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### SYNOPSIS.

Daniel Slade suddenly advances from a 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 Strick-land, and sees in her all that Mary is not. Slade decides to separate from his wife and takes rooms at his club. His deser-tion of his wife and his constant atten-dance 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

control otherwise support of Shake because he cannot otherwise supply the money for a European trip demanded by Mrs. Mer-ritt. Katherine agrees to marry Slade when the latter gets a divorce. Boy Hayes, in love with Katherine, has a stormy session with the latter over her conduct toward Slade.

### CHAPTER VII-Continued.

She turned to him with a bitter laugh. "I'm through with you-and your insults," and she fled from the room.

Katherine did not go a moment too soon, for scarcely had the folding doors closed behind her when the door from the smoking-room swung open, and with noisy talk the few remaining members of the dinner party straggled in.

In her agitated condition, even Katherine would have found it difficult to regain her composure sufficiently to meet these men.

Ex-Governor Hibbard was in a particularly happy frame of mind. The senator's excellent viands and the senator's choice wines and the senator's Havanas had succeeded in making him feel well satisfied with the world in general and with Slade in particular. His round face was flushed and his string tie a trifle awry.

"Had a good time, senator," he said, removing his cigar, "but there were too many swallowtails here for me tonight. When I was governor of the state I never wore one. No, nor a plug to know that the reports to the senahat, either."

"I never wore one, and I never will," seconded Colonel Smith, a typ-Ical long, lean, lanky westerner, with the inevitable western cut beard and hair a bit too long.

"Governor, you're right," and Strickland gave each man a resounding slap on the shoulder. "Colonel, stick to your guns. They're a nuisance. Now, boys, forget your homes and your trains. The others are all gone. Let us, the ringleaders, adjourn to the dining-room and over one of my punches-"

The governor patted his stomach tenderly. The mention of the senator's punch was all that was necessary to weaken his desire to catch a train. "Ah! Strickland's punch! I'm with you."

"Now, gentlemen," interrupted Merritt in a business-like manner, "before we split up tonight it's understood

# in, walking into the middle of the

group. "This is not at all true." "You keep out of this game," warned Strickland.

"Well, boys, we're all agreed," de clared Merritt. "It's one for all, then-"

"And all for one," added Hibbard, excitedly. "Hip! Hip!" began Merritt, when the door opened and the butler announced:

"Mrs. Slade."

The hurrah that had been on each man's lips died a sudden death. They looked at each other in consternation. "Mrs. Slade!" gasped Merritt. Whew!"

The eyes turned toward the door saw a tiny, gray-garbed woman, with great, questioning brown eyes, hesitating in bewildered fashion as she found herself confronted by a roomful of men. Her gown with its tight basque and full skirt was dowdy and badly cut, in marked contrast to the fashionable, clinging gowns of the women who had graced the room a short time previous. Her white gloves were a fraction too short to meet her short sleeves, and left exposed thin arms and pointed elbows. But the tender face, with its sweetly expressive mouth, was unchanged. The lovely eyes were more appealing, as filled

the room. "I'm afraid it's a little late for me to come," she managed to say, as the senator came up to her with outstretched hand.

"This is an unexpected pleasure," the senator assured her with an urbane smile. "Gentlemen, Mrs. Slade." "Why, my dear madame," and Merritt greeted her effusively, "I'm glad tor have been exaggerated. Your health is now-er-"

"Oh, I never felt better in my life, sir," Mary declared, puzzled that he should ask such a question.

Hayes hastened to the little woman's side.

"Oh, Rob," she exclaimed, relieved to see a familiar face. As she turned to Hayes, Slade appeared at the smoking-room door, and as he recognized the dowdy little figure his eyes darkened and an angry scowl appeared on his face. Strickland saw the expression and hastened to urge the men to follow him into the dining-room.

# CHAPTER VIII.

As the men filed out, Mary turned to meet her husband's angry eyes. "Well, Dan, I'm here," and she

right, Rob?"

Robert?" Slade broke in.

was. "I've been outside for half an

hour-just tryin' to make up my mind,

"There aren't any other ladies pres

ent," Hayes tried to explain, "and I

"You'd better go," Slade finished

for him, but not in his conciliatory

"But you don't understand," Mary

objected. "He doesn't understand.

she turned to Hayes in a perplexed

way. "My being here tonight means

I've given in," and she looked up

searchingly into her husband's forbid-

ding face. "I'm going out with you

every night, all the time, whenever

you want me, balls, parties, dinners,

rlage?" Slade turned to Bob, ignor-

"Yes, but," Mary began to object.

"It's necessary that I join these gen-

"Take her at once," he commanded

"Call me when you're ready, Mrs.

Slade thrust his hands deep into his

pockets and looked at his wife in a

puzzled way. She was nervously

pulling off her gloves and beginning

to realize that her visit was, for some

unexplained reason, scarcely the suc-

here for, Mary?" Slade finally de-

"In God's name, what did you come

"What did I come here for?" she

cess she had planned it to be.

Slade. I'll wait in the hall," and he

lemen," Slade informed her coldly.

Hayes started toward the door.

ing his wife's detaining hand.

"Will you see Mrs. Slade to her car-

but as long as you're here yet-why-'

woman's shoulder.

think perhaps-"

tone.

everything."

Haves.

manded.

disappeared.

gravely.

looked pleadingly up into the uninviting face. "I've given in," she went on.

wink since you left. Aren't you missing me?" and her voice trembled just the least bit.

"Oh, Dan. It's all over now, sin't it, our tiff?" she began eagerly, catching his arm impulsively and pressing her face against his coatsleeve, kissing the unresponsive broadcloth again and again. "We're making up; we'll go home together. It'll all be different after this, and I'll see you at the breakfast table mornings now," she finished joyfully.

"Dan," she began again, "I don't believe you've had a decent cup of coffee since you left home. I'd like to make you a cup now, myself," and she looked reflectively around the senator's library as if she thought there might possibly be some opportunity to brew a cup of coffee right then and there.

"Come on home, father," she urged, calling him by the name of the old, old days, when they had both dreamed of little ones in their home, and patting his arm lovingly, tenderly. "Mad at me yet?" she questioned.

Slade winced under the gentle touch of her hand on his arm, and found it necessary to turn away from the face that was so sweet and penitent.

"No," he stammered, "I'm not mad at you, only this is no place to talk

about our troubles." "Well, we'll go along home," she suggested.

"No, I can't come now. You'd better let Rob take you home," and he started for the door.

Mary started after him, clutching at his arm.

"I've got to know what the matter is now-I must-I must," she declared vehemently.

"Very well, Mary, as far as my plans go, I've arranged my life differently."

"Differently? Differently? Haven't given in?"

"It's too late now. I'm sorry to say this, but you force me."

"Wait a minute, Dan." She drew a long breath, as if nerving herself for with wistful shyness, they gazed about an ordeal. "You're going to say something dreadful. Before\*you begin I want to say that I'll do anything to get things back just the same as they were before-anything. There's nothing you could ask me I won't donothing! There! Now! Now go on," and she sank weakly into a chair.

"Look here," Slade was cruelly abrupt. "This separation is permanent. Nothing's going to change it."

"Separation?" She gave him a blank, amazed stare. "Why, Dan, who's talking about separation? We can't be separated."

"We can be-we are. When I left you that night it was for good and all, Mary. We can't get along together and I've made up my mind to it. It's settled."

"You mean to say you haven't missed yer home? You haven't wanted me to give in? You mean what's happened is for the best?"

"Yes," he answered icily. Mary gazed at him in bewilderment.

You're not the man I talked to five weeks ago. I don't know you. It must be the people about you-or it's-"

Like a flash the possibility of another woman came into her mind. But she dismissed it as quickly as it had come. She would not insult him -or herself-or their love by such a suggestion.



By GRACE B. WHARTON.

(Copyright, 1914, by W. G. Chapman.) Verne Tyson roused up with a start, He rubbed his eyes, he shook himself. Then he stared across the table where his club acquaintance, Colonel Reeves so-called, should have been. No colonel. Then beyond that at the spot where last he had seen the volatile, never-to-be-forgotten Madame Hortense Vassour. Gone. A discreet waiter, napkin on arm, approached. His well trained face expressed a mild inquiry, a strong suggestiveness of being of service.

"How long have I been here?" asked Verne abruptly.

"Three hours, sir." "Alone?"

"Yes, sir."

"And the others?" demanded Verne, with a sweep of his hand "They joked about your siesta and

seemed to think it sport to give you the surprise of waking up alone.'

"So," muttered Verne, and his face showed that he did not like the situation. He arose. The waiter helped him to his hat and gloves, bowed his thanks for a careless liberal fee, and Verne walked from the cafe garden into the street.

"It wasn't the wine-I didn't touch it," he ruminated. "It was not ennul, for the colonel and his lady friend were positively brilliant this evening. It was that woman's eyes!"

Verne knew little of the colonel, less of the woman. The former lived a mysterious existence at the club. The lady was his cousin, he had said. From the first her eyes had repelled Verne, because every time they spar-



kled they gave him an unaccountably uneasy feeling. She was pretty, witty, winning in her ways. She was intellibook and followed her directions. Reeves had cashed the checks at gent, too. The conversation had drifted towards the occult, hypnotism and 'fruxton and had disappeared with the all that during the little refection.

some vast surprises for Verne. For several days he had not received any word from Leila. His uncle, too, was strangely silent. Then there appeared at Truxton a young lawyer who sometimes did business for Mr. Tresham. "You are to return home at once," said this visitor.

"But the lawsuit here?" remonstrated Verne. "I have got it in just the right shape, I am familiar with its details and can certainly be of use regarding it."

But the lawyer very gravely and seriously reiterated the unqualified direction from Mr. Tresham, so Verne returned to Midvale.

It was an inexplicable and chilling reception that awaited him. He had never seen his uncle so distant.

"Yes, I sent for you," he said stern-"I suppose I need not tell you lv. why," and he passed across the table between them three checks for ten thousand dollars each. They bore dates a few days apart and the can-

been made out payable to self or beara bank at Truxton.

"Well?" questioned Verne, looking up in a puzzled way, "what has this

got to do with me?"

She was pale, wretched looking

ten-I know all. You forged my name vife went to a butcher shop to buy to those checks. You alone can imi- i turkey.

access to the check book in my safe, ated.

from the back of my check book." Of course Verne indignantly pro- ightly, the price across the way is tested. It was of no avail. His uncle 13 cents."

swore that unless he went away to a distant solitude he would disown him. he quick response of the butcher.

Verne found the Boyd home shut "No," hesitatingly returned the cusagainst him. Leila had been sent omer, "I think the feet were cut off." away to a relative convinced of his "That's just what I thought!" was guilt, his uncle claimed. he confident declaration of the butch-

A broken man, confronted by a mys- ir, as he began to wrap up the bird. tery he could not fathom, Verne re- 'When we sell a turkey, madam, we mained in seclusion for a week. One well feet and all!"-Philadelphia Teleevening a visitor was announced. It traph. was Mrs. Vassour.

A Rapid Thinker.

"Dableigh seems to have an answer last seen Reeves. He told her at 'eady for everybody,

Truxton. She said he had disap- "I'm sorry to say he had one ready peared from there. She broke out 'or me this morning."

into bitter vituperation of the wretch "What was it?"

"I asked him if he would lend me who had borrowed all her money and 1 Sve-spot and he answered 'No' be-Verne felt sorry for the adventur- 'ore I could tell him how necessary it

ess. He inquired gently as to her was for me to have it." necessities and tendered her some money. She took it, started to leave Consolation.

the room, and then, some wild im- "So you don't care for those fancy

pulse stirring her, returned to his wed dogs?" "Oh, I suppose they're not so had "You are a gentleman and a friend," is they might be," replied the weary she said, her voice quivering. "I con- ooking man. "I'm glad we don't have linosaurs and pterodactyls nowadays. In amazement Verne listened to her My wife would be sure to want one

story. A past mistress in the art if them for a pet." hypnotic, she had placed him under

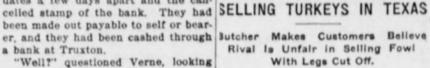
### Laid in a Supply.

Newedd-This milk is much better forced him to reveal all about his han what we've been having.

uncle and the details of his business. Mrs. Newedd-Yes, dear, I got it While he was at Truxton she had rom a new man. He guaranteed that visited Mr. Tresham. Upon him she t was perfectly pure, so I bought had worked her spell also. Uncon. nough to last a chuple of weeks .-sciously he had produced the check Boston Evening Transcript.

### When Money Fails,

"And can I have the captain's cabn?" demanded the very rich gentle-



ONTHE

Speaking of the unsophisticated the "Have you the audacity to ask," ther night, Congressman Robert L. challenged his uncle stormily. "Lis- Henry of Texas related how a young

tate my handwriting so cleverly, for The price named for the bird, the on occasions I have warranted your congressman said, was 26 cents a using my signature. You alone had bound, whereat the young wife hesi-

and those three checks were torn out "Isn't 26 cents rather .high?" she imidly queried. "If I remember

"With the feet on, I suppose," wats

we're all Slade men?"

"All Slade men!" was the unanimous shout from the colonel, the ex-Governor Hunt, pious old Pop Hart and Ingram.

"And we're preparing to cope with Slade's domestic trouble should it come up, and it will," went on Merritt.

"The devil, Strick!" broke in the colonel. "Can't it be patched up until after election?"

"No, gentlemen." The senator was unctuous but firm. "We must take Slade as we find him or-drop him. We're in the hands of a peculiar and dominant personality. We can't make these big fellows to order."

"What I can't understand," complained Hibbard, throwing the stub of his cigar into the fireplace, "is why they can't get on together."

"Take it from me, gentlemen, it's her fault," exclaimed Merritt, as much in favor of Slade as he had previously been opposed to him, now that Fannie was appeased with the money for her trip to Europe.

"She's preparing to desert him now," Strickland assured them. "It's Irrevocable."

"Well, we can't blame him for being deserted," agreed Hibbard.

"You bet we can't! My wife deserted me," declared the colonel with an attempt at facetiousness, "and she didn't do it a day too soon, either. I've gone right ahead ever since."

"Now, then," went on the industrious Merritt, "three of us own papers. These are our points: Mrs. Slade is -er-er-a woman who has no sympathy with her husband-shuns public life-is never seen-refused even to see me. And no sympathy for him, don't forget that."

"Yep! Just like my wife," grunted the colonel.

"I don't see how the public can blame him," declared Hibbard.

"They can't," asserted Hart,

"Why, she's a semi-invalid," amended Strickland.

"My wife hasn't seen her out since she drove him out of the house five weeks ago," declared Hart.

"Good! We'll use that," exclaimed Merritt, eagerly. "A semi-invalidwhen she's ready to be moved she will be taken away at her own request. I'll publish it myself. I'll start the ball a-rolling. Why, gentlemen, the world ought to pity that man."

Hayes had stood the conversation as long as he could.

"Do you realize that you're attacking this woman unjustly?" he broke house, Dan. Lord, I haven't slept a Not guilty?-Sidney Bulletin.

"I am another man from the one been a struggle, but I'm here. Why, you married," Slade agreed, "but you I've been thinking all this evening, wouldn't see it." while I was gettin' dressed, I'd give

"Is it my fault that I married a man a dollar to see the look on your face when you saw me here. Dan. and who's turned into somebody else?" Mary argued, fighting, fighting for her know that you got your own way. life, her happiness-for him. "I mar-Dan-I've-well-I've given in, faried you, Dan. I married a poor young ther." And, turning to Rob with an expectant little smile, "Do I look all fellow who was hard worked and I helped him along. We started fair, Dan, but this ain't fair," lapsing more "I think you do," Hayes replied. and more into poor grammar and dialect as her excitement rose. "You got "Will you take Mrs. Slade home. beyond me, but it was because I worked and saved the pennies for you, "It's very late," Hayes pleaded as while you went out and got helped and he put his hand lovingly on the little learned. Cooking didn't learn me. I didn't even know I was behind the "Yes, I know it is," Mary agreed, times or unsatisfactory until one day still not realizing what a flasco her first attempt to enter into social life vou-"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

# KINDLY WORD MEANS MUCH

### World Would Be Happier and Better If Approbation Were More Freely Expressed.

It is often told that Engene Field one day wandered into a basement restaurant, sat down at a table, put his chin in his hands and gazed mood. ily into space, relates the Youth's Companion. A waiter came up to him, and after the manner of his kind enumerated the long list of dishes that were ready to be served.

"No, no," said Field, dejectedly, "I require none of those things. All I want is some sliced oranges and a few kind words."

Whether or not the incident be true, it is suggestive. Unquestionably, deeds weigh far more than words, and yet it is almost tragic to think how much happier and better this struggling world would become if kind words were more often heard. We all, every day, come in contact with those who are in Eugene Field's state of mind. They are in our own homes; mothers and fathers and children. They are behind counters of stores; they are employes on trains; they are servants in kitchens; they are everywhere, and their name is legion. A word of appreciation would brighten the whole day and would make it easier for them to keep on trying.

### He Didn't Know It.

Counsel for the Defense (to client, repeated blankly. "What did I come who has been dozing during the verhere for? Why, to please you. I dict)-Wake up and get out. You're acquitted! thought you'd be glad. I just can't stand it with you living out of the

The Accused-Lor' lumme! Wot!

Then-then-

"I went to sleep," reflected Verne, eyes the last thing. Brr-rr! it is uncanny. Perhaps she tried the art mesmeric on me. I'll go and see Leila and forget all about it."

To Lella he was afflanced. Society saw an ideal love match in their prospective union. The Boyds were wealthy and Verne was the heir of trite. He gave the entire amount rehis uncle, the richest man in the dis- covered to his nephew, and Leila be trict. The wedding had been set for two weeks ahead.

It was fortunate that Leila had some other callers that evening, for Verne felt dull and uncompanionable. He is usually that which is not visible could not shake off a certain apathetic, The roots act not only as anchors to lethargic feeling that oppressed him. hold the plant firm in the ground, but Leila noticed it, and when he left she as wandering mouths, picking up food whispered softly:

"We shall be alone tomorrow evening-come early."

ber merchant, excavating for a sewer But something prevented. The following morning Mr. Tresham, Verne's in Gloucester, found an elm root one uncle, sent his nephew away on a busi- and a quarter inches in diameter and iness mission to a city a day's journey 63 feet long running through a bed of distant. It covered a stay of some sawdust from the tree to the nearest weeks, where attention to a lagging water, the Gloucester and Berkeley lawsuit would require constant vigi- canal. lance.

Verne wrote a hurried note to Lella explaining the situation. Mrs. Vas. ible. A cucumber will, within its sour passed out of his mind, but she short life of about half a year, throw was revived temporarily two days out from ten to fifteen miles of roots later, when to his surprise Verne met Colonel Reeves on the street in Trux- to a depth of six to nine feet is ton.

"Heard you was here on business," of the most powerful and persistent spoke Reeves familiarly. "Some business of importance likely to keep me here for a week or two. If you are going to make any kind of a prolonged stay, we can find pleasant mutual quarters down at the Ramblers club." Verne thought not any too much of Reeves, but time was likely to hang heavy on his hands, the colonel was good company and some very pleasant days passed.

"My cousin, Mrs. Vassour, is still at Midvale," announced the colonel one day. "By the way, she wrote me that The phrase thus acquired the mean she met your uncle at a reception. Fine old gentleman. He was very attentive and courteous toward her." If Verne had not known that his other to stand up to him. Even now rich relative was a confirmed bachadays in some of the country district elor, he would have felt uneasy. As in Great Britain it is customary for he's about to die of ennui." it was, when he wrote to his uncle lads when quarreling to provoke their he jocularly expressed the sentiment opponents finally to the encounter by "beware of the vidders!" and gave drawing a line upon the ground and his uncle a hint that Mrs. Vassour telling them to "toe the mark." The was scarcely en regle with upper crust meaning of the phrase as now general 'alue in great shape." society.

At the end of two weeks there came | "stand up" to anything.

money. "I do not know where he is," said nan. Mrs. Vassour, "but I know his old

Which was done, and nearly the

whole of the money recovered. Then,

amid the amazing manifestation that

own, Mr. Tresham was more than con-

Invisible, But Supporting.

The most wonderful part of a plant

Roots travel amazing distances in

search of their requirements. A tim-

The aggregate length of root thrown

out by some plants is almost incred-

Clover roots will go straight down

search of moisture, and coltsfoot, one

"Toeing the Mark."

ing of "standing up" to something, and

so became used in quarrels, when one

of the parties would challenge the

ly used is to come right forward and

The phrase "toeing the mark" is of

an even greater depth.

ning him down."

came a happy bride.

and drink for their parent.

"Not exactly," replied the booking "and I remember my lady's glowing associations, and if you promise not derk. "I can give you a chicken coop to prosecute me I will assist in run. Ir a nice place in the coal bunkers. And the other passengers smiled.

### An Arbitrary Proceeding.

"Pa, what does it mean to be called the signature to the checks was his o the colors?"

"In autocratic countries, son, it neans much the same thing as your nother telling you to do something 'ou don't want to do and threatening o dust your jacket if you don't."

THAT'S WHY.



Mother-Willie, why will you perof weeds, sends its suckers down to dst in telling such fibs? Willie-Well, dad gays that's the mly way to git along wid you.

#### A Misunderstanding.

fairly old and somewhat obscure ori "Will you give me your name, gin. Several different opinions are dease?" asked the young lady who held as to how it originated, but the was making a list of those present. derivation most generally accepted if that it comes from an old fashfor among military men in drilling to draw hat this is not leap year."—The Pathcompany "dress" by toeing this mark inder.

## Nothing to Fuss About.

"I've been a model husband for six nonths."

"That's a fine record." "And my poor wife finds life so dull

### His Mistake.

"I think that chap would like to buy ny place. I've been cracking up the "Why, you fool, that's our new tax ssessor : " -Judge.