

Gloria's Romance

By Mr. and Mrs.
Rupert Hughes

Her Fighting Spirit

Novelized from the Motion Picture Drama of the Same Name by
George Klein.
FEATURING THE NOTED STAR, MISS ELLIE BURKE.
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Twelfth Installment.

The young Indian chief who had found the girl Gloria, a tattered runaway, lost in the everglades, and had tried to marry her, had been the cause of her falling in love with Dick Freneau. After five years the Indian was still only a poor Seminole selling his wares to Palm Beach visitors. But Gloria had loved and lost, had been the unwitting object of Freneau's intrigues and the helpless witness of this murder.

Now the chief had attacked the only foundation of her trust in Freneau. The Indian had laughed at Gloria's story of the courage of Freneau and had given the credit for the battle to Doctor Royce. The young chief was in danger of unconsciously destroying the romance he had unconsciously begun. Doctor Royce had disclaimed credit, and Gloria had been overcome with remorse at suspecting Freneau.

Still, the suspicion rested there. It kept flitting back to mock her whenever she tried to resume her quest. What difference did it make who killed Freneau if he had been dog enough to take a young girl's gratitude and adoration and praise for bravery when he had been a poltroon? She was worn out with alternating between upbraiding Freneau and herself for turning against him on the word of an Indian. She could not find Frank Mulry, and she did not care much whether he had gone back to New York or not.

She loitered about Palm Beach and responded to none of her father's appeals or her doctor's efforts to brighten her eyes. She went back to New York at length. Of evenings she refused to go out. She sat while her father played solitaire. She played cards with him once or twice, but she was so absent-minded that he preferred to play alone or occasionally with Judge Freeman, a kind of relation—that is, he was the father of Gloria's brother David's wife, Lois.

One evening while the two old men were playing Doctor Royce dropped in. He found Gloria in a deeper lethargy than usual. He cudgelled his brains to think up something to interest her, but without success until the judge rose and said:

"I hate to quit when I am winning, Pierpont, but I'm overdue at the night court. I mustn't keep the criminals up late."

"That's it," muttered Royce. "That's what?" Pierpont inquired. Royce, startled from his reverie, apologized.

"I think Gloria needs diversion of some unusual sort, Mr. Stafford. Now, while I would not call Judge Freeman's decisions a diversion, exactly, I do think that his night court would be interesting enough to compel Gloria's thoughts."

"The very thing," said Pierpont. "It will appeal to her heart, and possibly she will try to mother some of your black sheep, if you'll let her, judge. Will you take us?"

"Of course, glad enough to have you," answered Freeman.

Gloria received the proposition languidly, but consented to be taken along. When they arrived at the courthouse they entered Judge Freeman's room. He donned his judicial robe and they followed him to the bench, where chairs were placed for them on either side of him. Every body in the court room rose as the judge entered and then sat down with him to the banquet of justice. Gloria sat at his left, and frequently he leaned toward her, explaining a case or answering a question.

She became at once another Gloria, vividly alive and interested in the human documents spread before her. Sometimes the row of faces seemed like her childish memories of the chambers of horrors in Mme. Tussard's waxworks; then again the nobility of some countenance would completely bewilder her when the judge told her that it belonged to the worst confidence man in New York or to a professional beggar who would certainly refuse any offer of real work, however real the remuneration.

Gloria was constantly amazed at the judge's insight into human nature and his general fairness and discrimination.

A ferocious Irishwoman of huge proportions begged protection of the court from a much battered and meek little husband whose head bore, among other decorations, the outline of the familiar flatiron. His face was almost lost in the wilderness of bandages and adhesive plasters. His legs were a complete wreck and he clung to the officer's arm for support. The judge motioned the policeman to take the stand. As he did so the little man tried to follow him. He was restrained and upheld by another officer, who protected him from the threatening uppercut of the woman.

The policeman on the stand took the oath and tried to conceal his grin as he explained:

"Your honor, the lady had me arrest her husband for assault and battery."

The spectators shook with laughter. Even the solemn Gloria had to smother her snickers. The judge pounded on his desk for order. The court officers silenced the spectators.

The judge motioned the woman to the stand. The policeman stepped down. The injured innocent began to talk on her wits to the chair. She was interrupted to take the oath, and threatened the clerk, took the oath with indifference, and began at once to harangue the judge about the wickedness and brutality of her husband: "His croolty is somethin' awful. I deman' protection for the poor, wacke woman, I am."

The judge tried to quiet her. She reached out her hand imploring help. Seeing Gloria, she appealed to her. Gloria recoiled in terror. It took two policemen to get the woman from the witness stand, but it would have taken a hundred to silence her. Next the timid little husband was put on the stand. He told his story briefly, and the judge sentenced him briefly to "thirty days on the island for rest and recuperation." He received from the little man a smile of beautiful gratitude; then he turned with an unmistakable glare of triumph on the wife of his bosom and marched safely past her under the shelter of the police.

Next on the docket was a sad-eyed



THE JUDGE WAS AMAZED WHEN HE SAW HOW SERIOUS GLORIA WAS.



THE TRAMP WAS GREATLY ALARMED.

and timid Hungarian waiter. As he entered from the detention cell with the officers an agent of the Gerry society came from among the spectators leading a ragged little boy, 7 or 8 years of age. The waiter and the boy, father and son, flew to each other's arms. Then the waiter, casting one heart-broken glance at the boy, turned to the judge and poured forth his story. His name was Casinur; his son was Stas. He was out of work, with a sick wife, living in a miserable room. An ambulance had taken his wife to a hospital and then the law had taken his child away because he was unable to give it proper care. He had fought to keep the boy and had resisted an officer.

Gloria listened tensely while tears of sympathy gathered in her eyes. To her the man's story was finished. The judge shook his head sadly. He was powerless to restore the child to his father, and he was about to sign the paper committing him to the children's society when Gloria rose from her chair and commanded a halt in the proceedings.

The court was thunderstruck as she turned to the judge, crying:

"Give me the boy! I'll take care of him, and I'll get employment for his father."

The judge was amazed, but when he saw how serious Gloria was he murmured to Pierpont: "The child will be a toy for her. Let her have him." Pierpont groaned, and the judge nodded his consent, if not his approval. The judge conferred with Gloria, and she took a card from her card case and underlined her address. The judge gave it to the father and said, "Tomorrow." The father bowed and escaped to Gloria and, pushing the boy's head made him bow, too. They ran out at the gate together, so sure of protection henceforth that Gloria, the author of their contentment, sat back, proud and comfortable as a purring kitten.

She forgot her pride in the abrupt entrance of the man she had pursued in vain for weeks. It was Frank Mulry. An officer brought him forward. He had been arrested for speeding. He was indignant, Gloria crouched behind the judge's desk, so that Mulry could not see her while he explained: "I was going only eight miles an hour." The policeman laughed aloud with scorn and indicated that the speed was nearer eight.

Gloria tugged at the judge's robe. He bent down to hear her whisper: "That's the man I've been chasing for weeks. Put him on ice till I can get at him." Judge Freeman nodded and ordered Mulry sent back to the cell.

Mulry pulled out a roll of money and looked inquiringly at the judge, but he shook his head in denial. Mulry was led away, crestfallen and disgusted. Dragged to the detention room, he tried to bribe the policeman. This unheard-of insult was rejected and Mulry was thrown into a corner, while the policeman looked on the next candidate for Judge Freeman's consideration.

The officer called to a prisoner who had slumped on a bench with his back to the others. He did not answer. The policeman went to him and tapped him on the shoulder. The man turned suddenly in fright. He regained some composure as the policeman smiled at him. He smiled back craftily.

Gloria and Royce were whispering and laughing together over Mulry's wretch. They did not see the new prisoner brought in. When he came to the bar the officer spoke as he handed up the complaint. The judge nodded wearily and said, "Plain drunk. First offense. Discharged."

At the sound of the judge's voice Gloria looked up. Her casual smile changed slowly to wonder, incredulity, conviction, wild excitement. She sprang to her feet, pointing at the man and trying to cry out. She toppled and swooned as Dr. Royce leaped to catch her.

The prisoner gaped in amazement and started to leave, but a policeman checked him.

Royce carried Gloria out of the room, followed by Pierpont and the judge. Royce deposited Gloria on a divan and, putting a cushion under her feet, ran to fetch a glass of water from the ice water stand. He sprinkled her face lightly. The judge and Pierpont murmured together in bewilderment. Gloria returned gradually to consciousness, looked about, still dazed and wondering. At length she saw the judge, lifted herself to her feet, and finally gaining her voice, pointed to the door, crying, "That man

—that man is the murderer! I saw him when he killed my Dick." She fairly assailed the judge to drive him back to the court room, crying, "Quick! Quick! Stop him!"

The judge walked out more slowly than Gloria wished. Gloria started to follow. Pierpont restrained her. Royce tried to quiet her.

The crowd in the court room was still in a flurry of excitement when the court officer called for order. The tramp was greatly alarmed. He struggled with the policeman. The judge entered and paused with one foot on the step. He stared at the tramp, then back at the door, hesitated, set his jaws in stern resolution, motioned to the officer, and said, "Release him."

The policeman holding the tramp let him go. He threw a glance over his shoulder at the judge, then hurried through the gate and through the crowd and out. The judge waited a moment, pondering deeply.

An officer brought to the bar two fierce looking desperadoes. The judge motioned them to wait and left the court room, pausing at the door to control himself.

When Gloria saw the judge returning she ran to him demanding, "Is he there. Is he a prisoner?"

The judge shook his head and mumbled, "He had gone when I got there." Gloria flew into a fury and commanded, "Then send some one after him." The judge shrugged his shoulders, nodded, and went slowly back to the court room. The outside steps of the court were lighted by street lamps and the court lamps. Various people were loitering outside the court room or going up or down the stairs when the tramp came down, forcing his way through the crowd. He ran into a policeman standing there. The policeman gave him a shove and he hurried away.

Back in the retiring room Gloria thought hard a moment, then made up her mind, and darted for the door to the street.

Pierpont checked her. "Where are you going?"

Gloria answered, resolutely: "To find that man."

She tore the door open and rushed through. Royce seized his overcoat and dashed after her. Down the private stairs to the judge's room ran Gloria, followed a moment later by Royce. Reaching the street, Gloria stared up and down, wildly searching the crowd. She was frantic to see the tramp. She turned to Royce, questioning him suspiciously, "The judge let him go. Why?"

Royce shrugged his shoulders and tried to dismiss the riddle.

Gloria rounded on him with sudden doubt. "And you told me it was all a delirium. Why?"

Royce was startled by her tone. He lowered his eyes before her, and then spoke suddenly: "It is too cold for you. I'll get your furs."

He tried to lead her inside. She refused. There seemed nothing for him to do but leave her there and go for her wraps.

She stared at the crowd, then on sudden impulse ran down the steps to a policeman standing on the walk. Timidly she tapped him on the arm. "The man who just went by so hurriedly—he was poorly dressed, had a slouch hat and a beard, did you see which way he went?" she asked.

The policeman pointed to the right and Gloria started immediately to run that way. The streets were ill lit and poor, but she hurried on with hardly a glance at her surroundings. To lose the real murderer now was unthinkable to her; to have had him there in the very arms of the law, the man in whom she had seen actually do her lover to death, only to have him escape again, drove her into a frenzy. She ran on, peering into dark doorways and alleys. Judge Freeman, whom she had watched all evening mete out punishment to far lesser crimes, had actually made no effort to catch this demon for her. What was the mystery of it all? Why were they all in league to thwart her and refuse vengeance on Dick's slayer?

Her brain was whirling, her searching eyes ached and burned as they peered vainly ahead for the dread figure of the tramp. So absorbed was Gloria in her pursuit that she gave no thought to the dangers she was exposing herself to, and the dangers were many. It was a bad district, a very hotbed of crime and poverty. The hour was midnight and she was alone—a young and beautiful woman carrying money and jewels, as well as her own priceless girlhood, but the impetus of her search carried her on

without a thought for her own safety.

Doctor Royce and her father had returned with her wraps to the courthouse steps only to find her gone, and wild with anxiety, they started recklessly in pursuit, each taking a different direction. By misfortune neither of them was right.

Meanwhile Gloria hastened on. She actually caught a glimpse of the tramp ahead of her; he was loitering in a doorway gnawing a crust of bread hungrily, and she redoubled her speed, but he started on and turned in the middle of a block and when she got there he was nowhere in sight.

Suddenly she realized she was tired and weak, that she could actually go no further, and that she must rest. As she slackened her pace she was alarmed at seeing a rough-looking man cross the street toward her; he reeled as he came on, so that she was further aroused to danger at thinking him under the influence of liquor. She did not know that this was one of the numerous dodges of the pickpocket and that she would have been safer with an actually intoxicated man. She looked up and down the street as far as she could see, but there were no policemen in

sight, and, hearing steps behind her, she turned to seek protection, only to find three men more evil looking than the oncoming drunkard.

Suddenly the whole world of Gloria Stafford seemed to crumble before her eyes. Her dreams of vengeance, her hopes of ferreting out the murderer, indeed the murder itself became unreal as the immediate danger to her own person was felt. She longed to scream for help, but pluckily stayed quiet, and, backing into the steps of a tenement suddenly, threw the following men into surprise for an instant.

The thing who was crossing toward her, however, came on without pause, and, lunging against the iron railing to which she clung, snatched the gold bag she carried and fled with sure and steady steps, the other three following slowly in apparent oblivion of the theft.

With a sigh Gloria sank to a sitting posture on the steps behind her. The loss of a gold mesh bag with its contents meant nothing to Gloria Stafford. The sudden plunge into a whole new world—a world of maliciousness and crime; a world where murderers went free and bandits gained their aims unchallenged—appalled her. Breathing in little frightened gasps, she leaned against the friendly railing and tried to reassemble her scattered views of life.

(To Be Continued.)

Girl Workers Who Win

The Newgirl Finds Her Patience Rewarded

By JANE M'LEAN.

Margery was a very little girl. She wasn't really old enough to make money and besides that she was lame. Margery had an older sister who worked in a factory and brought home five dollars a week. Margery's big brother made twelve, but he was a man and was going to marry as soon as he reached the fifteen mark. And so Margery sold papers to help out. Of course she didn't make much, and it was very tiring standing so long in one place, and sometimes it rained, and in spite of the great shawl that her mother wrapped her in, it wasn't very pleasant.

Now, this might be made into a regular fairy story if Margery, the wonderful heroine, had golden curls and wide blue eyes, and a rich man came along and thought she might be just the girl to adopt and take home. But as this is a story that might happen to any little girl who is poor and in earnest about making money, it would not be right to make up beautiful adventures that might never happen.

You see Margery wasn't at all pretty; she was too thin. She was small for nine years old, too, and looked hardly more than seven or eight. She had a wizened little face and her eyes seemed unnaturally large. One thin little leg she wore in a brace that the entire family had saved up to buy, and Margery's hair was not golden—it was tangly brown.

The one feature of her entire face that was really beautiful was her mouth. Margery's mouth was sweet and patient. It looked like a brave little mouth, and it was brave, because Margery had suffered a great deal of pain in her short life.

Days when she went to school the other children made fun of her. She could never run and play games as they could, and so she had no friends. Every minute that Margery could save from her work she spent in reading. She read anything, even the newspaper, although she hardly understood that.

There was a corner that Margery called her very own, where she stood to make her trades. She could call out the different names just like a boy and sometimes she did very well. The picture of a little lame girl standing on the corner selling papers may sound pathetic to read about, but in truth, she was hardly noticed by the great business crowd that swept past every day.

She learned not to expect kindly glances and to accept her pennies with the nonchalance of the newsboy who makes his papers a business and never regards the crowds as possessing hearts. It's harder for a girl to do this, because a girl is always looking for romance, even the smallest girl, and when a little girl likes

to read she imagines beautiful things about people that she wishes might come true even if she knows they can't.

One night it rained hard and Margery leaned stolidly against the brick wall on the windy corner and called her papers lustily. The rain drops rolled off the fringe of the shawl and dripped into her eyes and she was a sorry enough little spectacle, but she stuck at her post. Every night at this time an old man stopped and bought two papers from Margery. He was a cross looking man, and Margery never ventured even a look at him when he took the papers from her. To-night he was late and Margery had saved the two papers for him. She saw him coming when he was quite a way off, and she took a few steps forward and said timidly:

"I saved them for you. Here they are, sir."

The old man stopped and looked at Margery's rain wet face with eyes that she could hardly see so hidden were they under bushy eyebrows.

"Didn't think you'd be out tonight," he said gruffly, "so I bought my papers from a boy up the street."

Margery fell back. "Oh," she vouchsafed, "I'm always here. I thought you were my customer."

"Well, your customer, eh, well, so I am, so I am. Didn't know you noticed people so sharply, never saw you look at me. Here's a quarter, and we'll call it square, how's that?"

Margery's thin little face lit up with a smile that transformed her. "O, thank you," she breathed rapturously, and the man stood, a moment and watched her limp hurriedly away. He didn't know that with ten cents of that precious quarter, Margery was going to buy a volume of fairy tales and think of herself as the most successful little girl in the world.

(The next article in this series will be called the Telegraph Operator.)

American Wheat May Go to The Poor People of Belgium

(Correspondence of The Associated Press.)
Amsterdam, Netherlands, July 4.—A commission of American doctors has been visiting the Brussels hospitals investigating whether an increase of the Belgian population's bread rations is necessary. Should it decide in the affirmative, the American commission for relief in Belgium will ask the British government to consent to the supply of wheat from the United States being proportionately increased.

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