

"The Grip of Evil"

Author of "The Wings of the Morning," "The Pillar of Light," "The Terms of Surrender," "Number 17," Etc.
By LOUIS TRACY
Novelized from the Series of Photoplays of the Same Name. Released by Pathé.
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CAST OF CHARACTERS.

JOHN BURTON, once a steel-worker, now Lord Castleton, a multimillionaire.
REV. THOMAS BRANTON, minister, who knew Burton in his days of poverty.
GATEMAN, who has invested his savings in the C. O. & P., for which he works.
HIS AGED WIFE,
ALEXANDER HOWELL, president of the C. O. & P., anxious to have Burton put his millions in a stock deal with him.
MRS. ALEXANDER HOWELL, desirous of making a match between her daughter and Burton.
MARJORIE HOWELL, the daughter, interested in Ralph Morgan.
RALPH MORGAN, in love with Marjorie, who regards Burton as a rival, but finds him willing to speed his wooing.

THIRD EPISODE. The Upper Ten Thousand.

CHAPTER V.

Some Sharp Contrasts.

Thus far, in his search for goodness in the world, John, tenth marquis of Castleton, had been singularly unsuccessful. He did not know, of course, how ill equipped he was for a self-imposed task. A man who had passed the first thirty years of his life in an atmosphere of poverty and hard work should have endeavored to accustom himself to conditions of wealth and power before attempting to solve social problems which have puzzled and distressed the thinkers of many generations.

Light seemed to have come, however, one evening when the devotion to duty displayed by an old and crippled man saved the young marquis and his chauffeur from instant and certain death.

John heard that Rev. Thomas Branton had rented a house in the neighborhood, and as the evangelist's influence was mainly responsible for his attitude toward life in general, he set out to call on him at the first opportunity that offered. He was particularly anxious to have a chat with the preacher because of an article which had appeared in the local newspaper that morning. Some prying journalist had unearthed the marquis' record. A sensational writeup on the first page was headed:

**YOUNG AMERICAN INHERITS BRITISH TITLE AND MILLIONS
JOHN BURTON BECOMES TENTH MARQUIS OF CASTLETON.**

The newspaper scribe lost no time in reaching the heart of his subject: "Through a series of strange happenings John Burton, now of 110 Argill street, this city, has become—" and so on, through a whole column of veritable romance founded on fact.

Burton felt that this revelation might affect his quest profoundly. For once his somewhat headstrong and decidedly impatient temperament craved advice and sympathy. Branton was just the man for the moment. As soon as John learned by telephone that the minister was at home, he ordered his car and told the chauffeur to "beat it" across the city. Chauffeurs controlling high-power machines seldom require encouragement from their employers when speed is desirable. This driver, in particular, though highly expert and cool-headed, was inclined to take risks, trusting to his skill and nerve in extricating himself therefrom. Thus, though the night was rather dark and the road new to him, he assumed that there was no obstacle beyond a sharp bend in the street revealed by the glaring headlights.

He did not know that the C. O. & P. railway had a most dangerous grade crossing near the center of the bend. It was completely hidden from sight and was protected only by an old-fashioned gate, hand operated by an elderly man who lived in a cottage alongside the line. It was the custodian's habit to wind down the gate when warned of approaching trains and then unroll a red flag with which he hobbled to the more acute section of the turn.

That night the old man was moving more slowly than usual; nevertheless he detected the hum of the approaching automobile and tried to quicken his pace. He hardly realized, perhaps, that a tenth part of a second meant all the difference between disaster and safety not only for himself, but for the occupants of the oncoming vehicle.

Be that as it may, the old fellow's sense of duty, if slow in operation, was rigid as a rock. When the car came in sight it was much nearer than he anticipated, but he waved his flag and stood his ground right valiantly in the center of the roadway, though the staring eyes of the automobile must have likened it to a veritable dragon from whose roaring menace there was no escape. The chauffeur jammed on both foot and hand brakes and succeeded in stopping the car short of the barrier, but not before his fearless guardian had been knocked down.

At that instant an express train tore past, and its noise and dust contributed greatly to the discomfort of the two men in the car. However, the incident ended as swiftly as it had begun. John helped the chauffeur to assist the fallen man, and was greatly relieved to find the old fellow smiling and stammering an assurance that he "war'n't hurt bad." Nevertheless, one leg had been bruised and the skin torn, while his age warranted the assumption that he could hardly withstand a violent fall without suffering more damage than he was willing to confess.

Involuntarily he rubbed the sore spot, but he still smiled, and actually apologized for having got in the way. "I'm all right, sir," he vowed. "A little thing like that don't cut any ice, and I'm only sorry to have pulled you up so sudden. Of course, the company ought to put a tunnel under the track here, and I've wrote 'em several times about it, but, bless you, they don't pay no attention. An' me a stockholder."

ye, kindly," because John had taken his arm, seeing that he was limping. "I ain't so spry as I used to be. If you'll help me inter the house and have your young man wind up the gates I'll be much obliged."

On reaching the cottage, John saw through the open door an elderly woman seated near a lamp. She was sewing and evidently had not the least idea of anything untoward having occurred outside. The appearance of her husband, supported by a stranger, alarmed her greatly, and though she calmed herself sufficiently to search at once for arnica and a bandage, it was clear that any evil which befell either of these two old people affected the other in even greater measure.

While John was helping the old man into a chair and rolling up a trouser leg to lay bare the bruise, he ascertained that the two had been married fifty years.

They had actually grown alike in voice and features. They might have been brother and sister rather than husband and wife. The same tastes, the same simple interests, the complete devotion of each for the other, had compressed their minds and bodies within the same mold. John was almost terrified to think what the outcome would have been had the fine old gateman been killed. To keep himself from dwelling on a possibility now happily vanished he reverted to the more pleasing topic of a frugality which enabled people in such humble circumstances to become stockholders in an important railway. This appealed to both of them. The gateman said, with an air of real pride:

"Yes, sir, them stocks are cinched to Marthy and me. Old man Howell votes our stock for us, an' it pays a good seven per cent. 'Taint much, but enough to keep us from starvin' when I ain't able to work no longer."

At this, the hands of husband and wife met as though by instinct, and they smiled at each other in complete sympathy. A lump rose in John's throat. He rose hurriedly, pleading the urgency of the engagement on which he was bound. He thought it was no time to offer any compensation, but determined to call and see them later, and said so.

"Right you are, sir," cried the gateman cordially. "Look in any time you're passin', and you feel like it."

John entered the car. As he whirled away he lifted his hat to Marthy, who waved a farewell from the door.

More shaken than he cared to admit, he was glad of the peace and serenity of Mr. Branton's sitting room. He told of the accident, and then betwought himself of a letter in his pocket.

"By the way," he said, "this reached me just before leaving home."

And he handed an engraved card to his host. It read:

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Howell request the honor of your company at a dance to be given at their home, No. 22 Magnolia avenue, on Tuesday evening, May 20, at the occasion of the coming of age of their daughter Marjorie. Dancing ten to two. R. S. V. P. Mr. Howell is president of the C. O. & P. railway."

Branton smiled and handed back the card.

"The same man," he said. "You are getting to be quite a swell now, John. Recognition by Mrs. Howell is the local hall-mark of society. That invitation is the direct outcome of the paragraph in this morning's newspaper."

"Then I'll turn it down," said John, determinedly.

"No, don't do that," came the kindly admonition. "You'll find more scope for observation among the newly rich than in the circles either above or beneath them. Among real aristocrats the principle of noblesse oblige is potent for good. The virtues and vices of the poor are simple. Things become complex only when poverty gains wealth."

"What about me?" asked John seriously. "I was poor enough, goodness knows. Yet wealth and rank have turned to dust and ashes in my mouth. I seem to be surrounded by none save sycophants and windrowers. I read once in a book that humanity is in the grip of evil, and I am beginning to have a horrible suspicion that the statement may be well founded."

"No, no!" declared the preacher earnestly, his fine eyes kindling with enthusiasm. "Browning's words are eternally true:

God is in heaven,
And all is well with the world.
I tell you it is my firm belief that God permits evil to exist only that good may come of it."

The younger man shook his head sadly.

"I wish I could agree with you," he said in a tone so lugubrious that Mr. Branton laughed.

"Oh, don't take such a gloomy view of life. It's an almost humorous phase of the hurly-burly that the old should be optimists and the young pessimists. Look at me, and your old gateman and his wife! Contrast our serenity with your spasms of despair. Lift up your heart, John. If life wasn't worth living, a merciful providence would never have evolved us out of chaos."

So the tenth marquis of Castleton went to the Howells' reception and, although he sent in his name as plain Mr. John Burton, a loud-voiced manservant, previously instructed toward that end, announced him by his title.

By this time, of course, he had learned to wear his clothes with distinction. His carriage and physical development rendered him notable even in a country where tall, straight men of athletic mien are plentiful as blackberries in autumn.

Though the Howell mansion was filled to the full extent of its hospitable rooms and a laughing, cheerful crowd babbled around the railroad president and his pretty daughter, a sort of hush followed the footman's proclamation that a real live marquis was in their midst. Mrs. Howell, a good-looking, well-preserved matron, bustled forward with empressment. It was evident that she either knew from experience or had recently acquired the art of addressing titled persons.

"I am delighted to meet you, Lord Castleton," she said with outstretched hand and a charming smile. "It was too bad of your lordship to come and live among us incognito, especially as I had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of the dowager marchioness three years ago at Monte Carlo."



RALPH IS JEALOUS OF JOHN'S ATTENTION TO MARJORIE.

All voices were stilled and necks were craned so that not a syllable of John's answer might be missed. He was not in the least degree nervous. "To tell the truth, Mrs. Howell," he said, "I know very little about either my title or my relatives. Somehow or other, I became a marquis, just because I happened to be my father's son, I suppose. The strange thing is that I have always considered myself a sure-enough American, and I am free to confess that hitherto I have looked on my peerage rather as a joke than otherwise."

Mrs. Howell simpered. Evidently a British marquis was no joke to her. She introduced John to her daughter, a really pretty girl who reminded him somewhat of Mary Temple, though, happily, there was a hint of a candid and honest disposition in this girl's bright blue eyes, open forehead and well-shaped, tremulous lips.

Marjorie Howell had been well trained. She knew exactly how to talk to an earnest-minded young man who obviously possessed none of the airs and graces of the carpet-knight type.

But John was more observant than she gave him credit for. While doing his best to counter her lively comments, and repay with interest each arch smile and laughing pout, he saw quite plainly that there was at least one young man present who could be charged with murdering him.

He saw, too, that he was the subject of earnest conversation between Mrs. Howell and her husband. He was not blind to the skill with which Marjorie stopped their dance when close to her father and swept the two into a chat. Out of the corner of his eye he noticed that the scowling young man promptly appropriated the girl and whirled her off in a waltz.

These trivial plots and counterplots amused him greatly. His mind was intent on them even to the exclusion of the affable comments of that multimillionaire and dominating power of finance, Mr. Alexander Howell. Still, he did wake up sufficiently to give heed to one significant sentence.

"Come down to my office sometime. Mr. Burton," the host was saying. "I may have something that will interest you. In any event, you'll meet the right crowd."

There was a degree of genuine tact in the dropping of John's title in deference to his expressed wish. Mr. Howell, at any rate, was a better judge than his wife of a man like Burton, marquis or no marquis.

John soon found himself dancing with Marjorie again. The girl was a natural-borne coquette to whom every good-looking "boy" was fair game. She flirted with John on the approved lines, and led him into a palm-filled conservatory at just the right moment. They were laughing and talking here as though they had been friends since childhood when the disgruntled youngster whom John had already noticed came up.

"My dance, Marjorie," he growled angrily.

"Is it really?" cried the girl, subtly conveying to John the knowledge that her forgetfulness was wholly due to him. "Let me introduce you two—the marquis of Castleton, Mr. Ralph Morgan!"

It was abundantly clear that Mr. Morgan's savoir faire did not compare favorably with his rival's. His bow was very stiff and he led off Marjorie as if she were a prisoner.

"Don't be silly," she was giggling. "It's none of my doing. Is 'um's little feelings hurt, then?"

Evidently her companion had some shred of wit left. He pulled her behind a particularly dense clump of palms, and presumably kissed her.

John grinned delightedly. It was all a harmless comedy, he thought. Such things formed a mighty pleasant change from many of his earlier experiences.

CHAPTER VI.

"The Cross Ways."

One morning about a week later a group of sharp-eyed business men was gathered in the private office of the president of C. O. & P. railway, when a clerk entered and handed a card to Mr. Howell. The financier rubbed his glasses, focussed the card and read: "Mr. John Burton."

"Ah," he said, smiling around on his associates. "This is just one of the right sort of young fellows to have in our crowd. Though he passes as plain 'John Burton,' he is really a

British marquis, and not one of the heires hunting kind, because he succeeded very unexpectedly to a fine estate and a very large fortune."

"But why should we want him in with us, Alec?" inquired a short, enormously stout man, whose porcine bulk exuded over the sides of a capacious chair.

It was a shrewd thrust. The wives or daughters of most of the men in the room had attended Marjorie's coming-out dance, and Mrs. Howell's keen desire that her daughter should become a marchioness had been patent to all. Moreover, John had been seen many times in Marjorie's company during the last few days.

But Alexander Howell had not made his millions by being a fool.

"Well, now, Goldstein," he said, "you are the last person breathing from whom I should have expected such a question. This kid is well fixed. He doesn't know a thing about the game. He will do as he is told and be perfectly satisfied when he pulls out with a nice profit. Since when have you refused to avail yourself of a few millions of solid backing?"

Howell's reply was unanswerable, and he knew it.

"Show Mr. Burton in," he went on, nodding to the clerk.

John was greeted most cordially. The president introduced him to the others, and each name was one of import in the financial arena of that city. But it was a serious gathering, drawn together on business and not for talk. Within a couple of minutes of John's arrival Mr. Howell was explaining the object of the meeting.

He went into certain facts and figures, which, to Burton's thinking, proved that the C. O. & P. line was in a thoroughly satisfactory condition. Then came the bombshell.

"That is just how we stand at the moment," continued Mr. Howell unctuously. "There is one other item that doesn't appear on the balance sheet. We have \$5,000,000 of unappropriated funds to divide among the shareholders. Now if we work the suggested pool on the right lines, we'll send this stock down until we are able to buy it in for next to nothing. Then when we have declared our dividend, watch it soar!"

Insofar as Burton could judge, every other man in the room regarded the projected theft as perfectly satisfactory and morally unobjectionable. Howell took it for granted that the scheme showed no flaws, and at once began jotting down names and holdings. Half a million dollars was the lowest individual sum named. Several doubled and a few quadrupled the amount. Howells himself headed the list with five millions.

"Now, Mr. Burton," he said at last, "how much for you?"

John shook his head slowly. "I don't think I'll come in at this stage," he said.

Oddly enough, the others merely regarded him as being extra cautious, a commendable quality among money-makers. Even Howell himself did not altogether disapprove.

"All right, Mr. Burton," he agreed. "It will do you no harm if you decide to get aboard later. But remember, no matter how far the stock drops, don't be tempted to sell C. O. & P."

Soon afterward John left the room. At the exit from the palatial offices he happened to meet Mrs. Howell and Marjorie. Mamma greeted him effusively, and John, of course, expressed his pleasure and surprise that two such smart ladies should be down town so early.

"This is the only hour that I can be sure of catching my husband," laughed Mrs. Howell. "Even now I may have to wait quite a time. Wouldn't you young people like to take a spin out into the country this fine morning?"

What else could John do but invite Marjorie to enter his car? Even he, with wits sharpened by experience, did not understand that the coincidence of the meeting had been carefully arranged, the financier's confidential clerk having been instructed to advise Mrs. Howell the instant John entered the office.

That morning's events, trivial though they appeared, were destined to make history.

John was reading in his library after lunch when a servant announced Mr. Ralph Morgan. Somewhat perplexed by the visit, John was minded to be friendly, but Morgan merely ignored his host's outstretched hand,

waited until the door was closed behind the footman, and then, speaking with the high tension of a man not quite sure of himself, attacked the other fiercely.

"I have come here, Mr. Burton, or Lord Castleton, or whatever the devil you choose to call yourself," he blurted out, "to tell you straight that you must stop fooling Marjorie Howell. I won't stand for it! Before you arrived in this city Marjorie and I were as good as engaged. It's true her mother thought I was hardly eligible, but my family has a better standing than hers in the state and, if we are not quite so well fixed financially, I was making a good start. Meanwhile, Marjorie and I had determined to cinch things one of these days by getting married. Now, you turn up, with your grand airs, romantic history and castles in England, and the old woman is hot on your track, while I'm damned if Marjorie isn't beginning to think how fine it would be to be called 'your ladyship.' This is a man's business, not a woman's. It's you and me for it, I'm—"

John laughed. He couldn't help it. Those words, "your grand air," were too much for his gravity. The genuine ring of his merriment stayed the unspoken threat on Ralph Morgan's lips.

Burton put his hands on his so-called rival's shoulders.

"Steady, my boy," he said. "Just wait a minute. I'm not trying to steal your girl. It isn't quite fair either to her or me that you should say or even hint hard things about us. She's delightful and interesting, of course, and any man would be several sorts of a fool who didn't wake up when she's around. But marriage is a serious thing, and if that's your object, I'm not competing. Now, just sit down and tell me all about it quietly."

Morgan, calmed and dominated by a stronger nature, gave in at once. His hectoring tone changed to one of entreaty and self-commiseration. But there could be no manner of doubt as to the nature of the plot hatched by Mrs. Howell. The eyes of a jealous lover had pierced the armor of her intent. Every little trick and subterfuge she had adopted to throw Marjorie at the marquis' head was laid bare and dissected mercilessly. Morgan himself was forbidden the house, though Marjorie and he had been playmates since childhood.

As the story progressed Burton grew more and more irritated. At last he made up his mind how to act. He outlined a scheme which seemed practicable, and wound up by saying:

"Be sure to have your car outside the Howell mansion at 3 o'clock, sharp, tomorrow. Toot your horn three times quickly, and I'll know that matters have gone without a hitch."

Morgan did not refuse to shake hands this time. His eyes were misty with emotion when he left the room. Unfortunately John forgot one thing. His interest in a seemingly idle love story had completely driven out of his mind the tragic possibilities attached to the proposed hammering of C. O. & P. stock. He spent the evening quietly at home, got on the phone next morning, and smiled almost cynically when Mrs. Howell bubbled over with enthusiasm at the suggestion that he should come to lunch.

He ate a very enjoyable meal. As he foresaw, the mother left her daughter alone with him at the earliest possible moment. Quite innocently, Marjorie was employing some of her feminine arts, when John cut her short. He handed her a note.

"Would you mind taking that to your room before you open it?" he said. "Meanwhile, you will oblige me by asking Mrs. Howell to come and have a few minutes' conversation."

Surprised and fluttered, the girl agreed. She had recognized Ralph Morgan's handwriting on the envelope, and naturally wondered what Burton's mysterious manner portended. She knew within two minutes.

Her lover wrote: "John Burton has turned out to be just the best ever. We have arranged everything—license, ring and time—and the minister is expecting us. Now, hurry, darling!"

There was more, of course, but Marjorie's eyes danced so in her head the remainder became a jumble of incoherencies.

Mrs. Howell, greatly agitated by the marquis' significant request, came to him instantly. She expected to be

asked forthwith to sanction him in her daughter's suit. She was astonished and somewhat impatient, therefore, when he began a detailed account of his birth and upbringing. Still, she consoled herself with the reflection that this preamble could only lead to one issue, and forced herself to display an intelligent interest.

At last John heard three short toots of a motor-horn from the street, followed by the hum of a fast-moving car. Ralph Morgan, if slowing in some respects, was a recognized scorcher on the highway. John was puzzling his wits as to the best means of extricating himself from a difficult situation when Howell entered. The financier was bursting with good humor.

"Look at that, my boy," he said, handing Burton a newspaper. "You can get in now as soon as you like."

John glanced at some of the scare-head lines:

**SENSATIONAL SLUMP ON STOCK MARKET.
BOTTOM DROPS OUT OF C. O. & P.
STOCK REACHES UNHEARD-OF FIGURE OF 24 AT CLOSE.
MARGIN TRADERS WIPE OUT.
SMALL INVESTORS RUINED.**

Howell was blandly unaware of the scathing contempt in Burton's voice when the latter inquired: "What price was your stock yesterday, Mr. Howell?"

"Away up among the gilt-edged propositions—108! This is one of the most successful coups ever engineered. I must go back downtown. I'll be there till midnight. My wife phoned that you were here, so I ran up to tell you to come in on the ground floor."

Burton seized the opportunity to leave the house with the financier. He declined an offer, however, to share the latter's car, pleading the necessity of making a short call elsewhere.

His own car was temporarily out of commission, so he hired a taxi. As a matter of fact, he had just remembered the old gateman and his devoted wife. If he went to their cottage at once, he could not only reassure them, but greatly increase their small holding, thus insuring them a competence for the remainder of their days.

Unfortunately the taxi broke down. The driver after examination, announced ruefully that a defective carburetor could be replaced only after an hour's delay. Thereupon John decided to walk. He was not well acquainted with the district, however, and lost his way. He did not even know the name of the street he was looking for, and could only describe it as containing a grade crossing on the C. O. & P. line.

"There's plenty of them, sir, wherever the C. O. & P. runs," grinned a policeman when John explained his difficulty.

Finally, another man recognized the locality, and put the searcher on his way.

In the light of subsequent events these various delays would seem to have been engineered by the tragic fate which persistently beset the path of the tenth marquis of Castleton. When at last he reached the crossing and found the door of the cottage locked he experienced the first pang of a nameless fear. Bending down, he endeavored to look through the keyhole. A whiff of gas reached his nostrils. Without a moment's hesitation he burst open the door.

An unlighted gas burner was turned full on and the atmosphere reeked with the poisonous vapor. The old gateman lay sprawled over the table. A newspaper was clutched in his right hand. His wife was seated in a chair, with her hands folded over her lap. It needed only a glance at the gentle, worn face to see that she was dead.

John, holding his breath, seized the old man in his strong arms and carried him out into the fresh air. It was too late. The poor old fellow could not withstand the shock of finding his hard-earned savings wrested from

him. He had gone to that distant land where wicked railroad presidents cease from troubling and their weary victims are at rest. The open newspaper told its tale only too plainly, and the silent situation inside the cottage showed that in all probability the old woman had died from heart shock, whereupon her faithful husband had promptly decided not to be parted from her.

John re-entered the cottage, turned off the gas and threw open the windows. He was about to summon assistance when the roar of a train reached his ears and he remembered the unguarded crossing with its perilous approach. He ran out and began to wind down the slow moving gate, but left it half way as the train drew nearer. Then he dashed into the street in order to guard the curve, but had delayed just a second too long.

A car moving at sixty miles an hour swept past like a phanton. It swerved widely at sight of the approaching train, but was caught by the cowcatcher and sent flying to a ditch, a woman's frenzied shriek mingling with the engine's whistle and the clang of the bell.

A few people gathered and assisted John in the work of rescue. He was literally dazed with horror when he found Ralph Morgan stretched insensible on the ground, but the youngster regained enough consciousness to point to the car, beneath which Marjorie was pinned.

Provisionally, in some sense, she had escaped fatal injuries, but her beautiful face was most terribly gashed by the broken glass. John's very soul was harrowed by the sight. He could not forget it. The memory of that place of death and disaster lingered with him many days.

At last, about a fortnight later, learning that young Mrs. Morgan was able to receive visitors, he went to the hospital with an armful of flowers. By unlucky chance he reached the open door of her room at a moment when Mrs. Howell was speaking.

"Of course, you understand, Marjorie," the mother was saying, in a dull voice, "your social career is ruined, now that you've lost your looks and have married beneath you. Your father and I will provide you with a companion and an income and a suitable place to live. We suppose you will hardly want to stay at home."

Apparently the interview was at an end. John made off. If he stayed there he felt he would have had difficulty in keeping his fingers off the callous woman's throat.

He sought a telephone, thinking that the hapless girl's father would come to her rescue. His name soon cleared the way to the financier's desk. He began a stammering explanation, but Howell answered sharply:

"I've no time to talk about my daughter now, Mr. Burton. I'm raking in a million dollars a minute!"

Almost in despair, John was making once more for Marjorie's room. He met Ralph and the two men entered together, but Burton did not know that the husband was about to see his wife for the first time with the bandages off her face.

The poor girl was certainly a pitiable sight. After one horrified glance Morgan rushed to John, went after him, thinking to speak some soothing words, but the other pointed through the open door with a gesture of despair and muttered huskily:

"My God! To think of it! I am married—to that!"

Seemingly unable to withstand the prospect opening before his life Morgan staggered away, leaving Burton to look after him in silent amazement and loathing. In that hour of torment the would-be reformer could only remember that when Abraham dared to appeal to Jehovah on behalf of the wicked city the Lord promised not to destroy the place if ten just men were found therein.

Yet the count failed, and the city was destroyed!

(End of the Third Episode.)

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