THE LAPSE OF ENOCH WENTWORT ISABEL GORDON CURTIS

Author of "The Woman from Wolvertons" ILLUSTRATIONS by ELLSWORTH YOUNG

vict?"

'John Esterbrook.' "

"Everything we had planned."

Enoch's voice was calm. "Give it a

big production, advertise it as a play

never was advertised before, and build

up your fame as an emotional actor."

What, will you not play the con-

"I! Of course not. There is only

Andrew rushed across the room in a

Wentworth lifted his arm fiercely,

then it dropped nervelessly by his

side. The veins rose in his neck and

forehead like taut cords. He stood

staring at Merry, who strode about the

a damned, low-down, scurrilous black-

leg. And to think of you standing

Merry raised his hand again as if to

strike, then he dropped it by his side,

shuddered, and dashed across the

room. He picked up his hat and turned

"Where are you going?" asked

He lifted his gloves from the table.

Beside them lay the manuscript of his

play. He stretched out his hand and

turned his eyes on the other man,

watching him as a thief might, who

fears being caught in an act of rob

"Take it," cried Enoch. "I have a

copy of it, a copy in my own hand-

"What do you propose to do with your—swag?"

"Call it by a decent name. It be

longs to me. Money does not count

with me in this transaction. You may

take all the royalties. I want nothing

"Nothing but the authorship-"

He dropped the pages and tossed his

hat upon his head. Wentworth watched

him curiously. The outer shell of the

man had changed. His clothes, im-

maculate an hour ago, looked dishev-

eled. A lock of fair hair strayed down

over his forehead, his linen had a bat-

tered appearance, the white hyacinths

drooped from his buttonhole like blos

soms which had been touched by frost.

He stood for a moment with the door-

knob in his hand staring at Went-

worth, who returned his gaze with a

cold, ruthless scrutiny. Merry's eyes

fell before them. It was the first pal-

pable concession to Enoch's stronger

laugh. He closed the door behind him.

Wentworth turned to the table, lifted

the manuscript and stood glancing

through the closely scrawled pages.

Then he crossed the room, dropped it

upon the red coals, leaned his head

upon the mantel, and watched until

each gray ash became a filmy atom of

CHAPTER VI.

Stepping Out-Downhill.

"Jason, this is nobody I know.

Wentworth sat staring at a card his

man laid before him. He knitted his brows querulously. "Make him under-

"He's terrible masterful, Marse

Enoch." said the darky apologetically;

'he's boun' he'll see yo'. He's a gen-

tleman all right. I don' believe I kin

"Tell him I can spare ten minutes."

Jason ushered the visitor into Went-

worth's library. He was a tall, distin-

face. His manners were exceedingly

"I don't believe, Mr. Oswald, I've met

"You haven't." Grant Oswald smiled cordially. "Your man tells me

you have exactly ten minutes to spare.

I'll go straight to business. I'm an

Englishman. I have been in New

vest money in something along the

"Oh." Enoch looked up sharply.

"Yes, I spoke to Merry one night on

the elevated. He's one of your few

play could be found that fitted him-

he spoke of having one-I'm willing to

venture a hundred thousand dollars on

"But-remember-only if the play

appeals to me. I've been studying

theatrical business since I was a

youngster. I never threw money away

"If you can stay I will read you the

"My ten minutes are up." The Eng-

"This work can wait. Excuse me a

Then he walked to the safe and

minute." Wentworth lifted a heap of

clippings and copy which littered his

knelt before it. He had just opened the

be a production worth while!"

'Andrew Merry mentioned you."

stand that I'm engaged."

git rid ob him easy."

gracious, yet simple.

theatrical line."

its production."

play now.'

lishman smiled.

you before," said Enoch.

"Good-by," he said with an unsteady

but the authorship of the play."

Merry's glance was a malediction

Merry stood fingering the pages

"I'm going straight to-hell."

there, looking me in the face-God!'

"God! You're not a man! You're

play it. Do you understand?"

room in a demoniac fury.

to the door.

bery

Enoch sternly.

one actor in America who can play

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SYNOPSIS.

much We worth, newspaper man, and drew Mey, actor, after the guests at poker pty depart, play a last hand, poker pto be absolute control of the stakes be absolute control of the unser the loser. Wentworth wins and stakes to be absolute control of the stakes to be absolute control of the stakes to be absolute or the wins and use of a lose. Wentworth wins and dede to keep the matter secret, cas choch's sister, becomes interded in the state of the story. Knowing of his short-base from her brother she tries to leach actor's ambition. He outlines to a play he has had in mind for girl urgos him to go to work when he completes the play and it to Wentworth the latter desit as the forfelt of the bond won poker game.

CHAPTER V-Continued.

och wrenched his arm free and awkwardly to his feet. The comean drew back with a startled expres-ton, as if fear struggled with bement.

"You see," Enoch's lips were pertly colorless, "your mental ability pledged to me.

Merry stared at him, curious and

"It is your mental ability which I m now," Enoch said deliberately. Andrew spoke in a coarse whisper.

don't understand.' "I demand your play!" "You demand my play? To sell?"
"No; of course not." Wentworth

erked out the words abruptly. "Why hould I want to sell? I want to prooce it—as mine, as one—I have writ-Merry moved toward him with an my of terror in his eyes.

to take from me my one comete effort, my one ambition, my erything-the work which is making man of me, on which I have toiled dily for weeks? You would do that! Do you understand—while I te I scarcely stopped to eat or When I did sleep I dreamed of

He stopped, too much affected to st his voice. He laid one hand over e other as if to still himself, for he trembling.

Wentworth stood looking at the rounger man. Something cold and re-intless crept into his eyes. He laid is hand on Merry's arm.

"Let me talk to you, Andrew." "Talk! Talk! You damned thief!" pushed Enoch aside with quick reon. His face was blazing with



You Demand My Play? To Sell?

wrath. He went tramping about the m in a vague, heedless, half-blinded ashion. A thought seemed to strike im abruptly. He wheeled around sudaly and faced the man beside him. "Why in the devil's name, Enoch ould you do this? Have I ever done you one cruel, disloyal act in all my

Wentworth did not answer. He re arned the terror in Merry's eyes with cool, stubborn glance. "Did you have this hellish plunder

ome in mind when you drew up that bond?" he asked unsteadily. What did you have in mind when u made me your slave?"

"I don't know-exactly." Wentworth ed such a straightforward gaze pon Merry that he realized the man speaking the truth. "As I told rou that night, and I am telling the th, it was nothing but a fancy of When you came to me with script which lay upon the table;

he. When you came to me with his," Enoch's hand dropped on the ou came with a great temptation; it s too much for me." "Evidently," cried Merry. His tone

withering in its scorn. He seated self and his eyes turned fiercely pon Wentworth. The muscles of his beek twitched as regularly as a pulse. meek twitched as regularly as a pulse.
"The play is mine." Enoch seemed have grown strangely cool and imervious to contempt or anger. y is mine," he repeated; "it is the and forfeit of my bond."

the eyes of the actor narrowed and door and laid his hand upon the manuughed savagely. script when the door opened and Dor-

"Take your, pound of flesh," he "What will you do with it?"

you back," he cried. "Never in all my life have I seen you look so well." She held him at arm's length and gazed at him critcally. could say as much for you, Enoch. You look decidedly seedy. I've got to stay right here. I'm the only one who can manage you."

a suit case. For a minute Wentworth

Bless my heart, I'm glad to have

forgot the visitor in his inner room.

"I beg your pardon, Dorcas, I've a guest here." Her brother led her to the inner room and introduced his caller to her.

"Mr. Oswald and I were having business talk, Dorry-not exactly business either. You may stay if you wish and hear a play. I was just going to read to him. If he likes it he will star Andrew Merry in it."

"Oh!" A glow of anticipation shone in the girl's eyes. She laid her coat and hat on the window seat and dropped into a low chair beside her brother. Once or twice she patted him affectionately on the shoulder. The Englishman watched her. There blind fury. He stretched out his hand was vivid admiration in his eyes, but and dealt Wentworth a stinging blow Dorcas did not see it. Her only thought across the mouth. "That actor won't was of the happiness in store for Merry.

Wentworth laid the pages of manuscript on the table and cleared his throat. Oswald sat ready to bestow a business-like attention upon the reading. When Enoch lifted the first page his visitor asked: "May I know who wrote the play?"

"I did," answered Wentworth quietly. "Ah!" said the Englishman. He noticed the startled look on Dorcas' face. It escaped her brother, who sat turned half way from her.

Wentworth began to read. He was an excellent reader; his enunciation was slow and distinct. The story quickly unfolded itself in strong, vivid language. Grant Oswald, who was an ardent student of dramatic literature, fell immediately under its spell and listened with intent quiet.

The minds of both men were so vitally concentrated upon the drama that they were scarcely conscious of a movement when Dorcas crept from her low chair to the window seat. She lay back against a pillow, gathered the folds of a silky portiere around her, and stared down at the square. She heard her brother's voice in fragments. Those fragments were always the words of the girl, Cordelia, or of the father fallen to pitiful estate. She clasped her hands together with such a grip that it numbed her fingers. A strange pain and a horrible suspicion were seeping through her body and burning in her veins. Outwardly she was inert.

Suddenly she was awake again, wide awake, tingling with life and emotion, listening to her brother's vibrant voice. The day of release had come for John Esterbrook. He stood with halting, tremulous steps, fearful at the sight of the world he had left twenty years before, hiding his eyes from its tumult. Then Cordelia ran to meet him-young, hopeful, loving and eager. Dorcas forgot the horror and doubt which had swept her down for a moment, she was thinking of nothing but the play. It was greater, more human, than she had dreamed of that day when Andrew and she walked home over the beach at Juniper Point. Her eyes grew wet with pity, then she smiled happily as life ceased to be a problem for Cordelia. Love had come, and the father turned to work out what was left him of a future.

Enoch laid the manuscript aside The Englishman, hearty in his congratulations and enthusiastic, was urging the earliest possible production. He offered unlimited money and isisted that th hest York could produce should be engaged The spell of the story was still upon Dorcas. She passed out, shaking hands hastily with Oswald.

"Dorry," cried her brother. She did not answer.

"The play stirred her intensely," said Oswald. He had noticed a trace of tears on her cheeks. "Was this the first time she heard it read?"

"Yes, I had never even told her of it. She has been away while-it was written.'

"Is your sister an actress?" "No-she wants to go upon the stage."

"Let her have her way." advised the guished man, with a fine, highbred Englishman. "Her every action shows

that she possesses dramatic talent.' "It isn't my idea of her future." "Stage life is exactly what one chooses to make of it. Curiously

enough, I have a conviction she could play Cordelia.'

Wentworth brushed his hand across his forehead and stared at the scattered sheets of manuscript on the table.

York for three weeks. I want to in-"Get Merry here as soon as possible. I want a consultation with both of you," suggested Oswald while he drew on his gloves. "It is now only a mat ter of time and a theater. If I may advise now, don't choose anyone on this American actors whom I admire. If a side for Mrs. Esterbrook. I know a woman who can play that part to perfection. Again let me congratulate you. It's a great play, one of the greatest I've heard in years. It's bound "A hundred thousand! That would

to succeed. Wentworth bowed, but a sudder flush blazed into his face. He was not hardened enough yet to accept congratulations for the brain product of another man.

"Good-by," said the Englishman, holding out his hand cordially. "Good-by," murmured Wentworth

He moved to the window. A carriage stood waiting in front of the house He watched Oswald step into it and

drive away. Suddenly he recollected that Dorcas had not spoken a single word of praise or congratulation on the play. She was always enthusiastic and happy over every triumph that came to him. cas ran in. Jason followed, carrying She must have thought well of the

play. She had a full appreciation of Merry's talents and she had seemed to like him while they were together during the summer. He paused to pall himself together mentally, then he called her. She came slowly into the room, which had grown dark.

"Dorry," said Wentworth slowly, "do you know you have not said yet that you like-my play?"

"Your play?"

"Why, Dorry?" The girl spoke in an unsteady voice. 'I don't believe, Enoch, that Andrew Merry told you of a long talk we had at Juniper Point. You remember you left me alone with him when you were called to Boston. We sat on the rocks one afternoon and he told me his plot for this play-he had been thinking it out for years and years. Why," the girl shook her head impatiently, "why, Enoch, he had labored on it so long that some of the speeches were written, in his mind. Sometimes he put the story into the very words you read!"

During a few minutes Enoch Wentworth fought the battle of his life. It was the struggle between good and evil, which every human being harbors to a greater or lesser degree, in one soul, in one body. Wentworth sighed. The battle had passed and evil had won. It was prepared to carry him through the most dangerous



"Then He Must Be Found!"

moment. With it came fresh valor, and not only the power to sin further, but a mysterious weakening of the moral tissues which made it possible for him to sin coolly and remore lessly. He turned on the light and with cool composure faced his sister. He met her gray eyes without a quiver. They asked a question which could not be evaded.

"I hate to tell you, Dorcas," there was a tone of reluctance in Went-worth's voice, "but Merry is down again, down in the gutter."

The girl jumped to her feet. "I don't believe it!" she cried. "Besides, if he were, what has that to do with Enoch did not answer. Instead he

asked a question. "Dorcas, do you care for-do you love-Andrew Merry? A flush blazed into the girl's

In spite of the telltale color her brother believed her. "Yes, I care for Andrew Merry-

very much. I do not love him." Enoch gazed at her wistfully. He knew, as she did not, how easy it is to cross the bridge from mere friend-

"Why did you ask me that?"

"I wanted to find out how much it would hurt if I told you the truth. Merry is not worth your love, he is not even worth your friendship."
"It is not true!" There was indig-

nant protest in the woman's voice. know better, so do you. Only this does not explain about his play, for it is his play."

"You remember he left Juniper Point suddenly?"

"Yes." She raised her head with an eager gesture. "He went away to write this play." She pointed to the manuscript which lay on the table.

"Yes," said Enoch slowly. "He began bravely enough. Then-he went under, as he had done so many times in his life."

"What was it?" cried the girl 'Drink or gambling?'

Enoch lay back in his chair. He began to marvel at how easily he could lie, because a lie had never come readily to him before.

"Drink and gambling-and every thing." Her brother shrugged his shoulders as if in disgust. "Of course he stopped writing. A man could not write in his condition. He sent for me. I stayed by him night and day -wrote. You see-I wrote it. He lifted a written sheet from the loose pile of manuscript.

"Perhaps-but it is not your play." Dorcas shook her head with obstinate incredulity. "I told him so. I suggested we

make it a collaborated play.'

"It is not even a collaborated play, Enoch. Why, every situation, the plot, even the very words, are his." "He wants me to father it." "He must have changed since he

said good-by to me. He was on fire then with hope and ambition." "He has changed," acceded Enoch

gravely. It was a relief to make one truthful statement.

"Is he to play 'John Esterbrook when it is produced?"

"No other actor can. Merry has the

entire conception of it now.'

"I don't know." "I thought you promised Mr. Oswald to have him here and get things started for an early production?"

"I did. I am hoping to find Merry at one of his haunts. He must be found and put on his feet. There's a tremendous lot at stake. Dorry," he turned to her appealingly, "won't you help me?

"I'll help you," Dorcas spoke slowly. if you can assure me of one thing.

"What?"

"That there is no wrong to be done." "There is no wrong to be done. Merry will have the opportunity of his life, if he can only be made to see it that way." "And there is no wrong to be right

"There is no wrong to be righted." "Then he must be found. When he is found," the girl spoke decisively, "he must appear before the world as the author of his play."

"He won't do it," answered Went worth.

He rose, put on his hat, and went out. Dorcas heard the front door slam behind him, then she laid her face on the arm of the sofa and burst into tears.

CHAPTER VII.

Merry Disappears.

Suddenly, as if the earth had swallowed him, Merry disappeared. week passed. Grant Oswald, in a fever of enthusiasm, had begun preparations for a Broadway production. He turned a vast amount of responsibility over to Wentworth, who shouldered it thankfully. It kept at arm's length the possibility of dwelling much with his own thoughts: they were not cheerful company, and he was racked by constant anxiety about Merry. There was not a single moment to spare when he could go into the highways and byways of a great city to search, as he had searched before when the man was his friend. He could not delegate the task to another. He had prepared a tale for the public of Merry's whereabouts. Oswald believed the actor was study ing his part and stood ready to appear at a moments' notice. Enoch went ahead with the tremendous load of detail that fell upon him, toiling day and night, while his mind alternated be tween terror and hope.

Every day the man was acquiring traits new to his nature. When a strange accident had tossed before him the possibility of satisfying his dearest ambition, conscience entreated loudly against the theft of another man's life-work. Every noble instinct in Enoch made its appeal; his honesty, his generosity, an innate demand for fair play, the love of his sister and friend, all cried aloud to him during the lonely hours of the night. There had been moments when he would have gladly retraced his steps, but the die had been cast. He was like a racer who, by some treacherous ruse, had pushed aside an opponent and was close to the goal. The intoxication of applause was beginning to sound in his ears and the future held untold possibilities. It was too late to turn back; it would mean the downfall of great ambitions and bitter shame-it might even mean crime. It seemed easier to take the chances.

Occasionally Andrew's dogged face flashed back to his memory when he cried. "I will see what the law can protect a man from theft." Enoch felt his face blanch at the thought of it. Many a man had gone down and out for a crime less knavish than this. But he knew Andrew Merry well, and he trusted to one trait which was predominant in the man-his queer, exaggerated idea of honor.

Day by day his conscience quieted down, self-confidence took the place of wavering, and the fear of exposure seemed to recede. At last he could look the situation in the face without flinching. The task of putting on a theatrical production began to absorb him completely. He had always longed for such a chance; he had been storing away ideas he could now uti lize, besides he knew New York thoroughly, and he had observed for years the system of producing a play. Oswald looked on with appreciation as Enoch put his plans into shape. He knew how uncommon was the combination of such talents in the same man-the ability to write a virile play. then to stage it with practical skill and artistic feeling and originality. A remarkably strong company was en gaged. Oswald insisted on filling even the smallest parts with people far above the level of subordinate actors. The salary list grew to stupendous figures. One morning Wentworth remonstrated against paying one hundred dollars a week to an actor who was to play the janitor. "Breen is a far bigger man than you

need," he objected. "He has played leads to many of the biggest stars. We need a mere bit of character work in this-he isn't on the stage half an hour. I can get a first-rate man for half that price." "Breen can make the janitor so true

to life that the audience will regret seeing him for only half an hour," wald rejoined. "That's the test of quality: When I pay a hundred dol lars I want a hundred-dollar man."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Firemen's Water-Jackets. In Berlin the firemen wear water jackets with a double skin, which they are able to fill with water from the hose. If the space between the layers becomes overfilled the water escapes through a valve at the top of the helmet and flows down over the fireman like a cascade, protecting him --- iy.

IF YOU'RE GROUCHY

it is likely that your liver needs stir-Wright's Indian Vegetable ring up. Pills will set you right quickly. Adv.

Continuing the Argument. "You prefer swords to pistols when you engage in a duel?"

replied the Frenchman. "Swords enable you to get in more gestures."

No. SIX-SIXTY-SIX

This is a prescription prepared es pecially for Malaria or Chills and Fever. Five or six doses will break any case, and if taken then as a tonio the fever will not return. 25c .- Adv.

A young man who last month received his diploma has been looking around successively for a position. employment and a job. Entering an office the other day he asked to see the manager, and while waiting for that gentleman to become disengaged he said to the office boy:

"Do you suppose there is any open-

ing here for a college graduate?"
"Well, dere will be," was the reply, 'if de boss don't raise me salary to t'ree dollars a week by termorrer night."-Boston Evening Transcript.

BABY HAD SCALP TROUBLE

Carthage, Texas .- "My little girl had some kind of breaking out on her head that came in white blisters and when the blisters burst they formed something like scales. If I washed her head and combed the scales off they would come again in just a few days. The trouble looked something like dandruff but was hard and scaly and when the scales would come off all of the hair came also and would leave

the head raw. "I had tried salves which only softened the scales so I decided to use Cuticura Soap and Ointment. washed her head with warm water and Cuticura Soap and then applied the Cuticura Ointment and let it remain over night. I used only one box of Cuticura Ointment and one bar of Cuticura Soap and her head was well. (Signed) Mrs. Luella Biggs, Jan. 28, 1914.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address postcard "Cuticura, Dept. L. Boston."-Adv.

The Guarantee.

William J. Burns, the famous detective, was talking in New York about the recent dropping of his name

from the honorary list of police chiefs. "It is easy," Mr. Burns said, "to read the significance of that action. Its significance is evil. It relates to certain graft exposures on my part. Yes, its significance is as evil as the

clothier's guarantee. "A young fellow went to a clothler to buy a pair of flannel pants.

"'The last pair I got here shrunk," he said. 'I was caught in the rain in them and they shrunk something terrible. Do you guarantee that these won't shrink?'

"'Young feller,' said the dealer, 'I guarantee them up to the hilt. Why, every fire hose in New York but three has squirted on them pants.'

George Bernard Shaw is one of the few vegetarians who have remained true to the faith, and in a recent letter to a woman, reproaching her for her fight against the algrette when she still ate meat, Mr. Shaw said:

"The lack of logic prevails every-We call the tiger a ferocious and ravaging beast, but what would you ladies be called if, for example, the lamb chop had a voice?"

The Drawback.

"I see where the women abroad are offering to fight at the front, but women will never make soldiers.

"And why not?" "For one thing, each one would stop in a hot engagement to powder her

DISAPPEARED

Coffee Alls Vanish Before Postum.

It seems almost too good to be true, the way headache, nervousness, insomnia, and many other obscure troubles vanish when coffee is dismissed and Postum used as the regular table beverage.

The reason is clear. Coffee contains a poisonous drug-caffeinewhich causes the trouble, but Postum contains only the food elements in choice hard wheat with a little mo-

A Phila. man grew enthusiastic and wrote as follows:

"Until 18 months ago I used coffee regularly every day and suffered from headache, bitter taste in my mouth, and indigestion; was gloomy and irritable, had variable or absent appetite, loss of flesh, depressed in spirits, etc.

"I attribute these things to coffee, because since I quit it and have drank Postum I feel better than I had for 20 years, am less susceptible to cold. have gained 20 lbs. and the symptoms have disappeared-vanished before Postum."

Name given by Postam Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Postum comes in two forms:

Regular Postum-must be well boiled. 15c and 25c packages.

Instant Postum-is a soluble powder. A teaspoonful dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water and, with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly. 30c and 50c tins.

The cost per cup of both kinds is

"There's a Reason" for Postum. -sold by Grocers.