THIS WOMAN TO THIS MAN

—BY—

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AUTHORS OF

"A Soldier of the Legion."
"The Lightning Conductor"
"The Shop Girl"

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From Wednesday's Daily.

Annesley laughed. "Prettier! Why, she's a great beauty, and I—"

"Wait till I introduce you to Mrs. Nelson Smith, who's going to be one of the best dressed, best looking young women in London, and you'll be sorry for the poor old Countess de Santiago!" returned Smith warmly. "You can afford then to heap coals of fire on her head, which can't make it redder than it is already. But meanwhile, it occurs to me from the way the wind blows this morning, you'd better go rather carefully with the lady! Don't let her pump you about yourself, or about what happened last night at Mrs. Ellsworth's. It's not her business. Don't confide in her any more than you need, and if she pretends to confide in you understand that it will be for a purpose. The Countess is no ingenue!

"But enough about her," he went on abruptly. "She sha'n't spoil our first breakfast together, even by reminding me of the gloomy meals I used sometimes to eat with her when we happened to find ourselves in each other's society on board the Monarchic. I was feeling a bit down on my luck then, and she wasn't the one to cheer me up. But things are different now. Have you noticed, by the way, that she has a nickname for me?"

"Yes," Annesley admitted. "She calls you 'Don.'"

"It's a name she made up for me because she used to say, when we first met, I was like a Spaniard; and I can jabber a little Spanish among other lingos. It's more like her native tongue, you know, than English. I only refer to it because I want you to have a special name of your own for me, and I don't want it to be that one. It can't be Nelson, because—well, I can never be at home as Nelson with the girl I love best—the one who knows how I came to call myself that. Will you make up a name for me, which no one else shall ever use, and begin to get used to it to-day? I'd like it if you could."

"May I call you 'Knight'?" Annesley asked, shyly. "I've named you my knight already in my mind and—and heart, so it would come easy."

He looked at her with rather a beautiful look; clear, and somewhat wistful, even remorseful.

"It's too noble a nickname for me," he said. "Still—if you like it, I shall. Maybe it will make me good. Jove! it would take something strong to do that! But who knows? From now on I'm your 'Knight.' You needn't wrestle with 'Nelson,' except when we're with strangers.

"And—look here!" he broke off suddenly. "I've another favor to ask. Better get them all over with at once—the big ones that are hard to grant. You reminded me last night that we wouldn't be legally married if I didn't use my own name. That may be true. I can't very well make inquiries. But just in case it is, I'm giving my real name and shall sign it in a register. That's why our marriage must be quietly performed in a quiet place. It shall be in church, because I know you wouldn't feel married if it wasn't, but it must be in a church where nobody we're likely to meet ever goes; and the parson must be one we won't stand a chance of knocking up against later.

"Managed the way I shall manage it, there'll be no difficulty. Mr. and Mrs. Blank will walk out of the vestry after they've signed their names, and—lose themselves. No reason why they should ever be associated with Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Smith. Do you much mind all these complications?"

"Not if they're necessary to save you from danger," the girl answered.

"By Jove, you're a trump if ever there was one! But I haven't come to the big favor yet. Now for it! When I write my real name in the register, I don't want you to look at it. Is that the one thing too much?"

Annesley tried not to flinch under his eager eyes. Yet—he had put her to a severe test. Last night, when he said that it would be better for her not to know his name, in order to have no self-consciousness to hide if it were spoken before her, she had quietly agreed.

But there had been the widest difference between then and now. At that time they had been strangers flung together by a tidal wave of fate which, it seemed, might tear them apart again at any instant. In a few hours all was changed. They belonged to each other, never to be separated. This man's name would be her name, yet he wished her to be ignorant of it!

If the girl had not thought of him truly as her knight, if she had not been desperately determined to trust him, the "big favor" would indeed have been too big.

Despite her trust, and the romantic, new-born passion of love in her heart, she was unable to answer for a moment. Her breath was snatched away; but as she struggled to regain it and to speak, a bleak picture of what the future would be without him rose before her eyes. Oh, she must trust him! She couldn't give him up, and go on living, after the glimpse he had shown her of what life might be!

"No, it's not too much," he said slowly. "It's only part of the trust I've promised to—my knight."

He gave a sigh of relief. "Thank you—and my lucky star for the glorious prize you are!" he exclaimed. Some men would have offered their thanks to God, or to "Heaven." Annesley noticed that he praised his "star."

This was one of many disquieting things, large and small; for she had been brought up to be a religious girl, and was mentally on her knees before God in gratitude for the wonderful happiness which illuminated her gray life. She could not bear to think that perhaps God was nothing to the man who had become everything to her. She wanted to shut her eyes and thoughts to all that was strange in him; but it was as difficult as for Psyche to resist lighting the lantern for a peep at her mysterious husband in his sleep.

For instance, there was the Countess de Santiago's rather venomous reference to their association on board the Monarchic, which Knight had refrained from mentioning. He had spoken of it after the Countess had gone, to be sure; but briefly, and evidently only because it would have seemed odd if he had not done so. It had struck Annesley that his annoyance with the beautiful lady was definitely connected with that sharp little "dig" of hers, and she could not quite sweep her mind clean of curiosity.

The moment the Monarchic's name was brought up she remembered reading a newspaper paragraph about the last voyage of that great new ship from New York to Liverpool. Fortunately or unfortunately, her recollection of the paragraph itself was nebulous, for when she had read news aloud to her mistress she permitted her mind to wander, unless the subject happened to be personally interesting. She tried to keep up a vaguely intelligent knowledge of world politics, but small events and blatant sensations, such as murders, burglaries and "society" divorces, she quickly erased from her brain.

Something dramatic had occurred on the Monarchic. Her subconscious self recalled that, but no more. But it was less than a month ago that she had read the paragraph, therefore the sensation, whatever it was, must have happened when Knight and the Countess de Santiago were on board, coming to England, and she could easily learn what it was by inquiring.

Not for the world, however, would she question her lover, to whom the subject of the trip was evidently distasteful; and still less would she ask the Countess behind his back.

There was another way in which she could find out, a sly little voice seemed to whisper in Annesley's ear. She could get old numbers of the Morning Post, which was the only newspaper that entered Mrs. Ellsworth's house, and search for the paragraph. But she was ashamed of herself for letting such a thought enter her head. Of course she would not be guilty of a trick so mean. She would not try to unearth one single fact concerning her Knight—his name, his past, or any circumstances surrounding him, even though by stretching out her hand she could reach the key to his secret.

He talked of things which at another time would have palpitated with interest; their wedding, their honeymoon, their homecoming, and Annesley responded appropriately without betraying absent-mindedness. It was the best she could do, until the effect of the "biggest favor" and the doubts it raised were blurred by new sensations. She would not have been a normal woman if the shopping excursion planned by Knight had not swept her off her feet.

The man with Fortunatus's purse seemed bent on trying to empty it—temporarily—for her benefit. If she had been sent out alone to buy everything she had ever wanted, with no regard to expense, Annesley Grayle would not have spent a fifth of the sums he recklessly flung away on evening gowns, hats, high-heeled paste-buckled slippers, a gold-fitted dressing bag, an ermine wrap, a furlined motor coat, and more suede gloves and silk stockings than could be used (it seemed to the girl) in the next ten years.

He begged for the privilege of "helping to choose," not because he didn't trust her taste, but because he feared she might be economical, and during the whole day in Bond Street, Regent Street, Oxford Street and Knights-bridge she was given only an hour to herself. That hour she was expected to spend, and did spend, in providing herself with all sorts of intimate daintiness of nainsook, lace and ribbon, too sacred even for a lover's eyes.

And Knight spent the time of his absence from her upon an errand which he did not explain.

"I'll tell you what I did—and show you to-morrow when I come to wish you good morning," he said. "Unless you're going to be conventional and refuse to see me till we 'meet at the altar,' as the sentimental writers say. I think I've heard that that's the smart thing. But I hope it won't be your way. If I didn't see you from now till to-morrow afternoon I should be afraid I'd lost you for ever."

Annesley felt the same about him and told him so. They dined together, but not at the Savoy. The Countess's name was not mentioned, yet Annesley guessed it was because of her that Knight suggested an Italian restaurant.

Continued in Friday's Daily.

BLOCK BALL RULE IS A DEAD ONE

Though Still in the Books, It Is Obsolete and No Longer Enforced

There is one rule in the book which is never enforced in big league games and might just as well be marked off the slate. This is the block ball rule, referring to a batted or thrown ball which is touched, stopped or handled by anyone not engaged in the game, that is by a spectator or bystander, not a player or umpire.

This rule has not been changed in its reading in many years, though it is never enforced strictly. According to the block ball rule, as given in the book, where it is numbered rule 37, base runners can continue running whenever a block occurs, without liability to be put out until the ball has been returned to the pitcher and held by him standing in his position on the slab. That is in case of an overthrow to first or third base, when the ball strikes or is touched by a spectator on the sidelines, no putouts can be made and the base-runners are entitled to go as far as they can until the ball gets back to the pitcher. It cannot be thrown directly to a fielder for the purpose of intercepting a base runner, but must first be held by the pitcher.

That's the way the rule reads, but it is absolutely a dead letter. In all such cases the runner is governed by modern ground rules, which indicates the number of bases he can advance, usually one in addition to the one he is trying for when the block occurs.

In no case nowadays, is the ball returned to the pitcher with the intention of putting it in play so that an attempt at a putout can be made. Ground rules cover the play in all such cases, under the modern system and there is really no suc hthing as a block ball, according to the old interpretation of the rule.

As the block rule is a dead letter, under modern conditions of play, it would really be a good thin gif the rule were stricken out of the book. It is only confusing as it stands.

MISS MARION DENTLER
As Peg, in "Peg o' My Heart" at the Opera House To-Night

NO BASEBALL IF U.S. ENTERS WAR

New York, March 28—"An official declaration of war by Congress on Tuesday next, or even official recognition of the existence of a state of war, would put all kinds of sport in the United States in eclipse for the season of 1917, with the possible exception of racing," said a leading sporting authority to-day. "From all parts of the country come announcements that oarsmen are preparing to desert their shells to prepare for a more serious work, that the golfers are getting ready for the trenches instead of for the links, that the spiked shoes are being hung up, and that college athletes in large numbers have enrolled in the airplane corps. The leading automobile racers are tuning up their cars to carry despatches rather than to race for money."

Evidence that sport in the United States will be left almose exclusively to boys under military age and to men who are medically unfit is rapidly accumulating. Among the colleges Colby has taken the iniative by cancelling all dates, regardless of the action of Congress, while Yale and Pennsylvania have officially announced that all extra-mural athletic activities will be abandoned in the event of war. The Pacific Coast conference will call off their schedules in the same contingency. The United States Golf Association will abandon its three championship tournaments as soon as the situation comes to a head, and the National Association of Amateur Oarsmen will follow suit.

Following Canada's Example

Speaking for the oarsmen, President James Pilkington of the National Association said: "In event of war, we will follow the splendid example set by Canada. Sportsmen's battalions will be formed and equipped and I don't think it will be long before the oarsmen of the United States will be fighting side by side with men of the 'Bob' Dibble type, who have upheld the honor of our northern neighbors on the water, and who are now doing great work for civilization in Europe. I have no doubt, that if war comes, the national regatta at Lynn and events of lesser importance will be abandoned."

Discussing the immediate future of golf, Howard P. Whitney, Secretary of the United States Golf Association, said: "A call to arms would put our members on duty immediately; war would bring about the cancellation of all events scheduled under the auspices of our association. The golfers of this country will not lag behind their fellows in Scotland, in England and in Canada."

So far as professional baseball is concerned, there has been no official action as yet to indicate that the league schedules will be suspended. It is significant, however, that President John K. Tener of the National Leagle has said that in the event of war, baseball will be a secondary consideration with magnates and players, while Captain T. L. Huston of the New York American League club is of the opinion that the baseball players will be among the first to enlist.

Much, of course, depends on Congressional action. If the efforts of the United States are confined to the use of her navy and credit, the number of men required for the army would not make great inroads in the ranks of professional athletes. In which case, of course, the effect of the war on baseball would not be largely felt at the turnstiles. What that effect would be is problematical.

Those who contend for "business as usual" at the ball parks cite the case of Toronto to prove that baseball and war are good mixers. Toronto had a prosperous year in 1916," said one man, by way of argument.

"Yes," replied another, "but you forget that the Toronto ball team and all other teams in the International League are composed of Americans. If the Leafs and the Royals had been made up of Canadians, the teams would have been disrupted through enlistments. Now we are going into this war and if necessary our boys will do just what the Canadians have done. In which case, where are you going to get your ball players? Governor Whitman branded Les Darcy as a slacker, every man who sticks to his uniform instead of khaki when war comes will be a slacker. If there is war, in my opinion, there will be no baseball."

The man who expressed the latter opinion is one of the greatest authorities on sport in this country.

SIDELIGHTS ON THE STAGE AND SCREEN

THE REX

A powerful and absorbing photo drama of modern life in France is that now heading the bill at the Rex theatre, the gripping five part Bluebird production "Black Orchids", featuring in the leading parts ever popular Cleo Madison, who plays dual roles throughout the whole of the story in her most capable manner. "Black Orchids" is a notable picture, one of the most impressive and impelling ever seen in this city. The ninth episode of the serial "Liberty' sustains the interest of the followers of the story, while a Big V comedy with ponderous Hughie Mack in the leading role is a sure mirth maker.

"KICK IN."

This is the film version of the play that set all New York athrill, the play that made the reviewers hunt for synonyms for absorbing, engrossing and captivating and which has proven to be a sensational success both in this country and abroad. It will be shown at the Grand on Friday and Saturday of this week. To reveal too much of the story of "Kick-In" would be unfair to author and to spectator.

Suffice it to say that although it deals with crime, there is not a real criminal in the entire role of its characters that although it deals intimately with the police and police methods, it is in no sense of the word a condemnation of the officers of the law, and although filled with love interest, the hero and heroine are man and wife and Cupid does not have to tax his ingenuity to keep the pair together as he is so often called upon to do in the usual play.

For "Kick-In" is not the usual play. It is an entirely different play with a "kick" in every situation, yet replete with humor. For every thrill there is a genuine laugh. Willard Mack, the author, has drawn his characters from real life and it is the ring of sincerity that gives the final "punch" to this most remarkable of dramas.

The Astra Film Corporation has entrusted the production of the picture to the able hands of George Fitzmaurice, who has some of the greatest Gold Rooster successes in history to his credit. He has cast the play in superb disregard of cost and the performance is quite as remarkable as the wonderful, gripping story.

A. H. Woods production of "Kick-In' ran on Broadway two years. Here it is in film production under the direction of Mr. Fitzmaurice with William Courtenay and Mollie King as "Chick" and "Mollie Hewes" and Susanna Willa as "Myrtle." "Kick-In" is tense, dramatic action all the way but that is not the only reason why it was one of the biggest successes of recent years on the stage and why it is equally a hit on the screen. The reason is that it tells a great human story that appeals to every man, woman and child. A story about a woman who marries a crook to reform him—and succeeds.

William Courtenay is one of the best actors on the American stage, and if you saw him in "The Romantic Journey," you know that he is even better on the screen. Mollie King and Susanne Willa are absolutely perfect in their respective parts. There will be matinees daily, at 2.30.

WHAT IS IT?

What is it?

Nobody knows.

But if some inspiring natural historian will kindly drop into the Signal-Mutual studios at Pasadena, Cal., and establish its name, antecedents, politics, religion and previous condition of servitude he will earn the never ending gratitude of Helen Holmes, Director General J. P. McGowan and the studio forces in general.

Helen Holmes found "What-is-it" a few days ago in the pen where the studio coyotes used in Signal-Mutual productions are housed. Some thought it was a new species of the Gila monster. Others agreed that it was a chuckawala (exact spelling deleted for obvious reasons). Miss Holmes captured "What-is-it" with a forked stick and held him or she down until it was safely stored in a bag.

"What-is-it" is dull black in color with brick red spots scattered about its body. Nobody knows whether "What-is-it" is poisonous or not, but no one is taking any chances.

Meantime "What-is-it," be it beast, reptile, bird or fowl, is being left very much alone. Quarters have been found for him in a soap box, and there he or she lies awaiting the arrival of some one who will tell all about its qualifications for citizenship.

Come on all ye inspiring natural historians, fame awaits ye here.

ANTI BOW-WOW

Mabel Taliaferro, Metro star has blossomed forth as an inventor. Miss Talaferro has just finished with a contrivance which she calls an "Anti-Bow-Wow Button," and is intended to silence neurasthenic dogs which make their abode in flats or apartments.

The young screen star decided to give her invention to the world after reading a despatch from Paris a short time ago which stated that veterinarians at the front had discovered that a slight operation on the nostrils of the American mules used there broke them of the habit of braying at inconvenient moments.

Miss Talaferro believes her "Anti-Bow Wow Button" might be used on mules with equally good effect, but she is sure it works successfully with dogs, for she has been experimenting for some time on her pet Boston Bull "Honey." All New York flat-dwelling dogs, Miss Talaferro says, are afflicted with one form or another of neurasthenia. This is because they are nuable to get suficient exercise and outdoor life.

The contrivance is similar to the "mute" of a violin. It is attached to the dog's throat in such a way that it presses on the vocal chord, and when the animal tries to bark the sound emitted is a soft, musical one—not much louder than the chirping of a cricket.

The late Hon. A. R. McLellan, former lieutenant-governor of New Brunswick, left an estate of approximately $200,000.

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THAT SON-IN-LAW OF PA'S

---By Wellington

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