A Page of Comics, Sketches and Stories

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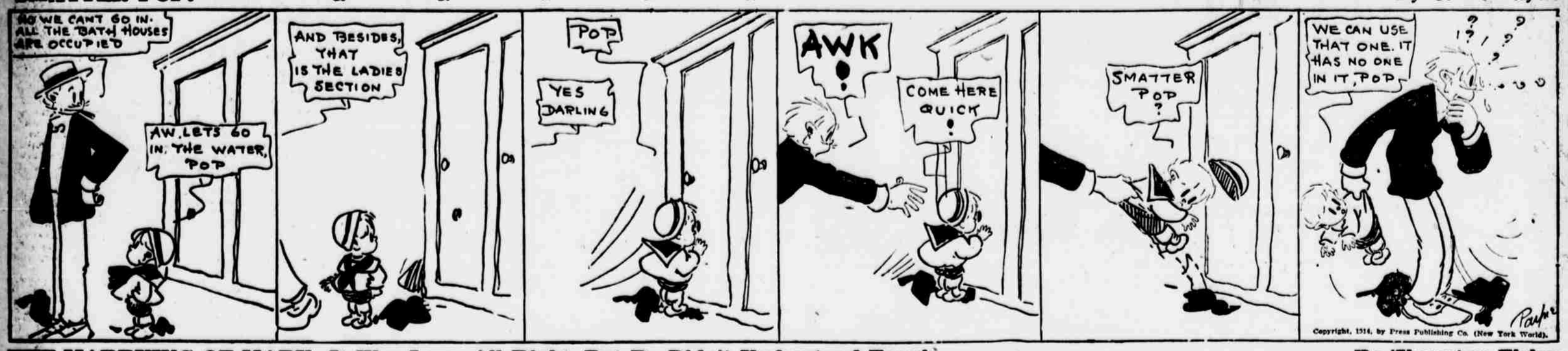
Fun for the Home and the Ride Home

"SMATTER POP?"

By C. M. Payne



THE MARRYING OF MARY—It Was Love, All Right, But Pa Didn't Understand Tennis

By Thornton Fisher

FLOOEY and AXEL—It Isn't Safe to "Kid" Axel, Even in a Letter

By Vic

The Story of "Cabiria"

Novelization of D'Annunzio's Spectacular Photoplay Now at the Knickerbocker

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Cabiria, a little Sicilian girl, is captured by pirates and sold as a slave in Carthage. There she is sent to be burned alive as a sacrifice to the evil god Moloch, when she is rescued by Fulvius Axilla and his Ethiop slave, Maciste. Maciste is captured, but got before he can return Cabiria into the keeping of Sophonisba, daughter of Carthage's ruler. Ten years later Fulvius returns to Carthage as a Roman spy.

CHAPTER III.

In the Jaws of Death.

DAY and night Fulvius moved through Carthage like a shadow, gleaning news of the army's strength and its plans, digging out the enemy's most carefully guarded secrets. At length his work was done and he was ready to return to Scipio's camp with his report.

But, his official mission accomplished, Fulvius had two things more to do before he could leave the city where his every step was one stride deeper into the jaws of death. He must make good his pledge to Batto by seeking for news of Cabiria. Then——

Ten years earlier when he had escaped from his pursuers by making that wild three-hundred-foot dive into the sea Fulvius had been forced to leave behind him his slave, the giant Ethiop, Maciste.

Fulvius loved Maciste as a man might love a great dog that is devoted to him. And now he sought to learn what had become of the giant. By cautious questions he soon discovered the story of the slave's fate. And by night he stole out to the city's mills.

There (sunk in the brute slumber of fatigue, alongside the huge grindstones to which he had for ten years been chained) lay Maciste. Fulvius bent over the sleeping giant and touched his shoulder. At the touch, as a dog at the call of a long absent master, Maciste bounded to his feet. His lips parted in a cry of ecstasy, at sight of Fulvius there in the shadows.

But Fulvius checked him with an imperative gesture. At once the giant understood the need for silence. Dropping on one knee he caught the Roman's hand to his lips and covered it with kisses. There was no time to waste if master and man were to escape alive, before sunrise. Fulvius pointed to the manacles that fettered Maciste.

"Break your chains!" he ordered.

And at the command the giant tugged with insane strength at the links of wrought iron. Ten years of rust had weakened them. The sight of his master had redoubled Maciste's power. One long tremendous heave and the iron links parted.

Maciste, freed, sprang to his master's side. He could give Fulvius no news of Cabiria, nor did the Roman dare waste further time in search of her. Together, he and the Ethiop sped through the dark streets and out through a postern gate of the city. Dawn found them far on their way from Carthage and headed for Scipio's camp.

But when, a day or so later, they came to the spot among the desert's sand dunes where the camp had recently stood it was no longer there. A few charred embers of camp fires, being whose tent pegs had been, a stray scrap of offal or of castoff clothing—these alone remained to mark the site of the Roman army's late abiding place.

Scipio had broken camp and had marched away. A sand storm had blotted out the direction of his course. Fulvius and Maciste thus stood in the desert without food or water, without knowledge of their commander's whereabouts, without means of finding the lost camp. In a hostile land they were alone and with no alternative save to wander aimlessly about in search of their fellow Romans. The prospect was not cheering. Starvation seemed very near.

Scipio had suddenly shifted his camp in order to aid his new ally, Massinissa, in an attack on the city of Cirta. Massinissa had fallen upon his foe and love rival, Syphax, and had utterly routed him and had taken him prisoner.

A retreating fragment of Syphax's army came upon Fulvius and Maciste in the desert, seized the two half dead fugitives and bore them to Cirta as prisoners of war. Brought before Queen Sophonisba, the captives were condemned to death and were cast into a dungeon to await execution.

But if Sophonisba was heartless her handmaid, Elissa, was not. And again the motto "Save and You Shall Be Saved" proved its magic. For the girl who had once been Cabiria crept by stealth to the dungeon and brought food and drink to the two prisoners. She brought them words of hope and of cheer, too, vowing to do all in her power for them.

Long and with dawning emotion did her great dark eyes rest on the face of Fulvius. And as she looked, love was born. From Cabiria's eyes to his own the message flashed. And for the first time in his life Fulvius loved.

Love opened the eyes of his memory. And in the gracefully beautiful handmaid Elissa he recognized the lost Cabiria.

When she was gone he told Maciste what he had discovered. And in yearning eagerness he waited for her next visit. But Cabiria did not come again to the dungeon. And a new peril was besetting her.

Sophonisba, having dreamed strange dreams of ill omen, sent for Karthalo, the High Priest, to read her dreams for her. The priest's eye, as he entered the palace, chanced to fall upon Cabiria. And he craved her for his own. The crafty priest told Sophonisba that Molock could bring terrible misfortunes upon herself and upon her country unless Elissa were turned over to Karthalo to be offered up as a sacrifice.

Sophonisba was in awe of the High Priest, as was every one in Carthage. She believed his words were an inspiration from Heaven itself. Dearly as she had learned to care for Cabiria, she dared not refuse the priest's solemn command.

Weeping, she gave Cabiria into the keeping of the wicked High Priest. Karthalo, seizing his terrified victim, led her away from the palace. They passed by the dungeon where Maciste and Fulvius were confined.

Peering out through the barred window, the captives saw Cabiria dragged along by Karthalo. Maciste, his heart wrung by his master's sufferings at this sight, gripped the iron bars of the cell. Beneath that resistless grasp, the iron bars bent and buckled. The prisoners were free.

Maciste, like a bloodhound on the scent, followed swiftly in the track of Karthalo and Cabiria. Once or twice, members of the palace guard sought to bar his way. He hurled them from his path and sped on.

Dashing into the temple he caught up with Karthalo just as the priest was telling Cabiria who she really was and was threatening her with the fires of Moloch should she resist him.

Maciste, at one blow, stretched Karthalo senseless on the floor; snatched up Cabiria—as he had done many years before—and bore her gently away to where Fulvius awaited him.

Karthalo recovered his senses and summoned the guard, who followed hot after the fugitives and surrounded them before they could escape from Cirta. Fulvius and Maciste fought their way into a provision cellar, which they barricaded and defended easily against the foe. Then, to their horror, they discovered that, during the fight, Cabiria had been recaptured. Knowing the vile heart of Karthalo and his boundless power, Fulvius abandoned all hope of seeing again this girl he had so strangely learned to love.

(To Be Continued.)

QUICK-WOOD (MADRAS)
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How Rainey Filmed Charging Buffaloes For Those Pictures at the Casino

By C. Mortimer.

PRETTY close to it THAT time, Mr. Rainey! Honest Injun, now, weren't your feet a bit cold? Come along now, own up. You're such a "sandy" man and a "nervy" man that you can afford to "acknowledge the corn."

If you weren't scared almost to death, why, then, it wasn't just being brave, it was merely "temperament."

But it was great nerve and you are a very brave man. Cause a friend of yours tattled on you and said that you said that your breath stopped and your Calabash pipe fell away from you as the dreadful, blood-gored eyes of those African Buffaloes glared into yours, while you froze to the marrow peering above the edge of your camera less than five feet away; and those hooked, spreading horns beginning to curl downward for the charging jump, and the upward ripping and tearing——

Oh, well, I guess that you were brave all right, else why have we your picture of the scene, for you kept on turning the crank, curling it around an' curling it 'round?

Yes, indeed, perhaps your feet may have felt a bit chilly; but permit me to remark that the chill didn't reach your camera hand. So we take off our hats to you, Mr. Paul Rainey, for you "played the game." For you knew what was coming when the battling, dropping of the head of that black Satan began his ages old sparring, never varied from the days when the cave man came out from behind the rocks of antediluvian times with their wabbly tied and thonged stone clubs, and met that same defense that was whispered to the first buffalo Adam as he stood like a rock, wondering among the beasts of the earth when darkness rolled away and Creation stood complete.

And you also knew that from this roused fiend a lion will worm himself through the tangle of brush and fade, the tawn of his coat blending its color with the leaves and vines of the jungle, shivering as his ancestors did long ago when they, too, first felt the thrust of those tearing, hooked swords of horns.

And that's why, Mr. Rainey, it comes to us that, in spite of the cold feet that you probably had, it all boils down to this—that you were a bit braver than a lion.

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