

The Governor's Lady.

[Continued from page 6, Col. 3.]

"What?" Strickland almost shouted, completely astounded.

"But—but it can't be done," Merritt was so excited now that he stammered his words.

"It can't be done," echoed Hunt. He was well paid for being an echo. "Our best people live there," protested Merritt.

"I live there," Hunt added, with accumulated emphasis.

"All of us," Merritt continued, "take pride in the view along the water front. It's damnable. Why, out of common decency, man—What do you want of factories, anyway?" he demanded, completely angered and out of patience.

Slade's voice was almost a drawl, it was so low-pitched and so provokingly calm. "Why didn't you and your associates protect your holdings?" he inquired.

"How'd we know a man with millions would come along and buy up the whole beach?" Merritt's wrath was getting beyond the control that Katherine's presence demanded.



Daniel Slade.

"Slade, if you persist in this," he thundered, "I'm going to take off my coat and hit back. My paper has an enormous outside circulation, and I'll baste you once every day. If you propose running for governor, you won't get one vote in your own town. And in one month, or less, you'll find San Francisco has a gorgeous climate."

Slade was unperturbed by Merritt's threats or Merritt's bulldozing. "All right, Merritt," he advised, good-naturedly, "go ahead with your paper, I'll take my chances."

"You will, eh?" Merritt's tone was ominous. "What sort of factories are you going to build?"

"Well," drawled Slade, coolly, "I was thinking of putting up glue factories!"

"Glue!" The one word jumped from everyone's mouth at once. "Glue!" they all repeated, and looked at each other in consternation.

"The h—! you say," then remembering himself, "I beg your pardon, Miss Strickland."

"It can't be done," Merritt went on. "You can't build glue factories here," and he emphasized every word with an angry shake of his finger.

"By God, you—"

He broke off as he saw Bob Hayes stride into the room. Hayes, as Slade's lawyer and almost a member of the family, had the entree to the house at all times.

"Here's my lawyer," remarked Slade, dryly, "ask him."

"Of course it can be done," Hayes informed them, convincingly. "It's perfectly legitimate."

Then, as if to dismiss a perfectly obvious subject, he turned to the girl, who had been enjoying every point that Slade had scored.

Katherine's eyes lighted with warm welcome. It was the first time she had seen Hayes since she had returned. He was the man she had once wanted to marry, once before her father had given her the choice of Hayes or a finishing school in Paris and a tour of Europe. Now she greeted him with cordial friendship, but with none of the sweet tenderness he might have expected from her. Once she had looked up into his eyes and thought him a god. Now, her eyes blinded by the glare of ambition, she saw only a good looking chap, a struggling lawyer, a man who hadn't made any particular mark in the world. She returned Hayes' burning, penetrating gaze with cool, unruffled frankness. In another moment she had turned from him and was earnestly watching Slade, listening to his every word with eager interest.

"You see, I'm a very simple sort of fellow," Slade was saying, "don't drink—don't smoke—don't keep yachts or horses, don't keep w—," he stopped in his oft-repeated formula as he remembered Katherine's presence, "don't keep horses, so I must do something,

as I was saying to Mrs. Slade today. I don't want to bother my neighbors, so I'll build high chimneys, so the smoke won't trouble you much. I'm going into the glue business. That is, of course," and he paused and surveyed the group about him with a complacent elevation of his eyebrows, "that is, unless you gentlemen can keep me busy in some other way. I'm a very active man."

Katherine leaned forward with tense expression to see how the man's opponents would take his game. The senator was smiling, Merritt tapping his foot restlessly.

"Well, boys, it looks as though he had us—strong?" Strickland broke the silence. "Glue! Whew!"

"Are we going to be had?" demanded Merritt, testily, "are we going to stand for this holdup?" and he turned disgustedly toward the door.

"Don't you think we'd better keep Mr. Slade busy in some other way," Strickland repeated.

"I don't," Merritt flung back over his shoulder as he left the room, followed, as usual, by Hunt.

Merritt's hasty departure was the signal for Katherine to adjust her wraps and remark: "We must be late for Tristan."

Hayes followed her. "I must see you alone, Katherine. You're still free—there's no foreigner on the scene, is there, Katherine?"

"Bob," Katherine's voice was sweet but firm. "I don't think I shall ever marry now—"

"Oh, nonsense," he protested.

"No," even more positively. "The more I see of men—but what's the use? There never was but one man I could have got on with, and I didn't happen to live in his time."

"Who was the boy?" Hayes asked, lightly.

"Strange," Katherine replied, pensively, "I've just been talking about him—Napoleon Bonaparte."

"Oh, Lord—that fellow." Hayes was much relieved. "Can I have tomorrow evening?"

"Yes—if you—yes—tomorrow evening, Bob."

Her voice lingered a bit on the Bob, and with quick impulsiveness Hayes caught her hand and kissed it.

In another minute she had turned to Slade.

"Oh, Mr. Slade, won't you let me make a head of you?"

"A head of me?" Slade repeated in surprise.

"Think it over," Katherine suggested, as she and her father went out, leaving Hayes and Slade watching her proud, graceful figure until it disappeared from view.

Slade looked critically at Hayes for a moment or two after the girl had gone.

"Oh, now I remember," he suddenly exclaimed. "You're the chap she gave up for Paris a long time ago?"

"When she was twenty-one and I was twenty-four and six feet one inch of a western lawyer, just out of the woods. How does Mrs. Slade take to this governorship business?" he finished, abruptly.

"She doesn't take to it." Slade's voice was hard.

"I was afraid she wouldn't."

"Well, nobody's going to stand in my way." A malignant light showed in his eyes.

"My boy, I'm out to win."

In spite of the fact that he was in full evening attire, he thrust his hands into his pockets and almost strutted about the room. "I outgeneraled that crowd here tonight. By God, I did! Do you know—?" He paused in his walk and looked down on Hayes' six feet sprawled over one of the brocade chairs—"there's just a little drop of that fellow—Napoleon Bonaparte—in me!"

"Napoleon Bonaparte got on by leaving a woman behind," Hayes returned, seriously, refusing to enter into Slade's spirit of self-satisfied good humor.

"You mind your own d—n business, Bob," Slade turned on him, suddenly. "All right—I'm off to the opera. I only meant that Napoleon was a bad boy for you to follow, because he treated his first wife like a dirty dishrag. That's why I'm glad that second little Austrian hussy paid him back. That's all. I love Mrs. Slade. When I was sick with fever in your mining camp she was a mother to me."

"Don't forget that I made you," Slade reminded him. "I," and he tapped his chest. "I gave you your chance."

"I don't. All the same I'd hate to see you elected, because of Mrs. Slade. It seems to be the regular thing, beautiful man to leave home the minute he's on his feet. Good night."

"One minute, Bob. You've given me a lot of good advice. I'll give you some. Are you in love with that girl?"

"Yes," Hayes grunted; "good night, is that all?"

"No," Slade paused, watching Hayes through narrowed eyelids. "That girl needs a large pie with every one of her fingers in it. Bob, I'm sorry for you. Your pie isn't big enough."

"Well—it's my pie. Good night," and he was gone.

After Hayes had gone, Slade sat, his arms resting on the table, staring into space. Every now and then the corners of his mouth came down and his eyes narrowed. He was thinking of Katherine Strickland and Hayes. That woman for Hayes! Hayes must be a presumptuous pup to ever think of winning that queen. Such women were meant for the kings of the earth—not for their hirelings.

Suddenly Slade's eyes lighted with the fire of decision. His mouth became a firm, straight line of determination. There was something implacable and grim in his very attitude as he resolved to win Katherine Strickland and become fixed in his mind. He longed to hurry after her—to tell her of his decision to fight, if not with,

then for her. He was eager to show her just how much they two together could make out of life, a big, fine fight for position and power.

Even the thought of being governor was left in the distance as plan after plan raced through his mind, of greater conquests and bigger achievements, possible only with a woman like Katherine Strickland for his wife. So absorbed and intense were his thoughts of the future with her for the moment he forgot completely the woman who for 30 years had kept her place as his wife. In all his dealings he had never considered obstacles, except to sweep them from his path. As he remembered the present and Mary, he never hesitated or faltered from his newly made resolution.

Mary could go it alone. He would see that she had everything that money could buy. He would make her comfortable and take care of her. That she should be further considered never entered his mind. Always ruthless in his methods, he was equally cruel even when the obstacle to his advancement was a fragile little woman who had given him the best of her love and years and who would gladly have laid down her life to save his.

It was not as if a sudden flame of intensive, overwhelming love for Katherine Strickland had surged through his heart. It was nothing as decent or as fine or as blameless as that. His whole attitude toward the girl was one of cold-blooded acquisition. He had determined to have her just as he had determined only last week to outbid every other man at the rug auction. He wanted her to take a place in his life because he knew what her value would be to him. He wanted her beauty, her brain, her savoir faire, as so many stepping stones by which to mount higher and higher in the affairs of the state and the nation.

In spite of the fact that he criticized his wife's lack of social graces, he was wise enough to know that he was far from a finished product himself. In spite of himself, traces of the parvenu occasionally showed through the veneer of bluff and arrogance. With a wife like Katherine he would soon come to know all the fine points of the social game. A wife like Katherine would cover up a multitude of his little sins of commission and omission.

[Continued next week.]

Yeats, Eminent Playwright, Has Great Confidence in the Developments of the Future.

Thomas Becham, who took the chair when an address on "The Irish Theater" was delivered by W. B. Yeats at Sunderland house, according to the London Times, said the Irish theater was the most remarkable dramatic theatrical phenomenon this country had seen for more than 200 years. "One phenomenon in the theater of our day is the great revival of romantic drama in Europe. We see an effort to establish what was known as English opera, and if that is successful it will do probably more to re-establish the legitimate literary romantic drama than anything else," he declared.

Mr. Yeats said the question was often asked, "What is a bad play?" His reply was that it was a play which depended for its success upon some temporary interest. The majority of plays in London were of that character and would pass away because they appealed to a temporary interest. It had been said that Ireland did not read much; but in Ireland they would find a tradition of spoken culture and unwritten literature, and the Irish theater movement begun 15 years ago would not have been started had there not been confidence in that culture. Ireland was, of all countries, the least sentimental and one of the most passionate. He did not say that victory would come in their lifetime, or for two or three generations, but there would come a real national culture out of Ireland.

Wife Filches His Robe.

"Dawgone, I want my robe back!" wailed Allan Sheldon, resident of Grosse Pointe Shores, in police headquarters, according to the Detroit Free Press.

"That was a fox fur robe worth \$2,000," continued Sheldon. "I left it for a few minutes in my automobile in front of the county building, and now it's gone. Get busy! Get some detectives and find it before my wife knows it's gone or—good night!"

Sympathetic clerks took down a description of the valuable robe, and soon two detectives were on the trail. Sheldon still stood by the desk, urging haste. A woman had entered, carrying in her arms a robe, and said, "I am Mrs. Sheldon," said the woman, smiling at the office force. "You see, I took the robe to give my husband a lesson. He's so careless about leaving it in the machine."

Sheldon mopped his brow.

Medical Lectures for Women. A working knowledge of medicine, "first aid" and personal hygiene is offered to women by the Woman's Medical college, Philadelphia, which has outlined a series of lectures for women outside the hospital. Dr. Clara Marshall, dean of the college, has charge of the lectures.

Believing every woman should know how to render "first aid," twelve talks, covering care of burns, fractures and simple surgery, have been arranged. A practical demonstration of various bandages and dressing, with opportunity to practice, will be given in ten lectures, under the direction of Dr. Harriet L. Hartley, clinical professor of surgery. Dr. Mary P. Rupert will lecture on such conditions as heat prostrations, drowning and poisoning.

BUSINESS BOOMING IN JAPAN

Long Spell of Depression Has Been Succeeded by Gratifying Era of Good Times.

After a long spell of depression the tide has turned in Japan. "But for the war and cheap rice," says the Japan Times, "the turn would have come months ago. But the farmers make up with the abundance of their crop for the cheapness of the grain, and the war itself has brought considerable prosperity to not a few lines of industry and business, as the company returns for the first half-yearly term show. Compared with the preceding term, 13 weaving companies saw an increase of their profits by 340 per cent, chemical industry companies by 120 per cent, seven exchanges by 88 per cent, four sugar companies by 80 per cent, seven warehouse companies by 70 per cent, 19 spinning companies and four flour mill companies by 45 per cent. Increases of profits seem to have been and to continue to be the general rule, the exceptions being the railway, gas, kiln and a few other businesses. Most noticeable of all, raw silk has of late been going up in price until it has now more than recovered the high level of 1,000 yen a bale, which it fetched before the outbreak of the war. The fact seems to be that a business revival is already here, and it only requires the loosening of capitalists' purse strings for new enterprises to make the country realize the turn of the tide."

HONDURAS SHY ON "MOVIES"

Consular District Has Only One Theater and the Admission Prices Vary.

There is but one motion picture establishment in the Tegucigalpa, Honduras consular district, the Teatro de Variedades, in Tegucigalpa. A number of causes combine to prevent the industry from being more successful, among which are poor transportation facilities, the small purchasing power of the masses, the sparse population generally, and the lack of electric service in all the other interior towns. In Tegucigalpa performances are given three or four nights a week, commencing at 8:30 or 9 o'clock, and lasting until midnight or after. Approximately about forty-nine hundred feet of film are shown nightly. The prices of admission vary with the quality of the film. Old films, of the regular stock sketches, are sometimes displayed at prices ranging from ten to thirty cents, depending on the location of the seats. Other nights, when such films as "Les Miserables" are run, the prices are trebled; and for ordinary new films the usual charge is about fifty cents for the best seats.

Use Hay for Breastworks.

Many thousands of tons of Texas hay are being used as bulwark against bullets on the lines of defense by the British and French governments, Galveston dispatch to the New York World states.

This fact has just come to light by the statements of foreign buyers of hay, who also direct the compression of the bales before shipment from this port, to make them as nearly bullet proof as possible.

Three ordinary field bales are compressed into one bale before being loaded on a vessel. This process gives a bale the density that is said to make it equal to steel plate in stopping bullets. It is stated that trenches are being lined with the bales of hay.

Women Conductors in Kilts.

Kilts instead of skirts for women street car conductors, it seems, are to be the new style. It is reported from Oldham that kilts being found inconvenient and, in wet weather, a source of discomfort—especially when the car steps had to be climbed—have been discarded in the woman conductor's uniform and replaced by kilts and leggings, buttoning up the sides. If soldiers may wear kilts, why not tram conductors? The new fashion may, for a time, cause amusement, and even ridicule, as was the case with umbrellas when first introduced, but additional comfort may overcome prejudice and lead to the innovation being adopted generally.—London Chronicle.

He's the Wittiest Student.

Edward Marshall Maslin is announced to be the wittiest student of the University of California, and has been awarded the "Irving prize for wit and humor" for his essay "On the Futility of Twitching Up One's Trousers to Prevent Bagging at the Knees," and for a group of futuristic verses, "songs on serious subjects (in the cubist way). Maslin is a Junior from Watsonville.

Illuminating Work.

"I have here, sir, a compendium of useful knowledge."

"Does that book contain any information that will help me in my business?"

"Most assuredly, sir. I understand you deal in trunks."

"Yes."

"Well, there's a chapter on crime in this volume that gives full details of all the trunk mysteries ever recorded."

Cuban Sugar Crop Large.

Estimates of exports on the Cuban sugar crop of 1915-16 show that it will be a record one. One hundred and eighty-eight sugar centrals have begun grinding the sugar as against 176 in operation last season. The case is said to be the best in quality in years, cool weather having ripened it properly and added a higher saccharine content than usual.

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