

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 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. His description of his wife and his constant attendance on Katherine Strickland causes public comment. Editor Merritt is won over to the support of Slade because he cannot otherwise supply the money for a European trip demanded by Mrs. Merritt.

CHAPTER VI—Continued.

"There are strangers there who learned of your—domestic difficulties for the first time tonight," Strickland continued. "Merritt has thrown the bombshell."

"Why, I thought—" Slade began to protest.

"He's all right," came the senator's reassuring tones. "It had to come out. He's got his coat off in there for you now. He maintains that the opposition papers are bound to take it up at any moment. Now, what do you advise?"

"The truth," thundered Slade. "My wife is preparing to desert me. It will happen—Hayes jumped up and flung himself out of the room—to-morrow—the next day—any hour."

"I see," and the senator looked grave. "Is this irrevocable, Slade?"

"Irrevocable," declared Slade, positively. "As I have told you several times, senator, it is irrevocable. I'll stand by that."

Convinced that Slade knew his own mind in this matter as well as he had the reputation for knowing it in all other matters, Strickland returned to the waiting politicians.

Slade had been alone but a few minutes when Katherine returned.

"Well, Mr. Slade," the girl exclaimed, "things seem to be coming our way."

Slade was in no mood for mere conversation. He was annoyed at Hayes' attitude, and incensed because his private affairs were being publicly discussed in the next room. Mentally he consigned Hayes to the devil, his wife to the far East of the country, and registered a vow with himself that he would have that divorce and the woman he wanted in spite of everybody and everything.

He resolved to sound Katherine out then and there. He turned over in his mind the most cold-blooded proposition that a man ever made to a woman. He was planning to ask her to marry him, when he should be free, to decorate his home, preside at his table, share his wealth and the honors of the chief executive of the state. There would be no warmth in his tone, no love in his heart, no yearning of his arms for her yielding figure, there would be none of the fire of youth, nothing of the love of little children, nothing of the spirit that makes of marriage a sacrament rather than a thing of convenience.

As Katherine walked across the room, moving toward him with the quiet grace and dignity of the well-trained, well-gowned woman, he had a fleeting memory of the slight, badly dressed little woman, whose diffidence in strange surroundings had always fretted him. She a governor's wife? Impossible! He rose and stood beside the woman whom he proposed to use as another living stepping stone.

"Miss Strickland," his mind fully made up, "you've done a lot for me in the last few weeks while you've been making that bust. I think I understand you in a way. The more I see of you the more I think I'd like to make a—well, a bargain with you. That doesn't seem to be quite the word," he hesitated as the girl averted her eyes. "Yet I think that's what we call it."

"A bargain?" echoed Katherine. "Yes, a bargain," he repeated. "I never knew but one woman well—that was Mrs. Slade. She's a good woman—a mighty good woman, but we can't—I never had a home—not a home like Strickland's. When I have another house—that'll be what I'll want, I'll want my friends, my acquaintances, to come there. I want—well—head-quarters. And I want a woman at the head of my house that I can be proud of—like Strickland."

Katherine was not surprised. She had anticipated some such move as this on his part, but now that she was face to face with the unvarnished suggestion, she found herself more shocked than she would have believed.

"In a couple of months I'll stand free," he went on. "Perhaps sooner. I don't expect any woman's going to love me—she isn't. Got to do that when you're young. But I'd do all I could for the woman. She'd have everything—money and—the power that goes with it. I want to say right here that I wouldn't speak if I thought young Hayes had a chance. I saw he didn't."

At the mention of Hayes' name Katherine had an instant's vision of Bob's tender face—his eyes burning with love looking into hers—of his youth—his strength—his fine honor, and her heart cried out desperately, pitifully, for the shelter of his arms.

In another moment the old recurrent vision of life in the old town, dull, cheap, uninteresting, and the lure of what Slade was offering, the money, the clothes, the servants, the power to reign supreme, swept her off her feet. The thought of divorce did not terrify her. Mrs. Slade, whom she had never seen, was only a name. As Slade watched her standing straight and white, he feared he had been too brutally blunt.

"You needn't think it over now," he hastened to add. "Perhaps you will later, and perhaps you won't. That's for you to decide. I guess I've said all I can say."

But Katherine was not a woman to shrink from a situation because of its unpleasant features. She knew that she couldn't have all the things she wanted without some suffering, some pain. Her father's world had taught her that love was a thing of small consideration where marriage was concerned, unless it went with the advancement of one's ambitions. Love was not of the world. Place, power, wealth—these were of the world and this man offered them to her.

"This isn't a matter of sentiment," she agreed with him calmly. "I'll be perfectly frank with you. I don't say I won't think it over. I know just what you want of a woman. When you can go to my father free there won't be any barrier in the way."

She offered her hand as if to bind the bargain. He held it for a brief instant and with a hurried "thank you" left the room.

CHAPTER VII.

Left alone, Katherine drew a long breath. Her face was set and her eyes were harder than it is good for a woman's eyes to be. She pictured to herself the future for which she had just bargained. There would be wealth—no more pinching struggle with masked poverty, her father at ease, his political debts all paid. There would be no more pretense that her art was for love of it and not for money—she would be free to follow her desires in this as in all else. There would be honor and power as wife of the state's chief executive—and that was but a step to further honors that she would achieve at Slade's side—with Slade—always with Slade—ah!

As she stood thus the horror of what she had agreed to do swept over her, and she sank moaning and shivering into a chair, covering her face as if to shut out the hideous vision of herself as Slade's wife. She did not hear Bob enter, and did not know he was in the room until he touched her shoulder with tender alarm, exclaiming, "Why, Katherine, what's the matter?"

He did not think he ever remembered Katherine, strong, firm-willed Katherine, looking so pathetic and helpless. She dropped her hands from her face and he was surprised to see the misery in her eyes and the drawn lines about her mouth.

"I'm cold—I'm cold! I've had an awful chill," she tried to say, her teeth chattering with the sudden cold that seemed to freeze her lips. "Don't touch me, Bob!" she choked. "I've done it. I've done it. I always knew I'd do something terrible—I've done it." Her voice was hollow and her eyes were blank and expressionless.

"Katherine, tell me what's the matter? Can't you tell me?" There was a world of love and tender solicitude in Bob's voice. His manner seemed to rouse her, and she began to pace the floor excitedly.

"My mind's made up. It's all over between us now. I'm going to marry Slade," the words were uttered quickly, breathlessly.

"You're going to marry Slade," Bob could scarcely believe his ears. "You must be crazy!"

"No." Her voice was firmer now. "But I'm twenty-seven years old, twenty-seven years old." She bit the words off with a vengeance. "Soon I'll be thirty—thirty—do you hear? And you're the only man I've ever cared a rap for. I've tried to marry other men, rich men, men with important positions. Once I nearly did it in Europe. Then I thought of you, and I waited, I waited. And it's too late now. I can't wait any longer. I've worried and wondered ever since I got home what I could do. What I could do! Slade's the answer, Bob, Slade's the answer."

"My God, Katherine!" Hayes was completely bewildered at this unexpected outburst. "Slade's married?"

"I don't care," she retorted, defiantly, gaining courage as she talked. "A woman more or less is nothing to that man. He'll move a mountain. He'll soon sweep her out of his path."

The hot blood surged up into Hayes' face. He was agast at this peep into the soul of the woman he had thought was tender and dear and sweet. Her complete disregard of Mrs. Slade enraged him.

"So this is what Slade has done!" His fists were clenched. "This is what he's after. This is what you want. I'm not surprised," he went on, bitterly. "It was always in you."

"Yes," she met this accusation, an

angry light in her eyes. "It was always in me. I always had to have everything, be everything. I can't stay here and be a nobody. We're getting horribly poor. If we look prosperous, it's because nothing is paid for. When I was a child I always had to lead all the little games." She was talking rapidly, earnestly. "Then when I grew up there was only one leader here—Katherine Strickland, and after there was never but one woman left this place and did the things I've done and made the successes I've made, and now—to come back here—and settle down! When I'm Mrs. Slade I'll have the life I'm after—money and power and Europe—the world."

"Don't forget Slade," came sarcastically from Hayes. "Don't forget Slade," and he came toward her. "You'll have Slade, too. You'll have to live with him, a man who has lived all his life with another woman—who—"

"Don't!" she commanded. "He is only marrying me for a—a sort of housekeeper."

"You'll be his wife just the same." Every word was a sting.

"Yes—you'll have your revenge," Katherine answered quietly, more to herself than to him. Her voice dropped wearily. "Every time he kisses me—every time he comes into the room. But I'll get used to him. I suppose. Women get used to that sort of thing."

"Yes, and then go to the devil! I'll tell you what I think of you," he stormed. "You're a bad woman. You're as rotten as they make them. There's no type so low. You're bad to the marrow. London and Washington and Paris have done for you. You've butterflied all over the world till you're a heartless jade, junketing about from one embassy to another with all your pretty little cheating tricks and not a decent thought in your head."

"I won't listen," she gasped, amazed at his denunciation of her.

"You will listen!"

"Don't, oh, don't say such things, Bob," she pleaded.

"Why not?" he demanded. "You who plan to do such a devilish thing in the eyes of God and of men, can you be afraid to hear what it really is you plan? You will listen!"

He took a step nearer. He caught her roughly by the shoulders. He buried his lips into the soft tendrils of hair around her ear as he almost shouted: "You are going to rob a poor little woman—step into her house and snatch away her husband—and the only excuse you can offer is that you want his money. Why don't you rob somebody outright and get away with it? It's more honest."

Katherine shrank from him with a cry of protest.

"And all the while you love me," he went on, passionately, "you love me—"

"I don't," she sobbed.

"You lie!" he accused, hotly.

"Well, supposing I do—what can you give me?" she asked coolly.

"What can I give you?" he repeated. Then with a look of utter loathing in his eyes: "You contemptible little—"

and he flung her from him.

"You're going to sell what's mine to the highest bidder," he panted.

"But Slade's not divorced yet, and before you get out of this dirty mire you'll regret it. You'll find yourself so deep in scandal—"

"I won't," Katherine protested, vehemently. "I won't have a scandal." "They'll say he's your lover," his rage turning into fury.

Katherine looked at him as if she had been turned to stone. Then the real significance of what he had said fanned to a flame the rage that was burning in her heart—rage at him—at conditions—at everything! She gripped her fingers around one of the lovely roses at her belt and crushed it to a pulp. Then she flung them from her gown—his roses—and threw them among the blazing logs in the fireplace.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ROLL-TOP DESK IS BARRED

In the Interest of Efficiency Eastern Railroad Equips Its Offices With Modern Furnishings.

This is an age of efficiency, and in the successful stores, offices, and corporations one sees many things that make for more efficient work on the part of every one from the big boss down to the janitor.

Nowhere perhaps is efficiency more rigidly demanded than on most of the railroads. An order just issued by an Eastern railroad is illustrative of the point. This order forbids the use of roll-top desks by any of the employees—all offices from the president's down and all those along the system have been equipped with flat-top desks.

This is so the men will not cram pigeonholes full of papers and pile work and papers on their desks, close them up and go home. The man with a flat-top desk will clear it off before leaving, in fact it's mandatory in this case, and he steps up to his desk the next morning, not having to fuss and fume over a pile of unsorted papers, but ready to dig right in on the day's job. There's nothing left undone from yesterday.

Leaders Laid the Foundation.

In manual toil, in commerce, in education and in public service, at home at the council board, in the church, there is not a bit of routine you can put your hand to, but the saints and heroes were at the beginning of it. "Princes dug this well, yea, the nobles of the people hollowed it out with their accepters and with their staves."—George Adam Smith.

FARM AND ORCHARD

Notes and Instructions from Agricultural Colleges and Experiment Stations of Oregon and Washington, Specially Suitable to Pacific Coast Conditions

America's Finest Boar

Owed by Northwest Man

Chas. M. Talmadge, owner of Silver Birch farm, Newport, Wash., exhibited his great boar, Laurel Champion, last year at the fairs, winning at each event, and came back this year starting at the Spokane Interstate fair, where he won eleven first prizes and one championship, with Laurel Champion and his get. This was against the keenest competition, the herds of J. A. Simonson, of North Yakima, Wash., and of F. R. Steel, of Grants Pass, Ore., being entered also.

Mr. Talmadge bought Laurel Champion from Professor C. F. Curtis, of the Iowa State college at Ames, Ia., two years ago after he had won at the Iowa and Minnesota state fairs.

Laurel Champion was farrowed in April, 1911, his sire being Rival's Champion Best, which was grand champion boar at the Illinois, Iowa, Indiana, and Missouri state fairs, St. Joseph, Mo., fair, etc., making a clean

"Soils long and continuously cropped to grains become sad and lifeless. The particles run together badly, which causes decreased production. The soil puddles and bakes readily, and in all it is intractable to our efforts to make it yield any increase. This soil will, however, respond if properly treated. By applying manures, green or barnyard, to increase the organic matter content, it takes on a more tractable nature. Decayed vegetable matter supplies some plant food and assists in making other plant food available to growing crops. It increases bacterial action, which means more available plant food. It improves the physical condition of the soil and permits more perfect aeration—and plant roots must have air. It also gives warmth and life to the soil.

"Humus, though not so active as organic matter, is a necessary soil constituent. It gives the soil color and friability. Soils rich in humus are easier to work and give larger returns for work expended on them. Humus affords a home and food for beneficial bacteria. Humus increases the moisture holding capacity of a soil. One ton of humus is capable of absorbing



Laurel Champion, Greatest Living Berkshire Boar.

sweek of the circuit in 1910. He is the present herd boar of the Chas. F. Curtis herd at Ames, Ia., and is considered the best Berkshire boar living. The grand sire of Laurel Champion is Rival's Champion, which was the first grand champion boar of America. The dam is Rockwood Laurel 8th., which was one of Curtis' principal show sows.

Laurel Champion won first prize in junior yearling boar class, reserve grand champion boar (beaten only by his sire), and headed first prize herd over one year in 1912 at Iowa and Minnesota state fairs.

In 1913 he was first prize boar in the over-two-years class, senior champion boar, grand champion boar, and headed first prize herd at the Spokane Interstate fair, Walla Walla District fair and Washington State fair. His get won first and second junior boar pig at Spokane, first junior boar pig and first and second junior sow pig at Walla Walla, and first junior boar pig at Washington State fair.

At the Spokane Interstate fair this year, Laurel Champion won first on aged boar, grand champion boar, first on get of sire. He sired the first and second senior boar pigs, second junior yearling boar, first junior boar pig, second junior yearling sow, first and second senior sow pig, third junior sow pig, first over-year herd bred by exhibitor, first under-year herd and first under-year herd bred by exhibitor. He also sired the group that won produce of sow and the first prize farrow.

The grand champion of America is the one which is made grand champion of the American Berkshire congress, which is a national show of Berkshires held once a year in connection with some state fair designated by the American Berkshire association. This fair is designated in advance so that all Berkshire competitors can be entered, making the strongest Berkshire show of the year. At each of these fairs a senior champion, junior champion, grand champion, and reserve grand champion are selected.

Organic Matter in Soil

Is Valuable Soil Asset

Oregon Agricultural College, Corvallis.—"Organic matter in soils is to the soil what leaven is to bread," says J. E. Larson, soil expert at the Oregon Agricultural college. "As applied to soils, organic matter is decaying roots and vegetable compounds. When compared with humus, which is decayed vegetable matter already incorporated into the soil as part of the soil mass, it is the active soil constituent. Organic matter is added to the soils in the application of vegetable matter such as barnyard manures, litters, green manures, etc. Keeping up the organic content replenishes the store of humus."

The pickling season being on, the Japs have bottled Kiao Chow, the Turks have corked up the Russian fleet in the Black sea and the British navy has Germany bottled in the Baltic.

It may be cheaper to move than pay your rent, but after moving several times the last few months we doubt it.

The Swiss are needy on account of the war. Now it's up to somebody to start up a Swiss movement, stem set and wind.

It guards this moisture carefully and gives it up readily to the growing plants. A soil in good till and rich in humus always withstands the summer droughts better.

"Many farmers are giving too little heed to this vital problem. The torch is applied to straw and other litter in some instances still, and the creek bank is considered an ideal place for the barn, as the problem of getting rid of the manure is solved. Recently the writer heard a man lamenting the fact that his land was all cleared and therefore he had no wood lot to shoot his straw into and hide it away. On one farm the writer counted nine old straw piles in all stages of decay. There is little virtue in saving the straw from the torch unless it is put to work—applied to the land. Manures allowed to leach and firefag in barnyard piles lose one-half their value in six months. Rotting straw piles deteriorate as well.

"Remember that mixed straw has a value of approximately \$3 per ton for fertilizing purposes, saying nothing about the value from the physical effect on the soil as above mentioned. Barnyard manure, more concentrated product, has a still greater value. Of the green manures we can grow best, namely, vetch, clovers, peas, etc., vetch straw is worth \$5.25 a ton to plow under, clover straw \$7.50 and peas \$7.

"The commodities for increasing the organic matter in Oregon soils are at hand. Where rainfall is plentiful, the question of working coarse and bulky manures and litters into the soil is an easy matter. They may be applied, disked in and plowed under where cultivated crops, corn and potatoes, are to be grown, or they may be applied as top dressings to meadow and pasture lands.

"Fall plowing gives a splendid opportunity to work litter and manures with the soil. Every man should consider himself a committee of one that shall see to it that the best practices be put into operation to increase the organic matter content of our soils."

The Pathetic Congressman.

Congress had to have its mileage, and the only way it could get the mileage was by an adjournment. Hence the suddenness with which that patriot, Mr. Henry of Texas, thrust his hand in his bosom and called off the filibuster. Mr. Wilson did not even have to frown. So simply was the call of home and the pocketbook obeyed.—New York Tribune.

It might be good business for some theater manager to install an electric board to show the progress of the war.

The great aim of the sobolater seems to be to bring the young man, who lacks courage, and the girl whose friends call her beautiful, together.

When the tenderfeet come west in 1915 they may miss the wilderness, but they'll find it all wool and a yard wide.

Why doesn't some one prosecute the legislators for passing bad bills? The police won't let us do it and get away with it.

Paris has locked up the Venus de Milo. Having no arms, of course the V. de M. is little use to the colors.

ORGAN GRINDER'S DAY

HARVEST REAPED BY WASHINGTON STREET MUSICIAN.

Story From the Capital Concerning French and German Ambassadors Is a Good One, Though It Is Not Official.

It was before the war came in grim earnest, of course, but here is the form in which a perfectly respectable old story used to be told over the cigarette in Washington. When the governments of France and Germany were merely barking at each other across the conference table, it happened one day that an Italian organ grinder, strolling along the streets of Washington, planted his instrument of torture on the curb in front of the German legation and began grinding out the Marsellaise.

The strains of France's great national air fell upon the ears of the German ambassador, Count Bernstorff, as he sat within, deep in the diplomatic puzzles of his office, and a frown overspread his brow; for the Germans, though a music-loving people, love not the tune of the Marsellaise. However, he passed the incident, as a momentary annoyance, and buried himself deeper in his work.

When the musician, having reached the end of the Marsellaise, proceeded to adjust his machine and play it over again, the ambassador grew restless. And when the third round began, Count Bernstorff's patience broke under the strain. Hammering upon his call-bell, he summoned an attendant.

"Go out and drive that fellow from the block!" he commanded, and was turning again to his work when a bright idea flashed upon him. "Here, wait a moment," he called, and drawing a coin from his pocket, gave the valet some instructions along with the money.

The valet, swiftly making his way to the street, addressed the organ grinder.

"Can you play 'Die Wacht am Rhein'?" he asked.

"Yes, sure, Mike, I play him," replied the son of Italy, in the lingo of the country.

"Do you know where M'sieur Jusserand, the French ambassador, lives?" now queried the servant.

"Yes, sure, Mike, I know," responded the dago.

"Well, here's a half-dollar," said the servant, handing him the coin. "I want you to go up to Ambassador Jusserand's house and play 'Die Wacht am Rhein' for 15 minutes without stopping. Understand?"

"Yes, yes, sure, Mike," exclaimed the dago eagerly, and slinging his organ across his back, as he prepared to move on, added proudly:

"Today, beeg day; today I make de beeg mon." Ambassador Jusserand, just now he give me one dollar to come here and play de Marsellaise for 15 minutes.—New York Evening Post.

The Dam Bill.

It was a legislative field day in the house, and a call for a quorum had been sent forth. Wearily the members dragged themselves forth from the cool house offices into the heat of a summer day. And as one congressman greeted another, the question, "Is the dam bill up?" was overheard by a rather prim and earnest visitor, who went on, horrified at such profanity, only to hear another group inquire: "Is the dam bill up?" Hurrying on toward the office building, still a third time her ears were assailed with the undignified query—"Is the dam bill up?"

"Well, I never," said the good lady, shaking her hussar plumes viciously. "I never heard such profane congressmen. The changeable weather has worked on their tempers sure enough, for every congressman I meet has been inquiring about that dam bill, and the thought of it so impressed itself on my mind that I almost feel like saying that dreadful word myself for the sake of relief."—"Affairs at Washington," by Joe Mitchell Chappel, in National Magazine.

Deposits of Phosphate Rock. While the states of Florida, Tennessee and South Carolina have for many years been the principal sources of phosphate rock in the United States, it is believed that the main production in the future will probably come from the great deposits of phosphate rock on public lands in Idaho, Utah, Wyoming and Montana. While Georgetown is the only village strictly within the area discussed, Montpelier and Soda Springs are closely adjacent. An estimate of the high-grade phosphate rock available in the area northeast of Georgetown has been made—2,653,290,000 long tons. Although this estimate is approximate, it is derived from the most complete data available at the present time and has been confined to the content of the main bed, which lies in the greater part of this area near the base of the phosphate shales, and no attempt is made to estimate the vast tonnage of the intermediate or low-grade rock.

Cat Had the Advantage.

Cherry Kearton, the famous photographer of wild animals, says that during the bombardment of Antwerp a dog and a cat followed him down the street. "As the shells burst the dog went dodging from one side of the road to the other, but the cat never turned a hair." A cat is naturally used to being bombarded, and, besides, has eight lives advantage on a dog.