

Bellefonte, Pa., March 24, 1916.

2525252525252525252525252525 The Governor's Lady

> A Novelization of Alice Bradley's Play

By Gertrude Stebenson

Illustrations From Photographs of the Stage Production

[Continued from last week.] Merritt stood with his elbow on the mantel, looking moodily into the fire.

"Wesley," she cooed again. "Why don't you—if you can't get in—why don't you boom Slade? They say he's buying everybody." "Well, we've been bought." Her

husband's tone indicated just how little consideration such a plan would "No, but you've been defeated six

times," she objected, determined to argue this new possibility that had just occurred to her. "Wes-if the senator has gone back on you-look out. Sell out. I must have clothes." She stopped as the senator himself entered from the smoking room.

"They're asking for you, Wesley," and Merritt, glad of the interruption, hurried out.

"Ah-good evening, Fannie." Strickland took her hand in his smooth, affable way. "I'm sorry, Fannie, that Wesley doesn't take more to Slade. It's a great mistake. Why don't you tell him so?"

"Oh, my gracious!" her manner changing to suit the occasion. "What influence could I possibly have with my husband? He's a man of iron will. Why, I have to do everything he tells me myself. I wouldn't dare to meddle with his affairs."

"Well, just coax him, Fannie, the way a nice, sweet, womanly woman can," urged the senator, knowing full well that the Merritts had one menage for private use and quite another for publication.

"I want to go to Europe and my husband says he can't afford it." Her voice dropped to a sugary whire. "We can't all be millionaires lise Mr. Slade, can we?" Just think. It would cost \$10,000, to say nothing of

"Don't worry about that trip to Europe, Fannie," the senator advised, meaningly. "I think," and he paused significantly, "I think you'll earn it." smoking-room. "Wesley," he called, from his embrace. "We'd be poor With that he started toward the has something to say to you." "Oh, yes, Wesley-I have something

most important to say." "Well, if it's about that trip to Europe," growled Merritt, asserting himself as he would never dare to do when he was alone with her.

"Now, Wesley, come with me to the balcony." Fannie coaxed in what she considered her prettiest manner. "You'll excuse us, senator?"

As Fannie dragged her husband out of the room Hayes, returning from



"I Couldn't-Oh, Rob! I Couldn't."

the smoking-room, and Katherine, returning from her talk with the reporter, found themselves alone. Katherine was nervous and ill at ease. Immediately she began to busy herself folding copies of her father's house and told her not to wait up for speech and inserting them into mail me," Slade reminded him. "I never

"Slade's doing it," Bob remarked. "They are nearly all wiped out in ute. "You're with me, aren't you?" there. Those who haven't been be guiled, have been bullied or bought-Hold on! That sounds like the head-

lines in a Socialist paper-' "What's happened to you?" he broke

I've been hunting for one sign of the girl I knew. Your notes—the very let shut grimly. ters you wrote me from Europe sound. them. Who is it who's occupying your mind, Katherine?" "I don't know what you mean." the

girl evaded. "You used to care a lot for me, reflectively, his mind recalling the warm, eager welcome of her arms the day he had declared his love for her, six years before. "I only thought I did," she declared,

but her eyes dropped before his steady

"You did care," positively. "You did care. I could tell. When you went away the first time you did. Why, it was only a question of my luck turning. You were going to wait for me. I always knew that. Then I met Slade. Even the senator's got a good word for me now. But you-" his voice broke and he leaned forward and laid his hand over hers as it

rested idly on the table. "Heavens!" he exclaimed, as he snatched his hand away. "What I ought to have done was to have ridden up here, taken you over my shoulder and galloped off with you on a broncho.'

"Oh, Rob," she breathed, really pleased at his domineering tone.

"That's the sort of a man to get on with a woman like you," he accused. "A brute! A man could do anything with you if he once conquered you. There's nothing in these long understandings," he broke off, disgustedly. "I've lost you and I don't "I Think I'd Like to Make a Bargain know how, or why. I do know you liked me better than anyone else, and I adore you yet," he finished, impulsively clasping her hand with both life. Do you expect me to help you of his. Katherine patted his strong fingers with her free hand.

"Please, Rob, I know you do," and she left him to pass back and forth the length of the room. "I can't," she sighed. Then hurriedly: "If I only had the courage. Oh, Rob!" and she turned on him with a helpless little gesture.

"What do you mean by courage?" he demanded.

"I mean I'd have to-to live here in this little hole in the West," she burst forth, vehemently. "No-no. I can't face it-always!'

"Well, suppose it did mean to stay here?" Bob stood with folded arms. "It's a home. Everyone vegetates more or less at home. Katherine!" his voice became more tender. "do you really mean that?" And he put his arms around her shoulders and looked long and earnestly into her upraised face.

"I couldn't-Oh, Rob. I couldn't," she protested. "All this month I've been weakening-but I-"Ah," he interrupted, his face close

to hers. "You're wearing my flowers, too-I saw that when I came in. And my picture—you are still keeping that."

"But I-I can't quite," "I'm dreadfully troubled, Rob," she finally managed to say. She turned and then we'd be like the Merritts," way, remarked: "I believe your wife with a tragic spread of her arms. "I'm everywhere-to see things. I'd die here, vegetating!"

"Oh, no you wouldn't," Hayes started to remonstrate, when the door of the smoking room opened and Slade appeared.

"I was just going to look you up, Robert. I thought you wouldn't go without seeing me, but-" "No, of course not." Hayes did not

attempt to conceal his annoyance at the interruption. Katherine moved slowly toward the door.

"I'm not driving you away, am I, Miss Katherine?" Before she could answer Fannie Merritt came sweeping in. She was

radiant. Her beaming face and Merritt's sullen one made the situation plain to all in the room. "My dear," she exclaimed, turning to Katherine. "You were quite right! Mr. Slade is a great man. I'm leaving my Wesley here to work for him. I'm

off for Europe next week," she gushed | know her. You can't do it." as Hayes helped her into her evening motor.

Slade's face was a study in amused need fear nothing more from Wesley Merritt or his "tin-horn tooting sheet." The self-esteem that was slowly but completely obscuring clear vision, prevented him from seeing that his money, not himself, had brought about | Are you going to see Mrs. Slade-put the change. The money he had made was his-was he-himself. He confused its vast power to bend the Merritts and their world with his own strength.

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. want you to bring this matter to a finish quietly and kindly and-now." "Why don't you see her and have it out with her?" Hayes suggested.

"We had it out the night I left the quarrel with anyone more than once." He eyed Hayes critically for a minas if an idea had just occurred to

"I'm awfully sorry for Mrs. Slade," Hayes began, when Slade interrupted. "Look here, Hayes-I want a dioff abruptly. "I can't find a trace of vorce," and he seated himself squarely you left. Ever since you came back- in front of the astonished Hayes.

"That's what I want," and his lips

"But, my God!" Hayes was amazed. ed as if some one else had written "You didn't want it in the first place.



With You."

All you wanted was to live your own 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 sur

prise. I can't go sticking a knife into that woman's heart. I won't." "You're a h-! of a lawyer!" Slade's anger was rising.

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

"I honestly think you're crunk 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 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, boots 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 decide where she's to live-but it must be at some distance.'

"You won't get your divorce through desertion," Hayes scoffed. "I

"I can't do it, eh?" Slade's eyes wrap, "leaving my poor, dear boy all held a nasty expression. "That's alone. You will be good to him, won't what they've been telling me all my you? Good night, Mr. Slade; thank life. Ever since I was a barefooted you," and, closely followed by Kath- little brat running around the mines erine, she hurried out to her waiting | they've said to me: 'You can't do this and you can't do that.' But I always did it. Let me tell you, young complacency as he realized that he man, after all I've conquered no woman is going to stop me!

"Can't do it, eh?" he repeated, pugnaciously. "You watch me do it! You young jackanapes! I'm as good as deserted now. The only question is: her aboard a train east or not?"

"Mrs. Slade has been my best friend," Hayes answered quietly. "I love her dearly-I-" his voice broke. "All right. That settles it. You

turn over every scrap of paper of mine you have by"-he thought a momentby tomorrow night. Then you can walk the ties to the devil, young man, and go back where I found you." As Hayes turned to go, Strickland hurried into the room.

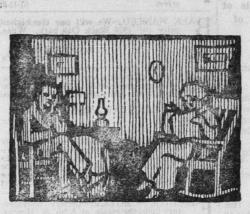
"Merritt has just introduced a very unexpected subject in the smokingroom-the question of-well, you've got to know it, Slade—the question of Mrs. Slade."

Hayes wheeled around and watched to see what effect this announcement would have on Slade.

"There are strangers there who learned of your-er-domestic difficulties for the first time tonight," Strickland continued. "Merritt has thrown the bombshell.'

"Why, I thought-" Slade began to protest. "He's all right," came the senator's

reassuring tones. "It had to come BELL PHONE 164 W. out. He's got his coat off in there for you now. He maintains that the [Continued on page 7, Col. 1.]



Are you paying to sit in the dark?



PAYING to ruin your eyes, paying to smell burning wick and the odor of poor kerosene? Are you doing these things?

Unless your home is equipped with Rayo Lamps—you probably are. And what's more, you are paying the identical price that would buy you the flood of brilliant, eye-soothing, steady light that beams from a Rayo Lamp filled with slow-burning

ATLANTIC

Rayo Lamps are beautiful—an ornament to any room. And they burn brightly, without flicker or smell. Your dealer can show you a special design for any room, ranging in price from \$1.50 up. No matter what sort of light you've got, the addition of a few Rayo Lamps will make your home brighter and the folks happier. But Rayo Lamps are at their best when burning Atlantic Rayolight Oil. It is the one kerosene that burns without smoke or smell—that

is always the same. It gives the brightest light and the greatest heat for the least money. The use of Atlantic Rayolight Oil doesn't stop with burning and heating; thousands of housewives have written us that it's the very finest thing to brighten faded carpets, keeps the moths away from closets, shelves and drawers, cuts grease better than anything else,

Be certain to ask for Atlantic Rayolight Oil by name— it costs no more than the unknown, unreliable kerosene.

and that for washing windows it's without equal.

The dealer who displays the sign can always supply you



ATLANTIC REFINING COMPANY, Philadelphia and Pittsburgh

Luxurv Magnified by **Economy**

In those four words you have the story of the new Grant Six.

The value of its generously large, beautiful boat-line body-

-its silent, powerful valve-in-head motor

-its strong, substantial chassis, is magnified, intensified, by the low first cost and the exceedingly low cost of operation.



The Grant Six has a wheel-base of 112 inches -long enough to permit a large, comfortable, roomy body -short enough to eliminate waste space and make it easily handled any-

It is a full five passenger

And yet the average experience of owners is over 20 miles to the gallon of gasoline; 900 miles to the gallon of

It is equally easy on tires and repairs-And the first cost is only \$795 complete-

Grant Motor Agency WILFRID I. MILLER, Mgr.

BELLEFONTE, PA.

Some Good Territory Open for Some

Compare this issue of the "Watchman" with other county papers, and note the difference.

Dry Goods, Etc.

LYON & COMPANY.

Rugs and Other Floor Coverings.

We have just opened a new Rug Department, comprising a large assortment of new patterns and colorings. These were purchased some months ago and we can save you 40 per cent. on the price quoted to-day. We have Axminster, Body Brussels, Tapestry Brussels Rugs, Room Size, Hall Runners & small Rugs to match.

Special Sale of Matting Rugs.

To introduce our new Rug Department we will sell a Matting Rug, assorted colors, for a short time only, 36x72, value \$1.00, sale price 75 cents. Included in this special price sale are Rag Carpets, allwool and part wool Ingrain Carpets, Linoleums and Mattings. Make this Rug Sale your benefit, and give our new Rug Department a look over.

EASTER OPENING

of Ready-to-Wear Garments.

Ladies' and Misses' Coats and Suits in all the new shades. La Vogue style speaks for itself. All the new spring shades in Waists :- Georgette, Crepe, Crepe de Chine, Pussy Willow, Taffeta, and a large assortment in White Waists.

Lids for Kids.

See our line of Children's Spring and Summer Hats. Prices special for early buyers.

Lyon & Co. 60-10-19 Bellefonte