

The Governor's Lady

A Novelization of
Alice Bradley's Play
By GERTRUDE STEVENSON

Illustrations from Photographs of the Stage Production

Copyright, 1915 (Publication Rights Reserved) by David Belasco.

SYNOPSIS.

Daniel Slade suddenly advances from a penniless miner to a millionaire. He is ambitious to become governor of the state. His simple, home-loving wife fails to rise to the new conditions. Slade meets Katherine, daughter of Senator Strickland, and sees in her all that Mary is not. Slade decides to separate from his wife and takes rooms at his club.

CHAPTER V.

Mary Slade sat down to the breakfast table with a certain sense of bewilderment. It was the same this morning as it had been each successive morning since Dan's departure. She could not bring herself to the realization of the fact that Dan had not come home—apparently did not intend to come home.

She had waited up the night he had gone to the club, just as she had waited up every night of their married life, no matter where her husband was or how late he might be coming home. As the night hours lengthened into day she was forced to the conclusion that Dan meant to stay away for the night. That he wouldn't be home at all through the day never occurred to her. She reasoned that a night's sleep would clear his mind and that he would have recovered from his "tantrum" the next day. But Dan didn't "run in" that day nor the next. The days had become weeks, yet neither by telephone nor letter had he sent as much as a word.

Finally Mary had mustered up her courage and telephoned his club. It took courage for Mary to use the telephone on any occasion. She was afraid of the sound of her own voice the moment she began to talk into the transmitter. This time she feared Dan's displeasure and his possible harshness. Mr. Slade was out, had left no message, they did not know when he would return, was the disappointing result as she hung the receiver on the hook.

This morning, as the maid served her breakfast, she resolved to try again. The situation was getting unbearable. It was bad enough to live in the great house and be surrounded by servants with Dan there. Without him she felt like a prisoner of state and looked on the servants as so many jailers.

Leaving her breakfast practically untouched, Mary again ventured to the telephone. With faltering voice she repeated the number. "One-three-nine-four," with beating heart she inquired for "Mr. Slade," with sinking courage she received the answer that Mr. Slade had gone out, leaving no message. Again and again during the day she repeated the call, only to receive a similar reply. The possibility of her husband having left such a message to be delivered to her, whether he was there or not never occurred to the faithful, simple-minded little woman. But Slade did not want to be reached by her, and if an untruth, more or less, were necessary, the telephone boy was easily bribed.

Meanwhile Slade was eagerly looking forward to his new life. Never a man to waver, he did not once look back to the wife he had so coolly deserted. He was being dined and banqueted and feted, being everywhere hailed as the candidate for governor. He was sniffing the first breath of future glories with keenest delight. This was the sort of thing that made a man feel big! This was the sort of life to lead—with men bowing and salaaming all around him. He walked with a firmer tread. His shoulders were thrown back a bit more arrogantly. His chest was more noticeable as he walked down the street.

The innate conceit and self-esteem of the man made him overlook the fact that the party needed a rich man. He was quite satisfied that he was being boosted by Strickland and the others because of his brains, his unusual ability, his oratory and his power to lead men. He was happier than he had been for years. Every day the new life looked brighter and the old less desirable.

If he gave a thought to Mary it was a passing one. Mary was "comfortable." She had everything that money could buy. The servants would be taking good care of her, of course. Of the lump in Mary's throat as she sat at the lonely breakfast table and as she went through the still more lonesome ordeal of the formal dinner, he knew nothing. Of the woman's aching heart and her eyes bright with unshed tears as she tried to keep up before the servants and make excuses for his absence, Slade was heartlessly oblivious. Or perhaps it was self-esteem again, that made him unable to feel for her—the self-esteem of the successful man who feels no wounds when fighting for what he wants, and neither knows nor cares that others feel them. He had a heart, but it was unpleasantly like Pharaoh's.

But of Katherine Strickland's statuesque beauty and her cosmopolitan manner he was delightfully aware. During the weeks since he had left home Slade had been calling regularly at the Strickland home, partly to consult with the senator and partly for the purpose of posing for the bust which Katherine was modeling. As they sat hour after hour, he was becoming comfortably, she working deftly and

talking even more cleverly, Slade and Katherine had come to a mutual understanding. The more they saw of each other the more each became convinced that their paths would inevitably converge.

Katherine talked animatedly and entertainingly of social life abroad and of the gay times in Washington, and Slade's heart warmed and his eyes flashed as he pictured himself a part of that charmed circle. With keen penetration he saw the longing of the girl's nature, her iron will, her determination to gain social honors at almost any cost. He flattered himself that when he said the word Katherine Strickland would be ready to cast her lot with his.

From the smoking room of Senator Strickland's big house came the strident sound of men's voices, raised in excitement, and, it would seem, acclaim. Now and again the senator's smooth, oratorical voice would sound and then Slade's slightly deprecatory, yet firm and pleased. Then would follow the patter of applause, laughter and the sudden dropping of voices that signified earnest converse.

To Katherine Strickland, sitting in the softly lighted library adjoining, every sound had its meaning. Her eyes sparkled with keen interest. In her cheeks glowed the deep rose of excitement and exultation. In that other room she knew they were making history. In that other room they were putting up a man for governor, a man she admired and who had aroused her interest as no other man had ever done.

Nothing could stand in that man's way, she thought, with a catch in her breath, nothing could stop him now that he was fairly started. How different this domineering, forceful personality from Bob Hayes, the man who had first won her girl's heart, and yet for whom she had never been willing to renounce her interest in the political and social life which obsessed her with the same compelling force as it did Slade.

With an effort she brought her mind back to the present and to Mrs. Wesley Merritt, who had dropped in on her way from a dance to pick up her husband.

"You simply weren't listening to a word I said," Mrs. Merritt complained in her affectedly affectionate way. "I was asking if you know Mr. Slade very well."

"Yes," Katherine replied, lightly. "We know him very well."

"And does he ever mention his wife?" in Mrs. Merritt's most perfectly felicitous manner.

"Never once," admitted Katherine, without even an attempt at an evasion. "And you have never met her?" Mrs. Merritt was in her glory if she could probe.

"No, I have never met her."

"How extraordinary! My husband—why, Wesley Merritt's name spells hearth and home, domestic purity—while Slade's! They tell me he hasn't seen his wife for weeks, and it's town talk that he's living at his club. And to think he's never mentioned her to you!"

Katherine had quietly rung for a servant, and as Mrs. Merritt finished, remarked casually: "Martin, see that these letters are mailed at once."

Unabashed, Mrs. Merritt was moving eagerly about the artistic room, conspicuous in all its appointments, its richness enhanced and mellowed with age, a blend of color that nothing but years can give.

Fannie Merritt was a decided blonde. Her decision had been made more than ten years before. It was a decision that, once made, must be abided by, and the woman had been living up to it ever since. Her gown was the last word of sartorial elegance and style. Daringly décolleté it clung to her long, svelte figure with loving emphasis, and trailed round her exquisitely dressed feet. Her hair did credit to the hairdresser's long and patient efforts, and long, bizarre diamond pendants flashed and sparkled from her ears. If ever a woman had become a slave to her own personal pleasure and dress, that woman was Fannie Merritt. Too self-centered and selfish ever to crave motherhood, she lavished a kind of affection on a watery-eyed little poodle, which repaid her with lap-dog gratitude.

Tonight she was restless and ill at ease. Like Katherine, her mind was full of one thought—Slade, Slade, Slade—but thoughts that took a different direction. She was sick of his name, sick of hearing of his money, sick of the talk of his power and of hearing him named as "the man of the hour." He was winning the very honors she had coveted for her husband, and taking them right out from beneath his very eyes and nose. There didn't seem to be a doubt of Slade becoming governor, the very position for which her husband had been striving for the past six terms. Slade with his millions needed the governorship no more than a pampered child needs a new toy, while to her husband success or failure this time meant either the retrieving of his fortunes or his utter ruin.

The abstraction of the two women was broken by the sudden entrance of Hayes.

"Whew!" he whistled. "They're hav-

ing a time of it in there. Good evening, Mrs. Merritt, your husband is certainly making it warm for Mr. Slade."

"Indeed," laughed Mrs. Merritt, gratified for the moment.

"Dear, dear!" she exclaimed as she watched Hayes gazing lustfully at Katherine and looking very handsome and manly in his well-made evening clothes. "It's quite like old times to see you together." Unhappy herself, it gave her a certain pleasure to make other people unhappy. The jealousy she had long felt for the younger and more beautiful woman found expression now in her purring tones, as, with amiable cruelty, she reminded them of their earlier intimacy. She took delight in making Bob writhe and Katherine whiten as she recalled their passionate young love when only the senator's stern interference had kept them from wedding.

"Let me see," she recollected, "when I was your confidante, you were twenty-one, Katherine, and you, Rob, were twenty-four. I can feel Rob's hands gripping mine yet: 'O, Fannie—please see her for me—the senator doesn't approve of it.' And the tears you shed on my shoulder, Katherine—why, it feels wet to think of it."

"O! Fannie!" Katherine's voice was not as firm as usual.

"I always said," the woman persisted, "Rob, she'll come home to you in the end—"

"I think I'll go back and listen to the discussion," and Bob Jung disgustedly out of the room. At the door he almost collided with Merritt. Katherine had hurried out to see a reporter who wanted the wherefores and the whys of the dinner party to Slade.

"I can't possibly get away, dear," Merritt explained to his wife. "I've been buttonholed by some men from up the state. Shall you wait or go home—first?"

Mrs. Merritt refused to be dismissed in that peremptory fashion.

"I'll wait," she returned with acid sweetness. "Then if you are not ready I'll run along."

"Slade's had an ovation tonight," Merritt informed her, nodding toward the smoking-room. "The big out-of-town men are all here. Some of 'em in there yet. He's big, Fannie. He's big. We can't deny that. The brute attacks his point with all the force of a sledge hammer."

"Yes, that's what you lack—punch!" his wife turned on him petulantly.

"You're snowed under," she complained, bitterly. "If you'd taken my advice you wouldn't have come to this Slade feat tonight. What's your paper for," she demanded, "if you can't attack your rival candidate in its columns? Anyone would think you wanted to make him governor—instead of yourself."

"I can't attack him publicly," Merritt retorted. "He'd put up glue factories facing our property and, with a lake breeze blowing our way—phew! My position is very difficult. Of course, election's a long way ahead, but I'm the only stick in his puddle."

"Yes, you're a big stick!" she taunted. "Why don't you do something?"

"What can I do?" he groaned. "I've been told tonight by no less than four men that they won't support me again. And Strickland's speech introducing Slade was a masterpiece!"

"Yes—Strickland's masterpieces are concocted by his daughter, we all know that. Just as I write your stuff," she finished with hateful emphasis on the possessive.

"My dear, I wish you'd be more careful!" warned Merritt, making sure that the door leading into the smoking-room was closed.

"Your Message to the Farmer"—that made you famous! What did I ever get for writing it?" and with self-satisfied deliberateness she arranged herself carefully in a low-seated chair near the fireplace.

"I never denied that you had a man's brain," placatingly, drawingly, mockingly, "darling."

"Yes—I'm the family mosquito that buzzes behind your ears. God help us if it wasn't for me. Did you ask the senator for the \$10,000 I want?" she demanded.

"He can't," Merritt was huddled in the nearest chair. The subject had been causing him appetiteless days and sleepless nights. When a woman of Fannie Merritt's persistency and tenacity wants something a man can't get then that man is very likely to be nagged into desperation.

"You look out, Wesley," she answered, alarm breaking the careful modulation of her voice. "That's the first time he ever refused us."

"He's broke—dead broke. I don't know how he can keep this up. The senator's nearly out. That's why he's sticking to Slade."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Wonderful.

Her soldier son in India had sent a cablegram, and Mrs. Blunderleigh's voice rang with pride when speaking of it to her impressed neighbors.

"Yes, they were wonderful things, they telegrams," said she. "Just fancy, it's come from Indy—all they thousands of miles." "And so quick, too," put in her best friend. "Quick ain't the word for it," put in Mrs. Blunderleigh. "Why, when I got it the gum on the envelope wasn't dry."

Explains Baseball's Popularity. Nothing equals baseball as a popular sport. Baseball stimulates the mind and invigorates, instead of exhausts, the body. It can be played in any field, at almost no cost. Expense is the handicap which keeps tennis and golf out of the running as great popular sports. A baseball game may be played in two hours—an advantage which will ever make it more popular than cricket as an international game.

HAD HAPPENED BEFORE

EXPERIENCE THAT WAS NOTHING NEW TO GALLUP.

Being Thrown Out of Places by Men Smaller Than Himself Seemed Somehow to Be Matter of Pride to Him.

"Some men," observed Caleb Peaslee, critically, "c'n get a lot of comfort out of things that I couldn't find a mite of satisfaction in. Ain't you ever noticed it, Hyne?"

Mr. Hyne regarded Caleb narrowly, and shuffled his feet in some irritation. "F'r pity sake, Caleb," he remarked, petulantly, "if you've got anything to say, whyn't you begin at the beginnin' and say it? I get all out of patience with you sometimes!"

"Trouble is with you, Hyne, you don't always agree with me about where the beginnin' is, but in this special case, I shouldn't be surprised if you was in the right of it. I guess maybe I did begin wrong end to. Well, to begin right, then, I was down to Bennoch's store last evenin' when that big Gallup critter came in after suthin'." "You know him—that big feller from over Dillmouth Centre way. Either he was mad when he came in, or else suthin' didn't go to his likin', but before long we heard him and the clerk have a fuss over in the back part of the store. That is, Gallup was fussin', and the clerk was tryin' to pacify him. You know that clerk—the new one that's only been there a week?"

Mr. Hyne nodded his head assentingly. "He ain't much bigger'n a bunch of radishes," he observed. "He'd stan' about as much chance in a fuss with Gallup as a sneeze in a gale of wind!"

Mr. Peaslee smiled, but offered no remark. "That's the fellow," he agreed. "I thought you'd seen him. Wal, as I said, there they was disputin', and Gallup gittin' madder every minute, and the clerk seemin'ly tryin' to get him out of the store peaceable like."

"Wal, we all of us crowded over there to see what 'twas all about. The crowd seemed to hearten Gallup up a mite, and give him courage—he ain't much more'n half as big agin as the clerk, you know—so he up and makes a motion as if he was goin' to cuff the clerk."

"'Twas all done so quick, Hyne, that I can't tell you the particulars, but the clerk went into that big gump like a cooper going round a barrel. I was standin' right by the back door, and it was a little ajar, and when I saw the trouble comin' my way I latched the door a kick, and stepped outside. I hadn't more'n got out before some-thin' that looked like one of these cross-legged sawhorses—all legs and arms, you know—come out through the door, and when it struck the gravel and came to a stop, I saw it was Gallup. Yes, sir, that little clerk had thrown that big lumox out through the door, and had scurely turned a hair doin' it."

"Wal, Gallup sat there on the ground, kind of goin' over himself to find out where he was and what had happened, and watching the crowd that was slappin' the clerk on the back, tellin' him how neat he'd done the job. Finally Gallup made up his mind what to say. He let go of his nose, that he'd been trying to twist back into shape, and spoke to the clerk kind of contemptuous."

"You needn't feel so sot up over throwin' me out of there," he says. "You ain't the fust man that's ever thrown me out of places. I've been thrown out by smaller men than you be, time 'n' agin," says he, and he looked at the clerk as if he'd reduced him to powder."

"And so," concluded Mr. Peaslee, "I c'nclude that Gallup thought he'd come out of the affair with full as much credit as the clerk. And that was what I was thinkin' when I remarked that some men could get satisfaction out of what seemed to me there was mighty little satisfaction in. Don't it look that way to you, Hyne, now that you've heard the whole on't?" And Mr. Hyne granted an assent.—Youth's Companion.

Something From Nothing. You know that peculiar air that come o'er a tram-load of passengers on a wet day when someone endeavors to find an extra seat.

You could have cut it with a knife when a hale and hearty countrywoman, laden with her market purchases, squeezed past the conductor into the interior of the car.

Regardless of the freezing stares she deposited her vegetables, etc., about her feet. One dried-up looking man gazed irritably along the seated line, and then, seeing no one else inclined to move, offered the bumkin lady his seat.

"Nay, lad," she said, with a broad smile, "tha'd better sit down agen. Ah cannot see where's tha's gotten oop from!"—London Answers.

Surely a Wise Guy. A teacher in a West side public school reports to us this actual incident: On the first day of school a new little girl joined the class. The teacher asked the children what caused the great European war. The new little girl held up her hand. "Do you know what it was, teacher?" The teacher said, "Oh, yes." Whereupon the budding scholar replied with crushing veracity: "Well, you're the wisest guy I've seen anywhere." We are unflatteringly with the new little girl.—Chicago Post.

PICTURE SURE TO MAKE HIT

Written and Produced by Tom Mix, Popular Actor, Has Part Which Just Suits Him.

Tom Mix has fairly outdone himself in the picture, "The Way of the Red Man," which was written and produced by him. It is full of life and action such as only Tom Mix can introduce. There is wrestling, shooting, riding, canoeing, etc. In Tom Mix's own best style. The story is of a red man, a civilized Indian, who takes into his home a wounded gambler, shot while escaping the sheriff. The gambler has no honor and wins



Tom Mix.

the affections of Bounding Fawn, the red man's pretty squaw. The Indian discovers the gambler's treachery, and throws him, together with Bounding Fawn, out of the cabin.

The year's pass. Bounding Fawn is cruelly slain by her drunken lover. The red man goes to the rescue, but arrives too late. He makes a prisoner of the drunken gambler, and ties him to a stake for torture. The closing scene shows vividly the typical Indian revenge, which the red man exacts, the forfeit being the life of the treacherous gambler.

Likes Railroad Atmosphere.

While it is the dream of thousands of girls to appear in motion-picture dramas, wear gorgeous gowns and play society dames in general, there is one photoplay star who would rather jump into a pair of tattered overalls and climb into the oily cab of a locomotive than take part in the most intense society drama ever written. This unusual person is Helen Holmes, the actress whom the railroad men out West have dubbed "The Daughter of the Railroad." Miss Holmes doesn't care what role she portrays—telegraph operator, fireman (or should it be fire girl?), or substitute engineer, so long as it enables her to live in the atmosphere of the railroad. The most recent drama in which she appears is "Grouch, the Engineer," in which she enacts the role of a railroad man's widow. A railroad serial story is being written around Miss Holmes, which will consist of episodes, each complete in itself, showing the hazards encountered by Helen, who is a railroad telegrapher.

Has Played Many Parts.

In Lee Willard, a handsome chap of fine physique, G. M. Anderson has a valuable and versatile assistant for the western productions. Willard has been cast at different times as a half-breed and has played "heavy" and character parts in drama and comedies. He is a lover of animals and outdoor sports and seldom misses a day in taking a long horseback ride on his favorite bay mare, always accompanied by a pet collie. Willard enjoys his evenings and Sundays with a pretty wife and baby, surrounded by volumes of good books in one of the bungalows at Niles.

Actress a Glutton for Work.

Cleo Madison has recovered from her tired spell and never looked better, which is a wonder when one considers that she has been rescued from fire and water, been swung from a big crane, and, goodness knows what else. The amount of work this energetic lady gets into 12 hours is quite remarkable, but she still refuses to shirk either the labor or any of the risks.

Carlisle Blackwell Well Supported.

Carlisle Blackwell has turned out a good picture in "The Key to Yesterday," and his acting throughout is splendid. He has been well served by his support, too, and Edna Mayo, Dille Kirby, Gypsy Abbott, J. Francis Dillon, William Brunton, and William Sheehan have all done excellent work.

Gives Actress Rare Chance.

Miss Stella Razeto, leading lady of Director E. J. LeSaint's dramatic company, studio, is at work in a special production called "Reparation." The role demands much artistic work of exacting character from Miss Razeto, whose successes in such cases are too well-known to dwell upon.

Time for Action

IS NOW. Don't neglect or postpone helping your stomach, liver and bowels when there is any indication of weakness. To do so only invites sickness. Take

HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS

today and let it help you back to daily health and strength

Play With a Happy Ending.

"Did the play have a happy ending?" "You bet it did. Some one in the gallery hit the villain square in the face with a tomato."—Houston Post.



Try this easy way to clear your skin with Resinol Soap

Bathe your face for several minutes with Resinol Soap and hot water, working the creamy lather into the skin gently with the fingertips. Wash off with Resinol Soap and more hot water. Finish with a dash of cold water to close the pores.

Do this once or twice a day, and you will be astonished to find how quickly the healing, antiseptic Resinol medication soothes and cleanses the pores, removes pimples and blackheads, and leaves the complexion clear, fresh and velvety.

Sold by all druggists. For sample free, write to Dept. 2-W Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

Shoe Brush on Auto.

An ingenious brush for cleansing the shoes is so mounted on an automobile footboard as to be easily swung into position for use or out of the way beneath the board.

THE CHARM OF MOTHERHOOD

Enhanced By Perfect Physical Health.

The experience of Motherhood is a trying one to most women and marks distinctly an epoch in their lives. Not one woman in a hundred is prepared or understands how to properly care for herself. Of course nearly every woman nowadays has medical treatment at such times, but many approach the experience with an organism unfitted for the trial of strength, and when it is over her system has received a shock from which it is hard to recover. Following right upon this comes the nervous strain of caring for the child, and a distinct change in the mother results.

There is nothing more charming than a happy and healthy mother of children, and indeed child-birth under the right conditions need be no hazard to health or beauty. The unexplainable thing is that, with all the evidence of shattered nerves and broken health resulting from an unprepared condition, and with ample time in which to prepare, women will persist in going blindly to the trial.

Every woman at this time should rely upon Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, a most valuable tonic and invigorator of the female organism.

In many homes once childless there are now children because of the fact that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound makes women normal, healthy and strong.



If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.