



The Strange Case of MARY PAGE

The Great McClure Mystery Story, Written by FREDERICK LEWIS in Collaboration with JOHN T. M'INTYRE, Author of the Ashton Kirk Detective Stories. Read the Story and See the Essanay Moving Pictures

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SYNOPSIS.

Mary Page, actress, is accused of the murder of James Pollock and is defended by her lover, Philip Langdon.

STAGE ASPIRATIONS

NOT since the famous trial that sent the expression "brain storm" spinning down through the years, has the testimony of an alienist so greatly stirred an excited world as did the phrase "Repressed Psychosis," with which Dr. Foster summed up the temporary insanity of Mary Page.

best to let him see Miss Page and receive his dismissal. So I took him into the office. "Did Miss Page show any distress at sight of him?" "Yes, she gave a little cry almost of fear and clung to her mother, and would not answer his greeting."

there now, a sweet-faced matronly looking woman of middle age, rather old-fashioned in her dress, and a young girl of about twenty-five who was divided between nervous fears and youthful zest.

managers. That was how we happened to run into Jim Pollock. "Where did you meet Mr. Pollock?" "Oh, he was on the job at the apartment when we got home. Playing the humble but persistent swain--wanted to lay his fortune at her feet and give her a life of glided ease."



"Mary lights all the lamps in her eyes."

the late comers. Mr. Langdon was to go with mother and Mrs. Page, and I soon spotted them up in the balcony.



"She told him flat where he got off."

ger before he'd got through calling the rest of us all the names in his vocabulary. So when it came to one bit where the fat tenor had to choose a girl out of the chorus to sing an encore with him, Mary got the chance, and made good, too.

made Mary write out our joint resignation which we handed to old Ecky with business of much pomp as soon as the stage crew had gone back to work. It was a knockout for old Ecky.

"What do I do now, your Honor?" "You answer a few questions for me," said the prosecutor with a honeyed sweetness.

A burst of laughter swept the room, and the judge's gavel came down sharply, though the corners of his mouth twitched as he said to Amy: "You must confine your remarks to answering the questions put you, Miss Barton."



"I do not wish an unwilling guest."

looking up at his Honor, smiled and brought into view a dimple, as she said quietly, "Your Honor, I don't mind answering questions, but I'm so used to being hollered at in rehearsals that the usual line of chatter just slips out."

(To be continued.)