

# THE ADVENTURES OF KATHLYN

## SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

Kathlyn Hare, believing her father, Col. Hare, in peril, has summoned her, leaves her home in California to go to him in Allaha, India. Umballah, pretender to the throne of that principality, has imprisoned the colonel, named by the late king as his heir, because he fears the American may insist on his royal rights.

Upon her arrival in Allaha, Kathlyn is informed by Umballah that her father being dead, she is to be queen, and must marry him forthwith. Her refusal infuriates him, but as Kathlyn's beauty and spirit have made a strong appeal to the people, he yields the point for the time being. A priest announces that no woman may rule unmarried, but because the young queen is not conversant with the laws of the state she will be given seven days to decide.

When Kathlyn reiterates, at the expiration of the week of grace, her refusal to marry Umballah, she receives sentence from the supreme tribunal that she is to undergo two ordeals with wild beasts. If she survives she is to be permitted to rule without hindrance.

John Bruce, an American and fellow passenger on the boat which brought Kathlyn to Allaha, saves her life. The elephant which carries her from the scene of her trials becomes frightened and runs away, separating her from Bruce and the rest of the party.

After a ride filled with peril she takes refuge in a ruined temple. The holy men and villagers, believing her to be an ancient priestess risen from the tomb, allow her to remain as the guardian of the sacred fire. But Kathlyn's haven is also the abode of a lion, and she is forced to flee from it, with the savage beast in pursuit. She escapes and finds a retreat in the jungle, only to fall into the hands of a band of slave traders, who bring her to Allaha to the public market. She is sold to Umballah, who, finding her still unsubmitive, throws her into the dungeon with her father.

Bruce and his friends effect the release of Kathlyn and the colonel. Umballah's attempt to recapture them is unsuccessful, and the fugitives are given shelter in the palace of Bala Khan. The same night the sacred white elephant, the khan's most prized possession, is stolen.

The photo-drama corresponding to the installments of "The Adventures of Kathlyn" may now be seen at a number of the leading moving picture theaters. By this unique arrangement with the Selig Polyscope company it is therefore possible not only to read "The Adventures of Kathlyn" in The Tribune but also to keep pace with each installment of it at the moving picture theaters.

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## CHAPTER XVII.

WHEN Kathlyn returned to the compound it was with the news that she had discovered a group of men, some twelve or fifteen miles to the west. They had paused at what appeared to be a well, and with them was the sacred white elephant. Bala Khan was for giving orders at once to set out with his racing camels to catch and crucify every mother's son of them on the city walls. But Ramabai interposed.

"As I came toward the compound I was given a message. The man who gave it to me was gone before I could get a good look at his face. These men who stole the sacred white elephant are brave and desperate. At the first sign of pursuit they promise to kill the elephant."

"And by the beard of the prophet," cried Bala Khan, his face purpling with passion, "these men of the desert keep their promises. And so do I. I promise later to nail each one of them to the walls, to die hanging to nails."

"But just now," said Ramabai quietly, "the main thing is to rescue the elephant, and I have a plan."

"Let me hear it."

"From what you told me last night," went on Ramabai, "those nomads or brigands are opium fiends."

Bala Khan nodded.

"Bruce Sahib here and I will undertake to carry them doctored opium. I know something about the drug. I believe that we saw the thieves last evening as we came through the streets. My plan is this: we will take five racing camels, go north and turn, making the well from the west. That will not look like pursuit."

"But five camels?" Bala Khan was curious.

"Yes. In order to allay the suspicions of the brigands, Kathlyn Mensahib and my wife must accompany us."

The colonel objected, but Kathlyn overruled his objections.

"But, Kit, they will recognize us. They will not have forgotten me. They will know that we have come from the town, despite the fact that to all appearances we come from the west."

Bruce also shook his head. "It doesn't look good, Ramabai. Why not we three men?"

"They would be suspicious at once. They would reason, if they saw Kathlyn Mensahib and my wife with us, that we were harmless. Will you trust me?"

"Anywhere," said the colonel. "But they will simply



THE HOSPITABLE BOLA KHAN BIDS FAREWELL TO HIS GUESTS.

make us prisoners along with the elephant."

"Ah, but the Colonel Sahib forgets the opium," Ramabai laid his hand upon the colonel's arm. "Let them make prisoners of us. The very first thing they will do will be to search the saddlebags. They will find the opium. In a quarter of an hour they will be as dead as we can return."

"It is a good plan," said Bala Khan, when the conversation was fully translated to him. "And once the elephant is back in the compound I'll send a dozen men back for the rogues. Ah! they will play with me; they will steal into my town, overcome my guards, take the apple of my eye! Ramabai, thou art a friend indeed. Haste, and Allah fend for thee! Umballah may arrive with an army, but he shall not enter my gates."

Guided by a servant, Bruce and Ramabai set off for the opium den. The proprietor understood exactly what they desired. There were times when men entered his place who were in need of a long sleep, having money tucked away in their fantastic cummerbunds.

So, mounted upon five swift camels, the party started off on a wide circle. Whether they caught the brigands at the well or on the way to their mountain homes was of no great importance. Ramabai was quite certain that the result would be the same. The colonel grumbled a good deal. Supposing the rascals did not smoke; what then?

"They will smoke," declared Ramabai, confidently. "The old rascal of whom we bought the opium has entertained them more than once. They are too poor to own pipes. Have patience, Colonel Sahib. A good deal depends upon the success of our adventure this morning. If I know anything about Umballah, he will shortly be on the march. Bala Khan has given his word."

Had it not been for liberal use of opium the night before the brigand would not have tarried so long at the well; but they were terribly thirsty, a bit nerve shattered, and craved for the drug. The chief alone had fully recovered. He cursed and raved at his men, kicked and beat them. What! After all these weeks of waiting, to let sleep stand between them and thousands of rupees? Dogs! Pigs! Did they not recollect that Bala Khan had a way of nailing thieves outside the walls of his city? Well, he for one would not wait. He would mount the sacred white elephant and head toward the caves in the hills. Let them who would decorate the walls of Bala Khan. The threat of Bala Khan put life into the eight followers, and they were getting ready to move on when one of them discovered a small caravan approaching from the west.

Camels? Ha! Here was a chance of leaving Bala Khan's city far in the rear. And there would be loot besides. Those helmets were never worn by any save white men. The chief scowled under his shading palm. Women! O, this was going to be something worth while.

When the caravan came within hailing distance the chief of the brigands stepped forward menacingly. The new arrivals were informed that they were prisoners, and were bidden to dismount at once.

"But we are on the way to the city of Bala Khan," remonstrated Ramabai.

"Which you left this morning!" jeered the chief. "Dismount!"

"But I am selling opium there!"

"Opium!"

"Where is it? Give it to us!" cried one of the brigands.

The chief thought quickly. If his men would smoke they should suffer the penalty of being left at the well to await the arrival of the tender Bala Khan. The white elephant was worth ten thousand rupees. He might not be obliged to share these bags of silver. His men could not complain. They had discharged him. Let them have the pipes. He himself would only pretend to smoke.

But the first whiff of the fumes was too much for his will power. He sucked in the smoke, down to the bottom of his very soul, and suddenly found peace. The super-drug with which the poppy had been mixed was unknown to Ramabai, but he had often witnessed tests of its potency. It worked with the rapidity of viper venom. Within ten minutes after the first inhalation the nine brigands sank back upon the sand, as nearly dead as any man might care to be.

At once the elephant was liberated, and the party made off toward the town. Col. Hare, suspicious of everything these days, marveled over the simplicity of the trick and the smoothness with which it had been turned. He began to have hope for the future. Perhaps this time they were really going to escape from this land accursed.

There was great powwowing and salaming at the gate as the sacred white elephant loomed into sight. The old Brahmin who had charge of him wept for joy. He was still a personage, respected, salamed to, despite the preponderance of Mohammedans. His sacred elephant!

Bala Khan was joyous. Here was the sacred elephant once more in the compound, and not a piece out of his treasure chest. He was in luck. In the midst of his self-congratulations came the alarming news that a large body of men was seen approaching across the desert from the direction of Allaha. Bala Khan, his

chiefs, and his guests climbed to the top of the wall and beheld the spectacle in truth. It required but a single look through the binoculars to discover to whom this host belonged.

"Umballah!" said Ramabai.

"Ah! Durga Ram, to pay his respects." Bala Khan rubbed his hands together. It had been many moons since he had met a tulwar.

The colonel examined his revolver coldly. The moment that Umballah came within range the colonel intended to shoot. This matter was going to be settled definitely, here and now. So long as Umballah lived a

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dread menace hung above Kathlyn's head. So, Umballah must die.

Bala Khan was for beginning the warfare at once. Bruce argued him out of this idea. Let them first see what Umballah intended to do. There was no shedding blood needlessly.

"You white people must always talk," grumbled Khan, who was a fighting man, born of a race of heroes yet to bow the head to the yoke. "It is better to kill and talk afterward. I have given my word to protect you, and the word of Bala Khan is as sound as British gold."

"For that," said Bruce, "thanks."

"Keep your men from the walls," cried Kathlyn, "and bring me the white elephant. I would deal with this man Umballah."

Her request was granted. So when Durga Ram and his soldiers arrived before the closed gates they by Kathlyn mounted on the white elephant, alone.

"What wish you here, Durga Ram?" she called down to the man on the richly caparisoned war elephant.

"You! Your father and those who have helped to escape."

"Indeed! Well, then, come and take us."

"I would speak with Bala Khan," impudently.

"You will deal with me alone," declared Kathlyn. Umballah reached for his rifle, but a loud murmur from his men stayed his impulse.

"It is the sacred white elephant, highness. None fire at that," his captain warned him. "Those with or upon him are in sanctity."

"Tell Bala Khan," said Umballah, controlling his anger as best he could, "tell Bala Khan that I would be friend, not his enemy."

"Bala Khan," boomed a voice from the other side of the wall, "cares not for your friendship. What the memsahib says is my word. What! Does A want war for the sake of gratifying Durga Ram's Begone, and thank your evil gods that I am not else at your lying, treacherous throat. Take yourself Durga Ram. The people of Bala Khan do not war on women and old men. The memsahib and friends are under my protection."

"I will buy them!" shouted Umballah, recollecting the greed of Bala Khan.

"My word is not for sale!" came back.

Kathlyn understood by the expression on Umballah's countenance what was taking place. She smiled at her enemy.

"So be it, Bala Khan," snarled Umballah, his no longer on the rein. "In one month's time I will turn, and of your city there will not be one stone another when I leave it!"

"One month!" Ramabai laughed.

"Why are you always smiling, Ramabai?" asked Bruce.

"I have had a dream, sahib," answered Ramabai, smiling. "Umballah will not return here."

"You could tell me more than that."

"I could, but will not," the smile giving way to a frown.



THE BRIGANDS WILL SEARCH US AND FIND THE OPIUM, IN A QUARTER OF AN HOUR THEY WILL BE AS DEAD AND WE CAN RECOVER THE ELEPHANT.

## Answers to Movie Fans.

MRS. P. L. AND OTHERS: Following is a list of film manufacturing companies: American Film company, Santa Barbara, Cal.; Advance Motion Picture company, 950 Edgecomb place, Chicago; Apex Film company, 145 West Forty-fifth street, New York; Balboa Amusement Producing company, 806 Security building, Los Angeles, Cal.; Biograph company, 807 East One Hundred and Seventy-fifth street, New York; Crystal Film company, 430 Wendover avenue, New York; California Motion Picture corporation, 356 Pine street, San Francisco, Cal.; Ryno Film company, 220 West Forty-second street, New York; Eclair Film company, 126 West Forty-sixth street, New York; Thomas A. Edison, Inc., 2826 Decatur avenue, Bedford Park, N. Y.; Essanay Film Manufacturing company, 1233 Argyle street, Chicago; Famous Players Film company, 213 West Twenty-sixth street, New York; St. Louis Motion Picture company, Santa Paula, Cal.; Gaumont company, 110 West Twenty-third street, New York; Kalem company, 235 West Twenty-third street, New York; Kinemacolor company, 1600 Broadway, New York; Lubin Manufacturing company, Indiana avenue and Twentieth street, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mutual Film corporation, 28 Union square, New York; New Majestic Film company, 651 Fairview avenue, Los Angeles, Cal.; New York Picture corporation, Longacre building, New York; North American Film corporation, 111 Broadway, New York; Pathé, 1 Congress street, Jersey City; N. J. Pilot Films corporation, 120 street, Yonkers, N. Y.; Princess Film company, Thanouser studio, New Rochelle, New York; Kalem company, 235 West Twenty-third street, New York; Kinemacolor company, 1600 Broadway, New York; Biograph company, East Fifteenth street, Newark, N. J.; Brooklyn, N. Y.; War-

ner's Features, Inc., 130 West Forty-sixth street, New York. Space will not permit a sample scenario form. Recommendations cannot be made in these columns regarding schools for scenario writing.

MIS E. G.: A large picture of Maurice Costello was printed in "Right Off the Reel" of March 8.

M. M. S.: Facts about the private life of Maurice Costello were printed in the columns of "Right Off the Reel" on March 8. You will notice that Warren Kerrigan has a good chance of appearing in the "Frame of Public Favor" soon.

W. W.: You seem to have the impression, as have many others, that John Bunny is dead. Such is not the case, however. Yes, Mary Pickford is back in the movies.

L. S.: You can vote as many times for a player as you have ballots clipped from the "Right Off the Reel" page. You may be sure the players are much interested in the voting contest.

W. C. W.: Sorry, but advice cannot be given in this department on how to become a photo player. Answers to questions appear in the Sunday paper and not in the daily.

B. R. J.: Some of the scenes for "The Adventures of Kathlyn" were taken in India, but most of them were taken at the Selig zoo in Los Angeles, Cal.

W. C.: The more instruction you can have on writing your photo plays the better. See answer to Mrs. P. L. and others as to where to send your scenarios.

W. F.: Your ballot for Myrtle Stedman has been credited. If she is successful in winning in the voting contest her photograph will appear in the "Frame of Public Favor." Photographs cannot be sent to movie fans from this department.

# ZIP!-ZAM!-ZOWIE!-That



THE pretty telephone girl of the Essanay Film company's plant looked dubiously at the artist and me as we appeared at the window of her office and made inquiry for the one who was to initiate us into the mysteries of moving picture production. With her hand on a plug she asked hesitatingly:

"Did you read the sign—right over the window?" We backed up and read it. It said, largely, blackly, and convincingly:

"ALL ENGAGEMENTS FILLED."

I laughed. "Do we look like actors?" She said, "Not exactly—but you never can tell." Whereupon we explained, and there came to us an official who led us upward, onward, and all around.

As we walked along a lot of little closed doors attracted my attention. My inquiring glances brought information.

"These," our guide said, "are dressing rooms." Said the artist wistfully, "Wish I could see a dressing room!"

Obligingly then, our guide rapped upon a door; a feminine voice told us to come in, and we found ourselves in one of the coziest, most complete little places of the kind I have ever seen, with its three elaborately chintz hung dressing tables, picture covered walls, and roomy cushioned couch. At one of the tables a girl sat writing—Miss Ruth Stonehouse, one of the leading women.

"Yes," she said, in answer to a remark, "It is homey, isn't it? Well, you see, that's because it's—home. We're not Arabs like 'legits.' We're here all the time. And, as we're on duty from 9 in the morning until 5 in the afternoon, we like to be comfortable. Won't you sit down?"

Everything in the Property Room.

We hadn't time for this, however, and left shortly. As we came out a Puritan maid, an Iroquois Indian, and a villain in a full dress suit tore by. I showed indications of a desire to tear after, but was restrained by the voice of our guide informing me that these people were on their way to the bus which was to carry them to the place that was to be the scene of an out of door picture.

We went downstairs then and found ourselves in the property room. Talk about your old curiosity shops! The property room of a "movie" plant has it over any old curiosity shop that ever was. Name anything you ever heard of or of which you ever expect to hear, and you'll find it there! Shoe blacking, grandfathers' clocks, fly swatters, Chippendale furniture, tea sets, statuary—complete furnishings for houses, garden, bazaar, or church, with nothing left out, nothing forgotten. I never saw anything like the conglomeration of inanimate objects in that place!

The comedy studio was then presented to our view, and from that we were ushered into the studio where the dramas are rehearsed.

No, indeed, they don't do their comedies and dramas in the same place! I should say not! Movie people are quite as particular regarding "atmosphere" as are the Barrymores, Jolson, and Forbes Robertsons. In arrangement, though, the studios are about the same, each containing parlor, dining room, kitchen, and bedroom—all scenes occurring in one room being taken at one time to avoid changing the camera and moving about.

And the actors never have any parts to study. It's all up to the producer. He says to them:

"Tomorrow you're to be a villain, and you're to be a lady, and you're to be a house-

maid." They make up accordingly, press themselves, and he shows them just what they're to do by doing it first himself.

Those booked for "Fate's Plaything" were gathered in the big drama studio. Yes, Frank X. Bushman was there. Vurry much like *Is he handsome, just like his pictures?* more so. Girls, he's adorable—perfectly adorable! And right here I'll tell you so thing. There's a secret in his life—a dark, six sided secret. So, always when you see his smiling face—ree-ee-member! A pity him if you can.

The Plot of "Fate's Plaything."

He, Miss Helen Dunbar, Miss Ruth Stonehouse, Bryant Washburn—lovalay!—Eas Holmes, and a cunning little ingenue, Helen Weir by name, were standing in a parlor, being instructed by the producer as to what they were to do. Over their heads but some of the kind of lights that have cheerful effect of making the persons animated by their rays appear dead and ginning to mortify. I never have understood what makes them so necessary to success photography; but then, of course, I do know everything.

Just to satisfy your curiosity I might well tell you that in "Fate's Plaything" Bushman is a handsome young doctor falls in love with the plaything, as repre-