

Supplement No. 109

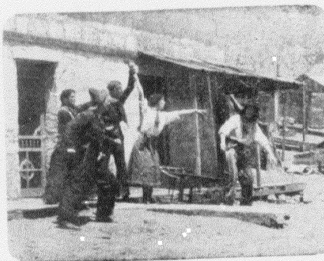
July, 1908

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AN INDIAN'S GRATITUDE

A Real Western Drama See the
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AN INDIAN'S GRATITUDE

A bit of Western realism that for scenic grandeur and vivid truthfulness has never been excelled—the story appeals to all through its absolute fidelity to environment.

Bessie, the pretty daughter of Hiram Fairbanks, a wealthy Colorado ranchman, is in love with Frank Carson, the dashing cowboy foreman on her father's ranch. Her love is returned and her father gives his approval to their marriage, but the old saying that "true love never runs smooth" is verified in their case. Just as happiness seems within their grasp the shadow appears in the person of a halfbreed Mexican, a neighbor of the Fairbanks, who has cast longing eyes on pretty Bessie. His mad jealousy is aroused and gets beyond his control when he sees her about to become the wife of another.

As the story opens we see Bessie trying to teach Lone Wolf, a friendly Sioux Indian employed about the ranch, the beauties of the Christian religion. She has written in bold letters on a slate the fifth commandment—"Thou shalt not kill"—and his untutored mind is struggling hard to grasp the meaning of the Master's command, when he witnesses a meeting between Bessie and the halfbreed. The girl scorns the man, and when he becomes insistent leaves him and enters the house. The Indian, his heart filled with gratitude toward Bessie for the interest she has taken in his welfare, sees the cowardly ruffian about to fire at her retreating form. To grapple with the man and throw up the deadly weapon, which explodes in the air, is but the work of a moment. The girl and her sweetheart appear at the door and the tricky halfbreed turns the situation to his own advantage by accusing the Indian. The ranchman believes the lie but Bessie does not, and as her father orders poor Lone Wolf away from the premises she

takes his part. The Indian slinks away, wondering at the devious ways of the white man but grateful to the girl for defending him. The halfbreed has been waiting his opportunity and asks the cowboy sweetheart to wait for a moment, and as the ranchman and his daughter enter the house the halfbreed treacherously shoots the unsuspecting cowboy. Baffled rage makes his aim inaccurate and the boy falls wounded. They all return to the scene as the coward dashes away. The ranchman draws his revolver and is about to kill the poor Indian whom he finds kneeling over the boy. Again the girl saves him, the lover regaining consciousness long enough to exonerate the Indian and give the name of the man who has attempted to assassinate him.

The girl and her father help the wounded man into the house. The father rushes to the nearby corral and gives the alarm to a score of cowboys. They saddle their horses and away; **(the man hunt is on)**. The lone Indian watches them disappear. "They no catch him that way—too much noise. Me take trail alone; me find him, me kill him—for her."

He mounts his pony and rides away, soon striking the trail. We then see one of those strange events such as the great West alone makes possible. The savage, half tamed by civilization, going back through ancestral instinct to the wild hunt for blood of a fellow creature. Step by step, foot by foot, but with unfailing instinct guiding him. A broken twig, a fluttering leaf, then on and on; every moment bringing him nearer to his prey. At last they are face to face. The halfbreed, no match for his foe, is doomed. As the Indian raises his knife to silence forever the pleading coward, his hand is stayed by a vision. It is pretty Bessie holding up the slate with those wonderful words, so potent and powerful that even the child of the forest has felt their impress upon his undeveloped brain—"Thou shalt not kill." The knife goes back to the scabbard, and he orders the halfbreed to throw up his hands and go on before him back to the waiting ponies. "Him

part white. Let the Pale Face judge him--
me no kill no more."

The cowboys arrive, but forgetful of their Sunday-school teachings they promptly prepare to lynch the cowering wretch. The Indian watches the preparations, but the girl's lesson is still uppermost in his mind--"Thou shalt not kill." He pleads for the man's life. Bessie arrives in time to prevent the men from carrying out their designs. "The doctor says it's only a flesh wound. Let him go, boys."

She removes the rope from the halfbreed's neck and he darts for safety. Then as pretty Bessie returns to her wounded lover, Lone Wolf brings his slate to his little teacher and proudly shows her that the morning's lesson has gone home, for he has written underneath the words "Thou shalt not kill" "me good Injun", and we know as the picture fades from view that this poor Indian at least, in proving his gratitude, has found a home and a place in the hearts of Jack and Bessie.

An Indian's Gratitude, amid scenes supplied by Nature, scenery that the world's artists gaze at in amazement without hope of duplicating, scenery that tourists from the Old World come thousands of miles to see, every section of this great picture taken in that scenic wonderland, Colorado, no such environment has ever been given to a like subject. The background of reality lends absolute fidelity to this page from our great West.

Released July 9, 1908--Order Now

Watch for it--on the way

THE TALE OF THE TWO CITIES

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