## NOVELIZED FROM THE PATHE PHOTO PLAY OF THE SAME NAME CHE RON CI

SECOND EPISODE. The House of Unhappiness.

llons, was a hard man. Those man's words, closest to him contended that he Without friends or family, he said. faced that two-fold isolation which involved both the loneliness of the fighter that my money is dirty money!" who has given all his time and thought to success and the even more poignant "And if you had the intelligence I no one to share in its magnificence.

Through this home Golden stalked, a grim and embittered man of 50, a grim and embittered man of 50, Maniey, putting down the camera, drugging his advancing years with an stared at him in amazement, ever fiercor struggle for wealth, And realize that the accumulation of worldready weighing down the aged mil- all that went with it!" Bonaire's heart, permitting his ventures to prosper:

Those closest to him, again, even ley. whispered that Golden's feverish acit had been said that this silent man could not afford to remember the past. was claimed that he studiogsly Llindfolded his unhappy eyes with his uncounted bonds, like a bandage, and that he had taken to work as weaker men take to drink, since once in the peerd, he had known the love of a 107- about it!" al and beautiful wife and had warmed to the affectionate smiles of an even departure. Two minutes later, howmore renutiful child.

But fate, for some tragic reason, had feverish dust of finance.

This youth was too much of an easy-His demeanor, in fact, and studied it closely. his antics. was more that of a high-spirited to a gray-haired millionaire. Yet with

"That boy keeps the moss off my old bondroom, bones," Golden admitted, when, con- That room, although not used for trary to a life-long habit of reticence, years, was at the present moment far

occasions when asked were, in fact, rare Golden even wondered if his young associate's antics were not a mask shrouding some ulterior and sternsy design in life. But all such momentary suspicions seemed more and more without reason, and Golden found him- you are!" self conferring more and more often with this youth who accepted business that?" so light-heartedly and the millionaire himself so off-handedly. The thought had even entered the close-fisted old financier's head that some day Manley the other, "to know who you are!" might fall heir to his useless millions, if only that disappointingly facetious so intently watching him. youth would once become solemn

"For the boy's a fool! There's no doubt of that And if I don't look after him, heaven knows what may become of him."

So Golden smiled a little as he stepped into his massively furnished library and found young Manley curled up in one of the great leather chairs intently working over a pocket cam- honest," she finally acknowledged, era and quite oblivious to the telephone "Then will you trust me?" bell shrilling from the resewood desk beside him, Golden, as he scated himself at this desk and curtly answered the phone call, blinked with casy matter. mock disapproval at the routh bent over the camera. Then he turned to fore him and proceeded to go through

It was not until he heard Golden's great fist smite the resewood desk top that Manley looked up. The man of still held in his hand,

The conditions of these tenements much. "The conditions of these tenements much. But with him, I'll also warrant, the conditions of these tenements much. But with him, I'll also warrant, the boys have tamed you, the same ful. Times and the boys have tamed you. You've written leagues of stuff, you're wri mothers and children alone, I implore you to reconsider your carlier decision. Sincerely.

" AMOS SCHOFIELD, D. D." "The fools!" said Golden aloud, "They to let down your hair," know as much about business, Manley, "But this seems so as you know about bond issues! Their murred the puzzled girl, inspectors come and order me to put up fire escapes and build wider light may make an unhappy man less unwells, and while they stand ready to happy, and at the same time be for split profits with the very ironworkers your own good."
who stick up those fire escapes, they So the girl, still touched with won-Golden still knows enough to run his smuggled her quietly down

ually over his pocket camera.

"What's that gim-crack you're wast- facing his desk. ing your time on?" he demanded, with the sharp impatience one might use head again the mysterious stranger

to a child. 'Gim-crack?" laughed Manley, "It's the neatest thing in cameras that ever several moments of slience at the came into America. Thut's a new Swiss strange figure in the armohalr. telescopic lens I've just been adjusting telescopic lens I've just been adjusting "Who are you?" the grim-faced old to it. Take a snap of a fica biting financier finally demanded. But the your car 89 pages away! And your in- girl remained gilent. She scarcely

come on those tenements, by the way, knew what was expected of her. Golden, studying her more closely, amounts to an annual return of just 43 per cent of the capital invested!" Well, supposing I turn them over

to you and see what you could make out of them!" NOCH GOLDEN, with all his mil- Manley ignored the sneer in the older

"I'd at least try to make decent had experienced much to make him homes out of them," the younger man

"Young man, I don't hire you to hint "I don't need to!"

loneliness of a luxurious home with once attributed to you you'd show more respect for the man who thought seriously of making you his beneficiary!"

"Yes, young man, I mean what I say, the ironic gods of chance, seeming to If you could ever show a moment's serious inteerst in my business, you'd ly riches only added to the burden al- become the heir to that business and

"But I have other things to remember," answered the ever-flippant Man-

"What other things?" was the older fivities in the world of finance were man's curt inquiry, sung by the thought not without a well-defined motive. For that even his munificence was being contemned

"Well, this gim-crack, for one thing. And for another that letter in your hand there, about your tenements.

But Golden's patience was exhausted. "Get out of here!" was his brusque "Get down to Griswold's command. years that were gone, it was whis- bank with these checks, and be quick Whereupon Manley meekly took his

ever, yet another figure was passing through the gloomy sitences of Enoch wrested both wife and daughter from Golden's home. It was a more purpose-him, and the broken wan, afraid of his ful figure than that of the lazy-eyed memories, had immured himself in the young secretary. And over the face of this intruder as he cautiously made The one person who stood in eny his way through the great house was way intimately and personally connect- an odd-looking band of yellow cloth, ed with Golden was his young private cut in the form of a mask. The center sceretary, David Manley. Por young of this, drooping apronlike glomst to Manley, often enough known to his his upper lip, was marked by an inassociates as "Davie," was both incor- yerted crescent, which at first gianes rigibly youthful and engagingly irre- lent to the partly covered face the sponsible. Golden, oddly enough, se- faint suggestion of an ironically laugh-cretly liked this youth for his foolish- ing mouth. Yet the unknown stranger And passing a hand across his moistity into his granite world of greed. It fore a door at the end of the second are your marked Manley off from the sycophants hall and pushed on one of a row of "I don't who thought only on the millionaire's mother-of-pearl buttons. The door slid Machanically the unhappy man riches and achemed for their posses- noiselessly back at that signal and an reached to his deak drawer for the electric elevator rose automatically to This youth was too much of an easy- the level of the floor where he stood.

going idiot, Golden held, ever to think Inside the elevator he touched still picture to the figure in the armshair. But I have no longer any right to Even his quiet-voiced visitor was including the case. Then he rose to his feel, and still star- hope," he added with sudden passion, feeted with that sudden excitement, was indolent and his office hours were rose neiselessly. Once it had come to erratic. He was brazen in his retorts a stop he leaned against the appar- face, crossed to her side. and often enough laugh-provoking in ently blank wall of the elevator shaft

schoolboy than a confidential secretary there a secret spring, for the next mothere a secret spring, for the next mo- "It was too much to expect," he ment a panel slipped noiselessly to one huskily murmured. "Too much to hope all his levity this same millionaire had side and he stepped into the room, so for!" pannels and grained to how which Golden had once used as his "Oh, sir, what ha she managed to ask,

he asked young Manley into the gloomy from empty. For pacing restlessly back splendor of his uptown home. Yet into and forth, as the stranger quietly en-that home this younger man had tered, was a golden-haired woman of brought some semblance of a move- little more than 20. Plain as her clothment and companionship, and as time ing was, it in no way detracted from went on the man of silence found him- the singular sweetness of her almost self leaning more and more on this too pallid features and the beauty of easy-going youth who seemed quite her tomorous and troubled eyes, Yes without one serious aim in the world, the face under the mask smiled a little Manley, however, was something at her sudden movement and gasp of more than a court jester. When need surprise as he confronted her, be he had his jucid intervals. There "Are you still afraid of me?" he

"N-no!" hesitated the girl.

"You can see, now, that I'm only trying to help you?" Again the girl hesitated.

"But I don't even know who or what 'And you'd give a good deal to know

"I have nothing to give. But still I should like to know."

"And I'd give a good deal," declared A barricaded look came into the eyes Tim-I'm afraid I can't help you any,

enough to attend strictly to business. in that," she finally told him. "Why not?" "Hecause I don't know myself." "But if I said I wanted to help you

find out, would you believe me? Would ou do what I asked?" The deeply questioning eyes once more studied him.

"I think you are honest. You seem "But what must I do?"

The man in the mask hesitated, To make things plain, apparently, was no

"I want to take you to a man whe Som over the camers. Then he turned to may be interested in you, who may the mail laid neatly on the dock be- even prove to be very kind to you." The pale face with the haunted eyes auddenly hardened.

I no longer ask for kindness from men," was her almost passionate retort. millions was frowning over the letter dangerously kind, especially until the still held in his hand.

"You must put on a dress I have They took ready, one exactly like the one his own daughter used to wear. And I'd like you "But this seems so foolish!" de-

"Yet it's such wonderful hair! And it

expect me-me, and it's atways me-to der, was cautiously led to another part take \$100,000 out of my own pocket and of the great house, where she let down spend it on that warren of idlers and her hair and dressed herself in a girlish incompetents, that warren that's air little frock which she found already ready taxed up to the bilt. He Not laid out for her. And the wonder was raise my own rents! I guess Enoch still in her eyes as the masked stranger the house, and, as the aged millionaire He stopped and looked at Manley, bent low to unlock the bottom drawer who was still whistling as he bent cas- of his deak, motioned her noiselessly into the library and into an armchair

> By the time Golden had raised his had slipped out of sight.

Golden, as he sat upright, stared for

rose unsteadily to his feet. "How did you get here?" he asked.



"Who Are You?" the Grim Faced Financier Demanded.

Somebody smiled as he cuffed you, And grinned as he pulled the sheet;

And grinned as he pulled the sheet;
They laughed that day in the office—
They laughed as all on the street,
Somebody sighed as he twisted
Your carriage and wrote the load—
And eyes were blurred with the printed word
That carried a human street.
Joy of your job was given,
Ream upon ream to fill;
You've written miles in a hundred styles.

You've written miles in a hundred styles-

Love and labor and laughter,
And sin and sorrow and erime—
You've slammed them all into copy
Many and many the time.
They rushed your stuff to the printers,
It wakened the presses to roar;
The newsboys gried in the street outside—
That which you knew before.
Joy of your job was given;
Go forth as junk with a thrill—

The wage they paid was the part you played-

Go forth as Junk with a thrill-

"I don't know," answered the girl. photograph which he kept there. breath quickened as he stared from the I ing hungrily at that mild yet clouded

He held her face between his hands, with his sear of shame!" nd studied it closely.

peering into it. Then, with a weary "One-armed, and with a scar?" cried

His explaring fingers plainly found shake of the head, he dropped his the startled girl, leaning suddenly forhands.

found Manley's judgments were sound artfully freprected with pressed steel. The grief-furrowed face touched the and his discernment often startlingly pannels and grained to look like oak, girl's heart.

You sprang to work with a will; hey took your best, nor gave you rest-

Old mill!

"I hope for nothing," was the broken "Legar!" repeated the bewildered right arm. My men, when she was a it brought a breath of human- was serious enough as he stopped be- ened brow he asked still again: "Who man's reply, "But once I had a millionaire, but his granite world of greed. It fore a door at the end of the second are you?"

caughter, and I lost her,"

name was I "How did you lose her?"

"She was stolen from me, as a child." was mad enough to think, to hope, change his."

"One-armed, and with a scar?" cried

ward in her chair. Golden wheeled about at her ery, What does that mean to you?" "Why, it was a one-armed man with a scarred face who kept me a prisener! "Legar? But my man's child on Windward Island, caught and

Even his quiet-voiced visitor was in- with her. "All I ask is that once before I die I for she rose to her feet as Golden into the armshair. meet face to face that one-armed devil rounded the deak which stood between them

"Girl, let me ses your arm!" With frembling fingers he thrust up the firmsy sleeve, staring breathlessly at the milk-white skin. Then a groun of disappointment broke from his disappointment broke from

"Oh, sir, what had you hoped for?" It was he, Legar, who always told me girl.

"My daughter carried a scar on her managed to ask."

name was Palidori." By this time killed a shark. The child, when no one second base of activities, the secret Golden was once more on his feet, his watched her, thrust a hand in between subcellar beneath the Owl's Nest, once excitement increasing every moment, the brute's jaws. Those dying saws used for the storing of spirit kegs and "And what became of her?"

"Yet men have changed their names, closed on the fical and an iron bar wine casks on which a revenue tax was "God only knows! Yet for a moment And this man had every reason to had to be used to open them again. And never too punctificually paid. This sec-

teeth came together."

still on the girl facing him.

fice, speaking," said the vean was seen entering your house."

you that that girl is Blondle Casey, the come-on for the Cookson gang. the smoothest swindler in the business. to his employer, And as long as that baby-eyed she grook is in your house, Golden, rour from that man Legar?" asked the house will be in danger!"

"But who are you?" "I'm Eastman, of the central office, and I've warned you. That's all!" And don't know it came from Legar." Golden, notwithstanding his repeated call, could get no further word over "It was thrown through my h the wire. "A come-on for the Cookson window folded up in a beer bottle." gang!" he repeated alond, staring with hardening eyes at the figure confronting him.

He hung up his receiver and sat studying his desktop. Then with his dered voice over the wire, "You are grim mouth fixed he crossed to the rear Recping Blondle Casey a prisoner in door and opened it, stepping out into Your house. Unless you liberate her the half and peremptorily called for within an hour that house will go up his butler as he did so,

at the same moment stepped into the 'The Cookson Gang.' But what am I to room from another door. He stared at believe? What am I to do? And what the girl as he stopped to pick up his is the answer to all these mysteries?" pocket camera.

as Golden re-entered the room.

But his eyes, the next moment, were neither Golden nor the girl. gaze passed beyond those two strangely diverse figures to yet a third, the shower on me." crouching figure of an envesdropper figure confirmed a suspicion which away from you!" young Manley had for some his house were under an enemy's surthat this spy, whoever he was, should not escape. But the intruder, realizing that he had been seen, had already dropped from his perch.

Manley, crossing the room on the run, took the windows glass and all, in one leap. He landed on a hydrangea bush even as the burly eavesdropper dropped to the grass beside him. The next moment the two men clinched. The fight was an uneven one, but Manley stuck to his man, He stuck to him until that worthy, with a sudden

blow on the law, sent the lithe-bodied young secretary staggering to the away, vaulted in the street and sig-

this ear he leaped as it swept by But Manley, bent on running down here's where I get busy again!" that unknown interioper, was already

pursuer was renewed. It was a brief fight and a bitter one. one well-placed blow sent him sudden-

ly catapulting from his swaying perch. head foremost into a pyramid of dry sand and cement piled there by a gang of street menders.

He lay there, stunned and motion-less for a second or two, enveloped in a cloud of dust as thick and cruptive as shell smoke. Then his senses came back to him, and rolling over into the open roadway, he took the camera from his pocket and held it between him and the disappearing touring car. He pressed the spring, knowing that his telescopic iens would carry to the writing film the secret of that mysterious car's license number. And with that number he would at least have a ciew. For there, were strange movements on der way and the sooner their meaning and source could be fathomed the better it would be for the safety of the house of Golden.

The Arrows of Conflagration.

Jules Legar, in his role as a master of underworld activities, was both adroit in his engagement of the services of others and painstaking in the preparation of the field wherein they should labor. Like the humble weasel, he held that every warren should have both an exit and an entrance, for when the law descended on its underground onemies, he remembered, it was apt to descend without warning.

So when Legar and his scientific friend, Dr. Herman Stein, engaged their triple-floor office suite at the top of the Central Tower building, they insisted on certain structural alterations in those offices. Not only was one of the largest windows commandeered for the installation of a strangely complex apparatus used in Stein's electric waveprojector (which was announced to be the latest improvement on wireless), but the upper and lower floors of the suite were connected by a smoothwalled shaft, which, it was explained. would make easier the passage back and forth of chemicals and apparatus needed by the illustrious Dr. Stein in his carefully guarded experiments.

Equally well prepared was Legar's they said that scar would always stay ond warren, deep as it stood underground, was also provided with a secret The girl, wide-eyed, dropped back passageway leading into a water-gate to the armchair. epening on the East River Itself. It "Why, I seem to remember," she said, was made habitable by electric lights. starring before her. "I seem to remem- a huge brick fireplace in one end and a ber years ago, rows and rows of sharp sprinkling of rough furniture. But teeth and the sudden pain as those with its gloomy air and its damp walls It was not the type of abode that could "But the scar!" cried Golden. "There ever be designated as comfortable, no scar!"

It was from both of these points that

throat,
"No, the mark is not there!"
"I seem to remember about that, too. Legar was conducting its
"What mark?" asked the wondering It was long ago, after Legar had against his old-time enemy. Enoch
brought me across water, and then Golden. And both of these points remember him taking me to a man who their user still dreamed them to be wore round eyeglasses, and showing had it not been for the casual agency him my arm. This man gave me some- of a pocket camera. For less than an thing to make me sleep. But when I hour's work in the office of the regis-wakened ma arm was sore again, for ter of automobiles had duly shown weeks and weeks. And when it healed Manley that license No. 6249 belonged the scar was gone. I remember "But to one Professor Herman Stein, of 42 she stopped suddenly, for the telephone Maple avenue. Yet Manley, armed as bell close heside Golden shrilled out a he was with the knowledge of this sudden call. Mechanically the man at car's identity, showed no undue haste the desk took up the receiver, his eyes in interfering with its movements. For still another hour of cautious shadow-"This is Eastman, of the central of- ing on the part of Golden's private secthe retary provided him with the knowlwire, "A short while ago a young wom- edge that Dr. Stein was in the habit of motoring from Maple avenue to the Well, what of it?" was the impatient Central Tower building and from that prosperous akyscraper "Our office merely wants to warn point within a block of the Owl's Nest itself. Thirty minutes later found Sho's Manley in a telephone booth, talking

"Have you received any message younger man, after impatiently explaining who he was.

"I have received a message, but I "Then how did you get it?"

"It was thrown through my house "Will you please read me that message. And quickly, for this is impor-

"Here it is." answered the bewilin flames. And after that house, your Manley, returning from his errand, next house, and the next.' It is signed

"That's what I'd like to find out. But, "Who are you?" he pertly inquired, in the meantime, just what do you intend to do about this girl?" were "I intend to keep that girl here."
His was the grim reply, "no matter what

happens, no matter what threats may

"I'm afraid they're going to shower clinging to the wistaria wines that more than threats, But I'm serious for framed the huge window on the far once when I say, whatever you do, side of the room. For that crouching don't let them get that young woman

"Then, for God's sake, Manley, tell nursed, the suspleion that Golden and me just who and what that young woman is! Is she, can she be, myveillance. And Manley was determined There came a break in the voice on the wire and the sentence remained unfinished. Faintly the listener could hear the sound of sudden calls, of quick questions and answers and counterquestions. Then the voice of Golden was once more frantically calling him

over the wire. "Manley, Manley, is that you? You've spoken too late. Wilson, my butler, has just hurried in to me here. Ten minutes and a stranger claiming to be meter inspector got entrance to the house. The servants accepted his uniform as authentic. He got to the room where the girl had been sent to dress. He dragged her down through the halls Before Manley could recover himself before he could be interfered with. He the mysterious cavesdropper broke got her out through the door and into a waiting car, a car without a number. naled to a waiting automobile that before any fool around here made a moved from the shadow of the trees step to stop him. Do you's hear me?

into the open light even as he called They've taken the girl! She's gone!" for help. To the running-hourd of "Gone?" echoed Manley. "Then "Then I haven't time to stand here talking. For Yet Enoch Golden, even as Manley

close at his heels. Still dazed as he was himself, had little time for taiking over from his blew. Manley reached the car, that strange abduction. For two minswung himself up on the running- utes later his still flurried butler anboard, and as the driver responded to nounced the arrival of James Griswold, the repeated shouts for speed, the fight the president of the Union Traders' between the burley fusitive and his Bank, on urgent business. Golden ordered that his visitor be admitted.

"Golden," bagan that visitor almost But now, Manley saw, it was his as soon as he had crossed the threshold, strength alone against three of the "I have counted myself among your "I have counted myself among your enemy, all clawing and striking at him friends. I have even shut my eyes to as he clung to the speeding car. And this absurd newspaper agitation against (Concluded on Page 4).

