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30 Aug

# The PURPLE MASK

by Grace Curard  
Novelized from the Motion  
Picture Play of the Same  
Name by the Universal Film  
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## EIGHTH EPISODE—(Cont'd.)

"You had better do as she suggests," said Kelly when Phillips informed the detective. "You may be sure she has the pearls, although for the life of me I can't see how she got them ashore."

When Phillips told his wife she scoffed at the idea of a woman having turned such a clever trick. "You can't make me believe that any girl on that ship was smart enough to steal my pearls. And the one you say it was certainly did not impress me as especially clever."

"Well, my dear," said Phillips, "your opinions have little weight in the present matter—the facts seem to be that she was smart enough to outwit the officials, and I believe she has the pearls. Kelly believes it, too, and he knows her from Paris."

"Nevertheless, I shall hire my own detectives," Mrs. Phillips answered. "That woman will not be so clever when I finish with her."

"Do as you like," her husband replied. "But for my part, I'm going through with the thing as Kelly has instructed me." And within an hour Phillips was being ushered into Pat's drawing room.

"Before we talk about redeeming the pearls, Mr. Phillips," said Pat, "I want you to know why they are in my possession. There is more than mere money involved—there is restitution to be made to the woman you so knavishly wronged."

Phillips reeled as though from a blow. But Pat was relentless and continued:

"Mere money is all a beast like you can give in retribution for your shameless conduct—but you must pay well if you want the woman who is your wife to wear the pearls you bought with the money you stole from your miserable victim. Ten thousand dollars takes the pearls—and if you try any tricks—you and your wife will bitterly regret it."

Pat arose from the chair in which she had been seated and led Phillips to a door which she partly opened. Phillips looked into an adjoining room and saw the woman he had betrayed and robbed. Before he could move or say a word Pat shut the door and stood with her back against it.

Phillips was now ready to listen to reason.

"I'll give you a check for the money," he said, making a move toward his pocket.

"Cold cash is the requirement—and the pearls are yours," said Pat. "Bring the money yourself or send it by Phil Kelly. Do it to-day, or else you will live to regret. And if you try any tricks, it will be all the worse for you."

Promising to provide the cash forthwith, Phillips hurried away. Going first to his bankers to get the money, he then returned to the hotel in search of the Sphinx.

When Kelly heard what Phillips had to say, he advised immediate compliance with Pat's demand.

"Will you take her the money, Mr. Kelly?" said Phillips. "I'm too ashamed of myself to face her again." And the Sphinx speedily agreed to go with the cash and place it in Pat's hands.

Phillips still had the ordeal of facing his wife, and was worried about what he should say.

For some time Phillips walked the streets, trying to conjure a way to satisfy his wife.

Finally, although still undecided, he went to his apartments. His wife was not at home. The maid told him she had gone to hire detectives to trace the missing pearls. The very thing Phillips dreaded had happened.

Hurrying to the telephone, he called Pat's number and got the girl on the phone. Then he explained what his wife had done, and begged Pat not to publish the facts.

"You may be sure I will keep still about your despicable actions—but not for your sake, believe me. I think more of the poor woman you have wronged than to let her story be known through any hasty action of mine. The girl was radiant in the happiness her triumph afforded her."

Within a few moments after Phillips had telephoned, Kelly arrived with the money and was ushered into the drawing room where Pat awaited him.

"You win again, Miss Pat," was Kelly's introductory remark. "If you keep this up in America, my reputation as a detective will not reach very far, I am afraid."

"Perhaps you will have a case in which I am not concerned," said the girl with smiling assurance.

"The business in hand is the pearls," Kelly finally managed to say. "Here is the money—ten thousand was the price, I believe?"

Going to her dressing table, Pat opened a drawer and produced the string of pearls. She handed them to Kelly and received the money in exchange. When she had counted it she separated a few of the bills and explained:

"This money I advanced on ship-

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