

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 K.L. Dames

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SYNOPSIS.

Congressman Standish and the woman, believing themselves in love, spend a week as man and wife in a hotel in northern New York. The woman, named Grace, is a woman of the name. Standish protests against her, but she is determined to get revenge on Jim Blake for ruining her life. Standish, turned insurgent, is fighting the Mullins bill, a measure of the interests of the railroads. The Mullins bill is a measure to give the Mullins family a large sum of money in the hope of pushing the bill through. Standish, a candidate for speaker of the house, tries to win the Mullins bill over, and failing, he goes into his past. Jim Blake finds out about the Mullins bill and goes back to northern New York hotel. He secures all the facts about the woman and the woman, and goes to the use of the story as a club against her. Standish, a candidate for speaker of the house, tries to win the Mullins bill over, and failing, he goes into his past. Jim Blake finds out about the Mullins bill and goes back to northern New York hotel. He secures all the facts about the woman and the woman, and goes to the use of the story as a club against her. Standish, a candidate for speaker of the house, tries to win the Mullins bill over, and failing, he goes into his past. Jim Blake finds out about the Mullins bill and goes back to northern New York hotel. He secures all the facts about the woman and the woman, and goes to the use of the story as a club against her.

CHAPTER XV.

A Wasted Plea.
Grace started guiltily at her husband's troubled question. He took her face between his hands and raised it to the light.

"You're ill!" he exclaimed in quick tones. "You look actually ghastly. Shall I send for a doctor?"

"What nonsense!" she laughed. "I'm all right. Just a little tired. A good night's sleep will put me on my feet again."

"Two buried myself so deep in politics," he frowned self-accomplishing, "that I hadn't sense enough to remember that you might be worn out and might want to go to bed. But I didn't think that you looked badly at the station. It wasn't till just now when the light happened to strike your face—Oh, but I'm glad to see you here again, sweet-heart!"

"Really?" she asked almost timidly, drinking in her husband's words as a condemned man might gaze on his last sunset.

"Glad!" he cried. "Indeed I am. I'm afraid I'll never get you back home again. You don't want to go to bed?"

"I wonder," she faltered, "if you'd never met me—if you'd—"

"I'd never have known what I missed. That's where nature is kind. People who miss the real love never know. We only know when we've found it."

"But," she pursued, "when people find out too late—afterward—That's the bitterest thing in life. I should think. It isn't easy to judge people—women, especially—who find out too late—and who try then to get their blighted of happiness in spite of everything."

"Such people have lost their birth-right," he answered. "They've sold it for a mess of pottage. That's one of the problems of the ages, Grace. And man has made laws to govern it. Laws that are wise—and—"

"And often bitterly cruel."

"Laws are for the many. Not for the few. And for few must obey them for the good of the many. But I didn't give the rest of the crowd the slip. Just to bore you by discussing ethics. Was it foolish of me to run away, a simply to have a few extra minutes with you? I've been fighting so hard—"

"And fighting fairly, too, I know. Dear, you'd never take an unfair advantage of—"

"Politics," answered Mark. "Is war. And war is the science of finding the weakest point in your enemy's armor and hammering away at it till he yields. For instance, we've just found the weakest sort of spot in Standish's armor and—"

"You have? What is it?"

"There are only two weak spots in most men's armor. One is money—crookedness. The other is women. In Standish's case it was a woman. An affair he got tangled up in five years ago."

"And you'll stop to use such a weapon as that?" she cried indignantly.

"Why not? He'd use the same sort of weapon against us, fast enough. If he had it."

"But that isn't fair fighting, Mark. It's disgusting scandal."

"That's his lookout, not ours. If he's changed to know something damaging in my private life, he'd use it in a minute."

"But if I asked you—if I begged you—"

"Don't ask me, dear. This is one of those things you don't understand. You'll have to learn to do it."

"Perhaps," she retorted desperately, "I may understand it far better than you do. You say there's a woman connected with this. This scandal will pillory her and—"

"That type of woman belongs in the pillory."

"You are cruel!" she cried. "You yourself admit that there is a chance the woman may have repented. Are you going to refuse her the benefit of that chance?"

"The chance is too small to be considered. Don't let's talk of it. You can't."

"Then," she continued, unheeding, "There's something else you don't consider. [She may have married. She may be the wife of some honorable man who loves her and thinks she is perfect. All his heart and all his ideals may be bound up in her. Are you going to ruin his life, too?"

"Dear," answered Mark, "the sort of folk who marries women of that kind like a man who teaches his wife to be a 'dead game sport' deserves what he gets. And generally he gets it. Though, in both cases, he doesn't always find it out. Don't waste sympathy on him. If he married her, he probably knew what she was. If he didn't know, it's time he learned. No sane man should want to live in a wife's paradise."

"As he bent to kiss her, her arms clung to his neck like a frightened child's. She tried to speak, faltered, and hurried from the room."

"Such things are rather apt to run in families," chuckled Mark, who don't grow from clean roots. "You're wanting a lot of sympathy over a woman and a man who are unworthy to speak your dear name. There are your father and the rest, getting out of the elevator now. Go to bed, dear girl, and try to get a good rest. Don't sit up for me. I'll probably be up all night on this Standish affair. Good night, sweetheart."

"CHAPTER XVI.

Sixty Seconds Leeway.
In they trooped, Jim Blake at their head—Van Dyke, Neilgan, Gregg, and (sulkily bringing up the rear) Tom.

Grace had quitted the library at her husband's order. Now, starkly unashamed of the eavesdropper's role, she was standing there, expectant, her ear to the closed door leading to the inner rooms. Through the thin panel she could hear every syllable from the library. Her own name was the first word she caught. Jim Blake was asking, and Robertson replied:

"Yes. She's all tired out. We can talk freely here. No one will interrupt."

"You're wrong, Standish," he declared. "This scandal will beat you."

"Let us suppose, for argument's sake, that it would," agreed Standish. "Can't I appeal to your honor? Won't you fight fairly?"

"I'll publish the truth," retorted Mark. "If that's unfair."

"It is unfair. If not to me, then to the woman."

"It is too late to go into that matter now," Standish said. "Your presence here tonight is, by itself, strong proof against you; if further proof were needed."

"Standish made a gesture of weary impatience."

"Proof!" he echoed. "I don't deny the story. You wouldn't dare use it if you couldn't prove it. But, gentlemen, there comes a time—even in politics—when we've got to be men first and politicians afterward."

"Then," suggested Blake, "be a man. Give up the fight."

"No," replied Standish. "I won't be blackmailed. The affair was over and done with before I asked the people to accept me as their leader. Long before. It has no bearing on my present fitness."

"That's your misfortune," sneered Mark. "The people have a right to know who represent them. In the newspaper articles we have prepared, there are no facts we cannot prove; our affair with the woman—your failure to carry out your pledge to marry her—"

"Then the story is written?" exclaimed Standish.

"It is in type," put in Van Dyke, "and waiting our word to send it out to the whole country."

"I see," mused Standish. "And I see how such a story will be handled in print. You'll use every trick of suggestion, every tact inferring a lie—"

"And," cried Mark, "it will beat you. It will beat you, man—and that's what we were working for, for years."

"I'm not back yet," retorted Standish. "And I advise you, Governor Robertson, to be careful—"

"Oh, we shall be careful," returned Van Dyke. "The proprietor of the hotel is coming tonight. The hotel where Mr. and Mrs. Fowler were registered. We may not need him to identify her. But he'll be on hand in case we do. Take my word for it, Mr. Standish, you'll have a great deal of trouble."

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"No," contradicted Blake, his glance shifting as if by accident to Tom. "Here—the price is too high."

"You're high," sneered Neilgan on whom the undercurrent of Blake's refusal was entirely lost. "It's the first time we've ever economized."

Before Blake could reply the buzzer sounded.

"There's Standish, now," said Jim. Let him in, Neilgan. Take the lead from me, all of you. And don't disgrace me by acting like wild asses or the desert."

Standish, in obedience to his chief, had opened the door. Standish, after a quick and seemingly indifferent look that limned the room's occupants, walked forward. Neilgan carefully closed the door behind him.

The man nodded stiffly, uncomfortably, in response to the visitor's slight bow.

"Good evening, gentlemen," said Standish pleasantly. "This setting of the stages seems to suggest Daniel in the lion's den. I hope none of you has made the error of casting me for the role of Daniel."

Neilgan's lips flew apart with the force of a retort that led to them. But the words were never formulated. For Blake, beaming on the newcomer like a father upon his dearest loved son, exclaimed affectionately:

"Why, how are you, my boy? How are you?" Take a chair, Neilgan, get him a—"

"Thanks," declined Standish. "I can talk better on my feet."

"Oh!" deprecated Blake, in pathetic distress. "The man who is knocked down, is apt to take the count."

"The question is this, Mr. Standish," broke in Mark, impatiently at his father-in-law's slower method of reaching the point. "Will you support us, or will you not?"

"I will not," returned Standish. "Or at least resign your leadership."

"No. I thought we had settled all that."

"Then," asked Van Dyke, "you are prepared to take the consequences, Mr. Standish?"

"If there are consequences—yes."

"Oh, there'll be consequences, all right," Blake assured him. "Hell's full of 'consequences.' So you won't even protect the woman?"

"You haven't found her yet?"

"No," smiled Blake. "Son, I told you there was a trap. Well, it caught her. And we'll have her name in half an hour at most. Probably sooner. If you think that's a bluff, you're wrong to. But you've only a half-hour to look on thinking it."

"Look here, gentlemen," said Standish, turning to the others. "All this does not interest me in the least. I came here tonight for just one reason—to appeal to your sense of justice."

"A ripple of derision from his hearers stirred his slow voice to slightly faster measure."

"You can't beat me," he went on. "And you know it as well as I do. I am secure. But, for the sake of others, I ask you not to make political capital out of something in my private life."

Gregg's loose mouth parted in a grin. Neilgan laughed aloud. But Mark Robertson could see no humor in the situation.

"You're wrong, Standish," he declared. "This scandal will beat you."

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"If I did," said Standish, "I would be politically dead. You know that."

"You're politically dead, anyway," insisted Mark. "If this story will beat you tonight it will beat you 20 years from today. Particularly if this woman proves to be—what shall we call it—tricks of color?"

"Robertson!"

"Ah! That hurts, does it? Then, it's probably true. If the woman is the kind that—that would not do you credit, you can understand how much more effective it will be."

"You are wrong!" denied Standish. "She is of good family. She—"

"She may have been a good woman when you found her," said Mark. "But there must have been a bad streak in her, somewhere. You left her to sink as low as I expect to find her and—"

"Drop that, Mark!" burst out Tom Blake, jumping from his seat and confronting his brother-in-law. "Don't! I can't listen to it any longer. Standish is right. What you men are doing is vile. If you've got a scrap of manhood left in the whole bunch of you, we will draw a woman into your dirty scheme, I—"

"Oh," drawled Blake with the air of a sleepy man bothered by a fly, "for the love of Mike, don't you butt in!"

"The situation's punked even as it is, without your laying your trophies of idleness at its feet."

"Idiot!" flared Tom. "Perhaps common decency's a better term. Or perhaps in your vocabulary the two mean the same thing. You men are known as political leaders. The public looks to you for examples. And yet you stoop to a curish trick like this! Isn't there enough whiteness in the whole lot of you for a single voice to protest against such use of a woman's name? You've just been told she's of good family. That she has a name to lose. And you answer: 'Political necessity! You know this story will destroy at least two lives. Probably several more. So again you answer: 'Political necessity! You have the power to ruin these lives. If you use that power, I tell you now, one and all—my father as well as the rest of us—will be ashamed to have breathed the same air with you."

"Good night, Tom," drawled Blake, so much as troubling to glance in his fraternal direction.

"No," corrected Tom, "good-by."

"It's up to you," yawned Blake. "Good-by," reiterated Tom, stamping from the room and slamming the outer door of the suite behind him.

The others stared after him in dull wonder. But in excitement from their best suddenly shifted their attention.

"Grace!" cried Mark in surprised disapproval.

She had come, unnoticed, from her hiding place behind the inner door and was standing among them before they were aware of her presence.

"Mark!" she panted. "I've heard what Tom said. And he was right. You must not—"

"Please keep out of this, Grace," requested her husband in dire embarrassment. "You don't know anything about it. You couldn't possibly—"

"(TO BE CONTINUED.)"

NAPOLION WROTE OF DEEDS

Great Soldier Told How He Used to Play on the Featings of His Soldiers.

Great interest has been aroused among military students and historians through the publication by Col. Ernest Picard of a selection from hitherto unknown military maxims and precepts dictated by Napoleon during his imprisonment at St. Helena.

The emperor attached great weight to tact and skill in the treatment of soldiers.

"When I used to say," he wrote, "as I rode up to the line in the heat of battle, 'Gentlemen, your duty is to die, I have come, the French soldier simply shook with eagerness."

"At such a moment nothing seemed impossible to me. The very spirit of demagogues would have died to a man for me, because after Lonsa I wrote, 'The Thirty-second was there, and it was at ease.' The power of words was great and they are said to represent an investment of \$50,000,000.

"In time of war men are nothing. It is one man who is everything. A million men spent for soda."

Authorities in the drug business estimate the number of soda fountains in use in the United States at not less than 75,000 and they are said to represent an investment of \$50,000,000.

The annual receipts of these supplies of soft drinks may total \$50,000,000.

Next to the qualities of the commander, whose surest way of winning was, he thought, "to exaggerate one's own forces and minimize those of the enemy," Napoleon considered a strong artillery the prime factor in success.

"If I had \$30,000 more rounds on the evening of Leipzig, I should today be master of the world."

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CANADA WINS AGAIN

This Time at the International Soil Products in Oklahoma.

Last year and the year before, and the year before that, the farm products of Western Canada carried off first premiums, championships and honors, together with medals and diplomas, feats that were likely to give a swollen head to any other people than those who had so much more behind. At Columbus, Ohio, and then again at Columbia, North Carolina, farmer of Saskatchewan carried off the highest prize for oats, and in another year, will become the possessor of the \$1500 Colorado Trophy; another farmer made two successful exhibits of wheat at the biggest shows in the United States; another farmer of Manitoba won championships, and sweepstakes at the live stock show in Chicago, and this year expects to duplicate his success of last year. These winnings are the more creditable as none of the cattle were ever fed any corn, but raised and fattened on nature's grasses and small grains.

At the Dry Farming Congress held at Lettbridge in 1912, Alberta and Saskatchewan, farmers carried off the principal prizes competing with the world. The most recent winnings of Canada have been made at Tulsa, Oklahoma, where seven of the eighteen sweepstakes awards at the International Soil Products Exposition were taken by Canada in competition with eleven states.

The chief prize, a thrashing machine, valued at \$1,200 for the best bushel of hard wheat, went to Peter Gerlach of Allan, Saskatchewan. Montana took four of the sweepstakes, Oklahoma four, and Nebraska two.

Russia sent one delegate, Spain had two, Belgium three, China four, Canada fifty, Mexico five, Norway one, Brazil three.

In the district in which the wheat was grown that won this prize, there were thousands of acres this year that would have done as well. Mr. Gerlach is to be congratulated as well as the Province of Saskatchewan, and Western Canada as a whole, for the great success that has been achieved in both grain and cattle.—Advertisement.

Few men care to say what they think about women.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays the pain, cures colic, and is a bottle of mother's milk.

An unmarried man never realizes how many faults he has.

THREE WOMEN TESTIFY

To the Merit of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound during Change of Life.

Streator, Ill.—"I shall always praise Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound wherever I go. It has done me so much good at Change of Life, and it has also helped my daughter. It is one of the greatest medicines for women that can be bought. I shall try to induce others to try it."—Mrs. J. H. CAMPBELL, 206 N. Second St., W. S. Streator, Illinois.

Philadelphia, Pa.—"It was at the 'Change of Life' that I turned to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, using it as a tonic to build up my system, with beneficial results."—Mrs. SARA HAYWARD, 1825 W. Venango St., (Tioga) Pa., Pa.

San Francisco, Cal.—"I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for many years whenever I could feel bad. I have gone through the 'Change of Life' without any troubles and thank the Compound for it. I recommend it to young girls and to women of all ages."—Mrs. C. BARRAS, 3052 23rd St., San Francisco, Cal.

The success of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, is unparalleled.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

The Army of Constipation

Is Growing Smaller Every Day. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are responsible—they not only give relief—they permanently cure constipation. Millions have been cured by them for Biliousness, Indigestion, Sick Headache, Salter's Skin, SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature.

Pettit's FOR SORE EYE RED EYES Salve

PISOS REMEDY

Best Cough Syrup, Throat Candy, etc. In Use. Sold by Druggists.

FOR COUGHS AND COLDS