

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. Slade meets Katherine, daughter of Senator Strickland, and sees in her all that Mary is not.

CHAPTER II—Continued.

"Oh, I like Washington," she said, bringing herself back to the conversation with difficulty.

Her father, noticing her abstraction, remarked indulgently: "She likes Washington, Slade. She likes the East, but she doesn't tell it to everybody on account of father's votes. Now, Slade and I love our western city, eh, Slade?"

"Well," with some reluctance, "it's a good starting point," Slade admitted. "Ah!" Katherine exclaimed, now thoroughly herself again. "There's a man for you! He's not going to let a town stand in his way. Mr. Slade, this is father's Waterloo. He's been a great disappointment to me. That's the worst of parents. We children never know how they're going to turn out. If father had only listened to me it would have been Washington for him—Washington for me. But he wouldn't cross the Delaware. He wouldn't leave the West. If there'd only been a drop of Napoleon in father," she concluded with a sudden burst of vehemence.

"Napoleon!" repeated the senator. "Yes, Napoleon. He got what he wanted, and nothing ever stood in his path. I just love the way he rode over poor old Josephine's heart, don't you?"—and she turned to Slade.

"But he was right!" she continued, earnestly, as if she were making a plea for something that lay very close to her own heart. "Why should we let anyone hold us back? I wouldn't. But mother didn't want to leave the West, so father stuck to his town and his friends and his state. Now he stands in the background and boosts other men politically.

"He wants to boost you," she added, suddenly.

"Letting out secrets," her father accused, playfully.

But Katherine was never more serious. "You're his dark horse," she persisted.

"You're a lucky man, senator," Slade broke in, as he watched Katherine admiringly. "You're a lucky



"Go Ahead With Your Paper, I'll Take My Chances."

man to have a charming young woman behind you in the race."

"That's all we women are for," answered Katherine, bitterly, "standing behind some man and watching him do things."

"Why, child alive, you do things yourself," the senator remonstrated. "She makes busts, Slade—heads. Done some big guns in Europe."

Katherine sighed and leaned back wearily in her chair. "Oh, in my feminine way, I model," she admitted. "But if there'd been one drop of Napoleon in father I shouldn't have had to fall back on molding clay. I should have been molding," she hesitated, and then finished daringly, "opinions and people."

CHAPTER III.

Just how much more freely Katherine might have revealed her aims and inspirations, Slade could not know, for at that moment the butler appeared and engaged his attention.

As the man withdrew, Slade spread wide his arms and announced grandiloquently:

"The gentleman of the water-front crowd, if you please. Mr. Wesley Merritt, the gentleman who wasn't going to darken my door, is here!"

He broke off with a loud, mirthless laugh. As well as any man who ever lived, he liked to feel the grip of his own power. He had come to the point where it was genuine satisfaction to humble men and conquer them.

"Wesley Merritt!" the senator was almost too surprised for speech. "After his abuse of you in the paper today— And Hunt! How did you do it?"

"This is the sort of thing I like," broke in Katherine, eagerly. "Oh, it's so exciting," she declared, her eyes glowing with eagerness and animation. "Oh, Mr. Slade, how did you make them kow-tow?"

Slade's reply was prevented by the brusque, excited entrance of Merritt and Hunt. The pair, angry and belligerent, strode into the room without a word. Merritt, small, wiry, energetic, was in the lead, followed closely by his shadow and echo, Hunt.

"Is it true?" he demanded angrily, before he realized that Slade was not alone. "How do you do, senator—Miss Strickland!" he exclaimed, in surprise. "Lovely home you have, Mr. Slade," he added, trying to adjust himself to the scene he had not expected.

"An astonishing rumor has reached us, Mr. Slade," he finally declared, getting down to the business of his invasion. "It concerns you, senator. It concerns every public-spirited man in the city. Is it true, Slade, that you have bought up our entire water front on which our residences—our old homes—the mansions of the city face, and that you intend building factories there?"

"Why, yes," Slade admitted, with maddening calmness.

"What?" Strickland almost shouted, completely astounded.

"But—but it can't be done," Merritt was so excited now that he stuttered his words.

"It can't be done," echoed Hunt. He was well paid for being an echo.

"Our best people live there," protested Merritt.

"I live there," Hunt added, with accumulated emphasis.

"All of us," Merritt continued, "take pride in the view along the water front. It's damnable. Why, out of common decency, man— What do you want of factories, anyway?" he demanded, completely angered and out of patience.

Slade's voice was almost a drawl. It was so low-pitched and so provokingly calm. "Why didn't you and your associates protect your holdings?" he inquired.

"How'd we know a man with millions would come along and buy up the whole beach?" Merritt's wrath was getting beyond the control that Katherine's presence demanded. "Slade, if you persist in this," he thundered, "I'm going to take off my coat and hit back. My paper has an enormous outside circulation, and I'll baste you once every day. If you propose running for governor, you won't get one vote in your own town. And in one month, or less, you'll find San Francisco has a gorgeous climate."

Slade was unperturbed by Merritt's threats or Merritt's bulldozing. "All right, Merritt," he advised, good-naturedly, "go ahead with your paper, I'll take my chances."

"You will, eh?" Merritt's tone was ominous. "What sort of factories are you going to build?"

"Well," drawled Slade, coolly, "I was thinking of putting up glue factories!"

"Glue!" The one word jumped from everyone's mouth at once. "Glue!" they all repeated, and looked at each other in consternation.

"The h—I you say," then remembering himself. "I beg your pardon, Miss Strickland."

"It can't be done," Merritt went on. "You can't build glue factories here," and he emphasized every word with an angry shake of his finger.

"By God, you—"

He broke off as he saw Bob Hayes stride into the room. Hayes, as Slade's lawyer and almost a member of the family, had the entree to the house at all times.

"Here's my lawyer," remarked Slade, dryly, "ask him."

"Of course it can be done," Hayes informed them, convincingly. "It's perfectly legitimate."

Then, as if to dismiss a perfectly obvious subject, he turned to the girl, who had been enjoying every point that Slade had scored.

Katherine's eyes lighted with warm welcome. It was the first time she had seen Hayes since she had returned. He was the man she had once wanted to marry, once before her father had given her the choice of Hayes or a finishing school in Paris and a tour of Europe. Now she greeted

him with cordial friendship, but with none of the sweet tenderness he might have expected from her. Once she had looked up into his eyes and thought him a god. Now, her eyes blinded by the glare of ambition, she saw only a good looking chap, a struggling lawyer, a man who hadn't made any particular mark in the world. She returned Hayes' burning, penetrating gaze with cool, unruffled frankness. In another moment she had turned from him and was earnestly watching Slade, listening to his every word with eager intentness.

"You see, I'm a very simple sort of fellow," Slade was saying, "don't drink—don't smoke—don't keep yachts or horses, don't keep w—" he stopped in his oft-repeated formula as he remembered Katherine's presence, "don't keep horses, so I must do something, as I was saying to Mrs. Slade today. I don't want to bother my neighbors, so I'll build high chimneys, so the smoke won't trouble you much. I'm going into the glue business. That is, of course," and he paused and surveyed the group about him with a complacent elevation of his eyebrows, "that is, unless you gentlemen can keep me busy in some other way. I'm a very active man."

Katherine leaned forward with tense expression to see how the man's op-



Daniel Slade.

ponents would take his game. The senator was smiling, Merritt tapping his foot restlessly.

"Well, boys, it looks as though he had us—strong?" Strickland broke the silence. "Glue! Whew!"

"Are we going to be had?" demanded Merritt, testily, "are we going to stand for this holdup?" and he turned disgustedly toward the door.

"Don't you think we'd better keep Mr. Slade busy in some other way," Strickland repeated.

"I don't," Merritt flung back over his shoulder as he left the room, followed, as usual, by Hunt.

Merritt's hasty departure was the signal for Katherine to adjust her wraps and remark: "We must be late for Tristan."

Hayes followed her. "I must see you alone, Katherine. You're still free—there's no foreigner on the scene, is there, Katherine?"

"Bob," Katherine's voice was sweet but firm. "I don't think I shall ever marry now—"

"Oh, nonsense," he protested.

"No," even more positively. "The more I see of men—but what's the use? There never was but one man I could have got on with, and I didn't happen to live in his time."

"Who was the boy?" Hayes asked, lightly.

"Strange," Katherine replied, pensively, "I've just been talking about him—Napoleon Bonaparte."

"Oh, Lord—that fellow," Hayes was much relieved. "Can I have tomorrow evening?"

"Yes—if you—yes—tomorrow evening, Bob."

Her voice lingered a bit on the Bob, and with quick impulsiveness Hayes caught her hand and kissed it.

In another minute she had turned to Slade.

"Oh, Mr. Slade, won't you let me make a head of you?"

"A head of me?" Slade repeated in surprise.

"Think it over," Katherine suggested, as she and her father went out, leaving Hayes and Slade watching her proud, graceful figure until it disappeared from view.

Slade looked critically at Hayes for a moment or two after the girl had gone.

"Oh, now I remember," he suddenly exclaimed. "You're the chap she gave up for Paris a long time ago?"

"When she was twenty-one and I was twenty-four and six feet one inch of a western lawyer, just out of the woods. How does Mrs. Slade take to this governorship business?" he finished, abruptly.

"She doesn't take to it," Slade's voice was hard.

"I was afraid she wouldn't."

"Well, nobody's going to stand in my way." A malignant light showed in his eyes.

"My boy, I'm out to win."

In spite of the fact that he was in full evening attire, he thrust his hands into his pockets and almost strutted about the room. "I outgeneraled that crowd here tonight. By God, I did! Do you know—?" He paused in his walk and looked down on Hayes' six feet sprawled over one of the broadened chairs—"there's just a little drop of that fellow—Napoleon Bonaparte—in me!"

"Napoleon Bonaparte got on by leaving a woman behind," Hayes returned, seriously, refusing to enter into Slade's spirit of self-satisfied good humor.

"You mind your own d—n business, Bob," Slade turned on him, suddenly.

"All right—I'm off to the opera. I only meant that Napoleon was a bad boy for you to follow, because he treated his first wife like a dirty dishrag. That's why I'm glad that second little Austrian hussy paid him back. That's all. I love Mrs. Slade. When I was sick with fever in your mining camp she was a mother to me."

"Don't forget that I made you," Slade reminded him. "I," and he tapped his chest. "I gave you your chance."

"I don't. All the same I'd hate to see you elected, because of Mrs. Slade. It seems to be the regular thing, becoming universal, for a very successful man to leave home the minute he's on his feet. Good night."

"One minute, Bob. You've given me a lot of good advice. I'll give you some. Are you in love with that girl?"

"Yes," Hayes grunted; "good night. Is that all?"

"No," Slade paused, watching Hayes through narrowed eyelids. "That girl needs a large pie with every one of her fingers in it. Bob, I'm sorry for you. Your pie isn't big enough."

"Well—it's my pie. Good night," and he was gone.

After Hayes had gone, Slade sat, his arms resting on the table, staring into space. Every now and then the corners of his mouth came down and his eyes narrowed. He was thinking of Katherine Strickland and Hayes. That woman for Hayes! Hayes must be a presumptuous pup to ever think of winning that queen. Such women were meant for the kings of the earth—not for their hirelings.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

NEW DISCOVERY ABOUT ANTS

Scientist Asserts That the Insects Have a Regular Form of Salutation Among Themselves.

Ants have long been known for their excessive industry, but from a curious communication which has just appeared they seem to have surpassed all other insects by organizing an elaborate system of signaling.

Professor Bugnion, who has recently investigated the habits of the white ant, reports that the "soldiers" of that species give warnings or encouraging signals by knocking with their jaws upon dry leaves, thereby emitting a crackling sound. Placing some of these ants on a big plate and covering it with paper, he found that the "soldiers" among the ants responded to his taps with a rustling, crackling sound.

Moreover, apart from this audible signaling, there appears to be some inaudible form of signal, for the professor asserts that the "soldier" ants salute the worker ants.

To do this, "the insect stands firmly on its legs with the head raised and the body slightly oblique, and shakes itself for an instant with a convulsive shudder. This seems to mean something."

On Record for Comfort.

Cecil Rhodes was not much of a dresser. When premier of Cape Colony, he usually wore a flannel suit, which badly wanted cleaning, and a dilapidated slouch hat. His successor in office, Sir Gordon Sprigg, who wore a black frock coat even in the hottest weather, once made an effort to enforce the wearing of "respectable" dark clothes in the Cape parliament. But Rhodes would not have it. He said in parliament that if he could not help to legislate in comfortable clothes he would not help at all, and he thought the members would agree with him. They did.

Weight of Inch of Rainfall.

An inch of rainfall is the equivalent of 603 barrels of 45 gallons each to the acre. This amount of water weighs over one hundred and thirteen tons. Think of hauling it to the farms in wagons holding a ton each. That seemingly light air and clouds are capable of handling this enormous amount of water is one of the marvels of meteorology. One inch of rain is not such a heavy rainfall either.—Farm and Fireside.

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Immune.

The hunters now will get in line. Their turn will soon be here; And every cow will wear a sign, "Don't shoot me, I'm no deer!"

—Cincinnati Enquirer. Indeed our beef will be so high. This warning will be heard, As cows go sailing through the sky, "Don't shoot me, I'm no bird!"

—New York Mail. Food prices may go soaring high, And reach the ether thin, With flaring signs, "Don't shoot me, I Am not a Zeppelin!"

Once again the amateur strategist writes to inquire if the disappearing batteries are the ones the enemy has captured.

The allies seem bent on turning the wings of the enemy in order to give it to them in the neck.

I'm fond of melodrama, Where the villain vilely capers. But I'm quite disgusted with the one That has no missing papers.

Some women can keep a secret, even at the registration office. Ask the clerk!

Columbus discovered America October 12, 1492. Lucky there were no geographical societies for him to face!

"Seek light on liquor measure," says a headline. Yet brewers declare light hits the quality of their goods.

How to dispose of bill collectors—take them to one side, chatter confidentially and then pay them.

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