

Gloria Romance

BY MR. and MRS. RUPERT HUGHES

Novelized From the Motion Picture Play of the Same Name by George Kleine

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FIRST EPISODE

Lost in the Everglades.

"Rather remarkable, isn't it," said the sick old lion, Judge Freeman, "that the most expensive hotel and the most luxurious resort in the world should be only a few miles from an almost impenetrable wilderness inhabited by Indians that the United States army could never dislodge?"

"Yes, it is odd," said his young doctor; "but the prices here are almost impenetrable as the knife grass of the Everglades. And as for Indians, the United States navy couldn't dislodge some of these old millionaire squaws from their snobbishness."

"I'm afraid my daughter finds it so," the judge agreed. "Here we've been for two whole weeks and Lois doesn't know anybody who is anybody—except Pierpont Stafford's boy, and I'm afraid he's only flirting with her."

Doctor Royce had not been engaged to prescribe for Miss Lois Freeman's ambitions, so he changed the subject. "It's hard to believe that there is a blizzard in New York today when you look at these flowers and see those half-dressed mobs wallowing in the surf."

The judge gave a jump and gasped: "Good Lord, hear that scream! Some woman is being murdered!"

Royce checked him with a gesture and a smile. "Sit still, judge; it's only Gloria Stafford having another battle with her governess."

The judge settled back into his blanket, grumbling: "The little devil—always in hot water."

Doctor Royce came to her defense with a curious warmth. "They're driving her with too tight a rein. She's too big hearted and brave and wise to be treated as a child much longer."

The old man sighed: "We fathers with motherless girls to raise are pretty helpless cattle. I can send a criminal to the chair, but I can't punish my daughter; she does what she pleases, and it rarely pleases me. And Pierpont Stafford can run a string of banks and make a railroad system eat out of his hand, but that girl of his has him—I believe they say 'buffaloes'—or is it 'Pittsburghed'? Isn't that Pierpont out there in the surf now? I wish I could go in. Do you think I might?"

The doctor shook his head: "You run out on the links and play a little golf among the palm trees. Tomorrow I may let you have a dip."

"I don't feel quite up to golf."

"Go on; don't disobey. You're worse than—than—"

Another scream from the corridor gave him the missing word "You're worse than Gloria."

He lifted the judge from his chair, thrust a bag of golf clubs into his

arms and ordered him off. The judge pleaded: "Who'll play with me? Will you?"

"Not much! You've had enough of me for today. Here's your daughter, Miss Lois, let me introduce your father. Take him round the links once, won't you?"

Lois obeyed with more grace than graciousness. Her thoughts were on the two strings to her bow. She had had to content herself for her first week at Palm Beach with the attentions of Richard Freneau, a young broker in charge of a branch office at the Royal Poinciana. But recently she had caught the eye of David Stafford, and she had tried to hold it.

Freneau was handsome—much too good looking for his own good or the good of any girl or woman he focused his eye upon. Freneau was magnetic and he was great fun, but David Stafford was good business. To capture the son of Pierpont Stafford would be high finance—something tremendous.

The judge, her father, kept his eyes on Lois more than on the golf ball, and landed in the bunkers with regularity. He knew that his daughter was up to some mischief, but he was sure that it was not the innocent mischief of the obstreperous Gloria.

Gloria Stafford, exquisite in her bathing suit, was like a bisque figure come to life—very much to life as she stood outside her bedroom door and held the knob against her governess, who tugged in vain at the opposite knob. Then Gloria let go, and the governess went staggering backward across the room, while Gloria with shrieks of laughter made her way off and down the corridor and out to the beach.

The beach being no less than Palm Beach, she dodged among throngs of the well known, the much photographed, who were also making their way, though more sedately, to the surf. It was twelve o'clock, the fashionable bathing time. To be seen in the water more than half an hour earlier or more than half an hour later was socially fatal.

The governess followed the fugitive in hot haste, but Gloria sought refuge in the crowded ocean. She dived and stayed under as long as she could, but Miss Sidney described her at once and gesticulated violently, commanding her to come back. Gloria merely bobbed her pert little bonnet and splashed in behind her father. Miss Sidney persisted and Gloria gave her father a push, saying: "You go make her let me alone. Tell her she'll be sorry if she doesn't."

The capitalist floundered out with the apologetic manner of an overgrown schoolboy, for even he was afraid of the governess. And he was not very impressive in a bathing suit. He made his way to Miss Sidney's presence and mumbled: "Would you mind if Gloria had her morning swim, please?"

The governess explained to him, as if she were talking to another child, that since Gloria had positively refused to work out her problem in algebra she had been forbidden to go into the water. Nevertheless she had flagrantly rebelled, secretly arrayed herself for the bath, and fled. It would never do to let her have her own way.

"Er—um—I see," said Stafford. He bowed meekly and returned with still less courage to face his daughter. A widower with a woman-child of sixteen is pathetic enough at best, but Gloria was so effulgently sixteen, so eagerly alive, and so enchantingly pretty that her father was disarmed by a mere glance at her. His anger was sure to melt in a shamefaced smile.

In the meanwhile Gloria had made the most of her stolen moments and with swift overhead strokes had put a number of gleaming breakers between her and the shore.

She turned just in time to see her father beckoning to her with his best imitation of the stern parent. She knew that the governess had cowed him, and she did not wish to humiliate him by her own disobedience.

So she swam back through the heads floating on the water like apples floating in a Halloween tub. It made her boiling mad to be disgraced before all the important people. She could see some of them grinning at her. Her brother David openly ridiculed her and splashed water over her.

She pretended not to notice him, but, reaching her father at last, she hurled herself upon him and ducked him under the water. Then she scrambled to the beach. When the enraged governess seized her by the wrist Gloria tried to pull her into the froth. But the governess was too big for her and she hauled Gloria out of the romantic sea into a hard world of dry sand and drier mathematics.

Gloria slunk along in a white rage, a storm blowing behind her eyes. She was not often sullen and never morbid. She was made up of joy, sunlight and mischief, all the fresh and sweet of life. But she loathed being told to do things or not to do things, forbidden, commanded—in a word, bossed. She was poised at the nameless stage between childhood and girlhood. She was not what is termed "out," yet her restive spirit made it impossible for her to be kept "in." She was tired of being snubbed.

Her brother David, some four years her senior, made life increasingly lonely for Gloria by his freedom and the superior, worldly airs he assumed

for her especial torment. In earlier years they had been very near to each other, and now it was bitter to Gloria's proud soul to watch David coming back to her task and stood in so melancholy a posture that Doctor Royce, passing her window and seeing her, paused to study her for a moment as if she were a painted figure in a painted scene. He thought she was painted splendidly well. She was so pretty that she made his heart ache. It ached for himself and then for her, the poor little prisoner. He tapped on the window.

Gloria turned and recognized her visitor. Her eyes twinkled with affection. She did like Doctor Royce! David had presented him to her. Doctor Royce had graduated at David's college; they were members of the same fraternity.

"You ought to be out here in the sun," Doctor Royce suggested. Gloria was shocked at the idea. She pointed to the blackboard. "I'm in jail for a thousand years. It will take me at least that long to do this hateful problem."

Royce could not enter her room to go to the blackboard, so he asked her to bring the blackboard to him. She fetched it joyously and gave him chalk and said: "There isn't any answer, though."

He was too polite to say, "Why, this is the easiest thing in the world," but he showed that it was for him by his speed and smiling ease of his chalk work.

In a moment the riddle was solved. Gloria understood it a little less than before, but it meant a release from captivity, and she was so entranced that she flung her arms about him and gave him a resounding kiss and called him "a wonderful, marvelous, angel man."

To her it was a kiss of childish gratitude for the help of older wisdom. She hurried the blackboard back to the easel and began to copy the doctor's neat figures in her own scrawl.

But Royce stood quivering with the unexpected attack. He knew that it was a young girl's kiss given in confidence and ignorance, and it was therefore sacred. But he could not help feeling a thrill of prophetic hope.

Soon she must grow up to womanhood—and she must love someone, and why not him? She was very rich, but his own future was gorgeous in his dreams, and Gloria was the most gorgeous thing in his gorgeous dreams.

Then he reproached himself for the mood and grew sad at the thought of the years that must roll over Gloria's sunlit head before he could even pay court to her. And in those years what dangers might she not encounter—dangers to her health, her soul, her happiness? He longed to protect her through them all.

He saw that Gloria had already forgotten him. She had copied his work and she was rubbing out his calculations. He wondered if that were prophetic, too.

When Gloria had the blackboard all shipshape she bowed to the governess to come and see her triumph. Gloria regretted the deception; but what other refuge has the weak from the strong?

Miss Sidney raised her eyebrows and doubtless suspected that Gloria had enjoyed outside aid; but she had an engagement of her own with the tutor of a rich young imbecile, and she pretended to be convinced.

Gloria was permitted to call it an algebra lesson, and for a reward she was assigned to the study of a list of the English kings. Gloria did not mind that, for she hid a stolen novel inside the page and read something far more important to her than ancient history—modern romance.

If Gloria had not learned a lesson of any importance that day, neither had her elders.

When dinner time came at last Gloria's maid allowed her to select her newest Paris gown for dinner. And it

was a pleasant dinner, on the veranda, with the twilight drawing round like soft curtains, the lamps glowing everywhere in the tropical verdure like little moons, and the glimmering atomobiles spinning everywhere along the walks.

And there was music. The dancing was beginning a little distance away. Gloria tried to sneak a sip of her father's coffee, but Miss Sidney caught her at it and took the cup away. But except for her everything was beautiful and tender; the very atmosphere was full of pleasant reveries. And then Miss Sidney had to look at her watch and ruin everything with the insulting word: "Bedtime!"

Gloria pretended not to hear her and talked vigorously to David. But he only laughed an elder brother's laugh and lighted another cigarette. She ran to her father and nestled in his arms. He hugged her close, but she could tell that he was afraid of that gorgon governess.

"Daddy, darling, let me go to the dance." He shook his head. "Just three dances." He shook his head. "Two? One!" He shook his head. She knew that the governess had given him his orders.

David sniffed. "Little girls aren't allowed to mingle with grownups after dark."

Gloria choked for words and threw him one glance. It looks were smacks in the eye he would have had a good one. But he only laughed the more. Then her father hardened his heart and gave her a run-along-now kiss.

She went along, but she did not run. Once more the rebellion began to simmer in her brain.

Her helplessness was her chief grievance. How could a young girl defend herself from a big governess and a big maid, a flinty-hearted father and a brute of a brother? She was pondering while the maid took off her dinner gown and hung it up and handed her her sleeping suit. A pretty time to go to bed with all Florida calling to her under the moon!

She said her prayers with an absent-minded lack of conviction and crawled into bed. The governess and the maid put out the lights and left her. But they did not put out the moon.

The governess had a prosaic soul and she fell asleep in spite of the moon and the music and the pleading call of all outdoors. She even snored!

Gloria could stand everything but that. She stole from her bed and tiptoed to the governess' room to shake her and beg her not to play that tune on her nose. A better idea occurred to her. Seeing the governess' cloth slippers neatly placed on the bedside rug, Gloria pinned them there, whisked back into her own room and, flinging off her bedgown, slipped into her dinner gown again. She dressed in the dark and got away safely from her room.

She was afraid to face the brilliant lights and the crowd, but she found a nook on the piazza where she could peer in at a window and watch the whirling couples. The tune set her heart to waiting and she was so famished for a dance that when old Judge Freeman came into sight she asked him to waltz with her. He shook his head dolefully.

"I'm sorry, my child, but I've been sent to bed, too."

She felt sorry for him, but she wished that people would stop calling her "my child."

She peeked at the ballroom again and watched the rivalry of David and Mr. Freneau for the dances of Lois Freeman. The two men were jealous of each other. David was furious, and Gloria was glad of it.

After a time David had a great scheme. Never dreaming that Gloria was just outside the window, within hearing distance, he asked Lois if she would not enjoy a little moonlight spin in his racer. She said that she would. David said, "Wait right here," and left the ballroom. But Lois did not waste any time waiting. She beckoned Mr. Freneau and told him that she had a headache and could dance only one more dance before she said goodnight. Gloria knew that she was killing time till David could get to the garage and back.

She heard David's car coming. The lights almost revealed her on the piazza. David stopped the car at a side entrance and ran into the hotel for Lois.

Then Gloria's inspiration came. She would save David from that siren and she would get a bit of moonlight for herself.

She dashed across the lawn and, stepping into the car, commanded it to obey her wild will, and away it went like a magic carpet.

Her practiced hands and feet knew the steering wheel and the clutch and the brakes and all, and there was a rapture beyond words in her power, her liberty, her speed. At last she was being obeyed and not obeying. This leaping monster outran the greyhound and bore her down moonlit lanes, shadowed with palms and beautiful strange trees and shrubs of exotic shape and perfume.

The road ran along the sea and the waves laughed with her. Out in the haze she saw a great full-rigged ship loafing along the gulf stream. But she was in a better ship.

She could imagine the bewilderment of David and Lois when they stepped out for their clandestine escapade and found that somebody else had clandestinely escaped with the car. She laughed aloud at the picture.

She could imagine that governess waking at the racket of her own snores and getting up with a start, then deciding to see if Gloria were still in jail. She could see her putting her feet into her slippers and going

terflop! Gloria shrieked at this vision. It would pay her off for some of those cuffs on the ear that she had given Gloria. Gloria had been too good a sport to tell on her, but she had not forgotten them.

She could imagine the governess picking herself up and running barefoot into Gloria's bedroom—the empty cage whence the bird had flown. She could see the panic she fell into and the funny sight she made in her bathrobe as she dashed out into the corridor and hunted for Gloria's father to give the alarm.

Gloria proved how far she was from having outgrown her childhood by the

things that amused and justified her flight. She was a child, but she had possessed herself of this perilous engine. She was flying at forty miles an hour along almost deserted roads, cutting through sleeping villages, little oases in a jungle that closed more and more gloomily, threateningly about the road. She had no idea of the time or the distance. She only knew that at last she was free. At last she was ruling something.

Then abruptly she lost control of her magic steed. It ceased to obey the wheel. It wavered this way and that with terrifying uncertainty. The steering gear had broken.

With a sudden sharp swerve the car shot from the road and out upon the beach. Paralyzed with amazement more than fear, Gloria was carried across the sand straight into the waves. They rushed toward her as if the ocean were hungry for her. But the wheels sank in the wet sand and the breakers did not capture Gloria. They almost drowned her in their warm flood, however, and she made haste to extricate herself and climb out.

No human being saw that strange apparition, unless it were Father Neptune, and he must have thought it was Venus rising from the sea again—this time in a very fashionable but very moist dinner gown.

Gloria was only the more exultant from this new experience. She stood a moment on the car, then jumped off and raced a wave to the shore.

She found herself in a wilderness of sand dunes and mysterious bushes. She plunged among them, thinking less of making her way home than of exploring a little deeper this Eden in which she had stumbled.

She did not know what dangers lurked on every hand. There were multitudes of serpents in this Eden—cold, fierce rattlesnakes under the most beautiful flowers. Beneath the moonlit waters of little bays were hungry alligators; under the unwary feet the quicksands might open; the path ended suddenly in entanglements of tall sword grass that slashed the skin at touch.

And deep in the fastnesses were the remnants of the Seminole tribe who had fought the whites for years and baffled them till palefaced treachery overcame the Indian wiles. The redmen had never forgiven the whites, and they regarded their intrusions with hatred.

As children scamper into blood-curdling danger with laughter, so the child Gloria danced through Paradise not knowing that she was lost in the everglades.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Most Unkindest Cut.

The truest and most devoted friend that man ever had is the little inanimate bundle of nerves that stands guard by his bedside through the dead hours of the nights, its palpitating little heart spreading cheer and confidence over the surrounding gloom. Yet man often forgets the debt of gratitude he owes this faithful and tireless little friend for the sleepless watchful hours it subjects itself to in order that he may slumber in security and comfort, and when it sings its merry morning lay I have seen him, instead of bestowing fond caresses, reach from his warm quilts, grasp it ruthlessly and slam it into the farthest and darkest corner of the room, crushing the dainty hands that seemed uplifted in an attitude of horror and protection and unworthy reproaches as these, "Damn that blinkety-blank alarm clock anyhow!" then return to his snoring!—Zim, in Cartoons Magazine.

They had done by confiscations and consequences of exile.

It is claimed by Sabine, in his book, "The American Loyalists," that at least twenty thousand Tories took up arms for the King during the war. The first organizations were under Governors Dunmore and Martin; and besides those under Butler and Johnson, in New York, and



Gloria Slipped Into High Speed and Sped Away.



Miss Billie Burke, Star of "Gloria's Romance."

arms and ordered him off. The judge pleaded: "Who'll play with me? Will you?"

THE LOYALISTS OF THE REVOLUTION

isting and increasing grievances, were not prepared to renounce all allegiance and they adhered to the interests to the Crown. These formed a large class in every rank in society, and, being actuated by conscientious motives, commanded our respect.

Many of these Loyalists took up arms for the King, remained loyal

from Great Britain a redress of ex-

generated, and common justice was de-

But when peace came and animos-

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Yucatan Statesman Hopes to Negotiate Loan for Carranza

Dr. Victor A. Rendon, a Yucatan statesman and financier, will probably be selected by General Carranza as head of a special financial commission invested with authority to conduct preliminary negotiations for a foreign loan for Mexico.

Colonel Ferguson, at King's Mountain, there were twenty-nine or thirty regiments regularly officered and enrolled. Some of these bore the names: The King's Rangers, the Royal Fencible Americans, the Queen's Rangers, the King's American Regiment, De Lancey's Battalion, the New York Highland Regiment, Johnson's Royal Greene, etc.

These regiments were disbanded at the close of the Revolution, and some of the officers were transferred to the regular English army and continued in service for life. Others, less fortunate, went with a host of military and civil companions into exile, the northern ones chiefly to Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, and the southern ones to the Bahamas, Florida and the British West Indies. Many also went to England, and for years they were importunate petitioners to the Government for relief. The officers generally received half-pay.

Toward the close of 1782 a committee of Parliament was appointed to attend to the claims of the Loyalists. The result of its investigations was to deny the claims of some who had already received aid, and to allow more to others of greater worth.

By its decision in June, 1783, over \$200,000 per annum was distributed among 687 Loyalist prisoners. The claimants finally became so numerous that a permanent board of commissioners was appointed, which continued for almost seven years.

On the 23d of March, 1784, the number of claimants was 2063, and the amount of property claimed to have been lost by them was upwards of \$35,000,000, besides debts to the amount of more than \$10,000,000.

The commissioners continued their labors, reporting from time to time, and in 1790 Parliament settled the whole matter by enactment. It appears that on the final adjustment of claims nearly \$15,000,000 was distributed among the Loyalists, "an unparalleled instance of magnanimity and justice in a nation which had expended nearly \$116,000,000 on the war."

Edna May, the \$100,000.00 beauty, in "Salvation Joan" comes tomorrow at The Ogden.

The stranger was ushered into the society palist's presence. "Ah! you wish my aid," said the great seer.

"Well, madam," said the visitor, "in a way I do. You see, I've just called—"

"Certainly, I know all about it. Just sit here. Ah! I see you have met with various disappointments lately."

"Quite true," interrupted the caller. "I wish, let me go on. Something which you have written for and strive hard to get has eluded you time and again."

"Right you are," murmured the victim.

"But patience. Your end will be attained in the near future. Success is yours."

"I'm sure I'm very glad to hear it, madam," said the subject as he flourished a blue paper. "I've called five times for the gas bill. It's a good thing I'm to get it at last."

One evening the good minister of a certain church was eloquently addressing his congregation on the beauty of leading an upright life when he suddenly paused, glanced around the building and beckoned to the sexton.

"Jones," said he as the sexton approached the pulpit, "open a couple of windows on each side of the church, please!"

"Beg pardon sir?" returned the sexton, with a look of surprise. "Did I understand you to say 'Open the windows'?"

"Yes," was the cold, hard rejoinder of the minister. "It is not healthy to sleep with the windows shut!"

They met by chance in the waiting room of a railway station.

"My friend," began the man with the bag full of tracts persuasively, "have you ever reflected on the shortness of life, the uncertainty of all things here below, and the fact that death is inevitable?"

"Have I?" replied the man in the shabby overcoat, cheerfully. "Well, I should say so. I'm a life insurance agent!"

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