

The Governor's Lady

A Novelization of
Alice Bradley's Play

By GERTRUDE STEVENSON

Illustrations from Photographs of the Stage Production

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SYNOPSIS.

Daniel Slade suddenly advances from a penniless minor to a millionaire and becomes a power in the political and business world. He has his eye on the governor's chair. His simple, home-loving wife fails to rise to the new conditions.

CHAPTER I—Continued.

"Dan," she said, "I'll tell you something. These expensive laundries ruin your shirts right off, and when I washed 'em they lasted a whole year. They ain't ironed right, either."

"Oh, my God!" groaned Slade, helplessly, pitying her lack of understanding rather than being angry with her. "I wish you'd forget, Mary, that I had to let you wash and scrub once. We're up now. Let us kick the ladder out from under us and stay up—forget how we got here."

"But I don't want to forget," remonstrated the little wisp of a woman opposite him. "I was perfectly contented those days. I ain't now. I hate this house. I hate it. It's too big. The help scare me, so many of 'em. I'd like jest one hired girl and my old sitting-room set." She stopped meditatively, her thoughts wandering back to the early days when her husband took his pick and dinner pail and tramped off to the mines, and she sang as she bent over the washtub and busied herself at the kitchen stove.

Her husband sat with face averted, his imagination carrying him far into the future—a vision of honor as chief executive of the state and power in keeping with the untold riches he had accumulated.

"That's it," he finally exclaimed, "I want to go ahead and you want to stick over your washtubs. I need the support of big people—got to mix with 'em, and be one of 'em. And you won't."

"No, I don't have to," replied Mary. "I needn't."

"You don't see the necessity of joining me?" he asked, testily.

"I don't know how."

"Do you want to know how?" he persisted.

"No," came the provokingly indifferent answer.

"You're putting the bars up in the middle of the road," he continued, "and I'm making up my mind to change things."

Suddenly Mary's lips quivered and a hurt look showed in her eyes behind the misty tears as she realized that whatever she did irritated her husband. She started to speak, but was interrupted by the entrance of a servant, who announced that Senator Strickland and his daughter had just phoned to say that he and his daughter would call on their way to the opera.

Slade's face flushed and paled at the thought—flushed at the pleasurable surprise at this unlooked-for attention from the senator, and paled as he thought of the senator's stunningly gowned daughter arriving to find his wife in a cheap, ill-fitting dress that would have looked badly even for morning wear.

"Mary, you look like a steerage passenger," he exclaimed suddenly, turning on the flustered little woman, who was aghast at the very thought of a call from the senator and his daughter. "Go upstairs and dress. I'll make excuses and hold them till you come down."

"I can't," she gasped. "I ain't got time, anyway, and I haven't anything to go to the opera in."

Slade leaned forward and struck the table with his clenched fist. "Don't you understand? You must see these people. Tonight's paper names me for governor. Strickland's influence is more necessary to me than any other man's in the whole state. He controls the party. He's bringing his daughter to my house.—You're meeting them socially. Come on, now, come on—he became persuasive—"put on a nice little gown and come along and show them you can do something. We'll hold a reception here and it'll be a direct answer to Wesley Merritt's slur on you in tonight's paper."

Go to the opera with Katherine Strickland—with a woman who had just returned from Europe—the woman who had dined with a queen and been feted all over the continent. Hold a reception—hostess in this house where she felt, save for her Dan, a stranger. Meet people who spoke in what to her was a strange and altogether unmanageable fashion.

Mary caught her breath with a sob of dismay. The very thought paralyzed her. "I can't, Dan," she finally managed to blurt out. "I'd do anything else for you—but not this."

"I'll not ask you again," replied Slade, ominously, and poor Mary, too excited to interpret the threat, picked up her sewing and her newspapers and made for the door.

"Tell them," she exclaimed breathlessly, "tell them I had a headache—that's a fashionable enough excuse, anyway." And, terrified, she fled out of the room as Katherine Strickland and her father were announced.

CHAPTER II.

As Slade turned from the frightened, insignificant figure of his flee-

ing wife, he saw a woman of perfect poise and queenly carriage, a woman a trifle haughty and insolent in her youth and beauty and assured command of all the intricacies of social grace and charm. Her wide, full eyes met his with an engaging, frank curiosity to see this new factor in the political world. Her gown was a triumph of soft, shimmering silk and alluring chiffon—a gown that emphasized the charm of her proud, statuesque figure. She was the sort of woman that makes a man glow with pride to present as his wife or daughter. She was all that Mary Slade was not.

Slade stood looking at her, fascinated, forgetting for the moment the man she was with, remembering nothing but the magnetic personality of the woman whose reputation for doing big things in a big way was already known to him—a woman whose eyes meeting his gave back flash for flash and understanding for understanding.

Almost mechanically Slade found himself acknowledging Senator Strickland's formal presentation of his daughter. Hesitatingly he offered his hand, which the girl, perfectly at ease, grasped with a cordial, sympathetic pressure. Her eyes were looking critically into his, much as if she were trying to read him through and through and take his measure for future use.

Her easy, graceful acceptance of the situation, her thoughtful inquiry for Mrs. Slade's health, prompted by well-bred sympathy rather than any curious interest, and the cultured modulation of her splendid voice, charmed him as no woman had ever done before.

There was nothing of the shy, retiring ingenue in Katherine Strickland's makeup. She was a woman of splendid physique and wonderful mental development. Her appeal to a man was that of a dominant intellect as much as of a lovely woman. She immediately impressed Slade as being keen-witted, strong-minded and clever. His admiration displayed itself in his shining eyes and his unusually affable, attentive manner.

Suddenly he found himself comparing his own little old-fashioned wife with this handsome, self-possessed woman before him. What a wife Katherine Strickland would be for the governor of a state! What a picture she would make presiding at the head of a millionaire's dinner tables! How wonderfully such a woman would adorn the richly furnished rooms of his newly built mansion! Instead of the work-worn fingers of his wife, continuously fumbling with darning threads, he saw, in a mental vision, this woman's lovely hands constantly engaged in unwinding the threads of problematic political tangles. Here was a woman who would be a man's wife and comrade—the very antithesis of the household drudge his own wife was content to be, with no interest outside of the four walls of her home and no desire for anything bigger in life than the daily routine of breakfast, dinner and supper, washing on Monday, ironing on Tuesday, and so on to the end of the week—week after week in the same deadly rite. Here was a woman who would "go along with a man"—possibly a step ahead, blazing the way for new and greater glories and recognizing no limit.

Slade brought his reflections to a sudden halt as he remembered the girl's father.

"Why, what has happened to you, senator? Your face looks different than it did this afternoon."

"Her fault," replied the senator, with a smile of tolerant affection, indicating his daughter. "She made me cut my beard this week. It's French."

Katherine laughed a delightful, throaty little laugh.

"Nonsense, father," she protested. "Of course, I like the West, but I don't believe in being absolutely typical. I was horrified when I got back and found you so blatantly the typical, much-cartooned Westerner."

"Mr. Slade," resumed Strickland, "a few influential men from different parts of our state are having a meeting in town tomorrow, and I want you to meet them. I'm arranging a little impromptu dinner, and thought Katherine might be able to persuade Mrs. Slade and yourself to join us."

"Oh, father, tell the truth," Katherine interrupted. "These gentlemen want to meet you, Mr. Slade. I hear we're to expect great things of you. You see, I've been mixed up in politics all my life, and I do love to have a hand in them."

"She'd run for president if they'd let her," teased her father.

"Indeed I would," the girl admitted, brazenly. "I've got politics in my blood, and home doesn't seem like home unless politics are being brewed in our dining-room. So you'll both come, won't you—you and Mrs. Slade."

Slade was stammering his acceptance when Strickland interrupted abruptly.

"How'd you like to be governor, Slade?"

Slade threw back his head with a laugh that was intended to denote complete unconcern.

"Oh—that talk! Did the evening

papers put that into your head or— and he paused significantly, "did you put it into the evening papers?"

Strickland's laugh was a practical admission.

"It would mean a hard fight, Slade. The water-front crowd's against you, and you can't get on without their influence."

"Not in this town, at least," amended Katherine.

"You've got to have Wesley Merritt, his paper, his highfalutin editorials and his speechmaking—and his wife," Strickland explained. "He and his crowd run the town."

"Oh, you mean my neighbors?" asked Slade. "They'll come around," he finished, meaningly.

"But, man alive! Only today Merritt's attack on you was scurrilous. I remonstrated with him myself. He's your out-and-out enemy. I've tried to get him—to—to come over and shake hands, but he swears he'll never cross your threshold—"

"I guess they'll come when I want 'em to come," Slade interrupted, with an assurance his auditors could not understand. "In fact, I'm looking for 'em any minute now," and he consulted his watch.

"You're looking for them—here—to-night?" gasped Strickland, showing plainly he thought Slade was making a joke of the matter.

"Yes, tonight," replied the would-be governor, quietly, and turned to Katherine.

Strickland subsided, a question growing in his mind as to whether he had fully measured the man he expected to use for his own political and financial ends. There was in Slade's method of fighting a direct and open quality that would make him hard to handle in the crooked and indirect ways of political life.

Katherine Strickland's eyes narrowed as she met Slade's gaze. Her quick, calculating mind saw in this man the possibility of realizing her highest hopes and ambitions. With such a man a woman could scale any heights—reach any goal. He was hard—yes! But a man needs to be hard in these days and times if he is ever to accomplish anything. In her fertile brain smoldered ambitions as great as his ambitions that she now realized would never be attained unless she made some great, radical change in her life.

She had pushed her father as far as the man would—could go. She had outdistanced every girl in her circle. She had reached high, but she had triumphed. Now she was at the end of her tether. It was a matter of making some one huge stroke or sinking back into stupid obscurity, a situation all the more bitter because of her previous successes. The thought of settling down into the everyday life of the western city where she was born made her very soul squirm. Surely there was something more in life for her. Surely there were bigger goals to be gained.

She had never realized how empty the old home life was until now, when she suddenly found herself a part of it again after the brilliant European season and the stimulating, exciting life in diplomatic circles at the capital. The thought of remaining in the West, a big frog in a little puddle, had grown positively hateful to her. Big or little herself, she wanted a big puddle. She was quite satisfied in her own mind that no puddle would be so big that she couldn't become a frog of considerable size in it.

Now, as her restless brain and soul clamored for higher goals and a wider field, the thought of Slade's millions, Slade's dominating, forceful personality, Slade's reputation for sweeping everything before him, Slade's probable governorship, flashed through her mind like a burning streak of electric fire. With him, with his weapons, what a career lay before a woman!

Just as suddenly she found herself wondering what sort of a woman had been a mate to this man for so many years. She was conscious of a poignant pang of envy—jealousy almost—against this woman who had the opportunity which was denied her.

"Well, what do you think of your own country, now you're back?" she heard Slade's voice saying. "Seem big to you?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

French Temperance Society.

An organization for the promotion of temperance in France has been founded by M. Schmidt, deputy for the department of the Vosges. A feature of the new body is its catholicity. It includes every shade of political and religious belief, and all classes of society—politicians, professional men and workmen. A meeting, addressed by doctors, lawyers and a deputy, has just been held in Bordeaux. The new association, which is called "L'Alarme," justifies its name by calling attention to the rising flood of alcoholism in France.

Remembered Instructions.

She was a little girl and very polite. It was the first time she had been on a visit alone, and she had been carefully instructed how to behave.

"If they ask you to dine with them," papa had said, "you must say, 'No, thank you; I have already dined.'"

It turned out just as papa had anticipated.

"Come along, Marjorie," said her little friend's father, "you must have a bite with us."

"No, thank you," said the little girl, with dignity; "I have already bitten."

To Make Whitewash Stick.

To keep whitewash from rubbing off easily make a thin cooked paste of one pint of wheat flour and add to each pailful. A little carbolic acid added to the whitewash will help prevent the places where it is used getting musty.

BRITISH WOUNDED ARRIVE AT FOLKSTONE



Two wounded soldiers of a Highland regiment sent back to England for treatment, photographed on their arrival at Folkstone.

FRENCH TAKE THINGS EASY

While Cherishing Love for Academy They Never Miss Chance to Make It Object of Wit.

The French are not inclined to take things too seriously. Thus, while they love and respect the venerable French academy, they never refrain from making it the subject of a little good natured wit. Even the members themselves, as this entry in Victor Hugo's notebook will show, indulge in occasional sallies against the famous institution.

On December 17th, 1846, Victor Hugo, himself one of the forty "immortal" members of the academy, wrote in his notebook:

"Today, Thursday, in the academy, I spoke there with Dupin the elder about Balzac and of his chances of election to the academy.

"Thunder! Dupin interrupted me. 'So you really believe that, without any more to do, Balzac will be chosen the first time he comes up for election! You quote examples where that has occurred, but these prove nothing. Think of it! Balzac, at the first presentation of his name! You have thought the matter over carefully! Good! But you have forgotten one reason why it is quite impossible that Balzac should be elected to the academy—he deserves it!'"

Looks That Way.

Belle—Has he proposed yet?
Beulah—Not yet.
"What's the matter with him?"
"I don't know; he just sits and watches me."
"Oh, I guess he believes in the policy of watchful waiting, probably."

ACTRESS CAPABLE OF IDEAS

Maude Fealy Sees Many Possibilities in the Popularity of the Moving Pictures.

Maude Fealy is an actress whose conversation radiates interesting ideas. Here are a few words from the lips of the star: "To be a moving picture artist, only half of the requisites are required, because diction and voice are lost by the screen actor. I think pictures will bring back one-act plays. Pictures teach us brevity, that is, good pictures do."

For nearly a year Maude Fealy has been appearing in feature pictures, and during that time in addition to her picture work has also been responsible for numerous scenarios. She photographs well, and has brought to bear her varied experience as a dramatic star all of which has contributed to her success on the screen.

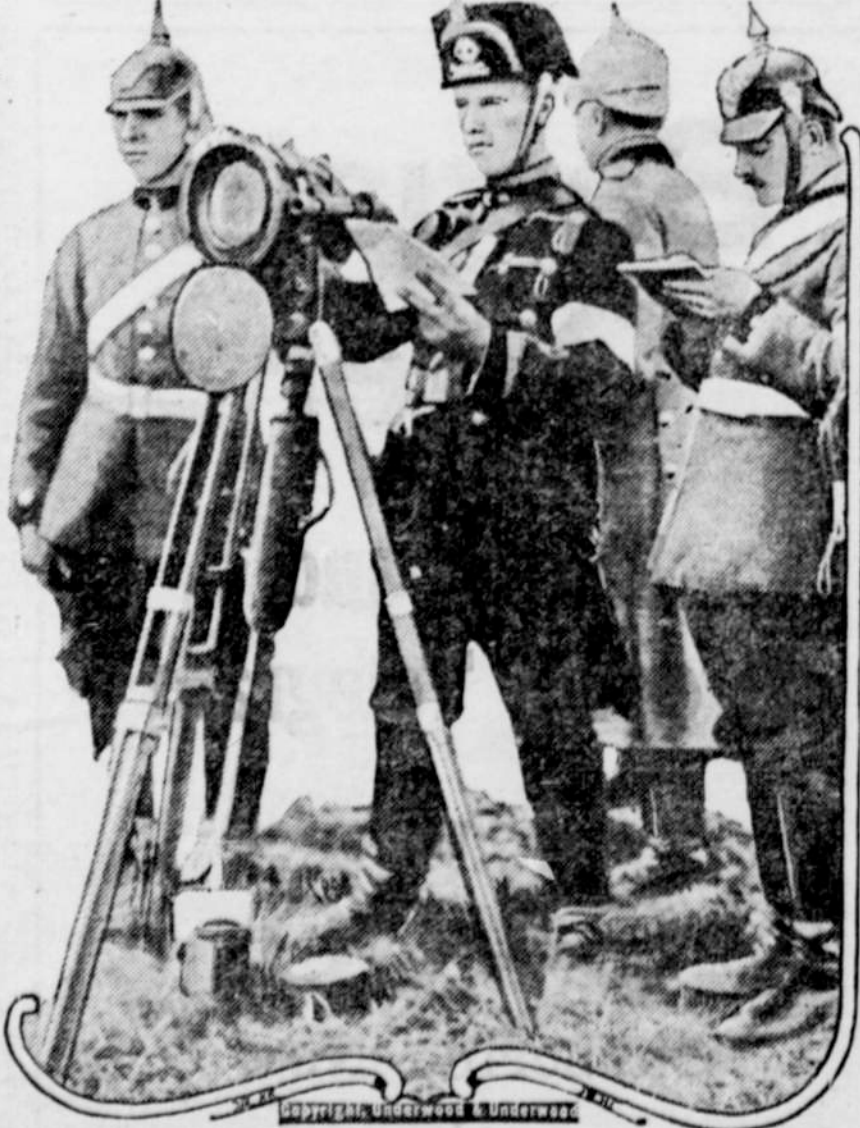


Maude Fealy.

Disgusted.

John—I see that a New York policeman is charged with mendacity.
Jim—That's the way with those high-brow officials. Always trumping up something new and far-fetched. Why don't they get after the liars and grafters?—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

HELIOGRAPHER OF THE CROWN PRINCE



Heliographer of the famous "Death's Head" regiment, commanded by the German crown prince, sending dispatches to the troops on the battlefield.

SENSITIVE AS TO AGE

HUMAN NATURE SEEMS TO RESSENT PERSONAL QUESTION.

Walt Mason, in the Story of the Prehistoric Citizen, Sets Forth the Case With a Good Deal of Truth.

The other day an Emporia citizen whose whiskers have been whitened by the snows of many winters was urged to dress himself in a circus suit and play golf. A number of the town's patriarchs are indulging in the game this season and they naturally hold to the old theory "the more the merrier."

But the prehistoric citizen refused to fall into the snare of the fowler, writes Walt Mason in the Kansas City Star. "I realize," he said, "that I am merely a venerable ruin, and I am not going to pretend to be anything else. The vine and the fig tree are good enough for me. Of course you will say that a man's just as old as he feels, and you will argue that golf makes an old man feel young, but it doesn't. It merely brings his age to the surface and makes him look like something left over from the paleozoic age. An old man seated under his fig tree reading Baxter's 'Saints' Rest' and getting his house in order for the great change is an edifying and improving spectacle, but an old man gallivanting around in the sun trying to create the impression that he's a three-year-old is an offense to the eyes."

"How we like to pretend in the matter of age! The women have been joked a great deal about their reluctance to acknowledge their years, but the men are just as bad, if not worse. An innocent bystander or a solitary horseman might suppose that there is something disgraceful about advanced years, people hate to own up to them so greatly. I try to take a philosophical view of such things, but I always feel resentful when anybody asks me my age. People can spring all sorts of leading personal questions and I don't mind them. I answer them freely. I acknowledge that I have stolen chickens and watermelons without the least embarrassment, but if a man asks me how old I am I feel like biting him on his red necktie. I have tried to analyze myself and discover some explanation, but in vain."

"When the government announced that it was going to establish a postal savings bank in Emporia I said to myself: 'Now, here's a good business. I have always been afraid of banks conducted by people I meet on the street every day. A man can't feel much confidence in citizens he knows so well. But the government bank will be conducted by strangers, and I always did have confidence in strangers. So I'll salt down my rose nobles and pieces of eight in the government bank.'

"When that institution was opened for business I was the first one at the receiving teller's window. I had quite a package of counterfeit money with me, and supposed there wouldn't be any formality other than handing me a passbook. But the paying teller opened his official copy of the longer catechism and began asking questions and jotting down the answers. I had to tell where and why I was born, and my grandmother's maiden name and other statistics; I had to convince the questioner that I had never served a term in the penitentiary and that none of my blood relatives had died insane. There were all sorts of impertinent questions to be answered, but they merely amused me until the teller asked me how old I was."

"That filled me with virtuous indignation. 'It's none of the government's business,' I said, 'how old I am. I'm old enough to deposit my own money, and that ought to be enough.' 'You can't deposit your wooden money in this bank,' said the teller, 'unless you give your correct age and your wife's correct age, and the correct age of your man servant and your maid servant, and of the stranger within your gates.'"

Women and Perfume.

For many a day the well-bred woman has scorned the perfume bottle. Perhaps it is the high price of fine perfumes, due to the long continued troubles in Bulgaria, the home of attar of roses, that has at last made perfumes seem desirable as an evidence of luxury. A distinctive and personal perfume is as essential a part of the well-dressed woman today as are her made-to-order stays.

She either chooses her favorite odor and how it carried out in her sachet, her bath crystals, powders, perfumes and soaps, or she hires herself to a perfume specialist and puts herself in that gifted and costly individual's hands to be fitted out with a subtle scent perfectly attuned to her type of personality.

He Knew Pop.

"Pop!"
"Yes, my son."
"This paper says that slavery in the United States was begun in Jamestown, Va., in 1619."
"That's right, my boy."
"Well, is that when men began to get married?"

Should Be More Careful.

Naggsby—What impresses you most in this European war?
Waggsby—The carelessness of France and England in building their capitals so close to where Emperor Wilhelm seems to want his battle-line placed.