

The Woman.

[Continued from page 6, Col. 3.]

—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 indignation, "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'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."

"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?"

"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, clear in one hand, a telephone receiver held to his ear.

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 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 doubt on his face.

"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."

"I'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 be 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."

[Continued next week.]

Her Poor Taste. "Does your husband ever tell you you have poor taste?" "Frequently."

"And what reply do you make to him?" "I think of what I married and say nothing."—Houston Post.

A Real Hero. Woman—How did you get that Carnegie medal? Tramp—Heroism, lady. I took it away from a guy that was twice my size.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

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Stop the Leaks. If a ship springs a leak it would be a foolish captain who would crowd on sail and try to run away from the leak. The first thing to do is to stop the leak, or the very press of canvass increases the danger. Look at the drains which affect some women in the same light as the leak. It is to use stimulants and tonics, as if they could carry you away from the effects of that leakage of vitality.

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How to Build Up or Tear Down This Community. By J. O. LEWIS. The Home Merchant Has Earned Support.

WHY are communities, towns and cities? Have you ever asked yourself this question? Did you think they just happened, or had you ever thought that there was a special need for them? In the beginning of time—as far back as history takes us—we find that MEN HAVE Banded themselves together for many and obvious reasons, chief among which are the benefits to be gained from organized society as a social, intellectual, spiritual and commercial center.

Collectively we are stronger, foreful and aggressive and possess power and means to attain a growth which will give to us and our progeny opportunities for better living—to develop our moral, spiritual and intellectual life, the things for which we were created.

THEREFORE THE SUCCESS AND HAPPINESS OF EVERY CITIZEN OF ANY COMMUNITY LIES IN THE INTEREST HE TAKES IN THAT COMMUNITY AND THE GOOD WORK HE CAN DO TO ASSIST IN ITS UPBUILDING.

Now, then, if we are to succeed as individuals and as a community we must not only strive for our own personal success and welfare, BUT MUST GIVE OF OUR WORK AND SUBSTANCE UNSELFISHLY TO HELP THE OTHERS.

Everything we do to help in the upbuilding and advancement of our city we do just that much toward our own personal success. No man can live and prosper unto himself alone. FOR WE ARE INTERDEPENDENT, and, realizing this, if we as citizens will all unite and pull together for the common good we will prosper as a city and consequently as individuals.

Well paved streets and sidewalks, good sewerage system, thoroughly enforced sanitary laws, well regulated and energetic police force, competent fire fighting equipment and rigid building regulations are economic necessities and therefore they more largely affect us as a community than as individuals.

Beyond this and underlying it all and upon which rests the foundation of the whole is THE SUCCESS OF THE BUSINESS MAN. This man makes an investment, goes into some kind of business—to manufacture or sell goods—puts his money at stake, employs labor and begins his work to build better. THIS MAN IS THE CORNERSTONE OF THE COMMUNITY—the man you should rally around and support.

THE SUCCESS OF A TOWN DEPENDS ON THE SUCCESS OF ITS BUSINESS MEN, WHILE THE SUCCESS OF THE BUSINESS MEN DEPENDS ON SUPPORT THEY RECEIVE FROM THE PEOPLE AT LARGE. EACH BEING, HOWEVER, DEPENDENT ONE ON THE OTHER.

No merchant can succeed without the patronage of the public. He is absolutely and entirely dependent on the custom of each and every individual who has a penny to spend, the little mite of each, taken in the aggregate, making the volume on which he runs his business. The merchant, having plenty of competition, must, in order to get the people's patronage, figure his prices close and offer to them the very best inducements possible.

The merchant pays large rentals, taxes, privilege licenses, insurance, besides employing many clerks and assistants, in order to maintain and conduct his business in such a manner as to meet your approval, and to succeed let me emphasize it again—HE MUST HAVE YOUR PATRONAGE TO MAKE HIS BUSINESS PAY.

This community has some as fine stores—every kind—and conducted by as fine a set of men as you will find anywhere on the face of the globe—liberal, big hearted, progressive men. No better retail stores, no better wholesale or jobbing houses, no better banks, no better mills, no better schools, no better churches, no better municipal or public utilities, can be found anywhere than right here in your home town. All—absolutely all—made possible only by and through the co-operation and generous giving of the business men.

But, my good friends, with all of these extraordinary accomplishments, there are some things being done today which are STUMBLING BLOCKS IN THE PATH OF OUR GREATER GROWTH and further development—differences, if you please, which we must reconcile and overcome if we are to continue to grow and prosper.

To be continued under the title, "HELP YOURSELF BY HELPING YOUR TOWN."

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