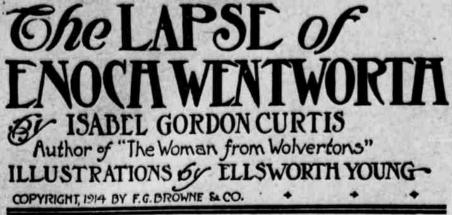
### RED CLOUD, NEBRASKA, CHIEF



### SYNOPSIS.

Enoch Wentworth, newspaper man, and Andrew Merry, actor, after the guests at both of the start of the the substant and, the statks a absolute control of the function of the loser. Wentworth wins and it is decided to keep the matter a secret bornas, Enoch's sister, becomes interested from her brother, she tries to arouse the sctor's ambition. He outlines the plot of play he has had in mind and she urges from her brother, she tries to arouse the origin of the bood work on the the poker same bit to go to work on the the poker same reparations for staging the play are be-pin, but Merry, who is to play the lead in but Merry, who is to play the lead in the credit for the place and isnoring the best friend. Dorcas finds Merry he best friend he agrees to take the lead in takes him home with her. Prompted by her interest

## CHAPTER X-Continued.

"Of course, in cases of downright genius it is different. There is Merry. If we except tragedy, I believe he could portray any character from gayest comedy to intense emotion. I predict for your sister's 'Cordella' a success that will stir New York to enthusiasm, but she could never play anything but a sweet, true-hearted woman. No matter how hard she tried, she would fail in the part of a false, unscrupulous adventuress. Do you see what I am driving at?"

"I think I do."

When you read your play to me and 'John Esterbrook's' wife took shape before my eyes, Zilla Paget came to my memory. I asked you then to reserve the part for her, because, if I can judge human nature, she is the woman's prototype."

"Miss Paget must be a fiend incar nate if 'Mrs. Esterbrook' is not bad enough for her."

"I'm not as merciless as that! Let me tell you what I judge her by. Season after season she was cast in London companies for women of the lower type or of bad morals. Sometimes she was a cold-blooded, scheming adventuress, or a creature so cruel, so heartless and unwomanly that she seemed a defamation of the sex. Miss Paget was making a name for herself when an idiotic manager cast her as a sweet, refined, home-loving woman. I never sat through such a pitiful failure. She played it for two nights, then she was thrown aside. She had a long run of hard luck. Managers forgot how remarkably she had



lost any self-respect she had ever had. The husband shot himself, she abandoned the child and left for London.

Then she went on the stage. "There was nothing then actually criminal in her career?" asked Went worth. He was conscious of a certain

absurd irritation. Oswald hesitated. "Not actually criminal, I suppose. The law has not made so fine a point as to indict a woman when she drives a man to suicide."

"What do you think of changing in part ?" asked Wentworth her brusquely.

"I was going to suggest you make 'Mrs. Esterbrook' coarser, more flamtoyant, more heartless. Do not give her a solitary trait of motherhood. She is the very opposite of 'Cordelia,' with her love and tenderness for a broken father."

"How do you account for a woman of that sort having such a child?"

"Really now, Wentworth, that's up to you; both of them are your creation!"

"Yes, certainly," Enoch laughed "Still it is an anomaly you grimly. don't often see in real life." "It is," assented Oswald. "Here's

Miss Paget-watch her in the scene I've mentioned." The eyes of both men followed the

woman as she moved slowly across the stage. She dropped into a chair and waited for her cue. She did not look the traditional adventuress. She had a curiously pale, transparent skin, into which, during excited moments, the blood flushed rosily. Masses of yellow silky hair were brushed back in simple waves from her forehead. She used little make-up or artifice of any sort. Her eyes were intensely blue. There was a lovely cleft dimple in her chin. Although well along in the thirties she retained her girlish face and figure

Wentworth turned to Oswald with a flush of irritation. "It doesn't seem fair to make a degenerate of such a woman: she doesn't look it.'

"That's where the mischief lies," answered Oswald quietly.

The rehearsal went on. Miss Paget took her cue. Both men watched her critically. Wentworth drew a long breath when the scene with "Cordelia" in the second act was over. The woman certainly could act!

"She'll do," said Enoch heartily. "Only," he added after a moment's hesitation. "how does Dorcas strike you? Is she strong enough? It doesn't seem to me as if she saw all the posibilities of 'Cordelia.' "

right. He closed with my first offer, sied a physical and moral downfall in Merry in a doggedly obstinate mood. signed the contract, then walked out." "It's the biggest wad he ever drew."

ha'penny of it."

rom under the seat. "Don't you want to see the rehearsal

out?" asked Oswald suddenly. "No, I'm going home. I may put

your suggestion into shape while it is fresh in my mind." Enoch paused in the theater to light

a cigar. A newspaper man, who was an old friend, approached, full of eager inquiry about the progress of the play. Wentworth brushed him aside quickly and strode out to the street. A moment later he felt a twinge of remorse. The thing his eye fell upon was a column man's congratulations had been heartfelt. He could not shake off the memory of a startled astonishment that came into his face at the brusque reception. He was a good fellow, there



Merry Stood Leaning Against a Stuoco Pillar.

had been pleasant companionship with him in the old days. The old days seemed ages ago, further back than the galety of childhood.

He left Broadway, walking with quick, nervous strides until he found himself far over on the East side, wandering aimlessly through wretched streets, populated by the drift from nations. The sidewalks were thronged with children. Occasionally Enoch swore beneath his breath as he escaped tumbling over them during his hurried, headlong progress. When he He dashed line after line into his face. turned a corner he found his way blending each lightly into the grease blockaded by a huge safe that was being hoisted into a warehouse. He

laughed at the idea, forgot it com-"He'll prove himself worth every pletely, then one night the memory of

could not go back; it was like unsnarling a tangle of string when one found no visible end where the task could be commenced. He was aroused by a clatter of

dishes. The waiter set the breakfast before him. As he ate he laid a mornread; there had been no chance earlier in the day to glance at it. The first about "The House of Esterbrook."

The public seemed to await the production with unusual anticipation. which is so often bestowed upon an fame as a journalist was of long standing, and Oswald, Englishman as he off his face. was, had already won friends among

fee, which acted upon him as whisky does on some men. When he climbed the uneven steps

of the sidewalk the world had grown sunnier; there was a future before millions. He reached Third avenue, ran up the stairs to the elevated, and, puffing slowly at a cigar, gazed on the rush of life below. He was deliberating how it was best to approach Merry on the subject of changing that second act. Oswald was a keen critic, and Enoch had seen the necessity of it himself; it was the one weak spot in the play. From the moment when he burned the labor of half a lifetime he realized his own incapacity for playwriting. He himself could do nothing to the drama, but he felt a chill of terror at the thought of speaking to Merry on the subject.

The Volks. A city's electric lights were beginning to blaze through the twilight

"Come!" cried the actor sharply. As Enoch entered he felt a throb of longing for the old warm friendship. Andrew's face paled for a moment as he looked up at his visitor. He nodded but did not speak. Kelly, who acted as Merry's valet during his prosperous seasons, lifted a heap of garments from a chair and set it before Enoch, who took it in silence. Andrew sat staring into a mirror while he experimented with a make-up for the broken-down convict in the third act. paint. Nobody spoke-even Kelly seemed to have fallen under the spell glanced at the street, it was ankle of quiet. He knelt on the floor polishdeep in slush. Suddenly the odor of ing shoes with stolid industry. Enoch

yet if he thinks the price I named was | on reading his hand. The man prophe- | as he that one faced a carricade with the course of 12 years. Wentworth Inwardly he was at white heat; the blind groping hope for reconciliation was at an end; still he knew if he it came to him like a shot. He would ever needed diplomacy it was now. If Wentworth rose and pulled his hat have given all he possessed to return he were to precipitate a storm. Merto the morning when Merry burst in ry was capable of flinging over his upon him full of galety and hope. He engagement at the last moment.

"Let me explain," began Wentworth laboriously. A tap at the door interrupted him. It was opened and Oswald stepped in. He seated himself on the edge of a trunk.

"Have you mentioned to Mr. Merry the suggestion I made about the secing paper on the table and began to ond act?" he asked, turning to Wentworth.

> "We were discussing it when you came in."

"What do you think of it, Merry?" "I really have not had time to give

t a thought." Andrew looked unin-Merry had the enthusiastic following terested. "Besides, you know I do not come into that act, and I have scarceerratic, lovable genius. Wentworth's ly seen it rehearsed." He picked up a towel and began to wipe the make-up

"It is simply this. 'Mrs. Esterbrook' newspaper men. Wentworth read it is an utterly heartless woman. Dead quickly, then he turned to the news of to conscience as she is at the beginthe day. Nothing interested him-the ning, she comes out of her life's tragsparkle had gone out of life as the edy calloused beyond all redemption. bead dies on champagne. He drank a It strikes a false note to have her resecond, then a third cup of strong cof- pent for even a second. She does not know what mother-love or love of any sort means. With her last exit sho

cught to leave an audience hating and despising her. Now one feels a sudden touch of sympathy. She must be him, fame, riches, and the applause of irredeemably bad. Then, too, it is not only true to the woman's character, but 'Cordelia' shines whiter against it." Merry nodded. "You're right, I fancy. Wentworth has only to change a few lines to throw the whole thing plumb. You can do it in half an hour, old chap.'

> When Oswald turned to Wentworth he caught a look on the man's face that puzzled him, a flash of impotent rage, hate, and apprehension. Enoch realized he had revealed his soul for a moment. He picked up his hat and spoke brusquely. "You two finish talk-ing it over, I have a thousand things to

"Is Wentworth-is he touchy? Did he feel that I was criticizing his play?" asked Oswald anxiously when the door closed with a hasty rap.

"I don't think it's that." Merry spoke slowly, then he dashed to an-other subject. "I want to consult you about changing one of the people in the cast, little Katle Durham."

"Oh, the child in the first act?" "She's a bright enough youngster. She tells me she once got a hundred dollars a week in vaudeville as a toe dancer." Merry laughed. "A toe dancer scarcely fills the bill for the small 'Cordella.' "

"She struck me in rehearsal this morning as lacking in something." "She is lacking h everything. She's

stilted, grown-up, little brat; there's nothing childlike about her. When she clings to my neck shrieking, 'Father.' in that ear-splitting baby pipe of hers, she jars every nerve in my body." "Let her go. Only it is a problem

where to find a sweet, natural stage child." "I can lay my hands on one imme-

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to the great health problem-you must keep the digestive system strong and active. Weakness there, soon disturbs the entire system. A daily use of the famous

# **HOSTETTER'S StomachBitters**

will overcome any weakness in the Stomach. Liver and Bowels and help you maintain health. Start at once.

### SCORED ONE ON HIS RIVAL

Brown Had Overlooked Leap Year, and Jones Was Quick to Mark the Point.

Irving Fletcher, the well-known advertising expert, said at an advertising men's dinner at Delmonico's in New York:

"A good advertisement never lies. It never deceives. For it can only pay by making life patrons, not transient ones.

"A good advertisement never lies, but it states its case as strongly as possible, and it avails itself of every point, however slight. There it is like young Jones.

"Young Jones proposed at Lakewood to a pretty girl, but she said uncertainly, swinging her slim foot in and out of her slashed skirt:

"'I like you, Mr. Jones. But, then, I like Mr. Brown, too And Mr. Brown is so devoted. He says he thinks of me 365 days in the year.'

"'Huh!' snorted young Jones, contemptuously. 'He wants a day off every four years, does he? Well, I hope you're not taken in by any such one-horse devotion as that."

### Everything in a Name.

Gadsby-What will you name your new paper?

Writer-The Plugtown Harp of a Thousand Strings with Steam Calliope Interlude and Journalistic Short Stop. Gadsby-Heavens, what a name! Why do you have such a complicated title?

Writer-To avoid damages in libel suits. The attorneys will all blunder in the indictments and they'll be quashed.

#### Useful Knowledge.

The very young lady was showing her school friend from another city about her native town. Presently the

hot bread was wafted to him from a wondered curiously what the keen old

CHAPTER XI.

of Merry's dressing room.

tend to."

when Wentworth knocked at the door

You Sure She is So Bad?"

played bad woman. The failure as good woman was laid up against her." "I thought she had a tremendous success last winter."

"She had. She came in, after drifting through the provinces in small parts, and chance threw in her way one of the most dastardly female parts ever put on the stage. She made it so real that, blase old theater goer as I am, I longed to throttle her. One night I happened to meet her socially. Zilla Paget assured me that in one case at least my theory was right. She was everything she portrayed on the stage, and beyond this, she was absolutely drunken with vanity."

"Are you sure she is so bad? Enoch spoke coldly. "She is one of the most beautiful women I ever saw in my life."

"That makes her more dangerous. have actually doubted whether I did the L he was like a boy with some right when I brought her to a new country and put her among decent

"Have you anything against the woman except—theories

"Merely scraps of her history, which are authentic. She came from the low- life. What do you lay it to?" est stratum of factory life in Leeds and married above her. The young husband was devoted to her. A baby came, a little boy who was blind. To ago." that sort of woman neither child nor

"Wentworth, your sister is going to surprise you. Take my word for it. She is nervous now, but-' "It's a devil of a risk. 'Cordelia's'

such a big part and Dorcas has had no training." "She does not need training-the

conventional training you have in mind."

"If she fails it puts me in a nasty light with the public-producing a play simply to exploit my sister." Enoch's tone was curt.

"She won't fail." Oswald spoke with quiet assurance. "Think over my suggestion about 'Mrs. Esterbrook's' part. It is there where 'Cordelia' leaves her -the mother knows the daughter well enough to realize it is good-by forever -that you want to cut out every spark of motherly feeling. Once or twice she almost pulls on the audience for sympathy. When 'Cordella' shows her contempt for the mother and shatters her every ambition, there could not be a solitary throb of pity, remorse or love-it is not in her.'

Oswald dropped the subject. Wentworth began to twist his hands nervously, a habit he had when disturbed. The Englishman sat back in silence. watching the rehearsal intently. Merry stood leaning against a stucco pillar. In this act he did not appear, but occasionally, against the sharp commands of the stage manager, his voice rang out in brief, concise suggestions.

"What a remarkable conception Merry has of every character," whispered Oswald. Enoch did not speak. "Gilbert resents my orders-in a fashion." continued the Englishman. "I told him to act on any suggestion that Merry offered. Gilbert would not say a word if you went back and threw in an idea here and there; a stage manager expects that from the author. I should think you would do it occasionally." "It isn't in my line." Wentworth spoke sullenly. "Every move is put

into the manuscript as plain as a pikestaff." "Yes, but-" Oswald glanced at his

companion curiously, then he dropped the subject. "It strikes me Merry has changed. The night 1 spoke to him on grand secret up his sleeve. Today he takes nothing but a half-languid interest in the whole thing. He is going to give a remarkable portrayal of 'John Esterbrook,' but when he is not acting he seems to have no interest in

"Don't ask me," mumured Wentworth. "He's a man of moods, I gave up trying to understand him years

"Even when it came to the question of salary he didn't show any interest. husband is a tie. She broke loose, of salary he didn't show any interest. few days A decade ago a club friend a year or two after her marriage, and He wouldn't set a figure. I don't know with a fad for paimistry had insisted

little restaurant cavern below the sidewalk. He remembered he had eaten no breakfast, and it aroused a sudden the steps. The small dining room was remarkably clean. He sat down with a sense of satisfaction which seemed allen to such a place.

"Bring me coffee and a steak, a firstclass steak done rare," he ordered. "Cook it carefully."

He was alone in the small room. was quiet except for the shrill voices no hurry about the shoes." of children on the sidewalk. He had not known a moment of peace or solltude for months. All his life he had scoffed at nerves as a delusion. He wondered if he had been wrong, whether nerves might not be a stern reality. If they were, he had them. His mind went flashing over the events of the past fortnight, since the night. when, weary, harassed, and hopeless, he returned from Montreal to be met by Dorcas with the news that Merry had returned and was ready to begin I can face you." rehearsals. It still exasperated him when he remembered how stubbornly she had refused details of Andrew's home-coming. All he learned was that the actor had seen Oswald and was rehearsing from morning till night.

A few days later, in the foyer of the Gotham, when he came face to face with Merry, the plan of their future intercourse was determined instantly. Wentworth had been in a mood to welcome reconciliation and friendship; Andrew was cold, courteous, and singularly unapproachable. Enoch's warmth was chilled and his pride aroused. He plunged flercely into work, scarcely snatching time to eat

or sleep. More than once Oswald had remonstrated; he could see that the man was working beyond the limit of human capacity. Work was the only thing that would whip retrospection from his mind. Drink had never been a temptation to Wentworth-it was nothing but a side issue to sociability -so he did not take to it now. He realized he was losing old friends; he had tossed one of them aside today.

The intuition which is bred by a guilty conscience began to play strange pranks with him. He felt as if Oswald had guessed his secret and was driving him into a corner by the suggestion that he remodel the play. He saw Dorcas each day grow colder and more suspicious. Merry at one glance had thrust him outside the pale of acquaintanceship. Within ten days "The House of Esterbrook" would have its first production.

Enoch shivered with apprehension as he thought of it. A queer thing had loomed up in his mind during the past

Irishman was thinking. He had known nothing between them but a most fraternal friendship. The silence became sense of hunger. He ran quickly down oppressive. At last Wentworth spoke. 'Are you going to be alone soon. Merry? Lwant to have a talk with you about business."

Andrew did not look up while he answered carelessly, "I'll be alone in a few minutes. Kelly has an errand to do at the tailor's. You may go now," he added, nodding to the valet; "there's

When the old man shut the door behind him Andrew did not turn his gaze from the mirror. The reflection of Wentworth's face was close beside his own. He could see that his visitor was ill at ease.

"Well?" he said interrogatively. "Can't you turn round and face me while we talk?" asked the elder man

impatiently. Andrew wheeled about and his eyes met Wentworth's calmly. "Certainly,

The red surged into Enoch's face, then hard lines wrinkled about his mouth. His mood had changed. He spoke with brutal consciseness. "Oswald and I have decided that

there ought to be a few changes made in the text of-the play." "Of your play," corrected Merry.

"There is one weak point in it," Enoch went on deliberately. "'Mrs. Esterbrook' draws on the sympathy of the audience for a few moments when 'Cordelia' leaves her. A woman of that caliber could have no such feeling."

"No?" "No." Wentworth repeated the word

almost furiously. He began to twist his hands.

"I suppose that act ought to be rewritten.

'Not rewritten, simply elaborated Strike out some lines, put in others." "Why don't you do it?" "Why don't I do it?" Enoch jumped to his feet shaken by a sudden impulse

of rage. "That's a nice question to ask "It has never seemed to me there was anything particularly nice in the

whole situation." Andrew's tones were on a calm level. "We'll leave that out of the question

retouch the play."

"I will not lay a pen to the play." Andrew turned as if the conversation were at an end and began to pencil careworn wrinkles on his cheeks.

Enoch tipped his chair back against the wall, put his feet on the rungs, and began to think. Nobody knew so well

diately, 88 youngster who has never been behind the footlights in her life."

"Could you do anything with her in ten days?"

"I should like to try. She's a gentle, refined, sweet-voiced little girl; besides, she has dramatic blood in her -that always tells. Do you remember George Volk?"

"George Volk! Why, of course," cried Oswald after a moment's hesitation. "What ever became of the man? Did he die?"

"Nobody knows." Merry's voice had a bitter tone in it. "Better for some people if he had died. This little Julie I want a chance for is his child."

"Where is Volk?"

"I can't tell you. If he's alive he must be far down by this time. He was a wretched sot when I saw him last."

"By Jove! what an impetuous stage lover he did make! I saw him in a big production the first time I came to America, then in London. He was the handsomest man that ever stepped on the stage."

"A handsome piece of beef! Ten years ago he married one of the sweetest, most loyal women I ever knew. She was on the stage, but she never won much notice. Her work was so quiet and delicate that she appealed to the few. She was in a company with me for two seasons. How Volk made her suffer! The beast!"

"Is she alive?" "Yes. I hadn't heard of the Volks for years. I was going home last night when a woman touched me on the arm. She was lame and looked ill. A little girl clung to her. I did not know her. 'I'm Alice Volk,' she said. I put them in a cab and took them up to Harlem, to the best old woman in the world."

"Are they in want?" asked Oswald. "They were starving, in rags and shoeless. The child pulled at my heart strings. She isn't quite seven and small for her age, but the way she cares for the poor, crippled little mother-" Andrew laid a gray wig upon his knee and began to brush it vigorously. "I don't want to throw this Durham youngster out of a job. though, simply because I can't endure her. She's common as dirt, but she can't help it. Have you seen the mother?"

"Yes," said Oswald gravely.

"What feazes me is how we could delude an audience into believing that this sharp-nosed, uncannyflooking. shrill-tongued little ape could develop into Miss Wentworth's 'Cordelia. They're different breeds entirely." (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Lots of fellows have married for money without being able to colle

air came to a little with a statue of the local Civil war hero

"It isn't very much to boast of as art," said the sophisticated young chit, "but it's important to know about it because one usually asks one to meet one here."

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and suro remedy for infants and children, and see that it



Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Had Parents Guessing.

"What do you mean when you say he was born a diplomat?"

"Well, when he was a week old his parents quarreled about which he loved best."

SHAKE INTO YOUR SHOES

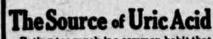
Allen's Foot-Base, the Antiseptic powder for Tired, Tender, swollen, nervous feet. Gives rest and comfort. Makes dancing a delight. Bold everywhere, So. Don's accept oney substitute. For FREE sam-ple, address Allen 8. Oimsted, Le Roy, N. Y. Adv.

Correct Attire.

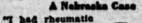
"What kind of a coat would you wear to a fishing party?"

"I should suggest a swallow-tale."

A cow recently walked into a village bank in Ohio. She probably wanted to have her milk certified.



Bating too much is a common habit that does a lot of harm. Meat, especially, forms urio acid and the constant filtering of acid-inden blood weakens the kidneys. Urio acid causes rheumatic and nervous trouble, weakens the eyes, forms gravel and leads to dropsy and Bright's disease. Kidney weakness gives early warnings, however, such as backache and urinary disorders and can be stopped by prompt treatment. Use Doan's Kidney Pills, the best rec-ommended and most widely used kidney remedy. nedy.



ains in my back Harrist Stump, of McLane and Fourth Sts., Falls City, Neb. "My kidneys were in bad shape and kept imbs swelled and



-altogether," growled Wentworth. "I

should never have intruded upon you but for this reason. You can see the exigencies of the case. You've got to