



The WOMAN A Novel by Albert Payson Terhune

Founded on William C. 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 off. Standish, protesting undying devotion, telephones Kelly, telephone girl at the Hotel Keswick, Washington, is loved by Tom Blake, son of the political boss of the house. He proposes marriage and she refuses. She gives as one of her reasons her determination to get revenge on Jim Blake for ruining her father, Congressman Frank E. Kelly. Congressman Standish, turned instant, is fighting the Mullins bill, a measure in the interests of the railroads. The machine 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 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 father's political theories. Jim Blake lays 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 on a number on the telephone to warn the Woman. He offers Miss Kelly \$100 for that number.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Trap is Sprung.

There was a pause. Neither man seemed desirous to be first to return to the attack. The buzz of the city crept in from outside. The half-stifed rhythm of the dining-room orchestra reached them in snatches.

Standish got to his feet; slowly and more like a very old man than one in his prime. But he looked down with crass stolidity at his tormentor. And in his deep tones there was more of sorrow than of nervous dread.

"Mr. Blake," he said, "there's one point I can't quite grasp. Even your admiration for my worthy qualities and your very kind desire to save me trouble, can not wholly explain your action in telling me. Why are you giving away your hand like this?"

Blake looked pained. "Can't a man do a decent thing for once," he grumbled, "without having his motives picked apart?"

"I'm afraid not—in your case," answered Standish.

"All right," agreed Blake in no whit chagrined. "Let's look at it from a business standpoint, then. If you'll decide suddenly to let this Mullins bill pass, and if you'll support Mark Robertson for the speakership, everything will be perfectly smooth and harmonious. You'll have to use a few paintbrushes."

"Oh, I see. A bargain?"

"One that you won't lose by," said Blake. "A mighty good one, since it saves you your political skin, instead of forcing us to nail it to the barn."

Despite his confidence Blake was vaguely worried. He knew men, as a pianist knows his key-board. And now a subtle intuition, quite at variance with all his keen logic, warned him that Standish was not in the least frightened by the threat of political death. Knowing the insurgent's high ambitions as he did, Blake could not account for this absence of terror. So, feeling his way, he shifted to the other tack.

"The Woman, too," he added. "Think of her!"

He grinned under his sparse mustache. For again he saw Standish's hands clench. And he knew he had struck the one right note.

"Yes," went on Blake. "Think of the Woman! She's walking blindly, unsuspectingly, right straight into the trap we've set for her. It'll be hell for her. Pure, unadulterated, sky-blue hell. If she's got a husband or kids or parents it'll blacken the whole world for them all. Oh, don't make us do this thing, man! Think it over. Don't decide in a rush. Take your time. By eleven o'clock or so I'll have her name. Then it will be early enough for you to tell me your decision. You'll find me somewhere about the hotel, if I'm not over at the Capitol. Good-by."

He strolled off toward the dining-room. As he passed Wanda he glanced covertly at her through his lowered lids. She was raptly absorbed in the novel she was reading.

Standish watched Blake out of sight. His face, now that the mask was no longer needful, worked almost grotesquely. And his swarthy skin was a pallid yellow. He looked like a pugilist who tries dazedly to rise after a knock-out.

He was thinking rapidly, despite his daze. After a moment or two he crossed hastily to the telephone switchboard.

"Get me a New York wire, please," he said, looking nervously down the corridor, "as quickly as you can."

As he spoke he was running over the pages of one of the telephone books on the desk. Wanda drove a plug into the switchboard and droned: "H'lo! Long distance? That you, Jessie? This is Wanda. Say, get me a New York wire—on the jump, please. Yes. Oh, have you? Good! Let the other party wait, and give it to me, won't you? Thanks. I've got one already," she added, glancing over her shoulder at Standish. "What number, please?"

"One thousand and one, Plaza," he answered, looking up from the directory. "Plaza one—o—o—one!" she droned

into the transmitter. "Any name, Mr. Standish?"

"No," he answered huskily. "Just the number."

"A'ri! Here you are—number one booth, please. H'lo New York!" she continued into the transmitter, showing a plug in and out of the switchboard three or four times. "Plaza one—o—o—one. Yes, Plaza one—o—o—ONE!"

Standish had gone to the first of the numbered booths. At its door he paused.

"Miss Kelly," said he, "would you mind taking that receiver off your head while I'm telephoning?"

"Certainly," she answered in evident ill-temper at the slur implied by the request.

She carefully removed and hung up the metal crescent that held the receiver to her left ear. Standish had closed the booth door and, from the corner of her eye, Wanda could see him through the glass pane, speaking into the transmitter. But she had barely noted the first movement of his lips when Blake and Mark Robertson appeared from the dining-room. She turned her attention to them.

Blake glanced unobtrusively toward the row of telephone booths and his half-shut eyes lighted ever so little as he made out Standish's figure behind the glass. But he made no other sign that he noted the successful springing of the trap he had so painstakingly set. In fact, he was talking interestedly to Robertson on indifferent topics.

"Tom tells me," Wanda heard him say, "that Grace is coming down."

"Yes," answered Robertson, his face brightening at mention of his wife's name, either tonight or tomorrow morning. And that reminds me: I meant to call her up and ask which I want to meet her at the station. Miss Kelly," he went on, "can you get me a New York wire?"

"Yes, sir," said Wanda; "but it'll take a few minutes to get the connection."

"All right," replied Robertson, as she busied herself amid the labyrinth of switchboard plugs, "I'll wait here for it."

He stopped as Standish came out of the booth and laid down a bill for Wanda to change. Robertson, the happy light of anticipation dying out of his face at sight of his foe, turned his back ostentatiously upon him. Nor did he look back till Standish had gone away. Then he looked around to find his father-in-law in eager conversation with the telephone operator.

"Well," Blake was saying. "Could you hear anything?"

"No," answered Wanda, still deeply offended at Standish's request. "Not a word. He made me hang up the receiver."

"Huh!" grunted Blake. "He's got more sense than I thought. But the number? You got the number, of course. Didn't you?"

"Oh, yes," she returned, "I got the number, all right."

Blake unceremoniously reached over the rail and picked up the pad on

"Does it?" she queried sweetly. "Not with me, it doesn't."

"Look here, young woman!" snarled Blake, his habitual calm giving place to a sort of vulpine savagery. "Don't you try to hold me up! If you do you'll find you've got a wildcat by the tail."

"Dear me!" she cried in pretty terror. "Well, I'll—I'll have to think it over. Here's your New York wire, Governor Robertson," she called to Mark. "What was the number you wanted, please?"

Robertson came across to the rail. Get Mrs. Robertson—my wife—on the phone," said he. If she's not in, get one of the servants. I—"

"You didn't tell me the number," she reminded him.

"Oh," he laughed. "Careless of me! I forgot I wasn't talking to my secretary. He generally calls up my New York home for me. The number is Plaza one—double o—one."

There was an imperceptible pause. A momentary contraction of Wanda's throat. Then, in her everlasting professional monotone she droned into the receiver: "H'lo! New York? Plaza one—o—o—one!"

CHAPTER IX.

A Lion in a Rabbit Trap.

Mark hurried into the nearest telephone booth. Wanda stared after him, in scared fascination. Her face had turned oddly white.

"One—o—o—one," she repeated to herself, dazedly, as she mechanically jotted down the number on her pad.

"Now then!" Jim Blake was demanding at her elbow. "you and I will settle this thing, my girl. I want that number!"

"But—" she pleaded.

"You've got a bit of knowledge that we need—and need d—d bad. A bit of knowledge we've got to have—and mean to have. Understand that? And what we've got to get, we get. Now, is it fight or not? Will you take the money I've offered you or will you run your silly young head into the hottest bunch of trouble a girl ever met with? Which'll it be? Speak out!"

"I—I don't know. It'll disgrace the Woman, won't it, if I tell?"

"It'll smash you if you don't! What is it to you if she's disgraced or not?"

"That's so," purred Wanda, suddenly recovering her shattered nerves.

"What is it to me—or to you—if she's destroyed, so long as the machine wins? And it'd be perfectly terrible if the machine shouldn't win. Now wouldn't it?"

"It'll be terrible for any one who tries to block it," retorted Blake, grim and wrathful.

"Well," sighed Wanda distractedly, "I'll just have to think it over very carefully. Of course, I like you, Mr. Blake. I've always admired you a lot. You've got such a lovely personality and—"

"Drop that!" he roared.

"And," pursued Wanda, "I've always admired the machine a lot, too. I've been a devotee of it ever since it came out—but, of course, I couldn't really take money from you. If I tell that number it'll just be because I want you to win. That's all. Just because I want to see you win."

"That's better!" grunted Blake, his face clearing. "You won't be sorry."

"You bet I won't!" she retorted, and her young voice was as keen as a knife blade, and as hard. "I won't be one bit sorry. And my conscience will be clear. It'll be a load off my shoulders. But," she ended, falling back on indecision, "I—I must think it over a while."

"A while?" echoed Blake. "There's no time to lose. You understand the situation. I've made it all clear to you. If I don't get that Woman's name before the Mullins bill comes up for a vote it will be of no use to me. And we'll lose. I must know the name tonight. I—"

"I'll make up my mind tonight," answered Wanda cryptically; and she returned to her novel.

Blake glared at her in angry doubt. Before he could speak again, Robertson came out of the booth.

"I must be off," said Mark. "My butler says Grace took the train that's due to reach Washington at eight this evening. I've no time to waste if I'm to be at the station when it comes in."

He hurried off. After a second glance toward the utterly oblivious Wanda, Blake followed him from the corridor. Wanda did not look up. Her eyes were still bent eagerly on her book. But the type was a twisting blur to her senses. To herself she was murmuring disjointedly:

"His own daughter—Mark Robertson's wife—Tom's sister!—And Jim Blake moving heaven and earth and a quarter-section of hell, too, to get her name for a campaign scandal. If I give it to him, I guess a big part of father's debt to the machine will be paid off. If—"

"Hello!" called Tom, crossing the corridor from the dining-room. "What are you reading? By the way you stare at that book it must have all the best sellers looking like the Congressional Record. What's it about?"

She raised a blank drawn face to him.

"About?" she repeated absently.

"Oh, it's—It's about a man who set a trap for a rabbit—and caught a lion in it."

CHAPTER X.

In the Day of Battle.

Ralph Van Dyke, corporation lawyer, and the railroads' mouthpiece in Washington, sat by the desk lamp in the library of Mark Robertson's Hotel Keswick suit, reading—and here and there altering—several typewritten sheets. Across the desk from him sat Jim Blake, cigar in one hand, a telephone receiver held to his ear.

The master of the machine was

leading his forces in person tonight. He seldom did so. The commanding general's place is on a convenient hilltop; not in the vulgar thick of the fray. And, for divers reasons, Blake had chosen his son-in-law's apartment, on this night, as his hilltop. The telephone admirably filled for him the dual roles of spy-glass and courier. Just now, he was listening intently to a report from Tim Nelligan in the Capitol.

"Good old Tim!" he broke out after a moment's close attention to the receiver. "What d'ye think of that, Van Dyke? We get the roll-call."

"Good!" pronounced Van Dyke, glancing up from his reading.

"Standish still in his seat?" queried Blake into the transmitter. "Yes? All right. Keep right on with the program I gave you. No need to change it unless something unexpected cuts loose. And it won't. What? No. Not yet. Can't get a word out of her. But we will. Don't you worry. So long."

"Well," he added to Van Dyke, as he hung up the receiver and pushed the telephone back on the table-desk's flat surface. "This roll-call gives us another hour to breathe in."

"We'll need it. And more," said Van Dyke, returning to his reading.

"Sure you're making that strong enough, Van Dyke?" he asked. "Don't



"Cut Out Any Flowery Stuff and Bang Away at the Point."

use the word 'utensil' when 'spade' will do just as well. Cut out any flowery stuff and bang away at the point."

"I have, replied Van Dyke, handing Blake the edited pages. "Look it over and see how it strikes you."

Blake took the manuscript and scanned its contents from beneath his drooped lids. As he read, a look of unqualified approval replaced the gloom on his face. He nodded emphatically, once or twice. In his interest he unconsciously muttered, half aloud:

"Standish, the arch reformer," he murmured. "A moralist dethroned—scandalous past of a house leader brought to light—disciple of purity in politics convicted of dissolute private life—H'm! That's the stuff. It'll make 'em sit up, I guess."

"If we can use it," corrected Van Dyke. "As it stands, it represents nothing but three spoiled sheets of white paper!"

"It'll represent one perfectly good insurgent chief split up the back, before another hour's past," retorted Blake. "I'll have the Woman's name by that time."

"What is that stubborn little telephone girl holding out for, I wonder?"

"It's past me!" growled Blake. "If it was a man I could size up the game at a glance and I'd know just what move to make. Every man has always had his price. Except One. And we crucified Him. But with women it's different. You can't tell what a woman's going to do. For the mighty good reason that she doesn't know, herself. This Kelly girl's got me guessing. She let me think I could buy her dead easy. Then she played for time. And now she's thrown us down altogether and won't say a word."

"You've sent over to central for that duplicate list of all the numbers that were called up from the Keswick today? Let me look at them."

"They aren't here yet," replied Blake. "I only sent for them a few minutes ago. You see, I thought I could save a lot of time by getting the information, direct, from the girl herself."

"The girl!" echoed Van Dyke disgustedly. "We've already wasted too much time on her. Can't we get hold of Standish?"

"He'll be along pretty soon."

"You've sent for him? You're sure he'll come for your sending?"

"No," drawled Blake, "I didn't. And he wouldn't. But Gregg started a whisper in the house that a scandal will break before morning. And he threw a hint of the same sort to the newspaper boys."

"Oh, if we can publish this as it's written here," broke in Van Dyke, "we've got him! This story makes him out the lowest blackguard unhung."

"And," amended Blake with ingenuous self-congratulation, "there isn't a word in it that hasn't got some sort of foundation on fact. That's saying a whole lot for a campaign scandal. We've got facts—real facts. Maybe some of 'em are twisted around so that you'd have to look at 'em twice before recognizing their dear familiar faces. But they're facts, just the same."

"And they're useless," grumbled Van Dyke, "just because the one fact we need we haven't got."

"You mean the Woman?"

"The Woman's name. We can't get any one to believe a word of the story without that. What time is it? Oh, I didn't notice the clock. The time's getting short—dangerously short. If we want to get this story in any of tomorrow's papers we must have her name mighty quick. As it is, I'm afraid it'll be too late for anything but the last editions of the morning papers. What did the Associated Press people say, when you—?"

"Jennings promised to hold a wire till the last minute. Better take the story around to him and tell him to have it ready. He understands. But I sure to tell him not to let it go till I give the word. A false move just now would be a boomerang that we couldn't stand. Come back as soon as you can. We may need you."

Van Dyke, pocketing the typewritten sheets, departed on his mission; almost colliding at the door with Tom Blake, who was coming in.

"Hello, dad!" hailed Tom. "I just dropped in on the way to the club to say 'howdy' to Grace. Where is she? Turned in?"

"No. Hasn't even got in. The train's hours late. Washout on the road somewhere. Mark telephoned up from the station. He's gone back there. They ought to be here any time now. Want to wait?"

"I'm sleepy!" yawned Tom. "Gee, but I wish Grace would show up!"

"So does Mark," answered Blake. Then, after a moment, a chuckle of genuine amusement startled his son.

"What's the joke?" asked Tom.

"Did I miss it?"

"Yes, you missed it, all right. Both you and Grace always miss it. But I never do. I was just thinking—my little Grace—my kid—keeping the former governor of New York cooling his heels in a drafty railroad station. And, forty years ago, her father was a barefoot kid with one suspender, panhandling kind-hearted old folks in the street with dying-mother cries and getting nickels from 'em. And even as lately as twenty-two years ago, what was I but a Chicago city clerk making an honest living by keeping my eyes shut and my palm open?"

"Dad," complained Tom, "I can't make you out! You always seem to take a savage delight in rubbing in the fact that everything we've got we owe to graft."

"Well," asked Blake, puzzled, "don't we? If we don't owe it to graft, what do we owe it to, I'd like to know?"

"To change the subject, dad," broke in Tom, "I've been making some plans."

"Have, hey?" queried Blake, though listening to the prattle of a somewhat backward child of six. "Such as what, for instance?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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A Cascaret to-night will make you feel great by morning. They work while you sleep—never gripe, sicken or cause any inconvenience, and cost only 10 cents a box from your store. Millions of men and women take a Cascaret now and then and never have Headache, Biliousness, Coated Tongue, Indigestion, Sour Stomach or Constipation. Adv.

Egyptians Had 12-Hour Day.

The early Egyptians divided day and night each into 12 hours, a custom adopted by the Jews or Greeks probably from the Babylonians. The days is said to have been divided into hours from 23 B. C., when L. Papius Cursor erected a sundial in the temple of Quincus at Rome. Before water clocks were invented in 158 B. C., time was called at Rome by public criers. In England the measurement of time was, in early days, uncertain; one expedient was by wax candles, three inches burning an hour, and six wax candles burning 24 hours—ascribed to Alfred, 886.

ENDS DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, GAS

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"Really does" put bad stomachs in order—"really does" overcome indigestion, dyspepsia, gas, heartburn and sourness in five minutes—that—just that—makes Pape's Diapesin the largest selling stomach regulator in the world. If what you eat ferments into stubborn lumps, you belch gas and eructate sour, undigested food and acid; head is dizzy and aches; breath foul; tongue coated; your insides filled with bile and indigestible waste, remember the moment "Pape's Diapesin" comes in contact with the stomach all such distress vanishes. It's truly astonishing—almost marvelous, and the joy is its harmlessness.

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Unanswerable. Simeon Ford, New York's well-known humorist, said whimsically the other day, apropos of the death of J. Pierpont Morgan: "We learn from Mr. Morgan's life that wealth does not bring happiness. We know already that poverty doesn't bring it, either. What on earth then is a man to do?"—Argonaut.

For Colds and Lagrippe take DR. R. A. ARMISTEAD'S AGUE TONIC freely in large doses and you can break the worst cold imaginable. Splendid for children as it is harmless and results are astonishing. A dose every two hours during the day and a double dose before retiring at night. 50c and \$1.00 bottles.—Adv.

Against a Stone Wall. "My poor man, you are the picture of dejection," sympathetically declared the prison visitor. "And a framed picture, at that," added the convict.—Buffalo Express.

Foley Kidney Pills Relieve promptly the suffering due to weak, inactive kidneys and painful bladder action. They offer a powerful help to nature in building up the true excreting kidney tissue, in restoring normal action and in regulating bladder irregularities. Try them.

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HAD TO SAVE HIS REPUTATION

Farmer Swallowed Horrible Compound Rather Than Have Fellow Dinners Laugh at Him.

"My, but this coffee tastes good!" said Mr. Lackey, as he ate a late supper after a long day at the county seat.

"Didn't you have good coffee at the restaurant today?" asked Mrs. Lackey, cutting another slice of bread.

"It didn't taste very sweet to me," replied Mr. Lackey, with a chuckle.

"Wasn't there any sugar on the table?"

"Oh, yes, there was plenty of sugar on the table," replied Mr. Lackey; "but you see I made a mistake, and put in a spoonful of salt."

"Mercy me!" exclaimed Mrs. Lackey. "You surely didn't drink it, Hiram?"

"I had to," answered her husband. "You see there was a young fellow sitting right by me and I saw right away that I had done something wrong because he sort of grinned, and winked at another young man at the table. I didn't know what the trouble was. The coffee tasted a kind of queer. I didn't realize

what the trouble was till I had about finished it. Then I got a taste of pure salt that hadn't dissolved at all."

"Well, I hope you had another good cup after that one," said Mrs. Lackey.

"Yes, I had another," replied her husband. "I gave my cup to the waitress, and then when it came back I said to the young man, 'Will you please pass me the salt?'"

"Hiram Lackey!" exclaimed Mrs. Lackey, in horrified tones. "You surely didn't put salt in your coffee again!"

"Just had to," replied her husband. "You don't suppose I wanted those young fellows to think I was such an old farmer I didn't know salt from sugar, do you?"—Youth's Companion.

Love is Similar to Sunlight.

How the sunlight seems to watch for a chance to get through the smallest opening in the clouds! Love, which forgives because it is love, and which waits for every opportunity to manifest kindness, is not going to wait to be asked to forgive. Ignore the wrongs you receive and think over the good that has been or yet may be, and the evil will dwindle into nothingness.—Robertson.