

The Time  
Is Here



To Buy Xmas  
Presents

Cameo Brooches, at-  
tractive in style and

price

From 4.00 up

Cameo Rings and Stick  
Pins. Latest Novelties

Mahogany Nut Bowls,

Candlesticks and Bud

Vases, make beautiful

Gifts



Sterling Silver

and

Cut Glass

in Great Variety of

Patterns

Watches

Jewelry

Ivory Toilet Sets,

Silver Novelties, at-

tractive goods and

prices.

H. C.

Bright Co.

Hinton Building,

Elizabeth City, N. C.

"The Store Where Beauty

Reigns"

# The Grip of Evil

By Louis Tracy

Author of "The Wings of the Morning," "The Pillar of Light,"  
"The Terms of Surrender," "Number 17," Etc.

Novelized from the Series of Photoplays of the  
Same Name Released by Pathe.



John Burton, a worker in a steel mill, suddenly inherits an English title and \$10,000. He decides he will spend his life, if necessary, in an attempt to solve the question "Is Humanity in the Grip of Evil?" Each episode of this series forms a distinct story in itself depicting his experiences in his search for the truth.

## THIRTEENTH EPISODE

### Circumstantial Evidence

#### Temptation.

No one who knew Grace Coe could doubt that she was really and truly in earnest, so it was all the more singular that her father, though not misjudging her character, should be a confirmed skeptic as to the success of her philanthropic schemes. Perhaps the caution necessary in handling and safe-guarding large sums of money belonging to other people tends to weaken a banker's faith in human nature.

Nor was the girl helped by the actions of her brother, George, whose folly, even more than his willful extravagance, plagued his father sorely.

The Spirit of Evil usually carries a full quiver, and more than one vicious shaft lacerated Mr. Henry Coe's skin on the unhappy day which commenced inauspiciously when he was visited by his son soon after the bank opened its doors.

"Well, dad," he cried, affecting an air of boisterous good-humor, "I hope you're feeling fine and dandy this morning? You ought to. Stocks seem to be goin' strong."

"How much?" inquired the banker dryly.

He suspected the motive of this unusual solicitude for his well-being.

However, seeing there was no help for it, George tackled the situation with some show of bravado.

"If you put it that way, dad," he said jauntily, "I may as well own up at once. I'm in a bit of a hole this time, and want quite a stack. If only you will see me clear today I'll promise—"

"I shall never again trust any promise of yours!" broke in his father. "You need not trouble to give me details!" he went on, seeing that George was nervously fingering a thick pile of accounts. "I have made up my mind how to treat you in the future. You will receive a monthly allowance. Since you are under no living expenses while you remain under my roof, and are worse than useless in this office, I have decided to pay you \$500 a month to clear out of the business. This sum is more than sufficient to enable you to mix in the society which I approve of. It will be credited to your account on the first of each month. Today, as a final concession, I will stake you with a month's allowance in advance. No! Protests are of no avail, and if you look too sulky I warn you that the payments may be reduced by one-half."

Young Coe was fagged and had had the sense to realize that his father was talking in deadly earnest, for the time being, at any rate.

That same morning Grace Coe was trying to persuade Burton that humanity was not in the Grip of Evil—never had been—and never would be.

In view of subsequent events, it should be conceded to both that they had not the slightest reason to suspect the campaign of vengeance inaugurated by the "Hell-cats." The police be-

she was blind to the shadow of impending disaster.

"I am sure you are mistaken, Mr. Burton," she said sweetly. "You must learn to think right. Implicit trust in mankind is the first onward step along the road to redemption."

"You must not imagine that no progress is made in the work of regeneration merely because you have met with failures on the way," she urged, laying an impulsive hand on his arm.

"Look at Bill Reilly's case! And Blanche Griffin's! The man was a daring burglar, yet he resisted temptation when his former associates could have extracted a fortune from you. And picture what it means to the girl to abandon forever the glare and glitter of the night clubs."

"Come with me, Mr. Burton. I will submit two of my wafers to a severe test. It may be cruel, but if they survive it they will benefit, while your cynicism will sustain a heavy shock."

John protested that he was by no means cynical, but Grace laughingly held to her purpose. She unlocked a drawer in the desk at which she was sitting, and took out a roll of currency notes. She counted the money, which amounted to quite a large sum. Then, halving it, she placed one-half on the desk and pocketed the remainder.

Cracking a finger at John, she led him into the outer hall, where Bill Reilly and Blanche happened to be seated at the moment.

"Mr. Burton and I are going out," she said to her proteges. "We shall be away a couple of hours, or longer. If you two have nothing better to do, you might take care of the office until I return."

"Where are we going?" inquired John, when Grace and he were out of earshot.

"For a sip in your car," she answered gaily.

"But is it wise to leave so much money on your table? There must have been nearly two thousand dollars in the pile. Is it even fair to tempt those people in that way?"

"If I am wrong," came the earnest answer, "I shall suffer the loss with resignation, and you will be strongly entrenched in the position of the superior male who can say 'I told you so.' Meanwhile, let us forget these problems for at least forty miles."

John fell in with her mood. How might any young man do otherwise? They enjoyed the run amazingly, and by some miracle contrived to talk lightly of that great world which both had seen through such very different spectacles. They were absent a good deal longer than the two hours stipulated for, but, when they came back, found Bill Reilly and Blanche Griffin seated in the office. Each was apparently absorbed in a book, and the pile of bills lay untouched on the table.

Grace chimed with her humble friends for some time before she affected to discover the money with astonishment.

"How careless of me to leave those notes on the table!" she cried. "Why, if you two hadn't been here, someone might have crept in and walked off with them!"

It was a "thin" almost an unfortunate coincidence that the girl's artless maneuver should have succeeded in the very hour when the forces of mischief were gathering within a short distance of the settlement building.

"Mother" Flannigan and her chief henchman were even then perfecting a plot which would place Burton in greater peril than he had ever before encountered during his adventurous life, while George Coe was unconsciously assisting in its development.

The young man had gone straight from his father's office to the flat in which he had installed Virginia Griffin, Blanche's sister. This girl was primarily responsible for his financial embarrassment. She was a girl of the younger type, beautiful, but here she was for money, jewelry, motor cars, and the varied pleasures of a life of dissipation.

She was a frequent visitor to the home of the young man, and she had been the first to suggest that he should take a two-gun Jake as "the four o'clock man" who has come to the skin a few more notes of his father's wad.

"Huh!" she cried, when the two were startled by the sound of the bell. "Here he comes now! He mustn't find you on the mat, Jake!"

"Don't care if he does," growled the gangster. "If that sister of his keeps on reformin' the crowd, there'll be none of us left soon. First Bill has gone, then Blanche. You'll be the next, I suppose?"

"Sometimes you get me that mad, Jake. I want to shake you!" muttered the girl, seizing him and thrusting him forcibly into a closet, which she locked. She ran to the door and opened it.

George Coe, however, was not quite such a fool as Blanche deemed him. He noticed instantly that there were two liquor glasses on the table.

"Hello!" he said, glancing around suspiciously; "who's your friend? Is he here with you now?"

"Oh! chuck that jealous stuff,"

cried Blanche. "I'm fed up with it. I'm too worried this morning to argue. Have you brought the money?—that's the only thing I want to hear about."

"Guess that's so," came the sullen comment. "You don't care a cent for me."

"But I do, George, really," she protested, flinging her arms around him in mock abandon. "You know I do. All the same, bills have got to be paid, and I can't find money growing on trees."

"Neither can I," muttered Coe, exclaiming himself from her embrace none too graciously. "The old man has turned rusty at last. Goin' to allow me five hundred a month. What do you know about that?"

"What do I know about it, indeed?" shrilled the girl. "Five hundred! And if I don't pay up five thousand before the end of the week those devils at the stores an' the garage will clean out every stick in the place an' sell the car. Now just listen to me, George Coe. No matter what happens afterward, you've got to find this little lot right away."

"I tell you I can't do it," said George doggedly. "My father won't give it to me, and no one will lend me a dime, and I can't even steal it, because I am turned out of the bank."

Virginia began railing at him through a storm of tears. She would soon have been in hysterics, but an unforeseen diversion came from Jake, who unceremoniously burst the frail lock of the closet and bounced into the room.

George Coe, who was no coward, would have tackled him then and there, but the gunman leveled a wicked-looking automatic pistol at his breast.

"You stand just where you are, Mr. Coe," scowled Jake, "or I'll drill a hole through you. When you've got your breath back, an' your heart stops jumpin', pick up that telephone an' tell your sister to bring the money here. She's got it, and you've got to have it, and so have we, and that's all there is to it."

A Useless Sacrifice.

Still chattering aimlessly about matters of no import—her object being to dissipate any notion in the minds of the assistants that she had purposely put a strain on their loyalty—Grace Coe was replacing the bundle of notes in a drawer of the roll-top desk when a telephone on the table clanged insistently. Blanche happened to be nearest the instrument, and answered the call. She handed the receiver to Grace.

"Your brother wants a word with you, Miss Coe," she announced.

Silence reigned in the room while Grace listened. Grace's eyes dilated with fear and a note of terror crept into her voice as she turned from the instrument.

"My brother is in some trouble. He says he has been injured. He asks me to come at once."

"Now, in the quick turmoil of the moment, Burton might have hurried the distraught girl to the waiting automobile without another spoken word, but his downright temperament called for full knowledge before he acted.

"Is your brother at your home, Miss Coe?" he asked.

"No, no; he gave me a strange address. He is in someone's apartment, at 435 Olive street."

Blanche Griffin, who had started to her feet at the first mention of George's name, seemed to shrink at her sister's utterance.

"Olive street?" she repeated in a low voice. "Did Mr. Coe mention the number of the apartment?"

"435-04," said Grace.

"Why, that is where my sister lives!" gasped the other.

"Your sister?" spoke in Reilly, and it was that feeble voice which drew a gasped look from Burton.

"Yes, Miss," went on the exclaiming girl. "It's an unpleasant thing, and I'm sorry for Blanche, but you've got to know the facts before you stir up of this house. Your own brother has rented and furnished that apartment for Virginia Griffin, and she is in with the Hell-cats hand and glove."

"But he spoke to me himself," wailed the girl frantically. "Surely I know my brother's voice? And I am certain he is hurt. The way he spoke convinces me of that!"

The girl took the lead in this

## A Tear-Strained Letter if read would tell some of the Horrors of War's Women

Everyone should see this wonderful production of the misery and pitiless treatment of women in the hands of the merciless foe at

# THE ALKRAMA

Tuesday December 12

Matinee 3:30 — Night 7:45

Children 15c. Adults 25c

## We Have Solved The Problem of The High Cost of Shoes

Bring Us Your Old Shoes and We Will Make Them Do Double Duty

### The Pennsylvania Shoe Repair Co.

Phone 391 Clarence Labruzzo, Mgr.

## Rayo LAMPS

—and books are easy to find and easy to read by the Rayo Lamp. It gives a steady, mellow light, best for the eyes, minus the flicker of gas and the glare of electricity. Its trouble-free lampshade of cherry to remove when lighting. Use Aladdin's Security Oil—the most economical and healthful of all lamp oils.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY

Rayo Lamp Co. 1000 Washington, D. C. Branches in New York, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis, St. Petersburg, Fla., and other cities.

POPULAR MECHANICS MAGAZINE

300 PICTURES  
300 ARTICLES  
EACH MONTH  
ON FOLDING STANDS

15 Cents

POPULAR MECHANICS MAGAZINE

WRITTEN SO YOU CAN UNDERSTAND IT

All the Great Events in Mechanics, Engineering and Invention throughout the World, are described in an interesting manner, as they occur. 3,000,000 readers each month.

Shop Notes 20 pages each issue tell you and better ways to do things in the shop, and how to make repairs at home.

Amateur Mechanics 16 pages of original indoor and outdoor sports and play. Largely constructive; tells how to build boats, motorcycles, wireless, etc.

FOR SALE BY \$5,000 NEWS DEALERS

Ask your dealer to show you a copy; if not carried in your store, send \$1.00 for a year's subscription, or \$3.00 for current issues to the publishers. Catalogue of Mechanical Tools free on request.

POPULAR MECHANICS MAGAZINE  
2 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago

## BALTIMORE STEAM PACKET CO OLD BAY LINE

Steamers leave Norfolk 6:30 P.M., daily, and on Sundays, November 12th and 26, December 10th and 24th, and alternate Sundays thereafter until further notice.

On Sundays the Old Bay Line has no steamer sailing tickets routed via that line will be honored for passage by the Chesapeake Steamship Company.



"I Closed With Him and Tried to Get the Pistol Away."

Hevel'd that the criminal organization had been thoroughly disrupted by the raid. It was true that neither its leader—a wretched hag known as "Mother Flannigan," nor its most noted member, "Two-Gun Jake," had been captured. But the gang was broken up and its members scattered. Mother Flannigan's whereabouts were not even known, and Jake's accustomed haunts were no longer enlivened by his swaggering presence.

The authorities were woefully mistaken, however. The Hell-cats were not minded to take defeat so easily, and their murderous plans, though foiled once, were soon renewed.

Grace Coe was hardly to blame if

POPULAR MECHANICS offers no premiums, does not join in "clubbing offers," and employs no solicitors to secure subscriptions.