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AUTHOR OF "THE OCCASIONAL OFFENDER." "THE WIRE TAPPERS," "GUN RUNNERS," ETC. NOVELIZED FROM THE PATHE PHOTO PLAY OF THE SAME NAME

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an wearing a housemaid's apron.

covering that she had been detected

in the act of listening at a keyhole,

sprang to her feet and fled like a

"Why, that was one of our maids!"

"And also a secret agent of the

Iron Claw's," announced the man in

"But what are you going to do?"

enemy," called back the man in the

apparently that events were shaping

themselves into some final issue, lost

straight to the heavy folding doors

which shut off the library wherein,

conferring with his circle of officers

from the detective bureau. Opening

these doors, she confronted those

"If you're after that man you call

the Laughing Mask," she announced

"In this house?" echoed the astound-

"You'll find him," shrilled the white-

room. And the sooner you get there

They rose as one man and moved

yellow mask, holding a revolver in

"Just a moment, gentlemen," this

masked stranger suavely announced,

menacing position of his firearm.

ready in the room. And she had no

desire to make their task easier for

"That man came into this room!"

declared one of the older men, chal-

indignant forefinger. "Where is he?"

calm-eyed young woman.

"How should I know?" asked the

"Well, he's here, and we'll get him,"

the leader of the others. Then Margery

Golden's heart suddenly came up into

her mouth, for she could see that he

was hurrying across the room in the

direction of the clock. She could see

his right hand go into his pocket and

whip out a revolver as his left hand

threw open the little black-walnut

door along the face of the clock. Then

interrogatively about the clock base.

out. "There's a spring trap here that

opens through the floor. Quick, some

of you men, get down to the base-

jeweled ring or two and a small moroc-

away as she stole quietly down the

putting distance between her and the

house which she had just left that she

from a hasement window. Yet as she

through the shrubbery.

them.

startled officials.

ed old millionaire.

shadow down the long hallway.

cried the astonished girl.

demanded the puzzled girl.

The startled young woman, on dis-

SYNOPSIS.

On Windward Island Palidori intrigues 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 daughter. The Laughing Mask again takes Margery away from Legar. the mask. Legar sends to Golden a warning and a "Put w 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 hench men, but is recovered by the Laughing Mask. Count Da Espares 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 Espares 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 Mauki's poisoned arrows. Manley plans a mock funeral which fails to no time in loitering along the hallway accomplish the desired purpose, the cap-ture 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 she knew, Enoch Golden was already

THIRTEENTH EPISODE

The Hidden Face.

Enoch Golden looked at the heavy! in her shrill soprano, "you'll find him shadows about his daughter's eyes. here in this house, at this very mo-Then he seated himself heavily in the ment." arm-chair which she had so abstractedly turned about for him.

"Margery," he said with an effort at sternness, "are you still worrying faced maid, "in Margery Golden's about that young Manley?"

For a moment or two the girl re- the better!" mained silent.

I can't help it, father," she finally towards the door. acknowledged. And she further dis- But they did not pass through that comfited her frowning parent by a door. They came to a pause, for the suspicion of tears in her downcast very material reason that a man in a

"But I don't believe David Manley is his hand, confronted them from the any more dead than I am!" the old hallway. millionaire finally and stoutly asseverated.

"Then why has there been no word although the suavity of his voice was of him, no trace of him, since the somewhat discounted by the obviously night of that awful explosion?"

This question, apparently, was not | 'Since denunciations seem to be in oran easy one to answer. But Enoch der, will you permit me to point out Golden was not to be lightly dis- to you that the young lady who has suaded from his task of consolation. just addressed you is Betsy LeMarsh,

"I'll tell you what I believe, my alias Williamsburg Sadie, not only one girl. I believe everything's all right, of the most adroit woman crooks in no matter what you think. Every- the city, but also an emissary and thing's going to come out all right, agent of Jules Legar himself!" Before the week is out, if what the po- Having made that speech, the lice tell me is true, we're going to Laughing Mask promptly swung the have this man Legar safe behind the heavy folding doors shut. He did so prison bars where he belongs. What's | before one of the astonished onlookers troubling me more than David Manley, | could interfere. Then he turned the just now, is the problem of this key in the snaplock, and ran headlong Laughing Mask person. I had nothing along the quiet hall. He all but colless than a deputy commissioner call | lided with Margery Golden herself. me up this morning, for the authori- "Here's where I take time by the ties down in Center street are con- forelock," he grimly announced, as vinced of the fact this Laughing Mask | he darted across the room to a huge oldwould be a better haul than even fashioned grandfather's clock which Legar himself. They claim to have stood against the farther wall. The a clear record against him, and in ten astonished girl saw him swing open minutes I've got to face a delegation the door and step inside the clock. from the detective bureau and tell Then she turned quickly about, for the them for the twentieth time just how men from the central office were al-



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, ment!" looking up, saw a figure in a yellow mask silently and pensively regarding | smile again.

"You are unhappy?" he quietly in- to show these gentlemen the way to

quired. "You seem to appear only on those as to have Miss Betsy LeMarsh come occasions when I am," she slowly and here." thoughtfully replied.

"You are wondering at this very mandeered a hat and coat belonging moment if young Manley will ever to her mistress, possessed herself of a come back to you."

She colored a little as she stared | co case, which she discreetly stowed up into the masked face.

"Yes," she finally acknowledged, servants' stairs, and slipped out "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- | failed to observe a figure simultanea great deal," she found the courage ously and quite as eagerly emerging

to reply. He turned about and tip-toed to the hurriedly rounded the block, in eager door. There, carefully nursing the quest of a taxicab, this figure showed knob in the palm of his hand, he re- an unmistakable interest in her moveleased the catch and swung the door ments. And when she had finally suddenly inward. And crouched low hailed a taxicab and climbed into it, in the hallway, close beside the door | the stranger in a yellow mask so cauframe, was the figure of a young wom- tiously shadowing her made a signal

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

the still-moving car.

The man in the limousine sat tense place a japanned tin box, remarkably similar to an actor's make-up box.

the box lid, and busied himself with the assortment of pigments and cosmetics of the make-up putty therein confirst gazed into the folding mirror slowly but unmistakably became converted into something repellant to the

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

"That taxicab has just turned in at "I'm going to show that I'm still the Bellaire inn," the well-trained drivyour friend, and at the same time er called back to his master. prove that this particular maid is your

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

But that particular maid, realizing "There's the woman herself, running up the steps," announced the "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 re-

port 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.

see me," she announced as she the face which it had concealed. watched Legar lock the door through which she had just entered. His right pitched, burst from her startled lips.

2 4 0 mi hard a san 1 that means Red Egan must sure have seen him."

The next moment the man with his arm in a sling had thrown the band- gar. "Follow that taxicab," he com- age aside and was running towards

escape landing. On that narrow ledge of sheet-metal, and silent, watching the flight for wedged in between the window such yet, my girl. You're going to take this road. mile after mile. Then, realizing that and the escape railing, a terrific coin- note to Enoch Golden, and you're go- "Follow that touring car those men it was taking them beyond the bounds bat was already taking place. Before ing to do it without any risk. I'll call have just piled into," he called out to of the city itself, he drew shut the Legar could get the window open the up Golden myself and tell him he'll get his driver. "Follow it until we get into side-blinds of his car, reached under Laughing Mask, by an adroit jiu-jitsu it back, ten to one, if he makes a the city. Then swing past it and get the seat and took from its hiding movement of the body, succeeded in single move against you. And besides to Golden's house before it does, whatpinning the winded Red Egan down on | that, we've got him so beaten at this | ever happens!" the fire-escape platform. But already game that he's going to cry quits the But that touring car showed itself to Balancing this on his knees, he first a second sentry of Legar's was swarm- minute he sees we've roped in the last be a much speedier vehicle than its unremoved his mask of yellow cloth, ing up the narrow metal stairway, of his gang, the minute I tell him I'll adjusted a small folding mirror to and all the attention of the man in leave the country on condition he the mask had to be directed towards | coughs up the paper!" his new adversary.

tained. The clear-lined face which slaught of this second enemy that the Laughing Mask became conscious of 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 breath- ined by his captors. For, the moment less captive.

"Put him in that chair!" exultantly commanded Legar. "Now what'll we do with him?" de-

manded the panting Red Egan. "Leave him to me," announced Legar, studying his captive out of narly and studiously closely to the chair in which the helpless Laughing Mask sat, for the light in the room was none

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!"

Then a scream, short but high



"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 lenging the half-smiling girl with an this dump?" he wrathfully reminded "Well, I didn't come because I want-

ed to!" was the other's retort. "What's wrong?" declared the man who seemed to be "Everything's wrong! Old Golden

had a bunch of flatties in his house, 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.

she breathed again, for the clock was "I tell you I left no trail. I've got my own scalp to take care of. And if But the man with the revolver had I've taken a chance to beat it up here dropped to his knees and was patting and put you wise, it seems to me there's more than this grouch-talk "I thought so!" he suddenly called 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 Margery Golden was even able to hardened face of that worldly wise "Wilson," she said, "be so good as "I guess you're kind o' losin' your

nerve," she contemptuously anthe basement. And then be so good nounced. "Listen to me, my girl. I've been at this game longer than you have, and But Miss Betsy LeMarsh had com-

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

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

So preoccupied was she, however, in her face. "Dont 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. "Its 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 fireescape," meditated the fugitive. "And

For what she stared at seemed more like a charnel-house cadaver than a And Legar drew back at the sight tion to the wires along the closet wall.

of those loathsome features. He But with his pocket knife he had al- this?" asked the bewildered girl. backed slowly away, staring at that ready removed the set screw from the face, until he came to the electric but | door knob of the closet door. Then, struggle on the fire-escape landing had seated himself there opposite the door. gether understand!" left a curtain hanging half over the By grasping the two heavy clothes certain. But even as Legar lifted his planting his feet firmly against the cape from them?" sounded on the door of the room.

Both Red Egan and the woman his enemies. turned mutely to Legar. And as they locked, the knock was repeated, loud- the key turned in the lock and then er than before.

Iron Claw's whispered command. "And throttle him at the first sound!" Legar, who had already crossed to the door that opened into the hall. waited there until the closet door had been locked and shut.

He found a chambermaid standing

she asked in genuine alarm. matter?" inquired the sleepy-eyed oc-

cupant of the room. "I thought I heard a scream, sir," explained the chambermaid, already relieved.

"Not in this room, my dear," calmly announced Legar.

"I'm sorry if I was mistaken," explained the maid. It was Red Egan who stepped to

Legar's side as the key was once more silently turned in the lock. "Here's a signet ring I took off your man in there. Would that give you-

any tip as to who he is " Legar stood studying the ring, turning it over and over in his hand.

"No," he finally announced. "But it'll let me send a tip to our old friend Golden. I'll send him that ring to show him we've got the Laughing Mask here. With it will go a note giving him his last chance to hand

over that chart!" "And who'll carry that note?" asked-

manded his driver as he feaped into the window that opened on the fire- quavering reply. "I'm through with tunda, and springing through shrubthose people!"

"And s'posin' he does weaken and It was while countering the on- hand over that paper? Where do I

"You come back here with it as fast still another point of attack. For as 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 vellow mask, for all his captivity, was apparently preparing for that finish in a more active manner than was imaghe 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 rowed and sinister eyes. Then the a little care. And the examination man with the iron claw stepped slow- 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 "So you're the man of mystery, are | were not "dead" he promptly discovered by scraping away the insulation | kempt appearance might indicate, And tissue and bringing two of the bared lits driver seemed possessed of a surwires in contact. This resulted in an prisingly intimate knowledge of suburimmediate hiss and spark of light, ban side roads, for as the black Williamsburg Sadie, with her mouth | And that gave the prisoner an idea. | limeusine drew up on it the dust-covslightly agape, stood halfway between By "breaking" the current, he knew, ered open car suddenly swerved to the the chair and the wall, watching the he could send a message needling left, dipped into a narrow valley, and man with the iron claw as he exulted | through all the nervous system of the | took the rise to the railway track like over his enemy. She watched Legar's | house. And at some one point, he felt | a swallow rounding a cliff head. hand as it reached out to the mask of sure, that methodic play of dot and Then the man in the yellow mask "You don't seem exactly crazy to yellow cloth and tore it viciously from dash in the light bulb would arouse stood up in his car, with an involun-

> instigated. It was, in fact, in the office of the as the dusty touring car rose to the hotel itself, where High-Collar Davis, | crossing came an even swifter-moving the house detective, leisurely perused | through freight, whistling its frantic an evening paper for certain racing warning as it came. returns close beside a rotund and robinlike room clerk in a red vest, that an electric bulb just above the like a boar's snout under the flimsy register began to conduct itself in a body of the automobile and then toss manner that was first mysterious and | it and its human freight high over its then challenging.

up from his racing charts, watched the air, a sudden discontinuance of the this light for several moments of si-

jaculated.

Instead of replying, the house de back. Keep going! For there's antective took out paper and pencil, and, other car from that hotel following us, carefully watching the winking and and we've still got to get to Golden's blinking bulb, wrote a number of let. house first."

ters down on his slip of paper. bulb talk Morse!"

"Talk Merse?" ethoed the other. "Yes. talk Morse, or I never poundroom three-o-seven-help-help!" inside her door. The house detective suddenly stood upright. "Say, who is in 307 in this | plained, "but as usual, they didn't give house, anyway?"

"That Virginian with his arm in a

going on in that room!" time, was no longer giving his atten- mined to make me a prisoner."

the sound of Legar's quick oath of ex- mask." "Lock him in that closet," was the asperation as the door knob fell loose to the floor, in response to his tug at captive's heart, for he could hear the lieve in yours." muffled sound of a knock on the outer door. And still again the prisoner in door. That blow, repeated again and my face shall be!" known as High-Collar Davis, being a the splash of water. gentleman not given to inactivity in | "What are you doing?" she demoments of emergency, and being suf- manded. ficiently persuaded of untoward pro- "Washing my face," answered a seized a fire ax from its vermilion- with my make-up." painted rack in the hall, and sent it The next minute the Laughing Mask,

door which bore the numerals 307. before this determined onslaught, drew | help me get away?" he asked. his revolver and emptied it into the | The girl stared round-eyed into the half demolished closet door even as he smiling face above her. She started to backed away across the room to the lift her hand, as though in wonder, to open window. There he followed his her brow. But the man in the dooralready vanishing accomplices out on way imprisoned that hand in his own, the fire escape, swarming down the and drew her a little closer to him. narrow ladder after them as the outer "Will you trust me now?" he redoor of the room gave way and a peated. group of excited hotel attendants, "Yes," she said, in a voice hushed headed by High-Collar Davis, came with wonder, as she felt his arms close tumbling into the room.

The man who emerged from the

Williamsburg Sadie, out of the silence closet lingered only long enough to of apprehension which fell over the point out to them the fleeing figures already at the foot of the fire escape. "You will," calmly announced Le. Then he himself darted down through the hotel hallway, took the stairs on "Not on your life!" was the girl's the run, circled out through the robery and flower beds, leaped into a "But you're not through with me limousine drawn up at the side of the



A Terrific Combat Was Taking Place.

suspicion and cause a search to be tary gasp of horror on his lips. For thundering along the curving track

But that warning was too late. The pilot of the locomotive seemed to root shoulder. There was a momentary High-Collar Davis, looking languidly | cascade of bodies and metal through whistle blasts, and the grind of steel against steel as the startled engine "Well, I'll be blowed!" he finally driver threw on his brakes.

"Did they strike?" asked the Laugh-"What's wrong?" asked the room ing Mask's chauffeur over his shoulder. "Yes, they struck! But don't turn

It was some twelve minutes later "That's the first time," he solemnly that Margery Golden, as she sat disannounced, "I ever saw an electric consolately in the quietness of her room, found herself confronted by an unannounced visitor. "It's you!" she gasped, as she rose

ed the brass for two years. And here's to her feet and found the Laughing what it has said, twice over. Help- | Mask standing, a little breathless, just

"I'm sorry to startle you," he exme any too much time!"

"But what has happened?"

"The same thing over again. There "Then it's up to us to find out what's | are five men downstairs persuading your father the Laughing Mask is a The Laughing Mask, in the mean criminal, and those five men are deter-

"But why should they keep saying

"Because they don't understand." "No, they don't understand," she reton set in the wall. He reached out swinging lightly up to the shelf that peated. Then she turned and stared to switch on the electrolier, for the stood some five feet from the floor, he at the masked face. "Nor do I alto-

"But surely you'd trust me enough window, and this made the light un- hooks screwed into this door, and by to hide me away here until I can es-

finger to the switch a sudden knock sash on either side of it, he felt that "How can you ask me to trust you he was not altogether at the mercy of | when you refuse to trust me?" "But I do trust you. I always

Even as he sat there he could hear have!" "Yet not enough to remove that

"And you insist that I unmask?" "No, I do not insist. But if you beit. At the same time hope rose in the lieve in my honesty I also want to be-

Again there was a moment of silence. "You are right," said the man in the closet could hear Legar's oath of the mask. Then he crossed the room exasperation. This was followed by to the door of the white-tiled baththe sudden impact of the heavy wing | room, laughing as he went. "But since "Is there anything the matter, sir?" chair against the panels of the closet my hands are clean, I also insist that

"The matter? What should be the yet again, was heavy enough to break . The girl stood puzzled as she heard through the wood. But that dignitary the sound of a tap being turned and

ceedings behind the door which re- somewhat altered voice, "and I'm fused to open to his knock, promptly afraid I'm rather spoiling your towel

crashing through the panels of the denuded of his domino, stepped back into the room.

Legar, seeing the door giving way "Will you trust me enough now to

about her. "I will always trust you!" (TO BE CONTINUED.)