

Gloria's Romance

By Mr. and Mrs. Rupert Hughes

The Fugitive Witness

Novelized from the Motion Picture Drama of the Same Name by George Kibbe Turner. FEATURING THE NOTED STARS, MISS BELLIE BURKE. Copyright, 1916, by Adelaide M. Hughes.

ELEVENTH INSTALLMENT.

Aroused from his winter sleep, David's country house was aglow with good cheer. Gloria, her father, Doctor Royce and David and Lois had come up to play for a little, to throw off the family tragedy and the formal duties of their city life, and to forget them boisterously in the open.

For men and women resting in the shadow of a crime they behaved strangely like children turned out in the yard to play after a rainy day's imprisonment. They ran through the house shouting hilariously to one another as they found their skates and wraps for a trip to the frozen swimming pool. The dogs added greatly to the excitement by loud barking of "Come on out," and by a remarkable gift for getting in the way.

No one played harder than Gloria. She was trying to convince the others that she had put the mourning off her mind as well as her body. She wanted to find out what her people were concealing from her, and why.

The Stafford family lark was soon invaded by neighbors. A tobogganing party from another country house appeared. There were no invitations or only mumbled words, for ceremony had no place among flying snowballs, and dignity could not be kept up after a bump on the ice.

Gloria found herself the victim of the attentions of a large jovial man whose playfulness was a little too heavy for her liking. She was about to snub him when someone casually alluded to him as Frank Mulry.

Gloria staggered in the snow at meeting thus by chance the man she had tried in vain to overtake in town. Mulry, never imagining who she was, thought that she had slipped on the icy snow; he put out his hand to catch her. Mulry was always ready for flirtation. Preparedness was Mulry's motto.

Gloria studied him a moment. This was the partner of her murdered lover! He was too amiable of mien to be accusable of such a crime. She acquitted him of wishing to do away with Freneau. In fact, the papers said that Freneau's death had nearly wrecked the firm. Mulry did not look bankrupt. Gloria did not know that her father had given a large sum of money to Freneau a few days before his death and that Mulry was living on that.

There was a shifty slyness in Mulry's eyes and manner that made Gloria distrust him. She felt a little added distrust of her dead lover for having such a man as a partner. The hateful proverb about "birds of a feather" ran through her mind like a tune. In any case, here at last was the man she sought, and she was impatient to question him. There were too many people on the crest of the hill to permit of conversation there. So she dared him to a toboggan ride.

He accepted. She got aboard and he steered. They swooped like a descending airship. But at the foot of the hill the toboggan careened and slid them deep into the drift before it capsized.

Mulry, for all his bulk was agile and he was soon helping Gloria to her feet.

"Thank you a million times, Mr. Mulry," she said. "You saved me from drowning in the snow."

He beamed and congratulated himself on making such success with this pretty creature. He had not recognized her. He had seen photographs of her in Freneau's possession and he had seen her at the opera. But she was disguised to him now by her close-fitting cap, her rough sport suit, and most of all, by her coquetting smiles. Suddenly he had to leap for his life to escape another scolding toboggan. On it were David and Lois and a young man from the same house party of which Mulry was a member.

"Hurt yourself, Gloria?" David sang out.

"Did you get hurt, Miss Stafford?" the other young man cried.

Gloria shook her head and called after them, not noticing that Mulry's eyes were popping and his jaw drooping. He had picked the name together. "Gloria Stafford?" He had come up here to escape her and he had just coasted down the hill with her, and she knew his name! He remembered Doctor Royce's warning of the danger of meeting Gloria face to face.

He pretended to be suddenly ill. He begged Gloria's pardon and said he must go home. He was too big for Gloria to hold, and she could not run after him without attracting attention. She stood bewildered while he got away.

Later she telephoned to his host and asked to speak to him. She learned that he had just taken a motor to the train.

Gloria forgot her suspicions of Lois in her newer suspicions of this man Mulry. He was evidently running away from her. Therefore she must pursue him. His flight was evidence of some mysterious guilt.

Gloria cut short her visit to the country and announced her intention of going back to town at once. Her father and brother were used to her whims and did not oppose them now-adays out of pity for her.

The next morning Gloria made another journey to Mulry's office. She went early to make sure of catching him within business hours. The stenographer told her that Mr. Mulry had gone to Palm beach the night before with a rich client who had invited him to be his guest.

Gloria was furious at this new escape. She pondered it all the way home. When she saw her father she told him that he was not looking at all well; he needed some golf and sun bathing. He ought to go to Palm beach. He accepted the suggestion heartily. He was more than willing to undertake the golf and he was eager to get Gloria out of the region of her sorrow. He was so worried over her swift alternation of gloom and gaiety that he invited Doctor Royce to come along as a member of the family party. He did not have to ask Royce twice.

Gloria had not been to Florida during the last five years. To her it was not so much a flight from her romance as a return to its birthplace. It was at Palm beach that she had met her fate. It was there that she had wandered into the heart of the wilderness and into the heart of



SHE CAUGHT SIGHT OF MUTRY'S BROAD BACK AND FORGOT HER PURPOSE.

the young Seminole chief who would have forced her to be his squaw, if her brave Freneau had not rescued her from him. And now her lover, who had escaped the dangers of the jungle, had been slain on Riverside drive; her romance had ended in vanity and despair.

She found the pleasure paradise almost the same.

A little more gorgeous, perhaps, but all the gloomier for that. She had come from the white winter of the north into the sudden July of Florida and her heart ached anew remembering how love had bloomed in her life under the tropical sun of Freneau's eyes. It was like going over an old album of souvenirs to revisit the scenes of that faroff yesterday. The same throngs seemed to be dancing the same dances, bounding through the same ways, still sipping their tea under the palms in the royal gardens of the Poinciana.

She had almost forgotten her purpose in coming here when she caught sight of Frank Mulry's broad back. He was stepping briskly. She did not know that he had caught sight of her first and made off in disgust and amazement at her translation to his new retreat.

She dared not run after him and she could not keep pace with him. She lost him in the maze of the bazaars. Later she saw him stepping into one of the rolling chairs propelled by darkies on wheels—the familiar "afromobiles" of Palm Beach.

Poor Mulry was winded by his speed and he wanted to get to his host's cottage. But he caught a glimpse of Gloria also chartering an "afromobile." To his horror her "afromobile" made after him. He dared not put back to his hotel. He ordered his driver to turn down a bowered path and to give him all the steam the blacks could afford.

The motorman was vigorous, but the passenger was heavy. Gloria was light, but her African was weak. It was anybody's race with, every prospect of a spill for one jockey or the other, since the paths were filled with dawdling strollers and the bicycle had come back into fashion. Everywhere women in exquisite dresses were roving about on pedala. Dozens of "afromobiles" also cluttered the race-course. Now, Gloria gained and was about to head off her man, when a messenger boy on a wheel cut in ahead and it was necessary for Gloria's chauffeur to back pedal wildly or endure collision.

Mulry would shoot ahead and rejoice at his triumph, only to find himself in a tangle of pedestrians. His one-darkey power machine began to feel the effects of his bulky cargo. Mulry pulled gasoline in the form of a dollar bill brandished in front of popping eyeballs and that gave him the advantage for a time. But even money cannot furnish everlasting power, and the heavy breathing back of him told Mulry that his engine was about to die.

He looked back and saw that Gloria's car had taken a wrong turn and shot down another avenue. He gave three silent cheers for himself.

Thus ended one of the most blood-curdling rolling chariot races since Ben-Hur's day. Mulry paid his exhausted man well and took the nearest way to the cottage where he was guest. He did not leave it that night, and it was well, for Gloria hunted for him everywhere.

She would not dance, though many asked her. The music hurt her cruelly. She remembered how she had wanted to dance that moonlit night so long ago, but had been put to bed by her heartless governess. She remembered how she had suffered till she could bear it no longer, and she had risen to dress in the dark and steal out, leaving her governess a-snore.

She had envied David his liberty and had stolen the car that David brought around so that he might take Judge Freeman's daughter, Lois, for a moonlight spin—and soon. Gloria had not prevented David from marrying Lois, and she had run herself into a series of adventures that had promised everything wonderful only to stop short in black disaster. Her poor, brave, patient lover was gone from her life already and she was only 20.

Frank Mulry did not dance that night, either. He sat at his window, listening to the music and wondering how long this game of hide and seek would last. He was tempted to go out and surrender to this young girl who was stalking him with such relentless stealth.

But he thought of the money her father had given to Freneau and he was afraid he would have to give it up. He thought of his share in Freneau's trickery and the ugly look it would have in court. He beat his fat head

for some clever lie that would explain everything gracefully, but no inspiration came and he went to bed like a spanked and superfluous child.

The next morning Mulry looked out late upon the flood of sunlight gilding the liquid emerald sea. The breakers called to him. He could not resist the summons. He stole down a corridor and along an unrequented walk to a bath house. He unpeeled his clothes and squeezed into a bathing suit and so made into the ocean. Friends of his lolling on the beach said that the water rose when he went in and fell when he came out. But Mulry was happy. He wallowed and dived like a porpoise till he was blissfully weary, then he stretched himself on the sand for an Oriental snooze.

He heard a voice that sounded familiar. He sat up. Gloria was coming along the beach directly toward him. In her sea clothes she was the approval of all eyes except Mulry's. He did not make the mistake of the ostrich. He buried his entire self in the sand and tried to hold his breath till Gloria got past. Luck was against him and she casually stepped on him as she crossed his equator.

When she had gone, he exhumed himself hastily and made for the water to clear off the sand that loaded him. Just as he set his toe in the first froth, Gloria sighted him. He could tell by her start that she recognized him. He ran into the waves, she followed. He dived through the first breaker and a second and a third. When he looked back she was not to be seen. He laughed and began to float—which was the easiest thing he did. Suddenly he saw a red turban come through the wall of a big billow. Under it appeared Gloria's face. Mulry struck out to sea. Gloria came crawling after. He was astonished to see how well she swam. But he swam well, too.

He wondered if he would have to cross the Atlantic and he regretted the necessity of landing in Europe with his bathing suit and nothing else. He was still at some distance from Europe when he suddenly felt a twinge of pain in his ankle—then in his knee—in both knees. He was doubling up with cramp! He knew real fear now. He looked back to shore and the far-off misty crowd. He shouted for help. Nobody heard him except Gloria and he placed no reliance on her.

She called to him, but he was past answering. Gloria had been raised as an athlete and her brother David had taught her how to rescue drowning people. But her first practical demonstration alarmed her. She had not counted on so huge a barge to take in tow.

She set up a cry to shore. No one heard her. No one missed her except one man. Dr. Royce was looking for her. That was not strange. He was almost always looking for her or at her. Pierpont did not know where she was. David and Lois had no idea of her whereabouts. She was not among the crowds on the beach.

Royce stared out into the farther waters. He saw her turban—or at least he was afraid that it was hers. He saw her put up her hand, though he could not hear her cry.

He howled to the life-saver in the boat and pointed to where Gloria swam with one hand, the other clutching at Mulry's collar. The life-saver bent to the oars; the shallow slipped across the waves and Royce plunged in and swam with all his might, diving through the white caps, cresting the big rollers. The life-saver checked his boat alongside Mulry, took him from Gloria, hauled him over the stern seat, and left him face down, heels in air, while he offered his hand to Gloria. Gloria shook her head. She felt better for having saved a life. She did not really care, her life was too sad. She ordered the life-saver to make haste with Mulry.

"Take good care of him," she shouted. "He belongs to me." The life-saver thought he meant that he was her husband. He thought it a pity that so pretty a girl should have so much husband. But he did as he was told and hurried Mulry ashore.

Gloria felt lonely and afraid when the boat was gone. She wondered if she could make to land. She did not really care, her life was too sad. She was beginning to droop and fall when Royce appeared at her side and set her hands on his strong shoulders. She liked him better than she thought she did. He swam magnificently. He saved her and she was glad to be saved.

When at last she staggered ashore and her father embraced her, wet as she was, she looked about for Mulry. He was gone. The life-saver had revived him and he had tottered away. Gloria did not know whom he was visiting. He was not in the hotel reg-



"THANK YOU A MILLION TIMES, MR. MUTRY."

isters. She did not know that he had gone to his friend's cottage, slammed his clothes in his trunk and suitcase and returned north.

One of the picturesque features of Palm Beach life is the presence now and then of Seminole Indians, who come up from the everglades to sell baskets and other samples of their craft, rattlesnake skins, and trinkets of various sorts. Among those who stood offering bargains of the sort were the young chief who wanted to marry Gloria and the old squaw, whose horse Gloria had tried to steal. They recognized her when they saw her wandering slowly along, scanning the crowds for Mulry.

Gloria paused and stared at them. She did not recognize them at first and stopped to price a souvenir of her captivity. But she noted the wild glare in the eye of the romantic pedlar and suddenly remembered her swarthy suitor of five years ago. Her old fear came back to her for the moment. She started to escape. The chief clutched her hand and compelled her to pause. She was hardly reassured by his soft words.

"Don't be afraid. Nice squaw, nice squaw." She could think of nothing to say. He did the talking.

"Many years since squaw run off. You got husband yet?" Gloria shook her head and sighed. The chief sighed, too—with relief. He spoke grandiosely. "All right. You marry me now?"

Gloria was almost as much embarrassed by this second proposal in the Poinciana gardens as she had been by the first in the everglades. She could not imagine what to say. The chief crowded closer to her. Suddenly his face hardened as he looked past her. He clenched his fists and reached for a knife. Gloria followed his eyes and saw Doctor Royce in the distance. She wondered why the chief should hate him. The chief explained with a dog's snarl.

"That man nearly killed me once. He take you from me." Gloria pointed to Royce questioning. The chief nodded. Gloria protested. She could not permit the glory of her rescue to be taken from her dead love. "No, no, it wasn't that man. It was this one," she cried, and caught from her gown a little portrait of Freneau in a locket.

The chief clutched at it and looked hard. The chief's lip curled with scorn. He laughed—almost.

"His? Humph! Him white liver! Him run! That man there hand me big wallop. Ugh!" Gloria was indignant. The chief described with vivid pantomime and guttural words the true history of her rescue, his own proposal of marriage, Gloria's swooning with terror. Freneau's arrival, his terrified retreat before the chief's advance. The struggle for the chief's knife, and finally the tremendous uppercut that had knocked

turned on him and was about to attack him. Royce fell into an attitude of self-defense, but smiled and spoke soothingly and put out his hand. The chief took it. He was a good sportsman and so was Royce.

Gloria looked from Royce to the picture of Freneau in her locket. A death blow to her trust in her dead lover. He spoke gently.

"It was Freneau that found you and saved you. I arrived a little too late, and I simply held off the Indian chief while Freneau made sure of your safety."

Gloria studied him with a longing to believe in Freneau. He did not flinch. She thanked him and he rose sadly and walked away. He had lied to her because he loved her. But his heart was almost bursting with protest against the sacrifice.

When he had gone, Gloria put out her arms to the sea, crying: "Dick, Dick, forgive my suspicions and come back to me!" From the waves Freneau seemed to come forth again, and sitting down beside her, take her in his arms. She wept, then rose and accompanied by his ghost, moved slowly and sadly along the beach.

Royce, coming along the beach, found her.

(To Be Continued.)

SERMONS TOO OFTEN ETHICAL LECTURES

Rev. L. Groh Says There Is Not Enough Preaching of Christ as the Savior.

EXAMPLE OF MARTYRS

"There is too little preaching today of Christ as the Savior of mankind, the Redeemer of the world," said Rev. L. Groh at St. Mary's English Lutheran church yesterday morning.

"Sermons are too often mere ethical lectures, mere moral dissertations, mere harping on 'Christian duty,' mere abstract holding up of Christ as the 'perfect example.'"

"Christ, of course, was the perfect example, and Christian duty is of great importance. But these things are secondary to the great foundational fact of all Christian religion, namely, the death of Christ for our sins."

"Without this, mere moral living and mere good deeds are nothing. I believe that the preaching of the wonderful fact that Christ died to save us should be a part of every sermon preached."

Rev. Mr. Groh's text was "He who seeks to save his life shall lose it and he who loses his life for My sake shall save it."

He pointed out the examples of the Christian saints and martyrs, many of whom lost their lives for Christ's sake and saved them in much greater glory.

"Too many people today put other things before Christianity," he said. "This is true of many even who are ostensibly active Christians. One man said he hadn't heard a sermon for twenty years. He was always in his place at church, but his mind was busy with his business plans while the sermon was being preached. He was present in body only, not in spirit."

"The peace that passeth understanding comes from faith in Christ's redemption. Then those that trust in the Lord shall be like Mount Zion, which cannot be removed, and as the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about His people."

"To those who believe in him, God gives what is good for them. This is not always what they ask, for that

may not be best. Frequently it is just the opposite of what they want, but eventually they see that this is just what was best for them."

Woman Shoots Mad Bull. Mike Zimney, a farmer living east of Three River Falls, Minn., was saved from being trampled to death by an enraged bull by the courage and prompt action of his wife.

The animal took offense at the flapping of Mr. Zimney's raincoat and attacked him, throwing him to the ground and breaking several ribs and his collarbone. Mrs. Zimney, seeing the plight of her husband, quickly secured a shotgun and some shells. While she had never attempted to use firearms of any kind, she managed to load the gun and shoot the animal, stunning him sufficiently to enable her to drag her unconscious husband out of danger. Mr. Zimney was brought to the hospital here for treatment.—Minneapolis Journal.

Teacher Kills Rattlesnakes. Miss Joe Sherman, teacher at the Fry school, a few miles east of Butler, Mo., a few days ago dispatched a colony of rattlesnakes in a most expeditious manner and did not show a trace of "nerves" after the act.

The snakes were discovered by the children of the school and Miss Sherman was notified. Going to the spot where the reptiles were, she procured a stout club and began the slaughter. After she had killed them she calmly removed the fangs from their heads and the rattles and buttons from their tails and when the time came to call the children "to looka," she returned her duties as though dispatching deadly rattlesnakes was a part of her daily work. Miss Sherman's home is in Rich Hill.—St. Louis Republic.

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NEW YORK

—621—
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