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"A SAVAGE IN SILKS"

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S Y N O P S I S

Gloria Glendon, a fabulously wealthy girl of eighteen, has the temper of a wildcat. Wilful, turbulent, lawless, she has defied and combatted every effort of her guardians, and those who have been retained to assist them, either to guide or discipline her. Time and time again servants, companions, and tutors have felt the sting of Gloria's sharp tongue and fist, or have fled ignominiously before flying missiles; until the problem of finding the proper persons to fill positions in the great sombre Fifth Avenue mansion, in which Gloria makes her home, has become a perplexing issue to the directors of the Trust Company; who, are not only responsible for the administration of the vast Glendon fortune, but for the proper upbringing of Gloria as well.

Gloria is svelte, slender -- with no hint of thinness. There is something panther-like in the flowing symmetry of her slightest movement. Her eyes are wide and slightly green, fringed with curling black lashes; eyes that contract at the corners when their tempestuous young owner is annoyed -- signals of uncompromising combat. At time, in repose, Gloria has the tranquil beauty of a Cellini angel -- the bright intriguing personality of a confiding child.

Though but eighteen years of age, Gloria is cynical, bitter, suspicious, defiant -- the same little wild thing with her back against the wall that her father's agents had taken from her mother's arms when Gloria was only six years old; and Gloria has

never forgotten or forgiven the enforced separation. The years have failed to dim Gloria's memory of her vivid Gypsy mother, that pretty young creature of tinsel and spangles who had petted her one moment and slapped her the next -- who was always hugging, laughing, kissing, coughing. Her memory of her father is short, but equally clear -- she has seen him but once; the day when his agents brought her, a desperately struggling and stormily protesting child, into the great room, where he stood waiting, coldly, to receive her. She was held firmly on either side as he surveyed her -- this screaming, fighting young savage, a Glendon!

"Take her away!" he had ordered stonily -- and then, still kicking and fighting, Gloria was carried from his sight.

Gloria never saw her father again -- Gwynne Glendon went down on the Titanic. She never saw her mother again -- Folly Glendon laughed and kissed, and coughed herself out of life. The marriage of Gwynne Glendon to Folly, the Gipsy, had been the enforced climax of a fit of moon madness -- a very rich young man camping in the wilderness, a provocative, dark eyed witch, flitting alluringly through the trees, an enraged band of Gypsy relatives refusing protestations of innocence -- a gypsy marriage, a mad, wild honeymoon; then a sudden awakening to the truth of his position -- and Gwynne Glendon returned to civilization, without explanation or farewell.

Though orphaned by the deaths of her parents, Gloria was not alone -- there were other relatives, a horde of them; whispering strangers who regarded her askance or speculatively, and who referred to her mother as "That woman" - relatives who said uncomplimentary things about the child as she kicked and spat the

truth at them. Gloria hated them, with all the fierceness of her savage little soul.

The years brought no abatement of Gloria's aversion and contempt for her relatives. There were cousins, aunts, uncles and more still distant kinsfolk -- all of whom foregathered at intervals to discuss ways and means of controlling Gloria and Gloria's millions.

Moreover, Gloria was increasingly aware that even the servants in the great house were in the pay of her "relatives" -- a spying, snivelling crew of talebearers; very well, she would give them real tales to bear. So Gloria kept things hotly active in the great house; defying and flouting them all, she resisted both blandishments and threats, and her sharp little teeth and nails had left their mark on more than one who attempted to restrain her by force -- they were all "against her" Gloria believed, and she had not a friend to turn to.

At last she was the subject of a solemn judicial inquiry when she sat through tedious sessions and heard long arguments from lawyers retained by the "relatives", who sought to have her declared incompetent, and themselves appointed guardians and trustees of her person and wealth; but a benign, fatherly looking old man, who sat at the head of a long table, had watched the lovely, innocent young face and his eyes had brightened at her swift and sharp retorts to the questions he had put to her. He had smiled at the word "incompetent" and had shaken his shaggy head; then he began to speak. Quietly, incisively, the relatives were ignored -- the old man at the head of the table had appointed a hard boiled trust company to act

as guardian of the estate as well as the person of Gloria Glendon.

Gloria -- though she was but ten, marched out of the courtroom with her little heart beating over what she knew was victory. Checkmated, the relatives continued to watch the girl who stood between them and millions. Gloria met all overtures and advances on their part with open hostility and contempt -- she scorned even the pretense of a truce. With only servants and paid attendants as companions, Gloria came up into young girlhood. She had never had a real friend or confidante. She trusted no one, and no one trusted her; for her relatives and the servants had given her a reputation that she deliberately sought to live up to.

Major MacClellan, a soldierly old gentleman of sixty-five, is the president of The Franklin Trust Company -- the banking house that has Gloria's affairs in hand. The Major has been designated Gloria's personal mentor. But, though the Major runs affairs at the bank with the military precision of an army under seige; he is absolutely impotent before the rebellion of his beautiful young ward.

Gloria's latest chaperone is Miss Julia Farnsworth -- a worthy spinster of fifty. Miss Farnsworth belongs to the generation by whom ankles were referred to in the most discreet of tones -- legs were never mentioned. Gloria's idea of solid comfort is a chaise longue, a recent novel -- a box of Maillards and a position that includes the crossing of one slender leg across the upraised knee of the other, in such a manner, that her dark towseled head is at least forty degrees lower in altitude than the satin toe of her slender foot.

Finding Gloria in this position, one memorable afternoon, Miss Farnsworth lectures, censors, nags. Gloria retorts first by

throwing bonbons at the indignant chaperone -- then followed these sweet confections with the novel she has been reading. Miss Farnsworth, angrily standing her ground, indignantly declares she is accustomed to the chaperonage of respectable young ladies only. After laughing naughtily over the furious exit of her chaperone, Gloria detaches herself, and hearing a voice outside, tiptoes to the door. In the hall she catches Dobbs, the footman, at the telephone, giving a hectic version of the affair to one of the "relatives." Gloria slips up behind him, grabs him by the neck of his coat with one hand; and with the other, delivers a business like punch directly in the footman's eye. The footman's outcry brings servants hurrying from several quarters, only to be swiftly dispersed before the fury of the young termagent.

Miss Farnsworth, in the safety of her own room, telephones an S.O.S. for help to Major MacClellan; and he-- fearing anything short of murder, hurries over to the Fifth Avenue home. As the Major arrives, the door is opened by Dobbs, the footman, displaying a perfectly beautiful eye. Immediately Miss Farnsworth hurries down stairs, followed by Wilkins, the butler, Anna, Gloria's personal maid, and an array of other servants, all with separate and personal grievances and demands.

While the great hall of the big house busses with the voices of the outraged chaperone and the complaining servants, Gloria suddenly appears at the head of the huge winding staircase. Lips curling, eyes blazing, she seems -- to the terrified servants --

to literally leap down the stairs; and as she comes she hurls missiles, oranges and apples that she had carefully collected for the purpose -- at the hapless heads of her fleeing victims. The bruised and frightened servants take refuge in the butler's pantry, while the Major and Miss Farnsworth seek safety behind protecting articles of furniture; whereon Gloria, laughing in quiet scorn, well satisfied with her triumph, perches herself upon the arm of a big chair -- behind which, incidentally, the trembling Miss Farnsworth is hiding; and taking a silver cigarette case from the top of her stocking, Gloria coolly lights a gold tipped cigarette. From behind the barricade of a Louis Quinze sofa, the Major raises an almost apoplectic face and points a wrathful forefinger at Gloria:

"What you need, young woman," he thunders sternly, "is a man to teach and tame you!"

The gold tipped cigarette twists thoughtfully between Gloria's full red lips as she considers this drastic statement; she draws a long breath, then exhales, expells a curling cloud of perfumed smoke, finally a devilish little smile suffuses her features, and her queer green eyes narrow sharply at the corners:

"Bring him on!" she invites ominously.

That night, Major MacClellan takes the problem of Gloria to the wife of his bosom:

"What are we to do about it?" he asks impotently -- and it is easy for Mrs. MacClellan to see that her husband has reached the end of his resources. "Here's a glorious young creature simply going to smash and ruin from the lack of direction and discipline. We can't beat her, we can't lock her up. Hang it all, we've got to see the thing through; but unless we take some step to curb her, by George! there's no telling what might happen. Some day, she'll be

hurling something heavier than chocolate and apples --- someone's likely to be hurt, and there'll be thunder to pay!" When Mrs. MacClellan manages to get a word in edgewise, she makes the obvious suggestion:

"Why not marry her off?"

"Marry her!" exclaims the Major incredulously.

Mrs. MacClellan is serene.

"What the child needs, is not so much discipline as --- affection."

"Affection!" storms the Major, "Who in the world is going to love a young wildcat like Gloria?"

The answer comes promptly:

"Her husband."

"Husband! And who is going to be bamboozled into marrying her?" The Major's wife debates the matter; then her face lights brilliantly; "I know just the man. He was made for her. Jack Hemingway."

"Jack ----" The Major scouts the idea. "Preposterous! the boy's not thinking of marrying."

"Of course he's not -- but we'll think for him. Now, you leave this to me," orders the Major's wife in a tone that the Major has learned to obey. And then, "What is Jack doing now?"

The Major snorts:

"Thumping the piano in a cabaret orchestra. The young fool was in my office today. He's just inherited some worthless land way up in North western Canada -- insists that radium can be mined there; and he's trying to get the crazy scheme floated. Radium -- of all things!"

Mrs. MacClellan's smile broadens:

"I've got it! Go to that cabaret, find Jack, and engage him to teach Gloria the piano. Warn him that she's a handful; and if I know Jack, that will be an incentive rather than a detriment."

For a moment the Major demurs; but he finally tears himself from his hearthside and starts for the cabaret.

John Paddington Hemmingway, better known as "Jack" recent star half back on the team, has "steamed" his way through college playing the piano for "frat" dances. Now a graduate engineer, Jack is determined to float his mining project. He has supreme confidence in the existence of Radium on his property -- an old Indian, named Black Hawk, having actually discovered a specimen of the precious substance there. By day, Jack haunts the business and social haunts of the mighty determined to float his enterprise -- from the pages of his pocket dictionary he has carefully deleted the words "cannot" and "fail".

When the Major enters the cabaret, where Jack is pounding the ivories in the rhythm of a popular jazz tune, Jack is delighted to see his father's old friend. However, he takes the proposition of teaching Gloria the piano, as a huge joke; but when the older man mentions the unusually large sum he is willing to pay Jack for his services as a teacher of the piano forte, Jack is astounded -- and his natural query, is:

"What's the idea, sir?"

"The fact is," explains the Major, "the girl has such a temper that we have to pay high. No one has ever been able to handle her yet; someone's got to do it soon -- and if anyone can, you're the man." Jack Hemmingway grins cheerfully, as he swings

around on the piano stool, just as the cabaret orchestra prepares to launch into anew dance number; "For the sun you mention, Governor, I'd take an aboriginal savage." The Major looks at Jack almost in pity as he remarks assuringly:

"You're going to."

The next morning, promptly at ten o'clock, Jack Hemming-way, folio under arm, presents himself at the Glendon mansion to give Gloria her first lesson. Jack, in spite of his size, looks quite harmless and meek. He is arrayed for the occasion in a neat, black suit as befits a professor of the pianoforte, and his eyes are sheltered by smoke, bone rimmed glasses. At the front door Jack is met by Wilkins, the butler, who, learning Jack's identity, immediately warns him of Gloria's terrific temper, calling Dobbs with his injured eyes as Exhibit A; and finally intimating that because of the difficulty in keeping servants and teachers, the situation works into a pretty good thing --- financially, for anyone who "has the courage to put up with Miss Gloria's attacks." Ten dollars a month extra for a slap, twenty-five for a scratch --- as much as fifty for a black eye; and if a chap were really laid up as a result of Gloria's temper, Wilkins wouldn't be surprised if the Trust Company wouldn't do something "real handsome" like a couple of hundred or so. A nice reception for a prospective music teacher --- Jack merely grins.

In the music room, Gloria looks Jack over with evident disapproval --- within three minutes, she frankly demands to be told why a big husky brute of a man of Jack's size should be fiddling his time away teaching five finger exercises. It's absurd! The next moment her mood changes --- she sits at the piano and meekly invites him to ---

"Go ahead, let's see what you can teach me."

Gravely, methodically, Jack begins the usual instruction. Gloria's fingers dash over the keys in a lightning chromatic scale; then with a bang her open palms come down upon the keyboard with a discordant thud. Swinging around on the stool, she stares up impudently at "teacher", demanding:

"Now, what are you going to do about it?"

Jack regards her gravely:

"That is the action of a spoiled child."

"O-o-oh, is it?" inquires Gloria smirkingly, "Well, how do you handle spoiled children, when they don't do what they're told?"

"I generally shake them," replies Jack quietly.

Gloria's head goes back, and she shakes with mocking laughter:

"Go ahead, shake me! I dare you to." she cries delightedly.

Looking at the beautiful, mocking, young creature, Jack feels the blood mounting to his face; and Gloria, watching him, is both delighted at his discomfiture and curious as to its outcome.

"Miss Glendon," he begins sternly -- annoyance creeping around the edges of his self control, "I am here to teach you, not to chastise you -----", and he adds grimly, "much as I'd like to."

Jack puts a sheet of music on the rack in front of Gloria and orders her to play a five finger exercise. Gloria pretends to begin, her eyes on the teacher, not the music; unexpectedly Jack finds himself disconcerted by Gloria's bald scrutiny. The deliberate discords made by the saucy girl outrage Jack's musical ear; and he cries out sharply:

"Hear! That's all wrong! Begain again -- one -- two --"

He gets no further. The pencil with which he has been beating time is snapped out of his fingers, the music is swept off the rack and torn into bits; then Gloria, her eyes blazing faces him belligerently:

"Who are you that you dare to order me, one, two, three? Clear out! Clear out, I say!" She screams.

Gloria's feet stamp in sheer rage, her hand shoots out and grasps a heavy silver candlestick. Raising the candlestick above her head, Gloria prepares to hurl it; but Jack is too quick for her, he seizes Gloria's wrist, wrenches the candlestick from her hand, then -- he shakes her.

Breathless, gasping in speechless rage, Gloria suddenly finds herself alone in the music room. As if waking from a trance, she seizes several objects, rushes to the window and hurls them after the departing young music teacher, who is now making angrily for the nearest bus.

During the entire encounter between Jack and Gloria, Miss Farnsworth, Gloria's companion, had been peeping through a crack in the door from the hall, now takes a hand. Scandalized by the vulgar spectacle of Gloria hurling both missiles and invectives from an open window into the Avenue, Miss Farnsworth rushes into the music room, shuts the window, before the infuriated Gloria realizes what is happening - then she turns tail and runs like a frightened rabbit up the stairs toward her room. But before she has covered the first flight, Gloria is up on her heels, promising reprisal, snatching at the tail of Miss Farnsworth's prim black skirt; the terrified, companion barely manages to whisk into the sanctuary of her own room, locking the door, as Gloria reaches the landing outside. Safe, for the moment, Miss Farnsworth goes to

the telephone, calls Major MacClellan at the Trust Company, and proceeds to give a hectic recital of Gloria's latest outbreak. With her ear against the door panel, Gloria hears - and going to her own room, takes down the extension phone and breaks tempestuously into the conversation. His ears assailed by this mad jumble of female voices, the Major abruptly hangs up the receiver - just as Mrs. MacClellan, short of cash while on a shopping tour, breezes smilingly into his office.

"There you are," announces the Major with a sweeping gesture. "Gloria has thrown most of the bric-a-brac from the music room into the middle of Fifth Avenue -- and Jack Hemmingway has quit -- cold." Mrs. MacClellan tears a check from a tumbled leather check book, and begins daintily to fill out the blank spaces. "Cheer up, darling," she smiles serenely, "Gloria may have fired the grand piano at a passing omnibus -- but the only way Jack Hemmingway can quit, is to die."

As though in answer to this assertion, we find Jack alighting from a green bus, not far from the main entrance of the Trust Company and just in front of Brentano's old book store. He is still angry - and plainly perplexed. His attention had been to go at once to the Major and ask advice but this, on second thought, goes against the grain. He hesitates - thinks of Gloria, laughs a bit, amused in spite of himself, and more annoyed than ever because of this involuntary mirth, then he turns his eyes to the show window of the book store, where THE COMPLETE WORKS OF WILLIAM SHAKESPERE bound in vellu, are for sale. Next, his gaze narrows down to the slender volumes labeled, "THE TAMING OF THE SHREW" -----, the big inspiration comes to him, and purchasing the

small volume dealing with the matrimonial affairs of the termagant, Katherine, and the masterful Petrucio, he shoves it into his pocket, hurries across the street, and through the entrance of the Franklin Trust.

Jack is ushered into the Major's office, just as Mrs. MacClellan, her dainty purse amply filled, is preparing to take her departure. The Major regards Jack sternly:

"Well, young man, I understand that you've quit -- cold! The young savage must have outdone herself."

Jack's jaw drops in blank amazement.

"Quit -- Hell!" then conscious of Mrs. MacClellan's presence, he blushes and stammers apology.

Mrs. MacClellan smiles, pats Jack's shoulder and looks triumphantly at the Major. The Major is convinced.

"Miss Farnsworth has just phoned that amid a storm of verbal abuse and flying projectives, you left!"

Jack explodes:

"Left -- nothing!" You don't suppose I'd let the little shrew get away with anything like that, do you? I shook her until her teeth rattled; and I told her I'd be back. What she needs is to be tamed -- "broke" to harness; and I'm the little General who can handle the job. You hired me to teach her music -- well, I'm going to stick until I've taught her manners."

"Good boy! Hooray! Brabo!" chortles the Major, "But how?" Jack grins, and pulls the volume of THE TAMING OF THE SHREW from his pocket:

"See this?"

"Yes." The Colonel is caution.

"Read the title." He holds the back of the book under the Major's curious eye, as the Major reads. "That Guy Petrucio had the world's biggest idea," continues Jack enthusiastically, "Tame 'em, that's the stuff. Rough 'em around. Use a mean shoulder, a granite jaw and an iron fist -- the wilder they are the better they love it. Meet me half way, Governor, and I guarantee I'll have that spicy little Hell cat crawling around on all fours and eating out of my hand."

The Major is the most direct of men -- and the expression in Jack Hemmingway's eye spells expensiveness -- the Major comes tersely to the core of the matter.

"How much will it cost - how are you going to do it - and where?"

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Jack pulls himself up a chair, seats himself, and leans toward the Major, the epitome of concise determination.

"How, by following this---"

"This," he begins, indicating the volume of the "Taming of the Shrew", "It will cost something near a hundred thousand. And the scene of action will be first a private car on the C.P.R. and then my radium ;ands in North Western Canada."

Displaying a remarkable lack of curiosity for one of her type and sex, Mrs. MacClellan quietly leaves the office --- smiling in keen satisfaction, and closing the door of Major MacClellan's office, leaves the conspirators alone.

Some weeks later, we find Gloria Glendon speeding through North Western Canada in a luxurious private car, accompanied by Miss Farnsworth en route --- supposedly --- to a summer vacation in Banff, Canada's favorite playground. Gloria paces restlessly up and down the car, wondering why on earth her fool guardian has taken it into his head to send her on such a journey; while Miss Farnsworth is absorbed in Coue. "If you are to drive out fear etc." Suddenly Gloria is conscious that the car is slackening speed. She looks out of the window-- where a sweeping, panoramic view of the majestic Canadian Rockies meets her eye, just as the figure of a roughly dressed man on horseback flashes by near the tracks - something in the set of his shoulders seems familiar, and irrelevant as it may seem, Gloria thinks of the officious young man who had come supposedly to teach her the piano, had remained only long enough to shake her soundly, and had never again returned. Gloria grits her teeth and grinds her little heels

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INTO the thick carpet on the floor --- the coward!! To take her by surprise that way, and then disappear before she could collect her wits sufficiently to pay him back in his own coin.....Merciful Heavens, if she could only get her hands on him! Here @- now; the thought was maddening!

The speed of the private car grows less and less --- and finally ceases entirely. Miss Farnsworth looks inquiringly up from Coue--- and Gloria runs to the front of the private car bent upon inquiry --- this desolate spot is certainly not a normal stopping place. Reaching the door, Gloria gives an involuntary cry of surprise and concern --- the rest of the train is speeding away and is just in the act of making a sharp turn around the mountainside --- disappearing rapidly from sight. Gloria realizes with stunning clarity, that her car has been uncoupled from the train and she and Miss Farnsworth are stranded --- alone --- in a mountainous wilderness.

And in a drawingroom compartment in the disappearing train, Mrs. MacClellan and the Major, looking out of the window, return the salutation of the man on horseback, who --- riding past the window of the private car --- has riveted Gloria's attention. The man, a huge, bearded creature in the blue shirt, corduroy trousers, high boots, and broad brimmed sombrero, of the Canadian miner or pioneer, smiles brilliantly, showing an even row of strong white teeth; and taking a note from his pocket, shoves it through the window as he rides neck and neck with the speed of the train; then he pulls his horse up sharply, wheels and races back to the abandoned private car.

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The Major opens the note, chuckling as he does so. It reads:
"Come back in a month.....in the meantime the best of
good things in Beautiful Banff."

Petruchio.

From the front door of the private car, Gloria turns angrily to the inquiring Miss Farnsworth -- who is still holding the volume by Coue: "W-w-w-wHAT ----" stammers the companion nervously.

"WHAT?" snaps Gloria, "That's what I'd like to know -- the rest of the train is speeding away a mile a minute -- and you and I are left behind in this plush covered morgue -- a thousand miles from everything -----"

She gets no further, for just then a gutteral masculine voice interrupts her -----

"Oh, no you're not -- I'm here."

Gloria turns swiftly -- to perceive the most villainous looking man she has ever encountered in her whole life, standing in the doorway of the car -- it is, of course, the same man who tossed the note through the drawingroom window of the fast disappearing train -- and Gloria sees, with a shudder, that his beard is black and stiff -- at least three quarters of an inch long; that his belt is simply bristling with revolvers and knives, and that he carries a flexible riding whip in one sinewy hand. Miss Farnsworth, almost unable to believe the evidence of her senses, tears her eyes from the figure of the "bandit" as she believes the man to be, and rivets them upon the pages of Coue --- and as her knees shake and her lips blanch, she repeats doggedly:

"I am not afraid. I am not afraid. I am not afraid." Then

she quietly and quickly faints...pitching into an unconscious heap on the floor.

At odds, always, personally, with Miss Farnsworth, Gloria is solidly with her against the enemy. With a cry of alarm she runs to the frail unconscious figure on the floor, lifts her in her arms, then glares up at the intruder:

"You brute! You dirty, uncouth, frightful looking beast -- get out! Get out, I say!" She screams, torn herself, between wrath and fright. "Look what you've done!" The tears are very near the surface as Gloria fans Miss Farnsworth with her tiny pocket handkerchief. Roughly, the bandit pushes Gloria aside, lifts Miss Farnsworth back into the chair, and taking a flask from his pocket, forces brandy down her throat. Her eyelids flutter -- and seeing this, Gloria makes a dive for the car door, and escape -- anywhere, even into the unknown wilderness of the Canadian Rockies, in order to put herself out of this terrible looking Bandit's reach. But she hasn't a chance -- an iron hand grasps her wrist, and the bandit smiles down upon Gloria with the keenest of satisfaction:

"Kick, bite, scratch, snarl scratch!" he invites as his smile broadens into a grin. "I like 'em full of fight -- the tougher they come, the better I'm pleased."

Gloria gasps incredulously for a moment---and this hesitation is her undoing.....the bandit grabs her hands, jerks them behind her back, pulls the colored handkerchief from his neck, and binds Gloria's hands securely. She struggles -- but the bandit forces her, into a corner, face against the wall -- his shoulder braced against hers until the operation is complete; then he swings Gloria over his

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shoulder, and carries her from the car. On the far side of the train, a little knot of Indians are waiting, each mounted upon a stubby pony -- and led by an aged man called Black Eagle. It is quite evident that the Indians are in the bandit's employ; for, at his order, two of them enter the private car, and soon come out carrying Miss Farnsworth...who has retrieved Coue, and is mumbling to herself dully:

"I am not afraid. I am not afraid. I am not afraid."

The bandit throws Gloria across the front of his saddle -- while the Indians place Miss Farnsworth on one of their ponies; and the cavalcade starts away, on a downward angle, toward a great canyon beyond the towering mountains; Miss Farnsworth seemingly resigns herself to fate -- but Gloria, now recovered from her first strangling gasp of astonishment, kicks and spits and screams and bites like a veritable hellion. Holding Gloria firmly in his great left arm -- so that her hysterical struggles are absolutely impotent -- the bandit seems to be intensely enjoying the situation; and when Gloria, turns with the lightning quickness of a slim green snake to remark venomously:

"If I could kill you -- I should do so with infinite pleasure."

The bandit throws back his head and laughs uproariously.

In the dining car of the north bound express, en route to Banff, Mrs. MacClellan and the Major, sitting on opposite sides of a charmingly appointed table in the dining car, are still discussing

the problem of Gloria. Mrs. MacClellan consults the daintiest of platinum wrist watches:

"Seven o'clock," she remarks speculatively; "I wonder where Gloria is eating her dinner!"

"Unless she's cooked it herself, she isn't eating at all," assures the Major with a keenness of relish that causes Mr. McClellan the initial instigator of the accumulative plot for the taming of Gloria - to squirm uncomfortably. Mrs. MacClellan stops eating abruptly, pushes her soup away with sudden aversion, and raises slightly uneasy brows.

And while the McClallans are speculating as to her condition, Gloria finds herself heaching the bottom of the steep incline, still held firmly in the bandit's arms -- now they are riding through a narrow pass; then into a blind canyon with endless sides of sheer steep rock, so smooth that there is not even a foothold for one who might have the courage to scale its walls. Suddenly, the bandit loosens his hold: and quick as lightning, Gloria is out of his grasp onto the ground. Without looking back she runs desperately forward -- searching for a means of escape; but the sole egress from the canyon is the narrow pass through which they have just come -- and this remains tenaciously guarded by the smiling bandit, still astride his quivering, pawing mount. The bandit makes no attempt to follow Gloria -- merely rolling a cigarette with a maddening precision and ease, as though to say: "run yourself ragged, you little fool, batter your head against the rocky walls, scream yourself hoarse ---- and when you're through, we'll talk business." Obligingly, Gloria does all of these things; then, her

hands still tied behind her back --- she walks slowly, unwillingly forward and faces her captor:

"Who are you?" she demands with a dangerous calm that simply screams a surging tempest within --- and as she looks at the man her eyes are narrowed until the long black lashes seem a sharp wire screen.

"Who am I?" --- and the bandit smiles, bows and introduces himself elaborately; "Have you never heard of Mister Petruchio --- at your service, my lady. Just outside the canyon is my camp --- where your estimable companion is now being fed a delicious supper of fruit, coffee, pancakes and bacon. If you like, we shall join her --- on condition, that after you've eaten you shall wash the dishes."

Dishes! Gloria is speechless --- she has heard of the process, but never in her entire life has she actually seen it done. From his pocket, the bandit takes a bar of chocolate, breaks off a piece and proceeds to eat it with great relish --- entirely ignoring Gloria as he does so. Gloria has not eaten since breakfast --- she is hungry, dammably hungry. Going closer to the bandit she touches his boot, attracting his attention: "All right," she agrees, "I'll wash them --- if you'll show me how." The bandit dismounts, takes a villainous looking knife from his belt --- and sharpens it against the rocky wall of the canyon, while Gloria watches, fascinated - is she to be killed --- or possibly marked with the knife as a rancher uses a branding iron. As the bandit turns toward her again, with the knife in his hand, she shrinks from him --- the bandit grasps her shoulder, turns her about by force; then he merely cuts through the

handkerchief binding Gloria's slender hands.

"Walk!" commands the bandit -- pointing toward the path that leads through the pass and out of the canyon. After a moment's hesitation, Gloria obeys; the bandit follows, leading his horse.

Half an hour later, Gloria, Miss Farnsworth and the bandit are sitting around a rough table, on which are tin dishes, rough knives, forks and spoons, tin cups and the remains of a supper. Miss Farnsworth, who has hardly touched her food, watches the bandit with wide, terrified eyes -- everytime he speaks to her she jumps like a frightened rabbit, holds up her hands as though to shield herself from a blow, and stammers an inarticulate reply. Gloria, well fed, buoyed up by the confidence of youth and the fact that she is still unharmed, is regaining her usual arrogance -- she examines the bandit with open contempt, her mouth drawn sharply down at the corners. The bandit wipes his mouth on his sleeve, rises from his chair, whistles sharply -- and immediately, two of his Indians enter and stand waiting orders. Pointing to Miss Farnsworth the bandit orders the Indians to take her to her room, to see that she has everything needed to make her comfortable for the night; and then to lock her into the compartment -- stationing a guard outside of the window. Miss Farnsworth, fortified by emergency, finds the courage to speak authoratively. With much of her usual dignity she says firmly:

"Come, Gloria!"

Gloria starts forward -- but the bandit stops her.

"The dishes," he reminds her tersely, "And after they are washed, I want to talk to you."

A SAVAGE IN SILKS

KM

"Dishes!" Gloria laughs scornfully; "do you think I'd wash those filthy things after an animal like you had eaten from them?" The bandit is dangerously quiet:

"You gave me your word --- evidently your sense of honor is as faulty as your manners are bad."

"Manners --- what do you know about my manners? Who are you, anyway --- and why have you kidnapped us and brought us to this God-forsaken hole?"

The bandit merely points commandingly to the soiled dishes and orders:

"Pile them up, carry them into the kitchen --- and if you really don't know how, I'll teach you to wash them."

"I won't!" defied Gloria, stamping her foot.

"Pick them up!"

"NO! flames Gloria.

The bandit's voice drops almost to a whisper --- and his hand reaches out to grasp the handle of his riding whip, where he has hung it against the wall.

"Pick them up!"

Now the riding whip is directly in evidence, and there is no doubt as to its imminent use --- Gloria's eyes, usually narrowed when angry, now dilate with fear; but she squares her shoulders and stands her ground.

"I - wont - do - it!" she repeats in a choking monotone --- then she closes her eyes and waits for the blow.

The bandit looking at this beautiful, wholly game, and really helpless girl, lifts the whip to strike --- then throws it into a corner. Reaching into his pocket he takes out a leather-bound

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book, opens it and looks earnestly at an engraving illustrating the contents - it is a picture of Petruchio, carrying Katherine - the shrew, away on his shoulders at the end of the spectacular wedding. The book hurtles into the corner after the whip. Gloria opens her eyes and asks breathlessly:

"If you're going to use that whip--why don't you?"

The bandit's answer is to pick Gloria up in his arms, carry her into the kitchen--after which he performs the same service for the dinner table, soiled dishes and all.

"When you've washed them all, I'll let you out," he informs Gloria triumphantly. Then he locks the door--stationing a guard outside of the kitchen window, exactly as he has done in the case of Miss Farnsworth. Gloria finds herself in the smallest and most unkempt room she has ever seen in her tempestuous young life. The closing of the door has entirely shut out the light. She runs to the window--squatting directly in front of it sits a huge impassive Indian. Then, unaccountably, Gloria is stricken by a consuming fear--an unreasoning, unexplainable need for light, companionship--any companionship, even that of the great bearded bandit who has kidnapped her, bullied her, and locked her into this stifling room. Gloria covers her mouth with both hands, in a futile effort to stifle a scream that she knows she must utter--then blindly she runs to the locked door, pounds upon it with her white fists until the skin upon them is cut by the rough unplanned boards; and at the same time she calls hysterically: "Mr. Petruchio! Mr. Petruchio! Mr. Petruchio, please! I'll wash them if I can, Mr. Petruchio--only truly, I don't know how! I don't--know--how!"

The door opens immediately, the bandit enters with a bright round wicked lantern. He smiles in the most friendly of fashions. Going to the sink he places the dishpan under the faucet, takes a

dishmop from a convenient nail and turning to Gloria with a Chesterfieldian bow, he suggests gallantly.

"Let us proceed."

Gloria's eyes hold the bandit's for a moment--then, her cheeks still wet with tears, she finds herself smiling--a smile of half-sheepish admiration--this is the first human being who has ever really been able to force her to do something entirely against her will. Gingerly, Gloria picks upone of the soiled tin plates, gravely she walks to the dishpan; and as the bandit begins to demonstrate the gentle art of dishwashing, Gloria's mind is not on the mechanics of this homely art--it is entirely engrossed by an intensive examination--and strangely enough, by a lively interest in her remarkable teacher. Such shoulders--huge, flexible, yes, handsome shoulders. And what a likeable smile--one might almost admire the creature if--if--well, if he were anything but a bandit.

"Hold the plate in your left hand and swab it off with the mop; then put it under the fawcet and rinse off the suds." The bandit's voice brings Gloria back from abstraction on speculation--the next minute she is scrubbing a tin plate with an exceedingly efficacious cotton string mop.

But while Gloria has seemingly capitulated, Miss Farnsworth certainly has not. Once Gloria has been taken to the room reserved for her use, the bandit--leaving only a guard before the open windows of the rooms occupied by the two women, starts across a flat

stony clearing to a place where a deep shaft in the ground and a mass of machinery suggests mining operations of an extensive sort. The door of a small building opens, and the aged Indian, Black Eagle, calls the bandit who passes into the structure, closing the door behind him, leaving, uninterrupted the abysmal darkness of the night.

Once inside, Black Eagle actually beams with excitement--a most unheard of procedure for an Indian, and going to a portable safe begins to manipulate the combination. As he does so he says jerkily, his utterance handicapped by excitement:

"While you go way New York, we find him, much radium--you tak 'em back, show big bank, they spend much money find more radium. Little Jack Hemmingway--big man now, grow very big rich--Black Eagle much glad."

And in her room, Miss Farnsworth, working diligently with a hairpin, has managed to pick the very simple lock on her bedroom door. Once in the main room of the shack, she finds a revolver, hanging in a holster, gets possession of the weapon--and with the gun held nervously before her, peers out of the window--a hundred yards away, she sees a bright light shining from a small square window--and with visions of a bandit crew engaged in drunken debauchery over a bottle of whiskey and a game of cards--she creeps to Gloria's door and calls hoarsely:

"Gloria, dear--it is I--Miss Farnsworth. I--I--I've got a gun."

Gloria is immediately alert.

"What are you going to do with it?" asks Gloria from her side of the barrier--"And how did you get out?"

"Picked the lock--"elucidates Miss Farnsworth--"hairpin. Stay where you are--you can't do anything--yours is short."

With no more explanation Miss Farnsworth opens the outside door, and with the gun still held before her, starts toward the lighted window across the clearing.

Inside the shack, Black Eagle extinguishes the lamp, then he takes the cloth wrapping from a slender glass tube--a brilliant green-white light floods the room, almost blinding Jack with its unexpected intensity; then he whoops jubilantly:

"Radium--very big much--we find while you go New York," grunts Black Eagle.

"Great guns, man--there's a fortune right there in that tube," exclaims Jack, almost unable to believe his good fortune. "We're rich, Eagle--rich, do you hear!"

Outside, looking through the window, Miss Farnsworth, the gun still in her hand--and shaking violently, sees a clear target in the bandit whom she is seeking--for his face is illuminated with uncanny clarity by the radium in the slender tube. Back in the main shack, Gloria, after Miss Farnsworth ceased speaking, scoured her brain for a means of getting out of her room. The door resisted her effort to force it open. Finally Gloria confined her attention to the squatting Indian stationed outside her window--habit immediately

asserting itself, she grabbed the nearest missile--which happened to be a heavy china water pitcher, and with the perfect accuracy born of long practice, hurled it at the head of the Indian with such force that he rolled over, quite unconscious for several minutes. In this fortunate interim, Gloria managed to climb out of the window--and seeing the slim figure of Miss Farnsworth, hurrying across the clearing--she followed.

When Gloria reaches Miss Farnsworth's side, Miss Farnsworth is at the window--watching the bandit as he looks at the brilliant greenish-white tube in Black Eagle's hand. Miss Farnsworth is so engrossed that she has not been aware of Gloria's approach--she still holds the gun in front of her, her hand on the trigger; when Gloria speaks, Miss Farnsworth is so terrified that her finger involuntarily pulls the trigger. There is a crash of glass as the windowpane shatters, a man's cry of hurt and surprise--then utter blackness. Black Eagle, wary in time of attack, has wrapped his blanket about the tube of radium.

Miss Farnsworth's first idea, after the shooting, is to find horses and make an escape; but Gloria, unable to analyze her own feelings, refuses to move. Something strange, stifling, grips her throat; then her brain clears and she is conscious of just one driving thought. Suppose he had been killed. Yes, this uncouth, unshaven barbarian--the thought is too terrible even to contemplate. Shaking off Miss Farnsworth's detaining hand, Gloria makes her way into the tiny building before her, calling as she does so:

"Mr. Petruchio--Mr. Petruchio, are you hurt, Mr. Petruchio?"

While Miss Farnsworth, her burst of courage completely in collapse, runs around in circles mumbling alternately:

"What have I done! What have I done!" And again, "I am not afraid--I am not--yes, yes, I am--I am afraid, I'm terrified." Then she sinks into a little shivering heap, burying her face in her hands.

In the shack, Black Eagle rekindles the light and Gloria finds the bandit lying on the floor--an ugly splotch of blood on his forehead, where Miss Farnsworth's bullet has torn across his smooth bronzed skin. Staggering to his feet he laughs in grim amusement:

"So you tried to shoot me? You told me, I remember, that you could do so with the greatest of pleasure."

Gloria's protest has an accent of horror:

"I didn't, Mr. Petruchio--really, I didn't--I----" Then suddenly Gloria throws pretense to the winds. She smiles.

"Who are you--and why--why don't you shave?"

For a moment, the bandit considers--then he reaches up to a shelf, finds a pair of scissors, and looking into a bit of cracked mirror nailed against the wall, clips industriously. Gloria watches this operation with breathless interest, as, little by little, the bandit disappears, and in his place emerges a face strangely familiar--suddenly it dawns upon her with flashing clarity--the music teacher; and she had thought him a coward--afraid to come back, beaten, vanquished by a girl and a silver candlestick. Yet--again, this familiar

figure seems less formidable--less awe inspiring. Courage returning, Gloria's eyes narrow--her temper surges, flashes:

"What do you mean," she begins shrilly, "taking me out of my own private car, bringing me to this frightful place--actually forcing me to wash---"

She gets no further, for the erstwhile bandit swings about on his heel; and as he faces her, his expression alone is enough to shock Gloria into abrupt silence.

"That will be enough from you," he snaps tersely. Then pointing to a tin basin on the wall, he continues, "take that basin and fill it with water--there's a pump outside. You've asked me to shave and I'm going to accomodate you." Gloria gasps--starts to speak--thinks better of it--then reaches for the basin.

Two days later in Banff, Major and Mrs. MacClellan receive the following telegram:

BOTH GLORIA AND RADIUM 100 PERCENT. I'VE SHAVED.
JACK.

For a wedding present to herself, Gloria has Jack's copy of The Taming of the Shrew rebound in the most expensive of tuffed leather--and out under the moonlight while honeymooning at Banff, she shows the volume to her brand new husband. Pointing up toward the glowing grandeur of the harvest moon, Jack Hemmingway turns to Gloria Glendon Hemmingway and says sternly:

"Look--it is the sun."

"Yes, dear," smiles Gloria docilely, "it is the sun."

A SAVAGE IN SILKS

(GHR)

"What!" storms Jack in the most approved Petrucian manner,
"say you the sun? By the beard of my Grandfather, woman, 'tis the
moon!"

Then they both laugh in sheer delight; and as Gloria lifts
her delicious lips to be kissed, she whispers softly:

"God bless Mr. Shakespere."

----0--

1

IRIS IN TO A CLOSE SHOT ON A BANK OF WILD FLOWERS

A
R331

H700

This will be either a grassy bank at the side of the unseen road, or a rail fence over which the wild flowers climb. A brown hand at the end of a bare, brown, bangled forearm, TIPS INTO SCENE and plucks several of the flowers.

LAP DISSOLVE OUT AND INTO:

2

EXT. ROADSIDE.. MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT ON GLORIA

The scene LAP DISSOLVE IN, disclosing Gloria as she plucks a handful of the flowers from the bank. A good introductory study of the girl here. She is perhaps sixteen or seventeen; russet haired, bare legged and her smouldering eyes help create the impression: Gypsy. Gloria is dressed typically Gypsy; short, somewhat ragged skirts, a bright blouse, and a silken sash binds her svelte hips. Around her neck is a gaudy collection of beads, and around her rough curls is wound a bandanna. Her arms and wrists are covered with cheap bangles and in her ears are hung large rings. Gloria adds a few more flowers to her collection and then turns and starts out of scene.

3

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD .. FULL SHOT

From an angle that places Gloria well toward the f.g. and embraces the gypsy caravan moving toward the background. The caravan consists of three or four - no more - gypsy vans, drawn by horses. Continuing the action of the preceding scene as Gloria moves up the wild flower bordered, winding country road, pausing once or twice to add to her bouquet and then Gloria quickens her pace and with lithe, youthful strides, hurries toward the last wagon.

A SAVAGE IN SILKS

Treatment by
Barbara Chambers

An original story for the screen by
Winnifred Reeve

S Y N O P S I S

Gloria Glendon, a fabulously wealthy girl of eighteen, has the temper of a wildcat. Wilful, turbulent, lawless, she has defied and combatted every effort of her guardians, and those who have been retained to assist them, either to guide or discipline her. Time and time again, servants, companions, and tutors have felt the sting of Gloria's sharp tongue and fist, or have fled ignominiously before flying missiles; until the problem of finding the proper persons to fill positions in the great sombre Fifth Avenue mansion, in which Gloria makes her home, has become a perplexing issue to the directors of the Trust Company; who are not only responsible for the administration of the vast Glendon fortune, but for the proper upbringing of Gloria as well.

Gloria is svelte, slender--with no hint of thinness. There is something panther-like in the flowing symmetry of her slightest movement. Her eyes are wide and slightly green, fringed with curling black lashes; eyes that contract at the corners when their tempestuous young owner is annoyed--signals of uncompromising combat. At times, in repose, Gloria has the tranquil beauty of a Cellini angel--the bright intriguing personality of a confiding child.

Though but eighteen years of age, Gloria is cynical, bitter, suspicious, defiant--the same little wild thing with her back against the wall that her father's agents had taken from her mother's arms when Gloria was only six years old; and Gloria has never forgotten or forgiven the enforced separation. The years have failed to dim

Gloria's memory of her vivid Gypsy mother, that pretty young creature of tinsel and spangles who had petted her one moment and slapped her the next--who was always hugging, ~~and~~ laughing, kissing, coughing. Her memory of her father is short, but equally clear--she has seen him but once; the day when his agents brought her, a desperately struggling and stormily protesting child, into the great room, where he stood waiting, coldly to receive her. She was held firmly on either side as he surveyed her--this screaming, fighting, young savage, a Glendon!

"Take her away!" he had ordered stonily--and then, still kicking and fighting, Gloria was carried from his sight.

Gloria never saw her father again--Gwynne Glendon ~~died~~ went down on the Titanic. She never saw her mother again--Folly Glendon laughed and kissed, and coughed herself out of life. The marriage of Gwynne Glendon to Folly, the gipsy, had been the enforced climax of a fit of moon madness---a very rich young man camping in the wilderness, a provocative, dark eyed witch, flitting alluringly through the trees, an enraged band of gypsy relatives refusing protestations of innocence--a gypsy marriage, a mad, wild honeymoon; then a sudden awakening to the truth of his position--and Gwynne Glendon returned to civilization, without explanation or farewell.

Though orphaned by the deaths of her parents, Gloria was not alone--there were other relatives, a horde of them; whispering strangers who regarded her askance or speculatively, and who referred to her mother as "that woman;" relatives who said uncomplimentary things about the child as she kicked and spat the truth at them. Gloria hated them with all the fierceness of her savage little soul.

The years brought no abatement of Gloria's aversion and contempt for her relatives. There were cousins, aunts, uncles and more still distant kinsfolk--all of whom foregathered at intervals

to discuss ways and means of controlling Gloria and Gloria's millions. Moreover, Gloria was increasingly aware that even the servants in the great house were in the pay of her "relatives"--a spying, snivelling crew of talebearers; very well, she would give them real tales to bear. So Gloria kept things hotly active in the great house; defying and flouting them all, she resisted both blandishments and threats, and her sharp little teeth and nails had left their mark on more than one who attempted to restrain her by force--they were all "against her" Gloria believed, and she had not a friend to turn to.

At last she was the subject of a solemn judicial inquiry when she sat through tedious sessions and heard long arguments from lawyers retained by the "relatives," who sought to have her declared incompetent, and themselves appointed guardians and trustees of her person and wealth; but a benign, fatherly-looking old man, who sat at the head of a long table, had watched the lovely, innocent young face and his eyes had brightened at her swift and sharp retorts to the questions he had put to her. He had smiled at the word "incompetent" and had shaken his shaggy head; then he began to speak. Quietly, incisively, the relatives were ignored--the old man at the head of the table had appointed a hard boiled trust company to act as guardian of the estate as well as the person of Gloria Glendon.

Gloria--though she was but ten, marched out of the courtroom with her little heart beating over what she knew was victory. Checkmated, the relatives continued to watch the girl who stood between them and millions. Gloria met all overtures and advances on their part with open hostility and contempt--she scorned even the pretense of a truce.

With only servants and paid attendants as companions, Gloria came up into young girlhood. She had never had a real friend or confidante. She trusted no one, and no one trusted her; for her relatives

and the servants had given her a reputation that she deliberately sought to live up to.

Major MacClellan, a soldierly old gentleman of sixty five, is the president of The Franklin Trust Company--the banking house that has Gloria's affairs in hand. The Major has been designated Gloria's personal mentor. But, though the Major runs affairs at the bank with the military precision of an army under seige, he is absolutely impotent before the rebellion of his beautiful young ward.

Gloria's latest chaperone is Miss Julia Farnsworth--a worthy spinster of fifty. Miss Farnsworth belongs to the generation by whom ankles were referred to in the most discreet of tones--legs were never mentioned. Gloria's idea of solid comfort is a chaise lounge, a recent novel, a box of Maillard's, and a position that includes the crossing of one slender leg across the upraised knee of the other, in such a manner that her dark towseled head is at least forty degrees lower in altitude than the satin toe of her slender foot.

Finding Gloria in this position, one memorable afternoon, Miss Farnsworth lectures, censors, nags. Gloria retorts first by throwing bonbons at the indignant chaperone--then follos these sweet confections with the novel she has been reading. Miss Farnsworth, angrily standing her ground, indignantly declares she is accustomed to the chaperonage of respectable young ladies only. After laughing naughtily over the furious exit of her chaperone, Gloria detaches herself, and hearing a voice outside, tiptoes to the door. In the hall she catches Dobbs, the footman, at the telephone, giving a hectic version of the affair to one of the "relatives." Gloria slips up behind him, grabs him by the neck of his coat with one hand; and with the other, delivers a business like punch directly in the footman's eye. The footman's outcry brings servants hurrying from several

quarters, only to be swiftly dispersed before the fury of the young temmagant.

Miss Farnsworth, in the safety of her own room, telephones an S.O.S. for help to Major MacClellan; and he---fearing anything short of murder, hurries over to the Fifth Avenue home. As the Major arrives, the door is opened by Dobbs, the footman, displaying a perfectly beautiful black eye. Immediately Miss Farnsworth hurries down-stairs, followed by Wilkins--the butler, Anna, Gloria's personal maid, and an array of other servants, all with separate and personal grievances and demands.

While the great hall of the big house busses with the voices of the outraged chaperone and the complaining servants, Gloria suddenly appears at the head of the hug winding staircase. Lips curling, eyes blazing, she seems--to the terrified servants--to literally leap down the stairs; and as she comes she hurl missives--oranges and apples that she had carefully collected for the purpose--at the hapless heads of her fleeing victims. The bruised and frightened servants take refuge in the butler's pantry, while the Major and Miss Farnsworth seek safety behind protecting articles of furniture; whereon Gloria, laughing in quiet scorn, well satisfied with her triumph, perches herself upon the arm of a big chair--behind which, incidentally, the trembling Miss Farnsworth is hiding; and taking a silver cigarette case from the top of her stocking, Gloria coolly lights a gold tipped cigarette. From behind the barricade of a Louis Quinze sofa, the Major raises an almost apoplectic face and points a wrathful forefinger at Gloria:

"What you need, young woman," he thunders sternly, "is a man to teach you and tame you!"

The gold tipped cigarette twists thoughtfully between Gloria's full red lips as she considers this drastic statement; she

draws a long breath, then exhales, expels a curling cloud of perfumed smoke--finally a devilish little smile suffuses her features, and her queer green eyes narrow sharply at the corners:

"Bring him on!" she invites ominously.

That night, Major MacClellan takes the problem of Gloria to the wife of his bosom:

"What are we to do about it?" he asks impotently--and it is easy for Mrs. MacClellan to see that her husband has reached the end of his resources. "Here's a glorious young creature simply going to smash and ruin from the lack of direction and discipline. We can't beat her, we can't lock her up. Hang it all, we've got to see the thing through; but unless we take some step to curb her, by George! there's no telling what might happen. Someday, she'll be hurling something heavier than chocolate and apples--someone's likely to be hurt, and there'll be thunder to pay!" When Mrs. MacClellan manages to get a word in edgewise, she makes the obvious suggestion:

"Why not marry her off?"

"Marry her!" exclaims the Major incredulously.

Mrs. MacClellan is serene:

"What that child needs, is not so much discipline as--affection."

"Affection!" storms the Major, "Who in the world is going to love a young wildcat like Gloria?"

The answer comes promptly:

"Her husband."

"Husband! And who is going to be bamboozled into marrying her?" The Major's wife debates the matter; then her face lights brilliantly; "I know just the man. He was made for her. Jack Hemmingway."

"Jack-----" the Major scouts the idea. "Preposterous! The boy's not thinking of marrying."

"Of course he's not--but we'll think for him. Now, you leave this to me." orders the Major's wife in a tone that the Major has learned to obey. And then, "What is Jack doing now?"

The Major snorts:

"Thumping the piano in a cabaret orchestra. The young fool was in my office today. He's just inherited some worthless land way up in northwestern Canada--insists that radium can be mined there; and he's trying to get the crazy scheme floated. Radium---of all things!"

Mrs. MacClellan's smile broadens:

"I've got it! Go to that cabaret, find Jack, and engage him to teach Gloria the piano. Warn him that she's a handful; and if I know Jack, that will be an incentive rather than a detriment."

For a moment the Major demurs; but he finally tears himself from his hearthside and starts for the cabaret.

John Paddington Hemmingway, better known as "Jack" recent star halfback on the team, has "steamed" his way through college playing the piano for "frat" dances. Now a graduate engineer, Jack is determined to float his mining project. He has supreme confidence in the existence of Radium on his property--an old Indian, named Black Hawk, having actually discovered a specimen of the precious substance there. By day, Jack haunts the business and social haunts of the mighty determined to float his enterprise--from the pages of his pocket dictionary he has carefully deleted the words "cannot" and "fail."

When the Major enters the cabaret, where Jack is pounding the ivories in the rhythm of a popular jazz tune, Jack is delighted to see his father's old friend. However, he takes the proposition of teaching

Gloria the piano as a huge joke; but when the older man mentions the unusually large sum he is willing to pay Jack for his services as a teacher of the piano forte, Jack is astounded--and his natural query is--

"What's the idea, sir?"

"The fact is," explains the Major, "the girl has such a temper that we have to pay high. No one has ever been able to handle her--yet; someone's got to do it soon--and if anyone can, you're the man." Jack Hemmingway grins cheerfully, as he swings around on the piano stool, just as the cabaret orchestra prepares to launch into a new dance number: "For the sum you mention, Governor, I'd tackle an aboriginal savage." The Major looks at Jack almost in pity as he remarks reassuringly:

"You're going to."

The next morning, promptly at ten o'clock, Jack Hemmingway, folio under arm, presents himself at the Glendon mansion to give Gloria her first lesson. Jack, in spite of his size, looks quite harmless and meek. He is arrayed for the occasion in a neat black suit as befits a professor of the pianoforte, and his eyes are sheltered by smoked, bone rimmed glasses. At the front door Jack is met by Wilkins--the butler, who, learning Jack's identity, immediately warns him of Gloria's terrific temper, calling Dobbs with his injured eyes as exhibit A; and finally intimating that because of the difficulty in keeping servants and teachers, the situation works into a pretty good thing--financially, for anyone who "has the courage to put up with Miss Gloria's attacks." Ten dollars a month extra for a slap, twenty-five for a scratch--as much as fifty for a black eye; and if a chap were really laid up as a result of Gloria's temper, Wilkins wouldn't be surprised if the Trust Company wouldn't do something "real handsome"

like a couple of hundred or so. A nice reception for a prospective music teacher--Jack merely grins.

In the music room, Gloria looks Jack over with evident disapproval--within three minutes, she frankly demands to be told why a big husky brute of a man of Jack's size should be fiddling his time away teaching five finger exercises. It's absurd! The next moment her mood changes--she sits at the piano and meekly invites him to--

"Go ahead, let's see what you can teach me."

Gravely, methodically, Jack begins the usual instruction. Gloria's fingers dash over the keys in a lightning chromatic scale; then with a bang her open palms come down upon the keyboard with a discordant thud. Swinging around on the stool, she stares up impudently at "teacher," demanding:

"Now, what are you going to do about it?"

Jack regards her gravely:

"That is the action of a spoiled child."

"O-o-oh, is it?" inquires Gloria ominously, "Well, how do you handle spoiled children, when they don't do what they're told?"

"I generally shake them." replies Jack quietly.

Gloria's head goes back, and she shakes with mocking laughter:

"Go ahead, shake me! I dare you to." she cries delightedly.

Looking at the beautiful, mocking, young creature, Jack feels the blood mounting to his face; and Gloria, watching him, is both delighted at his discomfiture and curious as to its outcome.

"Miss Glendon," he begins sternly--annoyance creeping around the edges of his self control, "I am here to teach you, not to chastise you-----" and he adds grimly, "much as I'd like to."

Jack puts a sheet of music on the rack in front of Gloria and orders her to play a five finger exercise. Gloria pretends to begin--her eyes on the teacher, not the music; unexpectedly Jack

finds himself disconcerted by Gloria's bold scrutiny. The deliberate discords made by the saucy girl outrage Jack's musical ear; and he cries out sharply:

"Hear! That's all wrong! Begin again -- one -- two--"

He gets no further. The pencil with which he has been beating time is snapped out of his fingers, the music is swept off the rack and torn into bits; then Gloria, her eyes blazing faces him belligerently:

"Who are you that you dare to order me, one, two, three? Clear out! Clear out, I say!" She screams.

Gloria's feet stamp in sheer rage--her hand shoots out and grasps a heavy silver candlestick. Raising the candlestick above her head, Gloria prepares to hurl it; but Jack is too quick for her--he seizes Gloria's wrist, wrenches the candlestick from her hand then--he shakes her.

Breathless, gasping in speechless rage, Gloria suddenly finds herself alone in the music room. As if waking from a trance, she seizes several objects, rushes to the window and hurls them after the departing young music teacher, who is now making angrily for the nearest bus.

During the entire encounter between Jack and Gloria, Miss Farnsworth, Gloria's companion, had been peeping through a crack in the door from the hall, and now takes a hand. Scandalized by the vulgar spectacle of Gloria hurling both missiles and invectives from an open window into the Avenue, Miss Farnsworth rushes into the music room, shuts the window, before the infuriated Gloria realizes what is happening--then she turns tail and runs like a frightened rabbit up the stairs toward her room. But before she has covered the first flight, Gloria is up on her heels, promising reprisal, snatching at

the tail of Miss Farnsworth's prim black skirt; the terrified companion barely manages to whisk into the sanctuary of her own room, locking the door, as Gloria reaches the landing outside. Safe, for the moment, Miss Farnsworth goes to the telephone, calls Major MacClellan at the Trust Company, and ~~xx~~ proceeds to give a hectic recital of Gloria's latest outbreak. With her ear against the door panel, Gloria hears--and going to her own room, takes down the extension phone and breaks tempestuously into the conversation. His ears assailed by this mad jumble of female voices, the Major abruptly hangs up the receiver--just as Mrs. MacClellan, short of cash while on a shopping tour, breezes smilingly into his office.

"There you are," announces the Major with a sweeping gesture. "Gloria has thrown most of the bric-a-brac from the music room into the middle of Fifth Avenue--and Jack Hemmingway has quit--cold." Mrs. MacClellan tears a check from a tuffed leather check book, and begins daintily to fill out the blank spaces. "Cheer up, darling," she smiles serenely, "Gloria may have fired the grand piano at a passing omnibus--but the only way Jack Hemmingway can quit, is to die."

As though in answer to this assertion, we find Jack alighting from a green bus, not far from the main entrance of the Trust company and just in front of Brentano's old book store. He is still angry--and plainly perplexed. His intention had been to go at once to the Major and ask advice but this, on second thought, goes against the grain. He hesitates--thinks of Gloria, laughs a bit, amused in spite of himself, and more annoyed than ever because of this involuntary mirth--then he turns his eyes to the show window of the book store, where THE COMPLETE WORKS OF WILLIAM SHAKESPERE bound in vellum, are for sale.... Next, his gaze narrows down to the slender volumes labeled "THE TAMING OF THE SHREW"-----the big inspiration comes to him; and purchasing the small volume dealing with the matrimonial affairs of the

termagant, Katherine, and the masterful Petruchio, he shoves it into his pocket, hurries across the street, and through the entrance of the Franklin Trust.

Jack is ushered into the Major's office, just as Mrs. MacClellan, her dainty purse amply filled, is preparing to take her departure. The Major regards Jack sternly:

"Well, young man, I understand that you've quit--cold. The young savage must have outdone herself."

Jack's jaw drops in ~~to~~ blank amazement.

"Quit--Hell!" then conscious of Mrs. MacClellan's presence he blushes and stammers apology.

Mrs. MacClellan smiles, pats Jack's shoulder and looks triumphantly at the Major. The Major is convinced.

"Miss Farnsworth has just phoned that amid a storm of verbal abuse and flying projectiles you left."

Jack explodes:

"Left--nothing!" You don't suppose I'd let the little shrew get away with anything like that, do you? I shook her until her teeth rattled; and I told her I'd be back. What she needs is to be tamed -- "broke" to harness; and I'm the little General who can handle the job. You hired me to teach her music--Well, I'm going to stick until I've taught her manners."

"Good boy! Hooray! Bravo!" chortles the Major, "But how?" Jack grins, and pulls the volume of THE TAMING OF THE SHREW from his pocket:

"See this?"

"Yes." The Colonel is cautious.

"Read the title." He holds the back of the book under the Major's curious eye, as the Major reads. "That guy Petruchio had the

world's biggest idea," continues Jack enthusiastically, "Tame 'em, that's the stuff. Rough 'em around. Use a mean shoulder, a granite jaw, and an iron fist--the wilder they are the better they love it. Meet me half way, Governor, and I guarantee I'll have that spicy little Hell cat crawling around on all fours and eating out of my hand."

The Major is the most direct of men--and the expression in Jack Hemmingway's eye spells expensiveness--the Major comes tersely to the core of the matter.

"How much will it cost - how are you going to do it - and where?"

Jack pulls up a chair, seats himself, and leans toward the Major, the epitome of concise determination.

"How, by following this--"

"This," he begins, indicating the volume of the "Taming of the Shrew." "It will cost something near a hundred thousand. And the scene of action will be first a private car on the C.P.R. and then my radium lands in North Western Canada."

Displaying a remarkable lack of curiosity for one of her type and sex, Mrs. MacClellan quietly leaves the office--smiling in keen satisfaction, and closing the door of Major MacClellan's office, leaves the conspirators alone.

Some weeks later, we find Gloria Glendon speeding through North Western Canada in a luxurious private car, accompanied by Miss Farnsworth en route--supposedly--to a summer vacation in Banff, Canada's favorite playground. Gloria paces restlessly up and down the car, wondering why on earth her fool guardian has taken it into his head to send her on such a journey; while Miss Farnsworth is absorbed in Coue. "If you are to drive out fear, etc." Suddenly Gloria is conscious that the car is slackening speed. She looks out

of the window--where a sweeping, panoramic view of the Majestic Canadian Rockies meets her eye, just as the figure of a roughly dressed man on horseback flashes by near the tracks--something in the set of his shoulders seems familiar, and irrelevant as it may seem, Gloria thinks of the officious young man who had come supposedly to teach her the piano, had remained only long enough to shake her soundly, and had never again returned. Gloria grits her teeth and grinds her little heels into the thick carpet on the floor--"The Coward!! To take her by surprise that way, and then disappear before she could collect her wits sufficiently to pay him back in his own coin....Merciful Heavens, if she could only get her hands on him! Here--now; the thought is maddening!"

The speed of the private car grows less and less--and finally ceases entirely. Miss Farnsworth looks inquiringly up from Coue--and Gloria runs to the front of the private car bent upon inquiry--this desolate spot is certainly not a normal stopping place. Reaching the door, Gloria gives an involuntary cry of surprise and concern--the rest of the train is speeding away and is just in the act of making a sharp turn around the mountainside--disappearing rapidly from sight. Gloria realizes with stunning clarity, that her car has been uncoupled from the train and she and Miss Farnsworth are stranded--alone in a mountainous wilderness.

And in a drawing room compartment in the disappearing train, Mrs. MacClellan and the Major, looking out the window, return the salutation of the man on horseback, who--riding past the window of the private car--has rivetted Gloria's attention. The man, a huge, bearded creature in the blue shirt, corduroy trousers, high boots, and broad brimmed sombrero, of the Canadian miner or pioneer, smiles brilliantly, showing an even row of strong white teeth; and taking a note from his pocket, shoves it through the window as he rides neck

and neck with the speed of the train; then he pulls his horse up sharply, wheels, and races back to the abandoned private car.

The Major opens the note, chuckling as he does so. It reads:

"Come back in a month...in the meantime the best of good things in Beautiful Banff."

Petruchio.

From the front door of the private car, Gloria turns angrily to the inquiring Miss Farnsworth--who is still holding the volume by Coue: "W-w-w-what-----" stammers the companion nervously.

"WHAT?" snaps Gloria, "That's what I'd like to know--the rest of the train is speeding away a mile a minute--and you and I are left behind in this plush covered morgue--a thousand miles from everything-----"

She gets no farther, for just then a gutteral masculine voice interrupts her--

"Oh, no you're not--I'm here."

Gloria turns swiftly--to perceive the most villainous looking man she has ever encountered in her whole life, standing in the doorway of the car--it is, of course, the same man who tossed the note through the drawing room window of the fast disappearing train--and Gloria sees, with a shudder, that his beard is black and stiff--at least three quarters of an inch long; that his belt is simply bristling with revolvers and knives, and that he carries a flexible riding whip in one sinewy hand. Miss Farnsworth, almost unable to believe the evidence of her senses, tears her eyes from the figure of the "Bandit" as she believes the man to be, and rivets them upon the pages of Coue---And as her knees shake and her lips blanch, she repeats doggedly:

"I am not afraid. I am not afraid. I am not afraid."

Then she quietly and quickly faints...pitching into an unconscious heap on the floor.

At odds, always, personally, with Miss Farnsworth, Gloria is solidly with her against the enemy. With a cry of alarm she runs to the frail unconscious figure on the floor, lifts her in her arms, then glares up at the intruder:

"You brute!" "You dirty, uncouth, frightful looking beast--get out! Get out I say!" She screams; torn, herself, between wrath and fright. "Look what you've done." The tears are very near the surface as Gloria fans Miss Farnsworth with her tiny pocket handkerchief. Roughly, the bandit pushes Gloria aside, lifts Miss Farnsworth back into the chair, and taking a flask from his pocket, forces some brandy down her throat. Her eyelids flutter--and seeing this, Gloria makes a dive for the car door, and escape--anywhere, even into the unknown wilderness of the Canadian Rockies, in order to put herself out of this terrible looking bandit's reach. But she hasn't a chance--an iron hand grasps her wrist, and the bandit smiles down upon Gloria with the keenest of satisfaction:

"Kick, bite, scratch, snarl, scratch!" he invites as his smile broadens into a grin. "I like 'em full of fight--the tougher they come, the better I'm pleased."

Gloria gasps incredulously for a moment--and this hesitation is her undoing...the bandit grabs her hands, jerks them behind her back, pulls the colored handkerchief from his neck, and binds Gloria's hands securely. She struggles--but the bandit forces her into a corner, face against the wall--his shoulder braced against hers until the operation is complete; then he swings Gloria over his shoulder, and carries her from the car. On the far side of the train, a little knot of Indians are waiting, each mounted upon a stubby

pony--and led by an aged man called Black Eagle. It is quite evident that the Indians are in the bandit's employ; for at his order, two of them enter the private car, and soon come out carrying Miss Farnsworth, who has retrieved Coue, and is mumbling to herself dully:

"I am not afraid. I am not afraid. I am not afraid."

The bandit throws Gloria across the front of his saddle--while the Indians place Miss Farnsworth on one of their ponies; and the cavalcade starts away, on a downward angle, toward a great canyon between the towering mountains; Miss Farnsworth seemingly resigns herself to fate--but Gloria, now recovered from her first strangling gasp of astonishment kicks and spits and screams and bites like a veritable hellion. Holding Gloria firmly in his great left arm--so that her hysterical struggles are absolutely impotent--the bandit seems to be intensely enjoying the situation; and when Gloria, turns with the lightning quickness of a slim green snake to remark venomously:

"If I could kill you--I should do so with infinite pleasure."

The bandit throws back his head and laughs uproariously.

In the dining car of the north bound express, en route to Banff, Mrs. MacClellan and the Major, sitting on opposite sides of a charmingly appointed table in the dining car, are still discussing the problem of Gloria. Mrs. MacClellan consults the daintiest of platinum wrist watches:

"Seven o'clock." she remarks speculatively, "I wonder where Gloria is eating her dinner."

"Unless she's cooked it herself, she isn't eating at all," assures the Major with a keenness of relish that causes Mrs. MacClellan the initial instigator of the accumulative plot for the taming of Gloria--to squirm uncomfortably. Mrs. MacClellan stops eating

abruptly, pushes her soup away with sudden aversion, and raises slightly uneasy brows.

And while the MacClellans are speculating as to her condition, Gloria finds herself reaching the bottom of the steep incline, still held firmly in the bandit's arms--now they are riding through a narrow pass; then into a blind canyon with endless sides of sheer steep rock, so smooth that there is not even a foothold for one who might have the courage to scale its walls. Suddenly, the bandit loosens his hold; and, quick as a streak of lightning, Gloria is out of his grasp on the ground. Without looking back she runs desperately forward--searching for a means of escape; but the sole egress from the canyon is the narrow pass through which they have just come--and this remains tenaciously guarded by the smiling bandit, still astride his quivering pawing mount. The bandit makes no attempt to follow Gloria--merely rolling a cigarette with a maddening precision and ease, as though to say; "run yourself ragged you little fool, batter your head against the rocky walls, scream yourself hoarse--and when you're through we'll talk business." Obligingly, Gloria does all of these things; then, her hands still tied behind her back--she walks slowly, unwillingly forward and faces her captor:

"Who are you?" she demands with a dangerous calm that simply screams a surging tempest within--and as she looks at the man her eyes are narrowed until the long black lashes seem a sharp wire screen.

"Who am I?" and the bandit smiles, bows and introduces himself elaborately, "Have you never heard of Mister Petruchio--at your service, my lady. Just outside the canyon is my camp--where your estimable companion is now being fed a delicious supper of fruit, coffee, pancakes and bacon. If you like, we shall join her--On condition, that after we've eaten you shall wash the dishes."

Dishes! Gloria is speechless--she has heard of the process, but never in her entire life has she actually seen it done. From his pocket, the bandit takes a bar of chocolate, breaks off a piece and proceeds to eat it with great relish--entirely ignoring Gloria as he does so. Gloria has not eaten since breakfast--she is hungry, damably hungry. Going closer to the bandit, she touches his boot, attracting his attention: "All right," she agrees, "I'll wash them--if you'll show me how." The bandit dismounts, takes a villainous looking knife from his belt--and sharpens it against the rocky wall of the canyon, while Gloria watches, fascinated--is she to be killed--or possibly marked with the knife as a rancher uses a branding iron. As the bandit turns toward her again, with the knife in his hand, she shrinks from him--the bandit grasps her shoulder, turns her about by force; then he merely cuts through the handkerchief binding Gloria's slender hands.

"Walk!" commands the bandit--pointing toward the path that leads through the pass and out of the canyon. After a moment's hesitation Gloria obeys; the bandit follows, leading his horse.

Half an hour later, Gloria, Miss Farnsworth, and the bandit are sitting around a rough table, on which are tin dishes, rough knives, forks and spoons, tin cups and the remains of supper. Miss Farnsworth who has hardly touched her food, watches the bandit with wide-terrified eyes--everytime he speaks to her she jumps like a frightened rabbit, holds up her hands as though to shield herself from a blow, and stammers an inarticulate reply. Gloria, well fed, buoyed up by the confidence of youth and the fact that she is still unharmed, is regaining her usual arrogance--she examines the bandit with open contempt, her mouth drawn sharply down at the corners. The bandit wipes his mouth on his sleeve, rises from his chair, whistles sharply--and immediately two

of his Indians enter and stand awaiting orders. Pointing to Miss Farnsworth the bandit orders the Indians to take her to her room, to see that she has everything needed to make her comfortable for the night; and then to lock her into the compartment--stationing a guard outside of the window. Miss Farnsworth, fortified by emergency, finds the courage to speak authoritatively. With much of her usual dignity she says firmly:

"Come Gloria."

Gloria starts forward--but the bandit stops her.

"The dishes," he reminds her tersely, "And after they are washed, I want to talk to you."

"Dishes!" Gloria laughs scornfully, "Do you think I'd wash those filthy things after an animal like you had eaten from them?" The bandit is dangerously quiet:

"You gave me your word--evidently your sense of honor is as faulty as your manners are bad."

"Manners--who do you know about my manners? Who are you anyway--and why have you kidnapped us and brought us to this God-forsaken hole?"

The bandit merely points commandingly to the soiled dishes and orders:

"Pile them up, carry them into the kitchen--and if you really don't know how, I'll teach you to wash them."

"I won't!" defies Gloria, stamping her foot.

"Pick them up!"

"NO!" flames Gloria.

The bandit's voice drops almost to a whisper--and his hand reaches out to grasp the handle of his riding whip, where he has hung it against the wall:

"Pick-them-up."

then blindly she runs to the locked door, pounds upon it with her white fists until the skin upon them is cut by the rough unplanned boards; and at the same time she calls hysterically: "Mr. Petruchio! Mr. Petruchio! Mr. Petruchio, please! I'll wash them if I can, Mr. Petruchio--only truly, I don't know how! I don't - know --- how!"

The door opens immediately, the bandit enters with a bright round wicker lantern....He smiles in the most friendly of fashions. Going to the sink he places the dishpan under the fawcet, takes a dish mop from a convenient nail and turning to Gloria with a Chesterfieldian bow, he suggests gallantly:

"Let us proceed."

Gloria's eyes hold the bandit's for a moment--then, her cheeks still wet with tears, she finds herself smiling--a smile of half-sheepish admiration--this is the first human being who has ever really been able to force her to do something entirely against her will. Gingerly, Gloria picks up one of the soiled tin plates, gravely she walks to the dishpan; and as the bandit begins to demonstrate the gentle art of dishwashing, Gloria's mind is not on the mechanics of this homely art--it is entirely engrossed by an intensive examination--and strangely enough, by a lively interest in her remarkable teacher. Such shoulders--huge, flexible, yes, handsome shoulders. And what a likeable smile--one might almost admire the creature if-if-well, if ~~he~~ were anything but a bandit.

"Hold the plate in your left hand and swab it off with the mop; then put it under the fawcett and rinse off the sunds." The bandit's voice brings Gloria back from abstraction on speculation--the next minute she is scrubbing a tin plate with an exceedingly efficacious cotton string mop.

But while Gloria has seemingly capitulated, Miss Farnsworth

certainly has not. Once Gloria has been taken to the room reserved for her use, the bandit--leaving only a guard before the open windows of the rooms occupied by the two women, starts across a flat stony clearing to a place where a deep shaft in the ground and a mass of machinery suggests mining operations of an extensive sort. The door of a small building opens, and the aged Indian, Black Eagle, calls the bandit who passes into the structure closing the door behind him, leaving, uninterrupted the abysmal darkness of the night.

Once inside, Black Eagle actually beams with excitement--a most unheard of procedure for an Indian, and going to a portable safe begins to manipulate the combination--as he does so he says jerkily, his utterance handicapped by excitement.

"While you go way New York, we find him, much radium--you tak 'em back, show big bank, they spend much money find more radium. Little Jack Hemmingway--big man now, grow very big rich--Black Eagle much glad."

And in her room, Miss Farnsworth, working diligently with a hairpin, has managed to pick the very simple lock on her bedroom door. Once in the main room of the shack, she finds a revolver, hanging in a holster, gets possession of the weapon--and with the gun held nervously before her peers out of the window--a hundred yards away, she sees a bright light shining from a small square window--and with visions of a bandit crew engaged in drunken debauchery over a bottle of whiskey and a game of cards--she creeps to Gloria's door and calls hoarsely:

"Gloria, dear--it is I--Miss Farnsworth. I--I--I've got a gun."

Gloria is immediately alert:

"What are you going to do with it?" asks Gloria from her side of the barrier--"And how did you get out?"

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appointed guardians of her person and fortune. But a kindly judge, intuitively comprehending the situation, had appointed a hard boiled trust company in that capacity; and Gloria walked from the court room, her head held high in triumph, knowing that the rights of a small girl had conquered.

The years bring no abatement of Gloria's contempt for her relatives, a spying crew who/bribed her servants to report her actions, so that they might yet re-open that contention of incompetence, and get possession of her millions. At eighteen, we find Gloria the same, unreasonable, fighting little wildcat that she was the age of ten. It has become natural for her to behave in this extrodinary manner---something of a game to be played with her relatives as opponents, and her teachers, companions, and her guardian---Major MacClellan, President of the Trust Company in charge of her affairs, as pawns. She fights, scratches, jibes; she has acquired an aim in hurling missles at her hapless associates, that might prove creditable in the pitching box on a big league diamond. She smokes, reads racy novels---assuming postures of a nature, while doing so, that infinitely shock the timid Miss Farnsworth--her companion; Miss Farnsworth belonging to an era in which ankles were refeered to in only the most discreet of tones---legs were never mentioned.

Realizing that Gloria must be tamed, or else go to the dogs, Major MacClellan---on the advice of his wife--engages Jack Hemming-way for the job. Jack--the most dominantly masculine creature imaginable, a star athlete just recently out of college---where he earned his tuition money and three square by pounding the piano for 'frat' dances, is now employed by an all night cabaret as a member of a 'jazz' orchestra. The pay is small and the hours are long; but Jack, who spends his

days tramping from banking house to banking house in an effort to secure funds for the opening of radium deposits on land that he owns in North Western Canada, is glad of just this means of livelihood. But when Major MacClellan, appearing at the cabaret, offers him a position as musical instructor to Gloria Glendon---naming a figure in remuneration several times that payed by the orchestra, Jack accepts unconditionally:

"For the sum you mention, Governor, I'd tackle an aboriginal savage". he grins jubillantly.

The Major looks at Jack almost pityingly as he remarks drily:

" You're going to."

The encounter between Gloria Glendon and Jack Hemmingway is a stormy one. Having been met by Gloria's butler, and informed by that individual that 'the trust company pays handsomely every time Miss Gloria actually hurts anyone', Jack is prepared for the worst. Gloria--a slim, flower faced creature in a soft silken frock, seems upon first sight, an angelic little creature absolutely incapable of such frightful conduct as that ascribed to her-----but Jack is soon to be initiated into the mysteries of Gloria's turbulent nature. Instead of playing an orderly scale as Jack requests, she pounds upon the piano keys with strident palms----and then she asks Jack what he does when his pupils refuse to obey.

"I usually shake them." replied Jack caustically; and when Gloria still persists in her outrageous behavoir he does shake her----shakes her until her teeth rattle; then he abruptly leaves the house. Gloria runs to the window of the music room, where Jack is visable as he reaches the sidewalk----and assembling the bric-a-brac, she hurls it after him in a continuous shower, until he has gained cover in the

Fifth Avenue bus.

At first Jack determined to tell Major Farnsworth that the bargain is off--- no amount of money was worth a spectacle of the kind to which Jack had just been subjected ; and then, as he leaves the vehicle, on his way to Major MacClellan's office at the Trust Company, he is caught by traffic on the opposite side of the street and finds himself standing in front of Brentano's book store. Displayed in the window is a vellum bound edition of Shakespeares works, and Jack's idle eyes finally narrow down to the slender volume labled, " The Taming Of The Shrew".

" By gorry!" exclaims Jack suddenly, posessed of an audacious idea, " If that guy Petrucio could do it, I can! "

So it happened that Jack Hemmingway's proposition, when he finally gained the privacy of Major MacClellan's office, was quite different than he had at first intended.

Some weeks later, up in the narrow mountain passes of North Wester Canada, Gloria Glendon is riding in her private car--en route to Bamff---in the company of Miss Farnsworth. Miss Farnsworth--- a convert to the doctrines of Coue, is studying the works of that gentleman (A chapter especially devoted to the subject "Fear".) when the car stops, and a ferocious looking bandit appears in the doorway. Miss Farnsworth's horror when she realizes that the private car has been unhooked, and that the rest of the train is speeding north , can readily be imagined. Desperately she clutches Coue, mumbling over and over, " I am not afraid! I am not afraid! I am not afraid----" Then she crumpled into a dejected little heap upon the floor. The bandit does his best to revive her--with poor success however; so he calls a band of Indians who accompany him, and detailing them to carry Miss

Farnsworth, the Bandit then turns his attention to the contemptuously defiant Gloria. Tying her hands behind her back with his handkerchief, the bandit throws Gloria over the front of his saddle, where, spitting and screaming, clawing and biting--even promising to shoot the bandit with pleasure, at the earliest opportunity, she is carried down a narrow trail to the bottom of a great, blind canyon, the mountainous sides of which tower for thousands of feet, straight up toward the sun.

And in a drawing room compartment of the train speeding to Banff, Major and Mrs. MacClellan, who are passengers there, quite unknown to Gloria, look back along the road bed, and with some misgiving speculate as to the wisdom of their actions----for the bandit, of course, is Jack Hemmingway, disguised by a rough stubble of beard; and just south of the blind canyon, is the land upon which he believes there are valuable radium deposits.

The story concerns itself, from this point on, with the process of taming Gloria. The Bandit takes a leaf from Petrucio and to this example adds a generous share of his own sense of discipline. If gloria is hungry, and would eat, there are meals to get, dishes to wash. The wishes and rights of other must be considered in this regime where the bearded bandit is lord and master. But all of this fails to go into effect without a world of opposition from Gloria. The threat of a whiplash, frightens but does not conquer her---and seeing her quivering but determined young face, the eyes closed in expectant horror, the bandit cannot strike. Instead, he closes Gloria into the unbroken darkness of a small kitchen, filled with soiled dishes, rats and the nauseous smells of stale cooking----there to stay until she shall have washed the dishes, as she promised to do, in order to obtain her supper. Gloria stands this confinement

only a few brief moments. Realizing from the moment that the kitchen door closes behind her, that she must scream in utter terror, she tries vainly to stifle a cry --- something warm and quivering slips across the instep of her slender foot; and running to the rough barrier, Gloria beats her fists against the door in frantic supplication that the bandit release her from that horrible place. He has told her that his name is Mister Petrucio, and now she calls him to her in a beaten sobbing voice:

" I'll wash them--I'll wash them Mr. Petrucio." she promised hysterically, " if you'll only show me how."

So together, Gloria and the bandit wash a soiled batch of clinking tin dishes. And looking at this great creature who has conquered her will, the first time in Gloria's entire life that this has ever been done----Gloria feels a convulsive thumping of her selfish little heart.....

Gloria is very near the brink of that dizzy cavern known familiarly as 'falling in love'.

At night, the bandit locks Gloria and Miss Farnsworth into separate bedrooms, placing a stoical Indian outside of their respective windows to prevent escape from this quarter. Fearing for Gloria's honor and safety, Miss Farnsworth finally manages to pick the lock of her bedroom door with a hairpin-----and then armed with a pistol which she finds in the main room of the cabin, she starts across an open space in front of the structure, where an eerie green light suggests the presence of the bandit and his Indian associates in a small shack beyond. Gloria, discovering that Miss Farnsworth is abroad, armed with a pistol, also makes her escape-----taking a water pitcher from her wash stand, she hurls it with a precision born of long practice, at the unsuspecting head of the indian outside her window; the