

# THE RICHMOND CLIMAX.

th YEAR

RICHMOND, MADISON COUNTY, KENTUCKY, WEDNESDAY, MAY 6, 1914

NUMBER 38

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## The GOVERNOR'S LADY

A Novelization of Alice Bradley's Play  
By GERTRUDE STEVENSON  
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BY DAVID BELASCO.

**CHAPTER VI.**

"Mrs. Slade won't sign over the cottage," Hayes began abruptly. "I can't do anything more."

"She must," Slade uttered the words through set teeth. "She can't live there. Robert, you are the only person who knows us both thoroughly. I want you to bring this matter to a final quiet and kindly end—now."

"Why don't you see her and have it out with her?" Hayes suggested.

"We had it out the night I left the house and told her not to wait up for me," Slade reminded him. "I never quarrel with anyone more than once." He eyed Hayes critically for a minute. "You're with me, aren't you?" as if an idea had just occurred to him.

"I'm awfully sorry for Mrs. Slade," Hayes began, when Slade interrupted. "Look here, Hayes—I want a divorce," and he seated himself squarely in front of the astonished Hayes.

"A divorce?"

"That's what I want," and his lips shut grimly.

"But, my God!" Hayes was amazed. "You didn't want it in the first place."



"I think I'd like to make a bargain with you."

All you wanted was to live your own life. Do you expect me to help you get rid of Mrs. Slade?"

"Don't go crazy," Slade advised, not a suggestion of feeling evident in his voice or manner.

"If you do you are due for a surprise. I can't go sticking a knife into that woman's heart. I won't."

"You're a h—l of a lawyer!" Slade's anger was rising.

"I'm not that sort of a lawyer," Hayes rose as if to dismiss the subject.

"Whatever sort of a lawyer you are I made you, Hayes."

"I know you did," returned Hayes, bitterly. "You've told me that before and this is what comes of letting a man make you!"

"You bet, rank ingratitude," hotly.

Hayes leaned forward, his arms on his knees and looked Slade square in the eyes.

"I honestly think you're drunk with all this power and prosperity. That little woman was the apple of your eye. I always said to myself: 'There's one man who does stick to his wife! I didn't believe wild horses could drag you away from home—'

"One minute!" Interrupted Slade. "All that has nothing to do with you. Neither you nor anyone living can interfere with me now. Have you stopped to figure out, and I say it with all kindness and with all respect, what sort of a governor's lady Mrs. Slade would make, feeling as she does?"

"Well, what sort of a governor's wife would you make if you were divorced?" Hayes questioned, mockingly. "Those men in there," and he jerked his thumb toward the smoking-room door; "will they stand for that?"

"They've got to—I own them, bogas and all!"

"But you don't own public opinion," thundered Hayes, banging his fist down on the table, scattering the copies of the senator's speech in all directions.

"Why don't I?" Slade questioned with an arrogant smile disfiguring his mouth. "I'm going to buy half of Merritt's paper tonight. I guess that will be public opinion enough for me. More than that, I'll stand as a man whose wife has deserted him. That's how it will end. Mrs. Slade will de-

like Strickland's. When I have another house—that'll be what I'll want, I'll want my friends, my acquaintances, to come there. I want—well—head-



"You are going to rob a poor little woman!"

quarters. And I want a woman at the head of my house that I can be proud of—like Strickland."

Katherine was not surprised. She had anticipated some such move as this on his part, but now that she was face to face with the unvarnished suggestion, she found herself more shocked than she would have believed.

"In a couple of months I'll stand free," he went on. "Perhaps sooner. I don't expect any woman's going to love me—she isn't. Got to do that when you're young. But I'd do all I could for the woman. She'd have everything—money and—the power that goes with it. I want to say right here that I wouldn't speak if I thought young Hayes had a chance. I saw he didn't."

At the mention of Hayes' name Katherine had an instant's vision of Bob's tender face—his eyes burning with love looking into hers—of his youth—his strength—his fine honor, and his heart cried out desperately, pitifully, for the shelter of his arms.

In another moment the old recurrent vision of life in the old town, dull, cheap, uninteresting, and the lure of what Slade was offering, the money, the clothes, the servants, the power to reign supreme, swept her off her feet. The thought of divorce did not terrify her. Mrs. Slade, whom she had never seen, was only a name.

As Slade watched her standing straight and white, he feared he had been too brutally blunt.

"You needn't think it over now," he hastened to add. "Perhaps you will later, and perhaps you won't. That's for you to decide. I guess I've said all I can say."

But Katherine was not a woman to shrink from a situation because of its unpleasant features. She knew that she couldn't have all the things she wanted without some suffering, some pain. Her father's world had taught her that love was a thing of small consideration where marriage was concerned, unless it went with the advancement of one's ambitions. Love was not of the world. Power, wealth—these were of the world and this man offered them to her.

"This isn't a matter of sentiment," she agreed with him calmly. "I'll be perfectly frank with you. I don't say I won't think it over. I know just what you want of a woman. When you can go to my father free there won't be any barrier in the way."

She offered her hand as if to bind the bargain. He held it for a brief instant and with a hurried "thank you" left the room.

**CHAPTER VII.**

Left alone, Katherine drew a long breath. Her face was set and her eyes were harder than it is good for a woman's eyes to be. She pictured to herself the future for which she had just bargained. There would be wealth—no more pinching struggle with masked poverty, her father at ease, his political debts all paid. There would be no more pretense that her art was for love of it and not for money—she would be free to follow her desires in this as in all else. There would be honor and power as wife of the state's chief executive—and that was but a step to further honors that she would achieve at Slade's side—with Slade—always with Slade—ah!

As she stood thus the horror of what she had agreed to do swept over her, and she sank moaning and shivering into a chair, covering her face as if to shut out the hideous vision of herself as Slade's wife. She did not hear Bob enter, and did not know he was in the room until he touched her shoulder with tender alarm, exclaiming, "Why, Katherine, what's the matter?"

(Continued on Page 2, Section 2)

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