

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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CHAPTER XII—Continued.
The New York driver looked at the raw-boned westerner and then proceeded to become absorbed in the all-important matter of consuming the largest possible number of griddle cakes in the least possible time.

"Well," remarked the sociable waiter, as he brought another cup of coffee, "I guess we don't get any of your crowd tonight."
"You wouldn't get our crowd anyway!" And the westerner inflated his chest. "Our bosses are qual-on-toast boys."
"And champagne, too, I suppose?"
"Nope, my boss don't drink, don't smoke, don't keep yachts or horses, don't keep wom—" He stopped as he realized that he was talking loudly.

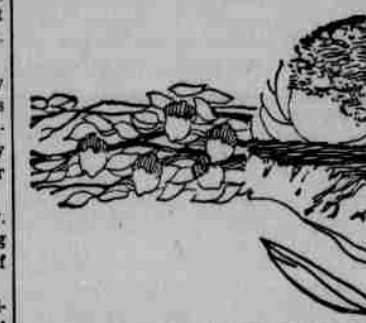
The little woman quietly eating crackers and milk looked up as she heard the old, familiar formula.
"Why, Jake!" she exclaimed in quick surprise. The westerner jumped up hastily and looked to see where the voice came from. There was only one voice as sweet and gentle as that; it was the voice of a woman who had been the best friend he had ever had.
"Why, Mrs. Slade!" he exclaimed gladly, as he recognized her in spite of the fact that her hair had grown grayer and that she was a much trimmer figure than she had been when he had last seen her.
"I recognized your word," she laughed as he came over to her table. "I've kind of got that by heart hearing it so often." Jack stammered. Then turning to his companion, he asked him to go on alone.
"What are you doing here, on a night like this?" he asked as he drew up a chair beside Mary.
"Oh, I often come here," replied Mary. "It's late, though. I'm glad to see you, Jake; it's so seldom I see a face I know," and she looked at him intently, and Jake thought a bit of her old wistful look crept into her eyes.
"I've been to the meetin' tonight, Jake," she explained. "I wanted to hear Mr. Slade. I saw in the paper he was goin' to speak."
"We kind of—we didn't always know just where you were," Jake told her, his surprise and pleasure at meeting her so unexpectedly putting him at a loss to know what to say.
"Oh, I drift round," Mary told him. "I live near here. I got tired of hotels, they're public and lonely. And boarding houses—well, people are so inquisitive. So I got a nice, pleasant furnished room and go out for my meals. I come here because it's cozy. Is Mr. Slade well?"
"Yes."
"Very well."
"Yes, the governor's very well."
"Do you make him wrap up nights—weather like this? Do you get him to put on his rubbers?" and her voice was very tender.
"I sure do," laughed Jake. "I make him do everything you did. That's why I'm East with him."
"You're a good boy, Jake," and she reached forward and patted his hand.
"Tell me, does he always get the applause he did tonight?" she asked, eagerly. "I was very proud. He got three times as much as anyone else. I found myself applauding, too."
"You bet he does," Jake was very proud of his "old man." "He gets over. The other four western governors were traveling with—they ain't heard. Do you think you'll ever come West again, Mrs. Slade?"
"No," answered Mary, decisively. "I'm pushin' right ahead. I'm going to Europe next, Jake, I'm a citizen of the world now."
"Well," Jake got to his feet. A sudden resolution had formed in his mind as he heard about the contemplated trip to Europe. He hadn't been with the governor daily for the past two years without knowing what that personage's secret wish was. Neither had he devoted so much of his attention to motors and tires and car-buretors that he had neglected to cultivate the art of judging human nature. If Jake were any judge—and Jake thought he was—a woman didn't go to hear a man speak if she was wholly indifferent to him. Also a woman didn't fuss and worry about a man's overshoes if she hated him. "I wish you a pleasant journey, Mrs. Slade. I guess I'll have to run along now."
"Jake, I'd just as soon you didn't say you saw me," Mark remarked as she shook hands with him.
"You can depend on me, Mrs. Slade." Jake's candor and sincerity would have deceived a saint. "You sat your supper in peace. I give you my word of honor I won't say a thing."
"Thank you, Jake," she replied, satisfied. "Good night."
As Jake opened the door the snow sizzled in and a blast of cold wind sent a chill through Mary's body. It seemed good to meet Jake, but somehow she almost wished she hadn't. It had brought back so forcibly the things she was trying to forget. She sat looking into space for a long time after he had gone. People came and went, a queer assortment of human beings—women of the streets and char-

women wanting a cup of coffee—but she scarcely saw them. She knew when the door opened by the accompanying chill, but she paid no attention to anyone coming or going. When Slade's handsome figure appeared and his eyes searched the room anxiously she did not look up.

For a moment he looked at her, hungrily—sadly. She was pathetic even now, although she had changed and improved, but she did look so little and wistful as she sat eating her lonely, simple meal of crackers and milk and coffee.
He walked down the room and stood before her, but it was only when he spoke that she looked up. Her eyes showed first amazement and then the love she could in no wise conceal. A warm flush made her look, to him, almost as pretty as she had when she was a girl.

"Well, how are you, Mary?" he asked. It was an ordinary enough speech, but the tone was tender and his eyes were asking the question she could not ignore.
"Why, Dan! I heard you tonight," the words were out before she recovered from her surprise.
"I'm glad you wanted to go," he said, simply, "but what's the use of it all?"

There was a touch of cynicism in his attitude and manner.
"Of what?" Mary asked.
"Of my getting elected, and—of the whole business!" and he looked at her searchingly.
"Aren't you satisfied?" For a moment there was a trace of the Mary who had kicked open the kitchen door that day she had driven him from that cottage. "What way has it disappointed you?"
"Well, what's the use of being governor if you can't share the honors?" Slade smiled wistfully as he thought of their former discussion of the same subject. "No, it doesn't amount to much after all! Jake tells me you are going to Europe?"
"Yes, it's a Cook tour," she exclaimed as she produced the ticket from her handbag. "It's a quick glimpse of famous places. We are to see Rome. We have two days there and half a day for the Pyramids. Then the Holy Land, then Paris for three whole days. I'm to see everything—to see life! I'll see the whole world in two months."
"Well, I hope you'll enjoy it," he commented sadly. "I couldn't."
"Why not?" she asked innocently.
Slade looked at her for a full minute before he replied.
"I find I'm too old to make new friends," he finally replied. "It's what I've had that counts; it's looking back, not ahead. And I want to say right here and now that if I had it all to do over again I'd do differently. I'd do differently."
"Yes, I guess we'd all do differently," and Mary frowned absently with the Cook's ticket to the world in two months. "But it's too late now," she finished.
"You couldn't think of trying it again, could you, Mary?" Slade's voice was tense.
"Oh, no," she replied as if his sug-



LONG RECORD OF ANARCHY

History of the Island of Haiti One Continuous Recital of Revolt and Assassination.
The republic of Haiti, the western end of the island Columbus called "Little Spain," was the earliest example of a nominal constitutional government carried on by black men.
Columbus found 2,000,000 friendly Indians on the island. Slavery killed them off and negroes from Africa multiplied in their stead. Of these, 1,500,000 descendants now live in Haiti. Nearly all are pure black; the mulattoes diminish in number. The whites were massacred or driven away in the revolutionary wars.
The present republic had belonged to France a century when the French revolution began. Slavery was then abolished, a black rebellion took place, and the British invaded the island; but Toussaint l'Ouverture, a black George Washington, drove them out and set up a constitution. Napoleon sent his brother-in-law, Gen. Leclerc (pretty Polly Bonaparte's husband), to subdue the blacks. He made peace with Toussaint, seized him treacherously, and sent him to Paris. But the same year, 1803, that Toussaint died in prison there the French fled from the island. Its people were thus the first to get the better of Napoleon, four years before the reverse in

Spain, nine years before Moscow. Leclerc had died in 1802.
The Spanish portion of the island broke loose from Spain and was joined to Haiti, but was separated in 1844 as the republic of Santo Domingo.
This is the record of the Haitian chief executives: Dessalines, governor for life, assassinated, 1806; Henri Christophe, king, suicide, 1820; Boyer, president, expelled, 1843; Soulouque, "Emperor Faustin I," exiled, 1859; Goeffard, president, exiled, 1867; Salnavre, shot, 1869; Nissage-Saget, exiled, 1870; Dominique, exiled, 1871.
Bench Has a Sobering Effect.
"I have become acquainted with about fifty or more district judges of Kansas, as well as a dozen or fifteen supreme justices, and one characteristic of practically all of them that has greatly impressed me is their utter lack of arrogance, self-assertion and domineering instinct," writes Judge J. C. Ruppenthal of Russell.
The loudmouthed swashbuckler who eats the enemy alive, who loudly lays down the law (which none knew so well as he), in the court room, on the street, in the hotel lobbies and wherever he can gather a gaping, awestruck group, to tell what he would do as judge, either never reaches the bench, or is transformed into a model of meekness, cautious, wary of gratuitous opinions, when given power and charged with responsibility.—Kansas City Star.

ARE QUICK TO HEAL

MODERN BULLETS MORE HUMAN THAN THOSE OF THE PAST.
Soldiers Are Not Long Absent From the Front, Even When They Would Be Considered Quite Seriously Injured.

The bullet covered with hard nickel now in use makes the surgeon's task very simple, as a rule. Formerly, when large bullets of soft lead were used, the soldier's lot was not a very happy one. These often broke up inside the body, shattered bones, and frequently remained embedded in the muscles, bones and other parts.
The result was slow-healing, festering wounds which kept the soldier ill for a long time. The modern long, slender bullet generally passes through the body without doing any vital injury. Even when it goes through the intestine, the stomach, the kidney, etc., the wound closes up without any very serious after-consequences. A good deal, however, depends on circumstances. If the soldier's stomach is empty—as it generally is in a battle—so much the better for him when he gets a bullet through it.
When he is tired and half starving, however, the shock is very great, and he may become utterly helpless from a slight wound. A curious fact, difficult to explain, is that a bullet fired at a range of 300 to 600 yards has more penetrating power than one fired at a range under or over that distance. In the former case it passes through the bone without doing very much damage; in the latter it shatters the bone and makes recovery slow. A ricocheting bullet causes a very bad wound as a rule. Small as it is, if a bullet strikes a large bone, like the hip, it gives a blow like that of a crowbar.
We are hearing a great deal about dum-dum bullets in this, as in all wars, both parties making charges against one another. The probability is that neither side is using them. The bullet now in use consists of a core of lead covered with a hard nickel case.

The Pied Piper.

Recently occurred the anniversary of the visit to "Hamelin Town in Brunswick," in 1276 of him "who, for the fantastical coat which he wore being wrought with sundry colors, was called the Pied Piper." Old Verstegan told the story in prose of how "the Pied Piper, with a shrill pipe went through all the streets, and forthwith the rats came all running out of the houses in great numbers after him; all of which he led into the river of Weaser, and therein drowned them." It is to Macready's young son that we are debtors for the poem, for it was he who persuaded Browning to weave the prose into poetry to amuse a sick child. Its preservation was due to a lucky accident, for in Browning's next collection of poems was a blank page or two to be filled, and "The Pied Piper of Hamelin" was just big enough to do it. So if in his life the Pied Piper destroyed hundreds of children his biography has amused thousands.—London Chronicle.

Armenia.

May we call the region in which the Russians are attacking the Turks Armenia? For convenience, certainly; but, as Sir Charles Elliot points out, strictly speaking, "Armenia does not exist. The name is absolutely forbidden in Turkey, and all maps marking any district as Armenia are confiscated. Then there is the rival name of Kurdistan, also unofficial. Kurds and Armenians being mixed up, one may unofficially call portions of Asia Minor Kurdistan or Armenia, according to one's sympathies. The Armenians themselves do not use the name given them by friendly foreigners. They call themselves Halk, and after their country Haitsadan—tracing their descent from Haik, the grandson of Japhet."

Convenient Rule.

The editor of a newspaper published in central Pennsylvania tells of articles that he frequently receives from a certain citizen. They are always pertinent and worthy of publication, says the Evening Post Saturday Magazine, but they are punctuated in a most peculiar way.
Meeting his correspondent one evening at a friend's house, the editor said, "That was an excellent letter I got from you this morning, and I am going to print it Saturday. But tell me, what rule do you follow for punctuation?"
"Why," said the gentleman, "the same rule that I learned when I was a boy. I put a semicolon every twelve words, and two commas between each pair of semicolons."

His Hobby.

"I can say this much for Dobson—you never see him wasting his time in a foolish argument."
"That's because Dobson takes no interest in the subjects most men argue about. Just wait until somebody comes along and tackles him on the subject of Egyptology. Then you'll hear an argument that will make politics, religion and the war in Europe pale into utter insignificance."

THRILLING CLIMAX TO STORY

Startling Results Are Seen in Novellet's Dictation to His New and Inexperienced Stenographer.
The short-story writer dictates the seventeenth chapter of his novel, "Loony With Love," to a new stenographer and this is the result:
"The typewriter will put them in Italics I spoke to him to you and all that you had meant to me period. He said you were a capital H, and G. Human Gollera and I had best be on my guard semi-colon; but now I know the true man behind your mask, comma, Armand, and don't forget to capitalize it."—New Haven Register.

The Humble Toller.

"You must put your shoulder to the wheel in this campaign," said the alert manager.
"I understand that," said the obscure but willing worker. "But you want to let me know when you're going to change your mind about going ahead. The last time I put my shoulder to the wheel, the band wagon suddenly backed up and ran over me."
Those Fish Fancies.
"Do you mean to support your friend in his story about catching fish with his bare hands?"
"No," replied Mr. Whopkins. "He exaggerates. It's true he took a fish out of the water with his bare hands. But I had to jump overboard and swim like the deuce in order to catch the fish and hold it for him."

RETRENCHMENT NECESSARY.

The Dentist—What you really need, madam, is some bridge work. Mrs. Swiftly—Can't afford it, doctor—too much bridge play.

Union Card Required.

Mistress—Mary, I'll make the pudding myself today.
Cook—If ye do, mum, I'll have to quit.

Mistress—Why so, Mary?

Cook—The rules of our union don't allow us to work in a place where nonunion labor is employed on any part of the work, mum.
Upset His Theory.
The heavy explosions of a battle always cause rain. It rained after Waterloo, it rained after Fontenoy, it rained after Marathon.
"But Marathon was fought with spears and arrows, my dear."
"There you go. Always throwing cold water on anything I have to say."
Sure Thing.
"I see where some dentist claims he can tell the age of people, like horses, by looking in their mouths."
"Then he would be a good one to deal with the militant suffragettes."
"Why with them?"
"Because they wouldn't show their teeth."

Diminishing Supply.

Gaspard (the landlord)—I've got to raise your rent, Mr. Sullivan.
Tenant (sarcastically)—I suppose the war is to blame.
Gaspard—Certainly. Haven't you read of the wholesale destruction of houses in Belgium and the suburbs of Paris—Puck.

Ready for Him Both Ways.

Tailor—This bill has been running for a long time. I'll have to begin charging you interest.
Owens—It's against my principle to pay interest on my bills.
Tailor—Well, pay the principal then.
Owens—No; it's against my interest to pay the principal.

He Also Works.

Father—My son, I worked my way through college.
"17—Maybe you don't call it work to have to wash my nubs about before I can take it out every Saturday afternoon.—California Pelican.

A Hopeless Case.

"You should assert yourself more," said Mr. Wopplit to Mr. Meekson.
"What's the use," wailed Mr. Meekson, "if my wife positively refuses to take me seriously?"

CAP and BELLS



MAN MUST KEEP ON PUSHING

So Would the Lecturer, From Whose Motorcar Youngsters Were Stealing Gasoline to Start a Bonfire.

The gentleman with the well-fed appearance, who had motored over from the nearest town to deliver his lecture, "The Art of Getting On," in the village schoolhouse, concluded with a fine burst.
"Effort is the keystone of success," he said. "The successful man is the man who strives persistently. His motto is, 'Push, and keep pushing,' for by that, and that alone, he reaches his goal."
Before the bulk of the audience made much headway with their clapping a small man at the back got in a laugh that might have come from a megaphone.
The lecturer held up his hand for silence.
"You, too, my friend, will have to push," he commenced.
"So'll you, I reckon," interrupted the small man; "there's half a dozen youngsters here pinchin' the gasoline out of yer motorcar to light a bonfire."

Very Ambitious.

"So you think of studying law, Angelina?"
"Yes."
"The world doesn't produce a Portia every day."
"Maybe not. But that doesn't concern me. I don't expect to handle any loan shark cases. I'm going to specialize in corporation law."

His Rule.

"Why didn't you offer that woman your seat in the street car?"
"I make it a rule never to offer any but old people my seat."
"Still she wasn't very young."
"And I am always careful never to insinuate by offering my seat that I consider a woman old."

Metamorphosed.

Guest (departing)—You had better get a horse to take away the bed in my room.
Clerk—Why, what can have happened to it?
Guest—Well, during the night it became a little buggy.—Judge.

As She Described It.

Alice, an enthusiastic motorist, was speaking to her friend Maude in relation to the slowness of a certain young man at proposing.
"Charley seems to start easy," she remarked, "and he speeds up well, but just at the critical moment he always skids."—Judge.

REPARTEE.



She—Go on, niggah, I doan want none ob yo' lip.
He—It's plainly obvious, mam, dat you doan need none ob it.

Very Foolish.

"You are charged with going through the pockets of a man who hired your taxicab."
"Guiltily, your honor."
"A very foolish robbery. Why weren't you content to get his money in the usual manner?"

Sympathy.

"I believe Mrs. Wasserby would go to any length to appear recherche."
"Poor thing! I used to have a friend who couldn't do anything with her complexion, either."

Delights to Hear Himself Talk.

"So you think Bulger likes to hear himself talk?"
"Crazy to. Why, it makes him mad to think he can't hear himself when he talks in his sleep."

