

# WHO'S GUILTY?

An Interesting Series of Pathe Photoplays Now Being Presented at the Leading Motion Picture Theatres in Greater New York.

Novelization By Mrs. Wilson Woodrow

## Story No. 3

### "THE TANGLED WEB"

The third of a series of separate stories dealing with the commission of crimes inviting judgment upon both actual guilt and real responsibility.

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MRS. ALDEN had made a failure of her own life. Therefore, she was fiercely resolved to make a success of her daughters. To Mrs. Alden, at fifty, success meant wealth. To Ruth Alden, at twenty, it meant love. And not love alone, but love as personified by Fleetwood Blair.

To the Alden house, on the snow-capped hillside of the suburb, journeyed one day a guest whom Mrs. Alden looked upon as a reduced nobleman might regard a visiting monarch; and whom Ruth did not look upon at all except possibly as a rather plump, rather prosy, and decidedly elderly friend of her mother's.

The guest was Watson Kendrick, a friend of Mrs. Alden's dead husband and more frequent visitor at the widow's home. Indeed, so often repeated were his visits that his hosts had more than once let himself dream of a second marriage—a marriage where boundless wealth and luxury should make up to her for the more straitened days of her first marital venture.

To-day, when Kendrick was announced, the widow's heart gave a little unvoiced flutter. Not that she had any personal fondness for the man; but because her soul bowed down and worshipped the money he represented.

The picture before the newcomer was well worth travelling all the way from the city to see. The big room was full of gay, rosy, rosy girls in gay sweaters and caps; or ruddy-cheeked boys snuffed for cold weather.

The centre of the joyously excited group was a gloriously pretty girl, who, flushed with excitement, was drawing on a pair of fur slippers and trying to out-ask a dozen less pretty competitors. She was Ruth Alden. And her vivid beauty drew Kendrick's gaze as an magnet draws steel filings.

He saw her, slow, slow, as if his eyes were seeing her for the first time. He saw her, slow, slow, as if his eyes were seeing her for the first time. He saw her, slow, slow, as if his eyes were seeing her for the first time.

"That's young Blair, isn't it?" he asked gruffly. "Young Fleetwood Blair? I've seen him once or twice on Wall Street."

"I wish he would stay there, then," said Mrs. Alden, in half-laughing vein. "He is here all the time, snuffing under our feet, and I don't like to tell you a secret. Mr. Kendrick, I'll tell you a secret. Mr. Kendrick, I'll tell you a secret. Mr. Kendrick, I'll tell you a secret."

"I am in love. Desperately in love." Mrs. Alden glanced across in covert indignation at him. He was very evidently an elderly man, and she wondered that, at her age, she should have been able so utterly to ensnare his heart.

"You'll laugh at me for an old fool," he went on, hesitatingly, "but— I'm in love. Desperately in love." Mrs. Alden glanced across in covert indignation at him. He was very evidently an elderly man, and she wondered that, at her age, she should have been able so utterly to ensnare his heart.

"You're certain there's nothing between her and young Blair?" queried the guest, who seemed pretty well pleased with each other, in her, just now.

"Nonsense!" laughed Mrs. Alden, "if there were anything between them, I would know all about it. Ruth always tells me everything."

"The living room door burst open. Ruth and Blair came in, hand in hand, like two mischievous school children, dashed into the room. Straight up to Mrs. Alden they went, their young faces alight."

"Mother!" cried Ruth, "we're engaged. Fleet and I. Honestly we are. It just happened. Aren't you glad?"

"A meteorite, crashing down the sky, to cut the fire in front of them, could not have done more completely have shattered their snug plans. Kendrick sat motionless, turned to Mrs. Alden, and said:

"Why, mother?" gasped Ruth, in stark dismay. "Aren't you glad? I thought—"

"Mrs. Alden," interposed Kendrick, who by fierce self-battle had rallied nerve and resource that had won him so many Wall Street victories, "paradise may, I speak to you a moment ago, may I speak to you a moment ago, may I speak to you a moment ago."

"This is such a surprise—such a lightning-bolt," she said, excitedly. "I took my breath away. I'm sorry I've taken my breath away. I'm sorry I've taken my breath away."

"I want nothing in life but my little girl's happiness. If you can make her happy, I shall have no objection to make. I'm too stupid to talk to you now. Won't you come back here—say, at 5 this evening?"

"I'll be here," said Kendrick, Mrs. Alden turned in blank despair to the elderly suitor.

"I've gained time," as you told me to," she said, helplessly. "But what do you mean?"

"For a minute or two Kendrick made no reply; but paced up and down the room, his hands clasped behind him, his chin sunk on his breast, his steady little eyes half shut. Finally, he spoke, briefly but curtly, as Napoleon might have laid out a plan for a campaign.

"Mrs. Alden listened, at first in dismay, then in growing confidence. At last she faltered:

"It's—It's forgery!" "It's forgery!" "It's forgery!" "It's forgery!" "It's forgery!" "It's forgery!"

catch any blunder. Will you do it?" "I'll do it," she answered, reluctantly, after a long pause. "I'm sure you'll do it well."

Kendrick assured her. "And we shall. By the way, I'm invited to dinner and to spend the evening of course. I'm going to do it, anyhow. I'll see this matter done."

A half hour later, Blair having gone home, Ruth came back into the living room. Mr. Kendrick still sat by the fire, his eyes busy at a desk in the room. At first glance Ruth thought her mother was writing. But looking again, she saw the elder woman was merely reading over a batch of old letters. The girl recognized them as her own. Before she could question, Kendrick intervened, rising and coming forward to meet her.

"Your mother has been reading me some letters you wrote while you were away at school. It was a treat to hear them. It has been a treat to hear them. It has been a treat to hear them."

"He spoke as if his position so that the bulk of his shoulders hid Mrs. Alden from the girl's view. The mother took advantage of the moment to slip into a drawer a sheet of paper on which she had laboriously been tracing certain words in imitation of the handwriting in her daughter's letters."

Just as Fleetwood Blair was about to set out for the Alden house that evening a servant brought him a note. He recognized Ruth's handwriting. It was a note from her mother, asking him to come to the Alden house that evening. He recognized Ruth's handwriting. It was a note from her mother, asking him to come to the Alden house that evening.

"Fleet, dearest: Mother is trying to do a little business for me. I want you to help her. He is an old friend of father's, you know. I heard them talking about it after you left. He is going to offer you a position in his business. It's \$1,000 a month, and he'll send you to the Orient on business to get rid of you. He is going to make you promise not to marry while you're in the Orient. The part of the trick. He and mother think I'll forget you if you are away for a year."

"Now I have a perfectly wonderful idea. If you had \$1,000 in the bank, we could afford to get married. Accept Mr. Kendrick's offer. Go to the Orient for him. If you have to stay five months, that's all right. You'll be a woman now. My youth and my heart are both dead. I hate him! Oh, I hate him. I didn't know I had such capacity for hatred!"

"Mrs. Alden shrank back in dread before the concentrated wrath in her daughter's voice. She did not know this new Ruth Alden, whose value she had never appreciated. She was quick-witted and she was quick-witted. She was quick-witted and she was quick-witted."

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From the first Ruth treated her husband with open contempt. She sneered at his advancing age, at his gross selfishness; at his boorish manner. She had a genius for finding out his weaknesses and the subjects on which he was most sensitive; and holding them up to her vitriolic mockery. She made his home life a hell.

She insulted the men he best loved to please. She was warm and cordial to men he hated. She encouraged her servants to slight his wishes. She would often refuse to attend the big dinners he gave and at which he had hoped she would shine. She humiliated him in public and treated him to scenes of blazing temper in private.

Not was this the worst. She early discovered that, in spite of his great wealth, he was almost painfully stingy in the matter of unnecessary expense. A needless waste of money always made him write with misery. Ruth took advantage of his failing. She would often refuse to attend the big dinners he gave and at which he had hoped she would shine. She humiliated him in public and treated him to scenes of blazing temper in private.

Then, of a sudden, she and Fleetwood Blair caught sight of each other. Both stood staring, transfixed with a sick dismay. Kendrick, who had been drinking all day, glanced smilingly from one to the other.

"This is a little surprise party of mine," he chuckled. "Blair, I didn't tell Ruth you were coming here. I wanted to give you both a treat. Shall we go in to dinner? Blair, will you take my wife in?"

Speechless and deadly pale, Blair stepped forward to offer his hostess his arm. She shrank from him as from a snake. Again Kendrick chuckled. This was his first happy evening in months.

Into the dining room they went. Ruth, by dint of heroic self-control, seated herself and ate her dinner. She went through with the ordeal as were as physical torture to Kendrick.

"In vain he stormed and swore and threatened, vowing to advertise in the papers that he would not be responsible for his wife's debts. Ruth merely laughed at his violent scenes. She knew he dared not for his own credit's sake, and for fear of ridicule."

Milliners' accounts that ran into the thousands—jewellers' bills for sums that would have kept a whole block of flat-dwellers in luxury—unbelievable subscriptions to charities in which he was not at all interested—all these were as physical torture to Kendrick.

"I'll go," said Blair, dumfounded, but cut to the quick by his sweetheart's behavior. "And I will stay with my whole year in Japan. But then I am coming back. If her love is worth anything, she will have to come to her senses before then, and be waiting for me—as she promised in her note, Godby?"

"Mrs. Alden sat down beside the weeping girl and put her arms tenderly about the heaving little body. "It is hard—hardly hard, to hear it, dear child," she murmured. "I know that. There is no anguish in life like a dual blow to the heart and to the pride. No wonder it has crushed you! But how much better to find him out in time, before he had a chance to wreck your whole life!"

"He has wrecked my whole life," burst forth the girl, tearing free from the soothing embrace and springing up, her big eyes ablaze. "He has killed my heart as much as though he had driven a knife through it. An hour ago you were a foolish, loving girl. I am a woman now. My youth and my heart are both dead. I hate him! Oh, I hate him. I didn't know I had such capacity for hatred!"

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Ruth, hating her husband more and more every day, was forever planning new torments to harass him. Kendrick had wilfully robbed her of her sweetheart. In one ruthless blow he had changed her from a simple, loving, laughing-eyed girl to a vindictive, heartless woman. And she was making him pay for what he had done.

"You have no right to. No living woman can accuse me of—" "I'm not accusing you of anything," she smiled. "What are you talking about?" he asked, as if angry. "I'm not accusing you of anything," she smiled. "What are you talking about?" he asked, as if angry.

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