

# WHO'S GUILTY?

By arrangement with the Pathe Exchange The West Virginian each Saturday for a number of weeks will present a novelized version of a photoplay, the scenario of which was written by Mrs. Wilson Woodrow. These stories will each be complete in themselves, but the whole will consist of a powerful expose of existing social and economic ills. The pictures will be shown at the Ideal Theatre on the Thursday following the day of publication.

## BITS OF STATE NEWS

Clyde Allen, the third of three brothers to go to the penitentiary from Ohio county, was sentenced at Wheeling to serve three years at Mountain View this week. Allen pleaded guilty before Judge Alan H. Robinson to stealing a suit of clothes. Allen has previously served time in jail. His two brothers, one of them younger and the other older, have been in the state prison for about two years. They were mixed up in robbery cases.

Strawberries, real big red ones, with the blush of incense, are on the market, on sale by E. M. Burkhardt, Arden district, attracted much attention on the Martinsburg market last week and buyers aplenty were found at 25 cents the quart. The berries are known as the "Everbearing" and Mr. Burkhardt plucks the blossoms from the vines until the standard early varieties of strawberries have exhausted themselves, and from that on until the killing frosts fall, the bushes will be laden with blossoms and berries in all stages of ripening. The berries are the type of the wild strawberry common to this climate, of the same rich aromatic flavor, but much larger.

Another interesting story about strawberries comes from Huntington and is thus told by the Advertiser of that town: "Claude E. Smith, 432 Eighth avenue, is the proud possessor of a patch of ever-bearing strawberries and reports that strawberry blossoms are a common dish at his house now."

"Mr. Smith placed the berries in his back yard last spring and they have afforded his table with luxury all summer and are still bearing and making bloom."

"Mr. Smith says that this variety of strawberry bears from early spring until late autumn and since its introduction has proven to be such a success he expects to raise the fruit on a large scale."

After being assured that Kanawha county will meet them at their own expense by way of Tyler's Mountain route, the progressive people of Pocahontas district, of Putnam county, voted almost solidly for a bond issue, the vote in five of the six precincts being five to one in favor of the proposition. This assures them of eight and a half miles of hard roads, two miles of which will be built from near the mouth of Pigeon river to and up the first fork of the Charleston and Pt. Pleasant turnpike, will be improved from the town of Mouth to the Kanawha county line, passing through the Kanawha river towns of Bancroft, Black Bay, Marymond City and Poca.

Roane county intends to tackle the road paving proposition in a way that spells business, clear through. This is shown, not only by the aggregate issue of \$448,000 for road improvement purposes and by the employment of Burdette Woodyard, of Parkersburg, as chief engineer but by a further order of the Roane county court which authorizes Engineer Woodyard and Deputy Clerk Poole to purchase such machinery and equipment as in the opinion of the former may be needed to do the paving in Roane in slip-shape manner.

The United Woolen Mills company of Parkersburg this morning opened their eighteenth store. This store is in Pittsburgh at 538 Smithfield street in a building which the company has erected on ground that has been leased for a period of twenty years. It is a modern building that will afford commodious quarters for the new store and the location is such that the company expects to do a good business after they have become thoroughly established.

Twelve prospective lawyers took the bar examination given by the State Board of Law Examiners of West Virginia this week at Morgantown. Twelve is the smallest number that has taken the examination in recent years. This is due, said Dean Jones of the law school, to the fact that the requirements are higher than years ago.

Parkersburg Democrats, and in fact members of the party in all that section of the state are much excited over the action of Chairman Clemens Shaver, of the Democratic state committee, in moving the offices of the committee from this city to Fairmont, according to a well known Parkersburg Democrat, who stated to a Parkersburg newspaper that the feeling prevailed that a mistake had been made. He pointed out that the feeling existed that in removing the offices from here to Fairmont the party would be created that the committee were being dominated by former Senator Clarence W. Wilson. He did not say whether or not that is true.

A boiler at a grist mill which blew up at the Uphur county town of French Creek the other day did some queer stunts. According to the Buchanan Delta the entire boiler weighed about 6,000. The fixtures part weighing over a ton was lifted into the air, tearing the gabel and end of the roof off the two-story mill and no one knows how much higher it threw it into the air, falling through the roof of a feed shed toward the pen, lighting about 80 or 90 feet away. The long end of the boiler, weighing between 3,000 or 4,000, was thrown about 300 or more feet into the air, and fell clear over the mill, over the creek beyond the covered bridge, lighting a few feet north of W. A. Colardine's saddle shop, almost burying it in the ground. Al Phillips, the owner, and Leo Brown were in the plant at the time. Clarence Heavner and his brother were unloading lumber into the mill, when the boiler was thrown into the air, and he was driving the team, jumped into his wagon, and escaped without injury, while it threw hot water over him and driver, they were not burned, but Walter, the boy who was putting the coal into the boiler, was not so fortunate. He was terribly burned. He was thrown backward into a dump of bushes, but was able to get out and walk to the house, perfectly rational and could tell all about it.

Too many of our coming young men start with a handicap. There's no hope for the man who is a hypocrite even with himself.

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MRS. WILSON WOODROW  
AUTHOR OF "THE SILVER BUTTERFLY," "SALLY SALT," "THE BLACK PEARL," ETC.  
NOVELIZED FROM THE SCENARIOS OF PHOTOPLAYS OF THE SAME NAME RELEASED BY PATHE EXCHANGE.

## TWELFTH STORY

### Weighed in the Balance

Tom Clark's father died in battle. Not the less so, because the only weapons involved were brains and money, instead of cold steel and hot lead.

John Clark had begun life as a mill hand. By sheer cleverness, by tireless industry, by an almost unswerving power over his fellow men, he had fought his way upward until he was president of the great mills which he had entered, a quarter century earlier, as a day laborer.

But he was a manufacturer, not a financier. His directors presently formed a clique to oust him from power and to put one of their own henchmen in his place.

The clique's chance came when they lured Clark into a maze financial deal whose nature they misrepresented to him. As a result, when the president one day entered the board room for a conference, he found the directors already awaiting him. One of them opened the attack by saying curtly:

"You have failed to redeem the stock you pledged for the C. G. & X. loans. We have taken it up. The control of the mills has therefore passed to us. We deeply regret, of course."

"I will take your regrets for granted, gentlemen," interrupted Clark, "and I will not waste your time by telling you what I think of this underhand deal. You have tricked me out of power. You have the whip-hand. If you expect me to cringe under the whip or to whine for mercy, you do not know John Clark. You want my resignation as president, of course. It will be in your secretary's hands within half an hour. Good day."

Turning on his heel he strode out of the room and back to his own private office. He had promised to hand in his resignation within thirty minutes. In a long lifetime of business probity, that was the one and only promise John Clark ever broke.

For, as he reached his desk, a sudden sharp pain in the left side sent him staggering into the nearest chair. There he groped fumbling at his collar and mumbled a few gasping incoherent words.

Before his secretary and stenographer could hurry across the room to the stricken man, he slid limply from the chair to the floor, and lay there, very still, in a curiously huddled and inert mass.

The blow that had wrecked his future had also taken his life.

Thus did John Clark fight a life-long battle. Thus did he lose battl-



"Then it's True What People Are Saying"

And life in one stroke. And it behooved his only son to take up the fight as best he could, to support his sister and his widowed mother.

Tom Clark had been reared as a rich man's son. He was just ending his senior year at Yale when word came of his father's death and of the total wreck of the family fortunes.

He hurried home, and, after he had installed his mother and sister in a hide-street cottage, he began at once to seek some method of supporting them and himself.

But there he met the first setback of his easy-going young life. Hitherto, the ways had all been greased for him. Now he found them sand-papered.

Tom speedily discovered that his services were in no demand at all among the merchants and financiers of his little home town.

Home he came, discouraged and grimly resolute, after a week of fruitless search for work. To his mother he poured out the story of his troubles and of a plan that had been bred in his failures.

"My father went in at twenty as day laborer at the mills over yonder. When he was fifty he practically

owned the mills. His example is good enough for me. Tomorrow morning I'm going over to the mills to see Mr. Peltz, the new president. For dad's sake he'll give me work there."

And in spite of all the protests of his mother and sister he held to his resolve. Early next morning he sought an interview with Peltz, the new president. The latter—more because there was a shortage of men than from any sentiment about John Clark's memory—turned Tom over to Joe Carr, a department foreman, with orders to put him to work.

The moment he and Tom were alone the old foreman grasped Tom's hands in both of his, exclaiming:

"Boy, I worked alongside your father and then under his orders, for thirty years. He was the whitest, kindest, squarest man the Lord ever made. There isn't a man in the mills that didn't love him and trust him. There isn't a man here who won't welcome John Clark's son and give him a square deal."

Tom was genuinely touched by the rough sincerity of the old man's welcome. And he was equally pleased at the warm seconding that welcome received from the other workers.

Inside a year Tom Clark was by all odds the most popular man in the mills, and he was by far the cleverest and quickest workman on his floor. He advanced rapidly, and he well carried every advance. Old Joe Carr grew to regard him almost as a son.

Before that first year was out, too, Joe Carr had still other reasons for being fond of his young protégé. One noon Carr's daughter, Edna, brought her father's lunch to the mills, as he had forgotten to take it with him in the morning.

As she approached Carr's desk, Tom Clark chanced to be standing there, receiving some routine instructions. Carr introduced the two young people to each other.

Tom, as he turned to acknowledge the introduction, found himself looking down into quite the most beautiful pair of eyes he had ever beheld. It was "love at first sight."

Edna Carr, too, felt an unaccountable stirring at her heartstrings at this first meeting with the man of whom she had heard so much from father.

Joe Carr, well pleased, looked on at this brief meeting. Nor was he less pleased when Tom asked leave to call on Edna, nor when, during the next few months, the youth was an almost nightly visitor in the tidy little living room of the Carr cottage.

Love had dawned, and courtship was quick to follow—an ardently adoring swain's wooing of a girl who met his loving advances halfway.

Kelly, the easy-going old superintendent of the mills, retired on pension. In his place the directors appointed a man who had won an enviable record for efficiency in another city's mills. His name was Agnew Graham. In age he was about thirty-five. He had a reputation for slave-driving and for wringing from the mills a list of results that were highly gratifying to the stockholders. Concerning his personal character, some rather unsavory stories were afloat.

At first glance, Tom Clark disliked the new superintendent. He worked the men cruelly hard; he was forever nagging at them and blaming them and docking their wages for imaginary delinquencies.

Though Tom took scant heed of Graham, yet, strangely enough, the new superintendent had given somewhat more attention to Tom, and this secret study on the part of Graham was at last voiced in a talk with Peltz, the president.

"There's a young fellow named Tom Clark in Carr's department," Graham chanced to say to the president one rainy noon, as he was about to go to lunch. "Did you ever happen to hear of him?"

"Why, yes," replied Peltz. "I gave him his job. He is the son of our old president—John Clark. Clark died bankrupt and his son came to me for work. Carr tells me he is a wonder. I'm glad to hear it. I always rather liked his father; in spite of—"

"I've had my eye on him," interrupted Graham. "I've been watching him. You're right about his being a good worker. I'll grant that; but—"

"But what?" demanded Peltz. "That's all we hire him for. He's a hustler, and he doesn't presume on his father's name. What—?"

"He's too popular," declared Graham. "That's a bad sign. Everybody in every department likes him. He's the most popular man in the mills. I don't know why; but it's true, and I don't like it."

The president laughed in derisive amusement.

"Good Lord, Graham!" he exclaimed. "That's the queerest reason for complaint I ever heard. Why don't you like his being popular?"

"I don't like any one man to be too popular and influential in the mills,"

said Graham. "It does a lot of harm." He left the office and started for the main entrance of the mills, where his automobile waited at the curb to carry him to his club for luncheon. A heavy rain was falling, and Graham stood on the entrance steps waiting for the shower to slacken so that he might venture from the shadow of the overhanging portico and reach his car without a wetting.

He noted that someone else, emerging from the building just ahead of him, was also waiting under the portico for the rain to abate. And a second glance at his fellow loiterer showed him she was a girl, young, neatly dressed, extremely pretty. Graham's dull eyes brightened. He took a step toward her.

"Pardon me," he said, with a respectful civility that was a trifle overdone. "You don't work here, I think."

"No, sir," said the girl, who apparently recognized him. "I came to bring my father's lunch."

"Oh, your father is one of us, then?"

"Yes, sir. He is Joseph Carr, foreman in the—"

"Joe Carr?" put in Graham, with a cordiality that would have amazed the grumpy old foreman. "There isn't a better or more highly appreciated man in the place. I'm honored to meet his daughter. I am Agnew Graham, the superintendent," he added in needless explanation. "So you see I am qualified to speak of your father's fine ability. And now would you let me do my old friend's daughter a small service? The rain is letting up. Can't I take you home in my car?"

"Oh, no, sir! Thank you, all the same," stammered the embarrassed Edna. Graham's heavy face clouded at her refusal.

"You have no rubbers on," he pursued, "and it will give me more pleasure than I can say to take you home on my way to lunch."

Edna observed the slight frown as



"Strike, if You're Fools Enough!"

he spoke. This man was the superintendent, the potentate on whose good will both her father and Tom depended for their employment and advancement. If she should offend him—

"Thank you," she faltered, "I shall be very much obliged to you. It is only a few blocks."

Gaily he escorted her across the shining pavement to his car and helped her into its luxurious tonneau.

"This is the very first time I've ever been in an automobile in all my life," she said with awed rapture. "Isn't it wonderful?"

Graham laughed indulgently.

"I used to feel that way about it," he said, "but now I find it a lonesome and dreary sort of amusement, unless I've congenial companionship. Then it's great. But the ideal motor ride is by moonlight, along a smooth white country road, with the noisy city far behind one, with the mountains in the distance and the sleeping meadows all fragrant with dew-soaked flowers. That is like fairyland."

"It must be! It must be!" breathed the girl, her imagination rejoicing in the word picture he had painted for her.

"The rain is over," said Graham. "See, the sun is coming out. The moonlight will be glorious this evening."

"And—and you will go out for a drive in it?" she asked timidly.

"Not alone," he made answer. "Though it seems a pity not to, when the evening is so beautiful."

"Can't you ask some of your friends along?" she inquired with absolute innocence of intent.

"I might," he assented. "But there's only one friend I'd care to ride with, and I'm half afraid she'd be offended if I asked her. Would she?"

"You don't mean—you can't mean—"

she asked. "But I do, whose business is it but my own? You have no right to catechise me."

"I have the right of a man who wants to protect you from danger," he returned. "The right to guard you from a scoundrel like Graham. You surely must know what it means when a man of his sort pays attentions to you."

"It means," she said, angered at his tone, "it means that he loves me. He has asked me to be his wife."

"No!" cried Tom, aghast. "It's true, then! It's true what people are saying. Oh, Edna!"

"Is there any disgrace," she demanded, "in my listening to his proposal? He loves me, and—"

"Edna!" exclaimed Tom, "you don't care for him. You can't! Why, I hoped—I dared hope—you understood how I feel toward you, and that you were willing to wait for me. I love you, dear. You must have known that. I love you. Will you marry me?"

For a moment her heart went out to him in an anguish of yearning. Then, common sense asserted itself.

"Tom," she said, very gently, but very firmly, "You can't afford to marry on the pay you are getting. You can't support two families on your weekly wages. It may be years before—"

"And you are the little girl I al-

ways thought was so fine and so unmercenary!" groaned Tom. "Graham has taught you that money is better than true love. I can't compete against his bid. Good-by."

On the doorstep he all but collided with a man who was just raising a hand to the bell. It was Agnew Graham.

Graham's car stood at the gate. This was the superintendent's first visit by daylight to the home of the girl he loved, and he was not over-pleased to meet Tom Clark coming out.

But from the look of wretchedness on Tom's face Graham rightly judged that the younger man's reception had not been favorable. And he grinned patronizingly at him.

At sight of that grin Tom suddenly lost all control of himself.

He caught Graham by the throat in a blindness of fury and flung him to the ground, leaning over the prostrate man and snarling and growling like a rabid dog.

Graham, though caught unawares, had no mind to be thrashed unresistingly in the presence of the girl he wanted to marry. He was on his feet again as nimbly as any trained wrestler, and, ducking Tom's wild blow, ran in and grappled with him.

Edna, in the doorway, cried out in terror as the two men writhed and twisted in that fierce embrace of hate. A crowd quickly gathered at the gate.

Unseeing, unhearing, the two men battled on. Now the advantage was with one, now with the other.

And suddenly the tide of battle turned. Tom wriggled free from Graham's claving grip and began to rain a lightning succession of blows upon the ill-guarded face and body of his opponent.

Under that fusillade Graham was benten back helpless and reeling.

At ten o'clock next morning Joe Carr returned to his own department from a summons to the president's office, with orders from Peltz and Graham that Thomas Clark be instantly discharged.

"I did my best for you, lad," reported the old man when he had told the news to Tom and to a group of sympathetic workmen who came over to listen. "But it was no use. Graham was there, with his face all swollen and cut, and he kept saying, 'Mr. Peltz, either Clark goes or I go! I told Peltz you were the best worker on the floor; but he stood by Graham and—'"

"And I guess the boys will stand by Tom Clark!" spoke up one of the listening workers. "He's fired without cause, and that's dead against our agreement with the company. We'll call a meeting for tonight and—"

"Not on my account," begged Tom. "I don't want to make any of you men lose a day's work or get in bad with Graham for my sake. I can find work somewhere. And—"

"And you'll find it right here in these mills," supplemented Carr, "or we'll know the reason why. Mr. Agnew Graham's gone a step too far this time."

On the following day a committee of the men formally waited upon Mr. Peltz in the latter's office. Graham was there, still hideously disfigured by his thrashing.

Peltz nodded curtly to the committee and bade them state their errand. The spokesman cleared his throat and began a speech he had carefully rehearsed.

"Mr. Peltz," said he, "we are here as a delegation of your entire force. We have a grievance. We regret that we should be obliged—"

"Oh, cut out the flowery language and come to the point!" snapped Graham. "What's your grievance?"

The spokesman, still addressing Peltz, resumed:

"Thomas Clark was yesterday discharged without assigned cause, and for no reason concerning his work and conduct here in the mills. We demand, respectfully, that he be reinstated by or before noon today."

"And if we refuse?" sneered Graham. "What then?"

"Then," retorted the spokesman, stirred out of his self-control by the insolent tone, "then at noon every man in these mills will register his protest by walking out. That is final."

"Walk out, then!" yelled Graham. "Strike, if you're fools enough! Not a man who strikes on account of that Clark blackguard will ever get another job here. That's final, too."

As they departed they heard Graham say to the president:

"Perhaps you see now why I didn't like Clark's popularity with the men. He—"

"Telegraph to Nagel," interrupted Peltz. "Tell him to ship us five hundred strikebreakers and fifty guards. We'll see this thing through. Tell Nagel to rush his men here on the first possible train."

But it was one thing to summon a battalion of strikebreakers and quite another thing to break a strike, as Peltz and Graham speedily discovered.

The men of the mills were fiercely in earnest. As the guarded strikebreakers marched up the street toward the mill from the railroad station the strikers barred their progress. The police and the hired guards sought to drive back the solid body of men who opposed the strikebreakers' march.

A stone flew; then another. Then a hailstorm of missiles. The police and guards charged; but the strikers flung themselves upon their foes with a steady determination that forced them to a halt.

The street in front of the mill was in a mad turmoil. The strikers in a dual rush swept their opponents off

their feet and back toward the railroad station whence they had come.

"They'll turn around presently and wreck the mills," muttered Graham as, from Peltz's office, he peeped down on the scene of carnage below.

"And when they do—"

He looked around him, to find he was talking to himself alone. Peltz had prudently left the office and was even then sneaking out of the building through an unguarded door.

Graham, left alone, lost what little remnant of nerve he still possessed. He bolted from the office, down a flight of stairs and toward the



It Was Love at First Sight.

street. In the hallway someone sprang forward and seized him by the arm. Graham, half-blinded by terror, jerked his arm free and was starting again, when he saw it was Edna Carr who had sought to stay him.

"What—what are you doing here?" he babbled in terror.

"I couldn't stay away," she sobbed. "I heard that Mr. Peltz had used his influence with the governor to get the militia regiment called out. And I was afraid Tom might be injured. So I came here to—to plead with you, Mr. Graham."

A crash of glass from behind them attested to the sureness of some window-smasher's aim.

"They're breaking in!" howled Graham, his knees knocking together. "It's I they're after. They hate me. They'll tear me limb from limb!"

He wrenched himself free from Edna's detaining grasp and ran dashedly for the nearest door, flinging it open.

In the street, before him, the strikers had halted, and were lined up, resolutely but hopelessly, all looking straight ahead at a body of re-enforcements that were appearing from around the corner ahead, to replace the scattered guards. Graham cried aloud in shaky relief. The newcomers were several platoons of police reserves.

To reach the police, Graham must pass in front of the strikers, and perilously close to them. He knew what to expect from their rocks and pistols and stung clubs. He must run a fearful gauntlet ere he could reach safety.

Then, in a trice, came to him an inspiration born of craven terror, and with trembling haste he acted upon it.

He flung one arm about Edna and, before she could guess his purpose, he was dashing toward the street, half-carrying, half-dragging her along with him.

And ever, as he ran, he held the girl's fragile body as a shield between himself and the strikers.

Out from the thick-packed throng sprang a man. It was Tom Clark. In a single bound he had gained Edna's side. Tearing Graham's arm loose from her, Tom gently thrust her out of the path of the police.

Then he gripped the fleeing superintendent by the throat and, heedless of consequences, proceeded to throttle him.

From the moment of Graham's dash out of the doorway scarce ten seconds had elapsed. The police officer in charge, seeing the forward surge of strikers, shouted an order to his men.

In answer to that sharp-barked command a roar and belch of flame burst from the foremost rank of the police reserves.

The police had fired on the mob. The grappling bodies of Tom Clark and Agnew Graham were riddled by bullets. A dozen strikers fell headlong under the same volley. The rest of the mob scattered and fled.

Edna Carr darted out from the sidewalk and threw herself upon her knees in the blood-stained street at Tom Clark's side. She lifted the lifeless man's head in her arms and weepfully kissed the dead lips.

"He was mine," she moaned hysterically. "One of my people!"

"And these," mused the police officer, edgily looking at the slain, scattered about on the ground at his feet, "these were my people, too. And I ordered them shot down like beasts!"

And in the city hall sat a man, elected by the votes of the people, who, when the report was made to him, said: "They were my people. They elected me, but I might have done things differently. I ordered out the reserves and now these men are dead through my orders."

And the people; each one felt his share when the question was asked, "Who's Guilty?"

(END OF TWELFTH STORY.)