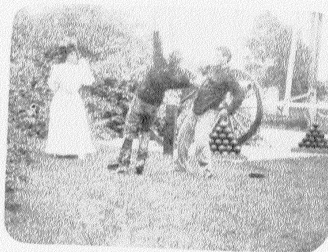


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A LIFE FOR A LIFE

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The SELIG POLYSCOPE CO. Inc.

43-45 Peck Court CHICAGO, U. S. A.

H. H. BUCKWALTER, Gen'l Western Agent

DENVER COLORADO

A LIFE FOR A LIFE

A military story of intensely dramatic interest and a production which comes at a most seasonable time, when military life and all military scenes and events possess a peculiar fascination for the theater going public and nothing which can be offered meets with such universal favor as incidents of this description.

A life for a life or death by the hand of God opens in most realistic fashion with "Guard Mount" at the Military prison of Yuma on the arid plains of Arizona.

The relief is marshalled in front of the military barracks; the usual close inspection of arms and accoutrements is made and right about face the guard marches off to the prison to relieve their comrades on duty.

The military introduction is, however, simply a preface to the love story which follows; which opens with a meeting between the Lieutenant of the Troop and his sweetheart, the cannon and general surroundings in the background maintaining the military character of the story. It seems, however, that the girl has already attracted the observation of one of the enlisted men who appears on the scene and with insulting language reproaches the Lieutenant. This is bitterly resented and a fight ensues between them, when the soldier who has been knocked down realizing that in striking an officer on duty he has incurred the penalty of a disgraceful dismissal from the service and desperately anxious to avoid this, draws a knife and stabbing the officer to the heart, makes his escape leaving the poor girl lamenting and heart broken over the body of her lover.

The young lady's cries bring a number of the officer's Troop to her aid and enraged at the death of their Lieutenant they immediately start in pursuit of the murderer, who in endeavoring to effect his escape leads his pursuers through scenery which is alternately wild and picturesque. At first it seems that he must succeed in eluding them, and at one time being more closely pressed by the swiftest of his fellow soldiers he gains temporary safety by dealing him a murderous blow, but finally, exhausted and disheartened, he is captured and led off to the Military Prison to await his Court Martial and trial for murder and desertion.

The prisoner being confined in his cell, the scene changes to the exterior of the prison where the interesting evolution of relief and guard mount outside the prison is seen, giving the audience a glimpse of real soldier life in barrack such as can seldom be obtained, and never presented before in a moving picture.

The interior of the prison is shown with a realistic fidelity and attention to detail which is the acme of moving picture art, and the villain seated in his cell broods over the probable consequence of his crime.

The prison guard enters, and leading him out he is next arraigned before a Court Martial and tried for his crime. The ceremonies and surroundings of a military trial have been carefully followed and an accurate reproduction of a scene seldom open to civilian observation, depicted. The evidence is carefully gone over and considered, the testimony of the young lady is taken, and after grave deliberation the court unani-

mously reaches a verdict of guilty and imposes the penalty of solitary confinement in the Yuma prison for life. The unfortunate man pleads wildly for a mitigation of his sentence, but without avail, and being led away is once more seen seated in his cell in dreary solitude. But "hope springs eternal in the human breast," and the condemned man has procured a file with which he is slowly filing his shackles apart, and when the turnkey enters his cell he strikes him down and while he lies unconscious strips him of his clothes and securing his keys gains the wall which he scales and finds himself once more a free man but alone in the sandy and desolate waste of the desert.

Impelled by fear of recapture, he makes his way across the desert, hoping for some place however humble, at which he can obtain rest and refreshment, but finding none. Water! water! is his cry, but none can he find, and sinks exhausted to the ground. What does he see? A green spot, an oasis, towards which he crawls painfully, for he can stand no longer, and to his unutterable joy finds a small supply of brackish water, enough at least to prolong his life for a few hours, and slightly refreshed he rises once more to his feet and staggers on.

But the hand of God is upon him and the murder of the young Lieutenant will be avenged. Still seeking vainly for water, but this time unsuccessfully and at last exhausted, nature succumbs and the poor fellow falls exhausted to the ground to rise no more, and once again the tragedy of the desert is repeated and the erring man passes away to a mightier court than the Military one before which he recently stood.