

CRACOW, WHERE AUSTRIANS ARE CONCENTRATING



Citadel of Cracow, on a cliff overlooking the Vistula, which the Austrian armies are trying to reach for a last stand against the Russian armies. Cracow was the capital of ancient Poland and is very strongly fortified.

WILL PAY IN GOLD

Foreign Debts to Be Paid Off With Much Ready Cash.

Stock Exchanges in New York and London Not to Open Before First of Coming Year.

Washington, D. C.—Financial forces of the government, the wisdom of some of the most prominent men in the American banking world and the friendly counsel of representatives of Great Britain, were turned Saturday toward a solution of the problem of a readjustment of the foreign exchange market to meet conditions which have arisen as a consequence of the European war.

For more than three hours the Federal Reserve board, Sir George Paish and Basil B. Blackett, representing the British treasury, and some of the best known bankers in New York, discussed the situation in all its aspects. According to those present, there was not a note of pessimism heard to mar the harmony of the conference, and there was every reason to believe that all the problems which loomed so large on the financial horizon a few months ago would be solved without great difficulty.

Here are the salient points discussed in the conference and the results anticipated:

American bankers stand ready to pay their obligations to Great Britain in cash. The \$100,000,000 gold pool already formed and \$80,000,000 raised by a New York syndicate to meet New York City's obligations probably will suffice to satisfy Great Britain. Payment of this total, may not be necessary.

The New York and London stock exchanges will not be opened possibly before the beginning of 1915. A conference between committees of the two exchanges will consider reopening beforehand.

The cotton exchanges in New York, New Orleans and Liverpool are to be opened as soon as possible. The New York exchange probably will confer through a committee with the Liverpool exchange before such action is taken.

Two Sedro-Woolley Bank Robbers Slain by Officers

Bellingham, Wash.—Deputy Sheriff Wilson Stewart, of Whatcom county, shot and killed two of the Sedro-Woolley bank robbers at 12:20 Saturday morning as they were endeavoring to creep across the Great Northern bridge at Fernside.

Deputy Stewart had rigged up an electric flashlight in expectation that the robbers would attempt to cross the bridge some time during the night. Hearing cautious footsteps on the bridge, a Burns detective by the name of Slater called to the men to halt and throw up their hands. Stewart turned on his light and as the robbers drew their revolvers the deputy and his aides opened fire, killing two of the men instantly.

Both men carried large amounts of gold suspended about their waists in money belts.

"War Tax" Felt Promptly.

Washington, D. C.—No time was lost by the government Saturday in preparing to collect the taxes imposed under the war revenue law. The following telegram was sent to all collectors: "Beginning with Saturday tax accrues on all wines sold; 2 cents a quart on still wines; 20 cents a quart on champagne, other sparkling and artificially carbonated wines; 6 cents a quart on liquors, cordials and similar compounds. Until stamps are furnished, require dealers who sell to consumers to keep account of sales."

French Sorely in Need.

Paris.—The greatest problem for France this winter probably will be to take care of the people at home. The army will have the first call on the national resources. The 37,000,000 people at home must get on as best they can. A wonderful spirit of gentleness and kindness is moving the French people to create a community of interest in everything they have, in which every person shall share. All private interests have shriveled up. Nevertheless, contributions from the outside world are sorely needed.

Negro Seeks State Office.

Sacramento, Cal.—For the first time in the history of California a negro is a candidate for state office. He is George W. Woody, Socialist from Southern California, and he has the Socialist nomination for state treasurer.

Caring for Belgium's Refugees Serious Problem

London.—The plight of the Belgian people, both at home and in Holland, England and France, is stirring the hearts and minds already distraught by the horrors of war.

Figures are necessarily vague, but a conservative estimate is that 1,500,000 Belgians, out of a population of 7,000,000, have been expatriated. Lord Gladstone's committee says 70,000 arrived in London during the last week and the women's relief committee, which sent a ship to Holland last week, reports that in eight cities of Holland the refugees number nearly 500,000; in other words, they are more numerous than the native population.

The Folkestone committee alone has the names of 16,000 refugees on its lists, some among them having little money and only a few having winter clothing.

Folkestone already has established a maternity home and two hospitals. There are many gentlefolk among these fugitive Belgians who are not used to labor and who accept charity reluctantly.

Alexandria palace is being used as the central point for the committee work. Lady McDowell and Lady Emmott head committees for collecting clothing for which work is done by boy scouts.

Belgian wounded are scattered in British hospitals. Their whereabouts has been registered and this information is available at the Grand Hotel in London.

AMERICAN NAVY SHORT OF ABOUT 18,000 MEN

Washington, D. C.—That 18,000 additional men would be needed by the American navy to man all of its ships for war was set forth in a statement issued by Acting Secretary Roosevelt, supplementing Secretary Daniels's report on the navy's preparedness. While admitting that 12 of the 33 battleships cannot be put in service on account of the shortage of men, Mr. Roosevelt declared that in regard to ships and equipment the navy is in excellent shape.

Like Secretary Daniels the acting secretary maintained that battleships still were paramount factors "in any war in which the belligerents are separated by great distances of water."

The value of submarines in their present state of development for coast defense purposes and for offensive attacks within short radius was conceded.

Man in Quicksand Two Days.

Ware, Mass.—After 48 hours' imprisonment in quicksand, 25 feet below the surface of the earth, Maurice Allen was rescued Wednesday by a gang of 50 firemen, policemen and citizens who had dug a ditch 50 feet long and 30 feet deep to reach him.

Allen was conscious when rescued, but very weak. He said he had been unable to help himself as his feet were held firmly by a piece of plank. A bit and saw which were lowered to him enabled him to work one of his feet free, but another cave-in buried the tools and left him as helpless as before.

An improvised diver's helmet made from a barrel was lowered into the hole and Allen was supplied with air by a pump.

Farmers Told "Raise Hogs."

Washington, D. C.—Wealth will come more quickly to the young farmer who embarks in the business of raising hogs than any other branch of farming he may choose. E. T. Cash, of St. Louis, made this assertion before 700 members of the American Meat Packers' association attending the ninth annual convention. There is more money in raising hogs than in other branches of farming, Mr. Cash said, because they can be fed more cheaply and the demand in the markets of the world is daily increasing.

Doyler's Bad Luck Holds.

Chicago.—John Doyle had just celebrated his 50th birthday without ever having any luck.

Wednesday he decided to end his life, he was so tired of being unlucky. He tied one end of a clothes line around his neck, the other end around the rails of the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific road at the Seventy-third street viaduct.

Then he squirmed between the ties, prepared to drop to his death, when a switch engine came along and cut the rope.

British Submarine Sunk.

Berlin.—(By wireless to Sayville)—It was said officially here Wednesday that the new British submarine E-3 was sunk on Sunday, October 18, by a German warship in the North Sea.

WILL FEED BELGIANS

Americans to Alleviate Desperate Condition of Population.

Over 700,000 Civilians in Need of Necessaries of Life—California in Charge of Work.

London.—An American commission headed by Herbert C. Hoover, of California, will feed 700,000 Belgians who are on the verge of starvation as a result of the war in Europe.

An agreement to this effect has just been reached after weeks of diplomatic negotiations in which Walter Hines Page, the American ambassador, acted as intermediary between Belgium, England and Germany. Mr. Hoover has been acting as chairman of the American relief committee in London. More than \$1,250,000 will be placed at his disposal for the relief of the stricken nation.

Early in the negotiations regarding means to relieve these people Germany declared her willingness to assist, but she declined to give the guarantees requested by the British foreign office until the latter lifted the embargo on foodstuffs.

The situation was becoming desperate when Ambassador Page proposed that Mr. Hoover undertake the work. Germany immediately acceded to this plan, saying that they would extend every possible aid to such a commission, and England as promptly removed the restrictions on food exports.

Mr. Hoover already has bought with the funds supplied by the Belgian relief committee \$150,000 worth of food, which will be sent to Belgium.

The food situation in Belgium is becoming absolutely critical. Already more than 500,000 persons are being assisted by means of bread lines, according to the committee's reports, there being upward of 300,000 of these persons in Brussels alone. The supply of food for the bread stations, it is estimated, will not last more than a week longer. It is expected that the number of persons requiring relief will increase to 1,000,000 within a month.

A stream of specially chartered steamships will soon start for Holland with their cargoes consigned to officers of the commission at various points in Belgium. These officers will be under direct control of the commission.

Speaking of the work of the commission, Mr. Hoover said:

"The chief supplies required will be wheat, rice, beans and peas. The commission expects to conduct innumerable soup kitchens.

"Beans and peas are especially needed. We have been unable to purchase more than 200 tons of these cereals in the London markets and we urgently need 5000 tons. We can arrange for the handling of any amount of food to Belgium by way of Holland on account of the facilities extended by the Dutch and Germans. Australia, which is sending 7000 frozen sheep to Belgium, already has arranged for us to distribute them.

"The commission hopes that the situation may be brought urgently before the American people, that this charity to a liberty-loving people may take the practical form of food supplies and that the American organization, already soliciting for the Belgians, will cooperate with the commission."

Belge Printed in London.

London.—L'Independence Belge, the foremost newspaper of Belgium, published in Brussels and later in Oostende, made its initial appearance in London chiefly for the benefit of the thousands of Belgians marooned in England. The issue carries a letter from Prime Minister Asquith, who says he hopes that before long the paper again will be published in Brussels and that the valiant Belgian people once more will be restored to their country in full enjoyment of the freedom for which they made such splendid sacrifices.

France to Develop Hogs.

Bordeaux.—The French government, through the minister of public instruction, has directed Baron Pierre de Couberlin, president of the French Olympic games committee, to organize the physical and military training of the youths of France, especially those who would come normally into the army in 1915. These young men are now 18 years old and they number between 275,000 and 300,000. They are to swim, shoot, walk, run and box, to develop their muscles and give them endurance and courage.

Advertisers to Extend Missions.

Washington, D. C.—Missionary extensions to new parts of China, Japan, the Philippines, the Hawaiian Islands, Cuba, Manchuria, the Malay Islands and sections of the Bahamas and South America were determined on at the fall conference of the general conference of Seventh Day Adventists in Takoma Park.

CONGRESS CLOSES

Longest Session in History Comes to End Without Quorum.

"God Bless Us—Everyone" Says Speaker Clark—Senate Closes With Small Ceremony.

Washington, D. C.—After nearly 19 months of continuous session, the longest ever taken, the Sixty-third Congress adjourned its second session Saturday, after the collapse of prolonged efforts to procure cotton growers' relief legislation.

Leaders in this movement agreed to adjourn, however, only on the condition that pending cotton relief measures would have the right of way when Congress reconvenes December 7.

Not more than 50 members of the house and less than a quorum of the senate were in attendance when the gavels fell in adjournment without day. The end was accomplished through a concurrent resolution, ending the session at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, but clocks were ahead, actual adjournment occurring at 3:22 in the house and at 3:27 in the senate.

As the altered hands of the house clock drew near 4, while the senate was winding up the legislative business, Speaker Clark arose at his desk, and, facing the scattered attendance on the floor, said:

"This is the longest and most laborious session that congress ever has known. I congratulate you most heartily on being able to adjourn at last. I wish to thank the house—Democrats, Republicans, Progressives and Independents—for uniform courtesy shown to the speaker. Now, in the language of Tiny Tim: 'God bless us—everyone.'"

The senate adjournment was probably the most undemonstrative in its history. Democratic leaders and a few Republicans were sitting behind closed doors, confirming nominations, when word came that the house had carried the adjournment resolution. Senator Kern, the majority leader, at once moved to open the doors. When this was ordered, the doorkeeper hurriedly set the clock ahead and Senator Swanson, of Virginia, presiding in the absence of Vice President Marshall and President Pro Tempore Clarke, announced that the senate was adjourned.

Senators who had remained for the final hurriedly left the chamber.

The announcing of the abandonment of the filibuster for cotton legislation followed a conference held early in the day. Senator Hoke Smith, of Georgia, and Representative Henry, of Texas, told the senate and house it was apparent no quorum could be procured for consideration of cotton legislation at this time, and that further filibustering might injure chances of ultimate success.

Representative Henry expressed his conviction that congress would be convened in extraordinary session by the middle of November, when the fight could be resumed.

One of the last acts of the house was the adoption of a resolution authorizing the appointment of a committee to investigate cotton conditions in the South and to report possible measures for Federal aid by December 15. On the committee were Representatives Mann, Austin, Henry, Lever, Heflin, Bell, of Georgia, and Langley.

Swiss Officials Imprison and Fine German Spies

Geneva.—Three German spies, having headquarters in Geneva, were sentenced by the third military tribunal here Saturday. The three are: Lieutenant Colonel Otto Ulrich, of Berlin; Dr. Wohlender and Herr Kehr, of Chemist. They were charged with plotting against England and France and thereby violating Swiss neutrality.

Colonel Ulrich was not present, having gone into hiding, presumably some where in Switzerland. He was sentenced in default to serve two years in prison and pay a fine of \$1000. Dr. Wohlender must serve three months and pay a fine of \$200, and Herr Kehr must remain in prison two months and pay a fine of \$100. All three were sentenced to expulsion from Switzerland for life after serving their sentences.

Maritz Is Driven Back.

London.—"Lieutenant Colonel Maritz, the head of the rebellion in British South Africa, attacked Keimoes, Cape Province, at 5 o'clock on the morning of October 22 with a force of more than 1000 men, including several hundred Germans and artillery and machine guns," says an official statement from Pretoria. "Our casualties were 10 wounded. The enemy left two, one a German and the other a native." A previous dispatch from Cape Town said in a battle on October 22 a defeat was administered to Colonel Maritz.

British Staff Chief Dies.

London.—General Sir Charles Wingham Housley Douglas, chief of the imperial general staff and first military member of the army council, died Monday. General Douglas was appointed chief of staff of the British army April 1 last, following the resignation of Sir John French, the present commander of the British expeditionary forces on the continent. Sir Charles was born in 1850 and served in the Great Britain's wars since 1879. He had been inspector general of the home forces since 1912.

The Governor's Lady

A Novelization of Alice Bradley's Play

By GERTRUDE STEVENSON

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SYNOPSIS.

Daniel Slade suddenly advances from a penniless minor to a millionaire and becomes a power in the political and business world. He has his eye on the governor's chair. His simple, home-loving wife has to rise to the new conditions. Slade meets Katherine, daughter of Senator Strickland, and sees in her all that Mary is not. Wesley Merritt, editor of a local paper, threatens to fight Slade through the columns of his paper and Slade defies him.

CHAPTER III—Continued.

Suddenly Slade's eyes lighted with the fire of ambition. His mouth became a firm, straight line of determination. There was something implacable and grim in his very attitude as he resolved to win Katherine Strickland became fixed in his mind. He longed to hurry after her—to tell her of his decision to fight, if not with, then for her. He was eager to show her how much they two together could make out of life, a big, fine fight for position and power.

Even the thought of being governor was left in the distance as plan after plan raced through his mind, of greater conquests and bigger achievements, possible only with a woman like Katherine Strickland for his wife. So absorbed and intense were his thoughts of the future with her for the moment he forgot completely the woman who for 30 years had kept her place as his wife. In all his dealings he had never considered obstacles, except to sweep them from his path. As he remembered the present and Mary, he never hesitated or faltered from his newly made resolution.

Mary could go it alone. He would see that she had everything that money could buy. He would make her comfortable and take care of her. That she should be further concerned never entered his mind. Always ruthless in his methods, he was equally cruel even when the obstacle to his advancement was a fragile little woman who had given him the best of her love and years and who would gladly have laid down her life to save his.

It was not as if a sudden flame of intensive, overwhelming love for Katherine Strickland had surged through his heart. It was nothing as decent or as fine or as blameless as that. His whole attitude toward the girl was one of cold-blooded acquisition. He had determined to have her just as he had determined only last week to outbid every other man at the rug auction. He wanted her to take a place in his life because he knew what her value would be to him. He wanted her beauty, her brain, her savoir faire, as so many stepping stones by which to mount higher and higher in the affairs of the state and the nation.

In spite of the fact that he criticized his wife's lack of social graces, he was wise enough to know that he was far from a finished product himself. In spite of himself, traces of the parvenu occasionally showed through the veneer of bluff and arrogance. With a wife like Katherine he would soon come to know all the fine points of the social game. A wife like Katherine would cover up a multitude of his little sins of commission and omission.

CHAPTER IV.

Slade wanted Katherine Strickland for his wife much the same as he would have desired a wealthy, clever, influential man for a partner. It was to be a union of ambition. There was no tenderness in his thoughts of her. He was actuated purely and simply by the lust for power and the greed of glory. All the softer, better things in the man's nature were swamped by this torrent of craving for worldly success that was sweeping him on to commit the most dastardly act in his long career of trampling over the heads and hearts of adversaries and opponents.

Even when he was a boy Dan Slade had always set his teeth at "You can't do it," or "It can't be done." The very difficulty of a thing strengthened his determination to do it. All his life long his success had been punctuated by the refusal of other men. He had not advanced so far without pushing other men back. Now that a woman instead of a man stood in the way, the result was the same. His methods might be quieter, more merciful, but the answer would be the same. Mary's sterner worth, her long years of devotion and sweet tenderness counted for nothing once he became convinced that Mary's dowdiness, her standpoint policy and her arrested development were stop-gaps in his own opportunity for progression. He ignored the fact that the little brown-eyed, patient woman was as much a part of him as were his eyes or his arms or any other very essential part of his being.

Into the woman's heart there leaped a sharp fear, followed by the childish idea that perhaps, because she wouldn't go to the opera, she was to be punished—sent away alone—until she was forgiven.

"You're tired of me," she suggested, "if that were true and you filled the bill, we could put up with each other," he returned brutally, "but it isn't so."

"Don't you love me?" she half-breathed the question timidly.

For a brief instant something caught at Slade's heart as it tugged and tugged. He turned with a look of infinite tenderness and said, simply: "Yes, Mary, I do." His tone was genuine and sincere.

Mary laughed a little, happy laugh. At the sound Slade's mood changed like a flash. It grated on his already overwrought nerves. It seemed to dismiss the controversy, to end the argument, to ring the death-knell of the dream that had come to him. The careless way in which she apparently dropped the discussion of going away nettled him. Prompted by a sudden impulse, he snatched her workbasket from her lap and flung it the full

length of the room. "U—n that basket!" he exclaimed. "Can't I ever see you without it?"

"Dan!" Mary's gasp of amazement was the only sound in the room. It was the first time he had ever been harsh with her. She shrank back hurt and frightened. "Why, good Lord, Dan, you never did that before."

Then, with quiet dignity, she began to pick up the basket, the bated darned cotton, the needles and scissors, and the little worn thimble. Slade, watching her slight, stooping figure, ought to have been ashamed, but his anger was flaming hot and he didn't say a word to help.

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As she came to him, he stood grim and silent, suddenly determined that if she wouldn't go he would. If she refused his offer of a home in the country, then she could have this great house to herself and he would live at the club.

"There ain't anything you could ask of me I wouldn't do—except—" Mary's troubled face was looking into his.

"Except what I ask," he finished, earnestly, and hurried from the room, curtly ordered his dressing bag packed and then, hat in hand, his overcoat on his arm, came back into the room.

"Did it ever occur to you, Mary, that you're a mule?" he asked. "You're sweet and good tempered and amiable but you'd have given the mule that came out of Noah's ark points on how to be stubborn."

"How often have I failed you in these years, Dan?"

"You're falling me now. You won't look at things with my eyes."

"We're not one person, we're two, Dan," she reminded him, quietly.

"Well, that's the trouble, we ought to be one. That's just what I'm getting at. We ought to be of one mind."

"Whose? Yours?" and Mary's sweet mouth puckered into a very little smile.

"I'm done," Slade decided, hopelessly.

"I can remember the time when you would have thought that was cunning," she reproached him.

"I'm going to my club, Mary," he announced, disregarding her playful attempt to smooth things over.

Mary gazed at him, bewildered by his swift changes of mood, hurt by his attitude, almost angry because he was so unreasonable.

Then love came rushing up into her heart. After all he was her Dan. What did this crossing of her narrowness matter? She went up to him, pulled his scarf a bit closer round his throat and as he turned away with a muttered word, waited patiently. Then, laying her hand on his arm—such a little hand, with his wedding ring hanging loosely on it—asked: "Shall I wait up for you?"

Slade's face worked convulsively. She didn't understand, poor little soul. He was going away for good, for all time, and she was asking if she would wait up for him. More than once before she had asked that question of him, the question that from a wife's lips, carries with it unspoken, tender pleading. For a space he was torn with emotions he could not define, had hardly expected himself to feel. Something bade him turn back upon ambition and pride and clasp into his arms this little woman who had worked for him, with him, who had had faith in him when he was poor, and who had struggled and cooked and slaved for him that he might rise to his present position.

But he struggled against the feeling, fought it back and conquered.

"No, don't wait up for me."

"All right," Mary agreed. "I won't, if you don't want me to," and then, with a roguish smile, "but I will wait up for you all the same."

Slade was touched, but he stiffened his shoulders. What he had won, honors he meant to have—and Katherine Strickland.

"Good-night, Mary," he called, coldly, as he hurried out of the room.

Left alone, Mary stood watching him, a forlorn little figure.

"Why, he didn't kiss me." She hurried to the door. "Dan, you forgot something. Dan he forgot something."

Slade, hastening to the door, halted, hesitated, turned back.

"You come right back here and kiss me," Mary demanded, affectionately. "Such didoes; you kiss me." She raised her face for the kiss she thought was "good-night," but he meant was "good-by."

"Slade stooped and laid his lips on her, gently, reverently, then hurried out almost as if he were afraid to stay a minute longer.

"Such didoes," Mary laughed to herself. She looked around the great empty room. It suddenly struck her that she had never really been happy in this room. Riches had proved a burden rather than a pleasure. They had robbed her of Dan's devotion, his confidence, his gaiety. She hastened to turn out the lights, shuddering as she did so. She grabbed her workbasket from the table and suddenly overcome with fright in the great silent shadowy room, fled to the lighted hall, calling: "Susie, Susie—"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Applied Advice.

Some time ago an Alabama lady kindly undertook to advise one of her negro maids as to certain rules of propriety that always should be observed by young women to whom attentions are paid by gentlemen friends. One evening the lady, wondering whether her seeds of advice had fallen upon rocky ground, stationed herself in a rocker near the kitchen door, where she was entertained by the following dialogue:

"Look here, don't you try to get fresh wit me! Mah name's Miss Smith—not Mary. Ah don't 'low mah best an' most pat'ic'le friends to call me Mary."

"Ah beg yo' pardon, Miss Smith. But say, Miss Smith, would yo' jes' soon shift to de oder knee? This yere one's tired."

Trade Secret.

"Now the first thing to learn about the shoe trade is this. As soon as a customer comes in take off his shoes and hide 'em."

"What's that for?"

"'Then you can wait on 'em at your convenience, my boy. They can't walk out."

—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Such Didoes; You Kiss Me.

You'd back down and give in. This is no place for us."

"You leave me out of the question." And to his credit the man became shamefaced.

"I can't leave you out of the question," she protested quickly, not an inkling of her husband's real meaning having entered her head. In her perfect love and loyalty she was impervious to any hint of neglect or disloyalty from him. Had she known his thoughts her first care would have been to soothe him as one whose brain, overtaxed with affairs beyond her understanding, had suddenly clouded.

For an instant the man was silent. His face was turned from her and he was looking out the doorway through which the stately figure of Katherine Strickland had just passed and through which he hoped to walk some day—governor.

"I—I wouldn't go with you, Mary," he finally turned and looked her squarely in the eyes.

"Why—where would you be? Where would you live? Where would you?" She stopped and then finished, "Pshaw. That's all foolishness, Dan."

"Mary," Slade was firmer now. His voice had a ring of finality, but Mary didn't understand. "I can't go on apologizing for you eternally! You can't have a headache every night! I must either have a wife who can be the head of my household or none."

Into the woman's heart there leaped a sharp fear, followed by the childish idea that perhaps, because she wouldn't go to the opera, she was to be punished—sent away alone—until she was forgiven.

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"We're not one person, we're two, Dan," she reminded him, quietly.

"Well, that's the trouble, we ought to be one. That's just what I'm getting at. We ought to be of one mind."

"Whose? Yours?" and Mary's sweet mouth puckered into a very little smile.

"I'm done," Slade decided, hopelessly.

"I can remember the time when you would have thought that was cunning," she reproached him.

"I'm going to my club, Mary," he announced, disregarding her playful attempt to smooth things over.

Mary gazed at him, bewildered by his swift changes of mood, hurt by his attitude, almost angry because he was so unreasonable.

Then love came rushing up into her heart. After all he was her Dan. What did this crossing of her narrowness matter? She went up to him, pulled his scarf a bit closer round