

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 and becomes a power in the political and business world. He has his eye on the governor's chair. His simple, home-loving wife fails to rise to the new conditions.

CHAPTER I—Continued.

"Dan," she said, "I'll tell you something. These expensive laundries ruin your shirts right off, and when I washed 'em they lasted a whole year. They ain't ironed right, either."

"Oh, my God!" groaned Slade, helplessly, pitying her lack of understanding rather than being angry with her.

"I wish you'd forget, Mary, that I had to let you wash and scrub once. We're up now. Let us kick the ladder out from under us and stay up—forget how we got here."

"But I don't want to forget," remonstrated the little wisp of a woman opposite him. "I was perfectly contented those days. I ain't now. I hate this house. I hate it. It's too big. The help scare me, so many of 'em. I'd like just one hired girl and my old sitting-room set." She stopped meditatively, her thoughts wandering back to the early days when her husband took his pick and dinner pail and tramped off to the mines, and she sang as she bent over the washtub and busied herself at the kitchen stove.

Her husband sat with face averted, his imagination carrying him far into the future—a vision of honor as chief executive of the state and power in keeping with the untold riches he had accumulated.

"That's it," he finally exclaimed, "I want to go ahead and you want to stick over your washtubs. I need the support of big people—got to mix with 'em, and be one of 'em. And you won't."

"No, I don't have to," replied Mary. "I needn't."

"You don't see the necessity of joining me?" he asked, testily.

"I don't know how."

"Do you want to know how?" he persisted.

"No," came the provokingly indifferent answer.

"You're putting the bars up in the middle of the road," he continued, "and I'm making up my mind to change things."

Suddenly Mary's lips quivered and a hurt look showed in her eyes behind the misty tears as she realized that whatever she did irritated her husband. She started to speak, but was interrupted by the entrance of a servant, who announced that Senator Strickland and his daughter had just phoned to say that he and his daughter would call on their way to the opera.

Slade's face flushed and paled at the thought—flushed at the pleasurable surprise at this unlooked-for attention from the senator, and paled as he thought of the senator's stunningly gowned daughter arriving to find his wife in a cheap, ill-fitting dress that would have looked badly even for morning wear.

"Mary, you look like a steerage passenger," he exclaimed suddenly, turning on the flustered little woman, who was aghast at the very thought of a call from the senator and his daughter. "Go upstairs and dress. I'll make excuses and hold them till you come down."

"I can't," she gasped. "I ain't got time, anyway, and I haven't anything to go to the opera in."

Slade leaned forward and struck the table with his clenched fist. "Don't you understand? You must see these people. Tonight's paper names me for governor. Strickland's influence is more necessary to me than any other man's in the whole state. He controls the party. He's bringing his daughter to my house. You're meeting them socially. Come on, now, come on—he became persuasive—put on a nice little gown and come along and show them you can do something. We'll hold a reception here and it'll be a direct answer to Wesley Merritt's slur on you in tonight's paper."

Go to the opera with Katherine Strickland—with a woman who had just returned from Europe—the woman who had dined with a queen and been feted all over the continent. Hold a reception—hostess in this house where she felt, save for her Dan, a stranger. Meet people who spoke in what to her was a strange and altogether unmanageable fashion.

Mary caught her breath with a sob of dismay. The very thought paralyzed her. "I can't, Dan," she finally managed to blurt out. "I'd do anything else for you—but not this."

"I'll not ask you again," replied

Slade, ominously, and poor Mary, too excited to interpret the threat, picked up her sewing and her newspapers and made for the door.

"Tell them," she exclaimed breathlessly, "tell them I had a headache—that's a fashionable enough excuse, anyway." And, terrified, she fled out of the room as Katherine Strickland and her father were announced.

CHAPTER II.

As Slade turned from the frightened, insignificant figure of his fleeing wife, he saw a woman of perfect poise and queenly carriage, a woman a trifle haughty and insolent in her youth and beauty and assured command of all the intricacies of social grace and charm. Her wide, full eyes met his with an engaging, frank curiosity to see this new factor in the political world. Her gown was a triumph of soft, shimmering silk and alluring chiffon—a gown that emphasized the charm of her proud, statuesque figure. She was the sort of woman that makes a man glow with pride to present as his wife or daughter. She was all that Mary Slade was not.

Slade stood looking at her, fascinated, forgetting for the moment the man she was with, remembering nothing



She Was All That Mary Slade Was Not.

but the magnetic personality of the woman whose reputation for doing big things in a big way was already known to him—a woman whose eyes meeting his gave back flash for flash and understanding for understanding.

Almost mechanically Slade found himself acknowledging Senator Strickland's formal presentation of his daughter. Hesitatingly he offered his hand, which the girl, perfectly at ease, grasped with a cordial, sympathetic pressure. Her eyes were looking critically into his, much as if she were trying to read him through and through and take his measure for future use.

Her easy, graceful acceptance of the situation, her thoughtful inquiry for Mrs. Slade's health, prompted by well-bred sympathy rather than any curious interest, and the cultured modulation of her splendid voice, charmed him as no woman had ever done before.

There was nothing of the shy, retiring ingenue in Katherine Strickland's makeup. She was a woman of splendid physique and wonderful mental development. Her appeal to a man was that of a dominant intellect as much as of a lovely woman. She immediately impressed Slade as being keen-witted, strong-minded and clever. His admiration displayed itself in his shining

eyes and his unusually affable, attentive manner.

Suddenly he found himself comparing his own little old-fashioned wife with this handsome, self-possessed woman before him. What a wife Katherine Strickland would be for the governor of a state! What a picture she would make presiding at the head of a millionaire's dinner tables! How wonderfully such a woman would adorn the richly furnished rooms of his newly built mansion! Instead of the work-worn fingers of his wife, continuously fumbling with darning threads, he saw, in a mental vision, this woman's lovely hands constantly engaged in unwinding the threads of problematic political tangles. Here was a woman who would be a man's wife and comrade—the very antithesis of the household drudge his own wife was content to be, with no interest outside of the four walls of her home and no desire for anything bigger in life than the daily routine of breakfast, dinner and supper, washing on Monday, ironing on Tuesday, and so on to the end of the week—week after week in the same deadly rut. Here was a woman who would "go along with a man"—possibly a step ahead, blazing the way for new and greater glories and recognizing no limit.

Slade brought his reflections to a sudden halt as he remembered the girl's father.

"Why, what has happened to you senator? Your face looks different than it did this afternoon."

"Her fault," replied the senator, with a smile of tolerant affection, indicating his daughter. "She made me cut my beard this way. It's French."

Katherine laughed a delightful, throaty little laugh.

"Nonsense, father," she protested. "Of course, I like the West, but I don't believe in being absolutely typical. I was horrified when I got back and found you so blatantly the typical, much-cartooned Westerner."

"Mr. Slade," resumed Strickland, "a few influential men from different parts of our state are having a meeting in town tomorrow, and I want you to meet them. I'm arranging a little impromptu dinner, and thought Katherine might be able to persuade Mrs. Slade and yourself to join us."

"Oh, father, tell the truth," Katherine interrupted. "These gentlemen want to meet you, Mr. Slade. I hear we're to expect great things of you. You see, I've been mixed up in politics all my life, and I do love to have a hand in them."

"She'd run for president if they'd let her," teased her father.

"Indeed I would," the girl admitted, brazenly. "I've got politics in my blood, and home doesn't seem like home unless politics are being brewed in our dining-room. So you'll both come, won't you—you and Mrs. Slade."

Slade was stammering his acceptance when Strickland interrupted abruptly.

"How'd you like to be governor, Slade?"

Slade threw back his head with a laugh that was intended to denote complete unconcern.

"Oh—that talk! Did the evening papers put that into your head or—?" and he paused significantly, "did you put it into the evening papers?"

Strickland's laugh was a practical admission.

"It would mean a hard fight, Slade. The water-front crowd's against you, and you can't get on without their influence."

"Not in this town, at least," amended Katherine.

"You've got to have Wesley Merritt, his paper, his highfalutin editorials and his speechmaking—and his wife," Strickland explained. "He and his crowd run the town."

"Oh, you mean my neighbors?" asked Slade. "They'll come around," he finished, meaningly.

"But, man alive! Only today Merritt's attack on you was scurrilous. I remonstrated with him myself. He's your out-and-out enemy. I've tried to get him—to come over and shake hands, but he swears he'll never cross your threshold—"

"I guess they'll come when I want 'em to come," Slade interrupted, with an assurance his auditors could not understand. "In fact, I'm looking for 'em any minute now," and he consulted his watch.

"You're looking for them—here—tonight?" gasped Strickland, showing plainly he thought Slade was making a joke of the matter.

"Yes, tonight," replied the would-be governor, quietly, and turned to Katherine.

Strickland subsided, a question growing in his mind as to whether he had fully measured the man he expected to use for his own political and financial ends. There was in Slade's method of fighting a direct and open quality that would make him hard to handle in the crooked and indirect ways of political life.

Katherine Strickland's eyes narrowed as she met Slade's gaze. Her quick, calculating mind saw in this man the possibility of realizing her highest hopes and ambitions. With such a man a woman could scale any heights—reach any goal. He was hard—yes! But a man needs to be hard in these days and times if he is ever to accomplish anything. In her fer-

tile brain smoldered ambitions as great as his ambitions that she now realized would never be attained unless she made some great, radical change in her life.

She had pushed her father as far as the man would—could go. She had outdistanced every girl in her circle. She had reached high, but she had triumphed. Now she was at the end of her tether. It was a matter of making some one huge stroke or sinking back into stupid obscurity, a situation all the more bitter because of her previous successes. The thought of settling down into the everyday life of the western city where she was born made her very soul squirm. Surely there was something more in life for her. Surely there were bigger goals to be gained.

She had never realized how empty the old home life was until now, when she suddenly found herself a part of it again after the brilliant European season and the stimulating, exciting life in diplomatic circles at the capital. The thought of remaining in the West, a big frog in a little puddle, had grown positively hateful to her. Big or little herself, she wanted a big puddle. She was quite satisfied in her own mind that no puddle would be so big that she couldn't become a frog of considerable size in it.

Now, as her restless brain and soul clamored for higher goals and a wider field, the thought of Slade's millions, Slade's dominating, forceful personality, Slade's reputation for sweeping everything before him, Slade's probable governorship, flashed through her mind like a burning streak of electric fire. With him, with his weapons, what a career lay before a woman!

Just as suddenly she found herself wondering what sort of a woman had been a mate to this man for so many years. She was conscious of a poignant pang of envy—jealousy almost—against this woman who had the opportunity which was denied her.

"Well, what do you think of your own country, now you're back?" she heard Slade's voice saying. "Seem big to you?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FROM BODY OF CATERPILLAR

Australia Has Curious Plant Which Develops From Action of Parasite on Insect.

Nature is a curious force. There is a caterpillar in Australia. It looks for food under leaves and twigs in the usual way. As it searches, a parasite, specially equipped by nature for the purpose, drops on its neck and fastens itself there.

In a week or two this little parasite seed begins to germinate, drawing its nourishment from the very life blood of the insect. The latter, feeling sick, buries itself about two inches into the ground.

Eventually a pale green stalk, about twelve inches high, at the summit of which is a most extraordinary flower, somewhat resembling the top of a burrush when in seed, appears.

The poor caterpillar's refuge in the ground is of no avail, for its whole interior has to make room for a mass of roots. Sucked as dry as a bone, it is actually converted into a stick of wood.

French Temperance Society. An organization for the promotion of temperance in France has been founded by M. Schmidt, deputy for the department of the Vosges. A feature of the new body is its catholicity. It includes every shade of political and religious belief, and all classes of society—politicians, professional men and workmen. A meeting, addressed by doctors, lawyers and a deputy, has just been held in Bordeaux. The new association, which is called "L'Alarme," justifies its name by calling attention to the rising flood of alcoholism in France.

Remembered Instructions. She was a little girl and very polite. It was the first time she had been on a visit alone, and she had been carefully instructed how to behave.

"If they ask you to dine with them," papa had said, "you must say, 'No, thank you; I have already dined.'"

It turned out just as papa had anticipated.

"Come along, Marjorie," said her little friend's father, "you must have a bite with us."

"No, thank you," said the little girl, with dignity; "I have already bitten."

Not Down to Standard. Persistent Contributor—You are quite sure you do not want this story, then?

Candid Editor—Quite sure. Persistent Contributor—And yet you say it is not bad.

Candid Editor—Excuse me. You misunderstood. The story is bad, but not bad enough.—Judge.

To Make Whitewash Stick. To keep whitewash from rubbing off easily make a thin cooked paste of one pint of wheat flour and add to each pailful. A little carbolic acid added to the whitewash will help prevent the places where it is used getting musty.

WHEN WAR IS SILENT

HAS NO SOPHISTRY WITH WHICH TO CONFRONT WOMAN.

Great as Must Be Acknowledged Are His Powers of Deception They Fall in the Presence of the Mother of the Slain.

War sat on a high place near the city named Earth, where all who passed along the highway called Life could see him as they went on their journeys. Among those who took their eyes from the ground was King. When he saw War he stopped.

"Who are you that sits beside the highway of Life?" asked King.

War answered:

"I am Power, and Dominion, and Pride, I am the maker and unmaker of dynasties. I set up and pull down the rulers of Earth, the great city in which you dwell. By me wealth and strength are apportioned, dishonor is redeemed, right is made plain, and justice is done."

So King went his way, thinking, "War is good."

Soon there came Young Man, and he too asked who War was.

War said:

"I am Adventure and Daring, Boldness and Hardihood. I bestow renown and distinction on men. Those who follow me grow brave of spirit and hard of body. They learn the happiness that comes from ardent toil, the joy that is born of struggle. The people of Earth look with greatest favor on those who enroll themselves in my record book and reward them with the first consideration."

Young Man whistled as he followed the highway called Life, and cried aloud, "War is noble!"

Next Old Man, weak of sight and hard of hearing, peered at War and said: "Who are you, up there?"

To Old Man War replied:

"I am Memory and the Thoughts of Yesterday. I it was who filled your heart with friends and clothed your mind with the good memorials of a glorious past. I took from you your arm, but in its place I gave you something far better, the service of a devoted friend. By me you were made poor in pocket, to beg your bread as you walked the highway called Life, but in exchange I gave you the great days of your manhood to comfort and sustain you."

Old Man's face was lighted by his thoughts of the brave days when he knew War, and as he set one foot before the other he chuckled, and struck his thigh with his hand, and mumbled in his beard: "I mind now that War is the great thing."

But then there came on the highway called Life Woman, who had borne sons that War had destroyed, and daughters who had wept upon her skirts for their husbands that War had torn from them; Woman, who had dried the ears of orphans War had made and stanching the blood of wounds that War had given; Woman, who had mourned War's dead, and starved that War might eat.

And Woman saw War and asked him nothing, but fled shrieking away from him on the highway called Life; and as Woman fled from him War was silent, for he had no words to speak.—New York Times.

Most Economical Woman.

Most men are not blessed with such a treasure of a wife as is Langley, remarks Harper's Magazine.

"My wife is the most economical woman in the world," confided Langley to a friend one night, with profound pride. "Why, do you know, she's even found a use for the smell of my motor car."

"Great heavens! Do you mean it?" exclaimed his friend.

"Surest thing you know. She hangs cheesecloth over the gasoline exhaust and packs away her furs in it to keep the moths out during the summer."

Hard to Win.

"You don't seem to be making much progress with Miss Benders."

"That depends on what you mean by 'progress.' I dare say I've tangoed at least a hundred miles with her, but I don't seem to be any nearer her heart than I was a month ago."

A Refuge in Noise.

"What makes you sit up there and toot the automobile horn?" asked the passing friend.

"Charlie tells me to," replied young Mrs. Torbins, "so that I won't hear the things he says while he is fixing the machine."

Worse Yet.

Uneasy Passenger—I say, steward, doesn't the ship tip frightfully?

Dignified Steward—The vessel, mum, is trying to set a good example to the passengers.—Tatler.

Her Coup d'Etat.

"Did you see where an helress out West married a butcher?"

"I suppose she saw it was the only way she could afford to eat meat every day."