

The WOMAN
Albert Payson Terhune
A Novel by
Founded on
William G. de Mille's Play
Illustrated with Photos from the Play
and Drawings by V.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 their engagement a sham. She protests, undying devotion. Wanda Kelly, telephone girl at the Hotel Keewick, Washington, is loved by Tom Blake, son of the political boss of the house. He proposes marriage and is refused. She gives as one of her reasons her determination to get revenge on Jim Blake for ruining her father, Congressman Frank E. Kelly, by signing the Mullins bill, a measure in the interests of the railroad. The man she 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 falling, threatens to dig into his past. Jim Blake finds out about the episode of five years back 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 resign. The bill will pass, Tom Blake and his father have a family row over the father's political theories. Jim Blake comes to a trap to secure the name of the woman. He tells Miss Kelly that he is going to have a talk with Standish, and that at its conclusion the latter will call up a number on the telephone to warn the woman. At the conclusion of the interview with Standish, Standish gets a New York wire and calls Jim Blake. A few minutes later Robertson tells Miss Kelly to call Plaza 1011 and get his wife or one of the servants on the phone. Miss Kelly refuses to give Jim Blake the number called by Standish.

CHAPTER X.—Continued.

"Well," answered Tom, trying not to show his irritation at Blake's tone. "The fact is—I want to get married."
"The blazes you do! Is that a boast or a confession?"
"I don't quite understand you," said Tom stiffly.
"I mean," began his father, "I mean—oh, never mind all that. Who's the girl?"
"Before I tell you," evaded Tom, "I'd like to get your views on the proposition in general."

"In general?" repeated Blake. "Son, marriage is never a proposition in general! Because every woman is an exception that proves no rule. You can't classify 'em any more than you can classify a nest of hornets that you happen to step into. Hell's full of women. So's Heaven, I guess. But neither class got to either place by following any proposition in general."
"Tell me," he demanded, his philosophical mood changing in a flash to one of almost savage intensity. "Is this girl the sort who can help you in getting where I want to put you?"
"How can I tell? You've never told me just where you intended to put me."

"Then I'll tell you now. There's no real need in your selling any farther under sealed orders. I've made you a pretty fair lawyer. You'll have one more term as assistant district attorney. Then one as district attorney. Then as attorney-general. After that a term or two in the cabinet—just to get the run of things—"

"There's only one thing left," said Tom, almost in awe, as his father hesitated.
"Yea?" replied Blake grimly. "Well, maybe that won't be left when we get through. Now you can see why the girl must be of good family and have social position and breeding and all that kind of thing. Those are the things I'm shy on. And my children must make it up for me. This girl you want to marry—can she help you? Can you take her with you—right up to the White House?"

"I don't know," returned Tom. "You see, I've never thought of her as a political asset. Happiness means a good deal more to me than position. I've already told her so."

"I told you," repeated Tim. "She is Wanda Kelly."
There was a dead pause. Blake at last broke it.
"Where's about forty-five million women in the United States," he muttered dazedly, "and out of that whole lot, you had to go and—fall in love with—"

"What's your objection?" bristled Tom. "You don't even know her, yet?"
"I don't, hey?" retorted Blake.
Then, checking the impulse to tell his son the story of his verbal tilt with Wanda, he added:
"Maybe I don't. But I know her kind. She's after a rich man's son. She's an easy-mark hunter. And she's found one all right, all right."

"That's absurd. You don't know—"
"Absurd or not," snapped Blake, "I'm not going to let you throw yourself away on a girl like that. If it comes to a show-down, I'll withdraw my support from you. And then what can you do? Hey? Answer me that. Here I've given you the softest snap there is—a big salary for looking around an office a few hours a week. How much could you make by your own law practice if once I take my hand from under you? You haven't got an earning ability of a thousand dollars a year. And you know it. Suppose I try that; and see if she's so blooming anxious, then, to marry you."

"I understand," said Tom bitterly. "But you're wrong. I didn't ask your consent. I just told you what my plans are. That's all."

"Look here, dad. You spoke that now of coming to a show-down. Also you claim I'm no good without your backing. If I can't make a living on my own hook, it's high time for me to begin to learn how. If all the education and money and training you've spent on me have fitted me for nothing except to be a political catspaw for your line, you've outlined my position pretty clearly. And I'm going to make my own way—with the girl I mean to marry."

"Oh, you poor wall-eyed fool!" sighed Blake.
"Yea, I'm a fool," flared Tom, "I inherit it!"

"Of all the senseless come-backs I ever heard," commented Blake disgustedly, "that's about the finest and silliest. However, we understand each other at last—"

"I suppose," broke in Tom, with sulky contrition, "I needn't have said that. I'm sorry."

"You needn't be. Maybe you were right. Perhaps it wasn't such a punk come-back after all. But, of course, it's tough for a man to see his only son throw himself away on—"

"Steady, dad! I won't stand for that sort of talk about her. Not even from you."

"Whether I say it or not," grumbled Blake, "you know what I think. So what's the difference?"

"When you change your mind," answered Tom, fighting hotly for self-control, "you'll have less to take back."

He jammed on his hat, flung open the door—and confronted a man and a woman who were entering.
The woman—tall, slender, strikingly handsome—darted forward to where Jim Blake stood scowling at his son. And at sight of her the scowl changed to a light that few men had seen—or suspected—in the grim old politician's face.

"Hello, Grace!" he exclaimed in delight. "Gee, but you come like a bunch of sunshine after a Welsh-rabbit nightmare! Stand still and let's look at you! No, don't waste time kissing Tom. He's got other people to kiss."

"What was the delay?" asked Blake.
You've noticed her. You wouldn't be likely to. She's Wanda Kelly."

"Not the phone girl?" asked Grace in dismay.
You win. Real nice, ain't it? Makes an awful bit with me, after all I've done and planned for that boy, to have him tumble into an affair like this."

"Don't worry!" she reassured him. "There are other ways of convincing a man—especially a lover—than by storming at him. You know all about politics, dad, and you can whip voters and congressmen into line. But Tom needs a different line of attack. And he's going to get it. From me."

"Bad, Worse and Awful.
Within an inch of space in his latest story, Bernard Capes treats us to these three comparisons:
"His face was as white as a drained veal."
"he gave a scream like a runaway woman."
"he staggered back with a sob that was wrenched from him like a hook from a fish's throat."

"Say!" ejaculated Blake. "You've taken a three-ton load off my mind. By the way, do you know anything about this Kelly girl?"
"I've spoken to her once or twice. What about her?"
"Isn't she a fool. She's rather pretty, too. She's got a strangle hold on Tom, with the idea that the same strangle hold will choke some of my cash out of my pocket. It won't. Tell Tom so. So long! I've got to chase over to the Capitol. We'll all be back in a little while for our confab with Standish. You'll keep him here if he comes before we get back?"

"Yes," she replied a little wearily. "I'll keep him here."

"Will Mr. Standish Explain to Your Husband Why He Called You?"
The woman. Just as Blake had known it would be. He called up your house in New York—"

"What of that? I was not at home this evening. I was on my way here to—"

"But Mr. Standish didn't know that."
"Yea," pursued Grace fiercely, "just because Mr. Standish chanced to call up my husband's New York home, you've evolved this insane theory. What proof is there—beyond your unbacked word—that he called up my house?"

"The time-card at central. A list of all calls is forwarded every evening to central and—"

"That proves nothing!" declared Grace. "Nothing at all. Oh, it's a pretty trick you're playing, Miss Kelly. A very pretty trick. But it will fail. You build it all on the statement that some one called up the house of Governor Robertson. Fifty people call up our house every day. And on the strength of that, his wife is to be involved in a story of low intrigue—Oh, its outrageous!"

"Will Mr. Standish explain to your husband why he called you up?"
"He didn't call me up. Mr. Standish could have had nothing to say to me. He'll deny every charge you make. And my word will be believed ahead of a blackmailing phone girl's. I need simply say you tried to gain my help by means of threats to—"

"You need simply say it? Will you swear to it?"
"Yea!" flashed Grace. "If the need arises. A woman's reputation isn't destroyed so easily as you seem to think, Miss Kelly."

"And the country hotel proprietor?" asked Wanda. "I forgot to say they've sent for him. He can identify the woman who was registered as 'Mrs. Fowler'—He—"

"Do you suppose, for one moment," said Grace, white to the lips, "that my husband would subject me to the indignity of being looked over like a common criminal? I need only tell the truth—deny the whole malicious lie—and—"

"Oh!" broke in Wanda, with reluctant admiration, "you're brave, Mrs. Robertson! As brave as they make them. You're putting up a glorious fight. And I can't help liking you for it. Because I know—behind the brave front—you're sick with fear."

LITTLE THINGS COUNT

English Farmer Profits by Keeping Detailed Records.
Ram Is Kept Separate Until Ewes Are Gathered for Inspection, Thereby Avoiding All Over-Exertion in Running Around.

(By E. H. JAYNES.)
Nothing is more discouraging than a lot of lambs of various ages, uneven in size, running with a flock of ewes that would, had they been given the opportunity, have lambed at the same period. For the past month or two the ram should have been in a lot by himself and eating all the nice juicy grass he desired.

The value of such a grass plot can hardly be over-estimated. It gives the ram a tender bit of picking, causing him to take sufficient exercise to keep him in the best of trim.
Supplement this with an abundance of fresh water, a little salt and a trifle of oats, and we have a combination guaranteed to give results in the line of a big, strong, vigorous sire.

A practice that is common with English breeders and which our farmers must eventually follow is the hard coupling of ram and ewes.
The American farmer turns his ram with the ewes and trusts to luck to bring him a good crop. He does not know whether the ram is safely settling the ewes or not.

Too often the ram abuses himself, to the detriment of the latter part of the crop. Then, too, the exertion from running around, as a ram in a bunch of ewes usually does, undermines his vigor.

Compare this with your English farmer. The ram is kept to himself all the time except when he is led out to the ewes. He gets his allowance of grain and his bite of grass, no matter how hard pressed the farmer is for feed, for he knows too well that a handful of grain given to the ram is as good as one given to each of the ewes.

When evening comes, the farmer leads his ram out to where the ewes are gathered for the inspection of the ram. The lead is loosened from his halter and he quietly proceeds to inspect the flock. One is found in heat, she is served and the shepherd quietly removes her while the ram continues his inspection.

When all has been served the ram is removed and a record is made of the ewes bred, the date and anything else that may be needful.
The pure bred owner takes the ear tag number of his ewe and her date of breeding is put down on his flock record. The grade sheep owner marks his ewes in some conspicuous manner.

For instance, the first week he uses red paint placed on the hip, the second week on the back, the third on the shoulder, etc. Different colors of paint being used, if possible to know by the mark on her back just when she will lamb.

When lambing time approaches there is no question about when a ewe should lamb. He has the records. A glance and he has the whole story before him. A sharp contrast to the former who has to "tell by guess" about when a ewe is to lamb, and who consequently loses a high per cent. of his crop.

HOW ONION SMUT IS SPREAD

Disease Is Conveyed From Field to Field on Farm Implements—One Remedy Used by Growers.

During the last five years this disease has spread rapidly, the smut probably being conveyed from field to field upon farm implements and with manure containing smutted onion refuse, as discarded onions are usually deposited upon manure piles. In some sections the losses resulting from this fungus have been so great that the growers, in some cases, no longer find the crop profitable.

The severity of the disease in different localities is variable. It appears at first in isolated spots here and there in a field, and from these spreads in all directions until the whole piece becomes affected, and the cultivation of onions upon it has to be discontinued. Short rotations do not materially diminish the amount of smut; in a particular field badly

smutted the order of planting had been clover for two years, corn one year. A five-year rotation will not, from the experience of growers, eliminate the disease.

It appears reasonably certain that the disease is not generally spread by the seed. It may, however, occasionally be introduced with seed from an infected locality. It is also certain that the smut is spread with plows, weeders, harrows, rakes and hoes, by spores clinging with infected earth to the implements.

When soil is known to be affected one pound of 40 per cent. formaldehyde to 25-33 gallons of water should be applied with a drip attachment on a seed drill at the rate of 500 to 700 gallons of solution per acre. This has been used with success by several large growers. In one instance the treated part of a field yielded over 500 bushels per acre, while the untreated plot yielded only about 100 bushels of inferior onions to the acre.

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Will Mr. Standish Explain to Your Husband Why He Called You?



A Prize Winner.

FARM MANAGER IS VALUABLE

Splendid Opportunity Offered for College-Trained Men, With Scientific Knowledge of Farming.

(By WILLIAM A. FRIEDHOFF.)
The other day I ran across a business man who owned a 700-acre farm. He was looking for a manager.

"I was paying my last one \$3,000 a year," he explained, "but he wasn't a big enough man for the job. I want a \$5,000 man now."

This farm had many departments, such as horse, dairy, fruit, vegetables, hogs and several others, a foreman being placed at the head of each department.

The equipment was of the best. The buildings were scarcely to be equaled in the state. It was a farm on which good work could be done.

Still, the owner did not particularly care to make money on the place. He was rich enough as it was. His establishing a 20-acre lawn was sufficient evidence for that.

MUCH GOOD IN HEARTY LAUGH

It Promotes the Circulation of Blood in the Carotid Arteries and Contracts the Muscles.
A British scientist who has been making a study of laughter has prepared a list of things that happen when a person gives away to audible laughter. On each side of the throat, he explains, there is an artery called the carotid. At the level of the larynx this divides; one branch, which carries blood to the brain, is called the 'internal'; the other, which performs the duty of distributing blood to the face, is called the 'external.' These two branches are joined by the ophthalmic artery at about the level of the eyes, forming between the eyes a sort of canal.

UGLINESS PUT TO ACCOUNT

English Club Admitted to Membership Only Those Whose Appearance Was Unprepossessing.
A century and a half ago Liverpool, England, boasted an 'Ugly Club,' whose motto was 'Tetrum ante omnia voltum'—an ugly face before all things. The club minute book covers a period of 11 years. A member had to be a bachelor with 'something odd, remarkable, droll or out of the way in his phiz; as in the length, breadth or narrowness thereof, or in the complexion, cast of his eyes, or make of his mouth, lips, chin, etc.—of which the majority of the society are to judge, the president to have a casting vote.

ROT OF TOMATOES.

This disease often attacks plants that are not sprayed. It is first noticeable as small, black or brown spots on the leaves or stems of the plants, occurring first on the lower and older leaves; but with favorable weather it spreads rapidly until the plant is defoliated, and the spots on the stems have coalesced into irregular, blackish patches. If a piece of bark with these spots be examined under a high power microscope, innumerable small, crescent-shaped bodies may be seen. These are the fruiting spores of the fungus. Spray with Bordeaux mixture.

PROTECTION FROM RABBITS.

Young apple trees can be easily protected from rabbits and mice by strips of wire netting. These may be rolled around a broom handle to make them cylindrical and thus keep their shape when sprung on the trunks. Netting 24 inches wide is large enough. If the netting is galvanized and if the strips are made large enough to allow for four or five years' growth, no further attention need be given the trees after once inclosed. The cost is only a few cents, but this is insurance, as the time lost in replacing a tree is to be considered.

SELECTING PULLETS.

At the Maine experiment station, they select the good layers by picking up the pullets which soonest show red combs and begin to sing, as pullets do when getting ready to lay, and putting them in a flock by themselves. By picking out these early layers they get a flock which averaged 180 eggs during their first laying year and a flock of that kind is good enough for anyone.

KEEP DRAINAGE GRADES EVEN.

In laying tile be sure the grade is made even enough so that the water can flow through at a uniform rate. This prevents sediment from being deposited, as will happen when a flat grade follows a steep one. Be sure the bottom of the ditch is perfectly level.

HEAVY PRODUCING OATS.

In some Ontario experiments the varieties of oats producing an average yield of more than 90 bushels an acre, based on the results of five years, are Banner, New Zealand, Yellow Russian and Peerless. Scarborough produced the largest yield of straw, being 47 tons an acre.