

The Adventures of Kathlyn

By HAROLD MAC GRATH

Illustrated by Pictures from the Moving Picture Production of the Sellig Polyscope Co.

SYNOPSIS.

not before the morning of the following day. So far as she, Kathlyn, could learn, Winnie would be left in peace till the festival of the car of Juggernaut. Ill, she would not be forced to attend the ceremonies, the palace would be practically deserted and then Kathlyn would appear.

This news plucked up Winnie's spirits considerably. Surely her father and Kit were brave and cunning enough to circumvent Umballa. What a frightful country! What a dreadful people! She was miserable over the tortures her father had suffered, but nevertheless she held him culpable for not telling both her and Kit all and not half a truth. A basket of gems! She and Kit did not wish to be rich, only free and happy. And now her own folly in coming would add to the miseries of her loved ones.

Ahmed had told her of the two ordeals, the black dungeon, the whipping; he had done so to convince her that she must be eternally on her guard, search carefully into any proposition laid before her, and play for time, time, for every minute she won meant a minute nearer her ultimate freedom. She must promise to marry Umballa, but to set her own date.

Unlike Kathlyn, who had Fundita to untangle the intricacies of the bastard Persian, Winnie had to depend wholly upon sign language; and the inmates of the zenana did not give her the respect and attention they had given to Kathlyn. Kathlyn was a novelty; Winnie was not. Besides, one of them watched Winnie constantly, because the bearded scoundrel had attracted her fancy and because she hoped to enchain him.

So the note from Kathlyn did not pass unnoticed, though Winnie believed she was without espionage. Kathlyn, her father, Bruce, Ramabai and Fundita met at the colonel's bungalow, and with Ahmed's help they thrashed out the plan to rescue Winnie. Alone, the little sister would not be able to find her way out of the garden of brides. It was Kathlyn's idea to have Winnie pretend she needed air and sunshine and a walk in the garden after the doctor's visit. The rescue would be attempted from the walls.

Juggernaut, or Jagannath in Hindustani (meaning Lord of the World), was an idol so hideously done in wood that the prince of hell would have taken it to be the personification of a damned soul could he have glimpsed it in the temple of Allaha. The god's face was black, his lips and mouth horribly and significantly red; his eyes were polished emeralds, his arms were of gilt, his body like that of a toad. His temporal reign in Allaha was somewhere near four hundred years, and no doubt his emerald eyes had seen a crimson trail behind his car as many hundred times.

He was married frequently. Some poor, benighted, fanatical woman would pledge herself and would be considered with awe till she died. But in these times no one flung himself under the car; nothing but the incense of crushed flowers now followed his wake. His grin, however, was the same as of old. Wood, paint, gilt and emeralds! Well, we enlightened Europeans sometimes worship these very things, though we indignantly deny it.

Outside the temple stood the car, fantastically carved, dull with rubbed gold leaf. You could see the sockets where horrid knives had once glittered in the sunlight. Xerxes no doubt

was about to turn away in despair when through the wicker gate she saw Winnie, attended by one of the zenana girls, enter the garden. It seemed as if her will reached out to bring Winnie to the wall and to hold the other young woman where she was.

But the two sat in the center of the garden, the thoughts of each far away. The attendant felt no worry in bringing Winnie into the garden. A cry from her lips would bring a dozen guards and eunuchs from the palace. And the white girl could not get out alone. More than this, she gave Winnie liberty in order to trap her if possible.

By and by the native girl pretended to feel drowsy in the heat of the sun, and her head fell forward a trifle. It was then that Winnie heard a low whistle, an old familiar whistle such as she and Kit had used once upon a time in playing "a spy." She sat up rigidly. It was hard work not to cry out. Over the wall the drab trunk of an elephant protruded, and something white fluttered into the garden.

Winnie rose. The head of the native girl came up instinctively; but as Winnie leisurely strolled toward the palace, the head sank again. Winnie turned and wandered along the walls, apparently examining the flowers and vines, but all the while moving nearer and nearer to the bit of white paper which the idle breeze stirred back and forth tentatively. When she reached the spot she stooped and plucked some flowers, gazing up the paper as she did so. And, still in the stooping posture, she read the note, crumpled it, and stuffed it into a hole in the wall.

Poor child! Every move had been watched as a cobra watches its prey. She was to pretend illness at once. Plans had been changed. She stood up, swayed slightly, and staggered back to the seat. In truth, she was pale enough, and her heart beat so fast that she was horribly dizzy.

"A doctor!" she cried, forgetting that she would not be understood. The native girl stared at her. She did not understand the words, but the signs were enough. The young white woman looked ill; and Umballa would deal harshly with those who failed to stem the tide of an illness which might befall his captive. There was a commotion behind the fretwork of the palace. Three other girls came out, and Winnie was conducted back to the zenana.

All this Kathlyn observed. She bade the mahout go to the house of the zenana's doctor, where she donned the habiliments familiar to the guards and inmates of the zenana.

Everything went forward without a hitch; so smoothly that had the object of her visit been other than Winnie Kathlyn must have sensed something unusual. She entered the palace and even led the way to Winnie's chamber—a fact which appeared natural enough to the women about but which truly alarmed Umballa's spy, who immediately set off in search of the man.

One thing assured her; the hands of the zenana's real physician were broad and muscular, while the hands she saw were slender and beautiful, brown though they were. She had seen those hands before, during the episode of the leopards of the treasury.

It was very hard for Kathlyn to curb the wild desire to crush Winnie in her arms, arms that truly ached for the feel of her. Even as she fought this desire she could not but admire Winnie's superb acting. To have come all this way alone in search of them, unfamiliar with the customs and the language of the people! How she had succeeded in getting here without mishap was in itself remarkable.

She took Winnie's wrist in her hand and pressed it reassuringly, then patted about in her medical bag. Very softly she whispered: "I shall remain with you till dusk. Give no sign whatever that you know me, for you will be watched. Tonight I will smuggle you out of the palace. Take these, and soon pretend to be quieted."

Winnie swallowed the bits of sugar and lay back. Kathlyn signified that she wished to be alone with her patient. Once alone with Winnie, she cast aside her veil.

I need you for my wife. When I return you will be all alone in the world, truly an orphan. And do not make your eyes red needlessly.

Winnie screamed and Kathlyn fought with the fury of a netted tigress. For a few minutes Umballa had his hands full, but in the end he conquered. Outside the garden of brides three men waited in vain for the coming of Kathlyn and her sister.

The god Juggernaut did not repose in his accustomed niche in the temple that night. The car had to be pulled up and down a steep hill, and on the return, owing to the darkness, it was left at the top of the hill, safely propped to prevent its rolling down of its own accord. When the moon rose Juggernaut's eyes gleamed like the striped cat's. Long since he had seen a human sacrifice. Perhaps the old days would return once more. He was weary at heart riding over sickly

flowers; he wanted flesh and bones and the music of the death rattle. His cousins, War and Pestilence, still took their tithe. Why should he be denied?

The whispering became a murmuring, and the murmuring grew into a chattering; and by ten o'clock that night all the bazaars knew that the ancient rites of Juggernaut were to be revived that night. The bazaars had never heard of Nero, called Ahenobarbus, and, being without comparisons, they missed the greatness of their august but hampered regent Umballa.

Always the bazaars heard news before any other part of the city. The white memsahib was not dead, but had been recaptured while posing as the zenana physician in an attempt to rescue her sister, the new queen. Oh, the chief city of Allaha was in the matter of choice and unexpected amusements unrivaled in all Asia.

Yes, Umballa was not unlike Nero—to keep the populace amused so they would temporarily forget their burdens.

But why the sudden appearance of soldiers, who stood guard at every exit, compelling the inmates of the bazaars not to leave their houses? All, all why this secrecy, since they knew what was going to take place? What the soldiers, ordinarily voluble, maintained grim silence, and even went so far as to extend the bayonet to all those who tried to leave the narrow streets.

"An affair of state!" was all the natives could get in answer to their inquiries. Men came flocking to the roofs. But the moonshine made all things ghostly. The car of the god Juggernaut was visible, but what lay in its path could not be seen.

Umballa was not popular that night. But this was a private affair. Well he knew the ingenuity and resources of his enemies at large. There would be

So are we all; but we must not let anyone see that we are. Father and Ahmed are near by. But oh, why did you attempt to find us?"

"But you cabled me to come, weeks ago!"

"T? Never!" And the mystery was no longer a mystery to Kathlyn. The hand of Umballa lay bare. Could they eventually win out against a man who seemed to miss no point in the game? "You were deceived, Winnie. To think of it! We had escaped, were ready to sail for home, when we learned that you had left for India. It nearly broke our hearts."

"Whatever shall we do, Kit?" Winnie flung her arms round her sister and drew her down. "My Kit!"

"We must be brave, whatever happens."

"And am I not your sister?" quietly. "Do you believe in me so little? Why shouldn't I be brave? But you've always treated me like a baby; you never tried to prove me."

Kathlyn's arms wound themselves tightly about the slender form. . . . And thus Umballa found them.

"Very touching!" he said, standing with his back to the door. "But nicely trapped!" He laughed as Kathlyn sprang to her feet, as her hand sought the dagger at her side. "Don't draw it," he said. "I might hurt your arm in wrenching it away from you. Poor little fool! Back into the cage, like a homing pigeon! Had I not known you all would return, thank you I would have given up the chase so easily? You would not bend, so then you must break. The god Juggernaut yearns for a sacrifice to prove that we still love and worship him. You spurred my love; now you shall know my hate. You shall die, unpleasantly."

Quickly as a cat springs he caught her hands and wrenched them toward him, dragging her toward the door. Winnie sprang up from the cushions, her eyes ablaze with the fighting spirit. Too soon the door closed in her face and she heard the bolt outside go slithering home.

Said Umballa from the corridor: "To you, pretty kitten, I shall come later."

"De man dat wastes his time braggin'" said Uncle Eben. "Is like an engine dat uses up all his steam on de whistle."

STOPPED AT THE WHISTLE SHOW NO FEELING OF ENVY
Hand-Organ People Obeyed Policeman's Order, and Afterward Led the Procession.

When the policeman at a Broadway crossing blew his whistle to hold up the traffic on the cross street for a minute or two and let the north and south streams flow it so happened that there was coming along the cross street, bound west, a piano organ on wheels drawn by a man and a woman.

At the moment the policeman blew his whistle this hand organ had come just to the edge of the north and south sidewalk crossing on the east side of Broadway, and at the sound it held up of course, for the organ-folks know and obey the traffic signals just as the drivers do.

Then there the hand organ stood, with vehicles of all sorts banking up behind it. It seemed odd to see this hand organ standing there, heading a long, halted procession of trucks and wagons.

In a minute the policeman raised his whistle to his lips again, and instantly the organ folks, who had kept their eyes on him all the time just as the drivers do, tugged at the shafts of their outfit and started in rolling. They were off, with that long line of trucks and wagons, already in motion, following.—New York Times.

Uncle Eben.
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To Mend Celluloid Articles.
Wet the edges with glacial acetic acid and press them close together for a few minutes.

Smart Handkerchiefs.
Colored handkerchiefs are being used. Made in fine linen to match the costume, if the color is light, to go with dark gowns the handkerchiefs must be vivid, such as red, orange, green or purple. They are made of an exquisite quality of linen and hand hemstitched, the hems being about a quarter of an inch wide. The monogram is embroidered in a darker shade than the handkerchief.

Dancing Frocks of Taffeta and Lace

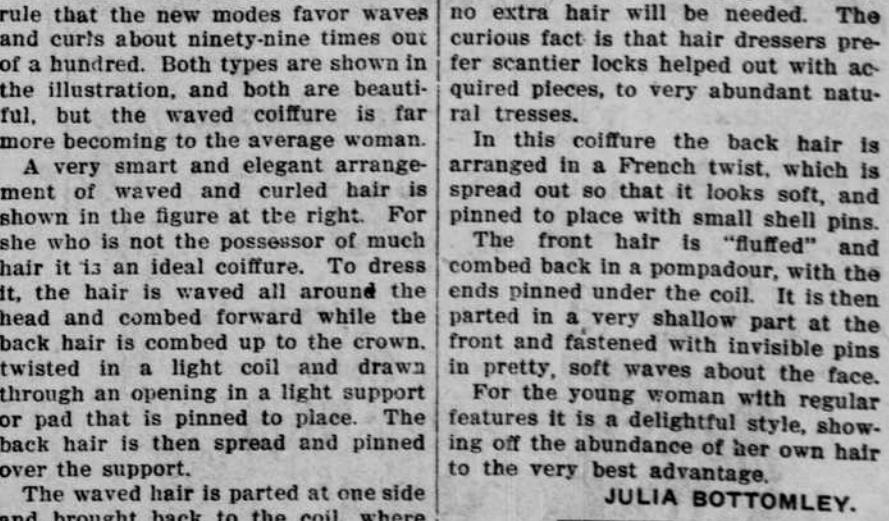


NET-TOP laces over foundation skirts of taffeta silk are so excellent for making dancing frocks that the girl who is devoted to dancing cannot make a better choice of materials. The taffeta is just crisp enough and the lace has just body enough to keep a dancing gown from becoming crushed and "sleazy-looking," and taffeta seems somehow especially well suited to youthful wearers. It is an unpretentious material with a shining surface which looks particularly well under laces.

The Quaker, or shadow laces, look just as well as the net laces and are a little less in price. All of them are reasonable enough.

A very fine model for a party gown is shown in the picture. The under-skirt of taffeta is cut full enough for dancing, with a slight flare. There is a full ruche of the taffeta box-pleated from the bottom. Three flounces of lace are set on the skirt with only moderate fullness. There is a narrow box-pleating of taffeta at the head of each one of the two lower flounces. The upper flounce terminates in the waist line.

Waved and Unwaved Coiffures



NOT all of the new coiffures are waved and curled, but those that are not are rare enough to prove the rule that the new modes favor waves and curls about ninety-nine times out of a hundred. Both types are shown in the illustration, and both are beautiful, but the waved coiffure is far more becoming to the average woman.

A very smart and elegant arrangement of waved and curled hair is shown in the figure at the right. For she who is not the possessor of much hair it is an ideal coiffure. To dress it, the hair is waved all around the back hair is combed up while the front and fastened with invisible pins in a light coil and drawn through an opening in a light support or pad that is pinned to place. The back hair is then spread and pinned over the support.

Black Linings Used.
It is interesting to note that black satin linings are being introduced on many of the new tailored models—on almost all the smart coats made of navy cloth or serge, and also on coats in light colors. There is something very attractive about a black satin lining in a serge suit of the classic order. Such a lining supplies the little mannish touch which makes the suit original and a thing apart from the ready-made costumes which are to be found in the stores. A little

Broadcloth and Satin.
Broadcloth and satin are much combined. For instance, there will be a skirt of broadcloth with a bodice of satin. Plaid broadcloth is also used. But it is plaid in dull, deep colors. These colors, which are employed in the season's plaids and stripes, are infinitely more pleasing than the vivid, garish colors used last year.