# by MRS. WILSON AWOODROW

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NOVELIZED FROM THE SERIES OF PHOTOPLAYS OF THE SAME NAME RELFASED BY PATHE EXCHANGE

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From the days when he had defend-

ed her from the collie-dragon, Tom

Blake had loved Marjorie Lampson.

And now, at twenty-one, it was no

longer the affection of a child for a

child, but the whole-souled adoration

And one evening he told her so.

was to go into business with his fa-

He and Harry Lampson were in

their childhood acquaintance had not

It was on the evening after his fa-

the business that Tom called on Mar-

Marjorie darted away from the

"Dad's coming in," she warned him.

'I heard his key in the front door.

I know he won't approve. Don't let's

assured her. "He won't bite us. Be-

live a lie. He has the right to know.

irresolute, just outside the doorway.

"Good evening, Tom," Mr. Lamp

son greeted the caller, not over

"Mr. Lampson," spoke up Tom

nerving himself for the ordeal. "My

father promised today to take me into

"I congratulate you," said Lampson

"That will mean," went on Tom,

"that I'll have good pay from the start;

with a prospect of a raise as soon as

I make good. And I'm going to make

good. Not only for father's sake and

"Marjorie's?" repeated Lampson in

"Mr. Lampson," said Tom, "I have

Will you make us both very happy

by giving your consent? If you will

let us marry as soon as I go to

"I am afraid I cannot consent to

anything of the sort," said Lampson,

sanction any engagement between

"That means," flashed Marjorie,

you and my daughter."

Tom again, for the present,

to call here. Good night."

Tom stalked angrily out of

mile from the university-Tom

Marjorie. Eagerly he opened it and

Sweetheart-Dad is still fearfully angry.

or send me to boarding school or even to a convent if ever I dare speak to you.

threatens to shut me up in the house

mine, but for Marjorie's, too."

to do with it." answered Tom.

"I don't understand you."

the business with him in June."

Mr. Lampson hearing voices in the

you say it was Harry?"

of a man for a woman.

ripened into friendship.

jorie with the good news.

clasp of his arm.

tell him-yet."

cordially.

perfunctorily.

stiffly.

lar and-

ther.

#### SEVENTH STORY

#### Truth Crushed to Earth.

The champion, sword in hand, was defending his lady love from the murderous attack of the dragon.

The group or nurses lounging on the park bench saw only five-year-old Tommy Blake and four-year-old Marjorie Lampson, playing with a very big and very friendly colife. But Tommy, the champion, knew better He knew the dragon would surely swallow Marjorie or drag her away to its lair, unless her defender could frighten away the monster with his sword.

So while Marjorie squealed with de light, Tommy wielded the wooden sword right doughtily, shaking it in front of the barking collie's nose and assuring his little playmate he would save her.

It was a wonderful game. But pres ently the collie tired of it and trotted away. Tommy (thrilled at the triumphant thought that he had vanquished the dragon) gave chase. He had not run three steps before his foot slipped and he tumbled face downward in a very large and very

sloppy mudpuddle. The nurse swooped down upon him and dragged him homeward. Mrs. Blake was at this moment en gaged in preparing an address which

before the Parents' club. A shutting door, a sound of weep-ing, the hurry of footsteps checked her flow of inspiration. She laid down her pen and turned with a frown

she expected to read two nights later

toward the library doorway. On the threshold appeared the nurse half leading, half dragging the tearful and muddy child. At sight of the havoc wrought on Tommy's new

suit Mrs. Blake called in sudden loss of temper: "You bad, bad boy! See what you've done! You ought to be whipped and sent to bed! How did this happen?"

"Why, you see, ma'am," began the

"I asked Master Tommy not you nurse," interrupted the vexed mother. Tommy, tell me how this happened! Tell me the truth, mind you, or I'll-

"It-it was this way." faltered Tommy, manfully choking back his sobs, "I was playing Saint George and the Dragon. And Marj'ric was being the Maiden in Distress-like-like the way you read to me. And Laddie was the dragon. And I made him run away. And I chased him. And I fell down and got all muddled up. sorry, mamma. I didn't

Mrs. Blake interrupted his pitiful jorie to do with it?" mean to fall down. And-" defense by catching his shoulder her strong hand and jerking him along in her wake as she marched across to the library book closet and

locked Tommy in. Tom Blake had reached the mature age of eleven. Marjorie Lampson and her brother, Harry, had come one afternoon to the Blake house to talk over a matter of tremendous import to all three of them-no less an event than Tom's birthday party which was to take place on the following week. Tom greeted them. "I'm go-

ing to have a bicycle for my birthday! Honest I am!" "No!" exclaimed Harry Lampson

in open-eyed envy. Papa says I am.

Yes, I am, too. lan't that grand?" Isn't it wonderful that you're going to have a bicycle?" laughed Marjorie

"I'm going to ask papa to get me one, too. Then we can take rides together." "Huh!" grunted Harry in derision. "You're too much of a cry-baby to ride

a bicycle, Marge. You'd snivel every time you fell off."

"Leave her be," commanded Tom, "If you don't I'll-" Harry showed his disregard for the

varning by giving Marjorie's curls a sharp tug. The little girl cried out With a yell of fury Tom sunched himself on her tormenter. Around the library table dashed the pursuer and the pursued. Harry dodged as Tom caught up with him and ducked under the latter's outflung

full against the side of an antique end of the table. The vase-worth its weight in gold—was the pride of Mr. Blake's heart.

At the impact of Tom Blake's fist the vase flew into the air, crashed down upon the hardwood floor and lay there, smashed into fragments.

Mr. Blake, drawn thither by the cash, sauntered into the library in housecoat and slippers. There on the floor lav his priceless vase in atoms. "Who did that?" he demanded, pointing dramatically at the ruined

"I did, sir!" said Tom. "I was chas-

He got no further. His father kicked off one slipper, picked it up, caught the wretched boy by the nap of the neck, flung him over the paters nal knee and began to rain blows upon him with the full force of a vigorous and anger-driven arm.

MARJORIE. At last the ordeal was over. Mr. Blake shoved the tortured boy away from him and stamped out of the Marjorie ran up to Tom and caught his pain-clenched hands in a haif dozen youths from the univer- situation.

sity were gathered at a counter, laughing noisily over something. Harry Lampson was among them. Before Tom could withdraw one of

the lads hafled him, calling: "Look here! See what we've got." He held up for inspection a signboard on whose black surface was chalked in white the word "Under-

"We're going to hang it under Dr. Lentz's shingle, around the corner yonder," explained the youth. "The old guy will be sore as blazes when he sees it in the morning."

Tom nodded and turned away. The boys, with their sign, presently trooped out. Tom waited a minute or so longer, then left the store. Ho came face to face with Marjorie who was entering.

An uproar a half block below brought them to an abrupt halt. They "Tom!" she wailed. "Oh, Tom! turned to locate the turmoil. A hundred feet away, under the You poor, poor boy! I'm so sorry!

glare of an electric light, a knot of But why did you tell him it was you six or seven people were engaged in that broke the vase? Why didn't a decidedly lively tussle. One of the group was a policeman. Tom, at a "I-I had to tell him the truth," glance, understood the situation. panted the boy. "There wasn't any-thing else to do." "They were going to hang an undertaker's sign under Dr. Lentz's name," he explained to Marjorie, "and

some of them. They—"
"Tom!" she cried, shrilly. "Oh,
Tom! One of them is Harry!" He's

"But, Tom!" came the quavering reply over the wire, "I can't, dear. I let me know."

can't! The president knows Dad. Tom opened can't! The president knows Dad. He'd be certain to mention it to him. That's why I didn't interfere last night. Harry threatened to tell Dad mon and there was always the danger I was with you. And-"

"All right, sveetheart," said Tom-ently. "Don't be frightened. I'm not gently. worth it. I'll manage somehow without your testimony."

He returned to the president. "I regret, sir," said Tom. "That my witness cannot testify. But I have given you my word of honor that I-"

him short. "Good day." At a meeting of the faculty that afternoon Tom Blake was duly and publicly expelled from the university. He himself brought home the news. His mother burst into a flood of tears, His father, as stirred as she, took

the matter more stoically.

"Here!" he said, curtly. "Take thin money. It is \$100. Take it and get out. my fold. You have made your bed. Lie in it. I'm done with you."

"But, Father!" persisted Tom. "I've done nothing wrong. I'm innocent." "They don't expel innocent boys from college," retorted his father. While Tom was miserably packing

that cop must have caught them at it and tried to run them in. They're beating him up, the idiots! That'll mean a night in the 'hoosgow' for ered to him. It was from Marjorie.



certain to be arrested. And Dad will never forgive him. He said if Harry

to grapple with the man who had Meartbrokenly. struck him. Tom was where Harry had been standing and the bluecoat grabbed him. Harry, seeing what had just asked Marjorie to be my wife. happened yelled:

"Beat it, boys! Here come the reserves!"

In a moment the group had scattered, leaving Tom a captive. Tom made no resistance, saying merely: "You've got hold of the wrong chan, Officer. Another case of arresting the innocent bystander!"

"But Mr. Lampson! You know all about me. You know my parents. "You're the lad that hit me," de-You know Marjorie cares for me, that clared the policeman, puffing from I shall be able to support her, that—' his hard fight. "Til swear to that. "I do not care to go into that ques-Come along!" tion at all," said Lampson, "It is enough for me to say that I cannot

Marjorie, seeing her lover's plight, ran across the street to his rescue. Before she could reach him Harry darted out of the shadows and caught hold of her hand.

"that you've been listening to more "Come away from this!" he said, of Harry's stories about him. Harry's harshly, "and come quick! I'm not jealous of Tom, because Tom is popugoing to have my sister mixed up in a police court case!" "If you don't "That will do, Marjorie!" said her father. "I don't care to discuss the Blake after you'd been ordered not to. matter. I positively forbid the en-And you can figure out for yourself gagement. And I forbid you to see what Dad will do, then." Weeping, she surrendered; fear

"Mr. Lampson!" broke out Tom, overcoming loyalty. "this is unfair. If you have any ob-The university town's two morning jection to me, it is only honest to ie'l papers next day contained lurid accounts of what they termed "a stu-"I am not compelled to explain my dent riot;" and show added the infor-

motives to every scatter-brained cel- metion that lege boy," said Lampson. "My daugh- Blake, a senior at the university, had ter is not yet of age, and is therefore been the ringleader and had been arsubject to my wishes. I terbid her to see you again. And I forbid you rested for assaulting Officer Hutch. at home, went to the university he found a summons to report at once at the office of the institution's president. To the president's displeased When he came home from college nest afternoon-he lived only about

inquiries, Tom merely said: "I had nothing to do with the fight. found waiting for him a letter from I was on the other side of the street when I first saw it. I tried to get an acquaintance out of danger. And, in the scrimmage I was caught and arrested. I give you my word I had no part in any of the rest of it." "If you are really innocent you

You see, he isn't used to having people talk back to him as you did last night. And it's made him all the more litter against you. (He'd be the same way, I'm sure, with anyone who tried to marry me and take me away from him.) But I'm not soing to give you you. probably have witnesses to prove it. You say you were on the other side of the street when you first saw the fight. Were you alone?" not going to give you up, Tom.
I'd lots rather see you with his consent. But I'm going to see you just the same; even without his consent. Is that wrong? I hope not, because I'm going to, anyway. And besides, you gave him fair warning. "No. sir." "Then surely the person or persons

with you can prove your innocence." "Yes, sir, if necessary. Though I don't like to bring her into this, I was with a lady. If you will let me a few minutes after dinner this evening.

Would you care to meet me? If you would I'll be at the College drug store at wish to ask her a few questions go into your telephone booth there over the phone."

Tom entered the office booth and Promptly at 8 Tom reached the called up the Lampson home. Mar-College drug store. He glanced in jorie herself inswered the ring. side. Marjorie was not there yet. But a few hurried words he explained the

Dearest-I'm a coward, and I don't sup

Dearest—I'm a coward, and I don't suppose you can ever forgive me. But you don't know what Dad is, when he's in one of his rages. There is nothing he wouldn't do if he found out I'd disobeyed him. I couldn't help you. Tom. I just couldn't. But there's something I can do. And I've done it. Uncle Roser was my god-father, and he loves me better than anyone else. I've just been to him and told him the whole story. He was splendld about it. He said: "Til help you both out. Send Tom Blaka to me and I'll give him a chance in my own office. Since you believe in him, so wan office. Since you want to. By that time, If he's any good, he'll be making a marrying salary. Tell him to come and see me tomorrow." Please go heartbrokenly.

MARJORIE.

The next year was one of tireless work and steady achievement for Tom Blake. He more than justified the "chance" that Roger Lampson gave him by bringing to his new job a resistless energy, enthusiasm and adaptability that quickly won his employ-

er's approval. "I thought I was doing you a favor, Marjorie," Roger Lampson said to the girl one day, "by hiring young Blake, But it was you who did me a favor by getting me such a man to work for He's had two promotions this past year. And he's going to get a

third and bigger raise next month. "Next month?" echoed 'Marjorie. 'Why, that's June. The month of weddings."

"And the month of your birthday," plemented her uncle. "You'll be of age the first of June, won't you?

come, I'll tell Dad you were with Tom Well, take my advice-marry Tom Blake that day. And I'll make your peace with your father afterward.' Marjorie sped to Tom with this in-

spired suggestion. And the wedding date was accordingly fixed for June 1. Tom, aglow with delight at the rospect, and at the promise of a raise hurried back to the office after his lunch-time chat with Mar-

It was a busy day, and, during the afternoon a detail of work arrived that had to be completed in haste. When Tom, after a hideous scene at once volunteered to stay after hours to finish it.

As he at last laid aside the completed task and reached for his hat and coat he heard a rap at the door of the outer office. Answering the summons he admitted James Sullivan, a customer of the firm. "Hello. Blake," the visitor greeted

him, pulling a wallet from his pocket. sold my old car this evening for Here 4 is. In fifties. Please ask Lampson to keep it on deposit here till I get back to town."

objected Tom, "only Mr. Lampson and the cashier have the broke off in loud-voiced dismay. combination of the safe. What shall I do with this overnight? Where shall

"Oh, just take personal care of it." night. suggested Sullivan. He was gone, leaving Tom looking the office boy at sight of his emdown perplexedly at the fifty-dollar ployer. "Someone got in last night bills in his hand. Tom, after a mo- an'-" ment's thought, went to the telephone and called up Roger Lampson at the ran to his desk.

Sullivan's deposit. "Put it somewhere for the night," replied Lampson, "and turn it over to

latter's house, telling his employer of

Tom opened a drawer of his desk; then reconsidered, and decided the And then I'd be in awful trouble. money would be safer in his own keeping. Office thefts were not uncon of fire.

So he took out a long envelope wrote his name and the firm's address on it, put the money in the envelope sealed it and placed it in the inside pocket of his vest. Then he locked the office and went out into the street. The hour was late and he was

sleepy as well as hungry, so he took "That will do," the president cut a short cut through a network of squalid streets to bring him to his own boarding place. He had gone only a few blocks when he noticed on a curtained street window the sign: "Harding's cafe."

> The window was not over-clean and the street was uninviting. But hunger is seldom fastidious.

Choosing a meal from the list displayed on the greasy and much-I don't want a black sheep in thumbed menu, he gave his order and sat back to wait.

Lizzie Reisen was a lady who lived by her wits. And she had good sharp wits to live by. She did not care for her pstronymic, and early in her hectic career she had changed it to "Luhis few belongings a note was deliv- lette Fortescue." But an unappreciative police force had renamed her "Light-Fingered Liz."

Liz entered the main room of the cafe and glanced around with a seeming carelessness which, none the less, took in every detail and every patron of the place. Her roving glance at last-paused—at sight of something that promised to be interesting.

At an alcove table sat a well-dressed young man in front of whom a waiter was just then setting a cup of coffee As the waiter leaned over him, Liz saw the young man raise his hand nervously toward one side of his vest. That tip was quite enough for Light-Fingered Liz. She crossed to the

alcove. "Pardon me," she said, politely. "Do, you mind if I sit here? The outer

oom is so smoky." "Not at all," said Tom absently. The girl picked up the menu and studied it. But her fingers seemed to be awkward. For she let the greasy card fall to the floor. It struck near Tom's feet. He stooped to pick it up. During the fraction of a second that his head was below the table edge. Liz's hand shot forward with unbelievable swiftness, dropped something into the cup of coffee and returned as quickly to her own lap.

Tom Blake was aware of a racking headache, a rankly bad taste in his and blinked. He-yes, he must have been fast asleep. His watch was gone. So was his

chain. And his vest was unbuttoned. His fingers flew to the inside pocket. It was empty. A gurgling cry, like that which is

wrung from the dying, burst from Tom's dry lips. What was to be done? And, from iong habit, conscience answered:
"Tell the truth!" But his cooler judgment realized that in the present case

the truth was the one thing he could not tell. "All my life," he muttered to himself in sick resentment, "I've told the truth. And all my life I've gotten

into trouble by doing it. Here goes for my first lie!" Retracing his steps, he made for the office and stealthily let himself in with his key. Going straight to his own desk, he locked every drawer in

it; then, with a chisel broke all the locks. After which he strewed papers about the floor and left the top drawer wide open. He performed the same feat with three other desks. Then he went home, leaving the office outer door unlocked.

Next morning as Roger Lampson neared the office Tom caught up with him and they entered together. "I put that Sullivan money in the



"Harry Has Threatened to Tell Fa- her at headquarters. An' we foundther If I Say Anything!"

top drawer of my desk last night," Tom was saying as they went in, "and locked it. I hope I did right? It seemed safer than to carry it around with me. I-what's the matter?" he A group of employees were standing

in the center of the room, staring at the havoc wrought on the previous "Somebody's broke in here!" piped

Tom, with a gasp of apprehension,

"Gone!" he shouted, as he surveyed

"Man from p'lice headquarters to the cashler in the morning. Thanks, see you, sir," reported the office boy, But you've proved ourself not only a

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clethes detective and leading him up to where Lampson and Tom were

"Good!" approved Lampson. "I was going to phone the police. Officer has your visit anything to do with this robbery?"

"Maybe it has; maybe it hasn't, replied the plain-clothes man. want to see a man named Thomas Blake of this address. "I am Thomas Blake," put in Tom,

haggard with a sudden undefined dread. "What do you want?" "You needn't look so scared," said the detective, grinning. "This ain't a pinch. It's good news for you. We got an alarm from Boston last evenin' to look out for a woman crook named Lizzie Reisen-'Light-Fingered Liz' we call her. One of our men just happened to nab her as she was com-

Dramatically he pulled out a long envelope addressed, in Tom's own characteristic handwriting to "Thomas Blake, care of Roger Lampson &

in' out of Harding's joint. We searched

Co., 231 Market street.' One end of the envelope had been torn open. The detective shook out of it a sheaf of seventeen fifty-dollar

"We took this off her," he went on "an' we gave her a taste of the third degree till she talked. She says you're a friend of hers an' that you an' her was drinkin' together at Harding's last night an' she lifted this from you before you had a chance to spend it

on anyone else." Five minutes later Roger Lampson the wreckage. "The Sullivan money's was saying, with genuine sorrow in

"I'm not going to prosecute, Blake, fust the same, for calling me up to ushering in a wooden-faced plain thief but the most conscienceless liar

I ever had the bad wick to meet. 'I cannot employ you any longer. And my sense of fairness will force me to warn any future employer of your's that you are a dangerous crook. Tom walked, dazedly, out of the office. His heart was dead.

Myrtle Point

At the outer door of the building a messenger boy halted him. "Letter for you, Mr. Blake," said the

Tom, with a thrill, recognized Marjorie's writing on the envelope. In his hour of direst need, here was a word of cheer from her! He tore open the envelope and read:

Harry has just told me. And I never want to see or hear of you again. He says—and two of his friends corroborate says—and two of his friends corroborate him—that he saw you last night in a slum restaurant—with a woman. When they left the place her arm was around you and your head was on her shoulder. I could have forgiven anything but that. You, have broken my heart. Dad and Harry have told me all along the sort of man you are, but I would never believe them until now it is proved.

Please don't try to explain. It is use-less. I know you now for what you are.

Your whole life has been a lie-a lie to

"A lie?" muttered Tom, half aloud Yes, the whole world is a world of lies. It's a world I'm tired of. A world that has cast me out. There's nothing left. Nothing. My parents. my work, my sweetheart-all gone." A long time he stood motionless. Then slowly he turned toward the river. When at last he stood on the pier

the girl who trusted you. Good-bys"

above the fast-running waters he spoke again; "Life has been too much for me. Too much when I told the truth, far too much, when I turned from the truth. It will be good to rest." He plunged forward and the greedy

waters seized his body in their swift

CEND OF SEVENTH STORY.