Mab Becomes Jealous of Shosho

**Piccadilly**

**& Arnold Bennett**

Mab was very restless that evening. She inferred her maid that she was better, and sent her to bed. Then she arose, and put on her best hat and coat, and smoked cigarette after cigarette.

Valentine arrived very late indeed. Mab reproachfully asked her why.

"I'm much better, thank you," she said, in reply to his inquiries. "You've got me in a hurry, but I suppose I've been agreeable with Shosho.

Her tone alarmed Valentine somewhat, and, instantly deciding that pretexts to the best policy, he told her of his journey to Landseer house.

"Couldn't help it," he finished.

"Of course you couldn't," Mab agreed.

"I know you've seen her," he said.

"Not, I assure you," Valentine retorted.

"Scorn," Mab replied sarcastically, and continued, "I suppose I went in and saw where she lived, and so on, and then a drink.

"You're wrong, dear," he diplomatically soothing her. "She's on no business. ""I don't know her.

Shosho was all wrong, that was her last business in the street, not near her house at all.

"Oh! She had it inside!"

"Well, she never," Mab replied. "I'd prefer to leave me in the street, I'm quite drunk with you. Why shouldn't I be?"

"Yes," said Mab. "You're quite foolish with me now. You never told me you'd had her alone with you in your private office at three o'clock in the morning."

Valentine shrank. Who had blushed? The dishwasher? 

"No," he said. "I didn't tell you that, because I wanted to keep it a big surprise. I told you it was for a big surprise, and you didn't want it."

"What did you have her in your office for?"

"I thought I'd just see her dancing for myself."

"And did she dance for you in her ordinary clothes? She didn't take them off?"

"Only her boots."

"Not her stockings?"

"Well, yes, her stockings, too. That was all."

And there she had her dancing for you with bare legs at three o'clock in the morning in your private office, and not a word to me! You might have said something to me. You might have said called her in to pay her wages. That wouldn't have spoiled your big surprise, would it?"

"It wouldn't have been true."

"What does that mean? Anyhow, you wouldn't have minded it had you known that she'd been in your private office with you in the middle of the night. As things are, I've had to warn you all out. When you were telling me you had engaged her for the other night, you might as well have told me that you were about to make her her private office at 2 a.m. But die you? Not me!"

"My darling Mab, you're not well."

"On the contrary. I'm very much better. And I'm going to dance again to-morrow."

"You mean, Mab! You really mustn't. You don't know how ill you are. You aren't fit to dance."

"You only say that," Mab retorted. "You don't want me to interfere with the happiness of your little Shosho."

"Mab! My darling Mab! You really aren't.

Mab burst out

"That's just what I am! Jealous! Jealous! Jealous! And it seems to me I've good reason to be. "What's that?"

**(To be continued)**
FOREWORD

The Readers Library Film Edition has been instituted to meet a real modern demand. Interest in a film is by no means exhausted merely by seeing it. The two arts, of forms of expression, the picture and the written word in book form, react one on the other. Imagination, stimulated by the film, is yet not satisfied until its story is wholly absorbed. In a word, the film-goer wishes also to read the book of the film, and the reader to see the picture.

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EDITOR'S NOTE

ONE of the most remarkable films which has recently been produced is Piccadilly, for which Mr. Arnold Bennett wrote the story. The picture is a product of the British Studios at Elstree, where, amongst other sets, a two-story interior of a dazzling night club was built for this film, and there gathered to act in it such well-known stars as Gilda Gray, who plays the dancer Mabel Greenfield, Jameson Thomas, who acts her lover Valentine Wilmot, and Anna May Wong who acts the exotic Chinese girl Shosho.

The fact which undoubtedly gives the greatest distinction to this film is Arnold Bennett's authorship of its story. His is one of the most celebrated names in contemporary English literature. To-day he is probably the most popular literary critic writing; thousands of people read his weekly reviews of books in The Evening Standard, and it is recognised that his influence with the reading public is so great that one of the principal ambitions of unknown authors, with an eye to the sales of their volumes, is to receive praise from him in one of his articles.

As a dramatist Mr. Bennett has also been conspicuously successful. The play which he wrote in co-operation with Edward Knoblock, Milestones, had one of the greatest stage triumphs of this generation; and a new Arnold Bennett play always attracts large crowds of theatre-goers. But it is as a novelist that he is best known. His tales of the Five Towns are classics. What hours of glorious reading about English provincial life and character such titles as "The Old Wives' Tale," "Clayhanger," "The Card," and other of his books recall! His novel "Buried Alive" has already been published in the Readers Library, and enjoyed by scores of thousands of people.

Now Mr. Bennett is performing a new part, as the writer of the story for a modern super-film. We have very great pleasure in publishing in the Readers Library the author's original story for this film. It will be agreed that this is a most interesting publication. And the tale as written here is a complete work of art in itself. The characters in this book—the queer enchantress Shoah, her jealous compatriot Jim, the man of the world Valentine Wilmot, and his lover Mab—live and move in these pages without any translation to the screen being necessary. And their story is as real and dramatic in Mr. Bennett's polished and vivid writing as it could be in any other medium except life itself.

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