



Flashes from Filmland

PHOTO PLAYS FOR OMAHA DEVOTEES

THE GREAT SECRET

Novelized From the Metro Wonderplay Serial of the Same Name, in Which Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne are Co-Stars

BY J. M. LOUGHBOROUGH

Author of the Navigation of Clyde Fitch's play, "Her Sister," "His Backdoor Romance," and other short stories.

CHAPTER I.

The Secret Seven.

"Good morning, Jane. How is the patient?"

Jane Warren, the middle-aged, careworn housekeeper for Multimillionaire Thomas Clarke, trembled at the question. Giving way to a sudden burst of emotion, she clutched her fists and glared reproachfully at Dr. Zulph.

"You ought to know. You are the physician," she exclaimed. "Come, come," said Zulph, gazing coldly yet earnestly at her with his fishy eyes, "no anger. I know how to cure such a symptom in you, my good woman. Understand right now that you must obey my orders implicitly. If you do not—"

"You will expose something in my life I have been trying to hide," interrupted Jane in a weary, faraway tone—"you and your Great Master and your Secret Seven." Zulph recoiled in amazement.

"The less you say about the Great Master and The Secret Seven the better off you will be," he thundered.

"Why shouldn't I speak of them to you? replied Jane. Haven't I been in Mr. Clarke's home for years? Haven't I seen you and the other vile members of your organization come and go? Don't I know that Mr. Clarke is one of the brainiest of The Secret Seven; that most of his money was piled up through crime—"

"Ah," broke in Dr. Zulph, smiling outwardly but raging inwardly, "resolving that Jane Warren should follow Clarke on a journey to eternity. You know Clarke for what he really is. He is now a very sick man."

"Yes," said Jane, "he is a sick man, and you are a physician attending him. Heaven help Thomas Clarke."

"And heaven help Jane Warren," whispered Zulph, his face close to hers. "Heaven help Jane Warren if she doesn't do as I say. I have brought a will here with me. I want you to see that Thomas Clarke signs it. Since you know so much about his affairs, you probably know—"

"I always tell their troubles—that is, my grace of what The Secret Seven has done for him, he has pledged himself to leave all of his wealth to The Secret Seven."

"I do," said Jane. "Better far if he would leave his money to poor Beverly Clarke, his niece, whose father—his own brother—he swindled. And the girl is now living in poverty with her mother."

"Thomas Clarke is going to keep his promise," sneered Zulph, fumbling in his pockets and finally drawing forth a small bottle filled with a dark liquid. "He will keep his promise—and he dies today. Jane, you have one of two things to do—either obey me and you will be rewarded handsomely, or refuse to obey and be punished. Refusal means ruin; obedience means opulence. I want you, as soon as I have departed, to see that Mr. Clarke signs his will. Then offer a toast to his health."

"In one of your glasses of wine place two drops from this bottle. One drop produces a prolonged sleep, two drops kill. Let him drink of the glass with two drops in it. I am going to a meeting of The Secret Seven. You have my telephone number. As soon as Thomas Clarke has signed the will telephone me. Then when he is dead—poor man—telephone again."

Let alone, Jane pondered over her frightful plight. Zulph was a powerful man in New York. He was of that modern Jekyll and Hyde type that grasps money and crushes all opposition by fair means or foul in one phase of life and is a smug, respected citizen in another. She thought of going to the police and exposing him. If she did he would only bring about her undoing, for Zulph had it in his power to blast her whole life. And she had tried to live down what she had done years ago. Well, she was weak. She knew it. She took the will to ailing Thomas Clarke.

"A pen and ink," he said when he saw it. "Quick! My heart—I do not believe I will live much longer. Call Frederick!" Jane summoned Frederick, the butler, and then delivered the pen and ink. As she reached the door of the room she turned and saw Clarke writing. He was signing the will. She hurried to the telephone.

Zulph at a meeting of the most rascally band of brainy criminals the world ever saw received her message and smilingly delivered it to The Great Master. This individual, keen eyed, alert, well groomed, bore all the outward marks of a prosperous business man. For years he had directed the operations of The Secret Seven, a band that garnered gold from every avenue of crime.

Meantime Frederick, the butler, was hastening to Beverly Clarke's home on the outskirts of the city with the note that meant millions to her. And trailing the unsuspecting servant was a band of the most villainous thugs in New York. They were led by two gun men who had taken a postgraduate course in the College of Crime and who were familiarly known as The Rat and The Spider. When Frederick entered the Clarke home the two leaders posted their men around it.

"Let's phone the Big Chief," suggested The Rat.

They did. The Great Master received their message and swore aloud at Dr. Zulph.

"What was it?" the physician asked. "It was a report from The Spider," he replied. "You yourself should have put Clarke out of the way. He has sent for Beverly. It is plain to me that when Jane Warren thought he was signing that will he was writing a note to Beverly Clarke."

"What of our two squads?" asked Zulph in alarm.

"They will kidnap the girl," replied

Rose Tapley in Novelty



ROSE TAPLEY

Movie fans have seen Miss Rose Tapley, the well-loved "big sister" of the Vitaphone studios, in ever so many big features and comedies, but did you ever think that you would be so lucky that some day you would have the pleasure of seeing her in person? Well, you will be able to see her own sweet self in person at the Muse next Sunday, February 18, when she will bring with her a one-reel picture entitled "From Script to Screen," showing the development of a photoplay from the acceptance of the manuscript to its final exhibition in the theater. This picture takes the spectator through every phase of photoplay construction. It will also give a score of "behind the scenes" views of Vitaphone favorites at work and at play, including Anita Stewart, Antonio Moreno, Edith Storey, Earle Williams, Lillian Walker, Alice Joyce, Peggy Highland, Harry Morey, E. H. Sothern and others. This picture will be shown in conjunction with the talks Miss Tapley will deliver at the Muse theater.

Japanese Fighting British Uniform Wins the Medal

(Correspondence of The Associated Press.) London, Jan. 20.—The British medal has just been awarded to a Japanese, Private Harry Ohara, who has worn the British uniform on the western front since the outbreak of the war, and who has seen so much hard fighting that he has seventy scars. He has been in the hospital six times, the last time with twenty shrapnel wounds.

Ohara entered the army with the Sikhs, being taken for an Indian by the recruiting officer. Later he fought as a member of a Middlesex regiment, and now, having earned his discharge, he expects to enlist in the flying corps.

More Danger in Britain For Babies Than Soldiers

(Correspondence of The Associated Press.) London, Jan. 27.—"Reckoning deaths, it is more dangerous in Great Britain to be a baby at home than it is to be an infantryman serving a year in France," according to a report on vital statistics. And this is how he proves it: "Of 100 possible births ten are lost in advance. Of the remaining 90, each of which fills a cradle, fifteen are dead by the end of the first year. In other words out of 100 children who ought to be celebrating their first birthday at this present date, twenty-five have left us prematurely or in earliest infancy."

(End Chapter I.)

Movie Notes

Jack Mitchell, local manager of the Universal Film company, says many rumors have been heard lately about Carl Laemmle and Pat Powers leaving the company and forming a company of their own. He says he is now in receipt of information to the effect that Carl Laemmle is still president of the Universal Film company and expects to be for many years to come.

W. O. Jensen, owner of the Lothrop theater, thought that by going to Florida this winter and raising cabbage he would have the laugh on the people who were in cold Nebraska. A post card has just been received from him saying that they have just had the hardest freeze there in twenty years. Proving that "he who laughs last, laughs best."

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BEVERLY BAYNE



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GRAND THEATER, "The Great Secret" STARTING MONDAY Feb. 19th

Apollo Theater "The Great Secret" DAY AND DATE Announced Later

LOTHROP THEATER, "The Great Secret" DAY AND DATE ANNOUNCED LATER