



'Way Down East

Fictionized from the D. W. Griffith Photoplay

By
GLADYS HALL

"I DON'T think I understand . . ." the girl shrank into the chair. Suddenly Sanderson's kisses had acquired a distaste for her, a shrinking of some super-sensitized fibers within her of which she had become, suddenly, aware.

The man laughed. How light his laughter was! No vibrancy, none of that timbre making laughter either sonorous or imbecile.

"What dont you understand, fledgling? You are here, with me. We are not married. The ceremony thru which your virtue dragged me was a mock ceremony, a sop to your scruples, that my hours of love might not be dimmed by reproachfulness. A reproachful woman is an abomination, probably to the Lord. Now, now I am being frank, truthful. We are not married, we never were. You are the timid country lass; I am the suave, mustachioed villain. I have roo-ned you!"

Anna put her fragile hands over her ears. Every added word was a stroke, hurting her. And when she stopped listening, memory assailed her—and that was worse. To a woman, memory is, no doubt, of all things, the most unbearable. Especially where her heart has been involved . . .

It had all been so sudden a tempest in so dreamful, so tranquil a life. She had gone, after her father's death, to her

wealthy aunt's in Boston to borrow some money for a course she had planned to take. In a sense, it had not been borrowing. The dead man was solely responsible for his sister's affluence, and Anna was, by every moral right, entitled to, not bounty, but rightful heritage.

She had arrived in Boston at night, and when she arrived at her aunt's munificent residence a ball had been in progress. There had been introductions, among others, Lennox Sanderson. She had not realized how quaint a figure she had cut, or how, in the medley of perfumes and powders, boxed, hoaxed beauties, her fragile appeal had shone forth, bell-like, wistful, clear . . . Lennox Sanderson had lost his head. That he was in the habit of losing it and that it was a none too steady appendage to his six feet of svelte good looks was not conveyed to Anna's unenlightened perspective. She only knew, very simply, that he thrilled her when he bent over her and talked to her as the poets had written, the poets who had thrilled her, too, in her romantic garret, back home . . . So she had dreamed that, some day, a man would talk to her. She had dreamed, too, that he would bear the general manner of Lennox Sanderson.

When he asked her to marry him she gave him her heart, with a little, throaty "Yes."

He pleaded that his love was consuming, and that he feared obstacles, hence his whirlwind plan to carry her off, at once, and make her his own. The fact that her aunt had refused her the aid she asked; that she felt very much alone and very sad; and that Lennox Sanderson made her nerves dance like tiny wires when he came near her; these things together had urged her to go . . .

And then, after a fortnight, this . . .

"Do you understand *now*?" he was asking. He seemed to take, today, as keen, as thrilling a delight in probing the wound he had inflicted as he had, a short time ago, delighted in lulling her with the lights of his fervency.

"I don't see why . . ." Anna stared up at him. He had said her eyes were the blue of forget-me-nots. They were dimmed to grey today, with the tears she kept in her heart.

"My dear child, strive for some *savoir-faire*. Take the world as the world is. Men as men are. With so many women . . . butterflies . . . roses . . . exotics . . . surely you could not suppose a man of my type and taste would tie himself for the rest of his days to a field flower, however charming? Surely . . ."

But Anna did not hear him. She had fainted, and when she returned to consciousness, Lennox Sanderson, bag and baggage, had gone.

After her baby's birth, Anna sought the country, for work, for some sort of relief from all the dead things pressing in upon her, and about her . . .

The baby was dead . . . her faith was dead . . . her heart and all its bright romantic dreams was numbed . . . She felt, solely, a craving for the feel of cool grass, the smell of new flowers when the spring should be enough advanced, the heavy repleteness of midsummer in the country when fields and forests and gardens and homes were ripe and refulgent.

The city ground her down like a monstrous heel. Even as it had, with literalness, ground her . . .

And then there was work. She had to find work. The only thing she could do, now, was some sort of housework. She and her father had lived very simply, out of preference. They had kept no help, and she had always been able to please him. He had been fastidious, too . . . Once, she had thought she might write, write verse. That had been when all her illusions were singing, gossamer-winged, in her heart. It was quite different now. Lennox Sanderson, sneering, mocking the sweetest gift she had had to give him . . . Her baby, dead . . . The dreary, endless months just passed . . . Yes, the country was best. The country—

and work.

The Bartlett family were more or less known to Anna by hearsay. They had lived in a neighboring town, at one time. She had heard that they were a God-fearing, kindly sort of family, and when she applied and they agreed that she could be helpful, she felt an immense relief.

From the first she warmed to them. The Squire, with his ponderous voice, his ponderous, omnipresent Bible, his dire threats of the Law and the Prophets—and the twinkle in his eyes. Mother Bartlett, shrewd and comfortable. Kate Brewster, a cousin who lived with them, merry, robin-like, jolly, with a glow for the whole world and a solid sort of belief that the world held an answering glow for her. The "butterfly professor," who sort of gamboled about the fields with his scientific and acquisitive butterfly net and who cast, from his remote and vision-seeing eyes, sheep's glances at the buxom Kate. And David—

"I don't think I understand . . ." the girl shrank into the chair. Suddenly Sanderson's kisses had acquired a distaste for her, a shrinking of some super-sensitized fibers within her of which she had become, suddenly, aware

(Twenty-eight)



David was different. He was different from his family. He was different, Anna thought, in her newly grave, abstract sort of way, from the whole world as she had known it. He was practical. He was romantic. He was kindly. He was safe. There could be no harm in a life, she thought, where the men were Davids.

If her baby had lived and had grown up to be a woman, she would have liked her to have had for a friend a man like David.

When she could not sleep at night because the past pressed against her with sharp, poisoned finger-tips, Anna would think of David's face, reassuring, infinitely steady, and she would be calmed . . . and sleep . . .

She did not think of it as being love.

She did not think of it because she felt so done, so dreary, of all emotions. Love had been a blast from an evil-smelling furnace—it had seared her and then cast her forth—so much, so little for love. But David had not been seared. His had been a fine reserve and a high dreaming. Thus far in his simple, hard-working life no person had touched this reserve or pierced this isolated dreaming. It had taken Anna's delicate white face, her dream-hallowed, dream-emptied eyes, her uncertain, yet skilful white hands, her fragile body wherein, he thought, dwelt a waxen white flower in lieu of a soul . . .

The Bartlett family had taken it for granted, after the matter-of-fact manner of such people, that David would, one convenient day, wed Kate Brewster. It was so obviously and comfortably the thing to do. Kate was on the premises, in the first place. They had always been chums, in the second place. Thirdly, she would make a good, sensible wife for David, who was a bit inclined toward the whimsical, and a capable, lovely mother for his children. In the minds of the Squire and his good wife the wedding was as good as consummated.

They were little given to subtleties, the Squire and his wife, and youth was very far behind them. They did not bethink themselves that the healthy comradeship of David and Kate was the most powerful obstacle to their marriage; nor did they sense the drift of things with the "Butterfly Man," as they called the young scientist, with the eager eyes



and the mellifluous voice. Kate's interest in him was, to them, inconsequential. Blushes and tremors escaped them . . . Kate was a sensible, likely girl and meant for their David. So be it.

She only knew very simply that he thrilled her when he bent over her and talked to her as the poets had written

Certain persons, it would seem, move in certain circles. However divisible their interests, their hearts, their essential lives, their paths seem to twine and intertwine with an almost deliberate insistency.

Lennox Sanderson happened to have a country place almost adjoining the Bartlett farm.

He also happened to be occupying the place, which was an infrequent occurrence. He was occupying it for a twofold

reason. The first was a sort of necessity. He had been hitting rather a desperate pace, in town. He wasn't as young as he had been. His physician had advised him . . . rest . . . perfect quiet . . . the usual routine. He had rested and had been quiet, and then he had seen Kate Brewster. After the first sight, he assured himself of a second, then a third, etc. The second time he beheld her with her Butterfly Man. They had been skimming over the fields together and Sanderson had not got a look at her eyes. They had been on the Butterfly Man, so he couldn't. If he had he might—*might*—have had the discrimination to back out. There was love shining with a glowing frankness in the eyes Kate turned to the lovable, whimsical Butterfly Man.

'WAY DOWN EAST

Fictionized by permission from the D. W. Griffith photoplay, adapted from the story by Lottie Blair Parker. Directed by D. W. Griffith. The cast:

Squire Amasa Bartlett..... Burr McIntosh
 Louisa Bartlett, his wife..... Kate Bruce
 David Bartlett, their son..... Richard Barthelmess
 Kate Brewster, their niece..... Mary Hay
 Professor Sterling, a summer boarder.... Creighton Hale
 Hi Holler, chore boy..... Edgar Nelson
 Anna Moore..... Lillian Gish
 Lennox Sanderson..... Lowell Sherman
 Martha Perkins..... Viva Ogden
 Reuben Whipple, the village constable.... George Neville
 Seth Holcomb..... Porter Strong

PROLOG

Aunt Mary..... Josephine Bernard
 A society lady..... Mrs. Morgan Belmont
 Her neighbor..... Patricia Fruen
 Mrs. Elliott..... Florence Short
 Anna's mother..... Mrs. David Landau
 A landlady..... Emily Fitzroy
 A gossip..... Myrtle Sutch



Perkins was fitting some sort of past to Anna Moore. Sooner or later, the past would fit Anna . . . and himself, Lennox Sanderson.

It was easy to draw Anna aside. Her first glimpse of him had hypnotized her, with the fear a bird feels of a snake. He had hurt her so that helplessness enveloped her at his presence.

"You must leave here," he told her, the rasp of his impatience roughening the silken tones of his customary voice; "you have no right, my poor girl, to foist yourself as what you are not

And then he had seen Kate Brewster. After the first sight he assured himself of a second, then a third, etc. The second time he beheld her with her Butterfly Man

Later on, Sanderson made the acquaintance of the Bartletts. Kate was his motive. She gave him a freshened-up feeling. After the languid, orchidaceous growths he had been running about with in town—after Anna Moore, with

upon these people. You must know the Squire's opinion of . . . of . . . well, of unconventionality in general. Especially with a young girl on the premises—and a young man. Where are your sensibilities, my good—er—Anna?"

Anna raised her hand. Because it quivered and she could

her pallor and her forget-me-not eyes—

Like all small natures, he hated the persons he had hurt. He hated them unreasonably, and because he knew it to be unreasonable he hated them all the more. Anna he hated peculiarly. She disturbed him in the most primary ways. She came between him and his later amours. She came between him and food, between him and sleep. She was the motivating reason for his having to seek the farm. Whenever he saw a baby, he cursed.

The first day he went to the Bartlett farm he saw her. First, he could not be sure. It was as if across the bright gleam of a pearl an irreverent hand had drawn a veil. She wore black, too, and across the palpable invitation of her youth there had been an invasion . . .

The whole thing was abominable to him. He felt outraged and personally insulted. Besides, he had other fish to fry—what would the buoyant Kate Brewster think? Kate, with her untarnished vision of men and things? What would young David think, the Squire, the Butterfly Man, if this girl's sordid tale got out among them? And it would. Inevitably, it would. Women could never keep a secret. A moment of hysteria, a touch of emotionalism . . . A small town, too . . . the gossips would ferret it forth. There was the Perkins person, Martha Perkins, who lived on the dregs of the sins of others . . . Martha would have it, assuredly. Already, no doubt, the slim, black-clad figure of Anna Moore, moving about with the wistful smile, the eyes, still blue, but hurt with her broken dreaming, already Martha



not stop its quivering, she felt a loathing of herself. He, being he, would attribute the quivering to quite an erroneous well-spring.

"You," she managed, at length, "it is you who must go."

"I? I? But, my dear girl, how absurd! I have a home here. I—I have interests here."

"So have I. I—I have to live."

"Of course, of course. That goes without saying. But not here. Not among this sort of people. Not—surely I do not have to be franker than I am?"

"You are here—among this sort of people—"

"That is quite different. I am a man. You have not, it seems, quite 'caught on' yet. There is the question, too, of desirability."

Anna set her small chin, and into her blue, forget-me-not eyes there crept something akin to steel. David's face came before her, with its unquestioning tenderness, its calm, its ineffable assurance. "I am not going," she said, and was saved further dispute

by the boisterous arrival of Kate Brewster, her Butterfly Man in tow.

Nevertheless, with the perspicacity of persons to whom mental sewerage is the everyday fare, Sanderson was right when he presupposed that Martha Perkins would "get a-hold" of Anna's past. He had never, however, been so optimistic as to



(Thirty-one)



suppose that she would only get a-hold of *half* of it—*Anna's* half. Such was the case.

How Martha found it out, by what channel, Sanderson did not know, nor does it matter. The outstanding fact was painfully sufficient unto itself . . .

Anna had been with the Bartletts for nearly a year—it would have been a year in the spring. During that time there had grown across the rough edges of her hurt a sort of healing peace. David had placed it there. His touch had been sweet and sure. Not once had he failed. His sensibilities were delicately fine and unerringly true. The day before Martha Perkins' visit he had told Anna of his love for her. Sitting before the fire, she had dreamed the dream he sketched for her in the glowing of the coals—and had said good-by to it. David was too sweet . . . too sweet . . . Like wants like . . . She, she who thru him had learnt love, real love, to come to him dragging the tatters and remnants of her griefs as offering . . .

"I wish that I could," she told him wistfully.

"Then you dont, dear?" he had asked, so softly.

He seemed, always, to know that she needed a gentle touch . . .

"Yes, I do." They dealt in simplicities. "I do . . . but that isn't the part that matters . . ."

"It is *all* that matters . . . Why, Anna, love . . ."

(Continued on page 78)

It seemed, to the stricken group at the table, almost as tho a wraith, a ghost, an unreality, were passing from them. She went so noiselessly, so unprotestingly, so vaguely and yet so definitely, that it did not seem as tho it could be she, delicate as had been, invariably, her presence among them

And love is the conqueror, and there is both a quick and a dead . . . her eyelids fluttered under his breath; her hands stirred to meet his; her lips moved and uttered his name . . .

Way Down East

(Continued from page 31)

"Wont you please believe me, dear? Wont you . . . wont you stop?"

He had kist her hand and gone away.

After a little she crept away, too. The glow of the coals had grown so dull and cold.

The next day was the day of the blizzard. About dinner-time Martha Perkins "dropped around." It was one of her many—peculiarities. Lennox Sanderson did, too.

The family entire collected about the usually genial board, yet somehow, on that night, it was not genial. There was not only a storm without . . .

The soup had just been brought in when the asperity of bearing of Miss Perkins congealed and became a definite thing. Her puckered lips, her darting glances, each one holding so many ounces of actual venom; her outraged hair, each bristle rampantly erect, all . . . At last:

"I must say, Squire Bartlett, that I, a God-fearing woman, believe in limits even to charity . . ."

There was a general stir about the table. Lennox Sanderson coughed, almost, it seemed, unnecessarily. It was obvious to even the unobservant that Anna Moore shrank against the back of her chair.

Then: "That woman, there," the pitiless Miss Perkins went on, "is—has a past. She—she had a *child*." Whereat Miss Perkins gargled in her throat and retired in great confusion amongst the folds of her mammoth linen handkerchief.

Squire Bartlett brought his grizzled brows together. The atmosphere seemed to hang, for a period of minutes, thick, definite, suspended, then came the righteous thunder of his voice, ordering the "unchaste woman" into the turbulent night.

It seemed, to the stricken group at the table, almost as tho a wraith, a ghost, an unreality, were passing from them. She went so noiselessly, so unprotestingly, so vaguely and yet so definitely, that it did not seem as tho it could be she, delicate as had been, invariably, her presence among them. The door closed after her and a squall of wind and snow whistled and shrieked in the room for a second after she had gone.

The silence succeeded her. Then David rose and faced his father.

"I am going after her," he said. "I've already lost a part of my self-respect in sitting thru your denunciation of the woman I so love. You—"

The anathema his father hurled at him, the imprecations, the threats of punishment in this life and hell in the life hereafter, he did not hear.

The faces of Miss Perkins, Lennox Sanderson, Kate Brewster, her Butterfly Man, he did not see . . .

He heard only that wraithlike passing, saw only that veiled white face . . .

Four hours later he came upon her at the bend in the river, where the ice had



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clogged too thickly to carry her farther. She had come to this as a merciful outlet to some wider, more kindly sea where there might be, at the least, oblivion.

He kist her closed eyes, her sweet mouth, her still hands. He promised her life and love if she would return from the dim recesses, the cold withdrawal . . .

And love is the conqueror, and there is both a quick and a dead . . . Her eyelids fluttered under his breath; her hands stirred to meet his; her lips moved and uttered his name . . . He took her home . . . so reverently that they had naught to say, so precious they could but step aside, with such an air of One who, long ago, forgave where love was great, they could but give their tender benediction.

Johnny Jones

(Continued from page 76)

Does Johnny love to study? Sad confession, but Johnny does *not*. He would rather act than tackle the books—then go to college—later travel as civil engineer thru India and South America. With the joyful abandon of youth, with endless animal spirits and perfect digestive processes, he wants to let off steam and hasn't the faintest idea at present that the four hated study hours daily with Sallie Sykes are stepping-stones to a scientific career.

So the only time I saw him scowl—altho he was too obedient and polite to actually demur—was when Miss Sallie pulled the small chairs about in a circle after recess and crooked one slim finger in a beckoning welcome to her corner of the stage.

Johnny turned to me for sympathy. "Did you ever hate spelling? I do. I love geography, 'specially about the unexplored countries—the kind Teddy used to visit—and 'rithmetic, because an engineer has to learn estimating—but I cant see what difference it makes how you spell a word as long as it sounds all right, can you?" Johnny practices what he believes in and spells *camera* with three a's.

Then he rushed off, whistling gaily—and when I turned to see why he'd faded out so quickly, I noticed Buddy dropping into a chair beside Lucille, who was smiling her very sweetest.

LYRIC

By JOHN HANLON

The ashes of my dreams I sift
To find a memory
Uncharred by pain, without a rift,
Some treasured ecstasy;

Sometimes the fragrance of a flower,
Broyant beneath the dew;
Sometimes the rapture of an hour
With silence, love, and you;

A sparkling cobweb's elfin lace;
The echoes of a song;
An unfamiliar, smiling face
Amid a sullen throng;

But this I cherish thru the years,
Its charm can never die;
Your blue eyes clouded up with tears
That day we said good-bye.

(Seventy-nine)



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Quaker Oats should be your basic breakfast. It was always important, but never so much as now.

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