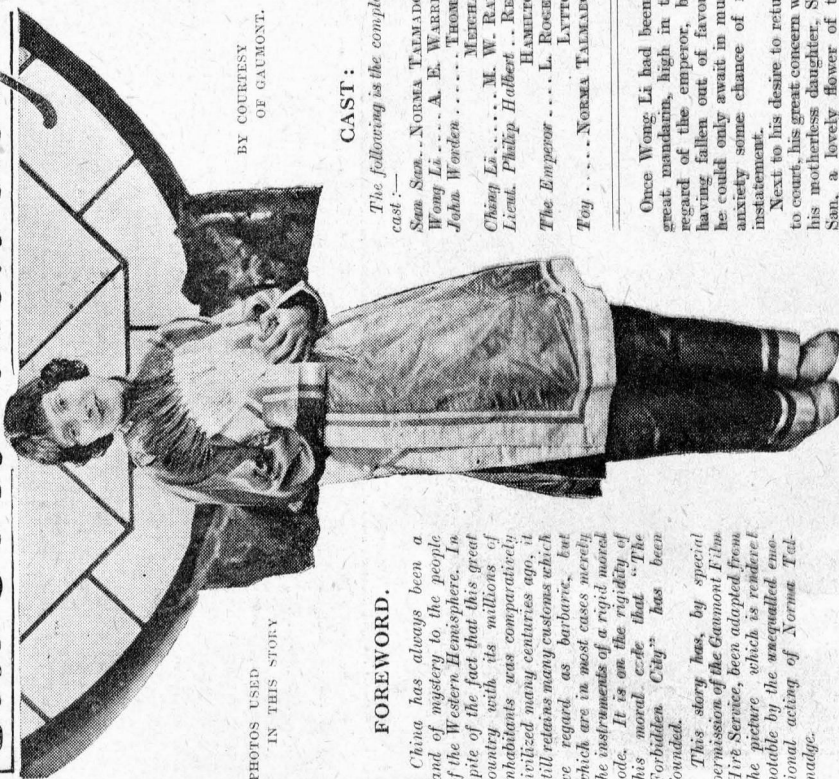


The Forbidden City



PHOTOS USED
IN THIS STORY

BY COURTESY
OF GAUMONT.

FOREWORD.

China has always been a land of mystery to the people of the Western Hemisphere. In spite of the fact that this great country with its millions of inhabitants was comparatively civilized many centuries ago, it still retains many customs which we regard as barbaric, but which are in most cases merely the instruments of a rigid moral code. It is on the rigidity of this moral code that "The Forbidden City" has been founded.

This story has, by special permission of the Gaumont Film Hire Service, been adapted from the picture which is rendered notable by the unequalled emotional acting of Norma Talmadge.



CHAPTER I.

THE SHADOW OF TRAGEDY.

THE face of Wong Li was moodily thoughtful as he sat smoking on the great divan in his palatial residence—a place of magnificent carvings and embroideries, beautiful cabinets, and shrines of exquisite workmanship and quaint design, while over all there brooded the strange, mysterious atmosphere of the Orient—China, the land of a thousand yesterdays.

NORMA TALMADGE PLAYS LEAD
IN THIS FILM.

CAST:

The following is the complete cast:—

San San... NORMA TALMADGE
Wong Li... A. E. WARREN
John Worden... THOMAS MEGHAN
Chang Li... M. W. RALE
Lienk Philip Hulbert... REDD HAMILTON
The Emperor... L. ROGERS
Toy... NORMA TALMADGE

Once Wong Li had been a great mandarin, high in the regard of the emperor, but having fallen out of favour, he could only await in much anxiety some chance of reinstatement.

Next to his desire to return to court, his great concern was his motherless daughter, San San, a lovely flower of the Orient, who was gaily disporting herself in the gardens, playing hide-and-seek with the children, who were not more light-hearted and innocent than she, as she darted gracefully away from the lake on whose breast the swans floated so lazily, and hid behind a pagoda, crying merrily:—
*Run, little chickies, hide from me;
Run, little chickies—One, two, three!*

Then, as she scampered away with them along the winding paths, there came into view through the trees a palanquin carried by coolies.

From it there stepped a handsome young American, John Worden, Assistant Secretary to the United States Consul, and a happy smile lit up his pleasant face as he caught a glimpse of San San's graceful figure disappearing across one of the many picturesque bridges which spanned the streams leading to the lake.

He watched his coolies disappear, then quickly made his way through the gardens to the figure of a large owl carved in stone. Seating himself beside it, he drew from his coat a parcel, which he slipped inside the hollow body of the wise-looking old bird, all unaware that the children were watching him with bright, dark eyes that sparkled sanely as they exchanged glances, nodding their heads knowingly and saying:—

"Love man have secret with owl."

San San smiled too, for the wise old owl was indeed a keeper of lover's secrets—secrets between San San and the young American—and when he had disappeared she sped swiftly to the owl, followed by her little playmates, who crowded eagerly round.

"Hurry, San San, hurry!" they cried.

"Have patience, my chickens!" laughed San San, as she drew forth the parcel and, unwrapping it, disclosed to their delighted gaze several Chinese dolls.

"A present to San San from the love man!" chorused the little ones, and San San's laugh rippled forth again as she replied:—

"And one for you, and one for you," until each of her small playfellows clasped a doll, chattering excitedly all the while. Then, bidding them run away, San San sat by the solemn old owl, regarding her own doll with dreamy, tender eyes.

Meanwhile, young Worden had sought out Wong Li in his own apartment, for he was receiving lessons in Chinese from the old mandarin, and thus had surreptitiously made the acquaintance of San San. As the doors slid noiselessly back to admit him, Wong Li descended in the stately, leisurely manner of his race from the great raised divan which occupied one end of the room, and the two men greeted each other in Chinese fashion by clasping and shaking their own hands.

"Greetings, Dr. Wong," smiled the young man, "Ki-oh cho-can."

"Not 'cho-can,'" corrected Wong, "but 'cho-sin.'" Then they seated themselves, and Wong brought out books

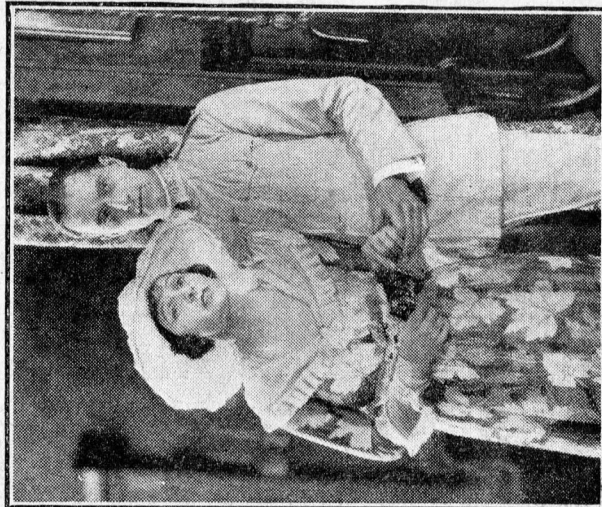
printed in hieroglyphics that were strange to Western eyes. But Worden was not a very attentive pupil that bright summer morning, for his thoughts were with San San, and even as he pored over the strange characters before him his attention was distracted by the sight of a little Chinese doll being waved backwards and forwards from outside the window—though by what means he could only guess, until he caught a glimpse of a pair of merry almond-shaped orbits which made his heart beat fast and a smile play around his mouth as he reluctantly turned his own eyes back to the book.

"Ki-oh Kiang Ku Chu Wang Ku—" he read laboriously; then added under his breath, "Oh, hang!" for Chinese seemed an impossible study with San San waiting for him out in the sunshine, and again glancing through the window and straining his ears, he caught a silvery murmur:—

"San San much nicer teacher—she outside!"

"You read for awhile," he pleaded to Wong Li, for he really couldn't concentrate his mind on those crabbed signs.

For a little while the voice of the old mandarin droned on, and so intent was he upon his reading that his pupil's lack of attention escaped his notice; then came a welcome release for Worden with the advent of Ching



TOY AND HER LOVER.

Li, mandarin of a distant province, and Wong Li's only friend.

Ceremoniously the two greeted each other, and learning the import of Ching's visit, Wong turned to Worden, apologising profusely for the interruption, adding:—

"I pray you excuse me, but my friend has travelled far, and has matters of importance to discuss with me."

"Delighted!—I mean, I understand!" murmured the young man, scarce able to restrain his delight and impatience as he hurried out into the gardens in search of San San, leaving the two Chinamen alone.

"Then you have no better tidings for me, my friend?" asked Wong Li anxiously.

Ching Li slowly shook his head.

"The emperor's wrath is still turned against you," he replied. "And grave rumours concerning it have come to mine ears."

"My heart is heavy within me—can your wisdom say how I may propitiate his celestial serenity?" asked Wong. "For the fear lies deep in my heart that his displeasure may become active against me, and with much distress I think of San San, my little motherless flower, my beautiful daughter child."

Ching's eyes brightened; he made a sudden eager gesture.

"Ah: Your only hope is in your daughter's beauty. If she be indeed grown so lovely a flower, let her proceed to the Court. Methinks she can win back for you the illustrious favour."

As Wong listened, a new hope sprang up in his heart, and crossing the room to a magnificently carved and inlaid cabinet, he took from it a richly-embroidered silken case, which unfolded to disclose the pictured face of San San in all her girlish beauty.

Ching Li nodded his head approvingly.

"You spoke truly, for she hath indeed great beauty. As the emperor's favourite San San can win your reinstatement. But guard her closely, my friend; in her alone lies your hope. You must go with me to crave audience of the emperor and tell him how great is the loveliness of your daughter, and if you will it, she shall be safely hidden at my home in the hills to await the summons to Court."

So they planned the future of San San, little guessing of the love idyll that was being enacted between her and the young American; for Worden, running eagerly through the quaintly beautiful grounds, had come up behind San San kneeling on a grassy slope before a shrine enclosing the figure of Buddha, the little ones grouped behind her.

So intent was the girl upon her devotions that she had no idea of his approach, but the more restless children looked furtively round at him, and smiled. Placing his fingers to his lips to enjoin silence, he beckoned to them,

and softly they rose and tiptoed towards him.

Laughingly he bade them run away, and as they scampered out of sight, he stole softly closer and closer to San San, until he could hear the words of her petition.

"Oh, Buddha, please send love man here to give me million sweet kisses!"

She prostrated herself before the image; then as she rose, Worden's arms were about her. He turned her slowly round to him and pressed his lips to hers.

"You shall have your million kisses, little San San, for I love you. I have loved you since—always!"

San San closed her eyes and drew a deep breath in rapture so intense that it was almost pain, as for a moment she suffered him to hold her clasped to his fast-beating heart, and raised her eyes to his with an almost childlike simplicity, in which there was yet blended a woman's tenderness and passion; then with a little moan, she drew aside from him.

"We forget—it cannot be, this love that is so beautiful—wise sages say girl of East must never mate with foreign man."

Sadly she turned away, a great sorrow and despair at her heart; but Worden sprang after her and again caught her in his arms, as he whispered tenderly:—

"Love knows no geography or race. I love you, San San—because you are the woman God made for me."

Once more he pressed her to him, and no longer could she resist. All thoughts of race, creed and ancient laws were scattered as, dust before the wind, by the irresistible driving force of love, and slowly she surrendered her lips to his.

For a time they sat together, talking as lovers will the world over, he they of the East or of the West, and Worden's love for the dainty Celestial maid was tender, pure and true.

"When did you fall in love with me, my little darling?" he asked.

Again the lustrous eyes glowed into his with a deep, true passion as she answered with just a shade of unconscious coquetry:—

"I not fall in love with you—I jump in."

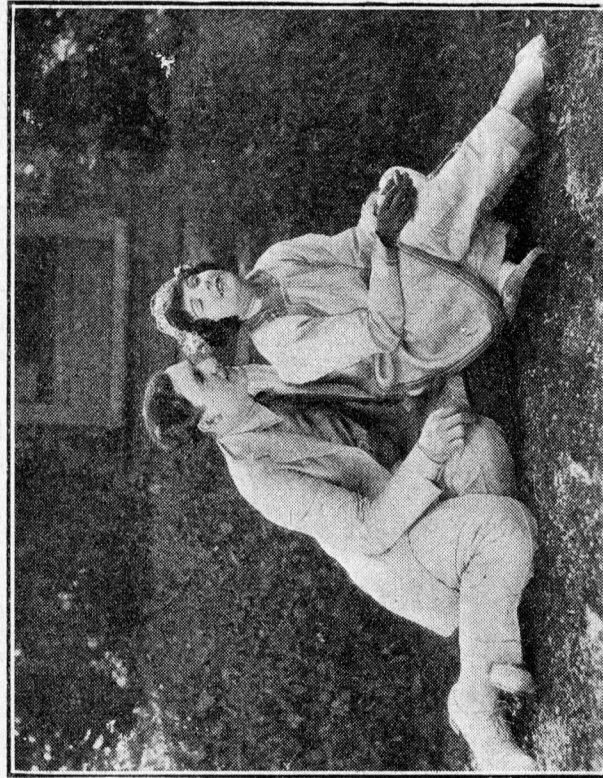
She could say no more, for her lips were sealed with his kisses.

"I will make you so happy as my wife, little San San, for you are the light of my eyes, the dearest treasure the wide world can ever hold for me," murmured the young man as at length he bade her a reluctant farewell.

Then San San retraced her steps once more to the shrine, and prostrated herself in an ecstasy of joy and gratitude as she cried:—

"Buddha, San San she thank you much for sending love man."

And no shadow of forthcoming tragedy fell across her rapture



"I LOVE YOU BECAUSE YOU ARE THE WOMAN GOD MADE FOR ME," HE SAID.

CHAPTER II.

GO-D-BYE.

A man of the West and a maid of the East—did the wise old owl know they had mated? Perhaps he did, for his face was preternaturally solemn as San San walked happily by the lake which lay so serenely beautiful in the sunlight, and all around her stretched the enchanting loveliness of the quaint but exquisitely-laid-out gardens that surely were designed to be a lovers' paradise, the very air rich with a thousand mysteriously fragrant perfumes, the subtle perfumes of the East.

The love-light gleamed in San San's bright eyes, and she quickened her steps as she saw Worden striding along in the distance, and hastening towards each other, they met in the centre of the Bridge of Happiness, and were clasped closely in each other's arms.

"My little wife," cried Worden. "My heart's treasure. All mine—and mine alone!"

"My love man," breathed San San, and the words were sweetest music in her husband's ears.

But discretion must still be exercised, for the time was not yet come when it would be expedient for the marriage to be revealed to Wong Li, so the meeting must be brief. One long, lingering caress; and when Worden had left her, San San sought her own apartment.

climbed up on to the divan, and nestling amongst its many cushions, drew forth from her bosom the tiny gold circlet that was the precious symbol of her union with the man to whom the whole devotion of her heart was given. Reverently she placed it on her finger and regarded it with tender, loving eyes, then pressed it to her lips.

For a little while San San and her American husband found infinite happiness in their secret love, meeting whenever possible to enjoy those hours of exquisite rapture that can only be known by two hearts that are as one.

Then there came a night when San San stole forth to keep her tryst with her husband-lover beneath the soft radiance of the moon that transformed the gardens into a veritable fairy-land. As she reached the bridge, she drew from beneath the folds of her robe a tiny silk-embroidered jacket, a miniature replica of the one belonging to her own quaint, trousered suit, regarded it with ecstatic, loving eyes. What would he say when she showed it to him?—and fingering it tenderly, she pressed it to her lips, then crushed it back against her heart as Worden sprang across the bridge towards her and folded her in his arms with an even greater passion than usual, and her eyes sought his anxiously, for a woman's quick intuition sent a little cold shiver of premonition to her heart.

"You troubled?" she murmured tremulously, when he did not speak.

His clasp tightened almost fiercely around her slender body as he replied hoarsely:—"I have been ordered to report at the consulate at Shanghai."

With a cry of acute distress, she clung to him, and Worden showed her the letter. "San San die if love man go away," she murmured piteously, and again he folded her close to his heart.

"I will soon come back, San San, and then we will have no more secrecy. I will tell you

HER FATHER WAS AN AMERICAN—

father all and take you away to be with me always."

There was tragedy in the way San San clung to him, but she was very brave, very womanly, as she faced the parting. Not now would she show him the little jacket and disclose her precious secret, for to do so would only add to his anxiety on her behalf, and though the chill fingers of an unerring fatalism clutched at his heart, she parted from him with a smile and the words that were to ring for ever in his ears:—"Good-bye. San San she wait."

So he left her in the moonlight, and with tears of agony in her eyes, San San drew forth the tiny garment destined for his child.

Just as she reached the house, her father finished reading a letter from Ching Li, which said that the time was ripe to commence carrying out their plans, and with a smile of satisfaction on his yellow, parchment-like face, he sought his daughter in her own apartment.

"Daughter, I have made plans for you, great plans for a future of much honor. Till the time comes you remain here."

He turned aside to give a sharp word of command to her attendant, then added impressively to San San: "Daughter, remember—and obey. I forbid you to go forth from this house."

As he departed through the silently-sliding doors, a great sadness lay in the eyes of San San. Kneeling on the divan, she took from beneath its cushions the little Chinese doll—her gift from Worden—and regarded it with a hungry mother-love, then once more slipped on her finger the little golden circlet, and her lips moved in silent prayer.

CHAPTER III.

THE EMPEROR'S DECREE.

AFTER many days, his mission to Shanghai accomplished, John Worden returned eagerly to claim his young Celestial bride, and tell Wong Li of their marriage. He had

orders to transfer to a South American consulate, and, of course, intended to take San San with him.

But before seeking her, he strode across the gardens to where the strange old owl still kept watch with solemn eyes. Taking from the box he carried a beautiful doll elaborately dressed in American fashion, he placed it in the old hiding place, then with an expectant smile, hurried to the house, to be at once struck by its forlorn, deserted aspect, as he approached. Receiving no reply to his summons, he questioned an ancient coolie who came from around the shrubbery and seemed to be in sole charge of the place.

"Wong Li he leave by night with daughter child. They go—no one know where," was the only information he could gain.

Half stunned by the shock, his mind in a chaos of misery, doubt and fear, he made his way unsteadily back to where even the friendly old owl maintained a mysterious silence.

How long he sat there in silent, helpless grief he did not know. No whisper of Wong's plans for San San had reached his ears, he had no clue whatever to guide him in his search for her, and as the days passed heavily by, he could only yield to the popular belief that San San had suffered the penalty of death—the punishment customarily dealt out by a Chinese father should his daughter mate with a foreigner, or otherwise dishonour him.

His grief was overwhelmingly bitter, but the new appointment had to be taken up, and the day came when he sailed away from the land where his heart must for ever be.

The kindly consul, to whom he had confided his trouble, saw him off at the docks, and said with genuine feeling as he wrung his hand:—"Time is a great healer, my boy—go away and forget."

* * * * *

On a magnificent divan in the great audience

HER MOTHER THE DAUGHTER OF A MANDARIN.

chamber of the royal palace within the Forbidden City sat the Emperor, on one side of him the wily Ching, on the other Wong Li, now restored to favour by his promise to send his beautiful daughter to the Court. All were richly robed, and they looked expectantly past the rows of kneeling courtiers beneath them, to the doors at the far end of the apartment, for this was the day of San San's presentation to the Emperor, after being for many weeks hidden in lonely seclusion at Ching Li's mountain home.

The great doors slid back, San San, her

Li, fearing that the royal displeasure would reflect upon himself, escaped in the confusion and ran for his life.

Terrified and half-dazed, San San still knelt before the dais, and as his eyes took in her beauty, the emperor's expression changed, and the black displeasure lifted from his face.

"Your beauty softens my anger!" he exclaimed. "You shall live and be my favourite!"

Then, as she obeyed his summons and stood beside him on the dais, and he noted how she fondled her little one, he continued. "Yes,

IT IS ANSWERED IN THIS FINE STORY.

you shall be my favourite, and the child shall be taken care of."

But San San shrank from the royal caress, and only lifted her eyes to him imploringly as she murmured:—

"San San has given all her love to husband—and for him she wait, even though many to-morrows go by without him."

Again the emperor frowned, then his brow cleared, as for a moment he closely regarded the girl beside him, then replied:—

"The faithful wife shall be rewarded. You shall go free through the Garden of Peace."

Scarcely able to believe her good fortune San San was overjoyed at the unexpected prospect of being able to go forth in freedom with her baby girl, the precious, tiny blossom whom she worshipped with such a great, fierce love, free to wait for the return of her love man; and she could scarce find words to express her gratitude to the emperor, who watched her with a strange glint in his dark, narrow eyes.

"Come. I show you the way through the Garden of Peace," he commanded.

As he rose and descended from the divan, she followed him up the great apartment, through the kneeling courtiers who prostrated themselves at his approach, up the steps, through the finely carved doors, and down a long flight of steps, flanked by splendid exotic palms and flowers. Near the bottom he paused, and pointed the way down a long corridor, hung on either side with rich and rare silken embroideries.

In an ecstasy of gratitude, San San knelt to him, and lifting the hem of his robe, fervently kissed it; then, slowly descending the few remaining steps, she turned to bid him farewell, adding:—

"The good of Heaven be with your kind majesty!"

WOULD THEY TO MARRY? WAS THE QUESTION.

"I am honourable wife of honourable American!"

Not a soul stirred to do the royal bidding. None spoke but Wong, uttering imprecations upon his daughter's head, till she answered him with the story of her secret marriage.

The emperor spoke again, and at his words Wong Li's face was distorted with terror.

"Away with the father who did not guard well such a daughter."

With many denunciations of the daughter who had brought him to such a pass, Wong was hurried away by the guards, and Ching

beauty crowned by the sparkling tiara in her hair, her lissom figure shrouded by the voluminous folds of the magnificent silken robe held closely round her, came slowly down the steps, and advanced to the foot of the dais where she made obeisance to his Celestial Serenity, the Emperor, whose eyes gleamed as he turned to Wong Li.

"Her beauty exceeds even your promises, prostrate girl!"—

"Rise and come hither, my Smiling Sunshine." Wong Li's face was radiant. With San San as the Emperor's favourite his old position at Court would be assured.

As San San rose to her knees to obey the royal summons, the rich cloak fell from her shoulders—to disclose—a tiny baby nestling at her breast!

An intense hush fell upon the assembly. Wong Li's satisfied smile changed to an expression of utter amazement mingled with horror. The Emperor's brow was black and lowering as his finger pointed accusingly, and he demanded of San San in a voice of thunder:—"What have you to say—the child at your breast?"

Clasping the precious atom close to her heart, San San lifted her eyes bravely to the Emperor. "It is my own tiny life bud, your majesty."

The Emperor's frown grew darker, and breathlessly his verdict was awaited. The guards stood at attention.

Quickly came the dread pronouncement:—"Death for the favourite who does not preserve herself for her royal lover."

"Father!" Piteous was San San's cry: "I am honourable wife of honourable American."

Wong wrung his hands, but the emperor flashed upon him a look of scorn and hatred.

Again San San sent forth her frenzied plea, as she hugged her little life bud to her heart.

CINEMA CHAT

A sweet smile illuminated her face as she bent to kiss her babe. "My tiny Toy," she murmured, as she set her gaze on the peaceful vista beyond. "We go happy to love man!"

But ere she had gone more than a few steps along the corridor, she caught her breath in a sudden cry of fear, for on either side of her, through the treacherous beauty of the silken draperies, flashed numberless spear blades to pierce the heart of the faithful wife at the emperor's signal—the dropping of his fan. Revenge, not mercy, had prompted him to forgo San San's beauty, and as she lay there dead in the Hall of Flashing Spears, the little Toy gurgled and crooned beside her mother's body.

Hastily the soldiers dashed through the silken hangings, and taking up the smiling infant, carried it to the emperor, who looked down with stern, angry eyes.

"What do we with her?" asked the soldier. "The half-American shall live to be a warning that between the East and the West there can be no truce. She shall grow up with the ladies of the court, who every minute of every day shall make her pay forfeit for her mother's sin."

CHAPTER IV.

EIGHTEEN YEARS AFTER. Toy sat in the magnificent apartment occupied by the ladies of the Emperor's court, gazing with sad eyes from the window across the distance to the American consulate, above which floated gaily the Stars and Stripes—her father's flag—the symbol of a freedom for which she

longed so intensely, but seemed fated never to realize; for by the Emperor's decree she was kept closely within the palace, a rebellious prisoner in a luxurious gilded cage.

Grown to very beautiful maidenhood, American in dress and appearance, Toy paid her mother's penalty; reared only to be a living jest, daily and hourly the subject of sneers and taunts concerning her parentage from the ladies of the Emperor's harem, who more than carried out their lord's decree that she should never be allowed to forget the story of her birth.

"Look at the half-caste American," sneered one of them. "Always she look at that flag." With defiance blazing from her sombre eyes, Toy turned on the speaker.

"I wish I was safe under that flag," she exclaimed from the bitter depths of her sad heart.

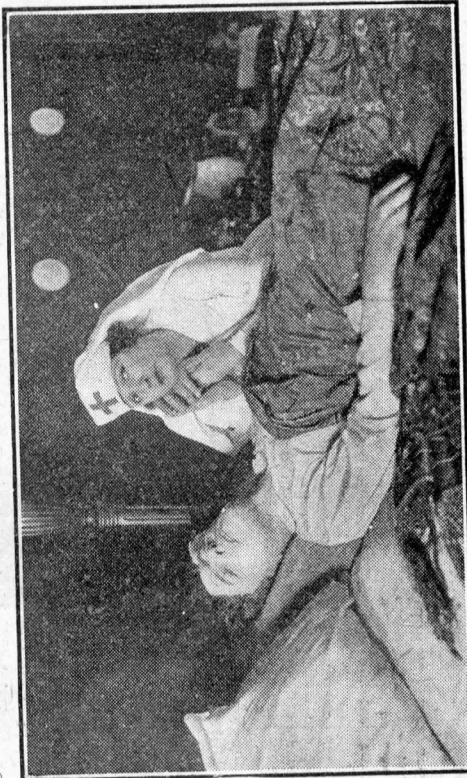
"You—nobody woman," was the jeering reply. "You have no ancestors."

Like a young fury, Toy stamped her foot angrily at the sneering Celestial, for she would not have her mother's memory maligned—that sweet young mother whose photograph in the silken case, together with the richly embroidered robe she had worn, were her dearest possessions, even though she could not remember her.

"I kill you if you speak like that again!" she cried in a fury; then, as the others gathered round to add further taunts that goaded her to desperation, she added: "I hate—hate—everybody!"

An ominous chorus of angry murmurs greeted this outburst, boding ill for Toy. She knew

(This story is continued on page 18.)



SO SHE WAITED AND WATCHED AND PRAYED.

FILM EXPRESSIONS

BY G. M. JEFFRIES.

Left: MONROE SALISBURY.

Right: GEORGE WALSH.



WHEN I was suffering once from insomnia, a kind friend told me to imagine I was watching sleep jumping over a stile, and count them, and by the time I got into the neighbourhood of a thousand, I should gradually fall asleep. Like a fool that I was, I tried this, with the result that for three months I was shut up in a lunatic asylum for imagining myself a farmer.

However, I do know a certain cure for insomnia. Think over the various expressions film artists employ, and endeavour to imitate. It is guaranteed to send you to sleep in a few moments, provided you sit before a looking-glass. The first time I tried I fell unconscious for just eight hours. One word of advice, however! Don't let your loving spouse see you, or else she might rush for the police.

Tom Mix is in a happy mood in the photograph here reproduced on the centre pages. He has lost sixpence and picked up a "Fisher," and is telling us all about it. No wonder he's so merry. The other day I lost a "Fisher" and picked up a farthing. When I told my wife about it, and tried the Tom Mix smile, she fell into hysterics.

This latest photograph of Pearl White fully illustrates the fact that she has just signed her new Fox contract, at "umpteenth" thousand



dollars a month. I believe I could smile like that in her position. Monroe Salisbury amply illustrates what I feel like a week before pay-day, and, seeing I am a free-lance journalist, pay-day to me is like Christmas, it comes but once a year. Poor old Monroe, I have a fellow feeling for him!

By Jove, though, Madaine Travers's "glad" is just like the one I had given me the other day. It happened thus. Lizzie, my wife, was contemplating—to all intents and purposes—buying a £100 fur coat. I, not being interested, was not looking in the window. I received the "glad." Just then little Johnny (my youngest) said: "Mamma, look at that pretty lady smiling at daddy!" Exit me.

I am glad Shirley Mason is not looking at me. She seems to be looking "daggers." Just like the loving look I get when I've forgotten to post Lizzie's letter to mother-in-law.

Max Linder is not going to be sat upon. Not he. He's got Carpentier's magnetic eye. No wonder Beckett laid down. I look like this sometimes at my "youngest"—when the wife is missing.

Sad to relate, I am very, very much afraid that someone has been telling Charlie Chaplin a funny tale. Dear me! Can't you see the naughty expression in his eye? Tell me the tale, won't you, Charlie, on the quiet?



EDITH JOHNSON. MADLAINE TRAVERSE. DOROTHY PHILLIPS. SHIRLEY MASON. [Photos: Vitaphone and Fox]

(Continued from page 14.)

they would have her punished for it if possible, but she felt that nothing mattered any more; nothing could be worse than her galling captivity amongst the Chinese women by whom she was despised as a creature of no birth and no ancestry; scorned, too, by the emperor himself, who had condemned her to a life that was worse than death, for with the refinement of cruelty she had been brought up as much an American as possible, yet always kept a prisoner with the Chinese ladies for her only companions.

With angry, excited voices ringing in her ears, she fled to the seclusion of her own room, to pace distractedly up and down. Catching sight of the image of Buddha in its carved shrine, she shut the doors to with an impatient gesture, then passed through an opening in a richly-carved screen to her sleeping apartment, and threw herself on the couch in an agony of despair.

After awhile there came a knocking at her door.

She started up to listen apprehensively. Was she to be dragged forth for some fresh humiliation? The knocking continued, and she sprang up from the richly-appointed couch into the farther room, just as the door opened, and Yuan Loo, a soldier of the emperor's private guard, slipped cautiously in.

She would have cried out in dismay, but with a furtive glance round, he drew closer, and whispered:—

"Yuan Loo help you—he your friend."

With a forlorn gesture, Toy seated herself at a table and passed her hand wearily across her broad white brow, from which the masses of dark glossy hair waved back so luxuriantly.

"For eighteen years they scorn and make jest of me because my mother—she was good woman—love my American father. You are kind, Yuan Loo; but how can you help me?" "I help you to people of your father," he replied eagerly.

Toy shook her head. Such a release seemed too wonderful to be possible of achievement, and she knew only too well how actively the palace was guarded. Besides that, could she trust Yuan Loo? He had always shown her the most respectful affection, but were he to be caught trying to help her to escape, his penalty would be torture and death. It seemed too much to expect, and the ray of hope that had lightened for a moment the sombreness of her splendid eyes, died out again, as she shook her head.

"It is not possible, Yuan Loo."

But he persisted eagerly.

"You mistake. It is possible. Yuan Loo sorry for you. When the night guards change I come for you."

There was no mistaking the man's earnestness, and Toy seized his hand in fervent gratitude.

"Toy's blessing will ever be with you," she murmured.

He smiled as he replied:—

"Remember. When the night guards change, I come."

When he had gone, Toy sat by the window, peering through the darkening shadows to where the many lights of the consulate gleamed brightly beneath the flag she had grown to love with such a poignant depth of feeling. Was it possible that her wildest hopes and dreams were at last to come true? She clasped her hands in an agony of prayer that it might indeed be so. The hours passed by with leaden feet as she waited and watched in a turmoil of hope and fear, till at last, when the palace slept, Yuan Loo's summons came; and noiselessly, with fast-beating heart, carrying with her the bundle that contained her treasures, she followed him to the great staircase. Peering over the balustrade, they saw the guards all alert in the great hall beneath.

A sudden movement of the men below, and the conspirators hid behind one of the pillars, waiting breathlessly till the guards released their vigilance for a moment as the new men came on duty. This was Yuan Loo's chance.

Like a flash he slipped down the stairs and hurled himself upon the guards with almost superhuman strength and fury, putting one man out of action only to seize upon another, and as the terrible life and death struggle went on, Toy watched in awful suspense, scarce daring to breathe, for again and again it seemed as though her brave deliverer must be killed as he rolled over and over in the grip of his enemies. But he fought like a fiend—and won—then dashed back to Toy, and led her swiftly down the stairs, along the silent corridors—to freedom.

In a short time she was safe within the American consulate, where she was very sympathetically received by the consul, who, having heard her story, made every provision for her safe journey out of the country.

"Follow my instructions, and you will have nothing to fear," he said kindly. Then giving her a letter to the commandant of the base hospital at Manila, he added: "And this letter to Colonel Burroughs will help you when you arrive at your destination."

Quite safely Toy accomplished the long journey, and at last sat safe under the flag of her father in one of the offices at the base hospital. She was very spent and weary after her trying experiences, and now she waited anxiously for an interview with Colonel Burroughs, the precious letter clutched tightly in her hands, for so much had she undergone that she feared to give it into any hands but his.

Presently she addressed the American officer, a tall, well-set-up young fellow, with clear-cut, handsome face, who was in charge of the office, and had been regarding the beautiful girl with scarcely-concealed curiosity and admiration

"Two hours have passed, sir, since you said five minutes," she exclaimed.

"I am sorry," was his courteous reply. "But Colonel Burroughs is still engaged upon very urgent business. Can I do anything for you?"

Toy shook her head, and waited till he was once more intent upon his work, then slipping hastily across the room to a door which bore the colonel's name, she turned the handle and walked in.

At a table in the centre of the room sat Colonel Burroughs, in earnest conversation with some other officers. They all looked up in amazement at the intruder, and a heavy frown settled on the colonel's brow as he rapped out curtly:—

"This is a private office——"

In some confusion Toy retreated from the room and went back to the young officer, who had sprang after her.

"Let me help you," he said kindly. "I am sorry you have to wait so long. Is your business so very important? Won't you let me take that letter to the colonel?"

"This is for Colonel Burroughs, but it means much to me—you give it right into his hand?" The young officer smiled his assurance into the sweet eyes raised pleadingly to his, and taking the precious envelope, he disappeared with it into the other room, standing smartly.

to attention before the colonel as he handed it with a brief word of explanation.

The frown on his senior's face vanished as by magic, to be replaced by a look of utter amazement as he opened and read the missive from the consul at Pekin.

"Extraordinary!" he muttered. "Bring her in at once, Halbert."

Toy looked up expectantly as the young man returned to her, and eagerly followed him.

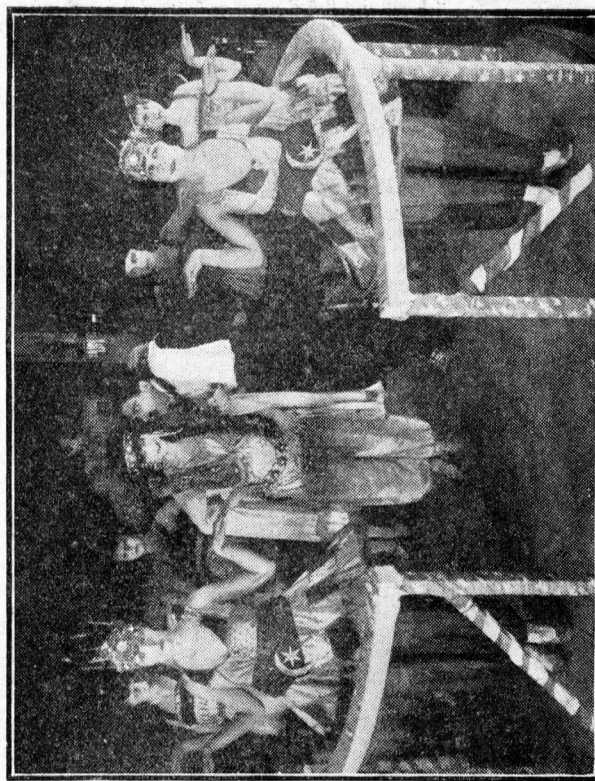
Colonel Burroughs greeted her with outstretched hand, and there was considerable surprise in his face as he saw the girl's grace and beauty, in which there was no apparent trace of her Oriental mother.

"Pardon my abruptness just now," he said kindly. "I was very busy, and had no idea of the errand that had brought you here. Had you seen you at once. It does not tell me very much——"

He paused, fearing that the recital of so tragic a story as he felt must underlie the brief particulars already in his possession, might be too painful for the girl. But Toy willingly told him all she knew of her romantic history, and he listened with grave attention.

"Then you don't know what your father's name was?" he inquired.

Toy shook her head sadly.



THE SWAN DANCE IN "JAZZ AND JAIL BIRDS."

[Vita-graph]

"Never mind," replied the colonel cheerily, deeply sympathetic for the girl who was so strangely situated, and anxious to dispel the shadow that had fallen across her sweet face. "You are safe here, and very welcome." Then signing to the young officer, he added: "Lieutenant Halbert will see that you are installed in the nurses' quarters."

Having expressed her gratitude, Toy turned to Halbert.

"I thank you quite a little," she said quaintly, with a radiant smile that brought a deeper light of admiration to his eyes. Then she followed him to the nurses' quarters, and when he had left her in the matron's kindly care, he stood for a time lost in a reverie that, judging by his expression, was a very pleasant one.

CHAPTER V.

THE months passed by, until springtime came round, bringing Toy her nurse's cap. She had quickly settled down very happily at the hospital, and from the first had begged to be allowed to help the matron and nurses in every possible way. They found her an unusually apt and clever pupil, and her sweet, bright nature soon won all hearts. Quite extraordinary, too, was the ease with which she had fallen entirely into American ways and customs, so that it would have taken a keen and expert observer to guess at her half-Asiatic origin save that it might be betrayed in a quaint way of expressing herself that yet held a charm all its own.

One person, at least, thought so—young Halbert, who from the day he first saw her had been her devoted friend, and by the time that summer came, the old, old story was unfolded, for he knew that it was no ordinary friendly feeling that made him seek her companionship on every possible occasion.

One bright summer day, when Toy was off duty—for she was now installed as one of the regular nurses at the hospital—she was wandering happily along the seashore with Halbert. They had been laughing and talking gaily, then all at once the young lieutenant grew grave, and stood silent for a moment, as he strove to find words that would express the tumultuous love that made his heart beat almost suffocatingly.

Suddenly Toy slipped her hand into his. He looked down at her, and in each other's eyes they read that old, old story. A second later and his arms were round her.

"Little Toy, I love you," he told her simply, then drew her down beside him on a boulder.

"I have loved you since the first day I ever saw you. Tell me that you care too."

And Toy, forgetting for a moment the past, nestled against his broad shoulder as she murmured:—

"I do."

Then, like a flash, came tragic memories, to

freeze the tender, happy smile on her lips. History repeated itself as, with a sob, she turned her head away.

"What is it, my little love?" he asked.

"There is a barrier between us," she answered brokenly. "The East is the East, and the West is the West. My mother was daughter of Chinese mandarin, my father American man."

For an instant Halbert was silent. He knew full well how great was the difference between East and West, but again Love conquered, as he laid his hands on her shoulders and drew her round to him.

"I love you because you are you," he said, in the masterful fashion which, deep in her heart, every woman loves, be she of the East or of the West. "I love you," he repeated, "and we are going to be married."

"But, your people," faltered Toy. "What will they say when they know?"

"I haven't any people except my guardian, and you are going to meet him this very day," came the prompt reply. "He's the governor-general, you know. There's no time like the present, so we'll go right now. Any more objections?" he asked, in tender banter, as he folded Toy once more in a close embrace and kissed her sweet lips. Then, even as her tragic, fated little mother, she could no longer stand out against the call of her heart.

Hand in hand they went off across the rocky shore, and took a car to the Residency.

Arrived there, Toy again felt some qualms of nervousness—or was it of foreboding?—as the native servant who admitted them into the spacious hall announced that his excellency was very busy in his private study, and had given orders that he was on no account to be disturbed.

"Busy or not, he's got to see us," replied Halbert. "What I have to tell him is much more important than any old business he is attending to."

He started gaily forward, drawing Toy after him by the hand, but she hung back. "I'll wait here. I am a stranger to him."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed the young soldier. "We're going in together to find him and tell him our good news."

On the threshold of the governor's private study Toy hesitated, but Halbert went eagerly forward to greet his guardian, who rose from his table with a welcoming smile that seemed to include the lovely girl in the doorway.

He was a fine, handsome man of middle-age, a strong, attractive personality; but when his face was in repose, an expression of sadness settled upon it, telling of some great grief or trouble in his life.

"Governor, I'm—I'm going to be married!" burst out Halbert. Then he led Toy forward and introduced her.

"Have I not met you somewhere before?" asked the governor, a little puzzled from gathering between his brows.

"Sure, governor," exclaimed Halbert eagerly. "You saw her at the hospital review. Don't you remember Colonel Burroughs saying that she was the best nurse they have there?"

"Ah, yes, I remember," the governor paused, a troubled expression creeping into his kindly eyes. "I remember. And the colonel was just going to tell me something of your story—he addressed himself to Toy—but we were interrupted. It was a romantic story, he said."

Again he hesitated.

Some hint of coming trouble caused a break in the girl's voice as she replied:—

"Yes, my father was American; my mother—she was daughter of my mother—she was daughter of mandarin of China."

As he listened to her story, the worried thoughtfulness deepened on the governor's face, but Halbert broke in impulsively.

"What do you think, governor! She tried to make me believe that made a barrier between us, but of course I've told her it makes no difference to me."

For an instant there was a tense silence, then the governor said sharply:—

"She is right, my boy; it does make all the difference."

"What do you mean?" demanded Halbert hotly.

"I mean that you two cannot marry," came the stern reply.

Toy caught her breath in a little moan, and

James Carew and Alma Taylor in the *Hepworth* play, "*The Nature of the Beast*."



Halbert sprang to his feet with an angry exclamation.

"Do you think I am going to let your prejudice stand between me and the girl I love?" he demanded scornfully.

"The marriage cannot take place," replied the governor; but there was a depth of pain in his eyes, for he loved the boy as though he had been his own son.

"By what authority—" began the young man.

"By this authority," replied the governor, as he rose and faced him, while Toy looked on with piteous eyes. "You shall proceed this instant with your regiment to the Province of Mindano."

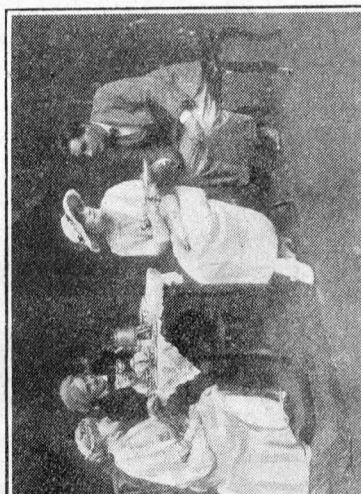
An exclamation of dismay broke from Halbert, then his jaw set squarely as he said doggedly:—

"I'll resign from the army." Then it was Toy's turn to spring up. She laid her two hands on her lover's shoulders, and her eyes met his bravely, even though her heart was breaking, and her face was white and strained with agony.

"He speaks truly, Philip," she said, in low, tense tones. "We can never marry. I will not marry you, to ruin your career—please go."

So she made her great renunciation, and nothing could shake her will. At length, with a despairing gesture, Philip seized and kissed her hand, then strode from the room.

Then Toy's wonderful fortitude deserted her, and she bent her head in bitter grief. For a moment the governor regarded



Guyenne Herbert, Henry Vibart, Chrissie White and Henry Edwards in the forthcoming *Hepworth* picture-play, "*The City of Beautiful Nonsense*."

her with a great, sorrowful pity in his eyes, laid his hands on her shoulders, and said very gently:—

"It could never be. I am sorry, little lady." Toy's heart was too full for speech, and sobbing, she turned away.

Sadly, the governor watched her. There was a great understanding sympathy in his heart, and it had not been easy for him to crush out the joy and brightness from those two young lives.

Seating himself once more at his table, he unlocked a drawer and drew forth with reverent fingers—a little Chinese doll.

CHAPTER VI.

WHEN THE DREAM CAME TRUE.

THE tragedy of yesterday was facing the love of to-day.

Toy, once more in her nurse's dress, an expression of almost hopeless sorrow on her lovely face, knelt in her own room at the hospital, gazing longingly on the pictured face of her young mother in its silken case.

"Dear little mother," she whispered. "It is so long, the way of sorrow, so I come to you in the house of stars, where no more is sadness."

With a sweet smile of resignation on her face, she rose, and drawing from its hiding-place a quaintly-fashioned Chinese crucible, she lighted it, and a smoke commenced to rise, exuding pungent fumes, by means of which she intended to pass away from the land where there seemed nought left but loneliness and sorrow.

Her preparations were interrupted by a loud knocking on her door. She looked round with startled eyes, but made no attempt to open the door. The knocking continued, however, accompanied by the voice of one of the orderlies, urging her to respond.

In great agitation, she poured some water into the smoldering crucible until the pungent fumes ceased to rise, then slipped the vessel out of sight, and hastily crossing the room, answered the impatient voice outside the door.

"Colonel Burroughs orders you to leave for the governor's residence immediately," came the orderly's reply. "His excellency has been suddenly taken ill."

"Very well. I go at once," answered Toy.

The nursing instinct was strong in her, and fostered by her strict training, it put all thought of her intended self-destruction out of her mind. One who suffered had need of her skillful ministrations—that was enough.

Hurriedly she commenced to put a few necessities into her travelling case, then paused. An inspiration had come to her, and with a new light of hope dawning in her eyes, impelled by some impulse which she did not stop to analyse, she took up with tender fingers the gorgeous robe which San San had worn when she met her tragic fate, and packed it;

then, without an instant's delay, made her way to the Residency.

That the governor was very ill, Toy could see at a glance, as she approached the bed on which he tossed and moaned in high fever and delirium. Deftly, silently, she ministered to him, seeking to soothe him with her firm, gentle touch, and bring him back from the dread Borderland on which he was hovering, and as she watched and waited, she felt drawn to him by a strange, intense yearning.

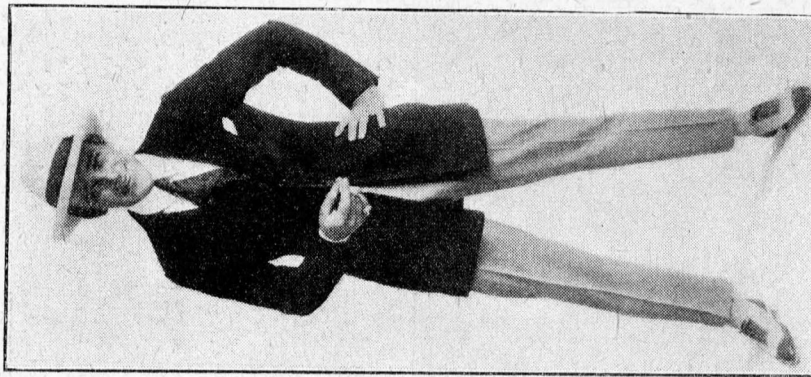
Taking his burning hand in her own that was so soft and cool, she bent lower to catch his anguished murmuring.

"San San," he moaned. "Oh, San San!"

Toy started violently, and a cry almost escaped her.

"San San—my wife—come back to me."

The agonized tones rose higher and more



WALLACE REID. [Paramount]

distinct in their pitiful pleading as the unconscious man voiced aloud the words that had been the silent prayer of his desolate heart through the long, lonely years.

"My father!" Toy could not restrain the cry that rose to her lips, and a glad, incredulous light shone in her eyes, then she gathered him tenderly in her arms and pressed her face to his.

The restless tossing ceased. For a moment the sufferer's eyes sought hers, and his hands went feebly out to her in a caressing movement. With passionate tenderness she kissed them, then gently withdrew from the bed, and went swiftly out of the room, to find the faithful old housekeeper waiting and listening at the door, with tearful, anxious face.

"Stay with him—I return quickly," whispered Toy, then she ran swiftly along the corridor.

In a few minutes she was back, but what a changed Toy. Over her nurse's dress she had thrown her dead mother's robe; her magnificent hair was drawn lower on her forehead and over her ears, while above them was fastened a bright-hued chrysanthemum, which San San had been wont to wear. As she slipped back to her place by the sick man, now tossing restlessly again, he opened his fevered eyes on what appeared to him the very incarnation of his long-lost little wife. A faint smile irradiated his features; he grew calmer again, and feebly stretched out his hands to her as he murmured:

"God has sent you to me, San San."

Once more Toy shipped her arms about him rejoicing as she felt the tender pressure of his own, and then he fell asleep.

So she waited and watched and prayed, but she did not know that Colonel Burroughs had despatched a messenger to Halbert, bidding him hasten to his guardian's side.

Dawn found the young nurse still keeping her vigil. At last Worden opened his eyes and passed a trembling hand over her face, as though he thought she must be a vision from the spirit world, and feared that she would vanish from his sight.

"You are not San San—who are you then?" he queried weakly.

"San San's baby—your little girl," was her reply. Then Worden gave her the father's kisses she had so long been denied, and she told him of her great love for Philip, regarding anxiously the varying emotions that struggled for mastery on his pale, handsome face, and surely the spirit of San San was watching the two whom she had loved so dearly, as he clasped her yet more closely to his heart.

Thus Halbert found them when some minutes later he paused in the doorway, then bent over his guardian's bed.

Worden's gaze wandered affectionately from Philip to Toy. He read the great love shining in their eyes as they met, and tremblingly he

took a hand of each and pressed them tenderly together.

Some weeks later the governor, slowly recovering his health and strength, sat in the Residency grounds with Toy and Halbert on either side of him. Smiling happily, he glanced from one to the other of their radiant young faces, and Toy's arm stole caressingly around him, for she dearly loved the father she had been so long in finding.

Presently the smile in his eyes deepened as he intercepted the love messages flashed across in theirs.

"Run away, you two," he said. Toy kissed him fondly, then, nothing loth, ran off across the velvet sward with Philip, and as they vanished from his sight amidst the trees, his eyes grew dreamy with sweet memories of long ago, as out of the world of silence came the shadowy form of little San San to stand beside him and rejoice whilst the young lovers' splendid dream came true.

THE END.

THE OFF-TIME OF A FILM ARTIST

By EARLE WILLIAMS (VITAGRAPH STAR).

RECENTLY, while ill from blood poisoning, occasioned by a nail in a new shoe, I had opportunity to ruminate on the moral phases of the movies. I do not mean the moral effect of pictures, because I firmly believe that the great majority of pictures are uplifting, and I know that ninety per cent. of directors and managers strive to make their productions as clean and wholesome as possible.

What I have in mind is a misconception that I know exists in the public mind as to the lives the actors lead. The impression exists that life is for us one grand song and dance. How different is the truth! For instance, in a large percentage of cases, a winsome young girl is cast in the part of the vampire or adventures, when, as a matter of fact, she is happily married, or even a mother in an ideal home. Most of the men prominent on screens are married, and the physical and mental demands of the profession are such that little time can be spared for the frivolities, to say nothing of the excesses in life.

All motion picture actors and actresses who have attained success are early risers and hard workers. They have to be careful of their hours, for they are the key to health. Life may be said to be a constant study, and the body as well as the mind must be kept clear in anticipation of the next day's work. For the physical demands of the movies make a day's work a strenuous proposition.

Thus it is plain enough that the life of a screen actor has little time for relaxations other than those of the most wholesome sort.