The Daily Movie Magazine

CLOSE-UPS of the MOVIE GAME

By HENRY M. NEELY

Bill Hart and Winifred Westover Surprised Everybody

WEREN'T you surprised to read in Thursday's papers that Bill Hart and Winifred Westover had been married out in Hollywood? There hadn't been even a hint of their romance; in fact, both of them seemed to be confirmed in their lives of virtue, liberty and independence as against "e pluribus unum," and it must have been a very sudden affair, because Miss Westover hasn't been West very long.

You'll remember, of course, the persistent rumors that Hart was going to marry Jane Novak, his beautiful blonde leading lady in many pictures. Both of them denied it again and again, but nobody believed them and the general opinion was that they would be married after Miss Novak's decree of divorce became final.

Miss Westover herself wasn't considered a likely candidate for orange blossoms. Just before she left Selznick, in New York, to go West, she was quoted as saying, "If I ever fall in love with a leading man, it will be without illusions. I have seen too much of love as it is today to expect very much from it. I can't ever be disappointed."

And about the same time some one out West, interviewing Hart, quoted him as saying, "While I am a bachelor in one sense, still, in another sense, I am married—married to my art; so I cannot consider marriage until my art divorces me."

Six months later, when he made his visit to New York, he seemed to have changed his mind, for he told an interviewer then, "I like the society of ladies and I love children, and you can bet your life that I am going to get married. I don't mean to say that I have a girl picked out or anything like that. But I have always had the idea in my mind. I have had my mother and my sisters to take care of all these years. It was a privilege and a joy, but, on an actor's salary, it was pretty hard sledding sometimes. Now I am on easy street and I certainly will get married some of these fine days."

* * *

HART quit the screen some time ago and began writing boys' stories. But, only recently, he announced his intention of once more taking up the movies, so now that he has settled down to domesticity, we may expect to see him as regularly as we used to.

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HART'S full name is William Shakespeare Hart. That sounds highbrow for a Western cowpuncher, but you must remember that he has not always been a Westerner.

He was born in Newburgh, N. Y. When he was only six months old his parents moved out to the Dakotas and Bill at once began absorbing that Western atmosphere which has since made his fortune for him. Some one once said to him, "I supposed you fairly lived in the saddle?" No," said Bill. "I didn't have a saddle to live in. But I lived on a horse."

In his own introduction to his story, "Injun and Whitey," now running in Movie Weekly, Hart writes:

"The first fifteen years of my life were spent in the Dakota territory. The great West mothered me during the shaping of my boyhood ambitions and ideals. Therefore, I know by personal experience the actual life of our frontier days.

"While boys of my age in the East were playing baseball, football and the various school games, I was forced through environment to play the more primitive games of the Indian. I lived on the frontier. White settlers were scarce.

"When Western plays were first tried out on the American stage I was an actor of considerable experience. (He went on the stage in 1898.) As Cash Hawkins in 'The Squaw Man,' produced at Wallack's Theatre in New York in 1905, it was my good fortune to give the American public a typical Western character. My success opened up a subsequent line of Western roles for me."

Hart's bride is a California girl, of Scandinavian ancestry. She had two years' experience with Griffith in his Fine Arts days, playing opposite De Wolf Hopper, Wilfred Lucas, Douglas Fairbanks and many others.

She was in "Intolerance," "John Petticoats," "This Hero Stuff," "Hobbs in a Hurry," "All the World to Nothing," "Old Lady 31," "Forbidden Trails," "Firebrand Trevison," "The Village Sleuth" and, after a recent trip to Sweden, where she was engaged to make pictures for a Scandinavian company, played with Eugene O'Brien and Conway Tearle.

The Movie Fans' Letter-Box

Ruth — Herbert R. Betterton, of 727 Alden street, writes in to correct the answer I gave you recently. He says: "The writer recalls that, in either 1913 or 1914, he saw Sarah Bernhardt appear in 'Queen Elizabeth,' one of the earliest films longer than two reels. It was mentioned in the press at that time that she was virtually the first member of note of the legitimate stage to appear on the screen."

A. C. and **L. R.**—Address Christie Comedy Studios, Hollywood, Calif. Leading producing companies are Famous-Lasky, Fox, Metro, Marshall Neilan, Talmadges, Robertson-Cole—all at Hollywood.

Neeley—Wallace Reid is working at present on "The Champion," adapted from the stage play of the same name. Ralph Ince played the part of Abraham Lincoln in "The Highest Law."

Mowgli — The two feature productions in which little "Breezy" Eason was starred are "Two Kinds of Love" and "The Big Adventure." He played in many others, but was starred only in these two.

Ruby—Lovey Marsh and Marguerite Marsh are not sisters, but one and the same person. Marguerite Marsh formerly went under the name of Lovey. She is a sister of Mae Marsh, also Mildred. All three are married.

Gardiner — What has become of Faire Binney? Perhaps you will be interested to know that she has temporarily deserted the screen to appear on the stage in Cosmo Hamilton's new play "Danger."

Hamilton—Shannon Day has been engaged to play an important role in "The Woman He Married," Anita Stewart's latest starring vehicle. She played in "Man, Woman, Marriage," "Sacred and Profane Love," and "Forbidden Fruit." She has brown hair and blue eyes.

Admirer — Mabel Normand is indeed a very popular screen actress. Her latest success is "Molly 'O.'" Yes, she is married. They mostly all are. "Steelheart" is the picture in which Will Duncan and his wife, Edith Johnson, appear together. I believe there is another recent picture which features them both, but I don't recall the title.

Clita—"Molly O" is Mabel Normand's latest picture. Hobart Bosworth is an actor as well as a producer. Charles Ray's latest picture is "Two Minutes to Go." The cast for "The Concert" is as follows: Augustus, Lewis stone; Mary, Myrtle Stedman; Dr. Hart, Raymond Hatton; Dolphino, Mabel Julienne Scott; Eva, Gertrude Astor; Pollinger, Russ Powell; Mrs. Pollinger, Lydia Titus.

Clita—Doris May was once known on the screen as Doris Lee. She played opposite Charles Ray as Doris Lee. However, her real name is Helen Garrett, and she was born in Seattle, Wash., in 1902. Last May she was married to Wallace McDonald. Does this information unravel the mystery?

Virginia—Anna Q. Nilsson is appearing in "Why Girls Leave Home." She is married to Guy Combs. Anita Stewart's latest picture is "A Question of Honor." She will soon be seen in "Rose o' the Sea." Florence Vidor is playing in "Half the Woman."

FILM STARS WILL STAGE REAL PLAY OUT AT HOLLYWOOD

By CONSTANCE PALMER
Hollywood, Calif.

THE Screen Writers' Guild of the Authors' League of America is giving a very splash affair at the Ambassador the first of December. Every one who is anybody is going—at $22 a couple and one hundred simoleons per ringside table of six. Among other attractions they are going to stage a play, the cast of which I've been able to glean by little bits. Gloria Swanson is to be leading lady—incidentally it is a satire on the movies—and Theodore Roberts plays the part of the assistant director. I believe Wanda Hawley, Bebe Daniels and John Ince are also in the cast.

They are going to be many other attractions, including a polite prize fight and a chorus of "boopful" ladies.

And speaking of entertainments—the Christie Studio is planing a blow-out in honor of Marshal Foch and other notables when they arrive here. Some of the girls are already thinking up dances and skits to amuse the mighty.

"Is Matrimony a Failure?" they are asking each other at Lasky's. No, not because Rudolph Valentino and Jean Acker are getting a divorce this week, but because that's the name of the newest big production scheduled. T. Roy Barnes, than whom there is none whomer, is the leading man. Lila Lee plays his wife. And just listen to the rest of the cast: Lois Wilson, Tully Marshall, Zasu Pitts, Adolphe Benjou, Charles Ogle, Sylvia Ashton, Lillian Leighton, Otis Harlan, Arthur Hoyt and Ethel Wales. The last named is the lady who gave such a splendid picture of Granma Bett in William De Mille's production of "Miss Lulu Bett." All the others must be very familiar to you. Adolphe Menjou, you remember, was the King in "The Three Musketeers" and Rudolph Valentino's friend in "The Sheik."

The other day I had lunch with Al Green and Colleen Moore at Goldwyn's. Mr. Green I have been proud to know since the making of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," which he directed. Miss Moore I have met no more than five times, but it didn't seem to take. However, this day she was very kind and dashed around after a needle with which to remove a splinter from my hand. She did this very efficiently and sweetly. She is one of the most popular girls in pictures, among the people with whom she works. I've often told you what a good sign that is.

Al Green professed a rabid desire to go back to college, claiming he didn't know half enough. Colleen scoffed, saying that she'd heard lots of people say they had thought of encyclopedic questions to stump him, but to no avail. He still held to his remark, though, saying that he is going to work hard to earn enough money for Mrs. Green, the little Green child and himself to live comfortably on and then he himself to Princeton or Yale and learn some more—though he's finished one college course.

India-to-Russia Trip in One Minute

WITHIN the brief period of one week Director Edward Sloman and staff have journeyed from the mystic land of India, with its never-tiring sun, to the barren and frozen wastes of darkest Russia. The trip was made in less than one minute, it was only a matter of about twenty-five steps, more or less.

On stage No. 2 at the Brunton lot, one can see the remains of what was once a Brahmin setting, employed in the recently finished film, "A Bride of the Gods." Across the way from this scene is a Russian street, covered with snow and with icicles hanging from the eaves of the houses.

It was to this latter scene that the company traveled upon the completion of "A Bride of the Gods." The Russian street "set" is being used in "The Man Who Smiled."

FOR YOUR SCRAPBOOK OF STARS

GRACE VALENTINE

Miss Valentine, whose latest screen hit is in the feature role of "A Man's Home," has been making personal appearances in the Middle West and has scored such a success that she has received a flattering offer to go on the vaudeville stage. Latest reports say she will accept the offer

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES

The Underground Singer

By DADDY

Jack and Janet go with Chip and Chipper Chipmuck to the home of Sleepy Woodchuck, who is sleeping his winter sleep. Chip and Chipper tickle the toes of Sleepy Woodchuck and get kicked in punishment. Then they make up their minds to awaken Sleepy Woodchuck from his winter nap.

CHAPTER VI

The Sleeper Awakens

SLEEPY WOODCHUCK looked as though he made sleeping a real business. And that is just what he did do for half a year. He went to bed when the days began to get short and cool in September, and he didn't get up until they began to grow long and warm in March.

That is why the tickling of Chip and Chipper Chipmuck hadn't caused him to do any more than give a kick in his sleep—a kick which sent both Chip and Chipper flying against the wall.

Chip and Chipper, smarting a bit from that kick, went back to their tickling. They took straws from the nest and tickled Sleepy Woodchuck's nose. That made Sleepy Woodchuck sneeze, but it didn't make him open his eyes. He had learned to sneeze in his sleep.

"Well, if we can't wake him up by tickling, I know another way—a way that cures snoring, too," said Chip Chipmuck. He rushed off through one on the tunnels and came back soon with a forked stick. "We will put this over Sleepy Woodchuck's nose, and then we will see if he can keep on sleeping."

"Leave poor Sleepy Woodchuck alone," they advised. "He isn't doing you any harm."

"He kicked us," argued Chipper Chipmuck. "And besides I want to ask him where he goes when he goes so soundly asleep."

Jack and Janet were wondering about that very thing. Sleepy Woodchuck seemed very far away right now, although his sleeping body was there. Was he really inside his slumbering form, or as his body slept was his spirit roaming over the earth? They were to find out later in a very queer adventure.

Chip Chipmuck took hold of one side of the fork and Chipper Chipmuck took the other side. Both pulled together, jerking the fork down over Sleepy Woodchuck's nose.

Sleepy Woodchuck gasped at that. He opened his mouth wide and then he opened his eyes.

Chip and Chipper Chipmuck jumped back, but they didn't run away.

"He is stiff from his long sleep," they said. "He can't chase us."

Sleepy Woodchuck didn't seem to want to chase them. He wriggled the fork off his nose, and back he went to sleep again.

"Wake up! Wake up! Sleepy Woodchuck!" squealed Chip Chipmuck, poking him in the side with a long stick.

"Wake up!" added Chipper Chipmuck. "Wake up and tell us where you go when you go asleep."

Sleepy Woodchuck opened one eye and looked at them dreamily. "Would you like to know where I go when I go to sleep?" he mumbled in a husky voice.

"Yes," answered Chip and Chipper Chipmuck. "Yes," answered Jack and Janet eagerly.

"Then gather close," said Sleepy Woodchuck drowsily. "Gather very close, and I will show you where I go when I go to sleep."

Jack and Janet were a bit fearful about going to Sleepy Woodchuck. He might have some trick in his drowsy head. But still they were curious to learn where he went when asleep, and with Chip and Chipper Chipmuck they crept toward him. Sleepy Woodchuck closed his eyes and seemed already deep in slumber. Closer and closer they ventured.

Then suddenly Sleepy Woodchuck shot out his four legs. One grasped Jack, another grabbed Janet, a third seized Chip Chipmuck, the fourth took hold of Chipper Chipmuck. Sleepy Woodchuck drew them to him, and held them close as a mother might hold a baby.

"Sleep! Sleep!" mumbled Sleepy Woodchuck. "Sleep as I do, and you will learn where I go during the long, cold winter."

Jack and Janet struggled. They didn't want to go to sleep like Sleepy Woodchuck. But they felt themselves grow drowsy, their eyes closed, they slept. And as they slept something wonderful happened to them, and they found themselves on a beautiful but startling adventure.

(What that adventure was will be told next week. In it Jack and Janet find where Sleepy Woodchuck goes when he goes to sleep.)

GET NOBEL PEACE PRIZE

1921 Award Divided Between Swedish Premier and Norwegian

Christiania, Norway, Dec. 10.—(By A. P.)—The Nobel Peace Prize for 1921, it was officially announced today, has been divided equally between Hjalmar Branting, Premier of Sweden, and Christian L. Lange, of Norway, secretary of the Interparliamentary Union.

Hjalmar Branting, Swedish Socialist leader and prominent in international Socialistic activities for many years, has been prominent in the disarmament movement since the close of the World War. At both the 1920 and 1921 sessions of the League of Nations assembly, he was chairman of the Committee on Disarmament. He was active in Paris during the Peace Conference as a strong advocate of peace on the lines of Woodrow Wilson's fourteen points.

Christian Lange was born in Norway in 1869. He became general secretary of the Interparliamentary Union in 1909. Some years previously he was secretary to the Nobel committee in the Storthing and later was appointed professor of history in the Norwegian Nobel Institute in Christiania, with which he is still connected. He was the Norwegian representative at the second peace conference at The Hague in 1907 and is the author of many volumes and articles in advocacy of the peace movement.

CARDINAL AT NEW SCHOOL

Will Preside at Blessing of Archbishop Ryan Memorial

The new school of the Archbishop Ryan Memorial Institute, 3509 Spring Garden street, will be blessed at 4 o'clock tomorrow afternoon. Cardinal Dougherty will officiate at the services.

A reception arranged by the Ladies' Auxiliary of the institute will follow the ceremony.

Electric Train Hits Motortruck

A truck which Edward Powell was driving across the tracks of the electric line of the West Jersey and Seashore Railroad, Seventh and Rhyden streets, Camden, was struck by an outbound train this morning. Powell was knocked from his seat and severely hurt. He was taken to the Cooper Hospital. Powell lives at Eldora, N. J.

WANTS MAN'S ESTATE

Woman Says She, Not Widow, Is Entitled to $1600

S. Mae Burgess, 1734 South Fifty-fifth street, has brought suit against Mrs. Emma M. Simmons, widow of William B. Simmons, who was formerly a boardre at Miss Burgess' home, and asks that his widow be enjoined as adminstratrix of his $1600 estate and that the estate be transferred to her.

Miss Burgess asserts that following Simmons' estrangement from his wife he made his home with her and under a signed agreement left her all his property in consideration of her furnishing him a home.

OFFER PRIZES FOR PLAYS

Plays and Players Will Give Cash to Lucky Authors

The Plays and Players have announced an open competition for the best plays in two classes—one act or two acts or more—the contest to close February 1. All plays must be submitted to the secretary of the Plays and Players, Mrs. Joseph M. Conover, 43 South Eighteenth street.

The rules of the competition provide no play which has been published or entered in a previous competition may be offered. There are varying prizes up to $100.

FIELD WEDS MISS STEVENS

Ex-Collector of New York Port and Bride to Go to Paris

New York, Dec. 10.—Dudley Field Malone, formerly Collector of the Port of New York, announced last night at a dinner in his honor at the Hotel Vanderbilt that he had married Miss Dorris Stevens yesterday and that he and his bride would sail for France today on the Holland-American liner Rotterdam.

Mr. Malone did not give any particulars regarding his wedding excepting that the ceremony was performed in New York. The dinner last night was given by Sir William Wiseman. The guests included Otto H. Kahn, Frank P. Walsh and Samuel Untermyer.

DAUGHTER OF THE SUN

A Tale of Adventure

BY QUIEN SABE (*Who Knows*)

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THIS BEGINS THE STORY

Jim Kendric, a devil-may-care, wholehearted American, in a Mexican gambling joint meets Ruiz Rios, an old rival and enemy, with his companion, a handsome woman in man's attire, who wins a game at high stakes from him. Kendric has made a pact with his old chum, Barlow, to go on a voyage for some mysterious Mexican treasure. At the picturesque scene of their exploit in the Mexican mountains, again in male attire, to their amazement, appears Zoraida. In a startling interview she discloses that she is the last of the Aztec princesses, and lays claim to the treasure of the Montezumas, which Kendric is seeking. She proffers him her love and is bitter when he says he has no time for love. Meanwhile he has sight of an American girl, Betty Gordon, who is being held for ransom. Kendric's friend, West, has a ranch nearby. Zoraida permits him to visit West, on condition he returns to her headquarters. West proffers help. Zoraida shows her power by having Barlow, who has come under her spell, badly shot and burning down West's ranch. Kendric, keeping his word, returns to Zoraida's place, but she is away, and he decides to make a getaway with Betty. Zoraida returns, bringing West, whom she has successfully "vamped." Zoraida develops a new plot with Rios to win Kendric's love, and by a revolution to establish a state with herself as queen. Kendric is confined at the ranch. Zoraida invites him to a dinner, at which both West and Barlow are guests. She urges the three men and Rios to play a game of cards for large stakes of gold, and her hand. In addition, Kendric wins, to his dismay and exciting Betty's aversion and the hostility of Barlow and West. Zoraida takes Kendric to a secret treasure-place, "the heart of ancient Mexico." She tries to bribe him with the great hoard of gems and gold. By something resembling magic, in a series of mirrors she shows to him Betty in danger.

AND HERE IT CONTINUES

"THUS Zoraida knows what goes forward in her own house," said Zoraida, speaking for the first time.

Kendric, struck with a new thought, looked about the room everywhere, seeking to locate the necessary opening in the wall through which came the reflections from mirrors in other places. But the great glasses covering three of the walls presented what appeared to be smooth, unbroken surfaces; where the fourth wall was tapestry-draped there was no sign of an opening; neither floor nor ceiling, places offering no detail, but blurred with vague shadows, showed him what he sought.

"Watch closely!" said Zoraida.

Again it was the small room of the steel cage. The savage-looking man in the short tunic was there again. He looked watchful, tense, not altogether at his ease. In one hand was a heavy whip; in the other a pistol. Kendric thought of the animal trainers he had seen at circuses. The man's eyes were on the door through which he had come. So vivid were old images bred now of associations of ideas that Kendric had no doubt of what small head with fierce eyes would appear next; he could prevision the little puma in its quick nervous movements, the lashing of the heavy tail and the glint of the teeth. And so when he saw what it was that entered, he sat back for a moment limp and the next sprang to his feet. It was Betty.

Betty clothed strangely and with a face dead white, with eyes to haunt a man. She wore a loose red robe, sleeveless, falling no lower than her ankles; her bare feet were in sandals. Her hair was down; about her brows was a black band that might have been ebony or velvet; into it was thrust a large white flower.

Betty was speaking. Kendric had dropped back into his chair, having lost sight of her when he stood. He saw that she was speaking swiftly, supplicatingly; her hands were clasped; all this he could see, but no slightest sound came to him. He could not tell if she were near or far. He began to realize the exquisite torture which Zoraida might offer a man through her mirrors.

He saw the squat brute's wide grin that was as hideous as the puma's could be; all of the teeth he saw and they were glistening and sharp, unusually sharp for a human being. And then he saw Betty pushed forward though she shrank back at first with dragging feet and though then, suddenly galvanized, she fought wildly. But two big hands locked tight on her arms and as powerless as a child of six she was thrust into the steel cage, the door snapped after her. She stood looking wildly about her; her lips opened as she must have screamed; she dropped her face into her hands. Kendric saw the white flower fall.

Again the man looked to the door through which he and then Betty had entered. And now came the puma.

It ran in, snarling; it was looking back over its shoulder as though some one had whipped it into the room. It saw another enemy armed with whip and pistol and sidled off with still greater show of dripping fangs. All this in dead silence so far as Kendric was concerned; never the faintest sound coming to him. The whip was flung out and snapped, and there was no sound; the puma's teeth clicked together on empty air, and no sound; Betty, looking up, shrieked, and no sound. They looked to be so close to Kendric that he felt as if with one stride he could hurl himself among them; and yet he knew that they might be shut off from him by innumerable walls and locked and barred doors. He saw Betty so plainly that until he reasoned with himself he felt that she must see him.

"A puma will not attack a human being," Kendric sought to speak as though merely contemptuous of Zoraida's entertainment. "They are cowardly brutes."

"The puma," said Zoraida, "is starving. Further, he has been driven mad by men who whipped and then appeared to run, frightened of him. Watch."

The man threatening the puma slipped out through the door behind him. The door closed. Betty and the animal were alone. The great cat lay down and looked at her with its hard, unwinking eyes, only its slow tail moving back and forth like a bit of mechanism clock-regulated. Presently the puma lifted its head and began a horrible sniffing; it lifted itself gradually from the floor; it drew a step nearer Betty's cage and sniffed again. Kendric could see Betty draw back the few inches made possible by the narrow confines of the cage, could see that again she screamed.

"A little fresh blood has been sprinkled on the floor of the cage," said Zoraida. "A little of it is on the gown she wears. It will not be overlong to watch. Are you growing impatient?"

"Are you mad?" he burst out. "Good God, do you mean to let this go on?"

"Am I mad?" Her eyes, slowly turned to his, looked it. "Perhaps. Who that is mad knows he is mad? And who, my friend, is sane? Do I mean to let this go on?" She laughed at him, and the sound was as hard as the tinkle of bits of jangling glass. "You have but to be patient to know."

The puma sniffed again, again drew closer. Betty was tight pressed against the far bars shutting her in, and even so had the great cat thrust a claw forward she could not withdraw beyond the reach of the ripping talons. The cat circled her. Always Betty turned with it, her eyes upon its eyes, her eyes that were large and fixed with terror.

"A puma is patient, more patient than a man," said Zoraida. "It may be an hour; it may be all night before it strikes. It may be a night and a day, and still another night and day. Its hunger does not diminish as time passes! Or," and she shrugged with a great showing of her indifference, "it may strike now, at any moment. That is one of the things that makes the moment tense for that white-faced little fool in there. Imagine when she is worn out, if it lasts that long; when sleep will no longer flee because of terror; and when I command that the light shall be extinguished where she is! You see, she must be thinking all those things."

The sweat broke out on Kendric's forehead, he felt as though ice ran in his veins. If he only knew where all this was going on! Was it above him or below, to right or left? Ten steps or a hundred yards away?

"By God——" he shouted. But only Zoraida's merciless laughter answered him.

"I had to choose between this and the ancient stone of sacrifice," she told him. "Have I not chosen well?"

The puma had been still. Now again it moved and its feet had quickened, it glided with ever-increasing swiftness, it came close to the steel bars, it showed more of its sharp, tearing, dripping teeth.

"Betty!" shouted Kendric. "I——"

He knew that Betty could not hear, that he could do nothing. Nothing? As the thought framed he leaped to his feet and in the grip of such a rage as even he had never known, hurled himself across the few paces between him and Zoraida.

"You have the way to stop this damned thing!" His hands, like claws, were thrust before her face. "You will stop it."

Even in his headlong rage there were cool cells in his brain. He saw the quick significant look Zoraida shot over his shoulder and turned; there behind him stood one of the squat brutes who did her bidding. Kendric saw something in the man's hand but did not reck whether it was gun or knife or club or something else. He whipped about and struck. As the man staggered under the unexpected blow, Kendric snatched up the heavy stool on which he had been sitting and struck again, so swift that the blow landed while the figure was yet staggering backward. The man fell, stunned, and then, as quick as light, before Zoraida could lift a hand, Kendric was upon her again.

"Call off your cat!" he shouted at her.

She lifted her head defiantly.

"Never has man dictated to me!" she cried angrily. "Here I dictate. If you dared to put a hand on me——"

He saw her own hand creeping out toward the table. What it sought he did not know; a hidden bell, perhaps. Or a dagger. He remembered her swift attack upon Ortega. He seized her wrist, his fingers locked hard about it; she struggled and he held her back in her chair. Suddenly she relaxed and shrugged and laughed at him.

"You add to the entertainment!" she mocked him. "For, mind you, while you make large commands, the puma draws nearer and nearer. If you will, between your great commands, but glance into the mirror——"

"I say you can put a stop to that infernal torture," he said fiercely. "And you will!"

"Yes?" she sneered at him. "And you will make me, perhaps? You, a common adventurer, will dictate to Zoraida!"

For the moment he felt powerless in face of her cold taunting. But there was too much at stake for him to yield now to a feeling of powerlessness. One hand was on her wrist; the gripping fingers of the other shut about the haft of the ancient obsidian knife. The old knife of sacrifice. His face was white and stern, his eyes no whit less deadly than Zoraida's.

"You threaten my life?" she gasped. "You?"

He made no answer. He was beyond speech. Slowly he lifted the great knife, slowly, as in a dream, he set the thin point against the soft flesh of Zoraida's throat. As a tremor shook his hand Zoraida whipped back.

"You would not dare! You would not dare!"

His hand was steady again. He held her still, and the point of the knife crept a hair's breadth closer to the life within her. A little more and it would have slipped into the skin it was pricking.

"You could not do it," she whispered.

Then he spoke.

"I can do it." His lips were dry, his voice very harsh. "You have said that you know me for a man of my word. Well, then, I swear to you that little by little I'll drive that knife in unless you set that girl free."

Still she sought to brave it out, sought to defy him; her eyes on his, told him that his will was less than hers, and that this could never be. But Kendric knew otherwise. It was given him to know that if Betty died, he did not care to live. Like men of his stamp it was unthinkable to him that he should lift his hand against a woman. But woman for the moment Zoraida was not. Fiend, rather; reincarnated savage, a thing to stamp into the earth. What he had said he meant.

He was giving her time because on her rested Betty's fate. He pressed the knife a little deeper. So steady was his hand, so stiff Zoraida's body, so gradual the increased pressure, that the knife point made in the white flesh a tiny, shadow-filled dimple.

Now came into Zoraida's eyes a swift change, a look which in all of her life had never been there until now. A

"Come, Betty," said Jim quickly, "we are going to clear out of this, you and I, right now"

look of terror, of realization of death, of frantic fear. She sought to speak, and words failed her. The knife pressed steadily. A piercing scream broke from her.

CHAPTER XVII

How One Who Has Ever Commanded Must Learn to Obey

Suddenly Zoraida had become as docile as a little, frightened child. She shivered from head to foot. She put her two hands to her throat where just now the point of the knife had been.

"Quick!" said Kendric.

She rose in haste. A vertigo was upon her like that dizzy weakness of one very sick, seeking prematurely to rise from bed. She had experienced a shock from which she could rally only gradually; she looked broken. Her eyes appeared to see nothing about her, but stared off into the distance through a veil of abstraction.

"We will have to go," she said tonelessly. "There is no other way."

They passed by the inert figure on the floor and out, Kendric with his left hand always on her arm. Again the knife was hidden under his coat, but his fingers did not release it.

"Quick," he said again.

So Zoraida, obedient in this strange new mood governing her, making no effort to shake off his hand, having no thought to gainsay him, hastened. In perhaps five minutes they were unlocking the last door, and Kendric heard beyond the whining of the puma. Kendric had had time for thought during this brief interval which had seemed much longer; for the present both his safety and Betty's would undoubtedly depend upon his keeping Zoraida with him. So now, as he flung open the door, he carried Zoraida along into the room.

At first he did not see the cat lying close to the cage; he saw only Betty. A little color had come back into her cheeks; he saw the look in her eyes before it changed and knew that to Betty had come the time when hope is given up and when death is faced. She had passed beyond tears and pleading and crying out. It was given Kendric then to learn that when the crisis had come it found in the girl's heart a courage to sustain her. Her face was yet, her attitude was no longer cringing. In such tender breasts as Betty's have beat the steady hearts of martyrs.

When she saw Jim Kendric and Zoraida standing before her she stared incredulously. She was in a daze. Her first wild thought, reflecting itself unmistakably in her wide eyes, was that they had come to taunt her, he and she side by side. Then her faltering gaze left Zoraida and ignored her and went, full of earnest questioning, to Jim's face. Suddenly, at what she saw there, the red blood of joyousness ran into Betty's cheeks. At moments like this it is with few words or none at all that perfect understanding comes. In a flash his look had told her all that it would require many fumbling spoken words to repeat one-half so eloquently.

The puma had sprung to its feet but stood its ground. The murderous eyes were everywhere at once, on Betty, on Jim, on Zoraida, most of all on Betty; the quivering nostrils widened and sniffed; the tawny throat shook with a series of low growls. Jim's foot stirred; the cat's teeth came together with a snap.

With little wish as Kendric had to create a disturbance just now, it was beyond his power to withhold his hand as he saw Betty draw back against the walls of her cage. In his pocket was Bruce's weapon. Kendric jerked it out, and before Zoraida's cry could burst from her lips and before her hand struck his arm, he drove a bullet into the puma's skull between the hard, evil eyes. The animal dropped in its tracks, with never another whine.

As the puma went down, Zoraida winced as though in bodily pain, as though it had been her flesh instead of her cat's that had known the deep bite of lead. She looked from the twitching animal to Kendric like one aghast, like one stupefied by what she had seen, who could not altogether believe that an accomplished act had in reality taken place. There was horror in her look; she recalled to him vividly though fleetingly a South Sea island priest whom he had seen long ago when the savage's idol had been overthrown and cast down into a mud puddle under the palm trees. At that moment Zoraida might well have been sister to the idolater of the South Seas or some ancient Egyptian priestess stricken dumb at the sight of a sacred cat violated.

But there was Betty. Jim jerked open the door of the cage. Betty stumbled through and somehow found herself in his arms. They closed tight about her. The two turned to Zoraida. She, white-faced and silent, watched them with smoldering eyes. And into those eyes, as for a space Betty's heart fluttered against Jim Kendric's breast, came for the first time since the knife had been withdrawn from her throat, a quickening of purpose, a glint as of a covered fire breaking through.

"Come, Betty," said Jim quickly. "We are going to clear out of this, you and I. Right now!"

To be continued Monday

PHOTOPLAYS PHOTOPLAYS PHOTOPLAYS

PHOTO-PLAYS THRU The Stanley COMPANY OF AMERICA

The following theatres obtain their pictures through the STANLEY Company of America, which is a guarantee of early showing of the finest productions. Ask for the theatre in your locality obtaining pictures through the Stanley Company of America.

Alhambra 12th, Morris & Passyunk Ave. Mat. Daily at 2; Eves. 6:45 & 9 ANNA Q. NILSSON in "WHY GIRLS LEAVE HOME"

ALLEGHENY Frankford & Allegheny Mat. Daily 2:15; Eves. 8 ANNA Q. NILSSON in "WHY GIRLS LEAVE HOME"

APOLLO 52D & THOMPSON STS. MATINEE DAILY MILDRED HARRIS in "HABIT"

ARCADIA CHESTNUT Bel. 16TH 10 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. PAULINE FREDERICK in "THE LURE OF JADE"

ASTOR FRANKLIN & GIRARD AVE. MATINEE DAILY CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG in "CAMILLE"

BALTIMORE 51ST & BALTIMORE EVE. 6:30. SAT. MAT. ALICE BRADY, "Little Italy" Ballroom Boys in "A CHILLY ROMANCE"

BENN 6TH AND WOODLAND AVE. MATINEE DAILY WALLACE REID in "THE HELL DIGGERS"

BLUEBIRD Broad & Susquehanna EARLE WILLIAMS in "BRING HIM IN"

BROADWAY Broad & Snyder Ave. 2, 6:15 & 9 P. M. MARION DAVIES in "ENCHANTMENT"

CAPITOL 722 MARKET ST. 10 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. CLAIRE ADAMS and ROBERT McKIM in "A CERTAIN RICH MAN"

COLONIAL Gtn. & Maplewood Ave. 2:30, 7 and 9 P. M. ANNA Q. NILSSON in "WHY GIRLS LEAVE HOME"

DARBY THEATRE EUGENE O'BRIEN in "GILDED LIES"

EMPRESS MAIN ST., MANAYUNK MATINEE DAILY NORMA TALMADGE in "THE SIGN ON THE DOOR"

FAIRMOUNT 26th & Girard Ave. MATINEE DAILY SPECIAL CAST in "A MAN FROM NOWHERE"

FAMILY THEATRE—1311 Market St. 8 A. M. TO MIDNIGHT HOOT GIBSON in "SURE FIRE"

56TH ST. THEATRE—Below Spruce MATINEE DAILY HERBERT RAWLINSON in "THE WAKEFIELD CASE"

GLOBE 5901 MARKET ST. 2:30 and 6:30 to 11 CONWAY TEARLE in "AFTER MIDNIGHT"

GRANT 4022 Girard Ave.—Mat. Sat. Violin and Organ Recital "The Girl From God's Country" Charlie Chaplin in "THE IDLE CLASS"

GREAT NORTHERN Broad St. at Erie 2, 7 & 9 P. M. ANNA Q. NILSSON in "WHY GIRLS LEAVE HOME"

IMPERIAL 60TH & WALNUT STS. Mats. 2:30; Eves. 7 & 9 ANNA Q. NILSSON in "WHY GIRLS LEAVE HOME"

KARLTON CHESTNUT Above BROAD Daily 10 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. CECIL B. DE MILLE'S "A FOOL'S PARADISE"

Lehigh Palace Germantown Ave. and Lehigh Avenue BERT LYTELL in "THE MAN WHO"

LIBERTY BROAD & COLUMBIA AV MATINEE DAILY SHIRLEY MASON in "QUEENIE"

OVERBROOK 63D & HAVERFORD AVENUE ELSIE FERGUSON in "FOOTLIGHTS"

PALACE 1214 MARKET STREET 10 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. MME. NAZIMOVA in "CAMILLE"

PRINCESS 1018 MARKET STREET 8:30 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS in "MANHATTAN MADNESS"

REGENT MARKET ST. Below 17TH 9:45 A. M. to 11 P. M. ANNA Q. NILSSON in "WHY GIRLS LEAVE HOME"

RIALTO GERMANTOWN AVENUE AT TULPEHOCKEN ST. WALLACE REID in "THE HILL DIGGERS"

RUBY MARKET ST. BELOW 7TH 10 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. ALICE JOYCE in "THE SCARAB RING"

SAVOY 1211 MARKET STREET 8 A. M. TO MIDNIGHT TOM MIX in "THE ROUGH DIAMOND"

SHERWOOD 54th & Baltimore Av. MAT. 2; EVE. 6:3 Wallace Reid, 'The Hell Diggers' Ballroom Boys in "A CHILLY ROMANCE"

STANLEY MARKET AT 19TH 11 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. GEORGE WEEFORD'S "THE SHEIK"

STANTON MARKET Above 16TH 10 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. WILLIAM FOX'S "THE QUEEN OF SHEBA"

333 MARKET STREET THEATRE 9 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. POLA NEGRI in "ONE ARABIAN NIGHT"

VICTORIA MARKET ST. cb. 9TH 9 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. WILLIAM FARNUM in "PERJURY"

RIALTO, WEST CHESTER WILLIAM DE MILLE'S "AFTER THE SHOW"

The NIXON-NIRDLINGER THEATRES

BELMONT 52D ABOVE MARKET 2:30 & 6:30 to 11 P. M. ANNA Q. NILSSON in "WHY GIRLS LEAVE HOME"

CEDAR 60TH & CEDAR AVENUE 1:30 & 3 and 7 & 9 P. M. JOHNNY ("TORCHY") HINES in "BURN-'EM-UP BARNES"

COLISEUM Market bet. 59th & 60th 1:30 and 3; 7 and 9 P. M. WILLIAM S. HART in "THE PRIMAL LURE"

JUMBO FRONT ST. & GIRARD AVE. Jumbo Junc. on Frankford "L" HARRY CAREY in "THE FOX"

LEADER 41ST & LANCASTER AVE. MATINEE DAILY ANNA Q. NILSSON in "WHY GIRLS LEAVE HOME"

LOCUST 52D AND LOCUST STREETS Mats. 1:30, 3:30. Eves. 6:30 to 11 Elsie Ferguson, 'The Song of Songs' HAROLD LLOYD in "NEVER WEAKEN"

NIXON 52D AND MARKET STS. 2:15, 7 and 9 HOOT GIBSON in "ACTION"

RIVOLI 52D AND SANSOM STS. MATINEE DAILY JACK LONDON'S "THE STAR ROVER"

69TH ST. THEATRE—Opp. Terminal Daily, 2:30—7 and 9 GRACE DAVISSON in "Love, Hate and a Woman"

STRAND GERM