

The WOMAN A Novel by Albert Payson Terhune

Founded on William G. de Mille's Play Illustrated with Photos from the Play and Drawings by K.L. Barnes

SYNOPSIS.

Congressman Standish and the Woman, believing themselves in love, spend a trial week as man and wife in a hotel in northern New York under assumed names. The Woman awakens to the fact that she does not love Standish and calls for his engagement of Standish to be annulled. Standish protests and tries to get her to change her mind. She calls a telephone girl at the Hotel Keawick, Washington, is loved by Tom Blake, son of the political boss of the house. He proposes marriage and is refused. She proposes to get revenge on Jim Blake for ruining her father, Congressman Frank E. Kelly. Standish is seeking means to discredit Standish in the hope of pushing the bill through. Robertson, son-in-law of Jim Blake and the latter's candidate for speaker of the house, tries to win Standish over, and failing, threatens to dig into the past. Standish finds out about the episode of five years ago at the northern New York hotel. He secures all the facts except the name of the Woman and proposes to use the story as a club to force Standish to allow the Mullins bill to pass.

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

Then he paused. The rugged mask of a face had not changed. But the pupils of the half-shut eyes had suddenly contracted as though a blinding light had been flashed before them. Yet, a second later, when Blake spoke again, there was no trace of pain or resentment in his dry drawing voice. "Blackmail!" he said once more. "How about the way Standish dragged that franchise affair of mine last year? What was that but blackmail?" "Well," demanded Tom, in the stark mercantile of youth, "you were stealing the franchise, weren't you, dad?"

"Yes," asserted Blake with a delightful absence of all false modesty. "I sure was. And I was doing it neatly, too. Not a ripple, not a kick, not a Standish butted in with his measly reformers and queered the whole job and cost us a half million dollars. Son, every time I think of that, I want to choke some one with an ax. I don't lie awake nights thinking how cunning our friend Standish would look with seaweed in his hair and sand under his nails. But I keep that franchise memory and a few others throng on the ice. And it sure doesn't break my heart to have a chance now of getting back at him."

"But," persisted Tom, "that was a public matter. It doesn't justify you in dragging his private life into the limelight?" "The deuce it doesn't? Who told you that?" "My self-respect." "Oh! I thought maybe you might have got the tip from some reliable source. Go ahead, son. Doesn't justify me, hey?" "No, dad, if you want truth, it doesn't. It isn't clean!" "Clean? Say, son, this is politics. Not a prayer-meeting. You've got in the wrong pew."

"If the right pew justifies dirty work like that," flashed the boy, "I'm glad I have. And I want to stay there. This business of making political capital of a man's dead-and-buried sins is enough to turn the stomach of a camel. A thousand times more so when one considers the Woman."

"Well," queried Blake, in high good humor, as he always was when he could stir up a quarrel between his adored son and himself. "What about her?" "Everything. She made a fool of herself. Presumably when she was young. She has probably repented it bitterly, ten thousand times. She may have atoned for what she did. She may even be a wife and mother, now. Respected, loved. All the world and Heaven, besides to her husband and children. And, just to pass a rotten railroad bill, you are going to drag her out into the glare of the newspaper world and crucify her! You are going to strip from her her husband's love; you are going to make her friends shun her as an outcast; you're throwing black shame on her innocent children's name. You are—

the fight, you and I haven't agreed about politics. But I've stood with you, through and through. I've worked hard for the party, because I felt I was working for you. But—well—this time I'd rather be working for the other side. Because I believe they're right and we are wrong."

"Well, then," blazed his father, in a dry gust of unwonted wrath, "why don't you work for the other side? Go ahead! It's no great loss to us."

"You know perfectly well why I don't. It's because you are on this side—the wrong side just now."

"Go over to them!" snapped Blake, his rage anger still unquenched. "They'd be glad enough to get you. Not that you'd be worth a hot in hell to them in actual value. But the fact that you're the worthy son of your unworthy blackmailing father would make you welcome. Go ahead! Lord, but I wonder what I ever did in the old days to be punished by having a canting reformer for a son! Well, why don't you go over to them?"

"Just as you say," answered Tom with a philosophic shrug of the shoulders. "Good night."

"Where are you off to, now?" grunted Blake indifferently, albeit there was a glint of wistfulness in the half-shut, steely old eyes.

"To the club. To dinner," said Tom, moving away.

"To the club, hey?" growled Blake, detaining him. "Huh! Afraid I'll hurt your spotless reputation to be seen dining here with a 'black-maller'?"

"You have a positive genius for choosing the rottenest, most disagreeable thing to say," remarked Tom; and there was a note of hurt in his voice that somehow reached the far-hidden and tortuous recesses where Jim Blake's battered old heart was supposed to be.

"Well," vouchsafed the father grumpily, "maybe that was just a trifle swift. Look here, lad," he went on, a soft, almost tender tone creeping into his dry voice, as he laid his hand on Tom's shoulder, "I'm the only father you've got. And you may as well make the best of it."

"You're the only father I want, dad. But—"

For a moment Blake did not answer. Nor could Wanda read anything from his utterly expressionless face. Then he said: "Do you know why I did that?" "Probably," replied Wanda gravely, "because you wanted Mr. Standish to come here."

He eyed her searchingly. But her face gave no sign that her reply had been intended as impertinence.

"H'm!" he vouchsafed. "You're a bright girl."

"Thank you, sir," she replied demurely.

Again he glanced at her moveless features in quick doubt. Then, evidently making up his mind, he went on: "You heard the story I was telling those men over there? The story about Standish and the Woman?"

"I—I happened to catch part of it."

"You happened to catch every word of it," he corrected. "And now, why do you suppose I told such an all-important secret loud enough for a telephone girl to hear it?"

"That's just what I've been wondering," she said frankly. "But I can't figure it out."

"Then I'll tell you," retorted Blake, nodding approval at her unembarrassed candor. "What's the one thing we need to turn that story from a windy piece of campaign gossip into the deadliest weapon ever forged in Washington?"

"The Woman's name," replied Wanda, at once.

"Good!" applauded Blake. "You've got a real brain under that metal receiver you wear. You seem to have this situation worked out as clear as I have. Maybe, now, you can guess what that Woman's name is worth to us. How about it?"

Wanda rolled her big eyes ceilingward at the manner of a stupid child who seeks in space the answer to a teacher's question.

"Maybe—maybe a—million dollars," she hazarded timidly, at length.

Blake grinned appreciatively at the bit of acting, and was not in the very least deceived by it—as Wanda had perfectly well known he would not be.

"Nothing stinky about your ideas, young lady!" he commented. "Maybe I'd better put them straight. Do you want to make a hundred dollars?"

"A hundred dollars?" she echoed in a wide-eyed wonder of innocence that Saint Cecilia at her best could not possibly have equalled. "A whole hundred dollars? Why, how could a poor telephone operator like me make so much money?"

"Here's the idea," replied Blake, wearying of matching a cudgel against a batpin, and coming straight to the pith of the matter. "I've sent for Standish to come here because I want to have a talk with him. When I'm through, I'll go away. And the chances are that he'll go straight to the telephone and call up some one. It's that some one's number I want."

"Oh!" exclaimed Wanda, smiling brightly at her own comprehension. "And that's worth a hundred dollars?"

"Yes. And if you can hear what he says on the phone I'll make it two hundred."

For an instant the innocent wondering smile again illumined Wanda's upturned face. Then, like Blake, she evidently wearied of futile word-fencing, for she said, incisively: "I see. I've got the idea. You'll spring this story of the Woman on him. You'll make him think you've

as if by accident, to Standish's hands. They were tight-clenched. So tight that the knuckles showed white from the convulsive pressure.

"Another campaign yarn," smiled Standish, and his voice was as inexpressive as his face. "Isn't it rather old-fashioned to spring lies of that sort? The public doesn't stand for them nowadays. Proofs are needed."

"Really?" drawled Blake. "Why, Standish, sometimes your knowledge of up-to-date conditions simply dazzles me. That's what it does. Dazzles me."

"And now—" pursued Standish, turning to go.

"And now," echoed Blake, "we've got you with the goods. Don't bluff, man. No bluff ever won a penny after the cards were laid face upward. And they're face upward now. You know what I mean. And you know we've got you dead to rights. Five years ago you spent a week with a woman at a hotel whose proprietor can and will identify you. Any expert can swear that the registered name, 'Fowler,' is in your handwriting. It was in March. Congress was still in session. But you gave out word that you'd gone to the mountains to rest. We've got the dates. We've got ever fact proved. Man, can't you see I'm trying to help you? Give me a chance to."

Standish, his face still a mask, was staring at the floor. At last he raised his eyes—the dark tired eyes in whose depths Self and Love and Happiness had so long ago burned out. And turning to Blake, he said evenly: "So you have dug all that up, have you? I might have expected it. In fact I have expected it. But it hasn't worried me. Because you can't harm me with such a story."

"No?" asked Blake, with real interest. "Why not?"

"You know perfectly well why not," answered Standish, "the story won't amount to the paper you would print it on unless you can supply the name of the Woman. And you can't do that."

"What makes you think we can't supply the Woman's name?" demanded Blake. "What makes you think we haven't found her?"

"Because," began Standish; then he checked himself and said somewhat lamely, "because—I have good reasons for knowing you haven't."

"H'm! Still keep as close in touch with her as all that? Mark's detectives must be foolish-house graduates. Well, I'll admit we haven't found her—yet. But we will before midnight. You left some pretty easy clues and they're being followed. That's the trouble with a man who has something to hide. He'll lock and double-bar nine doors to discovery; and leave the tenth wide open with a 'Welcome' sign over it. And that's just what you did. Why, son, he went on, noting Standish's half-smile of incredulity, "if I wasn't dead sure of getting her, would I be such a fool as to tell you all this? And whatever else Jim Blake's been called, I tell you once more, we'll have her name by midnight at the very latest. Of course she doesn't know we're tracking her," he continued, chuckling as at his own shrewdness. "I've seen to it that she hasn't the slightest suspicion. And that makes our work all the easier. She doesn't know. And there's no one to warn her. It's a cinch!"

HOME TOWN HELPS

MIGHT LEARN FROM EUROPE

General Cultivation of Flowers in Cities There Well Worthy of Being Copied Here.

Traveling through Europe to participate in eight great conferences, we have been everywhere impressed with the general use of flowers for window gardens of homes and hotels, and even of shops and public buildings. We have heard that the German emperor, who admires both strength and beauty, has stimulated this beautiful custom by prizes. Scotch and English people need no prizes, for they are so passionately fond of flowers that with space for a flower garden in front of their homes and a vegetable garden in the rear they often devote both to flowers and their windows beds. And window gardens abound also in Holland and Switzerland. It makes our American homes seem bare, and suggests that we are too busy for beauty.

Another custom of some European cities, notably Berlin and Paris, which eliminates one of the most hideous disfigurements of American cities, the billboards, is the neat concentration of street advertising in round kiosks at the outer edge of the sidewalk, one to every two or three blocks, to which all bill posters must be attached, and they must be of limited size, and of modest and quiet character—apparently in the interest of art and beauty, not of morals, for street morals are by no means exemplary. The streets are also kept remarkably clean in all the great European cities. The police, the soldiers, the conductors of the city owned trolleys are all scrupulously dressed and cordially courteous.

I hope that the many Americans traveling in Europe may reinforce the American society which is promoting home flower gardens in the United States. Especially should Washington add to the beauty of its public buildings and statues the more "homey" beauty of window gardens in greater profusion.—Wilbur F. Crafts, in Washington Star.

WORKING ALONG GOOD LINES

New York Suburb Encourages in Every Way the Cultivation of Gardens Around Homes.

That hilltop of the world, Montclair, is always a leap in advance of other suburbs. What the rest of us are dimly imagining for a remote future has usually been among the village ordinances of Montclair for several years—and very likely already discarded for new and more authentic tidings of Utopia.

Every suburbanite everywhere is struggling with his garden these days—not weeding and hoeing it, we mean, so much as reforming and recasting it and endeavoring to bring it somewhat nearer to the artistic principles laid down in that hardest of all personalities, the garden magazine. In Montclair these artistic struggles have now been standardized. Prizes are offered, and each year a committee of experts picks out the best gardens of the town.

The experts give not only praise but criticism as well. In the contest just ended most of the gardens were voted "too fussy." There was too much disregard of the truth that a garden should be "an outdoor home rather than a show place." The scattered flower bed and the wriggly flower bed also come in for unkind words. Thus is the Montclair garden taught how to grow.

It is a pleasure to applaud the whole movement. Who knows but that some day our gardens generally will be as beautiful as a natural hedgerow or a field of wild flowers.

Long Life in "Trot"

John Philip Sousa, whose band opened an engagement at the exposition here, declared his belief that the turkey trot was conducive to longevity, while admitting that he did not himself indulge in any kind of a dance and that some of his marches were excellent dance tunes.

"A positive aid to longevity is the turkey trot, when danced as it should be," said the "March King." "It is so simple and natural in form that any one can dance it. I never saw any one taken up by the middle-aged and even elderly people. Really, it is a cheerful sight when gray-haired men and women do the trot."—Pittsburgh Dispatch to the New York Tribune.

Small Brother Again.

Small Willie was entertaining his big sister's beau in the parlor. "Mr. Green," he asked, "how many pennies have you got?" "I haven't got any at present, Willie. I'm sorry to say," he replied.

"Then mamma was right," continued the little fellow. "She told sister last night that you didn't have any more sense than a rabbit."

Beauty vs. Utility.

A Pennsylvania town has refused to cut down a beautiful tree which it values at \$1,000, to make room for an improved pavement. It is refreshing to the aesthetic mind to know there is yet a lingering disposition in this practical age to make beauty at some few intervals superior to mere utility.

Jealousy.

"Is young Mrs. Mudge very jealous?" "I should say so. She will hardly let her husband use the telephone because she thinks 'Hello, central!' sounds so off hand and familiar."

In the Day's Work.

"That's a bad-looking rumb you have, waiter," said the diner. "Does it hurt you?" "No, sir," replied the waiter. "It is parboiled. It gets that way from carrying soup."

TELLS ANECDOTE OF POMBO

How Great South American Poet Told Distinguished Lady to Kiss Him.

Mr. Phanor J. Eder tells this anecdote of Pombo, the great South American poet, who died in 1902.

It happened in a New York literary salon presided over by a distinguished Argentine lady. Pombo had been presented to her, and she asked him, with much enthusiasm, who was the anonymous poetess, the famous Edda, the Bogotana.

"Do you really find these verses worth reading?" asked Pombo.

"Worth reading! Verses vibrating with the deepest passions of a woman's soul, so essentially feminine verses too, exalting the mysticism, the adoration of a Santa Teresa! Oh, you men! Who among you could write such verses?"

"Well," said Pombo, "Edda is now in New York, and if you want to make her acquaintance—"

"Speak, man!" cried his hostess, impetuously. "Where does she live? What's her name? I'll see her tomorrow. I will cover her with kisses!"

"Then begin, señora!" said the ugly little Pombo. "I—I am Edda."

ECZEMA ON BACK AND CHEST

Pierson, N. Dakota.—"The eczema started on my scalp. It finally went on to the back of my neck, then on to my back, arms and chest. It broke out in pimples first and then seemed to run together in some places, making a sore about the size of a dime. At times the itching and burning were so intense that it seemed unbearable. The more I scratched the worse it became, and there would be a slight discharge from it, especially on my scalp, so as to make my hair matted and sticky close to the scalp. My hair was dry, lifeless and thin. My hair was falling so terribly that I had begun to despair of ever finding relief. My clothing irritated the eruption on my back. The affected parts were almost a solid scab.

"I had been bothered with eczema for about a year and a half. Then I began using the Cuticura Soap and Ointment. I used them daily for two months and I was cured." (Signed) Miss Mildred Dennis, Apr. 30, 1913.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address postcard "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston."—Adv.

Hint for the Newly-Weds.

How many mothers instruct their daughters that they must try to love their husband's relatives just as well as they love their own? Very few—and many will assert that no such instruction should be given; but some of us think that it ought. It is a safe thing to do—for the chances are 10,000 to one that no girl could ever go so far as that, try as faithfully as she might. But she can surely learn to love her husband's family, and she will add immensely to his comfort by so doing. Their "ways" are doubtless very different from hers. Sometimes they receive her with coldness and suspicion; but by practice and kindness and loving attention she can usually win them. It is her mother's part to teach her this patience and kindness before she is married. The art of being a good daughter-in-law is a noble one, and like all other arts it can, to a considerable extent, be taught.—Leslie's Weekly.

Once Upon a Time.

Once upon a time there lived and flourished in a small city a worthy man. He was devoted to his native place; he loved its streets and stones, its strange odors, its smoke, its high rates, its indifferent water supply, its clubs and cafes and everything about it. Nothing could induce him to leave it even for the briefest period. In vain did the railway companies spread their holiday arrangements before his eyes; he returned with the more satisfaction to his favorite spot overlooking the central square. And, then, one day, the king of that country, who was full of capricious impulses, issued a decree that no one in this little city should ever leave it again, under pain of fearful penalties. And immediately our friend began to be consumed with a longing for travel.—Punch.

Women and Ugly Men.

What chance has a homely man win a prize in the baffling game of matrimony. A good one—in Berlin—where Fraulein Derben has just organized "The League Against Beauty." The members—all pretty girls, of course—have pledged themselves to marry only ugly men because of the theory that handsome mates are unreliable. The motto of My Lady Fair these days are oftener grave than gay, but love will continue to be "blind." The fat or baldheaded rival of Apollo Beldredore at least is to have an even break, a fair start and no favors, but the same old winners will forge ahead just the same in this new race of hearts.

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of J. C. Fitcher in Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Nothing to Retail.

De Garry—Won't you give me a kiss—just one? Mudge—Or, paw! I like a man who makes love on a large scale!—Judge.

Quant Description.

Admiral Dewey described quaintly in Washington a man who was a borrower and sponger. "He is one of those chaps," the admiral said, "who use all their friends as coaling stations."

Quite Safe.

"You say she trusts her husband?" "Oh, yes. He can't afford to hire a stenographer."

Beak up that cough.

A single dose of Doan's Kidney Pills brings prompt relief—3c at All Drug Stores.

When it comes to sewing, a rooster has nothing on the average man.



"Miss Kelly," said Jim, "Will You Kindly Connect Me With the Hotel Office?"

ONCE A WIDESPREAD FANCY

Custom of "Philopena" at One Time General Throughout Europe—Stories Concerning It.

There is a story about the "Philopena" custom which shows how widespread it is, or once was, in Europe. Some years ago, according to an anecdotalist of the time, the Grand Duke Michael of Russia, visiting Paris, chanced to dine in the company of Rosa Bonheur, the great animal painter. "They got on every well, and at dessert they ate a philopena together; that is to say, they shared a double almond. But the prince forgot to say 'philopena' and lost the bet. He asked the artist what present he should give her, and she laughingly replied: 'Any pretty little animal that will do to paint.' The prince smiled and departed. Nothing more was heard of him, and the lady had forgotten the whole affair when the royal forester arrived to wit, enormous 'beaver' bears."

According to one lady, a native of Kent, when the double kernels have been eaten by two persons of opposite sex each should wish a wish, which infallibly comes to pass. Whyte-Melville, in his story, "Sister Louise," refers to a similar superstition about a double strawberry. He makes one of the characters, Athens, say to Louise, the mistress of Louis XIV.: "Have you eaten your philopena? Then make up your mind. Wish and you shall have."

Why Clocks Get Out of Order. The reason why mantelpiece clocks so often get out of order is so obvious that it is strange that attention to it has not been drawn before. A London clockmaker said:

"It is because mantelpieces are rarely level. If a clock meant for a mantelpiece is not placed in an exactly horizontal position it is sure to go wrong. When the clock gains or loses because of its slanting position, people regularly move the hands forward or backward, as the case may be, in order to adjust it. Eventually the clock's hands are moved about so

much that the mechanism gets out of tick and the clock refuses even to tick.

"Watches and traveling clocks are constructed differently from the stationary clock, and they will go in any position. That is why they are relied upon more than the ornamental mantelpiece clock."

Sharpening a Pencil.

An expert manual training man talked with the writer about so simple a thing as sharpening a lead pencil.

In the first place, he says, the knife should not be over sharp, but should be a little dull, as if too sharp it will cut quickly through the wood and cut away the lead.

SIMPLE LIFE FOR THE YOUNG

Washington Children Are to Be Brought Up Amid the Strictest Surroundings.

"Washington children, at least those whose mothers are members of the local branch of the National Congress of Mothers, are preparing to return to the social simple life. The rules were adopted at a meeting in which the housekeepers' alliance also participated, and, in part, contain the following commands:

"That all entertainments in our homes, including dances, stop at 12 midnight, or earlier, and that it be so announced on the cards of invitation.

"That the 'nameless' dances, not only be discouraged, but be forbidden in our homes and to our children.

"When objectionable dancing is commenced, that the music cease at once. The orchestra leader may announce that he has been so instructed."

"That simplicity and modesty in dress distinguish our girls.

"That we teach our sons that smok-