saddle disgracefully as with a whoop the cowboys surrounded him and raced off.

Bob lingered for a moment talking to Jones, as Flora emerged from the house in her riding habit, and a man brought up her pony. She bowed coldly in response to Bob's deferential salute, and for a moment he felt hurt, until he could realize that to her he was only a servant.

She was scarcely in the saddle when her mount shied, and Bob, alert to her slightest movement, sprang to the horse's head. This time a smile was his reward as she cantered off.

He looked after her longingly, and Jones, who found the imitation valet more to his liking than the real valet,

suggested that he might like to take a ride himself. Bob eagerly accepted the invitation, and a little later he commanded the respect of the cowboys by not "grabbing leather," when the usually quiet horse took it into his head to do a little pitching. The only result was to dislodge a sombrero several sizes too small.

Jones offered to see if he could find a larger one, and with an impatient "All right," Bob tossed the hat to one of the men and headed his horse after Flora. Someone called after him but he did not hear what they said. All that was important was that Flora was far ahead.

He had not thought it possible that the sun could be so hot. It beat cruelly upon his unprotected head, and soon his handkerchief was soaked with perspiration. But now Flora was scarcely a quarter of a mile ahead, and Bob pressed on, tho his head was swimming, and only a perfect seat enabled him to keep in the saddle.

The girl, unconscious of having been followed, turned carelessly as she heard the beat of hoofs, but her face went white as she saw the rider reel in the saddle and fall limply forward. The startled pony wheeled and broke into a gallop and Flora put the spurs to her own horse and followed. The way was rough and there was no telling when that limp form might fall from the saddle to find death under the flying hoofs. It was a hard ride but she won, and pulled up the horse at a water hole not a mile away.

She was surprised to find that it was the valet, but pity was her uppermost emotion, and she soon had him out of the saddle and in the cool shade where she bathed the fevered head, and used her own sombrero as a fan.

Bob quickly recovered consciousness, but he found her tender ministrations very comforting, and he was quite willing to obey her injunction to lie still until he was better. He was willing to lie there all day but she was anxious to get him to the house where more effective aid could be rendered and, half supporting him, she led him to his

pony and helped him into the saddle. Then, with the reins within easy reach, she led him toward the ranch.

Jones and Jenkins were sitting on the porch of the ranch-house as they rode up, and Jones hurried forward with real concern to lift Bob from the saddle. His action was so different from his merciless joking over Jenkins' laments at the hard ride he had taken, that the valet scowled. He, too, had fallen in love with Flora, and it was bitterness to think that the master, in spite of the masquerade, held the inside track.

He was of little importance until after Bob had been made comfortable, and the further affront to his dignity only added fuel to the flame of his love. Perhaps it was that which rendered him reckless of consequences when, the following afternoon, he came upon Flora at the water hole where the day before she had rescued Bob. With a blush of maidenly shame she recalled the scene to her mind, and thought of how gratefully he had held her hand, longer, perhaps, than mere gratitude required. The soft flush that mantled her cheek at the thought made her more beautiful than ever, and Jenkins, coming suddenly upon her, lost his head completely.

In impassioned speech he told her of his love and begged her to elope with him. She shrank back from his intemperate declarations. She knew that Ford had been sent to the ranch to avoid drink. It seemed as tho he must have obtained some from the cowboys in spite of the strict rules. Thoroly alarmed, she sprang to her feet and Jenkins clasped her in his arms; when an unexpected thing happened. As tho in answer to her cry, Bob came upon the scene and with an exclamation of anger threw the valet to the ground. Jenkins rose with a snarl, thinking it one of the cowboys; but at the sight of Bob he cringed.

"Get out," commanded Bob briefly.

For a moment Jenkins hesitated. He had a wild notion of defying Bob and refusing to go; but habit is strong, and with an unconscious salute he

turned and slowly retraced his steps toward the house.

"One would think you were the master, not the man," cried Flora as she turned to Bob.

"I'm a man," he reminded. "Any cad like that would obey in such a case."

"But the salute?" she reminded. At the first glance she had guessed the truth.

"That gets me," admitted Bob with a laugh. "But let's forget the boss. I haven't had a chance to thank you for all your kindness yesterday and there could not be a more appropriate spot than the scene of my Waterloo."

"You remember the place?" she asked quickly and the color surged to her cheeks again.

Bob threw off his sombrero, this time one that fitted, and sank upon the grass at her feet.

"Can I ever forget it?" he asked soberly.

Later in the afternoon the livery rig from town came toiling through the alkali and discharged Henry Ford.

"I had to come after the boy," he said awkwardly, when he had exchanged greetings with his old chum, and had been made known to Mrs. Jones.

"I've got him working hard, as you told me," explained Jones placidly.

"It looks like it," suggested Bob's father drily, as that young man came cantering toward the house with Flora, so engrossed in their conversation that he did not see the group on the porch.

"His man may be able to tell you more than I can," suggested Jones, and Ford gave a shout.

"His man!" he echoed. "I'll bet the boy has got Jenkins doing his hard work for him. Bob, you scamp, here's your old father come to see you."

Bob slipped quickly from his horse



"MY PRAIRIE FLOWER."

and gave his father a hug then turned to lift Flora from her horse.

"Jenkins," he said, as the valet came softly from the house. "Take my father's things up to my—your—er—my—er—the room you slept in last night. Hang it all, I don't know what I do mean, but *get!*"

Jenkins "got," glad that there was no more serious demonstration, and Bob turned to his father.

"It's all your fault," he cried gaily. "You gave Jenkins the note asking Mr. Jones to make me work hard."

"I'll take the blame," agreed his father, and with that slight explanation everyone was content. It was enough that Bob was Bob, and not the valet. Not so much that they regarded position as that they did not like Jenkins, and it was a happy party that sat at the supper table, while Jenkins mournfully slipped in the cook-house and

found it hard to get in touch with his fellows.

The next afternoon Flora, sitting on the stump beside the water hole, thoughtfully pulled the petals from a daisy and repeated the magic formula.

Her face fell as the last petal fluttered from her fingers to the accompaniment of "He loves me not," and in her disappointment she did not hear the light laugh behind her until a pair of strong arms clasped her waist. "Better try it again with another daisy—unless you want to take my word for it," cried Bob. "I think, on the whole, it's better to take my word for it. It saves the daisies and the worry, dear. It was for me, sweetheart?"

For a moment Flora hid her face against his shoulder, then she raised her head and smiled.

"Well—it wasn't for Jenkins," she answered, and hid her face again.



## Maurice Costello

**M**AURICE COSTELLO, whose work as a local favorite for many years in Spooner's stock company, the American stock company, at the Columbia Theatre, the Yorkville stock company of Manhattan and Boyle's stock company of Nashville, Tenn., has brought him into eminence as a leading man both in juvenile and heavy characters, has distinguished himself as a star and feature of the "life portrayals" which have made him known in all quarters of the globe.

His characterizations always show a masterful appreciation of the requirements that bear the impress of genius peculiar to the moving picture star; notable instances of which are seen in his portrayals of the actor in "Through the Darkness," "Orestes," "Electra," and "St. Elmo" in the "life portrayal" of the same name. He will perform a most wonderful impersonation of Sydney Carton in the production of "The Tale of Two Cities," which is in process of construction.



MAURICE COSTELLO.

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The Motion

# PICTURE STORY Magazine

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## Personalities of the Picture Players



MISS LOTTIE BRISCOE.

The great success of Miss Lottie Briscoe as a photoplayer is not surprising when it is remembered that she was, for years, with that master of dramatic art, Richard Mansfield. Miss Briscoe has already won a host of admirers in the moving picture world by her clever work and pleasing personality.



MAURICE COSTELLO.



Miss Florence Lawrence



MISS ALICE JOYCE.

One of the familiar figures in the moving picture world, and one of the most popular, is Miss Alice Joyce. Miss Joyce made her *début* before the public as a moving picture player, she having had no previous experience upon the stage; but, from her grace and acting, this would hardly be believed, even by the most critical observer, and it is the consensus of opinion that the histrionic talents of Miss Joyce are quite equal to her beauty—which is saying a great deal.

## Mr. Charles Kent

Charles Kent is an actor of international reputation, and he has lately acquired a reputation equally great in the moving picture world, not only as a picture player, but as a director, for he has also staged a number of elaborate picture plays, notably "Lancelot and



Elaine" and "The Life of Moses." The accompanying pictures of Mr. Kent will doubtless be recognized with pleasure by thousands of readers, for he has become a favorite.



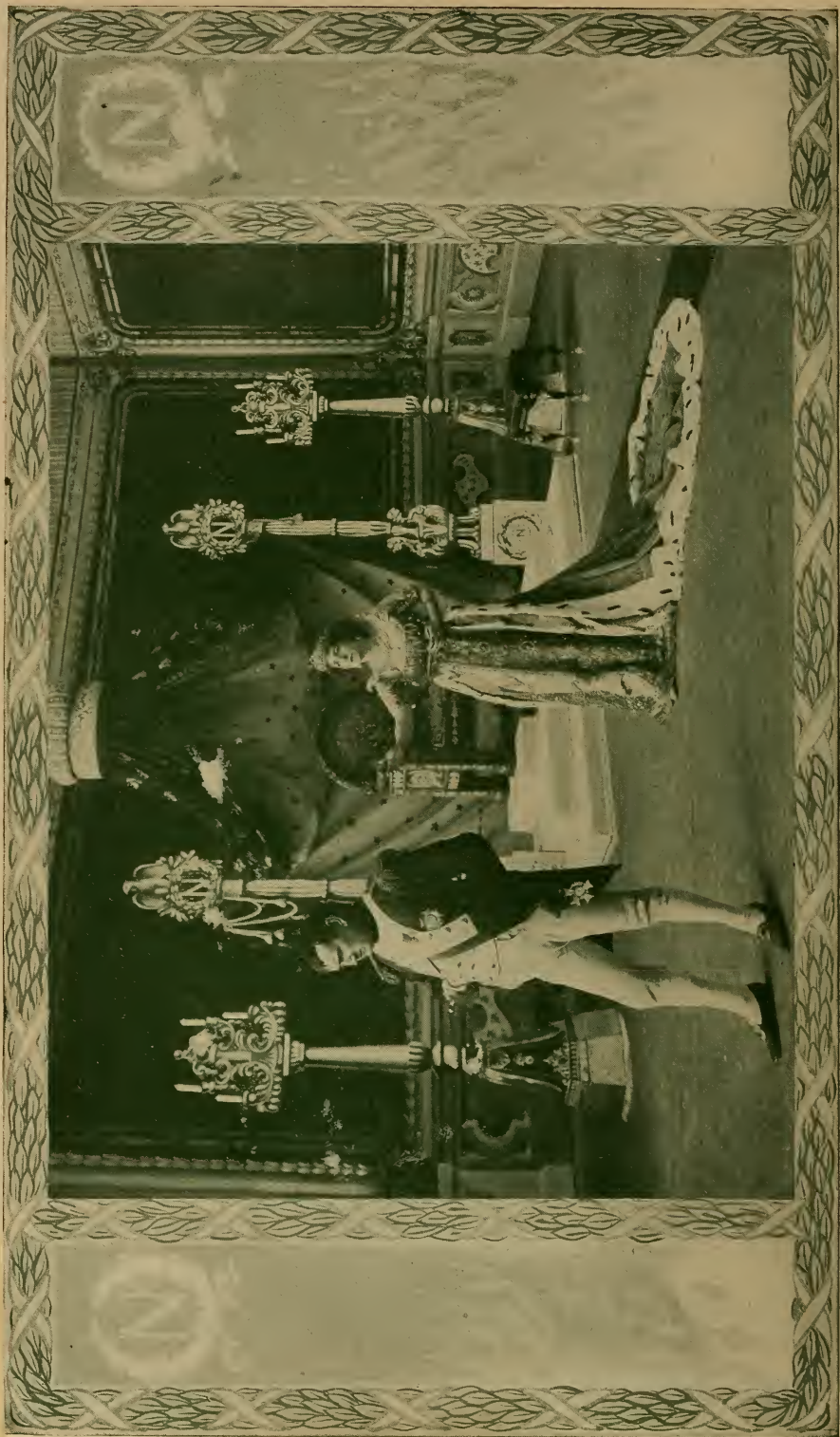


**MISS FLORENCE E. TURNER.**

One of the picture-play artists who will never be forgotten is Miss Florence E. Turner, for she has won a permanent place in the affections of the picture public. Beautiful, graceful, versatile, sympathetic, she adopts her marvelous talents equally well to every part assigned to her, and she has taken rank among the foremost players of the world. This is not surprising, however, when it is remembered that she began her public career on the stage at the age of three.



MOLIÈRE DINING WITH LOUIS XIV AT VERSAILLES.



“JOSEPHINE! MY DESTINY OVERMASTERS MY WILL, MY DEAREST AFFECTIONS MUST BE SILENT BEFORE THE INTERESTS OF FRANCE.”  
MR. WILLIAM HUMPHREY AS NAPOLEON, MRS. JULIA SWAYNE AS JOSEPHINE.



# The Motion Picture Story Magazine

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## At a Motion Picture Show

By Hunter MacCulloch

A ghostly seance this, from first to last,  
Materializing thus the buried past.

Device so simple, yet with wonder rife:  
Into a picture breathe the breath of life;  
The living present seize and fix for aye  
The unconsidered doings of the day;  
Create anew the vanished past at will,  
See all its fleeting features fleeting still.  
Not memory, graved in shallow lines or deep,  
Whereby some portion of the past we keep;  
But this most startling vision, born of art,  
That leaps to life complete in every part.

These minutes made immortal bring the thought  
Of some transcendent 'graph wherein is caught  
Thoughts, words and deeds thruout this life-long  
strife—

A threefold moving picture of our life.

Ah! Paris next. Three thousand miles away:  
I saw it just a year ago to-day.  
The "Place de Concord"—yes, I know the place;  
'Twas there one day I came within an ace—  
Hello! The devil! Well, of all things! Whew!  
Yes, there I am; an unexpected view.  
The *agent de police* I did not choose  
As escort—yet I could not well refuse.  
Who is the lady? Ah! you have me there!  
See how I struggle! Can't you see me swear?  
And Hugo's gamins, how they jeer and scoff!  
Ah! there I go! I'm glad he's dragged me off!

This new invention can be made to lie  
Like facts and figures do, and not half try.  
Come, let us go to lunch, and on the way  
I'll tell that story—good as any play.

# A Dixie Mother

By Louis Reeve Harrison

A FATAL day near the end of the Civil War saw General Capel, desperately wounded and supported on either side by his sons, seek refuge in their old home. The destructive blast of battle, which had swept that region and withered the face of nature for miles around, was not spent. A shell exploded near the fugitives as they passed an uprooted tree, and an old family servant came forth to warn them that they were pursued by a detachment of Union soldiers; their situation was almost as

desperate as their irretrievable fortunes or their hopeless cause. Physically ruined, all was lost save honor.

The divinity of their home, a Dixie mother, was comforting her frightened daughter and waiting to embrace her husband and sons. Virginia Lewis Capel, devoted wife and fond mother, stood proudly in an old colonial hall, whose walls were hung with ancestral portraits and revolutionary swords, waiting and hoping. She was slight of figure, almost as delicate looking as her daughter, but there was a great



THE DIXIE MOTHER BOWED HER HEAD IN BITTERNESS AND YIELDED HER SWORD AS GRAVELY AS IF SURRENDERING AN ARMY.



THE MOTHER SAW AND UNDERSTOOD.

heart throbbing in her bosom. She came from more than one line of those indomitable fighters who conquered savages at home and foes from abroad for generations. There was iron in her blood.

When the men entered the hall, Mrs. Capel's eyes filled with tender sympathy for all, but she took the man of her heart in her arms. She lavished tenderness on him while making him comfortable, then turned to her sons as if the deep wells of her affections were inexhaustible.

To her eldest son, Fielding, about to return to the field in spite of a serious wound on his head, she said with deep emotion:

"Oh, but I am proud of you! Go if you must. The splendid Boys in Grey are contesting every inch of ground and can not spare you from the ranks. Go and win gloriously! The battle is to the brave, my son, not to the strong."

She turned to her youngest child, Merriweather, fresh from a military

academy, but he shook his head mournfully, indicated that they were surrounded by the enemy and turned away completely disheartened.

She laid her hand in gentle protest on his arm; he was the last babe to nestle on her bosom, but he only sighed in despair. The soft light faded from her eyes as she took a sword from the wall, pointed to the portraits of her son's ancestors, and said, significantly:

"Lest we forget!"

"They fought in a better cause," he muttered.

The mother's eyes flashed and the sword gleamed in her hand.

"Go fight!" she commanded, giving him the sword and drawing him on. "Fight, my son! Fight till the last drop of blood in your body is shed. Shall our men stay at home when others are in the field? If you must fall, let it be with your face to the enemy. Die like a Southern gentleman."

Fielding had already gone, determined to rejoin his regiment.

Merriweather kissed his mother fondly and hurried after his brother.

A detachment of Union soldiers under Lieutenant Sears was approaching, as the Capels attempted to escape, and a sergeant raised his gun and fired.

Merriweather Capel, bravely facing the detachment with uplifted sword, clasped his hand to his breast and fell, mortally wounded. He kissed his sword, wafted the kiss in the direction of his darling mother, closed his eyes and died content, "like a Southern gentleman."

The shot warned those in the hall of impending danger. Mrs. Capel roused her husband and managed to help him to a hiding place behind a secret panel door, and then went forth to learn the fate of her sons. Fielding had escaped, with Lieutenant Sears in pursuit. Merriweather lay dead, and near him stood a Union sergeant loading his gun.

The mother saw and understood.

Pale and tearless, she led the way to the hall, while the Union soldiers carried in Merriweather's body and laid it on the sofa. They wasted no time on sentiment. Mothers' sons were falling like autumn leaves. The privates went to search the house, while the sergeant prodded the walls with his bayonet in quest of some secret hiding place.

The mother watched him with sullen hatred. Her eyes wandered to the body of her son and then to the weapons on the wall.

Suddenly a flame lighted in her eyes.

She seized a sword and attacked the sergeant with the ferocity of a tigress defending her cubs.

She was driving him all over the hall, beating down his defense, when Lieutenant Sears entered and parried her weapon with his own sword.

She was now surrounded by blue-coats, her daughter was pleading with her, and the big Lieutenant reminded her that she was a non-combatant.

The Dixie mother bowed her head in bitterness and yielded her sword as gravely as if surrendering an army-

corps. She conceded the force of his claim, but there was no submission or spirit. When her son Fielding was brought in, a prisoner of war, the little mother shed no tears. The only betrayal of her heart's agony came when she placed one hand on the brow of her dead boy, the other on the breast of the survivor and said to Sears:

"God has taken one. Spare me the other!"

The Lieutenant bowed gravely and assured her that Fielding should be his special charge, and with his troops left the house.

That day Sears sought his sister, working as a nurse in a field hospital, and committed Fielding to her particular care, saying:

"Blue or Grey, we are simply American brothers fighting among ourselves."

When General Capel came to view the body of his dead son and learned that the other was in the hands of the enemy, his revengeful passion was fearful to behold. The grizzled warrior raised his sword hand in fierce resentment and his eyes glowed with settled hatred as he exclaimed:

"May Almighty God strike me dead when I bow to that flag!"

The Dixie mother sank down by her dead boy and murmured:

"Oh, the pity of it all!"

In the years that followed the close of the war, the wounds on nature's face were gradually covered by green verdure, but the scar on General Capel's heart never healed. His son, Fielding, had married the lovely northern girl, who had nursed him through a dangerous illness, and had remained in the North to repair his fortunes. The brooding General would accept no aid from what he regarded as a traitorous source, and his gentle wife asked none. She bore most of the after-burden of hardship and self-denial with the same mental power of endurance that had inspired her patient courage under affliction.

One day, after she had been gathering flowers for their meagre table, the faithful old servant and her daughter

came driving up in the venerable family carriage with precious news. Fielding and his wife, with their baby, accompanied by her brother, Lieutenant Sears, had come South for a family reunion, and were lingering near until Fielding could be assured of their welcome. Fielding sent the picture of his baby and hoped that his father would give it the kiss of peace.

The irreconcilable old General refused.

In the baby's hand was an American flag.

That was the cause of the trouble.

Mrs. Capel followed her husband into the house, trying to pacify him and bring about some arrangement to unite the family after long separation, but he was inexorable. Sure that he would eventually consent, Mrs. Capel sent Cuffy for the cradle in which she had last rocked Merriweather. She continued to plead with all the sweetness of her nature, her daughter joined her voice to the supplication, and even old Cuffy, when he had returned with

the cradle, made a mute appeal, but General Capel pointed to the sofa where his son's body had lain and said:

"Have you forgotten?"

The Dixie mother, crushed at last, sank into a chair by the cradle.

Her proud spirit was broken.

The long restraint she had placed on emotions failed her when it seemed that the light of woman's life must be denied her, and her mind went wandering. She rocked the cradle softly and smiled. She was thinking of her own little babe, but there was a strange expression in her eyes that alarmed General Capel. The divinity of his home had given the best of herself to every one within reach of her influence. Her reward was a denial that threatened mental dissolution if not death.

"Come," he said to the others, "there is not a moment to lose."

All three hurried out, and the little mother was left alone.

Mrs. Capel's smile vanished. She



"MAY GOD ALMIGHTY STRIKE ME DEAD WHEN I BOW TO THAT FLAG."



"BLUE OR GRAY, WE ARE SIMPLY AMERICAN BROTHERS FIGHTING AMONG OURSELVES."

dimly realized that her youngest child was dead. She rose and took a few flowers from the table, then dropped them one by one in the cradle. How sorrowful to part with children! The earth is dreary without them. When their light is gone, the purest charm of existence is taken from us. But we can meet them again. Once more we can look into the pure eyes of love and discern the infinite purpose.

The little mother took a sword from the wall and tried its point.

She raised her arms on high to ask pardon for her deed.

It was time for her to go to meet the child in Heaven.

Then there came a heaven-sent message.

Lieutenant Sears, the baby in his hands, dashed in at the door and placed the little messenger from on high in the Dixie mother's arms.

The others followed and gathered round the source of their happiness.

Now her heart glowed with the warmth of old days.

Gradually, the intelligence returned, and when she realized her full happiness, the Dixie mother turned to her husband and whispered:

"Let us keep our feelings sacred in our hearts and leave no heritage of hate to our children."

General Capel was no man of half measures.

He took the baby that held the flag and pressed his lips upon it with the old-time chivalry that had made him the Dixie Mother's best beloved.

It was a kiss for peace for the new generation.

North had met South and had vanquished, but his son had won a daughter of the North, and the little one, nestled at last in its grandmother's arms, was promise of that day when sectional prejudice should be forgotten and Mason and Dixon's line become a memory.

## A Dixie Mother



THE CAUSE OF ALL THE TROUBLE.



## FROM THE DARK TO THE DARK

As moving pictures from the dark emerging,  
 Enkindled by a spark ;  
 So life, with time and fate together urging,  
 Leaps forth from out the dark.

As pulse by pulse the moving moment passes,  
 Across the scene we go,  
 The tottering child, the leaping lads and lassies,  
 Old age with footsteps slow.

Life's moving panorama pauses never,  
 Until we meet Death's mark :  
 And then, like moving pictures, gone forever,  
 Life leaps into the dark !

HUNTER MACCULLOCH.



# Mike The Housemaid

From the Scenario of William H. Kitchell

Wherein the "New" Maid Finds Fatal to His Plans the Attentions of Policeman Clancy

IT HAD been a week or more since Dutch Mike and Light-fingered Pete had made a haul, and then it had done little more than square accounts with Murphy, up at the corner, for various and sundry "growlers" that had been had on credit, and duly recorded on the accommodating slate.

But that was not the reason Pete

was reading the "help wanted" advertisements. Pete had read all the rest of the paper, and had turned to these for want of better.

"Girl of all work; one competent to take care of the silver," he read. "Gee, Mike! I wish it was a butler." "The silver can't be much good if they don't have a butler," suggested Mike, consolingly.



CLANCY'S ARRIVAL INTERRUPTS THE TWO THIEVES.



PETE'S MISERY IS MADE APPARENT TO HIS PAL.

"A sugar bowl and six plated spoons would look like a chest of silver just now," declared Pete, plaintively. "Look here, what's the matter with you getting the job? You've got the things you used on that last lay."

"Sure thing," assented Mike. "That won't take long! Excuse me a minute and I'll send my sister."

It required but a few minutes for Mike to transform himself into a decidedly personable servant girl, and an hour later Mrs. Carrington was explaining to him the duties expected of her maid. Mike noted with satisfaction that the silver was better than he had dared hope, and his report to Pete was more than satisfactory.

But Mike narrowly escaped detection, the first evening, for slipping out of the back gate for a quiet smoke, he was very nearly caught by Officer Clancy. Mike quickly hid the cigarette, and his nervousness was ascribed by Clancy to the dawn of love. He liked to consider himself a "lady

killer," and he knew by experience with departed maids that the Carrington larder was kept well stocked, and that Carrington himself was a good judge of whiskey, and did not keep too close an eye upon the decanter.

It was only natural that Mike should dislike policemen, and when the gallant officer began his love-making, Mike longed to introduce his fist to Clancy's jaw; but he coaxed Clancy along and took satisfaction in fooling one of his sworn enemies.

The chance to "take care of the silver," according to the ideas of Mike and Pete, soon came, and the Carringtons were not fairly out of the house before Pete slipped into the hall, and, after supplying Mike's demand for a cigarette, began to pack the loot into his bag.

But they had not counted on Clancy, who had also noted the departure of the Carringtons. The task was not fairly begun before his club

beat a lively tattoo upon the back gate, startling Mike and sending Pete into a panic of fear.

Dashing into the front hall and up the stairs, he found a safe concealment in the curtained shower bath, and Mike made everything safe by tying the cord securely about the rubber cloth; then, with fair composure, he went to admit Clancy.

"Sure it's a bite and a wee drink yer have for yer Clancy," he coaxed, as he followed Mike into the kitchen; "an' since the folks are away, it's in the dining room we'll eat in proper style."

He led the way as he spoke, and there was nothing for Mike to do but meekly follow, tho at every step he mentally devised fresh torments to which he consigned the policeman.

A cake and the decanter satisfied Clancy, tho now and then he varied the fare by cracking nuts on the mahogany table with the butt of his revolver, and, with every stroke of the

weapon, Mike more and more wished that it was the Clancy skull that was being cracked.

With the quieting of the house, Pete stirred to activity. Now, it so happened that in tying up the rubber cloth in which Pete was concealed, Mike had tied Pete's hands to his side; and, in his endeavors to free himself, Pete accidentally turned on the cold water of the shower bath, and the chill flood descended. Soon the tub was full to overflowing, and the icy stream flowed upon the floor. The door fitted too tightly to permit a free passage of the water, and soon the bathroom was afloat.

Pete writhed and struggled, now cursing, now coughing, but never ceasing his efforts to free himself. The water soaked thru the tiles, and the steady drip-drip of water on the table below soon attracted Clancy's attention to the trouble above.

"Sure, the water do be comin' from



THE CARRINGTONS ARE ASTONISHED AT THE INDOOR SHOWER.

th' bathroom, Nora, darlin'," he murmured. "I'll be after runnin' up and shuttin' it off."

"I'll go," Mike interrupted. "It will need mopping up."

"I'll come and help," volunteered Clancy. "It's not Pat Clancy who'll let them little hands do all th' hard work."

"You'll not," declared Mike, thrusting him back into the seat with unnecessary force. "I'll have no man messing things up. You stay here and finish the decanter."

"I'll come," insisted the stubborn Clancy. "I'll follow me darlin' Nora to th' ends av th' earth."

"You'll not," said Mike, wondering what could have happened to Pete. "I'll go and you'll stay right here."

"I'll do no such—— What's that?"

Mike shared Clancy's dismay. It was the master and mistress unexpectedly returned, and there was Pete tied up in the shower bath!

"You get out the back way before they see you and report you to the Captain," ordered Mike, as he started on a run for the second floor.

Clancy was too startled to follow

the advice, and he blindly pursued Mike up the stairs. To throw him off, Mike bolted into a bedroom, but Clancy was too close to be shaken, and he thrust his way into the room in spite of Mike's endeavors.

"Hide me," he cried hoarsely. "The Sarge told me last time that I'd be broken th' next time they found me off post."

In his desperation he threw his arm about Mike's neck in eloquent appeal, and his red thatch-like hair nearly rose erect, while Mike's glossy wig slipped from his head and hung heavy in Clancy's hand.

"Ha! 'Dutch Mike!'" gasped Clancy. "It's *you*, is it, up to your tricks again?"

Mike's only answer was to bolt from the room and into the bathroom, where Pete had just succeeded in freeing himself. At the sight of Clancy he sought to climb thru the window, but it was too small, or Pete was too large, and the bedraggled burglar was yanked back into the room only to splash again into the tub.

There is no use in fighting the police. It only means a clubbing, and Mike and Pete, realizing that the game was up, consented to go quietly, and Clancy proudly led them down the stairs. He had counted on help from Carrington, but there was more than that, for the disorder in the dining room, the water dripping from the ceiling and the noise upstairs had sent Carrington to the 'phone to call the police, and the reserves were there to observe Clancy's triumph.

"I saw that there was something up," explained Clancy, with a warning look at Mike. "Th' back door was open and in I came. 'Twas a desp'rit fight, and I lost me gun, but I bagged 'em, Sarge."

With proper escort the twain were marched off to the station house, while Clancy lingered to permit Carrington to slip a note into the hand thrust ostentatiously behind his back.

"Sure it was a lucky escape," mused



MIKE IS DISCOVERED.

Clancy, as he trudged toward the station, "an' them fellers won't tell; but it's a pity Nora is Mike or Mike wasn't Nora. Sure she—I mean he—

was a fine figure of a gurl. It was Mrs. Clancy it was after making her I was—and she—I mean he—is Dutch Mike!—a curse on the pair of 'em."



CLANCY PLAYS A CLUB AGAINST A PAIR OF KNAVES AND TAKES THE TRICK.

## Wanted to See Miss Irwin

Arthur Hotalling dates his picture career back to the first machines. He had charge of the first exhibition of motion pictures which was given at Atlantic City some sixteen years ago.

One of the star pictures of that day was one of John C. Rice and Miss May Irwin, in their famous kissing scene from *The Widow Jones*.

After the performance one evening a woman approached the manager with the request that her card be sent back to Miss Irwin. Mr. Hotalling

explained that the actress was in New York.

"I know better," was the indignant response. "I have known her for years and I saw her on the stage just a moment ago. Please take my card or when I do see Miss Irwin at her hotel I shall report your refusal."

Vainly he tried to explain that the photographs had been made in New York, and that only the pictured presentment was shown, but she would not have it so, and the following morning's mail brought a note for Miss Irwin that fairly sizzled with wrath.



JUDGE WILLIS BROWN, THE CREATOR OF THE CITY OF BOYS AT CHARLEVOIX, MICH.

# The City of Boys

A fascinating sketch of the city founded by Judge Willis Brown  
to make bad boys into good citizens

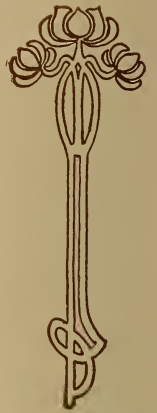
**A** SCHOOL OF CITIZENSHIP!  
That sounds better than the reform school, doesn't it? And it is better, for it is conceded that reform schools often serve to make good boys bad and bad boys worse, particularly when they are "schools of crime where the older offenders instruct the lesser delinquents in the art of law breaking." At Boy City these same "kiddies" are taught to make and to enforce laws—not to break them. They are taught all the duties of citizenship and when they leave Boyville for the world outside they are better in mind, body and morals, for their residence within the charmed limits of the play city. That is the idea of Judge Willis Brown, of the Juvenile Court of Chicago, and Boy City is famous among penologists the world over. It is a manufactory of manhood that is doing more good for the youth of Chicago than can be realized without intimate association with Boy City and its products.

The City of Boys is not an institution of instruction but of education in its broadest meaning; the education which comes from experience. It is a system of educational recreation. The City of Boys emphasizes the real elements which make up a boy's desires—fun and opportunity actually to do things. The instruction and discipline which obtains in a boy's life in home, school and church; every activity in which he enters, is under the direction of adults who are in authority. This discipline is

necessary and its purpose is to grow a man of character. Its fundamental is that the growing boy needs moulding in the right way so that in after years when manhood is the fulfilment of boyhood, there shall be fixed habits of honor and virtue.

Notwithstanding this care and instruction given boys, many of them go wrong. Many violate laws to a greater or less extent. When a boy becomes incorrigible, disobedient, willful; when he smokes cigarettes, stays out nights, runs away to adjoining cities and often to far distant places, two deductions are always made. One is that the boy is naturally bad and needs severe punishment, the other is that the boy has not had proper control and instruction. This latter reason may well be responsible for many of the boys of bad homes and vicious environment doing unseemly acts, on the theory that they know no better, that they are but following the example set before them and that they are misunderstood. The harsh treatment given these boys by the criminal courts made necessary the establishment of the Juvenile Courts.

As a judge of the Juvenile Court, Judge Brown found a great many boys of good homes coming before it. These boys having had good examples, loving parents and religious instruction and advantages not enjoyed by the poorer boys, nevertheless committed acts fully as vicious as these so-called unfortunate boys. Then it was claimed that these boys were simply "naturally" bad, and, in



THREE CHARACTERISTIC SCENES IN BOY CITY.



spite of their good homes, they chose to be tough and unruly. Out of these situations Judge Brown came to the understanding that no normal boy desires to do the wrong thing. That all boys, however they might be instructed, were following the adult life of the community in which they lived. Not because those they followed were adults, but because adults made public sentiment, and boys were but a part of the community life, and therefore attempted to act their part. A majority of the boys coming before Judge Brown in the Juvenile Court commenced their delinquent habits as they were made a part of society: First, the gang of boys with a leader, then the larger group, until, unconsciously the boys were doing things contrary to the desire of parents and teachers, but in harmony with the accepted policies and sentiment of the boyhood of the community, the Boy City in the regular city in which they lived.

The purpose was to organize the boys of a community into a regular Boy City, where they could be recognized as a real part of the city life, distinct and apart from the men; where it was recognized that boys had certain rights as well as responsibilities, and therefore it is deemed not fair to measure the acts of any boy, whether those acts be good or bad, by the standard with which we measure the acts of men. In this plan there is still the unconscious influence of the adult community and in the working out of the City of Boys to its real success, a National City of Boys at Charlevoix, Mich., was established by Judge Brown. It comprises 100 acres, where, every summer, boys live in a real City of Boys. No adults other than those who accompany groups of boys to live in the city.

This "City of Boys" idea says to every boy: "You know what is square. You have been taught by mother and father, you know what is their desire for you to do. You know what religious belief they wish you to follow and you know what is right for you to do. In the Public School you

understand the purpose of study and instruction. Now we give you an opportunity to carry out all you know in a city of your own where no man or woman rules. Run your own business. Have your bank, conduct your daily paper, eat when you want and sleep when you desire. Do whatever you please, enter politics or business, play all the time if you can afford it, or work, but do everything on the square."

The City of Boys is not a reformatory or a scheme of moral instruction. If a boy cannot play square he is sent home, and denied citizenship, not by adults, but by the boys themselves. A cheat, in any way, loses his citizenship. The City is for clean boys, who must meet responsibilities, who must meet temptations, who must assume responsibilities, who must grow into citizenship, and it is a place where he can test himself, where he can apply the instruction and example he has received and where he can find himself at a period of life where habits are not fixed and where changes can be made without the overturning of a whole life as is the case with men. It is a federation of groups of boys from various cities of the country who camp for the summer in one place. Each camp becomes a city ward, with its councilmen, who thus become a part of the city administration. It is preventive work, and educational to the highest degree.

On the fun side, which largely controls a boy, the fun is at its extreme tension here. The things a boy enters on the fun side are real. The circus is a real circus, with real people paying real money to witness the marvelous feats of the show. Their games are under the direction of experts, and they have their National League playing by wards. This City of Boys is a living illustration to the boy of all the fun he ever dreamed of having, and the biggest fun any boy can have, because there is eliminated entirely the undesirable methods attending so much of the so-called fun boys have in the adult-city life, which fun makes necessary the juvenile court.



ACROSS THE PRAIRIE.



# My Prairie Flower



An Exchange of Identities in which it is Proven that the  
Master is the Better Man

“JENKINS! Mr. Robert back yet?” Henry Ford’s voice was sharp and quick; the voice of a man accustomed to command others, but there was a suggestion of eagerness in the masterful tones.

“Not yet, sir,” came the respectful response. “He said as how he was likely to be a little late, sir.”

“Little late,” Ford glanced at the clock. It had been late when they left the opera and they had dropped the Brandons at their home, a full half mile out of the way. “Jane, if that boy comes home in the same condition he was in last night, I’m going to send him away.”

“Boys will be boys,” she reminded. “There was a time when you sowed wild oats, Henry.”

“I know I did,” was the unexpectedly frank response. “but if I had sown as many as Bob, I’d be cutting hay yet. It’s for the boy’s own good, Jane.”

He turned as there came from the hall the smothered voice of expostulation, a thick protest and an opera hat rolled into the room, followed by Robert Ford who the moment before had thrown the hat at the expostulating Jenkins.

“I thought so!” cried the father. “Bob, you’ve had your last chance. I told you last night that if you ever came home in that condition again I would send you West. I’m going to do it, sir, to-night—now!”

Bob waived his hand in an amiable gesture of acquiescence and fell into a

convenient chair, promptly going to sleep. He was oblivious alike to the weeping mother and his angry father. It had been something more than a year since the threat of being sent to a ranch had alarmed him. He had heard the cry of “Wolf!” too often to be disturbed.

“Do you hear what I am saying?” demanded Ford. “I tell you that I shall send you West unless you promise to mend your ways.”

“All ri,” assented Bob. “Tell me res’ in mornin’. Goo’ night.”

Ford straightened up hopelessly. His wife plucked at his arm timidly.

“He’s a dear good boy, Henry,” she pleaded. “It is merely that he has had associates. There is no real harm in him.”

“Precisely why he is worth while saving,” explained Ford as he shook her off with gentle roughness. “Jenkins!”

He raised his voice to a shout, but Jenkins appeared with a promptness that argued that the valet had been listening outside the door. Silently the man received instructions to pack Bob’s grip and see that he caught the morning train, and after completing the task somewhat reluctantly, he touched his forehead in acknowledgment and turned to the sleeping lad.

Bob responded to his persuasion, for more than once Jenkins had let him into the house without disturbing the old gentleman, and had lied loyally afterward as to Bob’s condition at his homecoming. Stupidly Bob made his



"ALL RI', TELL ME THE RES' IN THE MORNIN'."

exit, leaving his father declaiming violently to hide his own sudden flood of tenderness.

It was several days later that Bob and the faithful Jenkins arrived at Midland, the closest railroad station to Star Ranch, where Henry Jones raised the cattle whose flanks bore the Lone Star of the State. Jones and Ford had been college chums, had entered the same fraternities, and each, in his way, had been successful.

Jones had been advised by telegram of Bob's coming but the wire had mentioned no train, and the travelers had made better time than was expected. For his old chum's sake he was glad to take Bob in, but he did not like the idea of having a roystering young chap from the city where his pretty and susceptible daughter, Flora, might fall in love with him.

It was well after train time when his foreman arrived in town for the mail,

and dropped into the hotel to ask the clerk to send Bob on to the ranch on his arrival, and in that interval Bob had been inspired with an idea.

The idea came from Bob's knowledge that Jenkins carried a letter to Jones from the elder Ford. It was unsealed and Bob grinned as he read it thru. It was not a long letter but right to the point:

NEW YORK, May 7, 1910.

MY DEAR HARRY,—

My son, Robert, has been on a spree and needs bracing up. Take care of him for me and give him plenty of hard work. Jenkins, his valet, who hands you this, will assist you in keeping him straight. May come out later myself.

Your old schoolmate,  
HENRY FORD.

"Jenkins!" Bob's tone was of judicial severity. "I don't like this idea of hard work. I think that we'll just

swap identities for a while. *You* will do the hard work, Jenkins, and I'll have the harder work of assisting in keeping you straight."

"But the master—" began Jenkins faintly. "He said, sir—"

"Never mind what he said," ordered Bob sternly. "It's a bad thing for a servant to repeat bits of gossip that he overhears. I don't want to hear it. *I'm* saying that you are to be Robert Ford for a time, and you want to see to it that you do not disgrace the honored name you bear, and that you work hard to get all that alcohol out of your system. You hear me?"

The habit of obedience was strong within him, and Jenkins meekly answered "Yessir," and wondered miserably what the elder Ford would say if he found out. He was still receiving instructions from Bob when the clerk entered to announce that a man had come from the ranch and would take

them back with him. Jenkins made a dive for the grips, but a warning kick from Bob when the others had their backs turned, reminded him that he was "Mr. Ford" now, and, rather enjoying the sensation, he led the way grandly from the room.

It was a rough ride through the alkali, and both master and man were glad when the inviting green of the ranch house grove came into view. For a moment Bob half decided to resume his own identity, when he caught sight of Flora on the porch, standing beside her parents; but the thought of the hard labor changed his mind again, and leaping lightly to the ground he turned to assist Jenkins out.

Instinctively the valet turned to get the grips, but a low growl from Bob reminded him of his new estate, and a moment later he was greeting the disappointed Jones and the wondering Flora. A tug at his coat reminded him, and in a careless fashion he made



A TUG AT HIS COAT REMINDED HIM OF HIS POSITION.

Bob known as his valet and Bob was honest enough to blush.

Jones called one of the men to help Jenkins with the bags and dismissed him from his thoughts. He was worried about his guest, and more than ever he was decided that it would be well to keep him away from Flora as much as possible. A quiet glance from his wife confirmed this opinion, and as her mother led Flora into the house Jones suggested to Jenkins that they take a look over the ranch buildings.

Bob was surprised to find that ranch houses are as well furnished as places "back east," for the room into which he was led was as comfortable, tho not quite as elegant, as his own apartments in New York. He looked longingly at the soft bed and the lounging chair close to the shaded lamp, but his escort brought him rudely back to earth.

"Dump your boss' grip and come along," he suggested. "I got to get back to my own work. You can come back to fix him up."

He led the way down the stairs and across the yard to the low bunk house. Here was the real "roughing it," and for a second time Bob's heart failed him, as he glanced at the tiers of bunks three high, and was told that as a newcomer he would have to sleep in one of the topmost row.

"I have to be in the house," he remonstrated; "Mr. Ford will want me early in the morning."

"He'll get you," was the unfeeling response. "We get up at four and I guess you can get across the yard before he gets up. We'll see you don't oversleep."

There was a meaning in the grin with which the last sally was greeted, and as one of the men threw his suit case into the despised bunk, Bob sank upon the edge of the lower one with a groan of dismay. He was game, but there seemed little choice between the hard work for Bob Ford and the hard bed for Jenkins. He was sorry he had not remained Ford.

The feeling was emphasized a little later when Bob went back to the house. The Jones family were just sitting

down to an appetizing supper; and Jenkins, cordial with a manner that would have been a laughable imitation of Bob's own air, had he an appreciation of humor at the moment, was making himself pleasant to all.

"Everything all right, Jenkins?" he asked, condescendingly, as Bob touched his hat. "Better get your supper, my man. I shall not need you until bedtime."

He nodded to indicate that the interview was over, and turned to Jones, who indicated that he was to sit next Flora. Unconsciously Bob reached for a chair, to Jones' shocked surprise; and Jenkins, mindful of the kicks he had received, let his face broaden into a grin that changed into a look of shocked surprise as Jones turned appealingly to him.

"Jenkins," he said severely. "I am surprised at you. Retire immediately, and remember, my man, that Texas is the same as New York."

Flora's look of surprise made Bob wince, and as he turned away he remembered the letter.

"Beg pardon, sir," he said with the salute he had copied from Jenkins. "I was 'most forgetting, sir. A letter from Mr. Ford, sir."

He handed Jones the letter and smiled at the appeal in Jenkins' eyes. He watched, as Jones read the brief letter; and when the ranchman had placed it in his pocket he enlarged upon the habits of the supposed Ford, and the necessity for making him work very hard, until Jenkins lost his appetite for game pie and the other tasty dishes, and pleaded a headache, which only served to confirm Jones in his decision to "work it out of him" in the most complete fashion.

Slipping from the "big house," Bob sought the lair of cookee and, attracted by the savory odors, found to his surprise that bacon and potatoes are decidedly tasty to a hungry man, and that good coffee from a tin cup is good coffee still.

There was a steady stream of rough witticisms directed at Bob, but he took it all good-naturedly, answered in kind,

and by the time the meal was over he was so thoroly in their good graces that Jim Langdon decided that he should have a drink from his flask to further the cementation of friendship. For a moment Bob clutched eagerly at the flask. Beyond the "tapering off" drinks on the morning of his departure, the watchful Jenkins had seen that there was no opportunity to obtain whiskey. Now, the very odor of the raw liquid fired his blood, and he greedily raised the flask to his lips.

He stopped and put it from him. He knew what the result would be, and he could picture the look of grieved surprise in Flora's face when she saw him intoxicated.

"I'm much obliged," he said simply, "but it's 'bad medicine' for me, old man."

"You mean you're too good for this crowd? You don't want to drink with us?" came the truculent demand.

"Not at all," pleaded Bob. "It's

merely that whiskey doesn't agree with me—or agrees with me too well. Have it either way."

"You take a drink!"

Langdon offered the bottle with one hand and in the other he presented his revolver. He had had two drinks, which was just enough to stir up trouble.

"I have no gun and I wouldn't use one if I had," cried Bob, hotly. "I tell you I don't want to drink because it's not good for me and you offer to shoot. I fight with my fists, man fashion. If you want to try that way come outside."

"That's the way to talk." Bud Hendrie sprang to Bob's side and laid an approving hand on his shoulder. "You're some fighter, Jim. Make good."

Nothing loath, Langdon slipped off holster and cartridge belt, and let them tie the boxing gloves on his hands. Bob had expected bare fists and was



LANGDON FELL HEAVILY TO THE GROUND.

glad that it was to be with gloves, tho there was little of the original padding left in the gloves. Bob slipped out of his coat and into his gloves, and the whole crowd adjourned to the front of the cook house where an impromptu ring was quickly formed.

It was a short fight but a good one. Langdon was no mean adversary in either skill or strength, and had a slight advantage in weight; but Bob, in his better moments, was something of an athlete, and knew how to handle himself well. Indeed, a champion middleweight had gained a fat check for teaching Bob the secrets of his knock-outs. Bob sparred to hold Langdon off, and, when he saw his chance, he shot over a blow that had earned for its inventor a belt and a title, to say nothing of the inevitable vandyville engagement.

Langdon, taken off his guard, fell heavily and took the count, but soon was on his feet and as eager as the rest to shake Bob's hand. The sudden

change in the temper of the crowd was a surprise to Bob, and with entire frankness he explained the reason of his refusal, and pledged his friendship to them all. He was now a full-fledged member of the bunk house, and Langdon even offered him his own lower berth, a proffer that Bob was too generous to accept.

He spent a better night than Jenkins, who tossed restlessly upon the soft mattress, as he dreamed that he had been sent to herd cows, and that the fierce animals had turned on him. Jenkins had the city man's dislike for animals with horns, and Jones took a pride in his little herd of Longhorns as a breed that was fast disappearing and soon to be almost as rare as the buffalo.

He woke to find his master standing at the foot of his bed, and regarding his slumbers with amusement.

"It's about time you got up, Jenkins," he said pleasantly. "I've been up about two hours and have had



A STRANGE AND FRIGHTENED COWBOY.





"SEE, HE IS FALLING!"

breakfast. Get into these togs. They are your—er—working clothes, you know."

Jenkins regarded with marked disfavor the rough clothing, the chaps and spurs that told of work on horseback; but he knew better than to disobey, and rose with a groan as Jones entered to see if his guest lacked for anything.

With Flora not present, Bob was able to embroider the tale of the supposed Fords' misbehavior, and to dilate upon the father's eagerness that the son would work hard.

"He's right," assented Jones heartily. "I'll see to it that your master has plenty of exercise. You won't know him in three months. We'll build out that flat chest and put some flesh on those thin arms. You leave him to me."

Jenkins shivered at the suggestion contained in the last words, but there was no help for it; and, looking very little like a cowboy, he was led to breakfast and then to the sacrifice. The

little knot of cowboys were waiting for him in front of the ranch house, and Bob could scarcely restrain his laughter when he assisted his frightened valet into the saddle. Jones had picked out a horse safe enough but scarcely to be called gentle and Jenkins bounced about in the saddle disgracefully as with a whoop the cowboys surrounded him and raced off.

Bob lingered for a moment talking to Jones, as Flora emerged from the house in her riding habit, and a man brought up her pony. She bowed coldly in response to Bob's defferential salute, and for a moment he felt hurt, until he could realize that to her he was only a servant.

She was scarcely in the saddle when her mount shied, and Bob, alert to her slightest movement, sprang to the horse's head. This time a smile was his reward as she cantered off.

He looked after her longingly, and Jones, who found the imitation valet more to his liking than the real valet,

suggested that he might like to take a ride himself. Bob eagerly accepted the invitation, and a little later he commanded the respect of the cowboys by not "grabbing leather," when the usually quiet horse took it into his head to do a little pitching. The only result was to dislodge a sombrero several sizes too small.

Jones offered to see if he could find a larger one, and with an impatient "All right," Bob tossed the hat to one of the men and headed his horse after Flora. Someone called after him but he did not hear what they said. All that was important was that Flora was far ahead.

He had not thought it possible that the sun could be so hot. It beat cruelly upon his unprotected head, and soon his handkerchief was soaked with perspiration. But now Flora was scarcely a quarter of a mile ahead, and Bob pressed on, tho his head was swimming, and only a perfect seat enabled him to keep in the saddle.

The girl, unconscious of having been followed, turned carelessly as she heard the beat of hoofs, but her face went white as she saw the rider reel in the saddle and fall limply forward. The startled pony wheeled and broke into a gallop and Flora put the spurs to her own horse and followed. The way was rough and there was no telling when that limp form might fall from the saddle to find death under the flying hoofs. It was a hard ride but she won, and pulled up the horse at a water hole not a mile away.

She was surprised to find that it was the valet, but pity was her uppermost emotion, and she soon had him out of the saddle and in the cool shade where she bathed the fevered head, and used her own sombrero as a fan.

Bob quickly recovered consciousness, but he found her tender ministrations very comforting, and he was quite willing to obey her injunction to lie still until he was better. He was willing to lie there all day but she was anxious to get him to the house where more effective aid could be rendered and, half supporting him, she led him to his

pony and helped him into the saddle. Then, with the reins within easy reach, she led him toward the ranch.

Jones and Jenkins were sitting on the porch of the ranch house as they rode up, and Jones hurried forward with real concern to lift Bob from the saddle. His action was so different from his merciless joking over Jenkins' laments at the hard ride he had taken, that the valet scowled. He, too, had fallen in love with Flora, and it was bitterness to think that the master, in spite of the masquerade, held the inside track.

He was of little importance until after Bob had been made comfortable, and the further affront to his dignity only added fuel to the flame of his love. Perhaps it was that which rendered him reckless of consequences when, the following afternoon, he came upon Flora at the water hole where the day before she had rescued Bob. With a blush of maidenly shame she recalled the scene to her mind, and thought of how gratefully he had held her hand, longer, perhaps, than mere gratitude required. The soft flush that mantled her cheek at the thought made her more beautiful than ever, and Jenkins, coming suddenly upon her, lost his head completely.

In impassioned speech he told her of his love and begged her to elope with him. She shrank back from his intemperate declarations. She knew that Ford had been sent to the ranch to avoid drink. It seemed as tho he must have obtained some from the cowboys in spite of the strict rules. Thoroly alarmed, she sprang to her feet and Jenkins clasped her in his arms; when an unexpected thing happened. As tho in answer to her cry, Bob came upon the scene and with an exclamation of anger threw the valet to the ground. Jenkins rose with a snarl, thinking it one of the cowboys; but at the sight of Bob he cringed.

"Get out," commanded Bob briefly.

For a moment Jenkins hesitated. He had a wild notion of defying Bob and refusing to go; but habit is strong, and with an unconscious salute he

turned and slowly retraced his steps toward the house.

"One would think you were the master, not the man," cried Flora as she turned to Bob.

"I'm a man," he reminded. "Any cad like that would obey in such a case."

"But the salute?" she reminded. At the first glance she had guessed the truth.

"That gets me," admitted Bob with a laugh. "But let's forget the boss. I haven't had a chance to thank you for all your kindness yesterday and there could not be a more appropriate spot than the scene of my Waterloo."

"You remember the place?" she asked quickly and the color surged to her cheeks again.

Bob threw off his sombrero, this time one that fitted, and sank upon the grass at her feet.

"Can I ever forget it?" he asked soberly.

Later in the afternoon the livery rig from town came toiling through the alkali and discharged Henry Ford.

"I had to come after the boy," he said awkwardly, when he had exchanged greetings with his old chum, and had been made known to Mrs. Jones.

"I've got him working hard, as you told me," explained Jones placidly.

"It looks like it," suggested Bob's father drily, as that young man came cantering toward the house with Flora, so engrossed in their conversation that he did not see the group on the porch.

"His man may be able to tell you more than I can," suggested Jones, and Ford gave a shout.

"His man!" he echoed. "I'll bet the boy has got Jenkins doing his hard work for him. Bob, you scamp, here's your old father come to see you."

Bob slipped quickly from his horse



"MY PRAIRIE FLOWER."

and gave his father a hug then turned to lift Flora from her horse.

"Jenkins," he said, as the valet came softly from the house. "Take my father's things up to my—your—er—my—er—the room you slept in last night. Hang it all, I don't know what I do mean, but *get!*"

Jenkins "got," glad that there was no more serious demonstration, and Bob turned to his father.

"It's all your fault," he cried gaily. "You gave Jenkins the note asking Mr. Jones to make me work hard."

"I'll take the blame," agreed his father, and with that slight explanation everyone was content. It was enough that Bob was Bob, and not the valet. Not so much that they regarded position as that they did not like Jenkins, and it was a happy party that sat at the supper table, while Jenkins mournfully sipped in the cook-house and

found it hard to get in touch with his fellows.

The next afternoon Flora, sitting on the stump beside the water hole, thoughtfully pulled the petals from a daisy and repeated the magic formula.

Her face fell as the last petal fluttered from her fingers to the accompaniment of "He loves me not," and in her disappointment she did not hear the light laugh behind her until a pair of strong arms clasped her waist. "Better try it again with another daisy—unless you want to take my word for it," cried Bob. "I think, on the whole, it's better to take my word for it. It saves the daisies and the worry, dear. It was for me, sweetheart?"

For a moment Flora hid her face against his shoulder, then she raised her head and smiled.

"Well—it wasn't for Jenkins," she answered, and hid her face again.



## Maurice Costello

**M**AURICE COSTELLO, whose work as a local favorite for many years in Spooner's stock company, the American stock company, at the Columbia Theatre, the Yorkville stock company of Manhattan and Boyle's stock company of Nashville, Tenn., has brought him into eminence as a leading man both in juvenile and heavy characters, has distinguished himself as a star and feature of the "life portrayals" which have made him known in all quarters of the globe.

His characterizations always show a masterful appreciation of the requirements that bear the impress of genius peculiar to the moving picture star; notable instances of which are seen in his portrayals of the actor in "Through the Darkness," "Orestes," "Electra," and "St. Elmo" in the "life portrayal" of the same name. He will perform a most wonderful impersonation of Sydney Carton in the production of "The Tale of Two Cities," which is in process of construction.

(See page 2.)



# Birds and Birdmen



By J. Stuart Blackton

Illustrated with Photographs by the Author



**M**

OTORING thru Long Island one crisp brilliant day in October several years ago, we slowed down at the intersection of two picturesque ways where thickly wooded glades ran to the road's edge on either side, and halted our car where, thru a vista of crimson and golden leaves, a glimpse of sparkling water and yellow marshland redolent of a George Innes landscape, tempted us to tarry and spread our "al fresco" lunch.

Half an hour later, with a cigar between my teeth and feeling at peace with all the world, I lay flat on my back and looked straight up into the many-hued sky; looked just for the sake of looking, and saw, presently, half a dozen tiny black specks which finally took shape and resolved themselves into a flock of wild geese. On





they came, straight and true, until, on outspread pinions, they floated directly above me. Suddenly from the marsh, a heron rose with raucous cry and flapped gracefully up and over the tree tops, while almost simultaneously a flock of wild ducks whirred out of the water and streamed out like a pennant swirled by the autumn wind.

The geese with one accord swept majestically in a circle, and then, as if having decided unanimously on their direction, headed due South and in a few seconds disappeared.

Life did not seem so satisfactory; I envied those birds, envied their wonderful freedom of flight, their marvelous mastery of the domains of the air, a kingdom yet unconquered by man, and wondered if human science or inventive genius would ever put humanity on an equality with the goose in the matter of flying.

Last October at Belmont Park, a few miles from the same spot on Long Island, on the same kind of a day, I lay back on the rear seat of a touring car and watched two tiny specks so far up that occasionally they would be lost in a rose-colored cloud that appeared to be trying to blot them out.

Steadily they grew larger and more distinct until every detail could be seen limned in black tracery against the glowing arch of the heavens.

My query of five





LE BLANC'S MONOPLANE IN THE AIR AND AFTER CUTTING A TELEGRAPH POLE IN TWO.



years previous was answered—they were not geese—the two specks were Johnstone and Hoxsey descending from an altitude flight of nearly ten thousand feet above the earth's surface. As they neared the ground another shadow passed athwart my vision, and Latham in his bird-like monoplane swooped gracefully upwards, the golden sunset glinting on the under side of his broad pinions as he swerved and dipped in his circling flight, paraphrasing the heron whom I had not forgotten.

And still more wonders! Here were the "wild ducks," the saucy little Demoiselles, and the baby Wright; Grahame-White's Blériot and Moisant's monoplane, nine in all, circling and wheeling; crossing and re-crossing; whirring and buzzing until the air seemed to be, and literally was, full of huge bird-like creations, conceived, built and operated by the genius, skill and daring of man. The domain of the air was conquered. This is a story of conquest.

Later in the week little Moisant with his quiet, confident smile and his courageous black eyes, nonchalantly stepped into a monoplane that he had tried for only a few minutes and triumphantly flew from the middle of Long Island to and around the Statue of Liberty and back to almost the identical spot from which he started. To-day I read that the same

intrepid little air voyageur had flown four times over the city of Richmond.

Another conquest! and yet, as in all conquests, the price has to be paid—the cost is dreadful. Poor, genial, dare-devil Ralph Johnstone has paid Death's toll and many others went before, in the same quest, and still more will follow. So, after all, is the question answered yet? Can man with all his human intelligence be compared, so far as flying goes, with the simple goose?



NOTE: This article is remarkable in more than one respect. It was received by the editor early last December, and no sooner was it set in type than the news came that Hoxsey and Moisant had also "paid death's toll."

Mr. Blackton's words, "And still more will follow," have proved prophetic in other respects also, since the lamentable death of Hoxsey, and, as he says, perhaps "more will follow."—

THE EDITOR.





# Abraham Lincoln's Clemency

A Prose Version of Francis De Haes Janiver's Famous Poem,  
"The Sleeping Sentinel"

IT WAS against the regulations, and only a few days before, the General had laid special stress upon the importance of obeying to the very letter the injunctions laid down, but habit breeds contempt for infraction. An all-day scouting trip had tired the men, and Will Scott felt that it would not matter if for a few moments he sat down to rest his tired limbs. He was almost at the end of his tour of duty, but it seemed to him that he could not remain standing until the relief came when he could find rest in the guard tent.

He only meant to rest for a moment but almost on the very instant, his head sank forward, and forgetfulness from his weariness came in blessed sleep.

He was back again on the green Vermont hillsides, and presently he would go back to the old homestead, where a huge cut of apple pie and a draft of milk would assuage a hunger made the more keen by his tramp thro fields and woods. He was just in sight of the home, as he thought, when a shot was heard—perhaps Dick Hoe was shooting squirrels with the old long-bore rifle that had been his grandfather's before him.

"Post number seven!"

That expression had no part in the Vermont picture. Post seven? Why that was *his* post: the beat he had been set to guard. He sprang to his feet, rubbing his sleep-heavy eyes, and for a moment his heart seemed to cease its beating. Before him stood the sergeant and the relief patrol.

Will's own gun still smoked from its recent discharge, and far down the line he could hear repeated the call: "Corporal of the Guard! Post number seven!"

The camp, roused by the alarm shot, was quickly astir, and the red-sashed officer of the day came hurrying to the scene. At command, Will stepped in between his comrades, and he marched off to the guard tent, not as a member of the relieved party, but as a prisoner, charged with being asleep on post.

Court martial convened in the morning. The Judge Advocate made his plea with a wealth of forensic eloquence, but he knew that he urged a hopeless cause. Will Scott had been caught asleep on post, and "Post seven" at that, which was the direct approach to Chain Bridge, the road to Washington from the Virginia shore. Just beyond the lines were encamped the Confederates, so close, indeed, that tobacco from the Southern ranks was daily exchanged for sugar, tea and flour from the North. The fraternizing of the outposts of the two armies was a thing before unheard of. Strong measures were needed to stamp it out before serious consequences resulted. For the good of the discipline of the entire army, Will Scott must die, and not even Will himself was surprised when sentence was pronounced. He was to die within the week.

There was time for the ministrations of the regimental Chaplain, time to get a letter to the dear old Mother



IN THE LIBRARY OF THE WHITE HOUSE A TALL, GAUNT MAN LOOKED DOWN UPON THE ROWS OF TENTS.

in Vermont, and with a keen eye for effect, General Smith—"Baldy" Smith as he was known to his men—argued that the lesson for the others would be the stronger if the execution of sentence was delayed. The men were used to the *instant* snuffing out of life, and the sight of Scott waiting day after day to meet his doom would be vastly more effective.

It was night. On the lots back of the White House rose a white city of war. The tents, newly issued to the recruits, still were white in the moonlight, for these latest volunteers had not seen service and were waiting impatiently for orders to move South when some discipline had been instilled into the untrained companies.

In the library of the White House, a tall, gaunt man, whose face was beautiful for its very homeliness, looked down upon the row of tents.

Upon the strong, homely face there was a look of anguished sorrow such as the face of Christ might have worn in the garden of Gethsemane; for

Abraham Lincoln, stern of face, but tender in heart as any woman, knew that many of those who slept beneath the white canvas soon would sleep the last sleep of death beneath the red clay of Virginia, and his heart wept for those mothers who would mourn their lost firstborn.

The cause was just and holy, but he had plunged the country into war and he felt a personal responsibility to the thousands whose unmarked graves were filled before their time.

He did not see the broad Potomac, flowing in silver tranquillity past the sleeping city; he did not see the broad sweep of the flats, or the headlands across the eastern branch. His gaze passed beyond these to the scenes of carnage, where brother fought against brother, and the flower of the land was laid low.

There came, too, the vision of that Vermont home from which had come that day an appeal for the life of William Scott of the Third Vermont. It was a simple little letter, eloquent not in words but in the simplicity of the

mother's plea for her only boy who was to die disgraced.

He received hundreds of such letters, and they never lost their appeal; but he had granted pardons until Secretary Stanton had declared that he was destroying discipline and had made the President half promise that he would withhold all pardons in the future.

It had only been a half promise, and altho he meant to keep it, the President found it desperately hard. And something about this letter, its convincing simplicity, perhaps, had strangely moved him. Full half the night he had worked over plans, reports and dispatches, his heart strings torn by their stories of death and defeat.

Out on the Virginia plains, on the other side of the river, a firing squad, still dull with sleep, and with no relish for their detail, listlessly made their way to the scene of execution. A week had passed, and Will Scott marched with head erect between his companions, whose rifles he would presently face.

Bravely he took his stand before them. Bravely he raised his head as the Sergeant gave the command to make ready, altho he knew that next would come "Aim," and "Fire," and with the last, a deafening roar that would be to him the last earthly sound.

"Aim!"

His muscles stiffened and he waited the last command.

"Halt!"

It was not the Sergeant's voice, and the hoof beats told of the approach of an orderly. It could not be a reprieve. What could it mean?

The bandage was torn from his eyes. An orderly from another regiment was standing beside the sergeant, and thru the dust that mingled with the morning mist a carriage was seen to approach, and presently the tall form of the President, taller still for the old fashioned high hat, came upon the scene.

"I need live soldiers more than I do dead ones," he said to the officer. "I pardon William Scott."

He handed the formal pardon to the



"HIS HEARTSTRINGS TORN BY THE STORIES OF DEATH AND DEFEAT."



ALL HIS MUSCLES STIFFENED AND HE WAITED THE LAST COMMAND.

man, and turned to Will, who was speechless with joy.

"Young man," he said severely, "I have been put to a lot of expense to save your life. How are you going to pay me?"

"We c'n mortgage the farm," suggested Will, offering the only solution he could find. Lincoln placed his huge hands on Will's shoulders.

"That is not enough," he said kindly. "Repay me by showing that I have done well in saving a man from disgrace. Prove that he was worthy of that effort, and I shall not regret my lost sleep."

"I promise," cried Will, as the President turned away, and his words had the sanctity of an oath.

Again night, and a city of tents, but this time they are crude shelters, the makeshifts of the Southern army, stained by storm and soil; and, over the field where all day the battle raged, the boys in grey, by lantern light, picked their careful way, searching for the least spark of life in friend or foe. In the hospital tents, the surgeons, soaked in blood, perform

hasty amputations, or probe for hidden bullets, and the brave women of the South lend their gentle ministrations to their heroes and to their enemies without discrimination. It is enough that they suffer.

In one corner of a field, half hidden by a fence, Will Scott moves deliriously. Bravely he had fought to hold the position, urging his comrades to defend their post, and the Third Vermont had done much to lessen the decisiveness of the Southern victory. In the camp of the Third, where they had halted in their retreat, the men speak in whispers of Scott's bravery, and even "Baldy" Smith admits that "Old Abe knew what he was doing" when he let Scott go free.

On the field, Will Scott looks up, and in his dream he sees the President approach, the kindly smile upon his face, in his hand a wreath of laurel. He half raises himself upon a shattered arm.

"Then you knew I kept my promise!" he cried with joy, and with a happy smile upon his face he falls back—dead.



BRAVELY HE HAD FOUGHT TO HOLD THE POSITION.



"I PROMISE!" CRIED WILL, AND HIS WORDS HAD THE SOLEMNITY OF AN OATH.

The field surgeon, hurrying hither, kneels beside him and feels his heart. "Pass on," he orders, as he lets the limp arm fall. "We are too late."

Will Scott had kept his promise. He had proven himself worthy of his pardon. He had fought for his flag and honor.



## VITALIZING THE TEACHING OF HISTORY

Reclothing the Dry Bones of the Dead Past with the Living  
Flesh of Reality

**T**O THE average schoolboy the personages of history mean very little. It is true that a few of the favorite generals of the Revolution or of the Civil War are possessed of a sort of fictitious reality, but to most of our healthy-minded children it is unreasonable to expect them to be interested in the dry facts of history.

The American boy knows the heroes

of the baseball field as he will never know Napoleon; the former are flesh and blood and the latter is hidden between a worn-out cover of a History of France. It remained for the motion picture producer to raise from these dead pages of history, real heroes and stories of the past that will live in memory and hold the interest of the schoolboy spellbound. It's history disguised as fun.

# The Big Scoop

By James Bartlett

A Graphic Story of Panic Days on "The Street" and How a Reporter Regained His Situation

"DUNK AGAIN," murmured Gordon, who sat at the head of the "rewrite" desk and nursed a perpetual frown.

"Which one?" demanded Conover, the City Editor, wearily. "I wish I was editing a temperance paper. Perhaps then I could count on a staff."

"It's Connors," explained Douglas, known in the office as "Gordon's antidote," but you can't blame the boy. Three hours in the flooded gutter last night at the warehouse fire with thin shoes and silk socks. You can't expect him not to 'take something' for it—and you know Jim's failing."

"But we're paying him to work, not to get drunk," protested Conover. "Connors," he added, raising his voice.

Jim Connors made his uncertain way to the desk and held on the side to steady himself.

"Go to the cashier," came the sharp command. "We must have men here who can do their work."

"There's lots of other papers!" came the thick response.

"Then get one," was the quiet retort, as Conover turned again to his work.

Late that night Jim Connors staggered into the little flat that was his home and Bessie Connors gave a pathetic little cry.

"Again, Jim?" she asked with gentle reproach.

"Worse than just 'again,' Bess," he said, half sobered by the thought. "I'm let out and Conover said last time it was final."

"It will come out all right," she assured him, comfortingly. "Get a good night's rest and it will be all right in the morning."

With tender sympathy she helped him off to bed. It was Jim's curse that he loved drink, but she could not reproach him when she realized the hardships a reporter is called upon to endure.

But it was not all right in the morning. Jim, clean shaven and in his right mind, swallowed his pride for the sake of Bess and begged to be taken back. He even took appeal to the managing editor, when Conover proved adamant, but it was of no use. Discipline must be maintained, and sadly Jim turned from the familiar office to seek some other place.

But in panic times newspapers retrench, and everywhere he was met with the same reply. They were laying off, not taking on men. There was no opening.

Since the panic was most pronounced in the financial district, Jim bent his steps toward "The Street," in the hope that he might pick up some item of news that he could sell at space rates. Even a couple of dollars would help. But, tho he went to all the offices where he was known, the reply was the same. There was nothing not covered by the City Press.

Long after the Exchange closed, and the busy brokers had rushed up to the uptown hotel that was their favored gathering place, Jim hung about the deserted district in the hope



"GO TO THE CASHIER," WAS THE SHARP COMMAND. "WE MUST HAVE MEN HERE WHO CAN DO THEIR WORK."

that some late stayer might give him a tip; and more than one worried official was staying long after hours planning how they might weather the next day's storm.

It was late when Jim entered a cafe for a cup of coffee and a sandwich, and as he slowly sipped the coffee he was conscious that men at the next table were discussing matters of importance, tho they spoke so low that even Jim's sharp ears could not catch what was said.

It was enough for him that one of the men was Taylor, the president of the Consolidated Trust Co., so he listened; and when they went out Connors followed, stopping a moment to pick up a paper that had fluttered to the floor beside their table.

Almost stealthily they entered the side door of the bank and the door closed upon them. Jim could not see thru the frosted glass, and after a moment's inspection of the paper, which represented nothing to him,

he decided upon a bold stroke and loudly rapped upon the door.

With the explanation that he had a paper belonging to Taylor he brushed past the night watchman and entered the Director's room. His appearance was timely, for the loss of the paper had just been discovered, and Taylor was turning his pockets inside out in the hope that it might yet be found concealed among the other bulky papers that he carried.

He breathed a sigh of relief as Jim handed him the paper, and for a moment the men forgot his presence as they discussed the loss of the sheet, each seeking to blame the other for the negligence. The party had been joined by another, whom Jim recognized as the State Bank Examiner, and Jim realized that a big story was brewing. He realized that he would not be permitted to remain in the room much longer, and with quick movement he broke the end from a penholder and wedged it into the desk



telephone standing on the table so that the lever would be kept up.

A moment later Taylor dismissed him with a word of polite thanks and the veiled suggestion of a reward. Jim accepted the thanks but declined the reward. Once outside the room his mind worked quickly. He knew that the telephone desk was close to the private entrance, and as the watchman stood to let him out, he paused.

"I'd like to use the 'phone a moment," he said, trying hard to keep his voice steady. "I understand about using the board."

"Against orders," was the curt response, but Jim was insistent. He reminded the watchman that he had just performed a service for Taylor and the man in gray gave a reluctant assent.

"I've got to go and punch the clocks," he said. "Hurry up and be done by the time I get back."

With the time clock slung from his

shoulder he started upon his tour, and Jim quickly took his seat at the board. Plugging the jack into the switch for the directors' room, he was delighted to find that his ruse worked. Assured of their privacy, they spoke loudly in their excitement, and it was soon made plain that the Bank Examiner had not found their affairs to his liking. When banking hours came in the morning, there would be a notice of suspension on the heavy plate glass of the doors, which would probably sound the doom of other trust companies that were already trembling on the verge.

Jim could hear the steps of the watchman on the stone of the stairway and he got the Record office.

"Give me Mr. Bruce," he cried. "That you, Mr. Bruce? this is Connors, Jim Connors. I've a clean scoop. Will you hold the press until I can get up?"

Bruce, the night editor, promised, and with a hurried word of thanks to



CONSCIOUS THAT THE MEN AT THE NEXT TABLE WERE DISCUSSING MATTERS OF IMPORTANCE.



"I COULDN'T EXPLAIN OVER THE 'PHONE!" HE GASPED, "BUT THE CONSOLIDATED WON'T OPEN IN THE MORNING."

the watchman, and with a coin to back it up, Jim slipped from the bank. It was several blocks to Broadway and the cars, and Jim sprinted, only to be stopped by a watchful policeman suspicious of anyone in haste at that time of night amid the storehouses of millions. His reporter's card set him right, but precious moments were lost.

Meanwhile, in the office, chaos reigned. Bruce had ordered the forms held for the scoop, and others hotly protested. It was merely some drunken freak of Connors' they declared. More than likely he would not show up, but in the back room of some saloon would sit in maudlin glee over the trouble he had created.

"I'll give him five minutes," announced Bruce at last. Some of the men gasped. At that time of night, with the out-of-town mails to catch, seconds were minutes and minutes hours. Gordon, working overtime, smiled evilly.

With his eye on the clock Bruce waited. One minute, two, three, four times the second hand had gone round, and a fifth time it drew close to the minute. There was a stir outside and Jim burst into the room.

"I couldn't explain over the 'phone because the watchman was coming," he gasped, "but the Consolidated Trust won't open in the morning and the story is not to be given out!"

It was Gordon himself who sprang from his seat and thrust Jim into it. Someone else brought a typewriter and as the sheets flew from the machine they were rushed to the linotype men. There was no time to write whole sheets. In sentences and paragraphs the paper was pulled from the machine and rushed off, and when Jim wrote the "30" under his last line Bruce heaved a sigh of relief. The mails would be caught and the story was worth waiting for.

"I guess you've earned the right to another drunk if you want one," he

said with a smile, but Jim shook his head.

"Me for the girl and the kid and a big sleep," he said with emphasis.

"Don't hurry down in the morning,"

nounced with a happy laugh as Bess, roused from her nap as she sat at the table, looked half fearfully up. "It's high time you and the kiddie were in bed, little girl, and that's where I be-



"IT'S HIGH TIME YOU AND THE KIDDIE WERE IN BED."

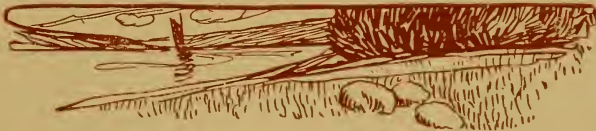
urged Bruce, "but there will be your old desk open for you when you come."

With a grateful pressure of the hand Jim hurried away and the subway whisked him home.

"I'm late but I'm sober," he an-

long, for I've pulled the big scoop for to-morrow, and—Gee! but I'm tired."

Bess understood and with a cry crept into his arms. Jim had made no pledge, but she felt that this time the wordless promise would be kept.



# PALS

Adapted from the Play by Colin S. Collins

The Story of a partnership that was broken thru the rascality of a Mexican, but made whole again thru fortunate circumstances

THE WICKED looking blade gleamed coldly in the light as it flashed on high. Some of the regular patrons of the "Grub Stake" bar edged toward the door. When "Greasy Diego" went on a drunk it was just as well to be somewhere else unless you happened to have a "grouch" against the life insurance company that wrote your policy.

Those who could not get to the door

stood looking, with the odd indifference of the plainsman to the passing of human life, and in that electric moment wondered what Jack Harper would do to Diego should the thrust not prove immediately fatal.

Harper was reasonably quick on the draw, but the hammer had caught against a frayed edge of the holster, and he was at the Mexican's mercy.

But the blade did not fall and



DENTON'S ARRIVAL IN THE WEST.

Diego uttered a cry of pain as an iron grip closed over the slender wrist with a pressure that seemed able to crush it. For a moment he writhed and struggled, seeking to turn the blade against this new antagonist, but the knife clattered to the floor and in another moment half a dozen men were piled upon his prostrate form and Harper was shaking hands with his preserver.

"And you a tenderfoot," he cried amazed. "When I saw you get off the stage I sure had it figured that you'd take some training to get in line for the West, but—say—you're a ready-made man, that's what you are. What's your name, Old Timer?"

"Brooks Denton," answered the easterner, not conscious of the compliment the expression "Old Timer" conveyed.

"You're all right, Denton," cried Harper, "and any time you want a pal just tell me about it. I'm your man if you want me."

"Then I may as well tell you now," was the smiling response. "I do want a pal, and if you mean it, I think we can get along first rate. I've enough to grub-stake two for a few months and—"

"And I've a pretty comfortable cabin," volunteered Harper. "Is it a go?"

"The very thing I wanted," was the hearty response. "Let's have a drink to celebrate the event and then get down to business."

The invitation to all hands to step up to the bar completed Denton's popularity not an hour after he had stepped from the stage, and presently he became part owner of Harper's cabin by virtue of a liberal contribution of stores.

The partnership brought success to Harper, whose development work on a lead did not return the promise of the indications. With two men to work they made more rapid progress, and the indications again grew most favorable. Harper had been famous in camp for his prejudice against "tenderfeet" from the East, but now he swore that the ideal combination

was a man from the East and one from the West.

When the work was temporarily stopped by a cave-in which laid Denton up for several weeks Harper nursed him as tenderly as a woman and knitted more firmly the bond between the two men.

Then came pay-rock, and day after day Harper and Denton added to the store of gold in the chimney piece and planned what they would do when the pile grew big and they could sell the mine for a good, round sum. Five thousand apiece was the sum they set for the "cleanup," and then Denton would go back East for his family while Harper stayed to sell the mine. Denton's mother was failing fast and he was anxious to get back home.

At last the day came when the dust was weighed for the hundredth time, and with the last addition made up the sum. Half the night they sat up and planned, and it was late when they rose in the morning.

"You go up to the claim and start in," suggested Denton, "and I'll wash the dishes and clean up. We'll put in one more day and to-morrow we'll cash in the dust and divide. I don't like the idea of so much dust here. Diego doesn't like us and one of these days he'll make a raid."

"Not while he remembers the grip you gave him," denied Harper with a laugh, as he shouldered his tools. "Bring up some stuff for lunch when you come."

Denton nodded, and when his pal had gone he busied himself with the dish-washing. He was still at work when a miner living up the creek dropped in.

"This came in on the stage this morning," he explained, handing him a yellow telegraph envelope. "The driver asked me to bring it along to save him the trip, and he says he's going back at half past eleven."

He hurried away, for he knew the contents of the envelope and, man-like, he hated a scene.

With trembling fingers Denton tore open the envelope and confirmed his fears. His mother was sinking. Per-



DIEGO UTTERED A CRY OF PAIN AS AN IRON GRIP CLOSED OVER HIS SLENDER WRIST.

haps it would be too late to see her alive, but she was calling for him and they knew that he would come.

He glanced at the clock. It was eleven. There was no time to go up to the claim and tell Harper. There was time only to throw a few things in a grip and hurry to the Grub Stake to take the stage for the railroad.

On the back of a flour-sack he wrote a brief note for Harper, explaining the situation, and promising to return as soon as possible. "I don't need the dust," he added. "We will divide when I get back."

He left this and the telegram on the table where Harper would be sure to see it, and he never noticed "Greasy Diego" peering through the window. The Mexican had seen Harper going toward the claim alone, and thought his chance had come to be revenged upon the man who had humiliated him.

Something he guessed from the message and the actions that followed,

and now a new scheme of revenge suggested itself. As soon as Denton left the shack he slipped thru the lightly latched door and made a rapid survey of the room. It did not take him long to locate the loose bricks in the chimney that marked the hiding place, and he paused only long enough to destroy the note and telegram and leave in its place another that read:

"I'm tired of the country and I'm taking the dust. You can have the mine to get more from."

Diego, unlike many of his class, could write well, and it was not the first time that he had forged the writing of others. The note would have puzzled Denton himself, and it completely deceived Harper when he tired of waiting for his lunch and returned to the shack.

"My pal," he moaned as he sank into a chair. "He could have had the doggone dust, if he wanted, if he only had asked, but to do me dirt like this when I trusted him!"

That was what hurt. He had trusted Denton as a brother. He had come to love him with more than a brother's love, and the betrayal destroyed his faith in all men.

For more than an hour he sat silent and gloomy, staring with unseeing eyes at the rifled cache. Then he rose, and there was a new look in his face; it was hatred and stern purpose and he buckled his holster about his waist.

At the Grub Stake, while waiting for the evening stage, he learned that Denton had taken the noon stage and that he had carried a large bag that seemed to be heavy. It could not have contained all of the dust, some of it must have been cached; but he had gone, and with him all of Harper's faith in his fellow man.

"I'm going to catch him," Harper confided to the Sheriff, "and when I do I guess there won't be any need of an inquest to find out that he's dead."

"Better go careful," urged the Sheriff. "They don't care for gun-play back East."

"I'm not doing this to please them," reminded Harper, as he climbed aboard the stage, and the Sheriff knew that it would be short shrift for Denton should he be found.

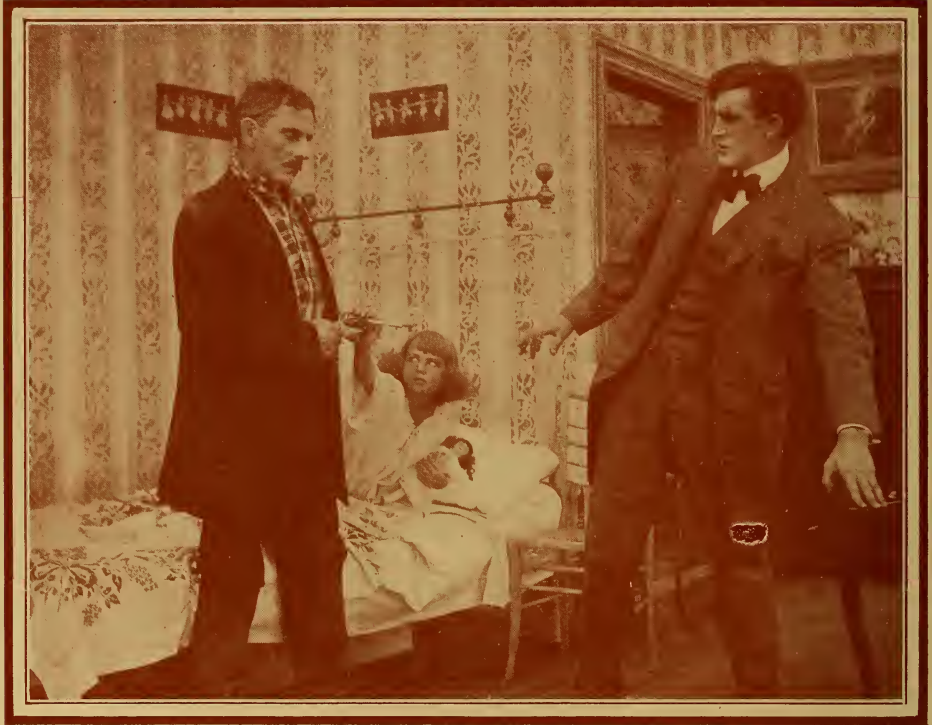
New York is a large place and Harper searched the directory in vain for the Denton he sought. There were many in the huge volume, but not the man he wanted, tho he visited each in turn. Day after day he set out on his quest, ever hopeful that he would find the man who had played him false.

He was on the search in the suburbs when there was a cry from the passers-by, and he turned in time to see a speeding automobile knock down a little child. The people surged about the car, but Harper was first upon the scene and it was he who raised the little one from the dust.

The self-important small boy vol-



HE TURNED IN TIME TO SEE A SPEEDING AUTOMOBILE KNOCK DOWN A LITTLE CHILD.



"I'LL GIVE YOU TEN SECONDS TO SAY YOUR PRAYERS."

unteered to show the way to her home, and leaving the policeman to get the address of the owner of the car Harper bore his burden as gently as could a woman, nor did he lay the burden down until her own little bed was ready and the doctor had come.

"I'd like to come out to-morrow and see if she's all right," he said awkwardly to the mother, and so it happened that the next day Harper, laden with fruits and toys, was ushered into the tiny room where the little sufferer lay, her sprained limbs tightly bandaged.

Harper loved children, and he was soon deep in the intricacies of a fairy tale, while the mother stole out to take advantage of the respite to attend to her household tasks.

"—And so the Princess turned and said," he recited, then he sprang to his feet and gave utterance to something that was very unlike the language of a Princess in a fairy tale. Like a flash his gun was whipped from its holster, and he stood with the ugly

muzzle pointing to the heart of the man who had been his pal.

"I've found you," he cried, forgetful of the child. "I've found you, you thieving cur. I swore when I found you that I would shoot to kill and I'm going to do it, Denton."

"Jack! Are you crazy?" cried Denton as he saw the light of madness in the other's eyes.

"I guess I am," came the response. "You'd be crazy, too, if your pal had done you dirt."

"I! How?" There was conviction in Denton's tones, but Harper gave no heed.

"You know well enough," he snarled. "Don't lie out of it, now I have you cornered. I'll give you ten seconds to say your prayers. One, two—"

Denton could not speak. He did not understand what had happened. He could not imagine what his offense had been.

"Three—four—five—" Harper was counting slowly, and with the solemn



tones of a judge pronouncing a death sentence.

"Six—seven—eight—nine—"

The finger on the trigger trembled.

"Don't you frighten my papa! Don't Don't!"

Both men had forgotten the child in the tense moments. The cry broke the spell. Harper let the pistol fall to his side.

"The kid saved you," he said huskily. "Let me go before the craziness comes again."

He turned toward the door, but Mrs. Denton blocked the way. In her hand she held a telegraph envelope which she offered to her husband. Denton read and passed the yellow sheet to his pal.

"The greaser got the money," the wire ran. "He borrowed a horse to take it across the border, and that is how we happened to get him. He confessed. Try and locate Harper and tell him. He's looking for you."

The slip fluttered to the floor. Harper turned to his friend.

"I ain't worthy, after the way I acted," he said huskily, "but if you can forgive—"

A handclasp was the answer and Harper turned to the little bed and placed an arm about the frightened child.

"We'll make her the third pal," he said tenderly. "That morning I blasted out the pay streak and there's gold enough for three good pals."

### Miss Clara Williams



Miss Clara Williams is one of the most popular of the picture players. While she has had fine success in various other rôles, she excels in the plays of the West. Having spent several years on a cattle ranch, she is familiar with the real cowboy, she is an expert horse-woman, and a lover of out-door life. All of Miss Williams' impersonations are highly artistic.



SCENE FROM "ELAINE IN PICTURE."

# A COWBOY'S VINDICATION

By Constance Hall

"YOU'RE only wasting time, Bill; simply ain't got no use for a card sharp."

The speaker was Faro Nan, known to all the cow punchers and sheep herders from Wyoming's open ranges to the Texas Panhandle as the owner of the Golden Gulch Saloon. The man whom she addressed was the notorious Jesse Gibbs, gambler and "bad man." His evil reputation was warranted by his appearance, and as he leaned over the rude bar and glared into the defiant black eyes of Faro Nan, it was apparent he was not to be trifled with, and also that in the handsome proprietress of the low dance hall he had met one as desperate as himself.

"Yah!" sneered Gibbs, "you're a nice one to pick and choose, ain't yer? Yer want a kid with a rich ma, eh? Yer so consarned respectable and society and gaudy like, so as to speak, that yer want to leave Gulchville with bells on. But you'll never marry Bill Morrison, for I'll promiscuous like fill him so full of lead that his friends won't be able to carry him beneath no weeping willow tree, but'll leave him where I dropped him to stimulate backward sage brush."

This was a long burst of oratory for Gibbs, and he refreshed himself with a drink while Nan grinned. Nan always grinned. All felines do. She had good teeth and delighted in showing them, but her present mirth was genuine.

"Ha, ha, ha! You'll never dare to shoot Will Morrison. You don't tote sand enough. All you can do is to parlay a two-bit into the price of a spree," and she turned from him with a gesture

of contempt and looked out upon the dust-swept range.

"Nan," he pleaded with a sudden change of tone, "I do shore love you; I am all for you and will give up gambling and live honest. Durn me,—I'll even turn sheep-herder and be a good square husband to yer."

"Nothin' doin', Sweet William," she answered with a rapidity of utterance that caused him to start in surprise. "I simply don't like your turn." Here she paused and stared at him until his snake-like eyes directed their gaze to the sawdust-covered floor.

"Listen to me," she continued, "if any hurt comes to Will, if any accident comes to him, if he by chance falls from his cayuse and breaks his neck, unless a good and true witness is there to clear you, I'll consider you roped him behind his back and threw him off the caviata onto the range, and I'll see you'll surely swing for it."

"Me rope him?" faintly inquired the furtive-eyed gambler. "What the hotel-bill do I know about roping? It's all I can do to ride in a box car."

The girl grinned.

"You're not dealing out Mexican, salve to tenderfoots. I know your record and how you got your grub stake from your bunkie who never showed up since. Well, I like you the more for your nerve, but Will Morrison's folks have the coin and little Faro Nan was always first on line at the chuck wagon. If you had the ready dough I'd take you."

The evil face of the gambler was aflame with joyous anticipation, as he leaned forward and whispered, "Nan,

I'm going to trust yer." She had turned from him with an air of lazy contempt, but the glow of conscious strength that transformed his swarthy face caused her to listen with an air of deference.

"Kid," he whispered, "I've got five thousand cached. I got it kinder hard and sorter nasty, but the cush calls out. 'Money talks,' and it yells loud enough to smother all other chin music."

"I shore am the original Miss from Missouri," replied Nan with an incredulous grin, "but if you have copped cinco thousand simoleons, you are the king of the candy kids and I'll have you."

The two worthies whispered across the rude bar with an air of mutual understanding but were interrupted by the entrance of a tall, handsome youth attired as a ranchman of the more prosperous class, who thrust his way to the bar with an air of mastery; and, sneering contemptuously at the gambler, ordered a drink, paying for it with a bill extracted from a roll of such proportions as to cause the gambler to gasp in surprise and the gentle Nan to forget Gibbs' hoard and regard the young ranchman with an air of approval. This was wormwood to the jealous gambler and, after a few signs to Nan, which that social light of Gulchville received with undisguised contempt, he suddenly lurched against the unsuspecting ranchman with such force that he was almost thrown to the ground, and the youth, catching at the bar to save himself from falling, Gibbs, with lightning-like rapidity, covered him with his revolver.

"Faro Nan," shouted the infuriated ruffian, "I dealt you a fair hand and you are reneging on the agreement."

"Chump," sneered Nan, "you shore are plum locoed. I am thru. Will Morrison is a gentleman, but you are too showy with your hardware for my place."

Gibbs retorted with a curse of defiance and was about to pull the trigger, when an erect, self-reliant man, strongly resembling Will, rushed into the

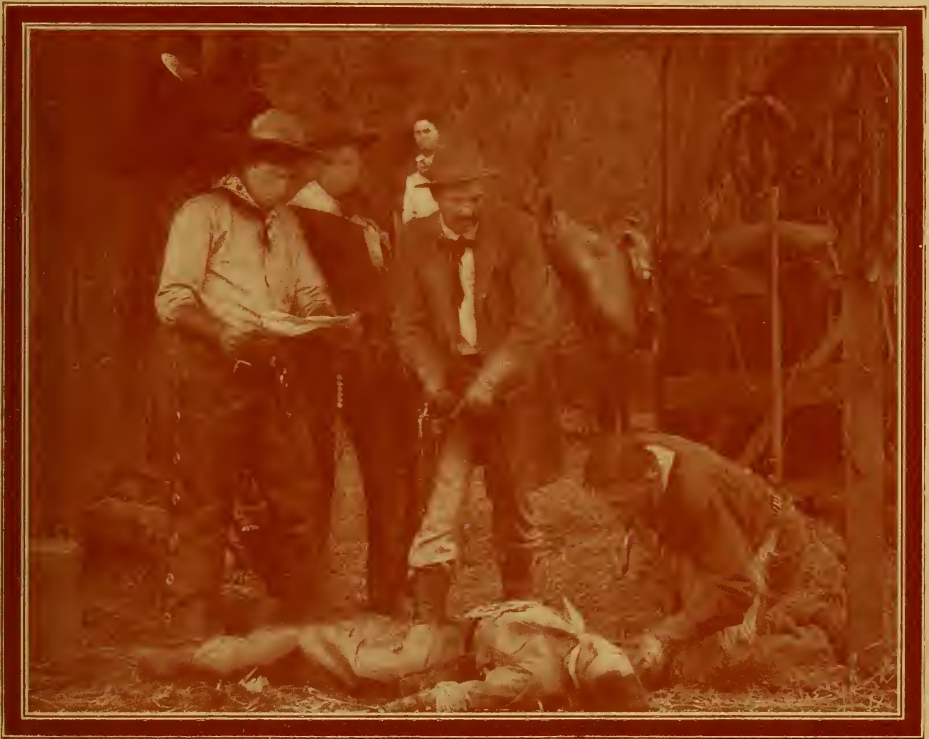
room; and wrenching the revolver from Gibbs, thrust it in his belt and covered the astonished gambler with his pistol.

"You just leave my brother alone or there'll be an awful lot about it in the papers next morning. Come home, Will," he continued in a low tone, "mother is worrying about you."

After a brief argument, Will followed Frank from the saloon and rode rapidly to the Morrison Ranch, the home of his mother. Mrs. Morrison was a widow whose declining years were rendered unhappy by Will, who had become a confirmed gambler and heavy drinker ever since Nan had opened the saloon. On the way home Frank was almost paternal in his advice to his weak younger brother, who listened to his censure with undisguised contempt, tho with apparent respect to the gentle remonstrances of his mother. At the first opportunity, however, he stole off to the attic where he knew she had secreted her purse, and, taking all the money it contained, hurried to the corral, saddled his pony and was riding away, when Frank happened to see him and not wishing him to return to the saloon, insisted that he should not leave the ranch. Will was somewhat under the influence of liquor and drew his revolver, and Frank, realizing his condition, grappled with him fiercely. As they struggled for the pistol, another revolver was raised, unseen by the brothers. It was Gibbs, who, bent upon revenge, had followed them from the saloon. A loud report reverberated thru the woods. Will's weapon had discharged at the same instant as the gambler's, and the misguided boy fell dead in his brother's arms. The two reports had rang forth simultaneously and Frank stared at his brother's inert form in horror, as he gradually realized that Will was dead, and, as he believed, that the mark of Cain was upon him.

"Will, my little brother!" he moaned, "I simply could not a-done it. I didn't go to do it. It was an accident." And overpowered by his emotions, he burst into tears.

Gibbs, tho at first unable to under-



stand Frank's emotion, soon realized the situation; and, gloating over the hope that he had destroyed his two enemies, stole silently to the thicket where his horse was tied, and rode rapidly away to acquaint the sheriff with Frank's crime.

In the meantime, the grief-stricken man mastered his sorrow, and after a hasty retrospect of the struggle, he began to realize that he had never really covered Will with the pistol. He arose, no longer weeping and abject, but a stern, self-reliant man determined on revenge.

A close scrutiny showed fresh footprints nearby leading to the prints of horseshoes not made on Morrison's Ranch, and he leaped to his saddle and followed the plainly discernible trail in the soft mud.

In the meantime, Gibbs had notified the sheriff and several cowboys, and they were now riding rapidly to the scene of the crime.

Gibbs, not relishing the probability of getting a chance shot, hurried to tell Nan, who, angered at losing a wealthy

suitor, expressed a fervent wish that the posse would capture Frank.

Morrison only escaped the misguided vengeance of the gang by accidentally taking another trail, and rode rapidly to the Golden Gulch Saloon, where he met Gibbs face to face.

"You murdered my brother, you dog!" he shouted fiercely, seizing the cowardly gambler and hurling him to the floor.

Gibbs' stammering denials only confirmed Frank's suspicions, and he soon succeeded in wresting a sullen confession from the murderer. But no sooner was the admission made, than he suddenly arose and fell upon Frank with a strength born of desperation. A desperate struggle ensued, but the dissipated gambler was no match for the active young man, and when the posse arrived Frank Morrison had quite conquered the self-confessed criminal. Cleared of the brand of Cain, sadly he rode back to comfort his mother who, alas! was bereft of a son, but of only one, for the cowboy had found his vindication.



"HER GRAN'PÈRE WAS A BIG CHIEF."

# The Perversity of Fate

From the Picture Play by Taylor White



In which the reader is taken from the city streets to the Canadian wilds, and is once more shown that Fate is a fickle jade who disarranges even the best laid plans



“AND YOU’LL wait, dear—even tho the time seems long?”

Marion Marlow glanced at the thin gold circlet that was the sole ornament of her slim, capable fingers. It was characteristic of John Rose that he should ask Marion to marry him, even while confessing that he could not afford a diamond ring as the pledge of his troth.

“I’ll wait,” she promised, with a little shudder that caused her to nestle more closely against the powerfully muscled shoulder, “but Quebec is such a long way from here, Jack.”

“Not so far as the Michigan camps,” he declared lightly, “and I stand a better chance. I’m not fitted for the city, it’s too big and too small at the same time.”

Marion nodded understandingly. A few years before he had come to New York to make his way—one of the thousands who annually set forth to conquer—and Rose had been one of the conquered. He longed for the freedom of the lumber camps, the wide, open spaces of the woods, and he lacked the aggressiveness that forces men ahead where opportunities are few and applicants many. He was not content to be a clerk in a store, yet he could not advance himself.

Marion herself had done much better. From file clerk she had worked her advancement until now she was James Elrood’s confidential secretary, quiet, alert to her employer’s interest,

and never forgetful of her duties. She was making more money than Jack, and it was partly this thought that drove him back to the woods when the offer came from the Elk River Company’s foreman. In the woods he could earn enough to support a wife and family. In the city he never could hope to gain the advance.

And so he went back to the Canadian forests, where, with each stroke of his keen-bladed axe, he liked to think that he was carving out the home that he should make for Marion and her mother; and Marion, in the city, went quietly about her work making herself more and more valuable to Elrood.

Jack’s letters carried small encouragement. Several times it seemed as tho promotion were in his grasp, but always there came the unexpected—once a touch of fever, once a broken arm, but always when he came back there was a new foreman in charge of the camp and Chance had again passed him by.

“It’s the perversity of Fate,” Jack wrote. “Some time, when I do not need the luck, it will come. And when I see Royston and his family I envy them.”

The words came back to Marion one night as she sat in her cold room and counted and recounted her slender resources. All summer her mother had been slowly failing, and now the great specialist to whom she had gone



HE WAS THINKING OF ROYSTON'S COURTSHIP.

for advice had ordered her South for the winter.

"The first flurry of snow will seal her death warrant, Miss Marlow," he had solemnly assured her. "She must go South before the frost comes, or it will be too late."

He had turned to the next patient with no thought of the quivering lip or blanched face. To him she was only a "case"—not even an interesting one; and now she sat with the bank-book and her purse before her, wondering how she could make one dollar do the work of ten.

But the problem was solved and some weeks later John Rose, sitting in front of the rude bunk house, read and reread the brief letter that had come in by the last messenger. It seemed as if he knew it by heart, yet he read it over and over again, trying to realize that it was from Marion.

"Dear Jack," she had written, "don't think badly of me because I return the ring. It is not because I am tired of waiting, dear, but because I cannot make mother's life the price. Mr. Elrood has asked me to be his

wife. We shall be married in September and the honeymoon will be to take mother South, where she will at least have a chance for life. Forgive and try to forget. Your Marion."

A light step on the dried grass roused him, and he looked up with a scornful smile on his lips. Tel, the daughter of the half-breed, Pierre, who possessed all the lithe grace of her Indian mother, the daughter of a line of chiefs, made no secret of her affection for the stalwart woodsman. Whenever he sat down to rest and to think, he was accustomed to hear the light footfall, as the girl silently stole past, content if he but gave her a smile.

Slowly Rose tore up the note and let the tiny fragments flutter to the ground. "Tel," he called, "come here."

With the rich blood dyeing the light tan of her face the girl obeyed, eyeing him wonderfully. Rose had affected a contempt for her silent worship. He was thinking of Royston's courtship. It was seldom that he spoke; never had he called her to him before.



"Tel, you love me, don't you?" he asked. "To-morrow we will go and see the priest. Father Raoul shall speak the service. Shall it be so?"

Wonderingly the girl stole toward him and raised his rough hands reverently to her lips.

Rose laughed loudly, mirthlessly, as he rose and took her in his arms, and presently he went in search of Pierre, to whom he repeated his proposal.

As if to emphasize the irony of fate, promotion came quickly to Rose, now that he no longer cared. From foreman of the gang to superintendent, he rose with a rapidity that caused Pierre to smile and murmur softly to himself:

"That girl Tel is mascot sure, and Jack Rose she is ver' lucky that she has ol' Pierre's daughter for her bride. Her gran' père was a big chief. She is of blood royal."

Surely it seemed as if Jack was lucky above his fellows, for Tel worked wonders in making the simple hut a home, and only the gnawing

thought of Marion saddened his content. He had thought to marry Tel and forget his faithless love; but, the more he strove, the more she seemed to dominate his thoughts.

And so it was five years later when Le Blanc and François paddled their light canoe swiftly up the river to the lumber camp. There was a third figure in the frail craft and John Rose's heart gave a great leap as he strode down to the bank to welcome the *voyageurs*.

"Mrs. Elrood!" he cried in surprise as he lightly lifted her to the shore.

"Not Marion?" she asked gaily as she shook her skirts, wrinkled from long sitting in the canoe. "Surely you should have a warmer greeting for one who has traveled thousands of miles up this horrible river just to see you. I thought the Mississippi was the longest stream, but I know better now."

"To see me?" echoed Rose. "Then Mr. Elrood——"

"Is dead!" she completed, as a



"AND WHEN I SEE ROYSTON AND HIS FAMILY I ENVY THEM."



"FATHER RAOUL SHALL SPEAK THE SERVICE."

shadow flitted across her face. "My sacrifice was in vain, Jack. Mother died that winter. Not even the South could save her. Last spring Mr. Elrood died, and I thought that—perhaps—that you——"

She faltered, but Jack did not come to her aid. Thru the leafy screen of the forest he could hear Tel as she sang about her work.

"We shall be glad to welcome you,"

he said quietly. "Mrs. Rose sees few strangers."

"Mrs. Rose! You are married! Impossible!" cried Marion. "Jack, dear Jack, surely you waited——"

Rose hung his head. "You said yourself we had waited too long," he reminded. "It was not that I did not care. I sought forgetfulness."

"And found it?" she cried, anxiously. "Oh, Jack!"



THRU THE WINDING TRAIL, HIS WIFE REGARDED THE ODD TABLEAU.

Rose made no reply, but it was clear he had not forgotten that Marion still reigned queen over his heart.

"She is your lawful wife?" cried Marion, "or is it one of those marriages with an Indian, or a half-breed? There are many such wives—but the union is not legal."

"We were married by a priest," explained Rose, "but it didn't need that to make her my wife. She loves me. She is faithful. She brought me luck. She made my home. She trusts my promise. That's the hard part, you see—she trusts me; can I prove faithless to that trust?"

"What is all that to love?" cried Marion, contemptuously. "Jack, I am a rich woman; a very rich woman. She shall have money. She can go to Quebec or Montreal. In the novelty of it she will forget. Perhaps she would prefer to stay here and marry one of her own kind. It can be arranged—with money. I have that."

"I have money, were that all," interrupted Rose. "It's not the money. If it were only that."

"You care more for her than you do for me?" she demanded, jealously. "I am less to you than this half-breed girl. You no longer care!"

Rose caught her hand. "I do care," he cried. "There has not been a day in all these years that I have not cared—that the hurt has not been here. In my sleep I see your face, I hear your voice. Awake!—I long for your caress!"

Marion clasped her hands with joy. "Then my trip is not in vain," she cried. "Since we two still love, nothing else matters. You will tell this little half-breed that you are going away. You will soon forget her and she—"

The man checked her with a ges-

ture. "She must not know," he said earnestly. "We have made a sad mistake, and nearly ruined our lives, dear heart, but it must not touch her. The good Father over at the mission has made us man and wife. What God hath joined no man may put asunder, unless he pays the price. The price would fall on you as well as on me."

"I am ready to pay, Jack," she cried fearlessly.

Rose shook his head.

"You do not know the cost. Think of the price that she, too, must pay. We should have each other. She would be left alone. I cannot ask her to pay. I cannot, I must not!"

For a moment the woman of the cities looked into the brave, fearless eyes of the man of the woods, and her own faltered. She saw that he still loved her with the love that never dies, but she saw also that she could never win him. Above love he placed duty—duty to the woman he had sworn to protect. Did she tempt him she would gain only his physical companionship. He would despise her for causing him to break his word.

At her call the guides came, and wonderingly resumed their places at the paddles. Thru the winding trail his wife regarded the odd tableau curiously, then the paddles dipped into the water and strong strokes forced the canoe through the still waters.

With folded arms Rose watched the woman he loved borne from him, and then he turned to the woman who loved him. "The perversity of fate," he murmured, recalling a letter written in the long ago.

"Luck comes too late—but honor stays," and with his arm about Tel, he turned back to the cabin that she had made their home.

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"Whosoever loves not picture, is injurious to truth, and all the wisdom of poetry. Picture is the invention of heaven, the most ancient and most akin to nature. It is itself a silent work, and always one and the same habit."—  
*Ben Johnson.*

# The Wizard of Sound and Sight

By W. H. Marc

**T**HOMAS ALVA EDISON was born in Milan, Ohio, on February 11, 1847, in a little prosperous shipbuilding town. The real teacher of his life was his sympathetic, kind, intelligent mother, and he has always fully appreciated her instruction and comradeship, which made his early success in life possible. It was she who stood up for her boy when things went wrong at school, and she withdrew him from school that she might train him herself. At nine he had read, or heard read, Hume's History of England, the History of the Reformation and Gibbon's Rome, with all the books upon electricity he could get.

At eleven he felt that he would like to earn his own living, and the mother understood her boy well enough not to stand in his way. Then followed the familiar experience of newspaper-selling on the train, and the little paper he printed containing the news that was too late for the evening papers.

In 1887 Mr. Edison invented the Kinetoscope. The idea was suggested by a toy called the Zoetrope. The first difficulty was that there were no films on the market quick enough to take the required forty pictures a second, so the inventor had to make his own films. In fact, Mr. Edison has made so many things, and is so persistent in his efforts, it is no wonder that he has been designated "the Wizard of Sound and Sight," and recognized by many as America's greatest American.



*Thomas A. Edison*

Notable Bits from Photoplays



A SPIRITED SCENE FROM "THE BUCCANEERS."

# The World Before Your Eyes

By Prof. Frederick Starr, of Chicago University

I HAVE seen Niagara thunder over her gorge in the noblest frenzy ever beheld by man—I have watched a Queensland river under the white light of an Australasian moon go whirling and swirling thru strange islands lurking with bandicoot and kangaroo—I have watched an English railroad train draw into a station, take on its passengers and then chug away with its stubby little engine thru the Yorkshire Dells, past old Norman Abbeys silhouetted against the skyline, while a cluster of century-aged cottages loomed up in the valley below, thru which a yokel drove his flocks of Southdowns—I have been to the Orient and gazed at the water-sellers and beggars and dervishes—I have beheld fat old Rajahs with the price of a thousand lives bejeweled in their monster turbans, and the price of a thousand deaths sewn in their royal nightshirts as they indolently swayed in golden howdahs, borne upon the backs of grunting elephants—I saw a runaway horse play battledoor and shuttlecock with the citizens and traffic of a little Italian village, whose streets had not known so much commotion since the sailing of Columbus—I know how the Chinaman lives and I have been thru the homes of the Japanese—I have marveled at the daring of Alpine tobogganists and admired the wonderful skill of Norwegian ski jumpers—I have seen armies upon the battlefield and their return in triumph—I have looked upon weird dances and outlandish frolics in every quarter of the globe, and I didn't have to leave Chicago for a moment.

No books have taught me all these

wonderful things—no lecturer has pictured them—I simply dropped into a moving picture theatre at various moments of leisure, and at the total cost for all the visits of perhaps two performances of a foolish musical show, I have learned more than a traveler could see at the cost of thousands of dollars and years of journey.

Neither you nor I fully realize what the moving picture has meant to us, and what it is going to mean. As children we used to dream of a journey on a magician's carpet to the legendary lands, but we can rub our own eyes now and witness more tremendous miracles than Aladdin could have by rubbing his fairy lamp. But we're so matter-of-fact that we never think of it that way. We're living at a mile-a-second gait in the swiftest epoch of the world's progress—in the age of incredibilities come true. We fly thru the air—chat with our friends in Paris by squirting a little spark from a pole on one shore of the Atlantic to another pole on the other side, and so we take as a matter of course that which our great-grandfathers would have declared a miracle.

The moving picture is making for us volumes of history and action—it is not only the greatest impulse of entertainment but the mightiest force of instruction. We do not analyze the fact that when we read of an English wreck we at once see an English train before us, or when we learn of a battle that an altogether different panorama is visualized than our former erroneous impression of a hand-to-hand conflict—we are familiar with the geography of Europe—we are well acquainted with how the Frenchman

dresses, in what sort of a home he lives, and from what sort of a shop he buys his meat and greens.

We take so much for granted—we are so thoroly spoiled by our multiple luxuries—that we do not bestow more than a passing thought upon our advantages, because the moving picture machine is an advantage—a tremendous, vital force of culture as well as amusement. An economy, not only of money but of experiences—it brings the world to us—it delivers the universe to our theatre seat. The moving picture is not a makeshift for the playhouse—its dignity is greater—its importance far beyond the puny function of comedy and tragedy. It is a clean entertainment, lecture and

amusement all rolled in one—in its highest effort it stands above literature—in its less ambitious phase it ranks above the tawdry show house. It teaches nothing harmful and it usually teaches much that is helpful.

The moving picture is not a makeshift, but the highest type of entertainment in the history of the world. It stands for a better Americanism because it is attracting millions of the masses to an uplifting institution, drawing them to an improving as well as an amusing feature of city life. Its value cannot be measured now, but another generation will benefit more largely thru its influence than we of to-day can possibly realize.

## Notable Bits From Photoplays



SCENE FROM "THE CONSPIRACY OF PONTIAC."



# Love's Awakening

— First Love Is Not Always Best nor —  
Is the Race Always to the Swift —

HIRAM GRAHAM smiled as the last huge load of hay rolled into the barnyard, and the haymakers, young men and women, slid from atop the load, the girls protesting with many a giggling shriek that they never could jump, but suggesting that it was very easy when a pair of strong arms waited to clasp them as they landed.

It was Dave Allen who was first off the load to hold out his arms invitingly to Jewel Graham, but she paused a moment, and it was Jim Long who secured the plump prize and bore her away in triumph. Dave was only a farmer's son, while Jim was a clerk in a village drug store. He had been "keeping company" with Jewel for several years and Dave Allen's more quiet love making availed him nothing.

Perhaps it was those long summer days in the haying field, when Jim begged a week off to share the fun, that brought matters to a head, but it was not long after when Jim and Jewel sought Hiram Graham and Jim asked his approval of their engagement.

"I guess it's all right if Jewel wants you," assented the shrewd old man with a kindly smile, "but don't you think, Jim, that you are wasting your time here? Doc Tanner told me the other day that a smart young fellow like you ought to be able to make his way in the city. They pay better there, and I guess Jewel would rather wait until you can make a home for her in the city."

"I guess you're right," assented Jim, coloring with pride at the praise. "I was thinking of that, and if Jewel will wait I'll try."

Hiram nodded and so it was decided that Jim should go to town. His employer recommended him to a city friend, and the *Hopkinsville Banner* in stilted praise congratulated the city upon such an important addition to its captains of industry.

But Jim made good for the most sanguine prophecies. He knew his business, and the patrons of the city store took a liking to the fresh-faced lad, whose manner was an odd blend of country freedom and city elegance. The young women, in particular, found many more errands calling them to Stephan's drug store, and Stephan smiled and raised Jim's salary.

He was not insensible to their flattery, and he responded readily to their flirtations, even tho he was faithful in thought to Jewel; but while the others were content to let it remain a flirtation, Violet Ware had decided upon a conquest, and bet a box of chocolates with her chum that she would wring a proposal from Jim within three months.

Violet was a leader in the neighborhood and her very evident preference flattered Jim; but while he felt himself bound to Jewel, his resistance was breaking fast.

Stephan was willing to give him a few days off, and he wired Jewel that he would arrive on the evening train the following day. He felt that could



JEWEL'S FATHER SENDS JIM TO THE CITY TO WIN HIS WAY.

he see her again he would forget Violet's fascinations, but Violet was not to be denied.

"Tomorrow's your night off, isn't it?" she demanded, as she perched herself on one of the high stools before the soda fountain. "We are going to have some people in to play euchre. Now don't say no. You simply *must* come."

Jim's face clouded. "I'm sorry," he began slowly, "but I am going to take

a vacation and go home for a day or two."

"To see your sweetheart?" demanded Violet jealously. "I know that is what it is. And you'll leave me in the lurch, Jim, when I had counted on you? I made it Thursday because I knew that was your evening off. If you don't stay I'll——"

She did not complete the sentence, but her eyes were eloquent of threat, and of promise as well. Jim was weak

and before she had left it meant another wire to Jewel calling off his visit. He felt like a coward, but Violet was near and Jewel seemed very far off.

There was wire trouble and it was not until Jewel, stealing from home, had eagerly paced the station platform, that the telegram was given her. Dave Allen saw the droop of her shoulders and hurried to her side.

"Bad news, Jewel?" he asked with sympathy. "Don't break down, little girl; don't break down."

"I'm not going to," she declared between sobs, "but Jim promised to come and then he telegraphed that he couldn't."

"Perhaps he couldn't," urged Dave, generous to his rival, but Jewel shook her head.

"We were going to be married. He could come if he wanted to. It's some girl."

As Jewel turned toward home, the tears would not keep back. Dave took her in his buggy, and with his strong arm about her, he offered consolation that he sought to make brotherly, but which none the less had a touch of his hopeless love in it, and Jewel found it very comforting.

He came again in the morning and together they sat upon the porch. Hiram, seeing them, smiled to himself, for Dave always had been his favorite.

The rural delivery driver came down the road in his rattling buggy

and dropped a letter in the Graham box. Jewel ran to get it.

"It's from Jim," she announced, with flashing eyes, as she perched herself up on the top step to read it.

It was a long letter and between the lines Jewel could read many things, for Jim had written it late the night before when he was still smarting under the thought of Violet's answer to his proposal,—“Why I didn't know you cared for me *that way*, Jim. I'm *so sorry*.”

It was a plea that had worked before, but Jim knew that he had been tricked, and in his eagerness to get back what he had lost he said too much.

With flaming cheeks Jewel folded the letter and tucked it into her pocket. Dave rose awkwardly from the steps.

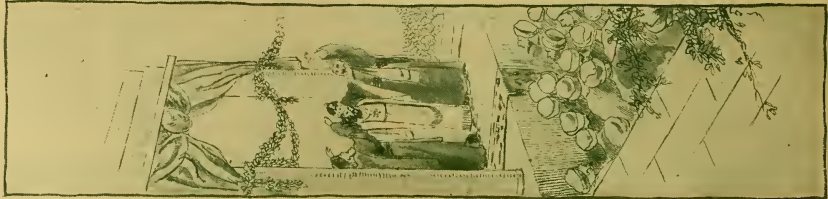
"I guess I'd better be getting along," he said slowly, feeling that he was in the way.

"Must you?" asked Jewel in a voice that she tried to make careless but which told it's tale."

"I don't have to until you send me," he announced, as he took his seat beside her. "Will I ever have to, Jewel?"

"Not unless you want to, Dave," she said with a blush, and her father, coming suddenly upon them, smiled and gave his blessing. He had always had faith that his little girl would find true love some day. And she had.





“AND THE SHEPHERDS CAME WITH HASTE AND FOUND MARY AND JOSEPH, AND THE BABE LYING IN A MANGER.”

# Herod and the New Born King

By Montanye Perry

ON a late December afternoon, more than nineteen hundred years ago, the road leading thru the valley which sweeps up to the twain heights where Bethlehem stretches, was thronged with a motley crowd of travelers. A decree of Cæsar had ordered every citizen, with his family, into the city of his birth to be counted for taxation. Men on foot ran hither and thither; men on horseback screamed to men on camels; women seated in pillions upon donkeys peeped anxiously out from their veils; children wailed; boys were peddling bread and fruits; others were leading fractious sheep or cows; all were talking shrilly in all the tongues of Syria.

At the gates of a kahn, just outside the city walls, a keeper was sitting on a block of cedar, a javelin leaning on the wall beside him. His face and manner were calm and unruffled, tho he was besieged by a throng of clamoring men showing varied expressions of impatience, resentment or anxiety.

"The kahn is already filled. There remains not even one place vacant," he reiterated patiently to one group after another, and one after another they withdrew, noisily complaining, to make for themselves camps as best they might on the hills surrounding the city.

The winter afternoon was short. Shadows lengthened over the valleys, shutting out the peaks of Gedar and Gibeah, darkening the terraced vineyards and olive groves. Nightfall was very near, when a man, apparently about fifty years of age, a look of deep concern upon his earnest, kindly face,

hurried a panting donkey up the last steep slope to the gate.

"Can you not give me a place?" he urged; his voice was singularly gentle, even though tinged with sharp anxiety. "I am Joseph of Nazareth and this is the house of my fathers. I am of the line of David."

"Peace be with you, Joseph of Nazareth. I grieve that there is not a place left, neither in the chambers nor in the court, nor even upon the roof."

The traveler glanced toward the figure of a woman, enveloped in a loose robe of woolen stuff, her face hidden by a white veil, who was sitting upon the donkey.

"It is Mary, my wife," he said anxiously. "She is very delicate and your nights here are cold. I cannot let her lie out of doors, it will kill her."

As he spoke, the woman pushed her veil aside, disclosing a face young and beautiful, touched with a rare, exalted light.

"Fear not, my husband," she said, "no harm will come to me."

Before either man could speak again, a slender, dark-eyed maiden, who had crept up close to the keeper and gazed with wondering eyes upon Mary's glowing face, touched his arm timidly. "Father," she said, and whispered softly.

"Is 't so, little one?" the father said, looking again at the young wife and the anxious, gentle face of the husband. "Well, come you in, friends. Such as I have, I will give. Room you may have in the cave. Shelter and warmth are there and many of your forefathers must have lain there. The mangers



“HEROD SENT THEM TO BETHLEHEM, AND SAID, ‘GO AND SEARCH DILIGENTLY FOR THE CHILD, BRING ME WORD THAT I MAY COME AND WORSHIP HIM ALSO.’”

are yet as they were in David's day. Better a bed in a stable than the cold and damp of the roadside."

"Blessings be upon you," spoke Joseph, joyfully; "may the Lord be ever gracious to you and yours."

Thru long courts and rough passage ways the keeper led the travelers to the cave, used as a stable, but filled now with many wanderers, grateful for the place of shelter. Close to the young wife's side walked the dark-eyed maiden, her eyes fixed adoringly on the radiant face. Deftly she helped to make a bed from fresh, clean straw and prepare the simple supper.

"Blessings be upon you, my child," said Mary, laying a hand on the dark head; "most kind have you been to us." And the maid's face, as she went to her own bed in the inn, glowed as if an angel had touched it. Long she lay wakeful, fancying that the lovely, gracious face of the guest in the cave smiled thru the darkness. Sleeping, she dreamed of myriads of flashing angels, and wakened to find a flood of silvery light pouring into the narrow room. Half blinded by the radiance, the maid crept to the window and beheld, hanging just above the kahn, like some roseate, scintillating jewel suspended from the skies, a star of marvelous size and splendor.

Wrapping herself in a mantle, the maid threw open the window and leaned upon the casement, and in that moment came plainly to her ears a rapping at the outer gates.

"The watchman sleeps. It may be that some one is suffering. I will go and see."

Out under the light of the star she ran to the gates, and stood astonished at the strange visitants,—men clothed in the skins of young kids, shod with rude sandals, with scrips hanging from their shoulders, and curved staffs, symbols of their calling,—shepherds from the hills of Judea.

"Peace be unto you," spoke the maiden, fearlessly; "what is your desire?"

"Peace be unto you and unto all

within these gates," they returned, with one voice.

Then the youngest shepherd, a ruddy, fair-haired lad, stood forth from the rest and spake in the rapt, hushed tone of one who sees visions.

"We are shepherds abiding in the fields, keeping watch over our flocks by night. And an angel stood by us and the glory of the Lord shone around us, and we were sore afraid. But the angel said unto us, 'Fear not, for behold I bring you glad tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a stranger, which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you: ye shall find a babe, wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.' And, as we gazed, suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God and singing, 'Glory to God in the highest; on earth peace, good will towards men.' And when the angels had gone away into heaven we said one to another, 'let us go even unto Bethlehem and see this thing which is come to pass.'"

"It is my lady," breathed the maiden in ecstasy, "my gracious, radiant lady. Come."

Thru the court yard, illumined by the steady luster of the star, she led them to the cave. A lantern burned dimly, and beside a manger Joseph bent over a tiny infant cradled upon the arm of Mary.

"The Christ is born!" breathed the youngest shepherd.

"The Christ is born!" they all echoed, falling upon their knees.

The people of the kahn had awakened. To them the shepherds told their tale and, awed by the unearthly splendor of the star, they listened reverently. Then the shepherds returned to their flocks on the hillsides, and back to the watchers in the kahn floated the refrain which they chanted as they went, "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good will towards men."

But the dark-eyed maiden remained, ministering unto Mary and the babe with love and great joy.



"THEY PRESENTED THE YOUNG CHILD WITH GIFTS, GOLD, FRANKINCENSE AND MYRRH."



Ten days after the birth of the babe in Bethlehem, Herod, King of the Jews, sat in a chamber of his palace in Jerusalem. Clad in robes of sumptuous purple, bordered with crimson, a heavy gold chain supporting a dagger at his waist; bony hands, drawn and knotted with pain, a face stamped with vice and disease; fierce, restless eyes, deep sunken under heavy brows,—this was Herod, hated and feared by every subject in his empire. Long had he reigned in Jerusalem. Now, nearly at the end of life, seventy years of evil deeds behind him, he guarded his throne with ever-increasing jealousy, never relaxing his suspicious vigilance, his boundless greed and cunning.

Long he sat pondering, gloom, doubt, rage, even terror, playing upon his countenance. At last, as the shadows gathered, he turned to an attendant. "Bring lights, and send Miriam to me," he commanded.

Miriam came. A dark, voluptuous beauty, at the sight of whom Herod's face lost a trace of its gloom.

"Tell me, Miriam," he began abruptly, with no form of greeting, "what is known of the three travelers from the East who came to our gates this morning?"

"They are strange men," replied Miriam, "mounted upon great white camels with rich trappings. Their apparel is sumptuous and their speech shows them to be men of learning and culture. This I learned from the Captain of the Guards."

"And their question?" demanded Herod fiercely, "what is this question which they ask?"

"They ask," said Miriam, looking fixedly into Herod's angry eyes, "where is he that is born King of the Jews, for we have seen his star in the East and have come to worship him."

"The star in the East!" repeated Herod contemptuously, "an idle delusion, a foolish trick of the imagination. But tell me, Miriam, hast ever heard of the old prophecy?"

"Yes, often," assented Miriam.

"This afternoon," the king continued, "I assembled the wisest men

of Jerusalem to search the records and tell me concerning this prophecy. They say that the child should be born in Bethlehem of Judea. Thus reads the parchment: 'And thou Bethlehem in the land of Judah, art not the least among the princes of Judah, for out of thee shall come a governor who shall rule my people Israel.'"

The face of the old king was livid with rage and despair. "Has this thing come to pass?" he cried. "Is the prophecy fulfilled? Shall my kingdom go from me in my old age?"

"Listen," said Miriam, her gleaming, tigerish eyes holding the old man's fevered ones. "Listen! if this be true, no rumor has yet gone abroad from Bethlehem, but six miles distant. There appears no knowledge of it save by these three men of the East, to whom it has been revealed."

"What would you have me do?" said the king, fascinated by the intensity of her gaze.

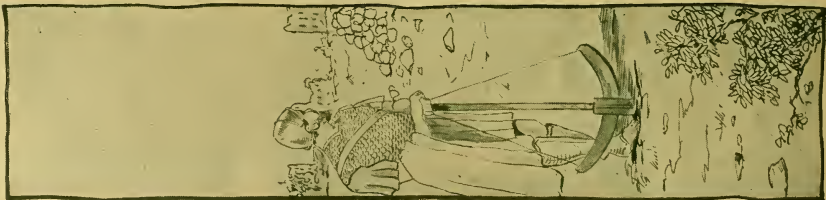
"Send for them. Tell them the child should be born in Bethlehem. Bid them go there with rich gifts to find the babe, but secretly to return to you with tidings. Charge them to tell no man in Jerusalem, so that you may go and worship the new-born king and announce him to the people with due and fitting ceremony. Then, when they return to you, if they have indeed found such a babe,"—she bent forward, her dark face afire with the light of a wild beast which sees its prey—

"Yes," breathed Herod, "if they have indeed found such a babe,—"

"If the three wise men should not live to leave the castle, if the babe should die in infancy, how then can thy throne be shaken, oh, king?"

"Wonderful art thou, oh, woman!" exclaimed Herod; "let the travelers be brought in at once."

Two hours later, high on a tower of the palace, Miriam stood with Herod looking out toward the plain of Ephraim, beyond the gates of Joppa. Three tall figures, outlined against the gray sky, were rocking silently forward over the plain.



"THEN HEROD COMMANDED THAT ALL THE MALE CHILDREN THAT WERE IN BETHLEHEM SHOULD BE SLAIN."

"It is well," said the king, "until they return."

"Until they return," echoed Miriam.

But, as they gazed, Herod uttered a cry of terror. "Look," he gasped, "the star!"

Low over the plain of Ephraim hung a blazing, refulgent light, moving steadily before the white, silent travelers, toward Bethlehem.

Over the kahn at Bethlehem brooded peace and silence. In her sleep the dark-eyed maiden smiled, dreaming of the beloved Mary and her babe, resting peacefully in their manger bed. Suddenly the maiden's eyes opened wide; again the lustrous starlight was pouring into her room. "The star has come again," she cried, rapturously; "what strange visitants will it bring tonight?"

Peering forth, she beheld indeed the star, hanging above the cave, its pure, warm, pulsing light filling the court with a dazzling splendor.

The midnight bells were tolling, as the maid ran to the outer gate and gazed eagerly down the steep road winding up over the plain. Approaching the gate were three tall, silent figures, ghostly in the starlight. The camel's knelt, and with stately dignity the riders dismounted and bowed low in salutation.

"Peace be unto you, maiden, and unto this house. From the far East have we come, led by a wondrous light, which is a sign to us that the Christ is born. Over desert and plain, mountain and valley have we ridden, and lo, the star hangs now above yon stable door. Is there a new-born babe in this kahn?"

The faces of the three were tense with eagerness as they bent for the maid's reply. "Aye," she said softly, "come and see." And as they passed thru the door into the cave the star dissolved into a golden, shimmering mist, floating far upward into the skies.

Stately, gorgeously clothed with all the trappings of Oriental splendor, they fell down before the infant with reverent awe.

"The Saviour!" they cried; "the King who shall rule Israel!"

From their camels they brought rich treasures, gold, frankincense and myrrh, which they heaped around the babe, now awake in Mary's arms.

"We will return to Jerusalem to-night," they said. "Let us hasten to Herod that he may come and worship him also."

But the maiden spoke shyly. "Nay, rest in the inn; the great Herod sleeps; tarry you here until the dawn."

"The maiden speaks wisely," said one, "let us rest in the kahn."

In the early dawn they sought the keeper. "At your daughter's behest, we tarried in your kahn. It was well. In a dream the angel of the Lord spake, commanding that we return not unto Herod, but go into our own country by another way."

Forth toward the rising sun they rode, saying joyously one to another, "Now is the scripture fulfilled. Now is the time at hand. The Saviour is born."

As the keeper fastened the gates again, his daughter came running with tears and lamentations. "She is gone," she sobbed, "my gracious, radiant lady! The gentle Joseph and the little babe are gone—all gone!"

"Grieve not so, child," said the father. "The mother was strong again; doubtless the Nazarene was impatient to return to his home, though I understand not their going secretly, by night."

"To go without one word to me," sobbed the maiden, "when I loved her so."

"Something strange was there about them," said the keeper. "Twice did the star appear, guiding strange visitors to the babe. We shall hear of them again."

But the maiden would not be comforted. Daily she mourned for the mother and babe. Nightly she lay gazing into the darkness seeing in fancy the star, the shepherds, the wise men with their rich gifts, the young mother with the rapt, exalted look, holding the babe.



“AND JOSEPH, FOREWARNED BY AN ANGEL, FLED INTO EGYPT WITH JESUS AND MARY.”

A week passed. Then as the maiden sat with her father at the gate, suddenly there came the sound of wild uproar within the village walls; clamor of brazen trumpets, hoarse cries of rage and command, shrieks of children, and over all the anguished wailing of women.—“Our children, our children, give us back our babes!”

Five soldiers, with armor blazing in the sun, swords, unsheathed and dripping, swooped down upon the kahn. “Open your gates, in the king’s name,” they shouted, and rushed past the trembling keeper into the court, with fiendish cries. One, younger and slighter than the rest, stayed for a moment and looked kindly at the half-fainting maiden.

“Fear not, it is babes we seek. All children of Bethlehem and of the borders thereof, two years old and under, was Herod’s decree. I like not the task. Two babes of my own have I in Jerusalem. But when the king commands, what shall a soldier do?”

“But why such monstrous deed?” queried the keeper.

“How should I know? Herod’s wrath is upon Bethlehem. I know not why. Shall a soldier say ‘why’ to his king?”

Finding no babes in the kahn, the

soldiers rushed away again. The clamor and the tumult died away in the village, save for the wailing of the desolate mothers.

“Father,” spake the maiden, “if my lady had been here, the little babe must have been slain.” She paused for a moment, a look of trust and comprehension stealing over her childish face. “Do you not understand now, my father? The angel who commanded the three travelers not to return to Herod warned the Nazarene to flee with the child at night.”

“I doubt it not,” said the keeper; “who knows but the star returned to guide them to a safe shelter.”

That night, by her narrow window, facing eastward, the dark-eyed maiden knelt to pray Jehovah’s blessing upon the little family of Nazareth. And lo, as she knelt, her eyes were touched with new vision.

Far away, under a sky bright with myriads of flashing stars, the great figure of the Sphinx rose from a limitless sea of sand, calm, majestic, symbolic of the power which endures thruout all ages. At the base lay Joseph: and, higher up, nestled close against the silent, protecting figure, Mary, the little babe in her arms, slept peacefully.



## Stage Fright in Pictures

Some of the honored veterans of the stage are to be found in the stock companies of the motion picture studios, and some of them declare that they suffer more from stage fright in the pictures than when appearing before an audience. Ralph Delmore, when with *The Third Degree* last season, appeared in a special production and declared that he was not only suffering from stage fright but that this sensation grew more strong with the progress of the picture until, in the final scenes, he was badly broken up before his cue came to enter.

Almost all of the players find it hard the first few times they appear in street scenes, but they soon outwear their nervousness, and grow to regard the trips into the country as everyday picnics.



THE BETROTHAL OF LIONEL & CAMILLA.

# The Golden Supper

From the Poem of Lord Tennyson

“LIONEL! You love Lionel?”  
For answer Camilla hid her blushing cheek against the rough fabric of Julian’s doublet, and the simple action told more eloquently than words that to her he was but the cousin and foster brother. In a glance and a word the dream of years had vanished.

Her mother dead in childbirth, Camilla had known no mother but his own, and she had shared her father with him in return. As sister and brother they had grown to youth, and

the simple affection of the girl had found a rich return in Julian’s love, a love so strong it had not seemed that words were needed.

And now, as a sister confides in her brother, she had confessed her love for Lionel, and poor Julian found the world suddenly grown grey and cold.

But Lionel found words to tell his love, and soon their troth was pledged, and only Julian took no pleasure in the fact. He made excuse to seek the wilds, and tho his



LIONEL AND CAMILLA IN THEIR GARDEN.



LIONEL LEADS THE BRIDE TO HIS OWN HOME.

absence robbed the marriage of one great joy to Camilla, she did not realize that it was a hopeless love that kept him from the feast.

When she was gone, he came home again, but sadly changed, and found his greatest pleasure in long walks among the hills: for, he was possessed by visions, in which it seemed that the wedding peal was followed by the toll for death, and this, in turn, by wedding bells again.

So persistent was the vision that he fought down his desire to leave the land and to journey in strange countries that he might forget his grief, and he lingered on in the home that had been theirs.

Nearly a year had passed. Not once had Julian seen his cousin, for he felt that to look upon her face again would only open the old wounds, and he kept close at home until the dreadful day, when gently his mother broke to him the news that Camilla was no more.

At least a part of the vision had

come true, for the knell had indeed followed the marriage chimes; and with bowed head and heavy heart Julian sought Lionel, who had been his friend, to share his grief.

For three days the fair young bride had lain in that last sleep, and now the time had come to carry her to the vault wherein her mother lay.

No casket shrouded the lithe form, for in that land it was the custom to lay the bier within a niche in the vault, and slowly Julian followed the sad procession that bore her to the tomb.

His tears were natural, for was he not the foster brother of the dead? So he and Lionel mingled their grief above the still vision that seemed the sleep-of-life instead of death. Then the mourners went their way, leaving the newly dead among the ashes of the old, and Julian rushed into the forest that so often had been the sanctuary of his grief.

But he came again that night to the city of the dead. In life Camilla



had been denied him, but now the dead was his; and, stealing into the vault, he struck a light that showed him in fleeting flare his path to the cold marble where lay Camilla. The moon from a vault high up lighting the calm face, it seemed to be the face of one that still lived.

Julian bent and kissed the cold lips—his first tender kiss of love, and it seemed that the softly curving mouth had not the marble chill of death, but the velvet warmth of life. With strange persistence the thought clung that she still lived, and his trembling hand sought the snowy breast.

It could not be a delusion—faint but steady the blood seemed still to pulse through the veins! Half-mad with doubt and fear he looked again upon the peaceful face. An eyelid quivered and the first faint flush of life tinged the marble of her cheek and throat.

With a great cry he caught her up, and, wrapping her in his cloak,

bore her to his mother's home. More than once on the long journey he was forced to sit and rest, but always he held the still form in his arms, half fearful yet that he had not wrested her from death.

His mother started at the apparition, as Julian staggered into the hall bearing his lovely burden; but now the breast heaved faintly, the tinge of life was more pronounced, and as the dawn drew nigh, the mother ceased her ministrations; for the trance was ended and, weak and spent, Camilla lay like a broken lily nursed again to bloom.

Gently they told her of her trance, and of the burial, and she gave a little cry of surprise and disappointment.

"And was he so quick to let me go?" she asked, and the look of agony in her eyes cut like a knife her brother-lover's heart, even while it bade him hope that he might yet keep her for his own.

This hope was soon dispelled by her demands that Lionel be sent for, but



JULIAN LOOKS HIS LAST UPON HIS LOVE.



the sorrowing man had left his home to wander with his grief.

"He will return," Camilla said, with faith, "and when he does, you, who gave me back my life, shall give me back to him."

Silently Julian left the room and took to horse lest his temptation be too great, but he left word that a summons might reach him when Lionel was returned.

Meanwhile another life, brought from the tomb, came into being; and

in grateful recognition Camilla named her son after Julian, and this was his reward.

Then Lionel was brought back from his seclusion by the sea, where he had been living as a hermit; and Julian made a feast for him, a banquet so stupendous that it had no equal.

With lavish hand roses were strewn in garlands over the hall, and the table gleamed and glittered with gold and precious stones set in Venetian crystal. A huge portrait of Camilla,

draped in black, seemed to lend the presence of the original to the feast; and, when the guests had done, Julian rose to speak.

"It is a Persian custom," he began, "when greatest honor would be done a guest, to lay before him every treasure of the host."

He paused and all the guests applauded the idea; but Julian raised his hand for silence and went on.

"The custom carries further. When the guest is honored to the utmost, the host brings that which is thrice dearest to his heart. But first I ask a question.

"I knew a man who had been served for years by a faithful slave who, now grown old and weak, was thrust into the street to die. There came another man who pitied his estate, took him to his home and nursed him back to health. Now to which man—the one who cast him forth to die, or to the one who saved from death—did that old slave belong?"

Julian paused, and with his silence

the debate began. Some argued for the owner, but the rest pleaded for the man who had saved the slave's life, declaring that he who owned the slave had cast him aside as worthless while the other had beneficently rendered him of value.

At last they turned to Lionel, who was learned in law, and left the point to him.

"No point of law holds good," was his reply. "By all the claims of love and gratitude the slave belongs to him who saved—not to the one who cast away."

Julian smiled, and, turning to a friend, made sign to him to bring Camilla in.

She came, clothed as a bride with wondrous veil, and yet, unlike a bride, she bore the rosy infant in her arms. "Now are you fully honored," said Julian with a smile, "for you behold all that I hold most dear;" and with a courtly bow he led her to a chair beside Lionel.

A murmur of surprise swept over



JULIAN'S GIFT TO HIS GUEST.

the hall. She was so like her picture that some said that Camilla must have had a sister who had come to take her place; but others called her a cousin, and still others thought her some woman from a foreign clime whose marvelous likeness to Lionel's dead bride had led Julian to bring her to his home.

Questions came thick and fast, but Camilla made no reply, and when they asked her if she was dumb, it was Julian who answered for her.

"She is dumb because she stands, like that poor slave of whom we lately spoke, obedient to the master, who, by your own decree, has every right. Now shall I excel the Persian, for I

give, to my beloved guest, that which I hold most dear!"

Simply he told the story of his love for the foster sister that had shared his childhood days, told of the vision of the bells that had rang, first marriage, then death, and then joy again. Told of her trance, of his visit to the vault, of her return to life, the birth of her young son, and, then, rising, led to Lionel the bride he thought was dead.

And with the climax of the Golden Feast, Julian turned from the hall, with but a single friend, and then left the country, that he might not see the happiness he had so generously given back to his friend.



## The Picture Play as an Educator

By Ada L. Barrett

There is no doubt that the picture play has come to stay, and that it is destined to be one of the most potent factors in education. The stereopticon has long enjoyed the favor of both church and school, and the moving picture, its worthy successor, is peculiarly fitted to further the work of education in the simplest possible way. A picture speaks to all; it is a language understood by all; it requires no spoken or written words to be understood. Why is it that the moving picture shows are frequented by hundreds and thousands of persons of all ranks—the well educated as well as the most ignorant? Because, in the first place, the picture attracts the eye, and, by a quick succession of motions in that picture, the story is told. No words are needed; the story speaks for itself to everybody in the audience, whether they speak the language of the country or not.

A child is like a foreigner; he has to learn the history of his own country, and that of others. He will pore over

a history of the United States for a year, and by the end of that time he will have a confused knowledge of events jumbled together with dates which he only half remembers; but send him to a motion play illustrating that history, and he will come home impressed with what he has seen, and he will remember it. It is then he will be willing to go to dry history and study for himself. And why? Because he has an incentive to do so. The stirring scenes have been portrayed before him, and when he reads or studies that history, his mind's eye will see each scene vividly. The motion play, therefore, will not only prove a help to educators in fixing certain facts on the minds of their audience, but will also serve as a stimulant to further exertion, which would be entirely lacking otherwise. All children like pictures. Any child will pick up an illustrated book of study sooner than an unillustrated one, and that is why there is such a demand for illustrated books for children.

# A REPUBLICAN MARRIAGE

By Roy Mason

THE Countess Helène de la Croix swayed her slim body gracefully to the caracoling of her horse, while her cousin Cyril looked on admiringly. She was indeed fair to look upon with her white skin and great dark eyes, and the gaily clad group of servants riding at a respectful distance followed the glances of the young seigneur. It was early in the troublous year of 1789, the year of the fall of the Bastille. Sansculottism was flaming thruout the land, and the Republican guard was already organizing. But no trace of care appeared on the

lovely countenance of the fair Helène as she drew bridle at the cross roads which separated her estates from the municipality of Angers, Maine et Loire. That section of the country was comparatively quiet, and heard but subdued mutterings of the distant storm. As the lady hesitated over her choice of roads, a ragged peasant accompanied by two children, whose tattered garments scarcely concealed their nakedness, approached her prancing steed. He held a soiled paper, blackened at the folds, in his gnarled and knotted hands.



"IF THE GRACIOUS LADY PLEASES, THIS IS NAUGHT BUT A LITTLE PETITION WHICH GIVES US LEAVE TO ORGANIZE."

"If the gracious lady pleases," he ventured, "this is naught but a little petition which gives us leave to organize and defend our poor homes from the bandits. The lady's signature would carry so much weight——"

The young Countess shook her head impatiently.

"I tell you, Jacques," she replied, "as I have said to all of them, that you must depend upon us and the troops of His Majesty the King to keep peace in the land. What can a crowd of dirty peasants do against armed men? Once and for all, no!"

She put aside the paper disdainfully with her whip. The Countess must not be judged hard-hearted for a girl of twenty-two. The relations of the last bewildered immigrant who has been but ten minutes on our soil with the President of the United States are intimate compared to those between the French aristocrats of the Eighteenth Century and the peasants. The gulf between them was so vast that it is almost beyond the conception of the present world in which a man may aspire to anything. The young Countess spoke as she had been taught. It seemed to her an immutable law of nature. Her next words proved her kindness of heart.

"But, Jacques," she said gently, "you must clothe your children. They are in rags; they must be cold."

She took her purse from her girdle, and flung the peasant some silver coins. He grasped at them eagerly, and his look was grateful but still determined.

"The gracious lady is kind," he muttered stubbornly, "but I am but one whom you see. How shall the thousands you do not see clothe their children and guard their homes?"

He thrust the petition at her again, and even caught hold of a fold of her dress in his eager supplication. A wave of indignation passed over the Countess. She felt polluted by the plebeian touch. Angrily reining in her pawing horse, she gave him a swift cut with her riding-crop. The next minute she was vanishing in a

cloud of dust followed by her cousin and jeering servants.

The old man raised his knotted fist, and shook it in helpless imprecation.

"You are proud, my lady," he muttered fiercely, "but the time will come, the time will come!"

The Countess Helène rode blythely on, unconscious of the brewing storm. Already she had forgotten the additional straw that she had added to the smouldering flame of discontent. She was far more exercised when her handsome steed stumbled on a stone in the road. She pulled it up sharply, but when it moved again, it was with an obvious limp. A scarlet-coated equerry was at her side in an instant, examining the horse's feet.

"What is it, Jean?" she questioned sharply. "I never knew Reuil to stumble so."

"Alas, my mistress, the horse has cast a shoe."

The beautiful girl bit her lips with vexation.

"And we have not yet had a single gallop, cousin," she said. "Is there no blacksmith who dwells nearby?"

"Bernard le Fer is just across the river," said Jean. "He is a pretty hand at the forge and anvil."

"Come," said the Countess. "We will have our ride out yet."

Bernard le Fer was a magnificent "animal." He had not felt the pinch of poverty like the peasants about him, for in that age of iron when the chief arguments of mankind were swords and guns, he had no lack of work for his smithy. And in all the countryside none wielded the hammer as cunningly as he. Even in repose the great corded muscles stood out on his arms, bare to the shoulder, as he sat on a rock near his rude shed reading a book. For if he had not felt the pinch of poverty he had seen it and sympathized. Many a hard-earned penny had found its way from the pocket beneath his sooty leather apron to the grateful palms of his peasant neighbors. And great, inchoate thoughts were slowly trying to formulate themselves in his handsome head. Why all this inequality? Why should one per-

son be well fed and warmly clad while so many others went shivering and hungry? The book in his hand was helping him to formulate these thoughts, when he started up suddenly at the sound of the approaching cavalcade. Bernard bowed low, but not without a certain dignity.

The Countess scarcely nodded, and it was Jean the equerry who explained their predicament. Bernard turned silently to his bellows, as the company dismounted. The Countess strolled idly to the boulder where Bernard had been sitting, and picked up the book which lay upon its face. Her expression changed as she read the title. What right had this dull peasant to be reading *Le Contrat Social* of Jean Jacques Rousseau, the book which was known to be fanning the flame of discontent just as his bellows were making the fire leap up and up to a white and whiter heat? There was but one disposition to be made of it. She tore it across angrily with her slim white hands, and cast it in

ing forge. Perhaps the cords in Bernard's neck stood out a trifle more prominently. It may be that his muscles tightened. What can one tell about these surly peasants? But he made no other sign as he continued silently about his work.

"How dare you read that book?" exclaimed the Countess angrily.

His lowered eyes were raised to her face. They lit up with a strange, sudden glow like a faint reflection from the fires of his forge, but he answered never a word. Satisfied that his silence was due to fear, and content with the reproof that she had administered, the Countess turned to chat with her escort. Their conversation was punctuated with ringing blows on the anvil.

The horse was shod, and Bernard led it over to its mistress. She was seated on the bench beside the door, absently plucking the wild flowers which grew at her feet. She rose gracefully at his approach, tossed him a coin, and placed her slim foot in her



BERNARD TURNED SILENTLY TO HIS BELLOWAS AS THE COMPANY DISMOUNTED.

cousin's hand to mount. A few of the flowers were still clutched in her hand, but she tossed them lightly from her as she cantered away. Bernard stood looking after her for an instant. Then he stooped and snatched up the forsaken flowers.

"This is madness, madness," he muttered.

Nevertheless he crushed them to his lips, and then thrust them inside his tunic next to his mighty, laboring chest.

The Countess was destined never to complete her ride. The overcast sky had suddenly burst its bounds, and the rain descended and the winds blew, and the Countess took refuge in an old hunting lodge. Being a luxurious Countess, she dispatched her servants in the teeth of the storm to fetch her fresh raiment and food; and beguiled the time of waiting bandying idle pleasantries with her enamored cousin. The lightning still glared, and the rain continued to patter at the casements after their supper together, and the fair Helène pleaded fatigue, and withdrew to her room.

A more charming sight could scarce be imagined than Helène de la Croix in a lace negligée, lying indolently on the couch before the fire. Her dainty slippers peeped shyly from beneath the hem of her trailing wrap, and she held a book in her slim white hands. A gleam of amusement flitted across her countenance, followed by a tiny patrician yawn. She laid down the book, and closed her eyes. Outside the storm raged with unabated violence, but the Countess quietly slept. A vivid flash of lightning was followed by a thunderous crash. The little Countess slept peacefully on. A curl of smoke puffed in thru the half-open casement. Still the Countess slept.

On the lawn outside a fast gathering crowd of peasants were wildly gesticulating. Flames were bursting from all of the lower windows and mounting higher at every puff of the wind.

"She is there!" cried a peasant. "Our Countess is within!"

"None can save her," said another. "It is death to enter. Look!"

As he spoke, Cyril de la Croix burst thru the flaming door of the building. He was but half clad, and reeling blindly from the smoke; but as he ran he plunged frantically into his pockets, and brought forth his hands fairly dripping with gold coins.

"A hundred, a thousand, ten thousand Louis to him who will save my cousin," he clamored.

They drew back in affright, and no man answered him.

"Quick! Quick!" he begged. "I will make any man's widow rich. Cattle, will you let the Countess burn?"

"Go back and burn yourself," growled a peasant surlily.

Flying madly across the lawn with huge strides of his powerful legs came Bernard le Fer.

"Where is she?" he shouted as he came. "In God's name where is the little Countess?"

"Within! Within!" cried Cyril eagerly. "Ten thou——"

His words were lost to Bernard's ears. The blacksmith had dashed thru the crumbling doorway.

The little Countess awoke with a cough. Something seemed to be strangling her breathing. What was that! The room was filling with smoke. A forked flame leaped up opposite the casement as she struggled blindly to her feet. She staggered to the window, but the belching smoke drove her back toward the doorway. She parted the curtains, and a suffocating cloud overcame her. She reeled backward, and fell a limp heap across the couch.

In the smoke-filled doorway appeared a laboring Titan. Bernard dashed the scalding tears from his eyes with one brawny arm, and groped blindly forward. His hands touched the dress of the unconscious Helène. In an instant he had gathered her in his powerful arms. Once more he plunged blindly thru the billowing smoke, clasping close to his bosom the fair body of the lady who had disdained even to hand him a coin.

White with anger, and wild with





IN AN INSTANT HE HAD GATHERED HER IN HIS POWERFUL ARMS, AND ONCE MORE HE PLUNGED BLINDLY THRU THE BILLOWING SMOKE.

fear, Cyril volubly cursed the peasants about him. It seemed an age since the blacksmith had dashed thru the smoke into the doomed and tottering building. All at once a great shout went up from the peasants. Bernard stood swaying silently before them, a limp, white-clad body in his arms. With one last mighty effort he laid her gently in the arms of the crowding women. Then he sank senseless to the earth at their feet.

The sunlight was streaming in thru the lofty casements of the beautiful old Chateau de la Croix. The Countess Helène, still pale from her experience of the previous week, lay resting on a couch before the great fire-place. Her unusual pallor only served to accentuate her raven hair and dark lustrous eyes. As she lay quietly, her white costume relieved by the scarlet of the flowers at her breast, she was indeed a lovely vision. She glanced up languidly as a servant entered.

"It is the blacksmith, Madame la Comtesse, Bernard le Fer."

"Let him enter," said the Countess.

One of Bernard's mighty arms was swathed in the white of a linen bandage. He advanced thru the room with a bold, free stride that betrayed an equal absence of embarrassment or effrontery. The Countess extended the back of her hand, and he knelt and kissed it reverently. He did not speak till he stood again before her.

"I trust," said Bernard, with grave, inscrutable earnestness, "that Madame la Comtesse has somewhat recovered."

"I have to thank you," the Countess answered graciously, "for your great service in a time of grave peril. But have no fear. You shall be suitably rewarded."

She took a bag of gold from the table beside her, and proffered it to him with queenly dignity.

Something seemed to snap within the giant's chest, and release a torrent of pent-up feeling. A sudden madness fired his brain as he gazed at the beautiful girl before him. He drew himself up to his towering height, and gazed at her in silent refusal.

Surprise quickly followed by anger shone in the eyes of the fair Helène.

"What do you mean?" she demanded haughtily. "Do you wish me to remain indebted to one of your station?"

Then the pent-up flood overflowed the rigid barriers, sweeping caste and social distinctions aside, and leaving simply primeval man talking to the only woman.

"Station!" exclaimed Bernard le Fer. "Station!" His resonant tones rang thru the lofty hall-way. "Station! I am a man! What do I want with your paltry gold? It is I, now, who have given you life. Why, one of those flowers nestling at your bosom is worth ten million sacks of lucre! Give me a flower, and let me go forth with that as my only treasure!"

Helène started to her feet in outraged amazement. The thing would be ludicrous if it were not insulting. That he, a base-born peasant, should claim a flower from her breast! She recoiled with a look of unspeakable contempt.

"Yes, yes!" he exclaimed, "I see how you look at me! I read disdain in your beautiful eyes. But I am a man, I tell you, not a beast. I was created by the same great God as you! I have the same sorrows, thoughts, desires! Look!"

He impetuously plucked forth from his bosom a pitiful handful of faded flowers.

"Look! These are the flowers you cast carelessly aside at my very doorway a week ago! Day and night they have burned here against my bosom! I ask not for a thought, but for simply a flower! Give me only something you have worn since that time when I clasped you to my bosom. It is love, lady, love, and naught else that I bear for you! Give me a memory to feed it!"

As he paused in his outburst with heaving breast, the door opened quickly, and Cyril de la Croix entered. The sound of Bernard's passionate pleading had carried beyond the oaken door.

"Begone, sir!" the Countess com-



“BEGONE, SIR!” THE COUNTESS COMMANDED TO BERNARD.

manded to Bernard with a furious stamp of her tiny foot.

“Begone, sir!” furiously echoed Cyril.

The young noble advanced with upraised whip upon the unrecoiling blacksmith. A huge arm shot out from a powerful shoulder, and the whip was wrested from his grasp. Bernard broke it across like a slender plaything, and dashed it to the tessellated floor.

“I could break you as easily,” he

said contemptuously to the young nobleman, trembling with rage. “You slinking coward, were you the man who went to the rescue of this fair lady? Or were you the dog who cowered, whining outside, offering useless gold to the men about you? My God! You are too mean a thing for a man to soil his hands on!”

The instinctive training of the great lady came to the rescue of Helène de la Croix.

"Silence!" she commanded.

The two men stood glaring.

"Jean! Albert!" she called.

The two laquais entered at the summons, and Helène pointed to Bernard with a regal gesture.

"Take that man," she said, "and this bag of gold, and put them forth from the castle gate. Let him never set foot on these premises again."

The two laquais seized Bernard, and

thrust him from the room, and an ominous silence settled over the Countess and her cousin.

"Well, Helène," observed Cyril at last, with an attempted swagger, "I think that I must forbid your riding about the country in future. If you cannot go forth without inspiring passion in the rude tenantry, it is time that you became more secluded."

She gazed at him with withering scorn.



BERNARD NO LONGER EXERTED HIS ENORMOUS STRENGTH.

"How true were the words of that rude and base-born blacksmith!"

She turned her back, and paced slowly away from him.

In the meantime the servants had led Bernard to the gateway. He no longer exerted his enormous strength, and they found courage to taunt him and laugh sardonically as they thrust him forth into the dusty road. It was only when they threw the bag of gold coins after him that he turned on them in a sudden rage. Plucking forth a single coin, he pressed it madly to his lips; then took the bag and dashed it furiously against the gates. The coins scattered and rolled in front of the gateway, and ere the last had settled into the dust, Bernard was but a distant figure striding rapidly down the road.

The Bastille had fallen, and Marat had been assassinated. The King and Queen had been executed, and the Commune had been declared. The fair country of France was one bleeding, flaming, weltering terror. But Helène de la Croix still kept her state in her beautiful chateau on the banks of the Loire. She sat quietly writing at a table in the great hall of the chateau in the latter part of that terrible year 1794. The door burst suddenly open as she wrote, and two maids and a man servant rushed into the room.

"Madame, Madame!" they cried in terror. "Fly! Fly! We are discovered at last! The Girondists have not forgotten us!"

"Calm yourself, Amélie," said the Countess contemptuously. "You need have no fears while I am here to protect you."

"But, Madame——"

"Enough!" said the Countess. "I will hear no more of your silly terrors!"

As if in answer to her words her cousin Cyril rushed into the room. He was no longer the debonair, languid aristocrat, and his face was blanched with sickening fear.

"Read, Helène! Read!" he cried, as he cast a letter into her lap.

Helène de la Croix quietly unfolded the missive. In a hurried scrawl she read the words:

"The Revolutionists are advancing—murdering—burning and pillaging—fly for your lives—A Friend."

"An anonymous letter," said Helène contemptuously. "I have received many of them."

"But this one is true," pleaded Cyril in agony. "Last night I saw a glare in the East. To-night it will be this chateau which will feed the flames."

Helène drew herself proudly up. So regal was her pose that she looked taller than usual. Her cousin quailed before her commanding eye.

"Let them come," she said intensely. "Let them face a de la Croix, even if it be but a woman. You, Cyril, can go when you like. And I should not converse of fires, were I you. You did not distinguish yourself at the last one. Go! Take all the servants, and go! I shall remain in the home of my ancestors!"

"If you are a fool, I am not!" cried Cyril angrily. "Come Jean, Amélie, Heloise. We will leave your mad mistress to her predestined fate."

The cowering servants needed no second bidding. In an instant the Countess was alone in the room. She resumed her writing with a smile of contempt.

The hours dragged by in the all but deserted chateau, and still the Countess kept at her self-appointed task. Her friends in need of a word of comfort, and more substantial aid, were innumerable. A dull murmur in the courtyard grew and grew until the Countess paused in her writing. She listened intently for a moment.

"It is come," she said faintly, "and I am alone!"

The door burst inward with a thunderous crash, and burly, brutal Carrière, Carrière, the leader of the Republican forces, stood leering at her in the embrasure. A shout of execration and rage went up from the soldiers and peasants behind him. Helène rose, and faced the motley throng.

"May I ask," she demanded in a

calm, clear voice, "how you dare to intrude——"

Carrière was swept aside, and the mob came pouring into the room. Armed with guns, swords, clubs, meat-choppers, even hoes; they were dressed in every conceivable manner. In an instant men and women were busy with the sack of the castle. The silken hangings were torn from the walls, and the pictures came crashing down to the pavement. In the midst of it all

stood the Countess unmoved. Carrière was gazing at her with a sort of leering admiration. He signalled a soldier who presented a red cap of liberty on the end of his musket to the motionless woman. Before she had time to make a movement, there was a fresh influx of shouting men and women dragging her pitifully frightened cousin. His clothes were torn, and muddy, and wet, and terror was written upon his countenance.



SHE TORE THE TRI-COLOR SCARF ACROSS AND TRAMPLED IT BENEATH HER FEET.

"Make him salute the cap of liberty!" thundered the burly Carrière.

He roughly snatched a tri-colored scarf from one of his men, and presented it to the trembling Cyril. The latter louted low to the cap of liberty, and bound the scarf about his waist. A derisive cheer went up from the soldiery.

"And now the woman," Carrière commanded.

The soldier held up the cap before her as Carrière offered her a scarf. At last she changed from her rigid immobility. Snatching the scarf with her tiny fingers, she tore it across and trampled it beneath her feet. And she shook her white fist at the cap of liberty.

With a roar the mob surged upon her as she stood in silence, an empress defied. With something like fear they recoiled again as Bernard le Fer dashed in between. He thrust them like mannikins away from her, and turned upon the raging Carrière.

"Here," he said, pointing to the breast of his uniform, "is the medal I won at Valmy. Here is the ribbon I won at Jemappes. This cross I got at Valenciennes. That was when they made me a Sergeant. For all this I now claim my reward. Give me the life of this woman! I love her!"

Carrière laughed brutally in Bernard's face. He signalled the soldiery to seize the Countess Helène, but once again the huge blacksmith thrust them back. Tearing the tri-colored scarf from his waist, he placed himself at the Countess' side. Next came the medals, torn from his breast, and he trampled them savagely beneath his feet.

"That for Valmy, for Jemappes, for Valenciennes!" he cried. "A thousand devils take your Republic! If I die, I die with her that I love!"

At Carrière's signal the mob closed once more about them. There was a brief but violent struggle. Then Bernard in his tattered uniform, and the Countess in her silken gown were led forth from the room. The sack of the castle went merrily on.

From the window of the prison cell the guillotine could be seen rising gaunt and stark against the sere November trees. Bernard sat silently on a stool, and Helène de la Croix sat at the rough wooden table. No word passed between them as they waited the hour.

The door was flung open, and Carrière blustered in. A rough friendliness had superseded his former truculent violence. Bernard le Fer was a valuable man.

"Come, Bernard," he said to the latter who had risen, "come, old friend, I can still save you. See, here is a liberty cap. Put it on. It is your last chance."

He patted him clumsily on the shoulder.

"Come," he said. "For the last time, I offer you this cap. Will you come back to us?"

Helène de la Croix had raised her head. For the first time in her proud young life her eyes sought Bernard's. He never glanced at the proffered cap, but his eyes held hers for a long-drawn moment. His head was high and his attitude haughty, but there was that in his eyes that seemed seeking, seeking to read a meaning. Then he slowly shook his head.

"What!" snarled Carrière in fury. "What! You will not accept my offer? You prefer the woman?"

Bernard silently nodded, his voice drowned out by the roar of the mob that was raging outside. Carrière stepped to the open window, and gestured above their heads toward the guillotine.

"Choose," he said hoarsely. "Choose this cap—and me, or else this woman—and the guillotine! Which shall it be?"

For one instant Bernard shifted his eyes to Carrière's with an expression of supreme contempt. Then he pointed to Helène and the window.

"I will take love," he said, "—and death."

Some occult power she could not control brought the Countess Helène to her feet. Her pure white face shone with a holy light above her soiled and



“YOU ARE A MAN, BERNARD—I LOVE YOU!”

tarnished finery. And her soul looked out of her great dark eyes.

“Bernard,” she whispered, “Bernard!”

He started.

“Bernard,” she breathed, “you are a man! You are a man, Bernard, and—I love you!”

One breathless moment in which he thought that he had not heard aright, one century-long instant of hesitation; then his great arms went out to her. She lifted her face to him, filled with a

wondrous light, and he silently kissed her on the forehead.

“Fear not, *Helène*,” said Bernard tenderly. His great vibrant voice was changed to a cadence it had never known before. “Fear not, sweetheart. It is but an instant. And—we will go together!”

“Guard!” thundered *Carrière* in a burst of fury.

A minute later the cell stood empty. All was silent save the echoing feet of the tramping soldiery.





# AN AMERICAN COUNT



By Marie A. Rask

(From the Scenario of Arthur D. Hotaling)

CLARA BLAKEMAN was seated in her favorite nook in the bay window which overlooked the gardens of her father's splendid estate, a novel in her lap, and a half-empty box of chocolates on the table beside her. She gazed dreamily at the distant hills and the spires of the little city in the valley which glistened in the sunlight. She had tired of the novel, tired of the chocolates, and now she was tiring of the scenery, when a maid entered and handed her a letter.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, "it is from Paris; must be from Marguerite; how good of her to write so soon!" She quickly broke the seal and eagerly read:

"You'll never guess what I've got for you—something you have wanted all your life, a title. Don't marry Ralph Dexmore, for I've got you a Count. Just think of it, dear, a real, live Count! He's perfectly splendid, with the dearest, black mustache and beard, and twinkling eyes that move all around every way, so quickly one can never guess what he is thinking about. The photograph I send flatters him a little, but Paris photographers are all artists and therefore deceptive. With the exception of the Baron, the Count is really the most interesting man with a title I've met, and I'm going to send him to you for a Christmas present. Isn't that lovely? He's perfectly daft about you; asked so many questions the very first time he saw your picture—the one you had taken in fancy costume for the bazaar. He wanted to know if you were a danseuse, and if you were marriageable? Of course I told him

you were a charming dancer—don't be frightened, dear, you needn't dance for him. Tell him you've sprained your ankle recently. I told him your father had barrels of money, but not till I was sure he loved you, and I said that you wouldn't look at American men because they have no gallantry and didn't know enough to give a lady a seat in a street car. He just rolled his lovely eyes, clasped his hands and exclaimed, 'Mon Dieu! That so beautiful a Mademoiselle should suffer such indignity.' Wasn't that beautiful? Just imagine, if you can, Ralph Dexmore saying any such thing as that!

"And now he's coming over—to see you. You may expect him to follow this letter closely. Be sure to have Ralph out of the way before the Count de Barbes (that's his name) arrives and don't forget to time your arrival here so as to see me married to the Baron. He hasn't asked me yet, but anyone can see that he's desperately in love. I can imagine your excitement when you get this letter. Do write at once to your devoted Marguerite."

"Oh, the dear, sweet thing!" exclaimed Clara Blakeman, pressing the letter and the photograph to her heart. "I always said Marguerite was the most thoughtful girl in the world. I knew she would never be happy to be a Baroness unless I had a title, too."

"Some flowers, Miss Clara, from Mr. Dexmore."

The maid's announcement interrupted the train of Clara's thoughts. She, the promised wife of Ralph Dexmore, planning to be a Countess! And the

Count was even now on the way. How could she marry him if Ralph refused to release her? He was determined to have their wedding occur during the holiday vacation when the University boys could be present, but now she must destroy those plans.

"I don't want those flowers!" she cried, petulantly. "He had no business to send them." The little French maid gazed at her in amazement. "Take them away, Marie. I tell you I don't want them."

"But Miss——," began Marie, timidly.

Clara rose hastily. The picture of the beetle-browed, black bearded Count fell to the floor. Quickly Marie stooped to recover it, and as she did so her face paled and she suppressed an exclamation of surprise. Clara did not notice Marie's keen scrutiny as she respectfully handed back the picture. Instead, the glint of her own engagement ring caught her eyes, and brought back the memory of the evening Ralph had placed the ring on her finger. She must not encourage sentiment, however, and she reassured herself by recalling that the engagement was one of her father's choosing, anyway. He was always sounding Ralph's praises.

"I don't care what father says," she reflected, after the maid had left the room, "I'll not marry him. Oh, Count——," holding the picture of the Count at arm's length and gazing at it rapturously. "To think that I am really to be a Countess and have all the girls simply furious with jealousy!"

As she paced the floor she gazed with delight at her reflection in the mirror and reflected upon the charms of a diamond tiara.

"I can just see the society columns of the morning papers," she thought. "Another American Countess—Miss Blakeman now the bride of the Count de Barbès—wearing the family jewels of the house of Barbadoes, or something like that—at home in the Chateau Hobeau, or some other high-sounding name. Oh, I can't think of it another minute. It's too good to be true. I must read Marguerite's letter

again—why, where is that letter? I had it in my hand a minute ago. What did I do with it?"

Clara's room, always a scene of confusion, was a difficult one to search. It had a record for mysterious disappearances. Marie knew from experience the difficult problem of searching for any small article amid that miscellaneous collection of toilet accessories, breakfast trays, cushions, letters, flowers, furbelows and candy boxes. She knew, too, that the missing article always appeared eventually in the most unlikely place. She did not appear surprised, therefore, when she came, in response to Clara's impatient ring, and was asked if she had noticed what was done with a monogrammed letter written on pale blue paper.

But Marie had not seen the letter, she said. She looked quite frank when she said so. She was very sure she had not seen any letter. Miss Clara would remember that she had recovered the picture when it had fallen, but there had not been any letter, and of that she was positive.

And yet, the letter was missing.

"Oh, life is only a merry-go-round, a merry-go-round, a merry-go-round——," hummed Ralph Dexmore, as he stood before his dressing-table and carefully arrayed himself to appear with other members of the Alumni at the University Glee Club concert that evening.

"Strange that Clara didn't 'phone when she got those flowers. I put the note inside in plain sight. Told her I'd be there at 8 o'clock, sharp. It'll be a jolly shame if she's not ready. If I have to wait as long as I did the last time I'll appeal to the old man. The old fellow's all right. Says he'll take me into partnership after we're married—. What's the matter out there?" he shouted, as sounds of voices floated in from the hall.

"A messenger, sir," replied the respectful little Japanese who ministered to the wants of Mr. Dexmore. "He will not surrender the package but to yourself."

"All right, bring it here, boy—  
what's the duty?"

In the gladness of his heart Dexmore  
received everyone with equal gladness.

"Here, have a smoke, kid?" tossing  
a box of cigarettes toward the youth.

"Wait a minute until I see if there's  
an answer."

"Well, I'll be——," Dexmore didn't  
finish the sentence. He dropped into  
the nearest chair and gazed stupidly  
from the note in his hand to the round-



"A LITTLE MORE TO ONE SIDE, PLEASE!"

shouldered youth so intent upon lighting a cigarette. "It's all right—there's—no—answer," he said, slowly. Then, rising angrily, as the Japanese reappeared at the door, "Clear out, will you?—both of you!"

Ralph Dexmore never wasted much time in anger or ill-temper. He gazed at the small ring which had fallen into the palm of his hand as he unfolded the note, and by the time he was ready to give the latter a second reading there was an expression of hope and of determination on his face. "While there's life there's hope. Life is only a merry-go-round, anyway," he murmured, as he read the note for the second time:

"My dear Mr. Dexmore: All is over between us. I have found out my mistake. I can never marry you and I return your ring. Fate never meant that I should wear it. Try to forget me, and I will remember you always.—Clara."

Five minutes later the impetuous Ralph Dexmore entered Clara's sitting-room without being announced.

"For heaven's sake, Clara, what is all this nonsense about?" he cried.

It was at the very time he had been expecting to sit, with Clara beside him, within the charmed circle of the Alumni at the concert.

Tho taken unawares, Clara was at her best. She was stately. She was awe-inspiring.

"It means," she replied, "exactly what I wrote to you. Everything is over between us. I was foolish ever to think that I loved you. I have learned my mistake——"

"Nonsense, Clara, listen to me!" cried Dexmore. "Surely we have known each other long enough. Ever since we were children we have been sweethearts. You don't mean to say you're going to throw me over, now, for someone else. Tell me, there isn't anyone else, is there, dear?"

"You mustn't call me that, Mr. Dexmore. It is not proper. I am not in a position to accept any attentions from you, whatever. You are not my

ideal, that is all. You are too plain an American——"

"What? An American!" Dexmore gasped with astonishment. "What in thunder else would I be? My grandfathers helped to establish this glorious republic. I thank the good old boys that I *am* an American. You don't mean to say that you've gone back to your old craze for titled, chin-whiskered dudes from the other side—— Ye gods, how silly you are! A girl of seventeen ought to have better sense by this time."

Dexmore flung himself into an easy-chair and gazed almost contemptuously at the beautiful object of his affections. And just then an idea, almost an inspiration, began taking root in his troubled mind. Clara moved serenely over to the window. She did not sit. Her gown was new and it was hobbled. "Hobbles are so tight over here," Marguerite had written, "that the ladies make no attempt to sit down." And was not the Count coming from the other side? Clara was practicing for the Count.

"You are ill-mannered," she flashed. "You have no dignity—no gallantry. You don't know how to make love to a girl. You send your flowers by a dirty-faced messenger. You don't present them yourself. You lounge in a chair and talk about a ball game or some silly mandolin players in a glee club. You have no romance, no poetry, no imagination."

Clara had not studied elocution at boarding school for nothing. She did her little part very nicely. Her pose was good and her intonation perfect. The effect was not lost on Dexmore.

"You're a good thing," he exclaimed, abruptly. "That style becomes you immensely. I tell you, Clara, you'd be a dazzler, with a pearl necklace and a few diamonds sprinkled around on you promiscuously, and a title to your name."

Clara started at this unexpected impudence. Dexmore's countenance was inscrutable, almost humorous. She was puzzled. Evidently he did not mean to be offensive, she thought. But

her sudden start was not lost upon Dexmore. His inspiration had developed simultaneously with Clara's oratory. He rose, very seriously. Clara wondered at his sudden change.

"Then I suppose, Miss Blakeman," he said, gravely, as he turned to the door, "I must submit to your judgment. I am a plain American. I have no whiskers, and no manners. I apologize for my presence here this evening."

As he left the room Clara turned quickly as if to follow him; then, recollecting herself, she resumed her position at the window, and later wondered why she did not see him pass down the steps.

In the library where Colonel Blake-man was smoking, stood Marie, very nervous, very much inclined to tears. Fear of a stern master had caused her to betray her young mistress.

"You're sure you have made no mistake?" said the Colonel.

"Quite sure, sir," answered Marie. "There is no mistake. I would know

the face anywhere—anywhere," she repeated, with a sweeping gesture.

"Then fetch me the letter." The Colonel was a man of few words.

"That's all. I'll excuse you, now. Remember to say nothing about this to anyone," he remarked, between puffs at his cigar, after Marie had returned and placed the letter in his hand. "But wait—where's that photograph? On her desk? All right, that's all I want to know." The Colonel tossed his cigar away as the door closed behind the girl. Rising, he began to stride up and down the room with the letter in his hand, when a knock sounded at the door. He did not have time to answer it.

"Good evening, Colonel, may I come in?"

It was Dexmore's voice. The Colonel chuckled. "Well, you've come at an opportune time," he said. "Read that," thrusting a blue, monogrammed letter into Ralph's hand.

"Marguerite Bristol is about the nearest approach to a fool of any



woman I ever met," remarked Dexmore, as he finished reading the letter and flung it on the table. "Have a cigar, Colonel?"

"Thanks, my good fellow," said the Colonel, helping himself to a perfecto; "and now, what are you going to do about it?"

"Do?" echoed Ralph, "why, I'm going to wait until that blooming Frenchman gets here, and then I'll make his life so miserable for him that he'll wish he'd never set foot in America. I'll wager any amount he's an imposter and a mere heiress seeker."

For a moment both men smoked their cigars in silence. Then the Colonel suddenly sprang to his feet.

"I've got it—I've got it!" he exclaimed so suddenly that Dexmore ran toward him fearing an attack of illness. But the Colonel was never more vigorous. He slapped Dexmore soundly on the shoulder as he continued his exclamations. "I've got a scheme that will sidetrack that foreigner before he ever gets started," he chuckled, as he hurried from the room. When he returned he had a photograph with him. There was a brief, low-toned conversation; and the inquisitive maid, listening at the keyhole, heard something about "disguise" and "costume," but could make nothing of it. Then the two men went out into the hall, put on their coats and hats and hurried from the house.

"A little more to one side, please. There, that will do. Just a moment, gentlemen, until I touch up that left eye-brow. Now, will the gentleman kindly smile while I make the comparison?"

The gentleman with the beetle brows and curling mustache smiled obediently.

"It is perfect!" exclaimed the first speaker, with a sigh of satisfaction, as he held a photograph at arm's length and critically compared it with the subject before him. "If the gentleman is satisfied, I trust he will be so kind as to recommend me——"

"Recommend?" interrupted the voice of the third person in the small

room. "If the scheme goes thro we'll recommend you as capable of transforming Old Nick himself. Here, is that enough?" And the Colonel handed a generous bill to the urbane costumer. Then, turning toward the counterpart of the picture, "Now, Count What's-your-name, get yourself together and we'll hunt up a hotel."

The two disappeared down the steps, and the costumer returned to his work.

The morning papers next day announced the arrival of the Count de Barbes, of Paris, and that afternoon the titled foreigner presented himself at the Blakeman residence. He carried a bunch of gardenias. He presented them to the fair Clara on his bended knees. He arose, he struck an attitude, he posed, and he stroked his Van Dyke beard at frequent intervals. His eyes, like those of the poet's lay, were "in a fine frenzy rolling." His fine speeches found ready ears, but the pretty little heiress wondered why the Count did not look her directly in the face; but she remembered that all geniuses must have their eccentricities.

At the earliest moment, a few days later, when she was free from engagements, and the lively courtship had progressed amazingly, she wrote to Marguerite:

"My dearest girl: He's come. He's here. He's perfectly splendid—as a Count, you know. Of course, he's not so good looking as Ralph, but his gallantry is that of an angel. Such candor—such ardor—such devotion! He hadn't been in the drawing-room half an hour before he told me that I was the fulfillment of the dream of his life; and he said that when he saw that picture of me he knew the face, instantly, as the one of his dreams. He says he will die if I don't marry him at once, and, will you believe it?—father has given his consent! I had hoped to have a church wedding and a long list of foreign guests, but we'll have to give it up. It is all so sudden I don't know whether to laugh or cry. I wish he was better looking. I'm glad he isn't a little man, tho, as I thought he was, from your letter. He's fully

as tall as Ralph. Sometimes he almost reminds me of Ralph. Poor fellow! He was in a dreadful state of mind when I broke the engagement. He hasn't been near the house since, and I haven't had the heart to laugh for a week. I'm just dying to see you. A few days more and I shall be on the way—and the Count with me. I do hope I'll be happy. Being a Countess is a dreadful responsibility, but I dare say I shall get used to it. Believe me, always your loving and grateful, Clara."

"Will Mademoiselle—the joy of my heart—my bride so beautiful—come now? Ah, it eez such honour for me, such bleez—such rapture—that Mademoiselle bestows upon me her hand. Permit me that I give myself ze pleasure of placing ze gift of ze great House of de Barbes upon eets future mistress."

The bridegroom had come for his bride. The future countess bent her lovely head that the dainty necklace might be fastened around her throat.

The bridesmaids, with their bunches of roses held with military precision, crowded forward. The matron of honor, with her picture hat and willow plumes, pressed as near as the brim of it would permit. In the general stir Clara could not notice that the necklace boasted of but one gem and that it was set in the back of a locket. Neither did she notice the quick look of understanding which passed between the young men, class mates of Ralph's, who, in view of the Count's lack of American acquaintances, Colonel Blake-man had asked to attend him at the marriage.

The Colonel, in a great state of excitement, was everywhere, anxious that everything should be perfect, that nothing should be forgotten and, what puzzled Clara more than anything else, greatly concerned lest there be any delay and the minister be kept waiting.

"Come, Count, come," he called; "keep the fine speeches until after the wedding. My motto is never to delay.



"I AM ZE COUNT!"

Seize happiness while you can. There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip, you know."

To Clara the words sounded ominous. She forgot to be stately. She commenced to be tearful. Something, she did not know what, reminded her of Ralph. It seemed strange to see all the familiar faces and his not among them.

"I'm frightened, father," she whispered. "Somehow, I don't feel a bit like being a Countess."

"Nonsense," laughed the Colonel. "You wouldn't want to show the white feather now, would you? Think of the Count's beautiful manners."

"Yes, father, the Count is—oh, that beard—that mustache—those eyes!—I can't get used to them. He looks so black. He frightens me sometimes. He never laughs. He just talks love, love, love, and sometimes he is really fierce."

The Colonel tried hard to conceal his amusement. "Oh, pshaw!" he exclaimed, "you're nervous, that's all. The fellow is all right. I never saw a foreigner I liked so well. You'll get over your stage fright after the ceremony is over. Now, are we all ready?" turning to the waiting line of bridesmaids and ushers; "then let's start."

The Count, attended by a stalwart member of the 'Varsity football team, was waiting, with the minister, before a bower of palms. The bridal party took their places and the ceremony commenced.

"I take thee, Clara——"

The voice sounded suspiciously like Ralph's. It was ominous. Clara trembled. Her own replies became almost inaudible. She was almost repentant and she could hardly suppress the tears. But the minister was steadily proceeding with the solemn service and the stillness was intense. Suddenly there seemed to be some confusion outside, in the hall. The benediction was almost hurried. As the final words were spoken the Colonel quickly stepped forward, grasped his new son-in-law's hand, and fondly kissed the bride.

Congratulations were in order, and the crowd pressed forward.

"Rah, rah," commenced the college men, who had been let into the secret, but there was a sudden scattering of the guests.

A short, black-bearded, mustached, wild-eyed individual dashed into the room.

"Stop it—stop it——!" he cried, breathlessly. He waved his hands wildly. He tore his hair and beat his breast. "Eet eez ze mistake terrible. I am ze real Count. Eet eez intrigue. Parbleu! Ze villain——!" he fairly squealed, in a high falsetto, pointing toward the towering bridegroom.

One of the bridesmaids screamed. The matron of honor giggled.

"Take him away—take him away," moaned poor Clara, hiding her face against her husband's arm. Down on his knees went the little, impecunious Count. He told of his love—his hopeless passion. He implored mercy.—In vain the Colonel thundered his commands. The guests inclined to think the scene a special vaudeville arranged for their entertainment, were convulsed with laughter.

"Ze petite danseuse," screamed the little man, stretching his arms adoringly toward the bride.

"Cut it——" roared the newly-made benedict.

"You villian—knave—you——" with a scream of rage the infuriated Count leaped toward his successful rival. Then there was something like a football scrimmage and the real Count quickly found that he was no match for the bogus one.

"Ze gendarmes, ze gendarmes——" screamed the fallen one, struggling to his feet and again making frantic attempts to reach the bridegroom.

That gentleman seemed to be enjoying the situation immensely.

"I—I am ze Count de Barbes!" shrilled the little man, hopping about and looking not unlike a lively ape. "I come for the danseuse. She must be mine— Oh, Mon Dieu! Ze barrels of monee——"



Just then another personage suddenly appeared upon the scene.

"Pierre, Pierre——"

The voice was that of Marie, the maid. She had entered with the other servants during the confusion. At the sound of her voice the little man turned, and at sight of Marie he started violently.

"He is not a Count!" cried Marie. "He is a thief—a rogue, to desert me in Paris——"

"You scoundrel!" exclaimed Ralph.

"Put him out!" "Kick a goal with him!" came from all sides.

"Throw him out!" ordered the Colonel. There was a rush of football ushers and servants.

Still shrieking wildly, kicking, biting and struggling, the noble scion of the House de Barbes was thrown bodily into the street.

All this time poor Clara stood as one dazed, but she clung closely to her husband. Then the Colonel sprang forward, seized the hair and whiskers of the bridegroom and revealed the handsome face of Ralph Dexmore.

"Cheer up, Clara," he said, "your husband is an American citizen!"

Of course, Clara was amazed as well as delighted, and with a glad cry she threw herself into the arms of her husband.

As the guests trooped merrily into the supper room, Ralph slipped his arm tenderly around his bride and kissed her ready lips.

"Are you sorry it wasn't the Count de Barbes you married, dear?"

"Oh, Ralph, can you ever forgive me?" was the almost tearful reply. The Colonel, coming suddenly upon the scene as the pledge of forgiveness was given, extended his hands in mock solemnity, saying:

"Will the company please sing the Marsellaise—America—and the Union Forever?"

"Nothing French," laughed Clara. "Nothing foreign. I shall be quite satisfied with America," but the words were drowned amid a shower of rice and a truly American noise that had its beginning and end in a vigorous "Rah, rah, rah!"



"YOUR HUSBAND IS AN AMERICAN CITIZEN!"



# Editorial



## PROEM.

If "'tis true that a good play needs no prolog," it is equally true that a good magazine needs no introduction, but perhaps a word of explanation would not be amiss.

THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE is neither more nor less than it pretends to be. Its purpose is to tell the story of life, past and present, by means of that greatest of mirrors, and the most permanent,—the picture.

The moving pictures are the books of the masses; and, as we say in our graphic slang, they have come to stay. Nothing in ancient or modern times has taken such a hold on the public, and the reason is not hard to find; for does not the moving picture combine all those virtues and characteristics which the people demand for their profit and amusement? Does it not depict The Passing Show right up to the minute, and reveal human nature and human life as it was, as it is, and as it should be? Does it not supply at once, entertainment, education, culture, and gratification of all the faculties and emotions? Does it not take its lawful place beside its sisters, poetry, drama, literature, painting, sculpture, architecture and music, and form a staff of support for them all?

Some of the famous moving picture plays have been indelibly imprinted on the memory, but we believe that a magazine like this is needed to make more permanent the leading scenes and characters, to serve as a memorial to the artists as well as to the art, and, in general, to add to the budget of human enjoyment—to charm, instruct and entertain.



One advantage of the motion picture over the theatre play is in the variety of the scenery and the facility with which it can be changed. At the theatre we seldom see more than three scenes, and we are obliged to wait several minutes to see even these; while at the moving picture plays, we may see a hundred in one piece, without losing a minute of our time and without losing a bit of action. Besides this, the limited space on the theatre stage makes elaborate scenery impossible, whereas the picture play often presents real instead of painted scenery.

To imitate, as Aristotle observes, is instinctive to the human race, and from clever imitation all men derive a certain pleasure. That is why, for three thousand years, the drama has been to the world one of its greatest sources of entertainment, culture and education. Indeed, "The play's the thing," but not necessarily the spoken play. Gesture and facial expression are more eloquent than words. The eyes can speak as well as the lips, "Actions speak louder than words." And not only this, for all the world loves a picture, and that is why the moving picture has come into such unprecedented popularity. By Theophile Gautier it has been well remarked that the skeleton of every good drama is a pantomime, although the bones that form it must be covered with the living flesh of poetry.

The moving pictures not only imitate; they interpret human life. No painter can paint with the hand what the motion picture spectator can see with his eye.

As Cowper observes, "Blest be the art that can immortalize—the art that baffles time's tyrannic claim to quench it." And what better accomplishes this than the moving picture? It puts in permanent form the history of to-day for the scholars of to-morrow. It sketches life, customs, habits and character as no words can do. It makes an accurate record of times present, and brings us into more intimate relations with times past.



A famous preacher recently said that he believed more good was done to the boys by the moving picture plays than by the churches. "You can teach a boy a lesson," said he, "in Sunday-school, but he is not interested, and, if he listens at all, he soon forgets what he has learned; while the lesson of the moving picture is not only intensely interesting, but it has a dramatic and lasting effect on the boy. If I could select my own pictures, I believe I could reform any bad boy."



The first dramatic representations known in Europe were devotional pieces, acted by the monks, in the churches of their convents, representative of the life of the Saviour and of His apostles. The drama has long since passed the time when it was used for religious or even for moral purposes, yet the motion picture play has come, and we frequently see plays in illustration of Bible stories and of other moral truths.



The picture play has been a God-send to those who have been complaining of bad acoustics in the theatres, and of actors with poor enunciation or bad elocution. And we must not forget that there is in every community a considerable number who are hard of hearing, or even deaf.



(NOTE.—The writer of these notes has been a regular patron of the Motion Picture Plays since they were first publicly shown, and during the last three years he has made it a practice to visit at least seven different Picture Theaters each week. That is his way of studying human nature. Not all of his comments were inspired by the Photo Plays, perhaps, and it may be that the lessons and morals he has drawn are at variance with the intentions of the authors of those silent dramas, and with our own ideas; yet so unique and interesting are his deductions, that we shall publish each month, in this department, a few of the aphorisms and epigrams of The Photo Play Philosopher.—THE EDITOR.)



Watching, one afternoon, the play of expression on the innocent face of a little girl while fondling a beautiful collie dog in the photo-play, "Jean and the Waif," the philosopher, bowed with the weight of years, realized more keenly than ever how sublime and beautiful is childhood, and how odious is the comparison between some men and a noble and intelligent dog.



☐ The face is the most expressive and distinguishing part of our anatomy; otherwise, when we visit the photographer, we would have a picture taken of some other part.



☐ The passion for flattery (appreciation) is as natural and as common as the sands upon the seashore.



☐ When animals and children do not like you, it is time you took an inventory of character. The instinct of animals and children are sometimes more discriminating than the intelligence of men.



☐ All men do not see alike. All men do not think alike. All men do not hear alike. All eyes, brains and ears are different.

☐ Are there not very few things in this world worth getting angry about? Anger does no good, and it does a whole lot of harm, both to the person angered and to the person angered at. The cause of anger is ignorance of human nature. When we are lifting a heavy weight, we do not get angry, because we expected it to be heavy. But when we come across the work of a destructive child, or of a selfish friend, or of a dishonest employe, or of a lazy servant, we lose our temper; why?—are not these to be expected? Do we forget the weaknesses and frailties of human nature? If we know them, we should expect their manifestations occasionally, and while they may give us pain, they should not steal our equipoise. We may reprimand, or punish, but we may not lose our temper at what we are bound to expect all thru life.



☐ Good readers of the countenance are seldom cruel; animals have no countenances, hence, our cruelty to them.



☐ The critical eye and the critical attitude are worthy things to possess, but they often make the owner unhappy as well as everybody else. They are useful and necessary, however, because the world would hardly progress were it not for the grumblers and critics. Discontent is the mother of progress, and the critical eye points the way to perfection. But, would it not be just as well if we could sharpen our eyesight for the virtues of others, and sometimes forget their faults? Some persons refuse to give credit till forced to by overwhelming evidence of merit. These persons are constantly on the outlook for defects, and they pass over the merits, as flies do our good parts only to light on our sores. A magnifying glass brings up the good as well as the bad, but the critic magnifies only the bad.



☐ Love, laugh and live while you are here, for there is no telling what you will be doing hereafter. And while you are at it, remember that there are others.



☐ As all evils look worse by anticipation, so do all troubles seem greater till we meet them face to face.



☐ We like him best who likes us. Our hearts harden against those who underrate us.

¶ Our young people are taught lots of things in school which may or may not be of advantage to them when they grow up, but there is one subject which would be of far greater value, and it is not taught in any school or university in the world—the study of human nature. If we knew the human heart, if we knew the passions of humanity, their desires, their joys, their sorrows, their needs, virtues, weaknesses and vices, how easy it would be to make a living and to do good! If we were to open a store in a certain neighborhood, we would know just what to sell and at what price; if we were to open a theater, we would know just what plays to produce; if we were to make application for a job, or for a contract, or for patronage of any kind, we would know just what was wanted, and could conduct ourselves accordingly. The lawyer addressing a jury asks himself, What will they say to this line of defense? The politician or office seeker inquires, How will the people take this or that attitude? The journalist or novelist wonders, How will the readers like this or that policy? In short, if we knew just what was in the other fellow's mind, we would have no difficulty in pleasing him, and if we can please, we will never want for a means of making a living. At present, we have no way of learning the human heart except in the school of experience, and in this school there are very few graduates, and myriads who never pass their examinations, as shown by the courts of bankruptcy. Cannot some man write a text book on *Human Nature*? The next best thing to a text book, is a picture play.



¶ Prurient prudes, feline fossils, and sanctimonious sciolists, all are opposed to the moving picture shows. They were once opposed to cards, to dancing and to the theater, till they found that opposition was useless.



¶ Everyone who has a self is selfish, and cannot help looking at all things from his own point of view.



¶ Having reached the age when animal passions begin to subside, when the fleshpots of Egypt are not so tempting, when the venom of your brute nature commences to turn into the milk of human kindness, when you have learned to realize the unwisdom of your youth, when your prejudices have been outgrown and your superstitions explained away—then you may safely announce that at last you have grown up into a full-sized, well-balanced, equipped *Man* whose opinions and decisions are worth while

*To the Editor:*

I came across a copy of your magazine, and to say that I was delighted does not express my satisfaction. I am glad to see that the one-time prejudice against the much-reviled photoplay is rapidly dying out. The feeling against it has given place to one of entire approval and endorsement from all ranks. The managers of these motion picture houses very soon realized that the public wanted good, clean, and instructive, as well as amusing shows, and have devoted themselves, with praiseworthy energy, to the improvement of the scenarios, pleasing all tastes, and raising the general standard of photoplays. To such an extent has this been done that the best known educators and clergymen are now, not only in favor of, but are actually using them in the churches and educational institutions. The possibilities of these photoplays are infinite and can be adapted to suit the needs of church, school and university, as well as mere amusement seekers, with equal facility, while for those wishing a vivid representation of a Shakespearian drama or of the latest production of the theatrical boards with real scenery, there is an unlimited choice.

Any Sunday-school teacher finds it easy to teach from pictures, and any clergyman knows that if he announces that a moving picture exhibition will be given in the parish house, that the building will be filled on that date. These lifelike presentations impress children and young people very vividly. The moving pictures convey a dramatic realization to the child; he sees the characters he has been taught to revere, in their best and most natural lights, as they actually were in life, and the persons he has been taught to despise, with all their evil qualities. The characters being vividly portrayed before him, he can see their faces, their expressions, and therefore *sees* the reason for his approval or disapproval. He can *see* the justice in it, and if he cannot, he will use his reason and find out the cause. At all events, these pictures make him think as nothing else

could, and he will know what he is believing and why he believes it. The characters on the pictures carry their own conviction, for "Seeing is believing." Good luck to the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

Columbus, Miss., Jan. 25, 1911.

J. S. LANGDON.

*To the Editor:*

Allow me to compliment you on the first number of your magazine which came to our home last Saturday. We have all read it thro, and I believe it has a great future. So have the moving pictures, from which your stories and pictures appear to be taken.

The photoplay furnishes the poorer classes with a great deal of innocent enjoyment, and, for the thousands of persons who can rarely afford to go to a theatre, it is an especial boon, affording, as it does, an inexpensive method of seeing the actual representation of plays actually portrayed at the theatres.

It is interesting to observe the wide variety of the individuals who patronize the photoplay house. The tired business man, the harassed physician, the wearied shopgirl, the worried mother with two or three children, the alert lawyer, are familiar figures in these places. They can be seen entering the building with the traces of care and worry only too apparent on their faces, and presently coming out with a lighter step and bright face, temporarily cheered, at least, and betrayed into a momentary forgetfulness of their troubles. The motion play seems to be the panacea for the mental ills of a vast number of persons, and that it has met with the decided approval of all ranks of society is evidenced by the photoplay houses that are springing up with mushroom-like rapidity all over the country. As an educator and promoter of innocent and inexpensive pleasure, the photoplay certainly occupies a desirable and unique position in modern civilization, and I believe your magazine will fill a long-needed want.

Camden, N. J., Jan. 24, 1911.

CLARA M. TURNBULL.

# The Motion Picture Story Magazine

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## A N N O U N C E M E N T S

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**A**MONG the features that will appear in the April issue are: **AGE** versus **YOUTH**, by Roy Mason, whose splendid story, "A Republican Marriage," appears in the present number. This is an interesting story of Wall street, in which the principal character falls in love with the daughter of his business rival.

**THE STORY OF ESTHER**, by Montanye Perry, author of "Herod and the Newborn King," which story, of its kind, has perhaps never been equalled.

**SENSATIONAL LOGGING**, by Marie L. Rask, author of "An American Count." This story is as instructive as it is interesting and exciting.

**SLEEP, GENTLE SLEEP**, by La Touche Hancock, the well-known writer of humorous stories and verses. This is just the story to drive dull care away.

**THE COUNT AND THE COWBOYS**, by S. N. Aye, a real western story, told in real western style, with a laugh in every paragraph.

**THOMAS A BECKET**, by Luliette Bryant; a story from history, but none the less fresh, for it is told in charming style.

**THE GAMBLER'S END**, by John J. a Becket, whose reputation as a writer is sufficient guarantee of the quality of this interesting story.

Also an **EASTER STORY**, a poem, notable scenes from photo-plays, and the usual features.

This is only a part of the good things to be found in the April issue, and all will be profusely illustrated with engravings taken from photos of the Motion Picture films. Also, many portraits of leading picture players, a feature that will make this magazine almost a necessity to the Motion Picture public.

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## COMING

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A poem by **WILL CARLETON**, one of the world's greatest living poets, entitled "The Two Lessons," (at the Moving Picture Hall), with portrait and facsimile signature of the author.

This poem was written expressly for this magazine, and will appear in the May number.

Another surprise—a poem by **EDWIN MARKHAM**, who became world-famous as the author of "The Man With the Hoe," and whose many subsequent poems have fully sustained his great reputation. Mr. Markham has kindly promised our readers a poem, and it will soon be announced.

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*N.B.—The February issue of this magazine is exhausted, and no copies can be had at any price. Readers are now advised to send in their subscriptions early, because, from present outlook, the 100,000 copies to be printed of the March issue will soon be sold.*

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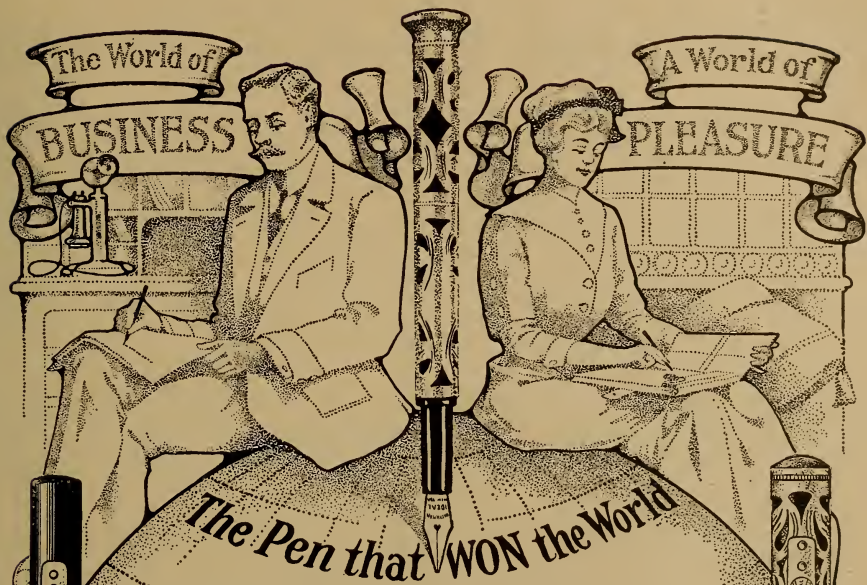
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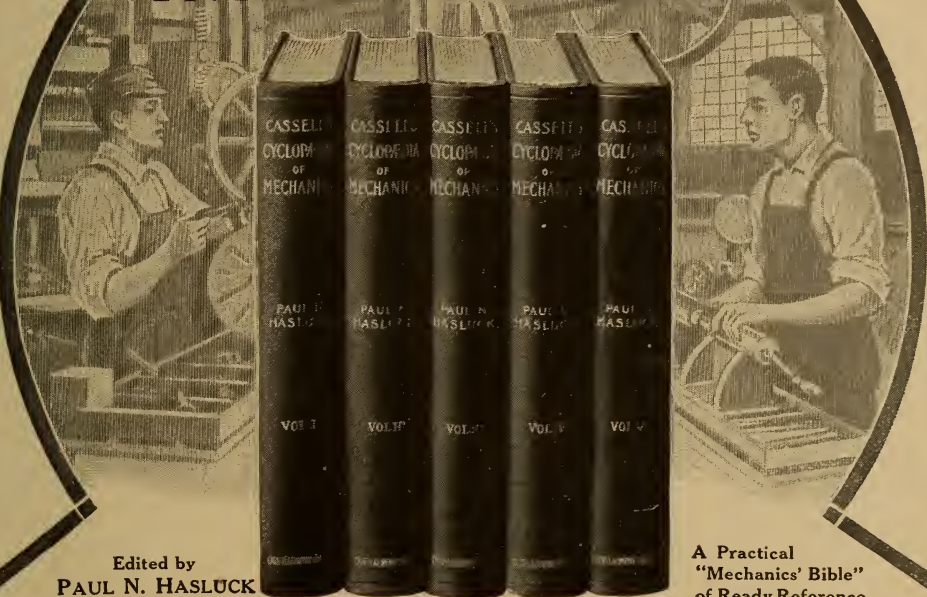
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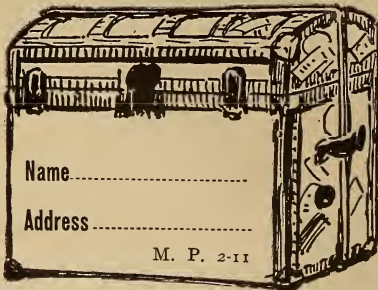
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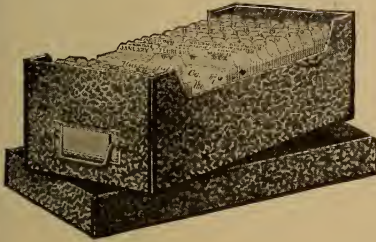
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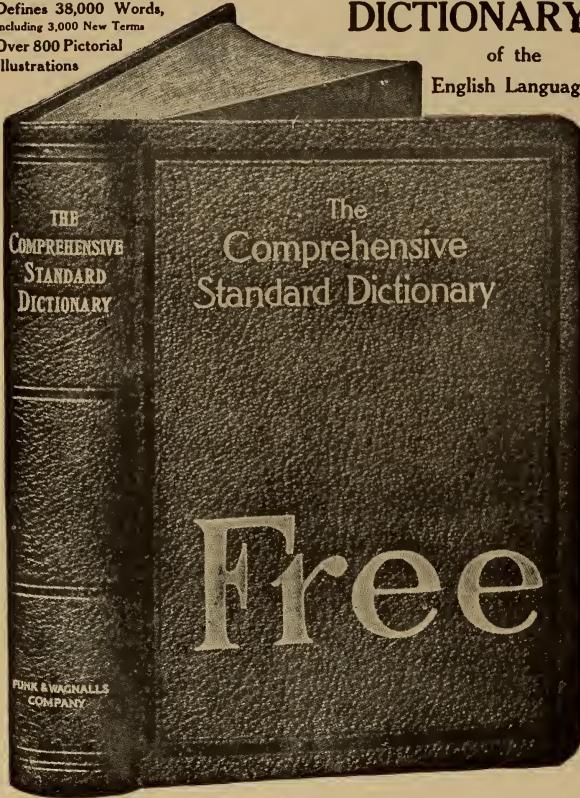
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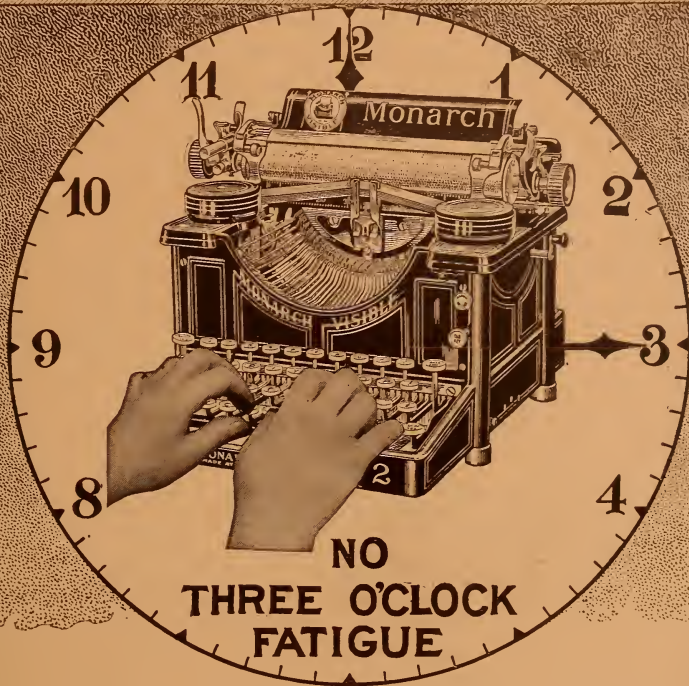
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WORKING IN THE ROCKIES

# The Motion

# PICTURE STORY

# Magazine



APRIL



FIFTEEN  
CENTS



Scene from  
Dickens'

PUBLISHED FOR THE PUBLIC

Tale of  
Two Cities



MISS GENE GAUNTIER, KALEM

Among picture artists Miss Gene Gauntier has deservedly gained a most prominent position. A host of admirers have been won by her charming portrayal of roles, many of which were her own creation. With grace and cleverness she adapts herself equally well to a great variety of parts, some of which have been enacted on two continents. Many scenarios have been written by her, with parts self assigned, which in many instances required real bravery in execution. "Sailor Jack's Reformation" and "The Fiddle's Requiem" are two popular picture plays of which Miss Gauntier is the author and in which she played a leading part, and she is also author of the story, "Sailor Jack's Reformation," which appears in this number.

GALLERY OF PICTURE PLAYERS



MISS RITA DAVIS (LUBIN)



MISS KATHRYNE WILLIAMS (SELIG)



MISS JENNIE NELSON  
(LUBIN)



MISS LAURA SAWYER  
(EDISON)





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FLORENCE  
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MELLE GISELE GRAVIER



MISS ALICE DONAVAN



CHARLES OGLE

(ESSANAY)  
(ESSANAY)

(GAUMONT)  
(EDISON)



G. M. ANDERSON (*ESSANAY*)

One of the youngest men in the moving picture world, yet one of the oldest in the industry, is G. M. Anderson, who first became prominent as a photoplayer, then as a director, then as a playwright, and finally as a manufacturer. He seems to succeed equally well in all that he undertakes, and he is recognized as one of the strongest players in the business.

# The Motion Picture Story Magazine

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VOL. I. No. 3

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ON THE BATTLEFIELD.

not until 1864, when Sheridan was sent into this land flowing with milk and honey, was the importance realized of devastating this region and making it impracticable for the Confederates again to undertake to make excursions into Maryland and Pennsylvania, at so long a distance from their base of supplies. Sheridan made it impossible for them to subsist upon the country.

It was a sad piece of business, this conflict of brother against brother, a struggle to the death in which the South consecrated its noblest sons, and, before the war ended, had literally robbed the cradle and the grave. The men at the front were diverted by the daily routine of camp and march or the terrible ordeal of actual combat; but what praise shall be accorded the heroic women who yielded, with unsurpassed fortitude, their husbands, brothers and sons to the demands of country, and to a cause the justice of which they believed from the deepest depths of their hearts. But the one problem that gave the gravest concern was the probable attitude of the slaves who, with the aged or decrepit men, unable to bear the stress of campaigning, were left behind to carry on the farm and to protect the women and children. There

is no parallel in history to the conduct of the slaves during this momentous crisis. They realized fully what the success of the Union Army meant for them, and yet, with singular devotion, they accepted the charge laid upon them by their masters, and in thousands upon thousands of instances never betrayed their trusts. All honor to the faithful blacks, who, yearning for freedom, nevertheless stood firm and true to the ideals of affection and integrity born and bred in them by life-long association with their white masters. It is of one such that this story has to tell.

On the banks of the river Shenandoah, not more than ten miles from Winchester, and not far from the famous battlefield of Cedar Creek, stood a farmhouse, commodious but not pretentious; a typical country residence, built of the native limestone and beautifully shaded by a grove of stately oaks. The owner, or master, as he was styled in Virginia, was a man of about twenty-five, with a commanding figure, well rounded out, a determined face and with all the attributes of a true Virginia gentleman. His business took him frequently to Winchester, where he was exceedingly popular. John Frazier, familiarly called Jack,

was his name, and his parents, much advanced in years, were long-time and prominent residents of the quaint old town. The other occupants of the farm were his dear wife and child, their first-born, an infant in arms, and the slaves. Altho opposed to the secession of Virginia, as were a majority of the people of that Commonwealth, nevertheless when the State seceded and joined its fortunes with the Cotton States, he threw himself heart and soul into the contest and busied himself promptly with raising a regiment of which he was chosen Colonel. The anguish of his wife when he announced his purpose and donned the Confederate gray almost prostrated her, but patriotism nerved her to endure the sacrifice, and with heart-breaking tears she approved his decision and bade him go forth to do his full duty to his country. But the dread problem presented itself—: To whom is to be entrusted the care of the loved ones and the property during his absence? for, his mother and father had died several years before. In the household was an old servant, George, formerly owned by Colonel Frazier's father, and who had been transferred to the new owner upon

his father's death. George had carried Jack in his arms in infancy; he had toted him on his back until the child outgrew that fascinating method of travel, and had always held toward him almost the relation of parent. In fact, he really felt that he had been in some sense the equal of a father, and surely he had not been second to him in his tender affection and devotion. He was, moreover, a sort of "head-over," and oracle, of the other domestics. To him, therefore, Colonel Jack naturally turned for the protection he desired.

"George," said Colonel Jack to the old negro one day, "you see that I have joined hands with my beloved State and am going to the war. It may be a long one and perhaps I may never return. I have no one to whom to entrust my dear ones, and the care of the farm, but you. You have nurtured and cared for me from my infancy. I have brought you into my domestic household because of this life-long guardianship and affection. Today my regiment goes to the front. My darling wife and child I must leave behind. Around her perhaps the battle may sometimes rage, and she may be subjected to the incursions of the



COLONEL FRAZIER WOUNDED.

stragglers and thieves of both armies. Can I leave everything to your care, trusting wholly in your devotion to me and to them?"

Tears stood in his eyes, and his sobbing wife threw herself half-fainting and hysterical upon his shoulder.

George's eyes were moistened, too, and as the big tears coursed down his black cheeks, he seized his beloved master by the hand and kist it reverently.

"Massa Jack," said the slave, when he had regained his composure, "you has been my boy since you was a baby, and I has know'd mistress since you and her played t'gether in Winchester, as little boy and girl. I lubs you jest as if you was my own children, and I'se gwine to stand by dem, and be a gyardine to my blessed mistress and dat lovely baby 'slong as dere's a bref left in dis ole body."

There was no distrusting the sincerity of this answer, and so, with a relieved anxiety, but a heavy heart, he held wife and baby in a long embrace, kist them both, mounted his horse, and, waving his hand to the assembled domestics, rode rapidly away toward Winchester, and there he rejoined his regi-

ment which was about to move to strengthen the forces at Martinsburg under the command of the brilliant Confederate General Johnston. They were soon to have their mettle tested in the horrible scourge of battle.

The Valley first figures in the war by the presence in 1861 of a Union force under General Patterson, which the wily General Johnston outwitted. Leaving the Union soldiers to enjoy the picturesque sight of deserted tents and abandoned camp fires, General Johnston had skipped blithely thru Manassas Gap just in time to turn the tide of battle at Bull Run, and to send our raw recruits panic-stricken back to and thru Washington, some not halting until they reached their peaceful homes in Maine. Their excuse was that they received an order to retreat and that they never heard it countermanded. To make such concessions is frank, in view of the assurance that, according to some Southern accounts of the period, the Confederates never ran away, but invariably retired in good order in the face of superior numbers.

For a beginning, this initial battle did very well, tho it dwindled into in-



HER HUSBAND'S SWORD.



significance after the great conflicts on the Peninsula, at Antietam, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg and elsewhere. Both sides were untried, and poorly drilled and disciplined. In the morning the advantage was with the Union troops, before whom the Confederates were retiring, but the opportune arrival of Johnston's reinforcements reversed conditions with the inevitable panic to be expected from green troops, a large part of whom had scarcely indulged even in target practice.

Our Colonel Jack was there with his regiment, and he was in the forefront of the battle, which raged with great bitterness on the Henry farm.

"Look at Jackson's brigade!" exclaimed Lee, "it stands there like a stone wall!" and thus was nicknamed one of the greatest, and, next to Lee, perhaps *the* greatest of the leaders of the Confederacy. The line taken up by Stonewall Jackson was a very strong one. The ground was high and covered in the rear by a heavy wood. Lee, Barton and Evans rallied on this, and, here, too, came the much needed and timely reinforcements from the Shenandoah Valley. Against these the Federal commander, McDowell, had at hand the brigades of Sherman, Willcox, Franklin and Porter, also Palmers' battalion of regular cavalry and the regular batteries of Ricketts and Griffin.

It was the 21st of July and fearfully hot. These troops had been under arms since midnight, and were weary from their long and dusty march from the Potomac. But the assault was bravely made, the northern part of the plateau was carried, Rickett's and Griffin's batteries secured a position near the Henry house, and everything seemed to favor the Union side. Back and forth over this bloody field the tide of battle ebbed and flowed. Rapidly the troops from the Shenandoah were hurried to Jackson's support, as fast as they could be debarked from the arriving cars. So long as these batteries held out, the battle was not lost. And here occurred one of those accidents which bore heavily upon the result, if

it did not actually cause the defeat of the Union Army. Just when their infantry supports had been driven back, a regiment of infantry came out of the woods to the right of Griffin. Believing it to be Confederates, he was about to open on it with canister at short range, when Major Barry insisted that they were Union troops sent to support his battery. But a deadly volley proved his mistake. Nearly every cannoner and horse was cut down, and the usefulness of the battery was destroyed. Ricketts suffered equally. Desperately wounded and with Lieutenant Ramsey, next in command, killed, further resistance was impossible. The tide had finally turned in favor of the Confederates and Bull Run past into history.

Colonel Frazier's regiment was sent to reinforce Jackson. Twice it had been called upon to resist flank movements, the last penetrating the rear of some small earthworks which had been previously thrown up in anticipation of this fight. It was here, while heroically meeting and repelling the second charge, that Colonel Frazier fell, pierced thru the lungs by a minnie ball. His faithful adjutant caught him in his arms, and, dragging him to the rear and out of the range of fire, received from him the last messages to his darling wife. He asked that he might be buried where he fell, and his last words were pitiful. He begged that his sword should be delivered to his wife, as a lasting and sacred memento of his devotion to the cause for which he had given up his young life.

"Take—this—sword—to—her," he gasped, "give her—my love, and—tell George—to be faithful—to his trust."

The cessation of hostilities for a time enabled the adjutant to carry out the wishes of his beloved Colonel.

Who shall attempt to describe the meeting of the messenger of this sad news and the widowed and broken-hearted wife? He described with enthusiastic praises the gallantry of his friend and Colonel, he delivered with extreme tenderness the last messages of the dying hero, he admonished the weeping slave to be faithful, and, plac-



LOOTING THE WIDOW'S HOME.

ing the sword in the stricken widow's hands he bade her a sorrowful farewell.

It is said, with what truth each reader may decide, that misfortunes never come singly. Soon the battle raged once more, and the Shenandoah became the field of its devastations. A marauding party of stragglers came upon the widow's home. Despite her tears and entreaties, they ruthlessly despoiled the building, scattered the furniture about, removed all that they could make use of, and, not satisfied with this, they set the house on fire. There is no apology for this, tho both sides had many such incidents to their discredit. War is barbarism, but the great Civil War exhibited less of it than any war of ancient or modern times.

Anticipating no harm, the mother had gone out for a walk, and was retracing her steps, when the ascending smoke aroused her to her danger and loss. Her child was in the burning house.

The trusted George was in the field at work at the time, but, seeing the flames, he rushed to the house and thru the billowing smoke into the upper chamber. He seized the child just as the angry flames were darting thru

the windows and up thru the cracks in the floor. Dashing thru the hallway, down the shadowy stairs beneath the crackling timbers he at last reached the fresh air and breathlessly placed the child into the arms of its half-crazed mother. Then he recalled the precious sword, and again with eager zeal ran back into the house, now almost enveloped in flames, seized the relic from its resting place above the mantle, and returning to his mistress laid it at her feet. Then the poor old slave sank exhausted. If the lone woman had lost her husband and the home, she still had her child, and her dead husband's sword. And then, too, she had her faithful slave, and it was well that she did.

The dastardly marauders had hurried away for fear of capture, leaving the heart-broken widow to brood in sorrow over the loss of home and possessions.

The beloved house is a hopeless ruin. Sadly she stands and watches the last timbers fall. Her property was all dissipated. His parents were dead, and her own relatives and friends were stripped of their support by the ravages of war. There was no



GEORGE LEADS THE WIDOW AWAY.

one to whom she could turn for help. As the awful loneliness of her position crowded upon her, her eyes turned toward her faithful slave. Before him were freedom and independence; to escape to the North was easy. Would he go and leave her? No!

There was no such thought in his mind. There sat his beloved mistress with her orphaned child. Could he desert them? The solemnity of his promise to the dead master surged in his breast. On one hand liberty; on the other, faithfulness to his trust. The



"DIS YERE IS YO' ABIDING PLACE," SAID GEORGE.

situation was trying, but the decision not long delayed. Taking his mistress by the hand, and with tears filling his eyes, he fell reverently upon his knees.

"Dear mistress," he sobbed, "I promised de dead Colonel dat I'd be true to him an' to you; dat I'd neber desert you an' as de Lawd is my jedge I'll keep my word. My ole log cabin shall be yours; an' dese old fingers 'll

be worked to de bone for yo' comfort an' support."

The widow looked sadly down into the old negro's eyes, but said not a word; then, taking the little one in his arms, he led them to his humble cabin.

"Dis yere is yo' abiding place, an' I can spread my blanket outside de doa till de better days comes."

Thus far the old slave has been faithful to his trust.

## THE SEQUEL



His Trust  
Fulfilled

Four years have elapsed, and smiling peace once more rests upon the whole land. The South has accepted the Constitutional Amendment that freed the slaves, and the emancipated, for the most part, have availed themselves of their freedom. But, to the faithful George this change meant only a better opportunity to fulfill his self-imposed obligation. He had supported his mistress and her child all these years, without a murmur, and without a thought of leaving them.

The heart-broken wife, worn with worry and privations to which she was unused, at last pined away and died. Her last moments were soothed by the unsolicited promises of black George that he would care for and protect her little daughter, now rapidly growing toward womanhood.

To keep the child in the log-cabin was no longer practicable. The awful losses of the protracted war had created an unusual demand for labor, and faithful workers found steady employ-



CYRUS TAKES NELLIE TO THE LAWYER'S.



YEARS PASS BY AND NELLIE BLOSSOMS INTO YOUNG WOMANHOOD.

ment, tho at low wages. Determined to do his utmost, he arranged thru a friendly, kind-hearted lawyer in Winchester, Carson, by name, to provide for her a comfortable home and education, and to conceal from her the real source of her support.

Several uneventful years thus pass, until Nellie Frazier blossomed into young womanhood, and during all these years the old slave remained her benefactor and friend.

Then came the natural craving for a higher education. To the lawyer who, as intermediary for George, had acted also as her guardian, she broached the subject and with tears importuned him.

"I must go away," she said; "I cannot be forever dependent upon charity. I must get an education at some fine school, so that I may teach and earn my own living."

To the lawyer, himself ruined by the war, and recovering slowly his long-suspended practice, such a plan seemed wholly impracticable. But he had underestimated the zeal and fidelity of the hero, under whose black skin beat a heart as pure and white as snow. To him Mr. Carson repeated Nellie's

importunities and his own apprehensions.

"De chile sho shall have her way," heartily responded George; "I'll kill myself wif work if de good Lawd says so."

There was more severe labor, and even greater self-denials, that Nellie might have her wish gratified, and so she was sent to a famous school in Baltimore.

But at the end of the term the old slave found it impossible to earn the large amount necessary to meet the school expenses. He was at his wit's end. Cast down and hopeless he wended his way to the lawyer's office to unfold his tale of disappointment and defeat.

There, by one of those circumstances which seem to be the direct outcome of providential interposition, he found one of the relatives from England, a distant cousin, seeking the address of Nellie Frazier. The stranger was talking earnestly to Mr. Carson as George entered, and the former's overcoat was thrown carelessly upon a chair. From the breast pocket of the coat there protruded a fat pocket-book. George saw it and he was tempted.



GEORGE IS TEMPTED.

Would it not keep Nellie at school? Would it not solve all his difficulties? The temptation was too much for the negro; and, yielding to the impulse, he surreptitiously seized the wallet and hastily concealed it in his own pocket. But he kept it only for a moment. It burned in his bosom. Stricken with

remorse, he quickly returned the wallet to the stranger's pocket. It was the work of a moment, but, sudden tho it was, it was observed by Mr. Carson. The lawyer charged the humiliated George with the theft; but, realizing the motive, and the temporary aberration which had prompted the act, he



AFTER THE WEDDING.



GEORGE HAPPY WITH HIS MASTER'S SWORD.

sent him away with a slight reprimand. The angels themselves must have viewed the negro's act with sorrow, rather than with condemnation.

The English envoy had something greater than idle curiosity in his search. Blest with the means, he sought the acquaintance of the beautiful Nellie and they met. It was a case of love at first sight, and the English purse opened to enable Nellie to complete her studies.

A year passes. Nellie has arduously pursued her duties at school, but love has grown with each day, and has at last become impatient. The term is ended. Teachers and pupils overwhelm Nellie with regrets and flowers on her departure, and she returns to Winchester, where lawyer and lover greet her with affectionate welcomes. The happy day cannot be long deferred. There is scarcely time to create the not too elaborate trousseau,

when the wedding bells peal forth, and Lawrence Frazier and Nellie Frazier are made man and wife. In the assembled group at the wedding festival stands George, his eyes suffused again with tears, but this time they are tears of gratitude and joy, as he sees his heart's fondest wish fulfilled.

As the happy couple speed away, followed by the congratulations, rice, and cheers of the guests, George, beaming with happiness, and elastic of step, went back to his humble home. Over his rough fireplace for years a sword had been hanging. It was his master's, that had been left him by the widow. Day by day he had looked at it with loving eyes, but he had never taken it down. Now, he tenderly lifts the sabre from the nail, and presses it to his breast. He kisses and fondles it tenderly, happy, thrice happy in the realization that he has fulfilled his trust.



# ATHALIA, QUEEN OF JUDAH

By Montanye Perry

IT was a Sabbath morning in Jerusalem. The daily clamor of the streets was hushed; the usual bustle of life was suspended; the air was laden with the peaceful calm of a Jewish Sabbath.

Within the temple, the children of Judah were assembled for worship. Daily, for seven years, had their prayers arisen, beseeching the God of David to grant them a worthy occupant of the throne of Judah. To-day they plead for some miracle to destroy the wicked, idolatrous Athalia, and give them a son of David. Kneeling, they prayed with one voice.

As the people arose and went quietly out of the temple, calm in that fervid faith which was their heritage, the high priest, Jehoiada, wended his way, quickly, under stately colonnades and arches, thru gleaming marble corridors, to the apartment where his wife, Jehoshabeath, sat awaiting his coming.

Jehoiada sat down, glancing from his wife to the couch where a child lay sleeping, a tangle of dark curls clustering about his rosy face, his round, dimpled arms thrown upward against the scarlet pillows.

"He looks but a babe," said the high priest, with a sigh, "yet the time has come."

"Thou meanest it not, my husband," said the woman, her sweet face paling.

"It must be," returned Jehoiada, "the prayers of the people must be answered. It is rumored that Athalia is even planning to lead her warriors against the temple to destroy it!"

"It is impossible. Even *she* could never dare such a deed, Jehovah would destroy her."

"Jehovah hath given into our hands

the power to dethrone this wretched woman," said the high priest, sternly, with another look toward the sleeping child. "The lad must take his throne. Be not so troubled, the Lord will guard him, even as he has unto this time."

As they spoke, the child stirred restlessly, stretched his slender limbs, and sat upright, pushing the curls away from his clear, dark eyes, and smiling affectionately at the woman

"I have been dreaming," he said. "I thought I was a king. My uncle held me up in the beautiful gate of the temple, and all the people bowed down to me. And I was not a man, just a little boy, as I am now. Was it not strange to dream that a little boy could be a king?"

The high priest and his wife exchanged startled glances.

"I say the time has come," said the man, "tell him the story."

"Come here, little one," said the woman, and as the lad ran to her, joyously, she gathered him close in her arms and looked earnestly into the clear eyes. "If thou wert truly a king, what wouldst thou do?"

"Destroy the wicked Athalia and the temples of Baal," said the child, promptly, "so that all our people might be happy and my uncle and thee would grieve no more. And I would give thee velvet robes and a crown of jewels, because I love thee, my aunt."

He paused, his rosy face against hers, and she held him silently for a moment. Then, obedient to her husband's insistent look, she began slowly:

"I have told thee often of thy mother, who placed thee in my arms, and died, when thou wert but one day old. I have told thee, too, how thy



father fell in battle that same day, so thou wert left to my care. I have told thy father's name, Ahaziah, but I have never told thee the name of his mother, thy grandmother."

She waited, and the child, sobered by her serious manner, placed a small hand against her cheek, saying, "Go on, what was her name? Does she live?"

"She lives," replied the woman, holding the child closer, "and her name is Athalia."

"Not the wicked queen!" cried the lad, his cheeks scarlet with excitement, "she is not my grandmother, my father's mother?"

"Yes, little one," answered Jehoshabeath, "it is, indeed, the queen. At last I must tell thee, and thou must be my brave lad, for thou art indeed a king, and kings are brave."

The lad's shoulders straightened, the dark head lifted proudly. It was as if an invisible mantle from generations of kingly ancestors had fallen about him. The clear eyes looked courageously, understandingly, into the woman's.

"Go on," he said, quietly.

"Thy father, after his father's death, was greatly influenced by Athalia. She it was who drove him forth into the wars, where he fell by the sword of his enemies. Thy mother was my sister. When she knew that she was dying, she called me to her, saying, 'Hide this child away, until his father comes. I fear Athalia.' She called her other children, three noble boys and two fair girls, kist them, and died. An hour later, news came of thy father's fall. One hour more, and thy brothers and sisters all lay dead, murdered by the monstrous Athalia, that she might reign as queen. We told her thou wert born dead, and, tho she doubted us, we had hidden thee securely and no one knew our secret. Now the time has come——"

She broke off, looking appealingly at her husband, who took up the story, gazing earnestly at the boy.

"Now the time has come for thee to go into the temple and be anointed and take thy kingdom. On some day, not far distant, the temple shall be filled with armed Levites, pledged to serve



MEANWHILE, ATHALIA SAT IN COUNCIL WITH THE PRIESTS OF BAAL.



"RALLY OUR FOLLOWERS—TODAY SHALL JEHOVAH'S TEMPLE FALL."

thee, and thou shalt stand forth and defy Athalia. Thou art not afraid, lad?"

"Nay!" cried the boy, slipping from the woman's knee and standing straight and proud, his dark eyes lit with royal fire. "Shall a king be afraid?"

Meanwhile, Athalia sat in council with the priests of Baal. For weeks they had been urging a bold scheme upon her.

"Gather your forces and destroy the temple of Jerusalem," they said. "It is to the Jews the sacred abiding place of their God. Destroy this temple and you scatter their forces, check their power, and weaken that faith in Jehovah which is the foundation of their strength."

The vengeful queen hesitated. In spite of her haughty arrogance, her mind was torn with doubt and foreboding. Were Baal and his priests greater than the God Jehovah? She was ever troubled by thoughts of the insecurity of her hold upon the throne,

the dread of being deposed and dishonored, and the lurking fear, never disclosed, that somewhere, a child was hidden away who would reach out a tiny hand to grasp her scepter.

Sitting late with the priests one night, her spirits grew bolder under their artful encouragement, and she rashly promised to begin immediately to marshal her forces for the destruction of the sacred edifice.

Left alone, Athalia's elation vanished, and she became a prey to superstitious fears. Her mind ran back thru the years and she thought of the dead body of her infamous mother, dishonored; of her husband, slaying his brethren to confirm himself in his power; of her son, weakly yielding to her vile influence. Suddenly, before her, in the clear moonlight on the bare floor, there lay five white, stark, young bodies, staring at her with wide eyes, while behind them stood a slender, rosy lad, with a tangle of dark curls, wearing the features of her dead son, looking at her with the eyes of her dead son's wife.

With a shriek, she sprang from her chair, but the room was empty.

"It was a foolish dream," she muttered, angrily, "tomorrow I will go to the temple. There will I judge the strength of these sons of Judah and plan their downfall."

As the morning sacrifice was prepared in the temple and the waiting people bowed reverently, Jehoiada was astounded to see Athalia, in her sumptuous robes, looking on.

"Thou false one!" he cried, raising his right arm and pointing to the insolent queen, "go! Worshipper of Baal, thou canst not appear at Jehovah's sacrifice."

Awed by the high priest's vehemence, the queen withdrew, but as she went, she trembled, for among the worshippers she had caught a glimpse of a child's rosy face, with a tangle of dark curls. It was the face of her dream!

Desperate with fear, Athalia fled to the court of the temple of Baal. "Rally our followers!" she cried to the

startled priests; "today shall Jehovah's temple fall!"

The morning sacrifice was ended. The people filed out of the temple, but instead of seeking their homes as usual, they stood about in the court and adjacent streets, quietly waiting.

Within the temple, a strange scene was in progress. Guards, Captains of Tens and Captains of Hundreds, from all parts of Judea assembled, swiftly and silently, every man in an assigned place, armed with the sacred arms of King David. When all was in readiness, Jehoiada appeared, lifting the child Joash high in his arms, and saying, "Behold the king's son shall reign, as the Lord hath said of the sons of David."

Instantly, a body of armed Levites, the new king's body-guard, encircled the pair, and as Jehoiada solemnly anointed the child, a great cry, "God save the king," went up in the temple and was caught up by the waiting hundreds outside.

The cry fell upon the ears of Athalia and her followers, rapidly advancing to



ATHALIA, PIERCED BY A SCORE OF SPEARS, LAY LIFELESS UPON THE STONES.

the temple. They stopped, in rage and consternation.

"Let us go back," said the wary priests, "we are too late."

"No!" shrieked Athalia, mad with rage at thought of her lost power, "I will storm the temple alone, if I must!"

Rushing wildly to the door, she was admitted, but armed guards held her followers back.

In dazed, half-incredulous dismay, the dethroned queen gazed about her at the silent throngs of armed men, and the calm, stern faces of the priests.

Then, in the inner court, standing beside the high priest, she saw a slim, straight lad, with a crown on his dark curls, his clear eyes looking fearlessly into hers.

There was a tense, breathless silence in the temple, until Jehoiada spoke:

"Slay her not in the house of the Lord. Take her forth."

And when, at the beautiful gate of the temple, the new king was lifted high to receive the homage of his people, Athalia, pierced by a score of spears, lay lifeless before him, upon the stones.



## A VARIED CAREER

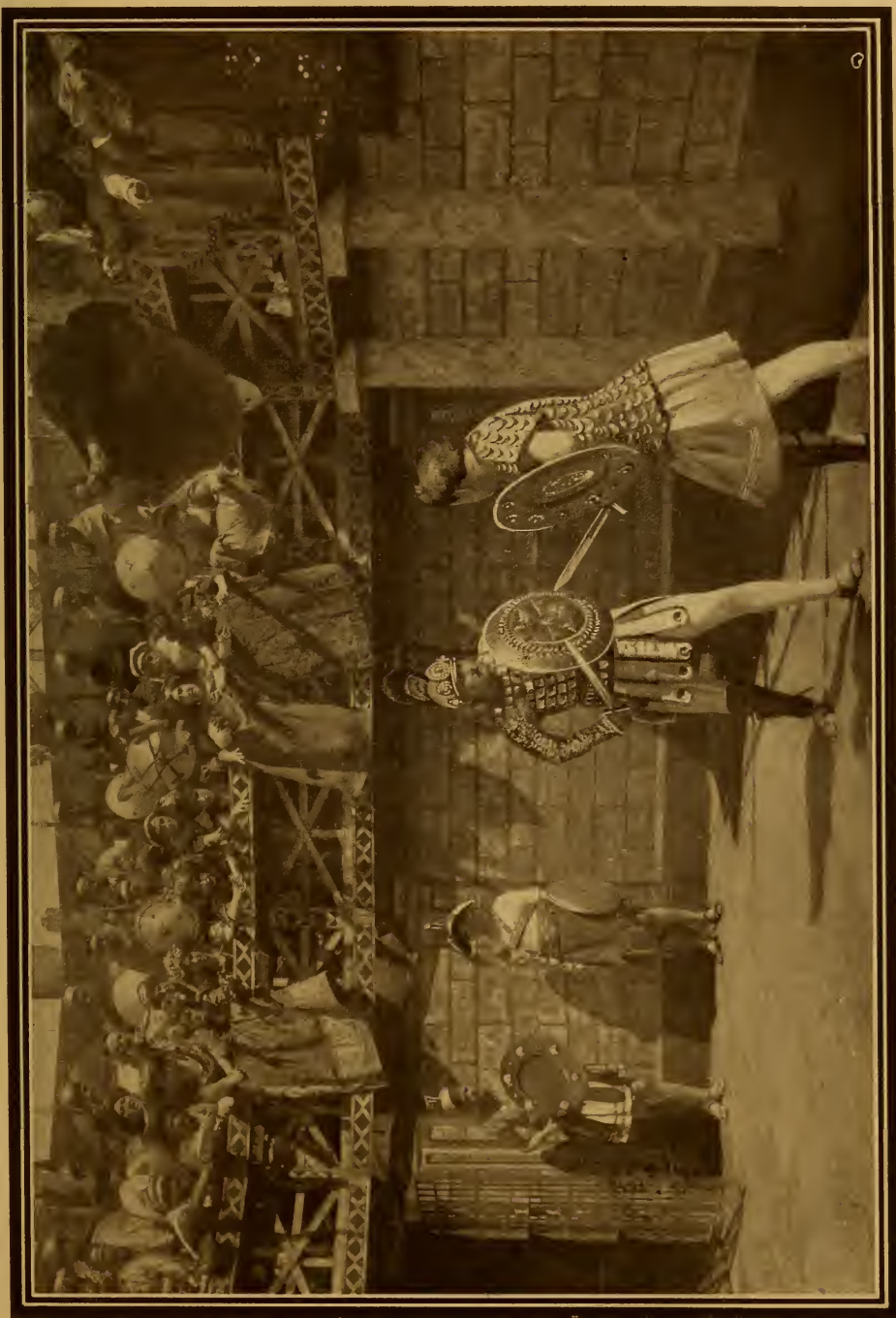
By L. Case Russell.

I've roughed with the Texas cowboys  
When they strung up a horsethief bold,  
I've wandered amid the splendors  
Of Belshazzar's court of old,  
At Hempstead Plain  
In an aeroplane,  
I've risen to heights untold.

I have passed from the court of Arthur  
With its knights and ladies gay;  
Thru an Indian encampment  
On Dakota's bluffs of clay;  
Then, 'neath the wave  
With a diver brave,  
Where the fishes dart and play.

For me the heroes of fiction  
Have stepped from the printed page;  
I have witnessed love and hatred  
In every place and age.  
All kinds of men  
Have crossed my ken,  
From fool to seer and sage.

The Wandering Jew you think me  
Doomed thru all time to go  
A restless, ceaseless spirit  
Upon land and sea below?  
No—this and more  
Are behind the door  
Of a Motion Picture Show.



SCENE FROM "THEODORA AND JUSTINIAN," WRITTEN BY ELBERT HUBBARD.



JACK ARRIVES IN PORT.

# SAILOR JACK'S REFORMATION

By Gene Gauntler

Then we'll ro-o-ll the o-o-ld chariot  
along,  
Then we'll ro-o-ll the o-o-ld chariot  
along——”

DOWN the street the little procession marched to the inspiring tune pounded out of the head of a huge bass drum, accompanied by a rhythmic jangle of tambourines, voices, and occasional cries of “Glory Hallelujah” in a sweet, feminine voice that rose above the medley of sounds.

The Salvation Army had been getting recruits rapidly of late, and was conducting an unusually successful campaign down in the section that was chiefly inhabited by sailors and long-shoremen. There was a magnetism about the young captain, a young woman who had recently been sent to the barracks, which attracted both men and women; and the sturdy Lieutenant, who knew so well how to bring soulful strains of music out of a bass drum, was one of the first to fall under the spell of those pleading, brown eyes that wrought such havoc in the conscience of sinners. There were times when he almost wished himself back at the mourners' bench, if for nothing more than to receive words of sympathy and encouragement from the slight, little woman whose fervor and enthusiasm were bringing about a reformation, more or less permanent, in the daily life of Roustabout Cove.

It was a June evening, but there was no scent of flowers at the Cove. Instead, it smelled rather too strongly of wet goods, both salt and spiritous, for several ships of varying build and capacity had put in that day, and many a home along the shore had been glad-

dened by the safe return of a rollicking sailor.

Jack Martin had no home. If he had, it is possible he might not have grown to be the hardened sinner that he now considered himself. There were others of his ship in the same position, and when he and his comrades assembled on deck, a few hours before the sound of drum and tambourines smote upon the air, they had mapped out a plan for the celebration of their shore-leave, which would have caused the gentle Captain with the large, brown eyes to sigh, rather than to sing, as she marched down to the Seven Corners and started the concert.

“Come, oh, come with me-e-e,” sounded the clear treble of the girl, starting the chorus of the last hymn over again, just as Jack and his “buddy” hove in sight around the corner of the nearest saloon.

“All right—all right—we're a-com-in',” shouted the tars, who had only just started on the first round of their celebration. “Got anything to drink? We're awful dry.”

The music ceased and the Captain's voice rose in reply.

“The water of life is offered freely,” she said, “and whosoever will may come.”

Perhaps it was the angelic face of the speaker, perhaps it was really the something good that is in the worst of us, which made Jack silence the rude reply of his companion.

“If it's free, tell us about it,” said Jack.

“Come with us to the Mission and I will tell you,” answered the lassie, looking steadfastly into the bold eyes of the sailor. The procession moved on,



"COME WITH US TO THE MISSION," ANSWERED THE LASSIE.

but the magnetic influence had been extended, and Jack followed the brown-eyed Captain who had pleadingly whispered: "Come."

At the meeting, where sorrow and misery untold were wafted upward on the wings of prayer, the little Captain told, with eyes brimful of tears, and hands raised in supplication and outstretched in entreaty; told of truths Jack had heard before, but which had never held a special meaning for himself. She told of the pearl of happiness without price, of what life might be even for such as he, and then, as he suddenly realized that for the first time since his boyhood his face was wet with tears, she gently laid her hand upon his head and again said the one word, "Come."

And again Jack followed, this time to the mercy seat, and knelt, while the sweet-faced Captain prayed.

It was the beginning of a new life, and Jack thrived under its influence

and beneath the sunshine of Captain Agnes' smiles. She? Who can fathom a woman's heart? It must be the mother instinct that makes some women love the weaker men—the ones who need them most—else why should Agnes turn from the sincere, serious, handsome, young co-worker, Lieutenant Landers, to smile on and to help the crude, rough sailor?

As the Mission emptied one night, some weeks later, Jack sat, testament in hand, but heedless of its teaching. He watched the Captain closely and his heart was filled with jealousy even of the veriest outcasts to whom she gave her hand in kindly greeting, before each passed again into the dangers of life without. He heard the Lieutenant come down the aisle and say something to the Captain about walking with her to the barracks.

"Captain Agnes, would you mind to explain this here lesson a bit? I can't seem to get the right understanding," interrupted Jack.



There was no question as to the Captain's willingness to expound the Scriptures, but when she sat down beside her pupil, and took the book in her hand, it was quite clear that Jack's understanding was very dense, indeed.

Up and down the aisle paced Lieutenant Landers, while the patient little woman instructed, explained and admonished her pupil. It would not do to let poor Jack go with that beautiful passage imperfectly understood. It might cause discouragement and retrogression.

"Don't wait for me any longer," she said, fearing that the Lieutenant might be growing impatient. "Jack will be going down our way. You will let me walk down with you, won't you, Jack?" she asked, turning toward the promising convert.

Would he? It was the very object for which he had contrived that Scripture lesson, but he had not dared hope that she would evince any preference for his company.

Lieutenant Landers sighed. He had

planned to tell Agnes of his love that night, but if a soul's salvation was at stake he was not the one to let thoughts of self-interest interfere. He had duties yet to perform at the men's lodging house, where he went every night to have prayers with those of the lodgers who cared to attend, so he did not insist upon remaining. His love, he knew, would not diminish, no matter how long the time of waiting; and her love, if once won, he felt sure would be of the kind that would wait forever.

It was remarkable how quickly Jack understood that lesson, now that the Lieutenant had gone.

"You have made it as clear as tho I seen them miracles myself!" he exclaimed. "If I'd a-lived in them days I s'pose I could a been cured to onct of all my deviltry and been a better man," he continued, regretfully, seeking to prolong the conversation.

"But the miracles still go on," answered the little, spiritual guide. "You are even now converted and conversion means turning. You have



GUIDED BY THE GENTLE TOUCH OF THE LASSIE HE KNELT IN PRAYER.

turned from your sins and are not a bad man. Instead, you are a good man and you are going to be still better."

"But the strength to do better you have given me," replied Jack, bluntly.

"It does not require much strength to influence those who are led by the spirit of love," she said. "I have seen a beautiful picture of strong beasts being led by a little child with a face like that of an angel."

"That may be true," admitted the seeker after righteousness, "but I know I can't go on being good without you, and that's all there is about it. You're the first person who ever seen any good in me. You are the only one who ever told me I was a good man and might get to be better. You're the one life saver that pointed the way, and now I've got to the port where I can't get no further unless you ship on the same boat. I know I've had a rough passage, and I ain't no more fit to be in the same class with you than them beasts you say was to be with the little child, but I'm starting on a new voyage, now, and I tell you, girl, I'll need a pilot every inch of the way."

Agnes could not doubt the sincerity of the speaker. She had heard good resolutions many times before. She knew they were always sincere at the time they were spoken. The great problem was how to help poor souls to live up to them and not to fall back into lives of degradation. While Jack was telling of his shipwrecked past, of his present resolves, and his future hopes, she had noticed the faint flash of spiritual light shining far below the surface of the man's life, and believed that, as the light grew stronger, it would increase in brilliancy until the whole soul was illumined. He had no home; he had never known a mother's love; he had never before been under good influences. What might he not have been had his life been cast in a different mold? Her heart filled with pity for the pleading creature before her. A great love for the noble man of her ideals which he might have been and which, with help and guidance, he might yet become, came over her.

"Agnes, my Captain, are you going to be my pilot?"

Jack asked the question earnestly, wistfully. Captain Agnes was considering. For several moments she hung her head in thought, and then she looked up into his eyes.

"Yes, Jack," she said softly.

Lieutenant Landers received the news next day with sadness not unmingled with fear for the happiness of the woman he loved. He, too, had heard good resolutions before, and he knew how prone new converts were to fall from grace. Perhaps he knew from experience just how long and difficult the struggle is for one unused to the straight and narrow road leading to perfection.

"I wonder if the fellow will ever have the patience and the moral courage to keep straight," he said to himself again and again.

Agnes had been but a child when her parents died, and all her girlhood had been spent amid the dreary routine of life in an orphanage. Later, she had gone to service as nursemaid and then into the Army. It was not surprising, therefore, that the little, two-room cottage in a nearby fishing village, to which Jack took his bride, seemed a veritable paradise to both. Jack had given up the sea when Agnes relinquished the Army life, and he in his rough way, and she with all sweetness of spirit, tried to make each other happy. During the day she sang about her tasks and when evening came she never failed to be down on the beach to welcome her burly husband. Jack was yet far from perfection and he often caused his fragile wife to sigh over his outbursts of temper.

"I must be patient," she would say to herself. "He will overcome it all in time, for his heart is good and he loves me well. I will wait in faith and love, and I know I shall not be disappointed."

The day that Agnes put on her new print-dress she had just finished making to go to meet Jack after his day's fishing, no thought of coming sorrow

had entered her mind. She hummed softly as she thought of the joyous secret that she was going to tell her husband after the evening meal, and she was arranging the supper table with unusual care, when her reflections were interrupted by a knock at the door. She opened it, and Lieutenant Landers, paler, with care-worn lines about his eyes and a sternness she had never noticed in his face before, entered the room.

"Lieutenant!" exclaimed Agnes in surprise as she greeted the unexpected guest. "I've been longing to hear how everything is going up at the barracks. Jack will soon be home, so I'll just put another plate on the table and you shall stay for supper with us. It seems an age since I left the Army." Then, suddenly noting his changed appearance, she added, "But you don't look well, Lieutenant. Have you been ill?"

"My work has fallen a little harder since you left," he replied. "It was only today that I was able to get away from the Cove long enough to run

down to look after some of our backsliders here in the village, and I couldn't think of going back without bringing you all the messages I was entrusted with when I left the barracks this morning. We miss you very much up there, little Captain," he concluded, sadly.

A far-off look came into the brown eyes, and her hands clasped and unclasped, nervously.

"I miss the work, too," she sighed.

The young officer looked at her intently. He had loved her so dearly. He could endure his sorrow in silence if only she were happy. Seizing the little hands in his, he looked steadily into the deep, brown eyes, as if to read her very soul.

"Little Captain, forgive me, but I must know," he exclaimed, impulsively. "Tell me, is Jack keeping steady? Is he good to you—does he make you happy?"

Then the eyes he loved looked up into his with perfect trust, the sweet



"WHAT'S GOING ON HERE, ANYWAY?" HE SHOUTED.

lips smiled as they murmured her reply.

"Oh, so good—so happy——"

Then the door opened suddenly.

With a low cry Agnes turned toward the door and there stood her husband. Jack had been alarmed and disappointed at his wife's failure to meet him. Now he was excited and angered at sight of the clasped hands and the words of happiness he had just heard. Agnes approached him appealingly, but all the old jealousy surged within him and he took several rapid strides into the room.

"What's going on here, anyway?" he shouted, staring from one to the other. Before either could reply he had turned toward his wife:

"So this is why you wasn't down to the shore to-night," he said bitterly, "and me nearly crazy wondering what had happened to you!"

"Jack, dear, let me explain," begged Agnes, fearfully.

"Explain nothing!" shouted her husband, now making no effort to control his rage. "I seen enough as I came in. I know how the land lays."

"Oh, Jack, you must listen," sobbed the girl. "You know Lieutenant Landers—we used to work together in the Army——"

"Know him?" cried Jack; "yes I know him and now I know you, too. A pretty pair of Salvationists you are!"

"Stop, Jack, dear, stop—remember your——"

The little hands were stretched in mute appeal, but Jack's rage was too great for him to understand.

"Yes, I'll stop!" he thundered. "I've had enough of this d——d hypocrisy. You can go back to the Army—to your fine Lieutenant and I—I don't count. I'm nothing to nobody. I'll go to the devil where I was bound for before I ever saw you."

The door slammed behind him and Agnes fell, a little, crumpled heap, into the large arm-chair. As Landers stepped forward she raised her hand to ward off any hard words he might speak of her husband.

"Don't," she murmured, "don't say anything against him. He has been so steady. He was never like this before. He has been trying—to conquer his temper—and he—was always—so good to me," she moaned, between her sobs. "I guess—he must have been frightened—when I—didn't come down—to the beach." The slight form shook convulsively and Lieutenant Landers never came so near hating a man in his life as he did at that moment, when he thought of the rough sailor, who was so recklessly making a shipwreck of life for them all.

The Lieutenant left the little house with bowed head and heavy heart. All night long the supper table remained untouched, and the little wife waited and watched for the return of her husband.

"I'll wait for him," she said.

Twice she slipped out to the beach and searched up and down the sands. Once she had tried to peer in at the window of the nearest saloon, thinking he might be there, yet half afraid lest she should see him. Each time she had hurried back home hoping to find him there, but all in vain. The hours passed slowly and with the morning came Mrs. Brown, a neighbor, bringing a note from Jack. He had given it to her husband, she said, the night before, down in the village.

It was only a mere scrap of paper with a few words scrawled upon it, but Agnes read them eagerly. She clutched the paper tightly in her hand that no other eyes than hers should see



"I'LL GO TO THE DEVIL!"

the proof of his wrong-doing; then, with a low cry, she sank and would have fallen, but for the timely assistance of the friendly neighbor.

"He's gone," she moaned. "Gone—and he didn't understand. It was all a—mistake—" The tired form relaxed, the eyelids fluttered, and the little Captain fainted for the first time, at the realization that she was now a deserted wife.

"I'll wait for him," Agnes said from day to day.

"Only waiting till the shadows are a little longer grown." What a world of pathos there was in the beautiful words of the hymn, as Agnes, sitting by the window in the little cottage one day, repeated them to herself. She could not sing them now, for the spirit of song had fled when happiness went out of her life. Now she could only gaze sadly over the sea, thinking always of a storm-tossed mariner sailing, she knew not where, without a pilot. Here, by the window, her successor, Captain Mary, and Lieutenant Landers always found her when they came over from the near-by town and brought well-laden baskets of provisions. It would have gone hard with the patient watcher if they had not ministered to her comfort. She had tried to procure sewing from the village, but as her health failed she had been compelled to give up the work, and each week the pale little face seemed to grow thinner, and the dark eyes larger and more pathetic.

Lieutenant Landers had never referred either by look or word to the day of his encounter with Jack. Agnes did not see him often. He was always so busy at the barracks. It was Captain Mary who came most frequently to cheer the invalid, and to help fashion the dainty bits of sewing with which Agnes found her only solace.

"I'll wait for him," Agnes still kept saying, altho she was not without admirers.

The southern cross shone out with unusual brilliancy in the clear, tropi-

cal sky. The great ocean lay like a sea of glass, while the moon-beams flooded with an exquisite radiance the decks of the ship on which Jack Martin was working his way back to the States. It was a trip he had never taken before. The calm beauty and grandeur of the scene appealed to him. He remembered that calm night in June, when he had gazed hopelessly into the brown eyes of the sweet-faced Salvation Army lassie, who had softly whispered, "Come."

For a long time he sat on a pile of rope and looked out over the sea. A flying fish sprang high out of the water. How bright and shining it looked in the moonlight and how peaceful everything was! If only Agnes were beside him. She loved the stillness and solitude. Many the time he had repented his folly. He was thinking of her now. It was almost too intense for Jack. It made him nervous and ill at ease. He wondered what she was doing at that moment. When would he see her? He tried to reckon the time, but finally gave it up as too great a problem in mathematics.

"A man could do right," he muttered, "if he was always out in the middle of the ocean. That cross in the sky makes me feel creepy. It looks like the gate of heaven and I—what am I that I dare look upon it?" He hid his face against his arm and shuddered.

Was it the effect of the moonlight,



HE SHIPPED FOR A LONG VOYAGE.

the sign of the cross in the heavens or the sparkling radiance of the leaping fish, that made that glorious tropical night affect him so? As Jack looked, the moonbeams at the side of the ship seemed to concentrate; a shadowy vapor arose, wavered, slowly took

and paused on its way to speak to him?

"Agnes—Agnes!" he cried, stretching forth his arms imploringly toward the lovely vision before him.

And, in the great stillness of the night as the vision gradually faded from



form, and gradually became clearer. Awed, half-stupefied with fear, the dazed sailor watched, as the vision came nearer and nearer. Suddenly, with a low cry, he fell upon his knees, for there before him stood Agnes! Yes, there was the spirituelle little creature who had promised to be a guide and a pilot to him.

"It does not need strength to influence those who are guided by the spirit of love," she had said, and he remembered it. But of late he had not been guided by any such spirit. Why should she come to him? Could it be that she was dead? He had heard her say that as physical strength decreased in death the spiritual power grew stronger. Had her soul taken its flight

"I'LL WAIT FOR HIM," AGNES SAID FROM DAY TO DAY. JACK SAW AND HEARD IN HIS DREAMS.

view, there was the sound of a gentle voice: "Come!"

Would that train never get to Mayport? Jack Martin, restless and impatient, bothered the conductor for the ninth time. What were they waiting for now? he would like to know. A man could walk the distance in less time than it took that old train. Jack was too used to a ship to ever feel at home in a train, but at last the village appeared to view. Almost before the engine had drawn up at the station Jack was on the platform, fairly running in his eagerness to reach the cottage, yet scarce daring to hope that Agnes was still there.

Two weather-beaten fishermen passed him, but they were not cordial in



“AGNES—AGNES!” HE CRIED, TO THE LOVELY VISION BEFORE HIM.



NOW SHE COULD ONLY GAZE SADLY OVER THE SEA.



their greeting and one growled out some words to the effect that it was a pretty time for him to be getting around now, when everything was over.

It was true, then, he thought, that Agnes was dead. And his brutality had killed her! He was a beast—a veritable beast, he said to himself again and again. He had wrecked her life and now she was gone from him, forever. He was excited, and as he neared the house he broke into a run, for it was evident that it was still occupied. Arriving at the house breathless, he paused at the window. He peered in.

"Agnes!" he cried, and then he fell back as one stunned.

What he saw within unnerved him more than had the vision on the ship out under the southern cross. Was it for this that he had returned? To find his wife as he had left her, not alone, but with another in his place? He had hoped to hear a satisfactory explanation of the other occasion, for never once since the night of the vision had he ever thought Agnes guilty of wrong. But now, as she sat, he could see her clear profile and smiling eyes looking down at the man kneeling at her feet. He felt like a wild beast brought to bay.

"He shall not have her—she is mine—mine!" he cried, running to the door of the cottage. He flung it open and rushed in.

"You scoundrel!" he cried, to the man who, springing quickly to his feet, stood facing him.

Agnes was not looking at Lieutenant Landers at all, but at a morsel of humanity wrapped in blankets lying in her lap. A basket of provisions from the barracks stood by, heaped with groceries. Captain Mary was coming in from the kitchen with a bowl of steaming broth. Lieutenant Landers, kneeling before the babe had just been



"YOU SCOUNDREL!" HE CRIED,  
TO THE MAN FACING HIM.

remarking how much the boy looked like Jack.

At the sudden intrusion and the sound of a familiar voice, Agnes, with a glad cry, half arose to her feet, holding the little one towards her husband.

Poor Jack stood for a moment like a statue. Then he looked from one to the other, and at last caught sight of the baby.

"Agnes! Is it mine, Agnes? Is it mine?" he cried.

"He's ours, Jack, ours—our little son!"

The baby was in his arms now, and as he clasped the little bundle to his heart those who watched saw his face illumined with a new light. Perhaps it was the awakening of his soul.

"Can you ever forgive me, Agnes?" he asked in a husky voice as he knelt before her. "I didn't know—I didn't understand," he pleaded, brokenly. "I have been a brute—nothing but a beast—"

"In the picture I told you of," interrupted Agnes, "even the beasts yield to the influence of a little child."

"Hallelujah!" exclaimed Captain Mary.

"Amen," echoed Lieutenant Landers.

Sailor Jack's reformation had been accomplished.





A GROUP OF NOTABLE PICTURE PLAYERS.



# THE DOCTOR



By Lullette Bryant

"IT'S five o'clock," said the girl, disappointedly, "and he said four. Do you suppose Doctor Gray ever gets anywhere on time?"

The question, being addressed to a white Persian kitten, dozing on a rug before the fire, received no reply except a sleepy nod. The questioner rose and moved restlessly about, re-arranging the dainty china, which stood ready for tea, now peeping into the brass kettle, bubbling over an alcohol flame, now straightening a book or a vase here and there, until she paused before a window looking upon the street.

Outside a March wind was howling. At intervals a flurry of snowflakes danced thru the air, as if to remind the unwary that spring had not come to stay, in spite of the calendar. The passerby hurried along as if anxious to seek shelter, men turning their collars high, women drawing their furs more closely, children running, red-cheeked and breathless, in the sharp wind.

An electric runabout came suddenly into view, and the girl's face brightened. "He's coming, kitten," she exclaimed, running back to the fire and catching up the white ball of fur. "He's dreadfully late, and we're going to scold him, but he's here."

So Doctor Gray found her, a moment later, standing in the warm fire-light, slim and graceful, in her trailing red gown, the kitten nestled close against her neck, contrasting sharply with the braids of dark hair. He stood, for a moment, studying the picture. The girl's beauty was fresh, vivacious. Her constantly changing expression, her unaffected, rather im-

perious manner, betokened a lack of the formal discipline which leads to self-control. But there was strength, as well as sweetness, in the young face; truth looked fearlessly out from the dark eyes, which fell before the doctor's earnest gaze.

"Your friends need hardly wait until you die," she remarked, pointedly, "before referring to you as 'the late Doctor Gray.'"

"I'm sorry," he returned, "but what can a poor doctor man do, when these sudden changes of March send half his patients into grippe or pneumonia?"

"Don't talk about sickness," she said, half impatiently, "I hate to think of it. But it is lovely to be able to make people well and happy again," she added, hastily, noticing a troubled look creeping over his face.

"Alice," he said, suddenly, "I had hoped for a long talk with you this afternoon. Now I am late and must try to say it all in a few words. You must know that I love you. Can you give yourself to me, dear? I am older than you, my profession is exacting, I fear that I shall always keep you waiting as I have tonight. Do you think you could be happy?"

Alice looked at her lover sweetly, earnestly, over the kitten's fluffy hair. Suddenly, with one of her swift transitions, her eyes lit with laughter.

"I've done nothing else but wait for you for the last year," she murmured, shyly.

The kitten gave an indignant yowl, and dropped to the floor. It was well that it did. The kitten was in the way.



"I'VE DONE NOTHING ELSE BUT WAIT FOR YOU FOR THE LAST YEAR," SHE SAID.

Mrs. Deane came fussily into the parlor, a stout little lady in lavender silk, with a great many dangling ornaments. Mrs. Deane's face was round, her expression childlike. She had the manner of one whose affairs had always been kindly, but firmly, arranged for her.

Stopping short at sight of the untouched tea things, she exclaimed, "Hasn't the doctor been here?"

"Yes, mother, and gone again," answered the girl. "He was late and had to hurry."

Something in the girl's tone made the mother look questioningly at her.

"Yes," said Alice, softly, "I am going to marry him, mother. He is coming tonight to ask your consent."

Mrs. Deane promptly kist her daughter and dissolved into tears. Alice waited composedly until her mother spoke, plaintively.

"As for asking me, of course it is only a matter of form. You always would have your own way, ever since your dear father died when you were

only five years old. I dare say I've spoiled you, but what could I do? You were just like him, and I never could manage him like some wives do their husbands, tho he was always good to me."

"You have been a good mother," said Alice, speaking as one does to a child, "but don't cry. I'm not going to die, you know, or even leave the city."

"That's so," assented Mrs. Deane, wiping her eyes, "and I love Doctor Gray like a son, already. Only I can't help wishing he had some other profession. You never can be sure of his keeping an engagement. Why, I heard of a doctor once, who got so interested in an operation that he forgot to go to his own wedding."

"Speaking of weddings," laughed Alice, "he wants ours to be in June."

"Only three months!" exclaimed the mother. "Then it must be announced at once. Will you have an engagement dinner next week?"

Mrs. Deane loved all social func-

tions. Her tears dried in the discussion of decorations, dresses and details of the dinner.

Left alone, Alice sat for awhile, gazing into the fire.

"I wonder," she remarked, presently, to the Persian kitten, "if I shall be a good wife? I wish my father had lived, kitten. I needed discipline—and I didn't get it."

The kitten, Alice's chosen confidante and mentor, blinked wisely.

Mrs. Deane's pretty home was rosy with lights. In the dining-room Alice lingered over the beautifully decorated table, touching the pink petals of the roses delicately. In her shimmering gown of softest pink, her cheeks flushed with excitement, she looked the embodiment of youth and happiness.

It was a family party. Cousins, aunts and uncles assembled with the gaiety and familiar chaffing of thoroly congenial relatives. Alice, the merriest of the party, took a seat near a window, glancing frequently down the street.

"Cheer up, Alice," cried Bob, the youngest cousin; "the dinner hour approaches. He will soon be here."

"Wouldn't it be terrible if something kept him away?" suggested Mrs. Deane. "That's the dreadful thing about doctors, they are never to be depended upon."

"Doctor Gray will be here," said Alice, lifting her head proudly, "nothing could keep him away tonight."

"If anything should, I pity him," said Bob, under his breath; "when Alice looks like that, it's all up with the fellow that crosses her."

Meanwhile Doctor Gray was dressing for dinner. He had finished his calls early and now, in the dressing room off his office, was slowly drawing on his gloves.

"For once I'll be on time," he thought, glancing at his watch; "I'm lucky."

In the office voices arose. The doctor heard a man's tones, loud, insistent, arguing with his servant.

"Let me see him a minute, only one minute."

"I'll have to get out the side door,"



"DOCTOR WILL BE HERE; NOTHING COULD KEEP HIM AWAY TONIGHT," SAID ALICE.

thought the doctor, "and I'd better do it quick. But I hate to leave a man begging for me like that." He paused a moment, regretfully, muttering, "No, Alice has some rights. Tonight is hers."

Picking up his hat and coat, he turned to a side door which opened upon the street. His hand was upon the knob when a man burst thru the office door.

"Wait a minute, sir, wait just one minute."

"What is it?" asked the doctor, turning sharply upon the intruder.

The man was poorly clothed; his hands were the roughened hands of toil; his face thin and sharp; his eyes full of desperate anxiety, met the doctor's with eager appeal.

"I shoved your servant aside, sir, and forced my way in. It's a poor introduction, but I pray you to help me——" A sudden break in the voice appealed to Doctor Gray more strongly than volumes of eloquence.

"What is it, my man, perhaps I can send some one to help you."

"There's no one but you can do it, they say," said the man, his face growing whiter. "It's my child, my baby girl. She's been sick for a week, now she's dying."

"Have you had no doctor?"

"Yes. He says he can't do anything more. He came tonight and went away again. He said there was no use of his staying. I asked him if there was anyone who could save her. He said, 'Doctor Gray, the great specialist, could, if you have a fortune to pay him.' I haven't any fortune, I've only my day's wages, but won't you come?"

As the doctor hesitated, trying to frame a refusal that would not sound heartless, the man continued, timidly, "I could pay you a little every week, sir."

"It isn't the money, man," retorted the doctor, almost harshly, "but the girl I am to marry is waiting for me. The dinner is ready, the guests are there, our engagement is to be announced. Can I disappoint my sweetheart and humiliate her before her guests?"



"IT'S MY CHILD, MY BABY GIRL, AND YOU ARE THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN SAVE HER."

The desperation in the man's eyes deepened. He drew close to the doctor, placing a rough hand on his sleeve.

"Doctor, I married my sweetheart, five years ago. I love her. We have worked together, planning for the babe. We have been poor, we have had hun-

ger, and want, and sickness. My sweetheart's courage never once failed. Now she is kneeling by our only child—my babe, with her mother's blue eyes—praying for you to come. I can't go back without you."

"Perhaps, later in the evening," began the doctor, torn with desire to aid the suffering father.

"Listen, would your lady want you to refuse me? If she knew, wouldn't she tell you to go? Maybe you will have a little child some day; maybe you will be in sore need of help; maybe the good Lord will remember it if you help me now."

Like a flash the doctor saw a vision of Alice, his proud lovely Alice, bending over a babe—their babe! His decision was made.

"Call my runabout," he said to his servant. "I will drive myself, this man will ride with me. I want you to go

at once to Number sixty-eight, Garfield Avenue. Ask for Miss Alice Deane. Tell her that I have been called on a most urgent case, and I will see her at the first possible moment."

A moment later the runabout whizzed away into the darkness.

As time slipped by, and the doctor failed to appear, Alice struggled bravely to keep her composure. Suddenly the bell rang sharply, and with a glad cry she ran, herself, to answer it. In a moment she reappeared in the doorway, her face pale, her dark eyes flashing.

"Doctor Gray has been called away," she said, quietly; "we will eat our dinner."

"I never wanted Alice to marry a doctor," cried Mrs. Deane's plaintive voice.

Aunt Patricia rose to the occasion. "It is not his fault. Such things are unavoidable in his profession," she said, smoothly. "As Alice says, it is best to eat our dinner."

"Watch that deadly calm of

Alice's," whispered the irrepressible Bob. "Poor old doctor!"

With proud dignity Alice led the way to the dining-room. Once there, sitting opposite the empty place, her composure vanished. With a sob she fled from the room. There was a general movement to follow her, but Aunt Patricia quelled it.

"All of you stay right here. This is very hard for Alice, and I know her ways. Let her alone for awhile."

"Can't I go, Aunt Patricia?" begged Bob. "She won't mind me; you know I'm only a kid."

"Yes, and Bob's her favorite," said his father, "let him go."

So Bob found Alice sobbing her heart out on the great divan in the library. And, being possessed of the fine intuition of youth, and a real fondness for Alice, he sat quietly beside her while she cried.

At last she half lifted her head. "I shall never marry him," she declared, "I couldn't bear to be always second."



ALICE PRECEDED HER GUESTS TO THE TABLE.



THE EMPTY CHAIR.

Bob said nothing.

"What pleasure could I ever have in life?" she asked.

Bob stroked her hair.

"I've been patient. I'm not unreasonable. I've stood disappointments time after time. But he had no right to take tonight away from me," she sobbed.

Bob patted her head.

"It's because he wants the money," she asserted, hotly. "He gets fabulous prices and he can't resist the opportunity. I'll never see him again. I simply won't discuss the matter with him."

Bob looked very serious. He was only a boy, but he had loved Alice from his babyhood and understood her better than his elders did. He believed that Alice was fully capable of keeping her word and refusing to see the doctor. He thought rapidly.

"Do you know where he went?" he asked.

"Yes. I asked the servant. He said it was number four, Brown Street."

"That's the poorest section of this town," said Bob.

"Probably some rich man sent him," she flashed.

Bob rose. "Put on your cloak," he said, decidedly. "We are going there."

"What!" gasped Alice.

"I can run father's car. It's out in front. They won't hear us go. It's only fair to the doctor. I don't believe it's a case of money; neither would you if you were not so upset. Come on."

Alice obeyed. Catching up a cloak and scarf, she went with Bob to the car. Swiftly they ran out thru narrow, mean streets, which the girl had never seen before. At last they stopped before a tall tenement.

"Sit here a moment," said Bob. "I can't leave the car alone, and I can't let you go in till I see if it's all right."

He was back in a moment. "It's on the second floor," he said. "The door is open. Go upstairs quietly and stand back of the door."

Alice went softly up the stairs and stopped as Bob had directed. She could see into a small room, meagerly furnished, but her eyes caught no details, for in the center of the room, on a rude cot, lay a golden-haired child, and at the foot knelt a golden-haired woman, motionless, hands clasped, gazing with strained intensity at the child's face.



Above the child bent Doctor Gray—a new Doctor Gray, whom the girl hardly recognized. With jaws set, lips compressed, face tense, he worked with shining instruments, doing, the girl knew not what, but doing it coolly, quietly, firmly, giving an occasional low-toned direction to the white-faced, haggard man who stood by his side.

It seemed hours to Alice before he laid the child gently back on the pillow, covered her deftly, and turned to the mother, who leaned toward him in breathless suspense.

"You must keep her very quiet," he said, with an assuring smile; "I will call early in the morning. Give her this when she wakes."

"When she wakes?" echoed the mother, hope and doubt struggling in her face. "Will she surely wake, doctor, will she live?"

"Surely," said the doctor. "Follow my directions carefully, and don't worry. She will be playing around the room before you know it."

The father and mother fell into

each other's arms, sobbing, looking first at each other, then at the child, as if half doubting the reality of their joy. After a moment, they turned to the doctor.

"We can't begin to express it, sir," began the man, but Doctor Gray checked him with a gesture.

"Don't try to express it," he said. "I quite understand. It is a great pleasure to be able to help you."

"Your lady, sir," said the man, hesitatingly, "I hope she won't be angry. It was a lot I asked of you, to disappoint her so. We should be sorry to cause you trouble."

"The lady will not be angry," said the doctor, "when she understands."

Then, out from the shadow of the door stepped Alice, a fairylike figure in her shimmering pink gown, the rose in her hair, the white cloak slipping away from the bare shoulders. Shining thru a mist of tears, like two stars, her eyes met the doctor's.

"The lady understands, now," she said.



"FOLLOW MY DIRECTIONS CAREFULLY, AND DON'T WORRY," SAID THE DOCTOR.



THE INDIANS DISCOVER THEIR VICTIMS. (SEE PAGE 54.)

# How Mary met the Punchers

By Marie Coolidge Rask

“WELL, that old saddle’s busted again.”

William DeLancey Fordham, otherwise known as “Bill,” made the remark with an air of finality, as he flung the heavy piece of ranch equipment down on the step where his employer sat smoking and watching the progress of an approaching vehicle out on the plain.

Edward Lewis, the prosperous rancher who, years ago had come to Wyoming for his health, was not one to remain aloof from the men in his employ. He knew that the majority of them had not always lived on the ranges. Altho outward evidences of association with the refinements and education of the East had disappeared, he knew that some of the most daring riders and wildest yelling cowboys that ever flung a lariat, had come from families of culture and wealth. He knew it, but it made no difference to him, for he had a sincere affection for them all. He was somewhat silent himself, usually full of plans for the development of his ranch, but there were times when he could forget his planning and talk and laugh as heartily as anyone. He glanced at the saddle with disapproval.

“That thing was a cheat,” he observed, removing his pipe from his mouth and flourishing it, the better to emphasize his remarks. “Yes sir, a swindle—an all-round swindle from the very first. It’s been nothing but busted and mended and busted and mended ever since that blame fool brought it to the ranch. Jake Loomis don’t know any more about buying saddles than I do about air ships. When he got back here from Chicago and

brought that saddle along, I knew as soon as I looked at it just what kind of a rocking-chair he’d got.”

Bill was carefully threading his needle, preparatory to mending the much maligned saddle. He nodded, appreciatively.

“What’d he want to buy in Chicago for?” he inquired. “Wasn’t the Green River Emporium doing business?”

“That’s just what I asked Jake,” replied Lewis, relighting his pipe. “I said, ‘if I’d thought any of you boys was going down to Chicago to get roped in at a bargain sale, I’d have gone myself or telegraphed the police to look out for a bunch of tenderfeet from Wyoming.’ That saddle wasn’t the only fool thing they bought on that trip, either. They—”

The speaker paused abruptly, rose and started down the steps to meet the dusty wagon as it came within speaking distance.

“Here she is,” cried a welcoming voice as Mrs. Lewis, known to all the boys as “Mother,” appeared in the doorway and, with arms extended, hurried forward to greet the pretty young girl, already being helped to the ground by the ranchman.

“Oh, Uncle Ned—Aunt Katie—How glad I am to see you! Oh, what a ride it has been!” exclaimed the new arrival, embracing first one and then another of her relatives.

“It was too bad I couldn’t drive down to The Forks to meet you, myself,” apologized Lewis; “but it takes so much time to go down and back, that we usually have to leave here before daylight, and I had to be home this morning to look after some matters here at the ranch.”



"OH, WHAT A RIDE IT HAS BEEN!" EXCLAIMED THE NEW ARRIVAL.

"Come right into the house and get something to eat," urged Mrs. Lewis. "You look completely worn out."

The young woman did not look in the least worn out. She looked particularly charming, and none the worse for her long trip across the continent, and the dusty drive over miles of alkali and sage brush.

The saddle repair-shop had suspended industry the instant the guest appeared to view, and the lone workman stalked after his employer expecting to add his welcome after the first burst of exclamations had subsided. Mother Lewis, however, was too excited to think of ordinary little courtesies. As they started toward the house she kept enfolding the girl in her motherly embrace at such frequent intervals that Bill still remained discreetly in the background.

"Oh, my suit case! Where is it? I should die if anything ever happened to that. I've got something in it for you, Auntie." The young woman's sud-

den exclamation caused the whole party to pause abruptly.

"Here it is. I've got it," answered her uncle, who was well laden with various impedimenta.

"No, not that one. There's another." Mary turned hastily in the direction of the retreating wagon only to encounter the genial smile and respectful bow of the cowboy.

Pretty girls were not frequent visitors at the ranch, especially girls from the East. Mother Lewis had told the boys weeks ago that her niece was coming, and they had all been looking forward to the event with much interest. Bill had been watching the pretty play of dimples, as the maiden laughed and chatted, and had quite decided that she was irresistible. Then came that sudden stampede about the suit case.

"I have your grip, Miss."

Bill spoke very deferentially, but at his words all the pretty smile faded. The girl looked him over as one accustomed to frown upon any presump-

tion from a servant. Evidently she mistook him for one.

"Oh! All right."

The words were few but the look and the tone spoke volumes. Poor William gazed in dismay and momentary discomfort. Then he sniffed, much as a long-horn raises his head and sniffs the air when he thinks he scents trouble. Bill scented it, and he muttered something between his teeth, as he surrendered the luckless piece of baggage. With an expression that was a queer mixture of resentment and laughter, he picked up the saddle and started in the direction of the corral.

"Wonder who the deuce she thinks we are, out here?" he grumbled to himself as he strode along. "She's got nerve, all right. I bet she can ride."

In years gone by, Billy Fordham had been considered very clever in the college dramatic club. He hadn't forgotten the art of getting a laugh from an audience, and his pantomime as he approached the group of cowboys, who were engaged in conquering the antics of a "bucker," was sufficiently interesting immediately to cause a transfer of all attention to himself.

"Get off, Charlie," advised a big, six-footer, usually referred to as "Lengthy," deftly throwing his lasso around the broncho's foot, "Bill's got something to say."

"Has she come?" anxiously queried Charlie, springing from his perilous position just in time to avoid being thrown by the plunging animal. "She" was the title by which Mother Lewis' niece had been generally designated ever since it had become known that such a young person was on her way westward.

"As I was sitting on the step, heigh-o, heigh-o,—" caroled Bill as he drew nearer the group. "A pretty girl I saw, you bet, heigh-o, heigh-o, heigh-o—"

"Aw, shut up," shouted Lengthy, preparing to swing the lasso over the vocalist. "When'd she get here?"

"What does she look like," grinned Charlie; "d'ye think I'll stand any show?"

"Sure thing; you'll make a hit all right. Wear those new Cheyenne pumps and take her down to the dance next Saturday night." Bill always enjoyed joking Charlie about his fondness for the frivolities of fashion.

"Well, go ahead,—what'd she say?" Lengthy was getting impatient.

"Say?" echoed Bill drily, "just about what Three Moon's squaw said—"

Laughter, exclamations, and the prompt use of the lariat stifled the rest of the sentence.

"What's the joke?" asked Dickenson, a comparatively new hand at the ranch, as soon as he could make himself heard.

Charlie hastened to explain. "Why Bill, here, went down to The Forks last Christmas, and met Three Moon's squaw just as she was getting herself loaded with blankets ready to ride to Pocatello on top of a coal car. Bill always likes to be polite to ladies, so he takes off his top-piece like a tenderfoot and says, 'Merry Christmas, Mrs. Three Moon,' just like that. She didn't scalp him but she looked as if she might. Then she grunts 'Ugh, all right,' swings around and scrambles up over that coal as if she couldn't get away from the sight of him fast enough."

"Oh, but that's not what the girl did, is it?" Dickenson asked, anxiously.

"That's just what she did," replied William. "She's about so high," waving his hand expressively, "and when she wants to see a cow-puncher again she'll tell us. She didn't say so but she looked it. I tried to carry one of her grips for her, but she looked at me a heap sight steadier than the squaw did, and the way she took that grip and sailed into the house beat the old woman's coal deal all to a finish."

"Sh! here she comes, now." The warning was from Lengthy, and was none too soon. Mary and the Rancher were close by. There was a quick brushing of hats, and arranging of kerchiefs, in spite of the discouraging account that had just been given.

Lewis, full of plans for the improvement of his property, was already explaining them to his niece, whose ex-

clamations of delight and approval pleased and encouraged the silent man of the West more than anything that had entered into the dull routine of his life for many a day.

"These are my cow-punchers," he remarked, indicating with a sweep of his hand, the group of bronzed westerners. "You've heard of cow-punchers, haven't you, over there in your English school?" Mary had been educated in one of London's most select schools for young ladies, and it was fortunate that Lewis did not wait to hear her reply. Instead, he turned to take another look at the offending saddle which Bill had thrown to one side.

"Howd'y."

"Glad to see you."

"Pleased to meet you, Miss," mumbled the men as they pulled off their sombreros; but the easy grace and cordiality with which such greetings were usually extended was checked and frozen by the sudden dignity of the young woman. It was plainly evident

that she had no idea of making their acquaintance.

"What'd I tell you fellows?" ejaculated Bill, as Mary and her uncle passed on. "Wasn't I right?"

Reluctantly the boys had to admit that the girl was a disappointment. She was pretty enough, to be sure, but that only made the matter worse. There was that dance coming off in the school-house, and they had told all the other boys for miles around that they were going to have a new girl there. Charlie almost decided not to go at all, in spite of the new dancing pumps, and in spite of the fact that Lengthy was going to fiddle while the saloon keeper at The Forks played the Sunday School organ. The itinerant preacher wouldn't get along until the Green River local pulled in at eight o'clock Sunday morning; and, as Dickenson expressed it, "they could keep the ball going until broad day-light and then have plenty of time to get the place slicked up before the meeting." This



IT WAS SIR PERCY GRANVILLE, THE ENGLISH OWNER OF THE NEIGHBORING RANCH.

was all quite plausible, because the floor committee for the dance was to comprise the choir, and the organist would merely change his tunes.

"It's a shame," groaned Lengthy, "a blasted shame!" as the boys turned ruefully toward the house.

Even Bill's good nature was affected by the downfall of their hopes, and his manner was not as cheerful as usual when he took the water bucket from Mrs. Lewis' hands and started to fill it at the well. The more he thought of the young woman's treatment, the more angry he grew. Never before had anyone intimidated that he was not worthy of acquaintance.

"A man can be a gentleman," he soliloquized, "even if he does wear rough clothes and carries a gun. What confounded ideas has she got into her head, anyway?"

The bucket of water was brought up with such energy that it splashed all over the ground, and almost upon the couple who had just come up from behind.

"Have a drink, Mary? You'll find the water on this ranch is all right, in spite of the alkali. Wait a minute, Bill," said Lewis to the man at the well; then, turning to his niece, "This is Mr. Fordham, Mary. My niece, William. I want her to try some of this water. See how it compares with your city hydrant water." The rancher was in high spirits. He helped himself to several cupfuls of water.

Very formal was Mary's recognition of Mr. Fordham, but this time he was prepared, and the coolness of his greeting quite equaled Mary's already famed frigidity. The change of demeanor was unexpected to the young woman. She vouchsafed a quick glance of surprise, just as a gentleman in immaculate costume rode up, greeted her uncle cordially, nodded to Bill, and then turned to be presented to Mary.

It was Sir Percy Granville, the English owner of the neighboring ranch. She had heard the name before. Sir Percy had served in the same regiment with Captain Andrews, whose wooing she had scorned, but of whom she had

often heard him speak as his friend far out on the American plains. She extended her hand in cordial greeting to the *blasé* man of the society world, and he in turn smiled down upon her in a manner that made the cowboy long to fling him into the well.

"The darned dude!" exclaimed Bill under his breath a day or so later when he chanced to hear Sir Percy urging Mary to go for a ride with him that afternoon. Bill had been quite right in his conjecture that the English-bred American girl was a clever horse-woman. She had longed for some good cross-country runs, as she called them, referring to the long dashes over the open stretch of prairie land. The sneering look on Bill's face was still there when Mary, turning suddenly, encountered it. Their eyes met, and in an instant each understood the other.

"You shall recognize me, yet," was the ultimatum expressed in the firm lips and determined eyes of the man.

"I aspire higher," was the apparent reply flashed back by the girl.

"One little, two little, three little shirtsies," hummed Charlie as he, with Lengthy and Bill, sauntered into the back yard where the week's washing was waving gaily in the breeze.

"Are our togs dry, mother?" he called, as he spied Mrs. Lewis busily taking the garments down. "Lengthy won't go to the dance tomorrow if he can't have that polky-dot handkerchief to rest his fiddle on. That blue shirt's mine. 'Twont fit Bill." Mrs. Lewis sometimes made mistakes in dispensing clothing to the three cavaliers.

"Hey, Lengthy—Bill—what do you think of this now?" exclaimed Charlie, who was examining the material of a neat, red, dress skirt hanging on the line. "Now that's what I call wool, real wool. Nothing shoddy about that. Why in thunder can't we get shirts as good as—"

"How dare you!"

The owner, with a face almost as crimson as the garment, had appeared, unnoticed by the interested wool inspectors. At her sharp words and hasty confiscation of the skirt, there was

a disappearance of cow-punchers so speedy that it savored almost of an Indian surprise. As Lengthy said afterwards, he "never felt so dog-goned cheap in his life" as he did at that moment.

The discomfited plainmen were still suffering from the effects of their confusion when they saw Mary, wearing the garment of excellent wool, ride off over the range accompanied by Sir Percy. Half an hour later, as they were lounging near the corral, Dickenson appeared in the distance, riding like mad.

"What's he trying to kill that pinto for, riding like that when there's no call to?" growled Lengthy, raising himself on one elbow as he lay on the ground ready for a nap. The boys watched the rider until he was within hailing distance, when they knew from his shouts that he had some exciting piece of news for them.

"Get to horses," yelled Dickenson. "Where's Old Ned? This pinto's no good on a run." He rushed to the corral as he spoke and made the exchange of the pinto for the black horse, while the others were getting on their mounts.

"Now where in blazes are we going?" demanded his friends almost in the same breath, with varying expletives, just as they were about to start.

"Injuns—dirty ones. English Herl and a lady fair," came the disjointed reply, as the horses made a dash forward. "You see, it was this way," continued Dickenson, when the ponies had steadied down a little. "That tenderfoot that's been staying over at the Granville ranch, saying he was on leave of absence from his regiment, is mean enough to steal sheep."

"What's he done?" inquired the other riders.

"He hasn't done anything that he planned to, and he won't for some time," replied Dickenson, dryly; "but I've done something, and before we get thru you fellows may have a chance to get into the game, too. I was down the trail by the telegraph car where those two new operators are staked, and along comes this Johnnie Bull and

sent a message. I used to work in a Union office when I was a young fellow and I just naturally read that telegram." The narrator grew more emphatic as his story began to take effect on his audience. "That infernal telegram read 'Will rescue fair Mary from Indians this afternoon, and will take the trail south. Have minister waiting at The Forks. She'll have to give in or be lost on the prairie.'"

Bill was reaching for his pistol as the speaker paused.

"Put up your gun, Billy," admonished Charlie. "The Johnnie ain't within range and the story ain't finished."

"Go on with it," he urged.

"Why didn't you pepper him?" asked Lengthy.

"Well, maybe I didn't!" was the grim reply. "By the time I got thru with him he was getting out of the country as fast as he could. Before he went he sent another telegram, to Sir Percy, saying that he was suddenly called away and for him to send his outfit after him. So he's gone and now it's up to us to rescue the girl. Three Moon and his gang have been filled up on bad whiskey and that yazoo has paid them to chase Sir Percy and Miss Mary as soon as they come in sight. There'll be mischief done if we don't get the joker played on time."

Over a distant rise, Three Moon and several boon companions were having a pow-wow. Three Moon, using a whiskey bottle to emphasize his remarks, urged his followers to rise in retaliation of all the wrongs they had suffered at the hands of a wicked government that didn't supply enough whiskey and gave the noble red men poor rifles and nothing in the animal line to shoot. With the aid of another bottle he invoked the great spirit to help them to make war upon the white man, and, as if in answer to his pleading, there appeared to view, far in the distance, two riders so engrossed in conversation as to be an easy mark for any marauding party that might chance to pass by.

Three Moon's trusty friend, Red Dog, may have been unsteady on his





MARY AND SIR PERCY DEFENDING THEMSELVES.

legs, but his sight was fairly true and his hand did not falter when he fired the shot which whizzed past Mary's ear, as her horse plunged forward and the mad race began. Lucky for Mary that she knew how to ride across country, and that her pony was clever at avoiding badger holes. Sir Percy's horse kept in the lead, however, and both horse and rider soon disappeared behind a small rise which marked the site of a deserted sheep herders' camp. By the time Mary had reached the shelter, her escort had already found some old wool sacks, with which he was contriving a sort of barricade, but with a nervousness and excitement that was far from reassuring to the frightened girl.

Suddenly, the gentleman had an inspiration. "A dummy!" he panted. "We'll put it on one of the ponies. The redskins will think it's one of us."

With frantic haste he seized the fallen sacks and commenced tying them together. The Indians had now come

quite close, and were posting sentinels. Mary was sobbing disconsolately, but she meekly surrendered her cap when Sir Percy demanded it to add to the dummy. But anything more she stubbornly refused to contribute, until a whoop and a rifle shot from the Indians unnerved her; then, suppressing a little scream, she rushed behind a rock and presently threw her skirt over for the completion of the dummy. A moment later and the horse galloped forth, its dumb rider looking quite enough like Ranchman Lewis' niece to deceive, at a distance, even Aunt Katie herself. Away went the Indians in hot pursuit of the horse and its queer rider, just as Bill, looking thru his field glasses off to the southward, descried the chase.

"There she goes, boys; gosh dang those red devils—ride like h—l," he shouted as the four punchers dashed madly to the rescue. Long before the Indians were overtaken, the lariats were whirling in ever widening circles un-



THE COWBOYS WERE VICTORIOUS.

til, with a deafening yell, the cowboys hurled them forward over the heads of the drunken red-skins, just as they had overtaken their supposed victim and angrily torn the dummy into shreds. A glance into the muzzle of Bill's six shooter, and Three Moon quickly informed him where Mary and Sir Percy were supposed to be in hiding.

Poor Mary! She isn't defiant now. She is crying her heart out as she cowers alone by the deserted camp, trembling lest at any moment the Indians return and find her there alone. For her escort is gone. Going to get help, he had told her, and then he had hastily sprung upon the remaining pony and rode off down the trail, leaving her horseless, and defenseless except for a revolver. She had never used a revolver in her life. And, what perhaps was most serious of all, at least to her cultured mind, she was without her skirt and cap.

"Oh, how I hate him—I despise him, the coward!" cried the girl, angrily.

Then came the sound of hoof beats. She sprang to her feet. The picture which met her eyes would have been humorous had the previous experiences been less serious. There they all were, Lengthy and Charlie and Dickenson and Bill, coming swiftly and directly toward her, waving, on a stick as a flag of truce—her skirt!

"Halt!" Mary's pistol is leveled straight at the oncoming punchers. In obedience to the sharp command, the sturdy little bronchos rear back on their haunches as their riders bring them to a sudden standstill. Charlie was heard to say afterwards, "She got the drop on us first and we couldn't do anything else. A girl who can handle a gun like that is just going to waste, shut up in a boarding school."

"My skirt—bring me my skirt or—I'll shoot!" demanded Mary.

She did not remember at the time that the pistol was not loaded. She only knew that she was not dressed for company. As the rescuing party conferred together, and Bill seemed to be

writing something on the side of a rock, the stentorian voice of Dickenson rang out.

"Captain Andrews, of Her Majesty's Guards wished to be remembered. He's just skipped the country."

Mary gave a little cry of surprise and dismay. Captain Andrews! He whom she had refused again and again in England. He had vowed to marry her whether she would or no. He was a friend of Sir Percy's. Could it be that he had followed her to America? The thoughts went thru her mind in an instant. Her nerve in handling the pistol was failing, now, very rapidly, but she bravely repressed the tears, and when a fragment of paper fell at her feet she picked it up and read:

"The punchers wish to return Miss Mary's skirt, but would first like to have her consent to make their acquaintance.—Punchers."

The faces of the jovial plainmen appeared good and wholesome as she peered at them furtively from over the embankment. How strong and brave they seemed! *They* would never run away and desert a woman. Choking back a sob, she turned the paper and hastily scribbled:

"Mary will be glad to meet the Punchers who have rescued her."

An encouraging shout, a waving of sombreros, and the skirt and cap are politely passed over the rock. A moment later, as Mary emerges from her retreat, the entire party dismounted, and greeted her with an ovation.

"Glad to make your acquaintance, Miss Mary," began Charlie, his face wreathed in smiles. "There's going to be a dance down at the school-house tomorrow night—"

He is checked by a warning dig in the ribs from Lengthy, who explains that the excitement of the Indian chase has been a little too much for his friend's brain. Charlie was rewarded, however, by one of Mary's prettiest laughs, and the assurance that she would be delighted to hear all about the dance as they rode back to the ranch. Dickenson was already getting her pony ready for her and the others



"BRING ME MY SKIRT, OR I'LL SHOOT," DEMANDED MARY.

were turning toward their horses. William DeLancey Fordham, otherwise known as Bill, alone remained to be met on terms of equality. His hat was off but he did not extend his hand.

"Are you quite sure you are equal to the ride back, Miss Mary?" he inquired, courteously.

"I think so."

Mary was actually blushing. Again their eyes met. The defiance was all gone. The girl smiled shyly up into

the face of the stalwart man of the West and held out her hand. Fordham recognized the signs of surrender and his heart thrilled at the sudden prospect of a great happiness. He gave a hearty clasp to the little white hand, and as he did so his strength and manliness gave to Mary a great sense of protection.

"It must be lovely to always live on the plains and to be unconventional," she murmured with a sigh of content.

"It certainly will be!" quoth Bill.



SCENE FROM "THE DEATH OF ADMIRAL COLIGNY."



CHARLES KENT AS THE NAZARENE.

# Tho Your Sins Be As Scarlet

(A Tale of the First Easter Day)

By Montanye Perry

“I KNOW not what to think of our mistress. She is greatly changed.”

The maid who spoke was leaning idly against a low wall which divided the small, paved yard from the street, before a rather pretentious house in the city of Jerusalem.

The man whom she addressed nodded thoughtfully, his eyes lingering on the girl's dark, vivid face with evident enjoyment.

“It is true,” he said, slowly, “for a week she has been unlike herself.”

“At times, she is as haughty and overbearing as ever,” continued the girl, “then a sudden change passes over her. She seems bewildered, almost timid, and becomes gentle and kind. I saw it first as I combed her hair one morning. My brush slipped and pulled quite sharply. She seized it from my hand and beat me with it furiously. All at once she paused, a strange look came over her face; she dropped the brush and began to pat me, pityingly. Then she gave me a string of coral, bidding me cry no more. Often has she beaten me, but never before has she softened or given me gifts.”

“Yesterday,” said the man, “Peter and myself carried her litter, as usual, to the river. There she was joined by Simon, the evil faced one, who comes so often here. We pushed off in the barge and rowed slowly, keeping near the shady bank. She suffered Simon's embraces freely for a few moments; suddenly she sat upright, looked about her in a strange manner, and sharply commanded us to row back. He remonstrated, but the mistress sat as if dazed, gazing at him with a look half-

fearful, half-loathing. As the barge reached the shore, Simon jumped out and went angrily away, but she remained indifferent. On the way home, she stopped us to throw some silver to a lame leper. Never before have I seen her give alms.”

“Last night,” the girl said, “I crept down stairs and peeped in at the dance. Men and women alike were half drunken with wine and excitement. A girl, wreathed in vines, with clusters of grapes in her hands, danced madly in the center of the room, a ring of men circling about her. They called for our mistress to join them and she started forward, then stopped, standing as if touched by some mysterious spell. A silence fell over all the dancers. They



THE INTERRUPTED BEATING.



A SILENCE FELL OVER THE DANCERS.





SHE SUFFERED SIMON'S EMBRACES  
FREELY.

gazed at one another as if in terror, yet wondering what they feared. Finally the mistress spoke, sharply, bidding them go, and they all hurried away, as if glad to leave."

The sunshine was pleasant in the little yard, and the two lingered, enjoying the cool morning air. A young girl hurrying by with a basket, paused for a moment.

"Why stand you here, with faces so serious?" she queried, with a light laugh. "Hast felt the Nazarene's shadow?"

"What is that?" asked the maid curiously.

"Have you not heard of the Nazarene? He has been for a week in this neighborhood. He heals the lame, the blind, even lepers, by a touch of his hand. Also he talks of love, charity and goodness, calling upon the people to repent and lead holy lives. He hath a wonderful power. 'Tis said he has only to pass thru a street and wherever his shadow falls, people leave their work or their pleasure and follow him."

The two servants looked at each other, wonderingly.

"Who is this Nazarene?" asked the man.

"There are many rumors concerning

that. Some say that he is a prophet; others that he is a trickster. Some even call him the Christ. I know not. But certain it is that he doeth marvelous works."

As the girl went her way, the two faced each other with one thought.

"Can it be the spell of this Nazarene has touched our mistress?" breathed the maid.

A door opened, and Mary, mistress of the house, appeared in the doorway. The trailing scarlet robe which she wore, loosely bound with a golden cord, emphasized the tall, slender figure. Jewels flashed from the masses of dark hair, glowed about the bare throat, and sparkled upon the delicate hands, now clenched angrily.

"Why are you here, idling the time away?" she began, furiously. "Is there nothing to do, that you must stand gossiping?"

She broke off suddenly, passing her hand across her eyes and leaning forward. The frightened servants shrank back, expecting further rebuke, but Mary was gazing eagerly down the street.



SHE STOPPED TO GIVE ALMS TO A  
LAME LEPER.

"It is the leper," she murmured, "he is healed."

Turning, they saw a man, erect, ruddy with the glow of health, his eyes fixed piercingly upon Mary's.

"It is, indeed, the leper to whom she threw the alms," whispered the man.

Moving like one in a dream, Mary advanced to the gate.

"By what means are ye healed?" she asked.

"I sought the Nazarene," replied the stranger, his glowing eyes still holding Mary's; "he healeth all manner of sickness and affliction."

Mary drew herself up proudly, endeavoring to cast off the spell of the earnest eyes.

"I have no sickness, nor affliction," she said, coldly.

"He healeth sin," said the healed one, quietly, never relaxing the steady gaze, "He is the Christ!"

Mary whitened; her dark eyes wavered and fell. "Where dwelleth this Nazarene?" she asked, tremblingly.

"He hath no fixed abode. They who seek him earnestly, find him."

Slowly, Mary turned, and beckoning the maid, entered the house. In her chamber, she looked around at the costly hangings, the sumptuous furnishings, the rich and gaudy clothing strewn about, with the eyes of one who sees new visions.

"Get me a plain black robe and girdle," she commanded, "bring them at once."

Silently, Mary cast aside the scarlet robe, the golden girdle and the precious jewels. Then, donning the black robe, she went swiftly, with rapt, far-away look, down the stairs and out the gate, unheeding the wondering maid's timid question.

The sun beat fiercely down upon the dusty road as Mary stood, wondering, anxiously, which way to turn. A group of men and women came toward her, singing psalms of rejoicing, their faces filled with gladness.

"Knowest thou where to find the Nazarene?" she asked them.

"He hath but lately been preaching yonder, on the hillside; perhaps he may be there yet. Look, he hath healed my babe, that was sick from its birth!" answered a woman, holding up a rosy infant, crowing with delight.

Along the narrow road leading toward the hill, Mary hastened. The sun's rays grew hotter, the dust thicker. It was with delight that she saw a little way ahead, a roadside well, with a group of women drawing water. But they turned away, at her eager approach, looking scornfully at her and refusing to lend their drinking cups.

"She is a scarlet woman," said one, "let us stone her."

"I seek the Nazarene," said Mary, faintly, "can ye tell me where he is?"

A swift change came over the mocking group. Jests died upon their lips and stones fell from their hands, as one gave a gourd of water to the trembling woman, and another offered her cool, ripe figs.

"The Nazarene was preaching on yonder hilltop but recently. Rest here in the shade, until the sun sets, ere you climb the hill," they urged.

But Mary shook her head. "He may be gone, I must hasten," she said, and hurried along the road again.

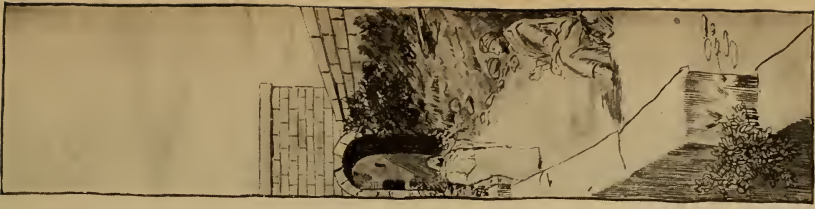
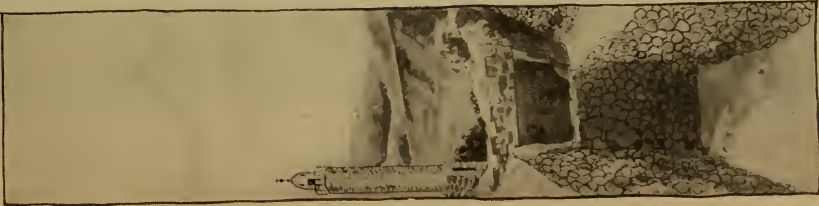
The afternoon sun blazed stronger and fiercer. Little clouds of dust arose at every step, choking the traveler. Her eyes were red and burning, her throat parched, her head whirling, as she climbed the long hill, but thru her brain echoed the words of the healed man. "He healeth sin. They who seek him earnestly, find him."

On the hilltop, a group of great trees stretched out their green branches as if in welcome. Mary ran toward them.

"It is here, in the cool shade, that he will be preaching," she cried.

But in the grove she found, to her bitter disappointment and dismay, not the Christ whom she sought, but a noisy crowd of revellers, men and women, whom she knew too well, eating and drinking, with song and laughter.

"How now, Mary, art thou come after us?" they shouted, gleefully. "We looked for thee to join our party, but



"SHE IS A SCARLET WOMAN. LET US STONE HER."

could get no word of thee at thy house. Welcome to our feast."

"But why this black garb?" queries a bold-faced girl. "Is Mary bound on some pious pilgrimage?"

"'Twere a pious pilgrimage to find us, surely," laughed Simon, one of the revellers, "and the garb is a clever jest. But now, Saint Mary, your quest is ended, wear this scarlet cloak in token of thy triumph. There! Now thou lookest like thyself."

Faint, exhausted, bewildered by this unexpected turn of events, Mary sank upon the ground and accepted food and drink. The wine brought new life and animation and she began to respond to the jests and laughter, half-forgetting the vision she had followed thruout the day.

"Tonight, after our feast," said a fair-haired girl, lifting a slender wine glass, "we shall dance upon yonder

platform, where they say the Nazarene hath preached to thousands. Friends, a toast to the Nazarene!"

With boisterous laughter they filled their cups, but Mary, dashing her glass to the ground and flinging aside the scarlet cloak, cried out, "I must go on; I can no longer stay!" and fled swiftly down the hillside, leaving the crowd, silent with amazement, staring after her.

"I have wasted precious hours," sobbed Mary, "which way shall I go? Shall I ever find him?"

A faint cry from the roadside attracted her attention. Peering into the bushes, rapidly darkening in the twilight, she saw a young child, weeping bitterly, over a tiny, bruised foot.

"I cannot stop," said Mary, hardening her heart to the plaintive appeal, and starting down the road again, "I must delay no more."



"AS SHE DID IT UNTO ONE OF THE LEAST OF MY LITTLE ONES.



"WHERE IS HE?" ASKED MARY.

But a moment later, she was back, bending over the child. "Where is thy home, little one?" she cooed, gently.

The child pointed a chubby finger at a house far across the fields, away from the road. With a sigh, Mary cradled the babe gently in her arms and set off thru the gathering shadows to the home, where a grateful mother received the child with joyous thanks and blessings.

"Tarry here and sleep," begged the mother, "gladly will we give thee food and shelter."

"Nay," said Mary, "I seek the Christ, the Nazarene. Canst't tell me aught of him?"

The woman's face grew troubled. "But a few days ago he was preaching

I delay with a weeping babe." But even as she spoke, a voice came softly thru the still night, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, my little ones, ye did it unto me."

On, in the starry night, along far, silent stretches of smooth road; over hills, standing sharply against the clear sky; thru black patches of forest, dark with flickering shadows, Mary hurried, with an eagerness that banished fear and fatigue. Finally, in the daylight's dim dawning, she came out upon a hill-top and stood for a moment, gazing. Far in the background lay the great city, sleeping. Beyond, rose the hill of Golgotha, and, straining her eyes, she saw, with dread foreboding the grim, ominous outline of the cross!

On again, thru the growing radiance of the dawn, along a winding road; past vineyards and olive groves, bright with the rising sun; past herds of sheep and cattle, awakening to the new day; past drowsy shepherds, returning homeward after a night on the mountains; up a straight, steep, narrow road, to the top of the hill called Golgotha.

A silent, desolate scene! The great cross, empty; the ground trodden bare by the multitudes who witnessed the crucifixion; sponges, bottles, and great wooden nails lying about; three women, sobbing at the foot of the cross.

"Where is he?" asked the weeping Mary.

"He is laid in the tomb of Joseph of Arimathea, yonder," replied one of the women, pointing.

Torn with grief and despair, Mary sought the tomb. "Too late, too late!" she wailed. "Must I carry my load of sin forever? If I could see him even now; if I could but touch his body!"

Nearing the spot, she gave a cry of hope. The great stone was rolled away from the door of the tomb. "Perhaps I may enter, and see where he lies," she thought, running forward eagerly.

But at the door of the tomb one, whose whole figure glowed with a mystic, unearthly light, watched. "What seekest thou, woman," he asked, calmly.

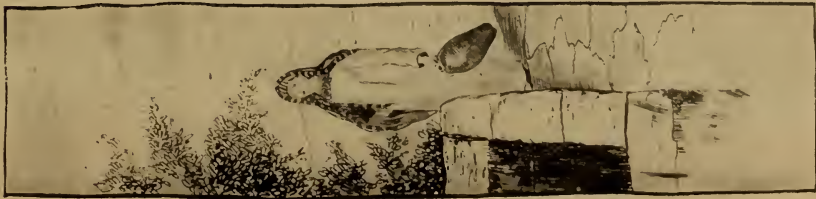
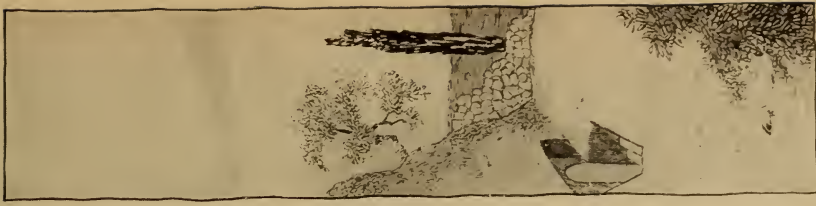
"I seek the Christ," she answered,



BEYOND, ROSE THE HILL OF GOLGOTHA.

and healing on yon hilltop. Now, strange, wild rumors are afloat. Today a traveler told me that they have led him out from Jerusalem, toward the hill of Golgotha, to crucify him. But that cannot be true. What evil hath he done, the gentle Nazarene?"

With a heavy heart, Mary returned to the road, now shining like a white thread in the clear starlight. "He may be dying," she thought, bitterly, "while



“WHAT SEEKEST THOU, WOMAN?”



THE ASCENSION.



imploringly, "Could I see the spot where he lies?"

"He is no longer here," replied the watcher, pointing thru the door of the sepulcher, where the winding sheet lay loose upon the ground.

Broken-hearted, Mary cast herself down. Convulsive sobs shook the slender body; sparkling tears rolled down upon the grass, where lay the woman, only a few days ago so proud and insolent, now so lowly and penitent.

Lo, the tender, tear-sprinkled grass

"Rise, Mary," spoke a sweet voice, "Rise, and weep not."

Springing to her feet, amid the fragrant, flashing blossoms, the woman gazed upward at a roseate, quivering cloud, thru which shone a luminous



UP FROM THE GROUND SPRANG LILLIES.

around the anguished woman quivered! Up from the ground sprang lilies, row upon row of tall, stately golden-hearted blossoms, their waxen petals forming a beautiful, radiant circle about the prostrate form.



FROM THE CLOUD FLOATED TWO SNOWY DOVES.

figure. Slowly from the cloud fluttered two snowy doves, settling upon Mary's shoulders, and at their touch the black garb slipped away, and she stood arrayed in spotless white.

The cloud drifted slowly upward, vanishing in a trail of silvery mist, but thru the still air floated a voice:

"Tho your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow."





THE ROSE CARNIVAL.



A BEAUTIFUL SCENE FROM "THE LOVE OF CHRYSANTHEMUM."

# THE STORY OF ESTHER

By Montanye Perry

FIVE hundred years before Christ, the city of Susa lay in the uplands of Susania, surrounded by a shining network of rivers which made the region a proverb for luxuriance and fertility.

A festival of unparalleled magnificence was in progress. For six months the fortress palace of Shushan had been filled with successive companies of chiefs of the Persian and Median armies, nobles and magnates of the empire. Half a year had the feasting and revelry continued by day and by night while, far in the East and West, humble subjects of the king were fighting and dying for the great empire, stretching from India to Ethiopia.

Flushed with new reports of the success of his armies, King Ahasuerus, known to the Greeks as Xerxes, sat upon a raised seat at the head of a great table in the court of the garden of the king's palace. Parti-colored hangings, held by cords of white and purple to marble pillars, turned the vast space into an open air banquet hall. The ground was paved with varied shades of marble, and stretched in long rows were couches of gold and silver, occupied by the guests.

Wine and excitement had turned the head of Ahasuerus and he called upon the seven chamberlains who waited before him to bring Vashti, the queen, unto him that the princes and the people might behold her beauty. But Vashti, fair and modest, mindful of the king's dignity as well as her own, refused to come before the half-drunken throng. Unaccustomed to having his slightest wish disregarded, the king's anger was furious. The chief chamberlain was Vashti's enemy,

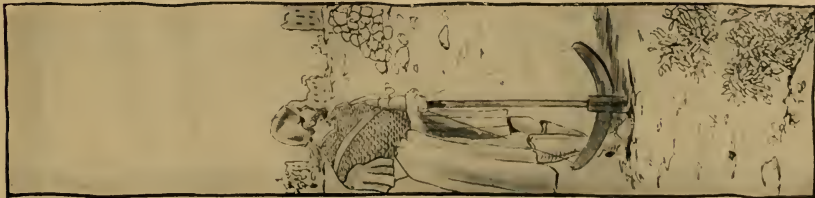
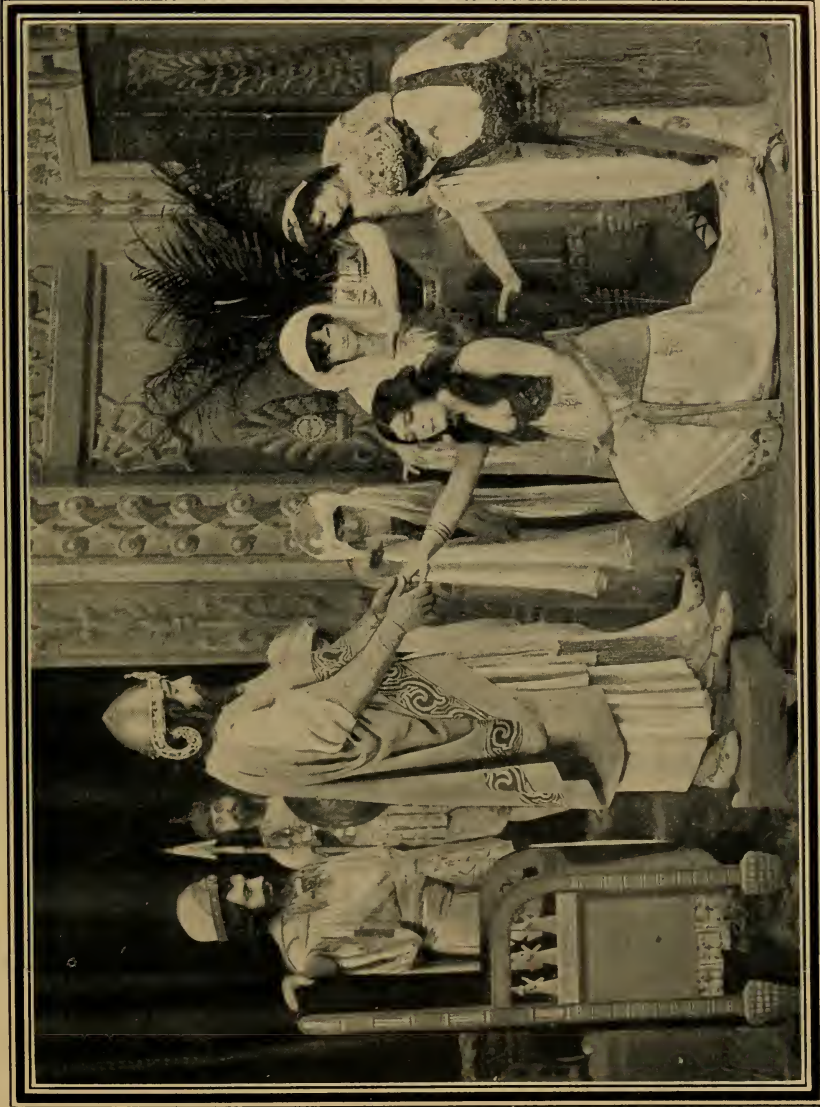
and upon his counsel a decree went forth that Vashti should nevermore come into the presence of her king, but that the fairest maidens throught the provinces should be brought together at Shushan that a new queen might be chosen.

Near the great castle of Shushan dwelt an orphan maiden, Esther, daughter of the tribe of Benjamin, who had spent her life among the Jewish exiles in Persia where she lived under the protection of her cousin, Mordecai. Of unusual beauty and character was this young Jewess. Fair, yet modest; brave, yet gentle; the oldest blood of history warmed her veins; the light of generations of brave ancestors glowed in her starry eyes.

"I cannot," she pleaded, when Mordecai proposed that she go in with the maidens assembled at the palace; "I cannot go in before the great king. I love thee, my cousin. Father and mother and home hast thou been to me all thru my years. How, then, shall I leave thee, to go to this king who is not of my race or kindred?"

"Listen, Esther," spoke Mordecai gravely. "Thou knowest that I love thee as my own daughter. Tenderly have I reared thee from a babe. Now I grow old, and long for thy honor and advancement—aye, for thy protection when I am gone from thee. Keeper am I of the palace gates. Every day will I send thee messages. Fear not. Think of the honor to thy race should the great Ahasuerus make thee his queen. Go into the palace as I bid thee. Disclose not thy race nor kindred. All shall be well."

When the day came on which Esther



ESTHER CHOSEN AS QUEEN.

stood before the king, he gazed long upon her fresh, young beauty. Then, turning to his counsellors, he said, "Let the search be ended. My queen is found."

Again a great feast was given unto all the nobles and princes of the land—the wedding feast of Esther—and the maiden obtained favor in the sight of all who saw her. During the days of the feast, her beauty and sweet obedience so moved the king that he placed a crown of gold upon her head, honoring her above all women. But, as Mordecai had charged her, she disclosed not her race nor family.

Among the dignitaries of the court of Susa was Haman, who held the post of Grand Vizier of the Empire. This man was of the race of Amalekites, bitter enemies of the Jews. Advanced by the king to higher and higher honors, secure in his wealth and power, Haman was yet unsatisfied. Mordecai, the Jew who sat at the king's gates, refused to pay obeisance to the great Haman as he entered and left the castle. Angered and humiliated by this affront, Haman determined at one blow to revenge himself upon Mordecai and blot out the hated race of Jews. Representing to Ahasuerus that they were a dangerous people who insisted upon obeying their own laws rather than those of the king, he obtained a decree that on the thirteenth day of Adar all Jews thruout the provinces should be slain and their property seized for the king.

When this decree went abroad Mordecai, forsaking his office at the king's gates, stood wailing in the streets of the city, clothed in sackcloth and ashes. Thruout the city of Susa and all the provinces, lamentation and despair filled every Jewish household. But to Mordecai, as he prayed, came one gleam of hope. "Esther, the child whom I have reared," he murmured; "will she save her people?"

Praying and fasting thruout the night, in the morning Mordecai sent a copy of the king's decree to Esther, saying to the messenger, "Charge the queen to go in unto the king and make

supplication for her people." But Esther, distracted and terrified, torn with love for her cousin and her people, returned a message, saying: "All the king's servants do know that to go unbidden into the king's presence is death, unless the king shall hold out his golden sceptre, and I have not been called unto the king for many days. What then shall I do?"

That night, in his sackcloth and ashes, came Mordecai before the king's gates, and Esther went forth to speak with him, secretly. "Think not, Esther," said Mordecai, "that thou shalt escape in the king's house. But, my child, think not at all of thyself or of me, but of our race. Have I taught thee all the glorious history of our fathers that thou shouldst forget it in thy people's hour of need? Who knowest but thou art come into the kingdom for such a time as this?"

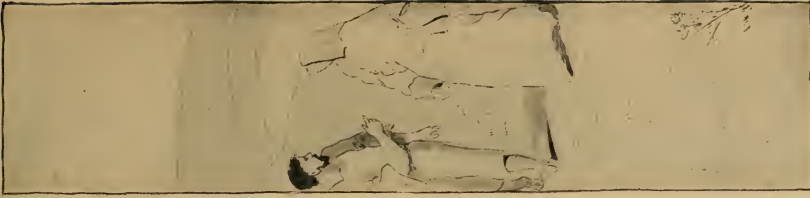
Then Esther, lifting her eyes filled with holy purpose, said, "Go, gather together all the Jews that are present in Shushan, and fast ye for me, and neither eat nor drink for three days, night or day; I also and my maidens will fast in like manner, and so will I go in unto the king, and if I perish, I perish."

Three days after the meeting with Mordecai, Esther, faint from her long fast, pale with the dread of going unbidden into the king's presence, went timidly into the inner court. As he looked upon her beauty, the king was moved with compassion and spoke kindly: "Fear not, thou shalt not be harmed. For my subjects is the law made, not for my queen. What is thy request?"

"If it seem good unto the king, let the king and Haman come this day to a banquet which I have prepared."

"Make haste," said the king to a chamberlain, "and bid Haman come unto the queen's banquet."

But when the king and Haman came Esther was moved to defer her petition. Exerting all her powers to please the king, she asked only that they should come to a second banquet the next day.



THE PLOT FOILED.

"It may be that God will speak to me in the night," she thought, "and show me how I may prevail with the king; or, peradventure, the king may see a vision to-night. I will wait."

The cup of Haman's honors seemed brimming. "Twice am I bidden by the queen to dine with the king," he said to his wife, Zerish; "honors and wealth are mine. Yet all this availeth me not, so long as I see Mordecai the Jew sitting at the palace gates."

"Why should this Jew remain to vex thy heart, when vengeance waits upon thy word?" said Zerish. "Let a gallows be built, fifty cubits high, in the court of your house, and in the morning speak thou to the king that Mordecai be hanged on it. Then shalt thou go merrily to thy banquet."

That night sleep fled from the king. Tossing restlessly upon his bed for long hours, he finally commanded that the book of chronicles be read to him. It chanced that the great book opened at the place where it was recorded how Mordecai, soon after the marriage of Ahasuerus and Esther, had discovered the purpose of two chamberlains to murder the king, and foiled the plot, even as the enemies were almost upon him.

"What honor has been done to Mordecai for this?" questioned the king.

"Nothing has been done for him," replied the reader.

At that moment Haman sought the king for permission to hang Mordecai upon his gallows, but before he could speak the king demanded: "What shall be done unto the man whom the king delighteth to honor?"

Haman, supposing the question referred to himself, hastened to reply: "Let the royal apparel be brought, and the horse the king rideth upon, and let the apparel and the horse be delivered unto him and cause him to ride on horseback thru the city, and proclaim before him, 'Thus shall it be done unto the man whom the king delighteth to honor!'"

Then said the king unto Haman, "Make haste and take the apparel and the horse as thou hast said, and do even

so to Mordecai, the Jew that sitteth at the royal gates."

In wrath and shame Haman obeyed the king, afterward hastening to Zerish, dismay and terror in his heart. Fear fell upon Zerish as she listened. "This Mordecai is of the seed of the Jews; woe is upon us if he prevail against thee. But haste to the banquet. Twice has the queen bidden thee. It may be thou yet canst triumph thru her favor."

Esther knew not of the honor done to Mordecai, yet on the second day of the banquet her heart was lighter and she found much favor with the king, so that he said unto her, "What is thy petition, and what is thy request? It shall be granted even unto the half of my kingdom."

Her hour had come. Silently praying Jehovah's aid, Esther sank at the king's feet, her lustrous eyes turned pleadingly upward, her desire bringing a burning glow upon her fair, pure face. "If it seem good unto the king, and if I have found favor in thy sight, oh, spare my life at my petition and my people at my request. For we are sold, I and my people, to be slain, to be destroyed, and to perish, and the enemy who has done it is this wicked Haman."

Even as the wretched Haman fell down before the king to implore his life, a chamberlain entered, saying: "Behold there stands waiting, built by Haman, a gallows fifty cubits high. What is the king's pleasure concerning it?"

And the king, lifting the lovely, trembling queen, understanding now the days of her terror and anguish, answered the chamberlain, "Hang Haman thereon!"

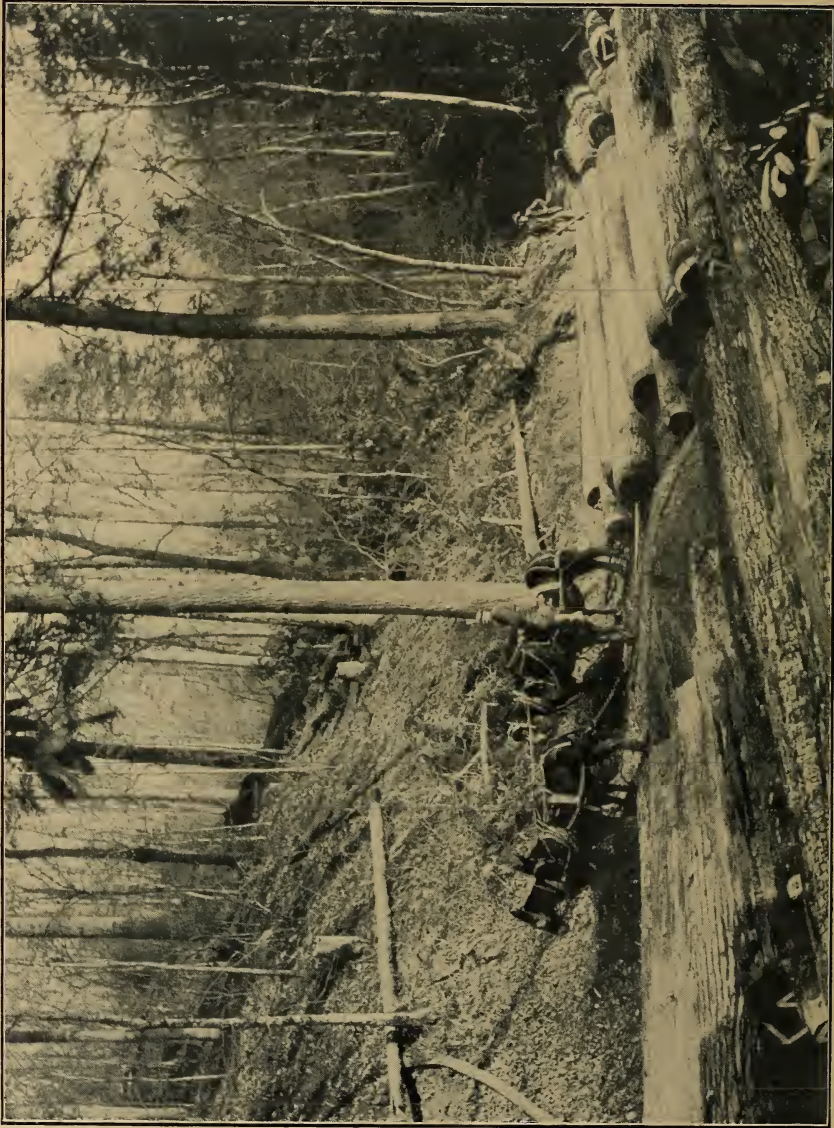
Endowed with the dead Haman's office, honors and wealth, his relationship with the queen acknowledged, Mordecai sought Esther in the court of the palace.

"The god of our fathers is with thee, my child," he spoke joyously. "Thou hast saved thy people. Thru thee shall our race come again to strength and power. Great is Jehovah!"





THE WEDDING.



HAULING LOGS.



# SENSATIONAL LOGGING

By Marie Coolidge Rask

THE great movement called "Conservation of American Forests and Waterways" has not yet reached such a stage of development as entirely to eliminate the picturesque features of the lumber industry. Sensational logging—thrilling and spectacular—is still a feature of the Cumberland mountains, just as it is in the great Northwest, in the Adirondacks and down in the yellow-pine belt of the "Sunny South." Modern inventions and modern ingenuity have done much to change methods and to better conditions, but the result is the same as it was in the days when donkey engines, temporary railroads, telephones and dynamite were unknown.

Forestry experts agree that the great industry must soon run its course, even if the government does not intervene in a very radical manner for the protection of America's birthright, the forests. As the industry of logging is waning, so therefore is the interest in logging increasing, and the story of the great forest slaughter becomes a real factor of education. A few generations from now it will doubtless become a mere matter of history. As the last buffalo to-day is of more value than the whole herd was before civilization crept westward, so do the latter days of logging increase in importance as they near their end.

As absence makes the heart grow fonder—even so of the forests. The old woodsman, who tells the exciting tale of the days when he rode log-rafts down the Ohio, or the Susquehanna; the business man, who recalls the days of his boyhood in the mountains, when the sound of the woodchopper's axe seemed louder in the stillness than the

honk of an automobile now sounds in a city street; the university freshman just come from his western home among the pineries; even the most ignorant chopper on a log job, is now, at heart, a conservationist. The general agitation of the subject has moved him more than he himself realizes. Even the capitalist who owns the forest and knows so well its monetary value, becomes—for material reasons if not for poetical ones—more or less a conservationist, and begins to husband his resources. Everything possible is now done to prevent careless felling, which, in the past, has done so much to destroy the many small, growing, sap trees. Now, engineering methods are brought into play. There is clear, methodical sighting to get the proper direction for the falling tree. The chopping is done with regularity and with scientific precision. Even the quick, deft understroke is important, which, with the clever use of wedges, brings the great tree down in exactly the right spot.

All of the work is systematized, and nowhere can it be studied to better advantage, and surrounded by more beautiful scenery, than in the Cumberland mountains. That picturesque borderland between the Blue Grass State and "Old Virginny," famous for its fends, romances and tragedies, is now the scene of some of the most remarkable engineering of modern times.

A trip there is interesting, exciting and never-to-be-forgotten. The route is romantic, following as it does a picturesque trout stream most of the way, and at times the road is so far above the stream that the latter seems but a

tiny, glistening ribbon far below. In the gray of the morning, when the start is made, the air seems cool; but as the sun brightens, the dampness is absorbed. The fragrant breath of the pines, the scent of the flowers, the sparkling streamlets, trickling down over huge, moss-imbedded and fern-decked rocks on every side, charm the senses of the most unpoetic, and quite enthrall the nature lover. At times, the gaps in the mountains become so narrow that the sky is but a narrow strip of blue, standing out in bold relief from an exquisite frame of forest green. At certain points, a view can be secured of no less than eight or ten mountains extending down into one ravine.

It is a real lumber country. Walnut, yellow poplar, pine—almost every variety of timber known in this section of the country is represented. And there are some mute evidences of the past. An old log chute, evidently constructed in the days of long ago,

tells a story as plainly as words. It is partly filled with logs. Work had been pushed rapidly, when the spring "break up" occurred, and everything had to be abandoned just as it stood. Some of the logs are moss-covered now, but they silently tell the story of logging as it was conducted in the days when nature was expected to work unassisted, and when, in order to get the logs to the mills, it was necessary to wait for a "freshet."

Now, nature is given many reinforcements. In many places the mountain railway is nature's principal crutch; but, at this borderland point, a railroad is an impossibility: so the waters of Elkhorn Creek are banked, forming an immense reservoir, into which the newly cut tree-logs are thrown, until sometimes more than 100,000 logs are there ready for shipping.

Life in a lumber camp, to those who live it year after year, is monotonous and uneventful. It is very still. In



EVERY LOG IS MARKED WITH THE COMPANY'S MARK.



TYPICAL SCENE IN THE PICTURESQUE CUMBERLANDS.

the early morning, just when the magic spell of the mountain grandeur and solitude is being enjoyed to its greatest extent, the visitor suddenly detects a strong aroma of hot coffee and frying bacon. Before there is time for a second sniff, a new sound breaks the stillness—a call, so out of place and so unexpected, that it seems almost uncanny in its incongruity.

“Kitty, kitty, kit-ty!”

It is a man's voice. A few yards more and the imaginary hermit is discovered. A stalwart, bearded individual, with a piece of burlap pinned about him as an apron, is standing at the door of a cabin. It is one of a small settlement of cabins. He holds in his hand a basin of food. Coming from over the wood-pile, which ornaments the door yard, is a “kitty,” in other words, a cat. From the shrubbery, a short distance away, comes her duplicate. Rising from a sun bath is still another of the same name, while

still others appear in the distance. The man sets down the basin of food and greets the strangers cordially.

Hermit? Ah, no. The cook—the cook on the log-job—the autocrat of the breakfast table, the most important individual on the top of that mountain. He's waiting for the men to come to supper now, and he has a whole batch of dried-apple pies setting out in a row to cool. They look tempting enough, after our long trip up the mountain, to satisfy even an epicure. The cook has a few minutes to wait, and he explains all the mysteries of the cook house. The cabins at right and left are the bunk houses. Then there is the store. A “tip-top store,” so he says, where a man can get any kind of tobacco, woolen socks, or anything he wants. There is a good stable, too.

“Look at them cows,” he says. They are indeed worth looking at, and the visitor smiles in anticipation of having two cups of coffee with real

cream for his supper that night. Then there are other cabins pointed out.

"One belongs to the 'boss.' He don't often come up, but the place is always kept ready for him," explains the cook, who, by the way, has an assistant, a "cookee," whose unenviable duty it is always to do what the cook does not want to do himself.

That luckless cookee now gets the food on the tables, as the men are "washing up" for supper. They troop in from all sides, laden with axes and dinner pails. All are sturdy and healthy, the inevitable reward of living an out-of-door life. And how they eat! No sign of dyspepsia there. No complaining about the food. Johnson's pies are pronounced "cracker-jacks." The biscuits? No one has time to mention them. Each seems to fear that if he does so, they will all be gone before he has another chance at them. If the proof of the pudding is in the eating, those biscuits are well proven, for they are being eaten at the rate of—shall we say, a mile a minute. Everyone is jovial when the time comes for speech, and the pipes are brought out, but the speeches are short and to the point. "Early to bed and early to rise" is the old-fashioned motto of the lumber camp, and it is not long before there is a general exodus for the bunk house.

Here the wooden bunks are arranged tier upon tier, and the woodsmen are soon as snugly stowed away as they would be in a municipal lodging house. They have worked hard, and their sleep is as hearty and as healthful as were their appetites. All day long they had tramped thru those forests. To-morrow it is all to be enacted over again.

Before daylight the clang of the great bell in the hands of Johnson, the cook, brings them tumbling out of their bunks to perform their morning ablutions at the free-for-all fountain out in the center of the forest campus. Long rows of dinner pails have now taken the place of the rows of pies seen the night before. The pies are within

—a great triangular slab in each pail. The cook is a generous soul. He loves pie, himself. He watches the departure of the woodsmen as a mother watches her children off to school.

The work does not lie close to the camp. Some of the men have a long tramp before them. As the timber belt recedes, the choppers must move onward. Behind them come the "barkers," the sharp, short blows of whose hatchets resound and echo, not unmusically, awakening the solemn stillness. The bark as it is peeled, is sent skimming down the bark chutes to be loaded on the cars. "Buckers" is the name by which the men are known who saw the trees into logs. Sometimes they have the help of the horses in using the great saws, but usually they work in pairs, and two good sawyers can accomplish a surprising amount of work in a day.

No factory in the land has its work more systematized than it is on a log-drive. No man may do another man's work. He is hired for the one thing and he must do it. The "scaler" is usually a man of some education and considerable mathematical ability. He needs it. Every log is marked at each end with the company's mark. As cattle are branded in the West, so are the logs marked with the owner's sign. The scaler must enter every one of them on his tally board, and later transfer them to his book. With a long measuring stick, known as a log-rule, and a tally-board, he travels over those freshly hewn logs from morning till night, measuring each one in length and diameter and registering it. It is a tiresome, uninteresting task, altho light in comparison to the work done by the "buckers" and "barkers."

The hoarse shriek of the little mountain engine, known as a "donkey," contrasts strangely with the surroundings. This donkey-engine has proved a god-send; for by means of cables and flat cars, it gets the logs very quickly from the place they are felled to the place of their shipping. Some of the old-fashioned skid-ways, down which the logs were once shot with frightful



THE DAM AFTER BEING "SPLASHED."

velocity to the water, far below, are still to be seen, but the donkey-engine has largely superseded them. When these swift-moving logs strike the stream, the water dashes up and foams like a seething maelstrom. The men who jump about, pike-poles in hand, upon these crashing, rolling logs, which are now far under water, now up on end, and now lost in blinding spray, take their lives in their hands when they undertake this work.

Up at the camp the horses still do their regular quota of labor. When other means of transporting them are not possible, they are used for hauling the logs. When the donkey-engine is used, a cable is attached to a log and the signal is given for the engine to wind up the cable. As it does so, the log moves slowly forward. "Hook-tenders," as they are called, are watching for snags, stumps and other obstructions; and as such are reached a signal is given and the engine stops until the difficulty has been remedied.

Back to the camp from scenes like these, and one realizes what it is that gives to those sturdy foresters their wholesome appetite for pork and beans and dried apple pie. But even in camp there comes a time when things begin to happen—a day when there is hurry, and excitement, and danger. It is the event of the year.

"Going to splash the dam to-morrow, Pete?" calls the cook to the "jobber," as the latter is making ready to pile into his bunk for the night.

"So I hear," yawns the jobber; "good fer us, great sport, eh?"

"Yep, get the boys out early."

And the boys get out early. They get out and have breakfast at four o'clock. No one would miss that splash, even if he could. Pike-poles, axes, ropes, dynamite—everything is ready. The great feature of the log drive is at hand. The four massive gates, which hold back the waters in the reservoir, and which are held in place by heavy braces on each abutment, are to be

destroyed. At each of these braces a charge of dynamite is placed.

Some preparations, and at last all is ready.

gates swing open, and the great body of water and logs rush thru in a seething, foaming, tumbling mass. Majestic, yet frightful, it crashes down thru



HAULING LOGS TO THE RESERVOIR.

"Look out, look out! Let 'er go, Bill!"

There is a deafening crash, as the four blasts go off simultaneously. The

dry, creek bed, gathering impetus with every foot of water released, and on it rushes down the stream.

Along the banks the lumber crew





A JAM OF LOGS.

hasten to see that all goes well at the "bend." The logs must go out. They must reach the Ohio. They must not jam. If they do, someone must go out and straighten them.

A log jam is not a pleasant thing to deal with. Beautiful as the Cumberland is, in summer, a good-sized flood and 100,000 logs in a jam make a combination that is not attractive except as a sensational spectacle. In that respect it is one of the best of nature's

achievements, and only those who have actually witnessed one, or taken part in dislocating, untangling and otherwise calming and quieting that jam, and persuading it to go on in the proper way, can realize what a tremendous undertaking it is. Insurance companies understand it full well, and the "lumber-jack" whose career is to be spent in close relation to log-jams, is invariably classed, in occupation, under the head of "extra hazardous."



"A room with pictures and a room without pictures, differ nearly as much as a room with windows and a room without windows; for pictures are loopholes of escape to the soul, leading it to other scenes and spheres, where the fancy for a moment may revel, refreshed and delighted. Pictures are consolers of loneliness, and a relief to the jaded mind, and windows to the imprisoned thought; they are books, histories, and sermons—which we can read without the trouble of turning over the leaves."—*John Gilbert.*



"Fain would I Raphael's god-like art rehearse, where, from the mingled strength of shade and light, a new creation rises to my sight; such heavenly figures from his pencil flow, so warm with life his blended colors glow."—*Addison.*



THE PARTING OF NAPOLEON AND JOSEPHINE.  
JULIA SWAYNE AS JOSEPHINE. WILLIAM HUMPHREY AS NAPOLEON.



# AGE VS. YOUTH



By Roy Mason

THE air was electric with excitement in the office of John Norton & Co., Bankers and Brokers. The heir to the business was due to arrive that day. It was just a month since the revered and beloved head of the firm had passed away. Old John Norton was a man who deserved and inspired confidence. The heads of many of his office staff had grown grey in loyal service. Three of them, James Blake, old Norton's confidential clerk, Henry Wilson and William Burke, all of them with silver hair, sat pretending to work at their desks in the great outer office. But their attitudes were tense and nervous, and their attention to the papers before them frequently relaxed, or was interrupted by a snatch of conversation.

"He'll be back to-day," said Wilson in one of these pauses.

"He's due here now," Burke added, gloomily.

"What are you two worrying about?" inquired Blake. "Mr. Norton said to me a few days before he died: 'My boy Jack is going to carry on the business. And he'll take care of the men who helped me to make it a success.' What more can you ask?"

The door was flung open, as if in answer to his words. Young Jack Norton strode in briskly, followed by three of his college mates and boon companions. If he was saddened by the loss of his aged father, his manner certainly did not betray it.

"Mr. Blake," he said abruptly, without any preliminary greeting, "I presume that you have the papers in that traction loan that was pending before father's death."

"Yes, Mr. Norton," replied the grey-

haired senior clerk, flushing at the peremptory tone. "I thought it best to hold that matter up until your return. There should be some serious consultations—"

"Consultations? Consultations!" Jack Norton interrupted angrily. "We're going to cut out the consultations and do some real business. They're not going to call this an old-fogy firm any more, now that I'm running it. Step this way, please."

The older man's face was flushed as he approached his young employer.

"Here is a month's salary, and you can say a permanent good-bye to this office. You must be tired of it by this time, anyway."

James Blake's countenance turned from red to ash-grey.

"You can't mean, sir," he faltered, "You——"

"Mr. Wilson," called young Norton, ignoring Blake's unfinished question.

Wilson's knees were trembling beneath him as he approached. Young Norton handed him a month's salary with the same curt dismissal. Burke had already approached as if in support of his comrades of many years.

"I see that you're wise to what's coming," said young Norton with a sneer, partly to cover his real embarrassment. "Here's a month's salary, and a permanent ticket of leave for you, too."

"Jack Norton," said Blake in a husky voice, "this is an outrage that your father would not tolerate, to discharge without cause three old men who——"

"That's just the point," interrupted young Norton. "You are three old men. I'm bringing in some younger

blood. Percy, you take Mr. Blake's desk. Harold, you take Mr. Wilson's; Burke's job will just about hold you, Claude, for the present."

"You will find the keys to everything in the right-hand upper drawer," said James Blake brokenly.

Then with bowed head he passed out of the office with his two old comrades.

In the doorway of the big office building the three old men stopped and gazed at one another.

"Boys," said James Blake, sorrowfully, "you were right and I was wrong, but don't blame old Mr. Norton. He expected his son to treat us as he would have treated us. Don't blame *him*."

"We don't," said Burke; "but, Jim, it's bitter hard for a man nearing sixty to find a job."

"Good-bye, boys," said Wilson, sadly. "We'll never be together again."

The three old men shook hands silently, and went their separate ways.

Sixteen-year-old Nora Blake was sitting quietly, sewing with her mother, in the parlor of their little home. She jumped up in surprise to see her father at that unusual hour. Ever since she could remember, his goings and comings had been as regular as clock-work.

"Father!" she exclaimed, "what's the matter? Are you ill?"

"Yes, Nora dear," said her father brokenly, "I'm sick with a disease that time won't make any better. Old age is incurable."

"Jim, my Jim, what do you mean?" cried his wife in terror.

"Young Norton has returned, and turned us all away; Burke and Wilson and myself. He wants young blood, he says. We're superannuated."

"Oh, father, it can't be true!" exclaimed Nora. "Why, you belong there. You are part of it. You helped to make it all."

"That's all true, daughter," replied Blake despondently, "but I've met the usual fate of the salaried man who has nothing else to depend on. He gave me a month's salary and let me go. God only knows what the future holds."

He sank into a chair in abject discouragement, and the words and caresses of his wife and daughter were unavailing to cheer him. Nora's pleadings, and even her smiles, failed to arouse him. His wife's outpouring of the love and confidence of years only made his burden seem the harder to bear.

The following days were ones of hopeless plodding from office to office, with timid requests for work that failed to carry conviction to their hearers. Blake even conquered his pride so far as to return, one day, to the office of John Norton & Co., and ask for work, any kind of work, at any salary. Jack Norton emerged from the inner office, listened politely, but, unmoved by the broken-hearted pleadings, dismissed him in two curt words:

"Too old!"

A week after this incident, Mrs. Blake and Nora sat once again sewing in the parlor of their little home. The silence was punctuated by the unconscious sighs of the older woman. Even the ebullient spirits of youth had been finally affected by the problems which seemed to pile up more gigantic every day, and for once in her life optimistic, pretty little Nora found no words wherewith to console her mother. They scarcely glanced up as the bowed figure of James Blake entered the room. His hours were no longer regular, and they knew by his step that he brought no good news.

"I'm not long on French," said James Blake heavily; "but the writer who said: '*Si la jeunesse savait, si la vieillesse pouvait*—' if Youth but knew, if Age could but perform," said an exceeding bitter thing."

"But you must not be bitter, Jim," his wife said gently. "You never have been bitter. And who knows but ——"

"Not bitter!" interrupted James Blake with vehemence. "If Heaven ever puts the means in my hands, I'll make that young cub rue the day he ruined three old men!"

"Father," said Nora, "you are not really old. You are not sixty yet. You are well. You are strong."

"I know it," answered her father,

almost fiercely. "I know it. But those who look at my wrinkled face and white hair and refuse me work, don't know it. 'How old are you?' they ask; and turn me away as if all men of fifty odd years, no matter what their lives have been, were the same age; as if years were a disease that incapacitated a man at a fixed time in his life, and made him as useless as a worn-out truck-horse."

The door-bell tinkled, and the maid, who had announced that, wages or no wages, she would stay, entered with a letter addressed to Mr. James Blake. He seized it eagerly, tore it open, and read aloud:

"James Blake:

Your late employer, John Norton, left you \$20,000 in his will. Kindly call and see us immediately."

"WATSON & BOND, Att'ys."

"Thank God!" cried his wife, her eyes brimming over with grateful tears.

"I told you so, papa, all along!" ex-

claimed Nora, her sweet face flushing with joy and relief.

"Heaven has sent me the means to punish him," said Blake almost solemnly.

"Oh, Jim, don't do it! Don't think of it that way!" implored his wife. "Remember, it is his father's money."

Blake shook his fist in the direction of the towering office buildings which were visible from the windows of the little house.

"In another few years, Jack Norton," he swore, "it is you who will come whining and cringing to me."

It was a different James Blake, erect and confident, who was making a pretence of being busy in his brand new offices. In reality he was watching the clock, for he expected some visitors. He varied this occupation by indecorously whistling, and by glancing proudly at the gilt lettering on the ground-glass door which read: "James Blake & Co. Bankers & Brokers. Public Utilities." His visitors were



JACK NORTON MEETS NORA.

not long in arriving. A few minutes later the door burst open, and Burke and Wilson fairly stampeded into the room. In an instant they were grasping him eagerly by the hand and plying him with a hundred questions.

"Yes, boys," said Blake happily, after he had told them of his good fortune, "I—we, are starting in business together. No young blood for me. I want blood that is tried and true. A quarter of a century of work with you is all the recommendation that you need with me. You get your old salaries and an interest in the profits. Do you accept?"

The fervor of their answers silenced their new employer for an instant while he conquered his emotion. Then he lifted his hand and said:

"There is one thing more, boys, that I have to ask of you. Will you swear with me, if we succeed—and we will succeed—to help me every day, every hour, every minute, to put that young ingrate, Jack Norton, out of business?"

"We certainly will," chorused Burke and Wilson.

Three fists were shaken in emphatic unison in the direction of Jack Norton's office across the street.

Five years later and James Blake was rich. The old customers of John Norton & Co., accustomed to deal with the conservative senior, had found little to their liking in the erratic, speculating ways of the younger man. One by one the accounts had come over to Blake's firm, which was administered with the same sound conservatism that had distinguished John Norton & Co. in years gone by. The interest in the profits that Blake had given to Burke and Wilson amounted to a substantial sum, and Blake had the affectionate regard of every one of his employees. Jack Norton, on the other hand, had speculated wildly in the market. His business was not one of deliberate counsels, but of snap decisions, and these had been proven wrong in an appalling number of cases. Percy and Harold were threatening to leave, and

Claude no longer treated him with what he considered befitting deference.

It was with a light heart that Blake put on his hat each afternoon, bade his office force a cheerful good-night, and strode vigorously back to his new and handsome home. It was a merry wife, and daughter, too, who welcomed him affectionately each night at the gate. Nora was a young lady now, and had fulfilled her early promise of beauty to such an extent that it fairly bewildered her own father. He was wont to stand and contemplate her with flattering appreciation, when she started in her evening wraps for a theatre party or ball.

It is no wonder, therefore, that at one of these latter festivities Jack Norton was completely captivated at the very first sight of her. As she entered the ball room she seemed radiant with the moonlight from which she had just emerged, and for the first time in weeks Jack's face lit up with a smile. Jack smiling was very different from Jack despondent; and a far more attractive personality. Before she realized it Nora had smiled brightly in return. It did not take the enterprising Jack long to induce his enchantress to murmur the necessary formal introduction, and a moment later they were whirling in the mazes of a dreamy waltz. He hardly caught her name—if he did it made no impression, and Jack soon found that his heart was beating so fast that he must either have a rest in a quiet corner or succumb then and there to heart failure. He expounded this theory to the laughing Nora, and she daringly accepted his invitation to accompany him to a quiet nook in the conservatory. But Nora was far too attractive not to have had some experience in keeping too ardent young men in their proper place. In the conservatory she proved so elusive, and yet so bewitching, so tantalizing and yet so sweet, that dashing Jack Norton scarcely knew how he happened to find himself on his knees pouring out the wealth of his love. When an eloquent young man is in deadly earnest he is hard for a young



THE HANDSOME FACE CAME NEARER AND NEARER.

girl to resist. Nora Blake never quite knew how it was that the eager eyes and handsome face came nearer and nearer till the all-important compact of life was sealed by the union of their lips. It was only on the way home that she realized that she had not even caught the full name of the man who had asked her to be his wife. But he was "her Jack" and he would call tomorrow. Then, she thought, with a shiver of delight, she would learn the name she was to bear for the rest of her life. The romance of it appealed to her Celtic temperament, and she

cherished the secret which was to be theirs for a few days more.

The hours seemed interminable until "her Jack" appeared. When the butler presented his card, she hesitated for a moment, with a strange, delicious shyness, before reading it. The next instant her eyes grew fixed with horror.

"Norton! Jack Norton!" she repeated mechanically. "The man against whom my father swore vengeance! Show him in," she added to the butler quietly.

Jack came to her eagerly with out-



JACK IS REPULSED.

stretched arms, but she repulsed him with level eyes.

"So you are the man who turned my father into the street," she said coolly, looking him straight in the eye.

"Why, Nora! Is it possible that you are the daughter of old Jim Blake?"

"Mr. Blake is my father," she answered, trembling. "Go!"

He gazed at her in an agony of entreaty.

"Go!" she said, pointing toward the door.

"Nora!" he cried. "Nora! I was mad! I didn't know—surely you will not hold that against me after all these years! Think of our happiness, Nora! Think——"

"You must go, Jack," she repeated more gently. "You must never see me again."

It was not until the door had closed behind him that she fell sobbing into a chair. When James Blake and his wife entered the room a few minutes

later they found her weeping convulsively, her face in her hands.

"Why, daughter! what is the matter?"

In fragmentary sentences, interrupted by sobs, she told them the story of her love. Her father's face grew dark at the recital, but her mother gathered her into her arms.

"You acted as I would have wished my daughter to act," said Blake.

"My poor, poor little girl," soothed her mother.

Jack Norton's face was no longer smiling. For days the market had gone against him. The firm of James Blake & Co. had departed from its usual conservative caution, and seemed to forestall his every move. When he bought, its members sold; when he sold, they bought. And theirs was now the longer purse. In their offices all was bustle and excitement. Blake was issuing terse, confident orders, and stepping swiftly from 'phone to 'phone. If his sixty years had told upon him, it was not apparent in his manner or voice.



There was a note of grim determination in his commands.

In Jack Norton's offices across the street much the same scene was being enacted, but the note of confidence was lacking. All the members of the firm were standing anxiously over the ticker. Percy and Harold were openly sneering, and Claude was ineffectually imploring Jack to "do something." But this "something" was of too indefinite a nature to be of much use as a practical suggestion. Finally Percy and Harold put the situation plainly before him. He had no more money, no more collateral to put up at the banks. The ticker was rapidly telling a tale of ruin. In an hour he would be wiped off the financial map.

For a moment Jack gave up in despair. Then an inspiration seized him. There was one person on earth who could possibly save him, one person before whom he could humble himself—Nora Blake. He seized his hat, and left his companions gaping with wonder as he hurried down to his waiting automobile. A swift command to the chauffeur, and the next minute they were speeding thru the streets at a rate far greater than the law allows. Ten minutes later they had drawn up in front of James Blake's house, and Jack was ringing furiously.

"Tell Miss Blake that I must see her at once," he said to the startled butler.

He gave her no time for speech when she entered the parlor.

"Nora!" he cried, "if you ever loved me, if those mad, sweet moments meant anything to you, if that brief glimpse of heaven marked your life as it has marked mine, you must help me this once!"

"What has happened?—what can I do, Jack?" asked Nora sadly. "Father is determined to ruin you."

"You know then that he blocks every move I make, that he seems to guess what I am going to do and forestalls me, that no cloak that I throw about my movements seems too thick for him to penetrate? Nora, I am going to him to plead with him, to humble myself before him, even as I humbled

him in my raw egotism and silly, boyish pride, five years ago. But it will be no use, Nora, I shall be ruined—if I go alone."

"You mean," the girl said slowly, "that I should go with you, that I should help you?"

A flush, of which he could not divine the meaning, had spread over her lovely countenance.

"Yes, that's what I mean, Nora," he begged. "You have only a minute to decide. In half an hour I shall be a ruined man. Will you go, Nora? Will you save my name?"

The beautiful young daughter of James Blake hesitated. A struggle of conflicting emotions was taking place in her loyal, womanly heart.

"Yes," said Nora suddenly, "I'll go. The only thing in the world about father that isn't splendid and noble is that terrible spirit of revenge. Wait, I'll get my wraps."

She seized a cloak from the hallway rack, and flung it hastily about her shoulders. Jack helped her into the automobile, and the financier's daughter, and the man the financier had sworn to ruin, the beautiful girl and her hopeless lover, sped rapidly back toward the center of the town.

"I think that's the final turn of the screw," James Blake was saying to his partners. "I hear from the floor of the exchange that there have been no orders from John Norton & Co. for the last half hour or more. I think I've got him this time."

To his surprise his auditors failed to look sympathetic.

"Seems a pity to wipe out the old name," Burke muttered.

"Yes, let up on the poor kid," ventured Wilson.

"Well, you two are a pretty pair of milksops!" exclaimed Blake. "Want to let up on a man who ruined you for no reason but a whim! Who made your hearts bleed with worry for your families, made you two tired old men walk the streets like a couple of beggars!"

"Seems to me," observed Burke



"I THINK THAT'S THE FINAL TURN OF THE SCREW," SAID BLAKE TO HIS PARTNERS.

quietly, "that we're doing pretty well for our age."

"I'm feeling pretty fit for my years, too," grinned Wilson.

"Well, stay on the job," Blake ordered curtly. "I'm not thru yet!"

As he spoke, Jack Norton, pale and haggard, appeared in the doorway. Blake's face darkened as he caught sight of his daughter following the young man.

"Mr. Blake," said Jack, "I came to plead for mercy. Unless you let up, my name is ruined. In another ten minutes I shall be forced to the wall."

"Daughter," said Blake sternly, "what are you doing here?"

"I came," answered Nora in her clear young voice, "to join my entreaties to Jack's. Father, it isn't right to be so vindictive!"

"Leave him instantly," ordered Blake. "And you, Norton, go! You ought not to be in business, anyway. You're too young."

"Father," said Nora imploringly, "have mercy. I love him, love him better than my own life."

"Better than you love your mother and me?"

"Father, dear father, save him; for my sake, father," she implored. "He has asked your forgiveness. Be generous, father, be merciful; merciful to him, merciful to me."

A veil seemed to fall from the old

man's eyes. As he gazed at his daughter the look of smouldering hatred disappeared from them, forever. And in its place came a look of peace.

"Wilson, Burke," he called in ringing tones, "get busy on those 'phones, quick."

Then he turned to his daughter and her lover.

"Jack," he said, "I've just learned a big lesson, and I think that you have, too."

He held out both his hands.

"I don't know how to thank you, sir," Jack said, brokenly. "It is more than I deserve. I thought that I knew so much, and now——"

"And now," concluded Blake heartily, "we've kept the money right in the family, and I've found out as usual that my wife is right. Your father's money ought not to be used to ruin his son."

Jack turned to Wilson and Burke.

"And have I also the forgiveness of my father's two other old friends?"

They grasped him warmly by the hand.

"There is one thing more, sir!" Jack cried joyfully.

"And that is by far the most important," said Blake, as he joined the two young people's hands.

The next day the name on the door was changed.



## A December Dip

IT is not always cakes and ale about a motion picture studio, tho most players prefer the pictures to the dramatic stage with its monotony. Now and then something unusual is called for by a photoplay and the players do some odd things. Last December two companies did plays in which one of the characters is required to fall in the water, and a third company made a production in which three men were seen enjoying a bath in water very nearly at the freezing point.

At the other extreme, several burnings at the stake have proved hotter than was comfortable, and at least one runaway horse scene was spoiled by the animal entering too enthusiastically into his part and running away in earnest.

Producers as a rule are afraid of animals in pictures, tho animal actors are valued members of many stock companies and are used extensively, especially in the western productions.



SCENE FROM "THE LIFE OF MOLIÈRE."



# THE MEDALLION



By Ruth Brewster

“THERE, Gianetta, I will do no more today. Tomorrow the portrait will be finished. Come and look.”

The girl slipped from the high-backed chair, with a sigh of relief.

“I am glad, David,” she said; “it is tiresome sitting so long on that hard seat, while you paint, and frown, and say nothing at all to me.”

The painter smiled at the lovely, half-pouting face and, bending, kissed the smooth brow, which scarcely reached his shoulder.

“But see the medallion, sweetheart. How beautiful it is! Are you not repaid for the long hours of posing, when you look upon it?”

“It is, indeed, far more beautiful than I am,” replied the girl, studying the portrait, where her own fair face smiled back at her. “Surely, you should make your fortune if you paint all women so flatteringly.”

“There is no flattery in this. It was painted from my heart,” returned David, softly. “Love and joy, hope and faith, are blended with the colors.”

“Love and joy, hope and faith,” repeated Gianetta, slowly, “and faith is best of all. It is that which makes us one, our faith and trust. You will never doubt me, David?”

“Foolish question!” laughed David, “how should I doubt you, my beloved?”

Together they covered the picture, put away paints and brushes, and prepared to leave the studio.

“Tomorrow will be the last sitting,” rejoiced Gianetta, as they went down the winding stairs and came out upon a narrow street, shining in the warm sunlight of an Italian afternoon; “then there will be time for pleasure

again. I long for a sail on the bay. See, how beautiful it is today!”

They paused, looking out over the bay of Naples, with its sparkling waves curling in toward the crescent-like beach. Here and there, small islands gleamed like green jewels dropped upon the water; white sails drifted slowly by; the music of guitars tinkled from a passing boat, and in the background Vesuvius smoked sullenly, adding a touch of grim majesty to the scene.

“Tomorrow night, we will have a sail in the moonlight,” promised David. “The medallion will be finished. I am certain it will win first place at the exhibition. I shall have money enough for our marriage, Gianetta.”

The girl’s face flushed, rosy, and the long lashes veiled the glow of the dark eyes as they walked the short distance to her home. Then she looked happily up at her lover.

“Until tomorrow,” she said, giving him a tiny hand in farewell.

It was midnight, but David had not slept. Visions of the medallion, of the prize he so confidently hoped for, of Gianetta, fair and sweet in her wedding veil, floated before him. Rising, he took up his guitar.

“I will go and play to my love,” he said, “perhaps she, too, is wakeful tonight.”

Beneath Gianetta’s window, in the starlight, David raised his hand to strike the first notes, but it dropped again, and he stood, gazing at the open window.

There, clearly outlined, were two figures, a woman, in flowing white draperies, and a man. As he stood,

half-dazed, unable to credit his senses, the woman threw her bare arms about the dark figure and a voice, Gianetta's own voice, floated down to him.

"Be careful; oh, be careful. Think, if you were seen, the shame and disgrace would kill us! Go, and God keep you, dearest."

A moment later, the man descended a trellis to the ground, passing close to David, who was crouching in a shadow of the gate.

Dawn was breaking when David stumbled up the stairs again, and, uncovering his beloved portrait, stood looking upon the lovely face.

"Love and joy, hope and faith," he murmured, "I wove them all with my colors. I painted you with my heart's best blood, and you are false. Oh, Gianetta, Gianetta, my beloved!"

Hours passed, and the painter still gazed at the medallion, torn with the anguish that only a strong man knows. At last, a light tap came at the door, and, as David roused himself to answer, Gianetta entered. In her fresh white dress and gay ribbons, a wide hat shading her glossy hair, she looked like a happy, innocent child.

"Now for our last sitting!" she cried, gaily, "and then the sail you promised me. It is a glorious day, David."

She stopped short, terror-stricken at the gray, haggard face which David turned to her.

"My dear one," she cried, forgetting her usual shyness and running to him, "what is it? Have you bad news? Are you ill? Tell me quickly, David."

The painter gazed steadily down into the upturned face. Then, with a fierce gesture, he dashed the medallion to the floor, crushing it with his heel.

The girl shrank against the wall, her face whiter than her gown, her wide, wondering eyes fixed upon the man's passionate, distorted face.

"Last night, beneath your window, I saw and heard," said David, hoarsely. "I saw you embrace the guilty partner of your sin; heard you talk of shame and disgrace. My sweetheart, whom I

thought so pure and innocent that she knew not even the meaning of sin!"

He broke off, with a loud, mirthless laugh. "Love and joy, hope and faith," he cried, "all gone! Now go, false one, before I do murder."

For a moment the girl continued her wild, frightened gaze. Then she lifted her head proudly, her childishness dropped from her, and a white-faced woman walked quietly from the room, closing the door softly, as one does upon death.

To the gates of an old, stone monastery, standing in the heart of Naples, yet seeming remote from the world, came a weary, travel-stained man, seeking alms. The gray-garbed monk who ministered to him, questioned him with grave kindness.

"I am weary and wasted with sin, good Father," confessed the wretched stranger. "For years I lay in prison and, for the honor of my family, my shame was hidden from the world. One night I escaped, climbed to my sister's room, and begged for money and a disguise that I might fly from Naples. She remembered and loved me thru all the years of my shame, helped me, and I got safely away. But the years of my prison life had wasted my strength and skill, and I drifted quickly into evil ways again. Now, before I die, I would ask forgiveness of my aged parents and my sweet sister, Gianetta."

The monk, who was none other than David, uttered a sharp cry and clutched the beggar's arm, eagerly.

"Gianetta!" he exclaimed. "Tell me, what night was it that you climbed to your sister's room?"

"Three years ago this very night," answered the stranger.

With a groan, the monk sank upon a bench, his whole body shaking convulsively. At length, he spoke tremblingly to the startled visitor.

"Go, now, to your sister, and, as you hope for forgiveness, bear my message. Tell her that here, in this monastery, David has learned his mistake, too late. I have wronged her greatly—God for-



THE STRANGER APPEARS AT THE MONASTERY.



THERE, UNDER THE CROSS, DAVID BREATHED HIS LAST  
(THIS PHOTO WAS TAKEN IN THE SACRED GARDEN OF SANTA BARBARA MISSION.  
NO WOMAN HAS EVER SET FOOT IN THIS GARDEN.)



give me—I cannot expect her pardon, but it may be that she will sometimes think pityingly of me in my sorrow and regret.”

As the beggar left the gates, a brother monk stood by David's side.

“We have long seen thy great grief, David,” he said, gently, “and a task is assigned that may yield thee solace. An altarpiece is to be painted and a studio has been prepared in the church. There, in thy loved painting, thy heart will find solace.”

David agreed, and, daily, in the little studio, toiled faithfully at the sacred work. But the painter's strength was gone. Day by day he grew weaker, and a look of death came upon his countenance. At times, his mind seemed to wander, and the monks, listening in awed silence, heard his weary voice repeating:

“Love and joy, hope and faith, all gone!”

It was late afternoon. The studio had grown too dim for further work, and David, laying down his brush, glanced toward the door leading into the church.

“Gianetta!” he exclaimed, “Am I

dreaming? Is it one of the visions that come to torment me, or is it, indeed, you, my beloved?”

“It is I, David,” she sobbed, running to him. “I crept in from the church. It is wrong for me to come; you are wed to the church; but, surely, I may bring you my love and forgiveness. I was wrong, too. I should have told you of my brother's shame, but I feared I should lose you. Oh, my David, we can never meet again in this world, but sometime, somewhere, we shall be together. Love and joy, hope and faith, shall yet be ours.”

She slipped away into the shadows, and the painter stood like one in a dream, staring at the open door.

Two monks found him, prone upon the floor, gasping for breath. Tenderly they carried him thru the church, out into the sacred garden, where no feet, save those of holy men, had ever trodden. There, at the foot of the tall crucifix, David looked upward, and smiled.

“Sometime, somewhere, my Gianetta,” he said.

Then his broken heart was still.



“The mother of the useful arts, is necessity; that of the fine arts, is luxury. The former have intellect for their father; the latter, genius, which itself is a kind of luxury.”—*Schopenhauer*.



SCENES FROM "THE LOVE OF CHRYSANTHEMUM."

# THE EYE OF CONSCIENCE

By L. Case Russell

TWICE Henderson had started across the room to the safe, and twice returned to his seat opposite the sick man. "Hang me for a fool," he muttered, as he sat heavily down the second time. He scowled darkly at the medicine case of "Ready Remedies" on the table at his elbow. From that none too reliable source he had obtained what help he could for his "Boss," who lay there on the cot, rambling incoherently, in the grip of the fever.

His restless eye took in, and cursed, every detail of that lonely adobe shack, called by courtesy, the "Office of the Lost Lead Mining Company," up in the mountains of Mexico. From the mine maps on the wall, and a half-hearted attempt at decoration in the shape of several brace of dusty and discolored mountain-sheep horns, his eye traveled to the safe, and from his own untouched cot on the far side of the room, back to the one on which lay the restless superintendent, and thence to the safe again.

Why wait—why weakly hesitate? when every moment was precious. His mind rapidly reviewed the events of the past year, from a day which still glowed in retrospect, rose-colored and glorious, when Adventure, with her beckoning companion, Fortune, had stepped into his drab life, and he had sacrificed everything to follow their lure. For twenty years he had kept books for Schmitt & Baumgarten, Watertown's foremost clothiers, and his greatest ambition in life had been to "hold his job." Then came the Day—he always capitalized it in his thoughts—when Bob Williams, returning to his native town, had flooded his grey existence

with wild tales of adventure in South America, and capped them by offering to share with Henderson his discovery of a rich vein of gold in an abandoned mine near Quito. As soon as Bob felt able to travel, he had returned to Watertown, only to get the fever out of his system and to raise what money he could on his property. They pulled out, Henderson resigning his sinecure, and, after fixing things comfortably for his mother, had taken with him every cent he could scrape together.

Then came Bob's relapse, when they had got as far as Tucson; the shock of his sudden death, and his own determination to push on alone. He had the diagram of the mine so carefully worked out that a child could locate it. The expense of Bob's illness and death he had settled out of their meagre funds, and by the time he had reached Durango he was forced to replenish his store by going back to his old taskmaster, bookkeeping. The Lost Lead Company had taken him on gladly, and for the last seven months he had been in this jumping off place a hundred miles from the railroad, isolated in the mountains, while the golden vision that had lured him thus far grew daily less hopeful of realization. Mr. True, the superintendent, a quiet, none too genial man, was the only other white man on the place, the miners and help being, without exception, the despised Greasers.

Suddenly the sick man started up and cried excitedly, "Vamoose, you Pedro! You loco Greaser, can't you see it's lit? Get out—you!"

Henderson mechanically arose, and speaking gently to the sick man, quieted him sufficiently to permit of

his taking a spoonful of the medicine he had prepared from the case on the table. As the restless head gradually ceased its monotonous turning from side to side, Henderson, standing beside the cot with clenched hands and tense nerves, fought a losing fight with Temptation.

Over there in the safe, labeled in his own careful hand, were the pay envelopes, due the day after to-morrow for the entire force of workmen. Those envelopes held enough to take him out of this cursed hole, to give him a try at the mine in Ecuador, and to take him home not empty-handed, even if the lost vein proved a mirage.

He had done all he could for True, who had, in his opinion, a mighty slim chance to pull thru. He would fix it so that no blame would attach to either of them in case the fever didn't get "The Boss"—. With a sudden decisive movement he seized a sheet of the company's paper lying on the table, and scrawled in a shaky hand, with many blots and blurs:

"Lost Lead Co., Durango, Mexico.

"I am sick with fever, cannot pull thru. Henderson did his best to help, but has fallen down gulch. Can't find him—afraid the Greasers have got his goat. Can't explain to Mex. Cook. Tried to 'phone—too weak. Pay roll in the safe.

"THOS. TRUE, Supt."

Placing this note so that the medicine case hid it from the sick man's eye, but in full view of any chance caller, Henderson squared his shoulders, and with a final curse, shut his ear to the small inner voice that had hitherto guided his actions. He crossed the room quickly, and wrenching open the safe, took out the envelopes, tore them open, and rapidly and methodically arranged the bills in neat piles and the gold in coin bags.

He was secure from interruption—the men were all asleep, doors locked, shades down, and he still had three hours in which to get a start before dawn would pierce the blackness without.

The telephone! He must silence that voice which would cry out his guilt far ahead of him as he rode. Easy to cut the wires! But the thought of Mr. True's dire need arrested him for one brief instant; yet he had gone too far to back out now. Three minutes' quick work quieted that menace.

His working hat and coat he threw carelessly on a chair, and with a last glance at the Boss, now mercifully dozing, he stole quietly out, saddled his horse, muffling the hoofs so that no trail might be left, and that no wakeful "Mex" might hear a departing hoof-beat, and, with the money in his saddle bags, and his revolvers strapped to his side, he rode noiselessly away.

Carefully picking his way past the outbuildings, the bookkeeper finally found the path he sought. It was a dim and seldom-used trail, which climbed the mountain toward the powder house, and then suddenly dipped down thru the pines and struck into a fairly passable road. Altho unfamiliar, he chose this way, because he would be unlikely to meet with travelers.

Unused to the saddle, by daylight he ached in every limb, and his nerves were ragged with the dangerous riding, where a misstep at some points would have sent him to a quick accounting. The weird effect of the coming dawn did not tend to calm him. Tall, gaunt shapes would suddenly loom up in the path ahead, seeming to point long fingers at him, but when he reached the place where they had stood sentinel, only the bare and twisted limbs of a scrub oak were there. True's face persisted in haunting him, and he seemed to hear his incessant call, "Water, for God's sake—water!"

He knew that he had put at least thirty miles between himself and the mine before he allowed himself the luxury of dismounting. His first act was to remove the cumbering blankets from his horse's hoofs; his next, first assuring himself that no chance hunter or wood-gatherer was within sight of the trail, to light a cigar to steady his nerves. For a moment he gazed down-

ward on the dense forest, so far below that it appeared an irregular rock or brush. Somewhere down there this trail hit the main road; and his goal, the railroad, lay not far beyond a certain rancho, kept by an old Mexican and his daughter.

As he rode along, his mind would travel back to the deserted man in the lonely shack, in spite of his efforts to look forward to the beckoning future; and even the worn map of the South American mine, tho he studied it carefully as he allowed his horse to have his head, failed to keep his mind from conjuring up the interior of the Lost Lead Mine Office.

His imagination pictured events very much as they were actually occurring. The cook would appear at the usual hour for his orders, and finding Henderson absent, would retire for a time; for Henderson's coat and hat, which he had left, would seem reassuring. But when a second visit would disclose no Henderson, they would try to decipher the note on the table; but, being unable to read English, would go about their work with their customary lack of enthusiasm.

Coming to a tempting spring, Henderson again dismounted and allowed his thirsty horse to drink his fill. A short rest here, while he munched a few dry crackers he had stuffed into his pocket the night before, and, after assuring himself that his booty was safe, and his guns in good order, he again forced his tired horse on. By four o'clock he should reach the main road, and the road-house would be but a short mile beyond. There he could get a satisfying meal, and by pleading haste, before another dawn he could travel the remaining miles to the railroad, and—liberty. But the urging of the first few hours had begun to show on his mount, and it was nearly six o'clock before the road-house came into view.

Smoke was curling invitingly from the chimney, and Henderson rode boldly up to the veranda, and swung off with as much ease as his stiff limbs would allow.

"Well, I'm hanged!" came in un-

mistakable English from within, and before a half-formed impulse to draw his gun had developed into the act, a man whom he recognized as Folsom, of the Inca Mining Company, several miles to the eastward, appeared on the threshold, his hand outstretched in greeting.

"Say, but I'm glad to see a white man. Let's see—your name's Henderson, ain't it? Lost Lead? I thought so; you look all in," he said, at the same time pumping up and down hospitably the limp hand that Henderson had perforce extended.

"Yes, I'm tired. Sort of lost my way—I—" Henderson knew not what to say and was stammering, when the other came to his rescue.

"You kin tell me the story of your life after awhile," he laughed, heartily. "I'll put up the mustang, and we'll eat and talk things over. Gosh, I'm glad you dropped in. I've been alone in this durned shack two days. My wife and kids have gone over to Lupas for a week."

Henderson busied himself removing the saddle bags, and mumbled something about "valuable ore specimens in here."

"I brought th' family this far expectin' to take a vacation," interrupted the host, "and fill up on old Man'el's tamales and enchiladas. Yer see I got a crackerjack foreman, so I frequently runs off for a spell. Well, I found old Man'el havin' conniption fits cause Benica—durned pretty girl, his daughter, you know, had run off with a feller from Pacheco, so I just says, says I, 'Run along, an' corral the signorita, an' I'll stay here and cook my own grub'; but, by—, it's gittin' kinder lonesome, and I'm here to tell yer you're a welcome guest. Go on in, and when I've fed the mustang, I'll get a supper together what'll make you sit up. I sure can beat a Chink at his own game."

Henderson was left for the moment, the saddle-bags on his arm, his tired mind inventing and rejecting one after another the excuses he could make for his presence here.

Suddenly, in a flash of inspiration,

he remembered that Mr. True had talked of sending him to Gualimape to hire about fifteen more men, and while he had taken the wrong road for that purpose, yet he had already said he was lost. Good! Funny he hadn't thought of that before, and by the time Folsom's cheery whistle sounded, drawing near, the nervous bookkeeper had lit a cigarette which he had found in the litter of old newspapers, greasy cards and ashes that filled the drawer of a battered table, and seemed to be quite at ease. This much settled he lounged back comfortably in the rawhide chair that his host had vacated to greet his arrival.

"Say, you certainly can eat some," observed Folsom, later, after his own hearty appetite had been appeased, and he sat watching Henderson. The latter had casually mentioned his errand to Gualimape, and Folsom, to his relief, had appeared quite satisfied with his explanation.

The time was passing rapidly, tobacco having followed the food, and Henderson was trying to think how best he could break away, when Folsom gave him an opening by observing, "I don't mind bein' alone here daytime, but I'm sure glad fer company at night."

"I—I'm afraid I can't spend the night—I must go soon," began Henderson, but Folsom cut him short. "Not stay over night!" exclaimed Folsom, incredulously. "Say, you must be in a tearin' hurry fer them men," and Henderson's heart sank as he realized that his going was sure to arouse suspicion in the mind of his host; so, without further argument he agreed to remain.

A keen appetite satisfied, and a good pipe lit, have been the cause of more than one altered plan. Under these influences, and because Folsom asked few questions about the Lost Lead, Henderson gradually became calmer, thinking that he would get away early in the morning and no one would think of following him. Why should they? he reasoned, when the other road was fully twenty miles nearer a station. Nevertheless, he found himself listen-

ing, and his eyes would wander from window to window, while chance noises made him start.

To his relief Folsom suggested retiring at an early hour.

"Let's call True up before we turn in, and tell him you're spendin' the night with me," he suggested, to Henderson's dismay.

"N—no, don't do that!" he exclaimed, quickly, and in deference to Folsom's look of surprise at the intensity of his tones, he added: "Mr. True is sick—that is, not very—" he quickly added, realizing that his own absence in that case would look queer. "But he's—he's nervous, very nervous."

Folsom reluctantly turned from the telephone, Henderson felt a black desire rise within him to silence this dangerous voice, just as he had silenced that of the tell-tale wire. For one mad instant he longed to feel the cold trigger of his revolver, one quick pull, and this stumbling block would be out of the way.

The impulse passed, but it left him white and shaking; and Folsom, turning just then, said, in his hearty way, "Say, you sure do look tired. I'm good for three hours yet, but you need sleep, sure's you're born." Then he led the way up the creaking stairs into a long, narrow hall, lined with bed rooms, the bare, unfinished doors of which were rudely numbered.

"You turn in here," said the host, as he led Henderson into "No. 5," and placed the lamp on the table.

"I'm goin' out to look after the horses and lock up. Buenos Noches," he added, as he turned away.

After the clumping footsteps had reached the lower room, Henderson quickly locked the door and pulled down the shade. A hasty glance around the room showed no other openings, and the scant furnishings, consisting of table, chair and cot, hid nothing. First placing the saddle-bags on the bed, he tossed his coat over them, and then took out a time-table that he had obtained before leaving the mine. He studied this over for a few minutes, his nerves on edge in spite of his mental assurance that everything was well.

He heard Folsom slam the lower door, and the sound of his whistle recede, as the unsuspecting host went toward the stables. With a sigh of relief he felt that he was alone in the house. Now was his chance to hide the bills and coins in his clothing. He opened the saddle-bags and hastily began sorting the money. What is that? A door out in the stable had banged shut, but to the guilty hearer it had sounded like the report of a gun. With a relieved but sickly smile, he continued his work. Suddenly he started erect, jerking the bed-cover over the loose money, and, with hand on his revolver listened for what sounded like someone moving in the next room.

His eye chanced to fall on a cheap print hanging on the wall opposite, and as he strained his ears to catch again the sound, his eye slowly traveled upward. Again he started. His face grew ashen and his eyes dilated, while the blood in his veins seemed to turn to cold water. He was looking straight into an eye that peered thru a knothole just over the picture. For a full minute he stood motionless, gazing into the menacing orb; then, letting his glance fall away with what carelessness he could assume, he stepped back to the bed, and with trembling hands, pretended to be fixing the covers, while he really was attempting to hide the money. No sound from the next room—perhaps "It" is gone; but a quick glance above again congealed his blood. Expressionless, staring, the "Eye" was following his every movement. With a jerk, Henderson raised his revolver and levelled at the eye. It did not flinch, and with a smothered groan he realized that the "other fellow had the drop." Could it be Folsom? Or was it a spy set by Folsom? Or was there a maniac in there? or—but the last dread thought he flung from him. He could face a man, but a Thing!—

He must do something, and shaking off the creeping horror, and still facing the leering "Eye," he walked toward the door, quietly turned the key behind his back, and bounded out into the hall. The door of "No. 4" was open.



HIDING THE MONEY FROM THE GAZE  
OF THE LEERING EYE.

Henderson crouched in the dark hall, revolver cocked, waiting, listening. A silence, that he could almost feel, surrounded him. With infinite caution he approached the open door. A faint light from the rising moon filled the room. Every object was plainly discernable—cot, table, chair. He could even see the walls were hung with an assortment of Chinese junk that proclaimed it the abode of some departed Cooke. The spy had gone, but where? Cautiously he entered the room, but it was absolutely untenanted.

The knothole—yes, there it was—a faint light from his lamp in the next room, which filtered thru some obstruction hanging directly over it. He reached up and jerked down the thing, but it was only a Chinese mask, which had been turned face to the wall. As he now looked into the hideous visage, with its bulging eyes, the truth dawned upon him; this leering mask was all that had frightened him, and all that was needed to scorch his guilty soul

with the white-hot light of self-revelation.

The reaction was almost too much for him. With a wild laugh that startled his own ears, the erring bookkeeper flung his accuser on the floor, and, staggering like a drunken man, he found his way back to his own room.

The door once more locked, his overstrained nerves gave way, and, throwing himself on the bed, the contrite man's very being was shaken by the uncontrollable sobs that wrenched him, until nature at length asserted herself, and he slept.

After breakfast the next morning, Folsom began elaborate directions as to how to reach Gualimape by noon. But Henderson interrupted him.

"Folsom," he said, earnestly, but sheepishly, "I guess you'll think I'm ninny, but, I had a queer dream last night, and I'm just going to 'phone the mine before I go on. Such a dream! I dreamed Mr. True was sick—fever, it seemed like—and those loco Greasers didn't know enough to help him, and he was calling for me. So I am going to call him up and see if my dream is true." Forthwith he went to the telephone and seemingly held a conversation with somebody at the mine, which, to Folsom's speechless amazement, verified the dream in every detail.

"Say, don't that beat the Dutch?" exclaimed the superintendent of the Inca, when he had recovered breath. "I never'd a believed it if you hadn't told me the dream first. You ought to

be one of them—you know, them thing-amajigs that see ghosts and things." And after a hasty but hearty farewell Henderson rode away on the back trail leaving the bewildered Folsom in the grip of the occult.

At daybreak the following day, the Mexican cook, ambling toward the cook shanty, beheld with amazement the missing bookkeeper reeling in his saddle as he rode up to the office door. With the help of some other early risers, Henderson was half lifted from the saddle, and, with the precious saddle-bags in his arms, he staggered into the room, which had persisted in appearing to his mind as a chamber of death, only to find Mr. True looking at him with eyes to which reason and health had returned. The crisis had passed, and tho weak and white, he was on the road to recovery.

"Where the devil——" began "The Boss," and the fretful words sounded like a blessing to the relieved ears of Henderson.

"I went out for some exercise and I got lost," said Henderson, simply.

The weak but disgusted snort with which this explanation was received was lost on Henderson. He was content. Reproof was to be expected, so he busied himself in destroying the note which was still lying on the table, and in getting out a fresh pile of pay envelopes. "God knows," he said to himself, "I was as near lost as I hope I'll ever be again, and I'll never forget that terrible, but God-sent Eye of Conscience."





# SLEEP, GENTLE SLEEP

By La Touche Hancock

“Do you know what we are going to do to-night, dear?” remarked Mrs. Highboy to her spouse, as they sat at the breakfast table.

“Sleep!” ejaculated Mr. Highboy, laconically, without looking up from his morning paper.

“No, we are going to the skating rink.”

Highboy dropped his paper, and stared at his wife with quite as much astonishment as if she had declared she was going to the South Pole.

“Yes,” continued the lady, “you must have forgotten we promised to take Mrs. Peppercorn and her daughter this evening, and——”

“You can take them to Patagonia, if you like,” emphatically declared Mr. Highboy, “but I’m not going. I shall——”

“Go to your club, I suppose, and then come home at two o’clock in the morning with your clothes smelling of tobacco smoke, and your breath of recently devoured cloves. No, Mr. Highboy, you must keep your promise.”

“Oh, I guess not,” said the prospective martyr in such a decided tone of voice that convinced Mrs. Highboy she must use diplomacy to secure the escort of her lord and master that evening.

At this moment Clorinda, the maid, entered the room with the morning mail.

“Letter carrier wants four cents on this letter, sir.”

Highboy put his hand in his pocket.

“Give her the change, my dear.” said he, “I’ve only got bills. With all the bargain sales on now you must

have a multitude of pennies in your pocket.”

Mrs. Highboy gave a smirk.

“Keep the postman a minute. I’ll get the money, Clorinda, and bring it to him.”

Mr. Highboy gave a loud “Ha!” as his wife and the maid left the room. Rather startled, Mrs. Highboy looked around in surprise.

“It’s all right,” chuckled Highboy. “Tell you when you come back.”

Having literally fished four cents out of her enormous hand satchel, Mrs. Highboy descended to the kitchen, where she beheld a spectacle that astonished her not a little. She caught the letter carrier in the act of kissing Clorinda. The postman made a rapid exit, while Clorinda stood shamefacedly before her mistress with burning cheeks.

“Well!” was the only word Mrs. Highboy could utter.

“We’re—we’re—keeping company, ma’am.”

Mrs. Highboy smiled.

“And are those your ‘company’ manners?”

“Well, ma’am,” blushed Clorinda, “he wouldn’t have done it, if he had known company was present.”

With a “don’t let it occur again” on her lips Mrs. Highboy gave the girl the money, and rejoined her husband.

“There! what did I tell you?” laughed Mr. Highboy, as soon as she had taken her seat at the table. “I knew there was something on to-night. Got a Lodge meeting. Just received the notice. Sent to the wrong address. Must go. It’s most important.”

“Oh, dear, dear!” almost sobbed his wife. “There’s always something in



SHE CAUGHT THE LETTER CARRIER KISSING CLORINDA.

the way of my enjoying myself. Generally it's business. Why can't you sometimes bring your work home?"

"My dear girl," answered Mr. Highboy soothingly, "if you were to see the ledgers, you wouldn't wonder at my not being able to carry them. I'd have to hire an express wagon."

"If I were in business, Mr. Highboy, I should get up early in the morning, and finish my work before two A. M. I should— Oh! what's the use?" and she swept from the room in a tantrum.

"And we've only been married a year," sighed Highboy, as he helped himself to another rasher of bacon. "But I can't stand a rinking fête with that black-silk Mrs. Peppercorn. She may be amiable and good-natured, but it almost gives me the hysterics to look at her. It's rather a gruesome thing to be the object of her friendship. I

fancy her husband must have married her to make her see the desirability of women remaining old maids. As for her daughter, maybe no woman can be pronounced actually ugly, but Miss Peppercorn approaches, as nearly as possible, those dangerous confines which separate beauty from its antithesis."

Fully satisfied with his philosophic soliloquy Mr. Highboy smacked his lips, and got up from the table. Putting on his coat and hat, he opened the door, and called out, "Good-bye, dear. Shall be home about six." As no answer came, Mr. Highboy sighed, and a moment later the slamming of the front door announced his departure. Mrs. Highboy came down presently with red eyes, and a somewhat inflamed nose. Sinking into a chair she moaned, "It seems to me that the chief end of a married man's life is to weave the most terrible tissue of falsehoods

he can think of. I don't believe he's going to the Lodge meeting."

She rose and searched amongst the letters on the table.

"Not there. No, Mr. Highboy is too experienced to be caught that way." Then she thought for a moment. "Well, if he won't keep his promise, I'm determined he shan't go out anywhere else. But how can I prevent him?" She looked around the room. What could she do? Suddenly her eyes lighted on a medicine bottle on the sideboard. As she went to take it up she knocked down a little box, labelled, "Sleeping Powders." With a cry of delight she picked it up.

"Just the thing. The prescription the doctor gave me. He said they were perfectly harmless, but would send me to sleep, at least for an hour. Now, Mr. Highboy, you shall sleep here, or my name is not"—she took up a decanter—"Mrs. Highboy"; then she poured a powder into the bottle. With a giggle she left the room.

At six o'clock Mr. Highboy returned in the worst of tempers. A puddle in a storm, a hen upon ducks' eggs, a pea on a shovel, were emblems of tranquility compared with him.

"What's the matter, dear?" asked Mrs. Highboy, greeting him.

"Everything," growled Highboy. "Things all gone wrong. I—" And Mr. Highboy went into a paroxysm of violent language.

"My dear," whispered his wife, "if you go on like that you'll get clergyman's sore throat from swearing. Calm yourself. You know Mrs. Peppercorn—"

"Mrs. Peppercorn be pulverized!"—he really said something worse—"I'm not going out with that vixen. What on earth her husband can see in her I can't conceive."

"Powder, my love," smiled Mrs. Highboy, quietly. "She puts it on with a muff."

Mr. Highboy looked at his wife in surprise.

"You seem especially good at repartee this evening. Glad I'm not going with you, I suppose?"

"Oh, no!" returned Mrs. Highboy, demurely, "I'm accustomed to that. Still I think you might oblige me this once, won't you?" she added plaintively. "Besides look at the weather. It's raining cats and dogs."

"I won't look at the weather," sputtered Highboy. "I'd rather not. It won't do me any good."

"Take a glass of wine then," suggested Mrs. Highboy coyly.

"I don't drink," retorted Mr. Highboy. Mrs. Highboy almost burst out laughing as she ran from the room.

Highboy sat down with his head between his hands.

"It is a shame," said he to himself, "but I must go to-night. There's—" then he stopped. "Couldn't I get away in some manner without making her feel so bad about it? I think that thought requires the breaking of a resolution. I *will* take a drink."

He went to the sideboard, and taking a glass raised the decanter to pour the wine out, when he suddenly stopped. "Sleeping Powders!" he gasped. "Why, the very thing. Then she'll never know. She'll—" He almost jumped to the door, and called out, "Clorinda, bring up some tea." Then he laughed. Mrs. Highboy came in shortly, and was surprised to see her husband in a more amiable mood.

"Well," said Highboy, chucking her under the chin, "maybe after all I'll go with you."

"You will?" gasped Mrs. Highboy in surprise.

"I said 'maybe,'" smiled Highboy. "You're quite right. I have neglected you lately."

Here Clorinda entered with the tea things.

"Felt thirsty," began Highboy, "so—"

"You didn't touch the wine?" anxiously inquired his wife.

"No, my love, I ordered up tea. Now, dear, let me make it this time just like I used to on our honeymoon."

"Oh, that will be nice. You haven't forgotten. Just two teaspoonfuls, and one for the pot."

"Forgotten?" exclaimed Mr. Highboy, "I remember so well that——" and he got behind her out of sight, and poured a powder into the teapot. "Now wait. Let it cool for two minutes, and you will drink a cup of Bohea, which," he added to himself, "you may regret."

Then to Mrs. Highboy's astonishment her husband did a very good imitation of a fandango about the room.

"Now, my pet," said he, "drink to my health."

Mrs. Highboy raised the cup, and drank half of the tea at a gulp.

"Bah!" spluttered she, "that tea has a dreadfully bitter taste."

"Must be your mouth, my dear," snickered Highboy. "Drink the rest, and see if I'm not right. Mine's all right," Mr. Highboy made a feint of drinking his tea, but not a drop passed his lips. His wife immediately drank the rest of her tea, and in a few moments put her hand to her eyes.

"Oh, I'm so sleepy," said she, "I——"

"Take a snooze," suggested the old reprobate. "Let me assist you to the couch."

Which he did, and then looked at her with glee, as her eyes closed.

"Worked splendidly. Now for a drink, and then away!"

He poured out a glass of wine, drank it with one swallow, and then sat down in a rocking chair. Presently the effects began to show, and soon Mr. Highboy was in happy dreamland with his wife.

An hour passed, and then a knock came on the door. As no answer was given, Clorinda came in quietly. Looking at the unconscious forms of her master and mistress, she whispered, "Fast asleep!" and then took the tea things away on a tray. "Think I'll have a cup of tea and a snooze myself," said she, as she left the room. Five minutes had not elapsed before she suddenly reappeared with her



THE BURGLAR ENTERS QUIETLY.



"WHO'S THAT MAN!" SHE SCREAMED.

hands to her head, crying out, "Mrs. Highboy, Mrs. Highboy, I'm——" but before she could finish speaking she had dropped on the floor, asleep. That made three.

For some hours a deep silence reigned through the room. The only sounds to be heard were heavy breathing and the chimes of a neighboring clock. As the latter rang out the hour of two A. M. a soft creaking noise broke the silence. It stopped, and then began again till secretly and quietly a head appeared at the window. Then it was suddenly withdrawn, only to appear again. The window frame was raised noiselessly, and a man stepped in cautiously.

"All asleep," he whispered, looking around, and going from one to the other. "Dead asleep, too. Here's a chance." Collecting in a hurry as many handy things as he could cram into a small bag he carried, the burglar approached the sideboard,

which was littered with silver. "Here's a haul!" he muttered, as he hastily pushed the ware into his bag. "And here," he added, taking up the decanter, and placing it to his mouth, "here's a health to all generous, hospitable people." He walked to the window, tottered, tried to grasp the sash, and then collapsed heavily on the floor, his bag crashing after him.

Mrs. Highboy stirred, gave a groan, rubbed her eyes, and gasped, "Where am I? What has happened? Did I faint? Did I——" Then looking around she spied the presence of her husband, Florinda, and a strange man. Rushing to Mr. Highboy, she shook him to and fro, till at last he opened his eyes.

"Wake up! Wake up!" she shouted.

"All ri! All ri!" yawned Highboy. "What's matter?"

"Matter?" almost screamed his wife. "Who's that man? What's the

trouble with Clorinda? What, oh! what does it all mean?"

Highboy confessed he didn't quite know; but, having a keener intellect than his wife, it was not long before he awoke to the real truth of the situation as well as from the sleeping powders. Then he laughed.

"I see. Tit for tat. I put it in the tea. You put it in the wine, and—but who's the man? And what's this?" taking up the bag from the floor, and emptying it of its contents. "Oho! a thief, and, oh, lor!—serves him right. I see. I see. He must have taken a drink, and then—" but Mr. Highboy could contain himself no longer. The tears rolled down his cheeks. "Say, dear, this is a far better enter-

tainment than I should have had at the Lodge. No," he added, as his wife rushed to the window to summon the police. "Let the poor devil go. He's had his dose. So have we. Get up, Clorinda," shaking the girl. "Get up, and go to bed. Yes, you're all right. Don't be alarmed. There—there!" and he soothed her out of the room. "Now let the man have his sleep out. I daresay he wants it."

And later on, when Mr. and Mrs. Highboy were seated in loving proximity side by side, Mrs. Highboy said with a smile:

"They say it takes a woman to imagine gratuitous deviltry."

"Yes, my dear," acquiesced Mr. Highboy, "and a man to carry it out."



SCENE FROM "CIRCLE C. RANCH'S WEDDING PRESENT."

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## ANNOUNCEMENTS---Continued

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**ELAINE**, by Montanye Perry, from the poem by Tennyson, which does the great poet no injustice, because it is charmingly told—in fact, this story is a prose poem.

**GETTING SISTER MARRIED**, by E. M. Laroch. This is done in the form of a comedetta, and it will not only be useful in driving away the blues, but for amateur theatricals.

**IN THE HOT LANDS**, by Marie Coolidge Rask, an exciting story of ranch life in Texas.

**ACROSS THE MEXICAN BORDER**, by Aurelius Heltberg, which tells of life and love in Mexico.

**TONY THE GREASER**, by L. Case Russell, a tale from San Antonio, full of local color and action.

**TALE OF TWO CITIES**, by Montanye Perry, after the story of Dickens. This story includes the three parts complete, and it is done in this popular writer's best style.

**THOMAS À BECKET**, by Luliette Bryant, a story from history, and well told.

**DIPLOMACY**, by Luke Sharp, which is one of the funniest stories ever told by this "funny" writer.

**THE SCHOOLMA'AM OF COYOTTE COUNTY**, by Kenneth S. Clarke, which is another humorous story by an equally famous writer.

**A PLEASANT AFTERNOON**, by Lizzie Pinson, which is as instructive as it is entertaining.

These stories have already been written from photoplay scenarios, and all will be profusely illustrated with beautiful half-tone engravings. Besides these, we have received many other subjects which have not yet been reduced to story form; and still many others have been promised, some of which will appear in the May number before they are seen in the Picture Houses. The May number will also contain a poem written expressly for this magazine by the celebrated American poet **WILL CARLETON**, entitled "The Two Lessons" (At the Moving Picture Hall), with portrait of the author.

Also, the usual features, including our Gallery of Leading Picture Players, Musings of the Photoplay Philosopher, poems, editorials, &c.

Readers desiring to get the May number are advised to order early. We were compelled to return unfilled many orders for the February number which we received from news companies and others. The safest way to make sure of getting this splendid number is to send in your subscription at once, enclosing check, stamps or money order for \$1.50 to

# The Count and the Cowboys

By S. N. Aye

“DUELS,” said the old foreman, reflectively, “was never a flourishin’ institution in these here parts. The pervailin’ custom bein’ to draw ahead of the other feller. As for waitin’ till the next day, and meetin’ by arrangement, it always seemed a sinful waste of time, besides takin’ the edge off whatever satisfaction you got out o’ perforatin’ the other man. However—”; he cleared his throat and then told a tale.

Sometime back in the days before this “New West” was thought of, while the punchers still packed their artillery, and some time after dislikin’ a man’s face was no longer considered justification for homicide, a bunch of us sets on the gallery of Mac’s Palace Saloon to light down there and irrigate, punctuatin’ our drinks with news from the outside.

Residin’ in what book-writers calls a “Picturesque Locality,” we’re some used to all kinds of freaks in the way of sightseers, but what climbs from the stage to-day sure takes our breath.

As he gets down, he seems to consist mostly of legs, but as he further unwinds himself, we realize that he’s the longest thing that ever landed here. On top of this six feet of queerness is a hat ’bout a foot high, but the face on this jasper—

Say, he has a mustache and some whiskers, somethin’ like the Colonel’s, but trimmed shorter, and in one eye is stuck a little round window, with a string to it.

Before we gets over our surprise long enough to laugh at him the stage pulls out, and we realize that It’s goin’ to remain here. Whereupon we escorts him into the bar, and turns

him over to Mac, meanwhile debatin’ among ourselves what he is.

Stump Carney held out that he’s some kind of a greaser, but he looks too clean, and we gives up in despair, waitin’ for Mac to set our minds at rest. The unknown produces a letter, which Mac reads, and then begins to tell how this is a friend of an old friend of his, a Frencher named Jack Dupont, and that this is the Count Catelene, which has come to look over minin’ properties. Mac interjuces the gent to us, him eyein’ us and our guns with some apprehension.

I happens to be the first to be presented to the Count, and when he sticks his hand up in the air for me to grab at, I thinks that he’s tryin’ to escape shakin’ with me. But after I notes that he looks right affable, I reaches up and captures his paw. He disengages it after a minute, throws his arms around my neck, and durnd if he don’t kiss me, first on one side of the face; and then on the other! He sure did!

I thinks that he’s sure loco, but he does the same to the other boys windin’ up with Mac. It’s plumb scandalous, but he does it. The boys are some sore, thinkin’ that this pilgrim is makin’ fun of ’em, and Mac takes him upstairs quick, and out of harms way, while we discusses what oughter be done to a man what kisses a healthy and respectable cowman.

Stump Carney is for immediate execution, him bein’ sore because the Count ain’t no Greaser, which Stump took him for at first, but we knows that Stump ain’t responsible, and vetos his motion.

In the meantime, the Count comes





THE COUNT IS ESCORTED TO THE BAR.

back to the bar-room, and when we see that he ain't bent on no more kissin' sprints, we treats him right sociable, askin' him where he comes from an' all that.

The Count narrates that he comes from "that dear France," and when we asks him what kind of a country that might be, he starts to tell about these here duels which seems to be the chief amusement of the folks over there.

"In my country," says the Count, "you receive the insult, you slap the face, you are challenge. In the morning, you fight the duel. With the sword you fight it. You kill the man what insult you, honor is satisfy! Ah-h-h!"

"Over here," said Stump, some disgusted, "one gent insults another, they both pulls guns, and we endeavors to give them what needs it a Christian funeral."

The Count looks some pained at our hasty way of doin' things, and goes on to show the right way of usin' them swords what is so popular with the Frenchers. We don't miss Stump, no one seein' him slip out of the room, but

when the Count has finished showin' the right way of settlin' affairs with the sword, in comes Stump!

The little devil has got the Count's long coat, which is fur-lined, also his hat and the window which the Count wears in his eye. Stump comes across the room, grabs one of the boys, and kisses him, just like the Count done, then starts around the room, us a-laughin' like we was goin' to choke, and the Count kinder chokin' too, but we see he wasn't laughin' none.

Stump comes up to the Count, makes a bow and looks at him impudent, and then the Count gets his breath.

"Vile herder of cows!" yells the Count, makin' a grab for Stump. "Wretched keeper of cattle, for this I shall kill you," he shrieks, real mad like, and makin' wild motions with his hands. Stump, hearin' that he's to be killed, reaches for his gun, but I stops him, seein' that the Count ain't packin' no gun, and not wantin' Stump to murder him.

We calms the Count down a bit, and then he 'lows that Stump must meet

him on the field of honor (yes, sir, that's what he calls it, meanin' the corral, I reckon) in the mornin', and he gives Stump a card, which reads "Count Alphonse Louis Francis Catalene," and he demands that Stump give his card. Stump ain't got no card, but he picks up one from the faro table, and seein' all them names on the Count's card he writes on his: "Alkili Two-gun Broncho-busting Pete."

The Count takes the card and goes out, sayin' somethin' about gettin' him a second, while he remonstrates with Stump for wantin' to kill anyone so harmless. Stump 'lows that he ain't goin to kill the Count, only aimin' to scare him some, and just then Mac comes in, laughin' fit to bust.

"Boys," says he, "what did youse do to this Count feller?" and he narrates that the Count has put it on him to make all the arrangements for the duel what's to be fit to-morrow. "You bein' the challenged party, you has the choice of weapons," he says to Stump, "and I sure advises that you takes guns, for there ain't no swords in this

here town, and we sure don't aim to get none for this."

"Guns for mine," says Stump, "and here's my answer," sayin' which he grabs some paper and writes "Bein' the challenged party choose guns, but I got six duels ahead of yours. You will be the seventh what I kill to-morrow." Mac takes the letter and goes out, remarkin' that he don't just think the Count will quit for that bluff, and addin' that Stump bein' small will make him easy to bury, but Stump is so busy laughin' that he don't hear it.

Then Stump lays out his plans, tellin' us that he wants six of us to help out in the duel, and we sees his plans. So many of us volunteers to fight and git "killed" that we has to draw cards for it, but finally the victims is selected, and we waits anxious for the next morning.

Sure enough the Count is there, and he don't seem scared none, not even after Stump and Andy Bell exchanges shots, an' Andy dies in dreadful agonies. The next duelist what Stump faces never gets a chance to fire, Stump



THE COUNT RECEIVES A CHALLENGE.



THE FIELD OF HONOR.

dischargin' his gun without turnin' around. The Count turns some pale at this and watches real interested while Stump kills another by shootin' backwards with the gun under his arm. He kills another, and then lookin' bored, says that this is too slow for him, an requests that the next two victims stand up at the same time. The two tremblin' victims steps out, and one shot settles them both, and we looks around to see how the Count takes this latest evidence of Stump's good shootin'.

However, we all get some disappointed, for we was never able to get the Count's real opinion. When we turns, all that we can see of the Count is a cloud of dust, pursuin' the mornin' stage, which has just passed thru. The

Count's coat, likewise his hat and baggage, is still with us, so that there is no reason to pursue him to collect Mac's bill.

A puncher what rode in that afternoon tells us how he meets the stage on the road and says that, turnin' around to look back at the driver, he sees a jasper, somewhat answerin' to the Count's description, hangin' to the back springs, but that the stage was out of hearin' and his hoss was too tired to ketch up. Besides, he says that after two looks at the Count, he convinces himself that what he sees is like them rattlers what comes after a big spree, and that he just says "He-e, there ain't no such animal," and rides on.



"The invention of photography has revolutionized art as railroads have revolutionized industry."—*Alfred Stevens.*

# The Influence of the Picture Play

By Harold Aurelius Hellberg



ITH the growing appreciation of Motion Pictures as the most compelling and forceful influence of the age, the person is narrow-

minded and bigoted who fails to recognize their present uplift and tremendous value as an educational adjunct. In the light of reason and intelligence there is no height they may not reach; and, as the masses of the people realize more and more that this gigantic power for good is vested in them, the demand, already rising in its ideals, will continue to mount upward.

The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light. The greatest achievements of the world were made the subject of ridicule and contumely in the days of their beginning. There was a time, in the earlier days of Picture Plays, when they were generally pronounced a curse. That time has passed. To-day, at times, large audiences, wiping tears from their eyes, pour forth from the Picture Theatres with the overwhelming sense of having

spent a pleasureable and profitable hour with the great historic characters and even with the Master in the Holy Land. No representation in the world could be more artistic, more reverent, than those wonderfully realistic scenes on the shores of Galilee, with their rich, oriental coloring, their pathos and sublimity.

It has been said that success in this world can only be measured by the evil which has been met and overcome. All evil is but goodness perverted. The superstitions which, in former days, prompted men to turn from that which was new and untried have given place to scientific analysis. Constructive forces and possibilities are now watched for with the greatest intensity. The result is an education and inspiration which has already girdled the earth. Only the narrow conservatism having its origin in the middle ages refuses to admit that which the broad Christianity of Social Service universally recognizes.

That thinking minds of the day have been right in their judgment of the Picture Play as an educational factor is evidenced by marked changes in the class of plays presented at Picture Houses. Few, if any, of the old plays are being shown this year. The object of all managers is to please their patrons. They will give the public what it asks for. The present demand is an intelligent one and no expense is being spared to grant it. Mute, yet powerfully eloquent witnesses of this fact are the plays now seen in every quarter of the globe, in churches, Christian Association rooms, lecture halls, social settlements, recruiting offices, theatres and even in



the public schools. The development of picture education has brought scientific, historical, geographical, industrial, pathological and all manner of ancient and modern knowledge, hitherto attainable only for the wealthy or their beneficiaries, within the grasp of all.

During the past year the sum of \$75,000,000 was spent on Moving Picture shows. It has been money well expended. If there are those who cling to the thought of recorded instances where the direct result has been evil, they would do well to remember that evil has resulted to a greater or less

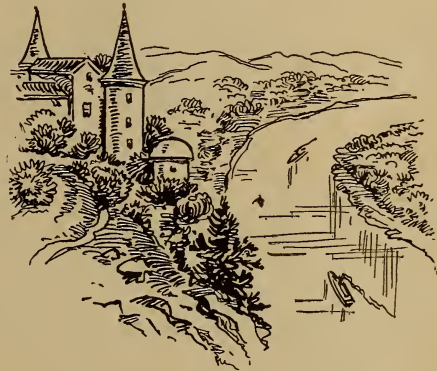


degree from every great element for good that has ever been known. They should also remember that the recent law which prohibits children attending plays unless accompanied by a parent or guardian was made necessary, not because of harmful pictures, but to protect innocent children from immoral and unprincipled men and women who contrive to elude the most vigilant manager.

Nothing depicts things more clearly than modern Motion Pictures. The child-mind is formative and impressionable. Adults are merely grown children. In the shaping of character no greater force has ever been known than that of actual, living example. This the Photoplay sets forth as no book, painting or verbal precept could ever do.

Censorship of plays as at present conducted should be most reassuring

for the doubtful and faint-hearted. The position of the censors is difficult and responsible but the work has been made far easier of accomplishment than was at first imagined. This has been due to the splendid cooperation of the film manufacturers, whose vast expenditures, in order to give to the public the high-class pictures of reality and



actuality which are demanded, are almost beyond belief.

In no locality is the educational value of the film more noticeable than in the poorer districts. To the great army of wage earners the pictures that tell of life and action have proved a veritable god-send. They, the toilers who make the world go round, who know so well the monotonous story of disappointed hopes and ambitions unrealized, are finding new joy, hope and inspiration. The poor enjoy travel but their way leads only to the door of the factory. They long for the country in the summer, but the country is not for them. They have no time, no place, no inclination, perhaps not the ability to read. Theatres and vaudeville shows are too expensive and continue too late. The toiler must rise early. He cannot belong to the travel or sketch club. Night school is a burden which tired nature rebels against after a day spent in mill or factory. A trip up the Rhine at a Moving Picture show is like a week in the country to the homesick, discouraged German. The workings of a great manufactory are interesting and more instructive than books to the ambitious youth or workman who longs



to become a skilled mechanic. So the poor go to the Picture Theatres where the broad vista of knowledge spread out before them is unlimited and where tuition fees and interpreters are unnecessary.

A splendid illustration of pictorial educational benefits is that of the small boy, brought up in poor surroundings, having little association with English-speaking people, no opportunity for reading and little acquaintance with the streets. But he could tell how steel

rails were made. He knew about electrical inventions and aeronautics. He understood life on the range and had views upon Chinese architecture. He was conversant as to the mechanism of mills and mines. He described various scenes from Dickens' novels, the French Revolution, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," naval warfare and Sacred History, in a manner most vivid. He had seen good pictures, carried away lasting mental impressions and acquired an education far broader and more comprehensive than that which he is receiving at the present time in a grade school where the teacher is incompetent and there is nothing to make lessons interesting for an active-minded and imaginative child.

The world grows better as it increases in activity. It has no time to stop to sympathize with those who would condemn that which, at basis, is so essentially good. With evil so well overcome that success is immeasurable and with influences so very far reaching, it is not surprising that the life and character of the Nation should derive its power and impetus from the throbbing heart of the Moving Picture Reality.



"The enemy of art is the enemy of nature. Art is nothing but the highest sagacity and exertion of human nature; and what nature will he honor who honors not the human."—*Lavater*.

"Nature is not at variance with art, nor art with nature; they being both the servants of his providence. Art is the perfection of nature. Were the world now as it was the sixth day, there were yet a chaos. Nature hath made one world, and art another. In brief, all things are artificial; for nature is the art of God."—*Sir Thomas Browne, Religio Medici*. Sec. 16.

"There are two kinds of artists in this world; those that work because the spirit is in them, and they cannot be silent if they would, and those that speak from a conscientious desire to make apparent to others the beauty that has awakened their own admiration."—*A. K. Green, The Sword of Damocles*. Bk. I., Ch. V.



# Editorial



## THE MOVING PICTURE AS A MORALIZER.

"Every good picture is the best of sermons and lectures; the sense informs the soul."—*Rev. Sydney Smith.*

In tracing the origin of the drama we must look to the religious ceremonies of ancient nations, and in Greece it retained to the last the religious element to which it owed its origin. Not only was the play-house a place of amusement and worship, but it was to the Greeks almost as a home, for the entire family to attend, just as the moving picture theaters are to-day, and the wealthy classes endowed them as lavishly as our present millionaires endow colleges and libraries.

While it is true that the moving pictures display vice as well as virtue, nevertheless they depict vice in all its hideousness, and virtue in all its beauty, causing us to despise the one and to glorify the other. Those who take the position that it is wrong to allow the young to learn of the dark side of life, must remember that it is almost impossible to avoid a danger until we have learnt of it. The surest preventive of criminal inclinations in the young is to drive home the lesson that "murder will out," and that every crime has its punishment. There has never yet been shown, we believe, a picture which would tend to influence one single boy or girl to do that which is wrong. In fact, the tendency is strongly in the opposite direction. All the virtues are extolled and rewarded, in the moving picture plays, and the villain always meets a just punishment.

As the drama has been a great moralizer in the past, so can the moving picture be a source of great good in the future. All art is ennobling, and the motion picture art is no exception. It includes all that the drama includes except elocution, and it also comprises the art of photography and several minor arts.

Hazlitt observed that "It is remarkable how virtuous and generously disposed every one is at the play." Not only is this true of those who attend the moving picture shows, but it is doubly true, because the latter have a greater variety, and consequently more emotions and sentiments are aroused. The on-lookers at the picture play laugh, weep, tremble, resent, rejoice, and are inflamed, as their emotions are appealed to, and it has been observed that in every instance the moral tone

of the humblest audience is high, as shown by the response to the sentiments shown in the pictures. In brief, the general-influence of the moving picture play is remarkably good, and it promises to be even better in the future.



Sunday School superintendents, attention! If you really want to teach your children the various stories of the Bible, together with the truths which they illustrate, why not hire a Moving Picture apparatus? Such photoplays as "Herod and the New Born King" will please and instruct the young as will nothing else, and what is more, they will never be forgotten. It is indeed a strange notion that some hyper-bigotted people seem to have, that in every Motion Picture machine there lurks a devil with red horns who taints every film that runs across the lens. A Motion Picture machine is no more out of place in a church than is an organ. We must learn to distinguish between the use and the abuse of a thing.



The world is slow to recognize the possibilities in the Motion Picture. If this were ancient Sparta, they would be utilizing the films to teach boys how to fight; or if in the classical period of Greece, how to paint or to carve, or to draw, or even how to think philosophically. It would be an interesting experiment if a dozen children should be taught by means of Moving Pictures, all the school branches such as geography, history, botany, astronomy and the classics; and, at the end of about one year, to compare these children's education with that of a dozen similar children who had been five years learning all this in the schools.

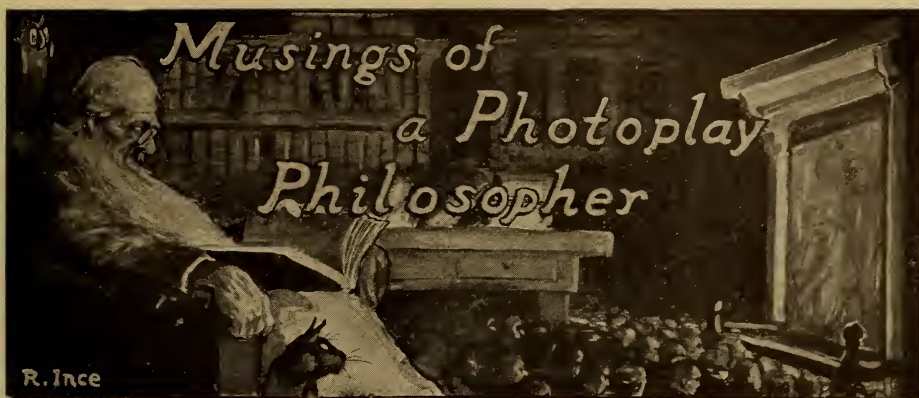


A correspondent writes to inquire if this magazine accepts stories from the Picture Plays of the so-called "Independents." Certainly. Why not? We know no difference between an independent play and a dependent play. If the manufacturers have differences, they do not concern us. We accept and pay for all stories of the Picture Plays that meet with our requirements, and it does not concern us who made the films.



We note with pleasure the increasing high standard of photoplays. The output of last month, as near as we can determine, is a decided advance in quality over those of preceding months.





(NOTE.—The writer of these notes has been a regular patron of the Motion Picture Plays since they were first publicly shown, and during the last three years he has made it a practice to visit at least seven different Picture Theaters each week. That is his way of studying human nature. Not all of his comments were inspired by the Photoplays, perhaps, and it may be that the lessons and morals he has drawn are at variance with the intentions of the authors of those silent dramas, and with their own ideas; yet so unique and interesting are his deductions, that we shall publish each month, in this department, a few of the aphorisms and epigrams of The Photoplay Philosopher.—THE EDITOR.)

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☐ Leaving my house last night at seven-thirty, I saw one Motion Picture performance from beginning to end, including five plays and two songs, and at nine I was back home. My neighbor in the adjoining hallroom left to go to a theater at seven-thirty and arrived home at eleven-fifteen. He saw one play, I saw five; it cost him \$1.50, it cost me ten cents; nearly four hours of his life are gone, only one and a half of mine. The moral I draw from this is, that the photoplay is in harmony with modern methods and progressive civilization. Nearly all of our great inventions and discoveries are directed toward the elimination of distance and the reduction of labor, in order that we may save time. We have the four-day ocean liners, the eighty-mile-an-hour-trains, automobiles, airships, telephones, wireless telegraphy, and labor-saving machinery of every description; and what are they all for if not to gain time and to save expense?

☐ When a play is produced at a theater, it is seen by only one audience at a time. When a Motion Picture film is prepared, it is duplicated in thousands, and as many audiences see it in one night all over the world.

☐ There is no law against butting-in, or busybodying, but there should be. At first blush, there is something admirable about the person who is so sympathetic and benevolent that he is ever concerned with the interests of others; but on second thought, it is obvious that the elements of sympathy and benevolence are only secondary, and that the real moving incentive is a desire to assert superior knowledge. What seems to be kindheartedness, is only a spirit of criticism, founded on an alleged superior intelligence. Therefore, don't butt in.



☐ Being a brute by nature and ancestry, were it not for his desire to please the opposite sex, man would still be a brute. We are refined and polished in proportion to our regard for the other half of society.



☐ The history of all successful men shows that they had a purpose in life. Some "Hitch their wagons to a star," as Emerson puts it, and some aim at mere wealth; but whatever the object sought, every man can, if he pursues his purpose arduously, come somewhere near the mark. The very poorest marksman will hit the target, or very near it, whereas the aimless man, who has no target, is likely to hit nothing. Archbishop Whately once said of a pointless sermon, "The man was successful; he aimed at nothing and hit it." The natural order of sequence is, Aim, Action, Accomplishment.



☐ When a man succeeds, we call him a man of destiny; when he fails, we call him a fool. Success largely depends upon the proper direction of energies. Destiny is a fair wind to all who get in the right boat with the sails properly trimmed.



☐ It is easier to criticise the work of others than to do it better ourselves.



☐ As we all know, selfishness is a potent force at work in all of us, but it must be true that sympathy for others, and desire to make them happy, is just as universal. Every human heart despises selfishness, just as it reveres human sympathy. It is almost impossible for a selfish man to become popular, and it is almost impossible for a sympathetic man to become unpopular.



☐ Happiness is oftener obtained when we do not consciously make it our aim, than when we do.

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## NOTES OF THE PICTURE PLAYERS

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### JOSEPH DAILEY

Among the picture players who are known equally well to the Picture patrons of the halls and of the regular theaters, is Mr. Joseph Dailey, the comedian. Among his more notable successes in photoplay, the following might be mentioned: "A Tangled Masquerade," "Girls Will Be Boys," and "His Master's Son." In the last mentioned, Mr. Dailey's work as the old colored man will not soon be forgotten. A portrait of Mr. Dailey will be found in the "Picture Players" section of this magazine.

### MISS ALICE DONAVAN

Another theatrical star who is shining lustroously in photoplay is Miss Alice Donavan, whose portrait adorns our Picture Player Gallery this month, and her expressive face will doubtless be recognized at once by thousands of readers who have been so often entertained by her. Her "hits" in photoplay have been many, but perhaps the greatest was in "The Greater Call," in which play Miss Donavan quite monopolized attention.

### MISS LAURA SAWYER

Perhaps no picture player in the world is better known and more admired than Miss Laura Sawyer. Among her late masterpieces are the heroine in "Through the Clouds;" Alice Renshaw in "The Black Bordered Letter;" and the laborer's wife in "The Doctor."

### HERBERT PRIOR

Another player of marked distinction is Herbert Prior, who plays in the same company with Miss Sawyer. Among his "hits" were the secretary to Roberts, the Politician, in "Through the Clouds;" Alice Renshaw's lover in "The Black Bordered Letter;" Mr. Carson in "The Link that Held;" and the laborer in "The Doctor."

### CHARLES OGLE

Another prominent Picture player in the same company with Mr. Prior and Miss Sawyer, is Mr. Ogle, who will be remembered with pleasure as the contractor in "Through the Clouds;" The Old Duke in "The Days of Chivalry;" Dr. Clark in "The Black Bordered Letter;" and the doctor in "The Doctor."

### MABEL TRUNNELLE

Miss Trunnelle will need no introduction, for she will readily be recognized as one of the leading stars in the Motion Picture world. One of Miss Trunnelle's latest successes was as the fiancée in "The Doctor," which interesting story will be found in this number.

### MELLE. GISELE GRAVIER

Melle. Gravier will be at once recognized as the leading French actress, appearing in the notable foreign picture plays.

### KATHRYNE WILLIAMS

Miss Kathryn Williams is noted for her beauty as well as for her exquisite acting, and, beautiful as our Gallery picture of Miss Williams is, it does not do this leading woman justice. What reader can look upon this picture, and upon the others, and not long to see them move in photoplay?

As to our other players who this month adorn our Gallery, Miss Rita Davis, Miss Jennie Nelson, Miss Florence Wragland, Albert McGovern, and G. M. Anderson, more anon.

# Picture Play Tragedies

By Hector Ames

EVERY now and then we hear an outcry against Moving Pictures because, forsooth, some pious preacher has heard that crimes are being depicted in picture, and, thus hearing, he starts a crusade against all pictures, including good and bad alike. These ultra-good people, who think it harmful to learn what crimes are being committed, or who believe that the records of all crimes of the past should be concealed, will have a hard task before them if they set out on such a mission. First, they must abolish the newspapers, because these are records of everything that is evil and criminal. Second, they must abolish all histories, because these are full of crime, murder, intrigue, war and conquest. Third, they must abolish most of the novels, magazines and story books, because these are replete with similar examples of the criminal tendencies of mankind. Fourth, they must abolish the operas, and the Shakespearean plays, because most of these are tragedies of the most sensational kind. Fifth, they must abolish that greatest of all books, in which it is told how Cain killed his brother Abel, and other crimes.

Last month, many of the Picture Theaters showed a much-advertised Photoplay entitled "Il Trovatore," and probably a hundred thousand people witnessed that beautiful tragedy in picture. The play starts off with a kidnapping, followed by a duel or two, then a poisoning episode, then a few

more duels and fights between various groups, and ends with the death of the hero, whose death was ordered by his own brother. There is nothing in this piece but murder, crime, passion, grief and remorse. It is anything but cheerful. Yet, it is part of one's education to know this classic story, and one who has not heard the opera is considered far behind the times. Not only is it perfectly proper for a preacher to attend the opera of "Trovatore," but nobody ever thought of forbidding that pleasure to children, nor of denying children the pleasure of learning the music of that opera, or of hearing the story thereof. Furthermore, not only has nobody thought of criticising the Motion Picture people for putting on "Trovatore," but to the contrary everybody seems glad that it was done; and the general opinion is that this sort of thing is evidence that the Motion Pictures are advancing in moral and artistic tone. But, what if a picture play should be put on with some commonplace name—as "John Smith's Revenge," in which such crimes as those in "Trovatore" are depicted! What a howl there would be, and how the Censors would delight in forbidding such demoralizing pictures to be seen! It is all right to teach children the horrible crimes of ancient kings, but it is awful wicked to show them how the Indians used to scalp white folks, or how cowboys defend themselves and punish offenders.

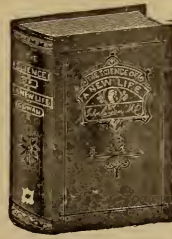
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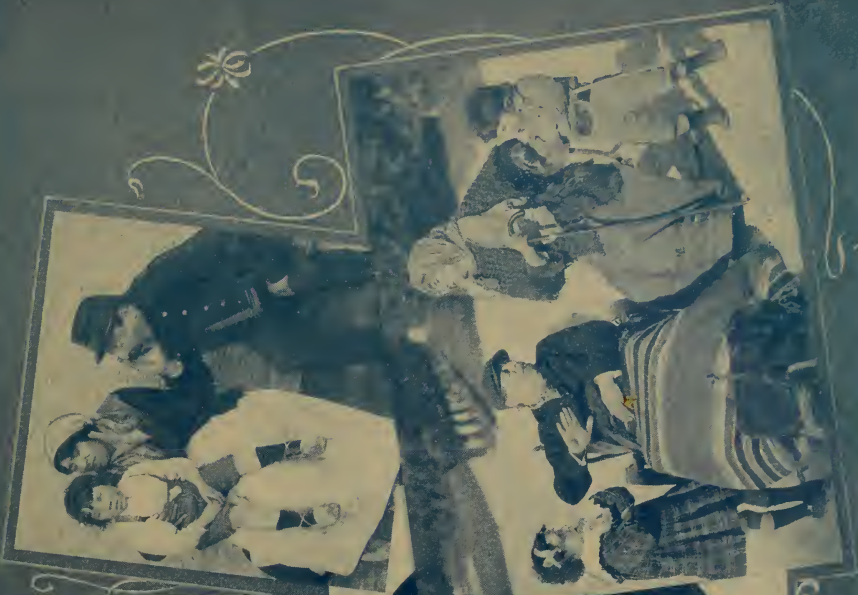




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# The Motion Picture Story Magazine

26 Court Street, Brooklyn, New York City, N. Y.

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VOL. I. NO. 4

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## THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE



THIS is a Magazine of Illustrated Stories, taken from the notable Photoplays that have already been shown at the Picture Theaters, and those that are soon to be shown, so that he who has seen may read, and he who has read may see, the best Picture Stories of the times. Who reads the wonderful stories and admires the beautiful pictures in this magazine, *will want to see the characters MOVE*; and who has been charmed with a photoplay, will want to have it retold in story and to preserve important scenes in permanent form. But, aside from this, we submit that no better stories, and certainly no better photos, nor as many, are to be found in any other publication.

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THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE

26 Court Street, Brooklyn

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# Catharine Howard

By John Olden

I, JOHN MINDENHAM, of Geddesden, in the County of Dorset, where I was born and reared in the draper's trade, am the narrator of this strange story. I am not a talker or tale-teller by my trade, which lies in the feel of the hand, or am I by inclination. My habits are for a quiet corner away from travelers and roysterers, with a cosy dish and flagon; and it is for this reason that I was made the vehicle of a tale such as you shall hear.

It was in the year of Our Lord, 1560, in the reign of good Queen Bess, that he first came among us; a drunken, broken soldier. Later, by means of grace, he was become my quiet company for many nights running into years.

On a certain even, in winter, when the wind came new and cold from the sea, the "Bear and Signet" was full to o'er-crowding with the riff-raff of the road; guildless artisans, clerks, strolling players, mendicants, scribes, out-at-elbow, sailor-men and what not. In one corner, seated at a high table, were some heavy merchants going into Hants.

The hour was late, so paying my score, I started thru the tangled benches for the door. As I passed an oldish man, doddering in his cups, he grasped me by the skirts. "For Bluff King Hal," he muttered, groping for his jack. "A murrian on this spewing ale."

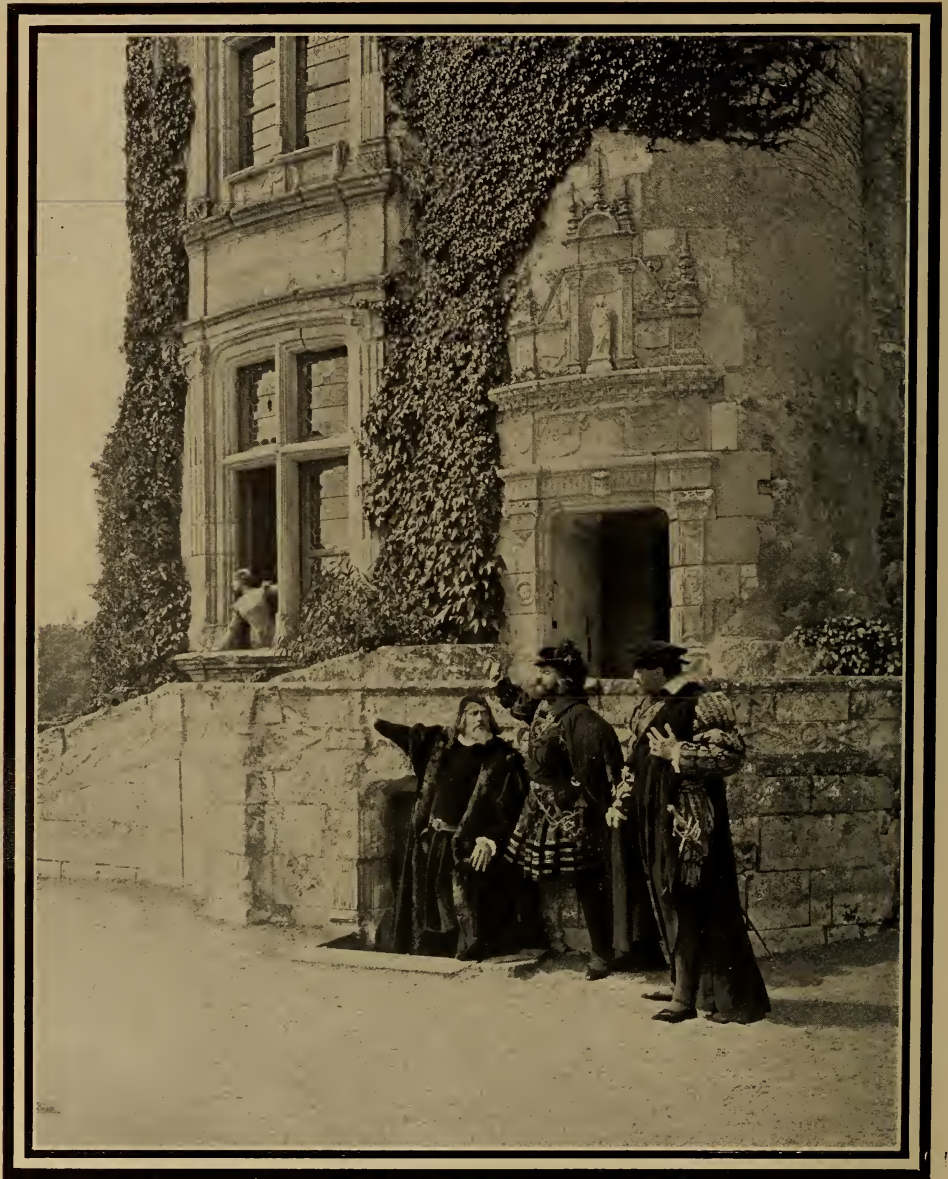
Now, as King Harry had been dead these thirteen years, I marvelled at his sotted toast, and tarried as he held me. I know not what impulse for good or evil held me helpless in his grasp, but stop I did and this to my undoing.

Soon we were seated cheek by jowl. He was a creature from another age of Flodden Field and Spurs, of Wolsey and the holy foxes. Sure, no mate for my yardstick and broadcloth. Yet, before the cock crow, we were cosens of a kind. I have no memory of reaching my shop in Mercers' Lane, and of the doings for the day. Suffice, at even again my habit took me to the inn, and there I found my erstwhile crony.

I will not dwell on the growing of this intimacy, or how he learned to stretch a jack of malmsey thru a winter's evening. He was a huge broken man of strange whimsies, and with no intimates save me. His talk was always of the past, a stitch here and there; and I give it as it came.

\* \* \*

On the second day of our riding from Hunstanton to Norwich, where the King lay resting at a monastery, Raffaeli, the royal alchemist, and I, of the King's own guard, neared the hamlet of Horsham. We were a pair of knaves, this Milanese and I, of a color; on a secret mission of the Tudor's; he to scheme and I to do. It had come to us that Harry Howard, Duke of Norfolk, and the King's own friend, was pushing a feverish amour with a sweet young relative, one Catherine Howard, hard by at his castle of Horsham. It was our business to watch and report; for, altho King Harry suffered with an ulcer of the leg, his heart was pricking for a new adventure. Raffaeli, the weasel, dismounted, and we led our nags beneath the leafy trees of Horsham Park. It was late spring and good riding; and mayhap the lovers would be stirring. Our guess



KING HENRY DESCRIBES CATHARINE IN THE CASEMENT.

was good; we had not padded thru the Park an hour, when hoof-falls warned us to cover. Howard and his maid were riding out. They almost brushed us in their quick passage, but we had seen enough. Raffaeli, whipping out his quill and inkhorn, wrote a few hurried lines, and bade me ride to Norwich without stint or stop, and there to see the King. While I was on my bid-

ding, the weasel must have gained the ear of Howard; for I had delivered the letter but by a scant hour, when in he came a-bobbing on his mount.

"And has the King read my writing," he asked, cocking an eye at me.

"Yes," I answered, "and it put him in the devil's own pother. He is even now up and dressing for the road."

I had never seen such haste in King

Harry before; for in a trice he had hobbled out, and was bawling for his horse. At dusk we jacked him on and rode toward Horsham; the King a-cursing at his leg. What with our slow progress, the Duke met us below the Park. He looked white and sick; for sure a mighty poacher was prowling near his nest. Someways in the Park, the King would be dismounted, and Howard, shaking like a toper, helped him down. The moon had by this time risen, and cast a white light in the trees. We followed a by-path, and stumbling over roots, came out before the high donjon of Horsham House. Keeping in the long black shadow, we reached its walls, the King panting and puffing like a blown ox. Lord Howard gave a shrill whistle, and almost on the instant a casement opened not four yards away, and framed the opening from a clear inner light. I heard the King gasp, and Raffaeli press him against the masonry; for sharp as a poinard, a young girl's shape, cut out a shadow from the window's sheath.

She leaned forward listening, and the moonlight caught her face and neck like a white cameo. A strange ruddy haze shone from her thick hair, and her listening eyes were parted wide. One moment her lips flashed a smile, and then, closing the casement, the shape was gone. At the same moment a cloud passed over the moon, and Raffaeli was for doubling on our tracks. I cannot forget how they stood there, the weasel smiling softly; Howard, hands fisted, the blood trickling from his bit lips; the King in thick daze, leering, yet his hands opening and shutting.

\* \* \*

How we got the King back to Norwich monastery, and how he lay a-bed there from a fresh opening of his sore, does not concern you. I was a rough hand at nurse and left such work to the lay brothers. The King kept them scuttling like frightened rabbits. Raffaeli tip-toed in and out, and I judged there was a plot a-hatching. Now, in the stress of what followed thick and

fast, much happened that I was not privy to. I was not a peeper and spy-all like the Italian, and 'twas only by dint of slow computation that I pieced it one and two.

Raffaeli came to me with a missive bearing the royal seal, and bade me deliver it privately to the Duke at Horsham. As I, sniffing evil, rode the Park, a waggon laden with the Duke's furniture lay rutted in the roadway. I reached the castle and found a stir among the servitors; and much hurrying and packing of chattels. From a stableboy I learned the Duke was off in much haste for Ladbeth, his place near London. Coming on him in a riding coat, I gave him the King's letter. He turned his back to read it, but I saw him start as the writing bit in; turning, he bade me follow; and soon we were back on the Norwich road.

Raffaeli met him at the King's door, and they going in, he closed it tightly. When Norfolk came out alone, he staggered like a drunkard, and scarce could hold a footing on the stairs.

"Marry the King's sister!" he muttered. "My dove in his talons! Scarce my bride—yet I dare not tell him." The frenzied man fumbled with his stirrups, and 'ere I could help him, was pounding down the road.

For the space of two days nothing happened, and I thought the plot was cooling, but then a black-edged letter came from Horsham, that started all to boiling.

The King's door stayed bolted, but Raffaeli was inside. The gallery seemed to echo whispers from within, and I could hear the King groaning out his answers. Now, when night began to fall, the Milanese stuck his head out in the passage and bade me enter. King Henry lay upon a tousled bed, his leg much swollen and swathed with bandages. I bent over him and kist his big jeweled hand.

"Hark ye," he said, "get a wherry and have it by the bridge at midnight. There is devil's work a-foot at Horsham, so haste ye."

That night, I rowing, the King seated heavily in the stern, we worked slowly up the river Wensum till we

came upon the dark mass of Horsham Bridge. By an agreement Norfolk met us there, and getting out the King as best we could, we stood by the cellars of Horsham Castle. There in the dark, huddled on the bank, we heard the horrid tale from Norfolk. He had returned to Horsham and without more ado had told Catherine the King's finality; that he must marry Princess Margaret. She had wept in his arms and he had comforted her as best he could. He had scarcely returned to his wing of the castle, when hurried knocking came upon his door. Frightened servitors stood sheep-like in his gallery. Something was amiss with Mistress Catherine. With a pounding heart he had hastened down the long corridors and thru the secret passage to the donjon. Her door was ajar and no one stirring. Pushing in, he saw her young form lying on a couch; the room in some dis-array. Seizing her hand he sought to break her sleep, but it was hopeless. She had a soft pallor on her cheeks, like one dreaming; the tint of a sea-shell: the soul had

winged away. By her side a shattered glass told him the weapon. Then he knew not what he had done. His head span, and scorched like a smith's iron. In the early dawn, they had carried her, drest in white, beneath the castle and she was laid with holy candles in the vault of the Howards.

Having finished, he looked keenly at the King, who took no notice, propping against a young tree. At length Henry Tudor spoke.

"Ye tell me, my lord," he said in a strange voice, "she lies in Horsham vaults. Then take me to her; for even a King can grieve."

Norfolk groped the walls, and opening a small portal, bade us enter. The place was jetty black inside and foul with old vapours. Keeping close to Norfolk, we slowly trudged the void, the King between us. At length the dim glow of mass candles lit the solemn journey, and we came into a groined and vaulted chamber. Along the walls carved-stone caskets held the ashes of dead Howards; and in the centre lay a marble slab, new placed. On it lay a



THE KING PLACES HIS SIGNET RING ON CATHARINE'S FINGER.



CATHARINE DECIDES TO BE A QUEEN.

young, white form; wax candles played a soft light on her like a fountain. The King hobbled forward alone, and knelt with difficulty. We saw him take his signet from a finger and place it on her limp hand. He raised his arms in the gesture of a priest. We turned and left him chanting the last rites.

The morrow dawned bright and clear, yet a forboding day for Horsham House. Hardly had matins sounded when Raffaeli arrived from Norwich Town, with the King's sister, Bishop Gardiner, and a small retinue. Henry and Norfolk met them on the terrace by the river with such formality as became a Princess of the blood. Norfolk and Margaret walking together, they made a small procession, and entered the Duke's chapel. At length King Henry and Gardiner came forth and walked the gardens in earnest conference. The Bishop in two minds about a matter, was ever nodding ay and nay. Anon the point was settled, and it came upon me that a royal marriage was to be its issue. Henry, dismissing Gar-

diner, sent for Norfolk, who came with leaden feet. He stood before the King almost with defiance, and I looked for a stormy scene. Yet the matter went with dispatch, till I was called away.

Now, what transpired from then till vespers, I know not, being busied with the mounts. As the sun was setting, I came out upon the terrace, and found the King, Princess Margaret and a few courtiers in a flustered group. Margaret lay half-supported in a maid's arms; Henry looked frightened and angry. On coming up I was quizzed if I had seen aught of the Duke; and then the matter came out. Norfolk had disappeared; clean gone, and not a trace or clew. He had been missed these several hours; and the castle searched from keep to cellars.

As we stood there, ruffled, in the dusk, a mist came from the river and wrapped us all about. A shrouded figure was making toward us down the terrace, mayhap, with news. The King, looming large in the vapour, was turned toward it. As the creature

neared, he started violently, and backed against a coping. It was a woman, in white cerements; and she came gliding with arms outstretched. Henry, in a shudder crossed himself, and kept the wall. The white woman, wraith-like, sped past us, straight as an arrow for the King. "Jesu!" he stut-tered, "absolve me."

"Ah! Gracious Sovereign," she said lowly, "here is your signet, if I am not holy, send me away."

"Catherine!" he said, turning to-ward her, "risen from the dead!"

"By your prayers meward," she an-swered sweetly. "It was but a seizure, and the cold vaults have recovered me fully; but I fear for Norfolk."

"How, now!" said Henry. "Is the Duke now in them?"

"Ay! My Majesty! He sought me; and, by arrangement, is locked shut therein."

"By my rood!" said Henry coldly. "Crafty fox! Then he shall suffer a martyrdom as beseems. And you, sweet Cath! Y' are ready for a jour-ney Londonward?" She gave one swift upward look at him, and placed a hand upon his sleeve. Then, turn-ing she dropped from her girdle a heavy key. It fell into the Wensum, and they, smiling, watched it.

\* \* \*

And now, as you know, he carried her to London and made her his Queen. Poor moth! 'Twere better for her had she lain forever as he had seen her at Horsham House. She was his sum-mer's plaything at Windsor, courted by the gallant throng. She was dainty, vivacious and above all lovable. The device on her arms read, "No other will than his."

Having been set up like a doll's house by priestly intrigues, it served them when the time came to pull her down again. On the day after All Saints' Day, when Henry was at mass, Archbishop Cranmer put a paper in his hand with a caution to read it in pri-vacy. It contained the confession of a serving maid, that Catherine had been married secretly to the Duke of Nor-folk, while at Horsham. To foil a



CATHARINE RECOGNIZES HER HEADSMAN.

Kingly lover, like Henry Tudor, were a foolhardy matter; and his cooled love turned to bitterness toward her. With a small escort she was sent up the Thames to Sion House to await the King's pleasure. By devious counsels her death was decided upon; for by the law, such as it was, the royal blood had been attainted.

It was on a grey morning in Janu-ary that the word came to bring her down the river. We put forth in three vessels; first, a state barge filled with Privy Councillors; a guard's barge filled with soldiers, I among them; and a little barget entirely covered. In this was Queen Catherine alone. The barge-mates cast off and the sad pro-cession swept along the wintry river Londonward.

Under the frowning portcullis of the Traitor's Gate, in the gathering twi-ght, the beautiful girl in black silk-velvet, landed amidst a throng of courtiers. She was treated with much ceremony; as if she sate by the King's side. Her cousin, the poet Surrey, with his own doom impending, bending low, handed her from the barget. We formed ranks, and she stepping blithely, marched to the walls of Lon-don Tower, where a scaffold was set up.

It was now dark, and torches were called for to haste our task. Here an unseen hitch occurred; the headsman could not be found. Whether frightened by a Queen's death, he had slipped off, none could say. And now, there was much disputation, and we were like to have left off and to have led her in the Tower. A royal herald, mounting the scaffold, gave the news. There went up a great murmur from the crowd; some were for putting it off, some were for a new executioner, and some weeping like any woman. Yet she took it all in good part and turning to the priest said, "Father! If they would kill me, I beseech you let it be now."

The matter settled; the herald, raising his staff, called for some citizen who would do the office. At this turn,

the crowd held quiet; and no response coming, the herald descended.

But fate willed that the spectacle should come to an ending. A voice was raised; and soon the crowd giving back, a tall man, close-wrapped in a cloak, pushed his way forward. He wore no head-gear, nor badge of office, but his face was covered with a black mask. Ascending the scaffold, he fronted the Queen. She eyed him calmly, as had been her proceedings, and bade him hasten his task. He whispered something, and, drawing close, lifted his mask for her alone. She turned chalk white, and leaned against the stones. Then bending near him she half smiled.

"Duke Henry" she murmured "this were a sorry ending to our play."



FATHER AND DAUGHTER, FROM "THE FISHING SMACK."



FRANK LANNING AS "EAGLE WING" IN "BIG HEARTED JIM."



# Big Hearted Jim

By Luliette Bryant  
(From the Scenario by Frank Lanning)

It was a tiny cabin, perched so close to the edge of the gulch that it seemed in imminent danger of being blown straight down into the abyss below. The other cabins and shacks, which constituted the mining camp of Red Dog Gulch, were clustered together in a hollow, further down the trail. Big Hearted Jim was the subject of much raillery when he chose this isolated spot for his home, but he bore it with characteristic good humor.

"What's the use of cuttin' loose from civilization and takin' to the open, if you're goin' to live huddled up together like you did back East?" he demanded, calmly.

"You've sure got a good breathin' place here, Jim," drawled one of his mates, "but I hope you don't take to somnambulatin'. If you drop off that cliff some night, it's a safe bet we'll never find the pieces."

"It would be somethin' of a drop," admitted the disciple of the open wilds, "it's a sheer two thousand feet down there. But don't you worry none about your Uncle Jim, he's not doin' any fancy dives over the edge by moonlight."

So Jim finished the tiny cabin, making it snug and trim. In one end was a wide bunk, in the other a deep, cheerful fireplace. Some bearskins adorned the floor and a scarlet curtain swung at the one window. Jim was a natural home-maker, and back of his unfailing good-humor lurked, always, a spirit which made him different from his mates, the silent, insistent, contradictory hunger of a restless soul for a fixed abiding place.

It was a bleak November evening. The sky above the gulch was leaden,

and fine flakes of snow were sifting silently over the land, as Jim closed the door of the little cabin and started down the trail toward the settlement. The dark pines tossed their branches restlessly, and moaned in the rising wind. Another moan mingled with the pines—a human voice. The sound was weird, almost uncanny, there in the black night of the wilderness. A woman crept from out the shadows and staggered into the cabin, bearing a heavy bundle. Soon she emerged without her burden and ran straight toward the cliff. Was that wild plunge the result of a misstep, or of a nicely calculated distance? There were two white hands flung upward, but only the bending pines saw; there was one long cry, echoing shrilly, but only the moaning pines heard.

Jim whistled cheerfully as he came back down the trail. He shook the snow from his coat as he stepped inside the cabin, and touched a match to the kindlings in the fireplace. The flames shot upward, enwrapping the logs and sending a red glow thru the darkness. Stepping backward, Jim's foot touched something soft and he glanced downward, carelessly, then with a look of surprised interest.

"Hello, who's left a blanket roll for me?" he said, rolling the bundle into the firelight to get a good look at it.

It was a soft, fuzzy bundle, and as it rolled it suddenly began to squirm, and sat upright. The red coverlet fell away and a pair of round blue eyes looked wonderingly out, from under a fringe of curls, at the astounded Jim.



ELIZABETH AND LITTLE VIRGINIA LEAVE THEIR HOME.

"Where's Mama?" demanded a small voice.

"Well I'll be darned!" ejaculated Jim, feebly, sinking into a chair.

"Where's Mama?" reiterated the voice.

"That's the question, young lady," replied Jim, trying to collect his scattered senses. "Where is she, likewise, *who* is she?"

The child disentangled herself from the clinging coverlet with some difficulty and toddled across the room to Jim's side, leaning against his knee.

"I'm Virginia, and I'm four years old," she confided with a trusting smile.

"That's useful and interestin' information, kiddie, but where did you come from? How did you get here?"

"Papa was cross. He ate my bread and milk and he struck mama. Then he went to sleep and mama wrapped me all up and carried me."

Jim questioned further in vain. The child was too young for any coherent explanation. Suddenly he put

her down and ran outside, where he scanned the ground carefully. But the great flakes of snow were falling steadily now, and even his own recent foot-prints were completely hidden.

"I'm sleepy," announced the little Virginia as Jim returned, "want to sit in your lap, want to be put to bed."

She nestled in Jim's arms with childish confidence, and a strange thrill went thru the man. Some long-empty space in his heart seemed suddenly filled.

"I'll put you in my bed," he said, lifting her gently, but she protested.

"I don't sleep in my clothes. Want my nightie-gown!"

Jim looked helplessly about, with the wild thought of offering his overcoat as a possible substitute, when he spied a small white bundle near the red blanket. It contained two clean, much-patched little gowns. His wonder increased at this evidence of forethought.

"Whoever gave you to me intended it for keeps," he said, thoughtfully.

"Now undress me," commanded the child, and Jim began, with clumsy fingers. As he awkwardly removed the blue gingham dress he saw a slender chain about the white throat.

"It's my locket. Mama gave it to me; it opens," said Virginia, proudly.

Jim opened the locket eagerly. A sweet face smiled up at him, a woman's face, winsome and tender, with the wide frank eyes of the child upon his knee.

"Elizabeth!" he gasped.

"Here's a paper, too," said the child. "Mama pinned it on my waist."

It was a yellow, faded slip which Jim opened with shaking hands.

"DEAR ELIZABETH: I leave for Red Dog Gulch tonight. Should you ever need a true friend you will find one in me.

Sincerely,

JIM HAZELTON."

Jim stared at it for a moment, then shook the child, half-roughly.

"Can't you tell me where she is?"

Did she bring you? Where did she go?"

But Virginia, frightened at his tone, began to sob and could tell nothing except, "Mama carried me all day. I went to sleep."

"Never mind," said Jim soothingly, "you shall go to sleep now."

"I must say my prayers first," said the child, and kneeling by Jim's side, she said them drowsily. A moment later she was asleep in the bunk.

Jim opened the door and looked out at the falling snow and the tossing pines. Then, with a lantern, he went forth in patient, eager search.

Hours afterward, he came back to the cabin. The child slept peacefully, her golden head shining against the dark blankets. He stirred the dying embers until they blazed again, and sat gazing into the flickering flames. Visions danced there, picture following picture in quick succession. Himself, a sturdy blacksmith in a pretty village; his sweetheart, Elizabeth, fair and sweet, with arch, coquettish ways; the



JIM ENGAGES RED WING TO TAKE CARE OF HIS NEW CHARGE.



TOM HAS WON VIRGINIA'S APPROVAL BY KNOCKING DOWN A BURLY MINER WHO HAD KICKED A LAME DOG.

city agent, with whom she flirted in innocent mischief; his own quick anger and resentment; his hasty note, which lay now in his hand, brought by the child, wearing the locket which he had given Elizabeth, looking at him with Elizabeth's eyes.

The sun was shining thru the scarlet curtain when Virginia opened her eyes and sat up in the bunk.

"Want to be dressed," she announced, decidedly, "want my curls brushed; want my breakfast; want sugar on my bread."

"Your wants are middlin' numerous, ain't they?" queried Jim, cheerfully. "Well, you can't be blamed, it's born into your sex to want somethin' different every minute!"

"Seems to me," he continued, eyeing the pile of small garments dubiously, "that my natural instinct for leavin' those little duds on you was all to the good. They come off fairly easy,

but the Lord knows how they're to be got on again."

Virginia snuggled down into the blankets with a happy laugh.

"Play Virginia's sick," she said, happily; "eat breakfast in my nightgown!"

At this opportune moment there was a short knock, and a young squaw, followed by a tall Indian, stepped into the room. Jim held up a warning hand.

"Don't scare the kid," he said anxiously.

But Virginia was far from frightened. She climbed from the bunk and ran joyously to the squaw. "Pretty lady, pretty lady," she cooed, patting the dark hand, "pretty dress, pretty feathers."

The squaw's dusky face brightened, and she bent to hang a string of gaudy beads about the child's throat.

"Pretty lady dress Virginia," coaxed

the child, and Jim's anxious face cleared, suddenly.

"That's the idea!" he exclaimed. "Red Wing, you stay here and take care of this cabin and the kid for me. I'll pay you more than you make peddlin'. Nurses ain't plenty in these regions and I need one bad."

After some bargaining and urging, this plan was agreed upon. The Indian went his way, leaving his sister to become Virginia's devoted nurse. A fence was built to prevent the tiny feet from straying too near the cliff's edge, and there, beneath the whispering pines, the child prattled and played, filling the cabin home and Jim's hungry heart with love and sunshine.

Twelve years made little change in the settlement at Red Dog Gulch, but a great change in Virginia. At sixteen she was a slim, graceful maiden with a sweet, piquant face and a pair of blue eyes looking out from their long lashes with the frank, innocent gaze of her childhood.

Two rooms had been added to the little cabin. Books and a piano had been bought, and the mine superintendent's wife had supervised Virginia's education. But now Jim had decided that the girl must be sent to a boarding school and he held firmly to his decision, tho Virginia protested, entreated, even wept.

"I'm so happy here. Why should I have to go away? Don't you want me any more, Jim?"

Jim's face grew white. "Don't, child," he said. "Don't you know how we shall miss you? But it isn't right to keep you here. You must go and see what life outside a mining camp is like. If you want to come back, after a year, you may."

"I'll want to," said Virginia, drying her tears. "I'll study hard and do my best, but all the time I'll be counting the days till I can come home."

Jim did not tell Virginia what it was that had crystallized his half-formed plan to send her away. A young engineer, Tom Whitney, had come out from the East several months before and was an everyday visitor at

the cabin on the cliff. The intimacy began one day when Jim and Virginia saw Tom knock down a burly miner who was kicking a lame dog. Carrying the dog to the cabin, the three nursed it back to life and a close friendship resulted. Jim's keen eyes could not fail to see the trend of events and when Tom told him of his love for Virginia, he answered as steadily as if his heart was not bleeding at the very thought of losing her.

"It's all right, Tom, but you've got to wait. The girl's got to have a fair show. It ain't fair to bind her to any one now. I'm goin' to send her to the seminary at Los Angeles. If she chooses to come back here next year, you may win her if you can."

So Virginia, with many tears and backward looks, left the cabin on the cliff. Thru the long months that followed the two men found their chief pleasure in writing long letters to her, and in reading her affectionate replies. Her letters told of pleasant associations, kind teachers, jolly frolics and excursions, but thru all breathed the longing for her beloved home. "When I close my eyes, I can smell the pines, and see the cabin with you all waiting for me," she wrote, and the men's eyes moistened as they read.

"She don't seem to get weaned away much," said Jim.

The long year ended at last, and they watched eagerly for the stage which would bring Virginia home. If Jim's joy was somewhat sobered by the thought of losing her again, if Tom's suit succeeded, he gave no sign, but listened patiently to the lover's plans for the future. It was an anxious moment when the stage came in sight, for each man secretly dreaded a change in the girl. But it was the same winsome Virginia who flung herself into Jim's arms, crying, "Oh, I'm so glad to be here!"

For a week Virginia laughed and sang about the cabin like her own merry self. Then, as Jim came up the trail at noon, she went to meet him, a telegram in her hand, a half-amused, half-anxious look in her clear eyes.

"Cannot live without you. Am



TOM TELLS JIM OF HIS LOVE FOR VIRGINIA.

coming at once," read Jim. "Well, Virginia, who is this Harold Sinclair who's dependin' on you for his life?"

Virginia laughed at Jim's comical tone. "He's a New Yorker, and he's very rich. His sister was at the seminary and I met him at parties. He asked me to marry him."

"Is he a good man?" asked Jim, sharply.

"Oh, yes, he is a splendid fellow, but I didn't want to marry him," answered Virginia.

"Why not?"

"I liked some one else better," replied the girl, blushing.

"That's Tom," thought Jim, trying to be glad that it was so. But when Harold Sinclair arrived, Virginia became a puzzle to Jim. She treated both Tom and Harold with sweet, good-natured friendliness, but dexterously avoided being alone with either, keeping them both with her, or leaving them to entertain each other, while she walked with Jim. Jim's wonderment increased when Tom, having at last found the girl alone for a moment, came to him with despair in his face.

"It's no use," he said, brokenly, "she says she likes some one better than me."

"I'm sorry, Tom," was Jim's only comment, but he sought Virginia at once.

She was standing under a great pine by the trail and looked up, gladly, at his coming.

"Little girl," he said, gravely, "where's your locket?"

"Here," answered Virginia; "I always wear it."

"Open it," directed Jim, and the girl obeyed, surprised at his gravity. They stood for a moment, looking at the pictured face, then Jim spoke:

"Your mother was a good, true woman, Virginia, but her happiness and mine was wrecked because she was coquettish, and I was rash and hasty. If she could speak to you now, little girl, she would tell you never to flirt, not even in fun."

Virginia's troubled eyes looked up, frankly into Jim's.

"I don't understand," she said, simply, "what have I done that is wrong?"

"You tell Harold that you love some one better than him," said Jim, sternly,

"then you say the same words to Tom. Is that fair, to play one against the other? I did not think my girl would amuse herself that way."

Virginia's eyes filled with tears. A rebuke from Jim was a rare and serious affair, but she answered bravely:

"I was not playing; it is true."

"Do you mean that there is some one else?"

"Yes," half-sobbed the girl.

As Jim stood, bewildered, Virginia came a step nearer, and cast a shy, beseeching look at him. A strange light

entered the man's eyes—a glad, amazed, incredulous light. He bent nearer, looking into the wide blue eyes, hardly daring to hope that he read them aright.

"Little girl!" he breathed, holding out his arms, "is it really true?"

Tom and Harold, coming up the trail a moment later, stopped suddenly, at sight of an unexpected tableau.

"So that was the reason," said Harold, enviously.

"Good old Jim! He deserves her," said Tom, bravely.



LITTLE DID JIM REALIZE, FIFTEEN YEARS AGO, THAT THIS INFANT WAS TO BECOME HIS WIFE.



SCENE FROM "PRICILLA AND THE PEQUOT."





# Easter Babies



By Beta Breuil, Author of the scenario and of "Tho your Sins be as Scarlet"

"O-O-H! See 'ittle baby!" cried Toddletots to Dollydee.

These little persons were sitting on the front steps, turning the leaves of a ponderous picture book, but it was not the book that occasioned the exclamation, nor was it the pictures. A lady was passing by, pushing a quaint little cart, in which reposed a little bundle of humanity, and it was this that had aroused Toddletot's curiosity. Dollydee's attention having been attracted to the object of interest, that young lady proceeded to survey the situation, and, after a moment's reflection, quite made up her feminine mind.

"Nice 'ittle baby!" she announced, in a tone which indicated that she had rendered her decision after mature deliberation. But, no sooner had the curly-haired young mother passed on, with her precious burden, than there came into view another parcel of individuals which were fully as interesting as the first. The leader of this imposing party was also a young woman, but her skin was dark, and, tho her hair was also curly, they were small black curls, almost knots, and very numerous. She also possessed a vehicle, a queer little wagon, and this cart contained two plump brown babies with jet-black eyes. And, that was not all, for in her arms the lady carried a third, just like the others. It was not a baby show, passing in procession, but it just happened that way, and the audience on the front steps were quite entranced at the spectacle.

"Wonder why we've dot no babies in ar house!" exclaimed Toddletots, reflectively, after the little procession had gone by.

"Dunno, but we 'ill have," responded Dollydee, with decision, and the way she said it was evidence of a strong determination to carry out some carefully laid plan of action.

That night, after Motherkin had comfortably tucked the twain in their little cot, one with a flannel dog and the other with a muslin clown, the plot was partly unfolded to the eager ears of Toddletots.

"Let us pway!" was the way the great plan began to unfold, and Toddletots opened wide his big, round eyes.

Then, both climbed out, knelt down, closed their eyes, and looked very pious. The flannel dog and the muslin clown were also enlisted in the cause, and, tho they failed to close their eyes very tightly, they both looked very devout.

"Please, Dod," began Dollydee, with hands clasped over her forehead in humble supplication, "please div us a bruvver an' sisser. Amen!"

How could the good Lord let a prayer like that go unanswered?

The next morning, as usual, Toddletots and Dollydee went out to feed the chickens. In the nest were two white eggs, just the kind from which they had many times seen hatched out the loveliest, fluffiest, downiest, little, yellow chicks. Motherkin had explained the whole process to them, as the mother hens clucked proudly over their broods, and it had made an impression on Dollydee. This impression was the seed from which had grown the great idea which had taken possession of her fertile mind. She thought of their babyless home. She reasoned it out that it was a very simple matter to get a brother and sister. If the hens could



"PLEASE DOD, DIV US A 'ITLLE BRUVVER AN' SISSER."

do it, why should not she? Any way, she and Toddletots would try it. Here were two fine eggs in the nest. It looked so simple. Her plan was now complete, and she was ready to lay it before her brother in all its complicated details. Putting her plump little arm around Toddletot's neck, she gravely unfolded the entire scheme, and that young gentleman had the astuteness to grasp the situation at once.

Having a distinct idea of proportion, they readily realized that the regular eggs would be too small; but that difficulty was easily overcome, for, that

very morning Toddletots had seen some huge Easter eggs at the candy store, and both were agreed that those eggs would be just the thing. Gathering all their financial assets together, they found that they had just enough to make the purchase, and after a conference, which lasted until they arrived at the store, it was mutually decided to make the investment. It seemed just a trifle extravagant, but were not babies more precious than much silver and gold?

The Easter eggs were so large, and so heavy, that only devotion to a great cause could have accomplished the feat

of conveying them to their home. But they succeeded, and with great gasps and sighs of relief, they at last placed the eggs side by side on their bed.

This much done, they ran out doors again, this time on a more important mission. At the door they parted company, each taking a different course, and each determined to fulfill his or her part of the great plan. Dollydee stopped at a little old cabin just up the road, where she discovered three brown babies, the very ones she had espied the day before. The brown mother was busy hanging up clothes in the yard and did not see the young lady visitor. Dollydee was at first inclined to take all three of the chubby brown babies, but finding that she could not even lift two of them, she was content with the third and smaller one.

"One's nuff," she murmured, and finding that she could not even carry the smaller baby, she solved the prob-

lem by confiscating a large, checked, gingham apron; and, spreading it upon the floor, she carefully placed the baby upon it and dragged it along after her. She was a very tired young lady when she arrived home, but she arrived, and that was sufficient.

Meanwhile, Toddletots was having a similar experience, and he met with similar success, for he had captured the very baby that he had so much admired the day before. The two young conspirators met at almost the same time on the front steps of their home, and between them they managed to carry the two babies into the nursery. The two eggs were still there, and after some difficulty they managed to get them open, and to place a baby in each egg. Then they carefully closed down the lids, and proceeded to the next step in the program. Breathless with excitement and panting with fatigue, yet hopeful and happy in ex-



PREPARING TO HATCH A "BRUVVER AN' SISSER."



POPPYDAD AND MOTHERKIN DISCOVER A NEW PATENT IN THE INCUBATOR LINE.

pectation, they ran out to the chicken coop and carefully lifted two speckled hens from their nests. The poor hens resented this interruption of their maternal duties, not knowing that they were to be assigned to duties of a more important nature, and they clucked in remonstrance. Carrying them to the nursery, Miss Dollydee and Master Toddletots carefully placed them upon the eggs. The hens did not seem to understand, for they made it very plain that they preferred their own eggs, but they were firmly made to understand that they must do their duty.

Poppydad and Motherkin were just returning from a walk, and as they reached their front door they heard strange sounds from within. Whether it was squaks or squeals, or both, they could not make out, but they were alarmed, and lost no time in seeking the cause. Hurrying to the nursery, whence came the sounds, they saw a

sight which was as pathetic as it was humorous. Toddletots was quite tired, but he still clung to the hen with a grim determination, and he seemed quite to have persuaded her that she was to become the mother of the contents of the huge egg. Dollydee was even more tired than her brother, but she, too, had conquered the other hen into submission, and she was pressing her down upon the great egg with patience and fortitude.

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Poppydad, puzzled yet amused.

"What on earth are you doing?" asked Motherkin in amazement.

"We's des hatchin'," said Dollydee.

"Hatching? hatching what?" questioned Motherkin.

"Jes hatchin' babies," answered Toddletots.

When the lids of the eggs were raised by the curious parents, and the contents discovered, they did not know

whether to laugh or cry. The babies did, however, and they set up a lively chorus, which, with the crying of the frightened children and the squaking of the hens, quite drowned the sounds of knocking at the front door. Two ladies walked right into the room, unannounced, and the white mother seized the white baby, and the brown mother seized the brown baby. They were

very angry at first, but when all was explained they had to laugh, and Dolly-dee and Toddletots were forgiven. It was a plain case of kidnapping, but they were not to be prosecuted.

For a long time after this our little friends were quite unhappy, for, you see, they had lost their babies. But, they were made very happy when the next Easter came around. It was a



THE ONLY CORRECT METHOD OF OBTAINING A LITTLE BROTHER AND SISTER.

cold, stormy day, and a belated snow-storm was piling great banks of snow in every corner, and loading down the trees with beautiful white patches of crystal. Dollydee and Toddletots were looking out the window, when a strange sight met their eyes. Who should come up to their door but a fine large stork,

with two bundles, one on his back and one fastened to his neck. The door was quickly opened, also the bundles, and, sure enough, each bundle contained a baby, and both were white. Of course, everybody was delighted, and of course, since this was the proper way for babies to arrive, they stayed.



SCENES FROM "SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST."



SCENE FROM "THE CODE OF HONOR."

# The Schoolma'am of Coyote County

By Kenneth S. Clark

"SOMETHIN' must have happened, boys—Lazy Lawton's in a hurry!"

At this exclamation of Big Ben Hendricks, the little group of miners in front of the City Hotel left their pursuit of tobacco-chewing, and straightened up, to see Lawton urging his pony along the road at the greatest speed that animal had ever known.

"What's up, Lazy?" shouted Big Ben, as the new arrival almost fell off his horse in his excitement.

"New schoolma'am—comin' in the stage—all-fired pretty gal!" stacattoed the breathless Lazy.

As with one thought, they all hurriedly began to improve their appearance and had made themselves fairly presentable by the time the stage driver pulled up at the door.

At the noise of the clattering hoofs, Sam Wah, the Chinese cook of the hotel, rushed out to meet the stage in a semi-official capacity. At the sight of "The Heathen," as they called him, in the front row of the receiving party, Big Ben, who was the bully of the camp, brushed Sam aside and stood ready to do the honors himself.

"Glad to see you, ma'am, and hope you'll like Coyote County," was the



THE SCHOOLMA'AM'S ARRIVAL.

way Big Ben welcomed the fair newcomer as she descended from the stage. While Ben was thus gallantly employed, "The Heathen" chose the practical service of relieving her of one of her handbags.

"The question is, will Coyote County like me?" queried the schoolma'am, with a touch of shyness.

"You bet it will," replied Big Ben, as the crowd nodded assent. "Boys, let's give three cheers for Miss——"

"Molly Ryan," supplied the owner of that name.

"Three cheers for Miss Molly Ryan," suggested Big Ben. And the cheers were given with a punctuation of pistol shots, until the fair Easterner, altogether pleased, but somewhat frightened, at this Western demonstration, moved towards the hotel.

By this time Big Ben had snatched away from "The Heathen" the lone piece of baggage of which he was the custodian; and, loading himself down with Miss Ryan's traps, he escorted her into the hotel. But the wily Celestial had picked up one of her gloves; and, holding it proudly aloft, he followed the heavy-laden Ben in the procession.

"Big Ben, him big pack mule," muttered the Chinaman.

During all this, Pedro Sanchez, the Mexican, who had taken no part in the proceedings, stood at one side of the crowd with a curious, mirthless smile on his swarthy face.

It was a quarter of nine the next morning when Molly Ryan, blue-eyed and buxom, appeared at the schoolhouse door to ring the bell which summoned her pupils to the morning session. But she had no need of summoning, for there they were, grouped around the door, the most adult set of scholars she had ever faced.

"Good-morning, boys," said Miss Ryan, "but what on earth are *you* all doing here?"

"Well, you see, ma'am," stammered Big Ben, bashfully for him, "the mines is shut down, and we thought as how we'd get a little book larnin', bein' as we ain't got nothin' else to do."

"All right, I'll keep you busy; come right in," invited the teacher.

As they were scrambling for the door, Big Ben saw "The Heathen" trying to edge into the crowd; and, implanting the toe of his heavy boot where it would do the most good, he kicked the Chinaman out of the way.

"Beat it!" he growled, which injunction, accompanied by the aforesaid pedal accompaniment, accomplished the desired end.

This earned for Big Ben a reprimand from "Teacher" and an order for them to "line up." And so the scholars of District Number One marched grandly into school in true military fashion. After they had filed in, "The Heathen" came cautiously around the corner and sneaked inside, unnoticed by all except Miss Ryan, who closed the door after him, and at once began to be in earnest, "The Schoolma'am of Coyote County."

As soon as Miss Ryan had taken her place, Big Ben walked up and laid on her desk an apple. At this act of boy-like chivalry, the miner-scholars began to laugh, and Miss Ryan had to rap for order. Under cover of this excitement "The Heathen" managed to present to his instructress a wild flower, which he had concealed under his coat. To encourage the Mongolian race, Miss Ryan pinned the flower on her dress, while she relegated Big Ben's apple to a remote corner of the desk. Wherefore the bully sat and glared at Sam Wah, who returned to his seat with a sly look.

Starting with spelling and with familiar concepts, Miss Ryan asked various boys to write the word "dog" on the blackboard. Lazy Lawton, who was supposed to know all about animals, scrawled off "dorg" as his contribution to simplified spelling and the new dictionary. Whereas Hank Wetherbee, the stage driver, chalked up "dawg" as his side of the controversy, for which he was promptly sent to the foot of the class. This brought a laugh from Big Ben, who was sentenced to stand in the waste-basket as a punishment, much to the detriment of that useful article.





THE SCHOOLMA'AM'S INTERESTING CLASS.

Despairing of first-day excellence in spelling, the teacher led them on to the last of the "Three R's." After the expert accountant, Bud Lake, had figured out that  $4 \times 3$  equals 15, Big Ben was released from his wicker cage and told to find what  $5 \times 4$  equals. When he proclaimed the answer to be 24, he was crowned with a dunce's cap and sent back to his corner. At this point "The Heathen" began to count rapidly on his fingers, and going to the board he marked down his answer to the problem in Chinese hieroglyphics.

"Humph," muttered Big Ben, "looks like a laundry ticket!"

Heedless of this comment, "The Heathen" started explaining his solution on his fingers to Miss Ryan, who finally wrote down "20" as the translation of his Oriental figuring, and, much to the chagrin of the other scholars, and the delight of the "Yellow Peril," marked the answer "correct."

Considering that they had had enough brain work for their first day, Miss Ryan dismissed the class. By the time she was ready to go, the school

room was deserted. But as she left the door a smiling face appeared around each corner of the house—Big Ben and "The Heathen." They stopped smiling when they saw each other, and the bully chased his confucian rival away, against the protests of Miss Ryan, who, however, allowed Ben to escort her home from her first day's work as their schoolma'am.

Bye and bye work at the mines picked up again, and Miss Ryan lost "the boys" as scholars, but not as friends.

On the day when operations recommenced, Henry Allen, the mine owner, stood at the entrance of a shaft-house awaiting the arrival of a new foreman. The latter soon appeared, with a letter which introduced him as Robert Buckley. The newcomer was evidently an Easterner, but hardly a tenderfoot. At least, that was the way Big Ben summed him up in a hardly-tolerating glance, when he was delegated to show the foreman over the lay-out."

One afternoon, not long after, Big Ben went around to the hotel to make



AT THE DANCE.

a call on the teacher. It was a somewhat better dressed bully than usual that day, and he found Miss Ryan on the front porch. His clothes were, in fact, better than his love-making; for, after a few ineffectual attempts to establish an *entente cordiale*, he was told to behave, and made to sit politely at some distance. At this strained point, the new foreman came along and was greeted heartily by the black-haired Molly. He shook hands cordially with Big Ben, but the bully withdrew to his corner and indulged in a school-boy pout. It was only now and then that teacher addressed a word to him, and finally he got up to leave. "Reckon I don't cut much ice around here," he muttered.

"Nobody ever said you did, Ben," answered the girl smiling. And Big Ben departed with a look of injured pride mingled with angry jealousy.

By this time the schoolma'am had become such a favorite with "the boys" that they decided to give a reception for her—Eastern style. And the next evening found a gala assemblage in the

dining-room of the City Hotel, with the tables cleared away for dancing. The whole population were there, dressed a little better than they knew how, with the inevitable incongruities. Big Ben outshone them all, with a sack coat, disclosing a dress vest, then a soft shirt, and topping it all, a once-silk hat. This Beau Brummel at last caught the attention of Miss Ryan at the close of one of the dances; and, accompanying his costume with what was his idea of a courtly bow, he asked her, "Ain't yer goin' to give me the pleasure of a dance, Ma'am?"

Molly explained that all her dances were taken, and just then Buckley appeared, in his ordinary clothes, and led her away for the next waltz. Big Ben stood open-mouthed and watched the foreman whirl with her among the boisterous dancers, conspicuous in that he wore no hat. With a muttered, "Doggone that Easterner," he made for the door, where he removed the tall headgear.

"Serves me right for buyin' this derned stovepipe," he soliloquized, and

then he kicked it far ahead of him into the night.

One day, Buckley was making an inspection of the mine, when he came upon Pedro, the greaser, loafing at some task assigned him, and using his employer's time in the rolling of a cigarette. "I've warned you before about this loafing on duty—you're discharged!" said Buckley.

"But the day—it is too fine to work," drawled the Mexican.

"Get off the place, you lazy loafer," said Buckley, taking a step toward him.

Lazy as he was, Pedro was quick. He was also hot-tempered and vindictive. With pantherine quickness, Pedro made a spring at Buckley and they clinched. A brief struggle ensued, but the Mexican was no match for his adversary. Buckley soon landed a neat blow that sent Pedro heavily to the ground.

"Now get away from here and *stay* away," commanded the foreman.

Just then Big Ben appeared with an inquiry about some work, and Buckley

turned to talk to him just as if nothing had happened. Meanwhile Pedro had picked himself up, together with his sombrero, and flicking off the dust with a handkerchief, which he had also picked up, he slouched away, with an evil glance behind him.

The Chinaman, coming along at that time with a basket of clothes, had watched the downfall of the greaser, and gurgled tersely, "gleaser no good."

That afternoon Buckley left the camp and trudged up the path over the hill. Further on, a second pedestrian was plodding along in the opposite direction. The second was the paymaster, with a small grip in his hand, coming to pay off the miners. Under the shelter of a huge tree he stopped to catch his breath. And the next thing he knew he was prostrate on the ground, with a large cut in his head. A short, thick limb of a tree that lay nearby explained the method of the attack, and his now empty grip showed the motive. As he was about to rise he discovered a handkerchief. He



BUCKLEY THREW PEDRO HEAVILY TO THE GROUND.

seized and examined it. It bore the initials "R. B." Taking this as a clue, he managed to stagger into camp, and to arouse the miners to find his assailant.

One look at the "R. B." on the handkerchief was sufficient. "Robert Buckley—that's the man!" cried Big Ben. "Who else around these diggings would be carryin' a rag like that!"

Some of the men had seen the foreman start on his walk up the hill, and the case seemed strong against him.

Proceeding thither in a body, they found Buckley and the schoolma'am sitting together on a fallen tree, so absorbed that they did not hear the approaching party.

"Hands up, Buckley!" shouted Big Ben.

"Why, what does this mean?" cried the teacher.

"I'm sorry, ma'am," Big Ben replied, "but the gentleman robbed our paymaster of our pay-money, and pretty nigh killed him for good measure."

"Can this be true?" she asked, anxiously, turning to the accused man.

"No, certainly not—it's absurd!" he hotly insisted.

"And I suppose you never saw this handkerchief? found on the spot," interposed Ben, with irony.

"Yes, it's mine," admitted Buckley after he had examined it, "but I don't know how it got there."

"That's enough," said Ben, grasping him by the arm. "Come on, we're going to show you some Western life." And the crowd started to drag him away.

Molly spied a coil of rope in one man's hand.

"Stop!" she cried. "I demand a fair trial! Do you intend to disgrace Coyote County with a lynching?"

After many protests they finally agreed to her demands, but purely out of courtesy to the schoolma'am, and not with the expectation that the result would be any different.

The session in school next day was more serious than usual, in that the class constituted a jury and the teacher

became a judge, for there was no court for miles. Without any legal formality, they simply sat down and talked over the case. Big Ben first told all he knew of the affair. The paymaster, with bandaged head, then told his story. Another related how Buckley had been seen starting in the direction of the accident, and brought out the fact that the foreman was the only person who knew that the paymaster was coming that day.

Next, Ben cross-examined the prisoner as to where he was going when he set out on the hill road.

"I was heading for the schoolhouse to see Miss Ryan," the foreman testified.

Being asked if she had an engagement with the prisoner at that time, she reluctantly replied in the negative.

"I intended it as a surprise," put in Buckley. "What reason would you give for a man in my position robbing the paymaster?" he added, turning to Big Ben.

"You're kind of sweet on our schoolma'am, ain't you?" said Ben.

"I asked her yesterday to be my wife," was the answer.

"Well, wives is expensive luxuries," quoth Ben dryly.

During Ben's opening address "The Heathen" had sneaked in; and, with the professional eye of the laundryman, had examined Exhibit A—the handkerchief. By this time he was showing such disapproval of the bully's reasoning that Big Ben performed his usual specialty by kicking the Chinaman out.

Shaking his fist at his perpetual enemy Sam Wah left the schoolhouse and plunged into the woods, intending to make a short cut home. He had not gone far in the thick forest when he saw a man ahead of him, who turned out to be Pedro, the greaser. Sam Wah saw him examining some money, which he had taken from his shirt, and a great light penetrated his Mongol brain. Following Pedro until the greaser was hidden behind a rock, counting his money, the Chinaman drew a revolver and ordered, "Brown man, put up hands!" The

Mexican could do nothing but obey, and in that undignified position he made Pedro march ahead of him to the school-house. The arrival was most opportune. Lazy Lawton, the foreman of the jury, was handing in the verdict for the schoolma'am to read. Deathly pale and with trembling hands, one would have thought that she was the accused herself. But encouraged by a pressure of the hand from Buckley, she opened the envelope and read aloud, "The jury find the prisoner guilty."

Buckley received the verdict calmly, but the young schoolma'am was horrified. The miners, waiting no longer to carry out the sentence on the prisoner, started to rush him out, but their exit was stopped by the entrance of Sam Wah and his prisoner, Pedro.

"Him velly much bad gleaser," announced the Chinaman. And to the amazement of all he continued, "Pedro, him fight Buckley, Buckley drop hand-kershiff. Pedro pick it up—me see him. Pedro get money, and him get levege on Buckley. Mebbe Heathen plitty good detectif?"

"Search that man!" commanded Molly, pointing to the greaser. Big Ben attended to this and at once brought forth the money.

"Caught with the goods!" exclaimed Lazy Lawton, while Big Ben showed his disappointment by saying nothing.

Out they rushed with the terrified Mexican, leaving Big Ben to apologize to the injured pair.

"We got the wrong man, ma'am," he admitted to Molly, "but I'm sartin that *you've* got the right one for keeps."

The departure of Big Ben was the signal for Buckley and Molly to fall into each other's arms. And they were unaware that anyone was watching them until a rapping on the desk made them look up to find "The Heathen" playing teacher.

"How much you think, one plus one?" quizzed the Celestial.

"In this case the answer is one," replied the schoolma'am, smiling at her "Class-for-life."





SCENE FROM "THO YOUR SINS BE AS SCARLET."

# BUMPTIOUS AS ROMEO

By LaTouche Hancock

MR. Barry Bumptious, amongst other dullards, was of the opinion that the stage was the one calling which affords a royal road to success. He would argue that, tho you have to read law for the Bar, to receive a special education to be a painter, to pass many examinations to become a doctor, or a parson, yet, given the temperament, a man can be an actor in the twinkling of an eye. As Bumptious was convinced he had the temperament, he, therefore, determined to be an actor. But not in a professional way. Oh, dear, no! that was a different thing entirely. The actors he had met did not conform to his ideas of propriety. He would start and remain an amateur, for nothing amateur could possibly be vulgar. Furthermore, argued Bumptious—and this argument was exceedingly forcible at the moment—theatrical conditions foster a certain freedom between the sexes, and—well, what he meant to say was that many actors, amateur and otherwise, regard the dramatic art less as an end in itself than a means to flirtation. For, be it known, Bumptious was in love with a maiden of the not too euphonious name of Barbara Miffle.

Having once made up his mind to gain his sweetheart by this means, Bumptious at once set to work to achieve his end. "Romeo and Juliet" appealed to him. That play was absolutely full of love. The balcony scene, for instance, would allow him full scope for great animation, and spirited gestures, so that, carried away by his ardor, he would almost jump up to Juliet; or, he could be so tender, melting and persuasive, that Juliet

would be impelled to jump down to him. Either would be satisfactory.

By a strange coincidence a traveling company was playing the very tragedy he had in mind, so Bumptious proceeded to buy seats for himself and Miss Miffle. For one act, as he put it afterwards, did he endure the slings and arrows of performers, who ought to have been greeted with rotten cabbages. Then, being in a highly excited state, and forgetting all about Miss Miffle and her feelings, he almost jumped over the occupants of the orchestra seats, and, dragging Miss Miffle after him, hurried down the aisle to the intense amusement of the audience. But, while so doing, his coat caught an enormous pin, that protruded from a lady's coiffure, and being stuck in very tight, the pin followed him, attached to his coat, and a souvenir came after in the shape of a mass of false hair. The lady fainted, and her escort scuttled after Bumptious, who, quite unconscious of any larceny, was nearly out of the theatre. Miss Miffle intervened to stop what looked likely to be an extremely interesting fight; apologies followed, the hair restored, and Bumptious was dragged away by his innamorata.

"Zounds!" he exclaimed, when he regained his breath; "and they call that acting! Acting, ye gods!" and Bumptious became tragic, and plunged his right hand into the top of his coat, striking an attitude. As he did so, he found himself facing a billboard, which announced in large letters, that "William Tell" would be performed shortly by the Star Dramatic Company. This so incensed him that he actually tried to tear the poster down, and



“ZOUNDS!” EXCLAIMED BUMPTIOUS, “AND THEY CALL THAT ACTING!”

would have done so, had not Miss Miffle soothed his ruffled temper. Suddenly this almost human typhoon calmed down. An idea seemed to strike him. He placed a finger on his forehead, let it slip down to his nose, and ejaculated:

“It shall be so.”

And it was so later on, for the thought that Bumptious had in mind was to form a Dramatic Club, of which he would be president. He would choose the plays, he would—well, in fact, he would do everything. Seizing the opportunity, just as speedily as he had annexed the lady’s hair in the theatre, Bumptious summoned a select crowd of almost equally ambitious Thespians, male and female, and forthwith announced his intention. It was welcomed with enthusiasm, and a Club was then and there formed. Bumptious was unanimously elected president, and not only did the “Bumptious Players” come into existence, but a Mutual Admiration Society was formed on the spot. Neither, however, lasted long—but that is the end of the story.

One week from that date the first

meeting of the Bumptious Players was held, with the president in the chair. Without putting it to the vote, for Bumptious was somewhat monarchical in his methods of procedure, he announced that the first performance given by the Club would take place in a month’s time. The play would be Shakespeare’s “Romeo and Juliet.” The other members gave a gasp at this pronouncement, but Bumptious proceeded:

“Ladies and gentlemen, we can but fail, tho such a word is not in my dictionary; but, if we do not succeed at the first attempt to quite realize all the charms of this peerless tragedy, the sweet, the bitter love, the hatred, the festivities, the dark forebodings, the tender embraces, the annihilations, nay, even the sepulchers of this beautiful poem, we will at least deserve success, and leave an echo behind in the minds of our audience, which can but resemble a single but endless sigh.”

Oratory like this could not but move any company, so they, one and all, agreed that after all “Romeo and Juliet” was the correct play on which



to begin, and so that tragedy was chosen. Now came the casting of characters. Being a self-elected Pooh-Bah, Bumptious at once took it upon himself to assign the rôles. So far, so good.

"You, Triptolemus Muddlework, shall be Paris."

Triptolemus arose to object, but was cut short by the imperious president, who continued: "And you, Thomas Tuppleton, shall be the Capulet."

Thomas sniggered.

"While you, Dick Larkyn, with your jesting spirits will make an admirable Mercutio."

Dick guffawed, and muttered, "All right, sonny, I'm on."

Thru the entire cast went Bumptious, leaving the ladies till last, somewhat impolitely, but that he excused by admitting he had taken that course on purpose so as to lend an emphasis.

"The Nurse," he concluded, "could not find a more fitted exponent than Miss Sophia Spindlewick—"

Miss Spindlewick simpered.

"While, last but far above all else, the Juliet shall fall to the lot of the beautiful Miss Barbara Miffle."

At this there was some slight applause, to which Miss Miffle, a freckle-faced, lanky, fuzzy-haired, damsel, bowed her thanks. A pause then ensued till it suddenly dawned on the company that no one had been assigned to play the male title rôle. Dick Larkyn was bold enough to ask the question.

"But who," said he in his blandest manner, with a sly wink that took in all the assembled company, "who will play Romeo?"

Bumptious rose, and posing with his hand on his hip just as if he was having his photograph taken, proclaimed with majestic air:

"Who will play Romeo? Need you ask? Why, who but I?" (He actually said "me"). The company looked up in surprise, while Dick Larkyn crammed his handkerchief down his throat to smother his laughter.

"I will play Romeo," emphasized Bumptious, looking around for the general appreciation he expected.

An audible whisper seemed to come from Larkyn's corner—



"I WILL PLAY ROMEO," EXCLAIMED BUMPTIOUS.



BUMPTIOUS PERSONALLY WELCOMED EACH BUDDING THESPIAN INTO HIS ROOM.

"Oh, Bumptious, Bumptious, wherefore art thou Romeo?"

But the president was so taken up with admiration of his attitude, of which he caught sight in a pier glass at the other end of the room, that the query escaped his notice.

"The first rehearsal, ladies and gentlemen, will take place here on Thursday next at seven o'clock precisely."

And with this he dismissed his myrmidons.

On the Thursday evening in question, Bumptious was all smiles, as he personally welcomed each budding Thespian into the room, and soon the rehearsal began. Dick Larkyn was in an especially good humor that evening, and his side remarks were sometimes quite audible enough to create more amusement than was appreciated by the deadly-in-earnest Bumptious. Larkyn's advice, *sotto voce*, to the worthy president to keep both his legs in one State of the Union was received with giggles from the ladies, whilst his answer to the world-renowned question, "Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou

Romeo," which was whispered into the ear of a young lady sitting beside him,

"Well, 'pon my soul, my love,  
my dear,  
I haven't got the most remote  
idea"

nearly upset the equanimity of all those who heard the sally.

"What's in a name" aroused Larkyn to doggerel verse again. He muttered under his breath,

"Were you called Jones, I'd love  
you just the same,  
You'd be no worse—you couldn't  
—at this game!"

In the fencing scene between Paris and Romeo, Bumptious swung his foil around so vigorously that he endangered the electric lights, to say nothing of the lives of those near him. In fact, his enthusiasm carried him away so far that he very nearly ran Muddlework thru the body in real earnest. Larkyn kept up a running flow of humorous remarks during the whole rehearsal. When the dialog came, "What shall I swear by?"

"Swear not at all," a distinct swear word came from Larkin's vicinity, and, when Romeo's face became overshadowed, the humorist suggested with all the politeness in the world, "Er, I'll trouble you, sir, to do that scowl over again." This brought the retort from Bumptious of "impudent scoundrel!" whereat Larkyn, being equal to any occasion, exclaimed, "Say Bumptious, you musn't gag so much."

And so the rehearsal continued, coming to an end in the small hours of the morning. As he was leaving Larkyn pressed a small note into Muddlework's hand, and then retired without so much as a nod to the great president. Muddlework opened the note, and read:

"When Nature was making an ugly race,

She certainly moulded Bumptious' face

As a sample without any doubt.

It must be confessed that prejudice goes

Very strongly in favor of having a nose,

Yet a nose shouldn't look like a snout!"

Muddlework gave a guffaw, and hurried from the room, dropping the note in his haste. Later on Bumptious picked it up, and his indignation plainly showed what might have happened to Larkyn, had not the latter made such a sudden exit.

The night of the performance came at last, and the Town Hall was crowded. The noise behind the scenes was even greater than the tumult in the front of the house. Bumptious was made up in a truly fearful fashion, presenting the aspect of a man who had just emerged from a meal sack. When all was ready—some three quarters of an hour after the advertised time—the curtain rose a few inches, and then stubbornly refused to budge any more.

"Look!" cried a youngster at the back. "There's legs! I spy Bumptious."

The townsfolk never forgot that night. Nor has Bumptious. The performance got so execrably bad that on the rise of the curtain for the third act nearly everybody had left the Hall. By the time the tragedy was finished the auditorium was perfectly empty,



"ROMEO AND JULIET" AS IT SHOULD BE PLAYED.



THE TOWNSFOLK NEVER FORGOT THAT NIGHT.

the spectators being absolutely driven away by the excruciating spectacle of Bumptious kissing Miss Miffle heartily on the lips, and then tumbling head-long over one of the players, who was giving vent to all kinds of antics.

From this night Bumptious gave up all theatrical aspirations, but he didn't give up Miss Miffle, and that lady see-

ing no chance of getting another beau, surrendered herself to the erstwhile Romeo. Dick Larkyn in his usual humorous vein pleaded to be allowed to be best man, tho, said he, "the best man should surely be the bridegroom;" whereat Miss Miffle tapped him with her fan, calling him a "naughty, naughty man."



"The first merit of pictures is the effect they produce on the mind; and the first step of a sensible man should be to receive involuntary impressions from them. Pleasure and inspiration first; analysis, afterward."—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

"Immortal art! the rounded sky  
Bends o'er the cradle where thy children lie,  
Their home is earth, their herald every tongue."—*Holmes.*



SCENES FROM "HER ADOPTED FATHERS."



THE ENGAGEMENT PARTY.

# HIS MASTER'S SON

By Allene Tupper Wilkes

“TYRUS, Tyrus!”

“Yas, Honey, he-ar I is.”

Colonel TenBroek's body servant, Cyrus, turned from the long tan coat he had taken to the back piazza to brush, and grinned down into his little master's upturned face.

“Tyrus, muvver's callin' you.” And then, as his little white hand crept into the big black one, “I fink she's cryin', Tyrus.”

“Law, chile,” Cyrus answered reassuringly. “Don't yo' pester yo' little heed about yo' ma. Cyrus gwine to take keer uv her an' yo' pa, too.”

But some of his assurance melted away, as, with little James, he entered the long high-ceilinged parlor. It held now but the ghost of its former splendor. Portraits of long departed TenBroeks stood wrapped and corded against the walls, from which they had so lately looked down with dignity and pride. The graceful lines of the old mahogany furniture was hidden under padding and crating, and everywhere there was an air of change in this room that had known so little change for generations.

Col. TenBroek stood by the window, his arm about his wife, and there, before him, his house servants. Many of the field hands had wandered away during the bitter struggle of the last few years, and still others had left when the war was over, after they found that they were legally free to go. But this faithful group had remained, unwilling to accept any freedom save that which the Colonel willingly gave them. It had been given, however, but almost as much against his will as against their wishes. He realized that many of them were unfitted to go out

into the world unprovided for, and, if it had been possible for him to do so, he would have kept the old home for them.

It was the story, and a sad one, of so many of the big southern planters of the day. There was no money to pay the negroes, no money to enrich the impoverished land, no money even for seed and implements with which to raise new crops.

The plantation and house had been sold, and the Colonel, his wife and little son were to go to Chicago, where friends awaited them. There, far from the scenes of so much joy and sorrow, they were to begin a new life. Something of all of this Cyrus knew, but the real meaning of it came to him for the first time now that he stood in the strange denuded parlor with little James, the Colonel's only son, clinging to his hand.

“You are free,” Colonel TenBroek was saying in a little speech to the servants. “I give to you the freedom that has been yours for months, which, as you know, you each could have taken, if you had wished. I appreciate the faithfulness that has made you stay, but the time has come when I can no longer keep you with me—Jinnie, what is the matter with you?” asked the Colonel, turning to his wife's colored maid, who had begun swaying and moaning.

“De Laud hev mercy,” she wailed. “How Mes Emmie gwine dress husef? What gwine ter become uv ma angel chile?”

“Oh, Jinnie!” cried Mrs. TenBroek, leaning her head on the bosom of the black woman, who had nursed both her and her little son. “It is hard, Mammy Jinnie, but we can't afford to take



BIDDING HIS SLAVES GOOD-BYE.

care of so many now; besides you must go with Jake and your children. He can earn a good living for you."

The servants stood with rolling eyes and quivering lips, alive to the tragedy they were witnessing, yet eager, now that they were bidden, to begin the new life of freedom before them. One by one, they left the parlor, each taking some little personal gift from their mistress, and the small sum of money Colonel TenBroek had been able to scrape together to help them build their new fortunes.

"Cyrus," said Mrs. TenBroek, then her voice broke; he, of all of them, had been most sympathetic in these trying times.

"Cyrus," Colonel TenBroek spoke for his wife, "we, most of all, feel your going."

"Who said I's goin'?" asked Cyrus. "Who gwine ter 'tend to dis he-ar movin' ef I go? I ain't stedyin' 'bout leavin'. I's fixin' to go right back an' git a spot outter dat yaller coat uv yo's, Marse John."

"But, Cyrus," interrupted the Col-

onel, "I have no money to take you with me to Chicago, and no money to pay you when we are there."

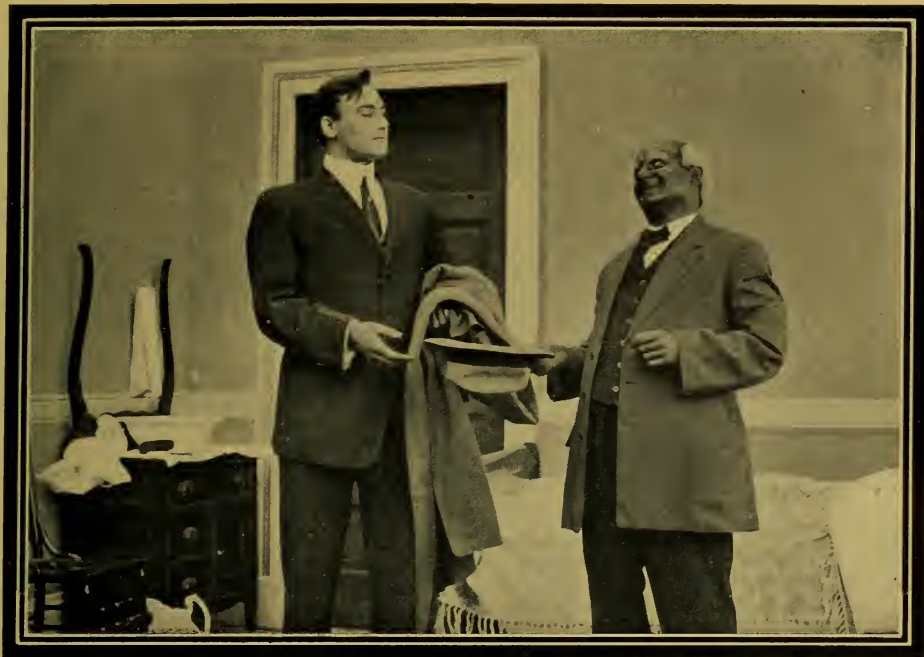
"I ain't spoke of no money, is I, Marse John? I reckon I ain't gwine ter starve, an' yo' an' me is 'bout the same figger, so I ain't gwine ter lack fer clothes. Ef I gits on dat train uv kyars an' hides, I guess I can git ter whar yo' all is goin' at."

"Oh, John," pleaded Mrs. TenBroek, "do let him stay until we go. I don't see how we shall ever get off tomorrow if you don't."

"Very well," answered the Colonel, pale and exhausted from the long struggle he had been thru; "as you say, he will be a great help. Cyrus, stay with us our last night here, at any rate."

"I know'd yo' couldn't git along 'thout me, Marse John," answered the delighted Cyrus. Then to little James, "Honey, yo' wants ter ride on de elephant's back? Dis is de way what de elephant goes!" And he trotted out with the little fellow on his shoul-





"MES MABEL, SHE MIGHTY PRETTY, BUT SHE MIGHTY LUCKY TER MARRY ER TENBROEK," SAID CYRUS.

der, both of them laughing like children of one age.

But all the laughter in the house was hushed that night; for, at sundown, the unconscious form of the Colonel was brought in from the fields he loved and to which he had gone to bid good-bye. He was not to begin the new life he had so bravely planned. Before morning the tired heart was still; and, a few days later, his body was buried in the land for which he had suffered and fought.

Cyrus cheerfully served his stricken mistress and played with the little boy, but in solitude he mourned for his dead master, whom he had loved with an unselfish devotion.

Mrs. TenBroek was steadfast in her determination to carry out the plans her husband had made before his death, believing that her boy would find, in future years, a wider opportunity in the great city. When the day for their departure came Cyrus could not be induced to leave them, and since the widow had come to depend on him she took the faithful servant with her to

Chicago. There the three began life anew on the little fortune that the sale of the plantation had brought them, and the years flew by rapidly.

"Marse James, Marse James! h'its eight er clock, Marse James!" Cyrus shifted his weight to his other foot, the one unafflicted with "de rheumatiz," and patiently began again, "Marse James!"

"Shut up! you mean old black rascal," murmured James TenBroek, sleepily.

"H'its pas' eight er clock, Marse James."

"Cyrus, if you inform me of that fact just once more, I'll throw you into the tub of cold water you so carefully prepared for my bath." James TenBroek sat up in bed and eyed the white-haired old darkey before him with pretended anger. "Unfeeling brute, to wake me from the sweetest dream that ever came to a man."

"Law, honey," chuckled the unawed Cyrus, "yo' sure is like yo' was when yo' ma was livin' and yo' was little.

Yo' allus did natcherly 'spise ter git up. Mes Emmie she used ter say to me, 'Cyrus, go lif' dat chile outter his bed.' I wish'd she could see yo' now."

"Dear mother!" said James, softly, for his voice was sober now. "I wish she could, too, now particularly. I never wanted her so much before. It would make her so happy."

"What dat, Marse James, 'twould make her happy?"

"You sly old rascal, I believe you know already. What's that you are fooling with?"

"I's jes 'mirin' dis he-ar rose what yo' put in de glass uv water las' night."

James laughed. "You have guessed my secret, Cyrus. Well, isn't it great? Isn't Miss Ware a wonder and isn't your good-for-nothing 'Marse James' a lucky beggar to have won such a prize?"

"Mes Mabel, she mighty pretty an' mighty soft-spoken an' she mo' like 'ar folks 'dan de res' uv de ladies what I sees up he-ar, but she mighty lucky ter be gwine ter marry er TenBroek."

James TenBroek laughed again. "Cyrus, your antebellum ideas in these surroundings are humorous. Why, Mabel Ware, apart from being the loveliest and one of the most sought after girls in Chicago, is the daughter of the most prominent grain operator in town. You know, Cyrus, that stocks are more than coronets—, but clear out while I get into my clothes!"

In a few minutes the old darkey thrust his head in at the door. "Marse James, a pusson says he wants ter speak with yo' on the telephone."

"Take the message," answered James.

"He says," announced Cyrus, "dat de margin 'bout used up an yo' better kiver."

"The margin about used up and I had better cover," repeated James, frowning. "Say I will be down at the office in twenty minutes." "I don't like this," he went on to himself. "Things should have taken a different turn yesterday. If I am not careful I will be in too deep, but I do want to

make money, a good lot of it, for Mabel's sake."

As he was leaving his rooms, old Cyrus again appeared. "Marse James, dat Mester Wood come ter see yer last night."

"Wood? Did he leave any message?"

"No, sar; he didn't 'zakly leave no message, but he aksed me ef I know'd whar yo' was at. I tolt him I didn't know, but I 'specs yo' was callin' on Mes Mabel. Den he callt me a impudent nigger, an' he slammed the do' when he lef'. Yo' better watch out fer dat onery man, Marse James!"

"Oh, get out, Cyrus; I rather think Wood did try for Mabel himself, but the days of 'coffee and pistols for two' are over, and your Marse James is quite safe."

Justin Wood indeed tried to win the hand of Mabel Ware. Her lovely person quite satisfied his taste, and her position, as the daughter of Frederick Ware, satisfied his ambition. He had believed that he would be successful in his suit, until the handsome young southerner appeared as a rival and, in a few months, was apparently succeeding in winning Mabel's love. Smarting under the seeming defeat, he began to plan the ruin of his successful rival.

Wood as a broker knew of young TenBroek's heavy speculation in wheat, and guessed that, if the quotations continued to fall, he would not have sufficient ready money to cover his holdings. Wood and a few of his friends had been trying, in a small way, to manipulate the market, and to pull down prices for their own ends; and now, with this additional reason for a bear raid, he gathered his friends together, determined to smash the market and James TenBroek at the same time.

There followed a week of torture for James. He had over-reached himself in buying, and when a few days later a margin call was delivered at his house, he let the paper fall unheeded from his hands, and stared with miserable eyes at a portrait of Mabel. This meant ruin for him, absolute ruin, and

probably the loss of his sweetheart. With his good business prospects and the little fortune he had hoped to make in wheat, he had felt satisfied in asking her to marry him. Now, with nothing to offer her, he felt that he must give her up. The thought was intolerable; he flung on his hat and coat and went out into the wind-swept streets, there to battle with his misery and win from it, if possible, some hope for the future.

Old Cyrus, busily engaged in freshening up his master's wardrobe, had watched the little scene. Now he leaned stiffly over and picked up the crushed sheet of paper which James had let fall to the floor. It could tell him, if he could but read, what lay so heavily on his young master's mind. But poor old Cyrus, well versed in honesty, industry and faithfulness, lacked "book-larnin'"; and, tho he turned the paper from side to side, and looked at it thru an ancient pair of spectacles, it remained to him as unintelligible as Egyptian hieroglyphics. Then a thought came to him—Miss Mabel, she could read the paper; she

loved his master and might help him find a way to bring back the joy Marse James had lost.

Mabel Ware received the old darkey as soon as he was announced, guessing he had brought some message to her from James. She greeted him laughingly, but sobered as she saw the worried look on his face.

"Why, Uncle Cyrus, what is it? Has anything happened to Mr. TenBroek?"

"Yas, Mes Mabel," Cyrus answered, "dey is somethin' happen ter him, an' I'se most pestered ter death ter fin' what hit kin be. He do'n eat an' he do'n sleep, an' dis mornin' when I fotedh dis he-ar letter ter him, he dropped hit on de flo' an' let out a groan fit ter break yo' heart. Den he flung hisse'f out de house 'dout even button-in' up he coat. I kan't 'zakly read what hit says, Mes Mabel, so I brung hit ter yo'."

Mabel read the paper quickly. A margin call. James had been speculating and had bought too heavily. The fall in wheat had caught him, and, poor boy, he had probably found it impossible to raise enough money to cover



THE TICKER WAS RAPIDLY TELLING THE RUIN OF "MARSE JAMES."



IT WAS A MARGIN CALL, FOR JAMES HAD BEEN SPECULATING.

his holdings. Brought up in the Exchange atmosphere of Frederick Ware's home, used to hearing financial discussions from her early childhood, she understood at once the reason for James' despair. As clearly as she could, she explained the situation to the eager old darkey.

"Law, honey," said Cyrus, evidently relieved; "I begun ter think Marse James was in sho' nough trouble; dat mebbly yo' had done quarrelt, but 'taint nothin but money what's de matter!"

"But, Cyrus, this is real trouble. James needs money immediately and I am afraid I can't help him, for I have nothing of my own."

"Go long, honey!" answered Cyrus, "de gemman in our fam'ly dey don't take money from de ladies. I'se got plenty money fer Marse James. His pa gin us all er lot uv money when he sot us free, an' Marse James he give me wages what I ain't got no use fer ev'ry month. I puts hit all in de bank ter leave ter him when I die; but he kin have it now, ef dat's what's pesterin' him. I reckon I got most a million dollars by dis time."

Incredulously Mabel opened the bank book he proudly handed her. It showed deposits to the old man's account of not a million but nearly a thousand dollars.

"Cyrus," she said, confidingly, "if you want to give this money to your master, I believe it will be enough to keep his holdings for a while. Go down to the bank and draw out all that you have; then take it to the broker's office and put it to Mr. James TenBroek's account. You know where the office is?"

"Yas, Mes Mabel, I been thar heaps uv times fer Marse James."

"Good! Hurry Cyrus, I will see father and find if he won't do something to help us. If we pull this thru, James can give you back twice what you had saved up."

"I ain't takin' no 'count uv dat, Mes Mabel," answered the old man. "Hit's his money no matter what come. When ma old Massa, hes pa, died, I seys to myse'f, seys I, 'Cyrus gwine ter take keer uv dis chile like he was he own,' an' I dun hit, Mes Mabel. We gwine ter save him sho; and he awalk-

in' de street, thinkin' he lost! I'll go ter de bank now. Good-mornin' ter yo', Mes Mabel."

"Good-bye, Cyrus."

When the old man had gone Mabel telephoned her father. Yes, he told her, he was watching the wheat market and knew of the fall in quotations. Justin Wood and his friends were at the bottom of it. He was just waiting until they had overreached themselves before he himself would start in to buy. Mabel hastily explained James TenBroek's predicament. The old financier laughed.

"You had better keep that young man of yours out of this business. One broker in the family is enough," he warned her. "Yes, yes, it will be all right. It is about time to begin buying now. We will have July wheat up before the sun is down; don't worry your little head any more about this business, dear, but tell young TenBroek to come around this evening, if convenient. I want to have a talk with him."

Frederick Ware was a name with which to conjure financial miracles. No sooner was it known that he had put in large purchasing orders for July wheat, than other orders followed, and prices were soon soaring.

James TenBroek could scarcely believe his good fortune, which came just as he was reconciling himself to the worst, and his pleasure was doubled when he learnt how much he owed to his sweetheart and to faithful Cyrus.

"Cyrus, you old rascal!" he exclaimed joyfully, slapping his servant on the back, "you are a real hero; in fact, you're a brick! I'll never forget this, Cyrus."

That evening, of course, James TenBroek called upon Mabel.

"Sweetheart!" he exclaimed, as Mabel met him in the hall, "how can I ever repay you? If I loved you once, I worship you now. And believe me, this has taught me one lesson, at least. I'll never gamble again."

"I'm glad of that," said Mabel, "for perhaps next time Uncle Cyrus' bank account wouldn't be long enough to

cover your losses. Isn't he an old dear, and won't he make the most picturesque butler in town? For I am not going to let you keep him all to yourself when we are married."

"I see I won't be able to keep him to myself," he answered, laughing; "already the old fellow keeps me straight by telling me 'Mes Mabel, she won't like dat'?"

"He is a dear old man," Mabel went on. "You should have heard what he said about taking care of you. He feels you are a trust left to him by your father."

"I know it. To him I am his master's son. These twenty-five years have not shaken his loyalty, and when—, ah, good evening, Mr. Ware," for Mabel's father had joined the happy pair.

"Well, my young friend," drawled the broker, with mock solemnity. "I hear you had some little difficulties, today."

"Yes, Mr. Ware," said James, "and I want to thank you——"

"Thank nothing!" interrupted Mabel's father. "So you two young folks are going into partnership, eh? Well, I thought something of doing the same thing myself."

"Father!" exclaimed the daughter.

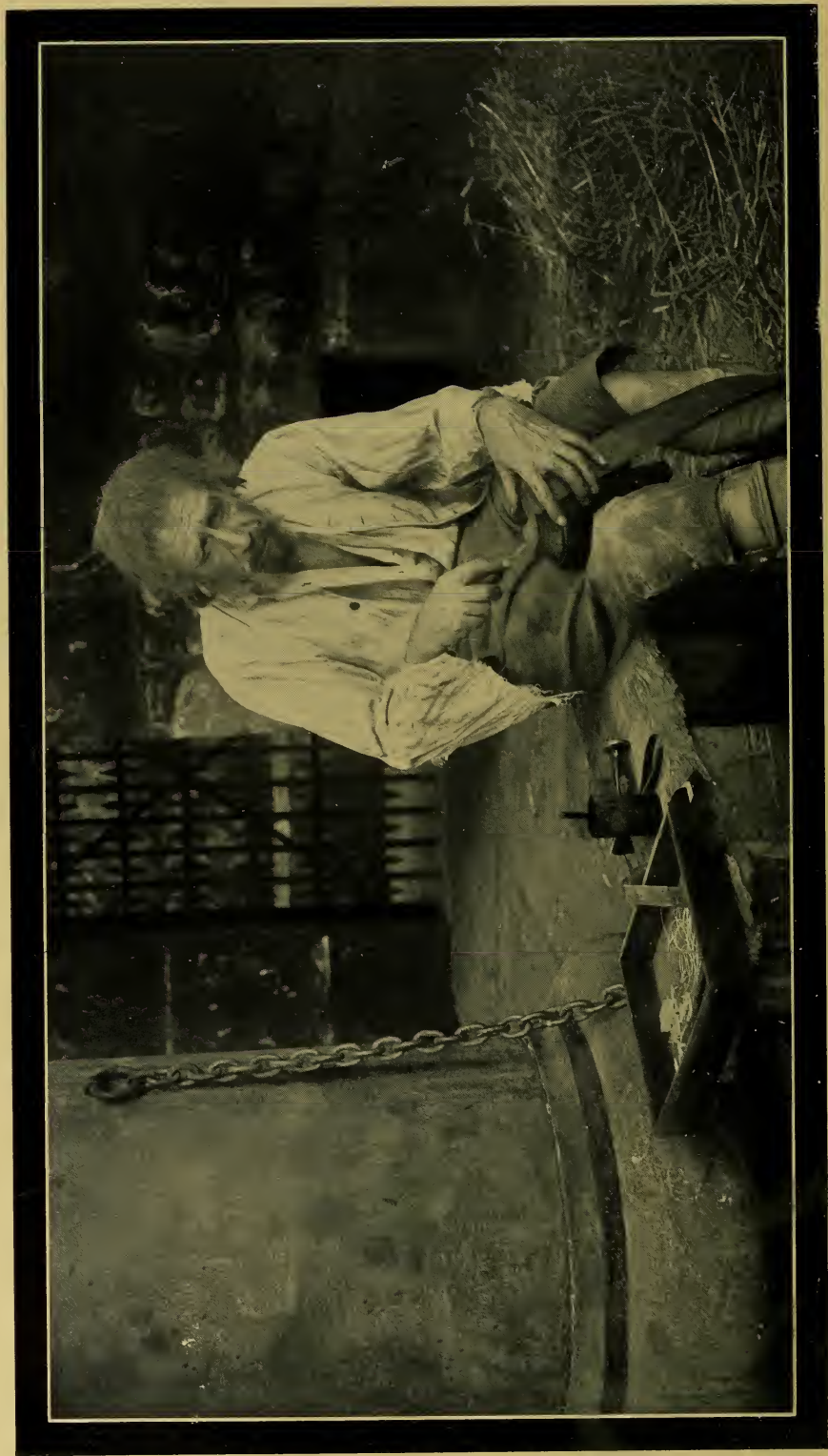
"Oh, never fear, my child," he quickly rejoined. "I'm not thinking of marrying again. I was thinking of a business partnership and this young chap strikes me as being just the kind of partner I want."

"Mr. Ware!" exclaimed James, in amazement, while Mabel clapped her hands with joy.

"Yes," continued the broker, "I have long felt the need of young blood in my office, and I have been watching this young man of yours for some time. Besides, you see he needs watching—eh, James?" slapping the young man on the shoulder good-naturedly.

When James arrived home that night it was late, but the faithful Cyrus was there at the door waiting for his young master; and, upon hearing the good news, he cried—

"De good Laud be praised!"



DR. MANETTE, AS A SHOEMAKER, AFTER LONG CONFINEMENT IN THE BASTILLE.

# A TALE OF TWO CITIES

(DICKENS)

By Montague Perry

“LOOK, brother, the basket is filled. We shall have a good supper.”

The speaker was a French peasant girl, whose meager, ragged attire, seemed only to accentuate her fresh loveliness. With her rosy complexion, slender rounded form and luxuriant hair, she was a type of beauty that occasionally springs from direst poverty.

The brother rose from the ground, where he had been grubbing patiently with a broken-handled knife, and glanced from the basket to his sister's glowing face.

“A good supper!” he repeated, bitterly. “A handful of poor roots dug from the ground at the park gates by hours of labor! And while we eat them, in our miserable hut, they, at the chateau yonder, will feast upon meats and pastry from golden plates.”

“But is it not better to be thankful for what we have,” returned the girl, startled by his fierce voice and angry eyes, “than to be miserable because we have no more?”

“But why should we not have more?” exclaimed the lad, vehemently. “Why should we slave early and late, to die at last from exhaustion and hunger? Why should we have no fruits of our labor? Who made them our masters, to own us body and soul, to feast and revel while we starve? Do you never think of the contrast? Look!”

He flung out a bony arm, a sharp finger pointing first toward the great chateau, then in the other direction.

On one side was the park, which lay about the chateau, its green acres studded with flowers and rare foliage, its

walks and drives shaded by magnificent trees.

On the other side was the country, stretching away from the walls of the chateau, in sharp contrast. Patches of poor rye and poorer peas and beans struggled for existence where bright fields of corn should have flourished. The brown, withered grass on the dreary fields told of impoverished, starving soil. There was a poor little village at the foot of the hill, with one poor street, a poor brewery, a poor fountain, and poor little huts, where hopeless people struggled for a miserable existence.

“It has always been so,” said the girl, patiently, “and we must bear it as best we can. Since I married Carl, I am so happy that I don't think of it. And, oh, next week he will return!”

“I am glad you are happy,” said the brother, in a softer tone; “but I tell you things will not always be as they are now. Even now, in Paris, men gather in cellars and talk of liberty. The air is full of mutterings. Some day we shall strike, together—let them beware that day!”

At that instant a sumptuous carriage rolled toward the park gates, and two richly dressed men glanced out, thru the glass doors, at the girl. A quick word to the driver, and the equipage stopped. The peasant lad stood quickly before his sister, who shrank back, terrified, as one of the occupants of the carriage stepped forward.

“We crave the company of the fair maiden,” he said, with an evil smile; “will she deign to ride with us?”

The peasant's dark face whitened with helpless rage and terror. He took

one step forward, the poor knife upraised, but two servants sprang forward and overpowered him in an instant. Laughing lightly, the men lifted the screaming girl into the carriage, which rolled quickly thru the gates, up the driveway to the great stone chateau, leaving a crazed, desperate lad beating the gates with impotent frenzy.

A week later, the peasant maiden lay upon a miserable cot in an upper chamber of the servants' quarters. It was hard to recognize in this girl, with the white, drawn face, ragged hair and wildly rolling eyes, the fresh, rosy beauty who, only a week before, had talked so blithely of love and happiness.

A grave-faced man sat by the cot, his hand clasping her fevered ones. It was Dr. Manette, and his touch seemed to quiet a delirium which broke forth frequently in shrill cries of "My husband, my husband, come to me!"

One of these paroxysms had just passed, and the girl lay in a half-stupor, when the door opened, and a woman entered. A tiny boy, about five years of age, with wide brown eyes and a sunny, fearless expression, clung to her hand. Moving cautiously, to make no sound, she crossed the room and fell upon her knees, lifting to the doctor a face full of compassion, sweetness and deep trouble.

"Will she die?" she whispered, breathlessly. "Cannot you save her?"

"She will die?" replied the doctor, gently; "she will never regain consciousness, and it is better so."

"Oh, it is awful, awful!" shuddered the woman. "All the week I have tried to come to you here, but the Marquis was always watching. Tell me, do you know who the girl is, of what family she comes?"

The doctor shook his head, slowly, his face anxious and troubled.

"I have sat by this bed five days," he said, "but not once has she seemed conscious of my presence. The lad, her brother, was dying when I arrived. Tell me what you know, and I will try to find the girl's family."

"My husband's brother, this boy's father, brought the girl here a week ago, for his own shameful pleasure," replied the woman. "I saw him, assisted by my husband, lift her from the carriage and carry her half-fainting, up the stairs. Next day, her brother broke into the grounds and attacked my husband's brother. In the brief fight that followed, the poor peasant was mortally wounded."

She stopped, weeping bitterly, and the doctor waited.

"This child," she resumed, drawing the boy close to her, "must inherit the estates, but I pray God that he will not suffer the penalty for these awful deeds. Kneel here, Charles, and swear not to follow the example your father has set, and that you will right the wrongs of the poor oppressed tenants of this land."

"I swear, and I promise to help the poor people," said the child, kneeling by the miserable cot, his sunny face clouded by the half-understood tragedy.

A panel at the end of the room opened. An angry face peered in. They did not see it, but the woman's face paled.

"If we should be heard," she gasped, and taking the boy by the hand, led him quickly from the room. No sooner had the door closed behind them than the two brothers entered the room.

"So that is over," observed the elder, coolly, glancing at the lifeless form on the cot. "Doctor Manette, you have served us well, and your reward shall be ample. You understand that these little matters must be kept quiet, and that is why we stole you—kidnapped you, as it were—to attend this case. I trust your wife has not suffered undue anxiety."

The doctor made no reply.

"The carriage is waiting to convey you to Paris," continued the speaker. "As a young man with your fortune to make, you are probably mindful of your own interest. The things you have seen here are not to be spoken of."

Still the doctor made no reply.

"Do you honor me with your atten-





DR. MANETTE AND FAMILY BEFORE HE WAS SUMMONED BY THE MARQUIS.

tion, Doctor Manette?" inquired the speaker, blandly.

"Monsieur, it is understood that in my profession the communications of patients are received in confidence," replied the doctor, coldly.

A closed carriage passed thru the park gates and took the road towards Paris. It contained several occupants, among them Doctor Manette, but he little dreamed of his destination.

Watching from the balcony was a sad-faced woman, with a child by her side. A footfall startled her, and she turned to meet her husband's sneering gaze.

"Your training of the little Charles in sentiment and chivalry is very touching, madame," he observed. "It was a pretty scene to see him kneeling so devoutly. Fool! Had you not tampered with that doctor, we might have trusted to his discretion. Now, thru your senseless interference, his English wife, with a babe in her arms,

will sit watching for his return till her golden hair turns gray."

The woman sank to her knees, horror upon her face, her hands stretched upward, pleadingly.

"What have you done? What cruel deed is this? Surely you would not murder him?"

"No, he is not dead, but he is just as good as dead. He knows too much to be at liberty in Paris. Thanks to you, his child will grow up fatherless, his wife will die of a broken heart, and he will probably go mad."

The look of intense horror seemed to freeze upon the woman's white face, but the little Charles rushed upon the man, his eyes blazing, his tiny fists doubled.

"I hate you!" he cried in childish fury. "I hate you! When I am a man I will give all the land and money to the poor people."

In a pretty home in the suburbs of Paris, a fair, young English wife

waited thru weary days for her husband's return. All day she sat by the window with her blue-eyed babe, looking eagerly down the street. All night she lay sleepless, the babe cuddled on her arm, listening for his footsteps. Inquiry, advertisement, search, were all in vain.

"Where could he have gone, DeFarge, what could have happened?" she moaned, pitifully, to the young servant who, from a mere child, had been her husband's devoted follower. But the faithful fellow could only shake his head sorrow-

The golden head turned upon the pillow. A faint sigh escaped the trembling lips, the white lids closed over the tired eyes, once so radiant, and the eager spirit of the young wife went forth, seeking its mate.

Twenty years glided slowly by. The nobility danced and feasted and carried everything with a high hand. The common horde slaved and starved and lived, apparently, for the pleasure and sustenance of their lords and masters.

If tiny rivulets of discontent were joining and swelling to a



DEFARGE TAKES LITTLE LUCIE TO MR. LORRY.

fully.

Swiftly the young wife faded. One morning she called DeFarge and put the child in his arms.

"I shall soon go," she said, faintly, "and I leave my child in your care. Our little property is with Tellson's Bank, in England. Take Lucie to Mr. Lorry, their agent here in Paris. I wish him to be her guardian, and to have her cared for and educated in England. Let her life be unclouded by this awful shadow of uncertainty. Let her believe herself an orphan from infancy. Oh, my husband, my beloved, if I could but know! Promise me, DeFarge, that you will follow my wishes."

"I promise," said DeFarge, solemnly.

steady tide, soon to drench the land with a red flood of horror, the

nobility did not know it. Their doctrine was perfectly simple—the under dogs should be under dogs, forever; should one growl, or show a gleam of white teeth, off with his head, and on with the dancing and feasting.

In a narrow street of the suburb of Saint Antoine stood the wineshop of Monsieur DeFarge. There was excitement in the thoroughfare. A large cask of wine had accidentally been broken and its contents were gushing forth into the street. From attics and from cellars, and from foul, miserable tenements, flocked half-starved women, ragged, desperate men, and little children with thin, old faces. All were



THE HUNGRY POPULACE SUPPING UP THE SPILLED WINE.

dipping into the red pools with their hands, with cracked, old mugs, and even with handkerchiefs torn from women's heads, which were squeezed dry into infant's mouths. They licked the sodden, lee-dyed pieces of the cask and even champed the wine-rotted fragments with eager relish. The taste of anything save stale black bread was a rare novelty.

Monsieur DeFarge stood in the door of his shop, looking on unconcernedly. Suddenly his keen eyes noted, standing on the edge of the noisy crowd, a well-dressed Englishman, of middle-age, with a slender, golden-haired girl clinging to his arm.

For a moment the strangers gazed at the pitiful scene, then they went to the door of the little shop and entered. DeFarge looked sharply at the girl for

a moment, then knelt and kist her slender hand.

"Yes, Mr. Lorry," he said, "it is she, it is little Lucie."

"Is my father here?" asked the girl, anxiously. "Oh, sir, take me to him——"

"Miss Manette knows all," interrupted Mr. Lorry. "I have told her the truth. She will be brave."

"She must be prepared for a great shock," said DeFarge, hesitating.

"He is not dead?" cried the girl, fearfully.

"Not dead," answered DeFarge, "but in dreadful condition. For twenty years he was confined in one narrow cell—twenty years of darkness and despair, no gleam of light, no ray of hope. No wonder his mind is a blank! They gave him a shoemaker's bench, in the



DR. MANETTE FAILS TO RECOGNIZE HIS DAUGHTER, LUCIE.

prison, and he taught himself the trade."

He paused, scanning the girl's white face.

"You are the image of your poor mother when he left her. That gives me hope. You may yet call him back to life."

Up long flights of narrow, dirty stairs they led the trembling girl, into a low, dimly lighted attic room. There, upon a rude workman's bench, sat a thin, white-haired man, his head bent over a small shoe.

"I was obliged to give him his work," whispered DeFarge; "he seems lost without it."

For a moment the trembling girl watched the silent figure. Then, stretching a silencing hand toward her two companions, she crept softly toward him.

Kneeling upon the rough floor, she placed a slim white hand upon the one which held the shoe. The old man looked up, startled; the shoe fell to the floor. Slowly clutching at his ragged, gray hair, he stared vacantly into the sweet face. Then, very slowly, he reached out a bony hand, and touched one of the curls which hung over Lucie's shoulders. Tenderly he fondled it, and his haggard face wore a puzzled look.

The watchers, standing by, were breathless with suspense. The daughter looked wistfully into the father's eyes, but there was no gleam of recognition. Then the thin hand fumbled for a moment with a cord which was about his neck, and detached a scrap of folded rag. He opened it slowly. It contained a tiny ring of golden hair.

"It is the same," he muttered. "How can it be! When was it? How was it?"

For a moment, the bewildered brain strove with the problem, but soon the puzzled, striving expression left his face; the old blank look returned, and he took up his tools again.

"Do you see?" said Lucie, smiling thru her tears. "He recalled a little, even this first time. Let us take him from here at once. In London I will care for him until he is himself again."



DARNAY (EVEREMONDE) RENOUNCES HIS INHERITANCE AND LEAVES FRANCE FOR ENGLAND.

She spoke with all the bright confidence of youth. Mr. Lorry looked doubtfully at DeFarge.

"It is best," said DeFarge. "Doctor Manette is better and safer out of France. Go tonight."

A carriage and post-horses drew up before the wineshop, and the little party took their places inside. The postillion cracked his whip and they clattered away, under the feeble glare of the over-swinging lamps.

It was such a cheery little home! The walls were so bright, the windows so clean and shining, the furniture and ornaments were so tastefully arranged; and, above all, Lucie's face and manner were so merry and inspiring, that even in smoky, foggy old London, the sun seemed to shine in the tiny apartment all day.

Little by little, love and care restored Doctor Manette's health. Day by day, the shadows lifted, the step grew firmer, the mind clearer, and the awful past came back, with its shadows, at rarer intervals.

Mr. Lorry, now employed at Tellson's London house, came often, counselling, helping, adding to the general cheerfulness and enjoying Lucie's bright presence.

Two others came often, two young men, on the familiar footing of family friends. Between these two there was a remarkable resemblance. Neither had known of the other's existence until

chance threw them together in a court room where Charles Darnay, thru political trickery, was being tried for his life, on a charge of treason. The tide had been running decidedly against the accused, when Sidney Carton became aware of the strange resemblance; and, presenting himself at the bar, so confused the witnesses that the jury promptly gave a verdict of acquittal.

The likeness, however, was purely physical. Darnay was serious, high-principled and industrious, diligently making the most of his life and opportunities. Carton was careless and dissipated, and found reckless enjoyment in flinging both time and talents.

It was evident to all the little circle that the friendship between Charles Darnay and Lucie was rapidly ripening into love. The doctor and Mr. Lorry looked on with mingled feelings of satisfaction and regret. Sidney Carton looked on, apparently, with no feelings whatever.

But one afternoon Carton strolled into the little apartment, and found Lucie sitting alone.

"Miss Manette," he began abruptly, "I wish to tell you what is in my heart. Will you hear me?"

Lucie agreed, surprised at the seriousness she had never seen in him before.

"If it had been possible, Miss Manette, that you could have returned the love I have for you, I should have been conscious in spite of my happiness, that I should bring you misery. I know that you can feel no tenderness for me; I am even thankful that this is so.

But I am weak enough to wish you to know that, since I knew you, I have been troubled by a remorse

that I thought would never reproach me again. I have had unformed ideas of beginning anew. It is all a dream that ends in nothing. I know that I am incapable of changing my worthless life, but in the hour of my death I shall hold sacred the remem-

brance that my last avowal of myself was made to you, and that my faults were gently carried in your heart."

"Try to think of me," he went on,

earnestly, "as one who would embrace any sacrifice for you and for those dear to you. The time is near, I can see it plainly, when new ties of affection will twine themselves about your gentle heart. When this time comes, think, now and then, in some quiet hour, that there is a friend who would give his life to keep a life you love beside you."

Before Lucie could frame a reply, Carton said goodbye and left the house, carrying in his mind, to haunt his wasted days, a picture of her tender,



CARTON, AT HIS USUAL VOCATION.



DARNAY ASKS DR. MANETTE FOR LUCIE'S HAND.



CARTON SAVES DARNAY BY HIS  
STRIKING RESEMBLANCE.

innocent face, full of compassion for him.

It was but a short time until Carton's prophecy came true. The cheery little home became cheerier still when Lucie became Charles Darnay's wife. Soon there was a little Lucie, with pale-gold ringlets, and the house was sunny with a child's laugh and the sound of prattling words. Darnay's step was strong and prosperous; Doctor Manette's firm and steady. Mr. Lorry came in and out, as before, rejoicing in their happiness. Sidney Carton came, at rare intervals, to spend an hour or two with the little Lucie. Between him and the child there was a strange sympathy. He was the first stranger to whom she held out her tiny hands, and as she grew he kept his place with her.

If any dark shadow hung over this home it was mercifully hidden. The future seemed to hold only golden years of love and promise.

The red flood broke over Paris at last and the streets ran crimson with a thicker fluid than the red wine which the rabble had sopped so greedily. A tremendous roar arose from the throat of Saint Antoine, and, in response, three hundred thousand men leaped forth from every corner and crevice of France, every heart and pulse at high-fever strain and high-fever heat. The common blood was up and the blood of tyranny and domination was down.

The French Revolution had broken over Europe.

The New Era began; the king was tried, doomed and beheaded; the Republic of Liberty, Equality, Fraternity—or Death—came in with a rush; the black flag waved night and day from the towers of Notre-Dame: above all, dominating everything, towered one hideous figure—the sharp female called La Guillotine. Every day, thru the stony streets, tumbrils jolted, filled with the condemned. Lovely girls, bright women—brown-haired, black-haired and gray; fair, promising youths; stalwart men and old—all delivered to La Guillotine to swell the red flood.

Fate wove many strange webs in those days, spun many mystic threads, which drew curious, unassorted figures into this vortex, but none was stranger than the strand which drew the little family from the quiet, cheery London home into the pathway of the red flood.

Charles Darnay was in a miserable prison in the heart of Paris, sentenced to death by the dread tribunal of the Republic. It was the last night of his life, and while Doctor Manette went forth in one last effort to save him, Lucie lay, crushed by her bitter agony, upon a couch in their lodgings. The little Lucie knelt by her mother, sob-



LUCIE LEARNS OF HER FATHER'S  
HISTORY.





THE REVOLUTIONISTS PREPARING FOR "LIBERTY, EQUALITY, FRATERNITY."

bing, and Mr. Lorry bent over the still figure for a moment.

"Don't recall her to herself while she only faints," he said to her faithful maid, "I will return soon."

Outside the door Mr. Lorry started in surprise.

"Sidney Carton!" he exclaimed.

"Yes," said Carton, "I have been waiting for you. I came two days ago, but have stayed out of sight, looking after some matters. Is there any hope that Manette's influence can save Darnay?"

"Not the slightest."

"I will go in for a moment," said Carton, after a minute's reflection, "wait for me."

Little Lucie sprang up and threw her arms passionately about the new-comer's neck, sobbing frantically.

"Oh, Carton, dear, dear Carton! I am so glad you have come. You will

help us. Oh, look at dear mamma, Carton."

He laid the child's blooming cheek against his face. Then he put her gently from him and looked at her unconscious mother.

It was remembered afterwards, that when he bent down and touched the white face, reverently, with his lips, he murmured some words. The child, who was close to him, told them that she heard him say, "A life you love."

Outside he spoke to Mr. Lorry, calmly.

"Walk with me," he said, "and tell me just how it came about."

"It is a strange, almost incredible story," began Mr. Lorry. "Carton, do you know Darnay's real name? It is Everemond. He is the son of the infamous Marquis who caused Manette's imprisonment. He was a little boy then."



THE MARQUIS SNEERINGLY OFFERS A PURSE TO THE FATHER OF THE CHILD THAT WAS KILLED BY HIS CARRIAGE.

"Did he deceive the doctor and Lucie?" asked Carton, in surprise.

"He deceived no one. He knew nothing of that incident. He did, however, know of countless deeds of tyranny and oppression, which were so hateful to him that he renounced his title and inheritance, took his mother's name, and went to England."

"Doctor Manette consented to the marriage knowing that Darnay's father and uncle had caused his imprisonment?"

"Yes. And left Darnay in blissful ignorance. Lucie's love was already won, Darnay was worthy, and our noble doctor kept the secret."

"But what brought Darnay here at this time?"

"A pitiful, imploring letter from an old servant, to whom he had turned over the family estates, to be administered for the benefit of the tenants.

This servant was in prison, awaiting execution on the charge of receiving an aristocrat's property. Darnay felt bound in honor to answer his appeal. Of course, he was arrested before he had been on French soil an hour. The family of Evermonde is the most hated in the land. The last Marquis was murdered by an infuriated peasant whose child had been wantonly run down by his carriage. Lucie and her father hastened here, and the doctor, who is idolized by the masses, on account of his long imprisonment, could have saved him, but for one unfortunate turn of fate. An old document, written and hidden away by the doctor while he was in prison, was found when the Bastille fell. In this paper he called for vengeance upon the house of Evermonde forever. This was produced in court and you can imagine the effect. But they allowed



DARNAY IS CONVICTED ON THE WRITTEN  
CONFESSION MADE BY DR. MANETTE  
WHEN CONFINED IN PRISON.

Lucie to embrace him, there, in the court room. If you had seen her, Carton!"

The old man's voice broke, and they walked silently for a few moments. Finally Carton spoke, thoughtfully, as if choosing every word.

"In my efforts of the last two days, I have had one success. I hold a power over one keeper in the Conciergerie, where Darnay is imprisoned. Thru this, I will be allowed access to the prisoner for a few moments tomorrow. Do not tell his wife of this; it could do no good, but listen, now, attentively, to my instructions."

He put his hand in his coat and drew out a folded paper.

"This is the certificate which enables me, Sidney Carton, an Englishman, to pass out of the city. Keep it for me until tomorrow. You have the other passports, and money, and can buy the means of travelling quickly to the sea-coast, thence to England. Be in starting trim at two o'clock. Quietly and steadily have all these arrangements made, even to the taking of your own seat in the carriage. The moment my place is occupied, drive away. Promise me solemnly, Mr. Lorry, that nothing will influence you to alter the course on which we now stand pledged to each other."

"Nothing, Carton."

"Remember these words tomorrow: Change the course, or delay in it for any reason, and no life can possibly be

saved, and many lives must inevitably be lost. Now, goodnight."

Leaving Mr. Lorry, Carton walked slowly away. His manner tonight was not a reckless one. It was the settled manner of a tired man, who had wandered and struggled and was lost, but who had at last struck into his road and saw its end. He walked to the courtyard of the house where Lucie outwatched the awful night, and stood looking up at the light in her room. Before he went away he breathed a blessing towards it, and a farewell.

In the dark prison of the Conciergerie, the doomed of the day awaited their fate. Charles Darnay, alone in his cell, walked to and fro, as the clock struck the hours he would never hear again. Eleven gone forever; twelve gone forever; one gone forever; then, footsteps in the passage outside his cell.

The key grated in the lock, and Sidney Carton, holding up a silencing finger, stood before him.

"I bring you a request from your wife, dear Darnay," said Carton, abruptly. "You have no time to ask me why, or what it means, and I have no time to tell you. Take off those boots and draw on these of mine."

"Carton, there is no escaping from this place. It is madness. You will only die with me."

"Have I asked you to escape? Change that cravat for this of mine, and that coat for this of mine. Take



DARNAY IS ALLOWED TO EMBRACE HIS  
WIFE BEFORE BEING TAKEN TO THE  
DEATH CHAMBER.

the ribbon from your hair and shake it out like mine."

With a strength, both of will and action, that seemed quite supernatural, he forced all these changes upon him. The prisoner was like a child in his hands.

"Now write, as I dictate. Quick, man, write."

Pressing his hand to his bewildered head, Darnay sat down at the table. Carton stood close beside him.

The pen dropped from Darnay's fingers, and he looked about him vacantly.

"What vapour is that?" he asked.

"There is nothing here, that I notice. Take up the pen and finish. Hurry, hurry!"

The prisoner bent over the paper once more. Suddenly Carton's hand was pressed over his friend's nostrils, and Carton's left arm caught him

round the waist. For a few seconds Darnay struggled with the friend who had come to lay down his life for him; but within a few moments he was stretched insensible on the ground.

Carton quickly dressed himself in the clothes the prisoner had laid aside, tied back his hair with the ribbon the prisoner had worn, called softly, "Enter there!" and two keepers came in.

They raised the unconscious figure, placed it on a litter they had brought to the door, and quickly carried it away. The iron gate closed behind them, and Sidney Carton peacefully awaited the end.

Out across the open country a carriage rolls rapidly, stopping at one barrier after another, while the passports are examined, then hurrying on again into the night. There is terror in the



"IT IS A FAR, FAR, BETTER THING THAT I DO THAN I HAVE EVER DONE."

carriage. There is mystery. There is suspense. There is weeping, there is heavy breathing of an insensible traveller.

"Can they not be induced to go faster?" breathed the golden-haired woman.

"It would seem like flight, my darling, we must not arouse suspicion," whispered Doctor Manette.

"Oh, look back and see if we are pursued!"

The wind is rushing after them, the clouds are flying after them, the moon is plunging after them, and the whole wild night is in pursuit of them, but they are pursued by nothing else.

At last, safety assured, Mr. Lorry looks, for the first time, into the face of the still unconscious form, and then starts violently.

"Good God!" he cries, "it is not Carton, but Darnay!"

Then the truth dawns upon him, and the strong man, overcome, bursts into tears.

Was it sorrow, or was it joy, that prevailed in that carriage? Who may say?

Along the stony streets the death carts rumble, hollow and harsh. Six tumbrils journey to La Guillotine.

Here and there a cry is raised, "Down Everemond!" and fingers point to the third tumbril. If they hope thus to vex the man whom they suppose to be Darnay, they are disappointed, for only a quiet smile lights his face, as he tries to soothe the fears of a young girl prisoner beside him.

Slowly the tumbrils come into place. The first one empties and moves on; the crowd has counted eight heads. The second moves on; the crowd counts sixteen. The third comes up and Sidney Carton descends, calm, fearless, brave. His tread is firm and unhalting, his countenance is noble.

There is a murmuring of many voices, an upturning of many faces, a pressing in of the crowd, so that it swells forward in a mass. The keen blade descends—a sharp crash—Seventeen!

About the city that night, they said it was the most peaceful face ever beheld there; that, as he waited for the fatal stroke, his steady eyes kindled, as with the light of a vision, and one, pressing near, heard him murmur:

*"It is a far, far, better thing I do than I have ever done; it is a far, far, better rest I go to than I have ever known."*



"Artists may produce excellent designs, but they will avail little, unless the taste of the public is sufficiently cultivated to appreciate them."—George C. Mason, *Art Manufactures*. Ch. XIX.



SCENES FROM THE WARRANT OF RED RUBE."



*Will Carleton*

**THE TWO LESSONS**

(At the Moving Picture Show)

Near the ne'er-lifted curtain we sat, clasping hands,  
And awaited the coming of seas and of lands,  
And of forests whose branches bore fruits of surprise,  
Springing forth—leafy miracles—plain in our eyes;  
And of cities that glistened in wealth-laden camps,  
As if fifty Aladdins were there with their lamps;  
And the women and children and men! who, tho small  
To the objects around them, were greatest of all.

There were those that came out of the mansion's rich gates,  
Or that nursed in the hovels their loves and their hates;  
There were sailors who courted the sea, foul or fair,  
There were birdmen who swam thru the treacherous air;  
There were people from all of the corners of earth,  
With their comedies, tragedies, sorrows, and mirth;  
Tho they gave us no sound, tho they spoke not a word,  
All they said that was worthy the hearing, was heard.

There was nought but seemed waiting the wizard's command,  
All the world to us came, at the touch of a hand.  
Still, no treasure that white-stretching canvass would win,  
But could fade out as something that never had been.

So I asked, as we came from the dusk-sheltered spot,

"That was surely a picture of life, was it not?"

"There is nothing that winsome or lovely may seem,  
But may fade like a vision, and die like a dream."

"Yes, 'tis life acted over," she blithesomely said,

"For it shows there is nothing on earth, that is dead;

"Nought we wish, if our efforts no energy lack,

But howe'er it may vanish, may some time come back."

WILL CARLETON.

# Was He a Coward?

By J. LeRoy Gibson

THE afternoon sunshine was flooding the bachelor apartment on Riverside Drive, where Norris Hilton, novelist, Bohemian, and midnight son, was lounging in a big, leather-cushioned chair, trying to steady his shattered nerves with a long, black cigar.

A friend who occupied the next apartment, poked his head in the door and surveyed Hilton with a cheerful grin.

"You're all to the bad, old man," he remarked; "you sure look worn to a frazzle! What you need is a change of scene. Get away. Go West, young man, and live on a ranch."

"What would I do out there?" growled Hilton, irritably.

"Work, my son. Get a real ranch job. Snorting steers and switching bronchos and all that sort of thing. Get some muscle and steady your nerves and, incidentally, get the material for another novel."

"I'll go tonight," said Hilton, with impulsive determination.

A man from the East is not always a wise man. At least the boys at



HILTON ARRIVES AT DOUBLE BAR.

Double Bar Ranch did not think so, and when the coach came out of the dust cloud and set down a passenger from Ballena with a kit bag and a coat with tails, there was some disappointment expressed, for Double Bar needed men, and here was a substitute from beyond the great divide where, as Pop Wilson said, men of the other sort are bred and cowards are plentiful.

It was Pop Wilson's ranch, and "the daughter of the regiment" was Nan, his only child. Pop's foreman, Tom Burke, had stayed at Double Bar for many seasons, hoping that some day Nan would consent to ride across with him to Ballena and get married.

When Hilton stepped off the wheel hub after the long and dusty haul, it was Pop Wilson and Burke who acted as a reception committee, and they shook his hand, promising to give him a chance to make good at ranch work, tho they were inwardly amused at the idea of this frail-looking Easterner aspiring to do real work. While they were talking, Nan came around a corner of the shack with a clay pitcher of cool water. and, had Helen stood



THE RECEPTION COMMITTEE.





"I'M GOING TO CARE FOR MORE HAWK."

before him with an urn of nectar, Hilton could not have been more deeply moved. The guileless little girl seemed like a wild flower among nettles, and her shy smile gave him hope.

"You must be tired and dusty," Nan said, as she proffered him a drink.

"I am about all in, Miss Wilson; everything out here seems so very far apart and it is such an awful trip from the railroad."

Hilton walked to the house with Nan to get an outfit, as the foreman had ordered, and this was the starting of his troubles. All the boys looked upon Nan as Burke's sweetheart, and the



HEARTS AND FLOWERS.

game to date had been played "hands off."

"The Easterner's fetching himself a bit of trouble," said Ike Peno at the Double Bar Saloon, where Hilton was being discussed a few days after his arrival. "Only this afternoon Burke drew his gun, but the tenderfoot wouldn't scrap. He's got a white liver like the rest of his set, but Nan's taken a fancy to him and that's what's riled Burke. Hilton's in for it, first and last, boys, and Burke's 'Old Betsy' will be nicked again."

Glasses were drained, and, as Ike called for more, the door swung back, and out of the night came Greaser Alphi, trembling and breathless.



YER DASN'T CROSS THE LINE.

"What's the matter, Alphi?" asked Peno.

"Small-pox case," answered the greaser.

Every man set down his glass with a white face. Plainsmen have a horror of disease; it is a foe they cannot face and fight. They crowded around Alphi, silently, while he told his story.

Burke had just discovered that More Hawk, from the reservation, was stricken with the dread disease. Obeying the ranchman's law of quarantine, Burke and Pop Wilson had marked out the dead line, over which no man must pass either way, on penalty of death, and sent the sufferer across this line to die, untended.

"Hard luck, to have to die alone in that shack," said one.



HILTON TOOK HIM IN HIS ARMS.

"Yes, but he ain't alone," said the greaser, "Hilton's with him."

"What, the tenderfoot?"

"Yes. He fired up like a tinder box. Said he was goin' with Hawk and take care of him, and he went, too, with Burke orderin' him back, and Pop Wilson ravin' and pointin' a gun at him. Nan even come out and begged him. He got as white as a ghost, then, but he wouldn't give in, and he's over there in the shack with the Indian."

The men were stricken dumb. It was a kind of courage they had never encountered and there seemed to be no words to fit the occasion.

The next morning Pop Wilson showed signs of the dread sickness. Panic-stricken, his men, in spite of Nan's, agonized pleading, forced him



ON THE DEAD LINE.

with gun and fork to the other side of the line, to share his fate with the desperate tenderfoot and the dying Indian. Hilton took the old man in his arms and carried him to the shack, where More Hawk lay, in the awful, raging fever. Day and night he nursed Nan's father and the red-skin, looking across the line with clenched jaw and slight regard at the ranchmen, apt at gun play, but whipped like curs by the fear of plague.

Ike went with the coach for a doctor. When he came, he and Hilton nursed the two desperately ill men until the crisis was passed. When this work was done, Hilton himself fell sick, suffering the dread malady while they were convalescent. He did not die, but spring came, with its sunshine and its blossoms, to warm his white, pock-marked face—scarred by the grim battle with disease.



A STRETCH OF DOUBLE BAR.

Slowly he struggled back to health and strength, no longer a subject of jeers, but the idol of the ranch. Every man stood in awed respect before the tenderfoot who had faced and fought a foe they had all feared.

When the old sky-pilot, on his white horse, came to Double Bar in early summer, even Burke stood by, with quiet reverence, as the crude ceremony which gave Nan to Hilton was performed.

"He won her in a fair fight. There's more'n one kind of bravery; likewise, more'n one kind of cowards," said Peno, voicing the sentiment of the ranch.

# A Protest Against Sunday Closing

By Harold Aurelius Hellberg

**I**N spite of the aggressive manner in which advocates of obsolete blue laws are agitating the question of Sunday closing, it is not probable that such legislation will ever meet with the approval of the very ones that the originators and advocates of the plan say they are seeking to benefit. In an endeavor to arouse sentiment in the matter, some of the advocates go so far as to urge the complete elimination of even legitimate Sunday work in connection with public and social service.

Nearly all the enthusiasts in favor of the proposed bill are devotees of the old Puritanic Sabbath, with all its gloom, stillness, and melancholy dearth of smiles and recreation. The majority have never worked, themselves, all day long in dingy factories, machine shops, steam laundries and stores. They have not lived month after month, year after year, in gloomy, congested tenements; but, seeing others so live and labor, their hearts have been filled with pity, and they have undertaken to aid the toilers by a mistaken kindness.

With a Pharisaical observance of the Sabbath exteriorally, the very poor may stay in sordid homes, breathe the stifling atmosphere and spend the day in housework, sewing or carousing. All this, and more, they may do but they may not have any recreation nor rest from their cares and heartaches. They may not have their dull lives enlivened by laughter nor their thoughts diverted by going to a place of entertainment. They may not have one day in the whole week in which to improve their minds, to be in a cheerful atmosphere and to forget the sorrows of life.

If the present trend of the times is

to create conditions in which human life may be developed to its highest perfection, then, as a social service and a public benefactor, the Moving Picture show should be considered an important factor. A Sunday closing law that would take from the laborer the opportunity which the Motion Pictures now give him to enjoy rest, recreation and mental stimulus, at a price always within his reach, would be a blow—it would be kicking a man when he is down.

It is essentially true that a man cannot work seven days a week, fifty-two weeks in a year, and do his best. He is bound to deteriorate, and so is his work. The old adage that all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy is certain to be fulfilled. A law restricting the employment of any person for a longer period than six days without an interval of forty-eight hours continuous rest, would be far more apt to meet the economic demands, than a Sunday closing law, which might bring great religious satisfaction to a few, but which would, in actuality, be a deprivation of the laboring man's rights and a literal interpretation of the Scriptural words that to him who hath shall be given and from him that hath not shall be taken away.

The same Scriptures make reference to the ox or ass which, having fallen into a pit, would naturally be rescued on the Sabbath day. Of more value than ox or ass should they consider the many millions of wage earners who have fallen into the slough of despond, into the pit of drudgery, of low wages and high prices for the necessities of life. For one day in the week should not these pretended philanthropists,

who wish to keep holy the Sabbath, be willing to lift their fellow men above the mire of circumstances for a few short hours of recreation? Yes, even if others, who have rested the day previous, or will rest the day after, may have to labor for their comfort?

Life in any sphere at the present age is bound to be strenuous. There are those in middle and upper circles of society who long to break away from conventional chains, from nervous strain and business worries. A closed Sabbath means time at home to ponder over the cares and interests of the week. The doors of the Photoplay house open, and the tonic of travel, the science of laughter, bring a rest cure, the benefits of which are more enduring than weeks of medical treatment.

I know of a family who, with only forty cents capital, after the Saturday night bills were paid, had fallen into the pit of discouragement, and sought relief and found none until the hour for the Sunday afternoon performance at a Moving Picture hall.

Ten minutes after that family had taken their seats in the auditorium they were transported by devious paths and most delightful water ways to Africa. They saw how coffee was dried, packed and shipped to other countries. From Africa they enjoyed a game of polo and mingled in high social life in England. They recrossed the ocean and found themselves in California, where the scent of flowers seemed wafted to their nostrils; they prospected for gold in Colorado; they shouted with laughter over the adventures of a too hospitable young couple who, tired of boarding, sought relief in housekeeping and in entertaining of hordes of relatives; they continued laughing at the havoc cre-

ated by a small boy, in order to insure the happy marriage of his sister; they went South soon after and thrilled with admiration for the self-sacrifice and fidelity of a faithful slave; then they journeyed to ancient Rome and not only had a glimpse of royal life in the days of Anthony, but saw, in a vision, sylvan shades and dances of beautiful maidens which charmed the eye and fascinated the beholder; and lastly they returned to the United States to find the climax of their joy in the final annihilation of the unexpected mother-in-law.

The amount of money expended was too small to have purchased any article of food or clothing of which the family stood in need, but it procured a fund of happiness and rejuvenation of life in that household which forty dollars could not have bought, and the following Monday morning found every member of the family better able to face the struggle for existence. Tho the outlay was small, the investment was safe; and the new stock, in the way of hope, laughter, ambition, courage and ideas, brought an ultimate success in life which might never have been, had the closed Sunday law been in effect.

I have a large tolerance for the rights of others, and I expect others to have an equal tolerance for mine. If others desire to worship on Sunday, I would be the last to object; but if I do not desire to worship, I think that others should not compel me to do so. I hold that I should not be made to stay in my house on Sunday merely because others desire to worship on that day. I believe that I should be allowed to do anything I please on Sunday, so long as I do not interfere with the rights of others.



# THE TEST

By May Miller Burleigh

AS Ruth rose from the breakfast table one morning, she noticed a little spot on her dark cloth gown and gave a little exclamation of dismay.

"What is it, dear?" asked her mother, a woman with a sweet but worn face, worn with illness and anxiety, for it had been a hard struggle with her since the death of Ruth's father some years previously.

"Oh, nothing," was the quick reply. "I just dropped something on my skirt, and I do hate to look spotty."

Mrs. Gilman looked fondly at the

bright face, with its soft, pink and white skin, and dark blue eyes, framed in the slightly curling golden hair.

"You might have had that new gown you have been wanting so badly, if you had not paid the Bronsons' rent," she said.

"But, mother, I could not see them put out into the street."

"I know, Ruth, but neither on your small salary can you support two families."

"It's hard," with a sigh. "But if Mary should be taken to a home, what would become of her poor old grand-



HARRY THORNE IS IMPRESSED WITH THE PRETTY LIBRARIAN.

father? Besides, the thought of leaving him, I am sure, would kill her right off. But I must be going, or I shall be late at the library."

Ruth stuck the last pin into her hat, and with a hasty kiss bade her mother goodbye, and started for her daily work.

By the time she reached the library building, her cheeks were glowing with exercise in the crisp morning air, and a young man of aristocratic appearance turned and watched her admiringly as she tripped up the steps leading to the building until her form disappeared within the swinging doors. It was Richard Lee.

He started to follow her, and then evidently changed his mind, and walked down the street with a smile on his face.

"What a pretty little thing she is," he murmured under his breath.

After exchanging greetings with the head librarian in her usual cheery way, Ruth settled down to her work. It was a busy morning, for persons were coming and going all the time, and Ruth had little time to think of her spotted gown, tho once, her eyes rested longingly on a squirrel-skin coat worn by one of the library patrons.

"Just the thing for a day like this," she murmured to herself as she checked the lady's book.

Later in the day, the same young man whose glance had followed the young assistant librarian so admiringly in the morning, entered the library, and approaching the railing, behind which Ruth was standing, saluted her respectfully.

"Good afternoon, Miss Gilman," he said.

"Oh, how do you do, Mr. Lee? Have you come after that new book? I don't believe it has been returned yet."

"That's all right. I thought I would stop in and see."

There were not many people present just at that time, and Ruth was free for the moment, so he lingered and talked with her.

"Seen the 'Giddy Girls' yet?" he asked. "I hear it's great."

"I see lots of them," she replied crisply.

"I suppose you do, but I should think that kind would not be likely to frequent a library," he laughed.

"Oh, they come in for the latest thing in light fiction as a rule."

"I'll get seats for tonight, if you like."

"I am on duty tonight," she replied. She flushed a little.

"Well, then, tomorrow night."

"Better not, for I can't promise."

"See here, why is it that you will never go anywhere with me? Other girls do."

"Then you'd better ask them," and she turned from him to wait upon a lady who had just entered and was then standing at the railing.

Richard Lee scowled and passed on into the reading room. He was not accustomed to be treated so indifferently, for he was a young man of independent means and of greater expectations, and it was just because she knew this that made Ruth mistrustful of his attentions.

He went from one table to another, dipped into a paper here and a magazine there, and then turned back toward the delivery room, when he suddenly paused, for he saw a young man leaning with his elbow on the railing and smiling down into Ruth's face.

"What's that fool Harry Thorne doing here?" he muttered angrily.

Harry Thorne was just the opposite of Richard Lee, smooth faced, with twinkling blue eyes, and big and broad, "just the kind of a young fellow a young girl could lean on," was Ruth's mental criticism; but the young girl had been brought up in the school of adversity and was wise for one of her years. She did not expect that just because a young man stopped to chat with a girl and asked her to go to shows that he was offering himself for a life partnership.

She could not help responding to his bright hearty manner, and to unbend a little from her proud aloofness when he leaned a little closer and gazed at her with a wistful expression on his frank, fine face.



"WON'T YOU LET ME TAKE YOU SOMEWHERE TONIGHT?" HE PLEADED.

"Won't you let me take you somewhere tonight?" he pleaded.

"Can't."

"Why not?"

"On duty."

"Tomorrow night, then."

"Can't," but her refusal was tempered by a friendly little smile.

"Why not?" he asked again.

"Just refused someone else."

Harry Thorne straightened up. Perhaps he felt the angry gaze of Richard Lee fastened on him.

"What business has any fellow to ask you to go out with him?" he demanded, indignantly.

"The same as you have," but she looked at him with so winning a smile

that it took off the sharp edge of her words.

"Oh, say now," but she was gone to take a book from an elderly man, who had announced his presence by a deprecatory little cough.

That same evening when Ruth was leaving to go home, as she was going down the steps, Richard Lee was coming down the street, and as he saw her, he quickened his pace, so that when she stepped down on the walk he was by her side.

"I was lucky tonight," he said with a smile, as he tucked his hand under her arm.

Ruth gave a little shake, and his

arm dropped to his side, and he took the hint.

"Little prude," he whispered under his breath, but he walked on with her, talking of various things, until they came to the corner of the street where Ruth lived.

She stopped, and held out her hand.

"I must leave you here," she said.

"Why not let me see you all the way home?"

"I have a visit to make a sick friend before going home."

He took her hand in his, and held it for a moment, with as close a pressure as he dared.

"Why don't you ever let me come to see you?" he said softly. "I thought you might let me go home with you tonight, and spend an hour with you."

"Sometime, perhaps, but not tonight," was her hurried reply, her face flushing, and her manner a little hurried.

He released her hand, raised his hat, and stood with it in his hand, watching while she walked swiftly away, until her figure disappeared around the corner.

"Let him go home with me? I guess not. His aristocrat nose would be offended by the smell of the ghosts of all the dinners that have ever been cooked in that stuffy building of ours, and his high toned eyes would nearly pop out of his head at the sight of the general shabbiness. No, I can hold my own at the library; there we are on common ground, but in my own home, shabby as it—"

She did not finish her sentence, for she had stopped before a big tenement, which she entered, and, making her way up the narrow stairs to the very top of the building, softly knocked at a door.

"Come in," she heard in a high, feeble voice, accompanied by a shuffling step inside.

She opened the door and entered. The room was lighted by a little oil lamp, and the air was permeated with the odor of smoking kerosene, and was hot and close.

"Oh, you must have a window open," said Ruth, bringing a whiff of the fresh

outside air with her, but the old man huddled over the small stove.

"Oh, don't," he cried, "it is as much as we can do to keep warm! It's no use to try to warm all the outside air."

"He's always so cold," came a weak voice from the pillow, followed by a cough.

"How are you tonight, Mary?" asked Ruth tenderly, going over to the bed where lay a wasted form, wrapped in an old cloth cape.

"I think I am better, Ruth, and I hope I can go back to work next week."

"I hope so, dear," was the reply, but Ruth's heart sank as she saw the great hollow eyes raised to hers, so big and dark in the whiteness of the wan face.

"I'm so glad you came. Can't you sit down a few moments? You always make me feel so much better."

"Just a few moments, dear; mother is expecting me home every moment now." But she did not leave till she had settled the sick girl comfortably for the night, and made sure that she would soon fall asleep.

The next afternoon as Ruth was preparing to leave for the day, for it was not her evening on duty, she saw Harry enter the delivery room. She nodded with a friendly little smile as she met his eye, expecting to pass on, but he put himself in her way.

"What, going so soon?" he exclaimed, "and I wanted a word with you. Well, never mind, I'll walk on with you." Without waiting for her permission, he held the door open for her to pass thru, and then putting on his hat, he walked by her side, not attempting to touch her as had Richard Lee the evening before.

"What was it you wanted to say to me?" asked Ruth, after they had gone a little distance.

"Oh, yes, what was it now?" and he hesitated, while he was trying to think of something that would sound plausible, for he had just wanted to be with her; and then added hastily, "Oh, I know now. What were you doing out with that Richard Lee last night?"

Ruth drew herself up a little proudly.

"In the first place," she said, "I was



doing nothing; in the second, I know no reason for your speaking of him in that disrespectful way, for he has always been very kind to me; and thirdly, I do not recognize any right that you may have in questioning me regarding my actions or my friends."

Harry was meekness at once.

"Oh, please don't get mad," he pleaded; "I was jealous, that's the only excuse I can make."

"But why should you be jealous of Mr. Lee any more than he should be jealous of you?" she asked.

"Is he jealous of me?" he asked

quickly, his countenance brightening at once.

"Of course not," replied Ruth, laughing in spite of herself. "Why should he?"

"That's just it, why should he be?" repeated Harry, dolefully. "But won't you promise me that you won't go out with him any more?"

This gave Ruth the excuse she had been seeking to dismiss him at the corner, for she was very sensitive regarding the difference in their manner of living. He was rich and she was poor. Since her father's death it had



"SHE IS MY MOTHER."

been a hard struggle, her mother having supported them both till Ruth had become qualified for her position as assistant librarian, and then the mother's strength suddenly failed, and Ruth became the support of the two. She made sufficient for them to live in a very small way, and with a degree of comfort; but since Mary's health had failed, Ruth had been helping her and the old grandfather.

"Goodbye," she said, holding out her hand. "You need not go any farther with me."

"You are offended with me," he exclaimed, but before he had time to say more, Ruth had slipped her hand from his and walked rapidly away.

For the next few days Ruth was kept very busy at the library, and had not been able to see as much of Mary as usual. One morning she was thrown into almost a panic of fear. She saw her mother quickly enter the library, in her morning gown, wearing her working apron, a cape on her shoulders, her bonnet on awry, and followed by Mary's grandfather, who tottered into the room, scarcely able to stand.

"What is the matter?" she asked quickly.

"Old Mr. Brownson says Mary is dying and came to me begging me to get a doctor at once, but I have come to you."

"You must go to her, and telephone at the drug store for the nearest doctor. Have you any money?" asked Ruth hurriedly.

"Not a cent. I just put on my bonnet and run out as quickly as I could, without thinking of anything but getting you."

As she ran to get her purse, Ruth met Harry Thorne; but she only gave him a hasty glance, and on her return to the delivery room, to her indignation and surprise, she also saw Richard Lee. There was an arrogant expression on Richard's face, and she saw him approach her mother and the old man.

"Don't you know that beggars are not allowed in here?" Ruth heard him say.

Instantly Ruth's arms were about her mother's shoulders.

"This is my mother!" she exclaimed, hastily.

The words were few, but the look in her eyes spoke whole editions.

"I beg your pardon," Lee said coldly, and superciliously turned his back.

Harry Thorne had witnessed the whole scene, but said nothing. He did not even stop to speak to Ruth, but followed Mrs. Gilman to the street, helping the feeble old man down the steps to the street. His auto was waiting at the curb, and he led the old man to it.

"Step in, sir," he said, gently. "I heard that you are in haste to get a doctor. Let me drive you both home, and I'll get a doctor for you in two shakes of a cat's tail."

"But, my dear young sir," said Mrs. Gilman, who had not yet recovered from her surprise at being spoken to in so humiliating a manner by Lee; "we have no right to trouble you, a perfect stranger to us."

"Not a perfect stranger, Mrs. Gilman," he responded gently, "but a warm friend of your daughter, Miss Ruth."

"Oh, a friend of Ruth's. Then it is all right;" and without any further hesitation, Mrs. Gilman permitted Harry to assist her into the car.

Finding out the address to which they wished to be taken, and directing his chauffeur to disregard the speed-limit regulations, in a few moments they were before the shabby tenement in which Mary and her grandfather lived. Leaving the two there, he speeded away after his own physician, whom he fortunately found at home.

"It is a case of life and death, doctor. I will explain on the way. My car is waiting," Harry said to the doctor, who, without asking for further explanation got into his great coat, snatched up his bag, and followed Harry to his auto.

Shown into the room, the doctor took in the condition of affairs at once. He poured a few drops of a powerful stimulant between the fainting girl's lips, and then sat by her bedside with his finger on her pulse until she had somewhat revived. He then wrote out

a prescription, which he gave to Harry, who was waiting outside the door.

"I will be back with the prescription as soon as possible, Mrs. Gilman," said Harry, as he followed the doctor down the stairs.

"The poor girl is slowly starving to death," said the doctor when he was once outside. "She wants nourishment and plenty of it, but I'll call around again tomorrow."

In half an hour Harry was back, carrying on his arm a big market basket filled to the top with all that would

go to the making of a real Christmas dinner.

He entered the room with a broad smile on his face, his hat tipped at a rakish angle on the back of his head, and which, in his anxiety to deliver his good tidings as well as the more substantial cheer, he had forgotten to remove.

"The doctor says it's only a matter of a short time," he exclaimed, encouragingly. "Miss Mary must be fed up fine until she gets back her strength, and here's part of the prescription,"



"HERE'S PART OF THE PRESCRIPTION," HE SAID.

he added, depositing the basket with its contents on the table.

Mrs. Gilman smiled her appreciation, and the old grandfather stood rubbing his hands together in a little deprecatory fashion. The sick girl's hunger found expression in her eyes.

Meanwhile Ruth walked slowly back to her desk, and leaning on it, buried her face in her hands. Her humiliation was complete. In spite of all her attempts to hide her poverty, the occurrence of the morning had made it appear even more abject than it really was. The conduct of the two young men had wounded her to the quick. She had not expected Harry Thorne would go away without speaking to her. Richard Lee's conduct had hurt her pride, but Harry Thorne's wounded her heart.

The head librarian, passing at the moment, saw Ruth's attitude of utter dejection, and stopped to inquire if she were ill.

"Yes," Ruth replied, and the whiteness of her face and the trembling lips showed how much she was suffering.

"Go home," he said kindly. "And don't come back tomorrow unless you are feeling better."

"Thank you," replied Ruth, and she went slowly to get her hat and coat. Once alone, she gave vent to her tears, and it was some minutes before she was sufficiently composed to go out.

She was anxious to find out how Mary was, and directed her steps toward her home. At the corner she saw Richard Lee, but he merely touched his hat with averted eyes, and did not even observe that she failed to return his salutation.

On reaching the door of the house where Mary lived, Ruth was surprised to see Harry Thorne going down the street, and wondered what he was doing in that neighborhood. She went to Mary's room, and found her alone, for the old grandfather had gone out for coal to cook the dinner that Mrs. Gilman had promised to come back and prepare.

Mary had revived wonderfully, under the doctor's ministrations and a



ONLY A ROSE.

little wine that Harry had brought, and was able to tell Ruth all that had happened that morning.

As Ruth looked at the provisions on the table, she spied something white, and attached to it was a card.

"For Miss Ruth," read the card.

It was only a rose, but it made the young girl's heart beat fast, for she thought she understood its message.

The following evening was Ruth's "late night," and all that day she had been watching for the appearance of Harry Thorne. As he did not come, she thought she had not read the message of the rose aright; but when she reached the street, on her return home, she found him awaiting her at the foot of the library steps.

"It is late; will you let me walk part of the way home with you?" he asked humbly.

"All the way, if you like," was Ruth's soft reply.

That evening Mrs. Gilman sat by the table in their small but cosy living room, and listened to the two young

people singing, her heart singing with them. Later, Harry wrote out Ruth's resignation as assistant librarian to take effect as soon as possible, which he presented for her signature.

"And after you sign this, I want you to sign with me for life," he whispered.

Ruth signed the one with her pen. The other she sealed with her lips.

A few weeks later, Richard Lee sat at breakfast, not looking quite so dapper as usual.

"It's no use," he sighed. "I can't forget her. After all, it won't be marrying the whole family."

He was just making up his mind to renew his attentions, when the maid brought in the morning mail. Among it was a large white envelope, addressed in a familiar hand.

He tore it hastily open.

It contained the wedding announcements of Ruth Gilman and Harry Thorne.



LISTENING TO THE TWO YOUNG PEOPLE SINGING, HER HEART SINGING WITH THEM.



"The ordinary true, or purely real, cannot be the object of the arts. Illusion on a ground of truth, that is the secret of the fine arts."—*Joubert*.



SCENE FROM "FROM OUT THE HEART."



# SELLING OLD MASTER



By Dorothy Hartur

It was a pathetic little group which stood at the gate, before the old Southern homestead, and ancient, ivy-green manor, with white pillars and green vines, surrounded by old-fashioned gardens with a rioting wealth of rhododendrons, roses and lilies.

A sunny-haired child, resting her head against one of the tall gate posts, sobbed bitterly. Altho she was only ten years old, Ruth Mapleton seemed to realize the full extent of her desolation. Last week her father, Old Master Mapleton, who was loved by scores of friends, adored by his servants, and idolized by Ruth, was carried silently down the rose-covered path, thru the great gates, to rest in the quiet little churchyard where, for ten years, Ruth's fair-haired young mother had waited for him.

The few days since her father's death had seemed like a frightful dream to the child. The loved home had been sold at auction, and the stately rooms dismantled of their rare old furniture and tapestries. Family heirlooms, books, silver, even the beautiful, life-like portrait of "Old Master," which Ruth longed so passionately to retain, were gone.

"It was the foreclosure notice that killed Dad," sobbed Ruth, "I'm almost glad he can't see the dear old home now."

Two faithful servants, loyal old retainers of slavery days, stood by the child. Tears streamed down Old Zeke's face, but Black Lucy stood as if carved in ebony, her grief too deep for weeping. Ruth's mother, "Miss Lucretia," had played among the roses years ago, calling for "Mammy Lucy" to smooth every childish trouble, and it was in

Mammy Lucy's arms that the tiny Ruth was placed, with a trusting smile, before the young bride turned wearily upon her pillow and sank into her long sleep. Devotedly had Zeke and Lucy served Old Master and the child. Now, after troubled and anxious consultation, their savings had been paid to a modest boarding school where Ruth was to be cared for, and the two faithful souls were going out into the world to seek a new home.

A carriage appeared, rumbling down the hot, dusty road, like a dull yellow ribbon, lying in the afternoon sun.

"Goodbye, Lucy and Zeke; when I am old enough to teach, I shall find you, and we'll all live together," said the child, trying to speak bravely thru her tears.

Stepping into the old carriage, Ruth waved a heartbroken farewell to the dear old manor and the dusky servitors, who stood motionless until the vehicle disappeared over a hill. Then, picking up two shabby carpet bags, they trudged slowly down the road.

It was ten years later that the Southern Railroad bore as a passenger Ruth Mapleton, grown into charming young womanhood. Ruth's eyes, like blue jewels, gleamed beneath a tangle of amber curls, and the small, black toque accentuated the purity of her delicate complexion. Small, but well-rounded, she looked very lovable as she dreamily contemplated the passing trees and strange sights.

"I'm really going to New York," she sighed. "I wonder what Mrs. Travers is like! Mighty sweet, I reckon, by her letter. I'm lucky to get this chance to live there and teach the little



THE TEARS STREAMED DOWN THE CHEEKS OF OLD ZEKE AND BLACK LUCY.

girl. I know I shall love her. But, oh, I wish Zeke and Lucy knew. If I could only find them! Somehow, I feel sure they are still alive and loving me, somewhere."

Finally the fair head fell back, and in Ruth's dreams she saw New York,—a glittering panorama.

Mrs. Travers loved Ruth from the moment she crossed the threshold of her magnificent home. Nathaniel Norton, her only brother, and family lawyer to the Mapleton's, had explained how the Old Master had died, leaving Ruth penniless. Mrs. Travers was a woman whom everybody petted, a motherly little person, quietly gowned, with puffs of snowy hair crowning her small head. She took Ruth into her heart, and the girl responded eagerly to the first affection she had known since the happy days at The Manor.

It was a clear, crisp afternoon, with the red ball up at the park. Perhaps this was why Betty Travers, aged ten, shook her brown curls viciously, flounced around on the piano stool and started to play a Beethoven Sonata with a truly appalling touch. The music

room in which she sat was beautifully furnished. Delicate lace shrouded the bay windows, and the winter sunbeams played gaily on the soft rose hangings. Over the baby-grand hung a landscape by Corot, and as Betty's dark eyes wandered toward it with its glowing sunset, and alluring, mysterious woods, where one could explore deliciously, she pictured herself like Alice in Wonderland, conversing with strange beasts, and her hands dropped idly on the keyboard.

"Betty, dear," said a sweet, admonishing voice, "I'm afraid the lesson is not in my pupil's dreams. Now, is it?" went on the coaxing voice, and Ruth Mapleton came to Betty's side, patting the chestnut curls indulgently. She and Betty were inseparable, more like sisters than teacher and pupil.

"Try, again, dear!" said Ruth, assuming her best "teacher air."

"Dear me, Ruth!" exclaimed Betty, plaintively, "how much longer do I have to practice?"

"Not much longer," said Ruth, resting one white finger on the little, muti-



nous mouth of "Velvet Cheeks," as her brother Billy called her.

"Not much longer, dear," mimicked a manly voice behind them. It was Betty's brother, Billy.

"Gee! What a picture you two make," said Billy, giving Ruth an affectionate glance, just as precocious Betty whirled her lace flounces around on the piano stool.

"Well!" said Betty, after a critical survey of blushing Ruth and of self possessed Billy, "shall I call Mother?" With a merry little chuckle she ran from the music room; her eager feet could be heard on the polished floor.

"Oh, Billy! Will she tell your mother?" asked Ruth, her blue eyes widening and her scarlet lips pouting.

"Who cares?" said Billy, promptly eliminating the pout. "You know mother loves you, Betty loves you, in short, we all love you!"

Mrs. Travers was standing before an open window in her boudoir, when Betty, with her usual vehemence, rushed in. "Mother!" she said, depositing her small person on a low chair. "Mother!" she insisted.

"Well, dear," said Mrs. Travers, absently touching a refractory puff.

"Were you ever in love?"

"In love," laughed her mother.

"Yes. Why?"

"Isn't it rather silly?" queried Betty, with her features expressive of much disgust. "Billy and Ruth are downstairs looking at each other like two birds on a bough!"

Mrs. Travers drew a long breath and, when Betty wasn't looking, smiled. However, she glanced reprovingly at the volatile Betty, and maintained a dignified silence.

Zeke and Lucy had numerous queer adventures, many strange experiences and suffered countless privations and difficulties after they trudged down the road, away from The Manor. Wandering up and down the country, working a few months here and there for their "board and keep" or for the scanty wages which the old and feeble can command, they talked and dreamed by day and night of "Little Miss Ruth." At first they heard from her at long intervals, but in their wandering life



ZEKE AND LUCY BARGAINING FOR THE PORTRAIT OF OLD MASTER.

the thread of communication was lost. At last, by a happy accident, they heard that Ruth had gone to New York. From that time, the great city was their goal. Traveling a short distance, stopping to work a few weeks for needed money, pushing on again, they finally arrived in New York and wandered about, gazing with open mouths and twisted necks at sky-scrapers and other new and startling sights.

Lucy's portly form tried to stop a Broadway car, and the wind played havoc with her fat person, around the Flatiron Building. Her barber pole stockings nearly created a panic.

"For Gawd's sake!" she exclaimed, when one saucy breeze partly upset her, "Dis Sad Iron am no place for me!"

Coming along Eighth Avenue, a sign "Auction Sale. Furniture from old Southern Mansion" greeted their eyes. A portrait was featured, the head of a fine old Southern aristocrat with silvered hair and warm, genial eyes. A thick layer of dust was over all, and several curiosity seekers hovered near with half smoked cigars in their hands and a keen eye for business.

Pushing timidly thru the crowd, the two old negroes drew nearer to the picture. Suddenly Zeke gave a loud cry:

"It's Old Master — Old Master Mapleton!"

Lucy gave one ecstatic look and dived into the ancient carpet bag.

"Here Zeke, you all knows how much we all got."

To their dismay, the portrait was rapidly bidden beyond their purse by "Harlem Hal," keeper of the "Southern Planter's Saloon."

"Sell it to we all," they begged him, anxiously.

"I told you no," growled Harlem Hal, with an impatient gesture, "the picture's mine, so beat it!"

"I reckon nobody aint gwine to beat nothin'!" ejaculated Mammy Lucy. "But stranger, we sure do want Old Master's face a smilin' at us once moah!"

"Please, stranger," begged Zeke, "we all will give you moah money."

The proprietor of the Southern Plan-

ter's Saloon hesitated a moment, and then, pocketing the last cent of poor old Zeke and Lucy, he hastily left them on the sidewalk, the proud, penniless possessors of Old Master's portrait, happy to have his warm, Southern eyes smiling into their poor, old, faded faces.

Betty and Ruth were sitting in the Travers' library. Ruth gazed idly out of the window. Betty was turning the pages of a new book and scanning the pictures with bright, brown eyes. "Ruth! are you asleep?" she questioned. "Come see this poor old darkey's picture. Isn't it pathetic?"

Ruth turned, with a start. "Yes, Betty," she said, "and I was thinking of two old servants of ours, poor old Zeke and Mammy Lucy. I wonder where they are now. Not alone and friendless, I hope," and she looked anxiously at Betty's book.

Just then the door softly opened and Billy stealthily entered, glancing toward the child, who pointed to Ruth's golden head, drooping and dejected.

He placed a warning finger to his lips, and crept up behind his sweetheart's chair, passing his hand across her eyelids.

"Guess!" he cried.

"Of course I know," she murmured, and as Betty ran from the room he took her in his arms.

"Still thinking of the old home-stead, love?" he questioned, tenderly.

"Yes, Billy," and she gave a little sob. "Poor Dad, I miss him yet. And if I only knew what became of Mammy Lucy and Zeke!"

"Don't worry, Golden Locks," he soothed. "Let us hie to the machine, and think of nothing but that you are to be Mrs. Billy tomorrow."

So off they flew, Ruth's blonde head and radiant blue eyes making a brilliant foil to Billy's black eyes and hair.

"Do you see a small, chubby person with filmy wings and dimpled arms steering this auto?" Billy questioned, as the car went flying down Eighth Avenue.

"If you mean Cupid, I hope he'll al-



"MISS LUCRETIA'S BRACELET! IT'S LITTLE MISSY!" EXCLAIMED LUCY.

ways be at the wheel, Sir Jester," she replied.

Suddenly she clutched his arm. "What are those poor old negroes doing on the sidewalk," she exclaimed, breathlessly. Her pink cheeks became quite pale. "Billy," she screamed, "It's Mammy Lucy and Zeke!"

Mammy Lucy stood stubbornly holding her ground. "Lawdy me, where did you all come from?" she inquired innocently of the curious crowd that had gathered. "Peahs like youah mighty inquisshun," she remarked haughtily. "Virginia folks doan stan' roun' lak a Plymouth Rock on one feet starin' the eyes outen a 'ristocrat's face, nohow!" she exclaimed, resentfully.

Suddenly Lucy's eyes rolled in a startling manner. The crowd had made way for a woman. It was Ruth, stepping hastily out of the automobile, followed by Billy. The framed portrait of her father caught her eye. "Dad dear!" she sobbed, and as she caught her rich furs in one hand, a bracelet, evidently an heirloom, of curiously wrought gold, attracted the attention of Mammy Lucy.

"Miss Lucretia's bracelet! It's Little Missy!" she ejaculated, almost overcome. "Dear Miss Lucretia's bracelet, she dat's dead and gone, your own sweet mammy!"

Ruth knelt upon the sidewalk, her father's picture in her arms, utterly oblivious to the curious crowd, until Billy placed her in the automobile and motioned the two negroes to follow. Mammy Lucy's eyes rolled as she sped by tall buildings with uncomfortable rapidity.

"Kingdom come," she puffed, "dis am a bouncin' bayrouche wif de debbil in de foreground!"

Zeke sat in silent delight, mingled with some trepidation, until they stopped before an imposing residence in Central Park West.

"Now," said Billy, "we will have a peep at our future home, and tomorrow we are all coming here to stay."

"To stay fo' evah, Marse Billy?" questioned Zeke, solemnly.

"Fo' evah?" echoed Mammy Lucy.

"Yes," said Ruth and Billy in delighted chorus, "Forever!"

"Ah reckon," commented Mammy



GIVING A MUSIC LESSON.

Lucy, "dat dis Central Park ovah heah will be where I'll gib de baby his airin'."

"Mammy!" protested Ruth, with scarlet cheeks, while Billy laughed.

The nursery at Central Park West echoed with many delightful sounds one bright morning in June. A warm, sweet breeze blew Mammy Lucy's starched white apron, and fanned the satin bow on her lace cap. On her lap sat an angelic infant, twenty months old, commonly known as "The Lamb."

The Lamb was strenuously objecting to Mammy's high C in "Balm o' Gilead," rendered in rollicking fashion, with sundry jerks and bounces, most unrestful to the infant. His soft, pale gold ringlets fluttered spasmodically at every high note, and his rosebud mouth curled ominously. Finally, his patience exhausted, he kicked his blue socks completely off, and emitted a strenuous roar.

"Angel ob Light!" expostulated Mammy Lucy. "He's gwine to hab a tote in de park, and den he's goin' to meet Miss Betty, he am! Dere, dere!"

she coaxed, patting the refractory one's back. "He's Mammy's blessed lamb, so he am," and off she went to prepare for the morning walk.

In Central Park the trees were dressed in emerald robes; everywhere were beautiful blossoms, chattering nurses, and a string of cherubs in their go-carts.

"Dis New Yo'k am a mighty classy town, as Mistah Billy says," remarked Mammy Lucy as she passed, keeping a wary eye upon The Lamb. But he was excitedly bouncing up and down, intent upon a young lady who was skipping down the path—his beloved Aunt Betty. She was all in gray, with an elaborate hat that shaded her merry brown eyes.

"Love of my Life!" she shrieked, pouncing upon the delighted Lamb, who, fortunately, submitted gracefully. "The Darling!" she cried, with another squeeze. "Isn't he the image of Billy?"

"No, Miss Betty," stated Mammy Lucy, firmly, "he am Little Missy ovah again, suah!"

Finally they amicably compromised by agreeing that The Lamb looked like both his parents, and started home-

ward, where Betty was given an ovation.

That evening, in the Travers' home in Central Park West, Mammy Lucy and Zeke stood in the firelight, looking tenderly at the portrait of Old Master, hanging above the mantel. The light flickered softly over the fine old Southern face, with silvery hair and caressing eyes.

"We all am very happy now, Zeke," said Mammy, softly, "but dem was de good old days, de days when Little Missy was a young 'un an' you was mah honey-boy."

"Yassm," said Zeke, "dem was lubly times, when Miss Lucretia she done gib you dem coral beads for Christmas, and de Old Master tol' me to feel in de right han' pocket ob his vest, and dere was a wad ob money for old Zeke. Yassm, dem was de days! Pears like Miss Lucretia am a lookin' right down heah, tonight, Mammy, jes a trailin' down de golden stairs in her primrose gown, an' de roses from de ole gar-

den in her yeller curls. Can't you see her now, Mammy?" he whispered, pointing down the dim hall, with a dusky forefinger.

Mammy gave a superstitious start. "Gwan, man!" she breathed nervously. "She am done gone fo'evah, and we am heah wid Little Missy."

"Suah," assented Zeke, but he sighed as he thought of The Manor in dear old Virginia, with the clinging beauty of the ivy on its gray walls, and its snowy pillars with the scarlet rambler rioting around them. The hollyhocks that straggled along the wall still seemed to nod good-morning to him, and the rhododendrons gleamed in gorgeous confusion thru the dark green of the leaves. Again he gazed reverently at the portrait, and as he and Mammy Lucy stood there, hand in hand, there was a fervent prayer sent up to Old Master, while from the music room came the sound of a Beethoven Sonata, soft-played by Betty, accompanied by a gurgle and coo from The Lamb.



SCENE FROM "THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR."

# A GAMBLER'S END

By John J. a' Becket

“WHAT'S your hurry, Ralstone? Have another?”

“No, thanks. I'm off to the Actors' Fair.”

“I thought only gents with the long green were your mark,” returned the first speaker.

“Everything's in my line that's worth while,” replied the man called Ralstone, coolly and with a satisfied smile. “Might see you later, at The Black Pup. So long.”

He nodded, and leisurely walked out of the hotel bar-room.

“He ought to be a good thing for an Actors' Fair,” remarked the first speaker to the bartender. “He's a good-looker, a good spender, and sure to be a winner with the ladies. Especially the stage brand. He can talk, all right.”

“Money talks best when you're up against one of those footlight daisies,” replied the smart young man behind the bar.

“Is there any place it doesn't? Ralstone seems pretty well-lined. You know who he is, don't you?”

“I've heard he was an Englishman of a swell family.”

“That's all right! Maybe, or maybe not. But he can handle a bunch of cards, all right. He's a gambler.”

“Good business, here in 'Frisco. He looks as if he was on the right side of the game.”

Ralstone was certainly a “good looker”; a man that would attract attention anywhere. Tall, well-fleshed, with a dark, handsome face, and suave, agreeable manners, he was especially appealing to the ladies. His brilliant hazel eyes could have a very caressing look, and when he smiled, his white

teeth flashed beneath a wavy black mustache. His lips were a little full and sensual, when his mouth was in repose, and his somewhat large nose and rugged chin were strong and a little dogged in expression. He had the air of a man who knew what he wanted, and felt pretty sure of getting what he went gunning for.

Ralstone paused when he entered the hotel ballroom, around which were grouped the different booths presided over by the most popular and prettiest actresses that could be enlisted in the cause. His glittering eye ran from one to the other. Suddenly it rested, round and bright, on the Flower Booth.

He carelessly strolled in that direction, bestowing nothing but good-natured, smiling remarks on the beautiful, or dashing young women along the way who sought to interest him in their showy wares. When he reached the pretty flower-decked booth where Nellie Worthington was installed he stopped deliberately with a winning smile.

She was an exquisite brunette, with the soft, rich charm of a Beauty from the South. But she had a frank, hearty manner, both in speech and in her movements.

She was about twenty-two, but had girlish grace and unaffectedness, which was an unusual combination in an actress.

“I know what you want!” she said, with sprightly animation.

She selected a gardenia boutonniere, and held it up to his admiration, turning it about, admiringly, before his eyes.

“Good guess! If I'd known you could tell like that I wouldn't have

dared to come over here to your booth; you might also guess my admiration for you. Will you pin it on?"

"It is half a dollar more, when it is put on," she laughed back.

She deftly tucked the flowers into the buttonhole of his evening-coat and pinned them there. Then she gave a little pat to the lapel and smoothed it out.

"That ought to be an extra, too," said Ralstone, with a grin, as he pulled a roll of bills out of his pocket, peeled off a crisp ten dollar note, and passed it to her, airily.

"Keep the change," he said brusquely.

"Oh, thanks! You love flowers, don't you?" she smiled roguishly.

"Some, when they are dressed in pale yellow with nice soft lace around a pretty neck and arms."

His bold, ardent glance re-enforced his complimentary remarks, and Nellie Worthington blushed with pleasure at his gallantry. It made her think of Alabama and the courtly Southern gentlemen. She was glad she had worn that yellow gown.

Ralstone was really hit pretty hard by the charming young actress. He frequently went to the theater where she was playing in "Ramona's Choice," a musical comedy. She had a sweet, lyric soprano voice and an exquisite figure. He also learnt that she was paid a very good salary. But Ralstone was not one to count the price when he wanted something very much. The price doesn't always have to be paid in full! He paid her court assiduously, and the big, handsome man, who was also generous and considerate, when it suited his humor, soon won her warm Southern heart.

They were married a month later. Having a husband and a home, Nellie Worthington was glad to say farewell to the footlights and the garish life of an actress. Poverty had led her to adopt it; not love of excitement nor adulation. For some months she led the life of a happy wife, but Ralstone occasionally showed a certain roughness which distressed her. Then there came harsh words, neglect, and frequent ab-

sences from home. Ralstone had represented to her that he had an income supplied him by his family which was paid in quarterly instalments. She supposed he was an Englishman of good family, who liked roving.

One day he came to her in a peculiarly fractious mood. Something had delayed his remittance. He had lost considerable money at cards with some fashionable friends at the club. Unless he could pay this debt of honor he would have to get out, for he would lose caste and be "cut" by his friends.

Nellie at once suggested that he should use some of the money she had in the bank. She had an account of two or three thousand dollars, carefully laid by during her career on the stage. It hurt her when Ralstone said bluntly: "Why don't you go back to the stage? You were making good money, and you see how handy it would come in."

Nellie burst into tears. She fancied she had made for him a beautiful home. It was a delight to her to add little touches to it. But he invariably went out evenings, and often returned late in the morning. She sweetly sought to keep him more at home, but his rude rebuffs finally disheartened her. One solace she had. She soon expected to be a mother.

One morning Ralstone returned home in a peculiarly vicious mood. Without a word of reproach his still faithful wife sought to dispel his ill-humor. Her sweetness seemed to enrage him. Again he flung out remarks he had made several times of late.

"Why don't you go back to the theater? You could help things out. You're too good-looking to be nailed down to housekeeping."

"Charlie," she said pitifully, "we have plenty to get on with, if we only are a little careful. I spend very little. Why don't you drop these games of cards. You know you have lost a lot of money at them, several times. My money in the bank is nearly gone, and soon there will be a little one to be provided for. Oh, let us be happy, as we were in the beginning," she cried.

She had started toward her husband, her arms outstretched and a smile forced to her trembling lips.

Ralstone's face had grown black. It had no claim to good looks when his ugly nature looked thru it so frankly. He uttered an oath.

"Why, you poor fool! I make my living, and your's too, by cards. I'm a professional gambler!"

She staggered back and fell into a chair, weak and trembling. Nellie Worthington was a clear-headed girl, and when misfortune came faced it, and did the best she could without a whimper. But she seemed to feel something break in her as she saw this scowling, furious man stand there defiantly and reveal himself at last as he was. Her child's father, and he had deliberately deceived her for months!

Her look, her attitude of recoil, added the last straw to Ralstone's ugly rage. The yellow streaks in him came out strong.

"You don't like it? Well, you needn't have it. I'm tired of snooping back here and having to put up a bluff to you, with that mealy-faced look on you. When there's a brat squealing round it'll be ten times worse. I'm sick of it, I tell you. I quit, now. See? And when you're rid of me you can make a living as you did before. I'm no man for this domestic business. You'll get along all right. I'll never bother you again."

He grabbed his hat, and flung out of the room, slamming the door behind him. She sat there, trembling, her face set with the horror of this abrupt, brutal desertion. Then, happily, the tears came, and she sobbed herself into some relief from her first ghastly despair. When she rallied, she drew a deep, long breath. He had killed her love, effectually. She saw him as he was, at last. And the cruel, selfish, streak in the man was not anything that her honest, tender nature could love! But life was not over. She could make her living, and her child's.

In due time, a little girl was born. How glad she was that it was not a boy, and that the little creature had her own eyes. If it had been a boy,

and had looked like him—that would be unfortunate. Here was a stimulus for work as well as a support to her poor heart. Within a month after her baby's birth she had secured another theatrical engagement.

Four years passed uneventfully. She was successful, as a rule, in getting engagements, and her little child was a great solace to her. But she felt as if love and she had met, and had parted forever. For the first time since Ralstone had flung her off, she was filling an engagement in San Francisco. She had already learned that Ralstone had quitted the place on leaving her, and no one knew where he had drifted to. Not a word from him, or about him, for years. He was a good deserter.

One matinee, a clear-faced young ranchman, accompanied by a pretty woman, very much resembling him, occupied a box of the theater. The young man was quite captivated by Miss Worthington. In fact, it was a case of love at first sight with Richard Westmore. He entrusted his sister, Marie, to get the actress to lunch with him at the hotel. She laughingly consented. "Only you don't want to get tangled up with an actress, Dick Westmore! You would be an easy mark, if you fell in love," she said, shaking her head wisely.

"Marie, I have already fallen in love! I'm it! All you can do to get me out of it is to prove that she isn't the sweet little woman she looks. Get to know her, if you can, and if you think she's all right, and I'll wager my Nevada Ranch that she is! Jump in, and boost things along, now, like a good sweet sister that you are."

Miss Marie Westmore became thoroly of her brother's opinion after she had met Nellie. The two women proved to be very congenial and sympathetic. As soon as her visitor departed (after Miss Westmore had engaged her to dine with her and her brother the following Sunday at their hotel) she hurried to her brother's room and reported.

"She's just as sweet as peaches and cream, Dick. She didn't seem inclined to come, when she found I wanted to



have you meet her; which was a card in her favor, seeing she doesn't know you, Dick. But I told her you were a nice, fresh ranchman, and that we lived together, and that you were the best brother on earth."

Sometimes the course of true love does not run smooth. It did in Dick Westmore's case. Of course, he had his sister as a strong ally. But Nellie Worthington had learned a good deal. Having been terribly deceived once in a man, had quickened her faculties considerably for "sizing" one up. Dick Westmore was such a perfect contrast to Charles Ralstone that it was a tremendous point in his favor at the start. His absolutely frank, sturdy manhood, and his strong, simple devotion to herself from the moment he met her, made a strong appeal. She had her life before her still and soon grew to care for this manly, ingenious young ranchman, who had never been in love before. He was now so stricken with the love fever that he could not long restrain

pouring forth his affection. With a sigh of content Nellie assented to his entreaties. She hated to tell him the story of her first misadventure in marriage. It might spoil everything. And Ralstone had faded away. Loving Dick now so ardently, she could not bear to recount her humiliations and desertion at Ralstone's hands. But her little daughter forced her to some statement.

"Where is your former husband now, Nellie?" he had asked, when she spoke of an early joyless marriage.

"He passed away four years ago," she said slowly, her eyes looking straight ahead. He certainly had! Dick asked no more questions.

They were married quietly in San Francisco, and the next day started for Nevada. There, Nellie for the first time in these years felt peace and happiness. She was no longer a forsaken woman.

Not long before this, Ralstone, in the course of his migrations from place to place, which his peculiar method, in



CRANE DROPPED, AFTER THE SHOT, AND RALSTON RAN ON.



THEY DISCOVERED CRANE. HE WAS DEAD.

card-playing, forced him to make pretty regularly, had been drifting from one cattle town or gold camp to another. One of these was a small town a few miles from Dick Westmore's ranch. His winnings aroused suspicions in some of the young men after awhile, and one evening, Jack Crane, a young ranchman, suddenly accused him of cheating. Ralstone, seeing the predicament he was in, for Crane was backed by several of his friends, shifted about until he was near the door, and then, suddenly bolted for the woods, hard-by.

He outdistanced all his pursuers except Crane, and finding that he could not shake him, he concealed himself behind a tree and shot at the young fellow. Crane dropped, and Ralstone then ran on until, coming to a ranch house, he slowed up, and knocked at the door. As there was no answer, he boldly pushed the door open and walked in, panting and fagged out.

In the meantime, the young men who

had turned back, started three of the Sheriff's men on Ralstone's trail. They discovered Crane. He was dead. One of the deputies went back for the coroner, while the other two pressed forward, more eagerly, after Ralstone.

Ralstone found the house empty. He threw himself on the lounge. He had to rest, and he hoped also to get some assistance to go on, from the owner of the ranch, when he appeared. Just as his head was settling on the sofa cushion, his eye caught sight of a photograph on the wall. He arose despite his weariness, and panting, scanned it closely. Then he drew out a photograph from his pocket and compared the two carefully.

Yes, the one on the wall was that of his deserted wife!

He muttered an oath. But he was too tired to plan, and lying down for a few moment's rest, he fell asleep. Soon after, Westmore entered. He looked into the bedroom to see if the little girl was all right, for his warm

heart made him a true father to the child. As he turned, he descried the man sleeping on the sofa. He strode over, and shook him roughly. Ralstone, awakened thus, sprang up and drew his revolver, but Westmore knocked up his arm so vigorously that the pistol fell to the floor. Westmore seized it at once.

Ralstone explained, with an air of simple frankness, that he did not realize what he was doing; that he had lost his way and coming in worn out, had fallen asleep; and that he had been startled by being awakened so suddenly. He apologized for his conduct in his ingratiating manner, as if it were a good joke on himself to get into such a peculiar predicament.

Westmore saw it that way, too, gave a little laugh, and returned Ralstone the pistol. Then he hospitably gave his odd guest a glass of whiskey, and some cake. They were both promptly consumed and then Ralstone, to the other's surprise, poured his glass nearly full of whiskey, and hastily gulped it down. Westmore regarded him with some wonder. This was considerably augmented a moment later. A carriage was heard approaching. It drew up at the door. Ralstone clutched Westmore's arm, while the empty glass fell from his hand to the floor with a crash, for he feared his pursuers.

Westmore's frank face wore a still more deeply puzzled look. Ralstone pushed him to the door, and then retreated to the corner of the room and listened feverishly. It proved to be a neighbor, who offered Westmore congratulations on his recent marriage. Ralstone glanced with a scowling face but exultant air at the photograph on the wall. This might help him. But the scowl deepened as he heard the visitor recount the quarrel in the gambling saloon.

Westmore said he hadn't heard about it, and when the man drove away, turned, and coming toward Ralstone, remarked jokingly: "If Buckley had seen you, he might have wanted to know who you were." The expression with which the strange intruder regarded

him again roused Westmore's suspicions. He proceeded to interrogate him, and gradually forced Ralstone to speak up. With a desperate effort, Ralstone steeled himself to more composure, and, filling his pipe, nodded toward the picture of Nellie on the wall.

"Your wife?" he asked.

As he was putting the question, the figure of a man loomed up at the window, peering in. It was one of the deputy sheriffs. Neither of the men perceived him.

Westmore having admitted curtly that it was his wife, Ralstone declared that he was a married man, too, and taking out of his pocket the small photograph of Nellie, handed it to Westmore. He carelessly looked at it, but suddenly stiffened with surprise on recognizing Nellie in a stage costume. He went to the window, still regarding it. Then he turned and coolly asked, "Where is your wife now?"

Ralstone gave a forced laugh, and without further answer, poured himself more whiskey and drank it. Westmore, with a stern face, approached him. Seeing that he would have to answer the question, and fancying that he might more readily get Westmore's assistance to get away if he told him the truth, he nodded his head, with a half-smile, at the photograph on the wall.

Westmore's honest face grew red with anger, and his clear eyes blazed ominously. He tore the picture Ralstone had given him into small pieces, and flung them into the stove. When they had burned to ashes, he turned, and striding up to the other, said, with a great effort to check his rising temper, "Will you clear out, or not?"

"Sure I will, if you will help me to," and Ralstone held out his hand. Westmore folded his arms, and as he stood looking at Ralstone with flaring nostrils, a team drove up and stopped at the door. Westmore hastily pointed to the kitchen door and the gambler rushed in and bolted it, just as Mrs. Westmore came in, pale and in great excitement.



"KISS ME, LITTLE ONE," HE PLEADED IN A SOFT, WINNING VOICE.

Westmore held her closely as she cast herself into his arms and sobbingly, told him in broken sentences of the death of his young cousin. Jack Crane, dear young fellow. Shot dead! By some one in a gambling saloon, who had escaped. Westmore soothed her as well as he could. Then bade her go into the bedroom with her little girl in order to give him a few minutes to think out what he should do, without any distraction.

"Don't come out till I call you, Nellie. Just a few minutes to myself. Go, dear. Poor Jack! The best chap in the world."

The door had scarcely closed on her before Ralstone came excitedly from the kitchen. He had held the door ajar and heard all. He saw that he might shape things to his needs.

"I heard it all! Listen! I did it, but it was a fair deal," cried Ralstone, excitedly. "You would have done the same, when the kid charged me with cheating. It wasn't true. I had to get the drop on him. It was only a question of which one was quicker.

But I got the drop on him. I did not mean to kill him. Do you know any man that wouldn't have done the same? Look here! She's your wife, and loves you. But the kid's my child. Do you want me to bring disgrace on her? Help me to get away and I'll quit here, go East and so help me God, you shan't ever hear from me again. Or she, either."

"Were you married to her?" Westmore asked thru his clenched teeth.

"Yes, that's gospel truth. Over four years ago in San Francisco. I'll say under oath the little woman's as straight as a string. My fault."

At this moment the chamber door opened, and little Luella came out with a wondering look. Her mother had told her to go and kiss papa, thinking that this would calm him. Mrs. Westmore had closed the door upon the little one, not wishing to intrude upon her husband until he had settled his problem. She fancied the pretty child would help him to do this.

A strange change came over Ralstone. His happy married life, his

wife's desertion, the fatherless child's innocence and beauty, and the likeness he perceived in her childish features and her coloring to his deserted wife; all this swept in a big wave over him. He was not all bad, and the spark of what was human and best in him kindled his excited mind to sympathetic emotion. It helped his game, too.

He knelt on one knee and held out his arms to the little girl, smiling, to lure her. Luella looked to Westmore for guidance in this little drama. He gently pushed her toward the other. What Ralstone had said about the fray in the saloon might be true. He knew Jack Crane was hotheaded, and he might have forced the other to self-defence. He seemed to show genuine manly feeling now over the little girl. Ralstone folded her gently in his arms and rose to his feet with her face pressed to his.

"Kiss me, little one," he pleaded, in a soft, winning voice.

Luella coyly bent her curly head and gave an innocent childish kiss to the hot brow. He pressed a fervid kiss on her golden curls and put her gently down. Westmore took her hand and returned her to Nellie, bidding the latter wait a few moments longer.

"Go! I'll do nothing," he said curtly, in a low, suppressed tone to Ralstone, returning to him quickly. "Not for your sake, but for their's! But don't let any of us ever see you again in these parts. I'll shoot you like a dog if you do. You wronged my wife. Get out!"

He conducted him to the door and declining the hand which Ralstone offered him, motioned for him to go and then closed and bolted the door after him.

As he turned he saw Nellie in the middle of the room, pale as death, her eyes, wide with fear, but full of pathetic entreaty. She had caught a glimpse of Ralstone, as they passed the door of the bedroom. Luella had said: "Who is the man that kissed me, mamma," and with woman's curiosity she had peeped through a crack of the door.

Then she listened. Her wild suspicions proved well founded.

"Dick!"

There was a wail in her voice, and her soft, loving eyes were wide with a fearful doubt. Had her husband learned her fatal secret? And would what she had done thru fear of losing his love, cost her his affections after all? It was an agonizing moment.

But excited voices outside, and then sounds of hurrying feet followed by a shot, and then by two others in swift succession, prevented his answering. Westmore hurried out, while Nellie threw herself upon the sofa, and clasped the frightened little Luella to her breast. She heard her husband's voice talking with the deputy sheriffs, and then the swift hoofs of horses as they galloped away.

Westmore came in wiping the perspiration from his brow and breathing quickly. He stopped as he saw his wife and the little girl on the sofa. His eyes searched the drawn, agonized face of the suffering woman, whose gaze was bent on him so pitiously.

There was only a moment's hesitation on his part. But it seemed an age of suffering to the warm-hearted woman who had feared that what she cared for most in life was slipping away from her forever.

"Nellie!"

The word said all, even had he not stretched his strong arms out yearningly toward her. She rose with a glad sigh of relief, tottered toward him, and sank sobbingly into the manly embrace which had never seemed such a heavenly haven as now.

They stood motionless for an instant. Then he gently guided her to the sofa, and they sat down upon it, his arm still encircling her.

"Nellie, the man is dead. I don't believe he got any more than was coming to him. A bullet is better than a rope. He killed my cousin. But he was a white man for once before he died. And she did it." He placed his hand on the little girl's head.

"Oh, Dick!" she cried, passion-



THE GAMBLER MEETS HIS FATE.

ately. "I am glad he had some humanity. But, God forgive me, I am glad he is dead! I must tell you something," she added, drawing herself away from him, as she strove to calm herself.

"All you need to tell me, Nellie, is why you married me when you knew this man was your husband, and was alive. I know it now, tho I wouldn't have believed it on his word."

"Because I feared he might spoil my happiness again, and more fatally than he had before. It would have been like him to return and claim me, just to thwart me. And you had made me love you with a woman's strong love—not a romantic girl's. I could not let you go. I knew nothing could ever induce me to live with him again. My love for you was so great that I could not endure the thought of losing it. And I saw that my little Luella would have a father's care as well as a mother's devotion.

"But one cannot do wrong and hope to prosper. Fate brought that man to this door that he might blast my hap-

piness before he went out of it to meet his own fate. I will go! I will not burden you. You could not trust me now. But do not think me a wicked, or a designing woman. God knows, if I sinned against you, it was my love for you that made me do it."

Her slight, beautiful form shook with renewed sobs as she sought to arise.

"No, you must forget it, Nellie," he said, with low-voiced ardor, as he folded her to his breast and pressed his manly kisses upon her tear-stained cheek. "You will go, but it will be with me, to some place where we are not known, and get married, for fair. This way, no one can know it but ourselves. And once the parson has done the trick, we will forget it, too, little wife. I can almost forgive that cur, on account of the good turn he has done us now by getting wiped out, for good. No credit to him. And then we'll forget him forever—see?"

The way she looked at him and then buried her head on his shoulder showed that she did.



# A DROP OF WATER



By L. D. Broughton, M.D.

CHEMICALLY pure water is a curiosity, found almost never outside the laboratory, and even then it is cleared of its impurities only by the most careful and repeated filtration and distillation. Rain water, Nature's nearest approach to purity in water, and snow, its frozen prototype, meet floating particles in the air, and absorb gases; and, when rain falls near the cities, the acids that rise from the industrial plants become a part of its contents. Near the ocean the salt mingles with the water as it drops upon the ground. Surface water, ponds, lakes, creeks, streams, and oceans, dissolve the minerals that bar its passage, or form its beds. Decaying vegetation, refuse from fishes, impurities of various kinds float in and upon it; larvæ of insects, and other excreta make up a total that cannot be computed. Ground water, which is the water that lies deep in the soil, being the rain, or surface water that has been filtered through the sand, comes to the surface in springs or wells and is probably the purest that reaches us. Even that, however, affords such a good breeding place for bacteria that it is not long within reach before it is also infected.

Apparent purity is no safeguard so far as water is concerned. The thirsty traveler in the desert shuns the spring that looks beautiful to the eye with the clearness of its water, and gladly drinks from that which is dirty, and surrounded by buzzing insects and has floating animal life in it; for the water would not be clear if it were not poisonous.

In referring to drinking water, therefore, we mean *pure* when the dissolved

or floating substances in it are not injurious or disease-producing. It is not likely that we should be so ready to drink from the sparkling glass if we could see the floating life in every drop as it is shown by the microscope. Truly, "where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise" when it relates to the liquids and solids that enter our mouths to satisfy our thirst and hunger.

Nature teems with life. From the amoeba, the most primitive form of



A ROTIFER.

animal life, with its single cell, up thru the myriads of forms to the highest, man, made up of the most complex structure of cells, the number and variety of organisms in the water and on or in the earth, cannot even be estimated. From the semi-vegetable bacteria, so small that millions may exist

in a single drop of water, to the mastodon, or the whale, the variations are almost infinite:

Many organisms living in or upon others, in its benign form being called commensalism, a partnership for mutual benefit, illustrated best in the hermit crab and the sea anemone; the anemone being attached to the back of the crab, and obtaining a greater variety of food by being carried about, and when attacked, the crab



FEMALE COPEPODE CARRYING HER EGGS

retreating to safety within the shell of its partner.

A drop of water. What may it contain? How much can be learnt of its floating contents by the aid of the microscope, and how marvelously can this knowledge be amplified by the cinematograph. The best microscopes enlarge to about 1000 diameters. The development of this picture to a size of forty or fifty thousand diameters brings out the movements of the inhabitants of the sea or of the stagnant pools as clearly as if they were within the reach of ordinary eyes.

Necessarily the contents of a drop of water must be the natural habitat of the place whence the water is obtained. Even this is ever changing, for the natural processes of birth, develop-

ment and decay go on in the microscopic forms with the same unceasing regularity as they do in the highest. Some forms of bacteria develop under culture so rapidly that billions may be the outcome of proper conditions daily.

In water from the ocean we find minute organisms that are related to the primitive amoeba, and up thru the classes that have shells, and in another direction thru the forms that are jelly-like, of which the Portugese Man 'o War is probably the largest. The Copepode, the cyclops, or paleozoic fishes, are both fresh water and marine, with their five pair of feet, form some of the food that whales like to draw into their mouths in great numbers:

Daphnia, sometimes called the water flea, some varieties of which color the water red and when in great numbers give it a bloody appearance; ostracode, related to the daphnia, which swim actively by means of their antennæ; rotifer, the wheel animalculæ, which are not far from the lowest order of worms, and whose rows of cilia,



A DAPHNIA.

or hair like processes, give them a rotary motion in the water; and euglena viridis, abundant in fresh water pools, whose presence colors the water green. It is a branch of this numerous family which float on the surface of the waters





AN OSTRACODE.

of some tropic seas and give the phosphorescent lights. The infusoria, of which the slippery, shapeless animalculæ is a form, infest stagnant pools, and move about by means also of cillia; the larvæ of mosquitoes, one or more varieties of which are the means of conveying malaria to the human being; the eggs of cod, haddock, turbot and sole, which float on the water.

This list could be continued indefinitely, and instructively.

What a means the Motion Picture offers for the dissemination of knowledge among the people! What opportunities it offers for lectures, classroom instruction, and as a means of preserving for the future the minute organic life of today! The Moving Pictures entitled "A Drop of Water," are particularly valuable in this respect and the manufacturer responsible for this idea is to be congratulated.



## MOVING PICTURES

BY L. CASE RUSSELL.

## FIRST FILM.

Little Willie,  
Gasoline,  
Box of matches,  
Change of scene.

## SECOND FILM.

Aviator,  
Aeroplane,  
Busted gearing,  
Sad refrain.

## THIRD FILM.

Cavalieri,  
Chanler gold,  
Sheriff Bobby,  
Very cold.

## FOURTH FILM.

Meteoric,  
Brilliant Ted,  
Shoot, shoot, talk, talk,  
Awful dead.

## FIFTH FILM.

Ten-inch hat pin,  
Passing by,  
Man in subway  
Buys glass eye.

## The Originator of the Word "Photoplay"



Some time ago a Chicago Motion Picture firm announced a name contest in which they offered \$100 to the contributor of the best substitute for "moving picture" or "moving picture show." The contest extended over a period of one month, and more than 2,500 suggestions for the new name were received.

The decision of the judges was that the name "Photoplay" was "more closely descriptive and more easily assimilated by the general public than any other.

The successful contributor was Mr. Edgar Strakosch, of Sacramento, California.

The new term for the picture theater is now almost universally recognized as a fitting substitute for the "moving pictures," and it has been generally adopted.



# MIKE THE MISER



By Margaret H. MacCulloch

“NUMBER Seven, Bleecker Street.  
“This is the place.”  
“Third flight, back? Thanks.  
Yes, an accident.”

“It’s the Delaney girl.”

“Hard luck, that; her man brought  
home dead last month, and now the  
kid.”

“And how sot she was on that child.”

“Sho! Dat am a hoodoo fambly.”

The crowd had gathered at the door  
of number seven.

“Get out of the way, can’t you?”

Moving thru the throng, an officer  
was carrying a limp little figure in his  
arms. He paused at the door of the  
tenement, reluctant to be the messenger  
of death twice in so brief a time. Up  
the stairs he bore the little one and  
paused at the third landing.

Mrs. Delaney, fearful of every new  
sound in the street since her husband  
had been killed, was at the door to see  
what the noise was about. Brave little  
woman tho she was, this new grief  
overpowered her.

“My little girl! Is she dead?” she  
cried hysterically. “Oh, God, not dead!  
Oh, save her for me—save my precious  
baby.”

“We’ve sent for the ambulance,  
ma’am,” said the officer, pityingly.  
“The folks at the hospital are good,  
they’ll do their best. Don’t give up  
hope.”

The ambulance bell clanged thru the  
street, the doctor carried the little one  
gently in his arms, the mother follow-  
ing, silently, to the door. The always  
curious crowd in the street parted re-  
spectfully to make way. If curious,  
the street crowd is also sympathetic.

It was a long, sleepless night for the  
stricken mother, longing for news, yet

shivering with dread at every approach-  
ing foot-fall, but in the morning hope  
dawned. The first arrival at the hospi-  
tal was the one who, since his father’s  
death, had not only been the support  
and comfort of the mother, but the  
good-hearted playfellow of the child,—  
her little big brother, Mike.

This second disaster had sobered him  
into a man. There had been a boyish  
pride, after his father died, in being  
able to earn money for his mother; but  
that his little sister should be lying still  
and white, and unable to move, was  
a cruel fact that was still more im-  
pressive.

“What’s to be done, doctor? Can’t  
she come home? Wont she get well?  
Can’t I do anything?” inquired little  
Mike, anxiously, all in one breath.

“My boy,” said the doctor, kindly,  
“last night we had little hope; this  
morning there is a chance. Go home  
and tell your mother I will send her  
word after the crisis has past. If  
your sister sleeps till noon, she may  
live.”

The urchin turned away with a  
heavy heart; and, as he hurried along  
home, he rubbed his sleeve across his  
eyes, for the sun seemed to dazzle him.  
But perhaps it was not the sun, after  
all, that brought tears to those eyes.  
He tried to blink them back. No, the  
bread winner of the family must not  
cry. He must be brave—braver than  
ever, now.

For hours they waited. Was it to be  
a message of joy, or a message of  
death?

At last, a messenger from the hospi-  
tal brought a note.

“Your child will live,” read the  
message. “The crisis is past, but an



"THE CRISIS IS PAST, BUT AN OPERATION UPON THE LIMB IS NECESSARY, THE COST OF WHICH WILL BE FIFTY DOLLARS."

operation upon the limb is necessary, the cost of which will be fifty dollars."

The letter fluttered down at their feet. Mother and son looked hopelessly into each other's faces. Fifty dollars! Fifty thousand would not have seemed more impossible.

It was Mike who broke the silence, squaring his shoulders, and turning to his mother a face on which sturdy determination was fast replacing the gloom.

"Fifty dollars? I kin earn it. They'll wait for the money if I tell 'em how it is. I'll work overtime, and pick up tips and save every cent. I kin do it, Mom!"

The mother's courage rose to meet the boy's. Smiling bravely thru her tears, she put her arms about him. "My good, brave little Mike," she said, "you are my comfort. God will help you to save your little sister."

"Play craps, Mike?" asked one of

"the gang" at the District Telegraph office, a few days later.

"Naw!" was the brief, but decisive reply.

"Wot's got into you?"

"Nawthin'."

"Savin' for a chug-chug?" asked one.

"What make you goin' in fer?" queried another, tauntingly.

"Will you give us a ride?"

"Goin' to be a sky pilot?"

"They eat missionaries!"

"Not stingy ones; they'd give 'em a pain, like Mike does us."

"Say, kid, will you treat to somethin'? You just got a tip."

"Naw, I can't now, beat it!" answered Mike, still firm in his resolution.

"Go slow, Mike. Dis gang has stood all de stinginess from you dat it's goin' to. If you can't treat de gang right, we'll give you some fist medicine wot don't cost nothin', and wot is special bottled for stingy people."

"Come on, Mike the Miser, see how it

feels to get a big slice of punchin'," challenged the largest of the group. "Come now, put up your dukes!"

Mike was strong, but he was no match for four. He didn't mind the beating so much, but Mike had always been popular, and it was a sore trouble to feel the gang's contempt.

In the telegraph office the next day, there was still a decided coldness between the four messenger boys that formed the gang and the serious, earnest lad. Mike had his hand bandaged, from his experience of the day before. There was a conspiracy afoot among the silent four. They were still unsatisfied, and demanded further revenge. The result was a placard, bearing the words, "Mike, the Miser. Don't tip him. He don't deserve it," which they pinned on his coat as he left with a message. The policeman who had twice brought sad news to his home, and who liked the boy thoroly, said to him, smilingly, as he passed, "Say, Mike, are you going into the

sandwich business?" He pulled the sign off, and Mike thanked him.

As he turned the corner of a busy street, a nurse, with a little girl, was crossing. At that moment, an automobile, running at full speed, came whirling around the corner, and Mike's presence of mind and strong arms saved the little one just in time. The nurse thanked the boy warmly, but the little one began crying for her lost doll. Mike returned from the gutter with it, but the nurse said to the child, "Throw the thing away; see, it is all dirty; mother will scold you."

So Mike was left with a very costly doll, in a very dirty condition, on his hands. "Wouldn't de gang guy me now?" he soliloquized, as he picked up a newspaper and concealed the identity of his prize. To the little sister it would indeed be a prize; days are long when one is in plaster, with a broken lim'.

"Mom, see wot I got!" cried Mike, as he rushed into the kitchen. Cant you wash this up for Nell? It cost



MIKE BRINGS THE DOLL HOME FOR HIS SISTER.

some dough to the one wot lost it, but the kid's nurse wouldn't let her take it; and didn't she bawl, too!"

"A lovely doll, Mike," returned the mother. "Wont sister be glad?"

"We'll soon have enough of the coin, if I keep workin' overtime, wont we, Mom?"

Little by little the fund grew. Not even Mike's mother suspected how often the boy went hungry to bed; nor did Mike fully realize the extent of the mother's self denial. Nightly they counted their savings, planning how they could further curtail their daily needs. One thought sustained them—to bring little Nell home, strong and well.

Busy was the boy and well liked was he at the office. He was the readiest to go, the first to come back, and had an earnestness in his work that the manager had never seen before in a boy of his age.

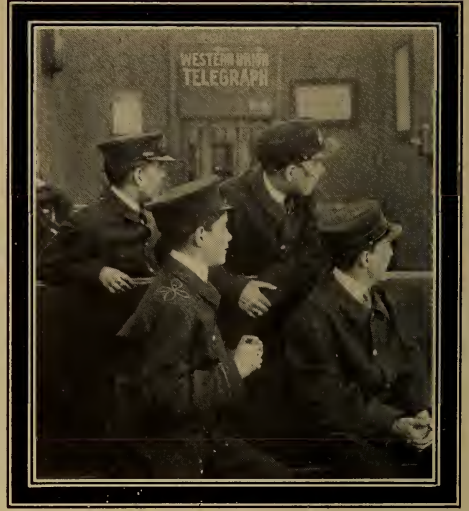
But, alighting from a trolley car one day, Mike sprained his ankle and hobbled painfully homeward, refusing help, lest his mother be alarmed. For days he must remain at home. Would they keep his place for him at the office? To lose it now, after such patient saving, would bring a new grief that would be too much for the frail little mother to bear.

"I'll tell 'em, and maybe they'll fix it up," said Mike.

With his bandaged foot resting upon a chair, with a board upon his lap as a desk, on a piece of yellow paper with a tiny, blunt pencil, he wrote this note:

"Dere Sir I must not loose my job for my lame sister has to have her leg cut and my mother is poor and my father is kilt and we have near it all now saved if I loose my job it is all off and she will never walk right I can walk by next week and must sure come back obedient and excusing me I am yourn  
Mike Delaney."

Mrs. Delaney entered the telegraph office and laid Mike's letter down upon the desk. The manager read it slowly and took off his glasses and polished them. He read it



WATCHING MIKE'S LETTER BEING READ

again, and he seemed to have contracted a sudden case of influenza. Then he turned to Mrs. Delaney and said, "Tell Mike his job will be here when he can walk, and tell him not to worry."

The gang watched "the boss" read the letter, and when it was laid down, they made plans to get a look at it.

"Wonder wot's up?" whispered one.

"Stayin' home to count dough, I bet," guessed another. "Let's see."

Watching an opportunity, the four heads bowed over the letter and when they were thru, the shame-faced group were conscience stricken.

"That'll give us somethin' to mull over for awhile," said one, after a long silence.

"Gee, wot chumps we've been," added another, hanging his head; "we might a knowed Mike had somethin' up his sleeve he wasn't tellin'."

"Let's make up a purse!" suggested a third.

One after the other, four pockets were emptied into a very shabby pocket-book, and then, with that formality which all boy-documents demand, this eloquent epistle was drawn up to:

"Dere Mike you are not a miser the gang did not know nothin we is all very sorry for what we done to youse callin you names and the like



MAKING UP A PURSE FOR MIKE.



and we wants to show it some how that will help wes ask you to keep the purse wot we has been glad to give into wishing it was more

from the gang”

Red-faced and embarrassed, but determined to “do de t’ing up right”, the gang marched up the stairs into the room where Mike, with his bandaged foot, sat counting the savings for perhaps the hundredth time.

Sheepishly they presented purse and note to Mike, and stood awkwardly twirling their caps while he read the document.

Mike blinked hard and swallowed several times before he said, joyously, “Say, you fellers is sure all right. Mom, dis is de gang I works wid and they’re de best ever! See wot’s in de purse. It’s enough to finish de pile, Mom. *We’ve got enough!* Shake hands, fellers!”



SCENE FROM “LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.”



# The Coming of Columbus

By Chas. E. Nixon

It is a pleasure to announce the production of a picture play, by a Western company, which reproduces with marvelous fidelity, sumptuous setting and elaborate detail, this great historic event. The scenario, by Mr. Chas. E. Nixon, has been worked out with scrupulous care as to exactness of data and settings. The result is a photo-play, educationally momentous, and it perhaps marks the beginning of a new era in the field of moving pictures. It is to be regretted that the beautiful pictures that illustrate this story cannot be reproduced until June.—THE EDITOR.

IN the magnificent maritime city called Genoa, there was born, about the Year One Thousand Four Hundred and Forty, a child who was named Christopher Columbus.

The father of this child was a respectable, industrious wool-comber, who labored early and late to give his four children an education, that they might fill a higher plane in life than he had filled. Three of them profited by their instruction, becoming staid and respectable merchants and professional men. But Christopher was of the type which has, thru all ages, been provocative of anxiety and despair to ambitious parental hearts. He was a dreamer of dreams, a seer of visions, a lad who questioned all conventional teaching, venturing boldly out upon untrodden paths of thought.

Strolling about the picturesque wharves of Genoa, crowded with ships, cargoes and sailors from all parts of the then known world, looking upon strange faces and costumes and listening to the babel of unknown tongues, the boy's imagination and love of adventure were duly nourished, and his distaste for formal study and routine grew stronger.

"I shall send Christopher to sea with his uncle," declared his father, when the boy was in his fifteenth year; "he will settle down to no profession. Geography, astronomy and navigation

all interest him. His uncle is an admiral and commands a squadron. He may be able to make something of the lad."

No doubt this was a sore trial to the humble Genoese family. They could not anticipate that this dreamy lad, with his strange, unpractical ideas, should one day make their name famous thruout every part of the civilized world; that thru his adventurous spirit a new world should be given to the old—a world that should become, almost within the span of a century, the leader of the greatest progressive ideas on the globe. They could not see that his unwillingness to accept established teaching, his eager reaching out toward the new and unknown, should result in an achievement beside which the conquests of Alexander or Cæsar should stand dwarfed.

So Christopher went to sea with his uncle in the days when pirates infested all seas and when every mariner was, of necessity, a soldier. He traversed most of the then known world, even touching the arctic shores of Iceland, where he heard strange, vague tales of expeditions, centuries before, to the ice-bound coasts of Labrador, whence limitless shores stretched away to the southward.

At thirty-five years of age, the imaginative, adventurous lad, had become a serious, thoughtful man. Still he reached out eagerly toward the un-



### THE SANTA MARIA.

THIS PHOTOGRAPH, TAKEN FROM THE MOTION PICTURE FILM, REPRESENTS COLUMBUS' FLAGSHIP ON THE HIGH SEA, EN ROUTE FROM SPAIN TO AMERICA.

known. Slowly, steadily, by long hours of study and research; by patient tracing of maps and charts; by constant observation as he sailed; by conversation with mariners who had explored all known seas, he worked out a theory (to which his contemporaries replied with a roar of laughter), that the world was round, and that, by sailing due west, the shores of Asia would eventually be reached.

Gradually, there dawned upon the mind of Columbus, ideas of other continents, not known to Europeans. He was eminently a religious man, and this colored all his thinking.

"These lands," he said, "must be inhabited. Is it likely that the sun shines upon nothing, and the nightly watches of the stars are wasted on desert lands and trackless seas? God has assigned to me the mission of searching out these people and carrying them the Gospel of Salvation."

His final resolve was quickened by a dream, in which it was whispered to him, "God will cause thy name to be wonderfully resounded thru the earth, and will give thee the keys of the gates of the oceans, which are closed with strong chains."

Columbus was poor, unknown, and regarded by all as a half-crazed visionary. A project to visit the moon would seem far less absurd today than did this man's proposal to find the coast of Asia by sailing due west from Europe. For seventeen years he drifted from port to port, from court to court, propounding his theory and asking for aid to demonstrate it. Finally, he set out for Genoa, the home of his boyhood. But there he only experienced the sad truth of the old adage, "A prophet is not without honor, save in his own country."

"Who is this Christopher Columbus?" it was asked.

"Why, he is a sailor of this city," was the reply, "the son of Dominico Colombo, a wool-comber."

This settled the question. He could not even obtain a respectful hearing. Hope still sustained him, however, and he decided to try his fortunes at the court of Spain.

Ferdinand and Isabella, sovereigns of Spain, were then engaged in desperate warfare with the Moors. It was an unpropitious time. For seven weary years Columbus waited. When the Moorish banners were torn from the walls of the Alhambra and the flags of Spain floated there, Columbus presented himself before Queen Isabella. The time was auspicious. Elated by triumph, she responded eagerly to the dazzling vision of the grandeur which would redound to Spain if this expedition was successful.

"I will pledge my jewels to raise the needed funds!" she exclaimed, enthusiastically.

The star of the dreamer of Genoa had arisen. The Queen was prompt in action. Three small vessels, the *Pinta*, the *Nina*, and the *Santa Maria*, were immediately equipped for the voyage. To secure seamen for the cruise was a difficult matter, as the enterprise was considered perilous in the extreme, and almost sacrilegious. After some delay, the boats were manned with one hundred and twenty men.

On the third of August, 1492, just as the sun rose above the sparkling waters of the harbor of Palos, King and Queen, knights and ladies, courtiers and priests, marched with Columbus, in solemn procession, to the water's edge. Officers and crew, upon their knees, received the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, amid the tears of the entire population of Palos. Then the little fleet spread its sails for the most momentous voyage in the world's history.

The first part of the voyage passed pleasantly thru fair and familiar waters to the Canary Islands. But when, leaving these shores, they struck boldly out upon unknown seas, the hearts of the seamen became heavy with fear. Discontented looks and murmuring words became frequent.

As they struck the trade winds and were swept rapidly westward across the trackless wastes of water, the sailors became still more terrified. Soon the mutiny became open, officers joining with men in demanding a return.

Standing on the deck of his vessel,

Columbus, with folded arms and unruffled countenance, calmly faced the mutineers, speaking steadily:

"I am the Captain-General of this fleet, my men," he exclaimed coolly, "and the ambassador of our royal sovereigns to the courts of Asia. Under their Highnesses' orders we set out for the Indies across this western sea, and, with God's help and blessing, to the Indies we are going. Look you to it that we have no more of this; grumbling or no grumbling, we are going to find the land we have come so far to seek."

The quiet dignity and courage of the great explorer prevailed. Confidence and order were restored. Soon, signs of land began to be seen. Fresh weeds floated by, such as are torn from the banks of rocks and rivers. The branch of a thorn tree,

with green leaves and berries upon it, was picked up.

Sixty-seven days had passed since the highlands of Spain vanished beneath the eastern horizon. It was the evening of October eleventh. The night was cloudless, brilliant with stars. Columbus, uplifted by some strange exaltation, took his stand on the bow of his vessel and gazed over the dark, sparkling waters. That inner voice, which from his childhood had urged him to restless, eager striving and searching, seemed now to speak to him with tranquil assurance that the long-sought goal was near at hand. Hence, there was no surprise visible on his face, but only the radiant joy of a hope fulfilled, when he beheld in the west a light rising and falling, as of a torch carried along shore.

Morning dawned, revealing to the



REPLICA OF THE SANTA MARIA, DISMANTLED, AT THE WORLD'S FAIR,  
CHICAGO, 1892.

weary voyagers a welcome scene of tropical beauty. A long, low island lay before them, covered with luxuriant foliage and flowers. Multitudes of dark-skinned natives ran excitedly along the shore. Fruits of many forms and colors hung from the trees, and the songs of brilliant, unknown birds, filled the air.

Columbus, richly dressed in scarlet robes, bearing the banner of the Green Cross, stepped upon the shore and fell reverently upon his knees. The sea-

men followed his example, and the imitative savages, with awed faces, knelt also.

Thus ended the greatest voyage of history, epoch-making in the civilization of the world. The spark of progress was kindled; the trail was blazed which should bind all nations of the globe into one great human family. Later explorers, discoverers, scientists, inventors, stand with bared heads before this daring pioneer of progress, the Genoese dreamer.



## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

### MR. ALLEN'S CONGRATULATIONS.

THE following is part of an interesting and valued letter lately received by the editor of THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE from the managing editor of *The Tourist Magazine*

"Will you allow me to compliment you on what I believe to be an exceedingly interesting and bright idea. I wish I had thought of it, for it covers an exceedingly interesting and, I believe, profitable ground. I confess that during a somewhat trying period in our experience, the motion picture was a source of relief to mental strain and a recreation to both my wife and myself, the full extent of which we are quite able to appreciate.

I was a firm believer in art—not art to be hidden in monumental mausoleums called "Picture Galleries," but art given to the people in ways which they can understand, being both interesting and elevating. Education is not telling a man something which he does not know; it is making a man something which he was not, and I define a picture to be a revelation to man of what he should be if the picture is true.

A true picture is a silent poem; a poem is an articulate picture, and properly constructed and presented, art is, after all, the most powerful means of culture which we possess.

I am pleased with your magazine,

and hope that it will find its way to my table every month.

Believe me to be

Yours very respectfully,  
FRED HENRY ALLEN.

FROM RENO, NEVADA.

Dear Sir:—

I have just finished reading the second edition of THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE, and I cannot refrain from congratulating you.

I will never forget the pleasure I had in watching a series of motion pictures depicting Victor Hugo's great story, *Les Miserables*. Having carefully read several translations of this masterpiece, I was well acquainted with the details of the novel and was therefore in a position to understand and appreciate every situation, every gesture, every climax shown. I thought then what an additional pleasure it would be if the public had read the original text of the dramas produced at the Motion Picture shows.

The typography of your publication is not surpassed by any monthly I have seen, and the excellence of your short stories is deserving of a vast army of readers, who will soon appreciate the suggestion conveyed above.

You have my sincere wishes for a prosperous voyage in your new craft freighted with so much human interest.

Very truly yours,

WM. T. BUTLER.  
("Elias North.")

## Motion Picture Adaptation to the Novel

NOT the least important utility to which the motion picture has been put is that of the presentation of standard fiction. The adaptation of the novel to the legitimate theater has long been a prolific source of the drama, and its adaptation to the photoplay will apparently be equally popular.

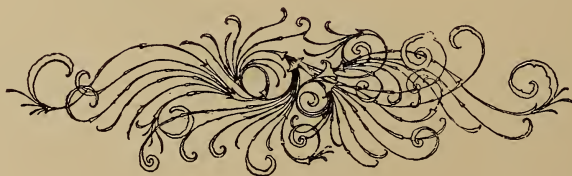
To cast the novel into regular dramatic form usually presents the serious problem of developing the plot in two or three central locations, whereas the novel allows the characters to go where the story naturally leads, regardless of the number of localities involved. The motion picture adaptation, permitting of an unlimited number of scene changes, does not present this difficulty and to this extent the novel is readily adaptable to the photoplay.

On the other hand, in certain respects the structure of the novel bears a close resemblance to the legitimate drama, and both are sharply distinguished from the photo-dramatic form, making radical changes necessary in adaptation.

The chief respects in which the photoplay differs from both drama and novel is in the matter of the sequence in which the events of the plot are revealed.

The novel and the play, in the majority of cases, do not present the incidents of their plots in their chronological order of occurrence, but begin at a certain point and work backwards and forwards, frequently in highly involved sequences. The photoplay does not have at its command the elaborate narrative comment by the author which characterizes the novel on one hand, nor the free narrative dialogue of the characters of a drama on the other. It expresses itself in actions, which are nearly always of a present tense significance. From this, the most general necessity of motion picture adaptation arises—it must begin at the chronological beginning and work thru by a continuous series of causes and effects to the end. When the task of recasting a novel into this natural order of events has been accomplished, a substantial part of the work of adaptation has been done and the results in the way of a clear-cut, readily comprehensible photoplay, telling volumes in the course of a few minutes, is at times almost amazing.

An interesting demonstration of these facts may be observed in the recent photoplay production of Dickens' "Tale of Two Cities," which novel, regarded from the standpoint of structure, presents narrative in its most highly organized form.



No matter how tragic a play may be, most men insist on "smiling" between the acts—but not at the photoplay.—*J. S. G.*

Rumor says that Scotland is coming to the front as a moving picture producer. Nothing new in that. Scotch reels were always popular.—*J. S. G.*

## HORSE SENSE

By "H. S., the Motion Picture Man."

I was out in the West, taking pictures last year,  
Among some old farmers quite funny and queer.  
When I'd got all the horses, the sheep and the barn,  
I sat down and listened to this int'resting yarn:

"I wuz plowin' fer ole farmer Hoskins one day,  
When suthin' I done caused ole Hoskins ter say,  
'Why Simson, yer orter know'd better o' course;  
Yer dont seem ter hev as much sense as a horse.'  
It made me so mad that I nigh pulled his hair,  
But I laid down my lines and I quit 'im right there.

That 'hoss sense' remark made me feel sore, an' blue;  
Till one day it struck me as bein' durn true:  
Fer, they say that man's work is from sun unto sun,  
While the work 'o his better-half's *never* quite done.  
But the hoss goes to rest in his stall in the stable,  
Afore you set down to yer own supper table.

An' then he dont hev ter worry at all  
About his bed bein' made in his stall;  
An' his meals brot to him three times a day,  
Fer which he dont hev a durn cent to pay;  
Ev'ry day reg'lar, a groom comes aroun',  
With brush an' curry-comb, an' sleeks him down.  
He goes out in peace to the pasture to graze,  
An' he dont hev to worry 'bout a family t' raise.

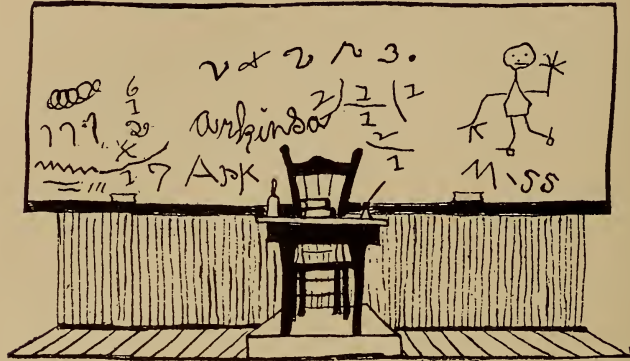
It costs him nothin' fer the shoes on his feet,  
An' all he hez ter do is ter gad roun' the street;  
So I hev concluded that a hoss hez good sense,  
When he dont run away 'er jump over the fence.  
An' while the ole hoss has no money ter spend,  
He's got jest as much as we hev in the end.

An' last, but not least, he escapes the most cruel,  
Cuz he hez no soul out of which ter make fuel.  
But it's lots of relief fer a feller ter know,  
That, fer all the hard work he hez done here below,  
An' the kind lovin' faith what he hez in the Lord,  
There'll sure come a time fer his golden reward.  
An' mind what I tell yer, it'll soon come true:  
The ole hoss'll soon hev nothin' ter do;  
Fer all the carriages that's now on wheels,  
Will soon be turned inter autermobiles!"

# Arkansaw, as She Should be Pronounced

By Carl Hopkins, of Little Rock, aged twelve.

## The Schoolroom



The schoolmarm came from Chicago, to Skunk Hill,  
Arkansaw,  
To teach the kids to read and write, to cipher and to draw.



But after she'd examined them to place them  
in their class,  
She found they didn't know a thing, and all were  
green as grass.

She wondered if the parents knew as little as their kid;  
The idea dawned upon her then to find out if they did.  
Before she let out school that night, she told them to ask  
their "Paw,"  
If he knew that he was living in the State of Arkansaw.





Next morning after school took up, she found it quite a task.

But one boy had an answer to the question she had asked. For little Willie Slocum said he'd asked his dad that day; Triumphantly the teacher asked, "What did your father say?"

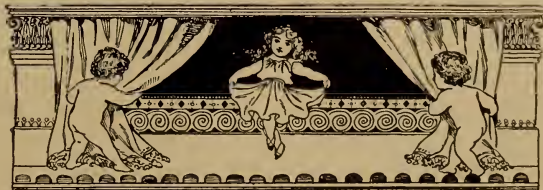
"Well, dad said, 'What'n thunder did she come here for ter do?"

Ter teach us kids all suthin? er fer us ter all teach *you*? Then he went out to ther medder, an' ast' his brother Gus; But they didn't know what State it wuz, ner didn't care a cuss."




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NOTE.—The Editor asks Master Hopkins' pardon for renaming one of the characters in these interesting verses. Brother Sam has been changed to brother Gus because the word rhyming with the former is not quite so classic as the word rhyming with the latter.—THE EDITOR.





## A Pleasant Afternoon



By Lizzie Pinson

“PLEASE, mother, may I go to the Moving Picture show this afternoon? Clifford and Edgar are going.”

“No, Walter, you cannot; I have told you that I do not approve of them and you must not ask me again.”

“But, mother, cousin Carrie said that Aunt Lottie takes her there, sometimes, and I have the dime you gave me this morning, and—”

Mrs. Vernon dropped her sewing and looked up in surprise.

Walter was usually obedient and she meant to chide him for being so persistent on this occasion, but a glance at the eager, pleading face softened her. Instead, she drew the little rebel closer and kissed him.

Mrs. Vernon was a widow and a fond mother—albeit a trifle stern—all her affection being centered in her only son, a handsome, manly boy of twelve. His moral education was her chief anxiety, consequently she had always been careful in the selection of his books, companions and amusements. Being opposed to the Motion Picture shows she was obdurate now.

“My son, I do not believe that these exhibitions are proper places for young people to attend and, therefore, I will not give you permission to go to one. Next week you may see the stereopticon views at the Sunday-school entertainment and they will be far more interesting and instructive. Now go and play, and remember that mother knows best what is good for you.”

She kissed him again and he went out, manfully trying to conceal his great disappointment.

A little later Aunt Lottie dropped in and Mrs. Vernon broached the subject at once.

“Lottie, is it really true that you have taken your daughter to a Motion Picture show?”

“Yes, Clara, several times. I did not mention the fact to you, knowing your unreasonable antipathy to them.”

Mrs. Vernon looked aghast at her younger sister.

“Lottie, how can you talk like that after seeing some of the newspaper denunciations and you know our pastor is opposed to them also?”

The expression on her sister's face provoked a hearty laugh from Lottie for which she quickly apologized.

“Forgive me, Clara, my mirth is ill-timed, but I could not help it, you look so horrified. Now, listen to me a moment. Has Pastor Sterling ever been to one, or have you? Do you believe everything you read in the papers? No? Well, ‘seeing is believing’; do not condemn on hearsay. How can you pass judgment on something which you have never seen?”

“But others have told me that they would not want their children to see some of the pictures that are being shown daily.”

“I will not attempt to argue that point, but as far as my own experience goes I can assure you that I have never seen anything obnoxious; on the contrary, some are instructive and educating; some are funny and I hold that a laugh now and then is an excellent tonic; there are also picture plays with a plot in each, of course, but does not every book as well as every drama contain a plot? You occasionally take Walter to the theater and while you

are particular in your choice of plays, how many dramas are there in which there is not something sensational or a trifle loose—not to say suggestive—in some part? There is as much, if not more, to be shunned at the theater than at the picture shows.”

“You are a warm champion, Lottie, but I am far from being convinced.”

“Might I ask who are the people who disapprove of them?”

“Certainly. Mrs. Brooks—”

“Ha! Clara, there’s a reason; Mr. Brooks is assistant editor of a paper which has taken issue with a contemporary on that subject merely for the sake of argument and possible increase of circulation.”

“Well, Mrs. Clement and Mrs. Trott abhor them.”

“Mrs. Trott’s brother is her main support; he is a theatrical manager and opposed to the Motion Pictures because they affect the profits of theaters to no little extent, as people of limited means can go to see the pictures frequently, where they can enjoy several little playlets in one session for a trifling fee, whereas the cost of admission to the theater would mean a strain and possible curtailing of some other pleasure or necessity. Ah! Clara, if you only knew what a boon these places are to some people you would feel more charitably disposed toward them.”

“But—”

“Wait, Clara, I want to tell you about Mr. Clement. Did you know that he tried to open one some time ago but for some cause or another he was unable to secure a license? Since then he has been their bitter enemy. You see, I am more posted on these matters than you are. Besides I am naturally observant and can read between the lines very readily.”

Her sister making no reply, Lottie continued:

“Clara Vernon, will you not unbend enough to come with me just once? Once will not hurt and if you see anything wrong about them I will bow to your superior judgment and ac-

knowledge my error. Do not shake your head so emphatically! As a favor, Clara, won’t you come with me?”

Mrs. Vernon did not answer at once, being a prey to conflicting emotions; her objections were so deep-rooted that she felt it almost impossible to grant her sister’s request, yet, being thoroughly honest she felt that it would be right, and at least a courtesy due her sister, to give the matter a fair test.

Finally with some misgivings, she agreed and they put on their wraps.

A few blocks away they came upon one with a very attractive and inviting exterior. Before securing tickets Aunt Lottie looked over the list in the lobby which, she explained, was a precaution she always took when she had Carrie with her; in that way she could avoid anything that might savor of the sensational. Evidently she was satisfied and they entered, Mrs. Vernon following her sister very sheepishly.

It happened that the picture then being shown was so irresistibly funny that, in spite of herself, Mrs. Vernon was compelled to laugh, and her animosity decreased somewhat.

A gentlemanly usher placed them comfortably and the first number after they were seated was a series of views of foreign countries and their industries. Then followed views of the aeroplanes, after which there was an illustrated song nicely rendered by a good baritone voice, the accompanying pictures being sweet and pretty. Then came a little sketch of a lost child being rescued from the snow by a man who took it to his humble home and cared for it until discovered by the child’s father. The story was simple, good and wholesome. Others followed, some sad, some gay, but tho she had come prepared to find fault, Mrs. Vernon saw nothing to warrant upholding her earlier convictions.

There was flashed upon the canvas the announcement that on the next day the Boy’s Colony and views of Deep Sea Fishing would be shown, and Mrs. Vernon wondered if it were

wrong to deprive Walter of this harmless amusement. Would she not be harsh and unkind to withhold her consent any longer?

At the conclusion she was surprised to find that nearly two hours had elapsed since they started from home and she mentally decided that the afternoon had been an unusually pleasant one.

On their homeward walk Lottie asked her sister what the verdict was.

"Well, Lottie, I must confess that I have had an erroneous idea concerning Motion Picture shows and I want to thank you for opening my eyes to the fact. It is surely a most enjoyable way of spending a leisure hour or two. I see no reason for avoiding them and will let Walter go there tomorrow."

The next time Aunt Lottie came to visit her sister, Walter put his arms around her and whispered:

"Aunt Lottie, you're a brick!"



## After Oliver

My sense of sight is very keen,  
My sense of hearing weak.  
One time I saw a mountain pass,  
But could not hear its peak.

—*Oliver Herford.*

Why, Ollie, that you failed in this  
Is not so very queer,  
To hear its peak you should, you know,  
Have had a mountaineer.

—*Boston Transcript.*

But if I saw a mountain pass,  
My eye I'd never drop;  
I'd keep it turned upon the height,  
And see the mountain's top.

—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

I didn't see the mountain pass,  
Nor hear its peak, by George;  
But when it comes to storing stuff,  
I saw the mountain gorge!

—*Exchange.*

The mountain, peaked at this,  
Frowned dark while Ollie geyed;  
A cloud o'erspread its lofty brow,  
And then the mountain side.

—*Transcript.*

If Ollie could not hear its peak,  
Or song of any bird,  
Of lambs, or cows upon its slope,  
Be sure the mountain herd.

—*Tips and Tales.*

All winter did the mountain pine,  
And long for something new;  
So when young spring came up that way,  
What could the mountain dew.

The mountain rose, it seemed to be  
Desirous of a change,  
And soon across the valley's slope,  
I saw the mountain range."

—*Fame.*

The mountain labored thru it all,  
And then began to rage;  
An ink lined plane it did slope up,  
And turned to 'nother page.

—*Publisher and Retailer.*

If Ollie's sight is very keen,  
And sense of hearing weak,  
His only course is very plain—  
The Motion Pictures seek.



# Editorial



The objection that it is wrong to allow the young to learn of crime, and of the dark side of life, is adequately met by the answer that it is absolutely necessary to point out to the young the various pitfalls that are to be met with in life in order to teach how to avoid them. Furthermore, the Photoplays of today are far different than those of a few years ago. Very few of the tragedies of life, such as we read of every day in the newspapers, are now to be seen in the picture houses; and the few that are to be seen are generally in-offensive.



Several letters have been received by the editor in which objection is made to the large number of religious pictures now being shown at the picture houses. These objections are not well taken, and if we had any power over the picture makers, or could influence them in any way, we would be the last to advocate the theory that too much religion or morality could be put in photoplays. A large majority of the pictures now being shown are secular in character, and there is no danger that the picture makers will overdo the "play with a moral." It is very fortunate indeed that all the picture makers hold religion in such high respect, and we think there is no danger of there being too many Picture Plays in which Bible stories are told and Christian doctrines taught. There are no stories in all literature more beautiful than those contained in the Bible, and they interest all classes—the religious as well as the unreligious. We ask these complaining readers if they have ever read stories more beautiful and helpful than "Herod and the New Born King," which appeared in our March issue, "The Story of Esther," and "Thou Your Sins Be as Scarlet," which appeared in our April issue? Is it possible that any of our readers can be so depraved as not to yearn to see these stories played upon the screen? And by the way, we note with pleasure that at least one large church has agreed to reprint those stories in book form for general circulation. We doubt if these sacred themes have ever before been treated so artistically and faithfully as our writers have done them.

There is a class of people who frown upon the Motion Pictures because, as they claim, they do no good to the world. Such comments usually come from persons who have not seen a dozen photoplays in their lives, and it would be an easy matter to refute their contentions. But, let us assume that the picture plays do not accomplish any good; is it not true that they supply an endless amount of innocent amusement at remarkably low cost? Nobody will deny the economy of such a form of amusement. Furthermore, the picture play intermingles pathos with fun, wit with mirth, education with play, and sends the onlooker home with laughter on his lips, sunshine on his countenance, joy in his heart, and human sympathy in his soul.



If the Motion Pictures, taken as a whole, do not meet with the approval of the Puritanic moralists, it is because these good people do not take sufficient interest in this world-wide movement, and, by their patronage and influence, seek to improve the general tone of the pictures. Wise and brave soldiers do not desert the field because the enemy appears upon it. The thing to do is to come in and help, not to stand off and throw stones. If the Motion Pictures are not already a tremendous power for good, they can be made so. They are appealing every day to a better element, and the industry is as yet in its infancy.



Many thousands of copies of the last issue of this magazine fell into the hands of persons who knew nothing of the marvellous advances that have been made by the Picture Play makers in the last few years; and, these persons surmising from the general character of this magazine that there was, just around the corner, an undiscovered country, proceeded to discover it. The result was that just so many thousand new patrons have been added to the Moving Picture world. They came, they saw—and the Photo Plays conquered.



Let the makers of Motion Pictures beware: there is a large new class of Photoplay patrons growing every day. This class is not the kind that will be entertained by the old-fashioned Picture Plays that told only of murders, divorces, burglaries and crime. Let the present high standard be maintained!

# The Motion Picture Story Magazine

## A N N O U N C E M E N T S

The June and July issues of this magazine will contain the following Picture Stories:

**CHIVALRY**, by Edwin M. La Roche. A charming tale, from an ancient French manuscript, told in the quaint but dainty style of old. Those who have seen this in photoplay will be doubly pleased to read it in story.

**DIPLOMACY**, by Luke Sharp, the well-known humorous writer. This story sparkles with humor thruout.

**TONY THE GREASER**, by L. Case Russell, a tale from San Antonio, full of local color and action.

**ACROSS THE MEXICAN BORDER**, by Marie Coolidge Rask. An exciting story of life and love in Mexico.

**LANCELOT AND ELAINE**, by Montanye Perry. This story is told in prose in exquisite style by one of the best writers of the day, and the illustrations are superb.

**GETTING SISTER MARRIED**, by E. M. Larock, this is done in the form of a comedetta, and it will not only be useful in driving away the blues, but for amateur theatricals.

**IN THE HOT LANDS**, by Marie Coolidge Rask, an exquisite story of ranch life in Texas in which a favorite picture player gives another example of fine horsemanship.

**THE TEST OF FRIENDSHIP**, by Aurelius Heltberg, a love tale which is enacted partly in a workman's home and partly on the iron girders of a sky-scraper.

**THOMAS A BECKET**, by Luliette Bryant, beautifully illustrated and charmingly told.

**JIM SCOTT'S FORGIVENESS**, by Butler Butler, a story of the lumber camps.

**TAMING A TYRANT**, by Dorothy Harpur, being the humorous account of the doings in a sailors' boarding-house.

**FATHER'S LOVE**, by Montanye Perry, a pathetic tale of a poor violinist.

**WONDERLAND**, by Minna Irving.

**THE MOTION PICTURE FAN**, by La Touche Hancock.

**THE MOTION PICTURE IN SCIENCE**, by Dr. L. D. Broughton.

**IRISH HEART**, a poem by Lizzie Pinson.

And many other stories, poems and articles by well-known writers. The June number will also contain several stories from photoplays now being prepared for production in June and July. For obvious reasons these cannot be announced in advance.

Also, the usual features, including our Gallery of Leading Picture Players. The June issue will be a STAR number. Order now.

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You can obtain the April issue on the 20th of March, and the May issue on the 20th of April.

Announcement of prize winners will be made in our July or August issue, altho winners will be notified as soon as prizes are awarded. In case of a tie, the same prize will be given to each.

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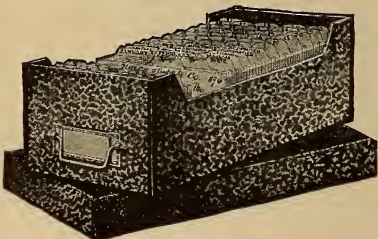
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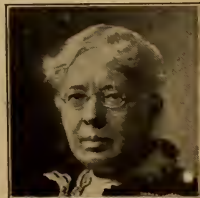
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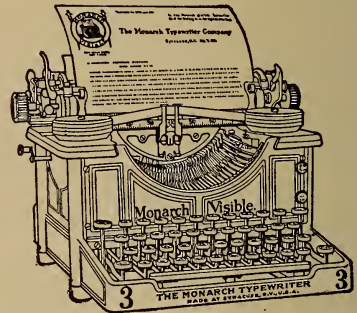
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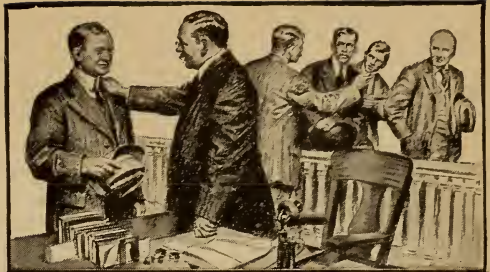
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**T**HIS is a Magazine of Illustrated Stories, taken from the notable Photoplays that have already been shown at the Picture Theaters, and those that are soon to be shown, so that he who has seen may read, and he who has read may see, the best Picture Stories of the times. Who reads the wonderful stories and admires the beautiful pictures in this magazine, *will want to see the characters MOVE*; and who has been charmed with a photoplay, will want to have it retold in story and to preserve the important scenes in permanent form. But, aside from this, no better stories, and certainly no better photos, nor as many, are to be found in any other publication.

This magazine is owned and published by The M. P. Publishing Co., a New York corporation, its office and principal place of business, No. 26 Court Street, Brooklyn, New York City, N. Y.—J. Stuart Blackton, President; D. Roy Shafer, Vice-President; Eugene V. Brewster, Secretary-Treasurer and Editor; Montanye Perry, Assistant Editor. Subscription, \$1.50 a year in advance, including postage in the United States, Cuba and Mexico; in Canada, and in other foreign countries, \$2.00. Single copies, fifteen cents, postage prepaid. Stamps accepted.

All manufacturers of Motion Pictures, here and abroad, are invited to submit Scenarios and photographs, which, if accepted, will be paid for on publication at usual rates. No stories, photographs or scenarios will be accepted unless they have already been shown in Motion Pictures, or unless they have been arranged to be shown. All contributions must be accompanied with return postage, and must be submitted at owner's risk. Retain a copy of matter submitted.

The editor cannot undertake to read and pass upon the merits of scenarios, stories and plots; these must be submitted direct to the manufacturers of Motion Pictures. This magazine has its own staff who write all stories that appear in this magazine, from scenarios submitted by and accepted from the manufacturers.

This magazine may be purchased at the news stands, at the Picture Theaters, or at publication office. The management will be pleased to be informed of any Theater manager or newsdealer who does not keep it on sale. Agents wanted everywhere.

Entered at the Brooklyn, N. Y., Post Office as second-class matter. February 21, 1911.

## THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE

26 Court Street, Brooklyn

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**THE WEDDING BELL**, by Marie Coolidge Rask; an interesting educational story showing the dangers of unsanitary dwellings.

**SANE AND INSANE**, by Luliette Bryant, an exciting story of the Fourth of July.

**THE MAGIC FILM**, by Minna Irving.

And many other stories, poems and articles by well-known writers. The July issue will contain several stories from photoplays now being prepared for production in June and July, which, for obvious reasons, cannot be announced.

In future, most of our stories will be published in advance of the release. In the July number, the winners of the prize contest will be announced, and some of the answers published.

# The Motion Picture Story Magazine

Vol. I.

June, 1911

No. 5

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## Gallery of Picture Players



Scene from "California Mission"

(KALEM)

MISS ALICE JOYCE, GEORGE MELFORD, MISS RUTH BLACKWELL AND FRANK LANNING



MISS JULIA SWAYNE  
(VITAGRAPH)

VAN DYKE BROOK  
(VITAGRAPH)





MISS ANNA J. NICHOLS  
(MELIES)

MISS EDITH L. STOREY  
(MELIES)





FRANK WEED  
(SELIG)



A Group of Famous  
 French Photoplayers  
 (GAUMONT)





JANE WOLF



(KALEM)



ETHEL EASTCOTT

(KALEM)



SIDNEY OLCOTT



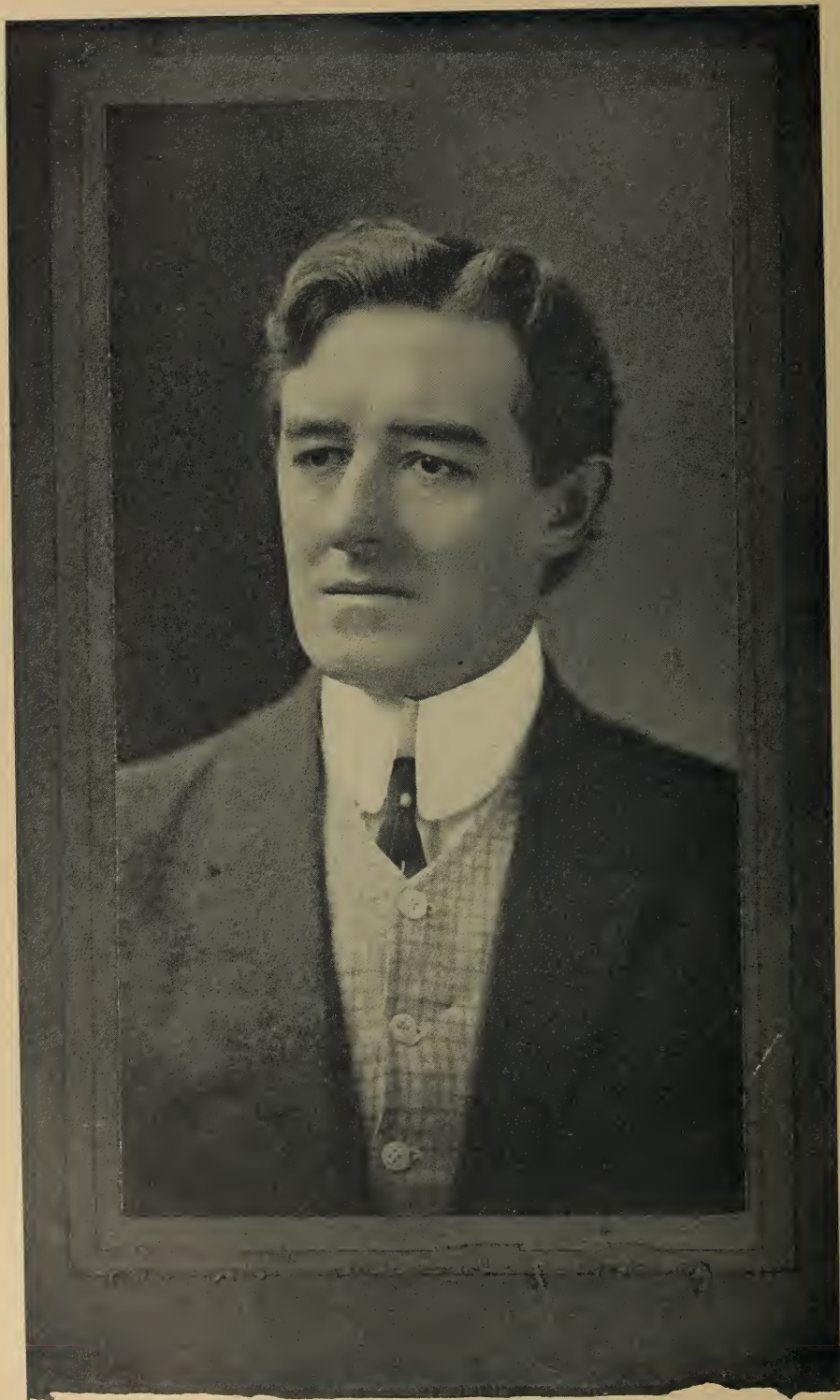
KENEAN BUEL

(KALEM)

(KALEM)



MISS VIOLET''  
(PATHE FRERES Copyrighted 1911)



MARC McDERMOTT  
(EDISON)



MISS ELEANOR CAINES

(LUBIN)



MISS OCTAVIA HANDWORTH

(PATHE FRERES. Copyrighted 1911)



## Ode to a Photoplayer

By George W. Priest

Oh! my little love is singing, sweet and low,  
In the gloaming where the shadows come and go:  
And the breezes, whispering, sighing,  
In an undertone replying;  
While the flowers are bending low, bending low.

Oh my little love is fair, wondrous fair;  
With the shining golden glory of her hair;  
And her face it is so sweet  
That the flowers at her feet  
Can but whisper as they meet, "Beyond compare."

And my little love is wise, wondrous wise;  
There's a glad and deep contentment in her eyes:  
Oh, love, may your life be sweet  
As the flowers at your feet,  
And as sunny as the cloudless summer skies!



## The True Wonderland

By Minna Irving

"I saw a man cut off his head  
And sew it on again,  
A serpent in a harem skirt,  
A duck afraid of rain,  
A woman with a tongue so long  
She wore it for a sash,  
A lobster playing on a flute,  
A starfish eating hash."

"I saw a horse with twenty heads,  
A cow with none at all,  
An oyster with a pair of wings,  
A beetle six feet tall,"  
"To see such startling wonders," cried  
His friends, "where did you go?"  
"Across the street," he said, "into  
A moving-picture show!"



THE CURSE.





# Pharaoh; or, Israel in Egypt

By Montague Perry

RAMESES-TANIS, the "Key of Egypt," rose like a city of enchantment, on the Tanitic branch of the Nile, commanding the entrance of the great fortified road to Palestine. It was the temple city of the Gods of Egypt, imposing and magnificent. The green terraces of the Fields of Zoan led upward to the great temple, before which towered twelve obelisks of polished granite, brought from far-distant Syene. Countless statues, obelisks, sphinxes, and other monuments were scattered everywhere, and from a commanding site the majestic royal palace of the Pharaohs lifted its tall towers against the sky.

There was feasting and revelry in Pharaoh's court. From the vaulted ceiling of the banqueting hall hung a thousand tulip-shaped lamps, shedding rosy, pulsing light. Garlands of roses twined the white pillars; thousands of gleaming lilies banked the walls; sounds of harp and song came softly from concealed musicians, and scores of beautiful children danced, strewing rosebuds and violets before the dark, handsome young prince, whose birth-day was honored by this feast.

The night sped by. Gray dawn was breaking over the plains, dispelling the pale light of the few lingering stars, when a strange guest appeared in the hall. Tall and stately, with flowing white hair and beard, dressed in a coarse, loose gown of woolen stuff, his stern face and steady eyes untouched by the splendors about him, he slowly advanced toward the center of the room, where Pharaoh stood, his hand resting upon the shoulder of the young prince.

The music and dancing ceased, abruptly. The crowd became hushed and anxious. They knew and feared this silent, commanding figure. It was Moses, leader of the Israelites, a proud, alien race, that for more than four hundred years had been held in bitter bondage by the Egyptians. For generations their submission had seemed complete, but now there had arisen this new leader, who demanded of Pharaoh his people's release, under penalty of fearful plagues which he invoked with the aid of a mysterious God called Jehovah. Nine times had the king refused his plea. Nine times had the threatened plague followed. Darkness, disease, pestilence and famine swept over the land, but Pharaoh stubbornly refused to give up this captive race whose labor contributed so much to his kingdom's wealth and power.

The revellers crowded together in little groups, looking and listening eagerly, but if Pharaoh was disturbed by this intruder his impassive face betrayed no feeling. Drawing his son closer to his side, he waited, calmly.

The aged Hebrew stood for a moment, gazing over the beautiful hall, with its hundreds of guests, now whispering together in dread foreboding. Then he raised his arm, pointing to the young prince, and his deep voice rang out, clearly:

"Thus saith Jehovah! Release my people, the Children of Israel! Else at midnight will I go out into the midst of Egypt, and all the first born in the land shall die, from the first born of cattle, the first born of the maidservant grinding at the mill, the first born of the captive in the dun-



THE FEAST OF THE PASSOVER.



geon, even unto the first born of Pharaoh, that sitteth upon his throne!"

The silence which followed this fearful speech was broken by a shriek from the queen, who ran forward, flinging her arms about the prince and crying piteously to Pharaoh.

"Oh, my king, heed this request. Release these children of Israel, lest our child die! Our son, our only son!"

She sank beside the child, weeping violently, and a clamor of voices arose in the hall.

"The queen is right! This man hath a fearful power. Trifle with him no more. Have we not suffered enough? Let his people depart out of our land!"

Pharaoh's proud face, which had paled at the awful threat, flamed red with anger at these outspoken demands. Should his subjects dare to question his judgment? Should his kingdom lose wealth and prestige for a gray-haired Hebrew's threat?

"Go," thundered the king, "and take heed to thyself; get thee from me, see my face no more; for in the day that thou seest my face again, thou shalt die!"

There was a long silence, while the Israelite's gleaming eyes scanned the king's angry visage; then they fell upon the sobbing mother, kneeling by the beautiful, dark-haired lad, and their gleam seemed to soften and grow regretful, melancholy; again they sought Pharaoh's defiant face, searching it eagerly, wistfully, for a trace of relenting. Then the tall form seemed to grow taller, straighter.

"Thou hast spoken well," said the sad voice, firmly; "I will see thy face no more!"

As the Israelite left the hall, the king turned to his terrified guests.

"It is a crazy, idle threat," he declared, boldly. "How, think you, should this gray-bearded slave possess power over death and life?"

"But the plagues," murmured the people, "they came to pass, even as he said."

"They were not miracles," asserted Pharaoh, contemptuously. "Have not

our own magicians apparently turned water into blood? Has not the sun's light been eclipsed before? Have we not had famine and fever and flood many times? Be not carried away by superstitious fears."

But the people were but half reassured. Many a mother, hurrying home thru the pale dawn, knelt anxiously by a child's bedside. Many a father, lying down to sleep after the night's revel, was haunted by visions of the stately, white-haired Israelite. And in the gorgeous, many-towered palace, surrounded by pomp and luxury, the queen mother dragged out the long hours in agonized weeping and terror.

At nightfall the king summoned four trusted attendants.

"Watch by the prince's bed," he commanded, "lest this crazed Israelite creep in to do him harm. Let none of you sleep nor relax your vigilance until the night is past."

\* \* \* \*

Thick darkness lay over Rameses-Tanis, wrapping temple and terrace, palace and hut, in a black, impenetrable pall. In the section of the city occupied by the captive Israelites a feast was in progress. Young lambs, killed and roasted according to specific directions given by Moses, were being eaten with solemn religious rites. Upon the door post of each Jewish house blood from these lambs had been sprinkled. Now Moses arose to address his people, who listened reverently.

"Let none of you go out of his house until the morning, for with the morning shall come to us a message from Pharaoh, saying, 'Get you out of this land; ye are a free people!'"

A great shout of joy went up, as they asked, wonderingly, yet with perfect trust in their leader, "How can this thing be?"

The face of Moses was sad, yet triumphant.

"This night," he continued, "shall Jehovah go thru the land of Egypt and smite all the firstborn, both of man and beasts. But the blood upon the door posts shall be a token to him,



THE DEATH OF THE EGYPTIAN CHILDREN.



and ye shall not be smitten. He shall pass over you and there shall no plague be upon you. And in the land which he has promised us, whither I shall lead thee, this day shall be kept for a memorial forever, and shall be called The Feast of the Passover."

Even while Moses spoke these words, there was tumult in the palace of Pharaoh. Hasty, stumbling feet ran to and fro; hoarse cries and frightened shrieks resounded; and, thru the long corridors, rang the piti-ful wailing of the queen mother—"My son, my son, my only son!"

The attendants had been faithful, not one had slept. The protection had been as perfect as mortal care could compass, but, as the bells tolled twelve, the young prince suddenly awakened, sat upright, rolled his dark eyes, struggled for a moment in mortal agony, then sank back, lifeless.

Ere the stricken king could rally his senses, a weird, awesome spectacle commenced within the palace. Into the great banqueting-hall, still unshorn of its gay decorations, trooped a ghastly mob, mothers and fathers, staggering with frenzied grief and rage, bringing their dead to lay before

their stubborn sovereign. Under the drooping, faded, garlands of roses, beneath the bending, pitying lilies, they laid them tenderly down upon the floor thick with fragrant violets, crushed by their own dancing feet but the night before.

"Let this accursed people depart," the bereft parents cried out to Pharaoh; "send them out of the land, ere we all perish!"

The crushed, humbled king obeyed. To the waiting Israelites came messengers, saying, "Go; get you out of this land; ye are a free people. Take your flocks and herds and begone, and let no more harm come upon this land."

Triumphantly the children of Israel went forth from the land of their bondage. Six hundred thousand men, with women and children, flocks and herds, marched in joyous procession thru the streets of the city, out toward the freedom of their promised land. At their head rode the gray-haired leader, calm in his hour of triumph, and in his earnest eyes was the light of one who knows both joy and woe—joy for the mothers of Israel, woe for the mothers of Egypt.



## Cowboys Getting Scarce

THE immense ranches that once dotted the western plains have given way before the march of the homesteader, but there are still big tracts owned by the ranchmen, and the cowboy has not become obsolete, tho most of the ranch owners declare that the real cowboy is getting to be a scarce article, for all of the crack riders have been snapped up by the picture makers at salaries that the cattlemen cannot possibly meet.

This would seem to dispose of the suggestion that the cowboys in the pictures are rank imitations. A roster of the western sections will show most of the Cheyenne champion riders under

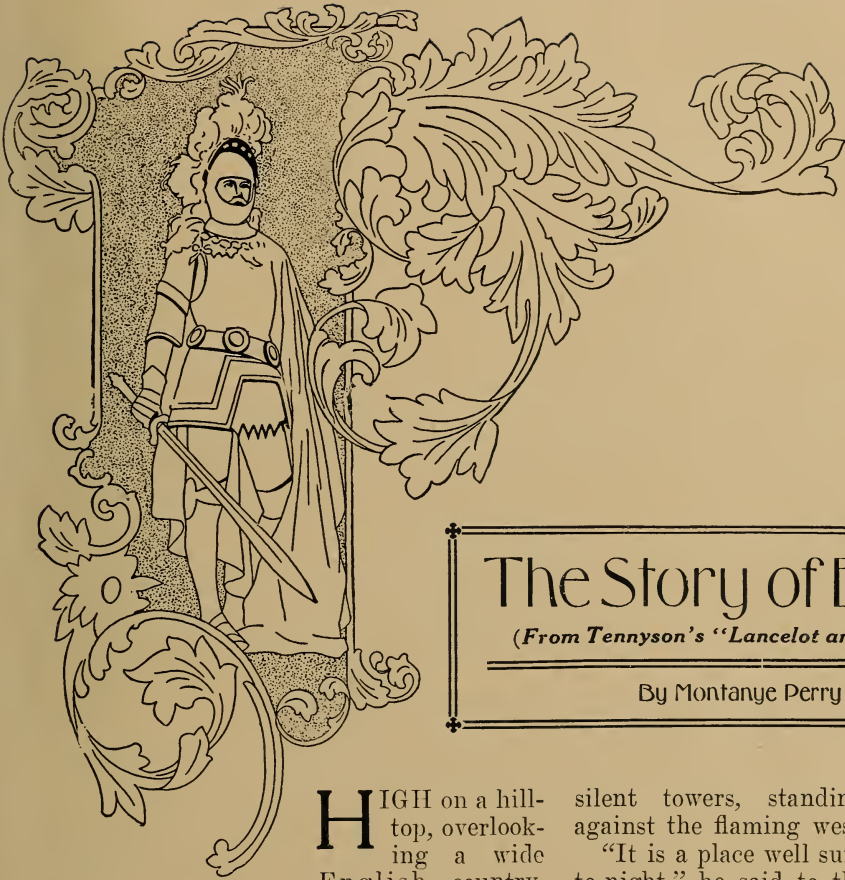
contract and, in addition, many other experts.

Some of the riders employed with the wild west organizations find work through the winter with the picture producers, but the best of them hold long time contracts and appear in the pictures the year around. It raises the ranch salaries of the ones who are left, and only the owners are disgruntled and declare that the motion pictures are sending the cattle business to ruin.

It seems odd to blame the pictures for the high cost of living but that is what one man said recently when talking of the price of beef and the funny part is that he really meant it.



SCENE FROM "THE DEATH OF ADMIRAL COLIGNY."



## The Story of Elaine

(From Tennyson's "Lancelot and Elaine")

By Montague Perry

**H**IGH on a hill-top, overlooking a wide English country, stood the castle of Astolat. The windows of its stately, ivied towers gave glimpses of rolling hillsides, fresh, green meadows, dotted with glimmering lakes, wide reaches of stately forests, and long, straight roads stretching away thru the valleys like white cathedral aisles. In the distance, the Thames was faintly visible, a silver thread binding the quiet countryside to the heart of Merrie England—the court where good King Arthur reigned, surrounded by his loyal knights of the Round Table, who were famed thruout the kingdom for their daring and chivalrous deeds.

It was late in the afternoon of a pleasant Mayday that a knight, mounted on a splendid white horse, rode, unattended, along one of the roads leading toward the castle. Drawing rein for a moment, he gazed up at the

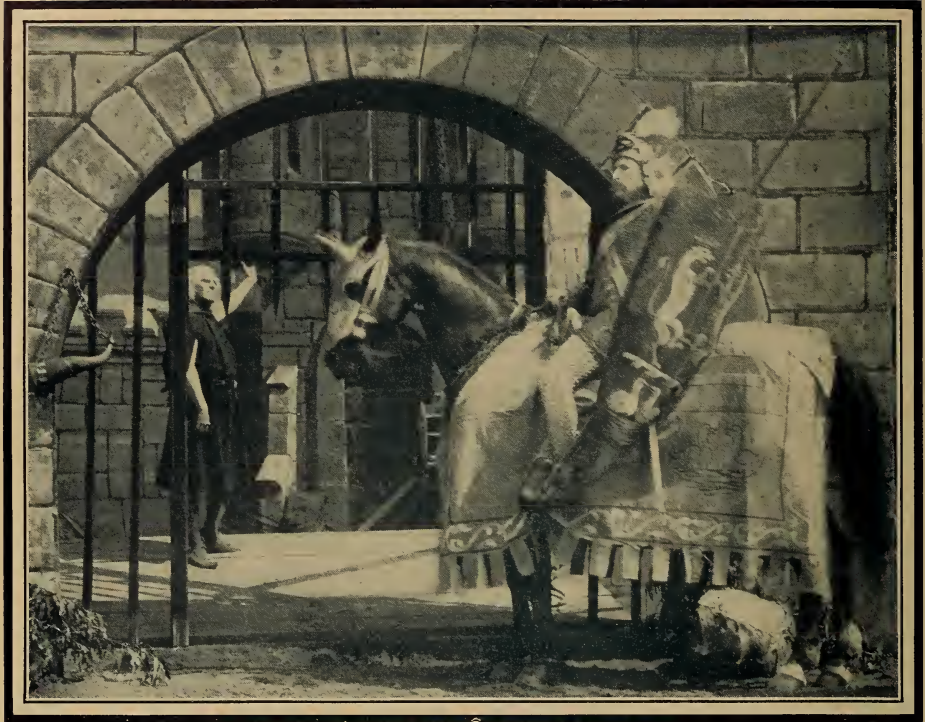
silent towers, standing out darkly against the flaming western sky.

"It is a place well suited to our need to-night," he said to the horse, which stood tossing a snowy mane, impatient at delay. "The good Lord of Astolat will give us hospitality, and there is little fear of finding other guests assembled there."

At the castle gates sat an old, dumb, myriad-wrinkled man, who looked keenly into the knight's face for a moment before blowing one clear note on a silver horn which hung from a cord about his waist.

In response to the silvery summons, the Lord of Astolat, himself, appeared. He was a gray-haired, stately man, who greeted the waiting knight with quiet dignity.

"I bid thee welcome, Sir Knight. By thy presence and trappings I might guess thee chief of those who sit in Arthur's court. I have seen the good king, but not his knights; for, tho they of the Round Table are known to



LANCELOT'S ARRIVAL AT THE GATE OF ASTOLAT.

all my neighbors, they are unknown to me. In truth, we of Astolat live apart from the world."

"I give thee greetings, noble Lord," responded Lancelot, with courteous respect. "'Tis true that I am of Arthur's hall. Because I have heard that Astolat is a quiet place, removed from gay guests and revelry, I have come, craving thy hospitality until the morn. Tomorrow will be held the great tournament at Camelot. It is the last of a series of nine jousts. To the winner of each event, the king has given a diamond. For this ninth one the prize is also a jewel, larger and more brilliant than all the rest. The first eight diamonds have I won, now I go to battle for the last one."

As the knight spoke, a youth, straight and slim, with curling hair and a pleasing countenance, came and stood by the old man's side, listening eagerly.

"Today," continued the knight, "one told me it is whispered in the court that men go down before my spear at

the least touch, conquered by my name, rather than by my skill. So would I go to the joust tomorrow as one unknown, thus to prove my skill. I have arrayed myself in armor and trappings not my own; but, I have here my shield, which all men know. I pray thee, ask not my name, but let me tarry quietly here until the morn, and lend me a shield which is blank, or, at least, with some device not mine. My own shield will I leave with you and return again after the joust for a fair exchange."

"As thy countenance is fair and open, Sir Knight," replied the Lord of Astolat, "thy request is granted. Yonder is my eldest son, Sir Torre, walking with my daughter, Elaine. Hurt was he in his first tilt, and so his shield is blank enough. But my younger son, here, Lavaine, is full of lustihood and ambition. I doubt not he craves to ride with thee to the joust."

"That shall he do," replied the knight, smiling at the youth's ardent



face; "right glad shall I be for his company over those waste downs which lie about Camelot."

The great knight, pride of King Arthur, and darling of his court, entered into the simple life of Astolat with a graceful, kindly courtesy that pleased the gray-haired lord, and plain Sir Torre; and completely captivated the ardent Lavaine, who hung upon his every word and look, rapt by all the sweet and sudden passion of youth toward greatness in its elder.

"Tell us of Arthur's glorious wars," begged Lavaine, as they sat at supper, "for you have fought and we live apart."

The knight smiled indulgently at the flushed face, and began half-carelessly to tell of the four loud battles by the shore of Douglas; the wars that thundered in the forest of Celidon; the heathen, falling by the waste sand-shores of Trath and Treroit; until, warming with his tale, he spoke eloquently of the great king, fighting away at the head of his table round,

caring naught for the mimic wars at home, but filled with the fire of God in heathen warfare.

"None ever saw his like," concluded the knight, "there lives no greater leader!"

"Save your great self, fair lord," breathed a gentle voice.

The four men turned in surprise. It was Elaine, the slim, fair daughter of the house, known as the lily maid of Astolat. Sitting unnoticed in the background, she had crept nearer and nearer, enchanted by the tales of the noble knight. Now, frightened at the words which had slipped unwittingly from her lips, she laid her head against her father's sleeve, shaking the waves of golden hair down over the blushes which dyed her pearly skin.

"Never was maiden more gentle and less bold," said the father, patting the fair head, tenderly; "yet, she loveth deeds and tales of daring. Go to your rest, child, you have heard enough for this night, it is time for thee to sleep."

But Elaine, going obediently to her



THE JOUST.



LANCELOT BEFORE THE KING.

chamber, lay wakeful for many hours, thinking of the strange knight. Motherless since her birth, living quietly at Astolat with her father and brothers, the maiden knew nothing of the great outside world. The stranger had awakened new thoughts and fancies. All night his dark, scarred face rose before her, speaking in the silence, full of noble thoughts.

Waking early, Elaine heard the knight's voice in the court below, crying, "The shield, my friend, where is it?"

"They are making ready to leave," she thought; "can I not see him once more? Surely I may go to bid Lavinne farewell."

Stealing down the tower stairs, she came upon the knight, who stood smoothing the glossy shoulder of his horse. As she drew near, he turned, looking upon her with surprise. In the dim shadows of the banquet hall he had not thought her half so beautiful. As she stood in the dewy morning light, her wistful, childish face up-

turned to his, the knight, thrice her years, felt a thrill of tenderness and placed his strong hand gently on the golden head.

Emboldened by this kindness, there suddenly flashed upon the maiden a wild desire.

"Fair lord, whose name I know not, will you wear my favor at this tournament?" asked the lily maid of Astolat, timidly.

"Nay, child," replied the knight, "never yet have I worn favor of any lady at these tilts. All those who know me know that this is true."

"Yet," urged Elaine, "since you are going in disguise, wear mine. Thus will there be lesser likelihood that any should know you."

"True," said the knight, thoughtfully; "well, I will wear it. Fetch it out to me. What is it?"

"A red sleeve, broided with pearls," she said, and she brought it with shy delight.

The knight bound it upon his helmet. "I never yet have done so

much for any maiden living," said he. "Now take my shield, fair maid, and guard it well until I return."

As they rode away, the maiden stood by the gate in silence, watching their armor sparkling in the sun, until they passed from sight. Then, slowly, she climbed the tower stairs to her own chamber, and placed the treasured shield where the morning's first rays might strike it and awake her with the gleam.

Day after day Elaine waited silently for the knight's return. Sitting at her tower window, she gazed out at the white roads stretching away thru the valleys, dreaming of a day when a knight on a white steed should come riding up one of them. Thus she dreamed, weaving sweet, vague fancies into the case which she was embroidering for the cherished shield.

Days slipped into weeks, but the white steed and its rider returned not. Elaine's cheeks paled, and her blue eyes grew deeper. Her step was listless, for

all the long days and nights were filled with the dread question, "Has the knight been slain?"

At last, as she watched, a strange knight on a black horse came riding up to the castle. Speeding down the stairs, she reached the gate as the dumb watcher blew the silver note of summons for the Lord of Astolat.

"What news from Camelot, Sir Knight!" she cried, eagerness conquering her usual shyness. "What of the knight with the red sleeve?"

"He won," returned the stranger, "but parted from the joust, sore wounded in the side, and we know not where to find him. The king hath sent me forth, with the jewel, in search of him."

"He will return here," said the Lord of Astolat. "We know not his name, but his shield is here, and my son rode with him. Bide with us here until they come."

"If ye will it; but let me see the shield," said the stranger. "For our



SIR GAWAIN IS SENT IN QUEST OF LANCELOT.



LANCELOT IN THE CAVE.

king hath strong feeling that this knight was our great Lancelot in disguise, and is much concerned lest he be even now lying, somewhere, wounded and dying."

With ashen face, the maiden crept, trembling, up the stairs and uncovered the shield before the stranger.

"Right was King Arthur!" exclaimed the knight. "It is our Lancelot. Now, damsel, since I judge by your pale face it was your favor worn by our brave knight who ne'er wore favor before, let me leave my quest with you, and carry my news to the king. Keep this diamond till Lancelot comes; he will esteem it more highly from thy hand. Fear not; if he were dead, your brother would have returned ere this, for we noted that the lad who rode with him was unharmed."

As the black horse galloped away, Elaine turned to her father a face so white and stricken that he drew her tenderly into his arms.

"My lily maid," he assured, "he said thy brother was unhurt. Grievest thou so for a stranger?"

"Father," whispered the maiden, softly, "you have called me willful

always, and the fault is yours for letting me have my will. Now grant me this, I beg. Let my brother Torre go with me towards Camelot, that I may seek Lavaine and this knight, and give the jewel into the hand that won it."

"Nay, it is not seemly, my daughter, that ye go to seek this knight," the father demurred.

"It is seemly that a brother take me to find a brother," returned Elaine. "And, thou knowest that gentle-born maidens are bound in custom to be sweet and serviceable to noble knights in sickness, if these have worn their tokens."

"Aye," assented the father; "'tis true, 'tis true, that is the custom. But thou art so young! Still, I will let thee have thy way. Sad, indeed, would it be for the great Sir Lancelot to die for lack of tender care."

So, with Sir Torre to guard her, the maiden rode away, thru long country roads, dark with gigantic oaks and elms; past smooth, moist meadows, cushioned with soft turf; over the long backs of the bushless downs which lie about Camelot; till they drew near



THE MAIDEN KNELT BY THE RUDE COUCH.



"HE HAS TAKEN MY FAVOR FROM HIS HELMET, BUT MY HEART HANGS THERE INSTEAD!" SHE CRIED, AND THEN FELL IN A SWOON.

to the city gates, and there came upon their brother Lavaine, gathering herbs, at the edge of a poplar grove.

"My sister!" cried the youth, gladly; "how came you here? And you, Sir Torre?"

"I brought her, by our father's command, to seek you," said Sir Torre, "now thou art found, she is in thy care, and I go to visit my kin in Camelot."

"Our good Sir Lancelot," said

Elaine, quickly, as Torre rode away, "how fares he, my brother, how fares he?"

"How knew ye my lord's name was Lancelot?" exclaimed Lavaine.

As Elaine told her story, Lavaine led her across the grove to a cave, where, upon a wolf's skin, unsleek, unshorn and gaunt, a skeleton of himself, Lancelot lay in a feverish sleep.

At Elaine's tender, dolorous cry, the

knight opened his eyes and looked at her wonderingly.

"Am I in a dream, or is it, indeed, the lily maid?" he asked, faintly.

The maiden knelt by the rude couch and told him gently of the king's messenger, the diamond left in her care, and her search for him. Then, as she placed the jewel in his hand, Lancelot kist her, as one kisses a child who has done the task assigned; and, turning wearily, he fell into a sleep. Long the maiden sat, watching him with glowing eyes.

"He kist me," she murmured, "he kist me; and my favor still streams from his casque there upon the wall, as if he would wear it again."

Faithfully the maiden and her brother ministered to the knight, attending him with all the strength of their pure, young souls; and he, recovering slowly, treated both with such sweet and gracious courtesy, in gratitude for their tender care, that the maiden's heart grew ever fonder.

At last, when Sir Lancelot's fearful hurt was healed, the three rode back to Astolat.

"Tomorrow I return to Arthur's Court," said the knight, next day, when all were assembled.

"Now speak to me the wish most near thy heart," he continued, turning to Elaine, "that I may, in some degree, repay thy great kindness ere I leave this castle."

Like a ghost, the maiden lifted her face, but without power to speak, and Lancelot saw that she withheld some wish.

At evening, he found her in the garden. "Sweet sister, tell thy wish, whatever it be. In the morning I go, and I fain would grant thy wish before I leave."

"Going?" cried Elaine, as one dazed. "Going? And I shall never see thee more? Never to see thee, never to hear thy voice! Must I lose thee now for want of one bold word? I have gone mad—I love thee!"

"Nay, child!" exclaimed the startled knight; "you know not what you say. It is not possible."

"Alas!" cried the innocent maiden,

extending her white arms, "I love you. I would be your wife."

"Harken, Elaine," commanded Lancelot, gently; "had I chosen to wed, it had been earlier in my life. This is not love you feel for me, but love's first flush in youth. Sometime, when one cometh fitted to thy age, thou wilt smile at this fancied passion for one thrice thy years. Then will I, especially if he be poor, endow him with lands and gold for thy marriage, for truly, like a brother I love thee, lily maid."

Elaine dropped upon the grassy sod. "Alas, alas, all my good days are done!" she moaned.

Grieved and disturbed, the knight sought the Lord of Astolat.

"I have seen my daughter's trouble," said the aged lord, "nevertheless, I blame not thee, Sir Lancelot; for I know, and her brother testifies, that thou hast treated her only with courtesy and respect. But this blow, I fear me, will strike my blossom dead. I pray thee, use some rough discourtesy toward her to blunt her passion."

"That were against me," replied Lancelot, "but what I can, I will do."

Early in the morning, Elaine, lying wide-eyed and staring upon her narrow bed, heard a tap at the door. It was Lavaine, sent for Lancelot's shield.

Meekly the maiden rose, and, stripping away the case into which she had stitched so many tender fancies, gave the shield silently into her brother's hands. Then, going to the window, she flung the casement wide and stood looking down upon the white horse. She saw the helmet, but her favor was no longer upon it. Mutely she watched, as Lancelot received the shield from Lavaine's hands. Still she watched until she saw him mounted, and even until he rode away. No upward glance did he give, and no farewell did he wave for her. It was the one discourtesy he could use. Elaine knew it, knew that it was done with kind intent, and loved him but the more for it.

As the white steed disappeared in the distance, her father came to her

with words of tender comfort, but she only turned away.

"He has taken my favor from his helmet, but my heart hangs there instead!" she cried, and then fell at his feet in a swoon.

Never again did the lily maid rise from her white cot. Vainly the anxious father and brothers strove to cheer her, or coax her back to her simple pleasures again. "Leave me alone, dear ones," she would say, with a smile, and so they would leave her. But, when she was alone, Lancelot's face would come out of the silence, smiling at her; and death, approaching thru the distance, called to her like one whose voice she loved and welcomed.

One morning, just as the dawn broke, the maiden called faintly for her father and brothers. They came, hurrying, and stood about her cot. Elaine sat upright among the pillows,

all her bright hair streaming down, her great eyes, glowing with unearthly light, gazing into their startled faces. At last she spoke.

"Do you remember when I was a little maid!" she said, "and you would take me with you up the shining river in a boat? I always cried, and begged that you would not turn back, but take me on, far up the flood, until we found the palace of the king. Now my last hour has come, dear hearts. Hear my request, and deny me not, my father and my brothers, who, all my young life, have given me my will. I would go, at last, far up the shining river, to the palace of the king."

"She is light-headed," sobbed the father, "how could she, being sick, go on the river?"

"Nay, father," said the maiden steadily, "deny me not. My time has come, dear father. Folded in my hand, lies a letter I have writ. When



THE BARGE AT THE PALACE WATER GATE.



THE PROCESSION TO THE SHRINE.



LANCELOT GRIEVES AT ELAINE'S BIER.



I am dead, I pray thee, close my eyes and bind my hair, and place rich robes upon me, and my jewels. Deck my bed like a queen's, and bear me to the river. There let a barge stand ready, draped with black, and let our old, dumb gateman steer the barge, far up the shining waters to the king's palace. Let none go with me but this dumb man, for there will I enter in among them and speak for myself with my letter. Then the king and queen will pity me; and Lancelot, who went so coldly and bade me no farewell, will weep for me. And then, after my long weariness, I shall rest."

"Deny her nothing," whispered Sir Torre, "it may be, the promise given, she will revive again, and leave us not."

But, as the father gave the promise, the fair maiden, with one radiant smile, lay lifeless, the letter closely clasped in the snowy hand.

There was gayety and feasting in Arthur's court. In the gardens outside the palace, noble lords and ladies strolled, enjoying the summer air. The queen, herself, walked with Lancelot along a marble path by the river's edge. The king, near by, held converse with his knights.

Suddenly, in the clear moonlight which sparkled on the gently-flowing river, a barge appeared, drifting toward the shore. So dark and sinister did this strange craft seem, looming so silently out of the shadows beyond, that a sudden hush fell over the company as they advanced to the water's edge. Slowly the boat floated in, and lay before their wondering eyes.

It was a low, slender barge, draped all in deepest black. In it, upon a silken-covered cot, lay a still form in snowy robes, bordered with golden fringes. Jewels gleamed about the

slender throat. Great waves of silken hair streamed over the cot, shining in the moonlight like pure gold. One hand held a lily, no whiter than the fair face above it; the other clasped a letter. In the stern, crouched a wrinkled, voiceless, man.

It was the king, himself, who knelt, reverently; and, unclasping the letter from the fair hand, broke the seal.

Most noble lord, Sir Lancelot of the Lake, I, sometimes called the maid of Astolat,—  
Come (for you left me, taking no farewell)

Hither, to take my last farewell of you.  
I loved you, and my love had no return;  
And therefore, my true love has been my death.

Pray for my soul and yield me burial,  
As thou art a peerless knight.

In the silence that followed, every eye was upon Lancelot. Tears were standing on his bronzed cheeks.

"My noble king and queen, good knights and ladies," said Lancelot, solemnly; "for this gentle maiden's death I am indeed most sorrowful. She was good and true, but loved me with a love which, alas, I could not return. I swear by truth and knight-hood that I gave no cause for such love, and to this her kinsmen will testify. At her father's request, I left her, with no farewell. Now comes she here, poor, lovely maiden, to bid farewell to me."

"I believe thee, my knight," answered the king, "but for this gentle maiden's bitter grief, let us see that she be buried most worshipfully."

So, at last, in the stately palace, surrounded by noble, pitying knights and weeping ladies, with mass and rolling music, like a queen would have, with the king's own touch upon her bright hair and Lancelot's kiss upon her pure brow, Elaine, the lily maid of Astolat, was laid at rest.





GORGE OF ARDECHE



CORSICA



A GORGE OF THE TARN



COAST OF MONACO



BOATS BEING TOWED FROM THE BLUE GROTTO OF CAPRI, ITALY.



GROTTO OF LAMOROUX

FOREIGN SCENES from PHOTOPLAYS

# The Evolution of the Shrimp

By Marie Coolige Rask

Tho the Shrimp is neither bird nor beast,  
He's th' favored guest at many a feast;  
You can see him now in city and town  
For films and 'Frisco both give him renown.

ABOUT 200,000 pounds of shrimps are sold annually in San Francisco and practically all of the work connected with their preparation for market is done by Chinese. It is authentically stated that the annual exports of shrimp meats from San Francisco to China and the Sandwich Islands alone, are valued at about \$100,000.

The process by which shrimps are caught and brought to their final state of perfection for the festal board is sufficiently intricate to rivet the attention of the ultimate consumer. It is even possible he may eventually discover that he no longer has any appetite for the succulent morsel—but that is not the fault of the shrimp. He is the same, the world over, and just as interesting in England, where a horse walks up and down thru shallow water dragging a net behind him, as on the Pacific Coast where the meats are loosened from the outer covering by the stamping of Oriental feet, snugly encased in wooden shoes, or crushed under large, wooden pestles. Before this interesting operation the shrimps have been first subjected to a dip into boiling brine and then spread out to dry for four or five days upon platforms or level plats of smooth, bare ground. Here they are raked and turned, again and again, much as the old-fashioned farmer's wife used to turn apples that were drying, all spread out on the roof of the "back kitchen."

When thoroly dried and equally well pounded, the actual separation of the meats from the shells is accomplished by pouring the whole mixture into a fanning mill. From the mills the laborers rush, bearing huge baskets of meats to be delivered to the packers and shippers. In spite of the unsavory sound of the description, there is far more cleanliness observed than one would imagine and the little, pink morsel that graces the salad bowl of the epicure's table bears small resemblance to the grayish-green creature dished up in the nets a week previous.

Not all of the shrimps taken in each day's catch travel the same route. Many hundreds of pounds have been previously ordered and are sold direct to private individuals. The treatment, however, minus the actual treading of the wooden shoes, must in all cases be practically the same. As a general thing, the larger the output, the more extensive the industry and the more modern the implements and facilities, the greater care and cleanliness can be observed.

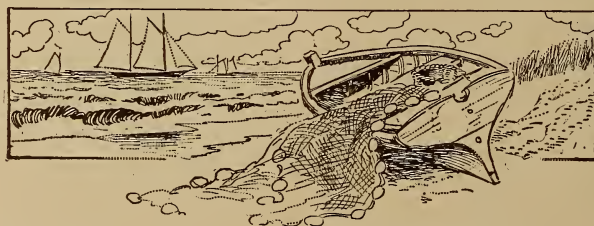
There is no question that improper care of shrimps often results in the spread of infection but this is seldom the case in America. In the Philippines, isolated cases of cholera have frequently been traced to infected shrimps. Even there, however, modern ideas and education are beginning to have effect, and the shrimp, as well as the individual, benefits thereby.



LANDING SHRIMPS AT THE WHARF.

The realism of the pictures of the shrimp industry which have recently been so widely circulated has attracted to the little creature more attention than he has ever received in his life

or the life of his forefathers. He has awakened from his long seclusion to find himself famous and going down to posterity on a reel of film that makes the life of the shrimp immortal.



#### THE MODERN THREAT.

In olden times when little boys  
 And little girls were bad,  
 "Just wait till night," their mothers  
 said,  
 "And I will tell your dad,  
 And if you are not good, and learn  
 Your lessons every day,  
 Goblins and giant men will come  
 And carry you away."

But now if Tommy picks a row  
 And fights with Billy Brown,  
 Or Emma meddles with the jam,  
 Or tears her Sunday gown,  
 This is the awful threat that fills  
 Their childish hearts with woe—  
 "Behave, or you shan't go to see  
 The moving-picture show."

MINNA IRVING.

# His Mother's Scarf

By Olive Harper

THERE was an air of expectancy on the alert faces of the two brothers as they busied themselves about the cabin, putting things to rights.

It was a snug little cabin home. Their own hands had built it, and to their eyes it looked perfect, with its two roomy bunks, neat cupboards for dishes, and a broad, open fireplace. They loved it all, as we learn to love the work of our own hands.

These brothers, Jack and Jim Sands, had come to the West, seeking a fortune which they might share with their beloved mother, who was waiting, patiently, back in the East. Fatherless from their infancy, their whole natures went out in love and gratitude to the frail little woman, who had fought against adversity as only mothers can fight to rear their children. Every night, by the open fire, they talked of her, recalling her hard work, her cheerful courage, her struggle to keep them in school, and her never-failing love and confidence in them.

"We've got to make good, Jim," Jack, the elder, would say, his square chin and steady gray eyes showing firm determination; "when we can build another room onto this shack, and see mother sitting here with this fire-light shining on her hair there wont be a thing in the world left to wish for."

It was slow but fascinating business, picking the yellow flakes of gold out of the quartz, as they pried it from the ledge. Their claim was promising, but, having no money to develop it, they were obliged to be content for the time in the gathering of such bits as they could work out of the veins.

Today was mail day, which accounted for the expectant air. The weekly visit of the carrier never failed to bring something from the devoted mother, and his coming was awaited with eager impatience.

"I hear him, Jim," said Jack, suddenly dropping his dishcloth.

Springing to the door they directed their anxious gaze down the valley, whence the sound of horse's hoof beats could be heard in the easy lope of the Western pony.

Jim shaded his blue eyes with his hand and stood looking at the mail carrier, riding up the long sweep of valley, with its scrubby bushes covered with that strange white dust which comes from nowhere, yet falls eternally, making the herbage shine in the sunlight, as tho covered with snow.

"How good it is that she never disappoints us," he said, smiling in happy anticipation, as the carrier came near.

"Hullo boys," shouted Uncle Sam's servant, with the hearty manner of those who live far from men and close to nature, "I've got a letter and a neat



A PACKAGE FROM THEIR MOTHER.

little bundle for you. How's things? Made your strike yet?"

"Not yet, but we will some day. We make the rifle as it is, but that's about all."

"Well, never say die. You've got the right idea. Stick to it, and you'll come out all right. So long, I've got to go clean up to the Buggin-ses yet. Here's luck."

"Same to you," replied Jack, holding in his hands a soft package tied with many strings and looking dreamily at his mother's well known writing. He could not have told what the strange sensation was which he felt tugging and clutching at his heart, as he held the package in his hand. It seemed to him to pulsate under his grasp, and he handed it to Jim, with a choking sensation.

"You open it," he said, his voice shaking. The package was opened to disclose two scarfs which had been laboriously knitted by the tireless hands of their mother. They were delicate, fragile things for that wild country, where nothing woven by human hands seemed strong or dark enough for the terrible strains put upon them by the exigencies of mining life. Both boys smiled tenderly while their eyes were dim.

"Poor mother," said Jim, tenderly, "we will wear them Sundays."

They stood silent for a moment, their minds flooded with tender memories, then Jim picked up the letter.

"Open the letter, Jack; it's addressed to you. It's a woman's writing, who can it be? Maybe someone addressed it for mother."

Again that awful dread clutched at Jack's heart as he slowly opened the envelope. Then with his face growing whiter and whiter until it was like marble, he read, in a voice from which everything but the most poignant anguish had fled.

DEAR COUSINS JACK AND JIM:

This is to inform you that your mother passed away day before yesterday. She had not been sick an hour. She worked just as usual. She finished the scarves, wrapped and addressed them and I took them to the office. When I returned I thought she was asleep in her

chair, but we found she was dead. Today she was laid in the family plot. The doctor said she was just like an old clock, had just worn out and the machinery stopped. She did not suffer. The last words she said were, "The dear boys, I want them to have these scarves on the first anniversary of their departure."

I will close with sympathy and best wishes for you.

Your cousin,

MARY.

For an instant the brothers looked at each other in speechless, uncomprehending grief. Then Jim sank sobbing into the chair, pressing the soft scarf to his lips, while tears rolled unheeded upon it.

Jack drew away and pressed his bronzed face against the chimney shelf, while deep, tearless sobs shook his powerful frame. Neither spoke,



THE NEWS OF MOTHER'S DEATH.

each bearing his own burden and striving, as men will, to stifle all outward show.

Suddenly several gunshots sounded out sharply in the stillness of the mountains, bringing them back to the present with a shock.

Both sprang for the door. Experience told them that these shots were neither gun play, nor shots fired for help. These were volleys, as the several persons had fired without reply or defense. Thoughts of a band of Apache renegades, escaped from the reservation, flashed thru their minds, and with one impulse they sprang for their rifles.

Jack had stood in front of the fireplace, with the precious gift from the



THEY CREPT ALONG THE HILLSIDE.

dead mother in his nerveless hands, when the shots had been heard, and the scarf slipped downward towards the fire which was burning on the hearth. In an instant, a tiny flame began to wind up its folds, and before Jack was aware of it the whole was blazing. At this instant there was another fusilade, and throwing the blazing remnants of his cherished gift down upon the back log with a cry of distress, Jack ran from the house.

Creeping along the hillside, under such shelter as was afforded by the sparse growth of chapparel and high lupin bushes, their sharp eyes followed the trail thru the valley towards the one place where there were any trees—a watercourse lined with buttonwoods.

Smoke from the gunpowder floated lazily on the still air and located the place where the action was. There they saw a white covered wagon, with many dark forms about it. As they watched, the horses were unhitched, and hastily loaded with the contents



AFTER THE MASSACRE.

of the wagon, and the dark forms, with a series of blood-curdling cries, quickly disappeared behind a spur of the great mountain.

"Indians, sure enough," said Jack, "we must go down!"

"A massacre!" shuddered Jim.

As they drew near, the scene that met their eyes was so horrible that they set silently to work, too shocked and sickened for speech. From beneath the wagon they drew the body of a man. Near by lay a woman's lifeless form; and a few yards further on, two fine boys, evidently brothers, lay side by side. Reverently they composed the still forms, folding the hands upon their breasts.

"This is terrible," groaned Jim, at last, "a whole family wiped out!"

As Jim spoke, his brother lifted his



THE SOLE SURVIVOR.

eyes and caught a flutter of something white, something that moved among the trees and bushes.

"There is something alive over there," he cried, "come on!"

Not a hundred yards away, they found, crouching by a great tree, a beautiful young girl, with disordered hair and wildly-staring eyes. She appeared to be talking rapidly, but no sound came from her drawn, pallid lips. They advanced gently, but she sprang to her feet in a panic of fear.

"Don't be afraid Miss, we are here to save you," said Jack, looking down into her frightened eyes with a pity so deep that she felt its sincerity and grew calmer.

"My mother—my father—my bro-



THE BROTHERS OFFER TO TAKE HER TO THEIR HOME.

thers—where are they? Oh, are they dead, all, all?"

"Yes, all," replied Jack, hoarsely, "unless you had more than two brothers."

"No," she wailed, "only two. Oh, mother, mother!"

Her bitter cry found an echo in the bereaved hearts of the two men, who battled silently with their own emotions.

At that moment the mail carrier rode down the trail. He listened to the tale and rode off, furiously, to give the alarm.

"Come," said Jack, to the orphaned girl, "my brother and I will take you to our home."

"Let me see them first," she begged, piteously; "let me kiss them only once." But no consideration on earth would have induced them to allow her to see those mutilated bodies, for the depredators were renegade Apaches, who always take the scalps of their victims.

When the last sad rites were over and the bodies of the four victims were at rest in graves on the mountainside, the girl, Margaret, slipped naturally into a sister's place in the cabin home. Jim became her very shadow; Jack watched over her with brooding tenderness; the miners from the hills about treated her with the chivalrous respect which obtains in these wild places, bringing her wild flowers, game and pretty bits of quartz, streaked with gold.

Life settled into a quiet and pleasant groove, and Margaret was the very light of the little home. By tacit consent the brothers withheld from her the knowledge of their own grief, and, with the elasticity of youth, she slowly regained her health and spirits and insisted upon being the "house-keeper."

The three young people, thus strangely brought together, became fast friends, and even more than that. Without realizing it, or even dreaming that such a thing could be, both brothers loved this girl, not as a sister, but as a man loves the one woman whom he wants for his wife.

One day when Jack had gone hunting, Margaret, busy at work about the little home, wished for a cover to hide the rough table top.

"Jim," she asked, "may I have that knitted scarf, to throw over the table? You never wear it."

Jim glanced at the precious scarf, hanging above the fireplace, left untouched since the sad day of its arrival. Tears welled to his eyes, as he answered her, gently:

"Margaret, my mother knitted that for me, and one for Jack. She sent them to us the very day she died. Jack's was burned, accidentally, the day



THEY FORGET ALL THEIR SORROW IN THIS NEW JOY.



we got them, and this one is a sacred thing to both of us."

"O, Jim, I am so sorry," cried Margaret, penitently, "I did not know."

Full of loving sympathy, the girl went to Jim's side, placing her hands upon his shoulders. Their eyes met, and, in an instant, without either of them knowing how it happened, Jim held Margaret close to his breast, kissing the red lips, forgetful of all sorrow in this new joy.

Poor Jack, coming down the mountain with his bag of game, whistled happily.

"I am sure Margaret loves me," he thought, "the mine is beginning to pay now. We can build a new house, and of course Jim will always live with us, for Margaret loves him already like a brother."

But, as he passed the window on his way into the house, these bright plans were interrupted by a sight which sent

all the blood to his brain in a fierce torrent. Jim stood before the fireplace, holding Margaret closely in his arms, kissing her willing lips!

It was then that Jack fully realized how much he loved Margaret—and his brother was holding her to his breast! The primal law grew dominant in his heart as he gazed. Cain could not have hated Abel more. All his life Jack had given his best to Jim, and now the boy had taken his heart's love. Insane with jealous rage, he dropped his game, stood his gun against the wall, and took out his revolver. Holding it in his hand, he waited for Margaret to move, sighting along the shining barrel. Suddenly, his eye caught the knitted scarf, his mother's last work, fluttering from a nail just above Jim's head. It was as tho the finger of God had been lifted to prevent such a fearful crime. Mechanically, he replaced the revolver in its position, took up his



JACK'S BRAVE FACE BETRAYED NOTHING OF THE TUMULT IN HIS HEART.



JACK SEES HIS BROTHER HOLDING  
MARGARET TO HIS BREAST.

game and gun, and went into the cabin, his face pale, but composed.

"Jack, Jack!" shouted Jim, joyously, "I am so glad you have come! Margaret will be my wife; she loves me, brother, and I love her, but we didn't know it until today. Give us joy, Jack."

For a moment Jack could not speak, then he looked into Margaret's eyes, full of happy love, and spoke steadily.

"I am very glad and thankful for this, Jim," he said, his grave face betraying nothing of the tumult in his heart. "I have been wishing to go East for a time, to get Mother's few possessions, and try to interest some capitalists in our mine. Now everything is all right. You and Margaret can be married at once, then I can go, and stay as long as business may require."

A week later, Jim and Margaret stood before the fireplace, their eyes filled with tears as they said good-bye to Jack.

"You will be back in a few weeks," said Jim, bravely, "and we shall count the days till you return."

Jack said nothing. Knowing that he should never return, he could not trust himself to speak. His preparations finished, he bent over Margaret.

"Goodbye, little sister," he said, softly, "don't forget your big brother, entirely."

He hesitated a moment, then turned to Jim. "May I have the scarf?" he asked, anxiously, "I know you prize it, but mine was burned when Margaret came, and you have Margaret, you know."

Jim gave him the treasure willingly, little realizing that to Jack the scarf recalled not only the memory of their dear mother, but his deliverance from a terrible temptation. Then, with his old pipe held unlighted between his



WITH THE PRECIOUS SCARF, JACK  
STRODE OFF DOWN THE TRAIL.

teeth, Jack strode off down the trail, turning at the bend for a last look at Jim and Margaret, hand in hand, waving a loving farewell.



# "The Golden Mile"

(FATHER LOVE)

By Hector Ames

THE music store of Stacey & Co. had only two occupants. A shabbily dressed man, frail, and trembling with the cold, leaned against the counter, looking anxiously at a dapper, supercilious clerk, who was glancing over some pages of manuscript music.

"I'll show this to Mr. Stacey, if you care to leave it," said the clerk, indifferently, "but don't put any hopes on it. Why don't you write a Coon song? Ballads like this don't take so well."

"I'm afraid I should not be successful in that line," replied the composer, with a faint smile, "but I'd like to leave the music and call tomorrow."

As the musician turned away, with a dissatisfied face, the door opened, letting in a blast of chill December air, a flurry of snowflakes and a young girl, whose rosy face and wind-tossed curls made a charming picture under her great white beaver hat.

Seeing at a glance that one of the musician's arms hung limply by his side, the girl held the heavy door ajar. As he thanked her, her dark eyes met his pityingly, and the man's white face flushed. He paused an instant, looking eagerly at the sweet young face, as if to speak; then checking himself, went slowly out.

The girl's face was troubled as she turned to the music clerk, who was now all smiles and deferential attention. He knew the girl to be Marion Hayes, grand-daughter of the millionaire.

"Who is that man?" she asked abruptly.

"He is a broken-down musician, who often comes here trying to sell his

songs. But they are all of the sad, sentimental type, and we can't use them."

"I am so sorry for him," said the girl, "he looked so frail and feeble. May I see the song he left?"

"Certainly, Miss Hayes," replied the obliging clerk; "perhaps Mr. Stacey will give the old fellow something for it, since he is in want."

The keen clerk was making mental notes. If this wealthy little heiress was interested in the crippled musician, it might be well for the firm to buy one of his songs.

"I like the words," said the girl, humming the music lightly, "and the violin obligato fits them perfectly. I should like to sing this song tomorrow night."

"Brunner would be delighted," replied the clerk, "but he is crippled and can't play much now. Haven't you ever heard of him? He has quite a romantic history."

"No, I don't think I have ever heard of Mr. Brunner before. Has he always lived in this city?"

"Yes; about twenty years ago, he was playing in some rich man's home one night—I have forgotten the name—and the daughter fell in love with him. He began to give her music lessons, and soon they were engaged. They concealed it from her father as long as they could, but they at last decided to get her father's consent to their marriage. But, as was to be expected, when young Brunner asked the millionaire for his daughter's hand, he was ordered out of the house."

"What a shame!" interrupted Marion.

"Oh, I don't know," said the clerk,



THE YOUNG VIOLINIST MAKES HIS DEBUT AT THE HAYES MANSION.

"he was beneath their station. Well, young Brunner went, but the girl soon followed him to his studio and then they were married. She had left a note in her father's library, telling him that she had gone to the man she loved, and this made her father furious. He denounced young Brunner, refused to receive them in his home, and disinherited his daughter."

"What a cruel man!" exclaimed Marion.

"A year after that," continued the clerk, "a little daughter was born to them, and they were getting on nicely when young Brunner was stricken with paralysis in his left arm, so that he could not play the violin. Soon they were poverty stricken, and the time came when they were so poor that

they could not even buy milk for the little child. Then the young woman died and Brunner was left with the babe on his hands. He got along the best he could for some time, and then, fearing that the child would starve, he put it in a basket and left it on his father-in-law's door-steps. I believe the father-in-law adopted the infant, but that is as much as I know of the story, and nobody seems to know what became of the child thereafter."

"What a pathetic tale," exclaimed Marion Hayes, her eyes moist with tears. "What is his address? I think I shall go to see him. Perhaps he can help me with this music."

The clerk gave the girl the violinist's address, and in a moment she was gone.



MISS HAYES ENGAGES THE YOUNG MUSICIAN.

Frederick Brunner, the crippled musician, sat in his poor studio gazing with despairing eyes at a portrait, which he held tenderly.

"Oh, my wife, my Marion," he sobbed, "it is well that you did not live to share my poverty and ruin. Something seems to bring you very near to me to-day. Perhaps it is just as well, dear, that you are gone. Poverty, regret and sorrow must be my only solace. Alas! my Golden Mile is past!"

A light tap at the door interrupted the musician, and the young girl whom he had lately seen in the music store stood in the doorway.

"Pardon me," she said with sweet courtesy; "I saw your song 'My Golden Mile' at Stacey's, and I have come to see if I can arrange to sing it tomorrow night. I am having a little musicale at my home."

Tremblingly the musician admitted her to the shabby studio. As they talked, she noticed his increasing agitation and tried to put him at ease.

"I am sure the song will be a success," she said reassuringly, "the words are so sweet and appealing. I am

longing to try it with the violin obligato."

"I can still play a little for my own amusement," said Brunner hesitatingly. "I have contrived a rest that holds the violin in place and I can use my fingers. See, by resting my bad arm, so, on this stand, I can manage. If you care to sing it for me, it will give me great pleasure."

"I should love to," said the girl, eagerly.

Her voice rang sweetly thru the dingy studio. It was a wonderful voice, clear, full and resonant, with all the charm of youth, hope and dawning womanhood.

The road has been a long one, a weary, toilsome way,  
Stretching afar in the distance, somber  
and cold and gray;  
Shrouded with mist and shadow, as I  
turn to gaze awhile  
On the way I have come, till sudden,  
shines out one golden mile.

The violin sobbed the refrain, softly. The girl, catching the spirit of the music, sang the next stanza with yearning sweetness.

Ah, that one gay spot in the distance, far  
back on a sunny slope,  
The path was bright with promise and  
life was glad with hope;  
The sun shone out upon me, I thought it  
would always last,  
But again the shadows gathered, my  
golden mile was past!



THE VIRTUOSO IS ORDERED FROM THE HOUSE.



BRUNNER TAKES HIS STARVING,  
MOTHERLESS BABE  
TO ITS GRANDFATHER'S DOOR.

Again the violin sobbed its low refrain. The girl's face was uplifted, her eyes glowing with a feeling but half understood. She did not see the man's form tremble, and his face grow whiter and whiter, as she sang the last stanza.

Yet o'er the long, dull pathway it sends  
a cheery gleam,  
And none can take it from me, that glow  
of my youth's one dream,  
So oft in my joyless journey, I backward  
glance and smile,  
And say to my heart, "Be silent. You  
have had your golden mile."

At the last words, the violin fell to the floor.

"My Marion, it is too much! How can I bear it?" he cried, falling into a chair with a shudder.

The startled girl drew nearer to him, with pitying words upon her lips. Suddenly she seized a picture from the table, staring at it with wide, unbelieving eyes.

"What is this picture doing here?" she cried wildly. "It is the same picture that stands on grandfather's desk. What does it mean?"

The musician started up from his chair, and gazed eagerly into the young girl's face. His knees trembled, and his face turned white, like his hair.

"Your name, child, your name!" he gasped.

"Why sir, what is the matter?" asked Marion, startled by the musician's agitation.

"Your name, child, your name!" he pleaded.

"Why, sir, my name is Marion Hayes," she replied faintly.

"Marion?—Marion Hayes? God be praised, you are my daughter," he cried.

"Father!—and you are my father?"

"Yes, darling, and what a blessing that a kind Providence should bring you to me in this strange way."

They were now folded in each other's arms, and tears of joy were upon their cheeks.

"Oh; I am so happy," said Marion, the color creeping back to her cheeks again; "I am so happy that I have found you."

"Ah;" said the father, "this sad day has turned into a joyful one. A bright spot has appeared upon the horizon of my life. When I saw you in the store to-day, my heart beat rapidly and, tho I knew you not, I would even then have drawn you to my breast and kist you, had I dared."

"I wish you had, dear father," murmured Marion, "but I found you, just the same."

"How much you look like your mother. I was thinking that, when your knock came at the door; and I was thinking that My Golden Mile had passed."

"Father, your Golden Mile is just beginning; come with me to grandfather's. You must leave this lonely place, and come live with us."

"No," said the father gently, "you must go back to your grandfather's, but you must not tell him what has happened. He is a hard, unfeeling

man. Think of it, sweet Marion, he let your poor mother die for want of food. But, thank God, he has taken care of you thru all these years, and it is your duty to obey him."

"You are mistaken, father," protested Marion, "grandfather is not hard nor unkind. He loves me, and denies me nothing; come with me."

"Not hard, not unkind?" echoed the violinist bitterly, "when he let his only daughter die of want, simply because she married the man she loved?"

An hour later, the door of William Hayes' drawing room opened, and Marion and her father entered. The millionaire was in the library, and Marion bade her father be seated until she brought her grandfather to him. A moment later Marion, her face radiant with hope and joy, led her grandfather, now quite white in his declining years, to the chair where sat the crippled violinist.

Frederick Brunner was thinking. The past came before his eyes like a vision, and he recalled the day when, in that very room, he had been ordered from the house by the angry million-

aire. He thought of the poverty and distress that came to him and to his little family after this man had refused to lend them aid. He did not hear the footsteps behind him, and Marion's sweet voice startled him.

"Grandpa, this is my father," said Marion softly. "Shake hands with him, and tell him you forgive him."

Frederick Brunner was now upon his feet, and the two men glared at each other. Marion clung close to her grandfather and gently placed her arm about his neck. The musician turned his head. The lines on his face seemed to deepen, and his mouth and chin were set. A struggle was going on within him. Then his face softened and slowly turning to the aged millionaire, he held out his hand.

A similar struggle was going on in the heart of William Hayes. Proud and intolerant as he was, unforgiving as was his nature, this pitiful scene was plainly wearing upon him. He glanced at his grand-daughter for a moment, and then at the proffered hand. Before him was a ruined musician, ruined perhaps by the pride, selfishness



THE TWO MEN AT LAST AGREE TO FORGIVE AND FORGET.

and haughtiness of his father-in-law. And here, clinging to him was his grand-daughter, whom he loved as none else on earth. One moment he paused, then a smile came to his face; and, springing forward, he seized the hand of Frederick Brunner in both of his and pressed it warmly.

"My son," he said, humbly, "I am sorry."

"Mr. Hayes," said the musician, softly, "I do not know who has the most to forgive, you or I; but if I

have done wrong, I ask your forgiveness, and if you were wrong, sir, I freely and gladly forgive you."

Marion was now joy personified. She danced with delight. She kist first one, then the other. And not contented with that, she insisted upon hugging them both at the same time.

"Here is the song, papa," she said, joyfully, "but I won't sing it, now, until you change the words. You have not had your Golden Mile, dear papa, your Golden Mile is just beginning."



SCENE FROM "THE RIVAL DRAMATISTS, OR COCK-A-DOODLE-DO."



# The Still Alarm

By Collin S. Collins

It was an elaborately furnished library in which the two men sat. The long rows of handsomely bound books upon the shelves, and the rare collection of first editions told that Franklin Fordham, the banker, had prospered. His personal appearance, too, was in keeping with his surroundings, and one would never guess that he had once been a member of the little firm of cheap druggists known as Fordham & Bird, pursued by collectors and lawyers.

The man before him was a different type. There was an evil imprint of dissipation upon his face, and his clothes were worn and shiny along the seams. The contrast between the two old drug partners was marked, and each was quick to observe it, after the long years that had intervened since their last meeting.

"You want money, Bird?" Fordham asked, faintly.

"Must I caution you again that my name now is not Bird, but Gorman?" said the other sternly.

"An alias?" inquired Fordham, his alarm increasing.

"Yes, and you are lucky that you, too, do not have to adopt one," replied Bird, leaning back in the leather chair and softly stroking his drooping black mustache, as he smilingly regarded the banker's uneasiness.

"Now, what do you want of me? I must know the worst. I admit that I wrote the letter, but you know that I am innocent of the crime," said Fordham, rising from his chair and confronting Bird determinedly.

"Let me read the letter to you again," said Bird, coolly. "Judge for yourself how it will sound to a jury.

And I need not remind you that the present District Attorney is anxious for re-election, and if he solves this Johnston case, which has so puzzled the police, it will be a big feather in his cap. Now, if I should see that he gets this letter, the result would be that the rich and respected Franklin Fordham would be sent to the electric chair. See?"

With tantalizing slowness Bird took from his pocket an old crumpled letter and read it aloud, pausing over certain phrases to give them emphasis:

DEAR BIRD:

I took the medicine to Johnston last night. I wanted to feel sure he got it. As he had no attendant, I went to his room and administered a dose myself. He was found dead in his bed this morning. The doctors pronounce it a case of poisoning. Say nothing, and do not mention the package of money and jewels left in our safe by Johnston.

Yours,  
FRANKLIN FORDHAM.

"But you got the money and jewels!" exclaimed Fordham, his face pale with alarm. "It was you who took the money and fled."

"Yes, but did you denounce me?" retorted Bird, exultantly, "did you tell the police that I was the thief?"

"You know that I was silent only because I was afraid of being accused of the crime myself. And now you are come to blackmail me, are you? You are come to extort money from me? What price do you set upon your silence?" said Fordham, half-pleadingly, half-angrily.

"Ah, my dear Franklin, now we have come to the point. Sit down and be calm. I don't want money. I want to marry your daughter. Oh, you needn't



THE THREAT.

be so shocked, my dear Franklin, just be calm and listen. I know that Elinore is engaged to your superintendent, Jack Manley, but he is only an upstart and his father was a blacksmith."

"Would you force me into this cruel compact? Would you thus ruin two young lives? Is this your price, Bird—spare me, I'll give you——"

"You will accept my terms, my dear Franklin, or none," interrupted Bird; "I insist that you discharge this fellow Manley, and instruct Elinore to marry me. I'm letting you off easy enough. I'll give you a few hours to do all this, and now I'm off—good day, my dear Franklin."

As the door closed behind his former partner, the banker sank back into his chair and buried his face in his hands. He had promised his wife, upon her deathbed, that his life would be devoted to safeguarding their two little girls. The younger had been abducted, and a letter with a lock of hair had told the story of her death. Now, Elinore, who had become heiress to her sister's half of Mrs. Fordham's estate, must be sacrificed to this scoundrel or he must face a charge of murder that he could not

refute, despite Bird's confession to him that Bird himself had mixed the poison that had replaced the innocent medicine.

His unhappy thoughts were interrupted by the entrance of a beautiful young girl, who came trippingly over to her father, a song upon her lips. "Why, father!" exclaimed Elinore, stopping short at sight of her father's white, tear-stained face. "What has happened?"

"My child," murmured the father, after a pause during which he had determined to accede to the request of the man who had just left him, "much has happened. I must break your poor heart, just as mine is broken."

Taking his daughter upon his lap, Franklin Fordham gently stroked her wavy black hair and kist her forehead. Slowly, painfully, he unfolded to her the story of his unfortunate partnership with Bird, and the price they both must pay to purchase the man's silence.

When the handsome Jack Manley called later, he was greeted by his employer instead of by Elinore, and the banker silently handed his young superintendent two letters and a package.

"Mr. Manley," said Fordham, "this package contains your engagement ring which Elinore desires to return to you, for the engagement is at an end. One of these letters is from her and it will confirm what I say. The other is your dismissal from my employ. There can be no further explanations, and you need not ask for any."



THE SACRIFICE.

Stupefied and dazed by this unexpected news, Jack Manley went to his home and without a word handed the letters and package to his mother.

"Well, Jack, I don't know what has happened, but we'll just trust in the good Lord and do the best we can," said the mother, after drying her eyes. "Some enemy must have done this, but all will come out right yet."

Misfortunes did not come singly in the Manley household. Willie Manley, Jack's younger brother, also lost his position at the Fordham bank, and now the little family was without support. The mere loss of employment did not worry Jack Manley, for he had been a fireman before he had entered Mr. Fordham's employ, and he thought it would be easy to secure reinstatement. His record was excellent, and by the nickname of "Blazes" his daring deeds were still recounted in the dormitories of the Fire Department. But, tho his name stood upon the Roll of Honor at Fire Headquarters, a rumor had spread around that Jack's dismissal from the bank had been due to financial irregularities, and the Commissioner announced that before Jack could be reinstated an official investigation must be had. The Manleys knew that it might be months before Jack would be taken back on the force, and so Mrs. Manley decided to curtail expenses by giving up their comfortable home and moving to humbler quarters.

But, poor as they were, they were not too poor to do charity. In the miserable tenement in which they made their new home, they found Cad Wilbur, a poor little English actress, whose hopes of an American success had been ruined, on the eve of her debut, by a severe illness. She was all alone, save for a helpless, drunken father, Doc Wilbur, and had it not been for the tender care of the Manleys she would probably not have survived. When Cad recovered she naturally became one of the Manley household, and she was loved by all.

By their combined efforts the Manleys and Wilburs managed to eke out an existence, and none contributed more than Willie and Cad, who became in-

separable. Jack Manley tried hard to be cheerful, and to forget Elinore. He did not know that Elinore had sought him vainly, to tell him the whole wretched story of her father's threatened ruin. He did not know that she still loved him, and when he saw the happiness of Willie and Cad his own pain was only intensified. He was just beginning to doubt Elinore's love for him, and becoming reconciled to his loss when Jo Jones, a former comrade in the old volunteer fireman service, walked in, still wearing the red shirt of the volunteer days, which was but half-concealed under the "dickey" required by his new position as coachman in the Fordham service. To Jo, "Blazes" was still an idol, and he beamed with delight as he greeted his old comrade, and then ushered Elinore into the humble apartment that Jack called home. Without a word Elinore sprang forward and hid her head on Jack's breast, her arms clinging tenderly about his neck. For a moment the two were clasped in each other's embrace, and then the door suddenly opened. It was Elinore's father.

"Elinore, return home at once!" commanded Franklin Fordham, pointing to the door.

Elinore knew that this interruption by her father had been caused by Bird's fears and suspicions, and she freely told him so. Her opinion was confirmed, for just then a knock came at the door and Bird, impatient and fearful lest a plot was unfolding to rob him of his prize, slowly opened the door. Jack had heard just enough to know that Bird was the probable cause of all his troubles, and, his anger getting the better of him, he rushed to the door with clenched fists. But Elinore was quicker, and to prevent trouble she pushed Bird back over the door sill, at the same time closing and locking the door. Jack was now furious, and seizing a chair he shattered the flimsy frame of the window leading to the fire escape and quickly lowered himself to the street. He was too late, for Bird had become alarmed and had disappeared.

But the visit of Franklin Fordham



HIS DARING DEEDS WERE OFTEN RECOUNTED AT THE FIRE-HOUSE.

had an effect that none suspected. Doc Wilbur, Cad's father, thrust into a corner to sleep off a drunken stupor, forgotten by all, had roused at the mention of the name of John Bird. The effect of the liquor was not equal to the effect of his emotion, and with determined steps he found his way an hour later to Bird's room, in the Fordham mansion. Happy in his fancied security and with success almost within his reach, Bird was disconcerted to see this ghost of the past suddenly appear, but he decided to make the best of it. He knew that whiskey was Doc Wilbur's great weakness, and he promptly handed the decanter to him but the cautious Wilbur refused to touch it until he was certain that the liquor had not been drugged. He had been a clerk in the employ of Fordham & Bird and he had not forgotten the night that he had seen Bird compound the poison which had innocently been administered to Johnston by the unfortunate Fordham. His memory also brought before him the black scenes of the past. He remembered how Bird had bribed him years ago to abduct Fordham's youngest daughter and take her to England,

which, in a moment of weakness he had done.

Bird eyed Wilbur keenly and noticed his hesitation. Here was a dangerous man. He had hoped and until now had believed that Wilbur would drink himself to death after he arrived in London with the young heiress, and that the latter would soon be swallowed up in the undercurrent of the great city; but here was Wilbur, sober and revengeful. What was to be done?

"So you want money do you?" sneered Bird, "but you'll have to wait. How can I get any money until I get Fordham's girl?"

"How you goin' to marry her when she don't want to?" questioned Wilbur, slyly glancing at the decanter with longing eyes.

"She's got to marry me—look at this," replied Bird, at the same time showing the tell-tale letter of Fordham.

The whole situation now dawned upon Wilbur's dull mind, and, as badly as he wanted money and liquor, he could not forget the many kindnesses of the Manleys to Cad, and an impulse seized him to get possession of the letter and send it to Jack. Slyly watching

his opportunity, he at last gained possession of the letter and sent it to Jack by a messenger.

It was not long before Bird discovered the loss of the letter and for a moment he felt that he had been checkmated. Mad with rage and fearful of the consequences should his plot be discovered, Bird subdued his first impulse to wreak his vengeance upon Wilbur Jack was now employed. Arriving at the fire-house, he found Jo Jones in charge, for the company had gone to a fire.

Jo had also left the employ of the Fordhams and had joined Jack at the fire-house. Jo was not disposed to make the caller welcome, and not until Bird finally announced himself as a reporter, was he able to gain admittance.

Reporters are welcome at a fire-house, and Jo showed the supposed newspaper man around the house. Patiently he explained how the alarm was sent in over the wires, how the harness was "tripped" by a single twitch of a cord when it had settled into place

on the horses' backs and had been made fast, and at Bird's suggestion, Jo started to take him down cellar to show how steam was kept up when the engine was in quarters. As Jo led the way thru the trap door, Bird caught sight of Jack, who had just stepped out on the sidewalk to see if the engine was returning. It was Bird's moment. It was a moment when his nerves were on edge and all the powers of his intellect were concentrated in one great effort to win the culmination of his plans. Wilbur was dangerous. At that very moment he was in the Fordham house, probably in a drunken stupor. If the house could be fired, Wilbur would be burned to death and Elinore could be saved. Yes, the plan was a good one. He would destroy the connections at the fire-house so that the bell would not ring and then he would go to the Fordham house, set it on fire, rescue Elinore like a hero and let Wilbur die. Thus thinking, he let the trap drop on Jo's head, and with a swift movement cut the wire connection. His plan was working. And, as if fate



ON BOARD THE FIRE-BOAT.



THE HOUSE WAS DOOMED.

were playing in his hands the messenger, who had been sent by Wilbur with the precious letter, arrived, and Bird adroitly securing possession of it, left well satisfied.

The company return, after a long run, and the weary men go gladly to their rest.

Only Jack and Jo are left on the apparatus floor. All is quiet below.

The silence is broken now by the telephone bell. The horses show but mild interest, for they take their orders not from the telephone but from the great brass gong. Jo takes the receiver and listens.

"He wants to know what is the matter with our alarm," says Jo turning to Jack inquiringly.

Jack rushes to the electrical equipment, quickly examines it, then staggers back in dismay.

"Cut!" he gasps.

"He says they sent in an alarm from box 15 ten minutes ago," continues Jo. "It's the Fordham house. He says—"

"Elinore!" cries Jack, not waiting to hear more.

Seizing a great mallet that hangs beside the box, Jack raises it aloft and brings it down upon the bell with all his might. The gong clangs loudly. Thirty seconds later the apparatus is clattering up the street with the firemen, who, half-dressed and dressing, half-awake, cling to the swaying hose tender. The still alarm has been answered.

Long before the apparatus arrived, the Fordham house was doomed. The red flames had shot upward thru the

wooden structure all too soon, and Bird was compelled to abandon his heroic rescue. He was content to make his own escape. It was Jack who entered the smoke-filled building and who bore the senseless form of Elinore safely to the ground just as the floor beams caved in. She was unharmed, but Jack was badly burned and his lungs were filled with the noxious vapors. It was a daring rescue and the Acting Chief ordered his men to take Jack home. The reporters crowded about the ambulance to learn the identity of the hero, and Bird could only stand helplessly by, disgruntled to think that part of his plan had failed. There was one consolation, however, Wilbur no longer lived to menace him—so he believed. There seemed no reason why he should not now carry out the remainder of his plan. He would marry Elinore at once. The wedding day was finally set and Bird felt secure. Nothing now could interfere with his gaining the goal of his ambition. The wedding trousseau was ordered and elaborate preparations were made for the great event.

At the Manley home, Jack was recuperating. He was still on sick leave, tho he had entirely recovered. He had read in the newspapers of the approaching wedding, and he had carefully planned to thwart Bird's evil designs. Concealed in the house was a person whom Bird believed to be dead. It was Doc Wilbur. The butler at the Fordham mansion had rescued him, and Doc had slipped away, anxious to escape attention. He had made a full confes-

sion to Jack, even to the kidnapping of the Fordham girl. It was two hours before the wedding was to take place, and Mrs. Manley had secured permission for Elinore to come to bid Jack farewell, explaining that he was too ill to go to her. But no sooner had Elinore entered the Manley home than Bird appeared at the door. Jack was in bed, seemingly too ill to be upon his feet.

"Come, Elinore," said Bird abruptly, "time's up."

"Let Miss Fordham remain a little longer," said Jack quietly. "I have some family matters to discuss with her. I wish to give her her sister's locket."

"My sister's locket!" cried Elinore in surprise, while Bird stared with alarm. Reaching under the pillow Jack drew out a locket which Cad had worn, and which contained the portrait of an elderly woman. Handing it to Elinore Jack asked if she recognized the portrait.

"It is my mother!" cried Elinore

reaching for the locket, but Bird anticipated her.

"Give me that locket, and come with me!" he hissed. "I will explain later. Remember, I have your father in my power."

"I shall not leave until Jack has explained!" cried Elinore defiantly.

"You will leave at once if I have to drag you from the room," muttered Bird with an oath as he seized her wrist. With Jack helpless upon his bed of pain he felt secure.

"You shall not touch me—you hurt me!" cried Elinore.

"Who'll prevent me?" asked Bird with a sneering glance at Jack.

"I will!" cried Jack springing from his bed.

Astonished, Bird released Elinore but retained hold of the locket. Gently Jack thrust the girl into the adjoining room and turned to Bird.

"You are not ill?" asked Bird uneasily.

"I'm the healthiest sick man you ever saw," assured Jack cheerfully.



A DIFFICULT FIRE TO CONQUER.

"Open that door, or I'll call the police!" cried Bird nervously.

"You must settle with me first," insisted Jack.

"Here's the locket," was the sullen response as Bird tossed it at Jack's feet. "Now let me go."

"I want that letter!" exclaimed Jack. "If you have it upon you, I'm going to have it."

"It was stolen from me," lied Bird as he backed toward the fireplace. The letter was in his hand, and he was about to consign it to the flames when Jack caught up a revolver and aimed it.

"Would you shoot an unarmed man?" pleaded Bird.

Jack's face flushed with shame, as he threw the weapon to the floor and approached Bird with bare hands. Bird slipped off his coat but when he turned to face Jack, there was a gleaming blade in his hand.

"Now will you open the door?" snarled Bird triumphantly.

Jack slowly turned toward the door, but a paper-cutter lying on the table caught his eye, and in a flash he caught it up.

"Pass this and you are a free man!" he cried.

Bird rushed toward him and Jack prepared for the encounter, but the two men never met; for the door of the adjoining room opened, and the next moment Bird was cowering in the corner

at sight of what he supposed was the apparition of Doc Wilbur. Realizing that Wilbur had probably made a confession and that Jack must know all, Bird rushed to the door, but only to be confronted by a messenger boy and a policeman. Explanations and identification followed quickly and Bird was taken off in custody just as Fordham entered in search of Elinore. Elinore now came forward locked in the embrace of Cad who was none other than her sister.

"It looks like a wedding with no groom," suggested Mr. Fordham, when Doc Wilbur had received his forgiveness.

"It will be a wedding just the same, but I will be the groom!" exclaimed Jack, taking Elinore's hand in his.

"And a Chief, too, Jack!" cried Willie who entered just in time to hear the remark. "The Commissioners have made you Chief, and here's your appointment, and a lot of the boys are coming to congratulate you."

Even as he spoke the room filled with blue-coated firemen all anxious to shake the hand of "Chief Blazes," as he stood with one arm about Elinore's waist. While the men were shaking Jack's free hand, Willie followed his elder brother's example with Elinore's sister. Waving his right arm in the air he shouted gleefully:

"It'll be a double wedding, Jack, and we all owe our happiness to you. Three cheers for the Still Alarm!"



## Why He Didn't Want Front Seats

Years ago when "The Wizard," one of Baltimore's oldest moving picture parlors (they were indeed only parlors in those days), was one evening presenting its fifteen-minute performance to a packed house of sixty people, two sailors happened in. They had just arrived in port and probably felt that after several weeks of water they were entitled to something stronger. The place being crowded the only seats available were two in the front row,

close to the curtain. These the usher offered to the sailors. One of them started down the aisle but the other held him by the arm.

"Wait a minute, Jim, wash your hurry," he said.

"Come on le's sit down," his friend replied.

"I don' wan'a go way up there, Jim," pleaded the other, "we'll get all the dust off the actors' feet."

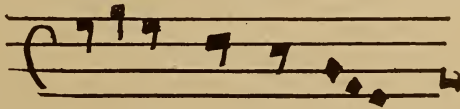
HARRY LEWY.



# In the Days of Chivalry

By Edwin M. La Roche

*Un re Cant.*



THERE is in one of the libraries of Paris, an old manuscript, curiously written, somewhat ornamented and embellished, yet showing signs of haste in the work. It bears no date nor authorship and is probably a clerkist's copy, ordered by some court dame, who spared not the scribe's leisure. The copy alternates in verse and prose, each bit of verse introduced by a few bars of music, mostly written on form staves with quaint square notes. Preceding each song is the heading, "Here they sing," and before each prose division, "Now they say and tell and relate." These must have been for the guidance of strolling players. But the story itself, you shall see, is as pure as a spring, fresh as wet leaves.

Somewhere near where the river Rhone fluxes with the sea, there is an old town, once walled and watched, with an open side to the river. Across the river, situate high on a ledge of rock and connecting with the town by a bridge, is the Castle called Biaucaire. The country is called Smiling Provence; the town, Tarascon; and the castle guarded the road from the west.

Now, the seneschal of the castle was one Count Garin of Biaucaire, old and feeble, but very stalwart, letting no man cross his will. With him dwelt his only son and heir, the young lord Aucassin, and this is how he is visioned in the script: "Fair was he, and slim and tall and well fashioned in legs and

feet and body and arms. His hair was yellow and crisped small; and his eyes were gray and laughing; and his face was clear and shapely; and his nose high and well-set; and so endured was he with good conditions, that there was none bad in him, but good only."

Now, across the river, the town was governed by a Viscount, a man shrewd in bargaining, yet not above good trading. In his vicarious dealings with the Moors and Saracens, he had taken, in part trade or for good measure, a young slave girl, brought from a foreign land. To sell a slave girl for a hand-maiden is an easy matter, but the worthy Viscount reasoned, that to baptize her and to rear her would not be difficult; and, by naming her god-daughter, she would pass current for an inestimable value. As if not to belie him, she, Nicolette, became a maiden full of promise. She was not quite fifteen, strong, wand-like, fresh scented, partaking of the nature of a rose, for like the rose, she sought the open; and it was there, on the skirts of the forest compassing the town, that she met Aucassin returning from the hunting. There they learned to love one and the other, pledging their troth with wood flowers. How desperate this was you shall hear.

Now, they relate that, about this time, an old feud was opened afresh between Count Garin and his neighbor of Valence, Count Bougars, and that not a day past in town or castle where-



THE PLEDGE IS SEALED AND A VOW IS MADE.

in an alarm was not sounded, and the war was not to be pressed. It appears that this Count of Valence was a bold raider and given to making war in his enemies' country. For in this way the pillage, and pickings, and ransoms of merchants fell mostly to him.

When Biaucaire knew this to be upon him, he called Aucassin before him and bade him mount horse, take the pick of the troops and meet Bougars on the confines of the country. But Aucassin, plagued with a covert love, is now of a different temper.

"'Father,' said Aucassin, 'what do you speak of now? Never God give me aught that I ask of Him, if I will be knight, or mount horse, or go to onset or to battle, wherein I may strike knight, or other strike me, except you give me Nicolette, my sweet friend, whom I love so much.'"

Now when Biaucaire heard this he dissembled, and seemed to take it as a matter of no moment, but he was sorely troubled; and, as soon as needs be, hastened into the town to the Viscount, his bounden ally.

After much plotting and laying of heads together, the upshot was, that Nicolette was to be gotten out of the town secretly; her going to be announced to Aucassin in season as a journey for pleasure. All this, after the bird had flown.

When the Count had left him, the wily trader reasoned thus: "Why open the cage on so fair a bargain? A caged bird is safer than a flown one. Better the thought than the deed." So he called an old serving-woman to him, and bade her take Nicolette to a chamber in a high storey and there to keep her. Thus, having both eaten his loaf and kept it, he caused the rumor to spread thru the town that Nicolette was gone on a journey. Now, because rumor is tinged by whomsoever she touches, it came variously to the ears of Aucassin that Nicolette had disappeared. Some had it that she was lost, others that she had fled out of the country, some that Count Garin had slain her. But Aucassin said, "I will hold him accountable, who has reared her."

He went swiftly to the Viscount and quizzed him adroitly. For a time the sire Viscount begged the issue. "How now! Is this knighthood? Would you compass a slave-girl? For, certès, you have no purpose of wedding her? And not wedding, would you tarnish my property? This is unfair bargaining between friends!" Aucassin heard him out sorrowfully. Here is the vapour of a plot.

Returning to the castle, he noticed the alarm of the people, bowmen were marching to quarters and the townsfolk were mounting the walls. Biaucaire met him at the gates of the castle. In the courtyard behind him, men-at-arms and servitors were scudding to and fro. Count Garin saw the plight of Aucassin, his downcast looks, his distrait air, and would not shame him before his men. But needs must, the retainers must have a leader of the house. In a few hurried words he covenanted that, if Aucassin will lead his retainers, he may have his will of Nicolette. The pledge was sealed with a kiss on the forehead, and Aucassin called for his armor. Out came pour-

ing the servitors with haubeck, helmet, sword, spear and buckler. Aucassin, girt and buckled, mounted on his war horse. The men fell in behind him, and full eagerly rode he toward the battle.

Now, of his many adventures in knightcraft and in battle, we are beholden to the exact scrivener—how he rode into the thick of a *melée* and fought his way out again, "With blows that cleaves helmets and nose-guards, and clenched hands and arms." How he met the Count Bougars in single combat and split his helmet to the lining. How he took him prisoner to Biaucaire as an earnest of his covenant. All these things and many more are set forth. How he demanded Nicolette as his reward, and was refused. How sorely he entreated Count Garin. "And is this the whole end?" said Aucassin.

"So help me heaven," said his father, "Yes."

"Certès," said Aucassin, "I am very sorry when a man of your age lies!"

It is further chronicled how Biaucaire, unable to cure Aucassin of his



HOW HE DEMANDED NICOLETTE AS HIS REWARD.

love for Nicolette by such martial distractions, casts him into a dungeon of his tower, there to reflect on the blessings of peace.

Having placed both our lovers in duress, it behooves us to return to Nicolette, fast locked in a chamber. She, watched and warded by an ancient servitor, a woman, was, for this reason, privy to the history of Aucassin, his glory and his shame.

It was in the summer time, when the days are warm, long and bright, and the nights still and clear. Nicolette lay in her bed and saw the moon shine bright thru her window and heard the nightingale sing in the garden; and she bethought her of Aucassin, her friend, whom she loved so much. And loving much, she feared the hate of the Count Garin that it might reach her to destroy her. She perceived that the old servitor was asleep, and rising gently she put on a gown of cloth-of-silk; then she took bed clothes and towels and tied them one to another, and with this as a rope let herself down to the garden.

The moon shining full on her small face and form, our copyer thus describes her: "Her hair was tawny, and lay in small curls; her eyes gray and smiling; her lips vermil, more than cherry or rose in summer time; and her teeth white and small; and her breasts heaved her dress; and she was slender between the flanks that in your two hands you could have clasped her; and the blossoms of the daisies, which she broke off with the toe of her foot, which lay on the narrow of her foot above, were right black against her feet and her legs, so very white was the maiden."

Nicolette gained the garden postern, and so the streets of Tarascon. Keeping in the shadows, she crossed the now sleeping and peaceful town, the Rhone bridge, and she went on till she came to the tower where her friend was. The tower was cracked here and there, and she crouched down beside one of the pillars, and wrapped herself in her mantle, and thrust her head thru a chink in the tower, which was

old and ancient, and heard Aucassin within weeping and making very great sorrow and lamenting his sweet friend whom he loved so much. And when she had listened enough to him she began to speak:

"Aucassin, t'were better for us twain were we parted. Do not weep for me, it but makes our severance harder. I, Nicolette, am hated by your father and your kinsfolk, and for your sake t'were better that I go away, for the dove can ne'er mate the falcon."

When Aucassin heard Nicolette say she would go away into another land, within him was only anger.

"Fair, sweet friend," said he, "you shall not go away, for then you would have slain me."

"Oh!" said she; "I trow not that you love me so much as you say, but I love you more than you do me."

Now, while they were dallying in this sweet rivalry, the town watchmen came down a street and their feet were heard on the bridge. And they had their drawn swords under their cloaks, for the Count Garin had commanded them, and they take her, that they should kill her. She was like to have been earthed but as luck would have it, there was a warder on the tower, who was bounden to Aucassin, and who had permitted them their tryst. This good man, as a signal to Nicolette, challenged the nearing town-watch; and, on their coming up, held them in parley. Nicolette, distraught, cut off from the moonlit road, bade good-bye to Aucassin forever. She was like to be a town jest, tied in the square on the morrow. Heartened by the parley, she slipped along the wall and climbed to the top thru an embrasure.

"O heaven!" said she, "gentle creature! If I let me fall, I shall break my neck, and if I stay here they will take me on the morrow, and they burn me in a fire. Yet would I liefer die here than all the townfolk stare at me to-morrow as a wonder."

She crossed herself, kist the last grey stones of Aucassin's prison, and let herself slip down the moat, and when she came to the bottom, her beautiful



AUCASSIN FOUGHT THEM IN A BLOODY CIRCLE.

hands and beautiful feet, which had not learnt that they might be hurt, were bruised and torn, and the blood flowed from them in full twelve places; and, nathless, she felt neither hurt nor pain for the great fear she had. Somehow she reached the outer edge of the moat, and was within two bowshots of the forest. It was a big forest, compassing the town, unspoilt, full of wild game. She knew, that once gained its green mantle, she could follow it unbroken to the sea, for none dared cut it or hunt in it except by permit of Biaucaire.

Now they say and tell and relate that Nicolette, having gained the bosom of the wood, a great fear was upon her, for out of its stillness came the voices of wild beasts. She crept to the heart of a thick bush, very much torn and mudded, and soon sleep took her.

It was on the morrow and high Prime, when she awoke, and nowhere had the sun shone upon her, so thick was the forest. She parted her bush and soon came upon a little streamlet, mayhap a finger of an arm of the sea. Taking off her shoon and hosen, she

splashed awhile in its clear fluid, and soon the humor came upon her to follow its devious ways.

Now it was the hour after Prime, and the sun began to steal into the forest and the birds to sing. Nicolette was glad and sang sweetly with the birds. Coming to a bend in the stream, she chanced upon a rift in the forest, a little glade or dell, and seated in it, sharing their bread on a cloak, were some herd-boys of Biaucaire. She was glad and stepped toward them. They, never having seen a lady in dress of cloth-of-silk, and hair let down and bare white feet, were bewildered and charged it to the miraculous. But she sate down among them and addressed them:

"Fair children," said she, "may the Lord help you!" "May God bless you!" said the one more ready of speech than the others. "Fair children," said she, "know you Aucassin, the son of the Count Garin of Biaucaire?"

"Certès, well," they nodded. "So, God help you, fair children," said she,

"Tell him there is a beast in this forest and that he come to hunt it?"

"Oil, he shall know it."

"And if he can catch it, he would not give one limb of it for a hundred marks of gold, no, not for five hundred, nor for any wealth."

They regarded her mutely with sly looks among them. The spokesman, spitting out his bread, made answer. "'Tis fantasy that you say, since there is neither stag nor lion nor wild boar in this forest, where one of the limbs were worth two pence or three pence at the most."

"Ah, fair children!" said she, smiling a little, "the beast hath such a medicine that Aucassin will be cured of his hurt. And within three days must he hunt, or never more will he be cured of his hurt."

Now hearing this, they marvelled and knew her to be a fairy or fay. Then said the spokesman, amid much nudging, "You are a fay, and we have no care for your company, so keep on your way."

But she, smiling still, said, "I have five sous in my purse; take them among you and tell him."

"I' faith," said he, hurriedly, "the pence will I take, and, since I am the elder and the stronger, will keep them together; and if he comes we will tell him, but we will never go seek him."

"I' God's name!" said she, bowing low, and so she left them, their looks upon him with the pence.

Nicolette, as you have seen, had decided to abide three days in the forest, for she would try of her lover, if he love her as he said. She wandered on and near the hour of Tierce came upon a highway. This she followed, a cleft in stately trees, till she reached a cross-roads. On this spot, lest Aucassin in his pursuit should choose the wrong way, she chose to abide him. First she gathered many sprigs and branches of the young, prickly-leaved oak. These she cunningly wove into a wattle or bower, and lily flowers she culled, and adorned her bower within and without. And when she had finished, dusk gathered in the forest. She sate

in the doorway of her lodge and looked westward toward Biaucaire.

It came to pass that on the morrow a great feast was set to be held at Biaucaire, and Aucassin was the occasion of it. The rumor had spread that Nicolette was gone on a journey for pleasure, and the Count Garin thought it a fit time to spin his web. Aucassin was to be set free, and announced as the hero of the war and the conqueror of Bougars. The lords and knights, dames and damozels of the land were to be bidden to a feast and, peradventure, to feast their eyes on Aucassin, the unwedded son and heir. For he wished to see him married suitably, and so this setting for his play.

Now, while the feast was at its fullest, Aucassin was leaned against a balcony, all sorrowful and all downcast. A certain knight regarded him and came to him, and accosted him.

"Aucassin," said he, "of such sickness as you have, I, too, have been sick; and I will give you good counsel and you trust me."

"Sir," said Aucassin, "Gramercy! Good counsel should I hold dear." "Mount on a horse," said he, "and go along yon forest side to divert you, and God willing, you shall hear such a word, for which you shall be the better."

"Sir," said Aucassin, "Gramercy! So will I do."

He stole from the hall unnoticed, and in his festal clothes, rode for the forest, taking the highway.

It was near the hour of None, when five herdboys stepped forth into the road and waited for him.

"May God bless you!" said he who was the more ready of speech than the others. And without more ado he related their adventure with the fay and her message to Aucassin.

"Fair children," said Aucassin, "enough have you said; and God grant me to find her, and take ten sous which I have here in my purse."

"Sir, the sous will we take, and, since I am the relater and the receiver, I can well be the retainer." So saying he cast one upon the ground, which

they scrambled for, and ran nimbly into the cover.

And now, as he rode the lengths of the highway, a great gladness swelled within him and he urged his beast to the utmost. He met no travellers or merchants on the way, for it was not reported to their estate that the war was ended. An occasional villien, with cows and sheep well guarded, crossed him, making for Tarascou before the night should fall. The sounds of the forest became fewer and long shadows gathered under the trees.

The road was mired from heavy rains, and under his master's urgings the beast slipped and fell. Aucassin, dreaming, unprepared, fell heavily. He arose with a disjointed shoulder and much pain. Leading the horse with his good arm, he felt a slow way to where a cross-roads made a split in the forest. Here Aucassin sate him down, and, transcended above his hurts, sang sweetly of Nicolette.

Now it was at this crossing that Nicolette had builded her bower, thoff a few paces from prying eyes. When she heard him she came to him softly, for she was not far, and putting

her arms round his neck she kist and caressed him.

"Fair sweet friend," said she, smiling, "well be you met."

"Ah, sweet friend!" said Aucassin, "I was but now sore hurt in my shoulder; and now I feel neither hurt nor pain since I have you." She felt about him, and found that he had his shoulder out of place. She plied it with her white hands, and achieved, as God willed, who loveth lovers, that it came again into place.

Then they took counsel together what was best to be done, for on the morrow Biaucaire would search the forest. Having decided to seek the sea, Aucassin placed Nicolette upon the beast, and, passing his arm thru the bridle, led off down the road.

What sweet converse, what deep sighs, what gentle caresses passed between them under the stars, our exact scrivener doth only touch upon, but when the forest was still grey they came within the sound of the sea. A stiff wind was blowing over the marshes and set all the trees to swaying and moaning. When they had at last reached the end of the forest, they fol-



SHE WAS BECOME THE DAUGHTER OF THE KING.

lowed the road thru the marshes toward an arm or inlet of the sea, for there they saw ships riding at anchor.

Now, coming to an end of the road, Nicolette alighted and, joining hands with Aucassin against the wind, they walked out upon the sands. On one of the vessels nearer shore, they could see the crew at work and, ever and anon, heard a snatch of sea-chantey down the breeze. Aucassin hailed them again and again, and at last the captain, seeing his gestures, put off in a shallop. From him they learned that the ship's company were merchants, out of Cadiz, seeking a venture in Palermo. Aucassin bargained for a passage, and coming to terms the captain ferried them to his ship.

As the vessel gathered way, they ran down close to the beach for an offing, and here their beast is running up and down the sand, head in air. Nicolette pitied the poor beastie and would have him. The ship is held in stays, and the horse pawing the water, plunges in and swims to the ship. The merchants take it as an omen, and the beast is hauled on board. The wind holding, their ship reaches the high seas, as Biaucaire's men in pursuit debouch upon the beach.

Of their many adventures on the seas, and of the strange countries seen by these twain, the relating thereof a book could scarcely contain. How they touched at the port of the castle of Torelore and found the country topsy-turvy. For the king lay abed with pain and the queen must needs lead the army. How Aucassin chid the king for a coward and rode to succor the queen. How the king cast sheep's eyes at Nicolette, who would have none of him. Now all these chronicles and many more are set forth in the romaunt, but since too much sauce kills the dish, we must hie back to our story.

The merchants, having traded their fill at Torelore and pleasure waning, they resolved to set sail. Hardly were they clear of the harbour, when a fleet of Saracens, the scavengers of the Moorish coast, swept down upon them and engaged them in battle.

The captain of the merchants was a

tough fighter, and none more skillful than Aucassin. They two stood at the rail and cut down the swarming Moors. But the merchants, as is their kind, ran hither and thither in a pother and but impeded the fighting. When the rovers had gained the deck, Aucassin and the captain stood back to back and fought them in a bloody circle. At last an archer in the rigging winged the captain, and Aucassin was pulled down from behind. This ended the fighting, and now remained to separate the sheep from goats. Nicolette, with much rich plunder of silk and merchants' gear was borne over the side and into the Admiral's galley, bound for Carthage. Aucassin and the merchants, as so much litter, were put on board a slaver and sent down the coast for a market.

Now they say and relate that the ship in which Nicolette was, was the king of Carthage's, and the Admiral was his brother. When the Admiral saw Nicolette so beautiful he did her very great honour, and much he questioned her who she was; for in sooth she seemed a very noble lady and of high degree. But she could not tell him who she was, for she was carried off as a child.

They sailed till they came under the city of Carthage. And when Nicolette saw the walls of the castle and the country she recognized that she had been brought up there. The Admiral led her before the king, who was seated with his twelve sons, and many Paynims and Moors standing before him.

"Fair sweet friend!" said he, "be not afraid of me, but tell me who you are!"

"Sir," said she, "I am daughter to the king of Carthage, and was carried off as a little child, full fifteen years ago."

When they heard her speak thus they knew well that she said truly; and they made great rejoicing over her, and she was become the daughter of the king. Now these honours she bore meekly, for she had never had a home where they had treated her so gladly.

On the morrow the king held a court and she was the center of it, seated on





HE LED HER TO A HIGH SEAT.

a throne. And the young Paynims lords made her obeisance, but glanced boldly at her; for the king had given out that she was to be chosen among them. Nicolette had no care to wed, for her heart was full to flooding of Aucassin, and after three or four days of this picking and choosing, she considered with herself by what device she might go to seek him. She procured a viol and learned to play on it.

One night she stole away, and came to the sea-part of the town, and harboured her at the house of a poor fisherwoman. And she took a herb, and smeared her face and head with it, so that she was all black and stained. And she made herself a coat, cloak and breeches in minstrel guise, and with her viol went to a mariner, and so dealt with him that he took her in his ship. They set their sail, and sailed over the high sea till they arrived at the land of Provence. And Nicolette went forth, and went playing thru the country till she came to the castle of Biaucaire.

To return to Aucassin. Now, the slave ship, which held him and the merchants, was o'er taken by a storm,

which harassed them sorely. The vessel, at last becoming unmanageable, was blown clear to the coast of France. Here a hulk, they lft her. Aucassin, set free by the work of nature, journeyed to Biaucaire. It had been a full three years since the day he rode forth in quest of Nicolette. Count Garin worn out, had been placed beneath the tower in his last sleep. The land was without a lord, and suffered from tax and counter-tax. Aucassin came into his own, and all became his men. He held the land in peace, yet there was no peace within him. Sore doth he regret the bright-faced Nicolette, for he believed her sold a slave or bride to a heathen.

In the romaunt it is sung, that on the day that Nicolette, the minstrel, came as far as Biaucaire, Aucassin, the lord, was seated on a stair neath the tower. And around him knights and damozels would his favors draw, but he looked beyond them and thought only of Nicolette. To distract him the minstrel lad is led before him and bade sing a rondelet. Nicolette drew her viol, and sang their adventures, of the love of Aucassin and a maid, of her

flight and his pursuit, of their wanderings, and of her sojourn in Carthage, and there what she did.

When Aucassin heard Nicolette sing thus, he was very glad, and took her to one side and asked her:

"Fair sweet comrade, know you ought of this Nicolette, of whom you have sung here?"

"Sire, yes! I know her to be gentle and of the house of Carthage, yet were Aucassin a churl, would she wed him."

"Ah, fair sweet comrade!" said Aucassin, "if you would go back to that land and would tell her to come and speak to me, I would give you of my wealth as much as you should care to take."

"Sire," said she, smiling a little, "if

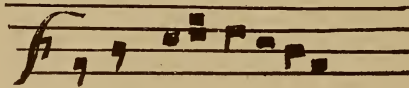
you would do this, I would go to seek her for your sake, and for hers, whom I love so much."

"Tell her," said Aucassin, "that for the love of her will I take no wife, be she of ever so high degree, but I wait for her; nor will I ever have any wife save her."

Now when he said this, she took his hand and looked him straight in the eyes, and he could not turn from her. A tear dropt down her cheek and made in the pigment a white furrow.

"Ah, gracious God," said he, "you have brought her to me!"

He turned and led her to a high seat above the others, and thus endeth the tale, as it was told in the days of chivalry.



*N'en sai plus di-re.*



SCENE FROM "ENTOMBED ALIVE."

# His Baby's Doll

By Malcolm Campbell

JOHN GRAHAM looked up from his paper, smiled across the breakfast table at his wife, glanced significantly at the little Myrtle, who had already abandoned her plate to lavish caresses upon a haughty and coolly unresponsive dolly, and held the sheet so that she might see a display advertisement. Virginia nodded approval as she read:

DOLLS! DOLLS! DOLLS!

Thousands of them, perfect beauties, to be sold regardless of cost! Dollar dolls for twenty-five cents! To-day only. Make your little girl happy with a new dolly!

Graham glanced at his watch and rose hastily. He had barely time to reach the office at the usual hour, and with him punctuality was a cardinal virtue. Yet he lingered a few moments when the child held up her treasured playmate, demanding that it, too, be given a goodbye kiss.

The next instant, it seemed to Graham, he was responding to the greetings of the other clerks in the office. He stared about in a puzzled manner, and shook his head impatiently. This was absurd! To come all the way from his home, and have his mind record absolutely no impression of the journey! He had been working too hard, earning that much-needed increase in salary. He would ask for a week's vacation soon, and have a thoro rest! With a little nervous laugh he went about his work.

As a matter of fact, John Graham, tho in apparently robust health, was on the verge of a nervous break-down from over-work.

Presently he looked up with a start

as Thompson, the chief clerk, called his name and beckoned for him to come to the telephone. Graham's face went white as he listened to the message that came over the wire, and he turned to Thompson with wide, staring eyes.

"I must go home at once!" he gasped. "There has been a street accident—my doll is broken!"

Thompson flushed angrily.

"If this is intended as a joke, Mr. Graham——" he began sharply, but paused at sight of the agony in the other's eyes.

"Joke? My God, man! I tell you my little girl is hurt!" Graham cried. "She may be dead!"

"Go home at once—of course!" Thompson replied in a tone of quick sympathy, and remained lost in thought while the distracted father rushed away.

"There is something wrong with Graham; seems to be keyed up too high," he reflected. "In mighty poor



PAYING SCANT HEED TO THE PARTING CAUTION.

condition to stand a severe shock, I should say."

The accident had been most simple, and blame attached to no one. Shortly after the father's departure Myrtle had obtained her mother's permission to go roller-skating with Harry, who, next to the doll, was her dearest playmate, and the children had gone out together, paying scant heed to the parting caution of the mother. They had been at play but a little while, when a speeding automobile bore down upon them. With a warning cry to his companion, Harry rolled out of its path. Myrtle also succeeded in avoiding collision with the machine, but in so doing missed her footing and



THE CHILD LAY WHITE AND STILL.

fell heavily, her head striking the sharp edge of the curbing. Passersby sprang to the child's aid, and two police officers ran to the spot. While one of the officers gathered the limp little form into his arms and, guided by Harry, hastened toward her home, the other hurried to the nearby residence of Doctor French.

"I am not a general practitioner—I minister to diseased minds rather than to ailing bodies, but, of course, in an emergency, I am glad to do whatever I can," Dr. French remarked, catching up a small satchel and following the officer. This was, in fact, no less a person than Dr. F. Bolding French, the

famous alienist, owner and chief physician of the Lakeview Sanatorium.

It required scarcely more than a glance for the experienced physician to determine that the gay little life was swiftly and hopelessly ebbing from the tiny form which the grief-stricken mother had caught from the officer's arms and placed upon the bed. His scientific knowledge served no other purpose than to tell him how futile were the things he did. The child lay white and still, and even as John Graham breathlessly entered the room and sprang to the bedside, she smiled faintly, and died. In vain the father hugged the small form to his heart and begged his baby to speak once more—she was gone. With a dry sob he struggled to his feet, swayed uncertainly, and burst into wild laughter. His eyes fell upon the dead baby's doll, and catching it up he turned joyously to those who stood in a silent group about the bed.

"Dolls! Dolls! Dolls!" he chanted gayly. "They said my doll was broken, just see how she can dance! Dance! Dance! Dance!" and with another shout of laughter he waltzed merrily from the horror-stricken room.

"I will see to him," Dr. French said soothingly to the sobbing mother, too sorely stricken to realize how terrible a second grief she was called upon to bear. Very tenderly he drew the sheet over the little flower-like face of the child, and hurried to seek the mind-wrecked father.

To Dr. French, as a scientist, the case of John Graham possessed features of peculiar interest, and as a man, the wife had his deep and sincere sympathy, while his ample means allowed him to indulge his idea of taking Graham to Lakeview for treatment. Virginia's means were limited, and except for Dr. French's kindness, Graham would have been committed to the State insane asylum.

As one poison, acting as a counter-irritant, may check the ravages of another, so the shock and grief of her husband's insanity served to lessen the agony of Virginia's grief for her child.

This woman, tho an infinitely tender and loving mother, was strong of soul, and fully realized that grief for one departed should not be allowed to outweigh duty to the living. Her absolute devotion to John Graham seemed to have grown even stronger in his affliction, and her whole and single object in life was now to restore to him his reason. To this end she read and studied, delving deep into the mysteries of the human mind, patiently conning the dry reports of State insane asylums, the observations of physicians on famous and atypical cases of insanity, and frequently visiting such institutions as were open to her inspection. Dr. French, who had developed a warm friendship for this brave little woman, would have smiled at the strange mass of data she collected, embracing the most advanced ideas of treatment, exploded theories, and even wild legends of old Bedlam, but for her terrible earnestness. Moreover, he was forced to admit that some of her conclusions, almost to be regarded as discoveries in their originality, were not without merit, and would gravely consider each new suggestion and idea. He did not dare to discourage her efforts, for he realized that the one idea of restoring to her husband his sanity was now the very essence and mainspring of her life—with this taken from her, she might wither like a plant deprived of water and sunshine. Finally, six months after the child's death, she came to the great physician with the light of hope glowing in her eyes.

"Doctor," she said, "I wish you to tell me frankly, whether or not you think there is any hope of my husband's recovery."

He looked into her quiet, purposeful face, and dismissed his first inclination to temporize, to put her off with vague hopes.

"No," he replied, "I do not. Physically he is now in perfect condition, and should some time ago have shown improvement, but he has not. Time may effect a cure; science cannot."

"Could any harm come from an attempt thru suggestion and illusion—as nearly as possible a reversal of the

incidents which brought about his insanity?"

"I do not see what harm could come, provided he is not subjected to great fright. At present he is tranquil, and, so far as we are able to judge, happy. A sudden fear might bring on a physical collapse, or leave him permanently terror-stricken."

"Then I will ask your assistance, Doctor, in carrying out my plan. To all practical purposes, he is now but a child, and may with perfect safety to himself and to others be brought home. Here"—she spread a sheet of paper on the table—"is memoranda covering every point connected with his attack. And this is my plan."

She spoke long and earnestly, and the physician gave close attention, his first expression of kindness and sympathy gradually giving place to one of keen interest, and he even nodded approval from time to time.

"It can do no harm, and—mind you, I do not say I think it will, for I do not—may do good. We will carry out the plan at once!" he said, when she had concluded.

In the doctor's automobile they made a quick run out to Lakeview, and entered the famous sanatorium. Graham, they were informed, was in the courtyard, and thither they went. A dozen harmless madmen idled about in the sunshine, and, seated by himself, a contented smile upon his face, they found the man for whom they had come. About him were several dolls which he constantly caressed with a tender pride. At the sound of Virginia's voice he looked up for an instant, but his eyes showed no expression, and he at once returned to his dolls.

"He will follow anyone who has a new doll," a nurse whispered and slipped one into Virginia's hand. Without a word she held it in front of her husband, and he sprang up eagerly.

"A new doll that will never be broken!" he laughed, and with wistful eyes upon it, followed his wife and the physician from the courtyard.

The return to his home awakened no memories in John Graham's clouded mind, but he was soon utterly content

with the new doll in his arms, and for a time they left him alone.

"You have brought a photograph of little Myrtle!" Dr. French asked Mrs. Graham as he stopped his automobile in front of a huge, sombre building.

For reply she placed the photograph in his hand, and they entered the gray building. Soon they were in conversation with the Sister in charge, to whom the doctor was well known.

"Have you a child resembling this one?" Dr. French asked, showing the photograph of Myrtle.

"Yes, and the resemblance is more than striking," the Sister replied. "Look, she has just entered that door," and the Sister indicated a little girl so closely resembling her dead baby that the mother caught her breath.

"What is her name?" she asked softly.

The Sister smiled.

"We call her Mary," she replied. "Her real name seemed hardly to suit such a sweet little thing, and, besides, she has probably heard that less frequently than any one of a dozen others. You see, she has been on the stage since she was a year old—her mother was an actress. She was so clever that when she was left an orphan, the manager wished to keep her, for child parts, and did succeed for some time, but at last the Children's Society got hold of her and sent her here."

"You say the child was considered a good actress?" Dr. French asked, having paid rather scant attention to the good Sister's low-voiced remarks.

"I have so heard—but we are endeavoring to eradicate from her mind the memory of those days," Sister Agnes answered.

Dr. French looked across at Mrs. Graham.

"A little trained actress! Isn't that splendid!" he exclaimed.

Sister Agnes gasped.

"I wish to borrow this little girl for a day, Sister," the doctor said briskly. "I hope that she may be the means of restoring to a man more than his life—his reason. She will be under my personal charge all the while she is absent."

"It is irregular, of course," Sister Agnes hesitated, "but if the child might possibly accomplish such a good, I would have no right to stand in the way. You may take her with you, if she does not object." She beckoned to the child.

"This lady and gentleman wish you to go with them for today," Sister Agnes said. "They may ask you to— to play a part, as you used to do. I think—I know—that the end sought justifies the means. Do you wish to go?"

The little girl heard only the concluding question. With a glow at her lonely little heart she had been basking in the tender light in Virginia's mother-eyes, and had shyly slipped her hand into hers.

"Oh, yes! I would dearly love to go with this lady!" she said eagerly.

"Very well," Sister Agnes announced, and led the way toward the gates.

The details of Virginia's plan had already been arranged, and with the child instructed in the part she was to play, and dressed in the costume provided, nothing was to be gained by delay in putting it to the test. Dr. French nodded approval when shown four dolls, dressed exactly as was Myrtle on the day of the accident, and ranging in size from a few inches in height to lifelike proportions. Little Mary had been provided with a similar dress, and her likeness to the dead child was even more remarkable.

John Graham was found as they had left him, playing contentedly, his dolls all about him, but these he instantly abandoned when shown a new and more beautiful one, with which the physician lured him from the room. Swiftly Virginia substituted for the old dolls those she had prepared, and the child seated herself upon the bed, assuming such a doll-like pose that it required a second glance to determine that she actually breathed. With a silent prayer Virginia rapped on the wall, and a moment later Dr. French re-entered the room, gently urging John Graham before him. The dolls had been so placed that the demented husband would first



VIRGINIA IS INSTRUCTED HOW TO BE A DOLL.

observe the smallest, at sight of which he uttered a glad cry and seized it.

"A new doll! A beautiful doll!" he whispered, but the next instant it dropped forgotten from his hands as his eyes fell upon the next largest, it being quickly abandoned in turn. When the largest of the dolls was skillfully brought to his notice, he drew back, a half-puzzled, half-frightened expression showing for a moment on his face. Cautiously he approached the figure, then suddenly caught it to his heart. The physician touched him upon the shoulder, and silently pointed to the child upon the bed.

"Ah!" the man gasped in delight. "Another, more beautiful!" and the doll fell from his arms. He approached the bed with beaming face, then suddenly paused, and frowned impatiently.

"But these all break—all break!" he complained. "Where is the one that will not break? The one that could talk? This one has on its dress!"

"This is that one," Dr. French said soothingly, indicating the child. "Speak to it—hold out your arms."

At the doctor's signal the child threw her arms about Graham's neck.

"Papa! Papa!" she cried, and pressed her cheek to his.

The man started, and listened intently, as tho to a distant sound. His arms tightened about the child.

"Be calm! We may win!" the physician whispered to the trembling wife.

Suddenly the light of sanity flashed into Graham's eyes.

"Myrtle! My baby!" he whispered joyously, and passionately kist the little mouth. But in the train of reason came memory, and with a quick gesture he put the child aside.

"Virginia! What does this mean?" he demanded, his puzzled gaze resting upon the little girl. "This is not Myrtle! Myrtle died, here, on this very bed! Who is this that has the face and wears the clothing of my child?"

With a terrible effort the wife mastered her emotion.

"This is Myrtle, dear," she said. "You have been ill, you know, and have just dreamed that our baby died."

"That is not true—this is not my child!" the man replied fiercely. "Why do you try to deceive me? Look!"



"A NEW DOLL!" HE EXCLAIMED.

Swiftly he exposed the child's white shoulder.

"My baby had a scar there," he said. "My baby is dead."

With a gesture of hopeless misery he turned away and dropped into a chair, shaken with sobs.

Virginia threw herself upon her knees at his feet.

"Tell him the truth," the physician ordered.

"You are right, dearest, our baby is dead," the woman wept. "Forgive me, my husband! Can you blame me for

trying to win you back from worse than death? Do you not suppose that this deception tore out my own heart? But I love you so, my husband, and I was all alone! All alone!"

He caught the shaken form to his breast.

"We have each other still, sweetheart," he whispered, "and we shall be happy again."

The child was weeping softly in sympathy for a sorrow which she saw but did not understand. Virginia turned quickly and pressed her to her heart. She looked at her husband with soft, shining eyes.

"That we have each other again is due to this baby, John," she said. "She has no mother, no father, and we—we have no child."

A tender smile came to the man's face, and he held out his arms.

"From now on," he said gently, "she has a mother, and a father, and we—we have a little girl."

Dr. French slipped softly from the room and out of the house. Perhaps it was the sudden glare of sunlight that blinded him, for he ran fulltilt into a perfectly obvious policeman, at whom he stared reflectively.

"Science," he declared gravely, "has its limitations. Love has none."



SCENE FROM "ST. PAUL AND THE CENTURION."



# Waiting

By Louis Reeves Harrison

HIS youth and early manhood were but the grey of dawn with roseate hues of hope in the east. At last the sun rose, a burst of golden light, transforming all nature with prismatic hues, flooding his soul with its generous warmth, clearing the mists of doubt from his eyes; he began to live when he loved.

On a never-to-be-forgotten morning he told her his story.

She was nestling in a chair nature had formed from a gnarled tree waiting the coming of her unconscious choice, sixteen and sweet, at that perfect time of life when the mold is broken. ~

"I knew you would be here," he said joyously. "I hurried to tell you that I have a chance to go West and begin life with a home and farm of my own, to be paid for out of my own work."

She smiled with pure joy at the sight of him, then trembled with fear and uncertainty.

"Going away?" she murmured.

"Not alone," he declared passionately. "I have loved you from the first moment we met, but it seems as tho I had always loved you. There has never been any one but you in my heart, because I dreamed of you before then. Long before I found you, before I believed there was any one like you this side of heaven, your image was in my heart, so I seemed to find my ideal living and breathing when we first came together."

She could make no response, but there was shy invitation in her soft eyes, and two pink clouds rose beneath them.

He caught her in his strong arms and

lifted her from the tree to where her heart could throb on his and whispered: "Will you go with me, sweetheart?"

She lifted her eyes to his, content to be his kingdom. He asked her to be his wife and let him show her what a true man's love was like.

He was a man in years with the glory of youth in his face, his eyes full of dreams, his illusions aglow, his enthusiasm unspoiled by knowledge of the world. She was just a girl unfolding from the bud, but with brow free from the furrows of thought, her cheeks pink petals, lips pouting to be kist warm red, and eyes filled with wonder at the divine mystery and tender longing for its solution. It was not necessary for either of them to dip into the world's treasure chests of knowledge to learn how they should live out their lives;



THE PROPOSAL.



HE OBTAINS HER FATHER'S CONDITIONAL CONSENT.

the breeze creeping up from the meadow and sighing thru the trees whispered the secret. It was such a wonderful discovery, the fact that they loved each other, that they danced and ran to her home to spread the news. Nothing like that had ever occurred before, so at least it seemed to them. They were surprised to find her dad dozing in a most commonplace way out on the porch; he was actually measuring events by their relation to himself; he must wake up and learn that something uncommon had happened.

Dad was roused from dreams of what ought to have happened to *him* if he had got his full share of labor's reward, but the recompense had only come late in life with the flavor spoiled by years of drudgery and self-denial. He was not willing to have his little girl, so slim and straight, bow to the yoke too early in life.

"You must wait," said the father, then pointing out that there were splendid opportunities in the West and addressing the lover. "Go build your nest first, and I promise that she shall follow you when it is completed if she still loves you."

He was not to be turned from this decision.

"It may be a bridge of years," the lover pleaded, "dull years filled with lost days, lost days when we might be happy. Let her come with me now as my wife."

"Better a bridge of years than of tears," said the father. "You are asking for the greatest treasure I have. Many of my years were dull and filled with lost days that she might be what she is; now I will not part with her for the mere asking; you must go forth and show that you can shelter and shield her as I have."

"May I have her then?" the lover begged.

"If she loves you as now," the father answered, then he left them to plight their troth.

Blue her eyes and gold her hair, sweet was her smile and gay, she was sure that her love would last.

Dark his eyes and locks, sweet his voice and low; she was his whole future, time there never was his love would not defy, still there was a shade on his brow as their lips lingered like a sudden shadowing cloud.

"I fear the parting," he said, "tho I will love you unto death."

"Even after," she whispered, "will I love you."

Her eyes grew sad with far-off prophecy; his filled with tears.

A cloud obscured the sun, and both shuddered as the shadow passed them.

"I seemed to know that it was coming," he whispered, then clasping her in passionate embrace: "Is it forever?"

"I promise," she assured him; "whenever God wills, I will be yours."

"Whenever God wills," he muttered with vague unrest. "I wish I had the strength to take our lives in my own hands and shake them free of all restraint. The absence will be hard."

"For both of us," she said, "but I will bear it for your sake and help you by writing every day."

So they parted and her promise was kept.

Thru the years of his struggle and disappointment her light was his guide, her faith his inspiration; it was

high noon when he succeeded and the fruition of his hope seemed near.

Then came the cloud.

A letter arrived at his ranch saying that she was on her way to join him, giving the train she had taken, and asking him to make preparations for the wedding.

There seemed to be no spot on the horizon of his happiness.

In a state of high nervous excitement he prepared his house for the bride elect, gathered a great bouquet of wild flowers, summoned his friends and went to the station with an escort of adherents.

On every side there was laughter, happiness and a joining of sympathetic minds. Felicity was at its height when the hour of arrival was at hand, then the whole scene became dark, and he who had waited and watched long years, soothed and sustained by an unflinching trust, became stricken with apprehension and paced the platform with extreme agitation.

He looked down the track with strained eyes, then turned them to the darkening heavens with anxiety. He remembered the cloud at their betrothal; what did the parallel of incident mean? He stood still as if afraid to disturb his own thought, his full consciousness riveted on the ill omen. Friends tried to rouse him from the gloom of thoughts unbidden, but their questions elicited no reply. He broke away from them and paced up and down furiously impatient over the impotence of his position as time passed swiftly and no train appeared.

What had happened?

He trembled and paled.

The station agent was running towards him with a telegram in his hand, his face drawn with horror.

The message announced that the expected train had gone down thru a defective bridge into a stream killing every passenger on board.

The man who had loved, struggled and waited in vain looked about him blankly. The girl of soft eyes and sweet face was not a reality but a wraith, a fantastic dream of an overworked mind. Bright had been the



THE LETTER ANNOUNCED HER COMING.



HE COULD NOT BELIEVE THAT SHE WAS NOT COMING.

dreams of his heart, fair the promise of his day, but his dream was over, his day had sped with the last glimpse of light in the sky. It was forever night and he was alone. Perhaps his dream was not dead, but only tired of waiting and watching, as weary as he, and had gone away on rainbow wings to rest or to sleep to some far place beyond the cloud.

He looked up with tearless eyes and whispered her name, then they took him away as if she had forgotten and would not come, but he knew they were mistaken.

Next morning the woods were just as green as ever, the birds sang the same carols, there was nothing changed; for Love had not turned his face away. The stricken man mourned not at all, he became a dreamer of dreams. He rose with the dawn and gathered his flowers, fashioned them into a bouquet and set forth joyously to meet his loved one at the station. He sighed with resignation when she did not appear among the arriving passengers, but lost no faith. She would surely come some day. Tho he may have wept the lonely night unheard, he smiled at the dawn, gathered his flowers and haunted the station with ever renewed hope.

Thus passed his years of barren constancy.

At last evening came. Those who

had known the lover in the glorious morn of his effort and the dark afternoon of his affliction had fallen away until only one servitor remained, a negress with hair as white as his own. Each morning she was in the habit of giving him a small bouquet to carry to the station—flowers only bloomed for his bride—but he was beginning to totter and his health was fast failing. On the day that his long dream came to an end, he gazed at the small bunch of flowers like one mystified, his hollow eyes filled with wonder, and the faithful old servant ran out of the room to hide her tears.

He knew.

He knew that the house he had provided had no value of its own; it had been built and furnished for one who was to have made it a home. Each little cherished detail was for her who would never come to partake of its charm. Effort, hope and struggle had been in vain.

He wandered to where a picture of the loved one rested and gazed at it fondly.

Before his eyes was a white, small face in a cloud of soft hair. His eyes dimmed at the thought that she was no more, her entity blotted out with nothing but this presentment left as trace of its existence.

Suddenly his eyes opened wide, and with the awakening came a brief renewal of energy.



"SHE WILL SURELY COME SOME DAY," HE SAID.

"I have loved you from the first moment we met," he declared passionately, "but it seems as tho I had always loved you. There has never been any one but you in my heart; there is no one like you this side of Heaven."

He staggered and sank feebly into his favorite chair.

"This would be Heaven if you were here," he murmured. "Can you not take me with you, sweetheart?"

While he waited with closed eyes for response, a soft glow filled the room. Out of the nebulous light came the picture of a girl nestling in the natural chair formed by an old, gnarled tree. She was waiting, sixteen and sweet, at the perfect time of life when the mold is broken.

She descended and beckoned.

His head fell back; he breathed his last sigh; he was gone and the vision faded.



OUT OF THE NEBULOUS LIGHT CAME THE PICTURE OF THE GIRL.

So they went together, to grow in some other garden, two flowers of constancy.



## Had His Own Explanation

WHEN the motion pictures were a novelty they were a sore trial to the people who always seek the most involved explanations of the simplest ideas. Already columns had been printed about the method of projecting the pictures, but one man in a small town where the local theater was hired by a picture exhibition, would not be convinced.

"You can't tell me that it's all on that little piece of celluloid!" he exclaimed, when he was shown the tiny pictures. "I know better than that. It's all right to tell the people that you use the magic lantern, but you can't fool a man like me."

The manager smiled at the disbelief but offered no argument and just then the "Doubting Thomas" saw three of the men employed to work the sound effects slipping into the stage door with a show of secrecy. They were trying to escape the managerial eye, because they should have been at their places ten minutes before, but the knowing one decided they were trying to hide from him.

"I know how it's done!" he cried, exultantly. "Take me back and let me see it worked and I'll promise not to tell, but if you don't the story will be all over town by tomorrow."

"Take you back where?" asked the mystified manager.

"Back on the stage, of course. Don't you suppose that I know. You have a lot of people back there and when you pretend to use that magic lantern they go thru the motions and you see it thru a transparent curtain. I don't know how you get all that scenery into the theater, but you can't fool me any longer. Will you take me back or shall I give it away and break up your show?"

He was not permitted to invade the region back of the stage and his "exposé" was the best advertising the exhibition could have had, for people were evenly divided in their opinion and they haunted the house, each eager to prove his contention, and the doubter was rewarded for his unintentional boom by being taken "back stage" the last night of the exhibition.



SCENE FROM "THE TRAIL OF THE POMOS CILARM."

# The Immortal Alamo

By John Ellridge Chandos

DOWN on the San Antonio River the mellow light of late winter sunset shone from a cloudless west with no prophecy of impending danger in its serene beauty. There was a cluster of low-walled dwellings near the stream—a town then called Bexar—and a little beyond them an ancient Spanish mission—the Alamo—once a stronghold of religious pioneers, now occupied as a fortress by those of freedom.

From one cottage came a sweeter music than the song of a southern nightingale—the laugh of a happy woman. She was Lucy, the young and spirited wife of Lieutenant Dickenson, much more charmed than alarmed by the presence of danger at this advanced post. Mexicans were numerous in this Texas town and it was rumored that Santa Anna at the head of an army was coming into the land of freedom to establish his military despotism. But why should she fear? There were one hundred and fifty Americans in possession of the old mission, and among them some of the greatest fighters in the new world. With ten times that number of daring spirits the Texans would have unhesitatingly marched to the Mexican capital and deposed a tyrant too strong for his own countrymen.

Lucy was chatting and laughing with the man she loved, as lightly as if the touch of amber on her cheeks—the parting sun's benediction—was the dawn's new splendor of promise.

Suddenly the western light went out like a snuffed candle.

She shivered and paled.

Her husband, alarmed at the change in his wife's spirits, turned and saw Senor Navarre and a companion approaching.

There was a smile on the Mexican's face; he was openly opposed to Santa Anna's destruction of Mexican liberty, and an avowed friend of Texan independence. He greeted the American officer with cordiality and the young wife with mingled deference and gallantry, then passed on, but his shadow remained.

Pressed for explanation of her change of mood, the lieutenant's wife confessed that she had no other ground for a sudden fear that had taken possession of her mind than an alteration in Navarre's attitude. He had admired her in a respectful way, betraying more than ordinary interest, but with becoming modesty and deference. She had just noted a remarkable change in the expression of his face, as tho a mask had fallen. There was a revelation of cruel anticipation in his smile, as tho he had been secretly planning to destroy her happiness and was on the verge of complete triumph.

Lieutenant Dickenson laughed away his wife's fears for the moment, but they were destined to be renewed at a social gathering soon after.

Officers assembled with their friends to make merry at headquarters, altho it was known that ruthless Santa Anna had formed an army of five thousand men within menacing distance of the post. This condition of overconfidence was due to the character of such leaders as Colonel William Barrett Travis, James Bowie and Davy Crockett in the tiny garrison, all



THE ARMY OF SANTA ANNA HAD FORMED.

three being high representatives of the unconquerable spirit of the American people. Military discipline was, however, so lax that Mexicans of supposed friendly attitude mingled with the revellers.

Senor Navarre appeared and exhibited a degree of effrontery which would have awakened the suspicions of any but men so insanely self-confident that they seemed to court destruction. His attentions to Lucy Dickenson were bold enough to excite her bitter resentment, yet were allowed by her natural protector to pass unheeded. Had the lieutenant's wife been a deliberate coquette she could not have adopted a surer course to stimulate the Mexican's passion than that of displaying her hatred for him. To men of his race a woman's resistance meant invitation. He had been secretly nourishing for the American girl a passion whose strength lay in the higher quality of her appeal; his own country women were too easy; this one held him at arm's length. Wherever she moved he was in her train, until others fell away and gave him opportunity.

"I have something important to tell you," he whispered; "you are in great danger; if you will come with me to the plaza I will explain."

That she recoiled with instinctive

distrust had no significance for one who would have brought destruction upon the best of human kind to obtain the woman he wanted. He continued with the recklessness of a man who has but one object in life, and that one at stake.

"I have good reason to hate Santa Anna. He is destroying the independence we wrested from Spain with a view to making himself dictator and conveying Mexican claims this side of the Rio Grande to your Government for the millions he expects to personally appropriate. His army is only a demonstration, but if he knew that this garrison was so weak he would take it for the impression he would be able to create."

"He is six hundred miles away," said the lieutenant's wife.

Navarre's lips curled in a derisive smile.

"As you will," he replied. "Santa Anna's ignorance of your weakness is only surpassed by yours of his position. He *was* six hundred miles away several weeks ago, but where can he be when a message is brought thru the lines to me, indicating that he is at our doors?"

The American girl drew herself up proudly.



"Why does he send messages to you?" she asked.

"Because he fears me," Navarre replied eagerly. "He promises every boon I may ask if I will desert the cause of Mexican independence and join his force, probably in order to learn where General Houston's force lies."

"Then there *is* danger!" Lucy exclaimed, in alarm.

"Tell them," said Navarre, pointing at the revelers; "they will laugh at you. The courage of your men is not

indifference to danger, but ignorance of it."

Lucy regarded him with suspicion.

"You are only trying to frighten me," she said, and drew away.

Nevertheless she attempted to kindle recognition of impending peril and so far succeeded that Colonel Travis despatched secret messengers for help. Still there was no general alarm until a soldier broke in upon the scene of revelry with the astounding intelligence that Mexican troops had been seen in the distance by one of the outposts. Even then there was rejoicing,



THE IMPORTANT MESSAGE.



DRIVING IN THE BEEVES FOR PROVISIONS.

the bordermen preferring active service to garrison duty.

It now became obvious to the commanding officer that a man of unusual courage and ability was needed to carry despatches to General Houston, as the messenger might have to fight his way thru intervening Mexican lines. In an open call for volunteers for this service the honor fell to Lieutenant Dickenson. His wife tearfully protested, but the gallant young officer was not to be turned from his duties in such a crisis. There was a sad and hurried parting between the proudest husband and happiest wife in the garrison, and he hurried away on his dangerous mission.

Navarre now became more insistent. The peril at which he had hinted was now proven to exist. He begged Lucy to leave a small fortress defended by a mere handful of men unprepared for a protracted siege, to say nothing of the assault of a well-equipped army. In her utter misery she listened to his pleadings until she caught a glimpse

of a purpose he made small effort to conceal, then she turned on her persecutor in a furious gust of anger. The tentacles of lust and rage in the Mexican's countenance were fearful to behold. With his soul in their grip he declared that if she refused, the price would be the death of every man in the garrison, whereas her consent would purchase their safety.

Outraged by his proposal, she appealed to Travis for protection, and Navarre, notwithstanding his professed hatred for Santa Anna, was ignominiously thrown out of the mission, instead of being put under guard. The military genius of Travis, Bowie and Crockett was weak in strategy; it was that of the field where bravery in action meant only increased chance of death. Travis was a gallant and determined young officer, but lacked the experience of an old campaigner; the Southwest had no greater hand-to-hand fighter than Bowie, and Crockett was a whole army in himself. The famous hunter and pioneer was not

only a dead shot, but a cool and determined fighter against odds, and a figure of such note that his mere presence in the garrison caused Santa Anna to proceed with caution.

The Americans had time to place all surplus arms, ammunition and provisions in the fortress over which they unfurled a large flag of thirteen stripes with a lone star surrounded by the name "Texas." The surplus provisions amounted to a few beeves driven in from the town and a dozen extra bags of corn.

The Mexicans raised a blood-red banner over the town, a significant intimation that no quarter would be given, then posted their troops with deliberation. Santa Anna had been told by Navarre that the garrison was weak in numbers, but the informer urged a demand for surrender on account of the woman he desired to spare from death and injury for a worse fate.

A detachment of Mexican cavalry came forth, making a fair appearance

in their gay uniforms, and a messenger bearing a flag of truce approached the mission. He was allowed to enter blindfolded and make a demand for unconditional surrender. This demand, accompanied by a threat to put every member of the devoted band to the sword in case of refusal, was made to Travis while he stood near a loadpiece of artillery on the mission roof. He gave the messenger time to escape, then hurled his note of defiance by firing the cannon with his own hands.

The memorable battle was on.

Fannin at Goliad with five hundred men made an effort to relieve Travis but his transportation failed, his ammunition wagons broke down and he could not get his artillery over the rivers, so he abandoned the attempt. A small detachment of his force under James Butler Bonham got thru the Mexican lines at night, but this reinforcement could not defer the inevitable. The Mexicans placed batteries in their three hundred and fifty



THE DEATH OF THE MEXICAN.



THE ATTACK ON THE ALAMO.

yards of the fortress and poured in a steady stream of bombs for days.

The most effective fire from the defenders was that of the sharp-shooting rangers. They not only picked off stragglers with unerring precision, but made the lot of Mexican artillerymen unenviable. When a heavy piece was planted in close range to make a breach in the walls, Crockett allowed them to charge the gun but dropped one after another who attempted to fire it, until it was given up as a dangerous piece of business and the cannon was abandoned where it stood. The Mexicans, however, gradually secured a correct range from protected points, and the interior of the mission became a scene of carnage. Among those soon disabled was the redoubtable Bowie, but his spirit failed not. Wounded in a dozen places, he was stretched helpless on a cot when Travis gathered the fragments of his company together and drew a line on the floor with his sword.

Those who preferred fighting to the death were asked to step over the line to his side.

All but one crossed, even disabled

Bowie insisting upon being carried over.

Travis fell during the terrible cannonade of March 5th, but the unequal and hopeless struggle was continued by his undaunted followers. All night long, while death was reaping a terrible harvest within those crumbling walls and most of the garrison were on the verge of exhaustion, every man who could fire a gun fought on with desperate courage. At daybreak the citadel was assaulted by the entire Mexican army. The assailants infuriated by such desperate resistance swarmed over the works and the defenders fell like autumn leaves until only six remained. Of these six Crockett stood alone in an angle of the fort like a lion at bay. His right hand wielded a shattered rifle, his left a bowie knife streaming with gore, his face was covered with blood from a sabre cut on his forehead, while he fought on behind a veritable breastwork of dead and wounded Mexicans.

When at last the swords of the invaders were sheathed in the hearts of these devoted men, none remained in



NONE REMAINED SAVE A FEW CHILDREN AND WOMEN.

the garrison save a few children and three women. Among the latter was the wife of Lieutenant Dickenson.

Navarre had triumphed.

His triumph, however, was short-lived. Within a month, and before he could achieve a forced marriage with his captive, Santa Anna was over-

whelmed by General Houston in command of a Texan force numbering less than one-half of the Mexican army, and Navarre died by Lieutenant Dickenson's avenging hand.

In Texas there is a war cry never to be forgotten:

"Remember the Alamo!"



### "Moving Pictures"

By John S. Grey

Moving pictures, moving pictures!

How I love the changing scenes!

Spite of legal bans and strictures

I'm devoted to the screens.

How I dote on play and story

Told of home or lands remote,—

But I cannot say I glory

O'er my recent *anti-dote*.

For we chanced to change our dwelling

Moving off some blocks away

Which hard labor was compelling

For myself the live-long day!

All because of wifey's strictures

I was worked just like a slob,—

Moving pictures! moving *pictures*?

No!—I do not like the *job*!



SCENE FROM "THE BAGGAGE COACH AHEAD."



# The Rival Candidates



By Alma Webster Powell, LL.D., B.M., M.A.

THE late afternoon sun smiled in a dignified and approving manner upon the charming home-gathering, which reflected the golden rays from eyes expectant of a coming pleasure. The picture which animated the rose-decked veranda of the pleasant Ainslee home contained four figures of human interest, Mrs. Ainslee, her two little daughters and the crown prince Harold, the eleven-year old son. Health and happiness sparkled in the faces and radiated from the rounded forms of the children, and the cause of so much beauty and vigor was not difficult to trace when one gazed upon the contented aspect of the mother. This woman has always been loved, one would have said, feeling instantly the vital force which Nature ever casts out from the recesses of a healthy and noble character.

"Mother," said Harold, "father ought to be coming before this. I wonder what keeps him so late."

"He is often late since he has been mixing politics with the happiness of our lives," replied Mrs. Ainslee, a slight contraction of her fine brows momentarily varying the noble serenity of her expression.

"Politics! what are politics?" questioned the boy.

"Politics?" she answered, "why politics are prizes in a grab bag, most of them so dirty from polluted handling that one pulls out a disease with every prize."

"O, mother, couldn't we play politics if we wash the prizes?" cried little Gladys, her eight years already glowing with the femininity of her pretty mother.

"Wash the prizes?" said the mother, taking the child upon her lap. "In-

deed we shall do that, dear, after we have taught the players to wash their hands." This did not mean much to the children, but the bright, determined look in Mrs. Ainslee's eyes disclosed an intention that meant something at least to her.

All at once the children ran down the neat gravel path, with loud cries of delight, and then, after a moment they returned, each small girl perched upon a broad shoulder of a tall, finely built man, the boy hanging in playful weightiness to a bent elbow. So heavily but blissfully laden, the father reached the veranda, when Mrs. Ainslee encircled them all in a tender but half-reaching embrace, after which they all entered the house, where the many pretty and even costly furnishings proclaimed easy circumstances, success and happiness. The evening was drawing to a close and Mr. Ainslee was about to finish his reading of the paper, when an article caught his eyes.

"Ah, ha! So we are going to have another party in the political field this year!" said he, aloud.

"Some new prohibition scheme, I presume," said his wife.

"O, not half so important," replied Mr. Ainslee, sarcastically, "it's the Labor Party. Labor Party, indeed!" slapping the paper a smart rap, as tho a striking foreman were under his resentful hand: "why, what can those ignorant machines think they are? Haven't they got higher wages than they ever had in the history of labor? Aren't business men looking after their interests all the while?"

"Perhaps the laboring class wants a hand in the 'looking after' scheme, too," suggested his wife slyly.

"What for, in heaven's name!"

angrily. "Do they think they can divide profits without dividing risks? Are we going to let our workmen come into our factories to tell us our business, or are we going to pay them their wages and see to it that they give back the amount in labor?"

"Perhaps," again dared his wife, "the amount of labor they put into a work is not in the right proportion to the profit to the manufacturer, and really it does seem strange that a few men have power to place a fixed value upon the work of their brothers, and that, in spite of life-long labor, the workers own nothing. What is wrong?"

"Wrong? Well, their way of living is wrong. Labor Party indeed! The whole bunch of traitors will lose their jobs, that's what they'll get!" An extra slam of the paper on the table showed the usual sore spot of the successful but labor-fearing capitalist. "Now, Ellen, I hope you won't go talking such trash about the rights of labor to the people of the town, or using your vote for any interest but mine. Surely our first duty is to our children!"

"And the children of the poor," said Ellen.

"Bosh! I thought the franchise would give you women more stamina. But you're still in your white-mice-loving stage, opposed to great scientific movements like vivisection, which your votes made unlawful, and thereby depriving students of necessary practice."

"We still have convicted murderers to offer as substitutes for harmless and non-profitable animals," rejoined Ellen, with calmness.

Mr. Ainslee was a little angry, and the cloud which had been gathering of late upon Ellen Ainslee's smooth brow, now deepened into a hard and fixed expression.

"Winthrop Ainslee, you are becoming nervous and ill from your unfortunate association with the political elements of this town. Give it up, I beg of you! You are successful in business. Why trouble our happy life with politics under a government system which can never be clean because

it is rotten at the base? Do you want to lose honor, health and peace of mind in an unworthy struggle for polluted political prizes?"

"I'm a man, and you being a woman, cannot possibly understand a man's ambitions. If I am born to lead, why should I not strive for the honors of a leader?"

"Because, being a man, your ideal is merely power over the subjugated class, and your house of glory is doomed to be overthrown by that very class in the near future, and I do not want to see you humiliated."

"Pooh! Exaggeration as ever, is woman's great fault. Yet frankly, Ellen, I tell you, that you are not capable of appreciating man's desires. In spite of the franchise for women your own class votes for men. Of course you can see why. I don't mean to hurt you—you have been a good wife, and a model mother, and I grant your superiority there, but keep in your realm!"

"I certainly shall, Winthrop, but you must permit me to be the judge of the situation of my realm."

The next morning the little domestic cloud had passed away, and the bright faces around the breakfast table spoke only of lack of anxiety, as the yellow sunlight cast bars of gold over white cloth and glistening china, and thoughts of joy into each happy heart. The door opened suddenly. The office boy rushed into the room waving the morning paper aloft.

"It's you, Sir!" he cried breathlessly. "You're nominated!"

"Nominated? What for?" replied Mr. Ainslee, yet with a perceptible tremor in his voice.

"For Mayor, Sir! And the whole town is full of it. Excuse me, I'm wanted outside," and the lad vanished.

For a moment Winthrop Ainslee allowed the paper to remain unopened. He was affecting indifference before those questioning eyes of Ellen. Then he opened and read the news. Nominated for Mayor on the Fusion ticket. Without a word he passed the paper to her. She read and then, going to him where he sat, she stooped down and



gently kist the thinning round disk at the crown of his head.

"If you are happy, then, I am glad and proud, dear," she softly whispered.

He fondly caressed the hand that held the paper, and suddenly burst into laughter.

"Well why do you laugh, dear?" she asked. "This is a serious affair."

"Look there!" he replied, pointing to a heading, "There will also be a suffrage ticket in the field. Now, really, Ellen, you ought to have prevented that, for your party cannot live against me."

"I did not know you were to be nominated," she meekly replied; "but of course, you are certain of success. You have only the suffrage party and that poor dark horse, the Labor Party, to fight, and only the suffrage party counts against you, and I am obliged to admit its weakness."

"O, you women-righters! You had better give up the game in the—— but what does this mean?" A loud

and rough conversation with repeated stamping upon the hall floor caused the sudden exclamation. In a moment the door was thrown violently open, and three coarse looking men entered, bringing with them into that pure home atmosphere a strong odor of gin and tobacco, most offensive to the refined sense of Ellen Ainslee. Shrinking away from them she recognized in their bleared faces the type of character which controls evil politics in our cities. One was a saloon keeper who was directly responsible for most of the youthful degradation of the town. Another had been trapped in a great water pipe swindle and the third had served a term in jail for running a gambling den where many families had been ruined. All three, however, had amassed fortunes in their handling of politics, and Ellen thought with horror of the menace to her home and happiness in the constant association of her husband with depraved natures of this class. A loud series of congratulations



MR. AINSLEE'S POLITICAL ASSOCIATES SHOCK HIS WIFE.

ensued, and after some pretty free use of vulgar language and promises of future "big game" on the part of the three intruders, accompanied by bloated winks and signs of mutual understanding, the room was cleared of their presence, and Ellen's temper, like that of all women of ability, slumbering ever not far below the surface, burst forth like a cyclone.

Every man knows what a good woman's temper looks like, when it issues from its nest of conscientious decency and high respectability. Ellen did not spare her ambitious spouse for the desire to become the representative of such men as these. Then, like a woman, with many sides to her rich nature, she turned upon her husband all the tenderness of her love, and implored him to abandon a path which must be trod with so low a band of companions. All in vain! Mayor of the town! That was too high an honor to renounce. He promised to push aside in his road to power, all

evil tempters, with his feeble human will; but Ellen, with that fine intuition which is in women, the result of so many developed mental processes unlearned by men in their pain-free existences, saw in a flash all the steps of degradation by which political power is generally attained, and the future looked dark to her frightened sense. The quarrel which marred the serenity of the morning was but the usual effort of a strong soul to enter the consciousness of a loved being and begging it to see with the far-sightedness of love. In vain! Ambition triumphed and Ellen saw her husband leave the house in pride and anger against her.

The late afternoon of the same day found the family reunited. Ellen had dried her tears, and had determined to show no sign of impatience or displeasure. As the children played about the parlor floor, Ellen played softly on the piano. Winthrop lay back in his easy chair listening. His eyes were bright, and he seemed animated by an



THE DELEGATION FROM THE WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE PARTY.

inward fire. All at once the hum of female voices came up the gravel path, and in a moment the room was filled with women who all seemed to talk at once. No fumes of gin and tobacco here! Each woman was filled with an enthusiasm over what seemed a sacred mission in life, and just now the object of their combined enthusiasm was Ellen Ainslee. Winthrop sprang from his chair with amazement as he heard the object of the visit. What was that? A delegation from the Woman's Suffrage Party to ask that Ellen Ainslee accept the nomination as Mayor! Merciful Heaven! Ellen and he, life partners, rival candidates! Was there ever such a mix-up?

He glanced at her. She glanced at him in mute appeal. Then she speaks: "Will you renounce if I do?"

He pauses. All the red signs of glory come floating before his inflamed imagination. He had no fear whatever of the Suffrage Party, and his ambition even blinded him to the danger of his comfort by a wife's candidacy. No! He shook his head firmly. Ellen turned to the ladies and in a few well chosen words, accepted the nomination. War was silently declared between the political minds of husband and wife, and the days of excitement and restless anxiety which followed held up that once peaceful home life as a bit of heaven, pushed ruthlessly out of reach by two harmonious beings, poisoned with the views of political longings.

Days pass quickly and the once peaceful home of Winthrop Ainslee has become the scene of verbal war. Confusion reigns in all parts of the house. The servants take sides in the political discussions and neglect their duties, and the children, served with irregular meals at late hours, become ill looking and irritable. The cry of little four-year-old Edna is often heard, and the unhappiness which the unsettled mind creates, reigns in that once model home. Neither Winthrop Ainslee nor his wife ever had the least idea of "giving up." The fight was getting into the blood, as it were, and all else was forgotten in the exciting struggle. Over the door

of the front veranda hung a great linen sign showing the house to be the headquarters of the Suffrage Party, and Winthrop, unable longer to endure the racket of female tongues, which made his home a den of distractions, finally decided to leave. Not that any serious intention of abandonment entered his head. He craved rest in order to prepare his great orations, which were to amaze the world.

So, a modest little tent grew out of the center grass plot in the front yard, and a meeting of importance was called. A brass band furnished by the Fusion Party struck a great din, but out from the house came a greater din of wash pans, kettles, brass tongs on metal platters and the shouts of many women, which soon put a stop to the Fusion Headquarters meetings in the front yard.

But when the moon rose high in the quiet heavens and the majesty of night silenced with dewy pressure the babbling of tongues and the surging of turbulent thought, little white clad figures could be seen stealing across the lawn and into the lonely tent. There, tender "good-nights" from childish lips brought tears to the eyes of the troubled father, and the return patter of those little feet to the house left a bereaved and despondent heart to grace the Headquarters of the Fusion Party. Poor Ellen indoors, was no less miserable. Many a tear wet her lonely pillow, but she was no weakling, this woman of the Madonna type of brow, and the Suffrage Party's success had now become her duty in life, as it appeared to her.

The campaign became heated as the season advanced and the hopes of the Fusion Party ran high. The Suffrage Party annoyed itself by its vain attempts to stem the tide of the Fusion enthusiasm, and Ellen as candidate felt the full bitterness of a struggle which in her own heart she felt was not worth the heartbreak invested in it. She had not desired political position, feeling ever that tho the national household was as much woman's affair as it was man's, her real helpfulness to her country's need was in the casting



THE DIN FROM THE WOMEN'S HEADQUARTERS DROWNS THE MUSIC OF THEIR RIVALS.

of the vote for better conditions, and the working out of those conditions in the individual home. Men, she knew, not knowing the nobler vocation of home culture, were likely to enjoy the coarser excitements of the political chase, yet poor Winthrop's eyes betrayed anything but happiness. He had not slept in his own house since the establishment of the Suffrage Party Headquarters in his cozy rooms, and he began to feel the nervous strain of vain attempts to please even the party which nominated him, in a nervous cough, eye strain, twitching muscles, and sleepless nights.

The great night before election day arrived, and a mass meeting was called by the Fusion Party in the one large hall the town contained. A small platform was hastily constructed, just large enough to contain the speaker and the three leaders whose vulgar presence had so shocked the refined sensibilities of Ellen in her own home. Banners had been flying all day, and the brass band had forcibly and unpleasantly reminded the community each hour during the afternoon that Winthrop Ainslee's great speech was to win their

hearts that evening. The little Labor Party was bringing up a quiet rear in the march of the three parties, the Fusion candidate apparently leading in popular interest. Who cared for the interests of "labor?" Neither the Fusion nor the Suffrage Party gave much thought to the handlers of their instruments of manufacture. The owners of the machines and not the workers of them most interested capital and the parasites of capital, and anything so unwashed, grimy and powerless as the slaves of industry had no place even in the platform of the Suffrage party, which was following step by step in the wake of the drivers of labor.

So the meeting, so fraught with important results for Winthrop Ainslee, opened with dignity. The room was filled to the last bit of standing place, and the Fusion candidate for Mayor began his speech. He was weary and without enthusiasm, yet he nerved himself to do his best, if only to triumph over Ellen. He spoke the introductory remarks cleverly, and began to "get his gait," as the English pugilists say. Then he touched

the supreme point of the party's platform, and was about to present its smartly polished political planks to the now eager listeners, when there arose outside the open windows such a noise of female cat calls, hisses, yells, tin pans beaten with iron bars, and distracting confusion of sounds that the room was instantly filled with alarmed and then angry people, who had expected to hear the winning speech of the times. The nearest men in the audience hastened to close the windows, and after a moment of silence Winthrop Ainslee tried to take up the thread of his discourse. Immediately the noise was repeated, this time with furious hammering upon the doors and shaking of window sashes. After an hour of the fearful din, the meeting was effectually broken up, and the hall was closed. Furious were the epithets hurled by the disappointed people within the room at the raging women without, but as Ellen, who led them, said, "Words break no bones," and the women laughed at their opponents, realizing

more fully the need of women in the election "business" of the Nation.

\* \* \* \*

At the polls the two candidates met, but no smile of greeting stirred the lips of either husband or wife. If Winthrop Ainslee could allow politics to weigh down the home interests, so could Ellen; and tho her heart ached, she cast her vote; and her husband cast his, and they both awaited results.

Excitement was at its height when the bulletins began their inflaming mission.

The first bulletin flashed the news that the Fusion Party was ahead. This did not surprise Winthrop Ainslee, who was reasonably sure of his election; but just as he was beginning to frame his speech of thanks for the office of Mayor, the second bulletin blazed forth the fact that the Suffrage Party was in the lead. With bated breath he gazed at the board, and then waited in anxiety for the third bulletin. What, the Woman's Party still ahead? Ellen said nothing, but her own ambition began to bound and



THE SUFFRAGETS WITHOUT BREAK UP THE MEN'S MEETING WITHIN.

prance thru her jagged brain, coloring her cheeks scarlet, and dashing her eyes with fire. The fourth bulletin gave her a touch of recklessness and she flashed a triumphant glance at her husband. But he, almost ready to faint with excitement and chagrin, revived at the news of the fifth bulletin. His party was a little ahead. Ellen felt cold chills running down her spine. The one point for which these two misguided souls were striving was not the Nation's good, but personal spite and the desire to triumph. The sixth bulletin closed the evening's record and Ellen's party was a trifle ahead. The Union Labor Party was just showing a sign of strength. The crowd dispersed to seek uneasy pillows, awaiting the final count in the next morning's papers.

\* \* \* \*

All thru the night the eyes of the husband and wife burned with inward fever. Visions of power chased one another like restless phantoms thru the recesses of their brains. How far away seemed those blissful days when

the happy family basked in the sunshine of conscious prosperity! Now the abyss seemed widening between those once joyous hearts, and the underlying sadness in it all was reflected upon the present lives of the three children, making their steps heavy and their voices dull. O, happy bygone days! What bitter thoughts now dwell in the hearts of the Fusion candidate in his cheerless tent on the front lawn! No sleep calms either anxious mind, and the hours creep away until dawn lightens the familiar objects into sharp relief. At the stroke of six the garden gate opens, and the postman deposits the morning paper at the door of the porch and departs. Like a thief Winthrop peers about and then, wrapped in an old ulster, he almost crawls to the veranda, where he goes down upon hands and knees in order to reach that newspaper without betraying to the other candidate within, his feverish anxiety concerning the election returns. He reaches out his hand and it grasps the paper, indeed, but with another hand already



BOTH CANDIDATES WERE EAGER TO GET THE NEWS.

upon it, the hand of his wife, who had also been watching the whole night thru for a glance into the paper.

A moment of some embarrassment ensued, then with a dignity quite ludicrous in a man without either collar or shoes to lend grace to his appearance, Winthrop passes the paper to Ellen. She holds it without speaking for a moment, then as if in desperation, standing there in her night robe, she dashes open the paper, reads the great headlines and then, giving a cry of joy, throws herself into her husband's arms. He holds her an instant questioning: "Ellen, what is it? Have you won?"

"Won—I?" she cried thru tears of happiness. "No, indeed, I have lost."

"Well, then," he said, radiantly, "I am elected?"

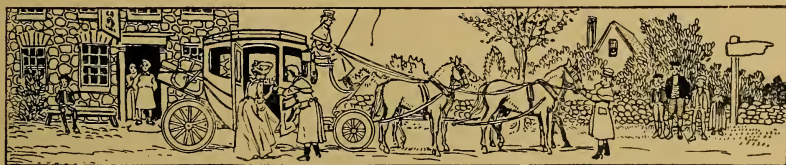
"No, dear, you have lost, too," she

replied, her face as bright as the golden morning.

"What do you mean? Some party must have been elected. You don't mean, Ellen——"

"Yes, darling, Union Labor has come into its own, and has beaten us and the ruling class. O, Winthrop, my own dear husband, what do we care? Let us have love and home, and a clean pair of consciences, and let the great suffering heart of the working people have the balm for which it has yearned thru the centuries. I was sorry to separate woman's cause from that of the strugglers. I want no political position. Give me your love and let us confine our future politics to our votes"—

"My darling!" he cried, folding her in his arms. "And those votes shall be for the working people. May *their* ruling be cleaner than *we* have made *ours*!"



## The Motion Picture Fan

By La Touche Hancock

He's a spunky little fellow, without a trace of yellow,

He knows his motion picture A. B. C.  
He rivals all the sages, and accurately gauges

The films that will be pleasing to a "T".

He's very free with strictures, on inappropriate pictures,

On every mechanism he's *au fait*,  
He can talk about the locus, of the fluctuating focus,

And let you know the minute it's O. K.

Should he discourse on shutters, weigh every word he utters,

You'll find he won't make much of a mistake.

His original disclosures, on powder and exposures,

Are anything, believe me, but a fake.

So on ad infinitum, you'll find there's not an item,

On which he will not have his little say,

He's business-like, and handy, in fact, he's quite a dandy,

This hero of the motion picture day!



SCENE FROM THE PHOToplay "AIDA."



# Moving Pictures as an Educational Force

By John S. Grey

SINCE the advent of the moving picture business there have been many to praise it and many to decri it. The latter have usually been actuated by real or imaginary zeal in the cause of morality, spurred on by a temporary and regrettable decadence of standards in the ethics of the pictures shown.

These good people should remember that the self-same objection applies with still greater force to the theatrical stage, which, we are taught to believe, is intended to uplift humanity and enable audiences. A large number of the get-rich-quick managers, and some playwrights with similar ideas and motives, have catered to a perhaps too willing public and produced shows that are the reverse of moral in their tendencies.

The moralists differentiate by saying that the drama is meant for the adult and the picture show for the young; that the adult can see and hear immoral plays without any detriment to his own morals, whereas the child is naturally and necessarily influenced by what he sees and hears; therefore, any picture show which is not absolutely clean and pure in its subject and in its handling, ought to be barred from public exhibition.

The moralists are right in this point, and the laws should be made as drastic as in the case of the regular drama. There are plenty of incidents in the everyday life of the average human upon which to base a good, sound play, without stooping to the gutter for ideas and plots. But the purpose of this article is to discuss the moving picture and not the drama, hence it will be confined to the subject

of moving pictures as an educational force.

Regular patrons of moving picture shows have doubtless been impressed by the fact that, outside of the serious and comic plays portrayed, there have been shown many subjects of the so-called "drier" sort; not amusing, not pathetic, not inculcating any particular moral lesson or the reverse, but absolutely and thoroly educational in their plan and scope.

The many "travelogues" or pictures in foreign lands, with their vivid showing of the manners, customs, habits and garb of different nationalities, their reproduction of actual scenery, modes of travel, and treatment of tourists, are of great educational value to the young, and to the untraveled adult. An audience watching one of these travel films goes away with new and accurate ideas of the places and peoples represented, and with a much more comprehensive grasp of the geographical and political status of the countries depicted.

But the best and most popular form of instruction rendered by picture shows, is the illustrated description of certain industries and trades, from A to Z. The graphic working out in detail of all the great industries, by means of moving pictures, will supersede all technical schools and abridge all known methods of teaching. Volumes of text, and weeks of time spent in study, can never convey the vivid, actual, practical knowledge afforded by these films. Ten minutes spent in watching an industrial film on the screen will give, even to the unintelligent pupil, a better, clearer, and more accurate idea of the actual workings of

any manufacturing process than a year of theoretical talk on the subject.

As a technical educator, therefore, the moving picture is a marvelous power. Ask any child who has witnessed any of these industrial exhibitions how the particular article illustrated was made, and he will be able to tell you in detail, because he has actually seen the environment and every particular of actual manufacture plainly shown in operation. For instance, the process of wool-making, shown from the back of the sheep until the finished cloth is in the tailor's hands, or the transforming of a tree into wood pulp and so on into the finished newspaper. Could the pupil tell so much about these industries after months of book teaching or black-board demonstration? Assuredly not.

Here is a fine suggestion for both public and private schools. Technical knowledge of almost any kind easily, quickly and thoroly implanted, by practical demonstration, into the minds of even the dullest pupils, without a high-salaried master to weary his scholars and disgust himself by trying to teach "dry" subjects to uninterested ears. There is an attraction about moving pictures that chains the attention of otherwise unwilling observers. They will absorb by means of the picture show what they would not grasp by any other means.

And "dry" subjects apply as well to many adults as to the young. Until the coming of the picture show, the details and processes of any particular industry were as a sealed book to the majority of men. How many men, for instance, with trades and professions of their own, have any interest in the detailed workings of another fellow's business? Would they buy a book about it and sit down to study the pages of the text? Not likely. Would they attend classes to hear some expert explain the intricacies of that particular craft in detail? Absolutely, no.

But when it comes to watching a screen for seven or eight minutes, and thus imbibing in that brief period a practical knowledge of that particular industry, it ceases to be "dry" and becomes a welcome entertainment.

Moving pictures have their amusing side, and their thrilling side, in the rendering of photo dramas; their intense interest in their presentation of scenes of travel in foreign lands; but their greatest triumph, and their best and most permanent feature, the one that enhances their value to humanity most, is the ease with which they demonstrate and teach, literally "while you wait," the details of vast industrial undertakings in the mechanical and textile worlds.



"The first merit of pictures is the effect which they can produce upon the mind; and the first step of a sensible man should be to receive involuntary effects from them. Pleasure and inspiration first; analysis afterward."—*Beecher.*



# The Carnival



By Emmett Campbell Hall  
(From the Scenario of Gene Gauntier)

THERE was an illusive atmosphere about the studio that puzzled one at first, despite the cold north-light, which brought out rather mercilessly the fine lines beginning to develop about Jerome's sensitive mouth; there was a suggestion of domesticity, the home-touch, tho the potted plants were withering for lack of water, and the gay chintz curtains should have gone to the laundry weeks ago. Even the be-ribboned and be-laced cradle—of course! Over all the studio was the feminine touch, tho a prim housekeeper might have sniffed at the neglected dust.

Jerome, absorbed in his work, strained his eyes as the light grew fainter, and became conscious of something which vaguely irritated—doubtless the student on the floor below who had recently developed an ignoble passion for the cornet. Finally the painter laid aside his brush, passed his hand over his brow, and with a start turned toward the lacy cradle, taking into his arms the crying child. Clumsily, but with infinite gentleness, he comforted the infant, lulled it to sleep. Glancing at his watch, he stepped to the door, listened, and turned away, the shadow which should not have been on his expressive face growing deeper.

"If Fifine doesn't come in by seven—" he muttered, but at that moment the door was thrown open, and his wife danced into the room, the hint of a song on her lips, and with sparkling eyes.

"You said you would be home at one—it is half after six. Fifine," Jerome said gravely. "The baby—"

"The *babe*—the what you say?—angel it is?—would come to its muz-

zer!" she cried merrily, and took the child in her arms, but for a moment only. The next instant she was flitting about the studio, divesting herself of hat and wrap, while her gay chatter ran on unbroken.

"But Fifine, I wish you to be serious," Jerome protested, laying his hand compellingly upon her arm.

She looked at him with widening eyes, that by some astonishing ability were being slowly filled with tears.

"It is to be serious—me!" she cried. "It is that he no longer loves me! It is that he desires I should weep! He is my husband, I obey! But see!" and with most convincing sobs she threw herself upon his breast, her arms stealing clingingly about his neck.



HE LULLED BABY TO SLEEP.

Certainly Fifine was as much a child as when he married her, three years ago. A merry, irresponsible sparrow of the Latin Quarter—a gayly plumed sparrow, truly; one he had thought to tame and teach to sing low, soft mother-songs. The nest he had prepared, the nestling lay in the be-ribboned cradle, but Fifine was still the untamed sparrow, chattering, darting here and there. In her seemed incarnated the very soul of the Quarter that had known her since birth. He had made a mistake in his gentleness, perhaps; mayhap sternness. He smiled to himself. The idea of sternness to Fifine seemed so queer. As readily be stern to a wild rose. And how he loved her! Unconsciously his arms tightened about her, passionately.

She, knowing that the battle was won, sprang away from him, a trill of laughter on her lips, and paused in front of the picture on which he had been working. Whatever else she might lack, Fifine knew art as the critic knows it, and for a moment she grew

serious as she surveyed the canvas thru half closed eyes.

"It is splendid, Jerome," she said, abandoning the broken English that she used when he attempted to scold, and which to him had never lost its charm. "Your colors are unique, but wonderful!"

"It is good, isn't it?" he said softly, and the dreamy look came into his eyes.

Abruptly the studio door swung open, admitting a trio of chattering girls. They, too, were of the Quarter, and with a sense of disgust Jerome realized that in all essentials Fifine was their counterpart. Different to him, because he loved her, but to a stranger the same.

"Of course you're coming! What would *he* say if you were not present?" Jerome heard the black eyed Ninette whisper, and then add aloud:

"Oh, come on, Fifine! My old mother from Normandy is here, and I want you to meet her."

Jerome smiled scornfully. Ninette's



"YOU THREE MAY GO, NOW!" HE ADDED SAVAGELY.

memory was poor. Only last month the old mother had visited her, and then she was from Gascony.

"Your mother? How nice!" Fifine responded, and caught up her hat. The baby in the cradle began to whimper softly.

"Fifine is not going out this evening," Jerome remarked in a voice he would not have recognized as his own, so charged was it with controlled emotion. Fifine turned toward him, her eyes wide with astonishment.

"You three may go, now!" he added savagely, and pointed to the door.

Smiling, the girls passed out, without a word; only Ninette paused at the exit and made a mocking little courtesy. Fifine had not moved nor spoken.

When they were alone he turned upon his wife, fury in his heart, and spoke as men speak when their idols have crumbled and their dreams have vanished, while she wept the easy tears of her type, half defiant, half afraid. With grim face he suddenly turned to his canvas and settled himself as tho to paint, tho the light was now but a pale gleam. For a few moments Fifine stood undecided, her red lips in a childish pout; then with deliberate movements and eyes that flashed with growing anger, she pinned on her hat, caught up her wrap, and crossed to the door.

He wheeled as the latch clicked.

"Fifine! Where are you going?" he demanded.

She surveyed him thru half closed eyes.

"Where I please," she said softly, and the door closed with a bang that roused the baby to loud wailing. Jerome sprang to the door and called her name, but already she had disappeared down the narrow stair. Returning to the room, he took up the child, and endeavored, clumsily, to feed it, but the child would not be comforted. On the landing outside the door he heard a shuffling footstep, and opened the door quickly.

"Madam Barnard," he said quietly, "my wife is out for the evening, and

I desire to call upon a friend—will you have the kindness to care for the child?"

The Breton woman who looked after the linen and food of the half dozen students on the floor below smiled gently, and took the child hungrily to her breast.

"I must get out for a while, or I'll go crazy," Jerome muttered, and catching up his cap fled down the stair.

He walked until he was weary, rapidly, with eyes upon the ground. When he presently looked up, he found himself opposite the old rookery where Leon wooed fame in a grimy loft. The place was off color, even in the Latin Quarter, but, as Leon philosophically remarked with a gentle shrug—"Could one expect much in addition to a splendid north light, for six francs per week?"

As Jerome passed a door upon his long climb, there came from within a burst of laughter, and then, high and clear, the voice of Fifine, singing. At the end of the song there was a riot of applause, and the pop of champagne corks. With a grim smile he rapped sharply upon the door. A voice demanded, "Who's there?" and he gave his name.

Within was a dead silence. Fifine was frightened. In her anger she had gone a little further than even she could excuse, and she did not dare meet her husband here, and in this company. Again came the knock upon the door, sharper, insistent, and one of the men moved toward it, looking inquiringly at Fifine. For an instant she hesitated, then crept under the table, the hanging cloth of which afforded a fair degree of concealment.

"Just like in a play," the irrepresible Ninette giggled nervously.

Jerome stepped thru the opened door, and looked searchingly about.

"I wish to speak with my wife," he said shortly, a dangerous light in his eyes.

"Fifine? Why, she hasn't been here!" Ninette lied glibly and loyally. "I left her with my mother——"

"The one from Normandy or Gas-



"THEN," SAID JEROME, "IF FIFINE IS NOT HERE, THE SCARF SHOULD NOT BE."



cony?" Jerome asked, with a sneer, and the girl shrugged her shapely shoulders. "Nevertheless, I wish to speak with Fifine."

"M. Jerome is unreasonable—she is not here!" the actor Jean remarked, smiling, and filling a glass, with a gesture invited Jerome to drink.

"Then," the husband said coldly, as he declined the proffered glass, "her scarf should not be." Amid a tense silence he picked up the piece of silk that, unnoticed by the others, had remained hanging across the back of Fifine's chair, placed it in his pocket, and bowing, left them. Fifine crawled from her place of concealment, genuine fright showing in her white face. Gaston offered her a glass of wine, and grinned.

"As those so unique Americans say, he has the materials on you, Fifine," he said.

A reckless laugh burst from the girl.

"As for that—pouf!" she cried, and snapped her fingers. "I will sing you a song," she added, and drained the glass.

For a while Fifine was apparently the gayest of the gay, but in truth the tears were just beneath the laugh. Despite her years, hers was a child's heart only, and it ached to feel that she had caused Jerome real bitterness. She could sympathize with his pain, tho she could not thoroly understand it. She would go to him, would cling about his neck, and coax smiles to his lips. He would forgive her, of course, and perhaps purchase the necklace she desired. They would be happy.

Impulsively she rose, and rapidly prepared for the street, shaking her head alike to entreaties to remain and to Gaston's proffered escort.

She passed up the long stairs with flying feet, but somewhat hesitatingly she pushed open the studio door. The room was flooded with moonlight, and seemed strangely empty and silent. Vaguely alarmed, she found matches, and lit a lamp, then called softly, "Jerome!"

There was no answer, and catching up the lamp she hurried thru the

adjoining rooms. They, too, were untenanted. The bed was untouched, beside it stood the cradle, empty. Back in the studio, her eyes fell upon the scarf, which proved to her that Jerome had returned home. As she caught it up, a letter fell out. With hands that trembled, she opened it and read:

"FINE," the firmly written words ran: "This is good-bye. The life we have led is unbearable, and your deceit tonight has convinced me that it is best we part forever. Do not fear but I shall provide amply for you, thru my attorney. That your pursuit of pleasure may be unhampered, I take my child with me. JEROME."

For a while she stared dully at the paper, while her stiff lips unconsciously framed words:

"His child!" Yes, it was true. Tho she had given it life, in what respect had she acted as a mother? Her pursuit of pleasure? Ah, would ever the sunlight seem fair again? Gropingly she rose and held out her arms.

"Oh, Jerome, my husband!" she cried, and fell, a little heap of crumpled finery, upon the floor.

Italy is a land of golden dreams, but to see the visions one must bring to her a heart of youth, and that of Jerome was filled with dead ashes. For three years he had seen the sunshine throw a halo of glory over Venice; had, with a skill that never faltered, transferred to his canvasses the things that his eyes saw, while Louis, from a helpless infant grew to be a brown-faced, sturdy child. At last Jerome grew to hate the sunlight gleaming on the ancient palaces, the gay laughter that on still evenings floated up from the Grand Canal. Warily he packed his canvasses, and a week later was established in a coldly comfortable studio in Paris. Before the first day had passed, little Louis, boldly faring forth, had made friends with the happy English family on the floor below, and returned to Jerome filled with cake and questions.

"A pretty lady!" he declared, French, Italian and English words bubbling indiscriminately from his lips. "And a

little girl—so large as my ear. She calls the lady 'muzzer.' What is 'muzzer,' Papa?"

Jerome caught his breath sharply, and the pain in his heart grew suddenly unbearable. He caught the child up to his breast.

"It is something nice," Louis babbled on. "I would like a *muzzer*. I think. May I have one instead of the hobby-horse you promised me?"

Jerome choked back a groan.

"You *have* a mother, my son," he said gravely, "but she—she is a great way off, and, and you cannot have her, I am afraid."

A great way off! Yes, that was true. Tho, so far as he knew, she might be at the very moment passing along the street by his door, she was as far away as tho the seas stretched between them.

But Louis was dancing with joy.

"And she is pretty—pretty as the English *muzzer*?" he demanded.

"Pretty? Yes. Pretty as a flower," Jerome half-whispered, and dreamy light came into his eyes.

"Show me how pretty!" the child ordered, and pushed his father towards his easel.

Well, why not? Before his vision swam a picture of warm red lips, and alluring,

laughing eyes. Mechanically he began to block in the head and bust, while the child perched himself upon a stool, waiting patiently. Presently his curly head grew heavy, and Jerome tenderly placed him upon his cot, himself hurrying back to the portrait. Fair as a flower she was, and she should have flowers in her hands. Under his brush a great bunch of orchids took form. No, not orchids—they should smother—gorgeous as a painted woman. He scraped out the flowers, and paused, irresolute. Then came to him a vision of her face when she first held the baby in her arms. The wonderful light of it, the light that, alas, had so soon fled!—and with swift strokes he filled her arms with lilies.

A quick step sounded outside the door, and a moment later Leon burst joyously into the studio. With a warm glow at his heart, Jerome grasped the hand of his old friend.

"And what is the news, Leon?" Jerome asked, smilingly.

"Bah! They have raised my rent a franc a month, that is all!" the Parisian shrugged. His roving eye fell upon the half-finished portrait. "You have seen her!" he exclaimed, then stared

at the canvas in silent admiration.



AT THE TOUCH OF THE BEAUTIFUL, RINGLESS HAND HE WAS THRILLED.



Jerome's face grew hard.

"No," he said shortly, "not since I went away."

"But that expression, man! That is her expression today. She never used to look so——"

"That is painted from memory—a memory of long ago—a vision out of a dead past," Jerome replied.

Leon, seeing that his friend desired to discuss the matter no more, changed the subject. But he was thinking: "He loves her still! Only love could paint a portrait like that! And she——" A plan sprang into his fertile brain.

"You'll come to the Carnival tomorrow night, Jerome?" he suddenly asked, a bit eagerly.

The other shook his head.

"For what? A lot of silly women in ugly costumes; absurd tourists who think they are being very gay and naughty; the seizing of a mask as an excuse for off-color flirtations——"

"Not this one," Leon assured him, laughing. "This is to be the real thing; only actors and artists allowed; tourists shot on sight. I particularly wish you to come, Jerome," he added seriously. "There will be present a woman worth knowing."

"A woman? Bah!" his friend retorted scornfully, but in the end he went, mostly because he was lonely, the English mother having borrowed the boy for the evening.

With a tired smile showing beneath his mask, Jerome wandered about the rooms. It was not so bad as he had expected; he was even pleased when a chic little shepherdess tried to snare him with dark eyes flashing thru her visor. A moment later Leon, whom he recognized despite his costume and mask, touched him upon the shoulder, and in silence, tho with elaborate pantomime, presented him to a masked woman.

At the touch of the unknown's hand, a beautiful, ringless hand, he was thrilled; a subtle current, half-sad, half-gay, swept thru him, and clasping the woman in his arms he swung into the dance. At the end of it they wandered together to the great con-

servatory, and settled themselves in a retired nook. The light was dim; the palms that drooped about them gave a hint of far-off, summer lands, where love might be borne in a single flashing glance. The music, subdued by distance, whispered sensuously. Again the electric thrill swept thru him as he realized that her slim fingers were curling about his own, that she was leaning alluringly nearer, her breath like a perfume on his face.

A moment later his arms were about her, and she trembled against his breast. Not one word had either spoken; he shook himself to gain assurance that it was not a dream—but the yielding form was very real in his arms. Slowly he bent his head toward the red lips that met his clingingly. With a choking cry she wrenched away from him, but the little black mask caught upon his cuff link and was torn from her face.

"Fifine!" he gasped, and tore off his own visor.

"My love! My husband!" she whispered, and would have thrown her arms about his neck, but he stepped back, a cold sneer upon his lips.

"So this is the manner in which you amuse yourself!" he said, and she shrank as tho he had struck her in the face. "You are even more indiscriminate than I had thought. The first man you happen to meet at a masked ball!"

"Jerome! I knew it was you!" she cried in protest, but he with a gesture of contempt turned his back.

"Why lie?" he asked coldly, tho he could have cried out with the agony in his heart.

With a low moan she sank upon her knees, crawling to his feet, striving to seize his hands, to press them to her lips.

"It is the truth, I swear it! It was to see you again that I came here to-night—just to try to make you love me again, my husband! Look in my eyes and read whether I have been true to you thru these empty years—, God, how empty. Night after night have I sat and listened for your step upon the

stair, while my arms ached for my baby. Oh, Jerome, have pity! For three years my heart has conned its bitter lesson. Not one step have my feet taken out of the path that should be trodden by your wife and the mother of your child. And, oh, my husband, I love you so!"

Without a word, without even a look



JEROME WAS MERCILESS TO HIS APPEALING WIFE.

at the pleading figure, Jerome rushed from the room, and plunging recklessly thru the crowd of masqueraders in the great ballroom, reached the street, his hands clinched and his breath coming in great gasps.

Leon found Fifine where Jerome had left her.

"Your plan has failed, my friend," she said, raising a wan face. "He did not believe me—to him my actions but proved me a common wanton. I—I am very weary, Leon," and her lips quivered childishly.

In the man's eyes was a great and tender pity.

"Come!" he said, and led her away.

To Jerome it seemed that the very dregs of bitterness had been added to

his already full cup. Haggard and worn, he stumbled into his studio, and stood gazing at little Louis, who lay sleeping upon the divan where the little Englishwoman had tucked him warmly, a smile hovering about his parted lips. Jerome's eyes turned from the child to the portrait, which was now uncovered. Evidently the child had pulled away the cloth in order to gaze at the picture of his unknown mother. Choking back a sob, the man passed into the adjoining room.

On the landing outside the studio door a man and a woman stood.

"All will be well; go in," Leon whispered, and softly opening the door, gently urged Fifine forward. With a little gasp she crossed the threshold, and the door closed behind her.

For a moment she stood motionless. The child stirred in his sleep, and with



WITH A GREAT JOY HE CAUGHT HIS WIFE TO HIS BREAST.

a quickly drawn breath the woman swiftly crossed the room and knelt by the divan, her arms held out yearningly. It was an appealing picture that Jerome saw when he re-entered the studio, but his glance was merciless.

"You!" he cried, and pointed furiously toward the door.

The child stirred again, and opened his eyes. With a gurgle of happiness he threw his arms about Fifine's neck.

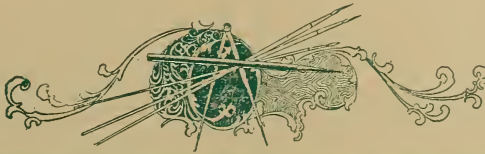
"My muzzer! She has comed!" he cried joyously.

With the child in her arms she stood facing her husband, while slow tears gathered in her eyes and hung glistening upon her long lashes. Jerome's glance strayed slowly from her face to the uncovered portrait, and back again.

Ah, he had done right when he painted in the pure white lilies; surely the true soul of her had spoken to his own when he did that! In his heart a great light was breaking, swift and glorious as a summer dawn. With a joy too great for words, he caught his wife and baby to his breast.

Leon, trudging the silent streets toward his distant studio, whistled, out of tune, but gayly.

"Pouf!" he cried merrily to the distant stars, "let them raise the rent another franc! I am happy, me!"



SCENE FROM "THE ATONEMENT OF THAIS."



TONGING OYSTERS

# With the Oysters in Summer

By Marie Coolidge Rask

OYSTERS—what becomes of them when we do not eat them? As a matter of fact, there is no hard and fast reason why we should not eat them all the year around. The summer abstinence is really only a matter of custom. Dame fashion decrees what people shall wear, and her sister, called custom, makes it manifest what we shall eat.

If our tables were governed by any standard modes of procedure instead of by cook books, we would read that oysters are not eaten in any month lacking the letter "R," simply because no precedent to that effect has been established. Authorities tell us, however, that oysters are very delectable at any time, tho somewhat lean in the summer season and lacking the full flavor that they possess later in the year.

According to precedent, therefore, the oyster has now gone into retirement until September. This does not imply that it ceases to be of interest. Instead, it becomes the very center of attention on the part of the sea farmer. It is he who attends to the colonization of the oyster. For cold, financial reasons he wishes it to fulfil the scriptural injunction to increase and multiply in sufficient numbers for the great shipments of the early autumn.

To be as dumb as an oyster does not mean that the individual so addressed is stupid. The oyster is not half so stupid as he looks. It is quite true, he may never learn to answer to his name as a family pet, but his rule of silence permits the oyster system of community life to be enforced with a peace and contentment that creatures

of a higher sphere of being strive vainly to imitate.

The sea farmer knows well the history and habits of the oyster family. He is especially interested in the frisky, young things that swim freely thru the water before they cluster themselves for life by adhering to the bowl of a clay pipe, broken pottery or upon the shells of their ancestors. The oysterman feeds and nourishes the young oysters because he knows, better than anyone else, that unless artificial culture is given, the oyster race must yield to extermination thru wanton destruction, just as surely as did the buffalo and the passenger pigeon.

All fishes, oysters, clams and other animals propagating in natural state, rapidly decrease when used for food because the growth of the young is left largely to chance. When the culturist intervenes and literally arranges an oyster nursery the result is a rapid increase in the number that survive.

At the present time, nearly every natural oyster bed on the coast of the Atlantic has been destroyed. The culture of the native oyster commenced,



THE BOAT ON WHICH THE MOTION PICTURES WERE TAKEN.



DREDGING OYSTERS BY MACHINERY.

very simply, about fifty years ago and a very few experiments served to demonstrate the great possibilities of sea farming. In America, however, true oyster culture, except in Long Island Sound and in the region about the mouth of the Hudson River, is yet to be realized. Along some of the Southern shores oysters are still taken from the natural beds directly to the markets. The process is extremely interesting.

After one has followed the career of an oyster from the embryonic state, thru the various dredging and culling processes, into the hands of the "sorter," who arranges the various grades demanded by the wholesale trade, into the fresh water, often unclean and full of germs but which fills all requirements for "bloating" purposes so that larger measures may be filled; up and on again, into the care of the "shuckers," canners and packers, thence to the refrigerator car and ultimately served "fresh" on the same half-shell that has already done duty several seasons, one learns to respect the bivalve

that suffers such vicissitudes in silence and the remark, "as dumb as an oyster," ceases to be a term of opprobrium.

It is during the summer season that the young, swimming oysters begin to attach themselves to the various collectors which the culturists have had ready on shore and which are spread upon the collecting grounds at the proper time. Where the water is relatively fresh, in or near the mouths of streams, the clustering of oysters is far more rapid than in deeper and saltier water.

In Connecticut, where oystermen are wise and thrifty, it has been learnt from experience that a good crop of oysters depends upon real labor quite as much as do corn or wheat. In the main features, oyster culture is the same everywhere. The details vary according to differences in local natural conditions. The culturist prepares the oyster bed for planting, much as an agriculturist prepares his corn fields. Seed obtained from a natural oyster bed is usually clustered,

and the separation of the living oysters, of many sizes, from the debris round which they are gathered, is termed by the oystermen, culling. Again and again are the oysters dredged, culled and replanted over more extensive bottoms as they increase in size. Out in brackish water the young must grow three or four years before being marketed. Each July embryos appear, and they, in turn, attach to the shells of the planted oysters with the result that clusters are again formed and must be removed before the oysters destroy one another. Then the dredging and culling process must all be gone over again.

The sea farmer does not have locusts and caterpillars to contend with, but he has star fish, drum fish, boring mollusks and several varieties of sea weed which mat down over the oysters and prevent their proper feeding. Strong currents bring rubbish, and shifting sands often completely cover the bi-

valves. Then the dredging begins again, and the oysters are taken up while the sea bottoms are scraped and made clean before the nurslings can be returned to their watery bed.

Harvesting, in the ocean, is exciting and strenuous. Both tongs and dredges are used to remove the oysters, the dredge being especially designed for use in deep water. The tongs are merely two long, wooden handles, crossed like the blades of scissors and held in place with a pivot. At the lower end of each handle is a head something like a garden rake. A basket-like arrangement just above, prevents the oysters from falling when the two rakes are brought together. The length of the tongs depends much upon the depth of water in which they are to be used. The shorter the handle, the greater the length of the rakes at each end. The reason for this is that a much heavier load can be secured from shallow than from deep



ON BOARD OF AN OYSTER LUGGER.



OPENING OYSTERS FOR LUNCHEON.

water and therefore the rake heads are varied accordingly.

Authorities claim that there should be no more restrictions for the oyster culturist in the matter of caring for his sea farm than there is for the agriculturist, and therefore the strong prejudice against the use of the dredge in favor of tongs should be taken no more seriously than a complaint against a modern reaper in favor of the old-fashioned cradle for harvesting grain. The unrestricted use of the dredge is quoted as absolutely essential for the proper development of oyster culture.

Like the tongs, the dredge varies in size and weight. The minimum is about thirty pounds but on the large, modern boats they are constructed so as to gather thirty bushels of oysters at one haul. Of course a great deal of waste is brought up with the oysters, and culling is usually done at once. For several weeks the boat goes slowly back and forth across the oyster beds,

and the dredging is done in the same systematic manner that a farmer ploughs or harrows his corn field. On the large, steam vessels where the number of the crew is greatly decreased by having steam power operate the dredges, three and four can be handled simultaneously.

At the present time, there is excellent management of the oyster fields in Louisiana where, for tonging purposes, many schooners and sloops are employed as well as the modern powerboat. The old-time "lugger" is seldom seen. It is relegated to the historic past when the cruelties and tortuous experiences of Chesapeake dredging-crews were almost beyond belief. Modern inventions now supply ample protection for the crew, so that they need not be exposed to wind and weather as they were in the past. No longer is there danger of men being fairly conscripted for service on a dredger whether they will or no, and the inhuman method of avoiding payment



of wages by abandoning the crew on isolated shores now becomes merely interesting reading together with the wild performances of the stage-coach bandits on the Western frontier.

Every State that has undertaken legislative control of mollusk industries along its shores, has found that policing oyster beds is exceedingly difficult. Various efforts have been made to protect owners of private oyster fields, but in many sections thieving and illegal tonging and dredging still occur with a frequency most annoying to the culturist.

In every State the lawmakers seem to have an utter fearlessness with regard to disease. They decree that no sewerage may flow into fresh water streams, but they make no reference, whatever, to the contamination of the salt waters which sweep their shores and in which the shell fish are cultivated with such care and consideration for financial returns.

Oysters from the inland waters of the Gulf of Mexico are already becoming famous. The conditions there are so favorable that a marketable oyster can be produced in a year less time than in the North. Since the appointment of the State Oyster Commission in 1902 the success of the Louisiana industry has been remarkable. Natural beds have been increased and properly cared for. Oyster farms are leased to private individuals or to corporations, but the whole enterprise has been conducted with such care and efficiency that there is absolutely no danger of an oyster monopoly and there are few, if any, violations of laws and regulations. Any lessee is free to cultivate his farm in accordance with his own ideas. There is no close season and there is no restriction placed upon the use of implements.

A trip on an Oysterer is a novel experience, tho usually uneventful after the first day, unless a hurricane or some accident occurs to vary the monotony. The object everywhere now is to gather large cargoes as rapidly as possible, regardless of the weather. With the dredges this can be easily ac-

complished. For this reason there is an ever growing tendency to cultivate farms in deep water, for dredges are impossible in shallow places, and the use of the tongs is slow and laborious.

From the Connecticut shore to New York the waters of Long Island Sound are dotted with queer-looking buoys which impress the uninformed with the idea that navigation must be difficult and dangerous. Even six miles out from land the buoys are to be seen, and when one is told that they merely mark the boundaries of the fields below, the natural assumption is that the water must be very shallow indeed. The oyster farmer will then exploit the various advantages of his field in much the same manner that the sugar-beet planter or Western grain man talks of his. He will explain that the grounds near the shore have been over cultivated, exhausted, or that they were all occupied, and so he made his attempt further out. Under from twenty to eighty feet of water his fields have been surveyed, the ground prepared, the seed planted and, altho the depth of water has made it necessary that the whole proceeding be accomplished practically blindfolded, the development exceeds all expectations. Unless some unexpected physical disturbance takes place, a bountiful harvest is assured.

With the development of boats and implements the deep water farms are increasing in number every year, and now oysters are daily taken, economically, from vast beds literally out in the mighty deep, fully seven or eight fathoms under water, one hundred feet being quoted as not at all unusual and, in some places from a depth of five hundred feet.

The great dredging boats of the present day make the records of the slow methods in the past extremely primitive in comparison. No longer does ice interfere, nor is market delivery delayed by storm and unfavorable winds. What before was accomplished in many weeks of labor and hardship is now merely a two days' jaunt. The great, ice-breaking vessel plies regularly and, in one day, is

easily able to dredge nearly nine thousand bushels of oysters in forty or fifty feet of water and make delivery at the city packing house next day.

Such is the winter's routine which makes the summer work of the small boats a necessity—that of sowing that others may reap. So the oyster is going to sleep for the summer, and the

sea farmer is as busy and browned by the sun and wind as the man with the broad, straw hat out on a farm in Iowa. He has, perchance, a fortune at stake out there under those tossing waves, so he watches and tends the fields like a miser and waits anxiously, expectantly, for the return of the month with the letter "R."



SCENE FROM "THE COUNTY FAIR."



### Had Attended to that Himself

He was somewhat under the weather and the show on the screen did not quite suit him. Hearing his mutterings, one of the ushers went down and asked him what was the matter.

"Tsh no good, no good," he spluttered, "Shereens too filmy, y'naw."

"Too what?" asked the urbane usher.

"Filmy-filmy," repeated the dissatisfied one.

"Not much I won't," snapped the usher. "You're full enough now!"

J. S. G.



AN ARABIAN GRIST MILL



RELIGIOUS FANATICS IN MOROCCO



THREE BEGGARS IN SOUSSE ARABIA



MAKING BAMBOO HATS IN JAVA



HORSEMEN OF ARABIA



OLIVE HARVEST IN ARABIA

# QUEER PEOPLE

(GAVMONT)



THE CLUB, WHERE THE PLOT TO GET SISTER MARRIED WAS HATCHED.

# Getting Sister Married

A Comedietta by Edwin M. La Roche

## *The Characters.*

|                                     |                                            |
|-------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------|
| Margaret, Cameron's Daughter.       | John Rockless, an Elderly Lady-killer.     |
| Jane, her Older Sister.             | Count Grautrovski, a Fire-eater.           |
| Paul Lovering, Margaret's Lover.    | Monsieur Vasher, a Musician.               |
| Joseph Cameron, Retired Mill Owner. | Samuel Butts, a Lieutenant on shore leave. |

## SCENE I—INTRODUCES A HERO.

(Drawing room. Margaret and Jane seated at a table. Afternoon.)

MARGARET—There! I'm just tired of reading this love story. They're all alike. The heroine is either a clinging ivy, or else a cold-storage plant, and the hero—when he's not too busy concealing his past—is too full of his future for utterance.

JANE—Yes, but aren't all men nowadays designing creatures? Love *was* an art, not a matter of card index, and follow-me-up with a stronger letter. (She sighs.) Ah! for the olden days.

MARGARET—Jane, I am afraid that's sad but true. "Wanted a partner for a term of years. Woman with past experience preferred. No sentimentalists need apply." If I ever have a truly-true lover, that just hankers after Madge herself, I'll pin him to the earth before he can change his mind. (Butler enters with card for Margaret.) Yes—show him in, please. (Aside) Of all the surprises! Why, after our quarrel, he threatened to kill himself. What can bring him here, I wonder? (Enter Paul, who sees Jane.)

PAUL—Ah! Miss Cameron. Delighted to see you gracing the ancestral halls again. They must miss you in Paris, but we need you badly at home. I am like the Italians; we should not export our fairest treasures.

JANE—Oh! you flatterer! (Aside) Fairest treasures! I knew he was thinking of money.

PAUL—And so the dove has sought its nest. But I thought you were wedded to music beyond recall?

JANE—Have you met my sister Margaret? Why, of course! How dense of me! Why, you grew up together, like Paul and Virginia—and so you must sit down on the sofa together like old playmates. (Paul sits on the edge, grimacing, Margaret stares at her book intently.) How lovely it is to see two old playfellows united like this! (They draw further apart.) I remember so well how you used to go hand in hand to school! (Paul looks at his hand reproachfully.) And how you used to separate at the schoolhouse door, reluctant to enter. (Sighing) Ah! those were golden days. (Paul's head is bowed with grief.) Many a time in my lonely Paris studio, I have thought to see you together again like this. (Margaret turns her back to Paul. Jane smiles dreamily and goes toward the door. Paul rushes to it frantically and holds it open.) But my art calls me. Good-bye for the present. (Paul closes the door, looks at Margaret, and heaves a great sigh of relief.)

PAUL—Phew! She is certainly keen on old memories. Just full to overflowing. It wouldn't be safe for her to recall any more. (He peers thru the key-hole, and hangs his hat over it; then turns toward Margaret.) I say, play-mate—er—Miss Cameron?

MARGARET—(Speaking thru her book) Did I hear any one speak?

PAUL—(Sitting beside her) Madge, we've just been thru a terrible ordeal—trial by fire as it were, and the little voice of conscience tells me that we ought to forgive and forget.

MARGARET—Oh! it's Mr. Lovering, is it? And were you speaking to me?

PAUL—No! Oh no! I have a bad habit of talking in my sleep. Punch me in the ribs and shout "fire." But really, I am in earnest—I mean what I say.

MARGARET—Now, I can believe you. You must be asleep.

PAUL—Madge, dear, the more you provoke me the more my true worth stands out. Your sister saw it at once, and she hasn't seen me in years. I never thought a sister could be such a ray of sunshine.

MARGARET—You know I've offered to be your little ray, but you wanted the whole planet or nothing.

PAUL—Madge, you think I'm a trifler—that I'm dodging the big issue with you—that I can't look the world in the eye and say: "I love Margaret Cameron. I want her for a wife. I hereby resign my good-fellowship at the club and make merry at home." You can't believe these things of me, and so we play the play out. Isn't it true?

MARGARET—Alas! too true. Could I but feel that you really meant it. Something that you might do to prove it, why then—

PAUL—We lawyers spend our time in proving hopeless cases. To-night I have my best brand of nerve with me. Let me go to your father, old grouch Cameron—excuse me, I'm talking plainly—and put my case before him. If I survive, may we live long and prosper. If not, please see that Lovering's corpse is treated with respect, and promise me not to weep over it. As a self-respecting corpse, I will not be wept over. Promise me this one little thing.

MARGARET—Paul, I promise.

PAUL—Lead on! I follow!

## SCENE II—SENDS HIM FORTH VANQUISHED.

(Cameron's den. Cameron smoking, seated alone. Same time.)

CAMERON—Well, old cock! The time has come when you must decide on this mayor business. A delegate will call on me to-day. The boys are holding the nomination out to me on a silver fork. Old Jim Cameron, Mayor of Bridgewater! It sounds good. I've kicked my way to the top of the ladder and mothered my two gals besides. They've got to be considered in this, and it makes me hesitate. Jane is long on art. She's had a bang-up eddication—everything dollars could buy, besides a Frenchy music teacher trailin' her dust wherever she goes. Now, Margaret's like her mother was, some pert and saucy. When I was courtin' her, the number of mill-hands I had to lick kept the boss short-handed. But them fightin' days are things of the past. At present I've got to decide whether to run the town or stick to my motherin' them gals. (He ponders in perplexity. Violent whispering heard in rear. Door is pushed open and Paul bursts into room, propelled by Margaret. She stands outside, head showing. Lively gesticulation between them. Paul falters between Margaret and Cameron. Finally squares shoulders and marches bravely in.) So you've come at last, have you? (Eyeing him severely.) I've been expecting you.

PAUL—(Aside) Expecting me? The devil he has! (Aloud) Oh! you have? That is—er—er of course you have.

CAMERON—What kept you waiting so long, sir?

PAUL—So long? (Aside) What is the old catamaran driving at?

CAMERON—Yes, why didn't you notify me at once, sir? The whole town knows of it by this time. Am I the last one to be consulted?

PAUL—(Aside nervously) Notify at once! The whole town! He must be off his hooks. (Looks desperately at Margaret. She gestures encouragement.) (Aloud) Now, Mr. Cameron, calm yourself. Don't let this matter worry you in the least. You've been overworking it of late. I'll call again, tomorrow—some other day— (He backs toward the door, Margaret bars his exit.)

CAMERON—Bosh and nonsense! If you are going to notify me do it at once. On the instant, sir!

PAUL—(Aside) It's all up with me now. He'll start a blood vessel. Our corpses will decorate the same coffin. (Aloud grandiloquently) There comes a time in the affairs of man, when hunted from cave to cave, he craves the soothing rest that nature only can give. And what in nature, may I ask your honor, is more soothing than a woman's love?

CAMERON—(Aside, looking around fearfully) My heavens! The committee has soused him full of something. He's clean dippy. (Jumps behind a chair. Paul goes toward him, hands sawing the air.) Jerusalem! I know what it is. It's a fit. My dog was taken this way once. (In a coaxing manner) Nice Paul! Good Paul! Pretty, pretty Paul!

PAUL—(Aside, eyeing him with surprise) I knew it! He's batty. He thinks I'm a parrot. I'd better humor him. (He jumps on the chair, behind which Cameron is crouching.) (Aloud) Polly wants a cracker! Polly wants a gold watch! Polly wants an automobile!

CAMERON—Good Lord! What a hungry bird he is. I'd better offer him something. (Takes out his watch, and holds it in front of chair. Paul, grimacing, grabs his coat sleeve with his teeth. They struggle.) Help! Murder! I'm being devoured alive by a man-eating bird!



THE MUSIC TEACHER AND HIS PUPIL.

MARGARET—(Convulsed, comes forward) Paul! How can you be so ridiculous? Papa! I've never seen you so foolish. Let me explain things, since Paul cannot or will not. Paul came here to ask you for my hand; he did not come to notify you of your nomination, as you seem to think. This is a strange way to ask you, but will you give him your daughter Margaret's hand in marriage? (She takes Paul's hand, as if he were Margaret. Paul looks shy, eyes downcast.)

CAMERON—(Recovering, looks benevolent) (To Margaret) Bless you Paul! (To Paul) and you, too, darling Margaret! Am I a parent, or only a bird fancier?

MARGARET—Then all is settled, father?

CAMERON—Yes, all but one little matter that—

PAUL—(Shaking hands) Bless you, parent! I never was so fond of a parent before.

CAMERON—Don't interrupt me. I was about to say that one condition, and one only, stands in the way: and this is cast iron. I won't be hopping around mothering one chick, to say nothing of a parrot. *Jane must have a husband first.*

PAUL AND MARGARET—(In consternation) But papa, she hasn't any suitors.

CAMERON—Find her one. (Margaret is in tears. Paul pulls himself together.)

PAUL—Your condition will be met. The house will be over-run with sighing swain. You'll step on lovers in dark places. (To Margaret) Good-bye, my own. Polly will prove himself a man. (He rushes from the room. Margaret falls weeping into Cameron's arms.)

### SCENE III—PAUL SPINS A WEB.

(A club room. Paul, Samuel Butts, Grautrovski and Rockless seated at table, drinking, smoking and playing cards. Same afternoon.)

PAUL—Sam, have a drink. You're sleepy again. (Helps himself.) Well, here's to the navy, and Admiral Samuel Butts! (All drink.) And now Count, as you've won all our money suppose we lay off for a while. (Samuel nods on Paul's shoulder.) Sam, belay there! Your country needs you. Gentlemen, draw close around me. I'm going to tell you a little story. (In his best dramatic manner) Not far from the portals of this club, there stands a massive castle—

GRAUTROVSKI—Imposseeble.

PAUL—A fact. And in it dwells a beautiful maiden, held in bondage by her stern and awful father—

SAMUEL—(Simply) Does he love her?

PAUL—Certainly, it is his cruel way; but, being very rich and very hard-hearted, he has denied her the sight of man.

JOHN—Hey? Did you say she was blind? (He is deaf enough to always complicate matters. They all try to explain.)

PAUL—Now, never having seen a man of her station, she is very simple, coy, and ripe to fall in love—

SAMUEL—Are you sure she's only ripe? I remember when I had the measles, an old girl coming to see me, and—

PAUL—(Solemnly) S—h! don't speak of that dreadful disease in the same breath with her. She's as pure as a lily—tinted like a golden vase.

GRAU—(Ecstatically) Ah! Czarina! She is a bunch of flowairs in a coffee pot! When she sees me, Count Grautrovski—

PAUL—Yes! She'll boil over.

SAM—But, who is she? All this rigma-role about a castle and a stern father sets me on edge.



PAUL—Impossible! You haven't any edges. (Musing) No! I have sworn to keep her secret to my dying day.

ALL—Tell us who she is, Paul!

PAUL—Gentlemen, not so fast. My object in telling you my story, is not that I love you less, but her more. (Head in hands) Lack-a-day! she has refused me.

JOHN—Pesky critter!—I recalle' in 1882, the last time I proposed to Martha Dodd—No, it must have been in '83, because I was then courtin' Sarah Drebitt—and Sarah died, and at the funeral I saw Kesiah Mullen, and I took right on to her—No, it must hev been Kesiah's funeral, because Sarah said I was hard-hearted afterwards—No, it couldn't hev been Kesiah's, because she told me I acted scand'lous at Sarah's funeral—No, I recalle' plain-as-day, Sarah said if I didn't marry Kesiah, she'd grieve herself to death. 'Tarnation! they're fickle critters anyway.

SAM—Fickle or not, I think she's an injured lady. (Yawning) If love were a dream, I'd be her constant lover.

GRAC—And while you snored, I would steal away your lofe. (Enthusiastically) I lofe her now, sleeping! vaking! eating! and counting her money.

PAUL—Gentlemen, I know your feelings and I feel for you. For, like Hamlet's ghost, I could a tale unfold of the gentle Jane—

SAM—Not Jane Cameron? Why, when I had the measles she brought me a big watermelon, and—

PAUL—Samuel! I can't deny it. 'Tis she. (Bows his head in grief.)

SAM—(Aside) Then she's always loved me, I knew it. (Fidgets, looks at his watch) Boys, I hate to leave you, but since I've been in the navy, I have to run mother's washing-machine. The suds seem to make her sea-sick. (He goes toward door.)

GRAC—Sea-sick! It is better than my lofe-sick.



SISTER JANE AND HER SUITORS.

SAM—A little game to-morrow, Count? What is that stuff about "Unlucky in cards, lucky in love." Ha! ha! Count, you're on, and I'm off. (Exit.)

PAUL—(Aside) Well! I dropped a match in *his* gasolene tank. Once get a fat man in love and he melts like butter. Now let's see if I can give my Russian friend his coup-de-grace. Here goes Margaret's picture. (Takes handkerchief from side pocket, and from it there drops a photograph of Margaret. Grau. picks it up secretly and comes down stage.)

GRAU—It must be her! The adorable Jane! Ah! such eyes, such lips, such hair! She doesn't look stingy wiz her money, also. I will make her Countess Grautrovski this very night. (Goes to rear, adoring picture.)

PAUL—(Aside) Good! The bear smells the bait! He's capering with joy. If I once get him into Cameron's house, the rest will be easy. (Aloud) John, you haven't offered me a word of consolation. A touch of your venerable affection—

JOHN—Hey? What's that? Affliction? I remember in '89 the gout I—

PAUL—(Louder) No! Affection.

JOHN—Oh! A fiction. Do you accuse me of lyin—

PAUL—(At the top of his lungs) No! Old, ancient, mildewed love, like this. (Puts arm around John.)

JOHN—(Jumping up and winding on muffler) Mildewed love! Ancient affection! I'll show you; you can't learn me nothin'. This very night I'll—I'll— (Hobbles off rheumatically.)

PAUL—(Aside) Jane! I see breakers ahead. (Aloud) Ah! Count, who are you gazing at so fondly? By Jupiter! 'tis the likeness of my adorable Jane. (He seizes picture. They struggle for possession.)

GRAU—Villain! Would you take my wife from me? Let go, I say.

PAUL—His wife! (Speaking to picture) Jane, I implore you. Speak to me! Are you this man's wife? She is silent. (Throws picture on floor.) Her silence condemns her.

GRAU—She has spik to me. She is already the Countess Grautrovski

PAUL—(Kneeling before picture) Countess! Countess, is this true?

GRAU—I have sworn to win her.

PAUL—Count, you are a terrible man. But, such as you, women love. I renounce her forever! But should you falter in your love one jot or tittle—be-ware! I'll be revenged.

GRAU—I hafe sworn it. (They clasp hands. Curtain.)

#### SCENE IV.—THE ASSAULT ON THE CASTLE.

(Drawing room. Jane seated. Evening of same day.)

JANE—Monsieur Vasher is late tonight. I wonder what is keeping him? I can scarcely wait to begin our music. (Vasher enters rear quietly with violin case. Stands unseen by Jane.) No, one can never begin too soon to seek out the heavenly melodies. (Vasher attitudes ecstasically.) And when one's hand is guided by sure but gentle fingers like Henri's—Those first lessons in Paris—Ah, me! (She sighs. Vasher, transported, hugs violin case. Margaret enters.)

MARGARET—Ah, Professor! A little physical culture? Trying to squeeze out music? (Aside) I suspect this is more than a violin case.

VASHER—(Coming down front) Ah, Madmoiselle! You do not undairstan' ze musicale nature. Wiz out ze soul—what you call eet?

MARGARET—Mate. Yes, I know.

VAS—Non! non! Sympazetique, zat is eet.

MARGARET—I just dote on ragtime.

JANE—Margaret, you do not understand him and never will. There is a vibrating understanding in lofty souls—writ in the same key as it were—Ah well! we must proceed to our lesson. (She seats herself at piano. Vasher



THE HOUSE SEEMED FILLED WITH LUNATICS.

takes out violin. Margaret stands to turn score. Vasher, with eyes on Jane, sets up his stand. They start a few bars of dreamy piece. Bell rings. Butler announces Sam.)

JANE—How annoying! Just as we were starting. Whom can he want to see? It must be papa.

MARGARET—No, dear. James says the card is for you.

JANE—For me? I haven't seen him since he was a boy. How strange.

MARGARET—Not at all, dear. Your neighbors wish to welcome you home. Professor, shall we go to the library? I have got a new coon song that you must try.

VASHER—Zey all sound alike to me. (To Jane) I return tout-de-suite; ze minute he goes. (Bows. Exit after Margaret. Enter Sam with large bouquet of daisies.)

JANE—Welcome to my girlhood's friend, Mr. Butts. Wont you be seated? (He sits on sofa, holding flowers in front of him. He gazes at her, at a loss for words.)

SAM—(With an effort) I came to see you about that watermelon.

JANE—Watermelon? (Aside) He must be in the fruit business.

SAM—Y—e—s. It was such a juicy one.

JANE—I never have eaten one. But you may send some lemons and—yes—some peaches, and—

SAM—I've brought you some flowers that grow back of our cow barn. I know where some fine apples can be had.

JANE—(Aside) Such delicacy for a fruiterer! (Aloud) Do you keep an orchard?

SAM—(Stifling a yawn) Not when I can get into any.

JANE—(Aside) Such a strange fellow! (Aloud) Of course, you're fond of fruit?

SAM—It's grand for the measles.

JANE—(Aside) The measles! Gracious! He's looking very red. (Aloud) You don't feel uncomfortable do you?

SAM—Yes, very.

JANE—Hot flashes?—

SAM—Yes, red hot.

JANE—Chills running up the spine?—

SAM—A million a minute.

JANE—Very drowsy?—

SAM—(Yawning) I could sleep on an ant-hill. But that watermelon you gave—

JANE—(Aside) All the symptoms, drowsy, craves fruit—I must see to him at once. (Aloud) There! there! dont disturb yourself. Be perfectly quiet. Lie down for a minute and I'll cover you up. It will pass off, but it must be taken care of at once. Now, dont move. Try to think of something soothing.

SAM—(Covered up, top of head just showing) I feel better already. But—

JANE—No buts. You are my patient now. (She soothes his forehead.)

(Aside) How romantic! To be nurse to the stricken fruit-man. But, happy thought! I must run to father's medicines. If I can find that bottle labelled "Corpse reviver," I know it will benefit the poor man. (Aloud) Now, dont move, Mr. Butts. Dont move. (Exit)

SAM—(From under the cover) Oh Lord! Corpse reviver! Am I a dead one?

(Margaret and Paul enter gleefully.)

MARGARET—Paul, I'm proud of you. You did wonders. That old spinet score will keep Vasher spellbound.

PAUL—Yes, while he's gloating over it, Jane and Sam are probably as thick as thieves. (Looking around) But where are they?

MARGARET—Love has found a cosy corner somewhere. Give them half an hour together and— (Bell rings violently.) Gracious! who's that?

PAUL—(Aside) Ye gods! I didn't tell her the others were coming. I cant be seen here. I'm the rejected lover. (Ducks behind a big chair. Commotion in hall. Grau. heard expostulating with butler. He enters.)

GRAU.—At las I have attac ze castle. (Sees Margaret) Ah! the adorable Jane. (Bowing low) Permit me, lofely lady. I am ze Count Grautrovski. (He attitudes; stroking whiskers.)

MAR.—(Aside) Count Growwhatski! I hope he's harmless. (Aloud) Charmed, Count. Wont you be seated, while I call father?

GRAU.—No! Cruel monster! I haf come to save you.

MAR.—Me? Impossible! (Paul gestures at her violently.)

GRAU.—Yes, not possible for a coward, (starts toward her) but for me—noblesse! a Grautrovski! a lofer!—it is nozing.

MAR.—Well, I'm sure it's nothing to me.

GRAU.—Nozing, do you say? To be taken from ze castle? To be Countess Grautrovski?

MAR.—(Aside) Heavens! His Royal Mattress is proposing. (Aloud) Count, please let me think; this is so sudden. I've never been a countess before and—

GRAU.—You are timid, is eet not?

MAR.—Not exactly, Count—er—er—

GRAU.—(Tenderly) Call me Yakubovich.

MAR.—Yakwhoseowhich. How cunning!

GRAU.—And not to be trifled wiz. Come Countess, are you ready to fly wiz me?

MAR.—My father might object.

GRAU.—(Seizing her hand) Monster! He cannot. Zis night you leave his house, and once outside we can defy him. (She shakes her head. Cameron enters listening.) Spik to your Yakubvoich.

CAM.—(Aside) Countess? Her Jack Cutterfish? What's this? (Aloud) Here, you bunch of garlic! Let go my daughter's hand. Let go, I say. I'll—

PAUL.—(Stepping between them) One moment, Mr. Cameron. It's only a little mistake.

CAM.—(Hotly) Mistake. Not on my part. I'll know—

PAUL.—Yes, a mistake. He was pleading for the wrong hand.

CAM.—Confound it, sir! He had her hand in his.

PAUL.—But he wanted the other.

CAM.—What! her other hand, too?

PAUL.—No! Jane's, if you must know.

GRAU.—Ah! the cruel fazer! He treats his child like a pig-hog. Sir, zis lady will not stan your cruel treating any more.

CAM.—My cruel treatment? He's crazy. Paul, are you mixed up with this whiskered idiot? If so, explain at once, sir.

PAUL.—Please consider your daughter's feelings. Gentlemen, follow me to the den and I will clear up everything.

GRAU.—(Glaring) Ah! I will make a beard on ze lion in his den.

CAM.—Yes, and I'll pluck out your whiskers to make it with. (Paul, Grau., Cam. Exeunt.)

JANE.—(Entering) At last I've found the medicine. Such a foul smell— (She sees Mar.) Why Margaret! I thought you were with Professor Vasher. I did not want to interrupt you, but you are not looking at all well. Please take some of papa's medicine.

MAR.—(Making a face) Not with my dying breath. And you remind me I've left the dear professor alone. Good-bye, dear. I must see to him. (Exit)



THEY AT LAST SUCCEEDED IN GETTING SISTER MARRIED.

JANE—No, she doesn't suspect I'm nursing a very sick man. (Goes toward Sam.) Dear Mr. Butts, are you feeling better? (Muffled noises from Sam.) See what I have for you? Papa says it will cure everything: (Pours out a spoonful.) Why! when our mule had the colic— (Sam pushes it away.)

SAM—I'm feeling much better. Had a most enjoyable evening. (Looks wildly at door.) (Aside) Gee! If Grautrovski catches me here, he'll throttle me. (Aloud) Did you move that table? No? Then the room must be going round! I must get some air. (Starts to leave sofa. Bell rings. He groans and covers up again. John Rockless enters.)

JOHN—Howdy-do, Miss Cameron? You certainly air lookin' pert. Thought I'd drop in and be neighborly.

JANE—(Aside) He must be a friend of papa's. (Aloud) Pray have a chair, sir. I'll call papa directly.

JOHN—Hey? Dont mind if I do. The fust thing Kesiah used to say was, "John, hev a chair, draw up to the stove an' hold my skein o' worsted." Be ye fond o' knittin'?

JANE—Years ago I was quite adept. Alas! it is now out of fashion.

JOHN—(Producing some worsted) Would ye like to try a hand? Martha Dodd used to knit me nigh on three pairs o' socks at a sittin'.

JANE—(Taking worsted) How delightful! Those were golden days. Er—what size do you wear? Mr.—Mr.—

JOHN—Rockless. Sounds like sockless, dont it? (Chuckles) He! He! He! (Taking off a boot) Sarah used to say, if my heart were only as large as my foot, I could use it some. (Holding out foot) Dew ye want to size it?

JANE—Mercy's sake! put on your boot, Mr. Rockless.

JOHN—Don't mind my cut-ups. I hain't had 'em off since the chillblains last winter.

JANE—How uncomfortable! (Aside) I'd better humor him. (Aloud) Would you mind holding the skein?

JOHN—(Bolt upright, arms extended) It gives some folks a crick in the back tew set this way. I recallee' when Kesiah and I fell out of the sleigh—

JANE—(Aside) I hope this isn't an illustrated lecture.

JOHN—Kesiah, when she came to in my arms, she sez, sez she, "John, I dreamt I wus in heaven." I'd held her nigh on to two hours; the snow runnin' down my back, and I sez, "If it's heaven it's a darn leaky place." (Commotion in hall. Grau. rushes in pursued by Paul. John grabs boot and hobbles behind sofa.)

GRAU.—Where is her picture? I will prove she is ze adorable Jane. (Seizes picture of Mar. from table.) Ah! here it is. I'll make zat monster *eat* his words. I'll— (They rush off.)

JANE—Mercy! what can this mean? A demented foreigner rushing about and seizing Margaret's picture! The house is full of strange acting men.

JOHN—(On his knees) It's the Count, and I cant git up or git out. (Aloud) Oh, Miss Cameron! I've got a leetle touch o' rheumatics. D'ye mind givin' me a hand?

JANE—(Taking his hands) Not at all!

JOHN—It dont bother ye none to see me at your feet?

JANE—O! please get up, Mr. Rockless.

JOHN—Just say the tender word, and I'll spring up like a buck.

JANE—Oh! Mr. Rockless!

JOHN—You reckon I'm playin' it on ye, like the others, but you're mistook. Martha was so sot on havin' me, I had to practise on Kesiah, and if Sarah hadn't objected— (Vasher enters hurriedly with Margaret. Sees John on his knees.)

VASHER—Vat is ze meaning of zis? A lovailr already?

JANE—Oh, Henri! (Falls into his arms. Paul, Cam. and Grau. enter arm in arm.)

VASHER—Sapristi! old lovail! You are too soon. She lofes me some more!

JOHN—Hey? Who in tarnation, air you?

VASHER—I am Henri de Vasher and *she* is my wife.

ALL—His wife?

JANE—Yes, we were married in Paris. Henri was so insistent. When we came home, we thought it best to live apart, at least, for a time. Henri became my music teacher, and thus gained entrance to our home. Ah! it was so romantic!

PAUL—(Seizing Vasher's hand) Welcome home, dear brother-in-law.

JANE—Father, dear, this is Henri de Vasher, once my teacher, now my husband.

VASHER—Oui, Monsieur, Monsieur le docteur de Vasher.

CAM.—What, a doctor?

JANE—Yes, of music.

CAM.—Well, I reckon I must put up with it. Jane's music certainly needs a doctor.

SAM—(Waking up) A doctor? No, send him away. I want to tell you about that watermelon—

PAUL—Save it, Sam—for our wedding. Mr. Cameron, I have tried hard to get Jane married, as you know, by hook or crook. But little cupid has beaten me to it. Does our condition hold?

CAM.—The house is full of lovers, and there seems to be *one* lucky one. Paul, you have won out fairly. Take her, my boy, and be happy. Gentlemen, I have long wanted to be Mayor of Bridgetown—

PAUL—Hear! Hear!

CAM.—As a fitting good-night, I hereby appoint you one and all to fat offices in my cabinet.

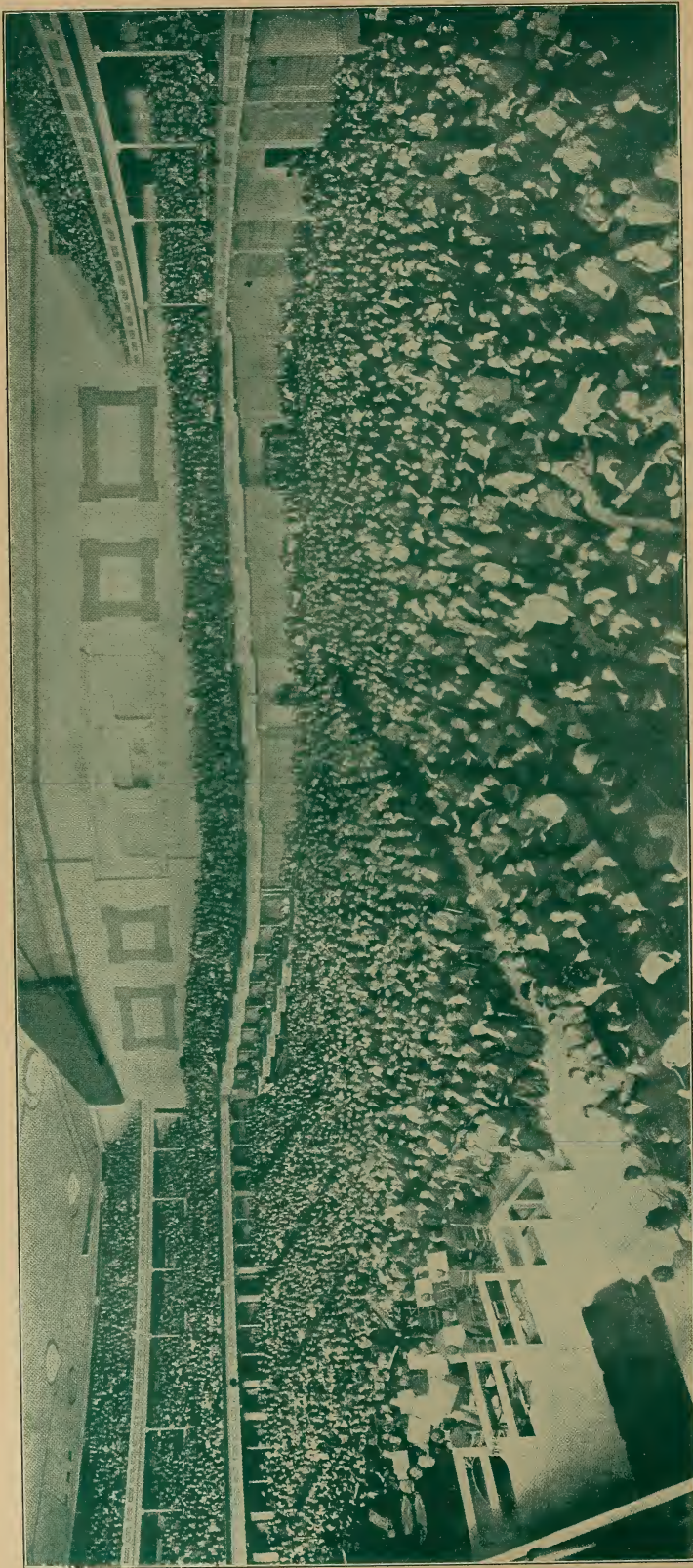
JANE—Then I am forgiven?

CAM.—Yes—and Henri shall be inspector for the suppression of noises.

(Curtain)



SCENE FROM "THE THREE MUSKETEERS."



THE DENVER AUDITORIUM.

A letter to Mayor Speer, of Denver, concerning the famous entertainments given in that city, brought this answer:

“On every Sunday during the winter season, afternoon and evening, the city conducts Municipal Concerts at the Auditorium, which is owned by the City of Denver; music is furnished by a first class band of forty pieces, under the leadership of Herman Bellstedt. At each concert there are also vocal selections by a soloist or a chorus. During the half-hour intermission, educational Motion Pictures are displayed on a large screen back of the band stand. These pictures are furnished by the General Film Company, and are purely of an educational and instructive variety. No admission fee is charged for the concerts, which are attended by from ten to twelve thousand people, the seating capacity of the hall being twelve thousand.”





## Tetrazzini, a Photoplay Patron

By J. W. Lyman

ONE is not surprised nowadays to see any great celebrity at the picture theaters.

Only recently President Taft and his Secretary of War attended Mr. Brylawski's Colonial Theater in Washington to see certain special motion pictures, and now comes the news that Mme. Tetrazzini, Queen of Lyric Sopranos, is a real picture enthusiast. Thru the kindness of her secretary, Mme. Marie Perez, we are able to show our readers a few of the great prima donna's latest pictures and to give a few facts about her private life. So interested in moving pictures has Mme. Tetrazzini become, that she has purchased a fine picture machine which she will install in a little photoplay theater which she is building in her home at Lugano, Switzerland. There she will show her friends and neighbors her wonderful cowboys and famous Indians whom she visited last December while on a Western concert tour. The great colorature had become very fond of cowboys and Indians, after having seen them pictured so many times in photoplays, and she had made up her mind to pay them a visit at the first opportunity. While she likes both romantic and dramatic pictures, she has always shown a preference for the galloping cowboys and the picturesque Indians. When at Spokane, Wash., last winter, a manager attempted to take mean advantage of the great singer. He invited her to his theater, but when she arrived, she was surprised to find an immense sign across the street announcing "Mme. Tetrazzini, here today at three o'clock." This almost persuaded the singer not to enter, but she did, and during the performance the manager made every effort to induce her to sing for the large audience, but, of course, without success. The

great lyric soprano never loses an opportunity to attend a photoplay theater. She is of a romantic nature, with a child-like disposition, and one of the most lovable of women. Her deeds of charity are as golden as her voice. After her London season, where she will sing at the coronation of the king, she will go to her Switzerland home, returning to America next fall. To hear and to see this famous prima donna in the great opera houses of the world, attired in gorgeous costumes amid splendid scenery, some people would not realize that this same charming person can be seen at other times among the common people at the ten-cent theaters, laughing, grieving and applauding like any other moving picture enthusiast.



## The Irish Heart, <sup>By</sup> Lizzie Pinson

- “**M**UDDER, please gimme a nickel for der picture show terday? ‘Uncle Tom’ is gonter be dere—it’s a bully show dey say.”
- “No. I haven’t anny nickels to be thrown away like that; Ye’ve no Uncle Tom, ye spalpeen, but a handsome Unele Pat. There’s his pitcher in the album, and yez needn’t spend a cint, Wid his grand regalia—musha, for a soldier he was mint!”
- “I don’t mean dem kinder pictures, mudder, ‘Uncle Tom’s’ a play, Doncher know ’bout little Eva, an’ how ’Liza ran away? Yer kin sec der bloodhounds runnin’, an’ how Eva dies, an’ such— Oh, it’s just like in teayter, oney doesn’t cost as much.”
- “If it’s makin’ fun o’ me yez are, ye’ll get a whippin’, Mike. ‘Bloodhounds runnin’ in the pitcher! Sure, whoever heerd the like?”
- “Well, but ain’t dey *Movin’ Pictures*? Honest, I ain’t playin’ jokes— Why, der people walk an’ move aroun’ just like dey was real folks. Gee! it’s great ter see dem, mudder— say, yez oughter go some time, .
- I kin get in for a nickel, but yer’ll have ter pay a dime. Oh, I near fergot ter tell yer dat I saw another card Wot said ‘Views of Ireland an’ some singin’ by an Irish bard.’”
- “Mike, avourneen, do yer mane that annybody could conthrive For to show us dear ould Ireland wid the people like alive? Troth, I’d go to look at that no matter what I’d have to pay, For to feast me eyes on Erin’s Isle, I’d beg or shtear me way! Arrah! grammachree acushla! just to get another glance At the glen down where the bouchals and their colleens used to dance, And adown the road the schoolhouse where I learned the ‘rule o’ three’ While yer father, pace be wid him, would be makin’ eyes at me.
- It’s not cryin’ I am, Mike, sure thim are only tears of joy! Get me bonnet an’ me shawl—I’ll go along wid yez, me bhoy, And for every spot they show me where the dear ould shamrock grows, Faith, I’ll breathe me fondest blessin’ on the *Movin’ Pitchur* shows.”



# Taming A Tyrant



By Dorothy Harpur

THE dining-room of the Haven presented a cheerful and well-kept appearance. The "Haven" so named by a homeless mariner, in his "cups," was a Sailors' Boarding House, kept by buxom Mrs. Watts.

The latter, after a certain period of appropriate mourning, had married again, much to the disgust of her saucy daughter Grace, and of Captain Pete, her brother.

Watts, the stepfather, proved to be a tyrant. At the slightest provocation, he bellowed forth commands, and transfixed poor Mrs. Watts with an inexorable gray eye.

Grace, however, defied him openly. She gave vent to her disapproval, with sundry personal comments, and delicate sniffs, patent to all hearers.

Grace and Mrs. Watts were removing the dishes from the table one night, when Watts, with a "boisterous bun" on, cavorted happily into the dining-room of the Haven.

His hat was cockt at a rakish angle, his hair stood defiantly on end, and he regarded his trembling spouse and daughter with a fatuous grin.

"Greetings, ladies!" he hiccupped. "Am I not addressing ladies?" he queried, receiving no response.

"Where's my dinner?" he demanded. "Dinner!" he bawled.

Mrs. Watts, with a painfully resigned demeanor, obediently brought the desired food, but Grace gave a pronounced sniff that aroused his ire.

"Vacate!" he commanded curtly. "You see before you the bloated bondholder what is the boss around this ultra-marine wessel! To be gen'l'manly, back to the barn-yard, Gracie," he insisted, emphasizing, with his feet

on the table. "You're only a broiler," he added, at which insult, Grace clenched her small fists, and retreated in haughty indignation, her dark head held high and her pretty nose tilted.

As Mr. Watts' nephew stood before the mirror, contemplating his rather conspicuously attired person, he gave a sigh of utter contentment.

No girl could possibly resist those "loquacious trousers," that resplendent tie, and the immaculate shirt-bosom, in which sparkled a "Montana." Blind indeed, must be that female, whose eyes did not observe the "insistent" socks of Alice Blue. He gave another loving pat to his shining hair, and sallied forth to call upon Grace Watts—Grace with the dusky halo of silky hair, and lovely dark eyes.

Jake entered the parlor of the Sailors' Boarding House, serenely confident, with Watts proudly preceding. The former smirked complacently, giving his gorgeous fancy vest a furtive pull.

"Here's a winner for you, Grace," said Watts. "When it comes to that 'love stuff,' why he's got them New York leadin' men trounced to a turn."

With this introduction, he made a hurried exit, apparently oblivious to Grace's angry gestures.

Jake seated himself, prepared for conquest, and as Grace sat down, he placed a confident arm around her trim waist, only to receive a stinging slap.

"What do you know about that!" he exclaimed resentfully. Just then the door slammed, and he marvelled at the "dumb perwersity of some boardin' house wimmen!"



THE CAPTAIN RECEIVES A LETTER FROM HIS SISTER.

The "Evening Star" rolled lazily back and forth. Her Captain sat in the chart-room, smoking a pipe, waiting for Jim Stanley to return. Jim, the first mate, had gone ashore for the mail. Uncle Pete, as the Captain was known, puffed and meditated. His ruddy face lit up as Jim Stanley, with the mail bag, entered the door.

"Thought ye were never comin', Mate," growled the Captain. "Did ye sight some trim little craft?"

"Nothin' doin'," laughingly replied Jim, a big, handsome fellow, with a bronzed face and merry eyes of blue.

The Captain looked over the pile of letters. "One from Jennie," he remarked, and as he read it, his round visage lengthened.

"Sufferin' Mackerel!" he protested, "that man of Jane's must be a-lookin' for squalls! Read that letter," and he pointed to the last few lines:

\* \* \* "But he is getting worse and has brought his nephew to the house, and wants Grace to marry this scamp. You know the house goes to

Grace as soon as she is married. Can't you help me?"

Your Sister,  
JENNIE."

"Can't you fix his terra firma, Cap'n, and make him sport sea-legs?" ventured Jim. "He needs a dinged good saltin' down, *that* crab does!"

Jim drew up his muscles taut, and showed the Captain his arm.

"Conduct 'yours humbly' to the scene of turmoil and I'll make that 'Watts-his-name' dance a lively step!"

"Rippin' idea, Mate!" exclaimed Uncle Pete. "You can go as my nephew, and teach the rapsallion a lesson."

"Right, O, Me Hearty!" Jim laughed. "I'm 'Tommy at the Wheel' and I'll do some classy steerin'!"

As they went out of the cabin door, the light shone on their faces. Uncle Pete was laughing heartily, and Jim made a jolly conspirator.

When her brother's letter reached her, poor distracted Mrs. Watts alternately laughed and cried.

"That Jim Stanley must be purty

strong," she said, and she re-read the letter:

"DEAR SISTER:

I am sending you my First Mate, Jim Stanley, who can lick his weight in wild cats. Tell your husband that he is your son, who has been away fifteen years.

Your loving brother,  
PETE."

"Well," said Mrs. Watts, half-fearfully. "I reckon this young man will change the routine around here." With a nervous sigh she hastened back to the kitchen. There stood Watts in a belligerent pose.

"Well!" he snorted; "where have you been a-lazin'? This kitchen looks like the day after the Johnstown Flood. Wash your dishes, woman!" he or-



MAKING "WATTS-HIS-NAME" DO DUTY.

dered. Mrs. Watts started meekly to obey, when a loud knock at the door caused her to open it quickly. Before she could speak, Jim Stanley, looking big and formidable, loomed up in the doorway, and gave her a resounding smack on each plump cheek.

"I'm back to stay, mother!" he said impressively, tendering a look of extreme distaste at Mr. Watts.

"Who the devil are *you*, Mr. Cock-of-the-walk!" sputtered the latter.

"He's my boy that's been away from his mother so long, poor dear," said Mrs. Watts, triumphantly. "Ain't he handsome?" and she gave Jim a hearty squeeze.

"I'll be dog-gasted!" exploded Mr. Watts, and then remained mute from sheer rage.

"Why don't you come to and wash up them dishes?" Jim sharply questioned.

"Me?" heatedly inquired the tyrant. "Not me!" he reiterated, but before he could utter another protest, Jim had him by the scruff of the neck and led him to the sink.

"Now, get busy, little one," Jim jeered mockingly. "Wash the dishes like a handy little man!" Then Jim put his hands on both hips and laughed loudly.

"Here's a broom—clean this floor good," said Mrs. Watts, with a threatening gesture, holding out a broom.

Watts, with furious resentment, dropped the butter-dish.

"Maybe this will teach you to do better in the future, 'Mr. Do Nothin'!" roared Jim, and he cufft him soundly. Then turning to his "mother"—"I want to have a look at the little sister, mother, she must be a big girl now," he said. "When I last piped the kid, she was a brown-eyed baby. "And remember," he admonished, threateningly, turning to Watts, "keep on the job!" Here he shook a big brown fist, and Watts, open-mouthed, knocked everything over in his haste to obey.

Grace sat at the melodeon, in the parlor. Jake, still intent upon wooing, furtively touched her cheek and tried to kiss her.

"Do sit down, said the girl petulant-

ly, "and cut out the osculations, whatever they are!"

Jake sat down with an aggrieved air, but was about to resume with renewed vigor, when Mrs. Watts entered the room with Jim Stanley.

Jim grabbed Grace, and kist her startled face.

"Mother!" gasped Grace, "Who—" "He's your brother, Gracie," explained Mrs. Watts. "He's been gone fifteen long years; you wuz a little baby when he went away."

"Dear little kid," murmured Jim, and he kist her again, much to her chagrin, and the envy of Jake, who stood fingering his elaborate watch-chain.

"Hello!" cried Jim, apparently just seeing Jake. "Look what's hove over the horizon! Is it a circus-horse or an artist's near model?" giving Jake a facetious poke in the ribs, with his strong fingers.

Jake winced but stood his ground, curiosity overcoming him.

"Thought I 'piped' you huggin' my sister, when I come in," said Jim, and he slapped Jake's back, until that flashy suitor's bones ached.

Jim made matters worse by taking Grace on his lap and petting her. "He's never going to leave her again for fifteen years, is he, old girl?" he cried, and as Mrs. Watts, to conceal her laughter, left the parlor, he called out, "Mother, take that with you," pointing at Jake, "it's a stuffed zebra."

The "zebra" immediately made a clumsy exit, choking with indignation.

To Watts, life was one palpitating night-mare. That night while he was washing the dishes, lathering each dish with a heavy invective—he heard the rest of the family having a good time in the parlor, and he gave vent to his spite by violently poking the range. Jake on his way out stuck a frightened face in at the door.

"Is it only you?" he said, relievedly. "I thought that sailor was after me again," and he closed the door hastily.

Watts, as he heard Jake's retreating footsteps, knew that Jim had insulted his nephew, and he mentally vowed

vengeance while he was gathering up the broken dishes from the floor. These he carefully concealed in a closet. Not that he was afraid of any one. Not he! Just let that big lobster, that smelt strongly of fish, ever have the temerity to lay his paws on him again, and he'd see! He'd knock the stuffing out of—(here he punched an unoffending pan). "The sea-bug. The—" But the door was thrown open, and Jim interrupted the eloquent recital of "The Tyrant."

"Oh," said the mate, with elaborate politeness, "am I disturbin' the wielder of the dish-cloth? When you're thru with the eatin' ornaments, you can scrub the floor, Mr. Handy-man, and I'll supervise the watery proceedins—water bein' my specialty."

Watts made an angry movement, but Jim had him buffaloed. "Scrub! darn you!" he commanded, "and give your muscles a surprise—you boneless her-rin'!"

Watts shivered at the stentorian voice, and eyed the strong fists with trepidation.

"Scrub it is," he mentally decided, and gently began to dab the floor.

"I didn't say massage it, you land lubber! I said 'scrub'!"

"Yessir! Yessir!" breathlessly assented Watts. The sweat beaded his vermilion forehead, and his breath came painfully.

Jim nonchalantly lit his pipe, and sat on the table. He looked indifferent, but his eyes were intimidating to poor Watts, who groveled at his feet.

Just when the latter was praying for help, Mrs. Watts, his long-suffering spouse, appeared in the door-way.

"Get a move on you!" she shrilled, then words failed her, and her face was one wide smile, as she passed out.

To say that Grace Watts was bored, was putting it mildly. There sat Jake in a new suit of truly appalling pattern, his bold eyes looking volumes.

"Grace," ventured the smitten one, "ain't you tired of this tureen swingin' and coffee carryin'? Why don't you make up your mind and marry a likely



THE TYRANT IS KEPT BUSY.

feller like me?" Here he adjusted his flaming tie with a genteel air.

"You!" sneered Grace, moving another yard away; "I don't think that I shall ever marry—" she began, pensively, when the parlor door opened, and Jim smiled upon them.

Grace promptly brightened, and gave Jim a grateful look.

"Good evening," said he. "Am I intrudin' on the festive scene? Yes? No? You two lovers don't seem to know how to kiss proper." Jim winked at Grace, and suddenly kist her.

"Mercy!" she said, blushing furiously, wondering why she didn't feel at all like a sister to Jim Stanley.

"Now you try it, My Hearty," and he pulled Jake roughly towards Grace. Jake, nothing loath, eagerly bent forward, only to receive a restraining pull from "that sailor," that caused his coat-seams to groan ominously.

"That's not the way to salve a pretty sweetheart," instructed Jim. "This" —(a loud kiss)—"and this"—"is the correct caper." He hugged Grace so strenuously that she gave a little shriek, whereat Jake rushed to the rescue, only to be rebuffed by Jim.

Poor Jake gasped and sputtered. Envy and rage overwhelmed him. Threatening to "git even," he attempted to make a haughty exit, but Jim slyly thrust his foot in front of Jake, and that much abused young man left in high dudgeon. Grace and Jim, glad to see him go, waved a laughin' "adien."

"Poor lubber," said Jim softly, "he just can't help lovin' you, little girl, can he?"

"Gr—a—ce!" called Mrs. Watts. "Yes, ma," answered Grace, but her mother had to come after her. "Come on, now," Mrs. Watts urged, "dinner's on the table."

They went out convulsed with mirth. Jim sat still for a moment. "Howling hurricanes!" he ejaculated, finally, "I can't stand this 'Brother Game' any longer, 'I'll write to Captain Pete to-night."

In the meanwhile Watts served the dinner, and did all of the chores,

threatened by Jim Stanley, but he vowed vengeance. He had met Ike Cohen while at market. Cohen kept a second-hand store, nearby. He told Cohen to stop around and have a look at the furniture, so Cohen was there the next morning.

"Cohen," said Mr. Watts, assuming an air of proprietorship, "what is the best you can do for me, not bein' a man of many words, I need money!"

"Vell, I am willin' to take—"

"This!" interrupted Jim Stanley, and he upset Cohen's plans and person at the same moment, whereat that worthy hurried hence, with a frightened stare, casting appealing glances skyward.

"So, Mr. Sneak!" roared Jim, "you're trying to sell us out, are you?" Biff— "Make a bunch of derelicts out of us, eh!" Bam—

Watts emerged from under Jim's right arm with offended dignity. "A person of my temperament needs cash," he expostulated, rubbing his head. "A little 'licker' now and then," and he attempted to be feebly jocular.

"Cut that," said Jim. "If you want money, you've got to make good, and work for it. This floor looks danged dirty; suppose you sweep it. I'll give you some boodle for booze."

Mrs. Watts, entering at that opportune moment, handed Watts the broom, which he reluctantly wielded, bestowing many keenly, reproachful glances at his triumphant better-half.

"That's a bum job, but I'll give you the price of a 'licker' anyway." And Jim tossed him a coin. As he and Mrs. Watts started toward the door, the latter remarked pleasantly, "I beg of you, don't get tight, Willyum!"

"On that?" mumbled Watts, disgustedly, picking up the nickel. "That wouldn't open me eye!" and he viciously waved the broom.

Grace Watts was working busily in the kitchen. Her dark hair was neatly arranged, her turned-up sleeves disclosed round, white arms, and her brown eyes shone with some sweet recollection.

There was a knock at the door and then Jim came slowly in. He seemed



unlike his usual, genial self, there was an air of repression about him that Grace immediately observed.

"What's the trouble, Bunk?" she said, in her breezy fashion.

"Don't call me Bunk!" he exclaimed, irritably; "it sounds too much like a brother, and I—"

"A brother," echoed she. "Why you are my brother," she insisted. But one glance at his lovelit face made her drop those sweet dark eyes.

"No, dear," he stammered, "I'm—I'm—well, I'm only Captain Pete's mate, and I've been lyin' to you, girl, but it's been a good lie for all of us! You're not mad, are you, brown eyes?" he inquired, for she had hidden her dusky head on his arm. No response. In alarm he turned her rosy face up to his, and saw—well—he kist her, anyhow.

"Lands alive!" said Mrs. Watts, entering at that crucial moment; "did you tell her, Jimmy Boy?"

"Yes, I 'fessed up, mother, and we're goin' to be married soon, ain't we, Grace?" She nodded assent, and

the three danced a little jig around the kitchen table.

"By the livin' Johnson!" exclaimed "The Tyrant," as he read a letter which had just been handed to him. It ran as follows:

"BOB WATTS:

The bloke what calls hisself your step-son, ain't no sech thing. He's Jim Stanley, fust mate, on the 'Evenin' Star.'

Yer pal,

BILL."

"Watch me!" said Mr. Watts, in a fine frenzy; "now I have the sailor snipe. The four-flusher! I'll twist his pirate neck, and I'll—"

"What! What will you do?" interrupted Jim Stanley, entering with Mrs. Watts and Grace.

"Do?" yelled Watts. "You grafter! Son, me eye!" he elegantly commented. "I know who you are now, and I'm going to tell everybody," blustered "The Tyrant."

"Oh, you are, are you?" laughed Jim and Grace, flourishing the mar-



JIM TEACHES JAKE HOW TO DO IT.

riage certificate before Watts' astonished eyes.

"Like my ring?" said Grace, proudly exhibiting the gold band on her wedding finger.

"Too bad, Willyum, that you were so easy misled," remarked Mrs. Watts pityingly, but she smiled. "You know that the house belongs to Grace now, and you will have to curb your violent temper," she continued.

"May I stay if I do!" meekly begged the erstwhile tyrant.

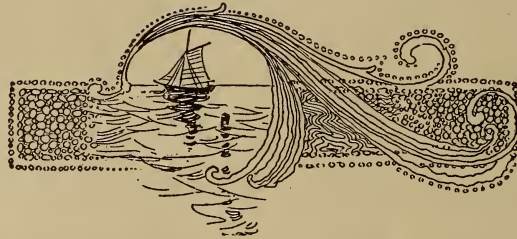
"I reckon so," answered Mrs. Watts, condescendingly.

"By the way, Mr. Watts, those windows look surprisin' dirty," said Jim, after carefully inspecting the room. "Better get busy, I want them polished like 'the handle of the big front door'!"

Watts implored "Jennie" to save him from further menial tasks, but she remained obdurate.

"Willyum," she said solemnly, "you brought it all on yourself."

So Willyum, "The Tyrant," not the "Conqueror," submissively polished the windows to the tune of hearty laughter.



SCENE FROM "THE COUNTY FAIR."

# Across the Mexican Border

By Marie Coolidge Rask

IN the broad window of the Mexican adobe sat Rosa Tornel, sharing her half-smoked cigarito with the dark-browed vaquero seated on the bench outside. She offered the cigarito, not because she loved Jose Castanares, but because she no longer enjoyed the sound of his mandolin.

"Oh, Don Jose, cease thy music. Thou dost weary me!" she exclaimed, petulantly. "Canst thou never do aught but play love songs, gamble and drink?"

The musician's face darkened at her words.

"Oho, *senorita!*" he exclaimed. "So thou dost not wish no more the serenade! Thou dost give me insult. It is for love of the *Americano*. God of my soul! I fling my heart at thy feet and thou art cruel."

The girl in the window laughed.

"Thou hast a picturesque attire to-day, but thy rage makes thee not pleasant to look upon. If thou wert a blond, now, then might I love thee as an *Americano*. Ay! *Cielo santo!* Calm thyself, Don Jose, and play the three card monte with my father. Thou art smart and know how to keep thy gold. My father loves thee better when thou holdest it not so fast. Dost thou not hear him calling thee?"

"To perdition with thy father! If I play with him to-day, I play only for thy hand," exclaimed the now thoroughly enraged little vaquero. He rose as he spoke, for the girl's father, Santiago, already appeared at the window to summon him for the promised game.

As both disappeared within the adobe, Rosa laughed softly to herself. She had always longed for conquest; she loved excitement; she pined for

romance and intrigue. Now she was having all. She had not intended that Jose should learn of the smiling blue-eyed American she had met coming out of the church one Sunday after mass. She had dropped her rosary. He had picked it up and handed it to her with such a beautiful smile. Ah, she would never forget that smile, even if she did marry Jose.

The cigarito fell to the ground. The girl's eyes were dreamy. She played with one of the roses that she had just pulled from the climbing bushes that clustered about the window. In the distance she saw the crowds trooping home after the bull fight. She knew many were Americans from across the border and she wondered if *he* was among them.

As if in answer to her thoughts two athletic young men sauntered around the corner of the adobe, apparently absorbed in conversation. As the rose-framed picture in the window met their gaze the taller of the two gave an exclamation of surprise.

"My lady of the rosary has become the lady of the roses!" he exclaimed to his friend. "I will woo her according to ancient Mexican custom."

Suiting the action to the word, Jack Ralton pulled off his sombrero and flung it into the dust.

"At your feet, *senorita!*" he cried, dramatically.

Rosa smiled down upon him, her dark eyes dancing with happiness.

"*Mi querida!* Grant but one pledge of thy favor," continued the enchanted American in very poor Spanish, but with the irresistible smile that had charmed once before.

His wooing pleased Rosa. It was

much better than Jose's serenades. She would let him know she could speak English as well as his Spanish, even tho it was not propriety to reply.

"My father he wish me marry Mexican man. He want much money."

"You bet he does," interposed the suitor's friend, Wilson, not at all pleased with Jack's sudden plunge into dangerous depths of sentiment. "Come on," he whispered. "You'll get into no end of a row. There's sure to be a drunken father and a jealous lover somewhere in the game."

But Jack had met the woman of his dreams and would listen to no dissuasion.

Before he could reply to her there came a sudden sound of voices from within the house.

"Rosa—Rosa, fetch us more wine."

"Si, senor, you like the rose——"

It was but a whisper that accompanied the falling of the beautiful Castilian rose at the feet of the lover, but it was enough. Then the girl slid softly from her perch on the window ledge and disappeared.

Santiago and Jose had been in earnest conversation. Jose knew well how to manage the older man.

"I am mad for her. My heart aches with love. I have now much money—see! Give me Rosa and you shall have it all."

As Jose spoke the greedy eyes of Santiago gloated over the extended belt, well filled with gold. He stretched forth his hands eagerly.

"The girl shall be yours, Jose," he exclaimed. "A son indeed you have always been to me."

Again the coveted gold was held just beyond his reach.

"Not until the senorita is mine," remarked Jose, fondly stroking his little hoard of winnings. Then Santiago had called Rosa.

As she placed the wine on the table her father told her of Jose's offer of marriage. The girl's heavy lashes drooped over the black eyes and the curls waved as she shook her head.

"I will not marry Don Jose!" she cried, then turned and ran from the room.

The reply was a surprise to both men. Rosa had always been mischievous but never defiant before. Jose's thin fingers twitched nervously. He had an uncomfortable impression that there was another suitor of whom he knew nothing.

"By the saints she shall marry thee, I say," assured Santiago. "She dost think to be courted. It is but the way with women. She will surrender tomorrow and marry as I bid her."

For once, however, Santiago was unable to shake the decision of his daughter.

"By every station in the church, I will not marry him," she said, with emphasis.

"Don Jose has money," argued the father. "Thou shalt have fine clothes and gold rings. He will give me much gold and I need it—I need it!" he cried, rubbing his palms together as if the money was already within his grasp.

But it was all useless. Rosa would not listen, and Santiago would not use harsh measures—at least not yet. He would give her time. Then, if she did not yield—well, it would be time enough to try force when other means failed.

The feast day in Guanajuato had been well celebrated. There had been masses and processions in the morning and a brilliant bull fight in the afternoon. There were still a few loiterers in the saloon and restaurant nearest the bull ring and in the street back of it a crowd of peons from the mines were excitedly betting the last of their earnings on a cock fight.

Jack Ralton and his friend Wilson had lunched together, and talked of the out-put of the mine, but Jack's thoughts were evidently on far more sentimental topics. Over at the next table an exciting game of poker was in progress.

"Great game, eh?" remarked Wilson, nodding toward the players.

"Um!" Jack was looking over a bunch of papers he had taken from his pocket.

"Six—eight—ten—I'll raise you ten dollars!" "Ten-spot Dick's voice



DON JOSE LOOKS ON WITH ENVY.

sounded with unusual clearness as he threw the money down on the table with a cheerful clink. Wilson glanced at his pre-occupied companion.

"Something doing over there," he remarked. "Guess I'll have to go over and see who 'Spotty' is cleaning up this time, the soldier or the greaser."

He rose as he spoke and lounged over to join the on-lookers, and to offer to back the shrewd-looking cavalryman against the professional gambler, between whom the Mexican and the ranger were faring rather badly.

At the table, alone, Jack carefully pulled a faded rose from his pocket and looked at it long and lovingly. He did not see Santiago enter, followed by his pretty daughter offering some quaint pottery for sale.

Straight to the gambling table went the gaudily dressed Peon. The maiden hesitated, then paused in surprise. There, right before her, was her "Americano"—the one with the beautiful smile—to whom she had given a

rose as symbol of her favor. As she looked, she saw him press the flower to his lips and replace it in his breast. Slowly she moved toward him.

"Ay, senor, I theenk you reech. You buy vase, no?" she inquired, sweetly, with downcast eyes, as she exhibited her wares.

Jack sprang to his feet. Quickly he grasped the little hand that held the vase and pressed it fondly.

"No, no," whispered the girl in evident alarm, as she thrust a smaller vase into his hand. "Si, senor buy it, he like it well.

But Jack turned to the other and larger vase in preference. Again Rosa interposed.

"I no theenk you like that. Much better is the little one," indicating a scrap of a note hidden within the vase.

The gay colors of the girl's feast-day attire made her more than usually irresistible.

"Mi muy querida prima!" whispered

Jack in his very best Spanish as their hands met in the exchange of pottery.

Then, suddenly, Jose stood before them, glaring like an enraged animal at Jack, and crowding Rosa back toward her father.

"Mother of God!" he hissed thru his set teeth. "You spik to my Senorita! She no can marry Americano. She go to marry me. You go hell. Let be."

There was an ominous glitter in the beady, black eyes, as he faced the tall American, but Jack was too much infatuated to be cautious. He eyed the angry Mexican superciliously, then, with a smile, turned and went back to the table where he had been seated.

Santiago had not noticed the little scene. The lust of play and the desire for drink were strong upon him. He was oblivious of his daughter's presence until reminded by José.

"Take the girl home," stormed the little vaquero in Spanish. "She makes herself the fool for the Americano. Thou shalt not have the gold if she become not my wife. Take her home, I say, take her home."

If Santiago had not seen Jose's gold he might not have obeyed so peremptory a command. As it was, however, he grasped his luckless daughter by the wrist and led her forth without comment. He did not know exactly what Jose was talking about. He did not care much so long as his rage did not prompt him to retract his offer to pay gold for his bride.

Jose, at the gambling table, watched Jack furtively. He saw him take the note, read it with evident pleasure and start toward the door, crowding the vase back into his pocket.

The game ceased to be interesting to Jose. He was watching more intently a small scrap of paper which had fallen to the floor as Ralton passed out.

Clink—clink—clink! The money jingled a farewell as it fell upon the table only to be swept up a moment later by the clever hands of "Ten-spot Dick."

"Dios! Enough!" exclaimed Jose,

springing from his seat. "I play no more to-day."

A moment later he left. There was a murderous look on his evil face and the scrap of paper on the floor had disappeared.

Down the street he rushed, past the Teatro Juarez, with its superb Ionic pillars and bronze lamps, almost knocking over the early arrivals at the theater in his haste to brush by them. He muttered to himself. He clinched and unclined his fists. What wonder was it that Padre Carmelo, passing by the great Palace of Legislature, paused in dismay at sight of one of his flock so apparently possessed of the devil.

"Son, son," he murmured. "Restrain thy evil impulse, whatever it may be. How canst I, even with many prayers and penances, hope to save from hell's fires the soul of one so bent upon his own destruction?"

Was there prophecy in the words? If so, Jose did not know it and the words of the priest fell unheeded.

From the window of the adobe he saw Rosa welcome her lover from the States. He ground his teeth together with ill-suppressed fury. A revolver glittered in the early moonlight.

There was a sudden flash, a report, a scream from Rosa, followed by the sound of footsteps running down the street without.

"Never touched me!" exclaimed Jack, clutching at his torn sleeve. "Just let me catch the villain that fired that shot and I'll make short work of him."

But the villain was nowhere in sight.

In the next room Santiago had been awakened from his drunken slumbers. Rosa could hear him talking to himself, as she thought, and moving ponderously about.

"Adios! Adios! Go queeck," she whispered. "What my father say? He kill me!"

In spite of the words, the tone implied so little fear of her father, that Jack did not hesitate to obey her entreaty and disappeared none too soon.

The next moment the door was



DON JOSE PROVED NO MATCH FOR THE AMERICAN.

flung open and Jose rushed into the room, expecting to find his victim dead. Disappointed, he turned to the window but Rosa was quicker than he. She grasped him by the arm that held the revolver. She clung upon him like a weight of iron. He could not reach the window and with each moment he knew his rival was escaping. As Santiago staggered into the room Jose thrust the girl into her father's arms and dashed off in pursuit of the man he now hated with all a Mexican's vindictive nature.

At the saloon where Wilson, the cavalryman, and others, were still in the game, Jack laughingly referred to the rent in his sleeve and recounted the chain of events which led up to the shooting.

The gambler, tired of the play, rose from the table and Jack slipped into his seat.

"Guess I'll get in on this game, for a little while," he remarked, laughingly, "just to keep my hand in and see that you fellows don't get into a scrap."

"Dead-shot Harry" was the man

who had risen from the table. He lounged over to the bar and called for a drink. Suddenly he turned. Jose had entered unobserved and stood in the open doorway. "Dead-shot Harry" took in the situation at a glance.

"Look out, Ralton! The Greaser's going to plug you."

As the warning was shouted, the ranger quickly covered the man in the doorway with his revolver. No other hand than his would have been quick enough to prevent a tragedy. Instantly every man in the room was on his feet. The Mexican made no attempt to conceal his purpose. If the sneering American would come outside, he would fight him, he insisted.

Jack laughed.

"Oh, go home," he exclaimed. "I don't want to kill you. If we went outside you would be dead in two minutes."

With a cry of rage the vaquero sprang upon him, striving in vain to plunge his knife into the American. The struggle lasted but a moment. Jose was no match for his tall rival.

Disarmed, but still raging, he was soon hurled bodily into the street.

The next day Rosa wrote again to Jack. The muchacho to whom she entrusted the note had been promised an unlimited number of cigaritos. Before he could leave the room, however, Don Jose had seized the note and read it.

"It is well!" he exclaimed. "I could do no better. Thou shalt take the note," he added, handing it back to the boy. "Let the American come. I will meet him here."

The muchacho started on his errand with alacrity. He wanted those cigaritos. Jose sat on the edge of the table and fondled his dagger with the tenderness of a mother. Rosa shuddered as she looked upon him, but she could devise no means by which she might warn her lover. Then the messenger returned. He had traveled very swiftly for a Peon on a warm day but he wanted those cigaritos.

"The Americano will be here," he announced. "He is coming even now."

"Buenos!" exclaimed Jose, thrusting a revolver into the hands of the boy. "Thou wilt stand without. Shouldst thou see one come to the window, shoot to the death. Saba?"

"Si, senor," answered the muchacho, as he left the room.

"Don Jose, for the love of heaven—" pleaded Rosa, but he interrupted her, pointing to the door of the inner room.

"Go, thou," he commanded. And she feared to disobey.

From the inner room she heard Jose walking about. She knew he was

growing impatient. In imagination she saw Jack coming without warning into the house which Jose was determined he should never leave alive. Had he already come? She listened intently. Someone was walking toward the window. With a low moan she pressed her hands over her face and rocked to and fro. A shot rang out.

"Dios! Dios! Madre de Dios!" she screamed, rushing into the room. "He is slain—my lover is slain—" She paused abruptly. "Holy heaven! He is not here. It is Don Jose!"

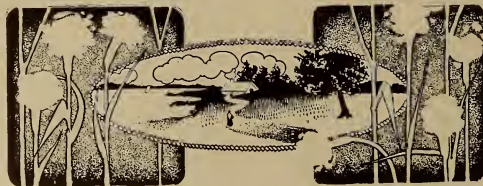
She fell on her knees beside the still form and felt for the beat of the heart. There was none. The muchacho had done his work well. He had shot to the death the first person who had attempted to look out of the window. Kneeling beside the dead man, Rosa realized that Jose had spoken his own death sentence when he gave his command to the boy.

"It is the will of God," she murmured. "Ay, Dios de mi alma—if it had been the other who was slain!"

Hearing a step without she hastily pulled a cover over the lifeless form. She made the sign of the cross, then placed her fingers to her lips as Jack entered the room.

"My darling—"

"Sh!" interrupted the girl, pointing to the prostrate form lying before the window. "Ay, yi! Don Jose sleep. He no wake more. I love you and I go. Bime-bye we ask Padre Carmelo to say a mass for his soul."



"Art does not represent things falsely, but truly as they appear to mankind."—*Ruskin, The Stones of Venice.*





# Tony the Greaser



By L. CASE RUSSELL

“PLEASE, dad, just a little longer. Let’s go around the next corner. I hear music—listen! Sol, la, si,” hummed the girl, swaying her graceful body slightly to the seductive strains. “We will go to the Cathedral later, unless—” with a sudden tightening of the hand that lay on her big father’s arm, “unless your ankle—”

“Oh, my ankle is all right, Nell girl,” interrupted the father. “Come on, we’ll spend the rest of the day among the Greasers, if your little High and Mightiness wants to,” and they proceeded in the direction of the music. “I reckon the live present interests you more than the past. But it’s a real shame not to see a few of the sights of San Antonio, and San Fernando is one of them. You see, I’ll be too busy with the branding to come with you very soon again, and there ain’t one of the boys, as I think of them, that I’d exactly choose as a chaperon for a pretty girl like you.”

They had been standing for a moment, while the brief argument as to their route proceeded, in front of a small fruit stand in the Mexican quarter of the picturesque city of San Antonio. The decision having been made, in Helen’s favor, as usual, they strolled around the corner, the languorous strains of “Over the Waves,” guiding their steps.

The kaleidoscope colors, the unconsciously graceful poses, the picturesqueness of these dark-skinned descendants of proud old Spain, squalid and worthless as she knew them to be, fired the girl’s imagination.

Here, among the unworthy representatives of the lordly caballeros of long

ago, the dead bones of history seemed fleshed over with reality. She wanted to see all the fascinating old city had to offer, but just now the Mexican quarter had her in its thrall; and Helen Raymond, humored since babyhood, was wont to indulge her whims to the full.

If the idle Mexicans, lolling in doorways, or betting on the cock-fight to take place on the coming Sunday; the prematurely-aged women crying their wares, or stolidly plaiting; and the innumerable children of all sizes, and all stages of undress; attracted the girl, no less did she, a cool dainty vision in spotless white, claim the attention of the loungers of the quarter. They were accustomed to tourists, but dark eyes followed Ruth admiringly as she passed along with her father, who was known as Captain Jack Raymond of the XL Ranch.

They had turned into a narrow street, little more than an alley, in search of the dreamy strains that had first caught Helen’s attention. As they stood idly gazing at the scene, the musician arose from his seat on the doorstep of a bar-room, and paying no heed to the newcomers, who had stopped at a distance, held out his hand to the loungers about, with a request for “el real.” Several small coins were tossed him by the unkempt vagabonds; and, turning with indolent grace, he disappeared into the bar-room.

“Oh, I wanted to hear him play,” pouted Helen.

“I spik to Tony, if the signorita wish,” eagerly volunteered a bystander, but before he could cover himself with glory by serving the signorita, Tony reappeared with a cigarette between his white teeth.

Without a glance at the strangers he settled down on the steps. A few preliminary chords and then the bewitching strains of "The Palms" quivered on the warm air.

With half closed eyes that dreamily watched the smoke curl up from his cigarette, his tarnished sombrero pushed far back on his head, Tony, soiled and ragged as he was, would have caught an artist's eye. There was a graceful droop to the crimson handkerchief at his throat, a suggestion of rakishness about his once white shirt and wide cut trousers, while the sash that encircled his slender waist was worn with all the grace of a caballero.

"Bueno!" softly cried Helen, as the last strains died away; and, taking a quarter from her purse, she offered it to the Mexican. For the first time he seemed to be aware of her presence. From the outstretched white hand his melancholy dark eyes traveled to her face—a face dainty and piquant enough to hold the attention of any man.

Doffing his sombrero, Tony arose; and to the surprise of those about, slowly shook his head.

"Mucho gracias, Signorita," he said politely, "but Tony rather not take. He very great please if she signorita like the moosic."

Helen looked pleased, but she said nothing.

"By jingo, Helen!" said Captain Jack, as they walked on; "a big compliment to charm a Mex into refusing money. I'll bet Tony will kick himself for his gallantry, next time he wants some of his everlasting cigarettos and hasn't a peseta to get the makings with."

And while Helen and her father sought their carriage to drive to the Cathedral, Tony was passing thru a crisis in his lazy, self-indulgent life.

"Madre de Dios," he had exclaimed, more to himself than to the interested on-lookers, and he stood without moving until Helen's white figure vanished around the corner.

Tomaso, the friend of many an idle day, had started to jeer at Tony's evident admiration for the "Gringo." As others joined in the banter, Tony had



TONY FOLLOWED, BECAUSE HE WANTED TO SEE "LA TULITA" AGAIN.

turned upon them with such a choice collection of Mexican expletives that they had fallen back in amazement, while Tony, his guitar over his shoulder, had flung himself out of the reach of their tormenting tongues.

He wanted to see the pretty girl again. "La Tulita," he called her softly to himself, "with eyes like the stars, and hair so soft and brown and warm. And the pink in her cheek like the dawn in midsummer in cloudless Monterey."

A little questioning, and Tony learned that Captain Jack and his daughter had driven to the church of the Alamo; so Tony, with the vague hope of once more seeing his enchantress, wandered down to the Alamo. The tall ranchman and the pretty girl had been there and gone. Past the pleasant gardens of the Plaza de Las Yslas, to the Cathedral of San Fernando, strolled Tony.

As he stopped for a moment in the deserted street, he beheld with wonder the lady of his thoughts flying down the steps of the Cathedral, in evident distress. Glancing anxiously up and down the street and seeing no one, she was about to return when Tony hesitating-

ly advanced from behind a pillar. Her anxiety overcame her surprise at seeing him in that spot.

"Oh! Tony," she cried, eagerly. "Come quickly; dad—Captain Raymond—has turned his ankle again and I can't find a soul to help me." And as they hurried up the Cathedral steps together, the girl explained how that her father had made a misstep, and that she feared he had sprained again an ankle that was just mending.

They found Captain Jack, white-faced, leaning against the outer door, cursing his carelessness. With infinite care the girl and Tony helped him down to the street, and Tony was then sent to call the driver, who was dozing in the carriage, in the shadow around the corner.

"Tony, you're all right!" exclaimed Captain Jack, as he was finally gotten into the carriage with the help of a kindly Father who chanced to pass; and, as they started for a doctor's, he called out, at Helen's suggestion, "and say, Tony, if you want a job, come out to XL. I'm short of men."

They drove away, leaving Tony in a transport of delight. Not that Tony, being a true son of the South, yearned so much for a job, but if he went to the ranch he could see the beautiful "Signorita Americano" every day.

As Captain Jack sat on the roomy veranda of his big ranch-house next day, nursing his swollen ankle, he beheld a dusty, but none the less picturesque Tony, toiling up the road.

"By jingo! the Greaser has actually walked out here," he assured himself in surprise. "He must have wanted a job bad, or—" with an uneasy glance toward the open door of the house, "he's stuck on Helen—the same which he'd better cut out."

His guitar slung across his back, Tony's only other baggage was contained in a gaily bright bandanna held on a stick over his shoulder.

The bell at his side summoned the foreman, Hank Martin, to whom Tony was promptly turned over, much to that sturdy puncher's disgust.

"Excuse me, Cap'n Jack, but I've

never yet seed the Greaser worth the powder to blow him up with," began Hank, scowling at the weary Tony.

"I guess you're right, Hank, but this fellow acted pretty decent when I hurt my ankle yesterday, and Miss Helen wanted me to give him a chance; so you and the boys show him the ropes, and I guess he can earn his salt, anyway."

The mention of Helen's name did not serve to lessen Hank's growing dislike for the new hand. Big Hank had been pretty badly touched himself by Miss Helen's charms, and his narrow soul was capable of being jealous of even a dog.

With a shrug of the shoulders, he led the way to the bunk house, where he shared his views with half a dozen punchers who did not belong on that range.

"An' it's a purty durn shame," he wound up, giving the unresisting Tony a furtive shove, "to put a tan-colored coyote of a Greaser on the XL, an' unless he's pretty tough," with a sly wink, "I think he won't be pirootin' over this here range very long; sabe?"

Tony had unslung his guitar and placed it in a corner, and was respectfully awaiting further orders.



TONY WAS TOSSED ABOUT ROUGHLY.

"Let's 'nitate the Mex?" suggested Porterhouse Jim, pausing in his harness mending.

"Hot pants," drawled Sweetie Wilson, and the suggestion met with instant approval.

This time-honored western game was none other than an old-fashioned spanking, administered with a springy-board.

While two of the joyous punchers detailed themselves to hunt for a promising spanker, Hank and the remaining boys tried to arouse Tony's fighting spirit by treading on his toes and bumping into him. When these suggestive methods failed, Tony merely trying to get out of their way, Hank, his naturally ugly spirit aroused by the Greaser's unwillingness to fight, openly cuffed him. In another moment the unfortunate Greaser was being kicked and tossed about roughly.

Suddenly, without a word being spoken, his assailants dropped back, and Tony stood, with guarding arm over his eyes, expecting the blows to fall again. A clear voice caused him to straighten up, and there stood "La Tulita," her eyes flashing, while she scored the luckless cowboys.

"And if you hurt Tony, I'll never forgive you," she continued. Hank tried to mutter an apology, but Helen interrupted him.

"You needn't try to explain, Mr. Martin," she exclaimed; "I know that dad told you to take care of Tony, and this is the way you obey orders. It was I who asked dad to hire him, and you are responsible to me for his treatment."

With this she was gone, leaving the abashed cowboys to try in their clumsy way to atone; for not one of the gang but would even have caressed a rattler, had Miss Helen asked him to do it. Hank refused to sign any peace treaty, however, and Helen's kindly interest in the "Greaser" only served to increase his dislike.

Tony proved willing and eager to do his best, and the boys, mindful of Helen's words, ceased to annoy him. He frequently sat on the lower steps of the ranch house veranda, playing and

singing for Captain Jack and Helen in the warm evenings. Tho he plainly showed his devotion to Helen, his attitude was so respectful that Captain Jack had buried his first uneasy fears that he might prove a nuisance.

"Tony, what about this revolution talk?" asked the master one evening, as Tony sat idly thrumming his guitar. "Norton, of the Lazy S, was here today, and he says there's lots of talk of trouble in Mexico, and that San Antonio is full of sympathizers. If I thought there'd be trouble, I'd ship Miss Helen back to her aunt tomorrow."

"Oh, Dad," protested Helen, "don't say that; you said that I should stay until November. Is it anything serious, Tony?"

"I do not think he is to worree over, Mees Heleen and Signor Capitan. The Mexican always he talk big, but fight—Madre de Dios!" and the expressive shouldered spoke contempt for the war talk. "When I have left San Antonio the three week ago, that big loaf, Enrique Carillo, he making mooch talk in the saloon, but Enrique talk always. But here there is no troublay," and his dark eyes lovingly swept the broad acres of the ranch and rested on the purpling mountains far away.

A few days after this conversation, her father having ridden over to the Lazy S, Helen sat alone on the porch in the glowing twilight, putting the last stitches on a fine handkerchief, when out of a clump of lilacs at the end of the veranda stole the throbbing strains of a guitar, and Tony's rich, vibrant voice sang a Mexican love song. Helen's slight knowledge of Spanish did not permit of her translating the flowing words as they came, but she caught the love note, and for a moment she was half frightened and a trifle resentful. Then, her natural coquettishness and love of the romantic asserted itself; and, as Tony ventured from his retreat, doubtful of the result of his daring, the girl leaned forward, and, yielding to an impulse, tossed him the handkerchief and ran into the house.

Her childish coquetry had wrought

more trouble than she, repentant as soon as the act was committed, dared guess; for, to the ardent Tony, it had given hope that the lady of his dreams looked upon him with favor. As he kist the bit of linen with true Spanish fervor, he failed to see the scowling visage of the big foreman, who had witnessed enough of the scene to make him long to wring Tony's neck.

Helen's conscience troubled her hereafter whenever the incident recurred to her, and when morning came she felt anxious to see Tony, to show him, by carrying herself with dignity and aloofness, that the folly of the night before was to be forgotten.

As Arizona Cal brought up her horse for her daily canter, she inquired casually, "Where is Tony, Cal? I haven't seen him this morning."

"Wal, yu see, its this away, Miss," elaborately began Cal, pleased to have a story to tell. "Last night we wuz all asettin' in the bunky, ez peaceful ez a flock o' nestin' doves, when we hears a most amazin' sound o' scrappin' outside, an' when we rounds up outside, there wuz that—, I mean ther wuz Tony jest nachurally changin' the entire map o' Hank's face. Yes, ma'am," nodding energetically in emphasis, as Helen uttered an exclamation, "that Greaser had Big Hank down on the ground an' he wuz wallopin' him to a fareyewell."

"Was Hank hurt? Or Tony? Why were they quarreling?" came in quick succession from the girl as she patted her restless mustang.

"Wal, yes, ma'am, I reckon as how Hank feels some sore to-day, an' Tony's got a black eye, but I sure do b'lieve that little coyote'd just nachurally choked Hank if we hadn't arrived oporchune on the battleground. We achually had to pry him off. An' the Mexican swear words that he let loose—say honest, Miss, it smelled like red hot tamales all over the scenery. An' so far as anybody knows, it wuz all over nothin'—jest a handkerchief that Hank jerked outa Tony's hand when the Greaser wan't lookin'."

In the full glow of his story, Cal failed to notice Helen's start at the

word "handkerchief." Her hand tightened on the pawing horse's bridle, as she listened, shamed and repentant, to the cowboy's recital.

"Sweety Wilson, he wuz comin' up past the corral," the man continued, "when he saw Tony set down on the aige o' the old trough, an' take somethin' outa his shirt, an' Sweety 'lowed the spoony Greaser wuz a kissin' it, an' jest then up comes Hank behind him an' jerks the thing outa Tony's hand; an' Tony jest springs at Hank like a wild cat, Sweety says, an' Hank is so surprised, not expectin' the little cuss—'scuse me Miss—to fight, him alluz bein' so meek, over goes Hank an' sure gettin' the worst of it when we butts in."

"I'll be going now, thank you, Cal," Helen said, simply. Safely mounted, the puncher handed her the reins and Helen was off, troubled and repentant over the result of her thoughtlessness.

After an exhilarating ride across the



"PLEASE GIVE ME BACK THE  
HANDKERCHIEF."

range and out to the branding pen she returned to the house, accompanied by her father. She had meant to tell him of her foolish little by-play with Tony, but somehow she couldn't talk of it on the homeward gallop with the wind in her ears and the big outdoor reaches calling.

It seemed so silly, so trivial. The day passed without a sign of Tony, but her father appeared not to notice his unusual absence, nor did he mention having heard of the quarrel.

Toward evening, Helen was strolling thru the garden, at the side of the path leading to the corral, when Tony suddenly appeared from behind a fringe of bushes, and before the girl had a chance to summon her dignity or formulate a reprimand, he had caught her hand. "Ah, signorita, Heleen!" he cried, his dark eyes burning. "Forgive the fight. I am so verree sorry I choke the Big Hank, but, Madre de Dios! he take from me the little hank'chief you give me, an' I could keel him that he touch."

"Tony, you did very wrong," Helen answered, severely, as she pulled her hand from his fervent grasp. "Please give me back the handkerchief."

"Oh, surely, no, you no take him back, La Tulita?" in his distress calling her by the name of his thoughts. "Please do not take him away, mi alma. So mooch I dream of you carina," and not heeding the girl's imperative, "hush, Tony, you must not talk like that," the ardent Mexican once more caught her hand and tried to draw her toward him, as he murmured a torrent of mixed English and Mexican, in which the word "love" figured frequently enough to thoro'ly terrify the girl.

To Helen's great relief, Captain Jack's big figure appeared around the corner of the house at this moment, and Tony, releasing Helen, stepped back. Captain Jack had seen enough to make him suspicious.

"What in blazes is the matter here?" said he, as he strode up. "Is he bothering you, Helen?"

A quick glance at his daughter's

face, and his hand flew out toward the shrinking Tony.

"Dad, don't! don't! It's all my fault, truly, Dad, I—I meant to tell you this morning. I let Tony think—" she hesitated flushed, and half tearful; then throwing up her dainty head, bravely continued, "that I liked him. I gave him a handkerchief—I'm so sorry."

"Helen!"

Only her name, but the tone in which it was uttered made the girl wince.

"We can't have this kind of foolishness around here," said the Captain to Tony. "You'll have to vamoose, Tony. I've just been hearing how you jumped on Hank, and the boys don't like the idea of a Greaser on the XL ranch, anyway, so you'll just have to hit the trail."

Tony listened in dejected silence, only venturing once to glance at Helen, but seeing no encouragement there, he slowly turned and walked away; and before the morning dawned he was on his twenty-mile tramp back to San Antonio.

In the weeks that followed, Helen often thought, regretfully, of the part she had played in Tony's brief period of happiness at the ranch. Her father showed little inclination to talk of the departed Mexican, and gradually the incident became vague in Helen's mind.

Rumors of disquietude in Mexico and of sympathizers in Texas persisted in circulating, and more than once Captain Jack had threatened to send Helen back to the aunt in the East who had brought her up after her mother's death. But Helen begged to be allowed to remain, and her father could not bring himself to the point of parting with her. She had learnt to shoot surprisingly well, and carried, wherever she went, her own accurate little revolver.

One brilliant day in October, late in the afternoon, the father and daughter sat on the veranda, enjoying a glowing sunset. "I read something today that worries me, little girl," said the Captain. "You remember Tony told us about an Enrique Carillo, who was making revolutionary speeches last

summer? Well, I read today that a reporter in disguise down in the Mexican quarter of San Antonio heard this same fellow working up a lot of cut-throat Greasers into attacking the ranchers. The ignorant fools don't even know what the trouble in Mexico is about, but they see a chance to loot, and the ranches are pie for them, because they could get a lot of plunder with very little risk. Promise me you won't ride out of sight of the boys, Helen."

"Oh, don't worry about me, Dad," laughed Helen. "Remember I carry my gun wherever I go, and I am getting to be an expert shot. I actually hit the bull's-eye three times at practice this morning. Cal says I'm a real Western girl now. And surely the Mexicans wouldn't attack the XL. I wonder whatever became of Tony?"

As they were talking of the Mexican, they little dreamed that the object of their thoughts was at that very moment listening, with every muscle tense, his

mind in a whirl, to a plot being hatched by the vagabond Carillo to attack the XL that very night.

After his dismissal from the ranch Tony had drifted back to his old habits of drinking, smoking, and loafing, indulging them more earnestly than ever before. He had listened apathetically to denunciatory speeches about the cursed "Gringo", in every saloon he frequented. A few nights before, when half drunk, he had taken a solemn oath to aid in the great work of overthrowing the Mexican government and putting the hated Americans to the death. On this particular evening he was but little under the influence of liquor, for the simple reason that he had done nothing, so industriously, and for so long a period, that he hadn't a peseta in his grimy trousers.

He had begged the price of a drink from the ardent revolutionists about him, but without success, and had at length settled down at a table where he had resigned himself to his gloomy



TONY LISTENED TO THE PLOT.



TONY LOYAL TO THE FLAG, YET MORE LOYAL TO HIS COUNTRYMEN.

thoughts. The haranguing voice of Carillo had been rising and falling for some time, Tony noticing only a stray word now and then. Gradually a group had closed in around his table, and suddenly he drew himself up, out of his slouching attitude as the words "XL" and "Captain Jack" fell upon his ear. Concealing as well as he could his eagerness, he listened to every word of the conspiracy. They were to start as soon as it grew dark, for one of their number had heard that the XL boys were to help the Lazy S with their branding that night. They would shoot Captain Jack, if he resisted, and carry off his daughter, take all they could lay hands on, and burn out-buildings and ranch-house.

His heart thumping so that he feared one of those near him would hear it, Tony listened to the plot. Recognizing his own presumption in daring to love Helen, Tony had never felt the slightest resentment toward Captain Jack for his dismissal and he still dreamed of "La

Tulita," and carried the little handkerchief tucked into his bosom.

When all arrangements were completed for the raid, the gang dispersed to meet within an hour just outside the city. Tony was the last to leave the bar-room, his mind in a state of terror and uncertainty. He must warn Captain Jack and his daughter, but how reach them in time? The only way was to ride, and ride *now*. But he had no horse. Steal one! That being the only solution that presented itself, Tony embraced it with a shrug of the shoulders, as the probable fate of a horse thief flashed thru his mind. The act he contemplated would bring down the wrath of the plotters upon his head, anyway; so another misstep made little difference.

Walking boldly to the shelter at the rear of the saloon just vacated, Tony chose the mustang he judged best fitted for a twenty-mile dash, and without a glance at the usual loungers about the



yard, sprang into saddle with so much assurance that no one questioned him.

Gallop, gallop, gallop—the mission of San Jose de Aguayo was passed, the arched, stone roof of its granary throwing back the last slanting rays of the setting sun.

Gallop, gallop—another two miles and the ruined chapel of the mission of San Juan de Capistrano appears and disappears. On and on, past the mission of San Francisco, past ranches and fruit lands, and at last he had reached the borders of the broad acres of the XL.

Dismounting from his foam-flecked mustang some distance away, and quietly approaching near the house on foot, Tony saw a slender, white figure rise and run down the steps and around the house. Quickly following, he caught up with her in a few steps, and before she could speak or voice her surprise, he was brokenly urging her in low, excited tones, to flee.

“Fly now, at the once,” he commanded. “Ride fast to the Lazy S. The men what come are drunk and veree bad—go quick! Please—you have the gun—bueno! I stay to help the signor, Capitan.”

Carried away by his impetuosity, Helen allowed him to help her mount her horse, fortunately hitched to a tree nearby, and, receiving again his assurance that he would warn her father, she dashed down the road. To reach the Lazy S Helen had to ride two miles straight toward the expected marauders, then, turning to the left, a short mile would bring her in sight of the branding pen of the Lazy S. The plotters had chosen their time well, for the XL was practically deserted.

She had come within sight of the turn to the Lazy S, when, out of the deepening gloom ahead she saw a dense mass, about a half-mile away, moving rapidly toward her. With a sinking heart she realized that Tony had spoken none too soon, and, urging on her horse, she raced madly for the turning point. The mass resolved itself into separate horsemen, riding hard and fast, Mexican curses reached her ears.

To ride toward her would-be captors seemed suicide, to turn back, madness. The implacable barbed wire, surrounding the ranch, prevented her from cutting across.

She had the advantage of about three hundred yards, but as the foremost rider saw that the approaching horse bore a woman, he gave a yell that sent the blood from Helen's face.

“Go, Joe, go!” she urged of her horse, and Joe let himself out in a spurt that carried her around the corner and out the eastern stretch far in advance of the gang.

A slight halt at the turning point gave Helen hope that they would not pursue her, but one of the number cried out that the horsewoman was Signorita Raymond, and about ten of the rascals galloped after her, while the rest dashed on to the ranch-house, not dreaming a warning had been given.

As Helen heard her pursuers gaining on her, she began to fire her revolver in the hope of attracting the attention of the punchers. Once, twice, she fired.

No answering signal.

Again the little “32” spoke, and this time, to her almost tearful joy, she heard a volley of shots, and down the road came a crowd of cowboys. Wheeling before they reached her side, the brave girl led the charge on the now frightened and fleeing Mexicans. Leaving some of the more ardent punchers to pursue them, Helen rode with the others back to the ranch.

Captain Jack came tearing down the road to meet them. He had gone from the bunk house out to the corral, and there Tony had found him just as the Mexicans burst upon the scene.

In spite of Tony's prayers to wait until he could start away unobserved, the agonized father had mounted his horse and dashed past the astonished Mexican horsemen, and was off down the road before one of them had the presence of mind to fire upon him.

When he saw Helen safe, Captain Jack could only express his relief by a swift embrace, a few short, quick orders, and off he dashed with a brief command to the three cowboys left to



HELEN KNELT BY THE STILL FORM.

guard Helen, to follow him slowly, till he could find out the Mexicans' plans.

The yelps and whoops of the approaching cowboys sent the looting Greasers scurrying to cover. Mounting their mustangs, they dashed madly off in every direction, followed by the joyous band of punchers. Those Mexicans who escaped afterwards told in hushed whispers of the summary vengeance wreaked upon their comrades, and of the fearful "Cowboy gun which he shoot fifty time before he load him."

The place cleared of the marauders, Captain Jack rode back to escort Helen to the house. As she dismounted she espied a body, unnoticed in the excitement, close to the clump of lilac whence Tony had poured out his love song.

"Dad, look!" and covering her face she turned away. In the silence that followed, her father placed his hand gently on her arm.

"Nellie girl, it's—it's Tony," was all he said.

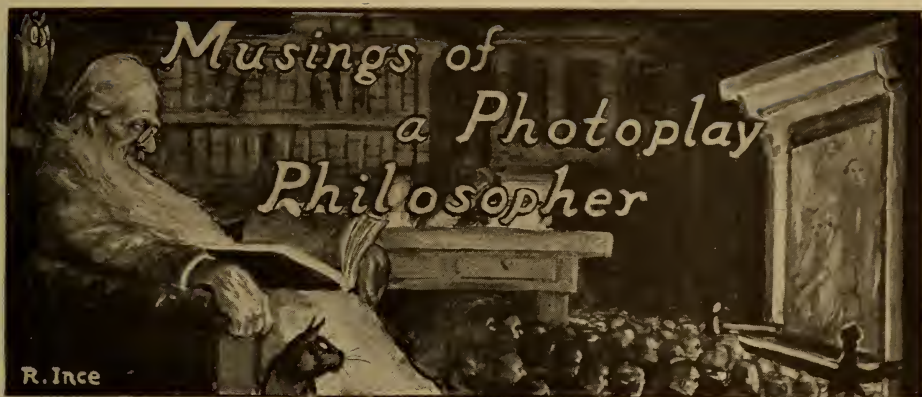
With a little cry, Helen knelt by the still form.

"The durned skunks plugged him fer tellin'," declared Arkansas Cal, as he felt to see if there was any sign of life, and in so doing discovered wounds in the Mexican's breast. "They jest nachurally filled him full o' lead for warnin' ye."

Helen was sobbing softly.

In the tight clenched hand, she had seen a bit of blood-stained linen pressed against the dead man's lips.





The theater goer of a quarter of a century ago would have been amazed if somebody had told him that his children would see plays in which the scenery was shifted as quick as thought, and that not only two, but twenty, different scenes would be seen upon one stage, in as many minutes. But such has come to pass.



If a man from Mars should suddenly light upon this earth, he would be amazed at many things, but perhaps at nothing more than at the strange superstitions, narrow-mindedness and prejudices that now hold sway in the human heart. He would observe the wonderful efforts being made by various organizations and individuals to uplift and to educate the so-called lower classes, particularly children; he would take note of our numerous schools and colleges, of our churches and Sunday Schools, of our kindergartens, extension and settlement work, and he would say: "How industrious these people are in their efforts to educate one another." But, when he attended a few Photoplays, saw how interesting they were, learnt how the children and the so-called lower classes loved them, and realized their immense possibilities as an educational force, he would say: "How short-sighted these people are not to throw aside their prejudice and adopt the Motion Picture as a moralizer, teacher and benefactor." He would at once see the possibilities of the Photoplay in the school room, in the church, in the kindergarten, in college, in the Sunday School and everywhere, and he would marvel at our stupidity.



Did you ever watch children play? Little girls always love to play house and to fondle dolls. Little boys like swords, guns, drums, horses, soldiers, balls, boats and engines. All children are fond of games of competition, and the keenest delight is experienced in excelling at various sports, such as running, jumping, climbing, throwing a ball, skipping a rope, and so on. At parties, kissing games are always the most popular. A favorite game with both sexes, in every nation, is hide and go to seek. All children love to perform tricks, and to see tricks performed. All admire strength, endurance, speed, courage and hardiness in others, and try to emulate it. When these boys and girls grow into maturity, they change but little, in these respects, and thus do we find men and women practising the same games of childhood, only in different forms: hence we see all about us, a keen rivalry and competition, a constant sex instinct, a love of the strenuous, and a strong propensity to deception.



Actions speak louder than words—particularly if the acoustics are bad, or if the actors dont know the art of speaking naturally and yet so that they can be heard. The Photoplay actors can say more, and speak louder, in one minute than the speaking actors can in five.

There are two causes for the common practise among professional people of speaking in disparagement of one another; first, a trifle of envy and jealousy; second, the fact that they are better judges than others. Where there is a reciprocal good feeling among professional people, their merits are generally indisputable.



Have a purpose. Aim at something. Get a target. And when you have determined what you are after, bend every nerve to get it. "Hitch your wagon to a star," and dont let go. Aim high. Remember that gravitation, and other forces, are constantly pulling your arrow down. Aim a little above the mark, and you will come pretty near the bull's eye.



A vigorous mind, says Burke, is as necessarily accompanied by violent passions, as a great fire with great heat. Consoling thought to those who are apt to let their angry passions rise on the slightest provocation, but hardly a license for those of shallow mind to ape genius by giving free rein to passion.



I dont want to be known as a critic, for a critic is usually a crank. I prefer to be known as a heralder of virtues, rather than as a denouncer of faults. And yet, somebody must point out the defects, or they never will be remedied.



Last week, I attended several Picture Shows, and most of them were highly commendable, as a whole, but each had its defects. One night, every Photoplay that I saw had bad spots in it. Just behind me sat a man, with his wife, who had seemingly never attended a Picture Show before, and I was mortified that they should have judged the whole picture business by what they saw that night; but they did, and they will perhaps never attend again. Two of the four plays were "Wild Westerns," one was coarse comedy, and the fourth was a society drama treating of crime. Any one of the four might have passed, had the other three been up to standard, but it so happened that all four were below grade.



One Playhouse, at which I am a regular attendant, makes it a point, whenever possible, to put on, every day, a series of Photoplays to cover the following subjects: (a) one Western play, (b) one comedy, (c) one society drama, (d) one picture of interest particularly to children, and (e) one educational, such as "Pure Milk," "Sensational Logging," "How Glass Is Made," or scenery. This seems a good plan, but it cannot always be carried out.



As Dickens drew—perhaps overdrew—every conceivable type of humanity, and as Shakespeare created every type of character, so does the Motion Picture. In the Photoplay we see the good and the bad, but we are always urged to love the good, and to hate the bad.



The first admission charged by the Greeks at the ancient theaters was two oboli, which was about five cents of our money, and this was supplied to all who applied for it, from the public treasury. The educational value of the ancient plays as compared with the Photoplays of today was infinitesimal; yet not only is there no thought of endowing a Photoplay Theater, but many Puritanic officials would abolish them all.



All the world loves a picture. Nearly all the world loves a play. And when we combine the two and produce a Picture Play, no wonder that the world begins to realize that Motion Pictures have become a permanent institution.

The Photoplay must charm, instruct and entertain. The day is gone when Photoplays were selected on the theory that the Picture Houses are attended only by bad boys and ruffians. It is nothing unusual, nowadays, to see at the Motion Picture Halls women in opera cloaks and men in evening dress. Lawyers, doctors, preachers, and statesmen, with their wives and daughters, may now be seen there and they are no longer ashamed of it.



I wonder if it occurs to the manufacturers that every little defect in the films hurts not only them, but the whole Picture industry? I saw recently a Photoplay by one of the very best manufacturers, with a fine cast; but in several places the figures were made to jump from one part of the stage to the other with lightning-like rapidity, much to the amusement of the good-natured audience. In one place the leading man was standing behind a chair, and in a second he was standing at the other side of the room, then, in the same second, he was back behind the chair. This looked ridiculous, and it was probably due to a patching or splicing of the film, whereby several feet of film had been left out. Little things like this spoil the illusion. No onlooker can accept such a play as a reality for a moment. It reminds one of that ludicrous moment when an actor dies outside the curtain and has to crawl back again.



We hear artists speak of the "poetry of motion," but what will they say to the motion of poetry? Who can think of those classic poems, such as Tennyson's Lancelot and Elaine, without wishing to see the familiar characters MOVE? When we read these beautiful poems, we *picture* the characters and scenes in the mind's eye; but when we see the poems enacted, the pictures become a living reality.



At the regular theater we are willing to wait ten minutes while a few men shift a mass of painted scenery, and we are surprised if we see more than three different scenes in one evening. At the Photoplay, there are no waits between scenes, and each of the four or five plays has at least a dozen different scenes. We dont have to wait while the actors change costume and make-up. We dont have to strain our ears to catch every word, lest we lose the plot, and we dont have to wait a whole evening to see one little play.



The greatest preacher living is the Rev. Motion Picture. He has no voice, yet he talks loud. He speaks the only universal language known. Old men, young boys and girls, even babes, may understand. He is the most interesting speaker that ever lived. He is never dull, never dry. He tells about the dark side of life, the underworld, but he warns us how to avoid its dangers. He paints virtue and heroism in glowing colors, and he teaches sympathy, love, humanity, loyalty, courage, patriotism, generosity and benevolence. He has the largest congregation in the world; he preaches to four million a day. His words are golden. Whether his congregation be of feeble hearing, or foreigners, or illiterates, or deaf mutes, or ruffians, he speaks so that all may understand, and so that all may profit. He preaches from the Bible, from the classics, from history, from poetry, and from life, and, while his text is never announced, his lesson is never lost. Greatest of the great, is this preacher, the Rev. Motion Picture.



The Prize Contest for the best letter on "Which story in THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE do you like best and Why?" closed on May 15th, and the answers are being collected and sorted. The judges are now being selected, and their names, together with their decisions, will probably be announced in the July number of this magazine.

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VOL. I

No. 6



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## THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE

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A magazine of Picture Plays,  
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Its purpose neither slight nor vain,  
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THE  
MOTION PICTURE  
STORY MAGAZINE

Vol. I

JULY

No. 6

## The Kiss of Mary Jane

(Melies)

By M. R. COOLIDGE

"BLACK BILL" TURNER, the toughest man in the country, reputed to be the hardest to deal with, sat with his head in his hands. He groaned aloud in anguish, for the idol of his heart lay dying. His pretty, bright-eyed girl-wife, who had gladdened his life, and brightened his rude shack for many a year, was now on the borderland of another world.

It did not seem possible that she could be going away from him. He had fought against the thought for days. Since morning he had pinned his faith to the crude skill of Mary Jane Dallas. Mary was there now. Her long experience in nursing an invalid mother had given her wisdom beyond her years. She knew better than did Bill that the crisis of the fever had come.

"Ellen, dear, you mustn't die!" murmured the man, under his breath.

"Sh!" whispered Mary Jane, fixing her attention more sharply on the sick woman's face, awaiting the first indication of the change that must soon come. Would it be a change for the better?

For a brief interval the silence in the room is intense. Bill does not raise his head. Mary does not turn her eyes from the face of the patient. Was the end to be life or death? She watches as the white eyelids flutter feebly. Her quick ears catch the slight sound of a sigh. Then, slowly,

slowly, the large brown eyes open and faintly smile up into the face of the watcher.

"See! See, Bill!" whispers Mary. "Ellen is better. She's come back from the silent land."

And Black Bill, looking into the depths of the loved eyes of his wife, fell on his knees beside the bed, and wept.

The crisis had passed.

In a shack, down the road a piece, Mary Jane Dallas lived, all alone, since the sudden death of her father, two months before. Her mother had died some years previous, when Mary was but fifteen years old. Two days had elapsed since the young wife of Bill Turner had found love stronger than death, and had come back from the very brink of the grave—two days, during which Bill had never ceased to give thanks in spirit, tho outwardly he was the same rough, stern man as before.

He entered Mary Jane's shack with some hesitancy. He was not accustomed to making calls upon his neighbors. Considering their long acquaintance, he appeared unnecessarily abashed.

"'Twas you that saved her," he said abruptly, extending his hand to Mary, "and—I've brung you this," hastily thrusting a small package into her hand.

He did not wait to see her open it. He had said all there was to say in the brief note which accompanied the gift.

"Oh! Ain't this grand!" cried Mary, with delight, as she clasped around her neck the old-fashioned necklace which the parcel contained. Then she read the note, but not without difficulty:

"Please take this yere with Bill's gratitude. If ever yer needs a favor from Black Bill, yer shall have it, on his honor."

One year passed. Black Bill Turner's wife was visiting friends back East. Mary Jane Dallas, born and reared on the plains, still dwelt alone in the little shack where her father had left her. Since Ellen's absence the loneliness of her life had been intensified. The world seemed very empty.

"There is nothing to live for," she thought to herself, as she went about

her daily tasks. If there was only something to do, or some one to do something for—or if there was a person in the whole wide world who cared, it would make life seem worth while; but now——"

Her reflections ended, as usual, with a sigh and a vigorous onslaught on the wood pile. When Mary Dallas could not give vent to her emotions any other way, she expended her surplus energy upon whatever task was nearest at hand.

Down the trail a great cloud of yellow dust suddenly blew up from the north. It lifted lazily on the sultry air, as two panting, winded bronchos and an equally weary man, wounded and bandaged, paused at the bank of the creek and slaked their thirst. It was only for an instant. Another cloud of dust, and a faint jingle of spurs in the distance, were evidence that pursuers were close at hand. A look of terror flashed across the face of the wounded man, but almost in-



THE WEARY, WOUNDED MAN PAUSED AT THE CREEK





MARY JANE SEES THE POSSE APPROACHING WITH THEIR PRISONER

stantly it changed to one of despondency.

"I'll never make it—I'll never make it!" he gasped. "Even ef I chuck one cayuse, th' other ain't good fer another two miles."

But the spirit of self-preservation was strong. Perhaps some shelter might yet be found before the two miles were covered. Driving one horse off into the brush, Bob Ford, who, for the first time in his life, had been guilty of horse-stealing, dizzily mounted the stronger animal, and again started on the mad ride to escape the lynching party which he knew was behind him. Already he was sorry for what he had done, but it was too late now, and he plunged onward.

In less than three-quarters of a mile the pursuing party was within shooting distance. Then his horse stumbled wearily. There was no more spirit left in the horse, and no more fight left in the rider. He felt that his time had come.

"No use," he muttered dejectedly, as he pulled his horse up abruptly. "The sooner it's all over, the better. I ain't nuthin' ter live fer." Just then his pursuers came up and surrounded him.

"It's up ter you," he exclaimed, turning submissively toward Black Bill Turner, who headed the posse, "I got nuthin' ter say."

Later, Mary Jane Dallas, splitting wood in the front yard, was not greatly surprised to see the punchers ride by with a horse-thief in their midst. Such things had happened before. But she could not help feeling a thrill of pity for this unusually despondent-looking man with the bandage around his head. Usually a horse-thief was ugly. She had seen them show fight. Sometimes they were bitter, morose, vindictive; but this man looked as tired of living as she was.

"Oh, give him a drink, boys!" she cried, as she saw that the men were about to ride on after they had slaked



THE KISS OF MARY JANE

their thirst from the bucket of water standing in the yard. "He's as dry as you are, and he's got his hands tied."

"Good nuff fer him," was the gruff rejoinder. "We're goin' ter send 'im where he won't git much water. Mought as well git used ter it."

"Fer shame!" exclaimed the girl. Then, as Black Bill replaced the tin dipper in the pail, she seized it impulsively. Bill pushed her roughly aside.

"Aw, what d'ye want ter give th' likes of him a drink fer? He don't need none."

"Don't you touch me again, Bill Turner!" cried Mary Jane, facing the big man defiantly. "You're takin' that poor fellow ter his death, an' ef I want ter give him a drink o' water 'fore he goes, you nor no one else ain't goin' ter interfere."

As she spoke, Mary refilled the dipper and held the contents up to the lips of the prisoner. Water never tasted better to Bob Ford than it did at that moment. Mary Dallas, looking

into the clear eyes of the man, heard the jeers of the punchers as they watched her act, but a spirit of recklessness came upon her. She felt defiant, resentful toward the world in general. This man was doomed. Perhaps he was really better than the men who would kill him. Perhaps there were good reasons for committing the offense. He had no friends, and he was alone in the world. He was tired of life, and so was she. Afterward she could never tell how or why she kist him. It was a kiss of pity, a kiss of sympathy. She heard Bill's oath, and the coarse laughter of the men, but she did not care—she kist him.

Was there magnetism in the pitying kiss of the lonely girl? Was there sympathetic communication between her heart and his? Bob Ford could not tell, but as he rode away, with her kiss tingling on his cheek, he felt that there was something in life worth living for, after all. Not since his mother died had any one ever kist him so.

He thought, and his spirit suddenly changed. No longer was he the tired, discouraged horse-thief, but a man, alert, watchful, resourceful, and with an overpowering desire for life, even to the death—in the form of Black Bill Turner—rode ominously by his side.

“Look out for that badger hole!”

Bill’s warning to his broncho came too late. The animal stumbled, righted itself again, then stood still.

“Broke his blamed ankle, I reckon,” growled Bill, dismounting. “Here, you fellows,” he called to the punchers, “hold up a bit! Somethin’s th’ matter with this cayuse!”

Fortune was smiling again. Ford was quick to see his chance. Only one man was guarding him. He could move his hands without fear of detection. Cautiously he worked them loose from the thongs which bound them behind him, and then, watching his opportunity, knocked the gun from the hands of the man on guard, and ran.

It was a desperate chance, but life was worth the risk now. The punch-

ers were all taken unawares, and before they could draw their guns the prisoner had disappeared into the brush. Ford knew this section of the country well, and headed for the portion of the ravine where the trail divides. It was there his pursuers lost him.

Mary Jane Dallas, tidying her two-room shack, stopped short at sight of a fragment of soiled paper which came slowly slipping thru under the door. Had she been an eastern girl, with “nerves,” she might have been startled; but Mary was not easily disturbed. She picked up the paper, and read the words scrawled upon it:

“Little Gal, i escaped. i never knowed what life was til yer kist me. i am hidin’ in the timber lot, an’ i am willin’ ter die ter see yer onct. Bob Ford.”

“He’s givin’ up his chance ter git outen th’ country jest ter stop an’ see me!” ejaculated Mary. “I’ll help the poor fellow.”

There was no time to lose. The



THE PURSUERS ENTER MARY JANE'S SHACK

sound of hoof-beats could be plainly heard. Black Bill's party had soon learnt that they were on the wrong trail, and had retraced their steps.

"They're a-comin', all right," she said, leading Ford inside the shack. "You'd best go in thar," motioning toward her bedroom. "They'll not look fer yer in thar."

But as she heard the men dismount, and come toward the house, the girl became less sanguine.

"Black Bill won't believe me," she thought. "He never stops at nuthin' when his mind's set on a thing." Mary was thinking hard, in desperation. "It's the only way," she exclaimed aloud, as she ran toward the bedroom. "He'll believe me when he sees me thar, half-dressed, and alone."

"She ain't here!" exclaimed Black Bill, entering the kitchen.

"Mebbe she's in thar." Jim Long pointed toward the door of the next room. The men entered the kitchen without ceremony. They had expected to find their quarry easily. Black Bill Turner strode forward and pushed open the door Jim had indicated.

"For heaven's sake, Bill Turner! What are yer doin' here?"

Mary, apparently just aroused from an afternoon siesta, in apparent dishabille, raised herself upon one elbow as she lay on the bed, and stared at the intruders. "What d'ye want?" she continued. "Anybody got shot up or killed?"

"Naw," growled Bill, staring blankly around the room and at the home-made clothes closet in the corner, near the window, in which Ford was hiding.

"There ain't? An' you fellers come trampin' into a lady's bedroom like this jest fer nuthin'?" cried the girl, her eyes flashing.

"'Tain't fer nuthin'," grumbled one of the men. "Bill said es how we mought find thet dern hoss-thief here."

"Here? How dare you? Now git out!" exclaimed Mary, pointing toward the door, with fine display of scorn. The punchers, abashed, yet far

from satisfied, went slowly out into the yard. Mary followed into the kitchen to see them depart. They paused near the window of the bedroom.

Ford, inside the curtained closet, heard their disparaging remarks. He heard, and all the latent chivalry in his nature was aroused. He felt like rushing out and resenting the insults that were being heaped upon the head of the innocent girl who was risking her honor to save his life.

"She's crooked, all right," declared Long. "I'll stake my ranch that she knows where th' sneakin' coyote is."

"Let's go back an' dig him out," suggested another.

For a moment Black Bill seemed about to assent, then he changed his mind.

"He's been thar, all right," he ob-



BOB CHOOSES DEATH TO SAVE MARY'S HONOR

served, "but she was playin' fer time. I reckon we'd better go down an' thrash out th' timber. Ef we don't find him thar we'll come back."

As the men moved away, Ford thought rapidly. If they returned and found him there Mary's character would be hopelessly ruined.

"She's riskin' too much fer me," he sighed. "I ain't wuth it."

As he heard Mary moving about in the kitchen, he tore a fly-leaf from a book and hastily wrote a message:

"Dear Little Gal, i thank yer fer all yer done, but yer good name will be ruined ef i am caught in yer shack. i had ruther die. they will find me in th' timber. Bob."

Leaving the note where Mary would see it, Bob gave one loving look toward the kitchen, then sprang from the window, and made for the timber.

"Gone!"

The slip of paper fell from Mary's fingers, and she sank down upon the side of the bed and gazed at the half-open window. Her efforts had

been of no avail. She had failed, and by now—down in the timber—— Terrified at the thought of what she felt sure was happening there, she clasped her hands over her face as if to shut out the sight. Then, drawing them down slowly, her fingers touched her necklace—the necklace given her by Bill Turner after Ellen's recovery. Her mind began to work rapidly. She remembered Bill's gratitude. Like an inspiration came the recollection of the written promise which had accompanied the necklace. A moment's search, and she found it.

"Ef yer ever needs a favor from Black Bill, yer shall have it, on his honor." She read the words with a thrill.

"Now let him keep his word!" she exclaimed triumphantly, as she rushed from the room.

"Stop! For God's sake, stop!"

The noose was already tightening around the neck of the condemned man, when Mary's sudden cry caused a stay of execution in western justice.



MARY WAS JUST IN TIME TO SAVE BOB'S LIFE



BOB RECEIVES THE PRIEST'S BLESSING

"Here's a paper—read it!" she gasped, breathlessly, thrusting the note into Bill's hand.

He read it in silence.

"D'ye mean ter hold me t' this, Mary?" he asked dubiously.

"Them's yer words, Bill," answered the girl. "Ellen 'most died that time, sure nuff."

A vision of the sick-room came before Bill's eyes. For a moment he lived over again all the agony of that moment when he thought Ellen was dying. He recalled Mary's faithful care of the sick woman.

"She saved Ellen's life, she did," he muttered to himself.

"Well, what're we waitin' fer?" growled Jim Long.

The man's impatient question brought Bill's thoughts back to the present.

"Drop th' rope, boys," he ordered, turning toward the group of would-be lynchers. "Mary's got th' drop on me. She's in love with th' feller, an'

I give her my promise a year ago. Here, yer can see how it is writ," handing the paper to the man standing nearest. "That promise has got ter be kept."

The men obeyed reluctantly, for it was a terrible thing to let a horse-thief go unpunished. Bill Turner prided himself upon not doing anything half-heartedly.

"Here, you," he said, turning toward Ford, "take this girl, an' be good ter her. I'm not goin' ter hang yer. I'm goin' ter give yer my horse ter take yer outen th' country. Go some place else, an' try ter live decent."

"Thank you—thank you!" cried Ford in a husky voice, and his eyes filling with tears. "With God's help, I'll make good."

The next day, amid the smiling, sun-kist silence of the unbroken prairie country, Bob Ford and his young wife turned their horses' heads toward the golden West.



# Courage of Sorts

(Vitagraph)

By BETA BREUIL



“GUILTY!” The dread verdict rang distinctly thru the crowded courtroom, but to the prisoner, rising in his place, and fighting desperately for his hold upon consciousness, it seemed to come faintly, like some far-distant, unreal, spirit voice.

As he faced the judge, waiting for the stern lips to unclose and utter sentence, the dingy courtroom, the twelve grim jurymen, the serious faces of the lawyers, the sharp, watchful eyes of the reporters, the silent throng of spectators, vanished. In their stead he saw the great hall of his Alma Mater, the faculty, the black-gowned students, the grave, proud face of their president, and a sea of admiring, upturned faces, cheering him, John Derby, standing upon the platform,

honor man of his class, full of youth and hope and high ideals, receiving his degree of M.D.

The judge's tones fell upon his dazed senses, leaving no impression save a blurred confusion of thought and fancy, until three sharply separated words struck forcibly, clearing his mental atmosphere with a sudden shock.

“Imprisonment for life!”

It was true, then. He, John Derby, had broken his vows, dishonored his profession, brought shame, disgrace, and at last this living death, upon himself!

His mind, clear and active now, reviewed with amazement, almost with incredulity, the swift steps of his downward course, since he had first



“IMPRISONMENT FOR LIFE!”

yielded to the temptation to perform an illegal operation. He had needed an automobile to impress people with his success; then he needed a finer house; he hoped soon to be able to marry well. After one false step it was easy to take another. Danger followed, and fear came, haunting his hurried days and wakeful nights, until the inevitable discovery of his crime.

"Imprisonment for life!" Thru the dreary formalities following his sentence, the tedious journey to the prison, the first long, solitary days in his cell, the words beat upon his mind with a dull, ceaseless refrain.

"Imprisonment for life!" It rang in his ears to the accompaniment of the steady sound of the picks striking the stones at his feet, as he worked with the chain-gang. The beautiful world, his old life and pursuits, called

incessantly to him. The thought of the long, weary years to come tortured him. Gradually his decision formed, and he plotted and planned, watched and waited for an opportunity to escape.

At last his hour came! Released, with two or three others of the gang, to carry soil, under the watchful eyes of an overseer, he made a sudden dash for freedom. Only a few rods distant the cool, green forest stretched friendly arms toward the fleeing figure. A bullet whizzed past his ears—another! He dared not look back. On, on, dodging thru low shrubbery, stumbling over trailing vines, falling over a loose stone, rising, and rushing on again,—the woods at last!

How dim and quiet and cool it was there! How his heart beat, as if it, too, were a prisoner, tearing madly at his breast! For a moment he sank beneath the dense shadows, drawing long breaths of the sweet air, but the sound of horses' hoofs broke the silence, and, rising painfully, with tortured breath, he fled again, at right angles to his former path. Soon the dreaded sound of the hoofs died away, but he sped on until, utterly exhausted, he dropped upon a green bank, underneath a tangled thicket of wild vines, and slept deeply.

Not far off, on a lonely farm, there lived a widow, Mrs. Finch, with a stalwart son, a young daughter, and, best and most precious of all, a baby girl of three. She was brave, or she would not have gone there to live; strong, or she could not have worked as she did. So, when, on the morning after the escape of Convict No. 672, formerly Dr. John Derby, a man came to her door with a notice describing the prisoner, and offering a reward for his capture, she paid little heed to it, tho she was told he was supposed to be in that section of the country. Her son and eldest daughter had gone to the village for supplies, and would not return until night, but she was not given to worry, and soon forgot the danger. When her household tasks were finished she took her mending-basket and began to



THE ESCAPE



darn stockings, singing cheerfully as she worked, until little Helen began to grow fretful, and coughed hoarsely. She seemed feverish and listless, but when her mother brought the large worsted ball, kept for special occasions, she brightened a little, and played with it. They tossed it back and forth, until suddenly Helen collapsed, falling on her cot bed with a rasping, choking cough. As the ominous sound struck Mrs. Finch's ear she knew it was croup, the disease dreaded by mothers of little children perhaps more than all the rest! Catching little Helen in her arms, the terrified mother began hastily to undress her, between paroxysms of the cruel coughing.



Meanwhile, walking on desperately, almost starved, and half dead with thirst, turned by his sufferings into a surly brute, Convict 672 caught sight thru the trees of the lonely house. Crouching low, he made for it, reached the yard, and hid back of an empty barrel that stood by the steps.

Who is at home? Are there any men? he wondered.

As Mrs. Finch placed Helen upon her cot she heard quick, stealthy steps in the yard. Instantly the thought of the escaped convict flashed thru her mind, and in a moment she had bolted the door, closed the heavy shutters at the only window, and was searching for her son's pistol. But the hoarse cough of little Helen came again, and the distracted mother abandoned the search, seizing a kettle, to prepare a hot bath for the child. Alas! the water-pail was empty, and the well was outside the bolted door!

As she hesitated, torn by her babe's danger from the dread disease within, the dreaded convict without, there came a loud rap at the door. Convict 672 was desperate.

"No men around here," he muttered to himself, "or she never would have bolted everything. I must have food, and something to cover these cursed stripes."

He shook and battered the heavy door, but there was no response.

ALAS, THE WATER-PAIL WAS EMPTY

"Let me in, madame!" he called loudly. "I will not harm you!"

Still no sound came from within. With an angry oath, he tore away the heavy porch rail and struck upon the door with all his fierce strength. Once, twice, there was no sign of weakening; but at the third blow the door crashed in, and Convict 672 stumbled into the little room, to find a white-faced, resolute woman facing him bravely.

"Something to eat," he snarled harshly, "quick, if you don't want to be hurt! Would you let a man starve?"

"I will gladly give food to any one who is hungry," replied Mrs. Finch, quietly obeying him.

The sound of her soft tones struck strangely upon the man's ear.

"The first woman's voice I've heard in three years," he thought, as he devoured the food hurriedly. "I used to be fairly popular with the gentle sex, too," and a thought of the brown-eyed sweetheart whom he had hoped to marry flashed thru his harassed mind.

His voice was a shade less gruff as he asked for clothing.

"An old hat, and a long coat, if you have it," he said; "and you haven't a revolver about, have you?"

"I wish I had," she retorted, with spirit.

Even as she spoke, her hands touched something hard in the pocket of the long ulster which she was about to give him. It was her son's pistol!

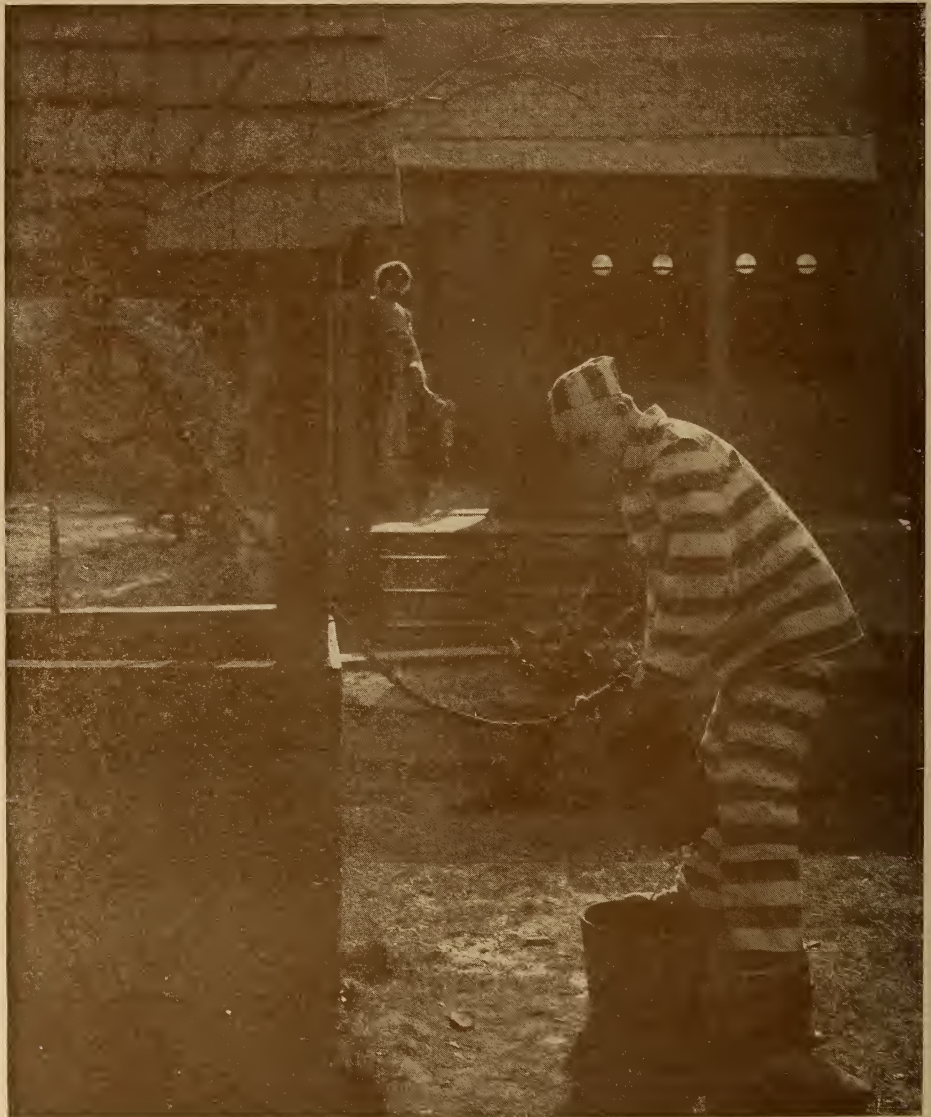
Her woman's wit and nimble fingers worked briskly. She held the coat while he slipped his arms into the sleeves, then he turned, and, to his amazement, found himself locking straight into the pistol. Neither voice

nor hands trembled as the woman faced him, cool and determined.

"I've found the gun," she said quietly. "Now you help me. Quick, if you don't want to be hurt!"

One look into the shining eyes told the man that she could not be trifled with. Convict 672 surrendered, with unwilling admiration of her pluck. He even smiled grimly at her repetition of his own threat.

"Since you have the advantage of



THE CONVICT DRAWS WATER FOR THE SICK CHILD

me, and I should dislike to be hurt, what can I do for you, madame?" he inquired.

"Go out to the well, and fill that pail with water. I must have hot water at once. Fix the fire. You must help me. Do you see my baby?"

Agony thrilled the woman's tones, and the man turned to the bed. There lay the child, whom he had not noticed before, in a stupor, breathing hoarsely, her tiny hands clenched tightly, her golden curls framing a flushed, fevered face.

One look, and the physician's instinct to save reawakened in Convict 672. In an instant he was bending above the child, listening to her breathing, feeling her pulse, shifting her position.

"Why didn't you tell me before?" he demanded sharply. "It's croup! She will waken, and choke! We mustn't lose a minute! Put down that pistol! Get hot blankets!"

Seizing the pail, he dashed for the well. Convict 672 was a physician again. Prison, flight, pursuit, danger, all forgotten, as he battled swiftly, skilfully, for the little life, hanging now by so slender a thread.

At last he lifted his glance for an instant to the anxious mother.

"The crisis is here," he said gently. "I think we shall pull her thru. Bring me that steaming kettle."

As the woman obeyed, she saw thru the window, just riding into a long bend of the road which hid the cottage from their view, a searching party. Her heart contracted sharply. Should she warn the convict? He could escape before they sighted the cottage again. But the baby—would she die? Could she let him be taken, after he had helped her save her child?

He was holding Helen in his arms now, her fair ringlets against his strong shoulder, as she inhaled the hot steam. The choking stopped, and the breathing became more natural. With a strong effort, the mother spoke:

"They are after you. You must go, at once. Let me take Helen. Take the revolver. Go up the creek, back



"SHE IS SAFE NOW—LET HER SLEEP"

of the barn. I will send them in the wrong direction. I cannot let them take you!"

The convict-physician lifted his eyes, and for a moment looked out the door, toward the cool, green woods, and freedom. Then he shifted his gaze to the baby face, and shook his head.

"No," he said, his eyes darkening with sudden, strong purpose. "Her danger is not past. I will stay. It is my chance for reparation."

Horses' hoofs were heard, coming nearer and nearer with each passing moment, but he did not stir. The mother sobbed when the posse burst into the room, with drawn revolvers; but Convict 672 sat immovable, only saying:

"Hush! Wait!"

The newcomers took in the situation, and waited silently. The mother stood tense and breathless. Only the baby's breathing could be heard, growing freer and more regular as the moments slipped by. At last she grew very quiet, turned on her side, and lay still. Tenderly the man placed her upon the cot, listened a moment to the little heart, and turned to the mother with a smile.

"She is safe now," he said cheerfully. "Let her sleep."

Slowly he extended his arms for the handcuffs, which the leader of the

posse snapped reluctantly, while Mrs. Finch wept, and the eyes of every man in the gang were dim.

"I hate to do it," said the leader, gruffly.

But the eyes of Convict 672 shone with a curious, glad light as he passed out into the fast gathering darkness, back toward the prison.

A mother's blessing rang in his ears, a baby's blue eyes smiled into his thru the gathering twilight shadows, and a great peace filled his heart.

Convict 672 had made reparation!



RELUCTANTLY, THEY TAKE THE NOW WILLING CONVICT



"A story should, to please, at least seem true,  
Be apropos, well told, concise, and new:  
And whenso'er it deviates from these rules  
The wise will sleep, and leave applause to fools."

—*Stillingfleet.*

"An' all us other children, when the supper things is done,  
We set around the kitchen fire an' has the mostest fun  
A-list'nin' to the witch tales 'at Annie tells about,  
An' the gobble-uns 'at gits you,

Ef you

Don't

Watch

Out!"

—*James Whitcomb Riley.*



# The Stepsisters

(Pathé Frères)

By LOUIS REEVES HARRISON



“NEVER select a woman who would marry for money. The affectation of superiority by men of less intelligence than wealth is merely an offense against good taste; but a woman who is eager to sacrifice honor, decency, and even good health, for purchased display, is not worth having. Such a woman has no innate morality; her course of action will never be based on conscious reflection, but entirely on what others may say; she is not to be trusted with the honor of a well-meaning husband, and she is unfit to guide the steps of little ones who may come under her influence.”

Such were the whisperings of a man long dead, who had raised his motherless son with unusual care, who had prepared him for the social rôle he must play in the world.

Lester Lane was at the selective age, a handsome young man, of ample private fortune, when these parental monitions came softly to his ears—the breath of an unseen spirit. He had idolized the one who had been father and mother to him in childhood and boyhood, and had mourned his loss so deeply in manhood that he could find no compensation in varied social relations at home and abroad. He had returned after an extended period of travel, grave and scholarly of appearance, gentle and thoughtful of manner, and so interesting to women that they turned to him with the instinctive trustfulness of children who know where to place confidence. The attentions of mothers with marriageable daughters, and the shy side glances of young ladies occupied with weighing the comparative merits of future possibilities, were not entirely distasteful to him, but excited a con-

straint of manner which sat ill on him. He preferred to mix with those who were simply companionable, and gradually narrowed his visits down to one family of mixed relations.

Not far from his country place was a smaller one, known as Ballston, where dwelt an old friend of the Lanes, John Ball; his daughter Edna, a girl of sixteen; his second wife, Sophie, a blooming peach; and her eighteen-year-old daughter Fanny, by her first husband. The air of wholesome hospitality at Ballston emanated from the head of the family. It was John Ball's sunshine that thawed the reserve of Lester Lane. There was a sweet earnestness and cheerful activity in all that Ball did for those around him that made it impossible for the women of his family to be listless or discontented in his presence. Their petty cares fell away like the autumn leaves, and their finer qualities were brought forth like young plants, green and strong, getting nourishment from the dead leaves of old characteristics. Into this fresh and helpful atmosphere Lester came to be invigorated, yet he still heard the still, small voice of admonition.

“American men are notoriously easy, tolerant and indulgent in their treatment of women. Among the men work is general and respectable, but they try to shield the gentler ones to such a degree that idleness has come to be a mark of social eminence. The wife who takes her breakfast in bed, and spends the morning in negligée, and her afternoon in shopping or self-amusement, regards the simple duties of home necessity as a mark of degradation. The husband's indulgent fondness has created a condition which saps the fiber of womanly



JOHN BALL RECEIVES AN ACCEPTANCE OF HIS MARRIAGE PROPOSAL

strength and develops little else in its place than helpless selfishness.”

Ball simply beamed with pride when he first introduced Sophie and her daughter Fanny to Lester. Sophie was a golden beauty of blonde type, with skin of cream, and a pale blue gaze that had stirred the pulse of many a man before she entered upon her matrimonial career. Fanny, unlike her blonde and cherubic mother, had dark brown hair, and soft eyes of that immobile expression that rarely fails to hold attention. Both were sweet to look at, but the intensified individuality was Ball's own daughter, Edna. At sixteen she had the distinction of thoughtfulness. Lacking the alluring beauty of her stepsister, and the artful fascinations of Sophie,

she would have been an inconspicuous nonentity in their company but for the pathetic wistfulness of her eyes, that argued her soul's cause.

Keen-visioned Lester took in the situation on the occasion of his first call.

Sophie was well groomed, and so becomingly attired that it was plain that no household drudgery fell to her lot. Fanny was far more attractive, in having the undeniable charm of being a good listener. The man is yet to be discovered who does not like to talk about himself to a woman who has the accomplishment of silence on such occasions. Lester had not been five minutes in her company before his constraint dropped, and he found himself describing his travels. Edna

could talk, and did, of her own plans. She was worried about her selfishness. She had nothing to do, and felt that she ought to be occupied in making others happier for her being in the world.

Lester displayed a quick interest in all three, but after all he turned to John Ball with his most sincere commendation.

All the worry, the care, the responsibility, fell on his shoulders; all the tragedies of life were those of the father and husband, yet he took them as a matter of course, and spent all his time planning and working for those he loved, with delicate impartiality. It was almost pathetic to see him brighten up until his eyes shone with tears of joy when Lester gave his conduct of the family a few grave words of appreciation.

He alone was industrious.

The whispering voice said:

"Idleness is woman's curse. The desire to escape from the difficult and unpleasant things, to lay all the burden of disagreeable or enforced work upon men, lies deep in the nature of woman. Having the means of gratifying her whims, and using money only for self-indulgence, she is removed from the necessity of self-control, and will vent whatever is meanly critical or otherwise odious in her nature upon the man who is denying himself to make her happy. Her satiety in common things leads to a hunger for new sensations, with a result plainly to be seen in the divorce proceedings of those who seem to feel that they owe nothing to the society which protects them and makes the finer forms of human happiness possible."

Lester could not discover that any woman at Ballston was allowed to lift a hand in adding to the attractiveness of the delightful place, but he stumbled upon an incident so significant in the lives of those with whom he had become intimately associated that the even tenor of the relation became suddenly transformed into a turbulent sea of emotion.

Edna had puzzled him from the out-

set. If she suffered or rejoiced, she gave no indication of what she felt, and he was unable to gauge her sentiments toward him. One day he chanced to speak of her own mother, and asked if any portraits of her remained. Edna drew a deep breath of pain, and refused to answer. He recalled that he knew very little of his own mother, and instantly divined that this was probably true of the girl with the wistful eyes. In both cases, it transpired, they had depended upon the paternal guidance, but the girl's loss was the greater. She had never known the companionship of one so near and dear, and so much more essential to a daughter than to a son. This begot the forerunner of love.

At the first tender word from Lester motherless Edna confessed.

She had been her dad's idol until he had decided to marry again, but she had resolved to consider his happiness before her own. She had accordingly welcomed his new wife and her daughter with unaffected cordiality, only to meet with bitter hostility in return. One of Sophie's first acts was to order the removal of her mother's portrait from the walls, and it had been consigned to the garret, without Ball's knowledge. Edna guarded the secret of ill-feeling between his new household and the old one with an unflinching purpose of marring no day of his life.

"He works so hard," she said. "No one knows better than I that dad is killing himself, while we are so mentally flabby that we accept all that he does for us as we do the labor of servants. We must have everything our neighbors and acquaintances enjoy, no matter what it involves. He is paying all the cost with his health and strength. Last night he fainted from exhaustion. This morning he went back to work looking ten years older."

"I am glad you care," said Lester.

"Care!" she exclaimed passionately. "I am the only one who cares more for him than for what he brings. I would willingly take up housework, and help, but the others seem utterly

regardless of his happiness. They have grown so accustomed to his generosity that if he denies them anything they ask they become discontented, and openly accuse him of being mean. The misery of being unable to respond to their demands is destroying him faster than the work he is doing."

Lester became thoughtful.

"I do not mean to be unfair," said Edna, "but my heart bleeds for him. I love him, and would rather bear the pain than see him suffer. They are like spoiled children."

Lester was listening to the whispering voice:

"Pain first awakens her twin sister, Love, in a woman's heart. When she is suffering most for the object of her affection she loves most."

He said to Edna:

"Would you marry a poor man?"

"Yes," she said proudly. "I would marry no other, because I will have nothing. Dad would not worry so

much if he was not running far behind."

"Will you be my wife?" said Lester, gravely.

Edna flushed, then paled.

"I mean it," said Lester. "I love you."

"Don't!" begged Edna. "My answer is no."

"I will be poor for your sake," said Lester, cheerfully. "I will restore your father's happiness with what I have, take you away, and start life like a real man who has his own way to make."

Edna shook her head.

"I love dad," she said. "He was my sweetheart until the others came; him will I love as of old when he has no one to care for him. I feel that is coming."

It was vain pleading. Only one idol was enshrined in the young heart, but Lester did not appear to be greatly distressed. He rather exulted in having such a rival, for the heart that



FANNY PLAYED AND SANG TO LESTER IN VAIN



had suddenly expanded in tender confidence was virgin.

That evening, when he called, only the ladies were at home. Lester exhibited impartial courtesy to Sophie and her daughter, but his manner was cold and distracted. When Edna appeared he took quiet possession of her, and ignored those who were destroying her father. In vain Sophie tried her well-worn arts; in vain Fanny brought forth her harp, and sang with low-voiced persuasion; the young man talked to dad's girl while she listened—it is thru man's voice that woman learns the music that goes resounding down the corridors of her existence. Perhaps unseen hands were playing on *his* heart-strings, for he became gifted with the *tones* that reach response even tho eloquence may be lacking. His voice was so fraught with the spell of old delights and promise of new happiness that Edna did not hear a light step on the threshold, and the others heeded not.

Dad had come!

Pale and worn, he appeared at the entrance of the room, and saw what had never before been revealed. The illusion of his later life was dispelled. On the sofa were the unconscious lovers, and glaring at them, with uncontrolled hatred, were Sophie and her daughter.

Ball moaned.

Lester started to his feet, and saw.

Sophie was the poor type of a woman who sells herself in marriage to a man who will uncomplainingly meet her worst exactions. If she does not sap him during life she will benefit by his death to the extent of enjoying the expenditure of his stored-up labor. Sleek, petted, vain, and incapable of any sense of obligation to others, she was at the moment destroying her husband's one illusion by her malignant hatred of his child.

Ball put one hand to his heart, and fell unconscious to the floor.

The week that followed was one of black memories. There was no recovery of full consciousness. Ball lay speechless, unable to communicate something that was on his mind. He

seemed to know that he was going, and was making a futile effort to save those he was leaving behind from the consequences of his death. Whenever Edna was with him he turned to her with beseeching eyes, as if he wished to ask a favor, but his purposes were beyond interpretation. He could not shake off the world-weariness that was oppressing him, and at last began to peer into the future for signs of what Destiny holds in store for those who have tried to execute the divine purpose. Once, while Edna was weeping at the bedside, he stretched forth his arm and waved it feebly, pointed at Sophie and Fanny, and looked appealingly at his own child. Then his arm fell, he gasped, sank back, and his soul went out to join the long train passing from sphere to sphere.

The day after the funeral Lester called, and found Edna preparing to leave, with no other possession than her mother's portrait. His protest to Sophie and Fanny was unheeded; the wife had secured full possession of Ballston, and Edna would form no part of its future household.

"What does this mean?" Lester asked.

"Go where you will," said Sophie to Edna. "I do not like you enough to live under the same roof with you any longer."

Lester suppressed his indignation, and accompanied Edna to the entrance. There he begged her to accept the shelter of a friendly neighbor until he could give her the security of a home and the guardianship of his name, but she declined sadly. It was no longer possible for her to meet him on even terms, and she refused to occupy the relation Sophie had chosen in marriage—that of an encumbrance. They were engaged in arguing the question when Ball's private solicitor arrived, and compelled their return. Sophie was indignant at what she characterized as an unwarranted intrusion. Her husband had left her every cent he possessed.

"True," the solicitor admitted; "but a recent schedule of his possessions indicates that the net sum may



EDNA DRIVEN FROM HOME BY HER STEPMOTHER

be numbered in cents. He died of a broken heart, because he was no longer able to meet your exactions. This homestead alone remains free and clear."

Sophie gasped. This was a blow that she had not anticipated.

"This homestead," the solicitor continued, "could not be devised, as it originally belonged to Mr. Ball's first wife, and she died intestate. Under the laws of this State he had a life interest, could occupy, or make other use of the property, but at his death it vests in his wife's only child, Edna."

"What do you mean?" Sophie shrieked.

"He means that you are at liberty to go," said Lester. "This is Edna's home, and you do not like her well

enough to live under the same roof with her any longer."

Edna was silent for a moment, then she interpreted her father's appeal. He had tried in his last moments to hold the dissonant elements of his small family together.

"You may go," said Edna, "not because I wish to thrust you out heartlessly, but because it is time for you to make some amends for your treatment of the noble man whose spirit created this home for us all. I will only remain long enough to gather together what I am to take with me when I start life as Lester's helpmate. It will be very little, but I want my husband to feel that I am *bringing* him something, instead of extorting all that his generous heart will yield."



"Was im Leben uns verdriesst, man im Bilde gern genießt." (What annoys us in life we enjoy in a picture.)—Goethe.



# Intrepid Davy

(Vitagraph)

By GUY SHAW

From the scenario of Beta Breuil



YES, sir! I've actually been inside of a harem, and met as many as four Turk's wives! Wouldn't believe it, to look at me, would you?

One time we was bound on a cruise for Constantinople, and the fellers was spinnin' yarns at a great rate about them turban people havin' as many wives as they wanted, and all so good-lookin' and wearin' jewels and veils, and silks and satins fit for empresses. Well, I couldn't help thinkin' what fun it would be to visit one of them harems—when the master was away. And before I knew it, I'd a visit all planned out in my head.

I was lookin' thru the winder-gratin', and could see the room all hung in rugs with more queer color mixtures in 'em than was in that patch quilt Aunt Maria made me when I started out on my first cruise, and which I gave to the mate, to put

around the parrot's cage, when he got too talkative. There was divans and pillers settin' around, and low tables with queer lamps on 'em, like you see in junkshop winders, and little lanterns hangin' from the ceilin' that

must have been there for the light they didn't give. But best of all to look at was one of them Turk's mates a-lyin' on a divan, as pretty and comfortable as she could be. All of a sudden she spied me, and looked kind of scared; but I just bowed my gallantest, and after that she invited me right in, first runnin' in the cutest way to the door, and peekin' out to see that



DAVY SPINS HIS YARN

nobody was around who might get jealous at seein' us together.

We set on a divan beside each other, and she seemed 'specially took with my gray beard, and the way my hair grew on my forehead, while I was busy tryin', between puffs of

some sort of a gas-tube pipe she gave me, to make up my mind what I admired most about her, so that I could tell her so.

Pretty soon a lot of dancin' girls came in, her attendants, I suppose, some of 'em playin' on little harpish instruments, and others carryin' long-stemmed flowers and garlands and veils, which they waved and twisted as they danced. I tell you, the harem!

on their native hearth. I'd had such a nice taste in my dream that I was ready to brave even the black man's sword for a chunk of the real thing, and vowed not to leave port until I'd succeeded.

One day I was goin' by one of them houses with latticed winders, when some one threw a rose to me. I picked it up, and, lookin' at the winder, I spied a pair of bright black eyes. You



A PAIR OF LOVELY BLACK EYES

lady wasn't in it with some of 'em for eyes!

"Well, I was enjoyin' it all to the tips of my thumbs, when a sound was heard, and they all disappeared like magic, and the harem lady hustled me out of sight, just as her lord came in, brandishing a yard of sword. I was so scared on her account, and my knees was knockin' together so hard, that I—woke up to the fact that it was all a dream, and I was safe on board the cruiser, still bound for Harem-ople.

In a week's time we'd landed, and I began to be on the lookout for a chance to see a real harem lady or two

bet it didn't take me long to make up my mind what to do; but just then some Turks came along, and eyed me so viciously that I carelessly threw away the flower—just to put 'em off the track, you know. When they'd turned the corner I had it in my hand again, and was makin' ready to climb in the winder.

Thru the gratin' I could see four ladies, with veils over their faces, a-settin' most properly on divans, and I was kind of surprised; but in a minute I knew why, for the master and his mother entered. Gee! I'd have hated to have that woman for a mother-in-law! She was fit for Bar-



“SHE SEEMED 'SPECIALLY TOOK WITH MY GRAY BEARD’”

num's. I'll bet she weighed five hundred pounds. And she had a way of sniffin' around like she smelt a mouse.

The ladies all made a great fuss over his lordship, but he didn't seem to care a bit. Neither did I—my time was comin'. Finally, he and his mother went out of the room, with one of the wives, whom he seemed to prefer. Of course, that only left three for me, but three was two better than one, and only one less than four, so I started my climb, and with the aid of my jack-knife was soon inside.

The ladies was the nicest things, most too nice, I thought, and fluttered around, offerin' me “narghelia,” I believe they call it, and feedin' me strange sweet stuffs which would have tasted sweeter if I could only have seen the ladies' faces. At last I got 'em to throw off them veil things, and—oh, my stars! Such a homely set of females I never did see! I was plumb disgusted. I must say I didn't

think much of the taste of that 'ere Turk.



THE TURK PUSHED HIS THREE WIVES  
OUT OF THE WINDOW



“SUCH A HOMELY SET OF FEMALES I NEVER DID SEE”

Just then I saw comin' toward me, with arms outstretched, that pugilistic mother-in-law. Where she sprung from, I don't know; but there she was; and what did she do, but take up a guitar, and squat herself down beside me, a-smilin' in the most sick-'nin' way. I came the nearest to bein' seasick at that moment than I'd ever been in all my life. I couldn't stand it a second longer, so cut for the winder, but she caught me by the arm—Gee! that grip!—and I let out a yell.

The next thing I knew, the master and a lot of black servants, one of 'em seven feet tall, with a sword at least five feet long, came rushin' in. I gave a frantic jerk, got away from that grasp, and jumped out of the winder, just in time to get a little head start of the lanky servant and the mother-in-law, who followed after.

I tore down the street faster than I ever run before, got aboard ship, and made ready to pull up the gangway, but that long-legged feller was already on it. Luck was with me, tho, for he stumbled, and fell off, and I pulled it in just as the "in-law" sprang for the boat, and caught hold of the rail. I pulled off her hands, quick enough, and down she flopped.

The next mornin' I heard that the Turk pushed the three wives out of the winder—the Turkish form of divorce—and thrust the mother-in-law into a dungeon. Why she didn't up and burst the door, I don't see; but then them big folks often don't have much courage.

Go into another harem? Not on your life! "Never again!" I said that night, as I paced the deck, and I ain't done sayin' it yet—never again!



## Across the Screen

By DOROTHY DONNELL

The heart o' me is glad to-night, the homesick heart o' me,  
That's wearied in this stranger land, these many, many years;  
For I have seen my native shores, I never hoped to see—  
I've seen the dear old Irish hills a-shinin' thru my tears!

The little hills, an' quiet fields, where shamrock blossoms grow,  
An' meadows bright with sweet blue flax an' honest Irish green,  
The wee bit cottages o' thatch—och! I ha' missed them so!  
It was the very soul o' me that flashed across the screen!

Sure! strange new lands are for the young, but I am growin' old,  
An' old folks dream o' long ago, an' youthful, foolish years.  
To-night they all were mine again—I watched my youth unfold,  
An' then the magic square o' light grew dazzlin' thru my tears.

I saw the dance at harvest time, the church on Sabbath morn,  
The kindly priest, the Irish lad an' twinklin', shy colleen.  
The saints be praised! I've seen once more the land where I was born!  
Sure! 'twas a miracle I watched upon that blesséd screen!



SCENE FROM "THE REDEMPTION OF JACK ROBBIN"



SCENE FROM "ON THE DESERT'S EDGE"





# A Mexican Rose Garden

(Kalem)

By EMMETT CAMPBELL HALL

Author of the scenario



LONG ago, even before the Gringos of the North fought their great war, all Sonora knew of the Señorita Portela, in whose veins flowed the best blood of old Spain. Of vast wealth was the señorita, and her beauty dimmed the glory of the roses in her wonderful garden. Truly was she a maiden to be desired, and half the gallants of Mexico sighed for a smile from her red lips, and sighed in vain. Serenely she moved among her roses, and don and hidalgo came and paid their futile court, and went away; and at last they came no more, each plucking for himself a less radiant but more yielding blossom, and the Señorita Inez Portela grew old, fading gently, and as sweetly as one of her own roses.

"Alas! that having all things else, she had no heart!" the people spoke in pity, and child-mothers, grown old before their years, as it comes to pass in their sunny land, clasped their babies in their arms, and gave thanks to the Holy Mary that love had not passed them by. For the proud heart of the Señorita Portela guarded its secret well.

Once, when the sunshine lay like a golden veil across the valley, and the scent of the roses hung heavy in the breathless air, there had come to the Casa Blanca young Jacinto, straight and slender as a cottonwood, and had taken service as a gardener, for tho his fathers had borne knightly lances beneath the banner of Castile, poverty had come upon his house, and he, the last of his name, labored like a peon. But love takes no accounting of broken fortunes, or rank, or gulfs between, and the heart of youth will leap, tho lips be sealed by pride—the pride of a maiden, or of a man.

Tending the roses, Jacinto dreamed, and from the dream was awakened by the voice of a suitor who strolled beside the Señorita Inez.

"A thousand peons labor on my estates," the don boasted, and without waiting to hear more, Jacinto stole away, out of the garden, and on to the poor cottage he called his home. With a bitter smile he compared it in his mind to the hacienda on which a thousand peons toiled.

"I was mad to cherish such a dream!" he muttered, and entered the low door. Throwing himself into a chair, he hid his face in his arms. Presently he raised his head, and his



WITH MADLY BEATING HEART, INEZ  
SEIZED A ROSE



THE ROSES FELL BEHIND HIM, AND HE NEVER KNEW

weary eyes fell upon the Crucifix hanging upon the wall. Slowly Jacinto lighted a candle, then took from his breast the greatest treasure that life had so far granted him, a tiny handkerchief which had one day fallen from Inez' hand—not unknowingly, had he but dreamed. Before the Crucifix he burned the bit of lace, and the gray ashes fell into his empty heart. As he turned away a flash of inspiration came into his eyes, and he caught up his guitar.

"Cloaked by the friendly darkness, I may dare," he whispered. "She'll never know who 'twas that sang his love!"

Presently, as Inez sat dreaming in her chamber, there came thru the perfumed night the tinkle of a serenader's guitar, and words that caressed her:

Oh, Heart's Beloved, the nightingale  
Must voice this love of mine;  
Must tell thee of my longing,  
In music that's divine.

The rose-breath on the wind, beloved,  
Must whisper in thy ear;  
The silver moon must tell it, for  
My words you must not hear!

You must not hear or heed them, dear—  
Think 'twas the breeze did sigh—  
Nor let it vex thy slumber, sweet,  
This lover's last good-by!

With madly beating heart, Inez caught from a vase a cluster of fair roses, and, stealing to the window, dropped them, stepping back quickly, with burning cheeks.

"Jacinto! My beloved!" she whispered.

But at the conclusion of his song Jacinto had abruptly turned and hurried away, so that the roses fell behind him, and he never knew.

The golden days came and passed, but Jacinto came no more to work in the rose garden, and Inez' face grew pale and her fair brow troubled. At last love would no longer be denied, and, closely veiled, the heiress stole out and along the way that led to

her gardener's cottage; but the door was standing wide, and the cottage was abandoned, and Inez turned away, puzzled and troubled. As she made her way slowly back to Casa Blanca's dazzling walls she encountered two priests, and her heart died down within her breast, for the younger was Jacinto, who, in the bosom of the Church, had sought peace.

Thereafter the years came and passed, and the roses bloomed in the garden, and the Señorita Inez grew sweetly old as she tended the flowers, which came to be the greatest thing in her lonely life. And Father Jacinto also grew old, with calm face, and a great tenderness for the young men and the maidens, all of whom loved him and told him the secrets of their hearts. None ever dreamed, and none would have believed, that nightly, for weary hours, this gentle priest knelt on the stone floor of his cell, and prayed, over and over:

"Oh, Father, grant forgetfulness, tho only for an hour!"

The Señorita Portela was very old and feeble, moving slowly about among her roses, when there came to her, timidly, a fair young girl, who gave into her hands a letter, sealed with the red seals of authority. The message was brief and formal:

"THE SEÑORITA INEZ PORTELA:

It appears that the bearer, Bonita Castillo, is your niece. As she is now an orphan, it is hoped that you will take her into your home; otherwise, she must be committed to a public institution until of legal age.

"Your servant,

"THE JUDGE OF FIRST INSTANCE."

Standing timidly to one side while the letter was read, Bonita had observed a broken rose bush, and, with a little exclamation of distress, carefully tied up the broken branches. The Señorita Portela had shaken her head as she read the letter, but hesitated when she looked again at the girl and observed her action. Then with decision she held out her arms, telling



AND SOON LOVE AGAIN SIGHED AMONG  
THE ROSES

the girl that this place was henceforth to be her home.

Very calmly flowed the stream of life at Casa Blanca, the two women tending the roses, but Señorita Portela was growing more feeble, and at last was forced to the conclusion that the work must be given over, in part, at least, to a gardener. Very opportunely there came, seeking employment, Francisco Toledo, who was a youth to please the eye, and, moreover, was well versed in the care of flowers. So he was engaged, and took up his duties in the garden. And soon love again sighed among the roses, for Bonita and Francisco had looked into each other's eyes, and their hearts had leaped to a glad song—a song they were free to sing, for, unlike the lovers of long ago, no gulf divided them; both were poor, and there was no bar of pride. The Señorita Portela saw, and said nothing. Only, as she grew more feeble, she had come to her the notary, and made her will, which read, strangely:

"All my property I bequeath to my

niece, Bonita, on condition that she remain unwed, and that so long as she lives she maintain the flower garden in the same good condition in which I leave it. Failing either condition, the entire property shall vest in the person whose name is contained in the sealed envelope herewith."

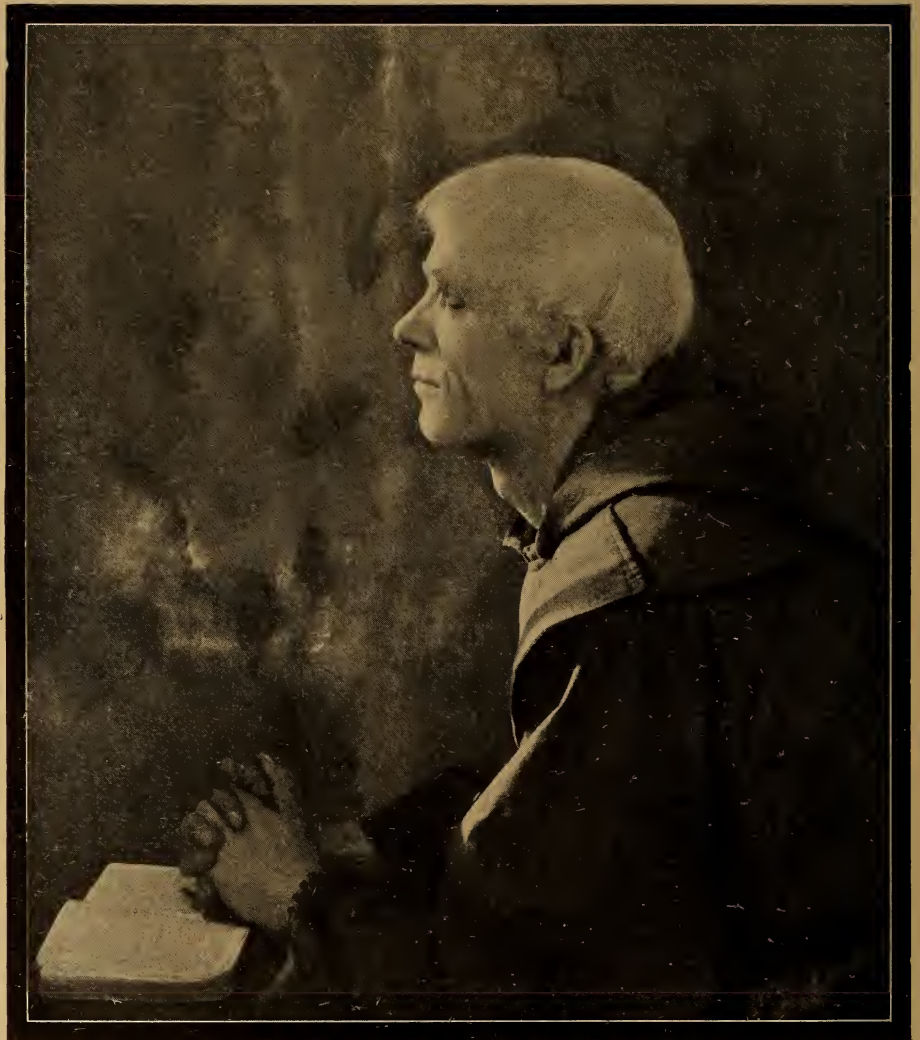
Of this will Bonita knew nothing, and, in truth, she had never given thought to her aunt's wealth, deeming herself possessed of earth's greatest treasure so long as she had Francisco's love. But when he pled with

her to be his wife she had answered, tenderly, but firmly:

"My aunt has been more than kind to me, and is very feeble. I cannot leave her now—our happiness must wait."

Very soon, however, news went abroad that the Señorita Inez Portela was dead, and old men sighed, recalling the beautiful face that had made golden dreams for them in the days of their almost forgotten youth.

One afternoon, as Bonita tended the flowers in the garden, the notary approached her, and desired that she



"OH, FATHER, GRANT FORGETFULNESS, THO ONLY FOR AN HOUR!"

listen to the reading of the Señorita Portela's will. Much puzzled and distressed was the girl at its strange restrictions, but not so clearly as did Francisco did she realize the full import. He had approached unobserved, and heard the distinct words of the notary. Slipping away unnoticed, he hurried to his poor home, and gazing upon it, as had another lover on another mean cottage fifty years before, exclaimed in an agony of renunciation:

"Oh, my love, now must I put you out of my heart, for thy sake. Never could I bring you from a palace to this poor place! Never could I ask you to exchange wealth for poverty, tho my poor heart break! Wealth will bring you happiness, and noble suitors, and I—I will seek to forget!"

And as another had done, the gardener of Casa Blanca disappeared, so that Bonita was pale and distraught, and could scarce give heed to the words of the notary, who had come upon business connected with the great estate.

As the dry man of law rose to go, he remarked carelessly:

"'Tis said your gardener, Francisco, is to become a priest." And went his way, unconscious that he had dealt a blow that blinded the girl to the sunlight that lay like a golden veil over the valley. For a long while she sat rigid—thinking, thinking! As twilight fell, a sudden determination came to her, and she stole from the house to the rose garden.

All that day old Father Jacinto had knelt, praying, upon the stone floor of his cell. At last he rose stiffly.

"I will visit the grave of my youth," he whispered, and made his way toward the walls of Casa Blanca. In the rose garden he sank wearily upon a seat, where the blossoms made a concealing bower. Hardly had he done so when he observed Bonita steal into the garden, carrying the gardening tools, and looking about fearfully. Gently the girl touched the wonderful roses, weeping softly over them. Then, with compressed lips, she set

steadily to work, uprooting and breaking down the great bushes. Father Jacinto started up, a protest on his lips, but hesitated, sank back upon the seat, and remained silent, while Bonita spread decimation thru the garden. Father Jacinto was old and wise, and he, too, knew the terms of the Señorita Portela's will.

Upon the next day, in the office of the notary, Bonita, reduced to poverty by her wild act, handed over the keys of Casa Blanca, took up the small bundle which contained her pitiful personal belongings, and turned to go, but at the moment Francisco burst into the room, and, with a joyous cry, caught her in his arms. Just in time to prevent the vows that would have made the youth a priest, Father Jacinto had told him of what he saw in the garden, and comprehension had come like sudden breaking of a summer dawn.

As Francisco was about to lead his sweetheart away, the notary called to them, holding up a sealed envelope, and informing them that it was now his duty to open it. Utterly indifferent were the lovers to what name the envelope might contain, but paused, and waited. Father Jacinto entered the room at the moment the notary began to read:

"All that property forfeited by my niece, Bonita, I give to Francisco Toledo.

"This I do in the hope that the wealth which blighted my own life



FRANCISCO AND BONITA HAPPY AT LAST

shall ennoble, not weigh against true love.

"INEZ PORTELA."

A smile came to the lawyer's wrinkled face as he held out his hands to the astonished lovers.

Old Father Jacinto, in an agony of realization, bowed his head, then slowly raised his Crucifix and pressed it to his lips. Smiling gently, he turned to Francisco and Bonita.

"God has been very good to you, my children," he said softly, "and I—I would wed thee, here and now."

So the lovers were made man and wife, and very joyously went back to Casa Blanca, to replant and restore the wonderful rose garden, the finest in all Sonora, while in his stone-paved cell old Father Jacinto prayed wearily, dead ashes in his heart, and in his mouth the bitterness of the might-have-been.



### They All Do It

Wives of many men remind us  
They have balms for earthly woe,  
For there's scores of them behind us  
At the Moving Picture show.

—John S. Grey.



SCENE FROM "THE ATONEMENT OF THAIS"



# "The Star-Spangled Banner"

(Edison)

By LIZZIE PINSON



IN a pretty home on the outskirts of the city of Baltimore lived Dr. Beanes, with his wife and their little daughter Muriel.

Secure in each other's affections, the only shadow that marred their otherwise perfect happiness was the fact that the cloud of war hung over the land.

Of a kind-hearted and generous disposition, Dr. Beanes lent all possible assistance in caring for the sick and wounded soldiers who were brought to his notice, and many were the fervent prayers of gratitude offered up for him by the poor sufferers, to whom he had given more than the ordinary physician's treatment.

Among his friends was a young poet and lawyer, Francis Scott Key, for whom he had conceived a warm and sincere regard, and which was heartily reciprocated. Nothing could give the doctor more pleasure than an evening spent with his family and young Key.

Returning from a professional visit one lovely afternoon in early summer, he was met at the gate by his wife and daughter. After greeting them affectionately, little Muriel skipped along, while he and his wife walked slowly, arm in arm, up the path to the house, almost hidden from view by the generous foliage.

"Margaret, dear, I will be glad when this cruel business is over. Physician tho I am, and used to all kinds of physical suffering, it breaks my heart to see those fine young men stricken down in their perfect health by a wanton bullet, whether Whig's or Tory's it matters not."

"Yes, dear," her gentle eyes dim with unshed tears, "war is a terrible thing, altho this is a glorious cause;

but, oh, I trust it will soon end!" Then, brightening up, "How thankful we ought to be that it has not touched us or our home. God grant that our Muriel will never know the cruel things which are happening around us every day."

"Amen! Margaret, were it not for you and our daughter, think you that I would have remained inactively at home?"

She shuddered, and nestled closer as she answered:

"No! no! Do not say inactive. Who could have served their country more faithfully? Men like you were needed more at home than in the ranks. Think not that you are lacking in patriotism after all the sleepless nights and days spent in ministering to the poor victims of the battlefield."

She put her arms around him and patted his cheek.

Dr. Beanes straightened up, and resuming his natural light-hearted demeanor, said gaily:

"Well, Margaret, let us not think of sad things now. Francis Key, and some other friends, are coming here this evening, and we must forget trouble for the nonce."

This pleasant news had the desired effect, and presently his wife was deeply engrossed in preparations for tea.

After the evening meal this happy family rested on the porch, awaiting the arrival of their visitors, and shortly after dusk they came.

In the cozy dining-room the doctor entertained his guests, and the momentous matters of the times were discussed, after which a toast to the American Army was proposed, in which all joined heartily.



FRANCIS SCOTT KEY PROPOSES A TOAST

Then Mr. Key informed his friends that he was about to leave town on an important errand, and bade them good-by, leaving Dr. and Mrs. Beanes saddened at losing his companionship for a period of who could tell how long?

Next morning, when Mr. Key arrived at his office, preparatory to his departure, he learned that the American troops were defeated. He sat lost in thought, reviewing the situation over and over in his mind. It was a great shock, but his patriotic soul refused to believe that their cause was lost, and he finally decided to depart on his mission, trusting to Providence that all would yet be well.

The war waged with deadly persistence, and into the city of Baltimore crept the British troops, whose fleet had already taken possession of Chesapeake Bay.

One morning, Dr. Beanes had scarcely left his home when a detachment of the enemy broke in unceremoniously, carrying some soldiers who had been wounded, and asked for medical assistance.

Learning that the doctor was not at home, they became furious, and one of them, snatching up the American flag which hung from the mantel, tore it in ribbons.

The frightened Muriel ran to her mother, who put her arms around her to ward off danger.

The officer who seemed to be in charge chanced to notice that the doctor's wife was pleasing to look upon, and, with a leer meant to be captivating, he approached her, saying:

"Oh, my beauty, so your husband is not at home? Well, so much the better for him. Give me a kiss, and it will be all right."



Horrified, Mrs. Beanes drew back, clutching her little one tightly.

"Oh, you refuse, do you? Well, you'll pay for being so proud!"

He caught her in his arms, flinging the child aside. With a strength born of desperation the frenzied woman resisted his attempts to caress her, when suddenly the doctor opened the door.

For just one moment he gazed, speechless, at the sight that met his bewildered eyes, then, in a twinkling, he had taken the brute in his powerful grasp, throwing him bodily out of doors. Turning to the other soldiers, he ordered them to leave his house immediately.

There was that in his masterful manner that made the men obey, and they sullenly withdrew. Their fallen leader picked himself up, and, maddened at the odium he had brought upon himself in front of his subordi-

nates, shook his fist, and marched off, vowing vengeance.

This incident was a blow to the loving wife, who foresaw that they must expect trouble. The threat of vengeance would surely be carried out if the ruffian could find a chance, but she heroically tried to keep up her courage so as not to let her husband know how deep was her terror.

Taking every precaution to guard against further intrusion, they retired for the night, but not to sleep.

Her forebodings were realized with awful swiftness. Midnight had scarce passed when there came a loud knocking at the door.

Her husband started to open it, but she hung on his neck and held him back.

"Oh, no! no! Don't let them in! Those fiends have returned for their revenge!" she murmured brokenly.

The knocking changed to hammer-



THE OFFICER WAS DISPATCHED



FRANCIS SCOTT KEY WRITING THE IMMORTAL "STAR-SPANGLED BANNER"

ing as the marauders became impatient at the delay, and finally the door yielded to their efforts.

A detachment of British soldiers swarmed into the room, and while Dr. Beanes felt that resistance was useless, for the sake of his wife and child he fought fiercely until overpowered by numbers.

He was then bound securely, and bidding good-by to his agonized family, whose pleadings might have melted the hardest heart, Dr. Beanes was taken away, a prisoner of war.

Picture the horror of that poor woman, her loving protector torn ruthlessly from her to satisfy the vengeful spirit of an inhuman fiend, a disgrace to the uniform of the English Army. She shuddered when she thought of the indignities and brutalities to which he would surely be subjected, and, worse still, his life might pay the forfeit! He, who had done naught but good in his life! Oh! if there were only some way to help him!

Suddenly she thought of Francis Key, who had meanwhile returned, having accomplished his mission.

He might be able to assist her in devising some means to liberate her dear one. But how to reach him? If she were to go herself, these desperadoes might be lurking near by, and capture her, too, thus leaving their home and her daughter—more precious than her own life—without protection.

Her mind revolved more quickly than it takes to tell it, until the thought occurred, why not send Muriel?

Young as she was, she had become an expert equestrienne. How she loved to race with father, and could outstrip him every time!

Yes, she would be safe; at least she could outride them, and certainly no one would shoot at a child. She shivered at the thought of her darling girl being made a target of by those monsters.

But she put these thoughts firmly aside. There was no time to be lost if the husband and father were to be saved.

Muriel was brave, and, mounting her faithful pony, she fearlessly rode off, arriving at her destination without being molested.

Mr. Key was startled to learn from Muriel of her father's capture, and waiting only to make arrangements for her safe return home, he set out at once to try and secure his friend's release.

Journeying to Washington, he asked an interview with the President, and was ushered into the library, where the Chief Executive was engaged in scanning the latest war reports.

The President was very much interested in the story told him, and when Mr. Key suggested exchanging a British officer for Dr. Beanes he readily agreed, and Mr. Skinner was sent for.

With deepest gratitude Mr. Key left the executive mansion with Mr. Skinner, going immediately to the shores of the Chesapeake, where they entered a boat, and, bearing a flag of

truce, were rowed to the British flag-ship.

They reached the vessel just in time to save the life of Dr. Beanes, who was about to be strung up at the yard-arm.

The official order was obeyed, and the prisoner reluctantly released.

To their surprise, however, they were not allowed their freedom at once, but were remanded to another vessel as prisoners of war until after the battle of Chesapeake Bay should be decided.

Ah! the joy and hope in Dr. Beanes' breast, in spite of the battle waging fiercely around, for he felt that their cause must win, and that it was only a question of a little time when he would again hold his dear ones in fond embrace; but the suspense to those waiting ones must be almost unbearable, and he silently prayed for a quick and joyful ending.

All thru that awful night could

be heard the roar of cannon—shot and shell—as the English forces stormed old Fort Mellenry, which valiantly resisted, returning volley for volley.

All thru that night the three men—Skinner still under guard—watched the progress of that terrible scene of destruction. Just before the break of dawn the firing ceased, and with hearts filled with anxiety for the outcome, the watchers waited for the gray mist to rise. Would it be defeat or victory?

At the first gleam of daylight their eyes were strained to catch the flutter of the flag—which flag?—and, yes!—there, “as it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,” was the glorious flag of our country!

Words are inadequate to describe the emotions that filled the hearts of our friends, Dr. Beanes and Francis Scott Key, who were soon allowed to depart; and, as they landed on shore,



“THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER” BEING SUNG FOR THE FIRST TIME

each reverently bowed his head in silent acknowledgment of the Creator's goodness.

Dr. Beanes hurried as fast as possible to his home, while Mr. Key stopped at a hotel in Baltimore. He wanted to be alone—to think. The sight of that beloved flag—that grand, glorious flag—on this morning of victory, had filled his very soul with patriotic fervor, and he gave vent to his feelings in song. Seizing an old, discarded envelope, he wrote down the impressions that had come to him as he gazed on that beautiful emblem of liberty.

Thence came the words of that national lyric, the song that has reached millions of hearts, and the song that will live forever—

“THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER!”

Having written the poem, with heart light and buoyed up with enthusiasm, he wended his way to the home of Dr. Beanes, where he was welcomed by the thrice happy woman, whose gratitude shone in the eloquent eyes turned on her friend—the savior of her husband.

Oh! those blissful moments! All

the bitterness of the dark days just passed thru was almost outweighed by the joy of that reunion.

The clouds of war had passed, and the beautiful morning of peace was with them.

There assembled the next day, in an old tavern in Baltimore, a large crowd of men, who had gathered there to lend their voices in thanksgiving for the great victory.

Francis Scott Key asked for a few minutes in which to read the poem which the dawning of that memorable morning had inspired in his bosom; and when he had finished reading it, one of the men present, Ferdinand Durand, taking the paper from the poet's hand, jumped on the table and called on all hands to join with him in singing the beautiful lyric to the tune of an old hymn. Then, for the first time, September 14, 1814, was sung that wonderful anthem—the song that never fails to arouse enthusiasm in the hearts of all true Americans—

“THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER, oh! long may it wave  
O'er the land of the free and the  
home of the brave!”



## The Magic Film

By MINNA IRVING

You've heard about Aladdin's lamp,  
Whose everlasting flame,  
Undimmed by either time or change,  
Still lights the hall of fame;  
The magic boots of seven leagues,  
Annihilating miles,  
And traveling at a single stride  
From snow to summer isles;

The magic shagreen, dwindling fast  
With every wish it gave;  
The magic ring; the magic sword,  
With power to slay or save;  
But greater far than all of these  
Enchanted things, behold!  
The magic film, from the reel  
By skilful hands unrolled.

It takes us into fairyland,  
It summons back the past,  
It shows to us the ocean floor,  
And starry system vast;  
It calls the mighty dead to life  
From hist'ry's crowded page.  
All hail the Moving Picture film,  
The wonder of the age!



# The Strangers' Tales

(Urban Eclipse)

Adapted from Shakespeare's "The Taming of the Shrew"  
and "Sir John Falstaff"

By MALCOLM CAMPBELL



THE fire that roared and cracked in the great fireplace, throwing a rosy glow on smoke-blackened rafters, and turning to burnished gold the copper platters hanging against the dark walls, made the taproom of The Dragon the most cheerful place in Stratford on a night such as this, when the wind roared about the eaves and the rain swished angrily against the casements. Just a night for story-telling, only, unfortunately, each one of the company assembled, with the possible exception of young Will Shakespeare, who sat somewhat apart, and gave little heed to the village gossip, had long ago, on similar nights, exhausted his stock of tales. As for Will, he made a better listener than a talker, tho it was hinted that he hoped to become a play-actor—even to tread the boards in London Town.

Suddenly the door flew open, as the wind wrenched it from the hand of a man who had lifted the latch, and the great fire sent a roaring column of smoke and sparks up the chimney. Closing the door with difficulty, the Stranger, dripping with wet, hesitatingly approached the fire. His appearance gave small promise of a full purse, and the landlord eyed him coldly. Reading the glance, the Stranger nodded humbly.

"'Tis true. Gold pieces are strangers to me," he said, "but I have that which is better than coined gold in any land—a good tale to tell."

"Give him ale," the Parish Clerk ordered, and the landlord put before the Stranger a brimming tankard, which was eagerly drained.

"Now, Stranger," the Clerk continued, "tell us thy tale, and see to it that it be worth the hearing, else it will fare ill with thee. But if it

be full of the meat of wit, and sprightly told, then have you well paid for your place by the fire, and a tankard of mulled wine withal."

Whereupon, without further hesitation, the Stranger spoke as follows:

## THE FIRST STRANGER'S STORY

In all the city of Padua no man was more respected than Baptista, a gentleman of great wealth, yet no suitors besought him for the hand of his daughter Katharina, who, tho fair as a summer morn, was of so shrewish a temper that none desired her. The younger sister, Bianca, on the other hand, was the heart's desire of half the gentle youth of the city, but they sighed in vain, for Baptista had sworn stoutly that Bianca should remain a maid until her elder sister was married. Truly it seemed that she would, therefore, be a maid until death, a state not at all to the liking of the gallant young Lucentio, who encountered, and straightway greatly loved the girl. Let it be said that in the end he took her as his wife, and thus settle the matter, for we must needs come to the stranger thing of the wooing of Katharina.

Now it happened that there came to Padua a gentleman named Petruccio, whose business there was to find him a wife, and nothing more. Witty and wise was Petruccio, and with a spirit as high as Katharina's own. If there lived a man suited to the task of winning the shrew, it was indeed he. Hearing that this unsought maid was wealthy and handsome, and nothing discouraged by the reports of her temper, he determined to make her his wife, and in gentle manner did apply to Baptista for permission to begin



THE INTRODUCTION

his suit. Much amazed was the father, particularly as at the very moment his daughter's music-teacher burst wildly into the room, declaring that Katharina had broken her lute upon his head, to which the would-be lover exclaimed admiringly:

"Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench; I love her ten times more than e'er I did: O, how I long to have some chat with her!"

"Well mayest thou woo, and happy be thy speed! But be thou arm'd for some unhappy words!" the father warned, and left him, promising to send his daughter to the room.

"I'll woo her with some spirit when she comes," Petruchio mused. "Say that she rail; why, then, I'll tell her plain she sings as sweetly as a night-ingale. Say that she be mute, and will not speak a word; then I'll commend her volubility, and say she uttereth piercing eloquence."

A moment later Katharina haughtily entered.

"Good-morrow, Kate, for that's your name, I hear!" was his light

greeting, and only smiled beneath her angry frown.

"Well have you heard, but something hard of hearing: they call me Katharine that do talk to me," she retorted.

"You lie, in faith," this strange lover said cheerfully, "for you are called plain Kate, and bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst, but Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom. Hearing thy mildness praised in every town, thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded, myself am moved to woo thee for my wife. For I am he born to tame you, Kate, and bring you from a wild Kate to a Kate comfortable as other household Kates."

At the instant the father re-entered.

"Now, Signior Petruchio, how speed you with my daughter?" he asked.

"We have 'greed so well together that upon Sunday is the wedding-day!" he answered.

"I'll see thee hang'd on Sunday, first!" she snapped.

Truly it was a strange courtship, wherein the girl did show that her title of the Shrew was well bestowed, but to all her railings Petruchio did but smile, and give soft answers, and the preparations for the wedding were made. Upon the appointed day the groom was long in coming, and Katharina wept with shame and anger to think that he had made but a jest of her. When he did appear, he was dressed in strange and fantastic garb, and could not be persuaded to change his dress, saying that it was himself, and not his clothes, that she was to marry. Never was so wild a marriage. Like a madman the groom raved and swore, and called for wine, and gave the priest a cuff that rolled him on the ground, and such like antics, until even his high-spirited bride shook with fear. A great wedding feast had been prepared, but Petruchio, claiming a husband's right to dispose of his wife as he pleased, and despite her furious remonstrances, mounted Katharina upon a miserable horse, he himself being no better mounted, and hurried her away, along rough and miry ways. At length, after a weary

journey, during which Katharina had heard nothing but the furious ravings of her husband, directed at herself, the servant, and the horses, they arrived at his house. The tables were lavishly spread with the finest food, but Petruchio dashed dish after dish upon the floor, in order, he said, that Katharina might not eat meat improperly prepared. And when the bride, worn out and supperless, retired to rest, he found fault with the bed, and threw the coverings and pillows about the room, so that she was forced to sit upon a chair. Whenever she dozed, she was awakened by the loud voice of her husband, storming at the servants for not properly preparing his wife's bridal bed.

The next day he followed the same course, till Katharina was near dead for food and rest, and so humbled that she gave him grateful thanks when he allowed her a little meat. Gorgeous gowns he ordered for her, but no sooner were they presented, and she had expressed her delight, than he tore them in pieces and drove the tailors from the house.

"Well, come, my Kate, we will go



THE WEDDING



THE WEDDING DINNER

to your father's, even in these mean garments we now wear," he said, and ordered the horses, declaring that they should reach Baptista's house by dinner time, for that it was but seven o'clock in the morning. As a matter of truth, it was well past the middle of the day, and his wife ventured to remark, tho timidly, being awed by his violent ways, "I do assure you, sir, it is two o'clock, and will be supper time before we get there." Whereupon he stormed and raged, and declared that they would not go at all—having had, in fact, no intention of so doing until she should be utterly subdued. One more day of the treatment and she was truly an obedient wife, and they started to her father's house; but she was in danger of being turned back because she happened to suggest that it was the sun, when he declared that it was the moon that shone so brightly at noonday.

"Now, by my mother's son," he shouted, "and that is myself, it shall be the moon, or stars, or what I list,

before I journey to your father's house!" and made as tho to turn about.

But Katharina spoke hastily.

"Let us go forward, I pray," she entreated, "now we have come so far, and it shall be the sun, or moon, or what you please; and if you please to call it a rush candle henceforth, I vow it shall be so to me."

"I say it is the moon!" he roared.

"I know it is the moon!" she hastened to agree.

"You lie! It is the blessed sun!" said Petruccio.

"Then it is the blessed sun," she made answer, "but sun it is not, when you say it is not. What you will have it named, even so it is, and so it ever shall be for Katharina."

Then they journeyed on, quite pleasantly, until they came to the house of Baptista, where was assembled a large company to celebrate the wedding of Bianca and Lucentio. There was present another young married couple, Hortensio and his



bride, and after the feast, when the ladies had retired, Lucentio and Hortensio did indulge in sundry sly jests, hinting at the shrewish disposition of Petruchio's wife, and pluming themselves upon the mild tempers of their brides. Even Baptista himself, when he began to feel the wine, could not help but fling a dart, and said:

"Now, in good sadness, son Petruchio, I fear you have got the veriest shrew of all!"

"Well," Petruchio made reply, "I say no, and therefore for assurance that I speak the truth, let us each one send for his wife, and he whose wife is most obedient to come at first, when she is sent for, shall win a wager which we will propose."

Eagerly the two young husbands agreed, and each man wagered an hundred crowns. Lucentio first sent his servant for Bianca, but the man returned, saying, "Sir, my mistress sends you word she is busy, and cannot come!" And Petruchio laughed long and loud, while Hortensio despatched his servant, directing his wife to come to him. Again Petruchio laughed long and loud when the man returned and said, "Sir, my mistress says you have some goodly jest in hand, and therefore she will not come. She bids you come to her!"

Then Petruchio spoke to his servant, saying: "Sirrah, go to your mistress, and tell her I command her to come to me!"

In the very midst of the jeering remarks of the others, to which Petruchio paid no heed, Katharina entered, saying meekly, "What is your will, sir, that you send for me?"

"Go fetch your sister, and Hortensio's wife," Petruchio ordered, and Katharina hurried away.

"Here is a wonder, if you talk of wonder!" gasped Lucentio; and Hortensio replied, "And so it is. I wonder what it bodes?"

"Marry!" Petruchio responded, "peace it bodes, and love, and quiet life; and, to be short, what not, that's sweet and happy?"

Whereupon spoke Baptista, saying stoutly:

"And now, fair befall thee, good Petruchio! The wager thou hast won, and I will add unto their losses twenty thousand crowns—another dowry to another daughter, for she is changed, as she had never been!"

And Petruchio and Katharina lived happy ever after.

The Stranger ceased to speak, and the Parish Clerk nodded warm approval.

"A witty and a meaty tale, in sooth," he said, "and thou shalt not lack ale or fire this night!"

At this instant the door opened, and a Second Stranger came slowly in. His clothing was mean, and his manner humble.

"Another without gold!" the landlord muttered.

"Canst tell a tale, Stranger, to pay for the fire and wine you seem to require?" the Parish Clerk demanded. "Mark ye, an' it be not one worth the hearing, it will go hard with thee!"

"That can I do," the Second Stranger answered heartily, and quaffed the ale they set before him, and straightway spoke as follows:

#### THE SECOND STRANGER'S STORY

Of all men in England, none may compare in wit, in store of devices, plots and pranks, in good humor, in love of wines and women, and in hugeness of bulk, not to speak of lack of courage, with Sir John Falstaff, one-time boon companion to merry Prince Hal. When the Prince became His Majesty Henry V, Sir John, finding himself no longer entirely welcomed at court, turned himself to the congenial occupations of poaching and love-making, with full attention between times to the winecups of the taverns.

Now it came about that Sir John did encounter at Windsor two women of beauty and sprightly spirits, Mistress Ford and Mistress Page, and because of his wonderful conceit, conceived that they were smitten with love at sight of him, and he promptly laid siege to their hearts, overlooking



FALSTAFF PROPOSES A TOAST

what was known to every other man in London Town, namely, that tho of lively manner and merry tongue, there lived in all England no more virtuous women or more faithful wives. Moreover, none but the conceited Sir John would have been so foolish as to make love to two women who were like sisters for intimacy. When each received a love-letter, they immediately compared them, and found them almost identical, and agreed to work together to humiliate the knight for his presumption. Pretending well, Mistress Ford made an appointment with Sir John, knowledge of which, thru servants, comes to Mr. Ford. Under an assumed name, Ford met Sir John, and pretending to be also a suitor to Mistress Ford, and jealous, wormed from the boastful knight the secret of the time and place of meeting.

Falstaff, was punctual to his meeting with Mistress Ford, but before his arrival she and Mistress Page had prepared a large basket of soiled linen, in which Falstaff is to be induced to hide, under pretense that this is the

only means by which he could escape the wrath of the deceived husband. The pretense became a reality when Ford did actually arrive, and the trick deceived the husband completely. The basket was carried from the house, and, in accordance with the orders of the merry wives, dumped into the muddy Thames, from which Sir John emerged much bedraggled, but with his passion so slightly cooled that it flared into instant flame upon the receipt of a message from Mistress Ford granting him a second interview. Again the husband learned from the indiscreet knight the details of the proposed meeting, and determined that upon this occasion Sir John should not escape him. The second appointment was duly kept, but scarcely had Sir John given vent to his first sweet speech when Mistress Page brought the alarm that the husbands were approaching. Disguised as a witch, the frightened gallant was led away, while the husbands pounced upon the basket, thinking the former trick was being repeated. All might have been well, had not Sir



SIR JOHN COMPLIMENTS MISTRESS FORD



SIR JOHN DISCOVERED BY FORD

John, bewildered, stumbled into their very arms. His disguise was instantly penetrated, and the irate husbands and their followers set upon him with their cudgels, giving him such a beating as knight had never before received. Seeing that Sir John had been sufficiently punished, the merry wives related the whole story to their husbands, who, between amusement and satisfaction at knowing of the faithfulness of their wives, let the wretched Sir John go his way, a sadder and a wiser man.

"A tale of merit," the Parish Clerk pronounced, when the Second Stranger had concluded, "and containing sundry morals worthy of reflecting upon. Methinks, tho, 'twould have been more amusing to see those events than to hear them recounted. But as

that might not be, we must, good lack, make ourselves content with the hearing; and you, Stranger, shall have your wine."

Young Will Shakespeare, who sat apart from the others, had given careful heed to the tales of the Strangers. Suddenly a light flashed into his eyes, and he hastily drew from his pouch an ink-horn and sheets of parchment.

"Aye, goodly tales, but better to see than to hear!" he muttered. For a moment he was lost in thought. All others in the taproom were busy with their ale and wine. Young Shakespeare drew to him the parchment sheets, and at the top of the first wrote the words, "The Taming of the Shrew," and at the top of the second sheet, "Sir John Falstaff, or, The Merry Wives of Windsor."



## Motion Pictures

By L. CASE RUSSELL

### FIRST FILM

Green Italian;  
Dynamite;  
Wop and landscape  
Out of sight.—*Biograph*.

### SECOND FILM

Quiet village;  
Harem skirt;  
Wild excitement;  
No one hurt.—*Kalem*.

### THIRD FILM

Crowded subway;  
Broken strap;  
Portly lady;  
Thin man's lap.—*Gaumont*.

### FOURTH FILM

Playful Johnny;  
Tack in chair;  
Irate parent;  
Anguished heir.—*Vitagraph*.

### FIFTH FILM

Man in airship;  
Sudden halt;  
Ruined bonnets;  
Soiled asphalt.—*Selig*.

### SIXTH FILM

Revolution;  
Talk of war;  
Fight? "Mañana,  
Si, señor."—*Melies*.

### SEVENTH FILM

Railway tunnel;  
Love-sick lad;  
Kist conductor  
Awful mad.—*Pathé Frères*.

### EIGHTH FILM

Joyous cowboys;  
Horse-thief bold;  
Lassoed horse-thief;  
Gates of gold.—*Essanay*.

### NINTH FILM

Trailing garments;  
Awkward swain;  
Ripping noises;  
"Take next train!"—*Lubin*.

### TENTH FILM

Weary husband;  
Suffragette;  
"Did you speak  
Again, or yet?"—*Edison*.



# The Cook

(Lubin)

By GLADYS ROOSEVELT



IT was the cook's fault. Of course it was the cook's fault. Who else could be to blame? If all the domestic woes and tragedies, fateful misunderstandings, and humorous predicaments of mankind could be traced to their real causes, seventy-five per cent. of them would lead straight to the door of the cook. It's as sure as the nursery-road that leads to the "House That Jack Built."

This is the cook that Jack got.

This is the dish  
That was dropped by the cook that  
Jack got.

This is the fish  
That lay on the dish  
That was dropped by the cook that  
Jack got.

This is the cat,  
That stole the fish,  
That lay on the dish  
That was dropped by the cook that  
Jack got.

This is the bed,  
That held the cat,  
That stole the fish,  
That lay on the dish  
That was dropped by the cook that  
Jack got.

This is the "tuck," all nicely pressed,  
That was spread on the bed that held  
the cat,  
That stole the fish, that lay on the dish  
That was dropped by the cook that  
Jack got.

This is the man just half-way dressed,  
That borrowed the "tuck" all nicely  
pressed,

That was spread on the bed, that held  
the cat,  
That stole the fish, that lay on the dish  
That was dropped by the cook that  
Jack got.

This is the shoe that was thrown with  
zest,  
That helped the man just half-way  
dressed,  
That borrowed the "tuck" all nicely  
pressed,  
That was spread on the bed, that held  
the cat,  
That stole the fish, that lay on the  
dish  
That was dropped by the cook that  
Jack got.

This is the wife of the sweet home-  
nest,  
That found the shoe that was thrown  
with zest,  
That helped the man just half-way  
dressed,  
That borrowed the "tuck" all nicely  
pressed,  
That was spread on the bed, that held  
the cat,  
That stole the fish, that lay on the  
dish  
That was dropped by the cook that  
Jack got.

These are the words,—“It was all a  
jest”—  
That were said by the wife of the  
sweet home-nest,  
That found the shoe that was thrown  
with zest,  
That helped the man just half-way  
dressed,  
That borrowed the "tuck" all nicely  
pressed,  
That was spread on the bed, that held  
the cat,

That stole the fish, that lay on the dish  
That was dropped by the cook that  
Jack got.

But at the time of this story there wasn't a wife to say the soothing word—and keep the cook. The boys were "roughing it" on a ranch out West, and had their cooking done by a "native" who was a mighty hard proposition. Still he was a good cook, so they tried to appreciate his value and put up with his faults.

One day as the boys were coming home tired and hungry after their hard work, they missed the savory suggestion of dinner in the atmosphere, and began to sniff suspiciously. Jeff, the leader of the crowd, whipped up his pony, eager, as always, to get at the bottom of anything unusual, and the others followed close on his tracks. Great was their dismay to find the cook completely intoxicated, and not a sign of dinner!

This was too much for the boys. They forcibly brought that cook to his senses and to an understanding that he was not needed there any longer; and took a genuine delight in chasing him off the ranch. Meanwhile, Jeff pitched in and got the dinner. It wasn't very good, nor yet very bad; but what they could, they praised, and what they couldn't, they pretended to forget to eat in the excitement of framing an advertisement for a new cook. Jeff suggested that they try a female this time, but some of the boys opposed on the ground that they didn't want any petticoats hanging around and upsetting their care-free existence. Jeff, however, was of the opinion that a female cook wouldn't be apt to patronize the whisky bottle and leave them dinnerless, and of course he carried the day. Accordingly an advertisement for a cook of the female order was inserted in the columns of the newspaper in the nearest town.

The next day was ideal. Mr. Drayton, an Englishman, who was touring thru the West in a motor car, soon woke to a realization of that fact, and

had his daughters roused for an early breakfast, that they might lose none of the invigorating morning air.

"Father says this is an ideal day for motoring, and we must move on," announced Enid to her cousin and two friends, in an adjoining room, who were traveling with her and her sister. "He's said the same thing every day since we started, and I'd much rather stay here and watch the queer people in the town, but I suppose we'll have to be whisked off to pass the night in some other town, which I shall be equally loth to leave. Nothing less than a breakdown will stop father when he gets started."

So they were soon on their way, rushing thru new wonders of country intensely interesting to the girls, but Mr. Drayton, his eyes fastened on the speedometer, was far more interested in the distance they traveled in a certain time at a given rate of speed.

"Father, I can understand now why you could always help me with those frightful algebra problems about one man rowing upstream a certain number of miles in so many hours with the tide against him, and another man rowing downstream—puzzle, find the point of meeting. I confess I never could, but that was one of the points you always saw; yet you never could help me at all when it came to writing a description of Anne Hathaway's cottage, altho you had passed it no end of times.

"Yes, my dear, yes," returned her father, absently. "Quite interesting. I think we shall make the trip in about four hours and a half. That's better speed than yesterday morning, and the roads aren't any too good, either. Perhaps we can do it in even less time than that. Suppose you let her out a little, Henri. We can't be more than forty miles from the next stopping place now."

For half an hour they went on at a lively pace, when suddenly there was a crashing, grating noise, and the car refused to budge. Henri got out, and disappeared to investigate. Finally he emerged, shaking his head. Mr. Drayton then investigated also.

Be it said to his credit that he was quite as willing to tackle held-up motor cars as rival rowers. Whether the problem lay in algebraic figures on paper, or in screws and nuts on a western plain, mattered little to him, provided there was a problem.

At last Henri joined him under the machine, whence came smothered exclamations in sundry cadences, whereupon the girls lost interest. Besides, something told them that the dinner hour was approaching.

"Girls, I'm as hungry as a bear. Let's wander around and see if we can find some kind ranchman's wife who will give us something to eat," suggested Enid.

So, removing their dustcoats and veils, and telling Mr. Drayton which direction they would take, the girls started off.

After walking some distance, their search was rewarded, for just beyond rose the welcome outline of a ranch-

man's house. Upon arriving, however, the girls found no one around. Not even a dog responded to their repeated knocks. They were just making ready to try the windows, when one of the girls discovered an approaching cloud of dust.

"Oh, look! Horsemen of some kind! They may be Indians, ready to scalp us! There are still lots of Indians left over here, and when their fighting blood is roused they will not stop at anything. Or cowboys, coming to lasso us! Oh! what shall we do? We haven't even so much as a sunshade or a hatpin to defend ourselves with!"

"I have a hatpin," replied another. "I always wear one, even tho these motor hats don't require them."

"How exasperating you are, Rose! You're always prepared for every emergency. But I don't see what good one hatpin is going to do among five girls."



THE "ENGLISH LADY" COOKS WERE MADE TO DO DUTY

"Nonsense!" declared Enid. "You girls must be crazy. These aren't pioneer days. I'm sure these men will be sensible, and listen to reason. Perhaps they live in this house, and will invite us to have something to eat. There's no use being afraid. We'll just tell them the circumstances, and I'm sure everything will be all right. They d-d-don't l-look like such v-v-very fierce cowboys."

But her wide eyes and pale cheeks belied her courageous words, as well they might, for the boys, riding homeward, had spied them from afar, and put spurs to their horses.

"Hi, Jeff! Look there! Somebody's ahead of us!" exclaimed one of the boys.

"Cooks!" went up the general shout.

"You bet!" said Jeff, "and five of them, at that! Great Scott! How did so many of 'em get loose? We mustn't let 'em escape us. Each man take one, and make her cook his favorite dish for dinner, and the cook, who by common consent does the best, we'll keep. Come on, boys! Charge 'em with a rush, so that they won't dare to refuse."

And the cloud of horsemen swept down upon five bewildered English maidens, dragged them into the kitchen, demanding apple pie, doughnuts, corn pudding, mashed potatoes, and onions—each man according to his taste—hustling the various ingredients into their hands, standing over them with cheers and directions; while the girls, too frightened at the wild demands and actions to explain their position, meekly prepared the meal, and served the men with as much ceremony as the limited space, scarcity of dishes, and hungry cowboys, would permit.

At the close of the meal, Leader Jeff arose.

"Female cooks, we extend to you a vote of thanks. ('Rah!') Never in our cowboy existence has a dinner tasted so good. (Applause.) Never were potatoes so thoroly mashed, corn pudding so unmistakably made of corn, doughnuts more full of dough—

no holes for pessimists on this occasion——"

"Three cheers for the optimists!" interrupted the boys.

"Never," continued Jeff, "have we spent so much time over eating a dessert as over that apple pie—any crust left, boys? (Laughter.) But best of all, we hail with loud acclaim the cook who made the onions taste just like those that mother used to burn."

"Onions! Onions! Onions!" cheered the crowd.

"What's this? What's this? What do you mean by placing my daughters and their friends in such a position?" demanded an excited voice from the doorway.

The cowboys turned, and stared, aghast, at a little, indignant man clad in motor attire. Then they looked at each other, at the cooks, and back again at each other.

Jeff was the first to grasp the situation. In his joy at having so many cooks appear at once out on the deserted plain, he had not stopped to look at them particularly. Now he realized that there was something familiar about the feeling of that light brown dress that just brushed against his hand in passing—yes, it felt like the dress his mother used to wear on Sundays, or when the minister came to call, in the little country village where he had spent his childhood. And those hands—they were very white, and there were rings on them! He looked at the hands of the others—they were white and shapely, too.

Slowly, diffidently, he rose and explained the situation.

But Mr. Drayton would have none of it. He was furious that his charges should have been subjected to such treatment, and he wanted evidence; so Jeff showed him the advertisement in the newspaper.

Just then, Jim, one of the boys, who had ridden over to the town, approached the house, accompanied by a female—they did not dare to say "cook"—but they spruced up in hope, and Mr. Drayton, now more mollified, decided to await the outcome.



Quickly each man rose and stood behind his chair. Hope and expectancy were written on every face. Mr. Drayton stepped beside the girls. All eyes were turned toward the door. It was the new cook, to be sure; but would she be a nice, pretty cook? Would she compare favorably with these ladylike English "cooks"?

Alas for the cowboys' eager hopes! The new cook entered, and as she did so every eye was riveted to the big, fat person of a—oh, cruel fate!—a wench! for she was as black as the ace of spades!

"Youse all clare out ob here, now,"

she began, without ceremony, "an' I'll hab yo' dinnah ready in two shakes ob a lamb's tail. I'se don' want nobody roun' a-botherin' me in ma kitchen. Jes' yo' step along, and whan I'se ready I'll blo' dis 'ere horn."

Obediently they left her to reign supreme in her domain—a most subdued and humble crowd, but to this day they sing the praise of Dinah.

And there are five English girls whose most exciting remembrance of a motor trip thru the western United States is the day they cooked dinner for a band of hungry cowboys.



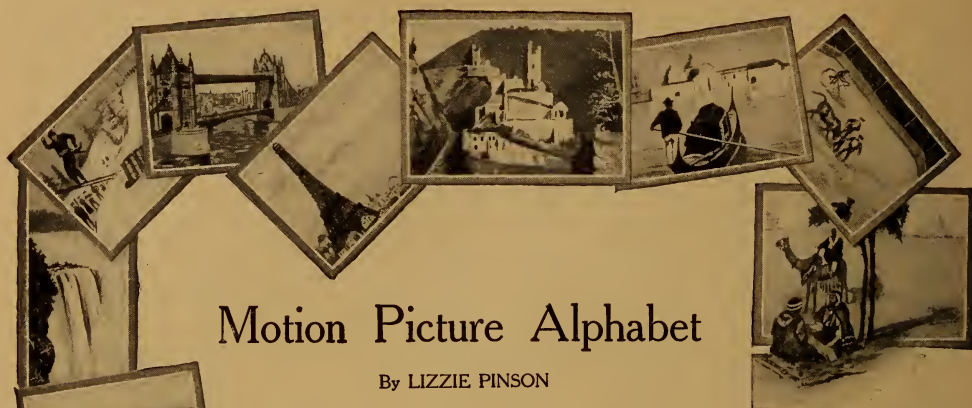
### In Love

He loved, but never heard her speak;  
They lived in different grooves;  
For he was a clerk at eight per week,  
She was a player in "The Moves."

—Dorothy Harpur.



SCENE FROM "BY THE OLD MILL"

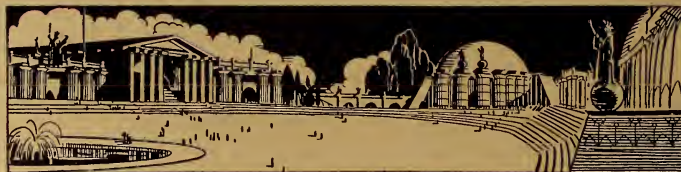


## Motion Picture Alphabet

By LIZZIE PINSON

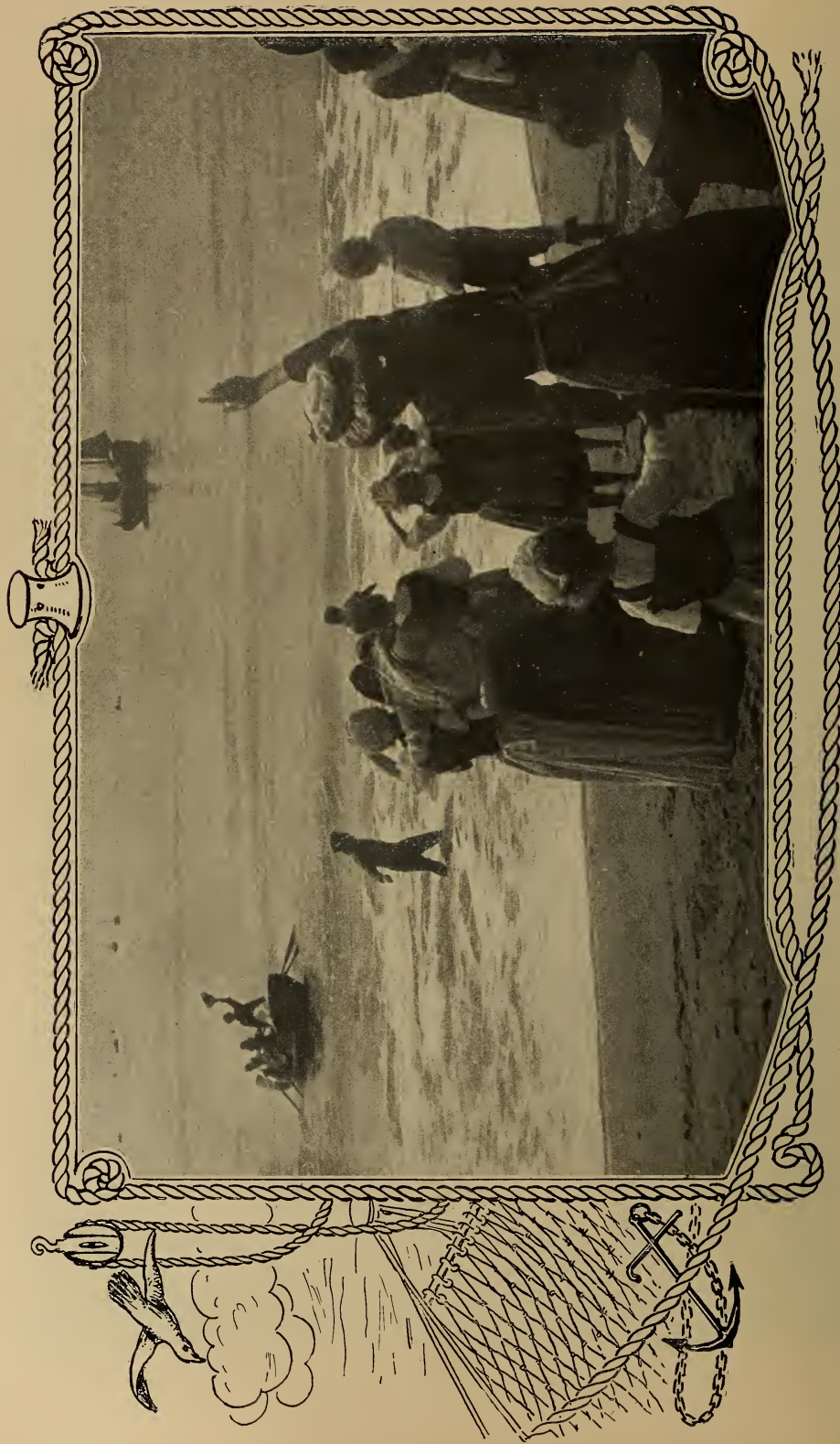


A stands for ACTOR, whose picture appears;  
 B for the BEAUTIES of both hemispheres;  
 C for the CAMERA, making the start;  
 D for DEVELOPING—magical art;  
 E EDUCATION—there's much knowledge gained;  
 F for the FILMS on which views are retained;  
 G stands for GREATNESS, for GLORIOUS, GRAND;  
 H for the HOME SCENES from each fatherland;  
 I ILLUSTRATIONS, with songs made to match;  
 J for the JOKES, that are easy to catch;  
 K KINEMATIC—the movements amaze;  
 L for the LENS which so clearly portrays;  
 M MOTION PICTURES, the "hit" of the age;  
 N for the NEW ART, which rivals the stage;  
 O OPERATOR, who handles the wheel;  
 P for the PHOTOPLAYS, lifelike and real;  
 Q for the QUAIN scenes of lands far away;  
 R stands for REEL, which produces the play;  
 S for SCENARIO, modern and old;  
 T for the TRAVELS these pictures unfold;  
 U for UNBIASED—alike to all creeds;  
 V VERSATILE—filling every one's needs;  
 W stands for the WIDE WORLD on view;  
 X for the XENO, oldtimer or new;  
 Y for YOURSELF, who can vouch for their worth;  
 Z for the ZEAL which gave this pleasure birth.





"JEAN," THE VITAGRAPH DOG



ENOCH'S DEPARTURE



# Enoch Arden

(Elograph)

*From Tennyson's Poem*

By MONTANYE PERRY



**I**T was a clear golden evening, such an eventide as comes only in England at the close of a crisp October day. The sun had sunk beyond the gray downs, but its yellow light lingered on the hazel wood, where a gay party of sturdy English youths and pink-cheeked maidens stripped the brown nuts from their leafy hiding places, making a merry holiday of their pleasant task.

At the edge of the wood, in a green hollow, a pair who had stolen away from the noisy group, sat upon a mossy bank. The girl's face was flushed, her blue eyes dreamy; occa-

sionally a little smile touched the full, red lips, showing that her reverie was a pleasant one. But the lad's dark eyes were purposeful, rather than dreamy, and as his gaze rested upon the fair face of his companion his strong, handsome features seemed to gather determination and courage.

He spoke presently, his strong voice trembling a little, as he bent toward the girl, whose blue eyes fell before the light in the dark ones.

"Annie," he said, "do you remember how we played down there on the beach, you and I, and Philip?"

The girl looked downward. From



PHILIP SADLY WITNESSES THE BETROTHAL

the bank where they sat there was a steep drop to a narrow beach which curved in, crescent-like, broken by long lines of cliffs, leaving chasms, filled with foam and yellow sands.

"Yes, Enoch," she answered shyly, "there is where we built sand castles, and there, beneath that cliff, is the cave where I played at keeping house."

"And Philip and I quarreled every day about which should have you for his little wife, and which should be the guest," continued Enoch. "Those were happy days, but I look for happier ones. I have worked hard, and hoarded all my savings. Now I have bought a boat, a bonny one; she sails the waves like a bird, and my catch is large every day."

The girl sat silent, her eyes veiled by the long lashes which touched her pink cheeks, rapidly deepening in color.

"And I have bought more than that," Enoch went on. "Half way up that narrow street that clambers toward the hill is a wee cottage, furnished, ready for you. Will you come to it, Annie?"

The long lashes lifted, the blue eyes shone out thru a mist of happy tears, and two white hands went out quickly toward Enoch.

The thick branches had parted a

moment before, and a tall, slight youth had come forward, his step making no sound in the soft moss. Unnoticed by the lovers, he drew near, his lips opened to call a laughing greeting. Suddenly he stopped short, a silent, unseen witness to the betrothal. It was Philip, who from childhood had vied with Enoch, good-naturedly, for Annie's favor. For a moment he stood, surprise, grief and despair upon his face, then, stepping softly back into the shadows, he cast himself down, and while the air rang with the noisy shouts of the nut-gatherers, had his black, bitter struggle alone. When all the party had gone homeward he rose, and stood looking down upon the little beach where the rising waves curled over the yellow sands, sweeping into the narrow cave that once had been their playhouse.

"We always quarreled for her in the old days, and Enoch always won," he said. "She loves him best. Good friends have we all been, and their happiness must not be marred with knowledge of my disappointment. I must live my empty life in silence. God grant they may be happy."

Merrily rang the bells when Enoch and Annie were wed, and merrily seven happy years sped by, filled with



ENOCH PREPARING FOR HIS DEPARTURE



ENOCH SAILS AWAY

love and health and honorable toil. Enoch's fishing prospered, and his trade extended far beyond the little town. Two sturdy children played about the little home, and awoke in the father's heart new ambitions.

"The babes must have a better bringing up than ours has been," he said to Annie, and she, a proud, devoted mother, gave smiling assent.

But the fortunes of the little family changed. Enoch, climbing on a tall mast, slipped and fell, breaking a limb. While he lay recovering, the third child was born, a frail and sickly babe, needing costly care and attention to keep the tiny spark of life from dying out. Then a rival hand, busy while Enoch was helpless, stole away much of his trade. Doubt and discouragement crept into his brave heart.

"Must I see my Annie toil beyond her strength, and my little ones lack comfort, after all my labor?" he thought bitterly.

When his gloom was deepest, a

shipmaster, having a vessel bound for China, came, seeking for a boatswain.

"My boat will not leave port for seven weeks," he said cheerily, "and your hurt will be healed before that time. Come with me, Enoch. There is a good chance for trade and profit besides your wage."

Enoch consented eagerly. "It will give me a new start," he reflected. "I will sell my boat, and with the money buy a stock of goods for Annie to keep a little store while I am gone. Why should I not make several voyages, thrive in trade, and at last be master of my own craft? Then I could care for Annie and educate the babes, and at last end my days in peace and plenty."

Hopeful and confident as Enoch was, it was a hard task to break this news to Annie. He guessed rightly that her woman's heart would shrink from the long separation, and imagine all the perils and disasters that could befall him. But in spite of her tender, tearful pleading, he held firm-

ly to his purpose, grieving for her grief, but looking forward to the prosperity which this enterprize should bring to them.

The boat was sold, and Enoch himself fitted their little sitting-room with shelves and cupboards for the goods he bought, whistling merrily at his task, striving to coax the smiles back to Annie's anxious face. Bravely she tried, for her children's sake, to share his hopefulness; but when, on his last morning, he bent over the sleeping babes in tender farewell, she broke forth in frantic weeping.

"Oh, Enoch!" she sobbed. "You are wise; and yet, with all your wisdom, I know well that I shall never look upon your face again."

"Nay," said Enoch, soothingly, "these are foolish thoughts. Be comforted. If you fear, cast all your cares on God. The sea is His; He made it. Look to the babes. Keep everything shipshape, and I will come again before you know it."

Then, fearful lest his own composure should fail, Enoch hastily caught up his bundle and joined his waiting mates. From a tall cliff, Annie, with a heart full of sad forebodings, watched the vessel to the last dip of the vanishing sail. And from a tower of the mill which stood high up above the little home, another watcher looked out. It was Philip, still faithful in his friendship, pitying her grief.

Days, weeks and months passed, but no message nor sign came to the young wife. Faithfully she tended her babes, her home and her tiny store, striving to be brave and patient. But Annie was not born nor trained for trade and barter, and her business did not thrive. It was but a scanty sustenance that she gained, and often she reproached herself, thinking sadly of the bright plans Enoch had made for his children. Her cheeks lost their color and roundness, her lips forgot their smiles, her eyes grew dim with weeping and watching for the news which never came, while the slow years crept by.

Philip was greatly troubled at the

signs of want and distress in the little family, yet he held aloof, fearing, tho longing, to offer aid. But when he heard that the youngest babe had died, his true heart smote him.

"Surely," he said, "I may go now to offer help and comfort."

It was a changed Annie whom Philip found in the tiny cottage, so changed that his heart cried out in pity, and his lips found ready words.

"Annie," he began firmly, "listen to me. I have come to speak to you of what your husband wished. He went away because he loved you and his babes, to earn the wherewithal to give them a better bringing up than his had been. Is it not so?"

"Yes," assented Annie, weeping, "it is so."

"Then," said Philip, "when he comes again he will be vexed to find the children running wild and so many precious hours lost. I know that what I ask would be Enoch's wish. Have we not been friends from childhood? Let me provide for the little ones, put them in a good school. I am rich, and shall not miss the money; but if Enoch comes again, he shall repay me, if it is his wish."

"I know that he will come again," said Annie. "Something tells me, daily, that he lives. His dearest hope was to educate our little ones. Since you have always been his true friend, I will take your aid, as he would wish, and bless you for it."

So Philip cared for the children, supplying them with every needful thing, as if they were his own, but keeping aloof from the mother, lest village gossip touch her. But Annie's grief deepened as the years passed.

"He lives; something tells me he is yet alive," she moaned daily, while her step grew slower, her form more fragile, and her face more white and wan.

One autumn evening, coaxed by her children, she went to the hazel wood. By chance, Philip, wandering that way, came upon her, sitting on the bank where she had plighted her troth to Enoch. The golden head, so



sadly faded, was bowed in the thin hands, and Philip, standing unseen for a moment, remembered vividly his dark hour there, so long ago, and with quick resolve, dropped by her side.

"There is a thing which has been upon my mind so long that I must speak it out," he said impulsively. "It is beyond all hope, against all reason, that he who left you ten long years ago, is living now, so let me speak. I grieve to see you wanting help, yet I cannot help you as I wish unless you will be my wife. Let me be a father to the children; I love them now as if they were my own. Think of it, Annie, for I have loved you longer than you know."

"You have been as God's own angel to our home," replied Annie, tenderly, "and you deserve far more than I can give you. My heart is yet with Enoch, and I feel that he is alive."

"Impossible!" cried Philip. "Did he not love you dearly? Were he alive, would he so stay away, with no word or sign?"

Once begun, Philip urged his suit unceasingly, and when, at last, her children added their pleadings to his, Annie consented, and they were wed. But tho the bells rang as merrily as before, Annie's heart would not beat merrily. Beside her seemed to walk a footstep, almost heard; upon her ear a whisper fell, almost understood; and sometimes there passed before her eyes a figure, almost seen. Yet she never spoke of these things, and when her new child came this mysterious instinct died, and Philip had his rightful place within her heart.

A year went by. One late November evening, when chill mist and fog hung over the little village, causing all the inhabitants to keep within doors by cozy fires, a strange figure went up the narrow road which clambered toward the mill. It was a man, roughly dressed, with long beard and ill-kept hair. A wild, hungry look, half-eager, half-fearful, lurked in his



ENOCH'S RETURN

deep-set eyes, a hurried uncertainty showed itself in his gait. Now he rushed forward, stumbling in his haste; now lagged haltingly, as if fearing the journey's end. Half way up the hill he paused, and crept slowly toward a tiny cottage, dimly outlined thru the mist. It was empty, deserted; the windows boarded; the door tightly barred.

With a hoarse cry the visitor knelt upon the ground, wringing his bony hands.

"Gone! All gone!" he moaned. "They all are dead! My Annie! My pretty babes!"

Suddenly his mood changed. He laughed aloud and cried joyously.

"Faint heart, scared by foolish fancies! Doubtless she has prospered, and moved our babes to better quarters, as I wished. I will seek her."

Looking upward, his glance fell on the tall towers of the mill, and his keen eyes brightened.

"I will ask Philip, our childhood's friend. He will know," he said eagerly, and ran up the hill.

As he drew near, a ruddy light blazed from the rear of Philip's house, and he hurried thru the gar-

den, along a wall, to the entrance, well known in earlier years. But before his ready hand could touch the latch his eyes sought the window, and then he stopped, motionless, rigid, as if touched by some powerful, mystic spell.

The sight that met his gaze was one to make angels weep.

A genial fire blazed on the hearth, and there, in the warm glow, sat Philip, with a babe upon his knee. Over them stooped a young girl, fair-haired and lovely, an image of the Annie who had sat in the leafy hollow of the hazel wood. On the other side of the hearth was Annie herself, sweet and matronly, glancing with fond content from the crowing babe on Philip's knee to the tall, strong son who stood by her side.

It was but a glance, a momentary picture, but one that shocked and stunned this dead man come back to



ENOCH THINKS OF HIS EXPERIENCE ON THE LONELY ISLE

life. He staggered back, and clasped his hands tightly over his eyes, as if to shut out the dread sight.

"Annie! Annie!" he moaned, then

fell in a heap upon the soft turf. "Oh, beloved! and hast thou, then, been false?"

For a long time he lay there si-



ENOCH SWIMMING TO THE ISLAND

lently, his breast heaving with convulsive sobs; then an owl, hooting ominously from a distant oak, awakened him from his gloomy reverie.

Looking silently upon the burial of his hopes, Enoch Arden stood as if in some strange trance, half thought, half vision. Thru his brain ran pictures of the tiny home, the young wife he had left weeping, the babes asleep in their cradles. Then, in a flash, he seemed to behold all her years of struggle, and failure, and growing poverty, the children's need, her anguish and uncertainty. Into the picture came Philip, ever true and loyal, meaning only good to them all, lifting her burdens, bringing rest and comfort. Then his own ten weary, wasted years passed before him. He saw himself alone on a far tropical isle, under gorgeous palm trees, his companions dead and buried in the burning sands. The years crawled by while he waited, torn with anxiety, his awful solitude haunted with dreams of his fair wife and prattling babes. Again he felt the thrill when a passing ship espied his signal, and bore him homeward, broken and bowed with suffering, but full of love and hope.

Long he gazed hungrily at his sweet wife, his lovely daughter, his tall, strong son; at Philip, rich and prosperous, loving them, and supplying



ENOCH RECALLS THE DEATH OF HIS FRIEND



ENOCH REMEMBERS HOW HE WAS RESCUED FROM THE ISLAND

all the benefits which wealth can give. He thought of himself, penniless, broken in health, unknown to his children, long dead to Annie, breaking in upon their joy and peace. Then, with a sudden, violent effort, he turned away, and, like a thief, crept along the garden wall and out thru the gate, praying as he went, in soft, tense whispers, "Oh, give me strength, my God, never to let her know!"

near he revealed his secret to the woman who tended him.

"Tell it not till I am gone," he charged her, "but tell it then to Annie, that she may know my love never failed. Tell her I died loving and blessing her and our children, and Philip, too, for he never meant me anything but good."

After this he slumbered fitfully, while a storm raged outside, shaking the old tavern with heavy gusts of



ENOCH RECALLS THE LONG VOYAGE HOME

Reaching the roadside, he fell upon the soft, wet earth. All night he lay there, strengthening in himself his deep resolve. Just before the dawn he rose and went calmly down the steep, narrow street, while over and over upon his weary brain, beat the words, "Never to let her know, never to let her know."

The vow was kept. For a year Enoch Arden lived quietly at the village tavern, seen by few, and recognized by none. Swiftly his strength failed, and when death drew very

wind, and sending strong, white waves far up against the cliffs. At a sudden boom of the sea, so loud that all the houses in the village rang, the sick man woke, and sat upright.

"A sail! a sail! I am saved!" he cried, then fell backward, and spoke no more.

In the old, silent churchyard they buried him, buried Enoch Arden, and to this day his grave is revered and kept green, as a sacred spot, where rest the remains of a strong, self-sacrificing hero,



# The King's Daughter

(Gaumont)

By LULIETTE BRYANT



IT was not a day for clemency nor mercy. Theodoric, King of Austra-  
trasia, sat upon his throne, grim  
and resolute, pronouncing stern judg-  
ment upon the long line of captive  
Visigoths passing before him.

The sentences meted out to the van-  
quished people were in keeping with  
the war, which had been short and  
sharp, resulting in the complete sub-  
jugation of the Visigoths. Instant  
death for captains and leaders, and  
slavery for all the remainder of the  
race, was the decree of the victorious  
Theodoric.

Unmoved, the king watched the last  
of the line disappear thru swinging  
doors into the ante-chamber, the wail-  
ing of the women floating faintly  
backward into the throne room. Then,  
with a weary gesture, he threw aside  
his purple robe of state and was about  
to leave his seat, when a herald ap-  
proached.

"There are yet two others," he  
said, with a low obeisance, "the chief  
of the Visigoths, and his daughter.  
Because of his rank they were sep-  
arated from the other captives."

"Bring them in at once," com-  
manded Theodoric, resuming his seat  
with an impatient frown. "Let us  
have done with this business to-  
day."

The crimson curtains of the throne  
room parted, and the chief of the  
Visigoths stood before his conqueror.  
He was an aged man, his long hair  
was as white as snow, but his tall form  
stood as erect as any youth's, and  
from the black eyes, which returned  
Theodoric's penetrating gaze unflinch-  
ingly, shone an indomitable spirit,  
defying death or bondage.

For a moment they faced each other  
silently, these two kings, one holding

in his hands the gift of life or death,  
the other, scorning protest or plea,  
waiting calmly to receive whichever  
gift should be his portion. Then  
Theodoric spoke sternly:

"Before the last battle you were  
given opportunity to save your life  
and possessions by peaceful surrender  
of your army. You insolently defied  
me, therefore——"

The sentence was interrupted by  
the chief's daughter, who had clung  
timidly to her father's arm, her face  
and form completely veiled by loose  
black draperies. Now these outer  
robes dropped, and the maiden  
stepped forward, clad in a straight  
white robe which accentuated her  
flowerlike beauty. Kneeling at the  
foot of the throne, she lifted to the  
king a pale young face from which  
shone eyes dark and lustrous as her  
kingly father's, yet tender and inno-  
cent as a babe's. Slowly she raised  
both white arms until her hands were  
clasped above her head, from which  
waves of shining hair rolled, half hid-  
ing the slender, trembling form.  
Pleadingly she gazed into her judge's  
face, and her lips opened as if to  
speak, but no sound came from them.  
Only the starry, beseeching eyes  
pleaded eloquently with the hard, im-  
placable ones fixed so keenly upon  
them.

Theodoric gazed at the lovely girl,  
so utterly at his mercy, and to his  
amazement, he saw dawning within  
her eyes a sweet trustfulness. He  
did not realize that his stern features  
were relaxing, his eyes growing mild,  
his whole nature undergoing swift  
transformation. He only felt, vague-  
ly, that life and strength and power  
had suddenly grown very sweet.

With sudden impulse he bent, lift-

ing the kneeling girl, and striking off her fetters with strong hands.

"Remove his chains," he commanded, pointing to the father.

But as the order was obeyed, the unconquered chief, with a sudden spring, snatched a battle-axe from one of the king's guards, in a wild attempt to bury it in Theodoric's heart. The vigilant guards instantly subdued the untamed captive, and awaited their king's expected order for his instant execution. But Theodoric, looking from the chief's defiant eyes to the daughter's beseeching ones, showed unprecedented mercy.

"Take him away," he said calmly, "to the mills with the other slaves, but let the maiden remain in the palace, with the respect due a royal guest."

Nearly a year had passed, and in the great mills on Theodoric's estate the captive Visigoths were toiling, some sullenly, some patiently, some even cheerfully. It was late afternoon, and the day's task was nearly completed, when a woman, young, lovely, and richly clothed, entered one of the workrooms and stood looking anxiously around at the groups of men who were grinding corn into meal with round stones. Presently her eyes fell upon the one whom she sought, and she crossed to where he sat, apart from his mates, working with a sort of ferocity, as if an inner rage found its vent in crushing the tender yellow grains.

"Father," she said gently, and the worker looked up quickly. It was the chief of the Visigoths, defiance and rage still burning in the deep eyes, which did not soften even at sight of his daughter's sweet, anxious face.

"I have come again, dear father," she began, laying her slim white fingers over his work-hardened hand, "to ask you to be friends with us. Why do you refuse? Has not the king been most generous? Did he not spare both our lives, and yours again, when you would have assassinated him, even in his act of mercy? When he wished to marry me, did he not

come to you graciously, offering to give you all honor as his queen's father, if you would only give your word to be loyal to him? If you would accept the king's favor, think of what you could do for your people. With your example and guidance they might become free and loyal and happy subjects, instead of miserable slaves."

The old man sprang to his feet in wrath, sending a shower of golden grain thru the air.

"I will not have my people become his loyal subjects!" he shrieked. "They are my subjects—mine only! You deserted me—you married the king, tho I forbade it. Now go to him while you may. The time is short! The end is near! Does he fancy I cannot avenge my wrongs?"

"Hush!" cried a warning voice, and a workman sprang to the frenzied chief's side, placing a warning hand upon his lips. The daughter recognized in him one of her father's old guardsmen.

"It is nothing," he assured the trembling woman. "He often raves like this. He broods until he is half mad."

But the woman's face was white. "There is some plot," she murmured fearfully, "a plot against the king's life. Oh, my father! surely you would not bring such sorrow upon me!"

Receiving no reply, she sank upon her knees by the old man's side.

"Promise me that you will not kill my husband," she pleaded.

"Promise her that," whispered the guardsman in his ear, "or she will betray us. You only promise not to do the deed yourself."

"I promise not to kill the king, since his life is dearer to you than mine," declared the chief. "Now go!"

Trying to be satisfied with this promise, the daughter went, but her days, from that time, were full of terror and nervous fancies. She was racked with doubts and conflicting emotions.

One day, passing thru a corridor which led to the king's chamber, she



THE CAPTIVES

noticed a curtain before an unused alcove swaying slightly. Her overwrought senses, sensitive to the slightest impression, suggested danger, and creeping softly, she peered behind the curtain.

There stood her father and the guardsman, armed and waiting, so intent upon their dread task that she crept away unnoticed. Fleeing to the king's apartment, she paused outside the door, her mind a tumult of fear and excitement. Should she tell the king? Could she betray her father?

Scenes from her childhood floated thru her distracted brain as she hesitated. She saw her brave, handsome, loving father; her slender, golden-haired mother; their pretty home, now desolate and forsaken. Gradually her feelings calmed, and her mind settled to a fixed purpose.

The king was sleeping when she entered the chamber, and she bent for a moment above his couch, her face illumined with passionate devotion.

"I will save you both," she murmured softly, as she turned away.

A few moments later, wrapped in the king's robe of state, his crown upon her head, his heavy sword in her hand, she passed down the corridor.

There was a quick rush from the alcove, a deep, skilful thrust of a gleaming dagger, the heavy footsteps of the fleeing conspirators echoing thru the corridor, then a long silence.

It was the king himself who found her, lying there, his golden crown upon her shining hair, his purple robe stained with her life-blood, ebbing fast away.

As he lifted her tenderly, the dark eyes opened wide, looking into his with the old, tender light.

"You are saved, my love," she sighed, with her last fluttering breath.

In vain the king sought for the murderer. No trace could be found. But at last an overseer came with a clue.

"The old chief of the Visigoths acts strangely," he said. "He is wilder than ever, to-day, and I heard him say to the workman beside him, 'It



THE TRIAL

was a sad mistake. She gave her life for him. My pretty child!"

The sorrowing king paced the floor, deep in thought; then he turned to the overseer.

"Assemble every member of the royal house, and every slave upon the estate," he commanded. "Let them pass slowly before my throne."

It was evening before the assemblage was complete, and the bright lights of the throne room looked down upon a strange, weird scene.

Seated upon the throne was a silent figure, wearing the king's robe of state, the king's golden crown, the king's own sword. Yet the face beneath the crown was not the king's, but a fair, colorless one, with glassy, staring eyes; and the hair upon which the crown rested fell in shining waves over the purple robe.

Awed and shuddering, the long line passed slowly. Beside the throne the king stood, scanning each passing face, but making no sign.

The end of the line was in sight, when the king bent forward slightly,

with a sharper gleam in his watchful eyes. A tall, white-haired man was approaching, walking steadily, his face untouched by any emotion. As he reached the throne he flashed one defiant glance into the king's steady gaze, and seemed about to pass. Then his deep eyes, as if drawn by some subtle, irresistible force, moved upward, to the face upon the throne.

For a moment he gazed as if fascinated, then with a wild, unearthly cry, fell forward, upon the steps of the throne. There was one long, sobbing moan, a convulsive trembling of the body, and the chief of the Visigoths lay dead before the throne of Austrasia, convicted and executed by its fair, ghastly occupant!



#### THE MODERN IDEA

"This world is but a fleeting show,  
For man's illusion given,"  
But reel and screen have helped you  
know

The hundreds who have thriven.  
—John S. Grey.





# Life at Hull House

Chicago's Melting Pot

(Essanay)

By HAROLD AURELIUS HELTBERG



[It is with pleasure this Motion Picture story is printed, because of its educational features, broad scope and economic value in demonstrating the best methods of converting large numbers of foreign peoples into useful American citizens. — THE EDITOR]

WHO is not interested in Hull House? One of the first settlements established in America, it has now attained such proportions that no less than nine thousand people assemble there each week, either as members of an organization or as parts of an audience. Situated in the very center of Chicago's vice, criminal and poverty-stricken district, surrounded by a large foreign population, the great institution stands forth as a lighthouse in the midst of a troubled sea. Its life-lines are thrown out by such a variety of means that it is almost impossible for any one coming within its radius to fail to receive its help.

Veritable lighthouse keepers are they who dwell within that large building of many angles, unlimited hospitality and broad philanthropy, and direct the workings of its great social industries. Convinced that growth either in buildings or in numbers counts for little unless the settlement is able to evoke and attract to the house valuable resources of moral energy and social ability from the immediate neighborhood, they have left no means untried to accomplish that object. Untiring, unselfish, and unsalaried, except for purely technical services, these college-bred men and women are giving their brains, strength and education for the good of humanity. They may well be termed the regular life-saving crew. Volunteer assistants are the two hundred teachers, visitors, and directors of clubs who visit Hull House each week, giving time, energy and valuable assistance.

Activities are everywhere. Year by year new buildings and new industries have been added, and new organizations formed, exhibits and public lectures given, until the educational advantages of Hull House have become so wide-reaching that it is impossible to travel in any direction without meeting beneficiaries and recognizing its great economic value.

Those who are familiar with Polk and Halstead streets, in Chicago, have no difficulty in picturing to themselves the dark, sordid surroundings, the unsavory odors, the black, rickety frame structures along adjacent streets, the hordes of children, innumerable fruit stalls, and indescribably crowded homes of the foreign population, all within a stone's throw of Hull House. If they have ever been so fortunate as to visit the settlement, and inspect it during its busiest hours, they will recall, first, the large coffee house, where hundreds of people are constantly coming and going. This coffee house was opened in 1893, on the basis of a public kitchen. The object was to meet the needs of women who must spend the day in such steady application to sweatshop work that they can give little attention to the feeding of their families. From this coffee house, for the past fifteen years, every noon, many orders of soup, coffee and hot-meat sandwiches have been carried into neighboring factories. The large patronage of school teachers from adjacent public schools, business men from near-by factories, and various social clubs, in connection with their party refreshments and banquets, have developed



its restaurant features in a manner not thought of originally.

The busiest scene at noon, however, is in the *cafeteria*, where the service is informal. Hundreds of factory employees come in during their limited time, serve themselves with good, wholesome food, at surprisingly low prices, eat amid clean, moral and attractive surroundings, and hurry back to work feeling that the brief interval of conversation and recreation during their lunch time has given them renewed strength for the work of the afternoon. The polished tables, the long rows of tempting pies, crullers, baked beans, and other foods, the shining line of huge coffee, tea and cocoa pots, steaming forth delicious fragrance, is all doubly attractive to those who must spend day after day, and week after week, in the darkness and sordid atmosphere of the neighborhood.

Since January, 1897, the boys' club building has been the center of interest. It is usually the first place to which a party of visitors is conducted.

"We will begin at the top floor and come down," says the resident guide. "Some of the boys in residence are having a late breakfast, and others are getting an early lunch, but I think they will not object to our looking in upon them for a moment."

The boys of the Culver residential club were too courteous to object, but they plainly were not happy to have visitors arrive before they were prepared to receive them. They were clean-faced, bright-eyed boys of sixteen and over, who had small-paying positions—some of them worked nights—and who rented rooms in the club building at small cost. One, a most attractive, energetic Italian, was waiting as a guest until suitable employment could be found for him. The boys were serving themselves with breakfast from the kitchen, and were attending to the various little housewifely duties with quite as much care and regard for neatness as their sisters would have done.

The study and library rooms on the

floor below were practically deserted. The majority of the boys in residence were at work, and it was not yet three o'clock, the hour when the house is opened to outside members. In a club of twelve hundred, where the payment of monthly dues of five cents entitles each member to full privileges, there must be system in order to insure no overcrowding, and to keep all games, classes and recreations harmonious. For this reason the club is opened to grammar school boys from 3.30 to 6 o'clock, and for high school and working boys every evening from 7 to 10 o'clock. The club members themselves guard the preservation and good order of the club, and each one takes a personal interest in its success.

On entering the club, each boy receives a card on which is mentioned the various classes and instructions offered. He selects the three or four subjects that appeal to him, and from these applications the classes are organized.

The carpentry shop and the electrical classes are always well filled. Four afternoons and four nights each week woodworking is taught. Down in the foundry four classes in brass molding and four classes in tinsmithing are conducted weekly. Two evenings a week there is applied electricity; type-setting and typewriting, four nights a week; management of telephone and switchboard, two nights a week; cobbling, two nights a week. From all of these classes the boys enter into good-paying positions. Those to whom the arts and crafts appeal, and who have the time to devote to them, are given opportunity for drawing, stenciling, design, metal-work and basket weaving.

Equally complete and comprehensive is the arrangement of the social clubs; one meeting of each is held weekly. The history, and the parliamentary law, clubs never lack for members. Younger boys enjoy the story club and the older ones the debating society. Then there is the checker club for those who are not fond of more athletic sports, the scrap-book club, and the dancing class,

which needs must meet three times a week in order to accommodate the many of varying ages who belong. Probably the most enjoyable department in the whole building is the "rough-house" room, where young America is not restricted by such words as "don't," "steady, now," and "less noise, boys." A "rough-house" room without noise would be a horrible travesty upon justice. Accordingly, noise is expected. That it should, as far as possible, be a harmonious noise, there was organized, a few years ago, a brass band of sixty pieces, which practices diligently, wears red and blue uniforms, marches about Chicago in great state, and in summer gives open-air concerts in the Hull House court and at the Gad's Hill camp. The latter is a delightful spot up on the lake, where, each year, five hundred boys, who have saved enough money to cover expenses, spend two weeks, at the nominal cost of one dollar a week.

In the tenements and ramshackle dwellings along many of the near-by streets, where whole families of eight and ten persons are herded into one or two dark, unsanitary rooms, the close proximity of a quiet place to study and to get social help in their lessons is an invaluable boon to hundreds of boys who avail themselves of the privileges of the library and study room. Here 1,000 volumes are at their disposal, and the rooms are so far removed from the "rough-house," game room and bowling alley that even the beat of the bass drum and clash of cymbals is unheard.

The girls are not forgotten, by any means. They are to be the future home-makers, and upon them largely depend the health, the morals, in fact, the entire future of the great mass of humanity clustered in that part of Chicago. Not only the rising and the future, but the present generations benefit by what the young girls and the children learn at Hull House.

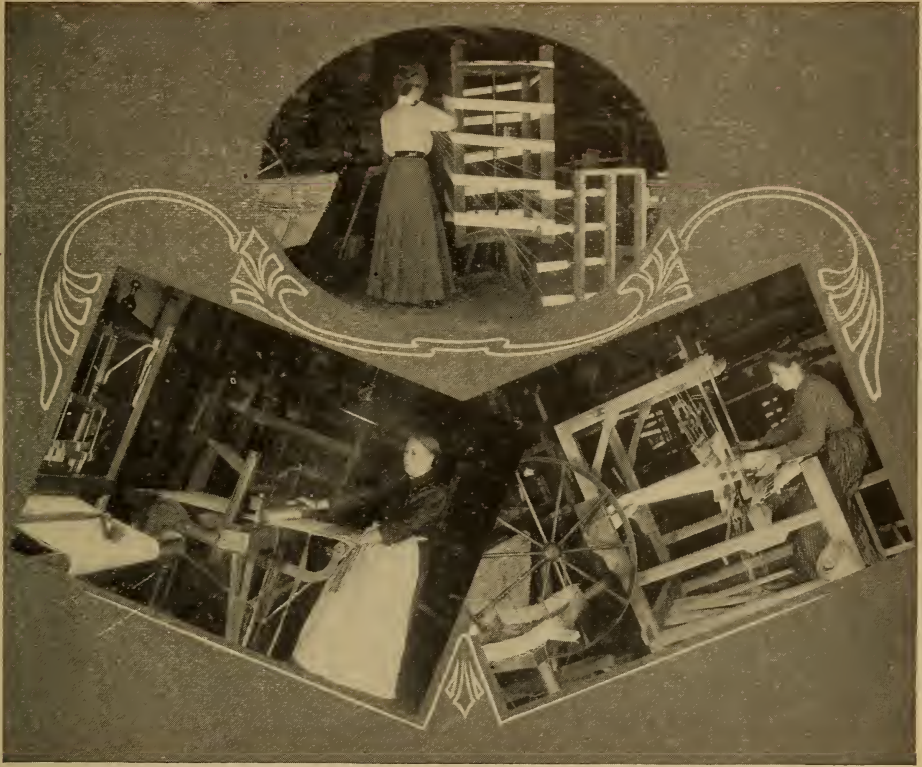
"There are nine of us at my home," said twelve-year-old Lucia, a sweet-faced little Italian girl from Polk

street. "My stepmother has to mind the baby. He's sick all the time. Me and my sister does the cooking."

A visit to the home had revealed cooking conditions quite beyond description, and utensils limited to a frying-pan, tin pail and two knives. At frequent intervals a red or a blue sign, telling of disease, appeared upon the door of the two-room apartment. But that was long ago. Lucia has now learnt to cook. The girls' cooking club of Hull House demonstrated to her the value of cleanliness and the proper preparation of food. Her various working brothers and sisters have been persuaded to contribute proper utensils for cooking and eating. She has learnt the value of scalding and disinfecting, and how to launder clothes. The stepmother and all of the children have benefited by the training of the little girl. The sanitary conditions of their home have been improved by the frequent application of hot water and soap, so that the general health of every one in the building is much better. The children are better clothed, for Lucia's sister belongs to the sewing class. She gravely passes her instruction on to her married sister, her aunt and her stepmother. They, in turn, put the precepts into practice by making and mending the clothing of their respective families.

It is a great pleasure to do laundry work at Hull House, everything is so convenient, the instructress is so pleasant, and there is so much space in which to flap wet garments about and to carry portable tubs and boilers. There are no crying children under foot and no scolding stepmothers or drunken fathers to interrupt the joy which the average little tenement girl finds in "mussing" in suds.

The sewing class is not so exciting, but it has its devotees, for children flock to Hull House as bees about a hive. They feel that they have a share in its ownership, and they look to it for every happiness and advantage that is to come into their poverty-stricken and hard-working lives. The spirit of emulation is a great incen-



AT THE LOOMS

tive. Even a child who does not like work resents the fact that Cousin Maria is learning something which she is not; and Tony, who has determined to enter the machine shop, thinks his "pal" disloyal if he will not come with him and enter that or some other class. So the work goes on, and, like a pebble thrown into a stream, the little eddies from it spread out in ever-increasing circles of good citizenship.

Unto the third and fourth generations are its good works, even now, actively demonstrated. The day nursery and kindergarten include the grandchildren and even great-grandchildren of the women working at looms, or joining in the various women's clubs. It is only necessary to be a child in order to be absolutely sure of admission. Neither illness nor deformity will be a barrier. Provision is made for all. There is the day nursery on Ewing street, where the simple needs of the neighborhood are at-

tended to, and the building near by, which accommodates one hundred children, segregated on different floors so as to avoid the disadvantages of caring for so large a number together. Here come untutored and bewildered mothers, some almost young girls, some strangers in America, having absolutely no knowledge of American housekeeping, but ready and willing to be taught in the laundry, sewing room and domestic science department. To the playroom in this building come the children of school age whose parents do not return from work until long after school hours, and who wish to be assured that their children are off the streets and under proper supervision. The baby dispensary, where the care of children is taught, and sick babies are cared for, is one of the features, and during the summer months a baby hospital on the roof is maintained under the care of two trained nurses.



A PLAY IN THE THEATER

Tuberculous children are in an open-air school up on the roof of the Smith building. Children in their own homes, chronically ill, or too crippled to attend school, are visited regularly by teachers, who give them individual instruction in such arts and manual training as they may be adapted for. In addition to these branches there is the regular kindergarten and the various playgrounds.

Crossing the quadrangle, one is suddenly in the midst of the children playing there. Happy and safe are they. No danger of passing automobiles, no harmful associations around them, no decaying fruit to tempt their appetites, no foul odors to imperil their health. A playground that is better than a city playground, for it has the homely atmosphere of one's own back dooryard. So the children regard it with an affection far beyond that of the city playgrounds.

Little Jackie always walks home with "Grandma" when she finishes her work at the loom. The looms are in

the labor museum, and nowhere in the whole building is there a more interesting exhibit. Those in charge of the museum, who have watched its growth in usefulness and the development of its resources, are always enthusiastic in setting forth its various interests. It has bridged past life in Europe with American experience, and gives to each a sense of relation.

Long ago it was discovered that many of the neighborhood people came directly from southeastern Europe, where industrial processes are still carried on by the most primitive methods. As one woman teacher expressed it, "it was not unusual to find an old Italian woman holding a distaff and spinning with the simple, stick spindle, which had certainly been used when David tended his sheep in Bethlehem." Four primitive methods of spinning were discovered, and at least three different variations of the same spindle put into connection with wheels. These seven methods were

arranged with regard to historic sequence, and the whole connected with the modern method of factory spinning. The same thing was done for weaving, and now, in one room, the Syrian, Greek, Italian, Slav, German and Celt can see that there is no break in the orderly development, if he looks at history from the industrial standpoint.

Here at the looms, where the weaving of rugs, towels, blankets and drapery has become a steady source of revenue, elderly women spend hours of tranquil happiness. Thru the philanthropic department of the Chicago Woman's Club a number of blind people were taught weaving in the Hull House shops, and worked there for varying periods.

To the neighborhood men and women the opportunities afforded by Hull House have been invaluable. Nowhere else is every one so sure of welcome. It is not youth alone that values the gymnasium. Grateful indeed are those whose daily bread depends upon their earnings as vaudeville, circus and acrobatic perform-

ers. If out of work, they must keep in practice, or all hope of future earnings is out of the question. The visiting party, going thru Hull House unexpectedly, should not be surprised to find the gymnasium, at certain hours, occupied by a team or trio of acrobats, working as seriously to perfect themselves in some intricate feat as members of the boys' club are in solving the mysteries of electricity.

"They have nowhere else to practice," whispers the guide. "They are young people who are very hard-working, and who have families to support. It means a great deal to them that they are allowed to practice here occasionally, when the gymnasium is not otherwise in use."

There is little time, however, when it is not in use, for there are men's classes, classes for women and girls, and boys' classes, to be instructed several times a week, with opportunity for games and dancing at frequent intervals.

There are organizations for every nationality. The Greek Educational Association numbers 625 members,



THE MACHINE SHOP



PLAYING IN THE QUADRANGLE

and it has a cadet corps, a fife and drum corps, a Greek library, and a social club for women. Italians, Russians, and other nationalities are equally well provided for.

It has always been the aim of Hull House to give to the young people, living amid temptations of vice in the crowded quarters of the city, social amusement, and opportunities for healthful recreation under proper supervision and in good environment. The theory has been proved to their satisfaction that the love for recreative amusement is stronger than that for vicious pleasure, and vice is considered merely a love of pleasure "gone wrong." Recreative amusement, if properly indulged, may become an instrument in the advance of a higher social morality. Since the majority of the people who frequent Hull House come from countries where public recreation is a feature of village and country life, every effort has been made to provide wholesome amusements in which all may join.

No opportunity is lost to elevate and uplift the masses by means of instructive talks, lectures, and other forms of social intercourse. Luncheons are given to distinguished guests of all nationalities, and illustrated lectures, concerts and public receptions occur at frequent intervals. The large theater is usually the scene of

these gatherings, and its renown in the foreign quarter is great. It might be twice as large, and still not have room for the many who throng its doors at each performance.

Music and drama have full sway, for there are souls of poets and artists shut up in the cheerless dwellings of the poor—embryo sculptors, children of genius, and musical prodigies, whose marvelous, God-given talents would never be known to the world were it not for Hull House. Here the child with a passion for music is given a violin and taught to pour forth his soul in melody. The little girl with the sweet voice, and she of the nimble fingers and gift of composition, are encouraged to do their best, under the best instructors. The scientific little Russian, the artistic Greek, the musical Italian, all have their opportunity for expression and development.

Concert programs, such as many a fashionable audience would pay well to hear, are often given in that popular theater of the Chicago slums, and the audience is not lacking in appreciation. It is not ragtime, nor topical music that rivets their attention as the youthful musicians play, but selections from the compositions of Grieg, Schumann, Von Weber, Tschaikowski and Moskowski.

The music school at Hull House occupies a suite of six rooms, with win-



dows opening over the quadrangle, so that they are comparatively quiet. Chorus work is one of the principal features of all the organizations, and the occasional cantatas and Christmas carol singing are so beautiful that it is a matter of regret that the world at large may not come to Hull House to enjoy it.

"But the play—the play's the thing!"

Plays at Hull House are those which, once seen, will never be forgotten. There are Greek plays, Italian plays, Russian plays, Lettish plays, Yiddish plays, and last, but not least, children's plays. The men's club, the women's club and the boys' club each has a dramatic association. Each has its own really good talent, and each presents some very good plays during the season. The educational advantages of these plays have been made much of, with the result that the popular demand is for good, clean, wholesome plays.

The little children are at their best in the theater. They have ability, and it is developed under proper direction. If it were not, it would most certainly be developed in the wrong direction, and under conditions most appalling. Several years ago a visitor heard fragments of a conversation from a group of children in the vicinity. A blue-eyed, curly-haired sprite of a girl, so fragile and infantile in appearance that one was surprised that she could talk or sing at all, was

the center of admiration because, as the children excitedly exclaimed, "she was throwed five dollars over at a Madison street theater on amateur night."

"Amateur night? What is that?" inquired the stranger.

"Oh," was the reply, "that's the night when anybody can perform. If they like some one, the people throw money. If they don't, they make 'em go off."

"And what did you do, dear, at the theater?" the little girl was asked.

"I thung," lisped the child.

"Oh, she sings beautiful!" cried the chorus of admiring children.

"You darling baby! What can you sing?" exclaimed the astonished visitor.

"I thung 'Thool Dath,' " lisped the little one.

Then, urged by her small audience, she bobbed a courtesy, demurely folded her tiny hands, and lisped two verses and the chorus of the popular song, "School Days."

"It is a shame!" cried the visitor. "You should have been safely tucked in your little bed at home, hearing your mother sing to you. Who ever took you to the theater?"

"Oh, she likes to go," volunteered an older child. "Her mother takes her. She needs the money. We all of us go, if we can, on amateur nights. But you don't get money throwed you unless you're good; but Lily here, she's so little they like her, and al-



A COMEDY AT THE THEATER

ways throw her lots of money. That's why her mother takes her."

These were the songs the children sang in the Christian city of Chicago in the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and eight!

At Hull House it is different. No pernicious atmosphere, no coarse, rough language, no forming of habits which in after years may prove ruinous to the child. Precept upon pre-

cept into the Earth." Great time and care were spent upon the production of the marvelous people and creatures whom the children meet in their journeyings. The play is varied by many songs, and is one of a series.

Those who have spent longest time in training the children, and have had years of experience in settlement work, agree that training in dramatics has a high educational value, especial-



LEARNING A NEW PROCESS

cept, and instruction after instruction. Every little childish play has its meaning. The plays are in the nature of a school exhibition, and are in no sense a violation of the child labor law. One of the most entertaining plays which the children give is the story of "What Happened to the Children of Hamlin Town after the Pied Piper enticed them to follow him

ly in the use of the English language. The junior dramatic associations receive excellent training in speech and manners, and have accomplished their greatest success in Shakespearean plays.

So there come to this great modern institution all kinds and conditions of people. They are not asked to give up their own ideas, customs and re-

ligions. They are not reproved nor preached to, but they are made welcome. Their spiritual condition improves as their physical and moral nature is strengthened and developed. They move away, ultimately, to better and more attractive surroundings, and each generation climbs a rung

higher than the last. No wonder that the thousands of people who have enjoyed the privileges and uplifting benefits of Hull House during the last twenty years look back upon the dark, formidable exterior of the great building, and, with tears in their eyes, pronounce it blessed.



MAKING POTTERY



## The Photoplay

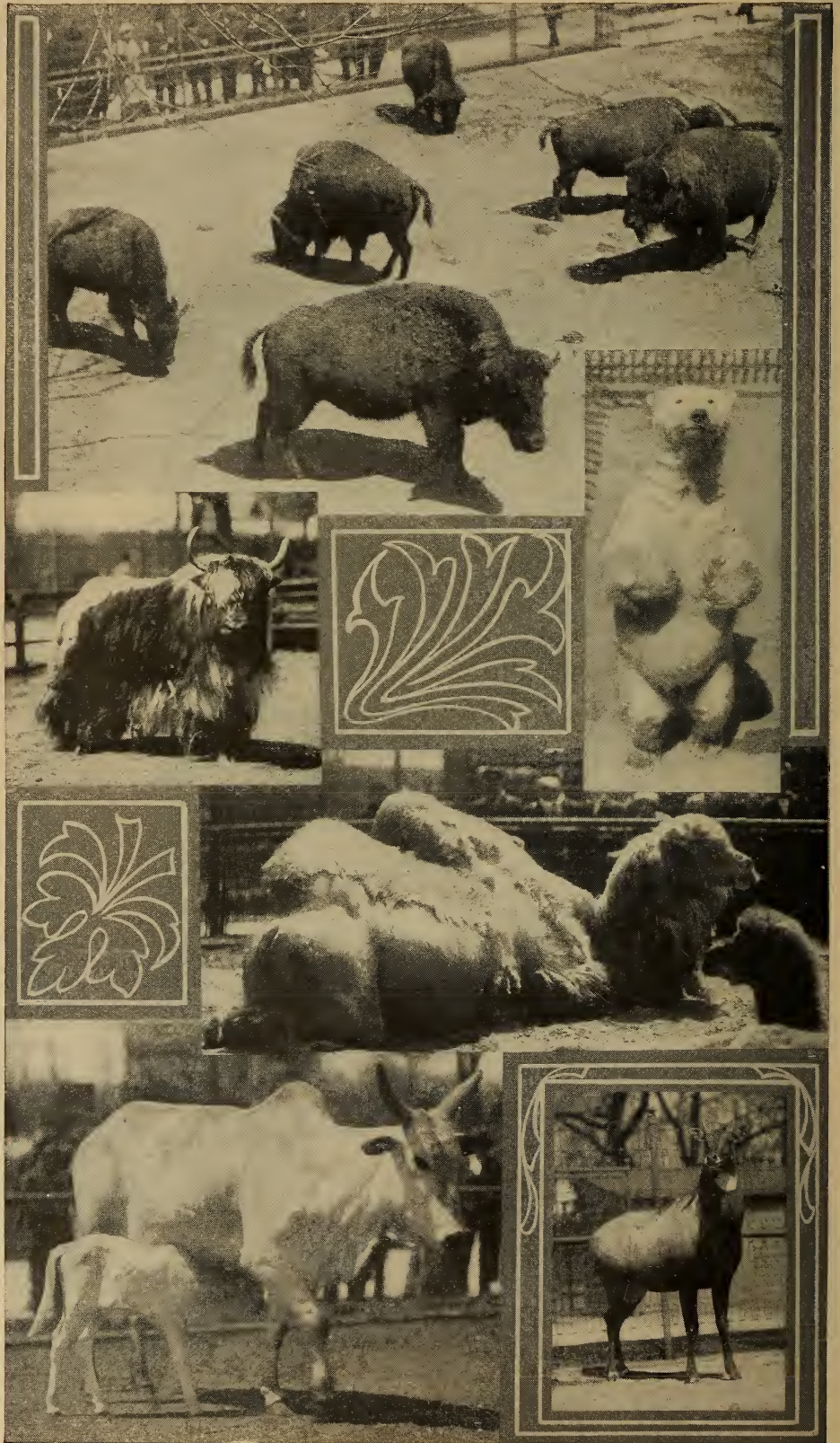
By JULIA SCOTT NUTTING

THESE are clear and wholesome indications that we shall not have long to wait for a full appreciation of the Photoplay, for even now the average habitué of the theater is bringing a comprehensive estimate of the *Silent Instruction Book*, or, as it might be termed, the Mental Correspondence Course, to bear upon the merit or demerit of the subject.

Pictures lofty in sentiment, strong in calm simplicity, suggestive of something more than ephemeral passion or prejudice, are depicted for us in Photoplay. Then, there are nocturnes, symphonies of evening—twilight—their radiant skies blazing with starry

hosts; or perhaps the cool dawn of morning's tones, with possibly a reminder of the past in a view glowing with color from former local atmosphere and experience. To me, the dip of the oars, intensified by the distant reflection of a lantern, a light escaping from a window, is alluring in its definite purpose of tenderness of sound and color.

The true lover of the drama, from its broad, humoristic standpoint, the true lover of pictures for what they stand for as expressions and exponents of Nature, will be glad that the Motion Picture is here to stay—to teach us to *see* and to *feel*.





# Wild Animals in Captivity

(Essanay)

By PETER WADE



KITTY and I had lived in Chicago three months, snuggled way on the third floor of a "double decker," and were, as yet, entire strangers to the city. She was a timid mouse, and too busy in our tiny quarters to venture out in the roar of the town, while I was up early and home late, chasing the elusive silver disk.

In warm nights we would sit in the little parlor window, and, as I smoked, we listened to the ceaseless night sounds from the street. In this way we became known to Jim Kiernan, our neighbor above us.

I was smoking as usual, one night, Kitty by my side, when a sharp knock at our door threw us into a mild panic. With visions of evil, I unlocked the door, to find a smiling, burly man, with an empty pipe in his hand, standing on our threshold.

"Neighbor," he said heartily, "my name is Kiernan, and for several nights I have smelt your good tobacco from my window."

With this mild introduction we invited him in, and with a filled pipe he continued:

"You see, I have been working my cheek up for some time to butt in on you, but altho I can get along with dumb beasts, I'm pretty scary with my kind."

Kitty, smiling her sympathy, seemed to knock the last brakes off his reserve.

"Down in the lion house, where I'm boss," he resumed, between contented puffs, "when a big cat hands me his paw he's friendly clean thru, but a human hand-shaker generally steers a man crooked.

"Which reminds me," he continued, "that Sunday morning I have the dainty little job of manieuring 'Prince's' claws. Have you been

down to Lincoln Park yet? No? Well, come down with me and see a little of our housekeeping. 'Sultan,' the elephant, is 'must' and cranky, but we'll bathe 'Dutchess,' his mate, and brush the hippo's teeth."

Sunday morning, at the stroke of six, found us trolleyward to Lincoln Park. Kiernan told us that his charges had already had a light breakfast of half a steer, but that "Prince Roland" was being dieted for his claw-clipping.

"Let's look in at the bird house," he said, as we entered. "They are a very big and mixed family, that talk like Babel builders."

We stood in front of the lofty cage and watched the riot of flying, swimming, preening and hopping color.

"There is a little bit of philosophy here," Kiernan remarked quietly, "if you study the orniths. Watch that big clown pelican, balancing for a plunge. He thinks himself a high diver in a circus act. See how gently he flops into the tank, and looks around for applause from the tree birds. Doesn't he remind you of some one you know?"

Kitty was absorbed by the profound melancholy of the spindle-legged secretary bird. "Tell me," she said, turning to Kiernan, "do these birds, who seem to be perpetually quarreling, or else self-centered, ever do an unselfish thing?"

Kiernan peered sharply into the tree-tops and pointed out a queer-looking, quiet bird, with a long, red bill.

"Do you see that male hornbill up there?" he questioned. "Well, he is just one big monument of self-sacrifice. When his mate enters her nest to lay and hatch her eggs, he builds

a plaster cell around her, leaving only a narrow slit for her bill. For the space of three months he constantly watches over her, feeding her thru the aperture. Sometimes he will not leave the tree for days at a time."

"But," said Kitty, smiling, "what does he feed her with, then?"

"Ah!" Kiernan said. "I expected that. And here is where the sacrifice comes in. The hornbill has the curious ability to secrete food in its stomach and to give it up again on demand. This he is constantly doing, and while the prisoner waxes fat in her cosy room, he becomes as lean as a match-stick, and often dies from exposure and starvation."

"It is more than unselfishness," Kitty murmured. "It is away beyond us in domestic science."

As we turned away, the unblended noises of twittering, piping, craking and quooking seemed to chorus assent.

On our way to the lion house we stopped at a little enclosure, and saw a dilapidated camel and her calf sunning in the open.

"What ails her?" queried Kitty. "She looks for all the world like a moth-eaten fur rug."

"They're doing their annual shed," said Kiernan, "and kind-hearted people ask us why we don't do something for them. If you come here in about two weeks, you'll see them in their new outfits. No," he anticipated, "the baby doesn't shed this year."

A heavy, damp odor of musk wafted to us down the path.

"Ye desecrated cologne factories," said Kitty, holding her mite of a nose.

Kiernan laughed. "It's hard to tell where it comes from," he said, "but on this breeze it's probably from the oxen. Lord bless you! We get all varieties of it here. Musk cats, musk rats, musk deer, musk ducks, musk bugs—why, it's even among the reptiles and fishes."

We made our way into the massive lion house, and Kiernan turned serious again.

"You'll excuse me," he said, turning to Kitty, "but my little manicuring job is on."

He walked briskly ahead, and we followed, past the long rows of dens, each with its shrinking or striding form.

Kiernan stopped in front of "Prince Roland's" den, where three keepers were waiting for him. Two of them were armed with heavy straps, noosed at the end, one with a long soft-wood pole. The "Prince" himself paced his barred den fretfully, treading on tender feet.

Kiernan walked up to the bars and held thru a calm hand, which the lion nozzled lovingly. His men deftly slipped the straps above the beast's front paws and held them firmly down close to the bars. Then nodding to the pole man to stand by, he pulled out a heavy instrument like a pruning shears, and clipped a claw.

The lion house seemed filled with unholy rage. "Prince Roland" roared, while whines, groans and answering roars came from surrounding dens. A second claw dropped mercilessly off, and the beast, demented with rage, gnashed at the bars with a creaming mouth. The pole man thrust in his pole, and the animal gripped it with longing teeth. And so the process went on—a clipped claw, a roar, and a tussle with the splintered pole.

Kiernan turned to us, while the beast licked his manhandled paws.

"You see," he said, trembling slightly, "it's this way with all the cat family. When they're cooped up, their claws grow longer than nature intended, and, unless they're clipped, curl up into the pad of the foot. It hurts to see them clipped, but it's worse to see them worry and starve when they're lame."

"Oh! Mr. Kiernan," Kitty said impulsively, "I never knew keepers had any feeling before. That is," she stammered, "I thought——"

"I know we're a hard lot, from Noah up," interposed Kiernan, "but you should see old De Vry, our super, pottering around after us with oil and bandages. He's a regular surgeon and field nurse and charity sister to the animals."



TIGERS AT PLAY

“Before we go home,” said Kitty wistfully, “I would so like to see an ant-eater.”

“Sorry to be unaccommodating,” Kiernan replied, “but they don’t seem to thrive here. We’re always taking one on or carting him off feet up.”

“It sounds funny,” laughed Kitty, “but it’s been my childhood’s dream to see one eat.”

“Eat? Why, they eat like other animals.”

“But,” persisted Kitty, “I wanted so to see one eating ants and insects.”

“Another dream shattered,” said Kiernan, grinning broadly. “All we’ve ever had turned up a long nose at any kind of insects, and mostly died eating peaches and cream. That’s a solemn fact,” he added, as he saw our doubting looks.

As Kitty and I passed the buffalo pen, we turned and saw him grinning still, and waving a friendly hand. But we never showed by word or sign that we thought him an arrant liar, until when, in later days, he became our constant chum.



## The Moving Picture Show

By D. J. GEORGE

When my daily toil is over, and I’m feeling kind o’ blue;  
When I get so awful tired, and I don’t know what to do;  
When familiar places bore me, and I don’t know where to go;  
It is then I seek for comfort in the Moving Picture Show.

I used to study history in the good old-fashioned way,  
And tried to study chemistry because they said ’twould pay;  
I thought I knew my Shakespeare well, but now I know I’m slow;  
I’ve learnt a great deal more since then, ’tending the picture show.

You talk about your teaching, there’s none that can compare—  
It’s education well absorbed—that you are getting there.  
No matter how the censors talk, no matter how they blow,  
I get the best of learning at the Moving Picture Show.



BREST, THE PORT OF THE NORTH OF FRANCE

CINTRA, PORTUGAL

VIENNA

THE CASTLE OF SZIGETVAR

SHAFFHAUSEN AND THE FALLS ON THE RHINE

PICTURESQUE LISBON

YARASCON ON THE RHINE

# SCENES from FOREIGN CITIES (GAUMONT)



# The School of the Moving Pictures

By DOROTHY DONNELL

THESE are Moving Picture theaters everywhere. In the backwoods of Maine and the mining camps of California, on the lonely plains, and blazing in white-and-gold bravery in city streets, they seem to spring up overnight, and, magnet-like, they attract the children—the ragged and well-dressed. All who possess a nickel may be co-sharers in the wonders of the Moving Picture show. They swarm thru the doors, pulling impatiently at grown-up skirts, and settle in their seats in breathless anticipation. The shutter clicks, the lights go down, and, presto! the miracle is performed!

Soldiers march by in all the bravery of saber and uniform; pretty peasant girls dance folk dances on the village green; picturesque fishermen haul in their silver-laden nets; the waves roll in the sunlight; carriages pass thru crowded city streets, and little boy hearts throb quickly as the battle wages fiercely on the shifting screen, in clouds of white smoke. Little girl eyes sparkle as they watch a troop of fairies romping in dim blue moonlight in a secret forest way.

The Moving Pictures are story books to the children, full of new ideas and knowledge. What are they learning from them? Let us see. It has been claimed that the Motion Pictures are somewhat responsible for juvenile wrongdoing; that by the suggestion of pictured crime they incite theft, arson and truancy. However true that may have been in the early days of the Photoplays, it is assuredly not true since the establishment of the national board of censorship. This unprejudiced organization examines every film, and passes judgment on it before it is allowed to be shown. No

picture injurious to the morals of young people is approved. But Motion Pictures are not merely harmless amusements. They offer wonderful chances for education and instruction.

History, thrown upon the screen, becomes alive and full of keen interest to the child who ordinarily dreads to open his history book. Dull word accounts of great battles do not make the lasting impression on the mind that is produced by a picture of the same battle, with foam-flecked horses, cannons, and whirling troops of cavalry.

The other day I saw a splendid production of "The Fall of Troy," in which two thousand actors took part, dressed in complete armor. Every detail of that ancient life was accurate, and the old story of the tragic love of Trojan Paris for the beautiful Greek Helen was told with historic exactness; but how much more vividly than any history could tell it! There before our very eyes was Helen herself, whose name "was a glory and a shame"; there was Menelaus, her husband, a stern and fierce avenger; and there was the slender, love-stricken Prince of Troy. Chariots rattled by; Grecian ships of war, with painted sails and carved figureheads, put out to sea. The great walls of Troy were stormed with scaling ladders and moving towers, while crossbowmen defended them from the ramparts. By moonlight the Grecians, hidden within the great wooden horse, climbed out, and with torches, flaming yellow, fired the city. A last glimpse showed the doomed lovers looking thru the marble pillars of the palace at the red destruction whirling over the city; then the picture flashes out, but the story of Troy's fall is fruited

in a hundred young minds, never to be forgotten.

Joan of Arc lives before us in her maiden visions, with the white armor of her battles, and her martyrdom. Beatrice Cenci's sad eyes gaze from the screen. The fierce judgment day of the French Revolution stirs our hearts, with wild mobs screaming in tricolor and tatters, gutters a-wash with spilled wine and the blood of aristocrats. Then we see proud Marie Antoinette lashed in the rude tumbrel, rattling gallowward; and women knitting, impassive-eyed, at the foot of the guillotine. It is all history, but it is a vital, breathing history, that clamors in our memories. No books can teach it so accurately or so well.

Then, too, Motion Pictures teach geography. There is no part of the world that may not be visited in this way. The Pathé Frères, in France, make some of the finest Photoplays, and we may be sure of their local color. The rugged Breton coast is here, peasants' cottages in the poppy-dotted Normandy fields, and Paris awirl with fevered life. In Switzerland, the peasant players of Oberammergau move to and fro in their quaint mountain-shadowed village streets. African game trails lead thru thorny thickets, bamboo villages and strange, wild vegetation. In Japan, the water-flooded rice fields pass before us. In Italy, the winemakers gather the juicy grapes. It is but a click of the shutter from sun-scorched Mexico to Norway's chilly furs. We may travel around the world, and view the varied wonders for ten cents—surely a cheap tour, with all the discomforts of travel eliminated.

Harassed teachers of English literature know how difficult it is to awaken an appreciation of the classics in minds that seem on the defensive. But translate a great novel or poem into the living wonder of a Photoplay, and immediately the children are stirred. After a class has watched Silas Marner actually counting his pitiful gold, or *Ivanhoe* in the lists, fighting for his lady's honor, further

study of the books themselves is easy to enforce.

In addition to the story-telling pictures, large numbers of purely educational films are now being produced. These show mills in action, turning out familiar articles; and some portray rubber gathering in South America, elephants in harness, in India, moving lumber and carrying huge burdens. The Panama Canal is displayed, with its giant shovels and dredges. One enterprising firm has actually photoplayed a series of medical pictures showing the action of disease germs in the body.

But of more importance than the mere information that may be gained from these Motion Pictures is the quickening of the perception, the added power of grasping essential facts that is gained from close watching of the screens. Every smallest motion in the pictures has a meaning, every action a purpose, and the wide-eyed child soon learns to watch and recognize the unraveling of the plot. Indeed, some children become so sharp of vision that they are able to read the lips of the characters in the pictures.

There is literally no limit to the educational possibilities of these Moving Pictures. They teach painlessly, without the knowledge of the pupil, but they reach him directly thru his sense of vision, and not thru the spiritless symbols of written words. In a few years, reading, writing and arithmetic may be added to the Motion Picture curriculum, and the schoolhouses may almost close their doors.

Everywhere the white-and-gold exteriors of the Motion Picture theaters unite the children. They hurry, ragged-shoed and out-at-knee, with their playmates with starched waists, from the schools, tugging at grown-up hands, scuffling into their places with eager feet. The shutter clicks, out go the lights, and, presto! the miracle begins!

“The enemy of Art is the enemy of Nature.”—*Lavater*.

(Edison)

# The Test of Friendship

By Marie Coolidge Rask

FROM the day the Logan family moved into one of the neat frame houses in Homestead Place, Cecelia had been a favorite in the neighborhood. She was a pretty girl, sweet and winsome enough to win any man's heart and worthy of all the sacrifice and devotion a lover might bestow. Friendship with Cecelia Logan invariably brought out the highest and noblest characteristics in the natures of her admirers, but Cecelia never knew that she was the inspiration. Good and true herself, she looked for goodness in the lives of others and they never disappointed her.

Her father, stalwart, rather rough spoken, was himself the soul of honor. He was proud of the way he had clambered upward thru life, surmounting all obstacles until he now wrote his name, Francis Logan, Contractor and Builder. He had educated Cecelia at the Convent school near by, and he had bought the neat home over which, since her mother's death, Cecelia presided, looking after him and her little sister, Elizabeth, in a manner Francis Logan loved to talk about.

"Cecelia's mother named her for the Saint wit' the roses and music," he used to say, "and ever since then she has been making life a pathway of roses and music for others."

Cecelia was the cause of a heartache at last, however, tho the poor child never realized just how serious it was; and, in the light of the wonderful heroism which tested friendship and proved love by noblest self-sacrifice, the heartache of the one who suffered was almost forgotten.

All the young people of the parish enjoyed the hospitality of the Logan

home. Sometimes the debating society met there. Occasionally there was a euchre; but whatever the event, Tom Lawrence and Jimmie Curran were sure to be present. There was no question in the minds of others that both were very much in love with Cecelia, tho neither Tom nor Jimmie had ever been heard to mention the subject.

Before the house at Homestead Place had been bought, Tom had lived next door to Cecelia for years. He had learned his trade under her father's guidance, and Francis Logan now considered Lawrence his right hand man. No one understood better than Tom the intricacies of the work on the great, steel-structured sky-scrapers of which Contractor Logan made a specialty.

But Jimmie was skillful, too, and equally popular. He and Tom had been chums ever since they attended night school together. Tom was rather inclined to be studious and thoughtful, but Jimmie always had words and laughter enough for both. Jim's speeches at the meetings of his union were always hailed with delight. If any man was hurt or laid off, it was always Jimmie Curran who was deputized to carry the substantial messages of sympathy and encouragement to the unfortunate one. But he always made Tom go with him. Each felt helpless without the other, and the noisy cheerfulness of Jimmie was balanced and kept in check by the steadiness and caution of his "pal."

Until the day of the Brotherhood picnic, it had never occurred to either of the young workmen that they were rivals for the affection of Cecelia. They had all returned together on the

boat that day, Jimmie unusually witty, and Tom so generous that he could not find opportunities enough to spend money for Cecelia's entertainment.

"Let's have a soda," he suddenly suggested as they waited for the Home-stead car. "Come on, Cecelia, what'll you have—strawberry?" "Are you coming, Jimmie?" he added, as he and Cecelia turned their steps toward Sullivan's Ice Cream Parlor.

As he spoke, Tom felt that in his heart he actually hoped Jimmie wouldn't come. Instantly ashamed of his own selfishness and disloyalty, his face flushed; and, for a brief second, he felt that the others must surely have read his thoughts. Then Jimmie spoke.

"Sure thing!" he exclaimed. "Why didn't you mention it sooner. I knew there was something I wanted," and Tom was reassured.

It was not surprising that Tom could not keep his eyes from gazing admiringly at Cecelia. She was unusually attractive that day. The blue-black, Irish eyes were dancing with happiness. Her brown hair had such fascinating little curls and ripples, and the clear beauty of her complexion was enhanced by the flush of youth and health. Jimmie, too, appreciated her charms, and every time Tom turned suddenly toward Cecelia, he felt just a trifle annoyed to see Jimmie glance quickly away. He did not know that Jimmie was equally annoyed and that Jimmie was wondering to himself why Tom's presence should make him unhappy. Cecelia was too happy to notice anything. Jimmie was witty and she loved to laugh. Tom was generous and the soda and bonbons at Sullivan's were delicious.

"Isn't it lovely," she sighed, as she stirred the cream up from the bottom of her glass.

"Out of sight," assented Tom, beaming upon the girl with frank admiration.

Something seemed to rise up in Jimmie's throat and choke back the laughing words that had been on his lips. He glanced out the window.

"Car's coming!" he exclaimed, rising

hastily and rushing forth to signal it, as the others followed more slowly.

Next day, when the great building, which Logan had contracted to have finished by the end of the month, was teeming with industry and resounding with the clash of steel and the steady pulsations of the engines, which supplied the power for lifting the massive girders into place, there was no time to think of the events of the picnic. All the men liked to work for Francis Logan, and each felt a personal responsibility in getting the work thru on time. All day long they climbed and hauled and crept about on the ribs of that huge, black monster, whose skeleton frame crossbarred the sky like a prison window. To those working far below the silhouettes of the men at the top appeared like mere pygmies outlined against the blue sky. Only those of daring nerve and brawny arm dared take the risk of venturing far up and out on those perilous heights. But the day's labor was over at last, without mishap; and Tom and Jim, who had been separated for the greater part of the day, sorted out their dinner pails and coats from those stored in the foreman's shanty, filled their pipes, and started toward home.

"It's a pretty good piece of work," observed Tom, reflectively, as he glanced back with pride at the grim outlines of the building which owed its height and strength largely to his keen oversight and direction.

"You're right there," echoed Jimmie, never known to think differently from Tom. "And I've never worked with a finer bunch of boys than we've got this time."

Tom puffed steadily at his pipe for a moment. "Yes, they're all right," he remarked, "but some of those drivers are hauling too big loads. There's a couple of them I've been keeping my eye on for a day or so. They haven't sense enough to have the care of a team of horses." Tom loved horses.

"Of course it's none of my business," he continued, between long pulls at his pipe. "I'm not a member of the humane society, and truck drivin's not in my line; but when I see men or

beasts doing all their mortal strength'll let 'em, and inhuman bosses and drivers cursing and beating them because they don't do more, it makes me sore. I told that dago, Pete, if I caught him beating his horses again the way he was to-day when I was up on the building and couldn't get at him, I'd come down, if necessary, and give him a taste of the same kind of medicine—and I meant what I said, too."

There was no need for such assurance. Tom's square jaw, clear, steady eyes and determined voice, never caused a doubt in anyone's mind that he meant what he said. Jimmie knew it, and often feared, for Tom's sake.

"A man must have some enemies," he was wont to say, "if he's any kind of a man at all. Show me the man without enemies and I'll show you a man without sand, who never did anything worth while in his life."

Tom never did anything that was not worth while, and therefore Jimmie watched over him with all the solicitude of a mother, lest harm should

overtake him at the hands of some unknown enemy.

"Oh, let Pete alone, Tom," he advised. "I've spoken to him often enough, myself. There's no good in him, and you can't make him any different from what he is. He oughtn't to have the job, that's a fact. I was going to speak to his boss a week ago but someone told me he had a sick wife and half a dozen children depending on his wages. If he abuses them the way he does his horses they're to be pitied; that's all I've got to say."

"Well, I've not said all I'm going to," replied Tom, in a tone that boded ill for Pete, should he repeat his brutal conduct.

"By the way, Tom," said Jimmie, changing the subject, "if you're chairman of the committee of arrangements for that Benefit for Keenan's widow it's time you got busy. What kind of a program are we going to have?"

Tom removed his pipe and looked at his companion in dismay.

"Program—program—" he repeated.



JIMMIE COULD NOT CONCEAL HIS DISAPPOINTMENT

"As true as I stand here, Jimmie, I clean forgot all about it. I sent the boys to rent the hall, and Schultz's orchestra's going to play for the dance, gratis. I talked with Schultz myself but I've never thought of the program since." By way of emphasis Tom's great hand came down on Jim's shoulder with a force that made even that young Hercules start.

"Look out!" he roared, good humorously. "What're you trying to do? I might make a speech there myself, on the high cost of living and the starvation wages those poor duffers have been getting that are out on strike in Chicago, if you don't knock all the breath out of me before the affair comes off. Why not ask Cecelia to help? She'd sing, you know. I believe she'd map out a whole program for us in short order."

"Of course she would. I ought to have thought of that before." Tom was beginning to brighten. The Benefit for Keenan's widow was one in which they had all felt deep interest, but the picnic and their own individual affairs of the heart had temporarily placed it in the background. The two workmen were now directly in front of Tom's home. Jimmie lived further down the street.

"Perhaps I'd better drop in after supper and talk it over with Cecelia," suggested Jimmie. "Time's getting rather short, you know, if we're to have the programs printed."

Alarmed at his own oversight in the matter of making the benefit a success, Tom assented quickly.

"Yes, I wish you would," he said, as he turned to enter the house. "Tell her I'm chairman and I'll appoint her to take charge of anything she wants. Some of the girls might make up a reception committee. Tell her I'd have come over myself but Peterson said he was coming up this evening with some insurance papers that he wanted me to look over with him. He'd get a grouch on for sure, if I wasn't here." Tom was entering the door now, but turned to call once more after the rapidly retreating messenger. "Tell her to fix up something good, for the

boys have sold lots of tickets and we want the folks to get their money's worth."

In a surprisingly short time a very clean, immaculate James, in a new suit of clothes, with a purple necktie and dark green cloth hat, very different from the blackened workman with the dinner pail who had shouted a lusty "all right" to Tom's last admonition, presented himself at the Logan home. He had been very fearful that Cecelia would not be there, but he was not disappointed. She admitted him, herself, and took especial pains to call his attention to little Elizabeth, smiling thru a generous coat of tan and freckles, who had just returned from a visit to the country. To Jimmie it was like being one of the family. He had so long dwelt in a boarding house that the cosy home life at the Logan's always appealed to him doubly. Of course Cecelia was willing to help make the benefit a success. She took a remarkable degree of interest and wrote names and made suggestions that Jimmie knew would delight his friend who always felt responsibilities far more seriously than Jimmie thought was at all necessary.

Even while the forgotten program was being brought to perfection, Tom was worrying very much because of his carelessness in not thinking of it earlier. Suppose Cecelia wouldn't want to undertake the task. Suppose Jimmie should forget to go over to ask her. Suppose he had not forgotten to go, and they were talking of other things than the program! Tom paced up and down the room, watching the clock with interest, for it was very evident now that Peterson was not going to come with those insurance papers, after all.

"It's not late," thought Tom. "I'll just run up and see Cecelia myself. It won't matter if Jim is there."

That was why Cecelia had to go a second time to answer the bell. That was how it happened that Jimmie, left to be entertained by Elizabeth for a few minutes, glancing up suddenly, could not believe his eyes when he looked into the mirror opposite.

Cecelia! *His* Cecelia—for he had been thinking of her almost unconsciously as his for some time now—with her arms around Tom's neck, laughing and blushing, and Tom looking tenderly down upon her.

It was the bitterest moment in Jimmie Curran's life. He seemed suddenly to have grown old. The happy light in those merry blue eyes died away in an instant.

"You're not listening to what I'm telling you," chided Elizabeth. Then Cecelia entered with Tom, laughingly explaining how Peterson hadn't come, and that he had been so worried about the program. Jimmie, usually ready for any occasion, was not equal to this. He was not accustomed to sorrow and disappointment. He wanted to get away—anywhere—to be alone. His ready wit soon found an excuse, however, and he lied glibly, tho with a sinking heart.

"I'm glad you've come, Tom. Cecelia and I've got everything pretty well thought out, but the numbers have got to be arranged in some sort of

order and—I've got to be going right now—ought not to have stayed this long—I— Some of the boys were up at the house—they're waiting for me."

Elizabeth, always an ardent admirer of Jimmie, followed him to the door, saying that if he was not going to stay, she wasn't either; and proposed to go back to her dolls, leaving Tom and Cecelia to finish the program alone.

Tom never knew exactly how he happened to tell Cecelia of his love that evening. He had not planned to do so. He had told her, long ago, when they were boy and girl and played in one another's yards. The subject had long been silent between them. Tom had been saving his money, tho, and of late he had been thinking more and more that he could now, without hesitancy, ask Cecelia to share it with him. As their hands met over the paper on which she had been writing, he took hers gently between his hard, calloused palms, and in words none the less sincere because they were blunt and plain, asked her if the hope of his boyhood days was to be realized.



"IT'S FOR TOM," SAID ELIZABETH

"Oh, Tom, dear," Cecelia softly exclaimed as the deep, brown eyes looked lovingly into hers. "You have always been so good to me;—I used to think—when I was a child—that some day we—would be married—but—I—I haven't thought about it lately. Tom, dear,—wait, please," as Tom poured forth his affection in tones which it must have hurt Cecelia's tender heart very much not to listen to, "I am sure I love you. You have been like my own brother but—don't ask me for an answer now, Tom. Let me think it over, alone. Let me tell you—tomorrow. I—I can't think now. I just want to be—alone."

And Tom, in the goodness of his heart, respected her wish. With a fineness of feeling often found where least expected, the stalwart workman leaned gently over, touched his lips to the soft coils of brown hair on the girl's bowed head, and quietly stepped out into the night.

Alone, Cecelia had said; she wanted to be alone. And Jimmie, in his little boarding-house room, sat with his head in his hands, trying to forget his friend—trying to crush out the memory of his love. He, also, was alone.

"Whoa, there! Back! Back, I say—" The truck loaded with iron and steel had come to a standstill. The tired horses were powerless to move it. Swish, slash, went the heavy whip again and again over their quivering flanks. Italian Pete was abusing them again. It was an old story. He had been remonstrated with repeatedly. Even Tom's threat of the day previous had not deterred him. He had heard threats before and they had not been carried out. Another oath, another cut of the whip and Pete found himself suddenly lying in the road with Tom towering above him, lashing him with quite as much vigor as he had been bestowing on the horses. It was all over in a moment. Tom never wasted time. Throwing the whip aside he strode back to his work, leaving the driver vainly shaking his fists and muttering threats of vengeance.

Jimmie had been acting foreman for

the regular man who was temporarily off duty. All that morning he had been rushing about, now here, now there; glad to be busy, to forget his own thoughts, but encouraging the men by his kindly smile and sympathetic words, full of understanding of each difficulty, and always ready with advice or assistance whenever necessary. He had just gone down, now. Tom was still above, twenty-two stories above the sidewalk, superintending the placement of the last bars and rivets, as the great, hanging crane brought the material up.

Suddenly, amid the maelstrom of noise, a sharp, quick whistle sounds. There is a great creaking and straining of ropes, chains and pulleys, and then a great silence. The noisy clang of hammers against steel girders, which had deafened the workmen all morning, has ceased. It is the noon hour and for once Tom and Jim do not eat together.

Jimmie, still longing to be alone, even among many, sits dejectedly at the foot of the building. He has small appetite for the pie, cake and sandwiches which a devoted landlady has carefully packed for him. His thoughts are far away. He feels crushed and broken in spirit. He cannot shake off a feeling of sadness. He has an uncomfortable sense of approaching calamity. He wonders if he may not be going to fall that afternoon. The men are beginning to run about now, with small pails of beer. There is much laughter and conversation.

"Hey, you, up there!"

The voice is Pete's, the Italian driver. No one has noticed his approach and his careful scrutiny of the scattered groups of workmen. No one heeds his yells up into the building. Probably he wants to talk to someone up on the roof. It must be so, for he slowly makes his way in that direction. As he nears the top, he appears very small, indeed. Surely no harm could come from such an atom of humanity clear up there, apparently in the very heavens. But—

No one below had noticed Pete's presence, but every man in sight saw



the next visitor, little Elizabeth. She, too, was looking for some one—evidently some one she could not locate—but she spied Jimmie, and, running quickly to him, thrust a letter into his hand.

Jimmie's face flushed. He rose quickly. "For me?" he inquired, looking at the child instead of at the letter. "Are you sure it is for me, Elizabeth?"

"No, no. Of course not," exclaimed the little girl. "Can't you read? It's for Tom. 'Celia said I should give it to him as I went to school, but I can't see him anywhere. Won't you find him, please? I'll be late if I wait."

Away she ran, leaving the missive in Jimmie's hand. It was in Cecelia's writing—no mistake about that—and it was addressed to Tom.

Oh, the irony of fate, that he should be elected to deliver that message! There was an impulse to crush the letter in his grasp. Then, as if all the evil spirits had united in placing temptation before him, came the thought to

open it—to read what Cecelia was saying to Tom.

Poor Jimmie groaned aloud. "I can't do it—I can't do it," he muttered; then, suddenly, with a look of stern resolve upon his face, he turned toward the entrance of the building.

High up on the roof, with his dinner partially eaten, sat Tom, dreaming of Cecelia. He hadn't a doubt as to her answer. She was nervous and startled last evening, he thought. He would surely hear from her by the time he quit work that day. He blew soft rings of smoke into the air and, with half closed eyes, saw the vision of a cosy home, with Cecelia at the gate waiting for him when his day's work was ended.

Dreaming of all that the future might hold for him, he heeded not the soft, shuffling noise gradually coming nearer and nearer. Suddenly he realized that he was not alone. Some one was near him, coming stealthily. It was none too soon. As he sprang to



A FEW QUICK MOVES, THE PRESSURE OF A VALVE, AND THE ENGINE IS STARTED

his feet Pete, the driver, was lifting an iron bar that lay near by.

"Drop that, you d—n scoundrel," roared Tom as he made a grasp for the Italian. But he was not quick enough. The brutal rage, which had nerved the vindictive driver to follow his man to such an awful height to wreak vengeance, did not desert him now. With an oath he sprang toward Tom as a tiger upon its prey. There was a moment's struggle, then the blow descended, and Tom fell to the roof, stunned and unconscious. Like a fiend the driver glowered down at him; then, as he turned, the dangling arm of the crane caught his attention, and with devilish glee he made for the engine. A low, muttered exclamation, a few quick moves, the pressure of a valve,—the engine is started—slowly, slowly the inert form of the unconscious workman rises in the clutch of the crane. Higher and higher it is lifted. The dark eyes of the Italian glitter with malevolence. He takes a hasty look about him, and quickly slinks away as silently as he had come.

"Hello-o-o! Tom! Where are you? Here's a letter for you."

It is Jimmie's voice, striving bravely to be steady and cheerful. There comes no answer to his calling. He pauses an instant and listens. His quick ear catches the sound of the engine. It shouldn't be running at the noon hour! "Wonder if there's anything wrong," he muttered.

Anything wrong? The old fear of some harm coming to Tom once more assails him. He hastens his steps, then stops, horrified, at sight of his friend in the merciless clutch of the crane, suspended in mid air, far out, over the side of the building.

Strong as he was, Jimmie felt faint and everything grew black around him. He was inert, powerless. Then, with a bound he cleared the distance between him and the engine. It seemed an eternity before he could discover the stop-cock, but at last the wheezing of the machine ceased. The crane stood still.

Other workmen were coming now.

There was excitement, confusion, a hurried search for ropes. To those who watched, it seemed that the material of Tom's blouse was gradually giving way under the strain. Would he fall before help could reach him?

In the terror of the moment Jimmie, quite unconsciously, had kept a firm hold of the letter. He shuddered, now, as he glanced at it. Liké an inspiration the words of his dear mother, back in the old country, seemed emblazoned before him:

*"Never give way to the wrong, my son; die first."*

"Give me the rope, boys,—quick!"

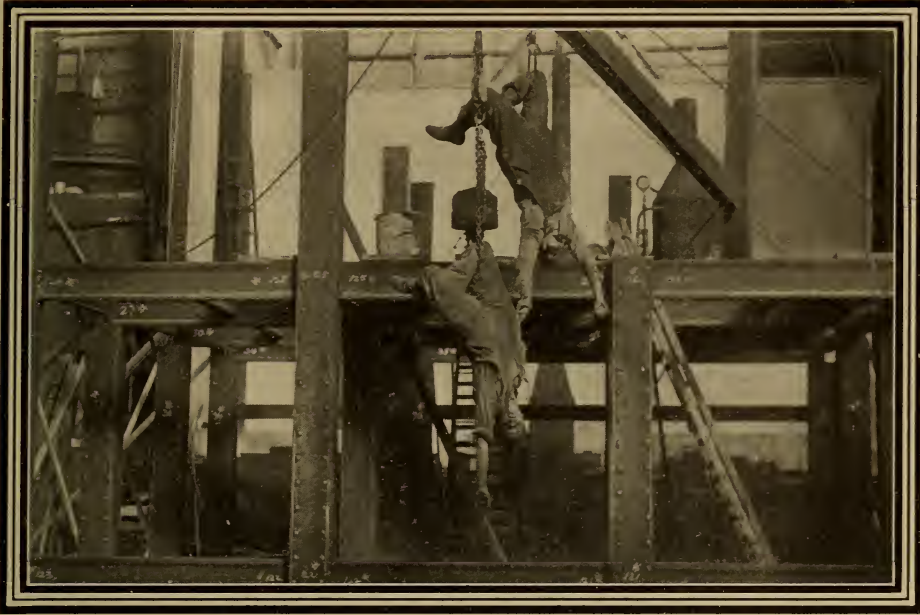
Instantly the rope is fastened about him and Jimmie starts out, crawling carefully along, on his perilous journey to reach Tom. Out, far out, over the busy street the two men hung, while the watchers held their breath in suspense. As Cecelia said afterwards, the guardian angels who watch over those who suffer for right, must have given unseen protection at that supreme moment.

When it was all over, and both men, not much the worse for their terrifying experience, stood safely at the bottom of the building, Jimmie again remembered the letter. There was no bitterness in his heart, now, as he handed it to his friend, but he turned away as Tom read it. It did not take long.

"Read it, Jimmie." Tom's voice was not bitter, either, but it trembled slightly, and there was a note of sadness in it which Jim had never noticed before. "Read it," urged Tom. "The happiness is for you—not for me."

From the few lines Cecelia had written, Jimmie knew that it was himself, not Tom, to whom she had given her heart, and, that Tom, whom he had envied and to whom he had been tempted to be untrue, was surrendering her to him. He forgot that the incident of the reflection in the mirror had not been explained. He forgot everything. For once Jimmie had no words.

At Cecelia's home that evening, however, he told her all that had happened. He did not spare himself. When he mentioned how he had envied Tom's



JIMMIE STARTS OUT ON HIS PERILOUS JOURNEY TO RESCUE TOM

happiness the evening he had called at the house, Cecelia interrupted.

"It was strange," she said, "that I should have been so confused about such a trifling matter when I've known Tom all my life, but when he came in the door that evening, the pin on my dress caught in his coat. Tom turned around and my arm went around his neck. The more we tried to unfasten the pin the more twisted it got and—I was so afraid we would break it before we got it loose!" Cecelia finished with almost a sigh.

The old, mischievous laugh was again dancing in Jimmie's eyes. "What pin was it, Cecelia," he whispered, "that you were so afraid would get broken?"

But Cecelia would not answer.

"You know, dear, I've a right to ask. Tom showed me the letter you sent him to-day." Jimmie's arm was around Cecelia now, and their heads were very close.

"Come, dear, what pin was it?" he pleaded, but he almost knew what the answer would be. It came in a whisper against the lapel of his coat.

"The little one you gave me the day of the picnic, dear."

And Tom, now all alone, indeed, thinking over the tragedy that had come into his life, buried his heart-ache, like the brave man that he was, glad that he had been able to give Jimmie, who had risked death for his sake, the reward of Cecelia's love.





SCENE FROM "THE TWIN TOWERS"

(Lubin)

# Nan's Diplomacy

By Luke Sharp

WHEN Ralph Thurston married Nan Browning people shook their heads wisely and wondered how it would "turn out."

"Not that Ralph isn't an awfully good fellow," said Nan's dearest friend, "but he can't live without excitement, and Nan just loves to stay at home and cook and knit. You know Ralph was engaged to that Mae Sharp, and, really, she seemed more his type, for she played and sang and danced and flirted. It was the flirting that broke up their engagement. He certainly went to the other extreme when he got Nan. Well, I hope it will be all right!"

It was all right at first. The cozy suburban home of the Thurston's was as attractive a place as a weary man could desire after a hard day's work in town. Nan was a model house-keeper and, for a time, Ralph delighted in the restful evenings which he spent in their little parlor, reading aloud or talking, while Nan knitted.

Unfortunately, the restfulness palled upon Ralph. Failing to interest Nan in theaters and parties, he became restless, then moody, and finally irritable.

Things were at this stage when Ralph appeared at dinner-time, his face beaming with delight, waving a letter from Mae Sharp.

"Mae wants to come to see us," he announced; "says she wants to pay us a nice, long visit and see our dear little home, and all that sort of thing. It will be great to have her, won't it? She'll liven us up a bit."

Secretly, Nan felt that she did not care to be "livened up," but she said

nothing, dreading Ralph's displeasure if she objected to the proposed visit.

Ralph was clearly delighted to see Mae once more; a little too much so, in Nan's opinion, and quite too flamboyant in his manner of showing his pleasure. He really had no intention of neglecting Nan, nor of arousing her jealousy, but Mae was a brilliant conversationist, while Nan talked of servants and cooking. Mae played exquisitely on the piano, while Nan's nimble fingers preferred knitting. Mae sang love songs or rag time with equal sweetness and charm, while Nan sat silent.

In a few days the gentle Nan was wrought up to a state of mind bordering on hysteria. Desire to do something, to get the best of Mae Sharp, and to teach her husband a lesson, struggled with the inclination to have a good cry. Things were at the boiling-over point when she received a letter from her cousin Bob Jones, announcing that he was coming to pay them a visit.

"Bob will help me out," thought Nan, joyfully, "we were always such good chums and he knows Ralph's ways."

On the day that Bob was expected, Ralph came home a little early and was met by Mae. Nan was in the kitchen getting up something good for Bob, who always enthused over her cooking.

Presently Nan heard the piano in the parlor going at a lively rate, and then Mae began to sing "Call Me Up Some Rainy Afternoon." She sang with great vivacity, quite throwing herself into the rollicking melody, and still more rollicking words.

"H'm! We'll arrange for a quiet

little spoon,' will we?" Nan muttered, "that's a steady thing nowadays. If I only knew what to do!"

"The things do be b'ilin' over, ma'am," said Norah, the cook, at that moment.

"Yes, things are about to boil over," assented Nan grimly. She was thinking of quite different things, however, than the contents of the kettles which troubled her assistant.

Bob was expected at dinner time, but shortly before that hour a telegram appeared:

"Will come by later train. Do not wait dinner."

Ralph received the message, and was somewhat annoyed by having to pay the charges, Bob having neglected this detail.

"So Bob Jones is coming, is he?" he growled, appearing in the kitchen door. "I didn't know anything about it. Here he says he will be late."

"Never mind, dinner is all ready," said Nan, lifting a flushed face from the dish she was preparing, "and Bob says not to wait, you see."



THE SIGHT DID NOT STIR UP PLEASANT SENSATIONS IN THE BREAST OF THE YOUNG WIFE

"I should say not," growled Ralph, who liked things hot, in the culinary line at all events, and had no idea of letting anything get cold while they waited for a belated guest.

Dinner was served and eaten. Coffee was always served in the parlor, while Ralph smoked his after-dinner cigar. This hour was particularly enjoyable to him since Mae's arrival.

As Nan went into the kitchen to give directions about the coffee, Ralph and Mae went into the parlor and proceeded to make themselves thoroughly comfortable.

Returning to the parlor, Nan saw Ralph sitting in an easy chair with his cigar in his mouth, Mae holding a lighted match for him while he puffed away contentedly. The sight did not stir up pleasant sensations in the breast of the young wife.

"He always used to light his own cigars," she said, addressing a vase of flowers in the corner.

"Oh, is that you, Nan?" asked Ralph, starting somewhat guiltily, "Come in and sit down. Is the coffee ready?"

"Pretty nearly," and Nan went into the kitchen to expedite matters.

Ralph sat and smoked and drank his coffee. Mae played and sang, and Nan knitted something in soft, fluffy, white and pink yarn, keeping all except the part immediately beneath her fingers and the swiftly moving needles hidden from her sight. The tired, indignant look on her face might have been seen, plainly enough, but Ralph had eyes only for Mae.

Bob Jones came in before the evening was very old, came in with a breeze and a noise and a general air of self-satisfaction. Depositing a grip here, an umbrella there, his overcoat in one corner and his hat in another, he kissed Nan, nodded to Mae, whom he seemed to know, and put out his hand to Ralph with a hearty:

"Put it there, old man. I say, you're all to the sugar pot in this roost. Cosy little nest, I must say. No birdlings yet, I suppose? Well, Nan, you look as pretty as a stack of yellow-backs on pay-day. What are you do-

ing? Knitting? Socks, I suppose, for his highness in the corner. No? Well, never mind. Don't get me anything to eat. I made that all right on the train, but, I say, they do clip into a fellow's bank roll, tho, don't they? Yes, I do affect the narcotic when I get a chance. Excuse me, Ralph, I thought you mentioned it, but I was so busy looking at that pretty wife of yours that I may have missed the tip. Hold the wire a second, will you? Thanks, I don't care if I do."

Bob helped himself to a cigar from Ralph's box, lighted it himself and sat close to Nan, watching her intently.

"Wouldn't you have a cup of coffee, Bob, if I brought it?" asked Nan, getting up.

"Now you sit still, girly," and the breezy Bob pushed Nan gently into her chair, where she continued her knitting. "Don't you worry over your uncle. I'm on the water cart now and have cut out all poisons, but I don't put cigars on the prohibited list. Very good one, too, old man," nodding to Ralph. "Pipe up, son. I haven't heard you say a word since I reached the home plate."

Bob Jones had a way of putting picturesque embellishments to his mother tongue which made his conversation most piquant, if at times somewhat puzzling to his hearers. He so interlarded his mental menu with slang that the original flavor was completely lost under the spice he put into it.

Ralph paid little heed to him, and none to Nan, but gave all his attention to Mae, who sang, played and chatted till she was tired and went off to her room. Then he turned to Nan and said, angrily:

"Oh, do put up that infernal knitting! It's nothing but knit, knit, knit, from morning to night. You don't talk, you don't play the piano, you don't sing, you don't do anything but knit, knit, knit. I'm sick of the whole business. You used to play and sing and do other things, sometimes."

"I'm sorry you don't like it, Ralph," said Nan, but she went on with her knitting.

Then Ralph devoted himself to his paper, to his cigar, and to taking a quiet little nap in the corner, while Bob smoked, looked at Nan and tried to start a conversation.

At last, as Bob yawned, Nan got up, put away her knitting, and said:

"You will find your room at the head of the stairs, Bob. There is a light in it. I should have known you were tired after your journey, but it was so good to see you again."

"Well, I am tired, but it isn't the ride that has caused it," said Bob, getting up. "See here, old man, I know I'm a guest and that I ought to keep my ivories together, but I can't sit quiet and see you treating your wife with such cold indifference, while—"

"Bob!" said Nan, with a pained expression.

"Hold your base, sister, you're safe where you are. Look here, governor, for little or nothing I'd send you to the bench with three swift passes over the plate. I'm on to the things due a host, of course, but I'd like to punch your head good and pretty, and I'm not such a new one at the mittens, either."

"Bob, please don't," said Nan, appealingly.

"All right, I wont," while Ralph turned his back on him and went out of the room. "A kick is as good as a cuff to an ivory head. Good-night, Governor."

Bob shut up the house, put out the lights, and made everything safe, but he saw Nan on the stairs for a few minutes before going to the room assigned to him. When he finally parted with her, he said in a whisper.

"All right, girly, I'll leave it to you, but be sure that you give it to him hot off the bat. Nothing but a soaker will cure him of that enlargement of the self esteem bump."

Next morning the breakfast was late, and badly prepared. Nan was not in the dining room, and Bob explained, breezily.

"The cook has gone up in an airship; nothing doing on the planet. I'm acting as her understudy but I'm

weak on the lines as yet. Perhaps you can do better, Miss Sharp."

"Yes, but where is Nan?" asked Ralph, who was hungry and out of sorts and greatly puzzled at the way things were going.

"Don't ask me," said Bob, "I am off to hunt up a cook. Good-bye, you peoples."

Ralph had missed his usual train, by reason of the late and very unsatisfactory breakfast, and hurried into the hall for his hat. Mae followed him and both were confronted by a strange figure standing at the foot of the stairs.

It was Nan, dressed in a long kimono, her long hair streaming down, and a wild look in her eyes.

"Great Scott! what's the matter with Nan?" cried Ralph, while Mae clung to him for protection.

Nan advanced, making strange faces and working her fingers nervously, now and then giving a wild shriek. Ralph seized the stand in the corner to defend himself with, and Mae clung still tighter to him.

"Ha-ha-ha-ha!" shrieked Nan, with a wilder look in her eyes, and her fingers twitching, each on its own account, "the moon whistles, the wind shines full and clear, it is the east, and Romeo, where are you, Romeo? If you're waking, call me early, call me early, mommer dear, for I am the queen of the bally, her front name is Sally, has anybody here seen—ha-ha-ha-ha!" and Nan went dancing around the hall, singing and screaming and tossing her head, her hair flying in a beautiful, golden, unkempt mass.

Next, she flew up stairs, where they could hear her singing and screaming in the wildest fashion.

"What's the matter, Ralph?" asked Mae.

"I don't know. She never acted like this before."

"But what are you going to do?" in a voice that showed her perturbation.

"I'm sure I don't know. I've missed my train. I can't go and leave her in that condition. Where's Bob? He's never around when he's wanted."

Bob was heard coming up the walk





"HA-HA-HA! THE MOON WHISTLES, THE WIND SHINES FULL AND CLEAR, ROMEO, WHERE ART THOU?" SHRIEKED NAN

at that moment and he soon came in, puffing and blowing and saying:

"Somebody has cornered all the cooks in town, can't get an option on one of them. How's Nan? She didn't seem just the thing when I went—Great Scott! What's that?"

That was Nan, singing and shrieking and evidently smashing things, for something fell with a crash on the floor and a small flood came running down the stairs.

"That's Nan," said Ralph, "She's been going on like that ever since—"

"Gee! something's got to be done," broke in Bob, "She can't go on like that. Hallo!" and Bob ran out again. "Hallo, Doc. Stop here a minute, will you? There's a hurry call. Never mind the rich old cranks this morning, come in here on the jump. Slide, Kelly, slide!"

The village doctor, a benevolent looking old gentleman, with a bald head, white hair, and a look of being the grandfather of the whole town, was going by in his carriage. At Bob's frantic call, he stopped, got out and came slowly up the walk, as if there

was all the time in the world and one hour would do as well as another.

"What's the trouble, Ralph?" asked the good old doctor, who called all his patients by their first names. "Nothing serious, I hope."

"I don't know, Doctor, my wife's been acting very strangely, and—"

"There was a wild laugh, a burst of song, out of key, a sound as of dancing, and a thump on the floor.

"Dear me! What's that?" ejaculated the doctor.

"That's my wife," said Ralph.

"Emotional insanity, Doc," put in Bob. "Better see her. Governor must go to business, things have got to be run, you know. Guess you can dope up something that will be a winner. How are you on dippy cases, Doc? All to the merry, I guess. Come on, I'll show you the way."

Bob seemed to be bossing things just then, and Ralph had nothing to say.

Bob and the doctor led the way, Ralph and Mae following, the procession filing into a room where the young wife had thrown herself upon the bed.

Suddenly, Nan sat up in bed and began to scream and pull her hair. The doctor looked benevolent, Ralph anxious, and Mae scared, but Bob, who was behind the bed and out of sight of the rest, had a broad grin on his face.

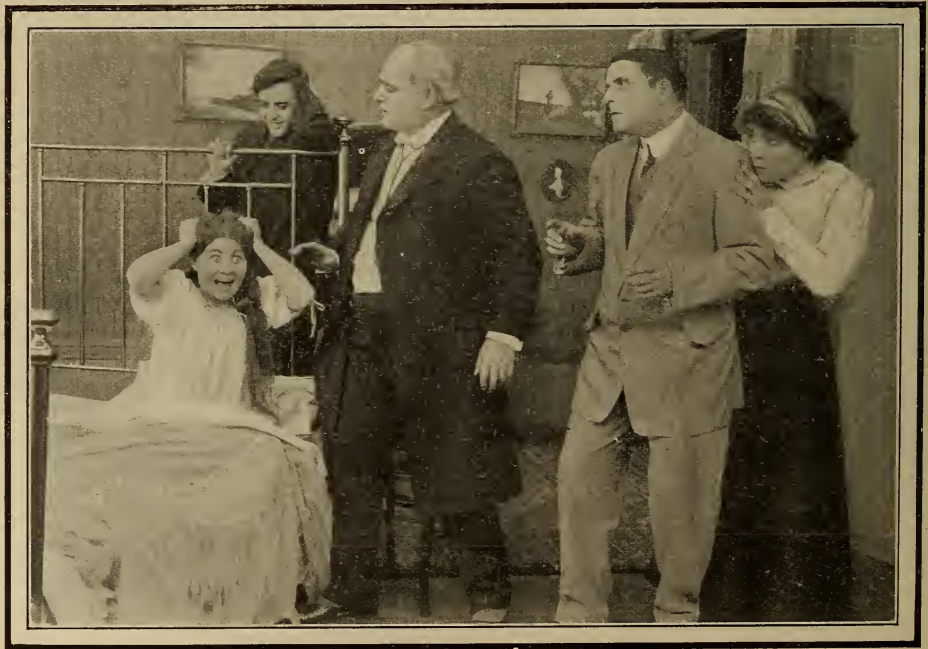
Nan presently grew quiet and the doctor felt of her pulse, looked at her tongue, and made other examinations, such as doctors always make, whether they know what the trouble is or not. Finally he said, slowly:

"It will be all right, Ralph. You can go to business; things can run on as before; all she needs is rest and quiet. There's nothing at all to alarm you. Just rest and quiet, that's all. You see she is quiet now and will soon be asleep. Don't worry Ralph, go on to the city."

"Yes, but our cook has left."

"This young lady?" suggested the old gentleman.

"Sure, she's a crackerjack," declared Bob. "She can do anything in the housework line, you can depend on her to the limit. Why, she has graduated from three cooking schools, got



SUDDENLY, NAN SAT UP IN BED AND BEGAN TO SCREAM

domestic science down to a freezeout, and can give all the housekeepers cards and spades and then lick them to a frazzle. That's all right, Doc, get on the jump. Old man, your train is leaving the next station. Yes, that's all right. Nan is asleep and everything serene, thanks to your Uncle Robert."

Bob hustled them all out of the room, or they might have seen the suspicion of a smile on the sleeping patient's face, down in one corner of her pretty mouth.

Ralph went to business, the doctor resumed his calling trip, Bob walked around the village, and Mae, later, set to work getting dinner. She knew nothing about cooking, but thought she ought to do something for Ralph, and then that provoking Bob had said she was a mistress of the art, while all the time she knew he was chaffing her. She would just show him that she did know a thing or two. She hunted up all the cook books she could find, ordered this, that and the other thing from the butcher, the baker, and all the rest, and set to work.

The dinner was not a success, the soup being watery, the meat done too much, the vegetables not done enough, and the coffee as strong as the soup was weak.

The breakfast was worse than the dinner, and Ralph went off hungry and cross, his condition being in no wise improved when he came home at night.

Nan was all right, except when she saw Mae, or when the young lady was mentioned. Then her paroxysms returned.

This sort of thing went on for two or three days. The meals were bad, the house was not swept, the washing was not put out, and everything was going to rack and ruin.

The crisis came one morning, when Ralph, going to Nan's room, found her sitting up in bed, eating her breakfast which Bob had brought in from a neighbor's, while the said Bob sat at the foot of the bed.

"I like that," cried Ralph, "What are you doing here in my wife's room?"

He seized the tray of dishes, and dashed the whole thing on the floor, but immediately Nan began to scream again, and, springing out of bed, caught up a big brush and chased him from the room.

In the lower hall, he met Mae, with her wraps on and a grip in her hand.

"Good-bye, I'm going on the next train up," she said. "I am of no use here, and I rather think I am not wanted. Tell Bob that the cracker-jack cook resigns her place to him."

"Yes, but Mae—"

"There have been too many 'buts' and I think I have been made one myself. Are you wise? Good-bye."

Ralph was not altogether satisfied, and went up to his wife's room again, where he found Nan perfectly quiet.

"It's all right, old man," said Bob. "Somebody has gone? Well, you can leave safely enough now."

"Yes, but the cook?"

"Oh, didn't I tell you? She's coming back this morning."

Things were all right again that night, but Ralph did not know of Nan's "Diplomacy" until sometime later. Aided by the artful Bob, she had worked her clever scheme. The cook had been given a vacation, the doctor had been seen in advance, Nan's meals were sent in regularly from outside by previous arrangement, and there had not been any madness at all.

However, Ralph was cured. His craving for excitement had been fully satisfied. Nan was changed, too. She played and sang and entertained Ralph as she had done in the days of their courtship, but she did not knit.

One night, Ralph found an old bit of her work and took it to her.

"Why don't you knit any more, Nan?" he asked.

"Because you do not like it, Ralph."

"Yes, I do, and I'll learn if you'll show me."

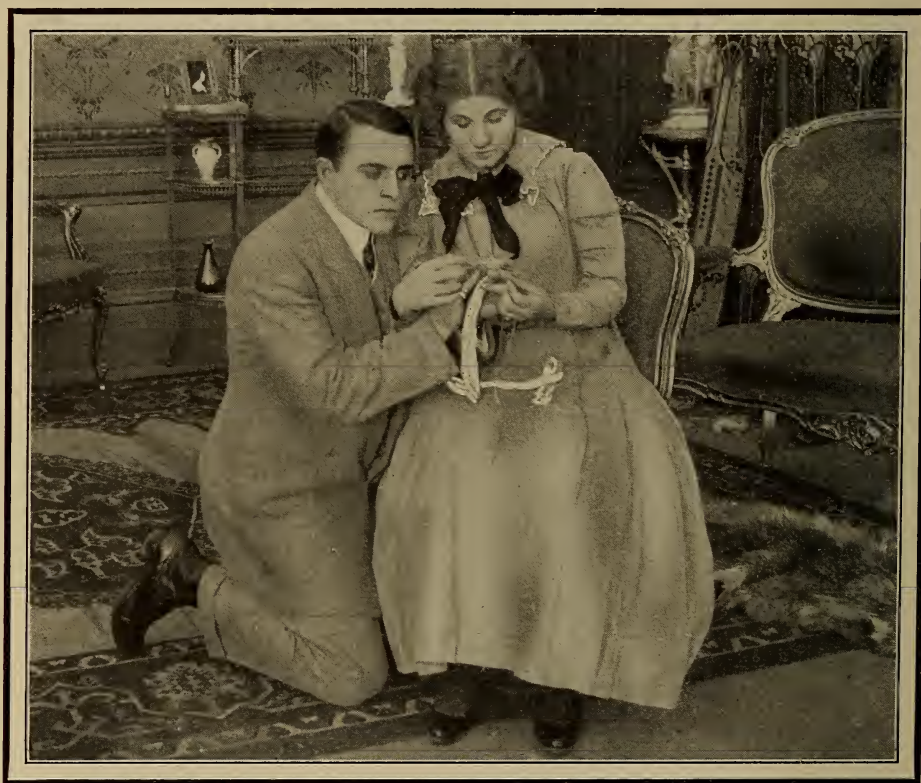
Ralph knelt at Nan's feet and watched closely while she knitted.

"What is it, Nan?" he asked. "It's awfully pretty, but it's too little for me."

Nan leaned over and whispered in his ear, causing him to exclaim in a contrite voice:

"Oh, for the——Well, I was a brute.

You go right on knitting, Nan. We'll go thru life knitting together, and there will be no more cause for diplomacy."



NAN'S DIPLOMACY HAD AT LAST CONQUERED



## Borrowing Houses

IN order to give diversity of scene to the motion pictures, it is the aim of the producers to use exterior scenes not more than once every three or four months, and most companies have a man called a "pathfinder," whose duty it is to borrow yards and housefronts for the pictures. In cities where pictures are made it is no uncommon thing for the housewife answering a ring at the bell to be met with an inquiry if she is willing to lend her house to the picture makers.

Most persons are willing and many evince a real interest in the pictured presentation of their homes, one Philadelphia physician, not long ago, having

given a theater party of twenty-five, in order to see his house in one of the productions.

Country estates offer a tempting field, and here the owners are usually more than willing to loan their lawns or pergolas, tho now and then a snag is encountered. Last summer permission was granted to a company to make photographs in a famous estate, but unfortunately there were two families of the same name side by side; and the company, mistaking the one for the other, was beset by an irate owner and a most active bulldog, all of which was followed by a suit for trespass.

# A Plea for the Photoplay

By Ada Barrett

THE photoplay form of entertainment is in keeping with our modern method of getting thru with everything as quickly as possible. Even our pleasures have to be taken in doses, as it were, and to be disposed of as quickly and easily as possible. We have learned to eliminate distance and time by means of the four-day ocean liner and 80-mile an hour train, by the telegraph and the telephone; if we wish to hear selections from the opera, we can have them brought to us by means of the phonograph, and with equal facility can we see tragedy or comedy portrayed by the photoplay.

This country is composed of many different nationalities, yet the moving picture play speaks to all alike. There is no language that the eye cannot interpret. Pictures are like figures—they tell facts. It is remarkable to see the interest manifested by a mixed east-side audience in the pictured plays presented to them. All nationalities are represented in the audience, and the realistic portrayal of life—so much more vivid than when presented in the theaters—the absolute absence of “effects,” the real life action shown in these picture plays, appeals alike to the warm southern and the more phlegmatic northern temperaments. The love of pictures must be inherent in most of us, if we judge from the emotions displayed by these mixed audiences, for in them we find all sorts and conditions of persons; and yet, all are more or less affected by a simple photoplay, which is only telling them vividly, tho without words, what they can perhaps see for themselves in their everyday lives, or what their friends

across the seas are doing in the land they have left. To the foreigner some of the plays give an accurate representation of the customs and habits of the country of his adoption. He may not understand one word of the English language, but the photoplay tells him all he wants to know. His eyes cannot deceive him, and the pictures are eloquent of the life into which he will be or now is thrown. They give him an insight into his new surroundings such as no other medium could do, and he sees in these pictured stories of life the same types as are in the audience of which he is one. These wordless, silent stories would seem to prove that the silence, which is golden, can speak more eloquently than the combined language of all nations. It is literature, drama and amusement, brought into the life of the poorest and most ignorant. Would not our forefathers have laughed at such an idea, yet it is so. Just as the first printing press opened for the human race an illimitable field of knowledge, so did the photoplay open an equally illimitable vista of the world and its wonders, natural and artificial, the habits of other nations, the opportunity of seeing our daily life depicted in a vivid manner, and of enjoying an accurate representation of our favorite tragedies and comedies. Moving pictures have brought the world more vividly before our vision than any other agency. The public has demonstrated very plainly that it wants good, clean, high-class plays, be they serious or comic, instructive or otherwise. It does not cost the photoplay makers any more to prepare a good, well acted drama than it does to prepare a cheap,

trashy one, and they will finally present only those that attract the best patronage. Moreover, the picture makers have lately shown a strong tendency to elevate the profession, so as to bring the photoplay under the favorable notice of the educators.

For our delectation or instruction, a Japanese love story, cotton-picking in the South, a sketch from history, a street scene in London, New York, or Hong Kong, and countless other representations are made with equal facility. Daily scenes in foreign lands seem to be great favorites with all classes. These are depicted so vividly that the plays awaken an interest in these strange lands.

Judging from the average quality of the plays now being presented, it would appear that they have an uplifting influence among the working classes. Certainly there is nothing like the number of inferior dramas that were once so common, and the moving pictures have, to a great extent, taken their place. Before a photoplay can be presented to the public, it is submitted for the approval of the National Board of Censorship. This was not done with the plays produced on the theatrical stage. The censorship of the photoplay is very strict and those now presented are, for the most part, creditable to the moving picture industry.

Strange to say, the element which was once the chief contributor to the cheap show has, to a remarkable extent, transferred its allegiance to the photoplay. The once familiar picture of the "gallery gods" waiting in apparently interminable rows outside the gallery entrance of the theater, so as to get in on the first row of the wooden forms, is no longer to be seen in anything like such numbers, for by paying ten cents a boy has a right to a comfortable seat in the orchestra of a moving picture house where he can see, not one, but a series of performances,

dramatic and otherwise. These audiences seem to take as much interest in the pictured characters as in actual ones, and the favorites are recognized and greeted with the same bursts of approval as greet the actors and actresses in the theaters. What has caused this revolution? Almost every one enjoys the moving pictures young and old, educated or ignorant, native or foreign. The photoplay audiences outrank the audiences of the theater, and thousands of persons who once went to the theater occasionally, are now constant patrons of the motion-picture play.

It is well known that picture making was the first manifestation of civilization. Everywhere thru the ages, we find that pictures played an important part. From the child to the old person it will be found that pictures speak a language all their own, and the spontaneous outburst of approval accorded the motion pictures is only in keeping with the natural human love of pictures, altho it remained for the nineteenth century scientist to discover the picture-play. The acting depicted in the photoplays is vivid. No tired actors are repeating the same lines again and again. Then again, the scenery is in most cases, real scenery—actual trees and roads, the approach and retreat of real fire engines, automobiles, ships, and so on. All this is done in a realistic manner, and not as it is done on the stage, where there is limited space and a canvas background.

The photoplay is but the development of the picture, and if "pictures are the invention of heaven," then man is enlarging on a noble theme. If the "first merit of pictures is the effect which they can produce upon the human mind," then the favorable effect that has been produced by the picture-play is sufficient evidence of its desirability and its ultimate universal adoption.



(Melie)

## In the Hot-Lands

By HESTER AMES

IT was "wash day" at the Burton Ranch but there was no hired woman to do the work. If the servant girl problem is difficult of solution in large cities it is doubly difficult out on a ranch in Southern Texas. A maiden will work on a ranch for love—if the man she is in love with is on the premises—or she will work for money if the wages paid aggregate half the value of the property, but under ordinary circumstances the hired menial is conspicuous by her absence. There was none at the Burton ranch on the morning in question. That ranch had not been paying well of late and there was need to curtail expenses. Even half the value of the place at that time would have been insufficient to tempt a girl, qualified for "general housework," to leave the charms of the city moving-picture shows and do dish-washing and laundry work out in the hot-lands.

So Mrs. Burton was doing the work for love. Not that she had been trained for domestic service but because her husband, whose ill health and misfortune had caused him to lose in various investments, was growing doubly discouraged at seeing the ranch failing for want of funds to conduct it properly. He had gone away, now, for a fortnight to try to negotiate a loan or a sale of land, and his wife had assured him that no extra expense would be incurred during his absence.

The little adobe house seemed insufferably hot that morning. The very air was scorching and Mrs. Burton sighed more than once for the cool, delightful shade of the far Eastern home of her girlhood. It had been a hard struggle to settle down to the

daily drudgery of household cares, especially when hundreds of miles away from all those whose friendship had made life sweet in the past and at least twenty miles distant from the nearest town. But Mrs. Burton had married for love; she lived for love, and now she worked for love; yet the burden seemed light, tho the frail form was bent 'neath the load, and the strength of the worker was far overtaxed.

"Why don't you make Edith help you more?" John Burton was wont to ask when he saw his wife tired and pale, and his robust daughter of sixteen looking the picture of health.

"I would rather do the work myself," Mrs. Burton would answer, "than worry along with her. Her fretfulness and complaining get on my nerves and weary me so, it is easier to do the



EDITH AT THE WELL

work alone. She can work well if she chooses but she hasn't yet passed the age of selfishness."

"And she never will so long as you humor her as you do," replied her husband. "If I could only spare the money, I would have you go East for a visit and let Edith look after the house. The work and responsibility might cure her of some of her foolishness. I am afraid that girl will have to be taught a pretty severe lesson some of these days."

But the well meaning rancher had never yet been able to spare the money, so his wife still worked and his daughter murmured against the fate which denied her the pleasures enjoyed by other girls of her age.

Altho they had risen early that morning the pitiless sun had been streaming down upon them for hours. The stillness was intense and the great stretches of sun-baked land in all directions made the eyes ache. Just outside the door of the "lean-to," Mrs. Burton bent over the foaming suds and rubbed wearily at the garments in the tub. Edith, not for love of the work but because her conscience troubled her a little, made a pretense of assistance in rinsing the clothes and hanging them on the lines. She had wanted to go over to her cousin Helen's at the O. K. ranch that day if her mother hadn't insisted upon the necessity of having the washing done, so she was more fretful than usual. As she swung the sheets over the line she turned just in time to meet Bill Hawkins, one of the men from her uncle's ranch which was not far distant.

"Hello, Bill! What brings you over?" she inquired, eagerly, for in the dull dreariness of life on a ranch the most trivial circumstance serves to enliven the monotony. Edith knew Bill had not left his work at her uncle's busy place to saunter over that hot day unless he had been sent on a special errand.

"Howd'y," said Bill, producing a note as he spoke. "I reckon you got a bid to th' dance Helen's goin' to down at th' Bar-X next week. She

told me to give you this," putting the note into Edith's hand.

"Oh, joy! You don't mean it!" exclaimed Edith, hastily scanning the note only to learn that Bill's surmise was correct. Helen, who was a year or more older than Edith, had long ago promised to take her, sometime, to the Bar-X ranch, and now she was going to keep her word. Edith had always been somewhat jealous of Helen; for, to her girlish mind, her cousin had not a wish ungratified. In vain Mrs. Burton had tried to make her daughter realize the difference in financial circumstances between her father and uncle.

"Your uncle is prosperous," she would say. "He has good health, plenty of money and only one daughter. It is but natural that he should provide well for her happiness. On the contrary, your father has always been in ill health. He has lost heavily and has had a family of four children to provide for until within the last few years since your sister married and the boys have been old enough to do for themselves."

"Since Frank and Ben have gone away to work," Edith would reply, "father ought to have all the more for me," and her mother had found it useless to argue the matter further.

"Wait a minute, Bill!" called Edith, excitedly, after reading the note, as she ran to where her mother was at work. "Listen, mother, what do you think! I'm going to the dance at the Bar-X ranch next Tuesday. Bill's here with a note from Helen. Stop a minute and just hear what she says—"

Mrs. Burton looked up from her work with a sigh. "Good morning, Bill," she remarked, wiping her hands on her apron and sitting wearily down on the bench near the door. "Are they all well over at the O. K.?"

"Yes'm," answered Bill, leaning against the side of the house and preparing for a smoke. "Miss Helen's gettin' ready to ride down to th' post office and wanted some word from Edith before she went, so I come over for her."

"Well, I guess you found it pretty tolerable warm," sighed Mrs. Burton,



as she passed her hand in rather a perplexed manner, across her forehead. "What does Helen say, Edith?"

"Well, I was going to read the note to you if you'd ever give me a chance," answered her daughter, angered at having been kept waiting. "You never seem to take any interest in anything that is going to give me pleasure."

"My child," began the over-worked woman, "I don't like to hear you speak like that. Read the note."

And Edith read: "Dear Cousin—The dance at the Bar-X ranch is to be next Tuesday and I have arranged for you to go down with us if Auntie can spare you. If you think you haven't anything suitable to wear and want to send to Houston for a new white dress, just send word back by Bill. I am going to ride down to the post office this morning to look at samples and will mail the order for mine while I am there, so if you want one,



EDITH DECIDES TO MAKE THE TRIP IN RELAYS

too, perhaps you had better send the money right over and I will enclose a postal note in payment for them both. Hastily, Helen."

"Why, that was very thoughtful of Helen, I am sure," said Mrs. Burton, "but I think your best white dress will do very well if we laundry it nicely today—"

"Oh, mother!" interrupted Edith, "you don't expect me to wear that old thing, do you? Why, it's a rag—a perfect rag—and so short! I will not wear it, that's all. If I've got to go looking so as to make Helen ashamed of me I'll not go at all."

Edith was almost tearful and Mrs. Burton felt too weary to endure a scene. Again her hand fluttered across her forehead as tho she felt ill and dazed.

"Well, child, I don't like to have you disappoint Helen after she has been so kind in the matter," she said, "but I don't see how we can afford any extra expense just at this time, with your father away—"

Edith's face looked so dark at this remark that her mother hastened to gratify her if she could.

"Well, fetch me my purse and I'll see just how much we have to depend upon till papa gets back."

Together they counted over the few dollars Mr. Burton had been able to leave them, and his wife sighed deeply as she replaced the money in the purse.

"No, my little girl, it is impossible. Mother would love to get the new dress for you but—I can't do it. It would take every cent we have. If your papa is successful you shall have it when he comes back, but—"

"I don't want it then," stormed Edith. "What good would it do me then—after the party is all over?" She stamped her foot angrily. "Oh, I can't go, that's all. I might have known it. I never can have anything or go anywhere like other girls. I'll run away some time, that's what I'll do. I'll not stay here and be treated the way I am. It's a shame!" cried the girl, lashing herself into a fury. "Tell Helen I can't go," she called, resentfully, to Bill as she went back to her work. "Mother won't let me."

Mrs. Burton, her eyes filled with tears, rose to take the purse back into the house. Her head ached but she forgot it, for the ache in her heart was greater.

"I feel as tho I could not keep up much longer," she thought, as she put out her hand to keep herself from falling. A sharp pain darted thru her temples. A sudden darkness enfolded her, and with a little cry she fell to the ground. Bill saw her fall and hastened to her, then called to Edith.

No time to think of dresses and dances now. Both Bill and Edith had lived in the hot-lands too long not to recognize at once a case of sun-stroke, and they knew that Mrs. Burton's already failing health had weakened her powers of endurance.

Hasty restoratives were applied but the woman could only moan. Bill, who considered himself somewhat experienced in giving first aid, gave directions and volunteered to stay with the sufferer while Edith hurried to a ranch not far distant where an Eastern doctor was staying for his vacation.

Fortunately for Mrs. Burton, Helen anxious to be about her errand and having grown impatient with waiting for Bill to return, had started toward the ranch to meet him. Edith had not gone far before she met her cousin, and quickly told her of her mother's sudden illness and the necessity for getting a doctor promptly.

"Take Robin. You'll never get there on foot in this heat," exclaimed Helen, leaping from her horse and urging Edith to mount. "Bill is pretty good in such cases but he will not know where anything is in the house," she continued. "I'll go to Auntie and you get the doctor there as quickly as you can."

Fortunately, the doctor was at home and he lost no time in returning with Edith. In spite of her ride to fetch him, Edith had not once thought that her mother's life was in any danger. People often had a little touch of the sun, she thought, and it never resulted very seriously.

But Doctor Jenkins did not take such a hopeful view of the case. He looked

long and earnestly at the patient, noted her worn-out condition and discovered that, in spite of Bill and Helen's kindly ministrations, the fever was rising rapidly.

"Can you get word to your father?" he asked, gravely, of Edith.

"Why, doctor!" exclaimed the girl, "it isn't really serious, is it? Why, I couldn't get any word to papa for days." Then, reading the look in the doctor's eyes, she fell on her knees beside the bed, calling her mother by name again and again, begging her to open her eyes, to look upon her and to forgive the unkind words she had spoken.

"You must be quiet, Miss Burton," said the physician. "Your dear mother is past understanding anything you may say to her. She needs a daughter now who will be brave and steady and not hysterical. If you want your mother to live you must stop crying and help us to save her. Is there any ice about the place?" he suddenly asked, turning to Helen.

Ice? Everyone in the room gazed at the speaker in astonishment. Had he suggested the moon they would not have been more surprised. Had he lived long in that country he would have known how useless such a question was.

"Why, no, doctor, there isn't a piece of ice nearer than San Pedro, and that's twenty miles away," exclaimed Helen.

"Well, it's the only thing that will save the patient, I'm afraid. There's very little more I can do. If there is any way of procuring ice from San Pedro I would suggest sending for some."

"Any of us could go, doctor," remarked Bill, "but to get it here without melting, that's the question. A man would have to ride so all-fired fast that his horse would drop dead before he'd covered half the distance, and then if he tried to walk it he'd soon foller the horse."

"Doctor," whispered Edith, clutching at the man's sleeve, "do what you can to save her. Helen and Bill can stay here and help. I'll go for the ice!"



STARTING FOR HOME

The look of determination in the girl's face fascinated the professional man. He had never married because he had always said that women were essentially selfish; that he would never marry unless he could find a woman who, to his absolute knowledge, would risk her life from purely unselfish motives to save another—a woman who could be brave in the face of danger, be quick to think and act, and who would not lose her self-control under trying circumstances. He had been inclined to be annoyed at Edith's hysterical outburst. Now he regarded her with some surprise and interest. The fact that she was a remarkably pretty girl may have stimulated the interest, but in after years the doctor would never admit that.

Bill and Helen, tho knowing that Edith was one of the best riders in the country, both exclaimed in dismay at her suggestion. Bill offered to go himself but Edith would not listen to his suggestion.

"She is my mother," she cried, standing beside the still form on the bed. "No one has a better right to take the risk than I. Cousin Helen, if I can borrow enough horses at your place, I can make the trip in rays."

Pressing a kiss upon her mother's face she ran from the house, hastily mounted the horse standing in the yard and started for the O. K. ranch of her uncle. The entire place seemed deserted, for everyone who could, had sought shelter from the sun. There were horses in the corral, however, and Edith quickly looked them over. Selecting those best fitted to make the trip and fastening a heavy sack securely to the saddle of the horse she was riding, the girl started on her terrible journey, leading two horses and riding the one that had already done service in going for the doctor.

On and on, over the hot, dusty trail the little cavalcade galloped, while the girl's thoughts reverted constantly to the distressing scene of the morning when she had talked, not for the first time, so angrily to her mother. And now, the dear little mother was nearing death without knowing how repentant

she was. Sobs came up into her throat and choked her, but she forced them back and nerved herself to accomplish the purpose of her ride or give her life in the attempt.

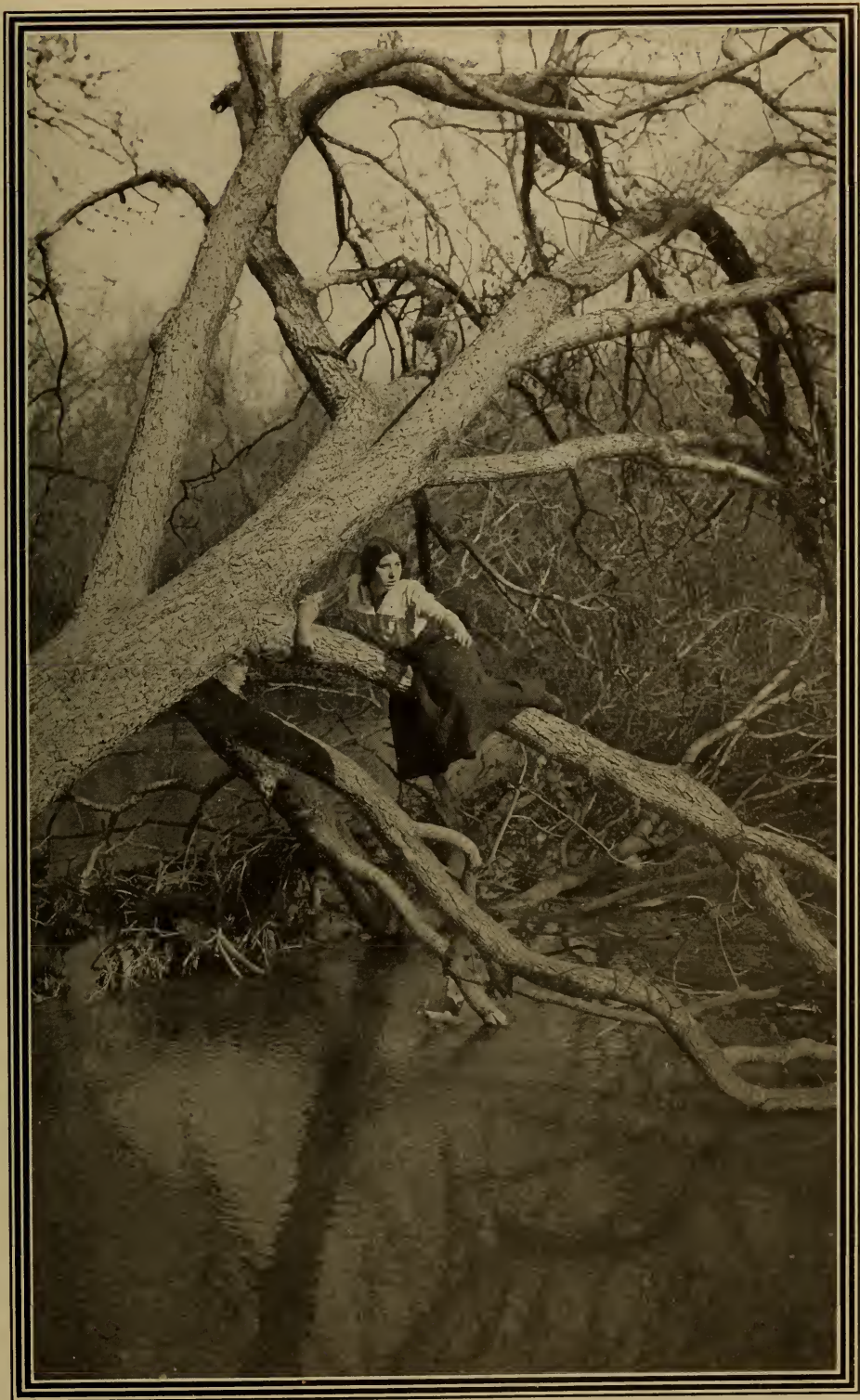
"I have gone far enough," she thought, suddenly. "Robin is giving out." Quickly dismounting, she lost not a moment in hobbling the horse and springing to the back of the second animal which dashed on with its burden even more rapidly than had faithful Robin. A few miles more and the same performance was repeated, tho a minute or so was lost in looking for a secluded place in which to hobble the horse. Edith realized full well the necessity for care in this respect, for there was more than the sun's bright glare to be considered. Black Ike, the notorious horse thief was known to be at large, and it was reported that he had been operating in that vicinity. If one of the horses should be stolen it would be impossible to make the return trip in time to save her mother.

The last lap of the journey was made at top speed, tho the horse that made it would have to double his course on the way back. He was a fine animal, and had made many a record at the races, but never a run like that.

The little town of San Pedro lay baking in the sun that day. The stillness was intense when the sound of hoof beats broke upon the air and the black horse with its wild-eyed, disheveled rider dashed down the main street, on past the public square and down thru a side alley, straight to the door of the one ice house of which the place boasted.

Hardly was the foaming horse brought to a stop, before Edith, sack in hand, had dismounted, rushed to the door of the building and grasped the latch. It did not respond to her touch. She shook it furiously, only to discover that it was locked. Locked! Locked, and she had come so far!

"Mother — may be — dying —" she moaned to herself. In an agony of disappointment she beat upon the closed door with her hands. She called, but no one answered. It was the noon hour. Everyone who could do so was



THE SACK OF ICE IS LOST IN THE STREAM

taking a siesta. To the distracted girl it seemed an age that she stood there looking, calling for help and hearing, seeing, no one. She looked about for a stone with which to break the lock but there was nothing near. Nothing but dust. Dust and blinding sunlight. For a moment she thought she would go mad. If only she could pull out the hasp of the lock. With the thought came an inspiration. Another instant and the end of the lariat hanging on the pommel of her saddle was slipped through the lock. Springing to her horse she spurred the animal forward. There was a jar, a jangle of metal, and the door was open, for the entire lock was torn off.

Within the cool depths of the ice house Edith's failing strength revived. She longed to bandage some of the cooling fragments about her own head, but there was not time. The minutes seemed hours. The large cake of ice she selected required all her failing strength to lift, for she knew only too well what havoc the hot winds would cause, and that the most she could expect to have when she reached the ranch would be but a small part of the large piece so carefully wrapped in burlap and fastened to the saddle for the homeward ride.

At the ranch where Mrs. Burton lay, still feebly moaning, but giving no other indication of consciousness, the doctor paced the floor with his watch in his hand. In two hours at most the crisis would be reached and unless the ice arrived the patient would never regain consciousness.

"Oh, if Edith would only come!" exclaimed Helen, watching from the doorway.

Out on the plains Edith is riding like mad. The sun has increased in intensity. The clouds of dust rise up and strangle her; her throat is parched, her eyes are aching, yet she must go on. The first relay is finished and the horse left in the bushes is found safe and well rested. But as Edith tied the ice pack to the saddle again she cried out in despair at the realization that fully one-fourth of the ice was already gone.

"It must not melt—it shall not—Go!" she cried to the fresh horse which responded to her command by making splendid time over the dusty road. The hot winds are like blasts from fiery ovens. Edith's face is dripping with perspiration, and the horse is soon flecked with foam, but the mad race with death must be won. There is some encouragement in having the horse start off at such speed and keep his pace so steadily, but now Edith will not trust herself to watch the rapidly lessening ice pack. She fears for the safety of the third horse, Robin, but is relieved to hear his gentle whinny of welcome as they approach. The next instant she is filled with alarm. Suppose that whinny had been heard by other ears. Suppose someone should overtake her now and rob her of the precious burden just as she had almost finished the journey. The terrific strain is beginning to tell upon the girl as well as upon the dripping horse.

Almost delirious with heat and fatigue, Edith changed the sack to Robin's back and noticed, with a steady glitter in her eyes, that it was again diminished in size.

"Go, Robin, go!" she whispered, and the horse needed no spurs when he found that he was turned toward home. Half of the last lap was soon done and for the first time poor Edith drew a breath of relief at the thought they might yet be in time.

"Whoa—hands up!"

The rough shout came from a clump of bushes beside the road and caused Robin to rear frightfully. Edith pulled him up suddenly, and she found herself covered by a six-shooter in the hands of a villainous individual whom she at once recognized, from the descriptions she had heard, as Black Ike. Even in the terror of the moment, however, she remembered that he had never been known to shoot at a woman.

"I don't believe he will shoot," she thought, "he only wants to frighten me." She was about to spur Robin past the scoundrel, and run the risk of bullets, when the precious sack, loosened by the sudden prancing of the

horse, slipped from its fastening and fell to the ground.

Quickly dismounting, Edith attempted to grasp the piece of burlap and at the same time keep hold of the bridle rein, but Black Ike was quicker than she. With a cut of the whip he started the horse and hurled the girl aside. Then, mounting Robin, he dashed off at full speed, leaving Edith weak and exhausted with yet two miles

to go, and with the ice fully two-thirds gone.

As the horse and its rider diminished to a tiny speck in the distance, Edith sank down and rested her throbbing temples against the cool bundle. At times black spots floated before her eyes; and the bushes seemed like zig-zag lines up and down the sky. Would she ever be able to accomplish the remaining distance? She remembered



EDITH, EXHAUSTED, RETURNS AT LAST WITH THE ICE

the short cut across the river, but hesitated at thought of the danger, for the log which offered a precarious footing lay fully fifteen feet above the water.

"I must try—I must try," she panted, as she staggered on with her now pitifully light burden. "I will try not to think that I am crossing. I will look up, not down and—perhaps—I can—get—across."

So thinking, she managed to get well out over the stream when a sudden blast of the hot winds blowing, blowing, blowing so steadily, so mercilessly, came over her with full force, wrapping her skirt about her and almost causing her to fall headlong into the stream. She swayed, straightened herself, and again started onward, but the sack slipped from her hand and fell into the water far below.

She could not look down. She could only go forward and finish the tortuous passage in an agony of mind lest that for which she had toiled and suffered so much to obtain was now gone beyond recovery. As she reached the further side she turned and watched the sack whirling along in the eddys and with difficulty restrained herself from leaping after it. Fortunately, there was no need to do so; for, even as she watched, a loose end of the burlap caught on the projecting snag of a large tree overhanging the stream, and there the sack stayed and swayed in safety.

Tripping, stumbling, falling, Edith tried to reach the water's edge, but the sack was too far out for her to secure it. A large limb of the tree extended over the spot where it lay. She would try to walk out on that. Half-blinded and crazed by the heat no thought of danger now entered her mind. Climbing far out on the limb which bent and swayed beneath her weight, she contrived to reach downward and grasp the sack. It required some effort to loosen it from its firm position, but at last her heart thrilled with hope for again she had the little lump of ice in her possession.

give up hope. The patient is growing weaker."

Doctor Jenkins spoke softly, but in his most professional tones. He had been standing for several moments gravely watching the face of his patient. "The ice might have helped, if we could have procured it, but I doubt now its being of any use even if——"

A weak touch at the latch, a dull thud against the door and a low moan interrupted the speaker. He turned quickly as Helen opened the door and Edith staggered into the room still clutching the sack with the fragment of ice that remained.

Only a fragment, but of more value than gold, at such a time, when a life was at stake. Only a bit of ice, but secured at such a cost that Dr. Jenkins shuddered, when he looked upon the tired face and drooping form of the exhausted, fainting girl. Here was love, sacrifice, devotion, remorse and courage such as it had never been his lot to witness before. His friends had often assured him that their wives, and many other women in the world were capable of such heroic acts, but he had scoffed at their statements. Now, in



"I am afraid, Miss Helen, we must

ONLY A BIT OF ICE



the little Texas girl he had discovered just the qualities he had always wished for in the woman he should select to be his wife. He redoubled his efforts to save the life of the stricken mother, and at last he was rewarded by seeing the fever flush die out of the face, and the breath come more evenly as she sank slowly into normal sleep.

A week later Mrs. Burton was able to be up and about the house again, but the mental strain which Edith had undergone during that terrible ride for her mother's life had proved too much for the young girl; and a reaction followed from which Edith did not fully recover for many days. She would even beg them not to let her sleep lest in dreams she live over again those harrowing experiences of that terrible day. It was only thru the fragments of information gained from her fitful delirium that the doctor and Mrs. Burton learned all that she had endured.



EDITH AND HER MOTHER EXCHANGE PLACES

When John Burton returned to his home, happy and encouraged because of his successful business deal, he found his home fully given over to the goddess of love. Mrs. Burton no longer spoke of her daughter's selfishness; Edith had learned the value of her mother's love and sacrifice, and Dr. Jenkins had found his ideal. Years after, when the famous physician, busy in serving humanity in a great eastern

city, told of the wild ride of his plucky little wife, he would always conclude with the quotation,  
 "For love's strength standeth in love's sacrifice;  
 And whoso suffers most hath most to give."



"Art does not imitate nature, but founds itself on the study of nature—takes from nature the selections which best accord with its own intention, and then bestows on them that which nature does not possess, viz., the mind and soul of man."—*Bulwer*.



A NOTABLE SCENE FROM THE ELABORATE PHOTOPLAY "AIDA."



## The Cash Prize Contest



ANNOUNCEMENT was made in the March, April and May numbers of this magazine that \$250 would be awarded in 85 cash prizes to those who sent in the best answer to the question, "Which story in THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE do you like best, and why?" Owing to the unexpectedly large number of answers received in this contest, which closed May 15th, the judges have asked for another month in which to make their decision. Perhaps no judges ever had more difficult task than this. It is to be regretted that only 85 prizes can be awarded, because this necessitates discarding several hundred letters of exceptional merit. Many contestants omitted to place their names and addresses upon their letters, and these letters had to be excluded. While a few letters have been considered that contained over fifty words, several hundred were discarded because they contained more than double the number of words required. Many contestants have mentioned various players and various manufacturers in their answers, founding their reasons for liking the stories, not on the merits of the stories or of the plays, but on the people taking part in them.

The editors wish to express their profound thanks to the thousands of contestants who have taken the trouble to write their criticisms and comments on the various stories appearing in the magazine. These letters have been very helpful not only to the editors, but to many of the manufacturers to whom these letters were submitted. Many stories from little boys and girls have attracted favorable attention from the judges, and doubtless a fair percent-

age of the prizes will be awarded to Young America. Some of these children have given reasons for liking certain stories that are truly remarkable. To the other extreme, it is noted that many of the contestants are grandfathers and grandmothers. The editors and judges were also pleased to note that a large number of answers came from schools, colleges, universities and churches. While some of the answers received from ministers and college professors have decided literary merit, it was never the intention of this magazine to award the prizes solely on account of literary merit; hence it will be found that some of the prizes will be won by persons who have made no attempt at literary style. A large number of letters were received from persons who evidently had no wish to compete for the prizes, among them being the following from Mr. S. G. Yeager: "Good luck to you! You can't get no judges to tell which stories are the best. They're all good; and if you keep this up I will be a regular subscriber."

While the judges have not completed their work, they have handed to the editors a few letters which will undoubtedly be among the winners, altho it is not known yet which prizes, if any, these letters will win.

Among the letters selected are the following:

"HEROD AND THE NEW-BORN KING"  
(Read to a Sunday-school class)

Easily, quickly understood and retained by fifteen small boys of my Sunday-school class. Taught them the value of pictures even in the learning of God.

Gave me the habit of taking my

class in a body to view biblical pictures.

Was directly responsible for adding nine new scholars.

MISS S. AUBURN.  
418 Napoleon St., Johnstown, Pa.

“MIKE THE MISER”

I like this story best. What Mike did for his sister and mother was fine. I would do just as he did if I had the chance. I think all boys should. Mike



GEORGE FORBES

was a good boy, and he showed what a good boy can do. I feel very sorry for Mike and his sister, and am very glad that his sister can walk again.

GEORGE FORBES.  
425 Sixth St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

“THE STORY OF ESTHER”

To many the Bible is a sealed book. Failing to understand part, they reject all. This beautiful story of Esther is so vivid, poetic, and yet shows befitting dignity of treatment. Better still, it creates a desire for biblical literature, and acquaints the reader with a masterpiece of literature.

LAURA L. SCHUTZ.  
Durango, Colo.

“THE DOCTOR”

I think the story called “The Doctor” is the best, because at the happiest event in this doctor’s life he puts himself aside to minister to the needs of others, showing a nobility of character his future wife might fully trust her life and happiness to.

ELLINOR E. GARMHAUSEN.  
516 W. 27th St., Baltimore, Md.

“ABRAHAM LINCOLN’S CLEMENCY”

This story, glowing with patriotism, forcefully emphasizes two vital traits of Lincoln’s character—a sublime consecration to duty, and a divine impulse to temper justice with mercy. Moreover, it suggests beautifully that no man is beyond the pale of forgiveness, and forgiving may save an otherwise doomed soul.

J. E. REIZENSTEIN,  
City Editor, *Press*.  
Iowa City, Iowa.

My choice is:

“HEROD AND THE NEW-BORN KING”

Nineteen hundred years are throbbing in its veins! Its blood is the blood of martyrs; its soul is the life of nations. It is the old, old story, that grows new with the birth of every babe. Its radiance has fallen on the author.

It is truest; therefore best.

Submitted by  
B. N. DUTT.  
New York University, University Heights, New York City.

“THE TALE OF TWO CITIES”

Greater love hath no man than to give his life for a friend. It is to be regretted that his love for her did not change his way of living, but he surely atoned for his past life by his sacrifice.

MISS MARTHA RIEGEL.  
28 N. High Street, Bethlehem, Pa.

“THE EYE OF CONSCIENCE”

This eloquently demonstrates that the “still, small voice” really speaks in thunder tones to ears properly attuned, and that an unseared conscience (once awakened, after a tem-

porary slumber) may wage a better battle for a man's honor and good name than all the detectives and police in the world.

J. E. REIZENSTEIN.

Iowa City, Iowa.

"SAILOR JACK'S REFORMATION"

It introduces the greatest world forces—the religious nature; woman's purity; love; jealousy; and the little child.

It shows the awful results of ungrounded jealousy.

It pathetically pictures the long-suffering fidelity of a woman's heart to the unworthy object of her love.

It shows the power of love's recall.

(REV.) BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

College Church, Oakland City, Ind.

"MIKE THE MISER"

Dear Sir: I like it best because it tells of a little boy who was not selfish and wanted his little sister to get well like himself. And how he gave up all his friends so he could save his money to help her, and not have to treat them. I am a cripple, and will never walk, but I am glad that his little sister will.

My name is Miss Gertrude Jansen. I am 12 years old.

St. Paul, Minn.

"HOW MARY MET THE PUNCHERS"

This interesting story

Of the Wild and Woolly West,

In your magazine for April,

It surely is the best.

It shows, tho Mary met the boys

With coldness and disdain,

In time of need they were friends

indeed,

True heroes of the plain.

MRS. J. PEEL.

360 54th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"THE GOLDEN SUPPER"

The subjection of self is taught. The splendor of true friendship is shown. The devotion of self-sacrificing love is extolled. The advent of a new life in the birth of the child is glorified. It is union of ideal and real. It is instinct with refining poesy.

GLADYS GEORGE.

Care *Dramatic Mirror*, N. Y. City.

"SENSATIONAL LOGGING"

Because it is a great, interesting and educational story. It shows how logs are chopped down, and hauled by railroad to the reservoir, then down the Ohio to the dam, then down to the mill, where the logs are cut into timbers, and made into furniture and buildings.

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1910 W. Colfax Ave.

"A REPUBLICAN MARRIAGE"

I like this story best because it appeals alike to the man of action and the lover of romance. Because it abounds in pathos and a chivalry that compels the admiration of every lover. Because it pictures the loftiest emotions that find lodgment in the human breast.

FRANK McINTOSH.

529 Goepf St., Bethlehem, Pa.

"THE TEST"

The simple homeliness of this story, the true womanly sweetness of Ruth, and the strong, big-hearted lover, who is one's ideal of manhood, appeals to us all.

It is concise, strong and complete, therefore valuable as a Photoplay. MORAL: A perfect gentleman (rare nowadays) outshines rank and wealth.

MISS ARIEL GRIFFIN.

755 E. 12th St., Los Angeles, Calif.

"A DIXIE MOTHER"

Its appeal is manifold and universal. Its interest is intensely human. It runs the gamut of every emotion. It solves the difficult problem of rousing patriotism without kindling animosity. It portrays love in its purest aspect, heroism without bravado, and sentiment without sentimentality. Its moral quality is true, sweet, and nobly uplifting. It is the embodiment of ideal Americanism.

REBECCA MIDDLETON SAMSON, Rockville Center, N. Y.



SCENE FROM "THE RIVAL DRAMATISTS, OR COCK-A-DOODLE-DOO."



## Accidents that Help

MORE than one director of motion pictures has had reason to be glad that an accident has happened, since a better picture has been the result.

In a recent comedy picture two dogs rushed into the field of the camera just as the chief comedian was being carried into a house for punishment for his misdeeds. They snapped at the dangling heels in a manner that could not have been bettered had they been trained to the work and when the picture was done they stalked off, tails in air, with an almost human appreciation of the fact that they had had their pictures taken.

Another fortunate accident resulted

in a comedy fall that was the hit of a humorous subject, a bit of orange peel adding to the scene a touch the director could not well ask his players to perform.

Sometimes a story is even altered slightly to take advantage of the unsought suggestion, for directors are quick to appreciate "points" and develop them. In one case a fall from a horse brought a greatly strengthened story from an unrehearsed incident and in another the collapse of a chair turned what was intended to be a polite comedy into broad farce, for the players got into the spirit of fun and wound up the story with a rush that was irresistible.



# A Cure for Dyspepsia

(Edison)

By EDWIN M. LA ROCHE



JAMES KIRKWEATHER, seated in his favorite spot under the glow of the family reading lamp, was absorbed in a volume of Henry Ward Beecher. Mrs. Kirkweather, middle-aged and motherly, and Naomi, their daughter, completed the group of which James was the acknowledged lord and master.

The ladies were intent on the manufacture of couch pillows for the impending church fair, needless to say, the yearly great event in Bridgewater. With the unanimity of female minds, numerous other households were similarly engaged making the aforesaid articles, so that, when the great days and evenings arrived, a complicated swap of this commodity resulted to the entire dissatisfaction of every one concerned.

Kirkweather read on silently to the tune of the plying needles. He was accustomed to silence, unless he himself ventured the opening remarks. His pursed lips drew down, Scotch fashion, and he laid the open book on the table with a resounding smack.

"Mrs. Kirkweather," he said, with a fat finger holding the passage, "listen to what Beecher says about my affliction, and weigh every word: 'It is quite in vain for a man to eat so that he is dyspeptic, and at the same time to live in a state of grace!'"

A peculiar cocking of his left eye warned Mrs. Kirkweather that she was expected to make a consolatory reply.

Mrs. Kirkweather paused in a complicated stitch, and sighed, to gain time.

"Yes, James," she said soothingly, "your punishment has been severe, and to think that you have abstained from spirits for all these years!"

"Punishment is not the word," he replied, with a glower, "'tis more like my preordination; and as for rum, I make it a point to vote under the Fountain on principle, and not that I'm fighting with temptation, as you would have it."

Having killed off all hope of a congenial reply, he glanced at the prostrate Beecher with a commiserable eye.

Mrs. Kirkweather finished the complicated stitch and exchanged a glance full of meaning with Naomi. By long custom they were used to this mute language, and her eyes seemed to query, "Shall I ask him?"

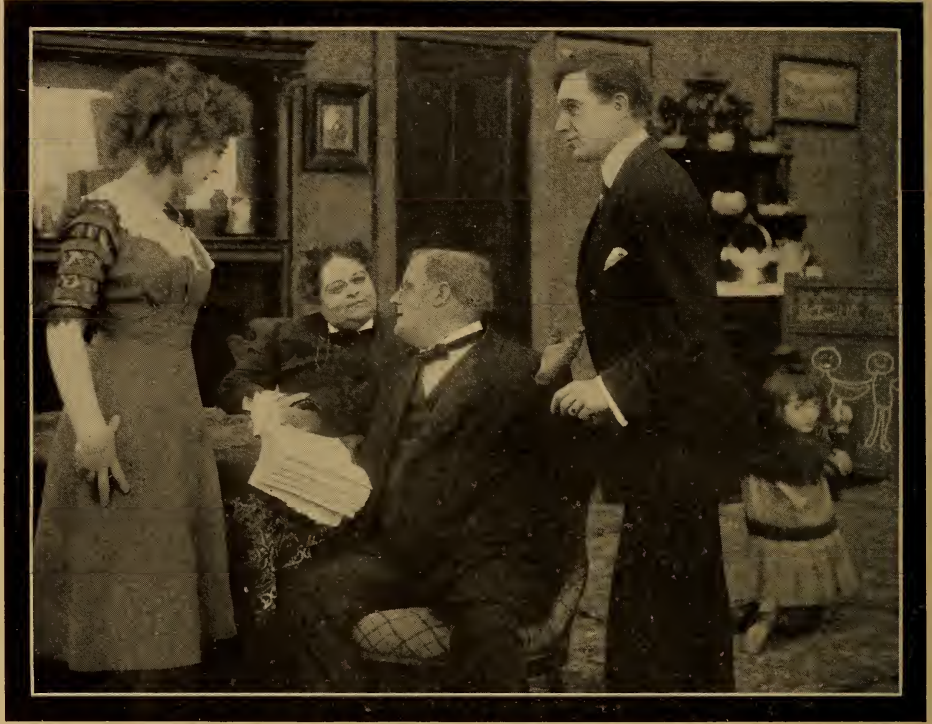
With a sharp lunge she stuck her needle into the unresisting pillow, and faced James Kirkweather with glowing eyes.

"There, James," she said, almost defiantly, "Naomi and I can't keep the news a second longer. I'm going to break it to you like your favorite temperance orator, Sam Jones, with a few questions. Who took Naomi to the Young People's meetings when you disapproved of her dancing class? Who helped nurse her thru the typhoid last year? Who traded her poor spavined mare for a new bicycle when she got better? Who suggested drinking warm mustard when you ate lobster at the church supper? I might suggest a lot more pointed clues, but your own heart and conscience will tell you whom I mean, James Kirkweather, as well as I can."

Kirkweather received this broadside of unprecedented family eloquence with the dignity of a ruffled owl.

"I can't help but deduce that you mean George Merridew," he replied, with surprising brevity.

"Good!" said she, with an assump-



KIRKWEATHER GIVES HIS CONSENT

tion of gaiety. "You have guessed right the very first time."

She paused, as if handing the reins of discourse over to him. Kirkweather knew what was coming, and hesitated between making for the door or hiding under cover of Beecher.

"James," she said finally, "why beat around the bush any longer? These two young creatures are very fond of each other, and last night confided in me. I was overjoyed, and folded them both in my arms. Perhaps I have been too hasty. At any rate, the time has come to ask your sanction, or at least to obtain your views on the matter."

Kirkweather had been preparing to answer the question for several months, but he was disconcerted by the sudden courage of her attack. In the bottom of his well protected heart he knew there was a "yes." He had nothing against George; in fact, secretly admired him as a well set up, resourceful, full-blooded youth. A

quick capitulation, however, was not the Kirkweather method. He was at least entitled to a well conducted retreat.

Kirkweather shut the heavy volume of Beecher as if coming out from his trenches. "Mrs. Kirkweather," he said, in his best judicial manner, "you will acknowledge that you have not prepared me for this question at all, but have proceeded *ex abrupto*, with the unreasonableness of your sex. Now a contract of this nature cannot be determined by a jumping at conclusions, nor the will nor want of a silly young creature like Naomi. The facts must be set forth *ab initio*, from the beginning, as it were, and a logical termination come to. You have cast a grave responsibility upon me, as I see you are entirely unfitted for the task."

Having sufficiently re-established his self-esteem, he arose and made for the door as fast as dignity permitted.

"I'll go out and think it over," he



concluded lamely; and they felt that the odds were in their favor.

Kirkweather walked slowly down the little row of cottages to the intersection of his street with the main one.

How delicately balanced a thing is chance, sometimes! He was prepared to return, after a discreet interval, and to pronounce a solemn verdict in favor of his daughter. As he turned homeward the swinging summer doors of the "Main Street Café" hinged abruptly outward, and a dapper, cheery-looking young man stepped out, almost into the arms of Mr. Kirkweather.

Kirkweather stepped backward a pace or two to give the damnable encounter full force, and assumed the expression of Dante.

"George Merridew!" he exclaimed with a heavy, dazed voice.

The usually self-assured young man had recoiled simultaneously, and for half a moment had rabbit-eyed it, blinking like a snared hare.

"Ah! Mr. Kirkweather!" he ejaculated in a tremulous key. "How is Mrs. Kirkweather?—and I see you looking well, I'm sure!"

Kirkweather stared at the still swinging doors, as if to convince himself of their reality.

"Mr. Merridew," he said haughtily, "will you kindly explain your attitude in egressing from that building, or am I to imply that it is your regular habitation?"

George laughed uneasily.

"Oh! You mean 29 Main Street," he said, with a thumb-jerk over his shoulder. "The fact is, Mr. Kirkweather," he continued confidentially, "they are tenants of my father, and, I regret to say it, very prompt pay, at that. Having collected the rent, I will be very much honored to accompany you home."

He stepped forward as if the petty incident was of no further moment, but Mr. Kirkweather held his umbrella threateningly in front of him. The apple in his throat worked convulsively.

"Mr. Merridew," he said frigidly,

"I regret to see you so fallen. May the Lord spare you, for I cannot!"

With that he turned soberly on his heel, and left the dejected young man, beneath the swinging sign of the tavern.

In the Kirkweather cottage, under the red reading-lamp, Naomi and her mother stitched serenely on the omnipresent couch pillows. The longer Kirkweather continued his saunter, they felt, the more graceful his surrender on returning.

At length his firm tread on the porch announced his homecoming, and they arose to greet the vanquished man with the little graces of the captivating sex. Mrs. Kirkweather fetched a pair of carpet slippers, the plunder of last year's fair, and Naomi opened the volume of Beecher at the page following the unfortunate dyspeptic passage.

Kirkweather entered the sitting-room, without having deposited his hat and umbrella on the hall rack, and drew to the door rapidly behind him. He stood on the hearth-rug in his street-gear, and eyed them in stony fashion, like a perceiver of visions.

"Mary Kirkweather," he said solemnly, "I have been on the brink of the pit, and but for a revelation would have walked blindly in."

His voice rose in sudden anger. "By the right of what I have just seen, I forbid George Merridew the cheer of my house and the companionship of my family, and"—he added with staccato emphasis, "the consolation of my presence."

Mrs. Kirkweather actually cowered under this terrible attack, where peace had been expected; but Naomi, dutiful daughter, stepped jauntily into the breach.

"Father," she said, with a mounting color, "I don't know what has angered you so about George, and I suppose you have some good reason; but I won't listen to your kicking and cuffing him about until I've had your provocation. It's for all the world like making passes at a straw man."

Kirkweather recoiled on the fender as if he had been buffeted by a giant

hand. He had expected by a broadside to have the weeping family at his knees, and then to dismember George *seriatim*. With trembling fingers he unfastened the upper buttons of his rounded waistcoat, and clutched his floating rib.

"I've had the tolerance to withstand your categorical attitude," he gasped at Mrs. Kirkweather, "and to behold the wretchedness of that lost soul, George Merridew, but," he added, with a reproachful eye on Naomi, "to see my own offspring turn against her afflicted parent is more than I can bear."

He walked to the door with agitated strides. "I haven't the unction," he said in turning, "to heal the venom in my unrighteous family. I will seek our pastor for means of grace."

Kirkweather closed the door unobtrusively, and they heard his receding steps on the gravel.

Mrs. Kirkweather and Naomi exchanged frightened glances, and the elder hastened a word of extenuation.

"Your poor papa," she said, with commiseration, "is suffering with his dyspepsia dreadfully to-night. I only hope our pastor will calm his tortured frame. I cannot imagine what has turned him so against George, and while they may be clouds somewhat of his own conjuring, we must see George, and warn him of your father's anger."

So saying, she lit a candle, and ascended above to ease the anticipated feverish pillow of Mr. Kirkweather.

We left the crestfallen George under the swinging insignia of his shame, and it was some minutes before he recovered from his dreadful passage with the indignant Mr. Kirkweather. In many minds as to his perilous estate, he decided that he must see Naomi at once, to anticipate, or at least ride out with her, the family storm before it should overturn her frail shallop.

George was a man of divers resources, and, as he neared Naomi's home, he had decided on a front-door attack, a merry entry into the family

group, and a laughing off of the entire matter. He was greatly amazed, however, as he neared the Kirkweather front privet, to hear the door shut sharply, and to see the portly figure of Mr. Kirkweather hurrying down the path. Waiting until his late antagonist had disappeared down the street, George tapped gently on the Kirkweather portals.

Naomi met him with a half smile, and, with finger on lip, ushered him thru the quiet house and into the empty kitchen. The perspicacious George deduced that the first engagement had taken place, but was utterly amazed at the temporary rout of Mr. Kirkweather. All the weight of authority, fact and artifice belonged to him, and as soon as they were seated in a niche back of the tubs he burst forth.

"Naomi, by all that's wonderful," he said admiringly, "by what means have you ousted the irate sire? It's true that he almost bayoneted me, coming out of the Main Street Café, and for a moment I lost my wits. I've never faced a truculent buzzard with an umbrella-sword before. He left me for dead on the field of our encounter, and I hastened here, expecting to deliver a Marc Antony over my own corpse."

Naomi gave him the missing chapter in the tragi-comedy in a few words, and George listened with approving nods.

"My heavens, Naomi!" he said as she finished. "I had thought to see him gloating it over his prostrate female dependents, but you certainly have inherited papa's spunk, without his infernal standoffishness. I only wish I'd fought my own battle as well as you've done it for me," he concluded wistfully.

"It has but commenced," she replied. "Father is an awfully strong finisher."

He laughed an emphatic assent, and the conversation trailed off into nothings dear to lovers, which do not concern us.

How long their duet may have lasted is not of historic moment, but



KIRKWEATHER CHANGES HIS MIND

heavy tread in the dining-room earned them of the return of Mr. Kirkweather. He appeared to be looking for something, as there was much opening and shutting of closet doors. At length the pantry door, leading to the kitchen, opened, and shuffling feet pronounced his prowling in their direction. The pair crouched low, and breathlessly awaited developments. Mr. Kirkweather hesitated in the pantry, and proceeded to light a candle. By its glow they could see a rotund figure nosing among the long rows of bottles on the well-stocked shelves. His search seemed unrewarded, for with a grunt of sat-

isfaction he brought down a large, dark bottle and held it against the candle.

"Sister Kate's dyspepsia cure," he muttered. "I've a mind to chance it, after my grievous mistreatment."

He held an empty jelly glass, and poured out a good three fingers.

Naomi watched his maneuvers with widening eyes.

"Stop him, George!" she gasped excitedly, "before it's too late! It's mother's cooking brandy, and——"

George held a gentle but restraining hand over her pleading mouth.

"In the interests of science——" he whispered, but could get no further.



KIRKWEATHER GETS THE WRONG BOTTLE

A gentle succession of gurgles, followed by a sharp smack, warned them that the liquor had found its lodgment.

Mr. Kirkweather uttered a strangling cough or two, cleared his throat, and walked off toward the dining-room. They could hear his firm detour of the room, and the shutting of the sitting-room door.

George beckoned Naomi ahead, and they made a noiseless way into the dark dining-room, separated but by thin doors from Kirkweather's retreat. From this vantage they could plainly hear Kirkweather ease himself into his rocker, under the lamp, and the rustle of book pages as he sought his place. A long-drawn sigh of contentment, followed by the rustling of perused pages, boded no ill effects

from the spirits, and George wondered if the interests of science were to be thwarted, when a low chuckle could be plainly heard from Mr. Kirkweather's quarters. A laugh followed quickly, and then a peal of cackling merriment that fairly shook the house.

Kirkweather slapped his fat leg in uncontrollable amusement.

"Lord bless me!" he cackled. "I didn't believe Beecher could be so funny!"

He paused to wipe the tears from his streaming eyes.

"I almost believe he could make a sardine snicker," he continued, as he settled back for fresh amusement.

The imbibing of a few more paragraphs brought on a fresh attack. He could hardly contain his amusement between each written word. "Lord

ly!" he exclaimed, wiping his  
v. "Henry will be the death of  
yet!"

His immoderate spirits became in-  
etious, and the conspirators an-  
vered each chuckle with suppressed  
nes from the dining-room.

"I never knew cooking brandy was  
uch funny stuff," tittered Naomi.

"I'm so glad it's happy firewater,"  
ughed the roguish George. "Your  
ather's a tiptop comedian, because he  
enjoys the part so himself.

"The fact is," he added confiden-  
ially, "it always makes me—glad to  
ee others so happy."

An unusual sound from the sitting-  
room distracted her attention from  
George's lame conclusion. There was  
no doubt about it, Mr. Kirkweather  
was gently snoring. The symphoni-  
ous breather had at last succumbed to  
the effects of his hilarity.

Joining hands, like children view-  
ing a benevolent giant, the pair en-  
tered the room of mirth and tiptoed it  
o Kirkweather's side. Under the rays  
f the reading-lamp, Kirkweather  
ay sprawled out grotesquely, the  
ontagious Beecher open across his  
nees. It was as if he had been struck  
down standing by the fatal humorist.

The abstemious George gazed on his  
prostrate antagonist with the dejected  
look of the village pessimist; then,  
catching Naomi's more humane ex-  
pression, he readjusted his counte-  
nance to the occasion. He prided him-  
self on his forbearance in not step-  
ping to the parlor organ, and, with  
stops open, playing "How Have the  
Mighty Fallen!" In the interests of  
science, however, this agile opportu-  
nist thought of something nobler, and  
whispering to Naomi not to leave her  
father unprotected, he hastened from  
the house.

It did not seem moments before he  
returned, bearing a newspaper packet.  
He opened it promptly before Naomi,  
and disclosed an empty bottle, bear-  
ing the gilded label, "OLD FRENCH  
OGNAC," and beneath, in small  
tters, "Distillery 4, District 12,  
S. A." Depositing this grim me-  
mento by the side of Mr. Kirkweather,

he asked Naomi to fetch the disas-  
trous jelly glass. Having arranged  
this also to his liking for striking ef-  
fect, with undertaker-like solemnity  
he gestured Naomi to withdraw. They  
passed the benign head of Mr. Kirk-  
weather cautiously, and as they gained  
the hall, George slammed the door to  
with unnecessary violence.

Mr. Kirkweather started in his  
pleasant slumber, and his heavy eyes  
stared at the white space of ceiling.  
For a delicious moment he thought  
that he had passed away, and was  
floating on a cloud, thru space, toward  
his diverting predecessor. Then, with  
broadening vision, as the cloud seemed  
to remain stationary, he summoned up  
his courage to look beneath him. In-  
stead of miniature fields, his horrified  
eyes encountered his own patterned  
carpet, and, almost under his nose, an  
empty and most redolent bottle.

Kirkweather arose to a sitting po-  
sure slowly, and stung by the most  
harrowing remorse, tried to gather his  
fleeting wits. He remembered the  
harsh clashes with his family, and that  
dreadful meeting with George Merri-  
dew. The chain of events was so co-  
herent, that the unsatisfying trip to  
the absent minister, and his attack of  
dyspepsia, he recalled with equal fa-  
cility. He had returned home half  
frantic, seeking for a remedy. Hor-  
rors! He saw it all now: the stealthy  
groping in the pantry, and the sur-  
reptitious drink of Kate's supposed  
nostrum. By the devil's connivance  
he had stumbled on the fiery potion  
that now evidenced his shame. But  
why had Beecher been so exquisitely  
humorous? Why was he sitting on  
his own parlor floor in a stultified  
condition? The empty bottle and smell-  
ing jelly glass drove the unpleasant  
truth home. He, James Kirkweather,  
the apostle of anti-rum, and Gabriel  
of prohibition, had been on a regular  
orgy! He covered his strained face  
with seeking fingers, and groaned  
audibly.

George and Naomi, entering sud-  
denly, found him in this enlightened  
and repentant position. It is needless  
to say that George faced the embar-

raising attitude of his late enemy with delicate tact.

Naomi's shrill exclamation of "Father, you've been drinking!" was suppressed by him with the necessary exactitude. He approached Mr. Kirkweather with the respect due the fallen, and eased the injured man to his feet. Once there, a mysterious dizziness attacked him, and he sought his rocker with uneven steps and the scraps of his former dignity. To George's proffer of his favorite author he shook a sorry head.

George dropped back to position one, and stood in a posture of respectful attention.

Mr. Kirkweather adjusted his

glasses with fumbling fingers, and a moment the old defiant look shone in himself.

"George Merridew," he said, with proper emphasis, "you have undoubtedly beheld the snarer snared. I have most unexpectedly displayed a finer taste for the spirits, and," he added with a rueful look at the bottle, "have consumed more than my fair share of it. If, with Naomi's permission, you can get any comfort out of it, consumption, you are heartily welcome."

"Naomi," he continued, with a suspicion of humor, "you might write your Aunt Kate that her medicine helped your father."



SCENE FROM "BEHIND THE MASK"

## The Motion Picture In Science

By L. D. Broughton, M.D.

THE use of the cinematograph to illustrate the development of scientific achievement has been one of the greatest gains of modern times. What the phonograph is to the voice the moving picture is to animate objects, and both reproduce with wonderful exactness and treasure up for coming generations the happenings of today.

The most rapidly moving objects are now followed by the unerring eye of the camera, and studies of the scenes are made by reproducing the pictures slowly so that the human eye can see the things which under rapid motion are not clearly discernible. A moving picture of a bullet shot from a rifle was made recently. To the unaided eye there was a puff, the bullet crashed thru a bladder and with a spurt it was all over, and there was nothing to see but the hole where the missile passed thru. But not so to the camera. The reproduced views, moving slowly, showed the bullet impinged against the wall of the bladder, the surface pressed in steadily till it had reached the limit of resistance, and then the rip, the bullet disappearing in a hole, the appearance of the point of the bullet on the other side of the bladder, the bullet being driven out to a resisting wall, the wall giving way, and the bullet continuing forward in its flight. It was shown that it might have been the action of some slow-moving metal thrown by the force of nature work in the laboratory. Some may merely be a reproduction of the un-

viewed by the unassisted eye, but when the camera revealed the sometimes grotesque positions of the horse's limbs as they swing forward and back, it was a revelation, if not a shock. The moving picture of the horse in motion is also of the same character as that which we are accustomed to see when the picture is reproduced at about the speed at which it was taken, but if it is slowed to one-third, the results are interesting, and surprising, perhaps disillusioning.

Efforts have been made to make views of the human heart in motion, but so far not with entire success, the problem being to combine the X-ray with the cinematograph. Some results have been achieved but they have not been a complete success. Such a study opens many interesting possibilities. The human heart in adults averages between seventy and eighty beats a minute; that is, the four chambers of the heart are filled and emptied in about eight-tenths of a second, during which time there is a distinct period of rest. By careful study the elements of the heart's action have been almost mathematically determined, but only by the most assiduous attention can the ordinary student grasp the deceptive details. The reproduction of the actions of the heart at a pace sufficiently slow for the eye to determine the various portions of the interesting process has in it a field for study that is not reached by any other method. The actions of the heart have been seen in animals which have been operated upon under anaesthesia, and a few cases have occurred where the human heart has been exposed by accident or in operations upon the chest; but the circumstances have not been of the character that has aided the student in his work.

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is something  
of a horse as



SCENE FROM "THE QUARREL ON THE CLIFF" (EDISON)





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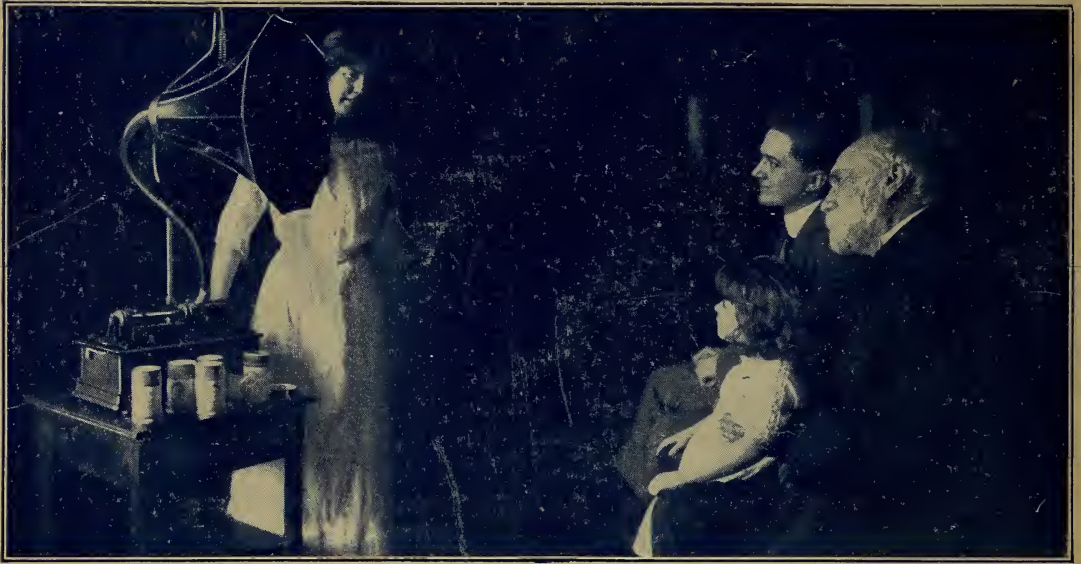
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## the right volume of sound for our home

instead of enough noise for a concert hall." You never have to say "if we had only bought an Edison we might

have had the perfect lifelike purity of tone resulting from the

## Sapphire Reproducing Point

which does not scratch or wear the record, never wears out or requires to be changed."

And most of all you never have to say "if we had only bought an Edison we might have been able to

## make records at home

—to record and reproduce the songs and stories of every one of us, and of our friends and neighbors."

If you would make your purchase of a sound-reproducing instrument "regretless" it must be an Edison that you buy.

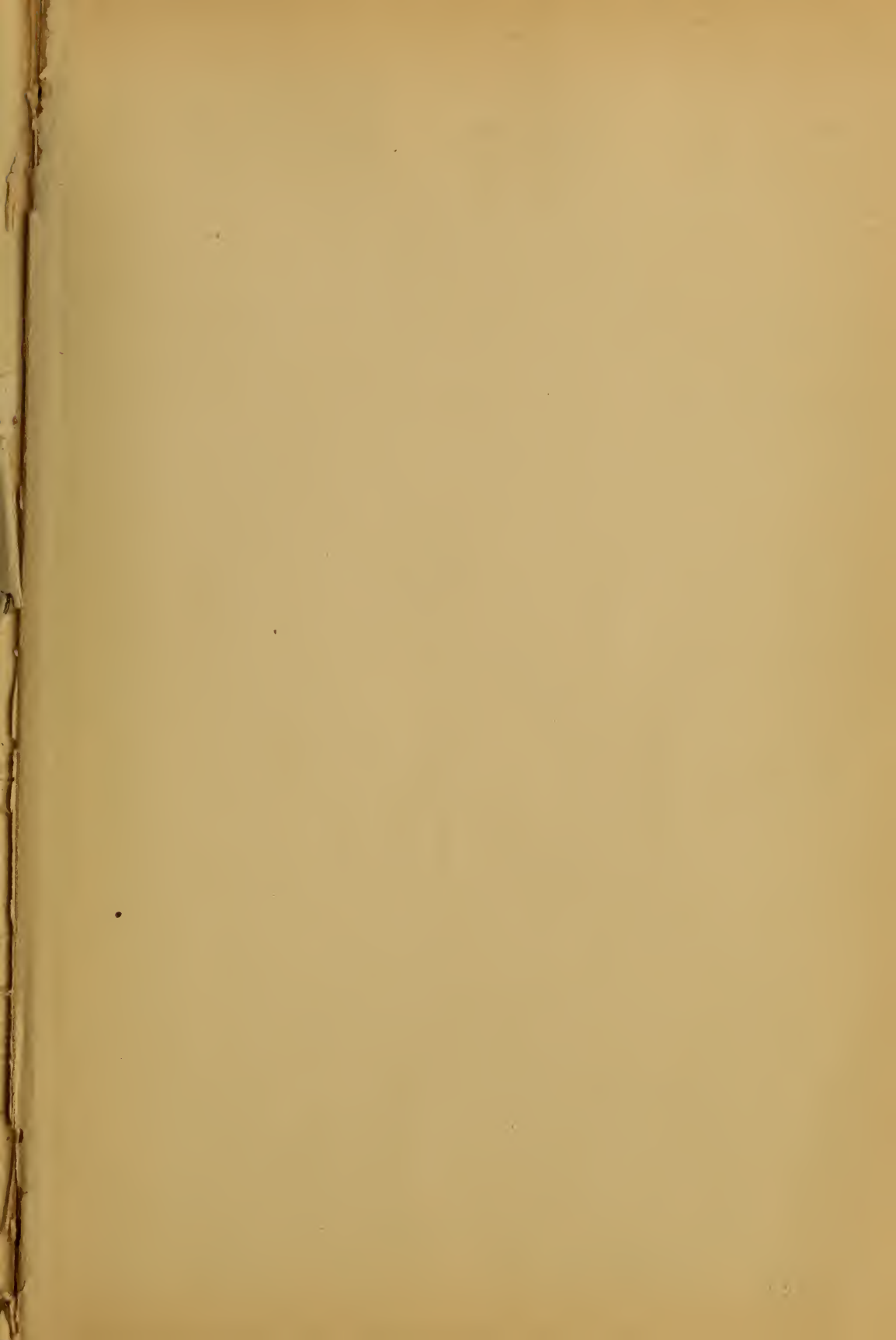
There is an Edison Phonograph at a price to suit everybody's means, from the Gem at \$15.00 to the Amberola at \$200.00, sold at the same prices everywhere in the United States.

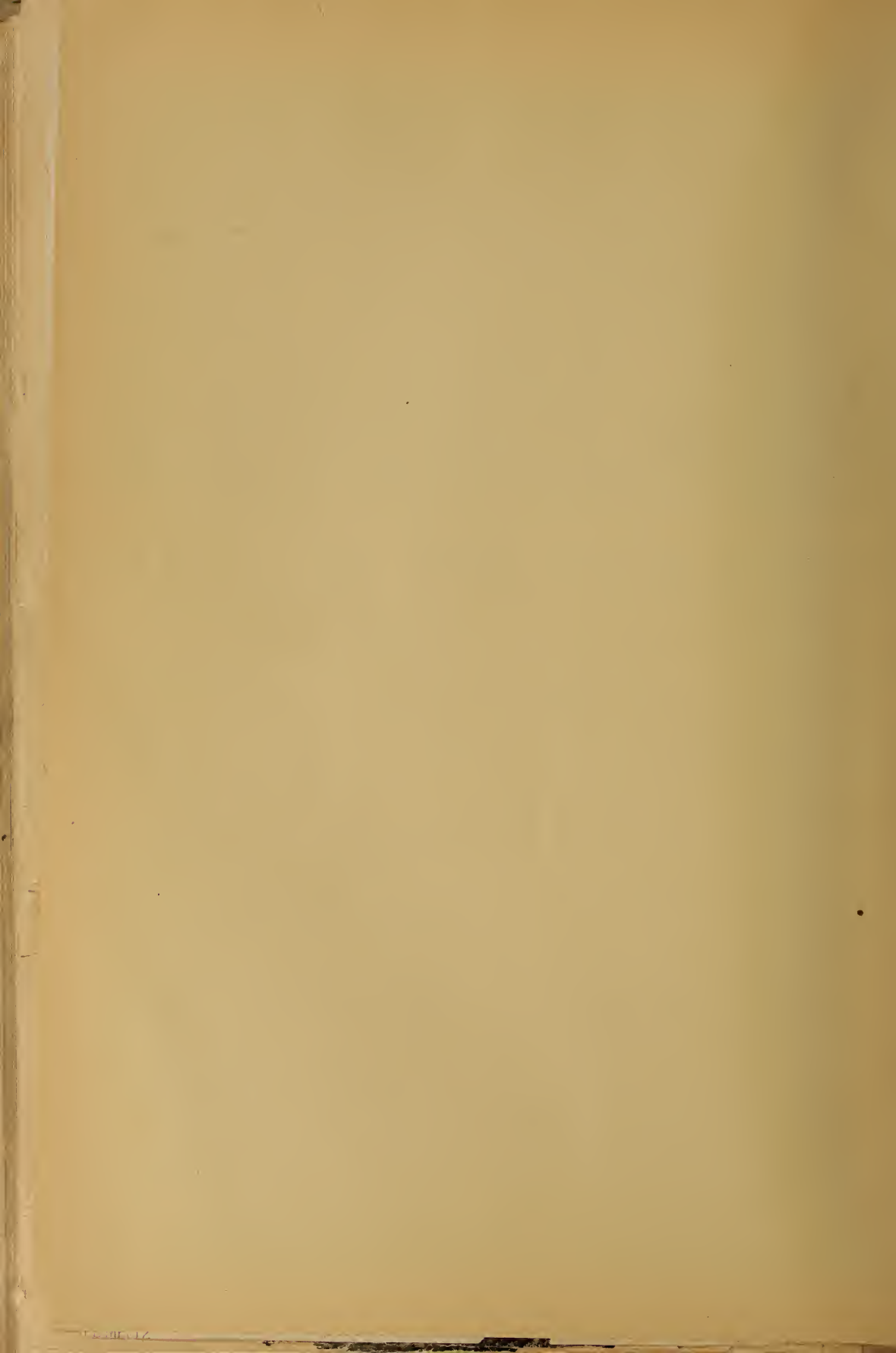
- Edison Standard Records.....\$ .35
- Edison Amberol Records (play twice as long) . . . . .50
- Edison Grand Opera Records.....\$ .75 to \$2.00

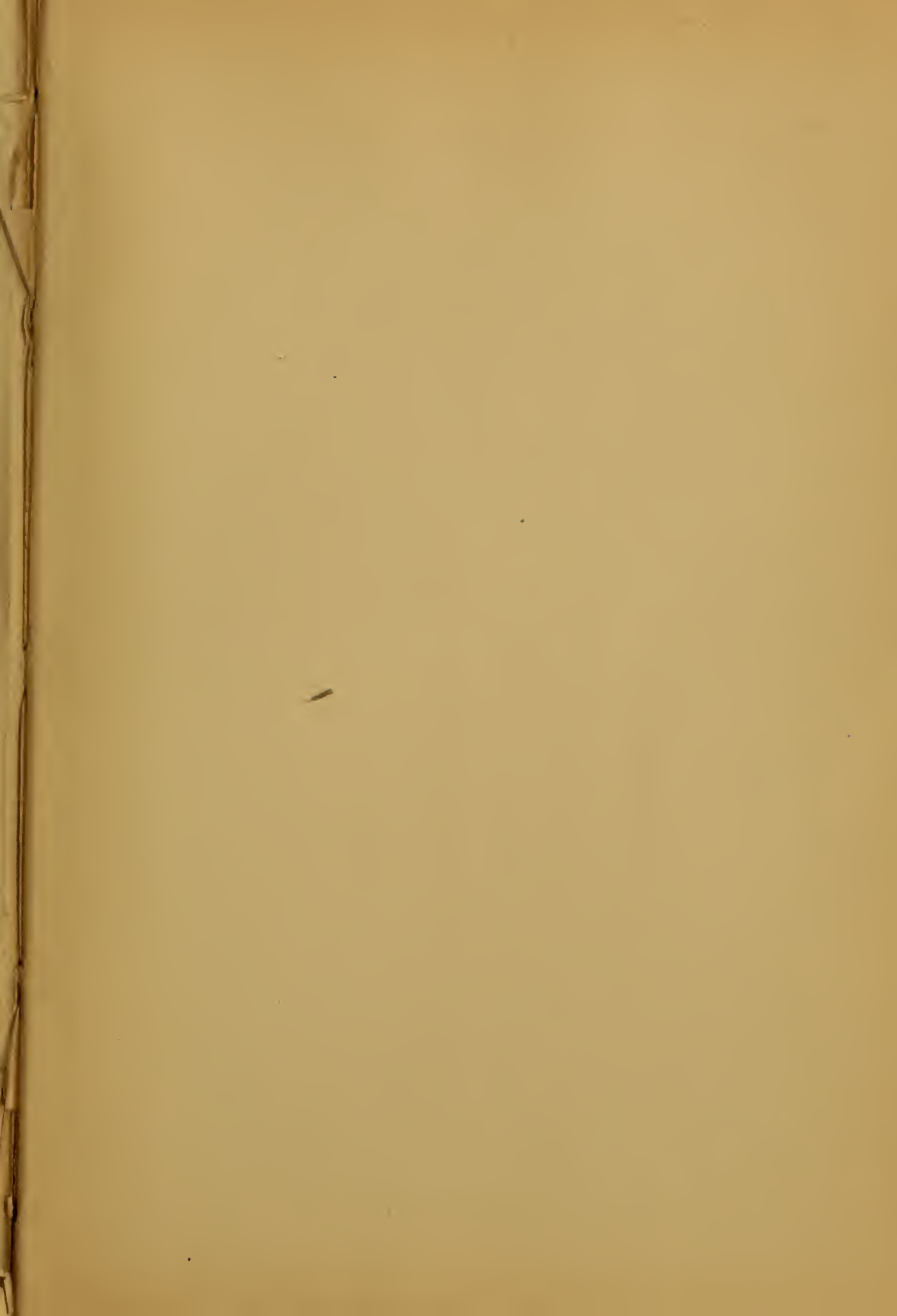
Go to the nearest dealer and hear the Edison Phonograph play Edison Standard and Edison Amberol Records. Get complete catalogs from your dealer or from us.

**THOMAS A. EDISON, Inc., 144 Lakeside Avenue, Orange, N. J.**  
 The Edison Business Phonograph conserves the time and energy of your highest priced men.

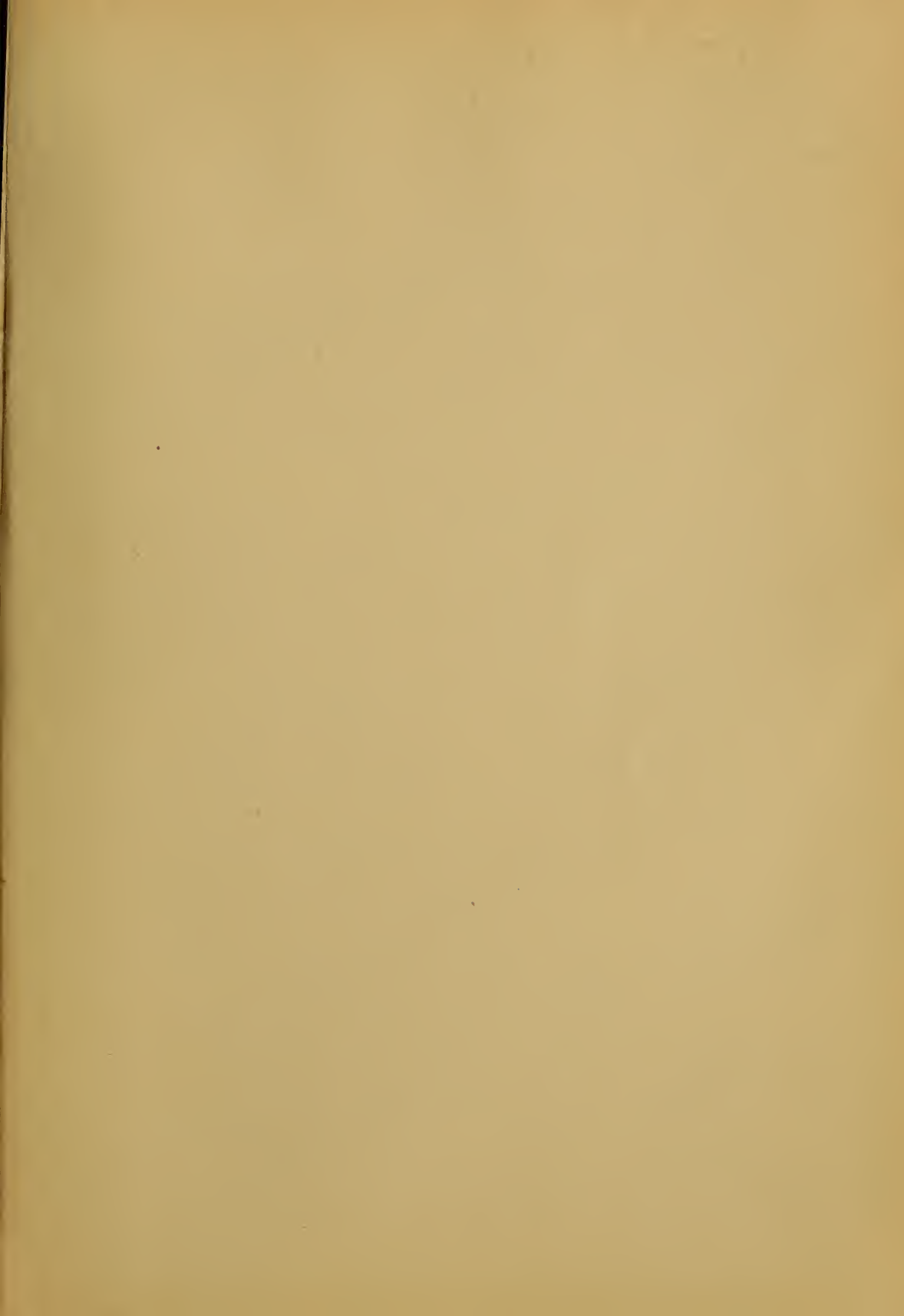
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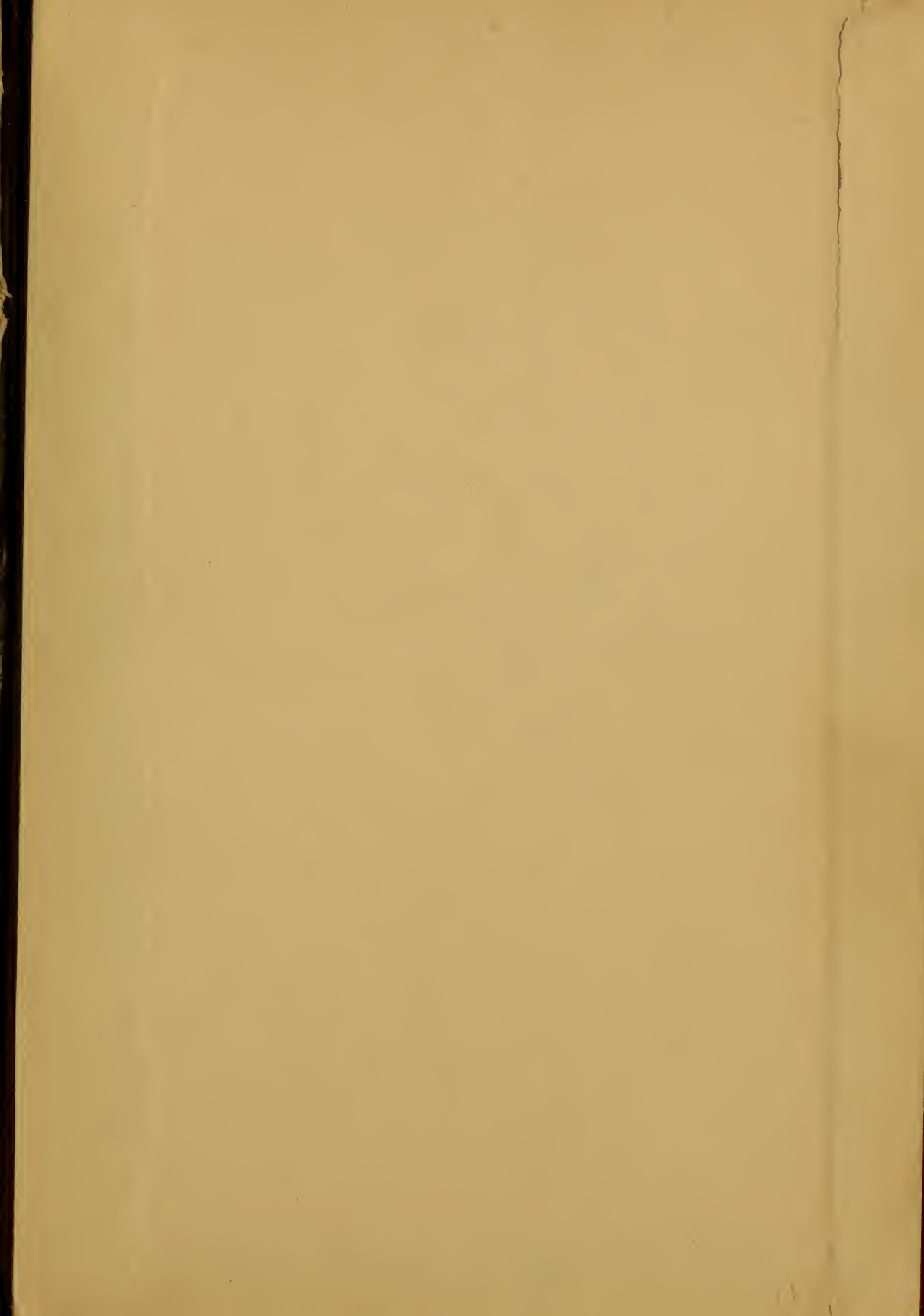












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