

OLD ENEMIES MEET

Film Brought Together Ex-Confederate and Federal.

After Fifty-one Years They Have Opportunity to Exchange Reminiscences at Outdoor Studio at Los Angeles, Cal.

Fifty-one years ago, or in 1863, a Confederate scout lay all day in a shallow creek watching the Union lines. A Yankee sentinel watched him, and was prepared to shoot if the Confederate moved. A meeting that vividly brought back the thrilling days of the Civil war, and particularly this hair-raising incident, when they were enemies and fought each other for the glory of the blue or the gray, occurred several days ago, when Scout W. H. Taylor and Sentinel D. R. Crane recognized each other on a mimic battlefield at a film manufacturing company's ranch near Los Angeles, Cal.

At their meeting in that memorable second year of the war, Taylor, a Confederate scout, was following the Union lines in retreat from Pine Run, Va., after an attempt to reach Richmond and defeat by General Lee. Taylor, seeking information, started to cross a creek, but seeing Union sentinels on the bank hid all day in the shallow water, waiting for night. He finally escaped with such information as he could gather. Crane, a sentinel in the Union army, patrolled the bank all day, waiting for a sight of and a shot at the scout.

At the recent meeting the two veterans went over the details of the day and the battles that followed. Both men were weary and sunburned; they had been living over again some of the battles they had been in years before. These battles were to be a part of one of the great photo play war dramas. And the surprising feature of the meeting was that it was not the first mimic battle they had been in; both had been working for the same company for 12 months and had never met.

FOUND HIS RIGHT VOCATION

Romaine Fielding Has Been One of the Big Successes of the Photo-plays Since He Joined Them.

Romaine Fielding, who, besides being an actor, is an author, director and producing manager, was born in Corsica. He is thirty-two years of age, has black hair, blue eyes and is five feet, eleven and one-half inches tall, he weighs one hundred and seventy-five pounds.

For many years he was on the "legitimate" stage, playing most recently in "The Renegade," "The Girl of the Golden West," and "The Conflict." Three years ago, however, he turned his attention to moving pictures, and when a company

since then has been one of the stars. At present he is directing at the Colorado Springs studio, where with three companies numbering close to three hundred people he has in the past few weeks produced three dramas and eight comedies and is at present working on a five or seven reel drama entitled "The Eagle's Nest," which was written for the stage by Edwin Arden. In it Mr. Fielding will play the heavy lead.

Mr. Fielding has experienced what we imagine must be the novel sensation of having had all the scenarios he has ever written produced. Among his best are "The Clod," "Toll of Fear," "Rattlesnake," "The Man From the West," "The Evil Eye," "A Girl Spy in Mexico," and "A Dash for Liberty."

"Littlest Rebel" Popular.

No photoplay this season has caught the public fancy more quickly than "The Littlest Rebel," the Edward Peple play.

The attendance has increased by leaps and bounds daily, probably because of the war spirit resulting from the interest in the war clouds which are engulfing the European nations. The picture, which depicts the thrilling story of the struggle between the armies of the North and South, is interwoven with a story of intense interest surrounding the life of Virgie Carey, the six-year-old daughter of a southern planter.

Rapidly Rising in Profession.

That delightful actress, Gertrude Cameron, seems to be striding ahead every minute. The other day she was engaged to take a principal role in one of the productions, a scene of which was being taken in New Rochelle, N. Y. Charles J. Hite, president of the Thanouser company, happened to see Miss Cameron and at once began negotiating with her, with the result that a couple of days later he had signed up this beautiful actress for the leading role in a big four-reel feature drama.

NOTHING SAID ABOUT NIGHTS

Irishman Sentenced to Seven Days' Imprisonment Wanted to Go Home Until Next Morning.

"What the dickens is the matter with you?" furiously demanded the warden of Patrick O'Brien. "Kicking up a row like that at this time of night!"

"Shure, an' I only want to go home," said Pat.

"Don't be a fool, man!" said the warden, coming nearer to see if his charge was quite well.

"Fool, bedad!" shouted Pat from the other side of the grating. "I'm in my rights."

"Now, look here," broke in the warden, meaningly. "You've got seven days hard. Seven days you've got to do, so you'd better do them quietly."

"Ye're quite right," smiled Pat. "Shure, the old boy gave me seven days, but, begorra, he didn't say anything about nights; and, faith, you can surely trust me to come back in the morning!"—London Answers.

These Modern Wonders!

Her soldier son in the Philippines had sent a cablegram and Mrs. Blunderleigh's voice rang with pride when speaking of it to her impressed neighbors.

"Yes, they be wonderful things, the telegraphs," said she. "Just fancy, it's come from the Philippines—all the thousands of miles."

"And so quick, too," put in her best friend.

"Quick ain't the word for it," put in Mrs. Blunderleigh. "Why, when I got it the gum on the envelope wasn't dry."

HOW ABOUT THE PUBLICITY?



She (absently)—Well, the more the merrier.

He—Not when there are three candidates for one office.

She—Not for the candidates, anyhow.

It Came Off.

Representative Henry said jubilantly at a reception in Waco:

"I would that all these international marriages, where a beautiful girl worth millions weds an old rake for his title—I would that they would all pan out like Lotta Golde's."

"A dun said hopefully to the doddering old Earl of Lancland:

"Later on, perhaps, eh, my lord? And may I ask when your lordship's marriage with Miss Golde comes off?"

"The earl stroked his gray moustache helplessly.

"It's off now," he said.—Minneapolis Journal.

Couldn't Be Done.

A stout woman was always in the habit of buying two seats when she went to the theater, in order that she could have plenty of room. The other afternoon she went to a matinee, and, passing inside, handed the two tickets to the attendant.

"Where is the party that is going to use the other ticket?" he asked.

"I'm going to occupy both seats myself," explained the woman.

"I'd like to see you do it," said the attendant, looking closely at the tickets. "The seats are on opposite sides of the aisle."—Pearson's Weekly.

The Willing Worker.

"A good story always helps to keep an audience interested," said Senator Sorghum.

"Yes," replied the experienced campaigner. "But stories have been overworked."

"How about a little song now and then?"

"No. They've had songs, too. You've got to give people something new."

"Well, I'm willing to do my part. Maybe I might tango a little."

The Incentive.

Mrs. Brown (in kitchen, smilingly)

—My! Everything is fairly shining. Olga! I fear you're spending too much time in cleaning.

New Servant—I ain't always so particular, mum, but I don't know but what me feller might call this evening!—Puck.

Hardest Part of It.

Green—What is the hardest work you ever did?

City Employe—The work I did landing this job, and the next hardest is the work keeping it from being taken away from me.—Judge.

A Time Saving Idea.

"I always tell the waiter what I'm going to tip him."

"Why?"

"So he won't keep me waiting half an hour while the cashier splits a \$10 bill into dimes."—Detroit Free Press.



CHAPTER XIII—Continued.

"Has he given up?" asked Abbott, his voice strangely unfamiliar in his own ears.

"A man can struggle just so long against odds, then he wins or becomes broken. Women are not logical; generally they permit themselves to be guided by impulse rather than by reason. This man I am telling you about was proud; perhaps too proud. It is a shameful fact, but he ran away. True, he wrote letter after letter, but all these were returned unopened. Then he stopped."

"A woman would a good deal rather believe circumstantial evidence than not. Humph!" The colonel primed his pipe and relighted it. "She couldn't have been worth much."

"Worth much!" cried Abbott. "What do you imply by that?"

"No man will really give up a woman who is really worth while, that is, of course, admitting that your man, Courtlandt, is a man. Perhaps, though, it was his fault. He was not persistent enough, maybe a bit spineless. The fact that he gave up so quickly possibly convinced her that her impressions were correct. Why, I'd have followed her day in and day out, year after year; never would I have let up until I had proved to her that she had been wrong."

"The colonel is right," Abbott approved, never taking his eyes off Courtlandt, who was apparently absorbed in the contemplation of the bread crumbs under his fingers.

"And more, by hook or crook, I'd have dragged in the other woman by the hair and made her confess."

"I do not doubt it, colonel," responded Courtlandt, with a dry laugh. "And that would really have been the end of the story. The heroine of this rambling tale would then have been absolutely certain of collusion between the two."

"That is like a woman," the Barone agreed, and he knew something about them. "And where is this man now?"

"Here," said Courtlandt, pushing back his chair and rising. "I am he. He turned his back upon them and sought the garden."

Tableau!

"Dash me!" cried the colonel, who, being the least interested personally, was first to recover his speech.

The Barone drew in his breath sharply. Then he looked at Abbott.

"I suspected it," replied Abbott to the mute question. Since the episode of last night his philosophical outlook had broadened. He had lost Nora, but had come out of the agony of love refused to fuller manhood. As long as he lived he was certain that the petty affairs of the day were never again going to disturb him.

"Let him be," was the colonel's suggestion, adding a gesture in the direction of the casement door through which Courtlandt had gone. "He's as big a man as Nora is a woman. If he has returned with the determination of winning her, he will."

They did not see Courtlandt again. After a few minutes of restless to-and-froing, he proceeded down to the landing, helped himself to the colonel's motor-boat, and returned to Bellagio. At the hotel he asked for the duke, only to be told that the duke and madame had left that morning for Paris. Courtlandt saw that he had permitted one great opportunity to slip past. He gave up the battle. One more good look at her, and he would go away. The odds had been too strong for him, and he knew that he was broken.

When the motor-boat came back, Abbott and the baron made use of it also. They crossed in silence, heavy-hearted.

On landing Abbott said: "It is probable that I shall not see you again this year. I am leaving tomorrow for Paris. It's a great world, isn't it, where they toss us around like dice? Some throw sixes and others deuces. And in this game you and I have lost two out of three."

"I shall return to Rome," replied the Barone. "My long leave of absence is near its end."

"What in the world can have happened?" demanded Nora, showing the two notes to Celeste. "Here's Donald going to Paris tomorrow and the Barone to Rome. They will bid us good-by at tea. I don't understand. Donald was to remain until we left for America, and the Barone's leave does not end until October."

"Tomorrow?" dim-eyed, Celeste returned the notes.

"Yes. You play the fourth ballade and I'll sing from Madame. It will be very lonesome without them." Nora gazed into the hall mirror and gave a pat to two to her hair.

When the men arrived, it was im-

pressed on Nora's mind that never had she seen them so amiable toward each other. They were positively friendly. And why not? The test of the morning had proved each of them to his own individual satisfaction, and had done away with those stilted mannerisms that generally make rivals ridiculous in all eyes save their own. The revelation at luncheon had convinced them of the futility of things in general and of woman in particular. They were, without being aware of the fact, each a consolation to the other. The old adage that misery loves company was never more nicely typified.

If Celeste expected Nora to exhibit any signs of distress over the approaching departure, she was disappointed. In truth, Nora was secretly pleased to be rid of these two suitors, much as she liked them. The Barone had not yet proposed, and his sudden determination to return to Rome eliminated this disagreeable possibility. She was glad Abbott was going because she had hurt him without intention, and the sight of him was, in spite of her innocence, a constant reproach. Presently she would have her work, and there would be no time for loneliness.

The person who suffered keenest was Celeste. She was awake; the tender little dream was gone; and bravely she accepted the fact. Never her agile fingers stumbled, and she played remarkably well, from Beethoven, Chopin, Grieg, Rubinstein, MacDowell. And Nora, perversely enough, sang from old light opera.

When the two men departed, Celeste went to her room and Nora out upon the terrace. It was after five. No one was about, so far as she could see. She stood enchanted over the transformation that was affecting the mountains and the lakes. How she loved the spot! How she would have liked to spend the rest of her days here! And how beautiful all the world was today!

She gave a frightened little scream. A strong pair of arms had encircled her. She started to cry out again, but the sound was muffled and blotted out by the pressure of a man's lips upon her own. She struggled violently, and suddenly was freed.

"If I were a man," she said, "you should die for that!"

"It was an opportunity not to be ignored," returned Courtlandt. "It is true that I was a fool to run away as I did, but my return has convinced me that I should have been as much a fool had I remained to tag you about, begging for an interview. I wrote you letters. You returned them unopened. You have condemned me without a hearing. So be it. You may consider that kiss the farewell appearance so dear to the operatic heart," bitterly.

He addressed most of this to the back of her head, for she was already walking toward the villa into which she disappeared with the proud air of some queen of tragedy. She was a capital actress.

A heavy hand fell upon Courtlandt's shoulder. He was irresistibly drawn right about face.

"Now, then, Mr. Courtlandt," said Harrigan, his eyes blue and cold as ice, "perhaps you will explain?"

With rage and despair in his heart, Courtlandt flung off the hand and answered: "I refuse!"

"Ah!" Harrigan stood off a few steps and ran his glance critically up and down this man of whom he had thought to make a friend. "You're a husky lad. There's one way out of this for you."

"So long as it does not necessitate any explanations," indifferently.

"In the bottom of one of Nora's trunks is a set of my old gloves. There will not be anyone up at the tennis court this time of day. If you are not a mean cuss, if you are not an ordinary low-down imitation of a man, you'll meet me up there inside of five minutes. If you can stand up in front of me for ten minutes, you need not make any explanations. On the other hand, you'll hike out of here as fast as boats and trains can take you. And never come back."

"I am nearly twenty years younger than you, Mr. Harrigan."

"Oh, don't let that worry you any," with a truculent laugh.

"Very well. You will find me there. After all, you are her father."

"You bet I am!"

Harrigan stole into his daughter's room and soundlessly bored into the bottom of the trunk that contained the relics of past glory. As he pulled them forth, a folded oblong strip of parchment came out with them and fluttered to the floor; but he was too busily engaged to notice it, nor would he have bothered if he had. The bottom of the trunk was littered with old letters and programs and operatic scores. He wrapped the gloves in a newspaper and got away without being seen. He was as happy as a boy who had discovered an opening in the fence between him and the apple orchard. He was rather astonished to see Courtlandt kneeling in the clover patch, hunting for a four-leaf clover. It was patent that the young man was not troubled with nerves.

"Here!" he cried, brusquely, tossing over a pair of gloves. "If this method of settling the dispute isn't satisfactory, I'll accept your explanations."

For reply Courtlandt stood up and stripped to his undershirt. He drew on the gloves and laced them with the aid of his teeth. Then he knoed them carefully. The two men eyed each other a little more respectfully than they had ever done before.

"This single court is about as near as we can make it. The man who steps outside is whipped."

"I agree," said Courtlandt.

"No rounds with rests; until one or the other is outside. Clean breaks. That's about all. Now, put up your dukes and take a man's licking. I thought you were your father's son."

but I guess you are like the rest of 'em, hunters of women."

Courtlandt laughed and stepped to the middle of the court. Harrigan did not waste any time. He sent in a straight jab to the jaw, but Courtlandt blocked it neatly and countered with a hard one on Harrigan's ear, which began to swell.

"Fine!" growled Harrigan. "You know something about the game. It won't be as if I was walloping a baby." He sent a left to the body, but the right failed to reach his man.

For some time Harrigan jabbed and swung and uppercut; often he reached his opponent's body, but never his face. It worried him a little to find that he could not stir Courtlandt more than two or three feet. Courtlandt never followed up any advantage, thus making Harrigan force the fighting, which was rather to his liking. But presently it began to enter his mind convincingly that apart from the initial blow, the younger man was working wholly on the defensive. As if he were afraid he might hurt him! This served to make the old fellow furious. He bored in right and left, left and right, and Courtlandt gave way, step by step until he was so close to the line that he could see it from the corner of his eye. This glance, swift as it was, came near to being his undoing. Harrigan caught him with a terrible right on the jaw. It was a glancing blow, otherwise the fight would have ended then and there. Instantly he lurched forward and clinched before the other could add the finishing touch.

The two pushed about, Harrigan fiercely striving to break the younger man's hold. He was beginning to breathe hard besides. A little longer, and his blows would lack the proper steam. Finally Courtlandt broke away of his own accord. His head buzzed a little, but aside from that he had recovered. Harrigan pursued his tactics and rushed. But this time there was an offensive return. Courtlandt became the aggressor. There was no withstanding him. And Harrigan fairly saw the end; but with that indomitable pluck which had made him famous in the annals of the ring, he kept banging away. The swift, cruel jabs here and there upon his body began to tell. Oh, for a minute's rest and a piece of lemon on his parched tongue! Suddenly Courtlandt rushed him tigerishly, landing a jab which closed Harrigan's right eye. Courtlandt dropped his hands, and stepped back. His glance traveled suggestively to Harrigan's feet. He was outside the "ropes."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Harrigan, for losing my temper."

"What's the odds? I lost mine. You win." Harrigan was a true sportsman. He had no excuses to offer. He had dug the pit of humiliation with his own hands. He recognized this as one of two facts. The other was, that had Courtlandt extended himself, the battle would have lasted about one minute. It was gall and wormwood, but there you were.

"And now, you ask for explanations. Ask your daughter to make them." Courtlandt pulled off the gloves and got into his clothes. "You may add, sir, that I shall never trouble her again with my unwelcome attentions. I leave for Milan in the morning." Courtlandt left the field of victory without further comment.

"Well, what do you think of that?" mused Harrigan, as he stooped over to gather up the gloves. "Any one would say that he was the injured party. I'm in wrong on this deal somewhere. I'll ask Miss Nora a question or two."

It was not so easy returning. He ran into his wife. He tried to dodge her, but without success.

"James, where did you get that black eye?" tragically.

"It's a daisy, ain't it, Molly?" pushing past her into Nora's room and closing the door after him.

"Father!"

"That you, Nora?" blinking.

"Father, if you have been fighting with him, I'll never forgive you."

"Forget it, Nora. I wasn't fighting. I only thought I was."

He raised the lid of the trunk and cast in the gloves haphazard. And then he saw the paper which had fallen out. He picked up and squinted at it, for he could not see very well. Nora was leaving the room in a temper.

"Going, Nora?"

"I am. And I advise you to have your dinner in your room."

Alone, he turned on the light. It never occurred to him that he might be prying into some of Nora's private correspondence. He unfolded the parchment and held it under the light. For a long time he stared at the writing, which was in English, at the date, at the names. Then he quietly refolded it and put it away for future use, immediate future use.

"This is a great world," he murmured, rubbing his ear tenderly.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Humility Fallacy.

"Humility, as a virtue, is fast disappearing, and that's a very good thing," said Mayor Rolph in San Francisco.

"Our fathers used to preach humility to us—respect for our superiors, contentment with our humble station, and so forth."

"He who is down need fear no fall," a humility exponent said to me, solemnly, one day.

"Quite right," said I, "but he's sure to get sat on and walked over."

Facts in the Case.

Miss Laura Drake Gill, president of the College for Women at Swanee, Tenn., says that while statistics show that college women marry a little late in life, they finally marry in the same proportion as their female blood relations who are not college bred.

NO LONGER ROMANTIC

ALL IS SORDID IN THE REAR OF A FIGHTING ARMY.

How It Looked, Told by a Writer; How It Felt, as Described by One Who Had Been Through It All.

Soon we were near the battle. In the east, across the vast level country, a faint gray light appeared. The noble alamo trees, towering thickly in mussy lines along the ditches to the west, burst into showers of bird-sons. It was getting warm, continued John Reed, in the Metropolitan, and there came the tranquil smell of earth and grass and growing corn—a calm summer dawn. Into this the noise of battle broke like something insane. The hysterical clatter of rifle fire, that seemed to carry a continuous undertone of screaming—although when you listened for it, it was gone; the nervous, deadly stab—stab—stab of the machine guns, like some gigantic woodpecker; the cannon booming like great bells, and the whistle of their shells; boom—p-l-l-e-e-u-u-u! And that most terrible of all sounds of war, shrapnel exploding: Crash—whew—e-eeaa!

The shooting never ceased, but it seemed to be subdued to its subordinate place in a fantastic and disordered world. Up the track in the hot morning light staggered a river of wounded men, shattered, bleeding, bound up in rotting and bloody bandages, inconceivably weary. They passed us, and one even fell and lay motionless near by in the dust—and we didn't care. Soldiers with their cartridges gone wandered aimlessly out of the chaparral, dragging their rifles, and plunged into the brush again on the other side of the railroad, black with powder, streaked with sweat, their eyes vacantly on the ground. The thin rattle dust rose in lazy clouds at every footstep, and hung there, parching throat and eyes. A little company of horsemen jogged out of the thicket and drew up on the track, looking toward town. One man got down from the saddle and squatted beside us.

"It was terrible," he said suddenly. "Carramba! We went in there last night on foot. They were inside the water tank, with holes cut in the iron for rifles. We had to walk up and poke our guns through the holes, and we killed them all—a death trap! And then the corral! They had two sets of loopholes, one for the men kneeling down and the other for the men standing up. Three thousand rifles in there—and they had five machine guns to sweep the road. And the roundhouse with three rows of trenches outside and subterranean passages so they could crawl under and shoot us in the back. Our bombs wouldn't work, and what could we do with rifles? Madre de Dios! But we were so quick we took them by surprise. We captured the roundhouse and the water tank. And then this morning thousands came—thousands—reinforcements from Torreón—and their artillery—and they drove us back again. They walked up to the water tank and poked their rifles through the holes and killed all of us—the sons of devils!"

We could see the place as he spoke and hear the hellish roar and shriek, and yet no one moved, and there wasn't a sign of the shooting—not a puff of smoke, except when a shrapnel shell burst yelling down in the first row of trees a mile ahead and vomited a puff of white. The crackling tip of rifle fire and the staccato machine guns and even the hammering cannon didn't reveal themselves at all. The first dusty plain, the trees and chimneys of Gomez, and the stony hill, lay quietly in the heat. From the alamos off the right came the careless song of birds. One had the impression that his senses were lying. It was an incredible dream, though which the grotesque procession of wounded filtered like ghosts in the dust.

Wireless Telephones.

Several German coal mines are equipped with wireless telephone systems, and a Yorkshire, England, mine has recently been similarly equipped. Each instrument is connected by two wires, either with water pipes or iron rails, or with a piece of metal buried in the ground. In the Yorkshire mine, the instruments are both fixed and portable; the two fixed instruments are situated, one in the transformer house near the pit bottom, and the other over half a mile away. It is possible to talk between the two stations as easily as if the telephones were connected by wire. The portable instruments, which weigh about 20 pounds apiece, are carried by the miners to the points where active work is going on. By means of them the miners can communicate with the fixed stations from any part of the mine. Moreover, they will enable men overtaken by disaster to summon help from other parts of the mine and to direct the rescuers.

Their Advantage.

"See where they want to make the car conductors in Washington policemen, too?"

"Yes; then they ought, when they arrest a fellow, to make a run in all right."

His Early Training.

"That big financier boasts that he can take every man's measure."

"That's because he began life as a tailor's assistant."