

The Palace of Dust

(The following synopsis has been written by H. H. Van Loan from "The Adventures of Terence O'Rourke"—Louis Joseph Vance's famous stories—which have been adapted for the Universal Film Manufacturing Company and in which J. Warren Kerrigan is to be seen in a three weeks' series-serial.)

Prince Vladislav, the Russian consul of Egypt, is busy perfecting a conspiracy whereby the control of Egypt shall be shifted from the English into the hands of Russia and France. To bring this about, ever since his return from Petrograd he has been endeavoring to incite a rebellion of the Egyptians against the English, enthralling them with the cry of "Egypt for the Egyptians."

The Prince has won to his cause Prince Aziz and his betrothed, the beautiful Princess Constantine, both of whom are enthusiastic for the freedom of Egypt, little knowing that it is really a plan to saddle their native country with new masters.

While the Russian nobleman is plotting and succeeding in winning new followers to his cause a young and handsome Irishman, who has won for himself the title of gentleman adventurer, arrives in Cairo, from Arabia where he has been for some time engaged in secret diplomatic work for his government.

Soon afterwards Prince Vladislav learns of his arrival and fears what his mission might be. He is aware that Princess Constantine knows O'Rourke and decides that he will use his influence with her to bring the young Irishman into the conspiracy, providing he falls in the effort himself.

On his way to O'Rourke's apartments he suddenly decides it would be better to keep away from him for a time at least. So he retraces his steps and goes to see Prince Aziz instead. Arriving at the palace of Prince Aziz he lays his plan before him.

"I want you to get hold of a young Irishman who has just arrived in the city," said Prince Vladislav to the Egyptian nobleman.

The Prince was puzzled for the moment as he tried to recall to whom his caller referred.

"I think you know the gentleman," continued Prince Vladislav, as he leaned over and whispered: "He has

with Princess Constantine. In his heart he didn't blame the young Irishman, for Constantine was lovely enough to lure most any man, especially if fired with a love for the romance, like the young man before him.

"What brings you here?" he asked as he looked straight at the Egyptian, with a smile.

"I have come to you from Prince Vladislav," he replied as he studied the countenance of his host.

"Prince Vladislav!" exclaimed O'Rourke as he jumped to his feet.

The Prince smiled cunningly as he nodded. "You know him, O'Rourke?"

"Know him?" almost shouted the young adventurer as he paced back and forth. "I should say I do. There isn't a man I despise more than I do this reprobate. Pray, what does he want of me?"

"He wants you to join our cause," answered Prince Aziz.

"What cause may that be?" he inquired with a show of great surprise.

"Egypt for the Egyptians," returned the Prince.

"What!" and O'Rourke drew back and stared at his informant.

"He is at the head of a conspiracy which is exciting a rebellion of the Egyptians against the English," continued the Prince. "He has many important followers and sympathizers here in Cairo who are going to join him."

"I refuse to enlist my services in such a rebellion," interrupted O'Rourke. Then he came nearer and pointing his finger at the Prince he continued: "And I warn you to beware of this Russian, for he travels under false colors. He is a wolf in sheep's clothing. You cannot trust him."

"Why, O'Rourke, how dare you speak of a nobleman in such a manner!" exclaimed the Prince as he leaped to his feet in anger. "Prince Vladislav is one of the most trusted diplomatic agents of the Czar!"

"I know His Highness, very well—by reputation," said O'Rourke as he met the angry stare of the Egyptian.

"Let me inform you it will be unwise for you to ignore his request," added the Prince. "He is a man like unto his Emperor, and he usually gets what he desires."

"I do not fear him, nor do I fear your threats," said O'Rourke. "I am

"So, he has escaped, eh?" said the Prince as he draws near the closet where O'Rourke is hiding, at the same time his face enraptured in a sardonic smile.

"Yes, he has fled," replied the Princess as her face belied her words.

The Prince takes a step nearer and draws a revolver, pointing it at the place where O'Rourke is hidden. He is just about to throw the Princess aside when Constantine, throwing aside her scruples, draws a dagger and stabs him to the heart, thus making it possible for her lover to escape from the place.

O'Rourke upon reaching the street rushes immediately to the English barracks and furnishes them the full details of the conspiracy, which is nipped in the bud.

The announcement is published the next day of how the new rebellion has been checked just in time and crushed.

O'Rourke smiles sadly as he thinks of the fair Princess Constantine, another gem in his adventurous career.

At that moment, she was thinking of him, too.

AMONG THE PLAYERS

Henry Miller, whose production of Jules Eckert Goodman's "Just Outside the Door" ran a week earlier in the season in New York, is to produce an act in another play by that writer. Mr. Miller is now co-starring with Miss Ruth Chatterton in "Daddy Longlegs."

The English lord chamberlain, who is the official censor of plays, has given permission to the managers of



"Blackbirds," at the Allen Monday and Tuesday.

London theatres to allow smoking—only with a music hall license. Two or three managers had expressed the

belief that such a liberty would add to the attractiveness of the playhouse in winter time, but only a few of the theatres are taking advantage of the permission, their managers regarding it as of doubtful value.

Miss Laurette Taylor has at length managed to get out of the part of Peg in the London run of her husband's comedy and is now on her way to the United States. She plans to remain idle until next month and then get ready three of the four plays written for her by Mr. Manners.

T. Roy Barnes went into the cast of "Sadie Love," acted the chief man's part two or three times, and then stepped out.

Harry Askin explains that "Stop! Look! Listen!" the revue prepared for Gaby Deslys by Mr. Dillingham, is bound to be a success. "It is an excellent show," he asserts, "and its weekly salary list is so nicely adjusted that it can be met by the simple process of playing two weeks to the capacity of a large theatre."

M. Maurice, who dances with Miss Florence Walton, possesses a surname; it is Mauver. He's a Belgian—not a Gaul. He, Miss Walton, Melville Ellis and Maurice Farkos are to be at the head of the cast of a new musical comedy.

With the Diaghileff Russian ballet—Nijinsky, Karavina and all her other former associates—in this country for twelve weeks, Mlle. Pavlova discerns

a field for herself and troupe in London this winter and is planning to return there for a season. It was to avoid the rivalry set up by the coming of the big Petrograd company that she made a staggering investment in the Boston Opera company venture. That enterprise, according to rumor, is to be abandoned.

Ned Wayburn, having lost the backers from Salt Lake City who provided the money with which he staged "Town Topics," is going to work for Mr. Ziegfeld as a stage manager.

A POPULAR PLAYHOUSE

The Bijou theatre is fortunate in having a manager such as Mr. Belmont, for with his experience in the show business it is readily seen that he is an expert in selecting the subjects for his patrons. No wonder that the Bijou is second to none in the city in regard to the program played each day. The Standard has visited this popular theatre and has always found a bill that would be a credit to a much larger city. The serial of "Graft" is something out of the ordinary, and this is shown by the crowded houses which greet the pictures daily and which are taking advantage of this exceptional picture. Mr. Belmont, not being satisfied with this has other pictures as well that would be a creditable show, and we are sure that thousands that have visited this popular house will agree with us in saying that Mr. Belmont always considers his patrons above all things.



taken apartments in the English section of Cairo. They refer to him as O'Rourke."

"Ah, I know him well," said Prince Aziz as his countenance lighted. "He was in the Fiji. A typical gentleman adventurer; soldier of fortune. Fights like the very devil when he gets aroused. A modern Adonis in beauty. I recall him distinctly now. He managed to get involved in some sort of an intrigue with a Syrian woman of high social standing and was by the British consul invited to leave."

"I want you to see him," continued the Prince, who seemed little interested in his fellow-conspirator's story. "He would be a valuable man to us. I've heard of him. He was here with Kitchener when I first arrived from Petrograd. We must have him with us, at any cost." And the Russian emphasized each word as he pounded his huge fist on the table.

A little later Prince Aziz entered the house where Terence O'Rourke resided and was ushered into his apartments by an Arab servant, who assured the Prince his master was in, and then disappeared.

The Prince took a seat and while waiting for O'Rourke gazed around the room. It was handsome apartment, and one which fitted an adventurer like O'Rourke. The walls were decorated with various weapons, some of which were very familiar to Prince Aziz and ranged from the ugly sabre of the Turk to the more modern implement of warfare, the Mauser rifle. The floor was hidden with wonderful tiger and leopard skins, which he had no doubt had been brought to earth by the young Irish adventurer.

Presently a heavy foot-step was heard, and the next instant the Prince looked up and saw the handsome Irishman. As the adventurer advanced the Prince arose and went to meet him with an outstretched hand.

"O'Rourke," he said by way of greeting.

For an instant O'Rourke's face was clouded in thought. Then, his countenance lightened up and he grasped his caller's hand again.

"How could I forget," said the fortune hunter as he smiled, showing his excellent teeth, which as white as the ivory of the elephants he had recently hunted in the Mombosa country.

He motioned to the Prince to be seated and took a seat himself at the opposite side of the table.

"Those were wonderful days, were they not, Your Highness?" began O'Rourke as his eyes stared away in the distance. He seemed to be living them all over again.

"Wonderful," replied Prince Aziz, as he grinned cunningly. For he knew of whom the man before him was thinking. He recalled the evening O'Rourke had spent in company

not here on such business. I am here on quite another matter."

The Prince paused for a moment, and then slowly made his way towards the heavy curtains. When he reached there a servant appeared and he was shown the way out. O'Rourke followed him with his eyes.

Prince Aziz at once returned to the Russian Consulate and told Vladislav of the failure of his mission, whereupon the Russian was furious. The Prince and the ambassador then plan to use the charms of the Princess Constantine to win O'Rourke to their cause. An appointment is made and O'Rourke, nothing loath, keeps the appointment with the Princess at her palace.

She tells him that she has joined the movement and pleads with him to enlist his services on the side of Prince Vladislav, if only for her sake.

But, O'Rourke, on the other hand, shows her the injustice of the movement and points out the real method and purposes of the French and Russian ambassadors, with the result that in the end he succeeds in winning her to his side. In another room the conspirators are anxiously waiting for O'Rourke's answer.

Prince Aziz, becoming impatient, goes to the Princess Constantine's Apartment to see how matters are progressing. In his hand is a drawn revolver, it being the plan of the conspirators to kill O'Rourke should he refuse to join them.

O'Rourke sees Aziz appear at the door behind him in a mirror in the apartment of the Princess, and so does Constantine.

"Quick!" she whispers to O'Rourke. "There is no time to lose. You must decide to join the cause if you would save yourself."

The handsome soldier of fortune hesitates as he looks down into her pleading eyes.

"Have you forgotten what you told me at Agixabad?" she pleaded. "If you have not you will do as I ask you this once."

"How could I forget," said O'Rourke as he places his hand tenderly on her shoulder, and looked into the big, soft, brown eyes which were filled with tears. He nodded his consent. For the moment he is saved.

He joins the conspirators in their meeting room and announces his opposition to their scheme. Hardly has the words left his lips when a terrific light follows and O'Rourke makes his escape to a room in the Princess' apartment, where she secretes him in a closet, not desiring that the one she has come to love shall suffer at the hands of the blood-thirsty conspirators, her erstwhile associates.

When the members enter she tells them that O'Rourke has escaped and they leave the room, with the exception of Aziz, who is suspicious.

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