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. He is ambitious to become governor of the state. 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. He separates from his wife and takes rooms at his club. Editor Merritt, who has been attacking Slade, is won over to the latter's support because he cannot otherwise supply the money demanded for a European trip for Mrs. Merritt. Katherine agrees to marry Slade when he is free. Bob Hayes, in love with Katherine, has a stormy session with her over her affair with Slade. Mary, anxious to make it up with Slade, appears at Strickland's house during a political conference. Slade informs her that separation is final. Mary declares that she will fight a divorce. She returns to the little cottage where they started out in married life.

CHAPTER IX—Continued.

Conscious of the song, Mary remembered the lamb stew that she had left cooking on the kitchen fire. Dan had always loved lamb stew; that is, her lamb stew. She remembered how heartily he always ate of it, how he never failed to pass his plate for a second "helpinig," and how he used to look up at her and say:

"This is lapping good, Mary. I think I will have a bit more."

Just as if he needed any urging!

Mary found her thoughts growing very tender when she suddenly remembered that tonight she must sit down alone at the table, that instead of two she would only serve one plateful of that stew. Her heart contracted with a pathetic, futile longing for things as "they used to be," and grew bitter as she remembered conditions as they were. She sat with her face pillowed on her arms, so absorbed in her unhappy reflections that she didn't hear the door open, didn't hear a step until someone leaned over and kissed her tenderly on the faded cheek that Dan used to pat so lovingly and declare was lovelier than their garden roses.

"Oh, Rob!" Mary exclaimed, starting up in glad surprise. "I didn't hear you drive up."

"I didn't," Bob laughed, good-naturedly. "My car is stranded two blocks back," and he threw his linen duster on the sofa as Mary hastened in her fond little way to take his hand and hover about him.

"It's strange how near town this place seems to be," Bob rattled on. "When we lived here before it was

Bob Hayes.

clear out in the country, but with a motor car it's right next door to town."

"Well, aunty," and he stretched himself out in an easy chair, "I suppose it's like heaven to you to get back here to the old home you lived in so many years?"

"Yes," Mary agreed, rather indifferently.

"Any of the old neighbors left, I'd like to see them—some of 'em."

"I never noticed before how many questions old neighbors could ask, Rob," Mary sighed, as she recounted the curious visits of her old friends, who had inquired anxiously and repeatedly for Mr. Slade, how he was getting on, and when he would be down, and a dozen other questions in the phraseology of people who, as old friends, take the liberty of coming as near as possible to demanding that you unburden your soul to them on the spot. "You'll kind of have to dodge 'em, Bob. I don't know when I've lied so. What do you think of a man who forces a woman to lie?"

"Well," Hayes hated the old subject, hated the thought of Mary dwelling continually on her unhappiness. "Didn't they know about Slade?" and he began to toy with the spools of thread that Mary had been using for the inevitable sewing that had so annoyed her husband.

"Either they don't know or they want to find out more than they already know," Mary answered, wearily. "So I sit here lying and lying."

"You intend to stick it out and stay here?"

"Yes," Mary answered with a quiet determination.

"Well, he can't call this desertion," Hayes went on. "You own this house together. It's your home as well as his."

"Yes," agreed Mary, "but it's awful fighting my husband. What's the matter with you, Bob? You used to tell me a lot about Miss Strickland, and lately you—have you had any trouble?" she asked, kindly, forgetting her own sorrow at the thought of the possible unhappiness of this young man whom she loved as tenderly as if he had been her own son.

"Don't let us talk about her," Bob objected.

"All right, Robert." Mary attempted to be cheery as she saw how abstracted and dejected Bob was. "Dinner will be ready in a minute and you can sit right down."

"I won't give in to him!" she declared as she put on an extra plate and knife and fork. "I'll never give him that divorce."

"Don't you ever think of anything else?" Hayes questioned, soberly.

"No; it's no use, Robert; I get hot and cold hating my husband when I think how he is treating me. I know it's wrong, but I do! Sometimes, when I wake up suddenly in the night and see the old room and remember that he's living at his club and enjoying life and me here miserable, I just get sick hating him."

"Now, auntie"—Hayes was anxious to divert her attention—"I wouldn't think of that. You have the best of him. You've got him beaten. I have a good lawyer for you, and he'll be out to see you today. You know I'd take the case myself, but it wouldn't be professional. You've positively made up your mind to fight the divorce to a finish?"

"Tooth and nail!" Mary's answer came through set teeth.

"Then you've got him. He can't fight a woman in the courts in his position, with his nomination before him."

"I've got him, have I?" Mary was all eagerness now.

"You're sure of it? Was he very mad about my coming here? Has my lawyer seen his lawyer?"

Hayes answered the last of her many questions first. "They met today."

"Did you get me two lawyers, Rob?"

"Yes, I got two. I got a whole firm."

"Do you think I need another—so's to be sure?"

Hayes laughed.

"You have all you need, auntie."

"Thank God, I got the telephone in so they can call me up." Mary was almost feverish in her excitement. "I couldn't go on the witness stand. He doesn't know that, though. Any signs of Dan going back to the house, now I'm out of it?"

The bell that never hesitates to interrupt at any moment rang insistently. Mary jumped about in her excitement and finally took down the receiver. She dropped it as hastily and backed away.

"You'd better answer it, Rob."

"It's Slade," Bob declared, holding his hand over the transmitter. "He wants to talk to you."

"No, siree!" Mary was vehement. "Cut him off! I ain't going to talk to him. I've got two lawyers. Tell him to have his lawyer talk to mine. My heart's so hard against him—I couldn't listen to the sound of my own voice," and she sank weakly into a chair as Hayes continued to converse with Slade. "No, she says not," he was saying. "No, I am not out here winding her up or advising her," and he banged up the receiver.

"What'd he say?" Mary was wringing her hands in her uncontrollable excitement.

"Oh, he just called me a skunk and cut off," answered Hayes, as he nonchalantly lighted a cigarette. He paced up and down the room for a moment and then turned on her:

"God! I'd like to haul him through every court in the country. The scoundrel!"

"I don't like to hear you talk like that about him, Rob," Mary remonstrated. "He's been a pretty good friend to you."

"Well, perhaps." Hayes tried to calm herself for her sake. "He's all right, I suppose."

"I dunno that he is." Mary's mood was variable. "When I think of that divorce—"

"Slade's coming down here today, aunty. He declares you're here under his very eyes, and he's determined that you shall go away, and desert him and give him the opportunity to divorce you. He says the whole country will know of the trouble unless you go away. That's what he said over the phone."

"Well, I'll stay right here. I can't get over it, Rob," and her voice quivered in spite of herself. "I can't get over the suddenness of it; his wanting that divorce happened just like that," and she snapped her fingers to illustrate her meaning. "Before that he never thought of it. It's curious," she paused, thoughtfully; "do you know that sometimes when I get to thinking about it—I—something comes over me, an idea that—shut that outside door, Rob," she commanded before she would continue. "I wonder if there isn't—I declare I'm ashamed to say it—but I wonder if it could be possible that there's—some woman," she finally managed to get the word out.

"Auntie!" It was not necessary for Hayes to feign surprise, for, although he knew the situation, he had been confident that such a thought had never entered Mary Slade's pure-minded thoughts.

The pent-up emotion of days broke, and Mary sank sobbing into a chair, burying her face in her hands. With the expression of the thought that heretofore she had never admitted even to herself, her self-control vanished and she cried out desperately:

"Well, what do you think he wanted that divorce for so suddenly?"

"People usually do get divorced when they can't get on, don't they?" Hayes was willing to lie to shield her from the knowledge that he knew would be the bitterest part of all the wormwood that she had already tasted.

"Sometimes I wonder," Mary continued, reflectively, "sometimes I'm almost positive that—No! Slade isn't that sort of a man. My husband isn't that sort of a man, Rob."

"No, of course he isn't."

"You didn't know what I was going to say," she objected.

"Yes, I did." "He never—About wommer woman," she told herself positively.

"No," Hayes agreed.

"You haven't heard of anything like that, have you?" she questioned.

"No, no, I haven't." Hayes was finding the cross-examination extremely trying, convinced as he was that Mary must be saved from the knowledge of Katherine at any cost. "If there were anything, you'd hear it. Don't worry."

"Robert," and she looked at him intently. "Would you tell me if—"

"No. I would not!" asserted Hayes vigorously. "Haven't you got enough trouble now?"

"But, Robert, you are my friend, aren't you? You ought to—"

He was saved from any further questions along that unwelcome line by the sound of the doorbell and a moment later Merritt opened the door without ceremony.

"Well!" Hayes was far from cordial.

"I beg your pardon for entering so abruptly." Merritt was the same old talkative, suave, good-fellow, I'm-your-friend-Merritt, "but I was bound to see Mrs. Slade. I'm for the Slade family—but I'm for all the Slade family, so I hope you won't make a stranger of me."

Mary was politely indifferent and Hayes, with back turned, was tapping his foot uneasily on the floor. Altogether not the warmest welcome a man ever received.

"This man is likely to publish anything you may say, auntie," Hayes warned over his shoulder.

"Oh, come now, Hayes," objected Merritt, "I'm here on a perfectly friendly visit. I well remember this little place," and he looked about. "I stopped here some years ago and Mr. Slade brought us a drink of water. Slade was in his shirtsleeves, I remember. Big man, Slade!" and he eyed Mrs. Slade inquiringly. "Big man!" he exclaimed again as Mary remained silent, her features giving no clew to her feelings.

"Well, my wife has gone off to Europe on a long-extended tour." Merritt was determined to make conversation, if he had to do it alone. "I'm quite alone. In fact, we're in the same boat—alone."

"I'm not," Hayes burst forth. "Thank God, I've got my troubles, but

"You Are Going to Oppose the Divorce?"

I'm not married, so I'm not quite alone."

Merritt laughed good-naturedly, glad at any kind of response.

"Pardon me, Hayes," he cleared his throat nervously. "I'd like to [illegible]"

"Oh, all right," and with his hands thrust into his pockets, Hayes strolled leisurely into the kitchen.

"My dear little woman," Merritt began in his most engaging manner, as soon as Hayes had left the room. "You have my deepest sympathy and most profound respect. Your position is touching, if you'll excuse me for saying it. I can see your side of it, too. Now the point is this: A week ago when you called at the senator's house, Slade had just said you were going East to live permanently. I must say very few women—very few—would do as much for a man. For instance, Mrs. Merritt, I know, wouldn't. I needn't tell you that the whole community will admire you for your reserved dignity—if you go, Mrs. Slade."

"I'm not going," Mary's voice was ominously quiet.

"You're going to oppose the divorce?"

"Yes," came the soft answer.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

IN THE FLAMES OF THE PYRE

Disposal of Brahmin Dead a Matter of Infinite Pathos to the Relatives Who Watch Rites.

Even as we came opposite, the bearers lifted one of them, all cool and dripping, from the river, and laid it, the slim, small figure, so quietly, so content, on a half-built pyre. Brushwood and fagots were built over it, and at head and foot and sides the fire was applied. A Brahman directed the rites, and once, as the flames mounted and aspired, the brother, who was watching, clutched at his heart as there appeared for a moment, at the top of the pyre, a girl's face, with closed eyes, and mouth that seemed to smile; then the radiant veil of flame shrouded it again. The smoke rose in gray whorls and streamers against the stainless and tender blue of the sky, and still the brother watched, quiet again and composed; he had given only that one sign to show that he loved her whose ashes now lay among the charred and smouldering logs. Or rather it was only for the moment that, thinking of days of childhood and dawns by the riverside, he forgot that it was not she who had been consumed in the flames of the pyre. Then he remembered again, and looking up from the pyre to the dazzling river, he saw there on our boat his friend, the Brahman, and smiled to him.—From "The Heart of India," by C. F. Benson, in the Century.

Our National Capitals.

The capital of the United States has been located at different times at the following places: At Philadelphia, from September 5, 1774, to December, 1776; at Baltimore, December 20, 1776, to March, 1777; Philadelphia, March 4, 1777, to September, 1777; Lancaster, Pa., September 27, 1777, to September 30, 1777; York Pa., September 30, 1777, to July, 1778; Philadelphia, July 2, 1778, to June 30, 1783; Princeton, N. J., June 30, 1783, to November 20, 1783; Annapolis, Md., November 26, 1783, to November 30, 1784; Trenton, N. J., from November 23, 1784, to January, 1785; New York, January 11, 1785, to 1790.

Then the seat of government was removed to Philadelphia, where it remained until 1800, since which time it has been in Washington.

Function of Judges.

Judges ought to remember that their office is to interpret law, and not to make law.—Bacon.

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"The American woman is the best dressed woman in the world. And the American man is the best dressed man in the world—a fact so well recognized in Europe that he doesn't have to go over there with 15 trunks to establish his claim.

"Yes, in dress as in morals, the American man leads.

"And he [illegible] the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts was traveling in the wilds of the West alone.

"'But aren't you afraid to travel unprotected?' an English rancher asked her.

"'No; oh, no,' she answered. 'Besides, I don't travel unprotected. I never venture beyond the call of the American gentleman.'"—Washington Star.

Professional.

A roistering blade once found a well known musician in an all-night cafe.

"How could you sink to this?" said the blade.

"What, sink?" replied the musician. "Did you think I was a guest of this joint? I'd have you know I'm here simply as a pianist."

No doubt you are acquainted with a lot of men who are always on the ragged edge of doing something wonderful—and that's as far as they ever get.

FOOD FACTS

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