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

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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 protests undying devotion. Wanda 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 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. Congressman Standish, turned insurgent, 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 name of the Woman and proposes to use the story as a club to force Standish to allow the Mullins bill to pass. 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 up a number on the telephone to warn the Woman. He offers Miss Kelly $100 for that number. At the conclusion of the interview with Blake, Standish gets a New York wire and calls Plaza 1001. A few minutes later Robertson tells Miss Kelly to call Plaza 1001 and get his wife or one of the servants on the phone. Miss Kelly refuses to give Jim Blake the number called by Standish. Blake has a story of the Standish episode prepared ready to send out as soon as the Woman's name is learned. Blake's daughter Grace arrives with her husband, Governor Robertson. Miss Kelly calls on Grace to warn her that her good name is threatened by impending exposure of Standish and is insulted for her pains. Grace appeals to Standish to give up the fight in order to protect her name. He refuses. Grace sends for Miss Kelly, apologizes for her rudeness and begs Wanda's assistance. Wanda declares she will never betray the Woman. The machine attempts again to force Standish out of the fight, without success. Blake calls up the Associated Press to order the publication of the story, but is cut off and communication is restored too late to get the story into the morning papers. Robertson attempts to force Miss Kelly to reveal the Woman's name.

CHAPTER XVIII.—Continued.

Robertson did not answer at once. Indeed, he did not seem to hear. He was turning the pages of the law book before him. Presently he found what he wanted.

"Miss Kelly," he said, "as a telephone operator, you must have had your attention called to Section 641 of the Penal Code. Have you not?"

"Yes," she returned defiantly, "I have."

"Then," resumed Mark in the manner of a magistrate of the old school, "you must realize that by refusing, as an operator, to transmit our message over the telephone, you broke the law."

"But I—"

"You have admitted in the presence of witnesses that you interfered in the transmission of our message. You are aware, by the terms of Section 641, you have thus rendered yourself liable to—" he read from the volume, "a fine of one thousand dollars or one year's imprisonment or both!"

"And," panted Wanda, "you'll do that to a phone girl, just because she tries to be decent?"

"We don't want to," politely evaded Robertson.

CHAPTER XIX.

Represented by Counsel.

The outer door opened with Jack-in-the-box suddenness and Tom Blake was in the cleared space where Wanda stood at bay.

"What's the matter?" he demanded of her eagerly. "The clerk just told me they'd sent for you to come up here. I was afraid it was about that wretched number. So I came—"

"You're a mind reader," she sneered, nevertheless looking up at him with a gratitude very like adoration. "They've lost the chance to harm one woman. They're taking out the grudge on another."

"So it was about the number?"

"It was. But it isn't. It's about my going to jail."

"What!"

"For breaking the connection a while ago when they were sending orders over the wire about the Standish story. They've flashed Section 641 on me. Jail or fine. I'm to get both!"

"You'll get neither," roared Tom. "You're a fine line of men, all of you, to bully and browbeat one poor kid of a girl. Well, you've done all of it you're going to. I'm here now. And I'll—"

"Oh, Tom," grunted Jim Blake in tired disgust, "you're worse than a collie pup with fleas. Keep out of this."

"Miss Kelly," formally asked Tom, "may I act as your counsel?"

"You bet you can!" was the girl's fervid response.

"Since you insist on interfering, Tom," said Robertson, "I consent to recognize you as counsel for Miss Kelly. You are a lawyer and you know we can do what your father has said we can. We can legally send Miss Kelly to prison as an operator who has violated the law. She has admitted her guilt in the presence of witnesses—"

"Lord! Why didn't I get here sooner?"

"I have, technically, a perfect case. Now, as her counsel, do you want this matter settled privately, here and now? Or do you prefer a formal charge and a public trial?"

"You can't force the situation like this," cried Tom. "It's conspiracy!"

"Is it? retorted Mark coolly. "Very good. Since you choose to take that tone, we will simply call your bluff by arresting her. Neligan, go and get a plain-clothes man. Tell the captain it's for Jim Blake. Bring the man back with you and have him within call."

"We're kind of up against it, aren't we, Tom?" whispered Wanda as Neligan departed on his mission.

"Miss Kelly," said Robertson, eying the girl sharply, "I have conducted many cases, but I confess this puzzles me. There is something in it I cannot understand. We offer you the alternative of prison—Mr. Blake has offered you money. And still you refuse us. There's some strong personal motive that makes you oppose use. Is—?"

"Oh, I've got motive enough in opposing the machine, if it comes to that!" interrupted Wanda. "In the first place, my father was Frank E. Kelly."

Mark's face stiffened with surprise. Gregg and Van Dyke glanced at each other, half-awed. Jim Blake alone gave no sign of disturbance. Glancing amusedly at Wanda from between his slitted eyes, he drawled:

"Frank E. Kelly, hey? So you're trying to get back at me, young woman?"

"Put it that way if you like," returned Wanda fiercely. "But there is more than that. I'm against you and all the dirty machine in every way. Why? Because I've got the bad luck to be one of the people. I'm—"

The telephone jangled into the rush of her talk. Jim Blake picked up the instrument.

"Hello," he queried, "that you, Burns? Instructions, hey? I gave 'em. Keep Winthrop talking till he drops, then get Mullins recognized and let him talk all night if he can; or till I'm ready to break in. Delay—that's the idea—delay! Hold the floor and delay. What? Oh, in a little while now, I guess. Don't worry."

"Miss Kelly," said Mark, "you still refuse to answer my questions?"

"I refuse everything," exulted Wanda. "You and the machine are licked to a standstill. And I helped to do it. That's easy worth a good whole year in jail."

"Your motives for working against us?" he insisted. "I mean, are you shielding anyone?"

"Of course I am. I'm shielding the Woman you're after."

"Do you know who she is?"

"No."

"Gregg,' ordered Robertson, turning to the highly-entertained Kansan, "will you go and get Standish? Ask him to come here."

"All right," ruefully assented Gregg, making sadly for the outer door.

"Don't try to stick it out, girl," exhorted Blake. "You can't afford to get square with me at this price."

"Can't I? Wait and see."

"Do you know Standish, personally?" called Mark.

"No, I don't."

"You want him to win, then, just for political reasons."

"That's it."

"If any other man than Standish were fighting the organization, you would act as you are now?"

"Yes," said Wanda, thankful to feel her feet planted once more on solid ground, and breathing the more easily for the safer turn the questions were taking.

"You'll Do That to a Phone Girl, Just Because She Tries to Be Decent."

"And," continued Mark, "if any other woman were in danger you would still oppose us in this way?"

"Yes."

"Then,' cried Mark in quick triumph, "you do know who she is!"

"I—no—I didn't say so!" murmured Wanda, wholly at a loss.

"You didn't mean to say so," corrected Mark; "but you admitted it."

"I didn't! I didn't!" confusedly reiterated Wanda.

The long strain was telling on her. Her wits, usually so agile, now moved with palpable effort. The quick brain felt like hot lead. Yet she rallied her fagged-out forces, wearily repeating:

"I didn't!"

"Miss Kelly," urged Mark, "your name won't appear in this. No one need know it was you who put us on the track."

"I—won't—tell!"

"Then," Mark exclaimed roughly, "we can do nothing more. Van Dyke, telephone down and see if—Oh, here you are, Neligan! Got that plain-clothes man downstairs?"

Neligan nodded. Meanwhile Tom was whispering frenziedly to Wanda.

"Tell me the name, dear. I won't tell the others. But it may show me a way to help you out. And we're in a horrible fix."

"I know that—But—I won't tell!"

Tom whirled about on the others.

"Dad! Mark!" he said. "Before you go any further I want you to know I've asked Miss Kelly to be my wife."

"No, no!" cried Wanda, trying to throw her open hand across his mouth. "Don't—"

"If she consents," rushed on Tom, "I'll marry her at once! whether in prison or out. I love her. For my sake won't you—?"

"I'm very sorry, Tom," replied Mark, "but she's not your wife, yet. And she has her release in her own hands. She has only to speak—"

"Dad!" appealed the boy.

"Not on your worthless life," growled Blake. "That's the very thing she's been working up to all the time. I knew it and I've been waiting for this. Her price is my consent. And I won't pay it. That's what I meant when I said the price was too high."

"If you've any influence with her, Tom," remarked his brother-in-law, "you'll use it to make her tell."

"He hasn't any influence!" retorted Wanda before Tom could speak. "Except that his standing by me against you all proves to me I'm doing right. And—do you think, Jim Blake, that I'd marry a son of yours? Not if he was John D. Rockefeller and E. H. Sothern rolled into one. Not till I've squared my account with you."

"You won't marry a son of Jim Blake's?" echoed Tom. "Well, after tonight I'm not Jim Blake's son. Here's where I cut loose and—"

"Go as far as you like," vouchsafed his father, outwardly unmoved. "But the girl tells us or else she goes to jail."

"I—won't—tell!"

"Mark, ring for the officer—"

"There he is at the door," answered Robertson as the buzzer sounded. "Let him in, Neligan."

"I—won't—tell!"

Neligan opened the door. Standish stood on the threshold. Tom, who had leaned forward pugnaciously, drew back.

"Come in, Mr. Standish," said Mark. "I suppose Gregg explained the situation to you."

"That is why I am here," curtly answered Standish.

"You know, then," went on Mark, "that she is ready to face imprisonment to shield you?"

"That is what Mr. Gregg told me. I don't understand—"

"Neither do we. But we thought you might feel like saving her from punishment."

"How?"

"By voting with us on the Mullins bill."

"No."

"You will accept her sacrifice, then?"

"I—I have no alternative."

Then, before any of them knew of her presence, Grace was in the room and had caught her husband's arm as he lifted the receiver from the hook.

"You shan't do it!" she was crying. "You shall not!"

CHAPTER XX.

The Last Card.

Wanda was first to see her even before Mark felt the restraining clasp on his arm.

"Mrs. Robertson!" cried the telephone girl in terror; intuition telling her why Grace was there.

"Grace!" called Tom jovially. "Help us! You'll make everything right. You always do."

"Father," said Grace in earnest appeal, "you won't go on with this. It is abominable!"

"I'm sorry, daughter; but we have got to. I wish you'd clear out. This is no place—"

"But, father, can't you see? Miss Kelly is protecting some poor man who has done wrong and who has repented. Must she be punished so? Must the Woman's years of penitence all count for nothing?"

"That's no concern of ours," said Mark. "The Woman's possible penitence is between her and her God. We—"

"Then leave her punishment to God. It's not for you to say how she shall suffer. You are striking with the blindness of a man; without knowing where the blow will fall."

"It will fall where it is deserved. I'm enough of a believer in divine justice to know that."

"It will fall on her husband more heavily than on her."

"It will do no harm to know the type of woman he's married."

"It isn't fair! It isn't fair, Mark, your injustice to this girl has been a thousandfold worse than your disloyalty to the Woman. It is wicked to punish Wanda Kelly for her loyalty in trying to save a friend from disgrace. It's cowardly—unbelievable!"

"Steady, daughter! Steady," admonished Blake, amazed at his usually well-poised child's vehemence. "You're all worked up over it. It isn't like you to—"

"No," agreed Mark, "it isn't. That is what has been puzzling me."

He was eyeing Grace sharply. The lightning quick and accurate faculty of deduction that had won first success at the bar was stirring strongly within him.

"Grace," he commanded, voice still gentle, but with a ring of steel behind its suavity, "look at me."

Slowly, as by hard physical effort, she raised her panic-widened eyes to meet his gaze.

"You know this Woman's name," he declared.

At the mastery that vibrated through his voice and look, she faltered, through no conscious volition of her own:

"Yes."

"You know the name," pursued Mark, still gripping his wife's brain by the magnetism that was almost hypnotic power. "We still have time to use it. Tell it to me."

"No—no!" she murmured distractedly. "I—I can't. I won't. I—"

"Grace!" and now the iron glinted more openly through the velvet sheathing, "do you mean to say you are going to let us face ruin when one word from you would—"

"I tell you, I can't—I can't!"

Mark shifted his attack with unexpected swiftness.

"Mr. Standish is willing," said he, "to see this girl here terribly punished for protecting the guilty Woman. Are you?"

"No, no! But—"

"Mrs. Robertson!" broke in Wanda, first of all to detect the note of weakening in Grace's voice. "Don't tell!

"Father,' Said Grace, "You Won't Go on With This?"

Don't tell! Keep your nerve. It's all right. Never you mind what they threaten to do to me. Don't give her way!"

"Shut up!" roared Neligan.

Mark's eyes had never for an instant left his wife's face. At the horror that now deepened in it he saw what his next and crowning move must be.

"Neligan," he ordered, "take this phone girl downstairs and turn her over to the officer who is waiting. Van-Dyke will be around at the station-house in a few minutes to make the charge. And he'll see that she is held in bail too heavy for her friends to pay."

"Neligan!" yelled Tom, springing in in front of the giant henchman as the latter moved toward Wanda. "If you put a finger on her I'll—"

"No!" wailed Grace in the same breath. "You shan't arrest her, Mark. I can't bear it! I—"

"You'll tell?" asked Mark, exultant at the success of his ruse.

"I—yes!"

"Pardon me, Robertson," intervened Standish, as he saw Grace's last barrier break down; "but I advise you to clear the room before you let her speak. Three people here already know the name. I advise you to keep the number as small as possible."

"That is our affair, not yours," retorted Mark. "She shall tell us all. Inside of a few hours the whole country is going to know that name."

"Mark," begged Grace, "let me tell it to you alone!"

"No," refused the husband. "It's too late now to spare any one's feelings. And witnesses are necessary in an affair like this. It concerns us all. And we must move quickly."

"Mr. Standish," he went on with a savage joy that rent away the last remnant of the velvet from the iron beneath. "It's been a long fight. But you couldn't beat the organization. You've been howling for a fight to a finish. This is the finish."

"It is the finish," agreed Standish, his deep voice infinitely sad. "And I am sorry for it. I don't think you need me here any longer, gentlemen. And I will barely have time to reach the capitol before the bill comes to a vote. Good night."

He looked furtively at Grace. But she was staring blankly ahead of her with eyes that saw nothing.

"Good night," he repeated. "I would have spared you, Robertson. But you would have it."

And he was gone. His words had fallen on deaf ears. The men were leaning forward eagerly to catch Grace's first syllable.

"And now," Mark demanded, as his wife still hesitated, "who is she, Grace?"

Blake had forestalled her answer. He crossed the room to the telephone.

"We win!" he was chuckling. "It's a way we've got. Hell's full of losers. And I'm still loss-proof."

"What are you going to do?" queried Van Dyke, who had dropped back in his chair a few moments earlier, taking no longer even a passive part in the scene.

"I'm going to phone Gregg to let the house know the whole story; names, dates and all. By the time I get on the wire Grace will have told."

"Hold on, Jim," objected Van Dyke. "Not yet."

"Not yet?" What d'ye mean? Why not? We're almost against the ropes over there at the capitol. This is our last punch and it's going to be a knockout."

"Wait, Jim!" begged Van Dyke. "Wait till you hear the name."

"We've got the name. Grace is going to tell us."

"You've got it, yes. But you can't use it, Jim."

Blake, telephone instrument in hand, paused to glare down in angry amazement at the saturnine lawyer who so calmly opposed him in the hour of victory.

"Why in blazes can't we use it?" he blustered. "Are you weakening?"

He took the receiver from the hook. But Van Dyke, with a peremptory gesture, halted him.

"Wait, I say!" ordered the lawyer. "Neligan, go downstairs and get rid of that officer. And don't come back."

"Go with him, Tom," whispered Wanda. "For my sake. You don't want to hear the name."

"You're right," assented Tom, following in Neligan's wake. "It's none of my business. Now that you are safe—"

The door closed behind the two departing men.

"Come, Grace," prompted Mark. "Who is she?"

Grace's lips paled. But they were dry and cracked. Her tongue would not stir.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

REJOINDER THAT WAS BITING

New Member of Congress Proved Himself Master of the Art of Verbal Flaying.

Silver Alec Falconer—that's what they call him out in the state of Washington, though his honest-to-goodness name, as given in the Congressional Directory, is J. A. Falconer—landed into a debate in the house the other day all spraddled out, mad and fighting, even though this is his first term.

Mr. Heflin of Alabama, the wit and story teller of the house, had said some unkind things about the suffragists, as is his wont. He had suggested that all males who believe in woman suffrage ought to be attired in skirts.

Now, Mr. Falconer, Progressive with a large P, is a representative at large from a state which contains many women voters.

"I want to observe," said he, severely, in reply to Mr. Heflin, "that the mental operation of the average woman in the state of Washington, as compared to the ossified brain operation of the gentleman from Alabama, would make him look like a mangy kitten in a tiger fight," which, for a new member, is some flight of oratory, especially when directed at the golden-tongued Heflin.

"The average woman in the state of Washington," went on Mr. Falconer, "knows more about social economics and political economy in one minute than the gentleman from Alabama has demonstrated to the members of the house that he knows in five minutes."

And Mr. Heflin didn't have a word to say in reply.—Washington Star.

Why Some Women Break Down.

The average woman is a human clock that never runs down. Even in her sleep she dreams of unfinished tasks. And she awakens to the realization that here is another day of "catching up."

Why?

Partly because she has inherited her temperament from many generations of fussing, fuming, drudging women.

Partly because she is too conventional, too bound by traditions to systematize her work and to demand the labor-saving devices to which her position in the home entitles her, and to cultivate that particular brand of laziness which leads her husband and sons to seek the easiest and quickest method of accomplishing the task.

Their Reason.

Miss Elsie De Wolfe was defending in New York the actions of the militant English suffragettes.

"If the men treated us over here," said Miss De Wolfe, "as they are treating the suffragettes in England, then we'd adopt militancy, too."

"But," said a banker, "look at the English suffragettes' latest move. It's abominable. They're poisoning dogs. To poison a dog—is there any rhyme or reason in that?"

Miss De Wolfe laughed.

"I suppose the English suffragettes," she said, "are poisoning dogs because the dog is the friend of man."

Why He Needed a Clock.

A young man in Washington, who many months ago hung up his shingle as "attorney at law," as not yet been overwhelmed with clients. A friend, entering the office one day, observed on the desk a cheap alarm clock.

"Taking it home, eh?" he observed. "Good thing at this time of the year. Every one is liable to oversleep these mornings."

The lawyer smiled.

"I have not purchased that clock for the reasons you mentioned. I keep it here to wake me when it's time to go home."

Better cookies, cake and biscuits, too. All as light, fluffy, tender and delicious as mother used to bake. And just as wholesome. For purer Baking Powder than Calumet cannot be had at *any price*.

Ask your grocer.

RECEIVED HIGHEST AWARDS
World's Pure Food Exposition, Chicago, Ill.
Paris Exposition, France, March, 1912

You don't save money when you buy cheap or big-can baking powder. Don't be misled. Buy Calumet. It's more economical—more wholesome—gives best results. Calumet is far superior to sour milk and soda.

Daylight at All Hours.

Dr. Herbert E. Ives of London has invented daylight, he says. Scientific men have worked for years trying to accomplish this task. Doctor Ives has been at work for at least a dozen, and he asserts he has finally produced a light which is in every way equal to sunshine. The scientist has designed a powerful incandescent lamp with a special mantle, which is so placed in a cabinet he has designed that its rays are immediately beneath a reflector. This is made of metal, and the light is forced downward through a series of delicately colored screens, so arranged that the average rays which are not found in the north light are eliminated, and the effect, it is said, is that of a perfect harmony of light similar in every way to the rays of the sun.

STOMACH MISERY GAS, INDIGESTION

"Pape's Diapepsin" fixes sick, sour, gassy stomachs in five minutes.

Time it! In five minutes all stomach distress will go. No indigestion, heartburn, sourness or belching of gas, acid, or eructations of undigested food, no dizziness, bloating, or foul breath.

Pape's Diapepsin is noted for its speed in regulating upset stomachs. It is the surest, quickest and most certain indigestion remedy in the whole world, and besides it is harmless.

Please for your sake, get a large fifty-cent case of Pape's Diapepsin from any store and put your stomach right. Don't keep on being miserable—life is too short—you are not here long, so make your stay agreeable. Eat what you like and digest it; enjoy it, without dread of rebellion in the stomach.

Pape's Diapepsin belongs in your home anyway. Should one of the family eat something which don't agree with them, or in case of an attack of indigestion, dyspepsia, gastritis or stomach derangement at daytime or during the night, it is handy to give the quickest relief known. Adv.

Suggestion.

He—Don't you love birds?

She—Not jays.—Baltimore American.