

The IRON CLAW by ARTHUR STRINGER

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NOVELIZED FROM THE PATHE PHOTO PLAY OF THE SAME NAME

SYNOPSIS.

On Windward Island Palidori intrigues Mrs. Golden into an appearance of evil which causes Golden to capture and torture the Italian by branding his face and crushing his hand. Palidori floods the island and kidnaps Golden's little daughter Margery. Twelve years later in New York a Masked One rescues Margery from Legar and takes her to her father's home, whence she is recaptured. Margery's mother fruitlessly implores Golden to find their daughter. The Laughing Mask again takes Margery away from Legar. Legar sends to Golden a warning and a demand for a portion of the chart of Windward Island. Margery meets her mother. The chart is lost in a fight between Manley and one of Legar's henchmen, but is recovered by the Laughing Mask. Count Da Esparos figures in a dubious attempt to entrap Legar and claims to have killed him. Golden's house is dynamited during a masked ball. Legar escapes but Da Esparos is crushed in the ruins. Margery rescues the Laughing Mask from the police. Manley finds Margery not indifferent to his love. He saves her from Manly's poisoned arrows. Manley plans a mock funeral which fails to accomplish the desired purpose, the capture of the Iron Claw and his gang. Margery is saved from death at the hands of the Iron Claw by the Laughing Mask. An attempt by the Iron Claw to blow up the O'Mara cottage is frustrated in the nick of time.

THIRTEENTH EPISODE

The Hidden Face.

Enoch Golden looked at the heavy shadows about his daughter's eyes. Then he seated himself heavily in the arm-chair which she had so abstractedly turned about for him.

"Margery," he said with an effort at sternness, "are you still worrying about that young Manley?"

For a moment or two the girl remained silent.

"I can't help it, father," she finally acknowledged. And she further discomfited her frowning parent by a suspicion of tears in her downcast eyes.

"But I don't believe David Manley is any more dead than I am!" the old millionaire finally and stoutly asserted.

"Then why has there been no word of him, no trace of him, since the night of that awful explosion?"

This question, apparently, was not an easy one to answer. But Enoch Golden was not to be lightly dissuaded from his task of consolation.

"I'll tell you what I believe, my girl. I believe everything's all right, no matter what you think. Everything's going to come out all right. Before the week is out, if what the police tell me is true, we're going to have this man Legar safe behind the prison bars where he belongs. What's troubling me more than David Manley, just now, is the problem of this Laughing Mask person. I had nothing less than a deputy commissioner call me up this morning, for the authorities down in Center street are convinced of the fact this Laughing Mask would be a better hail than even Legar himself. They claim to have a clear record against him, and in ten minutes I've got to face a delegation from the detective bureau and tell them for the twentieth time just how



Beside the Door Was the Figure of a Young Woman.

much, or rather, how little, I know about that mysterious stranger!"

Later in her room Margery Golden, looking up, saw a figure in a yellow mask silently and fignrely regarding her.

"You are unhappy?" he quietly inquired.

"You seem to appear only on those occasions when I am," she slowly and thoughtfully replied.

"You are wondering at this very moment if young Manley will ever come back to you?"

She colored a little as she stared up into the masked face.

"Yes," she finally acknowledged, "that is something I must know."

"Why?"

She remained silent.

"Is it because you care for him?"

"Yes, it is because I care for him—a great deal," she found the courage to reply.

He turned about and tip-toed to the door. There, carefully nursing the knob in the palm of his hand, he released the catch and swung the door suddenly inward. And crouched low in the hallway, close beside the door frame, was the figure of a young woman

to the driver of a mysterious limousine, which seemed to be casually engaged in following his own movements.

"Follow that taxicab," he commanded his driver as he leaped into the still-moving car.

The man in the limousine sat tense and silent, watching the fight for mile after mile. Then, realizing that it was taking them beyond the bounds of the city itself, he drew shut the side-blinds of his car, reached under the seat and took from its hiding place a japanned tin box, remarkably similar to an actor's make-up box.

Balancing this on his knees, he first removed his mask of yellow cloth, adjusted a small folding mirror to the box lid, and bustled himself with the assortment of pigments and cosmetics of the make-up putty therein contained. The clear-lined face which first gazed into the folding mirror slowly but unmistakably became converted into something repellent to the eye.

The next moment the limousine came to a stop at the roadside.

"That taxicab has just turned in at the Bellaire inn," the well-trained driver called back to his master.

"So I notice. And that's the place, I'll wager, where Legar himself is trying to keep under cover."

"There's the woman herself, running up the steps," announced the driver.

"So I also observe. And under the circumstances, I think it would be best for you to slip after her, as quietly and quickly as you can."

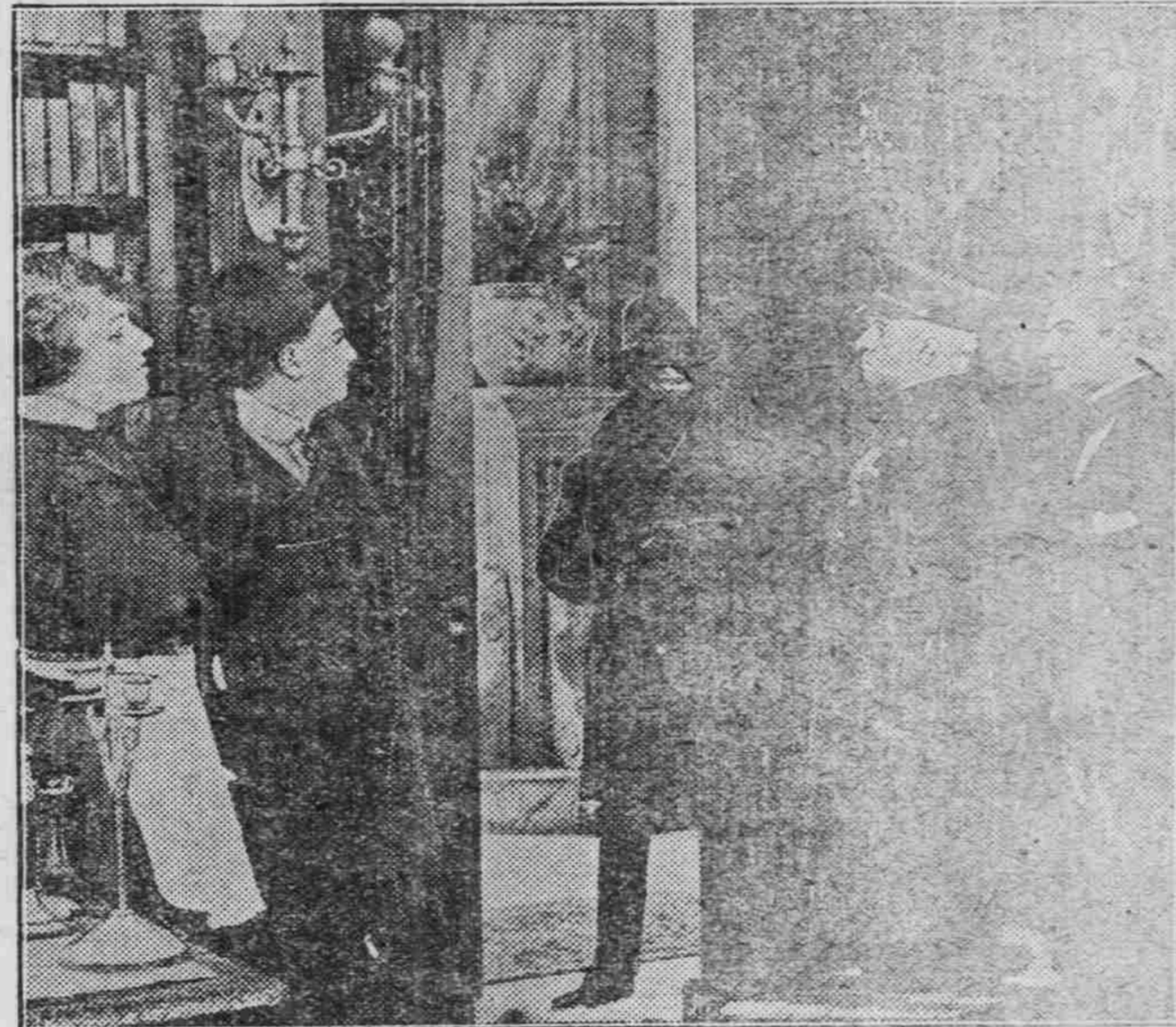
"Yes, sir!"

"Then come back to the car and report to me the number of the room she asks for. Find out the number, whatever happens. For in that room, I imagine, we're going to encounter our old friend of the Iron Claw."

The Flash for Help.

Jules Legar was in anything but an amiable frame of mind, and when Williamsburg Sadie was quietly ushered into room 307 of the Bellaire inn, he greeted her with a malignant scowl which she promptly and openly resented.

"You don't seem exactly crazy to see me," she announced as she watched Legar lock the door through which she had just entered. His right



"Just a Moment, Gentlemen," This Masked Stranger Suavely Announced.

arm, she noticed, was carried in a voluminous white cotton sling.

"Didn't I tell you to keep away from this dump?" he wrathfully reminded her.

"Well, I didn't come because I wanted to!" was the other's retort.

"What's wrong?"

"Everything's wrong! Old Golden had a bunch of flatties in his house, and that Laughing Mask boob squealed on me to the bunch. So I had to beat it."

Legar swung about on her.

"And you beat it straight here, in open daylight, leaving a paper-chase trail at your heels!" There was rage in his voice.

"I tell you I left no trail. I've got my own scalp to take care of. And if I've taken a chance to beat it up here and put you wise, it seems to me there's more than this grouch-talk comin' to me!"

"Then, for the love of heaven, woman, don't holler so the whole house will hear you! Speak quietly."

A one-sided smile played about the hardened face of that worldly wise young woman.

"I guess you're kind o' losin' your nerve," she contemptuously announced.

"Listen to me, my girl. I've been at this game longer than you have, and I've learned there are times when even walls have ears."

The woman laughed.

"Then you'd better get earmuffs on that window sill, for I've got a hunch it's—"

Her voice died away at the same moment that the smile vanished from her face.

"Don't turn around," she said in a sudden startled whisper as she looked down at her feet. "For there's a man's face starin' in at that window now."

Legar remained motionless.

"What face?" he quietly asked.

"It's the man in the Laughing Mask!" was the whispered response.

Legar continued to stare at her, still motionless.

"That means he came up by the fire-escape," meditated the fugitive. "And

that means Red Egan must surely have seen him."

The next moment the man with his arm in a sling had thrown the bandage aside and was running towards the window that opened on the fire-escape landing.

On that narrow ledge of sheet-metal, wedged in between the window sash and the escape railing, a terrific combat was already taking place. Before Legar could get the window open the Laughing Mask, by an adroit jujitsu movement of the body, succeeded in pinning the winded Red Egan down on the fire-escape platform. But already a second sentry of Legar's was swarming up the narrow metal stairway, and all the attention of the man in the mask had to be directed towards his new adversary.

It was while countering the onslaught of this second enemy that the Laughing Mask became conscious of still another point of attack. For as he fought there, on his knees, astride the panting form of Red Egan, an iron claw reached viciously out over the window sill behind him, and fixed itself in his shoulder. The next moment he was being hauled bodily in through the open window.

Ready hands were there to take possession of that battered and breathless captive.

"Put him in that chair!" exultantly commanded Legar.

"Now what'll we do with him?" demanded the panting Red Egan.

"Leave him to me," announced Legar, studying his captive out of narrowed and sinister eyes. Then the man with the iron claw stepped slowly and studiously closely to the chair in which the helpless Laughing Mask sat, for the light in the room was none too clear.

"So you're the man of mystery, are you! You're the hero who keeps a dead wall between him and the world, eh! Well, my valiant hero, we'll soon put your visor up!"

Williamsburg Sadie, with her mouth slightly agape, stood halfway between the chair and the wall, watching the man with the iron claw as he exulted over his enemy. She watched Legar's hand as it reached out to the mask of yellow cloth and tore it viciously from the face which it had concealed.

Then a scream, short but high pitched, burst from her startled lips.

Williamsburg Sadie, out of the silence of apprehension which fell over the little group.

"You will," calmly announced Legar.

"Not on your life!" was the girl's quavering reply. "I'm through with those people!"

"But you're not through with me yet, my girl. You're going to take this note to Enoch Golden and you're going to do it without any risk. I'll call up Golden myself and tell him he'll get it back, ten to one, if he makes a single move against you. And besides that, we've got him so beaten at this game that he's going to cry quits the minute he sees we've roped in the last of his gang, the minute I tell him I'll leave the country on condition he coughs up the paper!"

"And s'posin' he does weaken and hand over that paper? Where do I get off?"

"You come back here with it as fast as wheels can carry you. And if you move as quick as I want you to move, you'll just about get back in time to see the finish of your friend in the yellow mask!"

But Betsy LeMarsh's friend in the yellow mask, for all his captivity, was apparently preparing for that finish in a more active manner than was imagined by his captors. For, the moment he was locked in the narrow closet, he had undertaken a systematic search of its gloomy corners. That search, however, was rewarded only by the discovery of a group of insulated wires running along its outer wall. Yet these wires he examined with not a little care. And the examination led him to conclude, both from the nature of the wires and the heaviness of the insulation about them, that they were an integral portion of the lighting system of the hotel. That they were not "dead" he promptly discovered by scraping away the insulation tissue and bringing two of the bared wires in contact. This resulted in an immediate hiss and spark of light. And that gave the prisoner an idea. By "breaking" the current, he knew, he could send a message needling through all the nervous system of the house. And at some one point, he felt sure, that methodic play of dot and dash in the light bulb would arouse suspicion and cause a search to be instituted.

It was, in fact, in the office of the hotel itself, where High-Collar Davis, the house detective, leisurely perused an evening paper for certain racing returns close beside a rotund and robinlike room clerk in a red vest, that an electric bulb just above the register began to conduct itself in a manner that was first mysterious and then challenging.

High-Collar Davis, looking languidly up from his racing charts, watched this light for several moments of silence.

"Well, I'll be blowed!" he finally ejaculated.

"What's wrong?" asked the room clerk.

Instead of replying, the house detective took out paper and pencil, and, carefully watching the winking and blinking bulb, wrote a number of letters down on his slip of paper.

"That's the first time," he solemnly announced. "I ever saw an electric bulb talk Morse!"

"Talk Morse?" echoed the other.

"Yes, talk Morse, or I never pounded the brass for two years. And here's what it has said, twice over. Help—room three—o—seven—help—help!"

The house detective suddenly stood upright. "Say, who is in 307 in this house, anyway?"

"That Virginian with his arm in a sling!"

"Then it's up to us to find out what's going on in that room!"

The Laughing Mask, in the meantime, was no longer giving his attention to the wires along the closet wall. But with his pocket knife he had already removed the set screw from the door knob of the closet door. Then, swinging lightly up to the shelf that stood some five feet from the floor, he seated himself there opposite the door. By grasping the two heavy clothes hooks screwed into this door, and by planting his feet firmly against the sash on either side of it, he felt that he was not altogether at the mercy of his enemies.

Even as he sat there he could hear the key turned in the lock and then the sound of Legar's quick oath of exasperation as the door knob fell loose to the floor, in response to his tug at it. At the same time hope rose in the captive's heart, for he could hear the muffled sound of a knock on the outer door. And still again the prisoner in the closet could hear Legar's oath of exasperation. This was followed by the sudden impact of the heavy wing chair against the panels of the closet door. That blow, repeated again and yet again, was heavy enough to break through the wood. But that dignitary known as High-Collar Davis, being a gentleman not given to inactivity in moments of emergency, and being sufficiently persuaded of untoward proceedings behind the door which he refused to open to his knock, promptly seized a fire ax from its vermilion-painted rack in the hall, and sent it crashing through the panels of the door which bore the numerals 307.

Legar, seeing the door giving way before this determined onslaught, drew his revolver and emptied it into the half-demolished closet door even as he backed away across the room to the open window. There he followed his already vanishing accomplices out on the fire escape, swarming down the narrow ladder after them as the outer door of the room gave way and a group of excited hotel attendants, headed by High-Collar Davis, came tumbling into the room.

The man who emerged from the

closet lingered only long enough to point out to them the fleeing figures already at the foot of the fire escape. Then he himself darted down through the hotel hallway, took the stairs on the run, circled out through the rotunda, and springing through shrubbery and flower beds, leaped into a limousine drawn up at the side of the road.

"Follow that touring car those men have just piled into," he called out to his driver. "Follow it until we get into the city. Then swing past it and get to Golden's house before it does, whatever happens!"

But that touring car showed itself to be a much speedier vehicle than its un-



A Terrific Combat Was Taking Place.

kempt appearance might indicate. And its driver seemed possessed of a surprisingly intimate knowledge of suburban side roads, for as the black limousine drew up on it the dust-covered open car suddenly swerved to the left, dipped into a narrow valley, and took the rise to the railway track like a swallow rounding a cliff head.

Then the man in the yellow mask stood up in his car, with an involuntary gasp of horror on his lips. For thundering along the curving track as the dusty touring car rose to the crossing came an even swifter-moving through freight, whistling its frantic warning as it came.

But that warning was too late. The pilot of the locomotive seemed to root like a boar's snout under the flimsy body of the automobile and then toss it and its human freight high over its shoulder. There was a momentary cascade of bodies and metal through the air, a sudden discontinuance of the whistle blasts, and the grind of steel against steel as the startled engine driver threw on his brakes.

"Did they strike?" asked the Laughing Mask's chauffeur over his shoulder.

"Yes, they struck! But don't turn back. Keep going! For there's another car from that hotel following us, and we've still got to get to Golden's house first."

It was some twelve minutes later that Margery Golden, as she sat disconsolately in the quietness of her room, found herself confronted by an unannounced visitor.

"It's you!" she gasped, as she rose to her feet and found the Laughing Mask standing, a little breathless, just inside her door.

"I'm sorry to startle you," he explained, "but as usual, they didn't give me any too much time!"

"But what has happened?"

"The same thing over again. There are five men downstairs persuading your father the Laughing Mask is a criminal, and those five men are determined to make me a prisoner."

"But why should they keep saying this?" asked the bewildered girl.

"Because they don't understand," she repeated. "No, they don't understand," she repeated. Then she turned and stared at the masked face. "Nor do I altogether understand!"

"But surely you'd trust me enough to hide me away here until I can escape from them?"

"How can you ask me to trust you when you refuse to trust me?"

"But I do trust you. I always have!"

"Yet not enough to remove that mask."

"And you insist that I unmask?"

"No, I do not insist. But if you believe in my honesty I also want to believe in yours."

Again there was a moment of silence.

"You are right," said the man in the mask. Then he crossed the room to the door of the white-tiled bathroom, laughing as he went. "But since my hands are clean, I also insist that my face shall be!"

The girl stood puzzled as she heard the sound of a tap being turned and the splash of water.

"What are you doing?" she demanded.

"Washing my face," answered a somewhat altered voice, "and I'm afraid I'm rather spoiling your towel with my make-up."

The next minute the Laughing Mask, denuded of his domino, stepped back into the room.

"Will you trust me enough now to help me get away?" he asked.

The girl stared round-eyed into the smiling face above her. She started to lift her hand, as though in wonder, to her brow. But the man in the doorway imprisoned that hand in his own, and drew her a little closer to him.

"Will you trust me now?" he repeated.

"Yes," she said, in a voice hushed with wonder, as she felt his arms close about her. "I will always trust you!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)