

GRAFT

FREDERIC ISHAM

Each Episode Suggested by a Prominent Author
Serialization by HUGH WEIR and JOE BRANDT
Produced by the Universal Film Manufacturing Company
[Copyright, 1915, by the Universal Film Manufacturing Company.]

SYNOPSIS.

Dudley Larnigan, district attorney, because of his fight on the vice and liquor trusts, is killed by an agent of a secret society, the committee of fifteen. The fight is continued by his son, Bruce, who is elected district attorney, and by another son, Tom. Bruce is in love with Dorothy Maxwell, whose father is head of the insurance trust.

FINAL EPISODE

The Milk Battle

Suggested by
FREDERIC S. ISHAM, Author of
"The Striders," "Under the Rose,"
"Aladdin From Broadway,"
Etc.

"Is there a chance for his recovery?" The doctor, who was bending over the side of the wan faced young man in the wheel chair, shook his head slowly as he looked up at the young woman who had asked him the question.

"I won't try to deceive you or raise false hopes, which may never be realized, Miss Maxwell. Mr. Larnigan is in a very critical condition. Death may come any day. The best we can do is to hope and pray."

A sturdy, thoughtful man of perhaps thirty-five waved his hand toward her from an automobile, which had drawn up beside the gate.

"Good morning, Miss Maxwell. And how is our patient today?"

"About the same, Mr. Harding," said the young woman sadly, as he assisted her to a seat beside him.

Robert Harding, Bruce's lawyer cousin, reached over and patted her arm gently.

"There is one thing that I am going to do, Miss Dorothy, and in which you can give me real assistance. I am going to continue the battle against the graft trust where Bruce left off, and I am going to fight to the death!"

The girl impulsively caught his hand. Harding told the girl that he had induced wealthy philanthropists to finance a milk company that would fight the milk trust.

Six weeks passed—six strenuous weeks on the part of Robert Harding and the newly organized People's Milk Supply company. The People's Milk company as a legitimate, sound business enterprise was coming into its own, but it was increasingly plain that the mysterious opposition it was receiving would stop at nothing to put it permanently out of commission. For instance, the prices of the trust began to drop steadily, so steadily, in fact, that from a financial viewpoint it became impossible for Harding and his associates to meet them.

Harding called a hurried meeting of his associates in his private office and the men responded with dubious faces, for the venture had already cost a considerable amount. "Gentlemen," announced Harding, coming to the point without delay, "we are here because we are confronted with a grave crisis in our affairs. Unless we can raise more immediate cash and are prepared to continue our operations for the near future at a loss I fear that we must decide that our project is a failure."

In a short time \$150,000 was realized, and Harding was delighted.

He telephoned the good news to Dorothy Maxwell, who received it with

for her car, determined to drive to the office of the Independent, the newspaper which Bruce Larnigan controlled in the interests of his battles for the people.

Almost the first person she met in the editorial office was Robert Harding, who hurried toward her eagerly.

"I think I have found a way to help you," she said impulsively. "I have remembered that father has at home a book with the names of the members of The Fifteen and their secret by-words, minutes, and so on. That book ought to let us know who the mysterious head of the milk trust is. We can then force him to come out into the open."

"Good!" echoed Harding, with enthusiasm. "When you have the book let me know."

"I will," the girl promised, and then she caught her breath sharply. Just behind them stood Stanford Stone with a slight smile on his lips.

She felt that Stone was watching her intently as she passed out of the office, and she quickened her pace. But her mind was made up.

"I'll find the book," the girl decided, "and then take father to our home in the mountains. Mr. Harding can come there for it."

This decision made, she lost no time in carrying it out. Her search for the Journal of the Fifteen was a short one, as she knew the book was in her father's private desk in the library and had not been removed since his seizure. With the little red covered book in her possession she rushed preparations for their departure to the mountains so hurriedly that by 9 o'clock that evening she and her father were on their way and a note had been sent to Harding telling him where he could reach them.

It was at 10 o'clock the next morning that Dorothy, reading to her father in the cheery living room of their little country home, glanced up to see the figure of Stanford Stone entering the rustic gate of the grounds. She stopped abruptly. The precious book was in the bosom of her dress, but she knew that Stone would stop at nothing, not even physical violence to her, to gain possession of it. Her glance traveled swiftly about the room. On a table lay her father's silk hat. With a quick movement Dorothy caught up the hat and slipped the book into the lining just as Stanford Stone was announced.

Dorothy spoke a few words of careless greeting to him and left him alone with her father. Hardly had the door closed behind her when Stone bounded from his chair and sprang to the side of Mr. Maxwell. There was murder in his eyes.

"Curse you!" he growled. "Where is that book?"

Terror sprang into the eyes of the helpless old man, and then came a fortunate interruption. Voices sounded from outside, and Dorothy and Robert Harding appeared. Stone quickly changed his attitude and was gently stroking Maxwell's hair when the couple entered the room.

"I am going to take your father into the grounds for a little air, Miss Dorothy," he said. Catching up Maxwell's hat, to the girl's dismay, he caught the handle of the wheel chair and pushed it ahead of him.

Stone escorted Maxwell to the edge of the grounds without uttering a word, his mouth set in a hard, grim line. A gang of laborers had been at work on a rustic bridge spanning a high gully, at the bottom of which gushed an angry little torrent. Stone pushed Maxwell's chair out on to the edge of the bridge and glanced about him swiftly, debating as to the best method to force speech from the closed lips. A man in overalls was occupied in removing some of the old planks from the center of the bridge preparatory to substituting new and stronger ones. As Stone watched him the man put on his hat and started off whistling, evidently for nails or tools to complete his task, leaving a gaping hole perhaps six feet across.

Hardly was the laborer out of sight when Stone darted toward the opening thus exposed and hastily pulled back into place the old boards, adjusting them in such a way that they would be dislodged with the slightest weight placed upon them. As Stone strolled back to the chair Dorothy and Harding appeared from the house. Stone scowled, and then, turning his back, idly dropped Maxwell's hat over the bridge to determine the distance to the water below and ascertain whether a fall through the rotten timbers of the bridge would be fatal.

"I thought you might like to see Mr. Harding for a few minutes, father, before he goes. But where is your hat? You will catch cold."

"I am afraid, Miss Maxwell, that it is up to me to get your father a new hat," broke in Stanford Stone. "I accidentally knocked it off the bridge."

"Will you help me to the rescue, Mr. Harding?" asked Dorothy, pointing to the hat and ignoring Stone. Harding followed the direction of her pointing hand, saw the hat on the farther edge of the chasm-like ravine and offered his arm to the girl to help her across the bridge. She accepted with a little smile, and the two stepped on to the planks, while Stone drew back with stolid face. If they reached the middle of the bridge the two would plunge to their deaths through the rotten planks he had arranged.

Stone calmly drew out a cigarette and lighted it. And then he dropped the match with an imprecation. Something had made Dorothy Maxwell pause suddenly, wheel squarely about and stare back at her father.

"There is something on your mind, dad?" cried Dorothy. "There is something you are trying to tell me and can't. Oh, what is it?"

For a horrible moment the lips of Maxwell worked convulsively, but no words came from them.

Again the lips of the paralytic worked with frantic eagerness, and now as the girl bent pitiously nearer she heard husky, broken words.

"Don't cross the bridge, daughter—if you value your life!"

Dorothy sprang to her feet and whirled toward the spot where Stanford Stone had been standing. But he was gone.

Harding was aroused by a voice from the direction of the yard. He turned and saw the figure of a man who ordi-



"Curse you!" he growled. "Where is that book?"

narily would have passed as a prosperous merchant, but who was now in a plainly disheveled condition.

"My name is Burrows, John Burrows," said the newcomer, advancing and speaking in a thin, nervous voice. "I am the president of the Consolidated Milk Supply company. You are ruining me, Mr. Harding, with your ruinous price reductions in the city milk supply. I have come to ask you what terms you are willing to give and call off your dogs!"

"Terms?" snapped Harding, clenching his fists. "Do you think that I would stoop to make terms with a man of your type, Burrows? You are one of the miserable, despicable grafters of the Secret Fifteen. You are a man whom every decent citizen should be ashamed to see at liberty. You are one of the men responsible for the condition of poor Bruce Larnigan and for God knows how many more crimes! I shall tear you and your limbs from limb before I am through!"

Impulsively Harding started toward the other, and quickly Burrows turned, with stark terror in his eyes, and ran straight out over the bridge! Dorothy cried out to him to come back, but the man either did not hear or was afraid to stop. On he dashed until suddenly he reached the rotten planks in the center and plunged with a wild shriek through the opening down into the chasm below.

Dorothy sank back into Harding's arms, sobbing pitiously, with the doomed man's shriek still ringing in her ears. Another of the Fifteen had paid the penalty of the Larnigan vengeance.

With the death of Burrows came the collapse, final and irrevocable, of the graft trust.

Realizing that they plotted and fought in vain against the energetic crusaders, Bruce and Tom Larnigan and Robert Harding, ably assisted by Dorothy Maxwell, the survivors of the formerly omnipotent Fifteen sought peace.

The terms were imposed by Bruce Larnigan, now happily recovering, and Robert Harding and were ratified by Tom Larnigan, returning from Brazil. These terms were severe, but just. All nefarious interference with the business of the country was stopped immediately. So far as possible restitution was made to the victims of the graft trust from the private fortunes of Stanford Stone, head and front of the graft trust, and his accomplices.

Naturally all this was not accomplished without much toil, for the ramifications of the graft trust's operations had extended far and wide into American life. But it was done, and then Stanford Stone, with a final malediction on the Larnigans and all connected with them, sailed for a long vacation in South America.

Dorothy Maxwell found a loving husband in Bruce Larnigan, and the two devoted themselves to making as comfortable as possible the few remaining years of her stricken father, who had, of course, been compelled to sever all connection with business. And Tom Larnigan, returning triumphantly from South America with much important evidence of smuggling for the government's secret service, was made happy by Kitty Rockford's acceptance of his proposal.

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson II.—Third Quarter, For July 9, 1916.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, I Thess. i and iv, 13-18—Memory Verses iv, 16, 17. Golden Text, iv, 14—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

It is grand to have a whole epistle to meditate upon this week, and especially such a one as this, so full of the glorious truth of our Lord's second coming and its two stages, first to the air for His church and to the earth with us to set up His kingdom of righteousness and peace. The references to His coming in each chapter we gave in last week's lesson, and before taking it up more fully let us receive a few heart lessons from the whole letter. It is from the three with whom we have been traveling recently, Paul and Silas and Timothy, faithful and devoted witnesses to the risen living Christ, and it is to the believers who lived on earth at Thessalonica, but were really in God the Father and in the Lord Jesus Christ as to their heavenly standing (I Thess. i, 1; II Thess. i, 1). It was by the gospel of God and of Christ, in the power of the Holy Spirit, that they were led into this holy position and the assurance of it, and the apostles' desire for them was that they would walk worthy of God, who had given them this great joy and called them unto His kingdom and glory (chapter i, 5; II, 2, 4, 8, 9, 12; III, 2; iv, 1).

The one only thing that a sinner is asked to do and can do is to turn from his sins to God and receive the Lord Jesus Christ as his own personal Saviour. That makes him to be in God and in Christ and secures to him all the benefits of the finished work of the Lord Jesus, life eternal, the forgiveness of sins, acceptance in Christ and a joint heirship with Him without any works whatever or any merit on the part of the sinner.

Having eternal redemption, our one occupation is summed up in serving the living and true God, which means with quietness doing our own business, filling the place He assigns us, living together with Him, as children of light rejoicing in everything giving thanks and trusting the God of Peace to do all in us and through us because of His faithfulness (chapter i, 9; II, 11; v, 5, 10, 18, 23, 24).

Having become followers of Christ, who suffered everything and was killed for our sakes, we must not shrink from suffering with Him and being killed for His sake, never pleasing men, but only and always pleasing God, who trieth our hearts (chapter i, 6; iv, 14, 15; III, 4). Being delivered from the wrath to come, of which He speaks more fully in the second epistle, our attitude should always be that of waiting for His return. Our individual personal salvation is threefold—we are saved, we are working it out, and we wait for the redemption of the body at His coming. This is simply stated in chapter i, 9, 10, but see also Rom. v, 1, 2; Tit. II, 11-13; I John III, 1, 2. There is another and larger threefold view of salvation, covering the whole church, which shall be caught up at His coming, then the salvation of all Israel at His coming back with us in His glory, and after that the salvation of all nations, so that "salvation" one of the greatest words in the Bible, has a sixfold significance, reaching on to the kingdom when the earth shall be filled with the glory of the Lord.

Paul seems to have taught so much about the blessed hope and associated events that the believers feared lest those who had died had missed a great blessing and privilege, but he assured them that those who might remain until the Lord came would not prevent or go before or gain any advantage over those who had died or, as to their bodies, fallen asleep (chapter iv, 13-15). I have many friends who think that between death and resurrection the soul sleeps and that there is no conscious existence, but I cannot find any foundation in Scripture for such a belief, so I tell my friends that if I shall die I will be more alive than I am now, believing Phil. i, 21, 23; II Cor. v, 8; Rev. vi, 9-11; Luke xvi, 22.

As to His coming for us and our meeting Him in the air, chapter iv, 16-18, with I Cor. xv, 23, 51, 52, makes it very real. The Lord Himself shall descend, the same Jesus who ascended from the Mount of Olives (Acts i, 11), a trumpet shall sound, and all the dead bodies of believers, whether buried in the earth or in the depths of the sea or burned to ashes, shall come to life, and those who once lived in them when they were mortal bodies, but have since death been with Christ in glory, shall live again in those resurrected, glorified bodies. At the same moment, in the twinkling of an eye, all living believers shall be changed without dying and, together with the raised ones, be caught up in the clouds to meet the Lord in the air, and so shall we ever be with the Lord. There is comfort in these truths for all who will receive them. The words "They that are Christ's at His coming" (I Cor. xv, 23) convince me that no true believers shall be omitted in this great event. The dead bodies of unbelievers shall not be raised till after the thousand years (Rev. xx, 5, 6). There is no foundation for believing that death or the destruction of Jerusalem or any other great event or the coming of the Holy Spirit has any connection or association with the second coming of Christ.

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher

The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CASTORIA COMPANY, 77 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

MAY STARVE PRISONERS.

Germany Plans a Systematic Course of Reprisal.

LONDON, June 26.—That Germany is determined immediately to institute the systematic starvation of British prisoners in reprisal for the British blockade is the alarming information reaching here on unimpeachable authority.

The correspondent brought the information to Lord Robert Cecil, Minister of Blockade, Sunday afternoon. Lord Robert said that he had been greatly impressed by the continued reports of the scarcity of food in Germany and that he trusted that this would not be made the excuse for serious attempts to cut down the necessary supply of food for prisoners of war.

"If that should happen," he said, "it would arouse such a storm of indignation as to add terribly to the bitterness of this, the bitterest struggle the world has ever seen."

To Prohibit Meat Consumption.

LONDON, June 26.—According to a despatch from Berne, given out by the wireless press Sunday, Adolph von Batocki, president of the German Food Regulation Board, threatens to make Germany a vegetarian nation until September. He announced on Friday, the despatch says, that he was seriously considering a prohibition upon the consumption of meat for two or three months, and he probably will adopt that course.

German newspapers, it is added, were allowed to report Herr von Batocki's statement, but were forbidden to comment upon it.

Didn't Try Any Soft Soap.

"Go!" said the girl. "I wash my hands of you." "Before you do any hand washing better take off that ring I gave you," he retorted frigidly.

HEAT FLASHES, DIZZY, NERVOUS

Mrs. Wynn Tells How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Helped Her During Change of Life.

Richmond, Va.—"After taking seven bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I feel like a new woman. I always had a headache during the change of life and was also troubled with other bad feelings common at that time—dizzy spells, nervous feelings and heat flashes. Now I am in better health than I ever was and recommend your remedies to all my friends."—Mrs. LENA WYNN, 2812 E. O Street, Richmond, Va.

While Change of Life is a most critical period of a woman's existence, the annoying symptoms which accompany it may be controlled, and normal health restored by the timely use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Such warning symptoms are a sense of suffocation, hot flashes, headaches, backaches, dread of impending evil, timidity, sounds in the ears, palpitation of the heart, sparks before the eyes, irregularities, constipation, variable appetite, weakness and inquietude, and dizziness.

For these abnormal conditions do not fail to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Cashmere Shawls. Weavers of Cashmere shawls take two or three years to finish a pair of the very finest.

Strength of Bees. Hundreds of bees can hang one to another without tearing away the feet of the upper one.

Adam and Eve. Adam and Eve had many advantages. The principal one was that they escaped teething.—Mark Twain.

The Army of Constipation

Is Growing Smaller Every Day.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are responsible—they not only give relief—they permanently cure Constipation. Get them at all drug stores. See, Indigestion, Sick Headache, Sallow Skin, Small Pits, Small Doses, Small Prices. Genuine and bear Signature.

Wm. Allen

THE SUN LIFE

Is Canada's Leading Assurance Company

And if not already a Policy Holder it will pay you to interview the Local Agent.

W. M. ALLEN

Carleton Place.

Total assurance in force 1915—

\$257,404,160.00

Assets, \$74,326,423.00

JOHN R. & W. L. REID

Managers Eastern Ontario, Sun Life Building, OTTAWA.

PROTECT YOUR PROPERTY

Have you an Insurance on your Dwelling, and have you protection from fire upon your Personal Effects?

A number of Standard Fire Insurance Companies are represented by

W. H. ALLEN

Will be pleased to quote you rates at any time.

PATENT'S PROMPTLY SECURED

In all countries Ask for our INVENTOR'S ADVISER, which will be sent free to you. MARION & MARION, NEW YORK.



Dorothy Received the News With a Thoughtful Face.

a thoughtful face. For a few moments she paced the floor of her room nervously. She knew in her own mind that the milk trust was one of the branches of that sinister organization known as The Fifteen, of which her father, as head of the insurance trust, at one time had been a member. How could she use this fact to the advantage of Harding? She debated the question anxiously. Finally she called