

THE OUTLAW
The Story of a Girl Who Didn't Want to Marry

By ETHEL LLOYD PATT.

Chapter XXIII

In my bitter disappointment at the thought of not being engaged for work, I told Mr. Seeley of the Champion Film office the truth.

Three days before he said to me that, if I could get a "swell" evening dress, I would give me a chance to go before the motion picture camera in a crowd at a coronation scene. He had said I would be paid three dollars for that day's work.

I had been at a loss where to get a costume such as he desired. I had told mother of my difficulties. Then she had insisted upon making over her wedding dress for me.

When I went back to Mr. Seeley's office with it, he told me that, not having heard from me, he had supposed I didn't want the engagement.

My agony and bitterness, I had burst forth that he had to take me, because mother had cut up her wedding dress to give me my chance. Top much of a child to have full control of myself, I had even burst into tears. My grief had caught the attention of Mr. Seeley. Perhaps he thought it was acting—I don't know. At any rate he had at once assured me I should "have my chance" after all.

Twenty minutes later he grabbed his hat and my arm, and hurried me out of his office into another room, where a crowd of cheering people was waiting to leave for the studios.

"Stand there," Mr. Seeley had told me, as he pushed me into the room. "A couple of automobiles will be here in a few minutes to take you girls out. The make-up man will show you how to fix up your face, if you don't know. Here, Pearl," he said, and pushed me closer to a girl in one of the groups, "watch out for this kid. She's going out with you."

The young woman called Pearl nodded without a word. I stood stiff and very much embarrassed—the box which held mother's wedding dress clutched in my hand.

And almost at once I found myself caught in a sort of vortex of excitement. Everybody seemed to talk at once. Nobody seemed to know where we were going or why. Several times the men and women in the room surged toward the door, laughing and calling to each other, then surged back again. The air became hot and heavy. Presently there was another movement toward the door which led to the elevators. This time I heard Mr. Seeley's voice above the din.

Come on now, don't crowd, he was calling. "The motors are waiting. Don't push so. We'll get you all out there. Come on!"

And this time, clinging to the sleeve of Pearl's coat in sheer desperation, I was carried toward the hall, down in the elevator, and hurried helters-skelter in to an automobile.

The weather was cold and, not counting upon this ride, I had no extra wraps. On the side of the huge touring car, in which letters were scrawled "The Champion Film Company of America," the girls who crowded into the motor with me were painted and loud mouthed. Although I felt that nobody in the city really knew me, or that this conspicuous ride possibly could matter, still somehow I felt ashamed. I was glad to cuddle down uncomfortably, making myself as small as possible. But, even so, I noticed as we rode through the streets that people turned to stare at us and grin. Several times the girls in the car with me waved at some passer-by, or even screamed a jest.

Fortunately for me, the ride wasn't long. We dashed down one of the main streets of the city, across on a trolley-car, up a steep hill, and jumped out before a square unimpressive, gray stone building.

Again I followed Pearl, and found myself together with eight or ten other girls—in a room not much bigger than a city hall bedroom.

"What shall I do now?" I asked Pearl and pulled timidly at her skirt.

"Go on and get dressed," said my new-found friend. "Better get a wiggle on, too. Old Seeley'll be having a fit in a minute. He'll want us out there." She blew on her fingers and rubbed them smartly together. "Gee!" she said, "I'm cold! I bet I look like a cold storage chicken when I get into my evening dress!"

I don't think I ever shall forget that ordeal of my first dressing for a moving picture. I was unaccustomed to strangers—even girls. All my life I had had to work too hard to have many friends. My room at home, of course, I shared with my little sisters. But for me deliberately to take off my dress, turn in my little cotton corset cover in the way that I would have to for my evening dress which mother crowded about me, before those laughing, giggling, critical girls, was almost more than I could bear.

As a matter of fact, I need not have felt the situation so keenly. They all were intent upon enhancing their own charms. They crowded about the one big mirror in the room, pushed each other quite frankly out of the way, and were so intent upon talking of this one and that—persons of whom I had never even heard—that all intents and purposes I might just as well not have been there at all.

But, of course, I don't realize how inconspicuous I really was. Instead, I crept into a corner, barricaded myself as best I could behind the pasteboard box that held my dress, and with a flush that turned my throat and shoulders scarlet, I slipped out of my plain shirtwaist and cheap skirt and into my mother's wedding gown.

HIS LIFE RUINED BY DYSPEPSIA

Until He Tried "FRUIT-A-TIVES" The Wonderful Fruit Medicine



MR. FRANK HALL
Wyevale, Ontario.

"For some two years, I was a sufferer from Chronic Constipation and Dyspepsia.

I tried every remedy I heard of without any success, until the wife of a local merchant recommended 'Fruit-a-tives'.

I procured a box of 'Fruit-a-tives' and began the treatment, and my condition commenced to improve immediately.

The Dyspepsia ceased to be the burden of my life as it had been, and I was freed of Constipation.

I feel that I owe a great debt to 'Fruit-a-tives' for the benefit I derived from them."

FRANK HALL.
50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size 25c. At all dealers or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa, Ont.

much bigger than a city hall bedroom.

"What shall I do now?" I asked Pearl and pulled timidly at her skirt.

"Go on and get dressed," said my new-found friend. "Better get a wiggle on, too. Old Seeley'll be having a fit in a minute. He'll want us out there." She blew on her fingers and rubbed them smartly together. "Gee!" she said, "I'm cold! I bet I look like a cold storage chicken when I get into my evening dress!"

I don't think I ever shall forget that ordeal of my first dressing for a moving picture. I was unaccustomed to strangers—even girls. All my life I had had to work too hard to have many friends. My room at home, of course, I shared with my little sisters. But for me deliberately to take off my dress, turn in my little cotton corset cover in the way that I would have to for my evening dress which mother crowded about me, before those laughing, giggling, critical girls, was almost more than I could bear.

As a matter of fact, I need not have felt the situation so keenly. They all were intent upon enhancing their own charms. They crowded about the one big mirror in the room, pushed each other quite frankly out of the way, and were so intent upon talking of this one and that—persons of whom I had never even heard—that all intents and purposes I might just as well not have been there at all.

But, of course, I don't realize how inconspicuous I really was. Instead, I crept into a corner, barricaded myself as best I could behind the pasteboard box that held my dress, and with a flush that turned my throat and shoulders scarlet, I slipped out of my plain shirtwaist and cheap skirt and into my mother's wedding gown.

Chapter XXIV

Mother and I had worked so hard in making over her wedding gown, that I knew quite well where all the hooks were, and how to slip into it easily. I knew just how far to turn down the top of my little, high, cotton corset cover so that it would not show above the lace-trimmed neck of the dress.

One or twice, as I arrayed myself, I peered from beneath my lowered lids to see if the other girls were watching me. I need not have been concerned. They were not paying the slightest attention to me. Their own careless manner of changing their clothes shocked me unutterably.

Quite frankly, Pearl—the only girl whom I knew by name—had dropped everything except her little silk shirt, and was seated pulling on long silk, silver stockings and getting out high-heeled silver slippers. Two other girls, dressed almost as scantily, were busy making up their faces before the big mirror.

Without even a knock, the knob turned, and Mr. Seeley stood in the door!

"What in the name of heavens are you doing, girls?" he demanded. "Can't you get a move on?" Don't you know we've got the whole scene set? Madam Poligni is having a fit!"

I can't describe my feelings at that moment. As the vision of this man at one end of the dressing room had dawned upon me, I had clutched wildly the lid of the box which had held my dress, and backed up against the wall—held it before me. Probably it was an effectual shield. I doubt if Mr. Seeley could have seen more of me than two flaming cheeks and a pair of horrified eyes. Although I was too petrified really to think, I suppose I expected the other girls in the room to scream—like Mr. Seeley to leave them—anything!

Instead, the two girls standing before the mirror never even glanced over their shoulders. The others went on dressing, perhaps a little more rapidly.

But Pearl—Pearl, the most undressed of us all—only picked up her silver slipper from the floor and shook it at Mr. Seeley threateningly.

"Aw," she said, "get out of here!" I was nearly froze to death in that automobile. My fingers is so cold yet, I can't pull my stockings on. Say! Get out of here, or I'll make you put 'em on for me!"

"All right said Mr. Seeley. "Either you are out of this dressing room, ready for the camera, in fifteen minutes or I'll dock you half-pay; that's all. Come on, now! Get busy!" He turned. And the door banged behind him.

"Old pill!" Pearl remarked good-naturedly. "Wonders darn well you couldn't get dressed in this time! What's the use, anyhow. I saw that Dixon girl in the car with him. She'll get her show all right!"

"His latest?" asked one of the girls at the glass, without turning her head.

"Sure!" said Pearl. "Watch her get up in front of the camera!"

And then, in spite of their light words, the young women went to work in earnest and in an incredibly short time, they were ready.

Pearl turned and gave me the first glance she had vouchsafed me. She paused, and her lower jaw dropped a little, as the simple modesty of my dress dawned upon her.

I wasn't a fool. Already I had guessed that, in spite of mother's efforts to make me smart, I was scarcely in the class with these brilliant birds of plumage.

"Will I do, Pearl?" I asked, a little tremulously.

Some kindness in the girl's heart answered at once to the pleading in my voice.

"Sure you will!" she said. "You look cute, and—" she hesitated, searching for a word—"Why, say! Come on! You're different! May-be you'll be the hit of the party!"

The encouragement brought the color back to my face, and made me feel a little better as we left the dressing room. As we entered the part of the hall which was partitioned off from the actual picture scene, Pearl nudged me.

"There's that Dixon girl," she said. "She's a peach, isn't she? I saw a tall, slender, dark-haired girl, dressed more quietly than the others, and with not so much make-up on her face."

"Who is she?" I whispered back. "Is she the star?"

Pearl looked at me and laughed. "Star be hanged," she said. "She's supposed to get her three a day like all the rest of us. But Seeley got a crush on her now, and she here's what he's got in mind. She's right in front of the picture, all right, every time! And she comes out in her own automobile, and gets a private dressing room!"

I wanted to learn about this new world as fast as possible.

"Do you mean Mr. Seeley in love with her and wants to marry her?" I asked. "Or—or—" I paused and stammered, at a loss how to ask what meant.

"Marry nothing!" said Pearl. "You're not their slaves. If you don't, you're slave for you. That's the difference, kid. Didn't you know it?"

"Yes," I said, "I did. I learned it where I worked before. I suppose it's the same in this business as it is everywhere else."

"You bet!" agreed Pearl heartily. "but, if you can learn that, you can do any old thing you like with 'em. Come on!"

And I followed her, wondering what sort of luck my mother's wedding dress was to bring me after all.

Chapter XXV

I can't say that I felt I was a notable success the first time I went before the moving picture camera of the Champion Film Company.

As a matter of fact, I think I passed unnoticed in the crowd—which was perhaps the best fate for which I could hope. At least, I did not stand out as conspicuously ill-dressed or awkward. Instead, gowned in my mother's made-over wedding dress, leaning on the arm of a gentleman who was arrayed in hired evening dress, I sauntered back and forth before the chinking camera several times in a coronation scene.

Then I was told to go back to my dressing room and get into street clothes.

I went out and stopped at the office, together with the other girls engaged for the occasion, and received \$3.

We had been taken out to the moving picture studio in an automobile. We went back to the street cars. By the time I paid my car fare to the city and then out again to the suburb in which I lived, only two of my three dollars was left. Even so, though, I was of course better off financially—after one day's work—than I had been in the employ of the tailoring establishment. If only I could manage to fill in three or four days of each week with the Champion Film Company, I would be making better money than I could hope to earn with any industrial concern.

Chapter XXVI

I suppose I really was attracted to Hugh Trotter the first time I saw him, when he was no kind and understanding with me in my difficulties. Then, in the weeks that followed when he apparently made no effort to see me, I was piqued. And then, although I would have been glad of the companionship of some clean young man, my own affairs engrossed me again and I forgot him.

But when Hugh finally did come to call upon me, with the explanation "a story" all of the charm and attraction he had for me when first I saw him, came back.

To me, of course, he was a man of the world. He spoke intimately of people whose names I had read in the newspapers with awe. He had actually spoken to the President of the United States—"Interviewed him," as he said. He knew who were the real husbands of the great actresses. If a murder or a divorce occurred, Hugh knew the whole story. Naturally, I was ready to hang on his words. Then, too, Hugh came of a better family than my own. I mean his mother and father must have been people of education. Although he was inclined to be rather careless in dress when first I met him, nevertheless, stamped upon him in manner and speech was the mark of caste.

On that first night, when Hugh

Chase & Sanborn's CEYLON AND INDIA TEA

is the result of fifty years of constant study to bring to the discriminating tea drinker the very best to be found in the tea gardens of the Far East.

In the flavor, aroma and golden liquor of Chase & Sanborn's Ceylon & India Black Tea can be read all the ceaseless care with which the plants have been tended arid guarded against impairment and impurity. Sold in half and one pound packages, sealed against air and touch.

CHASE & SANBORN, Montreal, Que.

So I went home, happy enough, to mother; handed over my two dollars that night, and since I wasn't really in the picture, I happily accepted by my experience—I helped to get the dinner, set the table, and afterwards clear the things away.

It was while we were both bending over the kitchen sink, engaged in this task, that the front door opened and a maid came in.

Mother had been doing her cleaning and some washing and had on a huge gingham apron that was none too fresh.

I went to the door. In the half light that sifted through the trees around our home from the street lamps, I didn't at first recognize the figure on our steps. And then "Hello!" said a pleasant voice, "I hope you haven't forgotten me?"

"How in the world did you find me?" I was awfully glad to see you. Come in."

The young man followed me in to our little parlor. I turned up the light and tried to straighten my hair with a few nervous touches.

"Have I got to come in here?" asked Hugh Trotter. "Am I going to be treated like company?" You know, I went to the tailoring place where you worked, and nobody knew where you were—until I got hold of a telephone girl. She had your address. I've been thinking about you lots. I had to go up to Buffalo on a story—murder trial—and I just got back the other day. I wondered what had become of you."

"Yes," I explained. "I got fired from the tailor place, and Dora—that's the telephone girl you spoke to—gave me a letter of introduction to a man who is with a moving picture company, and got my first trial today. If I make good—that is, if I look well in the picture, I suppose—the man is going to give me more work. He pays three dollars a day! Of course, if I could get six days work each week, that would be a lot of money."

"I should say so!" agreed Hugh heartily. "That is good luck! I'm glad I showed up. I know some moving picture people too. Maybe I can give you a pointer." He half closed his eyes and looked at me.

"I believe you'd make a good picture," he said, "you've got such nice eyes and such a pretty smile."

I was sitting on a chair opposite to Hugh, my hands folded in my lap. He had taken off his coat and was resting back on the lounge comfortably.

"What were you doing when I came in?" he asked. "Were you going out, or anything like that?"

I paused a moment embarrassed. "Why, no," I said, "I was—what I was really doing was helping mother with the dinner dishes, but she's mad through so it's all right."

Hugh got up at once. "Let me out and brush," he suggested. "I could help, too."

"Oh, no!" I protested. "Really it's almost done. I—really don't think mother would like it. You see—she has her apron on—she's not dressed."

Hugh looked at me searchingly for a moment.

"Do you know," he asked, "how I always thought my own mother looked prettiest? It was when she had her apron on, and wasn't dressed."

"Without waiting for me, he pushed open the door which led into the kitchen.

"How do you do, Mrs. Birney?" he said. "My name is Hugh Trotter. I came to call on your daughter, but it's so long since I had a home—a real home, I mean I could n't resist coming out here with you, I hope you don't mind?"

Mother's face flushed a little, but, to my surprise, she wasn't really embarrassed or annoyed at all.

"Of course not, my boy," she said heartily. "Sit here and give you a piece of pie. I made it myself."

"Oh, Gee!" said Hugh simply. "This is the life!"

I suppose I really was attracted to Hugh Trotter the first time I saw him, when he was no kind and understanding with me in my difficulties. Then, in the weeks that followed when he apparently made no effort to see me, I was piqued. And then, although I would have been glad of the companionship of some clean young man, my own affairs engrossed me again and I forgot him.

But when Hugh finally did come to call upon me, with the explanation "a story" all of the charm and attraction he had for me when first I saw him, came back.

To me, of course, he was a man of the world. He spoke intimately of people whose names I had read in the newspapers with awe. He had actually spoken to the President of the United States—"Interviewed him," as he said. He knew who were the real husbands of the great actresses. If a murder or a divorce occurred, Hugh knew the whole story. Naturally, I was ready to hang on his words. Then, too, Hugh came of a better family than my own. I mean his mother and father must have been people of education. Although he was inclined to be rather careless in dress when first I met him, nevertheless, stamped upon him in manner and speech was the mark of caste.

On that first night, when Hugh

"Oh, we don't have a doctor," I explained. "We can't afford doctors. If we're sick we have to get over it as best we can. You must remember that the only money that comes into this house belongs to my father. If he gave us money for a doctor for mother, he wouldn't be able to spend it in the village on his way home."

"Oh, Nellie, child, hush!" said mother.

"Well," said Hugh easily, "most doctors are a bad lot, anyhow. But I tell you what I'm going to do, if I may: I know an awfully nice young chap. He's just graduated from medical college. What he wants is experience. He doesn't need money yet. I'm going to bring him Sunday. We were coming up your way anyhow. Can we stop, Mrs. Birney and see if we can't rig you up some sort of a tonic?"

"It's no use, boy," said mother gently. "I don't think a tonic would do me much good."

"Mother!" I cried quickly. "Don't say that! Oh Mr. Trotter! If you only would! I'm so worried over her sometimes. Of course, I know what she needs. It's rest and no worry."

"Nonsense!" said mother. "I wouldn't be a woman at all, if I didn't have some work to do in life."

"Just the same," said Hugh firmly, "to please me you're going to see my young friend on Sunday."

(Continued on Page Two)

Where Crusoe Lived

Every schoolboy knows that a Scottish lad, Alexander Selkirk, was the character on whom Daniel Defoe founded his world-famous story "Robinson Crusoe."

But Alexander's real history is not so familiar. His birthplace was Largo, a little fishing village on the Fifeshire coast, now a popular holiday resort. Here he gained the reputation of being a very unruly boy, who teased the life out of a half-witted brother, and finally ran away to sea because his father wanted to make him a shoemaker.

According to Defoe, Crusoe was on his desert island thirty years. Selkirk, however, was only away for four years and four months—as a matter of fact, he was marooned.

When, after many strange adventures the wanderer returned to Largo, it was a Sunday morning, and his people were at church. Never backward at coming forward, he went in and took a seat close to his mother. That individual had long given up her wandering boy as lost and so great was the scene she caused on seeing him again that it broke up the service.

Ultimately Selkirk married a village girl, and everyone thought he had decided to settle down.

NEWLY ENGAGED

Good home made bread is the most palatable, wholesome and nourishing food in the world.

It is far more economical than any other staple food. If people would eat less meat and other heavy foods they would feel better and help to keep down the cost of living. Bread made in the home with Royal Yeast Cakes is more nourishing and appetizing than any other. Nothing healthier for children and grown ups.

ROYAL YEAST CAKES

A fresh, rosy complexion indicates perfect health. To secure this in most cases all that is necessary is to take one or three Royal Yeast Cakes a day for a few weeks.

Yeast is a food. It supplies the water soluble vitamins which the diet may lack. Scientists tell us that this vitamin is essential to good health. Yeast is highly beneficial in many cases in which the system seems to be run down. The yeast cakes simply add to the diet.

Dissolve a Royal Yeast Cake in fruit juices or mix it with cereal and milk, and take it at meal time. The chances are in a few weeks the complexion will be clear. Constipation and other ills will be relieved. For children reduce the amount to one-half or one-quarter of a cake with each meal.

Send name and address for free booklet "Royal Yeast Cakes for Better Health."

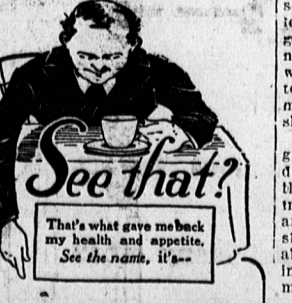
E. W. Gillett Company Limited
Winnipeg Toronto, Canada Montreal
Made in Canada

Largo woke up one morning, however, to find that he had disappeared with his wife. It is known that she died and Selkirk married again. What became of him eventually, no one knows.

Largo perpetuated his memory by erecting a fine monument on the site of the cottage in which he lived, and interesting monuments are pointed out to visitors by the inhabitants.

NEWLY ENGAGED

She—"Henry, I have something



See that? That's what gave me back my health and appetite. See the name, it's—

HAWKER'S DYSPEPSIA REMEDY

A wonderful remedy which tends to relieve all persons suffering from dyspepsia, indigestion, or any form of stomach trouble.

It is also very effective for the kidneys, pains in the back, etc.

If you are nursing a poor appetite, caused by bad digestion—buy a bottle of this medicine and convince yourself of its ability to relieve your ailment.

Get it at the Druggists or at your General Store
Price, 50c.
THE CANADIAN DRUG CO., LIMITED
ST. JOHN, N.B.

Mother's Joy. A lusty healthy baby—kept so through proper food. Recognized Since 1857. Borden's EAGLE BRAND Condensed Milk



It is not the recipe that makes the cake!

If it were, you would not hear so much of costly cake failures. The ingredients are much more important than the recipe and as flour is the foundation of all cake baking it must be right or the cake is either spoiled or indifferent.

This perfectly blended flour of which you have heard your neighbors speak is just the flour to make perfect cakes. Try it out in your next baking and note the difference it will make.

HUNT BROS. Ltd. London, Canada

DIAMOND FLOUR "Becomes a habit"