

# Gloria's Romance

By Mr. and Mrs. Rupert Hughes

## The Floating Trap

Novelized from the Motion Picture Drama of the Same Name by George Kline. FEATURING THE NOTED PLAYERS, MISS MILLIE BURNES. Copyright, 1915, by Adelaide M. Hughes.

**Fifteenth Installment.**

Pierpont Stafford cherished his majestic country place principally because it furnished him an ample solitude. He could wander about it for hours and meet never a soul. If he wanted company, there was room for it in the palace and in the formally gardened grounds. And he could look down on the tremendous peace of the Hudson river, admiring its strength as one strong man does another, and complimenting it on the efficiency with which it did such a big business with so little fuss.

He asked few people to visit him, and those few only when the mood moved him. In his everyday life as a man of big affairs he met so many people and was so pointed out when he walked the streets that he acquired a kind of shyness in his hours of leisure.

He was touched in a tender spot when he heard that his scapegrace daughter Gloria had invited three guests to make his sacred retreat their more or less permanent home. She had not consulted him and the guests were the last people in the world he would have invited. It was nice enough for Gloria to take pity on a poor waiter and to adopt the child, Pierpont had even forgiven her by now for compelling him to hunt employment for the waiter. But then what followed? Gloria invited the boy's almost hopelessly invalid mother and the boy and the father to make themselves at home in Pierpont's own sanctuary! That was far more than too much.

"This has got to stop, and I'm going to stop it," Pierpont stormed to Dr. Royce, who had, at Gloria's command, transported the three to Pierpont's country place.

Royce smiled. Pierpont grew more furious.

"Oh, I'm not afraid of her just because she is only a child. She's got to obey me and get rid of them."

"Tell her so, sir," said Royce, amused at the old man's helpless bluster.

"Oh, I'll tell her!" Pierpont swaggered. "Where is she?"

No one knew. Royce suggested that she had probably gone to the country place to see her new playmates. So Pierpont motored out with Royce. He told Royce that he would really have to get rid of the unwelcome guests, if only to prove to Gloria that she was not yet the absolute boss of the family.

"That victory will be worth going miles to see," said Royce.

They reached the country place, only to find that Gloria had not been seen nor heard of. Her three guests were there, however, installed for a long stay. The butler was so horrified at having a waiter's family to wait on that he offered his notice.

Pierpont decided to evict the waiter's family and save the butler. He would do it at once, before Gloria got home. He stalked forth like a constable with a writ of eviction.

The boy, Stas, caught sight of him and ran and flung his arms about his neck and began to tell him of the wonders of his country place, of trees and flowers and birds and animals—commemorate things to Pierpont, but miracles to the boy from the slums. Casimir had gathered an armload of flowers for his sick wife and he was aglow with the feeling that she was better already.

Pierpont had a great deal of Gloria's impulsiveness and a great deal of her abounding tenderness. He lost his temper in flashes, but his charity burned steadily and deeply, and now Stas had won his heart. He could not

unclasp that child's arms. In fact, he lifted Stas to his arm and held him there while he told the butler he could leave without notice if he did not like the guests of the house. Also Pierpont told Royce that he must take particular care of Casimir's wife. Royce laughed at the old man's complete collapse and said:

"It's a pity Gloria isn't here to see you. I wonder where on earth she is."

"She's somewhere she oughtn't to be, that's sure," Pierpont growled, as he stared at his section of the Hudson, where, fighting against the current, a little tug was visible, towing an oil canal barge loaded to the water line. Then he added: "She's probably on that barge now, adopting the bargeman's family."

He could imagine nothing more extravagant impossible to say than that. And yet, the truth kept pace with his extravagance. For Gloria was indeed even then on board just such a barge being towed upstream by just such a tug. Only Gloria was not adopting the bargeman's family. She was being adopted by it. She was a prisoner and her life was in pawn.

Gloria's curiosity as to one problem was solved. She had found out that her vision of Frenau's murder was not a delirium. She had seen the assassin and heard him accused by his own daughter. One trouble with satisfying curiosity is that every curiosity satisfied opens up new curiosities. Gloria now was frantic to know why Gideon Trask killed Frenau and how Trask's daughter was involved in the crime. Next, she was curious to know how she was to escape with her knowledge, once she had it.

When Trask heard Gloria's voice over his shoulder accusing him of the crime he was denying, he whirled as if an angel had spoken with the voice of conscience. An angel would have been hardly more surprising than the look of Gloria on the stairway of the barge.

Trask had no idea of Gloria's identity. He could not imagine who she was, whence she had come, or why she accused him. He stood transfixed a moment, then moved toward her with menace. Gloria retreated up the steps, but he leaped at her and dragged her down and seized her by the throat, as he had seized Frenau.

She tried to scream, but she could not make a sound. Nell attempted to restrain her father, but he turned on her with terror and wrath: "If she gets away, I go to the chair!"

He might have throttled her then and there, but there was a jolt, the barge shook as the tow line dragged it away, and down the hatchway came the voice of Trask's helper, Jed.

Trask lurled Gloria against the way and warned her that if she made a sound it would be her last. He would wring her neck and throw her into the river.

Gloria cowered in tittered dread of him and remembered the fate of her poor lover, whose body the same stream had received and kept for days.

When Trask stamped up the cabin stairs and banged the hatchway down Gloria studied the girl. She had been beautiful, and still was pretty, but too sad. Just now she was too angry. Nell had been fighting against her father till this unknown woman appeared from nowhere. Now Nell was all for her father against the world.

Gloria spoke to her, questioned her about Frenau. Nell did not answer at all, only in grumbling monosyllables. Gloria tried to bribe Nell to let her escape. Gloria offered larger and larger sums till Nell would have been



SHE SNATCHED THE POKER FROM THE FIRE, AND TRASK LAUGHED AT IT. SHE HIT THE TABLE WITH IT AND SPARKS FLEW.

dazzled if she had been convinced. At last she spoke:

"Say, what do you think you are? The Dime Savings bank? And who do you think I am? I ain't on auction. If your father had all the money you're makin' up he has, do you think you could buy my father with it? No!"

Finally he grew brave enough to shout out at her: "Who are you? What was Frenau to you?"

Gloria knew that anyone who blusters is likely to be weak, so she answered coldly: "Never mind who I am. The main thing is, who are you and what was Frenau to you?"

The very name Frenau seemed to madden Trask. He emitted a loud yell of hate and derision and left the table. He moved toward Gloria, but changed his mind and deferred his purpose and went up the stairs, closing the hatch and fastening it above. There was nothing reassuring in his last look at Gloria.

Nell was clearing up the table when she saw that Gloria was faint with hunger and terror. She offered Gloria the remnant of the supper. Gloria was glad to get it. She ate like another pauper. She felt that she would need what strength she would acquire. Her wits were dancing as she tried to think out a means of escape. She could not fight Nell and her father and the big man, too. She could not overcome them with force, and she had no weapon but her five wits, and they had never been trained to such problems.

She was as helpless before them as she had been when she was a little 5-year-old filly at Palm Beach and

he guesses that she had sat at her window with binoculars to her eyes and watched the whole tragedy. He began to grow superstitious. Gloria was apparently able to perform miracles. She wore the invisible cloak. Perhaps she would leave as mystically as she had come.

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her governess had given her a problem in algebra (a-b)(a-b)? She had stared at that riddle as she stared at this one.

Dr. Royce had happened along then and smiled at the easy task. He could probably solve this problem, too, but he was not here. She was alone and the solution depended solely on her.

She thought and thought while Nell cleared the table. She offered to help Nell and was permitted to aid in the work. When the last dish was removed to the wash basin Gloria and Nell took opposite ends of the coarse tablecloth. When it was folded twice the two girls began to bring the two ends together, as people do who are folding tablecloths.

Nell stopped short at the proper moment; Gloria went toward her. The solution came to her in a flash. Instead of putting the two ends of the tablecloth in Nell's fingers, she suddenly whipped the cloth over her head, brought it down around her elbows and, after a furious struggle, forced Nell back into a chair and knotted the tablecloth corners under the arms. She snatched a pair of dish towels from the wall and tied Nell's feet to the legs of the chair. Nell fought like a mad woman in a straitjacket, but the knots held.

Gloria was out of breath, but she stood as Punch over her victory. She stood up panting and exclaimed: "Well!"

So far so good. But there was still Trask to settle with, and Jed. She had not tablecloths enough for all three, and she doubted if she could

hoodwink those giants in the same way.

Another scheme occurred to her. She had noticed Nell poking up the fire in the little stove. Now Nell was quieting down and it was safe to leave her.

She ran to the stove, lifted the lid and set the poker in the red coals. It was a grand idea and she was tremendously enthusiastic. But the poker was not. It was in no hurry whatever. They say that a watched poker never glows. Gloria heard somebody working at the hatch before the poker had attained as much blush as a hardened sinner feels on his cheek at a little mistake.

She heard Trask's footstep. She could see his feet on the stairway. She stared at the poker and whispered: "Hurry up." The poker was in no hurry.

Trask paused to call Jed, then he began to come down the stairway. Gloria was stupefied to see how much there was of him. His face appeared last of all and it appalled her. He carried a rope in his hand.

Trask did not see Gloria at first. But he caught sight of the animated bolster in the rocking chair and it frightened him. He started back. But a muffled shriek came from the depths. "Pa'n! Pa'n! Its' me! She did it!"

Trask understood that the witch woman had performed another of her feats and he was sure that he was under the voodoo. Then he saw Gloria standing by the stove. She looked so small and so timid that he regained his courage. He roared at Gloria and moved toward Nell. Gloria cried: "Stand back!"

Trask was so astonished by her impudence that he laughed.

"Why, you little fluffly pullet, I'll tie you up and drop you in the river!"

"Oh, you will!" said Gloria.

She snatched the poker from the fire, and Trask laughed at it. She hit the table with it and sparks flew. She rubbed it on the wooden top of the table and smoke arose. There was a hissing sound. Trask shuddered. Gloria jabbed at him with her red hot sword. He could feel the searing pain of it before it reached him. When it arrived where he was he was not there. Gloria was a trifle conceited over her success.

And now, what next? She saw the rope in his hand. He had brought it to tie her with. The next idea came. She gloated a trifle.

"You thought you would tie me up, did you? Well, you can just tie yourself up!"

Trask could hardly believe that anyone would be cruel enough to inflict such an insulting injury. But Gloria's arguments were pokes with the poker.

If Trask had been more intelligent and less confused, and had known how he might have tied himself up as the cabinet tricksters do—so that he could slip out easily. But this was beyond him at the time, and Gloria was vigilant.

She made him fasten the rope around a stanchion, then knot it to tie her wrist, then pass it around him till he looked like a package of Gloria's own tying. The last knots she attended to herself. She set the poker on a plate within easy reach, and knotted, and knotted, and knotted. Trask gnashed his teeth with rage, but he could not budge. He yelled just once, then she seized a dish towel, whirled it into a roll and gagged him so that he could not even gnash his teeth.

Gloria heard footsteps along the deck overhead. Probably Jed was

coming down. The poker was cold. There was no time for reheating it. She put out the lamp that Nell had lighted, she set at the foot of the stairs a wicker rocker, she laid it on its side, and fell back to await developments.

Jed came down the stairs in the dark. As he left the last step he put his foot in the wicker rocker as in a trap. Jed went on over with a crash that shook the barge. He was yelling that he was being bitten to death by a wildcat, when Gloria sidled past him, ran up the stairs and out on deck. She closed the hatch, fastened it and voted herself three cheers.

She looked about her now and saw that she was in the middle of the Hudson river, and a great distance from either shore. The view was magnificent in the gloaming, but she had had enough of it and the hateful tug was furrowing the water and dragging the barge farther and farther north.

She saw the tiller of the barge flopping idly, and it occurred to her that if she could get free from the tug she could steer the barge to shore herself. Somewhere below was her father's home. Stas and his father and mother would be waiting for her. Perhaps her own father was alarmed. It was time for her to go home. She would take her prisoners back to her father and deliver them to whatever punishment seemed right.

She had never steered a canal barge, but she imagined that it would be about the same as a motor boat in general principles. Fortunately, she had been carried so far north that the current would act as engine power.

She was delighted with the scheme. She went forward and saw the big hawser connecting the barge with the tug. The hawser sagged in the middle and cut the water. The tug was buckled down to its work, churning up a noisy wake. She could see the backs of the crew of the tug where they sat smoking and solemn and bored to death.

They would have had a good laugh if they had seen Gloria trying to untie the knots in that hawser with her little hands. She was laughing to think how surprised they would be later when they discovered by chance that the barge had disappeared.

When a parcel came home from a shop Gloria always tried to untie it, then always went for the scissors. So now, when she saw she could not quite untie the hawser, she looked for the shears. She found an ax on deck and attacked the big rope.

She hit everything but the hawser, and when she hit that at last it was like hitting a huge rubber band. The ax bounced out of her hands and just escaped falling into the river. She picked it up and chopped at the hawser where it was wound. Every third or fourth blow hit the cable and severed a few strands. And finally the rope gave and flew. The barge quivered at its release from the tension, and the tug, suddenly unhitched from its load, jumped forward and sent the crew sprawling.

Gloria ran to the tiller to steer her prize home. She was greatly disappointed when she heard the yells from the tug and saw that the pilot already was making ready to recapture the barge as soon as he could take in the hawser. Also she could faintly hear the howls of her cabin and confused prisoners. If the tug men came aboard and released them, what would become of Gloria? Gloria wondered.

(To Be Continued.)

**FRENCH SCIENTISTS WOULD HELP MORE**

Claim Their Services Have Not Been Fully Utilized in Present War.

**OPPOSED BY POLITICIANS**

(Correspondence of The Associated Press.)

Paris, July 29.—Although French scientists have done a good deal to help the government catch up with Germany in the scientific departments of her military preparation, there is still complaint that their services have not been utilized to the best advantage, and the Academy of Sciences now poses a question as to whether men of technical training shall not have a greater share in the formidable work of reorganizing France after the war.

Henry le Chatelier of the institute proposes that the academy go to work at once to formulate the working methods best calculated to accelerate the industrial and economic recovery of the country, without waiting for politicians to decide whether the services of technical and scientific men will be accepted.

Members of the institute expected that the government would have recourse to their technical knowledge in the organization of some of the army departments. Instead, members of parliament, entirely lacking in technical knowledge, were placed in charge of services such as munitions, sanitary and aeronautics department, while men of technical training were allowed only to submit inventions and suggestions.

**Don't Want Specialists.**

Under the parliamentary regime, the presence of men not members of Parliament in the government is not looked upon with favor. Premier Briand was obliged to overcome considerable resistance in order to get the Chamber of Deputies to accept such specialists as General Gallieni in the war department and Admiral Lacaze at the head of the navy.

"The administration has no use for savants," is a remark attributed to the bureaucrats of the war and navy departments. Both those portfolios have been held by civilians at most critical periods in the history of the third republic.

Previous to the Rouvier administration in 1905, there had always been a minister at the head of the scientific department with the exception of the administration of Charles de Freycinet, who was, however, a politician of the highest competence.

Since that period the department has been in the hands of civilians seven years out of eleven.

The navy department has been administered by a naval officer only three years out of the last twenty. The rest of the time it was in the hands of lawyers or journalists.

Just prior to the Tangier incident that threatened war, the navy was administered by a journalist and the war department by a stock broker.

**English Fruit Rotting for Lack of Labor to Pick It**

(Correspondence of The Associated Press.)

London, July 29.—Thousands of tons of fruit are spoiling on English farms for want of labor to pick it. Complaint is made that hundreds of intelligent and well-educated women have gone to these farms to pick the fruit, only to return, because of the miserable conditions under which they were asked to live and the pettiness with which they were treated.

**German-Spanish Wireless Communications Opened**

(Correspondence of The Associated Press.)

The Hague, Netherlands, July 28.—It is announced that wireless telegraphic communication has been established between Germany and Spain. The Spanish station carrying on the service is that of Aranjuez-radio. A similar communication had already been installed between Austria-Hungary and Spain.

**Feeding Tulip Bulbs to Cattle in Holland Now**

(Correspondence of The Associated Press.)

Haarlem, Netherlands, July 29.—Large consignments of bulbs, principally crocuses and certain sorts of tulips, are being sold for cattle food in the bulb-growing districts of Holland, in consequence of the recently announced British prohibition of import.

**London Hotels Cutting Down the Tipping Evil**

(Correspondence of The Associated Press.)

London, July 29.—The "no-tip" movement is gaining favor in London hotels. In one week six of them announced that they had decided to abolish the tip nuisance by adding a small percentage to customers' accounts.

**Cured of Indigestion After Twenty Years of Suffering.**

"After suffering for over twenty years with indigestion and having some of the best doctors here tell me there was no cure for me, I think it only right to tell you for the sake of other sufferers as well as to your own satisfaction, that a twenty-five cent package of Chamberlain's Tablets not only relieved me, but cured me within two months," writes J. G. Groble, 584 Henry St., Houston, Texas. Obtainable everywhere.

**FAKE CHARITIES REAP BIG HARVEST**

Prominent English Society Folks Find Names Have Been Fraudulently Used.

**BIG THEFTS REVEALED**

(Correspondence of The Associated Press.)

London, July 29.—London society has been stirred by the revelation that some of its titled and most prominent members have unwittingly been lending their names to fraudulent war charity organizations. The names of the frauds and of the leaders of England's aristocracy who served on committees were not given out by the government committee which made the disclosures.

Following close on the heels of the report the founder of the war fund was arrested, speedily convicted and sentenced to six months imprisonment at hard labor for converting its money to his own use. In passing sentence the court condemned widely known persons who had allowed their names to be used on "dummy committees."

Rumors that all was not straight in the affairs of many of the "charity" organizations which have sprung up since the outbreak of the war were heard early this year and resulted in the appointment of the committee. Its report bristles with stories of fake charities, astounding proof of the gullibility of mankind and the ease where-with distinguished persons may be trapped into lending their names to what is described as "organized roguery."

**Many Fakes Found.**

The report, for instance, refers to one charity that published no accounts, to another with a merely nominal committee, to a third whose balance sheet fails to account for \$250,000, to a fourth started by an undischarged bankrupt, to a fifth that was the invention of a foreign swindler. To all these the public gave freely.

"The favorite dodge," says the report, "is really to expend the major part of the sum collected on the nominal object of the charity and only steal 20,000 or 30,000 pounds."

After calling his attention to the recklessness of titled and prominent people in lending their names to these fake charities, the committee recommends state supervision without registration of charity funds.

"But," says the Daily Mail, "that is not enough. First let us have the title of the bogus charities or the names of their treasurers. Titled and prominent people who lend their names in this way place a vicious and

contemptible blot on our social system, and it would do a world of good if the names of these dummy patrons were published along with the frauds they have helped to foster."

Many promoters have found the war charity a gilt-edged investment, the Daily Sketch deduces and adds: "There are certain men and women in society who think that they have fulfilled most of their obligations to charity by allowing their names to go on every committee which writes to them."

**BULLET DROPS FROM EAR.**

What the Doctors Failed to Do Kindly Nature Slowly Performed.

Thirteen years ago Corey Hill, 55, was shot by a Madison county citizen. The ball from a rifle struck Hill in the ear and penetrated, it is believed by physicians, the brain or its lining. The injured man was unconscious for some time, but rallied and almost recovered, though the bullet never was removed from his skull.

A few days ago the ball dropped out of the ear it had entered. Hill suffered after the wound with partial loss of vision of the left eye and never recovered ability to focus the eyes, the ball evidently cutting the fibers enclosing the eye nerves. He suffered at times from slight headaches and dizziness.

Lately the ear became inflamed.

Then the bullet, imbedded in the skull for more than a dozen years, worked its way to the office of the ear and dropped out.—Atlanta Constitution.

**Plattsmouth Dance Causes Real Trouble**

Plattsmouth, Neb., Aug. 6.—Police-man William Wilson is suffering from concussion of the brain, Jesse Marshall has an ullet wound in the leg. Williams Owns was shot through the abdomen and is in a critical condition in an Omaha hospital as a result of a fight between William Marshall and Francis Whalen after a dance in Coates hall last night.

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