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Date... **Sept. 1, 1927**...No. **0074** **"ROSE MARIE"**

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Culver City, Calif.

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Rose Marie's treatment by
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**FIRST
TEMPORARY
COMPLETE**

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"ROSE MARIE"

-oOo-

Winnifred Reeve's Version.

The last rays of sunset were tinging the land, lingering in splendour above the hills, and outlining in bold silhouette the jagged fingers of the Canadian Rockies. It was late fall, the trees were dropping their glorified freight. The blue Bow River was low and moved slumbrously along in the valley below. Giant cliffs and canyons, gulches and sloping hills and valleys made of the foothill country a region of unsurpassed beauty.

Far up on one of the most inaccessible cliffs, a natural "Castle" reared its great pile of stone. It was a cave of exceptional beauty. Here a young Forest Ranger had set up his camp. He was a lean, strong, outdoor type, with something of the dreamer about his finely chiseled features, and eyes with the long look of the woodman and ranger. On the side of the "Castle" that gave directly above the entrance, Jim Kenyon had built his fire, and was stretched out before it, smoking his pipe and gazing off at the beauty of the fading day. Hard-by was his outfit - the paraphernalia of the Forest Ranger, and in a coulie halfway up the hill his packhorses were tethered.

A long calling sound, like a note of music, or the cry of a wild bird, broke suddenly over the stillness of the evening. Kenyon raised himself slightly and looked down the

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cliff to a lower eminence, where a large flat rock showed between the sentinel tall pine trees. In the grateful shadow of the trees, her face slightly upturned, the picturesque slim figure of a young Indian maiden showed. It was she who was sending forth the long musical call, which seemed to find an echo, and indeed a human answer from the very hills themselves. Henryon wondered vaguely just why the girl, with her hands to her mouth, was sending forth the strange call, and as if in answer to his question, there suddenly appeared from out the bush a young Indian brave. His fine form showed in silhouette as he stood a moment, ere he went bounding, lightfooted, down toward the maid. The two seemed literally to merge into each others' arms, and the soft dusk closed in about them.

About four or five miles from the Castle Point, where the forest Ranger was camping, were the wide spreading lands of the Stoney Indian Reserve. They covered a lordly territory of 400,000 miles of magnificent timber and pasture lands. The Banff National Highway, which partly paralleled the Bow River cut through the Reserve. Fine white buildings, with green roofs imposing and of an official type housed the white Indian agent and employees of the Government. There was an Indian school on the Reserve; a church, North Western Mounted barracks, and a small trading post. The Indian log houses and shacks were scattered over the Reserve.

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The Indian Agent, Dan Hawley, was a smooth and good-looking politician. His job was a sinecure. Hawley's slightly smiling and somewhat supercilious face was not one to inspire entire trust. His power and authority were almost unlimited. The Indians feared him. They did not respect him. They kept their girls well out of his way. Hawley had an infinite contempt for mere Indians. He regarded them as lice---dogs, unfit to walk beside a white man, but to trail behind him. His contempt for the race, however, had not prevented him seducing the pretty half-breed, Wanda.

Wanda loved him slavishly. She had become somewhat of a thorn in his side of late days and had an irritating habit of appearing from behind trees or buildings and of trailing behind the Agent, coming forth, or catching up to him, whenever occasion offered, to make her sweet demands for the something she craved --- the white man's love. Hawley had a good excuse for telling her to creep away, for Wanda was married to Black Eagle and Black Eagle trailed the steps of Wanda even as Wanda followed the Agent. Hawley would say to her: slipping perhaps a bit of money into her hands:

"Keep away, Wanda---your husband may be watching."

"Wanda would passionately declare that she did not care about Black Eagle. He was of no account. A bottle of fire stuff would quiet him, and---some night Wanda would --- An eloquent, significant motion would turn the blood cold in the veins of her white, craven lover. The "Blood-thirsty Savage" -

he secretly named her to himself. He must find some way to be rid of her! Hawley had become passionately enamored of the little French Canadian girl, daughter of the manager of the Trading Post, who had recently come down from Saskatchewan.

Emile LaFlamme was more or less a tool in the hands of his employer, Hawley. He was a nervous, excitable Frenchman anxious to ingratiate himself with Hawley and build up the somewhat flagging trade at the Post. It built up in fact rapidly, after Rose Marie was installed there; for the force of her beauty spread all over the ranching country, and the young buckaroos, the trappers and hunters rode in from far and near for a glance at the girl's bright eyes and for the pleasure of hearing her deliciously halting accent.

Hawley made many excuses to come to the Trading Post. It was under his dominion as agent. He pretended to make a survey of the stock, and while instructing Emile, he kept a wandering eye on Rose Marie. She was a pretty figure in her beaded and fringed Indian breeches and the bright magenta cowboy shirt. About her throat was a brightly colored handkerchief loosely knotted. Her cheeks were as red as a Canadian apple. Her hair was black and curly and she had bright, dark eyes that could do most devastating work upon the impressionable young men who vied for her favor.

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Hawley, when her father was despatched on some errand by him, would lean across the counter to pay her compliments and to look into her eyes. Sometimes he did more than that--attempted to pinch her chin, to capture the little hand, and once holding her by force, he had leaned across the counter and imprinted a kiss on her soft white arm. Rose Marie had rewarded him for that with a resounding smack on the cheek--a smack that brought the angry laugh to his lips. Her spirit, however, made her the more attractive in his eyes, and he said:

"That's how I like 'em Rose Marie---fire and fight! If I had you in my arms---"

"You will never 'ave me in your arms, m'sieu" replied Rose Marie coldly and turned back to her work on the shelves. After that Hawley tried every means in his power to win her, and seeing the hopelessness of obtaining her, as he had the Indian girl, and possessed by an overpowering passion for her now, Hawley condescended to ask her to be his wife. He had expected surprise and gratitude. But indeed Rose Marie was not unused to proposals of marriage. She shrugged as she shook her head.

"Impossible m'sieu" she said. "I no want mah marry. Is more wise be young girl."

Hawley pleaded. Rose Marie was obdurate. He painted a picture of what life would mean as the wife of the Indian Agent---the First Lady of the Reserve. Rose Marie was not impressed. She said:

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"Is more nice like these way. Aexcuse me. Tank you."

Hawley had recourse to the girl's father. Emile was duly impressed. Hawley hinted that he might go down to Calgary and make a change of management in the trading store. Emile was agitated at this. Hawley suggested that he use strenuous measures to force the girl to accede to his wishes. To strengthen Emile's authority and to goad him into a mood of anger, Hawley got him half drunk.

The two of them now came into the store. Emile was promising Hawley that he'd teach her a lesson. He'd show his boss how the French train their women. He shouted:

"ROSE MARIE!"

She turned back her head slightly and answered:

"Oui papa?"

Her back was to them. Rose Marie was arranging some canned goods on the shelf. Emile bowed:

"What is dis I am hear? M'sieu Hawley he 'ave do you the honaire to ask you to marry wis him, heh!"

Rose Marie admitted carelessly that that was the case. She had not seen her father take the knitted Indian quirt from the wall, but when he reared:

"Then why you not hurry---make dat marriage at once?" Rose Marie turned around in surprise, and as she saw first the quirt and then the man behind her father, her head went high, and a look of scorn passed over her face.

"Mon pere" she said. "If m'sieu Hawley were only man in dese worl' no? I wuold nevair marry wis him."

The words were barely out of her mouth when the lash of the quirt fell upon her shoulders. Emile drove the girl along, screaming vituperative things at her. She fled up the stairs and into her little room, wherein her father looked her.

As he came down into the shop, swearing profanely, he stopped to bring and apologise to Hawley. The latter relieved him of the key to Rose Marie's room, sent him upon an errand to the far end of the Reserve, and proceeded to make himself comfortable on a cot in the back room of the shop.

Rose Marie, when her first wrath had died down sat crouched at her window. It gave directly upon the little street, and she could see the forms of loitering Indians, always more or less hanging about the trading store. Rose Marie was seized with a longing to escape from the place---to go away -- out into the mountains. She could hear the longsweet call of the Indian maid, calling to her lover, and Rose Marie had a wistful longing to go to where the Indian Rock was. Perhaps some day she too would have a lover who would meet her at the rock.

She saw her father leave the store, and go settling down the street. His departure made her somewhat thoughtful. It was seldom the store was left like this. Who was keeping shop then in her father's absence. Hawley? As she pondered this, she heard the stealthy touch of a hand at her door knob. Someone was slipping a key into the lock. Instantly Rose Marie was on her feet. She stuck the hard little chair as a wedge under the door knob, pushed the great wooden bed and bureau as

a barricade before it as well. Out in the hall Hawley was listening. He heard the movement of the furniture. The door, unlooked, felt the resistance of the barricade. Hawley stole back to the shop. Rose Marie, realizing now, the real peril to her honor, looked about her for some means of escape. To jump from the window was to land her in the street among the Indians.

On her ceiling there was little skylight giving to the roof. The roof was slanting and slippery, but at back Rose Marie knew was the safe shelter of the encompassing woods, into which she purpose to flee.

She climbed on her bed, swung herself up, pushing the little slat aside and soon was on the roof. She slid down the roof, caught at the rainpipe and soon was on the ground. She made immediately for the woods, crossing the Benff Highway and penetrating into the deep timber land.

The woods were dusky, but a bright moon overhead showed the trails, and Rose Marie climbed steadily up the slope. She was making for the Indian Rock, above which she knew the Castle cave offered a natural shelter for the night.

When she reached the summit, she did not see the man rolled in his blanket and asleep on the side of the cave. Rose Marie was too intent on finding a shelter for herself. Exhausted by the long arduous climb, still fearful and wrathful because of the beating administered by her father, Rose Marie crawled under the outjutting opening of the cave and curling up on a natural bed of pine, she dropped sound asleep.

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Very early in the morning Jim Kenyon awoke. Streamers of red were splashed like fire over the eastern sky. A soft stillness permeated the woods. The air was sharp, full of the tang of the late fall. Hard frost was upon every bush. The sun rose splendidly out of a pale yellow and red sky. Never was there a more marvelous sunrise than that of the Canadian Rockies.

The fire was dead. Jim started to rebuild it, heaping faggots and dried leaves upon the embers. Soon a good fire was crackling cheerily. He began to prepare his breakfast; black coffee, potatoes fried with big slices of bacon. The odor of the sizzling bacon, the coffee, the pine stole into the nostrils of Rose Marie. She stirred, raised herself on her elbow, peered out of the side of the cave and saw the man bending over the fire. She drew back, then affrighted and uncertain. She longed for some of that bacon, for a draft of that wonderful coffee.

Jim, before falling to on his breakfast, picked up his pail and went down to a spring a little distance from the camp for water. That gave Rose Marie the desired chance. It was impossible to resist the youthful demands of her dunny. Rose Marie stole out. She seized a loaf of bread, chucked it under her arm, plucked the frying pan of bacon and potatoes from the fire, and was about to help herself, when she descried the man coming along the trail back up to the camp. There was no time to help herself. She fled back to the shelter of the cave, still grasping the frying pan, the grease dripping

down from it as she ran, and making a plain trail.

Jim came up the slope with his water, turned back to the fire, looked for his frying pan and stood staring amazed and bewildered. He scratched his head, pushing his wide ranger's hat back, as he pondered the mystery of his missing ration. The animal certainly would have seized a frying pan from a fire. His eye travelled from fire to the trail of grease and went on to the entrance of the cave. His amazement was mixed with rueful anger. An Indian--a low-lived sneaking coyote. Jim loaded his rifle, tramped across to the entrance and in a loud voice shouted:

"Come out of there, you coyote. I have you covered!

Whereupon there emerged from the cave, her two hands help up, Rose Marie. She was both smiling and crying and she was chewing on bacon and bread, one of her cheeks bulging out where it still held some part of Jim Kayon's breakfast.

He stared at her as if he could not believe the evidence of his eyes. Where in the name of Mike did she spring from? What did she want? Who was she?

Rose Marie replied with a stream of utterly unintelligible French words. Jim not understanding, she pantomimed her story and approaching ever nearer to him she suddenly tore down her waist at the shoulder and naively showed him the bruises and welts upon shoulder and rounded arm. Jim averted his eyes sternly, though being a man he could not help seeing how lovely was Rose Marie. He flattered himself he was

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girl proof. He was too busy a man to be bothered with girls -- Still he would have liked to get his hands upon the skunk who had flogged this incredibly pretty little French girl. There was something so appealing about her, that in spite of himself Jim softened. He assumed, however, a rough air and told her that these were a man's diggings -- no place for a girl, and she'd have to clear out.

Rose Marie replied with disarming 'naivette':

"Is very nice here tank you. I like stay leetle while."

Jim said waveringly:

"All right then. You can stay for breakfast -- help yourself."

Smile had a bad head the following morning. Too much Indian gin. Not good for a white man. He arose with some difficulty, and thought of the nice black coffee that Rose Marie would have boiling on the stove for him. But indeed the kitchen was empty, and no coffee on the stove. Smile recalled the incidents of the previous night.

Meanwhile Hawley was in a black mood. Things seemed to conspire to frustrate and annoy him. He felt vindictively disposed toward Rose Marie -- the little French devil, and he vented his anger upon Wanda, whom he found outside his door, where she had slept during the night. Hawley almost kicked the half breed, but she clung lovingly to his arm and he was forced to listen to her protestations of love. Irritably

he left his house, and with Wanda at his heels went down the street. At intervals he bade her turn back, and when Black Eagle came slipping from behind the Mission Hawley pointed to his wife and bade him take her home and keep her there.

Now his ire was doubly aroused to discover that the trading store was not yet opened, though it was considerably past nine o'clock, and the Indians rode in for the trading at seven. Groups of them were huddled around the outside of the Post waiting for Emile to open the doors. Hawley strode in and thumped loudly on the counter. He'd get even now with that little French devil.

Emile came tottering out, showing the effects of his last night's debauch. What sort of a place were they running on the Reserve, demanded Hawley. Why was the place not open for business --- where was that girl? Emile explained that Hawley had the key to her room. Hawley fished it surlily out of his pocket and they tramped up the little rickety stairs. Unlocked the door -- forced it -- pushing back the barricade of furniture. Discovered it was empty -- saw the opened skylight. The bird had flown.

Emile got out of the way of the now furious Hawley. He -- Emile -- ran around in distracted circles. His daughter was gone. He loved Rose Marie -- he was helpless without her. Hawley bade him shut up.

Orders were given for horses to be saddled, and soon a little posse rode out into the woods in search of the missing girl. Hawley and Emile rode ahead -- Hawley on a

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fine, fleet horse, and Smile, trying to keep apace with him, on a little skinny Indian runt.

It was about noon. Jim was explaining to Rose Marie some of the fascinating details of his work. The country owed it to him that there were few forest fires this year. He had been moved up from the Kootenay country, where he had acquired some fame both as a ranger and fire fighter. A forest ranger, so he explained to the absorbedly interested, wide-eyed Rose Marie, rode the range and forest Reserves, all the way from Cochrane to Banff -- and sometimes clear along into the Windermere country. When a Ranger camped -- say in a high place like this, he was enabled to see smoke from almost any part of the country. Jim showed Rose Marie how he manipulated the field glasses -- let her look through them -- she could see far off -- even the buildings of the Reserve.

Jim was in love with his work. Said it was a man's work. Said the Government had tried to substitute aviators to spot fires. Didn't work in the Rockies. Too many air pockets. He showed Rose Marie the paraphernalia for the extinguishing of an incipient fire. Showed her the whistle, whose shrill blast, would bring the forest rangers to the danger point. Told her how fires were started -- careless campers -- motorists, incendiarists. A Ranger had to be on the qui vive all the time. Jim didn't know how they'd get along without 'em. What's more -- it had a great future -- his prospects were

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excellent. He closed one eye in a canny wink. He had every reason to expect that some day he might even have charge of the National Preserves at Banff. Rose Marie exclaimed at this. This was a remarkable-a wonderful man - this M'sieu Jeem. (She had already learned his name) She asked timidly if he were ever lonely:

"Lonely! he exclaimed -- "What for? Think a fellow can get lonely with all this around him?"

His art eloquently indicated skies and woods. Why it was the only life. A man saw the whole world -- clear from Calgary to Banff -- and then some more country. Real country, too, not any pinch of up fenced in homestead. What's more - every year, just after the holidays, Jim was transferred to Banff, and that was about the gayest place in the world. In Banff, Jim's job was an important one -- he was in charge of the patrolling of the National wild game parks. It was a cinch and a man's job.

He was adjusting the lens as he spoke, and now he held them again for Rose Marie to look through. Somehow she almost got under or into his arms. Jim screwed his face up, got very red, and a sly, very naughty look crept into the girl's young face. She put her head back. Jim jerked the glasses to his own eyes. He could not see through them immediately, but presently automatically his gaze became focused on a party of horsemen, who were coming along the trail and climbing steadily up toward the Castle.

He turned back, jerked his thumb toward the advancing posse, said:

"Guess they're comin' for you now. I'll be rid of you soon."

Rose Marie's dark eyes held his with such a look of reproach that he staggered when she demanded:

"You want me go den? I very much trouble for you?"

"Oh--you're all right - only you see this is a man's diggings. Heh--don't go there. They're bound to trap you inside."

Rose Marie was making for the cave. Jim caught her arm, pulled her back, uncovered a hole in the ground, where certain of his things were cached, and helped her into it. Covered her with blankets and hides, threw his saddle over the pile, and when the men came up, Jim was squatting by the cave peeling potatoes.

"Bon jour m'sieu," greeted Smith.

"Bang jaw yourself" returned Jim pleasantly.

"'Ave you see young girl come long the way pass?"

Jim considered.

"What kind of a girl?"

Hawley interposed angrily.

"What the hell difference does that make? Did you or did you not see a girl?"

Jim gave him some attention, scrutinising Hawley from the tips of his toes to the top of his head; then shook his own head disparagingly:

"It that's the way you feel about it!

; little boy, run

along home!"

He returned to his peeling of potatoes.

The men looked about the place - they went into the cave. While they were gone Rose Marie's head popped out. Jim moved it back out of sight. Sat down on the hides.

The disappointed searchers came back. Hawley glared at the whistling Jim, who made him a polite and suave saloon of farewell. Hawley went off cursing.

When they were well out of sight, Jim assisted Rose Marie to come out of the hole. He now urged her to return home. Rose Marie shook her head emphatically. To arouse his further sympathy, again she showed him the marks on her shoulders. Jim said: "Hah cover yourself up. I seen it already."

He then asked Rose Marie why her father beat her:

Rose Marie explained vaguely: He would marry her to Hawley - the Indian agent.

"Oh-ho - that ugly customer with the teeth and the smile. Don't blame you for running off."

"And you let me stay here -- M'sieu Jim?"

"I'll think about it" said Jim roughly.

That evening in the beautiful moonlight, the Indian boy came again to meet the Indian girl. Rose Marie explained that the meeting place was known as the Indian Love Rock. When the Indian girl sent out the Indian love call, then the man she had chosen for her mate, would meet her, by arrangement at the rock. Rose Marie imitated to perfection the call. Jim tried to do so also. Rose Marie laughed at him. She looked very fascinating as she laughed with the moonbeams playing on her

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face. "Listen" she said: "I will sing you also a love song of the Indian, and she did so, the lovely music finding a soft echo in the hills. As she sang, from behind the cave, the dark face of Black Eagle showed. He stood watching the young people, and then his foot grazed a tin can and it clanked over. Startled, Rose Marie and Jim turned - saw the Indian.

Jim was for beating him. Rose Marie for bribing. Black Eagle picked out articles he wishes - molasses - candy - bags of brown sugar and some bacon. He went off loaded. He grunted a promise not to betray them.

The Trading Post. A number of Indians grouped about a placard Hawley had nailed to the wall. The translator reads it to the Indians. Black Eagle has joined the group. His little eyes glisten greedily, and the interpreter reads the reward offered for information as to the whereabouts of Rose Marie. Black Eagle goes into store. In pantomime, he tells Hawley and Emilie where they may find Rose Marie.

At the "Castle" the following morning, Jim discovers what looks like an incipient blaze down on the main highway. He rides off to attend to his duties. A party of motor hoboes have been camping and omitted to entirely put out their fire. The dry grass has caught the blaze. It is stealing toward the tree. The forest Ranger works tirelessly, till he has the fire under control. (This is just one of the incipient fires - only one man needed to put out).

Meanwhile Rose Marie, like a good little house wife, is tidying the camp. She is washing some of the dishes, her sleeves rolled up. - - - - -

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Along the trail Emile and Hawley are coming. They dismount from their horses midway of the hill and come on foot to the summit. Rose Marie is singing happily, but she turns around as if shot when her father suddenly calls shrilly:

"Rose Marie!"

Emile holds out his arms. Rose Marie does not rush into them. Instead she darts behind a tree. Emile and Hawley follow. She leads him a merry chase and running fleetly, jumps down onto the trail where the horses are waiting. Quick as a flash she is on the back of Hawley's mare and is well down the trail, when Emile and Hawley scrambling aboard Emile's scrawny little horse, race to overtake her. (Should have a comedy race here with, of course, Rose Marie outdistancing them and finally getting away and disappearing into the mountains.

Jim, having put out the fire, is coming up the trail on horse, when he notices farther down the road the two men on the one horse. He is puzzled but climbs up the grade, passing Black Eagle, slinking behind some bushes. Jim goes to the camp and finds that Rose Marie is gone. He looks about for her - she does not respond to his call and he realizes that possibly she has been found and that Black Eagle had betrayed her. He sets out then for the Reservation - goes to the Post and asks for Rose Marie. No one knows where she is. Coming out into the little Indian street he sees Black Eagle, leaps from his horse and is upon the Indian. He gives him a thorough thrashing and in the presence of the crowds gathered around them, Jim promises to skin the Indian alive next time he catches him.

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Rose Marie on Hawley's fleet mare is climbing deeper and deeper into the mountains. Her objective is Banff, about fifteen miles from the Reservation. It takes her about three hours to make Banff on horse.

Banff is one of the most beautiful resorts in the world. It is in the heart of the Rocky Mountains and at the summit of a grand eminence. On all sides rise the unmatched hills. Lakes and rivers flow in between.

As it is late fall, the summer season has long passed, and Banff is getting ready for the annual winter carnival which takes place some time in early January.

An Englishwoman--mannish type owns a novelty and souvenir shop. It is a picturesque, woodsy little place off from the main streets. Her business has been dull and she complains to a neighbor that a cheap little shop across the way has done most of the business that summer. The neighbor suggests that this might be due to the pretty shop girl. She might be the main attraction.

Rose Marie looking in at the window, says wistfully. The Englishwoman glances toward her. Says:

"Pooh, that girl across the street is'nt pretty. She's artificial! There---" and she indicates Rose Marie. "is a type of real beauty."

The other looks, assents, and whispers:

"Perhaps she would like a position--- she looks kind of homeless---and even hungry. Why don't you call her in."

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Cecille Martin, the Englishwoman, does so. She goes to door and beckons Rose Marie to come in.

Rose Marie is impressed by the beauty of the store, but she is also very hungry. So that when Miss Martin asks her if she would like a job, she answers quickly clasping her hands:

"Oh! oui, oui! Madame! Me? I will work for you some rags to eat on my stomach", and she naively puts her hand in stomach. Cecille is amused. Just as if Rose Marie were an automaton and could not understand, she appraises her to her friend.

"Dress her up a bit---she'd look quite well, eh? We might do something with her too--at the carnival. All right, child--you're engaged. Go in there and eat--and then get out of those awful rags you have on, and I'll give you some real clothes to wear."

The days that follow are bewildering ones for Rose Marie. She is dressed in smart pretty clothes and presides over the little store. Cecille takes a pride in her. Rose Marie would be happy, but for the intense longing again to see "Jeen". She comforts herself however, by the thought that Jim will come to Banff within a month or two. Then she will be sure to see him. She counts off the days on the calendar.

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(The following scene of the Banff annual carnival can of course be omitted and a summer scene substituted if picture cannot wait for winter scenes. Larry Trimble, a director, took some marvelous pictures during the Carnival at Banff about three years ago. I met him there at that time, and I know he took pictures of the Dog Derby--the races, the hockey games, skiing, etc. Also of the pageants and of the throngs of tourists and sports and processions, the Indians and Mounties. I believe these were never used in the picture and no doubt they could be had and would make great stuff)

Banff is en fete. The great annual carnival. Streets thronged with revelers--people all parts of the world. The luxurious Banff Springs Hotel C.P.R. and other hotels are crowded with American tourists and rich English and Canadians. Huge Canadians down from the Manitoba Passes, from the Saskatchewan, the Maritime Provinces, and Quebec and Ontario -- great sportsmen. They are here to compete in the events - their mushers are with them, and the most extraordinary huskies (dogs) in the world. The Derby takes place on a lake of ice that is as clear as glass.

The town is given over to a week of sports and festivities. Tobogganing, skiing, hockey, skating --- The Ice Palace -- an immense pile, as large as the hotel itself, is made of colossal blocks of ice, and its tower seems to touch the clouds.

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The various tribes of Indians make the annual trek to Banff, under the supervision of their Agents. Hawley comes with the Stoney Indians, and Emile is in charge of the commissary men. The long pageant of incoming Indians colorful and remarkable. Some are on horse, some on foot. They are arrayed in their best plumage. Tepees are set up clear down the center of every street in Banff (Streets are very wide in Banff) Cowboys, in picturesque chaps and sombreros ride in with their outfits, whirling their lariats and tossing them over the heads of the throngs in the streets, letting them fall loosely over the shoulders of the least expecting ones, and yipping with boyish delight at the surprise and embarrassment.

Numerous Mounted Police on splendid horses patrol the resort, keeping the gay crowds orderly.

The costumes are marvelous. Big men from Manitoba in rich baby caribou coats, lined with bright red flannel, and with cowls, and scarlet woolen sashes; beaver coats from the far North, dark and of a rich luster; true seal coats and racoon, musk rat and skunk. Everyone hobnobs with each other -- cowboys and buckaroos rubbing elbows with society folk from the West.

At every street corner champions are hallooing for and sounding the praises of their respective candidates for Queen of the Carnival. Votes are being bought by friends of the girls. Standing on a box, shouting like a mad woman, and waving a girl's portrait is Cecille Martin. She shouts hoarsely:

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"VOTE FOR THE PRETTIEST GIRL IN CANADA! A home-made product! The real thing!"

A photograph of Rose Marie, her face partly masked, as required by the conditions of the contest. To receive a nomination a girl must have at least one hundred votes. At the Grand Ball at the Ice Palace the successful contestants will parade before the populace, and the Queen chosen by popular vote.

Jim riding in. He is somewhat glum and morose. He has lost some of his old cheer and savor for life. Jim does not know it, or at all events he has not yet admitted it, but he is head-over-heels in love with Rose Marie, and ever since she left him, he has been unable to get her out of his head.

Now he is moving along absent-mindedly, when a crowd of rosy-cheeked, hockey girls and sisters surround him. They pelt him with snowballs and confetti. He has much ado to escape from them.

As he passes the corner where Lucille is acting as Barker for Rose Marie, she hollers to him, runs out and thrusts a photograph into his hand.

"Buy a picture and vote for the prettiest girl in Canada, number twenty one."

Jim, in order to be rid of her, buys the picture and votes. He glances at the slim figure of the masked girl, and something about its pose makes him think of Rose Marie. Of course, he thinks he's a fool. Every girl he meets reminds him in some way of Rose Marie, and yet there is only one Rose Marie in the world for him. The longer he looks at the picture the more he sees of Rose Marie in it. He decides he will go to that grand ball just to see what this girl is like with her mask off.

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The Grand Ball at the Ice Palace. It is a beautiful night, with a wide-eyed moon in the star-spotted sky. The transparent illuminated Ice Palace, looks like a fairy castle. Streamers of fireworks are besieging it. As the Palace is not large enough to contain the crowds of revellers, the streets around the Palace are roped off, and with lanterns hung everywhere and torches blazing, bands and orchestras playing, crowds and dancing in the streets, the snowy ground being their dance floor. They are dancing too, of course, in the Palace. The town is wide open, houses flowing like water. Hilarity and carnival spirit everywhere, and everyone is on tiptoe for the crowning event, the choosing of the Queen.

Wanda, following Halsey. He is furious, tries to elude her. How dare she approach him before all these white people. To get rid of her finally he bids her to return to return to her cabin and promises to come to her after the carnival.

They are clearing the center of the hall of the Palace. The crowds are herded back along the walls, and ropes hold them back. The Master of Ceremonies is announcing that the contestants for the Crown of Beauty will now parade. The Queen will be chosen by popular vote, the length of applause being clocked.

The girls come in one by one, to the loud applause, whistling and shouting of the crowds. Flowers and gifts are thrown at them. Each girl does some little stunt, and then unmasks. One girl skates; another slides in on snow shoes; another is borne on the brawny shoulders of a so-called Snow Man. Another is drawn in on a dog sledge, etc. They are ranged along in a

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circle at the back of the throne. The throne is a huge chair, mounted on a platform. The chair is made of hard packed snow, and great icicles are the points. Above the chair is a canopy of lacy snow and ice -- a masterly creation.

A girl in a white blanket overcoat is sliding into the center of the room. She is the embodiment of grace and the crowds are yelling themselves hoarse, whistling and making a great hullabaloo, for the girl begins whirling around her a cowboy's lariat. She is Rose Marie, and her glance is going all around the circle of faces. Suddenly she catches her breath. Ah! she knew that he would be there! She has seen Jim, who has shouldered his way to the forefront. Now she is dancing the lariat waltz, and as she dances the strands of the rope fly out in long nooses, and the young men seek to get under the noose. The applause is deafening, and the Master of Ceremonies is trying to make himself heard through a tin horn. Presently his booming voice rings out above the clamor. He is proclaiming Rose Marie Queen of the Carnival. Just as he does so the noose lies out and curls over the shoulders of Jim Kenyon. Loud outcries and laughter and clapping and banging of hands. A huge cowboy shouts:

"The Queen has chosen her consort."

The crowds behind Jim push the dazed and beautiful young fellow forward. Rose Marie draws him along to her side. They come to the throne. The contestants for Queen, now turned into Maids of Honor gather about the Master of Ceremonies, as Rose

Marie and Jim kneel and she is crowned Queen of the Carnival.

The Master of Ceremonies bids them arise. They face the audience. Jim is required to remove her mask. He does so awkwardly, and Rose Marie's lovely young face is revealed. He is stunned, intoxicated, cannot believe his eyes.

The Queen steps a few paces forward, drops the blanket over her shoulders. She is attired in a fragile little dress of tulle, edged and peppered with snow balls (absorbent cotton), and snow balls are in her dark hair and a wreath of it around her neck, like a long string of pearls. Rose Marie holds out her hands to the cheering crowds; then she makes a little motion for silence. Someone calls: "A Speech! A speech!"

A silence ensues. Rose Marie begins to sing, softly, sweetly, piercingly, the Italian Love Song. Jim recognizes the song. Rose Marie is singing to him. He no longer has any doubt as to what has befallen him. He loves her.

Vociferous and wild applause follows the song, but the Queen is being escorted to the throne. A staff of a long icicle is tendered her. She sits in royal splendor. Jim is at her side.

Pandemonium breaks out. The carnival spirit bursts all bounds, horns and trumpets are blown, sirens toot, bands are playing--liquid refreshments flowing. The dancing is resumed and the dancers are singing as they dance: French Canadian Chansons; other typical melodies. The Queen is for the nonce forgotten. But Jim is speaking to her, his eyes searching hers.

In that crowd of revellers, one there was who did not rejoice when Rose Marie was named as Queen. This was Hawley.

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He was stunned to discover that the girl he had tried to force to be his wife was the toast of the carnival. He made his way steadily toward the throne, pushing along the agitated and excited Emile, who as he moved along cried:

ROSE MARIE! Ma petite fille! (My little girl)

Emile was a prey to remorse and pride and emotion.

As they came alongside the royal chair, Hawley, who was devouring the girl's beauty, heard Jim's words.

"Rose Marie---I have missed you so."

"That is sad" said Rose Marie. "But did you not say that you would come to Banff."

"Yes, Rose Marie."

She smiles.

"Dat is why I am here--Jeen. I knew dat you would come."

"I love you", said Jim, indifferent to the moving throngs around them.

"Tank you", said Rose Marie. "Dat is sweet when I also love you--my Jeem!"

From their bliss and dream they were awakened by Emile, whom Hawley had pushed forward: "Rose Marie!"

The Queen rose from the throne. She looked down waveringly at the little excited Frenchman who was holding both of his arms out to her. A beautiful look broke over her face and she murmured:

"Pauvre papa!" (Poor papa)

He sprang at her, embraced her hysterically, told her how he missed her, how he loved his child; the house was empty without her, entreated her to return.

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She melted somewhat to him, and she said:

"Papa, I will return on one condition. That you will not insist I seek marry with -- H'aten Hawley."

Behind her back Hawley pentonined and winked at Emile who reassured her.

Rose Marie turned back to Jim. Their eyes met in a long glance. She said:

"For 'ee' a liddle while Jeem--I go back to my papa-- but--"

She leaned in whisper, so that no one save Jim should hear her words:

"---but you reme for those Indian love call I am tich you?" He nodded autely.

"When you 'ear me call in---come to me at thise Rock-- I shall be dere!"

An Indian cabin in woods. Wanda inside. She

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is waiting for Hawley, and as she waits, she makes herself pretty with beads and rouge and a bright silk shawl.

Jim riding down from Banff. It is cold--a clear cold night, with a brittle feel in the air. The trees seem to be hung with a mantle of heavy ermine. It is very beautiful.

Jim rides up to the pump before Wanda's house, and starts to pump water for his horse. Wanda opens the door and invites him to come in and have a hot cup of soup. He hesitates--but finally goes in. Warms his hands by the stove. Wanda tries to vamp him, but he stares at her disgustedly. Remains only a moment. Wanda steals his handkerchief. Tucks it in her waist. Jim rides on toward his "castle".

Hawley comes. There is a farewell love scene between Wanda and Hawley. The man no longer loves her, but in his frustrated desire for Rose Marie, he reacts to Wanda's blandishments. As they embrace, Black Eagle's silhouette seen on wall. The two start apart. Black Eagle leaps on Hawley bearing him to ground. Wanda in turn springs on husband. She stabs him to death through the back of his neck.

Hawley and Wanda connive to pant the murder on Kenyon. Hawley rides back to the Reserve.

Wanda, goes to the door of her cabin and lets out the long weird wail of death. Dark forms of Indians are descried---they come from various cabins and shacks and

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hurry toward where the Indian widow is wailing the Death cry.

Black Eagle's body conveyed to the Reserve. A parade of Braves accompany the body. There is tense excitement on the Reserve. In every Indian hut women are rocking themselves and wailing. A sort of epidemic of hysteria takes possession of the tribe. Wanda goes up and down around in circles, sort of savage death dance, as she wails, to the accompaniment of her friends.

There is a stir in the Mounted Police Barracks, as news of the murder is brought there. The men are all despatched for duty--some to mount guard over the Indians; others to discover if possible the murderer. Wanda taken in custody by a couple of Mounties finally confesses that her husband had been murdered by her lover--a forest ranger named Jim Kenyon.

A couple of Mounties ride out to bring in their man. One of them stops at the trading store. He tells Rose Marie that he is off to bring in the murderer, Black Eagle--that he is a man named Jim Kenyon, from the Kootenai Valley who has been ranging somewhere in the Forest Reserves.

Rose Marie is torn by this news. Her first reaction is revulsion at the thought of Jim's falsity and baseness. Her next is fear for the fate that may befall him if captured.

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Hawley has come into the store, and almost he can read the thoughts of Rose Marie. She intends to go out and warn Jim. Hawley purposely keeps her waiting on him at the store. Finally in exasperation she throws some articles at him and says she is through.

She waits in an agony for the evening to come, and then slips out of the place. Hawley sees her go, and follows her, with a couple of Mounted Policemen, keeping at a safe distance.

Rose Marie makes directly for the Indian love rock. She looks up toward the Castle, and there a light is burning and she knows that Jim is waiting there. She stands by the rock, and the quivering long drawn notes of the Indian Love Call pierce through the air, reverberating in echoes from the hills.

Jim hears it, where he is encamped at the Castle. He does not waste a moment, and just as the young Indian brave had done, Jim comes bounding down toward the rock. He walks straight into an ambush, for behind rock and bush the mounties step out and surround him. Jim and Rose Marie look across at each other, and he realises that Rose Marie has led him into some trap, his face is convulsed with outrage and fury: then like a hurt boy he throws up his arms, his head drops, and he goes with the Police.

Jim is placed a prisoner in the Mounty barracks, pending word from headquarters at Calgary as to his final disposition.

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A tense state of excitement now prevails on the Reserve. From every hut is heard the sound of the beating tom toms and drums. The Indians are slipping from house to house; they are gathering on the compound--crowds of them in war dress are marching along toward the Agent's house.

Calgary and Cochrane dispatch reinforcements in the shape of many mounted police. There is danger of an uprising. The Indians are demanding that the White man who killed their chief be given up to them for judgement. Jim's threat to skin Black Eagle alive is recalled, and the Indian spokesman ominously suggests that that may be his own fate.

Rose Marie learns of the possible lynching of Jim. She is terrified and frantic. She goes to the house of the Agent. He tells her not to be afraid of mere Indians. The police are taking care of Jim Kenyon; they know how to handle the red dogs. Rose Marie implores Hawley to do something to save Jim--to set him free. She knows the Indian Agent has a great power and that his word is practically law on the Reserve. Hawley's eyes narrow as he looks at her. He says he will see that Jim Kenyon goes free on one condition: That she will promise to marry him. Rose Marie promises.

She is back in the little trading store. It is deserted and forlorn. Everyone is out on the Reserve. An Indian girl, shawl wrapped about her head comes in. She sweeps the shawl aside and shows the face of Wanda. She asks Rose Marie why she looks so sad. Rose Marie replies with pride

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that she is anything but sad. In fact she expects to be married -- soon.

Wanda laughs and jeers:

"You will marry a dead man?" asks Wanda.

"No" says Rose Marie. "I am to marry Mr. Hawley-- the Indian Agent."

Wanda stares at her. Suddenly she bursts into savage laughter, rocking herself back and forth.

She goes out of the barracks still laughing strangely. The crowds of Indians are now outside the barracks. They are making a silent demonstration--not a sound or word said. They are just packed there. Suddenly at a signal from one of the leaders a drum is beaten, and gradually, growing in volume and fierceness, with some of the old time savagery of tribes of other days, they beat the death march upon their drums. Jim is to be taken by force.

Into this crowd comes Wanda. As she is the widow of the dead man, way is made for her. She thrusts back her shawl, talks to the men in a loud piercing whisper--- tells them---it is not Jim Kenyon who is guilty--- but---and she points her hand accusingly toward the house of the Indian agent----Hawley.

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A blood curdling united scream greets this information. The Indian impassivity is shattered. They go forward in leaps and bounds--heading straight for the house of the Agent, like a pack of wolves upon the trail.

Jim is released after Wanda makes her confession to the Police. He rides off on horse, a sobered, silent figure. Rose Marie, at the door of the trading shop looks after him as he rides off into the enveloping shadows of the hills, and she feels that her heart is breaking. Perhaps never again will she see her Jim. Suddenly an inspiration comes to her. She puts up her hands to her mouth, and through them she sends out the long call of Love. Jim stops his horse abruptly; wheels around. His heart is filled with a wild elation and exhilaration. He knows only that he must return to Rose Marie. Down the street his horse canters, bringing up short at the door of the shop. He is off the horse, and a moment later, even as the Indian maid melted into the arms of her lover, so now Rose Marie is warmly enfolded in the safe haven of the arms of her Jim.

THE END