

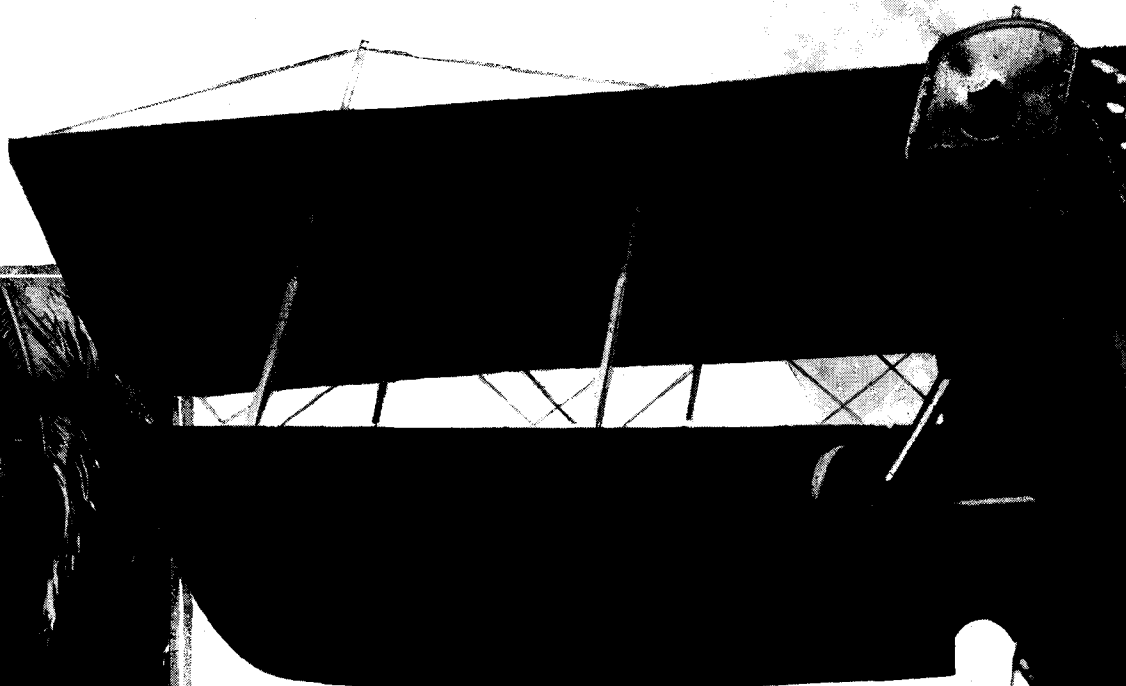
This Suspense is Awful

Z-z-ip goes the fillum, Good night; Poor Pauline. Some scenes from the movie thrillers that always ended on desperate notes and made the weeks between showings drag so slowly



If the week's allotment of thrills didn't end on this episode, there was something wrong in the cutting-room

Uncle Otto's going bye-bye for a week. Maybe for longer. But depend upon it the cowed gentleman will get his just deserts before the serial ends



Photoplay

Hold everything! Ruth Roland, queen of the serials, begins at the bottom of the ladder in "The Timber Queen"

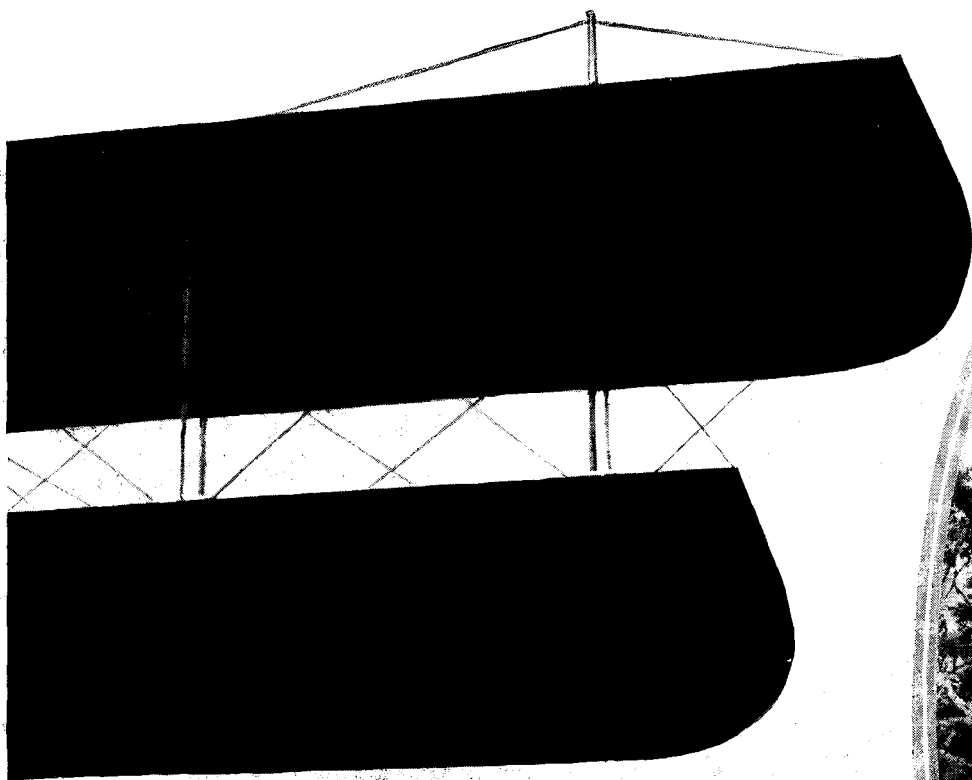


Pathé

It's a terrible thing to say but it can't be helped: the villain (at least, let's hope it's the villain) is about to fall down from the mast and go boom. The boom is below, Cecil

Well, well, well, that certainly floored him. William Duncan had things his own way until an unseen hand pulled a lever and then they flashed "Continued at This Theater Next Week"

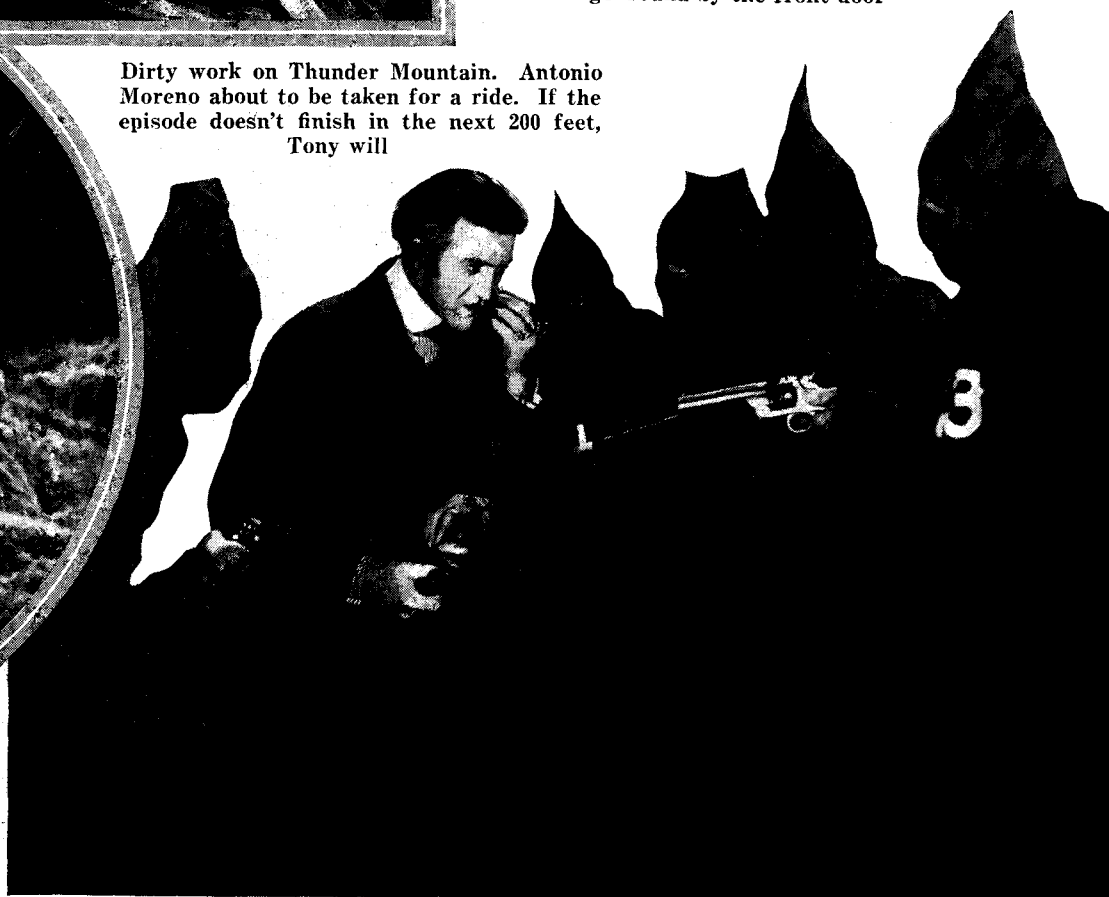




Dare-devil Dick drops in on the folks. Well, that's one way to make a grand entrance but it would have been so much easier to go 'round by the front door



Dirty work on Thunder Mountain. Antonio Moreno about to be taken for a ride. If the episode doesn't finish in the next 200 feet, Tony will



But just when all hope was abandoned... the house lights went on and the boys started selling candy in the aisles

Tck! Tck! The service is getting worse and worse. Francis Ford trying to get a number is harassed by what appears to be the K. K. K., Blackamoor division



The Day the World Ended

By Sax Rohmer

II

IN THE night hush—it was close upon four—I could hear the chattering Oos as it flowed in miniature cataracts but a few yards from my balcony.

Nature had claimed her due. Not even that ghastly omen of the Second Warning had sufficed to keep me awake. Yet I was not destined to sleep in peace.

Something had reached me, deeply though I slumbered, and I had awakened automatically—as is the way of one who has lived in wild places.

Memory of a sound came over from sleep.

Creaking.

There was silence. No moon broke the blackness of the outer room, dimly visible from where I lay. Then, it came again—creaking. I turned, noiselessly.

Someone—a vague silhouette—had stealthily raised the shutters!

Slowly, and cautiously, hoping my maneuvers were unseen in the darkness of the alcove, I lifted myself upon an elbow. The figure was still there—stooping, I thought, and looking into the outer room. The shutter had been moved up fully three feet, by what means I could not imagine, but whilst it was high enough for cramped entrance, it was yet so low as to have hampered swift retreat.

I wondered if I had made any sound in the moment of awakening: the in-

The Story Thus Far: BRIAN WOODVILLE, just back from a special mission in Brazil, is sent to Baden-Baden, Germany, by the Daily World to investigate the report that giant bats, believed to be vampires, have been seen hovering over the Black Forest.

At 3 A. M. Woodville is awakened in his hotel bedroom by a voice which calls him by name, warning him to leave Baden-Baden. "This is the first warning. You have three days." He snaps on the light but cannot discover the source of the voice.

Woodville's inquiries about the vampires are met with evasions or the advice not to pursue the matter. The bar-keep speaks of the new graves in the cemetery.

Madame Yburg, a woman of striking appearance, extraordinarily slender and graceful with unusually perfect, sharp, white teeth, has aroused Woodville's suspicion. Kluster, an American, and M. Paul, a Frenchman, are apparently rivals for her favor.

On the following night Woodville goes to the cemetery. Before the locked gate he finds a caporal cigarette. Then he hears a whirring sound. A gigantic bat, vaguely luminous and horribly human, descends within the cemetery. Woodville climbs the wall, but can see nothing. A few minutes later he hears footsteps. It is Madame Yburg. He follows her and finds her apparently waiting for him. They return to the hotel together where she is greeted by M. Paul.

Woodville waits alone in his room for the return of the Voice. At exactly 3 A. M. it speaks. Woodville crosses the room. The bodiless Voice follows him.

truder was so motionless—so silent. My finger rested, tautly, upon the trigger of my automatic.

And as I lay there, watching, and awaiting the next development, this quietude became definitely horrible. I visualized that incredible thing with great gray-purplish wings, which had disappeared among the tombs.

What was it, so silent out there on the balcony, which peered in? Did it crouch, animal-like, on all fours? Was it crawling toward me?

WHETHER, or whatever, was there, gave no sign. Inch by inch I drew myself up, preparatory to springing

out. My eyes were becoming used to the darkness. Where I had seen, or thought I had seen, the silhouette of a stooping figure, I now could detect vague half-lights. Was it possible that the intruder had withdrawn even as I lay watching?

And now, being ready, I cast off the sheets and leaped on to the carpet. In nine strides I reached the window.

The gap, three feet high, between floor and shutter was vacant. Nobody, nothing was there! I stumbled back to the switch beside the door. A swift flood of light came, and I stood blinking toward the window.

Then, I recrossed, grasped the cords, and raised the central shutter fully.

Barefooted, I stepped out on to the tiled balcony. A table and two chairs alone broke its emptiness. Right, three steps led down to a graveled garden path.

Someone moved . . . near me—below. I leaned over the stone balustrade.

"Good evening, sir!" said a gruff voice in German. "Has something disturbed you?"

A wave of relief flowed over me hotly. There was nothing supernatural about this voice—and human companionship I welcomed.

"Good evening," I replied. "Who are you?"

"Night watchman, sir. I patrol the

Illustrated by
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Richard
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Heedless, now, of eyestrain, I waited, doubting my own sanity

gardens every half hour. These ground-floor rooms are so easily entered, you see."

I was peering in the speaker's direction. But he merely showed as a darker patch in the general gloom.

"They are!" I agreed. "When did you arrive?"

"At this moment."

"Someone raised my shutters a few minutes ago." (Continued on page 20)