

The WOMAN
A Novel by
Albert Payson Terhune
Founded on
William C. de Mille's Play
of the same name

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"If she has a whole pair of ears, answered Blake, sinking his own voice, 'she surely could. Especially what I've been saying. For I've been straining my voice to talk loud enough for her to catch what I said, ever since we sat down here."

"The deuce you have?" exclaimed Van Dyke. "What for?"
"For the same reason I've been laying down," returned Blake. "Don't worry over that. A man whose voice is as tired as mine isn't straining that throat unless it's for a good cause. And you can leave the finding of the Woman's name to me, too, I guess. Now trot along, all of you. Mark, go in and order dinner. I'll be there in five minutes. I've a couple of things to attend to first."

The group began to drift across the corridor in the direction of the dining-room. Blake detached himself from the rest and started back toward the telephone switchboard. But Tom, noting his father's move, intercepted him. The young fellow's face looked worried and his manner had lost some of its wonted buoyancy.

"Dad," he said.
"Hey!" asked Blake, stopping and turning toward his son.
Reading Tom's face, as he was accustomed by instinct to read every countenance that came into his range of vision, Jim nodded and led the way to the amen corner.

"Now, then," he demanded, half-guilingly, half-anxiously, "what's on your mind? Speak up, son. There never yet was a delicate subject that wasn't the better for getting aired."

CHAPTER VI.

A Family Row.
"This—this story about Standish"—began Tom uncomfortably; then passed involuntarily as Blake leaned back with a grunt of relief.

"That all?" asked the father. "I was afraid I was going to get another call-down from my wise son on my follies and sins. Honestly, Tom, I don't know how I ever got through the first quarter-century of my life without your holy guidance and correction."

"Is that quite necessary?" said Tom. "I only wanted to ask you—"

"Of course you did. You wanted to ask me some question in politics. And instead of being glad that you are beginning to show an intelligent interest in my affairs at last, I made fun of you. I'm sorry, son. I'm an old crank. Go ahead with your question. You were asking about this Standish story?"

"Yes. I suppose it will give us the fight."

"Looks that way from where I sit," replied Blake. "Such pretty romances have wrecked many a man, as strong as Standish—and stronger."

"Oh!" exclaimed Tom, almost shuddering. "I wish you wouldn't use blackmail to win your fight."

"Blackmail?" echoed Blake slowly. Then he paused. The rugged mask of a face had not changed. But the pupils of the half-shut eyes had suddenly contracted as though a blinding light had been flashed before them. Yet, a second later, when Blake spoke again, there was no trace of pain or resentment in his dry drawing voice.

"Blackmail?" he said once more. "How about the way Standish dragged up that franchise affair of mine last year? What was that but blackmail?"

"Well," demanded Tom, in the stark mercilessness of youth, "you were stealing the franchise, weren't you, dad?"

"Yes," asserted Blake with a delightful absence of all false modesty. "I sure was. And I was doing it neatly, too. Not a ripple, not a kick, till Standish butted in with his measly reformers and queered the whole job and cost us a half million dollars. Son, every time I think of that, I want to chase some one with an ax. I don't lie awake nights thinking how cunning our friend Standish would look with seaweed in his hair and sand under his nails. But I keep that franchise memory and a few others fresh on the ice. And it sure doesn't break my heart to have a chance now of getting back at him."

"But," persisted Tom, "that was a public matter. It doesn't justify you in dragging his private life into the lime-light."

"The deuce it doesn't? Who told you that?"

"My self-respect."

"Oh! I thought maybe you might have got the tip from some reliable source. Go ahead, son. Doesn't justify me, hey?"

"No, dad, if you want truth, it doesn't. It isn't—clean!"

"Clean? Say, son, this is politics. Not a prayer-meeting. You've got in the wrong pew."

"If the right pew justifies dirty work like that," flashed the boy, "I'm glad I have. And I want to stay there. This business of making political cap-

ital of a man's dead-and-buried sins is enough to turn the stomach of a camel. A thousand times more so when one considers the Woman."

"Well," queried Blake, in high good humor, as he always was when he could stir up a quarrel between his adored only son and himself. "What about her?"

"Everything. She made a fool of herself. Presumably when she was young. She has probably repented it bitterly, ten thousand times. She may have atoned for what she did. She may even be a wife and mother, now. Respected, loved. All the world and Heaven, besides, to her husband and children. And, just to pass a rotten railroad bill, you are going to drag her out into the glare of the newspaper world and crucify her! You are going to strip from her her husband's love; you are going to make her friends shun her as an outcast; you're throwing black shame on her innocent children's name. You are—"

"Excuse me, son," interrupted Blake. "But I'm not doing a single one of those terribly dramatic things. Standish is doing it—or, rather, he has done it. Not I. Catch the idea? If Standish committed a murder and I found the body, would you call me a murderer? Hey? Well, that's what has happened this time. When Standish took the lady on that little left-handed wedding trip, five years ago in March, he rendered her liable to all that and worse. A man doesn't think of such things at the time. Neither does a woman, I guess. This one sure didn't, or she'd never have thrown over her one hope of safety by jilting him."

"Listen, dad," returned Tom, choking back a hot answer. "Ever since you brought me here into the thick of the fight, you and I haven't agreed about politics. But I've stood with you, through and through. I've worked hard for the party, because I felt I was working for you. But—well—this time I'd rather be working for the other side. Because I believe they're right and we are wrong."

"Well, then," blazed his father, in a dry gust of unwonted wrath, "why don't you work for the other side? Go ahead! It's no great loss to us."

"You know perfectly well why I don't. It's because you are on this side—the wrong side just now."

"Go over to them!" snapped Blake, his rare anger still unspent. "They'd be glad enough to get you. Not that you'd be worth a hoot in hell to them in actual value. But the fact that you're the worthy son of your unworthy blackmailing father would make you welcome. Go ahead! Lord, but I wonder what I ever did in the old days to be punished by having a canting reformer for a son! Well, why don't you go over to them?"

"Just as you say," answered Tom with a philosophic shrug of the shoulders. "Good night."

"Where are you off to, now?" grunted Blake indifferently, albeit there was a glint of wistfulness in the half-shut, steely old eyes.

"To the club. To dinner," said Tom, moving away.

"To the club, hey?" growled Blake, detaining him. "Huh! Afraid it'll hurt your spotless reputation to be seen dining here with a 'black-maller'?"

"You have a positive genius for choosing the rottenest, most disagreeable thing to say," remarked Tom; and there was a note of hurt in his voice that somehow reached the far-hidden and tortuous recesses where Jim Blake's battered old heart was supposed to be.

"Well," vouchsafed the father grumpily, "maybe that was just a trifle



"I Wish You Wouldn't Use Blackmail to Win Your Fight."

swift. Look here, lad," he went on, a soft, almost tender tone creeping into his dry voice, as he laid his hand on Tom's shoulder, "I'm the only father you've got. And you may as well make the best of it."

"You're the only father I want, dad. But—"

"There! There!" hastily admonished Blake. "Don't go spoiling it with 'buts!' You know what you are to me, boy. I guess I don't need to get mush-headed and try to tell you. And—and," he repeated, hiding his momentary tenderness under a cloud of made-to-order impatience, "that's why I hate to see you loading up your alleged brain with these fool ideas about—"

"Let it go at that, dad," laughed Tom.
"Oh, all right. I will, if you like. And you'll stay to dinner?"

"Why, of course," quickly assented Tom.

"That's better," approved Blake. "Now, run in and start with Mark. I'll be with you in a minute or two. And—say—if Mark and I should get to talking politics at dinner—"

"Don't worry," returned Tom, smiling. "I'm getting quite used to my muzzle. But Mark won't be as like!"

to be wrapped up in politics as he usually is. Grace is coming down."

"No!" cried Blake, his face alight with pleasure. "Good for her! When?"

"At eight o'clock. But she didn't bother to mention whether it was eight this evening or eight tomorrow morning. Mark was just going to call her up on long distance to find out, when we happened to meet Standish. And I suppose the prospect of a clash with Standish quite drove a minor matter like his wife out of his thoughts."

"You're wrong there," dissented Blake. "There's nothing on earth can drive Grace out of Mark Robertson's head. He's as crazy in love with her as he was the day he married her. If he didn't telephone her before he went in to dinner it's a chinch he'll do it the minute he comes out. Queer old Mark. Grace is the one thing that makes him human. Chase on in, and order for me."

Dismissing his son with a slap on the shoulder, Blake strode across to the telephone alcove. Wanda Kelly looked up inquiringly from the novel she was reading between telephone calls.

"Miss Kelly," said Jim, "will you kindly connect me with the hotel office?"

He sprawled into a vacant seat at her side, caught up the extra receiver and called:

"That the office? Perry? Hello, Perry. This is Blake. Jim Blake. Yes. In two minutes I want you to send word to Mr. Standish that he's wanted on the phone here. Yes. Here. Not in his room. Here at the phone booths. Fix it any way you like. Only get him here inside of five minutes. No, no! Do as I say, I tell you. Good-by."

He hung up the receiver, rose and stood lounging against the rail, looking down at Wanda from between his half-closed lids.

"Now, then, Miss Kelly," he began abruptly.

"Yes," Mr. Blake," she interrogated as he paused.

(To be continued.)

Russian Peasants Farm State Land.
In the Petersburg district of Russia scientific agriculture is practically unknown, declares a writer in Country Life. The summer is too short to allow of the successful raising of crops, and tillage is confined to the lands belonging to the village communities. In Russia practically every village is state owned—that is, under the control of no landlord, and every village has within its bounds a certain acreage of common land. The inhabitants of the village have each one a fixed amount of this land assigned to them; but, to avoid favoritism, a peasant does not farm the same strip two seasons running, but a rotation is practiced whereby each member of the village in time goes over the whole land of the community. The birth of a son is a source of great joy on the part of a Russian peasant, for on such an occasion an extra grant of land is given to him. In the north of Russia wheat is never grown. Oats are produced, but rye is the staple crop, and it is from this cereal that the peasant makes his bread.

Couldn't Afford Luxuries.
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Notice for Publication, United States Land Office at The Dalles, Oregon, August 4, 1914.

Notice is hereby given that Eva Grogan, of Sisters, Oregon, who, on March 20, 1911, made Homestead Entry No. 88381 for NW 1/4 SE 1/4, NE 1/4 SW 1/4, SE 1/4 NW 1/4 & SW 1/4 NE 1/4 Section 9, Township 14 South, Range 11 East, Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final Three Year proof to establish claim to the land above described, before George E. Aitken, U. S. Commissioner, at Sisters, Oregon, on the 12th day of September, 1914.

Claimant names as witnesses: William A. Arthur, R. W. Grogan, J. B. Fryear, J. L. Cliett, all of Sisters, Oregon.
H. FRANK WOODCOCK, Register.

First publication Aug 13-Sept 10

NOTICE TO SELL PROPERTY
Notice is hereby given that by virtue of an order and license of the County Court of Clackamas county, State of Oregon, I will offer for sale at private sale, and on the 16th day of September, 1914, will sell to the highest bidder the northeast quarter of section 11 in township 17, south of range 11 east of the Willamette Meridian, containing 160 acres, more or less, in Crook county, Oregon, said described property belonging to the estate of John Kropf, deceased.

All bids may be sealed and addressed to me at Hubbard, Oregon, or to my attorneys.

C. I. KROPP, Administrator of the estate of John Kropf, deceased.
C. D. & D. C. Latourette, Attorneys,
Oregon City, Oregon.

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