Lindsay.

The Dewil

By FERENC MOLNAR

Dramatized by OLIVER HERFORD Adapted by JOSEPH O'BRIEN

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Olga and salu with quiet earnestre

"We have tried to avoid it, Olga,

tried for six years. Now that the sit-

honest? Let us talk about it frankly.

"I think it was sweet not to discuss

ing at him. "A clean conscience is

us and makes us feel so comfortable."

light, but Karl would not fall in with

She tried to make her mood seem

"Last night when it was suggested

that I should paint your portrait you

gave me a look I had never seen be-

fore," he persisted. "I wonder why."

fear returning. "Don't let us talk

about it. I don't want to."

"I don't know," Olga answered, her

"You must not be afraid of me,

Olga. If I were any one else you might

be frightened. I am fond of you, yes,

but respectfully. I do not see what

harm can be done by talking every-

thing over quietly. It seems so long

that Herman was to be your husband.

It was on the anniversary of the

"Oh, Karl?" she protested, holding

"The day we kissed each other," he

went on, speaking so quietly that it

seemed almost a whisper. "We were

almost children then. I was a poor

little chap, who gave drawing lessons

to Herman and his sisters. You were

a little waif, fed cake and tea at the

millionaire's table. There we met, a

beggar boy and a beggar girl, thrown

together in a palace. We looked at

each other, and I think we under-

Olga covered her burning face with

"We kissed each other quite inno-

"Yes, Kari, faded," Olga cried eager-

ly. "We have grown up sensibly, and

Karl seemed not to hear her interrup-

"You became Herman's wife and

went to live in a palace. I found you

there when I came back from Paris,

still fond of you, but determined never

to tell you so, and when I met you

again I, too, was somewhat changed.

with the same look of the two poor,

longing little beggars of the years ago.

"Your husband and I are the best

of friends," Karl said. "Though we

have met hundreds of times, you and

Olga turned to him gratefully and

"You are a good, true friend, Karl."

"Are you satisfied now?" Karl asked

"No, but there was something in my

usband's voice that frightened me."

Olga answered. "He knows what we

were to each other, and when he was

leaving us here alone I think it made

him feel uncomfortable. We aren't

"And it is sweet to think that we

"And of course if we loved each oth-

"Now you will get married and you

will be very, very happy. And I, too,

shall be happy, because I want you to

"Exactly." Karl acquiesced dryly.

"And now let us think no more of

She ran over to the door and turned

"Now for work. We have done

nothing," she said. "Monsieur, I have

"Come in, madame," Karl said, bow-

"I have come to have my portrait

Karl forgot the playing and exclaim-

"Ah, last night I made a memory

have made many, very many, but now

"Why?" Olga asked startled again

"Yesterday I saw the lines of your

figure; today I see your soul," he said.

"Yesterday you were a model; today

"Please, Karl; please, don't. We

"It is hard to end everything so sud-

"Karl, my good friend, I did wrong

in coming here," Olga said. "Now

that I did come, let us work. Take

your colors and brush. We must get

"You are right, Olga; as soon as pos-

"What shall I do first?" she asked.

"Take off your hat and coat, please."

Karl stepped toward her with out-

through with it as soon as possible."

agreed to end everything," she pleaded.

sketch of you after I got home.

ing gravely and entering into her play.

come to have my portrait painted."

it," Olga cried, her mood changing to

and faced Karl, knocking loudly on the

er still you would not marry, would

"Of course not," he said shortly.

sweet, clever girl for you."

have not entirely forgotten old times.

in love any more, are we, Karl?"

"Yes." he answered absently.

"No, of course not."

isn't it?"

you, Karl?"

one of gayety.

"Good morning."

ed seriously:

denly."

sible."

painted." Olga said again.

I see you differently."

you are an inspiration."

by his vehemence.

But we did not kiss again."

"Why not?" Olga breathed.

I, we have not mentioned it."

her hands, and Karl went on:

which has almost faded."

we never mentioned it"

tion. He went on:

stood."

out her hands to silence him.

Karl looked at her, but she spoke with perfect self possession and light-

nation is forced upon us, why not be "I shall do my best," he said, and he tried to speak with enthusiasm. "Ah, you are not half grateful it for six long years," Olga said, smilenough for this treasure, Karl, You like a warm cloak, Karl. It infolds

should be happy," Olga said, "Of course he should, and he will," Herman interposed, moving toward the door. "We will all be happy, you and Elsa and Karl and I-everybody, I

hope." Olga went nearer to Karl and spoke seriously.

"She is a very charming girl, Karl." "If you say one word more about that girl, I shall fall in love with her immediately, which would be ahead of my matrimonial schedule," Karl replied jestingly. "You know I am not obliged to fall in love until tonight."

"Well, well, I must be off," Herman said as he went up to kiss Olga. "Goodby, dear. I shall call for you at 4 o'clock."

Almost against his will, Karl asked ago-seven years since they told me a question which he had never before in all his life thought of. "Aren't you afraid to leave your

wife alone?" "Alone?"

"With me, I mean."

Herman looked at him and then spoke jestingly, but with an effort. "I am hurrying away because I am afraid I shall change my mind and take Olga with me," he said.

"You are not jealous?" Olga asked. "If you don't want the truth-no, I am not," Herman replied, and in his tone there was the peculiar meaning which his words did not convey. "If I were not afraid of becoming ridiculous I should say warningly, 'Children, be sure to be good."

He paused and looked at both of cently-just one kiss, the memory of them. Then he said: "Goodby."

As he turned Karl followed and escorted him through the door. Olga stood frowning, worried, ill at ease. Karl looked at her in surprise when he returned.

"What is the matter?" he asked. Olga started nervously and looked at him. She pressed her hands before her eyes and for a moment did not speak. She looked away as Karl approached her and said tenderly:

Still, when our eyes met, Olga, it was "Are you afraid? Please tell me." "I don't know what is the matter with me, but just now, when my husband went away. I felt as if I had been left without a protector."

She broke off abruptly, and Karl urged her to explain.

"What do you mean? I don't under-

stand," he said. "Yes, you do, Karl," Olga said as she turned and faced him. "You know.

held out her hand to clasp his. I have fought against coming here for six years ever since my marriage." her, smiling. "You are not afraid of She looked away from him, around the studio, with its bizarre decorations, me, are you?"

and shuddered. "Ugh! This place looks like a devil's kitchen," she cried. "These strange things, terrible monsters, cold, white statues, heads without bodies, and you in their midst like a conjurer-I did not notice them while Herman was

Karl turned swiftly toward her.

Olga looked at him with an expression of terror in her eyes. The two stood thus at bay.

eyes that Olga had never seen before, There was a tumult in her heart that she had never before felt. It was Karl who first recovered himself and tried to break the silence, trying to speak lightly.

ingly. "This is the reception room of my studio. Every woman I paint comes here."

comes here?" Olga asked slowly. "No," Karl replied shortly.

There was another awkward pause. Olga could not tell why she had asked that question any more than Karl could have told why ne had asked Herman if he was not afraid to leave them alone. It was some unsuspected jeal-

ousy that prompted it. "Did you understand my husband?" Olga asked.

"Yes, I think I did." "He said 'I trust you.' Why should

matter of course?" "You den't think he is really jealous?"

the six years we have been together and you have been our friend he has often pretended to be jealous. This time there was something in his voice that made me believe it was more than pretense. It is the first time he has ever left us alone."

They were standing. Karl near the door, where he had bidden Herman farewell. Olga was on the opposite it, with its high, pulpit shaped back toward them. Karl walked over to he asked, quite innocently.

"Oh, then, it is the natural perfume of your hair! Pardon me; I stood

garding her intently.

tures," she said.

he answered. "I am thinking of a pose. You know your husband wished a half length in evening gown."

quick. It is getting dark." "What shall I do?"

I will go into the studio."

"Oh, Karll" "Don't mind. I shall close the door. Oh, it is snowing terribly!" he added as he moved toward the big studio.

"Snowing! Oh, Karl, can't we post-

"Certainly not. Your husband would surely want to know why we did no work today. Now I will leave you."

buttons of her waist.

"Oh, what folly!" she cried to herself. "What is the matter with me?" Resolutely she set to work and drew from her beautiful shoulders and gleaming rounded arms the silken waist that covered them. She turned to get the shawl, and the waist fell to the floor as she recoiled, with a shrick of terror, from an apparition that arose slowly from the depths of the big arm-

ing an instant before Olga saw a tall, strange looking man. He was in conventional afternoon attire, save that his waistcoat was red, in sharp contract to the somber black of his frock coat. His hair was black. His upward pointing eyebrows were black, and his eyes shone like dull burning lumps of coal. His face was like a mask, matching his immaculate linen in whiteness. It was cynical in its expression and almost sinister as he bowed low, with his hands folded over his breast, and said in a low, musical

dropped something." He stooped and picked up the silken waist which had fallen from Olga's

drew back in horror. CHAPTER VI.

LGA shrank from this strange being, sensible of his serpentlike fascination, even while he repelled her. It flashed thing worse-the embodiment of malevolent purpose—a man devoid of good

He came from behind the chair, and ating. He became at once a part of her surroundings, of her thoughtsyes, of her soul. It was this influence

beautiful shoulders and arms. An expression of cynical amusement crossed his face.

"Excuse me, but I awoke just as you

marry, and I myself have chosen a

"Oh, I know, madame," he said, with a deprecating gesture and another profound bow, "you think I am suspicious,

said quickly. same cynical expression. "Only yes terday I met a lady at the dentist's, and I observed that she permitted him

defensive position into which he placed her when he interrupted her.

"Yes, you, I know, speak the truth. I am even at liberty to believe you,

sprang into a flame that she should be addressed in this manner by a man whom she had never seen before-an

"I don't know why I permit a stranger to talk to me in this fashion," she exclaimed. "It amazes me." The man stepped toward her. Terrified, she turned and fied toward the

"Karl! Karl!" she called. The stranger smiled as the doors were flung open and Karl burst into the room. The young artist paused astonished at the presence of the stranger. He was more amazed when the man cried out in the voice of genial

comradeship: "Hello, Karl! How do you do?" "Why, how do you do?" Karl faltered, looking blankly from Olga to the mysterious visitor. "I don't"-"You don't remember me," the other

Carlo?" "Oh, yes, at Monte Carlo," Karl said, with dawning recollection.

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"Yes, yes, of course I remember. It was last fall, when I had lost all my money playing roulette. Some one stood behind me, and it was you. I was afraid when I turned and saw you, because I fancied I had seen you a moment before beside the croupler grinning at me as my gold pieces were swept away. But when I had lost everything you offered me a handful

"Which you refused, but I saw the longing to accept in your eyes." "I did not know you."

"But I offered it again and you ac-

cepted." "Yes, and in ten minutes I had recouped my losses and won \$20,000 besides," Karl cried, with growing enthusiasm. "I remember indeed. Your money seemed to possess mystic luck. When you put it in my hands it glowed, and I thought it was hot. It seemed to burn me."

"You were excited, my boy," said the other genially. "But you repaid me and invited me to dine. I could not accept because I was forced to leave for Spain that same evening. I promised, however, to call on you when you needed me, and here I am."

He bowed to Karl and Olga, who stood in speechless astonishment at this strange dialogue. She could understand nothing of this uncanny stranger, this specter in black and white, who seemed to emit a lurid radiance, as if his red waistcoat were "It was kind of you to come," Kari

said. "I am glad."

"You were not here when I entered," the visitor said, "and I took a seat in that comfortable armchair. The warmth of the fire affected me, and I permitted myself to fall asleep."

He indicated with a sweeping gesture the big pulpit backed armchair. Olga started and cried out:

"That chair was empty. I remember quite well when my husband was here. There was no one in it. I am absolutely certain."

Karl was so strangly affected by the stranger's presence that he did not notice Olga's agitation. The other regarded her with his expression of cynical amusement, bowed gravely and

"Then I was mistaken, madame." "Won't you sit down?" Karl said. "Allow me to present you to-but I can't remember your name."

"It does not matter," the other said, with an expansive outward gesture of his restless, eloquent hands. "I am a

philanthropist traveling incognito. You

may call me anything you like; call me Dr. Millar." "Dr. Millar," Karl repeated, seeming for the first time to have some doubt

as to the character of his guest. "Oh, you may rest assured my social position is beyond question," the stran-

ger said, as if divining his thought.

Karl did not heed the irony of his speech, but presented him to Olga, who distantly acknowledged his bow. As Karl appeared to succumb to this strange influence she felt herself growing indignant. Millar seemed bent on provoking an outburst, and his astonishing remarks in another would have seemed vulgar insolence, but in him they possessed a singular meaning that made both Karl and Olga shiver.

"Under different circumstances I should now take my hat and say goodby," Millar said after the introduction. "But my infinite tact compels me to force my presence upon you in this most unpleasant situation." The innuendo stung Olga, and she

turned to the artist. "Karl, I can hardly believe it," she exclaimed indignantly. "Think of itthis man dared to"-"How long has your husband been dead?" Millar interrupted, with exasperating coolness.

"I am not a widow." Olga said, surprised that she should reply. "Oh, you are divorced?" "I am not"

"Then if you feel that I have affronted you I should think your husband would be the proper man to appeal to," he said, with the utmost cool-

He seemed like a trainer prodding tame animals with sharp prongs ou of the lethargy of their caged lives to stir them to viciousness. Turning to Karl, he went on: "However, if you wish it I am als

from frequent headache, backache, gnaw-ing distress in stomach, periodical pains, disagrecation, catarrhai, pelvic drain, dragging down distress in lower abdomen at your disposal. But do you not see, madame, that it would be an admission on your part?"

He spoke as one who had read every secret thought of each. Bewildered, Karl cried out:

don't understand anything. You comin here unannounced; I don't know how nor from where. You make us feel quite uncomfortable, just as you had trapped us in some compro-

"Yes, yes, that is it," Olga cried, relieved at Karl's outburst. The stranger looked at him amused-

"You may be as impolite to me

"My departure now would mean that I leave you because I have interrupted you. On the other hand, by remaining

I prove that I suspect nothing." "There is nothing to suspect," Kar declared angrily. "I do not want you

"Then that is settled. Let us talk of something else," the visitor remarked with the most casual inattention to Karl's rage. "The weatherisn't it snowing beautifully? Art-are you preparing anything for the spring exhibition at the Royal academy?"

Olga's bewilderment gave place to panic. In her mind was formed the purpose of snatching up her waist and rushing from the room. Before she could do it the stranger was there, THE LIVERPOOL AND LONDON AND CLOBE holding the waist out and bowing pro-

"Permit me, madame," he said. With a cry of astonishment Olga snatched at the garment.

"Who are you? Where do you come from?" she cried. With his restless, vibrant hands in

where; I am here." He touched his forehead with long white fingers, and his black eyes were fixed upon her. Clutching the silken garment she had worn, Olga rushed into the studio. Millar, man or

outer studio and sat there he puffed a cigarette. Then he said, half to himself, half to Karl: "Full of temperament, that woman,

and pretty, too, extremely pretty." "Yes, she is pretty," Karl acquiesced

band," was the next cynical remark that fell on Karl's ears. He wheeled in his seat and looked at

the visitor, who went on with perfect "How do I know? It was apparent when she fancied I had insulted her

place man. Marriage always is a failure with such men. Common men live so low that women are afraid some one may steal into their lives at night through a cellar window. Geniuswell, genius lives on the top floor, up toward the clouds, and with so many

Karl maintained silence and continued to walk the floor. He looked at his watch and started toward the door of the reception room leading into the

"This is the second time I have seen madame's shoulders." Millar remarked casually, blowing cigarette rings 1 the air

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of pneumonia.

here, but now"-"But now?" he asked.

CHAPTER V. EFT to themselves in the big studio, facing each other, Karl and Olga were silent. There was a look in Karl's

"Don't be nervous," he said reassur-

"And do you paint every woman who

he say that? Why should it not be a

Olga shook her head. "I don't know," she said. "During

stretched hands as if to help her. She drew back, with a little gesture of apprehension. "You mustn't touch me," she said. As she brushed him Karl caught a whist of fragrance from her hair that was intoxicating.

"Do you use perfume on your hair?"

"Certainly not," she laughed.

too close to you." Olga removed her hat and cloak. She looked up and saw that Karl was re-

"You seem to be studying my fea-

"I know them by heart, each one,"

"Yes, I should have preferred a full length in street costume." "I agree with Herman. You must be

"Your waist. You must take it off. You will find some shawls there from which to select one for your shoulders.

pone this? I don't feel well today. Tomorrow I could come and bring my maid."

He left the room, closing the studio doors behind him. Olga looked apprehensively about her. Some mysterious presence seemed to oppress her. She fumbled with nerveless fingers at the

Where there had been no human be-

"Pardon me, madame; I think you hands. As he held it out to her she

across her consciousness that he was something more than human, some-

-the devil himself. as he moved toward her his every action heightened the impression she had received. In a situation where any man might have been confused be was perfectly self possessed. His attitude was neither offensive nor ingrati-

that she felt herself combating with growing weakness. "I hope you will forgive me," his smooth, suave voice went on, breaking the stillness almost melodiously,

and he bowed again, "I permitted myself to fall asleep." Still Olga could not find tongue, and she drew yet farther away. The man, or the devil, watched her as she groped for the shawl, found it and quickly wound its filmy length around her

were about to unbutton your blouse," he said. "Propriety should have made me close my eyes, but"-"Oh!" Olga cried, shocked into

and you only came here"-"To have my portrait painted," Olga "Precisely," he acquiesced, with the

to extract a perfectly good and very pretty tooth." "But I" -- Olga began, accepting the

but I cannot." For an instant Olga recovered her self possession, and her indignation

door of the studio.

said. "Don't you recall me at Monte

"It was an eventful day," the stran-

dancing before the eyes, faint spells and ness, okether derangement of the feminine organs, you can not do better than take "What does all this talk mean?

mising situation."

you wish; I cannot go," he said. "Why?" Olga demanded.

"Perhaps I may send something," Karl answered sulienly.

foundly.

the air the stranger said: "I come from nowhere; I go every-

devil, looked after her and chuckled.

CHAPTER VIL ARL threw himself into chair as Olga fled into the not looking at his unwelcome visitor. Dr. Millar seemed to find his dejection amusing. He allowed the silence to remain undisturbed while

without looking at him. "It's a pity she doesn't love her hus-

and turned to you for protection." Karl angrily slammed down an ash tray he had picked up in his nervous fingers and began to pace the floor. Millar went on in a light tone: "She does not love her husband. He must be a genius or a very common-

gloomy steps to climb, and no elevator, it's very uncomfortable for a pretty woman. Her ideal is one easy flight of stairs to comfortable living rooms on the first floor."

hall, which was locked.

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Fire Clay Fire Brick

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side of the apartment. In the alcove in one corner an open fire burned brightly, casting a red glow over the big, comfortable armchair drawn up before