Jaffery

A Fascinating Novel of Love and Adventure

by William J. Locke

This Fascinating Novel Has Been Made Into a Wonderful Motion Picture by the

Frohman Amusement Co.

for the

International Film Service, Inc.

C. Aubrey Smith presents a characterization of Jaffrey Chayne at once appealing and realistic.

He is supported by Miss Eleanor Woodruff as Doria, and Miss Florence Deshon as Liosha.

Read the Story Now and Then See the Pictures at Your Favorite Theatre

Copyright by International Magazine Company and International Film Service.
All Foreign Rights Reserved

CHAPTER I.

ONE miraculous morning in late May, not so very many years ago, when the parrot-tulips in my garden were expanding themselves wantonly to the sun, and the lilac and laburnum which I caught, as I sat at my table, with the tail of one eye, and the pink May which I caught with the tail of the other, bloomed in splendid arrogance, my quiet outlook on greenery and color was obscured by a human form.

I glanced up at the obscuring human form and recognized my wife, in her hand she grasped a dilapidated newspaper.

"Here!" she cried; "what do you think of that?"

"What do I think of what?" I asked, regarding the acre of print.

"Adrian Boldero has written a novel!"

"Rubbish, darling!" said I, knowing my Adrian.

"Take the trouble to read the notice," said Barbara, thrusting the paper at me in a superior manner.

I took it from her hand and read. She was right. Somebody calling himself Adrian Boldero had written a novel called "The Diamond Gate," which a usually sane and distinguished critic proclaimed to be a work of genius. He sketched the outline of the story, suggested its peculiar wonder. The review impressed me.

"Barbara, my dear," said I, "this is somebody else—not your Adrian.

"How many people in the world are called Adrian Boldero?"

"Thousands," said I.

"She pished again and tossed her pretty head.

"I'll go and telephone right away to Adrian and find out all about it."

I took up the paper and read the review again, and the more I read the more absurd did it seem to me that the author of "The Diamond Gate" and my Adrian Boldero could be one and the same.

You see, we had, all four of us, Adrian Jaffery Chayne, Tom Appleton and myself been at Cambridge together, and formed after the manner of youth a somewhat incongruous brotherhood.

Blond, bull-necked Jaffery, who rowed in the college boat, and would certainly have got his blue if he had been amenable to discipline and, because he was not, had sent down ingloriously from the university at the beginning of his third year, certainly showed no genius. Adrian was a bit unaccountable. He wrote poems for the Cambridge Review, and became vice-president of the union; but he ran downhill through to fame waistcoats and slouching à la Dickens, because his style was not that of Walter Pater. For myself, Hilary Freeth—well—I am a happy nonentity. I have a very mild scholarly taste which sufficient grieved my parents, according to me through my late father's acumen in buying a few hundred shares in a now colossal universal providing emporium, enable me to gratify it on my infinitesimal income. But we all four mattered. They were definite personalities. Jaffery definite, Adrian Boldero, in his queer, jerky way, instinct, definite; Appleton, conventional, indefinite. And poor old Tom was dead.

It is Adrian I think of as I stand bursting into the library. I know my way. He has had several office interviews, which we have kept strictly confidential from Jaffery. He has spending money like a prince.

"Splendid, I thought. To think of old Adrian making so much! I'm more than glad. Telephone to him to bring me a copy of the book."

"Adrian is coming with him. He's coming now. He arrived early the night. He said he had a surprise for me. I told him it was rather a coincidence that I had a surprise for him.

"Have you delighted Doria? She will be."

"I haven't. There are more important things to think about."

"But! Adrian makes a big success, doesn't he? Adrian, impossibly with excitement.

"Pittkins, I understand, author. It's going to be the biggest seller of the year. Everybody's talking about it. Everybody's buying it. It's very simple. It's about a dark horse. It—

"But, my dear, I know Adrian. Who have you spoken to? Who—

"I had no idea you were writing novels."

"I laughed. "Novels! Novels! Novels!"

It was on her tongue to say, "Why not?" But she didn't want to spoil her surprise