

A Word With Subscribers

ar misconception that in times of War a newspaper mak money. As a matter of fact, any newspaper which tries to do its duty by its subscribers, loses money during war time. This is true of The Daily and Semi-Weekly Mail. Both of these papers, in spite of their tremendous increase in circulation, are not making any profit out of the war. This being the case, we have to ask our subscribers who are in arrears to be good enough to REMIT. If we are properly doing our duty toward you as a subscriber, we have to ask that you will carry out your duty to us by remitting promptly any amount that may be owing to us.

If you want to help us make our paper better, send us your subscription in advance. We assure you that we will spend it in improving our news service.

Accounts are now being sent out, and we will be very much indebted to you if you will give the same your prompt attention.

The Mail Printing Company

The Lapse of Enoch Wentworth

ISABEL GORDON CURTIS

Author of "The Woman from Wolverton"

Illustrations by Ellsworth Young

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"I understand," cried Merry. There was a thrill of compassion in his voice. "Now, dear old man, let's forget it. The one thing I can never forget is that you have raked me from the depths more than once. I might have been worse than dead today if it hadn't been for you."

"You never descended to the depths I did," said Wentworth abruptly.

"Sin—my variety of it or yours—is nothing but the difference in a man's taste. His palate dictates what he will eat. There is a moral palate, and if you go on slaking your appetite, there's a weakening of the moral tissue. Isn't that what your psychologists call it? If it had not been for you, Enoch, I might have been worse than dead today." Merry uttered the last sentence in an undertone. "I have a feeling, though, that I can never go so low again, because—"

He sat silent for a minute. Wentworth's eyes were fixed upon him like an insistent question. "Because Enoch," he went on in a steady voice, "because Dorcas has promised to be my wife."

"Oh!" cried Wentworth quickly. "Oh, thank God for that!"

CHAPTER XXVII.

Behind the Curtain.

It was a wet night in October. A line of carriages moved slowly over the shining asphalt to the door of the Gotham. Grant Oswald stood in a corner of the foyer watching the throng pour in.

"This beats your first night in London, doesn't it?" queried a newspaper man who stood beside him.

"Yes," acceded the Englishman. "The first night or any other night."

"Wentworth's escape from death was a great ad—if you look at it that way. He had a close call."

"Yes," Oswald spoke absently.

That morning he had arrived from London. Although he was the least curious of men, he felt as if the people from whom he had parted four months ago were living in a different atmosphere. Before the ship docked he had discovered a group waiting to welcome him. Dorcas was there, her beautiful face glowing with happiness. He watched her untie a gray scarf from her hat and wave it. Merry stood beside her, but the girl's hand was clasped inside her brother's arm. Wentworth was wain and thin. Across his temple gleamed a wide red scar. Merry lifted his hat when he caught sight of Oswald and the wind tossed down, almost into his eyes, the wavy lock of long fair hair which proclaimed his calling. Alice Volk stood in the group, with Juliet jumping impatiently beside her. Little Robin clasped her hand, while he searched for the ship with his sightless eyes.

With a courteous "Good night" Oswald left the man and walked into the theater, where a gay, chattering crowd streamed past him. The throng was so dense that he was pushed into a corner. When the overture began he moved toward the rail and took his place among a group of men who had not been able to buy seats. He found Singleton, of the Times, at his elbow. "Hullo," said the young editor heartily. "I'm glad to see you back and glad you've come back to such a house. Why, it's one of the biggest I ever saw in New York. You fellows must be raking in the shekels."

GOOD BUSINESS

Steady Advertising and Enterprising Sales Methods Prove Effective

One of the most remarkable concerns in Canada to-day is the Berliner Gramophone Company, Limited, of Montreal.

This Company far from feeling the ill-effects from the war is actually doing an increased business.

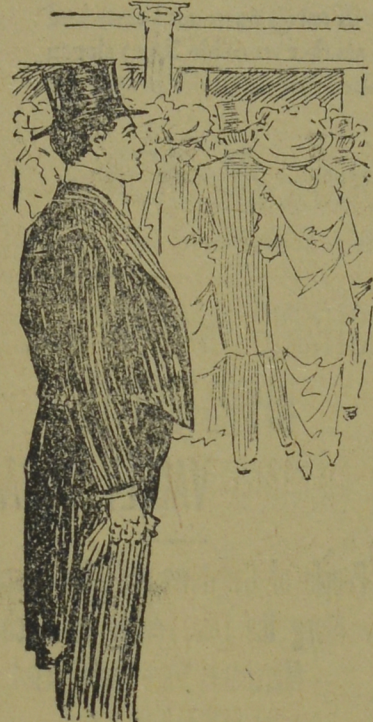
Since the middle of September, it has courageously increased its advertising throughout the Dominion and is now reaping the fortune which favors the brave.

Despite its name the Company is entirely a Canadian concern with a large factory in Montreal where it manufactures all the famous Victor "His Master's Voice" records for the Dominion.

An official of the Company recently interviewed made the statement that at present there was an enormous boom in patriotic records, and that the sale of "It's a Long Way to Tipperary" had alone in six weeks exceeded the sale of any other record ever published by them previously.

"At the present time" he went on to say an even greater boom than Tipperary was under way for the song "Your King and Country Want You," published by special request of the Minister of Trade and Commerce, now Acting Premier, Sir George E. Foster."

"It does look that way," Oswald smiled. "I don't know how long it will hold out. The play has already gone far beyond my expectations." "It ought to last through several seasons. Generally a drama that pulls



Oswald Was Watching the Throngs Pour In.

at the heart strings has a clutch on the purse strings of the public. Besides, you've a great card in your Miss Wentworth, to say nothing of Merry. She's out of sight. Why, I've run in heaven knows how often, for that third act. I can't think of any big actress who could get as much out of that situation as Dorcas Wentworth does. There are minutes when it doesn't seem as if the girl were acting—she lives the character from start to finish. She is not playing 'Cordelia,' she is 'Cordelia.' I told you Oswald she is a wonder. I have been following the drama as a critic for years, and one gets to be hardened, the emotions are not susceptible to the appeals of the average player, but in this scene particularly Miss Wentworth grips me in a most wonderful

way. She is so simple and sincere in her methods that one cannot realize that she is acting a part. She is great."

"I believe you are right," acknowledged Oswald.

Before the third act began the house settled down to that silence which means intense anticipation. When the curtain fell, the applause rose to a deafening clamor. One player after another appeared to take an encore. Last of all came Dorcas. She stood on the stage alone, smiling and bowing. Her face was radiantly happy. When the curtain dropped, the applause began again. Wentworth appeared, leading Merry by the hand. The face of the older man looked pallid and the red scar cut lividly across his forehead. A stiffness fell upon the house. It seemed to Oswald as if the people waited intently for some unusual event.

There was a tenseness in the quiet that prevailed in the audience that seemed to forecast something dramatic. It equaled in intensity the interest with which the most telling climaxes of the play had been received. The very air of the two men standing side by side in the center of the stage seemed to promise a sensation.

Enoch Wentworth raised his hand with a gesture which was strangely dramatic for a man who was neither an actor nor an orator. Like a flash Oswald remembered a day when he sat watching a prisoner at the bar. The man had been condemned to death; a moment later, with a stifled cry of terror, he stretched out his arm for mercy and sympathy.

"Ladies and gentlemen," Wentworth began, in a voice which was low, but so marvelously distinct that each syllable carried to the farthest seat in the house, "this is not a curtain speech—you have not called me before the footlights tonight; it is an explanation. It is a—confession."

Enoch paused as if mustering strength to go through an ordeal. He felt the curious scrutiny of a thousand eyes. "It is a confession," he repeated slowly, "a confession which has been long delayed."

He never finished his sentence. Merry stepped forward and laid his hand upon the man's arm with a clinging grasp which was full of affection, even while it pushed Wentworth aside.

"Allow me," Then he laughed. "Good people, one and all, who have so long been friends of mine, this is my confession, late in the day, as my friend Wentworth suggests, but it is mine. He was simply breaking the news to you that I wrote 'The House of Esterbrook.'"

He hesitated for a moment, then Enoch turned his arm as if in protest. Merry smiled and gently put him aside. A whisper of startled surprise ran through the house, followed by a moment of hush, then applause. It subsided slowly. During the tumult men and women who kept their eyes upon the stage saw Wentworth turn as if pleading vehemently. Merry answered with a few decisive words, then he stepped down to the footlights.

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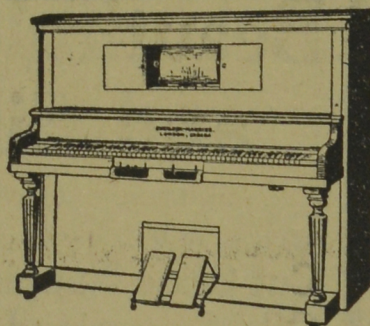
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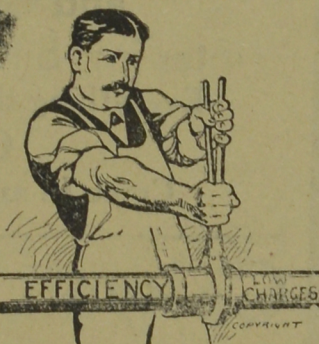
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