

# The Purple Mask

by Grace Cunora

Novelized From the Motion Picture Play of the Same Name by the Universal Film Manufacturing Company

FIRST EPISODE.

The Vanishing Jewels.

It is summer, and in old St. Cloud, mecca of the Parisian visitor and of Parisians, there is no spot so gay and beautiful as Pavilion Bleu.

"It is lovely to be here," said the wealthy Eleanor Van Nuy, to the youth who sat beside her on the veranda, "but it's not so nice of Pat to keep us waiting."

A half-human smile spread itself over the face of the tall, dark, handsome youth as he managed to respond:

"She'll be along soon, I'm sure, perhaps she has stopped at Longchamps for a look at the paddock."

The lawn was brilliant with its gayly dressed throng moving about as the music played or sitting at tables in the pleasant afternoon shade, sipping brandy or coffee as individual taste should elect.

"Pat loves it here—but she's such a 'tomboy,' she shocks even these gay Parisiennes sometimes," Mrs. Van Nuy resumed.

"And that would take a bit of doing," responded the youth at her side. "Perhaps this is the lively Pat, right now?" the young man continued, his attention being attracted by an automobile dashing up the gentle slope.

"Sure enough, it is she," Mrs. Van Nuy declared. Her tall, dark, handsome companion, rose from the table to greet the vision of loveliness that fairly danced toward them, waving her arms above her head and gayly laughing in the joy of the moment.

The 'tomboy' Van Nuy had referred to was her niece, Patricia Montez—called by her acquaintances as well as her intimate friends, "Pat," because the shorter name seemed better fit her boyish nature. She lived with her aunt, who had reared her from childhood, with all the care and tenderness a mother could lavish upon her own daughter.

"Aunt, dear, I'm here," cried Pat, with another gay laugh. With the veranda crowded, Pat was most radiantly beautiful of all the company of fair Parisiennes and tourists.

Small wonder that the gaze of every man in range was directed toward Mrs. Van Nuy's table.

"They stare at me, aunt," the girl protested in mock displeasure. "And I don't blame them," the youth at the table interrupted.

"Silly Maurice," said Pat, tauntingly. "You are only half alive; how do you know?"

"But I have eyes—and they are all for you."

"Be still," was Pat's sharp retort. "I came here to enjoy myself in my own way, and not to listen to your silly chatter."

Sanctifying toward their table Pat observed a tall, dark, handsome chap. His eyes moved quickly over the assembled crowd, fixing themselves only for an instant upon Pat's pretty face.

In that flash of an eye, the man gave a coy and defiant glance from Pat with coldness and indifference that sent the blood coursing to her pretty cheeks in resentment. Flirtatious and frivolous though she was, Pat kept within bounds and always relied upon her aunt as chaperon to keep away unwelcome intruders.

"This dark man's evident disdain nettled the beauty, and Pat stamped her dainty foot upon the floor of the veranda peevishly.

"Maurice, if you must say something to me, tell me who is that tall dark man who has just turned away and is moving toward the lawn?"

"That's Phil Kelly," was his answer, drawn indifferently from Pat's information.

"That's very little news," said Pat. "Very little indeed, I should say," chimed in Mrs. Van Nuy.

"Well, then, he's Phil Kelly," the Sphinx.

"Don't be so perverse, Maurice," urged Pat.

"All right; listen, and I'll tell you all. Phil Kelly, known as the Sphinx, is one of the cleverest detectives in Paris—yes in all Europe. I've met him, and have heard all about him from many sources. He's devilish clever and lives at Hotel des Ambassadeurs. Now you know as much as I do about your hero."

"Phil Kelly, eh?" the girl kept repeating to herself, as if studying a painful situation. At last she said to her companion:

"Maurice, be a good chap—and introduce me to this wonderful sleuth."

"I'll do it, willingly. But I warn you he is a woman eater, and may make short shift of the introduction."

"Never mind me," Pat said gayly, adding in self-praise, "I never saw the man yet who wouldn't be at least civil to me, and I don't think Sphinx Kelly will prove to be any exception."

When the young folks arose to go, Mrs. Van Nuy raised a protesting hand, and said to Pat:

"Child, dear, why do you do this foolish thing? Your pranks will get you in serious trouble some day—and this Kelly; why are you so eager to make his acquaintance?"

Pat inclined her beautiful head and with her pretty lips close to her aunt's ear whispered:

"Just now he gave me a disdainful look. I'll show him that he can't pass me by, even in a crowd, without a second look. I'm not used to it."

"Oh, my child—" Mrs. Van Nuy started to protest, but before she could speak further Pat and Maurice were out of hearing, with Pat leading

the way. Maurice followed dutifully on, until they saw through the swirl of pleasure seekers on the lawn Sphinx Kelly, standing idly near the tulip hedge surveying the crowd.

Maurice beckoned to Kelly, and the Sphinx approached. The formality of the introduction consummated, Pat gave her most bewitching smile and said:

"I have always wanted to know a clever detective, Mr. Kelly. It is a great pleasure to meet the man they call the Sphinx—for I don't believe you are half as silent as they say you are."

Kelly glanced at her indifferently, and mumbled:

"I don't do much talking, unless it is to crooks."

Pat found herself making little progress, for Kelly was acting with stolid indifference.

"Won't you join us at our table?" she urged.

Kelly's response was made in a most surprising action. He silently doffed his hat, and turned abruptly away.

"How the deuce he could resist your loveliness is more than I can understand," said the youth.

Two hours later Pat was in her own dainty boudoir.

"I shall be made to regret his surly action—I'll make him ridiculous. I'll make the Sphinx the laughing stock of Paris. He shall regret his conduct," and as Pat's mind dwelt upon her plans for Kelly's humiliation the tears of rage and disappointment that had coursed down her cheeks were soon brushed away.

Pat lit a cigarette and composed herself comfortably upon the couch.

For a few moments she devoted herself to a plan of action.

"It will be a great adventure, at all events; something different than these dull society folks can offer in their teas and parties," Pat said half aloud as she rose from the couch and seated herself at her writing table. Soon she had written a note, addressed the envelope and calling Jacques, the butler, instructed him to have it delivered.

When Sphinx Kelly received the note he read a taunting challenge to his vaunted skill:

"If you are as clever as your friends give you credit for being, why don't you stop some of the robberies in society circles which have been kept quiet owing to failure of the police to locate the crooks? A FRIEND."

"Auntie, dear, let me look at your heirlooms," Pat said upon emerging from her boudoir. "You are to wear them to-night at the ball, and I would like to look at them before you put them on."

Mrs. Van Nuy opened the secret wall-safe and drew forth a satin-covered jewel case.

From the dainty receptacle she selected an elaborate and costly diamond necklace and placed it around Pat's snow-white throat.

"I'll put them away, auntie," said the girl, after the jewels had been duly examined and admired. But instead of including the necklace among the gems returned to the wall safe, Pat slipped the heirloom into her bodice and accepted her first opportunity to again transfer them to a drawer in her dressing table.

"You must send my dashing hero, the Sphinx, an invitation, auntie, dear," said Pat a few moments later. (To be continued.)

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"I've wanted to ask you," Mrs. Hayes said, hesitatingly, one day when she met Mrs. Reynolds, "how you get on with the Carletons."

"Oh, very pleasantly. They haven't borrowed anything for a month."

Mrs. Hayes' eyes widened. "I don't see how you do it!" she exclaimed.

A WOMAN'S WORK.

Scottish Sheep Farm in Care of the Owner's Wife.

A very notable illustration of the work done by a woman in war time is shown by this letter in the London Times:

"In my husband's absence in France, I am trying to manage a hill sheep farm of about 10,000 acres—carrying 4,800 Cheviot and Black-face sheep."

writes Mrs. Craig, of Capplegill, Moffat, Dumfriesshire. "As a rule only six acres of land are cultivated. This year we are hoping to break up about 20 acres. We have always employed six extra men for the lambing, and this year, after advertising several times, have secured only two."

"This farm stands very high—from 650 ft. to 2,800 ft. above the sea. We have had a terrible winter—the worst for years—and have had to buy a great deal of hay, all of which will have been so much thrown away unless the sheep receive proper attention at the lambing. The question of expense is, of course, secondary. The great point is to enable farmers to secure the best care for their stock during the few critical weeks of lambing—from April 17 to May 8 or 9."

On this type of farm the lambing shepherds are quite as essential as the ploughmen are on arable farms."

MAKE THE BOY A PARTNER.

Secure His Interest in the Business Side of Farm Work.

It is essential that many of our best boys remain on the farm and help in developing rural life into what it could and should be. Some of our farm boys may be better suited for occupations other than farming, but those who are suited for farming and wish to farm should be given every encouragement to do so.

Boys on the farm are too often allowed to drift along with very little attention being paid to them. The boy will be more likely to become a willing worker if his interest is aroused in the business side of his work and he will gain ability to save if he is taught to spend thoughtfully and wisely. These two factors, willingness to work and ability to save, are fundamental for future success. Permit the boy to participate in the practical business transactions of the farm as the conditions allow. Let him do some of the buying and selling. When he has decided that he will be a farmer, the father may be gradually relieved from some of his responsibilities through a partnership arrangement.

Explained.

"When I was once in danger from a lion," said the old African explorer, "I tried sitting down and staring at him, as he would not weapons."

"How did it work?" asked his companion.

"Perfectly. The lion didn't even offer to touch me."

"Strange! How do you account for it?"

"Well, sometimes I've thought it was because I sat down on the branch of a very tall tree."

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Doctor Tells How To Strengthen Eyesight 50 per cent In One Week's Time In Many Instances

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London—Do you wear glasses? Are you a victim of eye strain or other eye weakness? If so, you will be glad to know that according to Dr. Lewis there is real hope for you. Many whose eyes were failing, say they have had their eyes restored through the principle of this wonderful free prescription. One man says, after trying it: "I was almost blind; could not see to read at all. Now I can read everything without any glasses and my eyes do not water any more. At night they would pain dreadfully; now they feel fine all the time. It was like a miracle to me."

A lady who used it says: "The atmosphere seemed hazy with or without glasses, but after using this prescription for fifteen days everything seems clear. I can even read fine print without glasses. It is believed that thousands who wear glasses can now discard them in a reasonable time and multitude more will be able to strengthen their eyes so as to be spared the trouble and expense of ever getting glasses. Eye troubles of many descriptions may be wonderfully benefited by following the simple plan. Here is the prescription: (Go to any active drug store and get a bottle of Bon-Opto tablets. Drop one Bon-Opto tablet in a tumbler of a glass of water and allow it to dissolve. With this liquid bathe the eyes two to four times daily. You should notice your vision clearing perceptibly right from the start and inflammation will quickly disappear. If your eyes are bothering you, even a little, take steps to save them now before it is too late. Many hopelessly blind might have been saved if they had cared for their eyes in time.)

Note: Another prominent physician to whom the above article was submitted, said: "Bon-Opto is a very remarkable medicine. Its constituent ingredients are well known to eminent eye specialists and are prescribed by them. The tablets are made of a time-strengthening eye-restorer and are guaranteed to be in many forms of eye trouble. It can be obtained from any good druggist and is one of the best for regular use in almost every family. The value of this free prescription is inestimable. Write to Dr. Lewis, 4, Toronto, will fill your orders if your druggist cannot."

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"TAKE CARE OF YOUR SHOES."

RUIN AND RAPINE MARK RETREAT

FRENCH WORKS OF ART ARE ALL PILLAGED

Whole Area Surrounding St. Quentin Has Been Devastated With Brutal Thoroughness.

I spent the last two days at the south end of the battle-front working over the new parts of the area recently evacuated by the enemy, and getting so close to St. Quentin that details not only of the cathedral, but of other main buildings, were clearly visible, whites a correspondent of the London Times on April 23. All the country I passed is one indescribable scene of desolation, rapine and wanton brutality, but what fills one with the most rage amid all the havoc are the ruins of the village and chateau of Caulaincourt. It was a princely estate, Caulaincourt, lying in the hollow of a little stream, and could have had no strategic value. Before reaching the village, by the roadside is a fine mortuary chapel wherein on tablets closing the entrances to the tombs one reads of the honors paid to the family head, which is Marquis Caulaincourt, Duke of Vicennes. The ladies of the house, as one reads, were daughters of "very high, very pious, very noble" families, "dames-in-waiting to Josephine, Marie and Louise. They read stately, these tablets. Half of them have been wrenched out of place by the Hun and lie on the floor, exposing the tombs, within which you can see where the coffins have been opened and imperfectly screwed down again.

A Complete Rain.

So noble a seat was the chateau that the ruins make almost a new Coliseum. It was destroyed, every wall, stable, outhouse and cottage in Belvedere, as utterly in rage armed with modern explosives could destroy, and the amount of acres of jumbled brick show the massiveness of every building. Where one looks over the sweeping park of lovely artificial lake one finds fragments of statues, carved lions' heads, great vases broken and overturned. It fills one with bitter anger and contempt.

From refugees one hears how each successive batch of German officers who occupied the chateau took off what plunder they could from priceless furnishings of tapestries, pictures and bric-a-brac which pleased their fancy. Layer by layer the old chateau was denuded of everything of value, till the last day came, when the lyddite torch did its ignoble work. It is only the same as a hundred other things all over this country but none of us who have seen them will fail to remember as the most brutal outrage of all the violations of the tombs and wreckage of the Chateau of Caulaincourt.

Systematic Looting.

In Vrangels, although a church tottering still stands, each building, even the poorest cottage, was separately burned. Of Pœucilly nothing remains but the little bricks of the tall crucifix at the cross