

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 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 falls 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 decision. His mouth became a firm, straight line of determination. There was something implacable and grim in his very attitude as the resolve 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 just 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 considered 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. All his life long his success had been punctuated by the ruin 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 sterling worth, her long years of devotion and sweet tenderness counted for nothing once he became convinced that Mary's dowdiness, her standpat 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.

It was at just this point in Slade's pitiless reasoning that Mary, peering over the baluster and seeing him alone, hurried down the stairs.

"Thank goodness, they've gone," she declared as she came into the room. Then seeing the numerous side lights burning she hastened to turn one after the other down to a glimmer. "I'm so glad you're not going out," she went on, coming over to him and rubbing her cheek against his sleeve. The little movement was a pathetically mute appeal for some career. "What'd they say?" she asked, suddenly, as she realized that her tender yearning met with no response.

But her husband was in no communicative frame of mind. "You're not mad with me, are yer?" she questioned, wistfully, very much like an eager child who has been repressed.

"No," Slade replied, briefly and without much interest.

Mary breathed a quick sigh of relief. "Ah, then, we'll have a nice, quiet, pleasant evening," she declared, adding coaxingly: "Let's go upstairs and have a game of euchre. We haven't played for ever so long."

Slade looked at her, his eyes drawn into a deep frown. It was true he wasn't angry with her, but he was



"Such Didoes; You Kiss Me."

angry at the thwarting circumstances that were hemming him in. Her very manner irritated him now—her quiet contentment, her calm acceptance of her failure to meet his guests and fill her place as mistress of his home maddened him. He was all the more determined to fight for something else—to begin his campaign for a governorship and another woman that moment.

"You can amuse yourself after I'm gone," he answered over his shoulder. "Then you are going out?" Mary's voice echoed the disappointment she felt.

"Yes," Slade continued to be monosyllabic. "But I want to have a talk with you. Mary—we've got to come to some understanding."

"Why, what—?" Mary began, and then stopped. For the first time she noticed his changed manner and his averted eyes. She started to fumble with her workbasket.

"I can't put it off any longer. I—er—" Slade stopped short. He was finding this attempt at an "understanding" much more difficult than he had anticipated.

"What is it you're trying to say, Dan?" Mary's voice was firmer than his. "What's in your mind? You keep hinting at something lately and you never finish it. What is it?"

"You're a rich woman in your own name, Mary. Are you satisfied with what I've settled on you?"

"Why, yes," came the quick response, as Mary's puzzled eyes searched his for a reason for the strange question. Then she added: "You've been mighty good to me, Dan."

"How would you like to go and live in the country, Mary?"

Glad surprise filled the woman's eyes. Her thin cheeks flushed as she clasped her hands excitedly.

"Oh, Dan, you know I'd like it. You're awfully good, father. I knew 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.

"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 and 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. "D—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 hated darling 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 as much as offer to help.

Mary's mood changed, too. "I believe you're doing it to get your own way," she sputtered, "but you ain't going to get it. I've got as much right to my life as you've got to yours."

As she came up 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, sarcastically, 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 failing 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 crossness or his nervousness 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 thin 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. Wealth 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!"

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" and which he meant as "good-by." Slade stooped and laid his lips on hers, 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.)

FROM DOCTRINE OF GALEN

Use of Term "Man of Spirit," Etc., May Be Traced Back to the Second Century.

"Few persons even stop to consider when they speak of 'a man of spirit' that they are unwittingly employing the language of the days of Galen," says the Journal of the American Medical Association. "Yet this is evidently the survival of the old doctrine of spirits. We may believe that Galen had a conception of the nerve trunks as conductors of something—he called it spirits—to and from the brain and spinal cord."

"The natural spirits were that undefined property which gave to blood the capacity of nourishing the tissues of the body. The vital spirits were acquired in the heart, and when at last the blood with its vital spirits went to the brain and experienced a sort of refinement for the last time, the animal spirits were separated from it and carried to the body by the nerve trunks."

Such was the idea of the vital functions in the second century. Today, after 1,800 years, we know that there are no "spirits" in our blood or nerves, but we still speak of being in "high spirits" or "low spirits," of being full of "animal spirits," of a "spirited answer" or a "spirited horse."

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'lar friends to call me Mary."

"Ah beg your 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.

Man and His Age.

After a man reaches the age of fifty he begins to see insults in the newspapers to the effect that he is an old man.—Topeka Capital.

The first use of asbestos was in the manufacture of crematory robes for the ancient Romans.

Had First Carrier Pigeon.

The sport of pigeon-flying, now prohibited by our war office, dates back less than 100 years, although the Egyptians trained pigeons to serve as messengers 4000-odd years ago, and their example was followed by the Assyrians, the Chinese, the Greeks and the Romans. The first pigeon race was organized in Belgium in 1818, and two years later a bird was flown from Paris to Verviers, where its arrival was hailed by a procession with brass bands. Over here the first pigeon race was held in 1875, from Newcastle-on-Tyne to Bexhill. The sport caught on rapidly, especially in Lancashire and Yorkshire, and such long distance flights as from Manchester to San Sebastian (700 miles) have been achieved. Nowadays the English clubs train about 1,500,000 birds annually, and "pigeon specials" of 16 or 20 vans are common on all our railways.—London Chronicle.

HERE IS A WAY TO GET RID OF PIMPLES

Bathe your face for several minutes with resinol soap and hot water, then apply a little resinol ointment very gently. Let this stay on ten minutes, and wash off with resinol soap and more hot water, finishing with a dash of cold water to close the pores. Do this once or twice a day, and you will be astonished to find how quickly the healing, antiseptic resinol medication soothes and cleanses the pores, removes pimples and blackheads, and leaves the complexion clear and velvety. All druggists sell resinol soap and resinol ointment.—Adv.

First Fiction Known.

Are you aware that the "Tale of Two Brothers," written 3200 years ago by the Theban scribe Eunnana, librarian of the palace of King Merenptah, the supposed Pharaoh of the Exodus, is the oldest work of fiction extant?

The tale was written, apparently, for the entertainment of the crown prince, who subsequently reigned as Seti II. His name appears in two places on the manuscript—probably the only surviving autograph signatures of an Egyptian king.

This piece of antique fiction, written on 19 sheets of papyrus in a bold hieratic hand, was purchased in Italy by Mme. d'Orbiney, who sold it in 1857 to the authorities of the British museum, where it is now known as the d'Orbiney papyrus.—Tid-Bits.

Rats Save Store Manager.

Rats saved August Schmidt in court at Greensburg, Pa., when tried on the charge of embezzling goods worth \$2450 from the store of P. H. Butler, Monessen, of which he was the manager.

It was offered in testimony that during the early part of the year the rodents killed 27 cats which had been purchased to exterminate them. They also destroyed a weasel which was guaranteed to rid the place of rats.

Clerks in the store testified that as many as half a crate of eggs would be destroyed in a night, and that 17 barrels of flour had been eaten by the rats in a short time. It did not take the jury long to arrive at acquittal.—Philadelphia Record.

Dr. Peery's Vermifuge "Dead Shot" kills and expels Worms in a very few hours. Adv.

Named.

"Who is that powerful giant who looks like a modern Samson?" asked the stranger.

"That is Percival Algernon Cyril Milk," replied the native.

"And who is the delicate, sissified-looking chap with him?" asked the stranger.

"That is John L. Sullivan-Hercules Strong," replied the native.—Stanford Chapparel.

Too Effective.

"But how did he happen to get engaged to the girl if he doesn't love her?"

"Why, he said he was convincing when he merely meant to be plausible."—Judge.

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Good at Figures.

Sammy was not prone to over-exertion in the classroom; therefore his mother was both surprised and delighted when he came home one noon with the announcement: "I got 100 this morning."

"That's lovely, Sammy!" exclaimed his proud mother, and she kissed him tenderly. "What was it in?"

"Fifty in reading and 50 in 'rithmetic.'"—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

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