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[Continued from last week.] The hot blood surged up into Hayes' face. He was aghast at this peep into the soul of the woman he had thought was tender and dear and sweet. Her complete disregard of Mrs. Slade enraged him.

"So this is what Slade has done!" His fists were clinched. "This is what he's after. This is what you want. I'm not surprised," he went on, bitterly. "It was always in you."

"Yes," she met this accusation, an angry light in her eyes. "It was always in me. I always had to have everything, be everything. I can't stay here and be a nobody. We're getting horribly poor. If we look prosperous, it's because nothing is paid for. When I was a child I always had to lead all the little games." She was talking rapidly, earnestly. "Then when I grew up there was only one leader here-Katherine Strickland, and after there was never but one woman left this place and did the things I've done and made the successes I've made, and now-to come back here-and settle down! When I'm Mrs. Slade I'll have the life I'm after-money and power and Europethe world."

"Don't forget Slade," came sarcastically from Hayes. "Don't forget Slade," and he came toward her. "You'll have Slade, too. You'll have to live with him, a man who has lived all his life with another womanwho-"

"Don't!" she commanded. "He is only marrying me for a-a sort of housekeeper."

"You'll be his wife just the same." Every word was a sting.

"Yes-you'll have your revenge," Katherine answered quietly, more to herself than to him. Her voice dropped wearily. "Every time he kisses me every time he comes into the room. But I'l! get used to him, I suppose. Women get used to that

you give me?" she asked coolly. "What can I give you?" he repeated. Then with a look of utter loathing in his eves: "You contemptible little-" and he flung her from him.

"You're going to sell what's mine to the highest bidder," he panted.

"But Slade's not divorced yet, and before you get out of this dirty mire you'll regret it. You'll find yourself so deep in scandal-"

"I won't," Katherine protested, vehemently. "I won't have a scandal." "They'll say he's your lover," his rage turning into fury.

Katherine looked at him as if she had been turned to stone. Then the real significance of what he had said lanned to a flame the rage that was burning in her heart-rage at himat conditions-at everything! She gripped her fingers around one of the lovely roses at her belt and crushed it to a pulp. Then she ripped them from her gown-his roses-and threw them among the blazing logs in the fireplace.

She turned to him with a hitter laugh. "I'm through with you-and your insults," and che fled from the room.

Katherine did not go a moment too soon, for scarcely had the folding doors closed behind her when the door from the smoking-room swung open, and with noisy talk the few remaining members of the dinner party straggled in.

In her agitated condition, even Katherine would have found it difficult to regain her composure sufficiently to meet these men.

Lx-Governor Hibbard was in a particularly happy frame of mind. The senator's excellent viands and the senator's choice wines and the senator's Havanas had succeeded in making him ful of men. Her gown with its tight feel well satisfied with the world in general and with Slade in particular. His round face was flushed and his string tie a trifle awry.

"Had a good time, senator," he said, removing his cigar, "but there were too many swallowtails here for me tonight. When I was governor of the arms and pointed elbows. But the tenstate I never wore one. No, nor a plug hat, either."

"I never wore one, and I never will," seconded Colonel Smith, a typical long, lean, lanky westerner, with the inevitable western cut beard and hair a bit too long.

"Governor, you're right," and Strickland gave each man a resounding slap on the shoulder. "Colonel, stick to your guns. They're a nuisance. Now, boys, forget your homes and your trains. The others are all gone. Let us, the ringleaders, adjourn to the dining-room and over one of my punches-"

The governor patted his stomach tenderly. The mention of the senator's punch was all that was necessary to weaken his desire to catch a train. "Ah! Strickland's punch! I'm with you."

"Now, gentlemen," interrupted Merritt in a business-like manner, "before we split up tonight it's understood

"Hip! Hip!" began Merritt, when the door opened and the butler announced: "Mrs. Slade."

The hurrah that had been on each

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Sizde's Eyes Darkened and an Ugly

Scowl Appeared on His Face.

great, questioning brown eyes, hesi-

tating in bewildered fashion as she

lound herself confronted by a room-

der face, with its sweetly expressive

mouth, was unchanged. The lovely

eyes were more appealing, as filled

with wistful shyness, they gazed about

"I'm afraid it's a little late for me

"This is an unexpected pleasure."

"Why, my dear madame," and Mer-

ritt greeted her effusively, "I'm glad

to know that the reports to the sena-

tor have been exaggerated. Your

"Oh, I never felt better in my life,

Hayes hastened to the little wom-

"Oh, Rob," she exclaimed, relieved

CHAPTER VIII.

As the men filed out, Mary turned

"Well, Dan, I'm here," and she

"I've given in," she went on. "It's

a dollar to see the look on your face

know that you got your own way.

Dan-I've-well-I've given in, fa-

ther." And, turning to Rob with an

expectant little smile, "Do I look all

"I think you do," Hayes replied.

"Will you take Mrs. Slade home,

"It's very late," Hayes pleaded as

"Yes, I know it is," Mary agreed,

still not realizing what a flasco her

first attempt to enter into social life

was. "I've been outside for half an

but as long as you're here yet-why-"

"There aren't any other ladies pres-

ent," Hayes tried to explain, "and I

"You'd better go," Slade finished

"But you don't understand," Mary

bjected. "He doesn't understand,"

she turned to Hayes in a perplexed

way. "My being here tonight means

I've given in," and she looked up

searchingly into her husband's forbid-

ling face. "I'm going out with you

you want me, balls, parties, dinners,

Hayes started toward the door.

"Call me when you're ready, Mrs.

Slade. I'll wait in the hall," and he

Slade thrust his hands deep into his

pockets and looked at his wife in a

cess she had planned it to be.

-)

every night, all the time, whenever

or him, but not in his conciliatory

-just tryin' to make up my mind,

sir," Mary declared, puzzled that he

should ask such a question.

to come," she managed to say, as the

senator came up to her with out-

the senator assured her with an ur-

bane smile. "Gentlemen, Mrs. Slade."

the room.

stretched hand.

health is now-er-

an's side.

see a

right, Rob?"

woman's shoulder.

think perhaps-"

everything."

Hayes.

disappeared.

gravely.

hour-

man's lips died a sudden death. They looked at each other in consternation. "Mrs. Slade!" gasped Merritt. "Whew!"

The eyes turned toward the door saw a tiny, gray-garbed woman, with

ing me?" and her voice trembled just the least bit. "Oh, Dan. It's all over now, ain't It, our tiff?" she began eagerly, catching his arm impulsively and pressin; her face against his coatsleeve, kissing the unresponsive broadcloth again and again. "We're making up; we'll go home together. It'll all be different after this, and I'll see you at the breakfast table mornings now," she finished

"What did I come here for?" she

repeated blankly. "What did I come

here for? Why, to please you. I

thought you'd be glad. I just can't

stand it with you living out of the

house, Dan. Lord, I haven't slept a

wink since you left. Aren't you miss-

joyfully. "Dan," she began again, "I don't believe you've had a decent cup of coffee since you left home. I'd like to make you a cup now, myself," and she looked reflectively around the senator's library as if she thought there might possibly be some opportunity to brew a cup of coffee right then and there.

"Come on home, father," she urged, calling him by the name of the old, old days, when they had both dreamed of little ones in their home, and patting his arm lovingly, tenderly. "Mad at me yet?" she questioned. Slade winced under the gentle touch

of her hand on his arm, and found it necessary to turn away from the face that was so sweet and penitent. "No," he stammered, "I'm not mad at you, only this is no place to talk

about our troubles." "Well, we'll go along home," she suggested.

"No, I can't come now. You'd better let Rob take you home," and he started for the door.

Mary started after him, clutching at bis arm. basque and full skirt was dowdy and "I've got to know what the matter

badly cut, in marked contrast to the is now-I must-I must," she declared fashionable, clinging gowns of the vehemently. women who had graced the room a "Very well, Mary, as far as my short time previous. Her white gloves

plans go, I've arranged my life differwere a fraction too short to meet her ently." short sleeves, and left exposed thin "Differently? Differently? Haven't

I given in?" "It's too late now. I'm sorry to

say this, but you force me." "Wait a minute, Dan." She drew a long breath, as if nerving herself for an ordeal. "You're going to say something dreadful. Before you begin I want to say that I'll do anything to get things back just the same as they were before-anything. There's nothing you could ask me I won't donothing! There! Now! Now go on," and she sank weakly into a chair.

"Look here," Slade was cruelly abrupt. "This separation is permanent. Nothing's going to change it."

"Separation?" She gave him a blank, amazed stare. "Why, Dan, who's talking about separation? We can't be separated."

"We can be-we are. When I left you that night it was for good and all, Mary. We can't get along together and I've made up my mind to it.

married because she cooked and worked instead of playing. It ain't just!"

"Oh, what's the use, Mary?" Slade sighed wearily, as though he, and not she, were the injured one.

"Dan," Mary lowered her voice and looked at him earnestly. "If I brought up a girl today and we were poor, would you advise me to say, 'Take piano lessons, learn languages, keep up to the times, never mind doing your share or being economical?"" "I'm not going to argue," Slade re-

plied loftily. "Yuh can't, Dan," declared Mary with conviction. "There ain't no argument. It's one-sided. Suppose I'd changed and you'd stayed the same, what would all your friends say? 'Poor Slade, his wife's crazy-or badprobably bad.' No, yer can't get me to see it!"

"Well, whether you see it or not, that's just where we stand. You'd better let me call Robert to take you home."

"Wait, Dan," she pleaded, "Will you see me again at home, if I go now?"

There was a tense pause. Slade did not reply.

"I see, I see." She dropped wearily into a chair and suddenly the tears started in her eyes.

"Please, Mary, remember where you are." Slade was a trifle less cold. "I'll let you know my plans. All you have to do is to abide by them. You say you'll do anything for me, that's all I ask you to do, abide by my plans. I wish you much happiness, the best of everything, a life beyond anything you ever had," and he was rapidly being carried away by his own magnanimity. "I shall always think of you with the greatest affection," he concluded, taking on a patronizing air and trying to make himself believe his own empty sentiments. His selfesteem had been severely torn in the last few moments of his wife's talk. He had almost caught a glimpse of himself as he really was, but he was regaining what he was pleased to consider control of himself.

"Well, you've conquered." Mary dabbed her eyes and nose and tried to muster up sufficient courage to meet the situation. "I give in. I'll abide by your plans. Whatever you want me to do," her voice broke into a sob, "tell Robert-I'll do it." The tears continued to fall in spite of her. Her heart was breaking. Her shoulders drooped pitifully, yet she felt a certain sad joy in acceding to his wishes. There was a kind of happiness in sacrificing herself to please him.

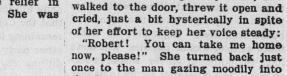
She began to pull her gloves, jerkily, clumsily, finding some relief in having something to do. She was

She steadied herself finally.

"Well, Dan, there's one thing

"Do you want me to go away from

"Thank you, Mary," and the surface



the fire.

she came up to him, her mouth open with surprise. "A divorce?"

"A divorce—why, yes—a separation -what's the difference?" Slade was stooping now to deceive the little woman, who was herself the soul of truth and honor.

"What?" the woman gasped.

"A separation is the same thing as a divorce," and he lied shamefully. "Is it?"

"It will be done quietly," he went on.

"Why, Dan Slade!" She could not believe her ears. "Give up your name? Why, you might as well ask me to give up my eyes. I've got it nowyou're looking for a younger. You can't have a divorce, Dan!" All her tears were dry now and a new fiber in her voice.

"I will have it," stormed Slade, enraged because her mood had changed at the word "divorce," just when he had been congratulating himself that the difficulty was all nicely adjusted. "That's all there is to it. I will have

"Anything else, Dan. Anything else -not a divorce. You mustn't ask me to take the name I've carried all these years and throw it away. I'm giving in, but leave my name. I'm givin' up everything else."

"You might as well stop!" he warned her threateningly. "You're going now, tonight, the first train East tomorrow. Go where you like, see what you like, do what you like, spend what you like. To what you have I'll add a million more, but I'm going to have this done in my own way." "Oh, Dan!" she shrank from his

wrath. "I'm going home."

"No, you're not, until this thing is settled. My mind's made up. I don't want to quarrel with you, and I should if you fought me."

"I won't let you. You can't do it." "I can't do it, eh?" The word can't was like a red rag to a bull. He stood over her with darkening face and shaking fist. "Don't you know better than to stand there and tell me that? Have I got to hear it from you? Haven't you seen what happened to man, woman and child, all of 'em, who ever told me that to my face? I'll do it! I'll do it now, by God!" and he strode angrily up and down the room. The angrier her husband became, the calmer and more determined was Mary Slade.

"Dan," she began very gently, but firmly, "you're stubborn, but you ain't a bit more stubborn than I am when I'm right, and now I am.

"You can go ahead. Do all you like, but this time you won't conquer, because I'm going to fight you, father. I'm going to fight you, Dan."

Then with head proudly erect, she

sort of thing."

"Yes, and then go to the devil! I'll tell you what I think of you," he stormed. "You're a bad woman. You're as rotten as they make them.



She Hesitated in Bewildered Fashion.

There's no type so low. You're bad to the marrow. London and Washington and Paris have done for you. You've butterflied all over the world till you're a heartless jade, junketing with all your pretty little cheating don't forget that." tricks and not a decent thought in your head."

"I won't listen," she gasped, amazed at his denunciation of her.

"You will listen!"

"Don't, oh, don't say such things, Bob." she pleaded.

"Why not?" he demanded. "You in the eyes of God and of men, can you be afraid to hear what it really is you plan? You will listen!"

He took a step nearer. He caught her roughly by the shoulders. He buried his lips into the soft tendrils of hair around her ear as he almost shouted: "You are going to rob a poor little woman-step intc her house and snatch away her husband-and the only excuse you can offer is that you want his money. Why don't you rob somebody outright and get away with 'it? It's more honest."

Katherine shrank from him with a cry of protest.

"And all the while you love me," he went on, passionately, "you love-

"I don't," she sobbed.

"You lie!" he accused, hotly. "Well, supposing I do-what can

we're all Slade men?" "All Slade men!" was the unanimous shout from the colonel, the ex-Governor Hunt, pious old Pop Hart and Ingram.

"And we're preparing to cope with Slade's domestic trouble should it come up, and it will," went on Merritt.

"The devil, Strick!" broke in the colonel. "Can't it be patched up unto meet her husband's angry eyes. t'l after election?"

"No, gentlemen." The senator was looked pleadingly up into the uninunctuous but firm. "We must take Slade as we find him or-drop him. viting face. We're in the hands of a peculiar and been a struggle, but I'm here. Why, dominant personality. We can't make I've been thinking all this evening, these big fellows to order." while I was gettin' dressed, I'd give

"What I can't understand," complained Hibbard, throwing the stub of his cigar into the fireplace, "is why they can't get on together."

"Take it from me, gentlemen, it's her fault," exclaimed Merritt, as much in favor of Slade as he had previously been opposed to him, now that Fannie was appeased with the money for her trip to Europe.

"She's preparing to desert him Robert?" Slade broke in. now," Strickland assured them. "It's irrevocable." ae put his hand lovingly on the little "Well, we can't blame him for be-

ing deserted," agreed Hibbard.

"You bet we can't! My wife deserted me," declared the colonel with an attempt at facetiousness, "and she didn't do it a day too soon, either. I've gone right ahead ever since."

"Now, then," went on the industrious Merritt, "three of us own papers. These are our points: Mrs. Slade is -er-er-a woman who has no sympathy with her husband-shuns public life-is never seen-refused even to about from one embassy to another see me. And no sympathy for him,

"Yep! Just like my wife," grunted the colonel. "I don't see how the public can

blame him," declared Hibbard. "They can't," asserted Hart.

"Why, she's a semi-invalid," amended Strickland.

"My wife hasn't seen her out since who plan to do such a devilish thing she drove him out of the house five weeks ago." declared Hart.

"Good! We'll use that," exclaimed Merritt, eagerly. "A semi-invalidwhen she's ready to be moved she will be taken away at her own request. I'll publish it myself. I'll start the ball a-rolling. Why, gentlemen, the world ought to pity that man."

Hayes had stood the conversation as long as he could.

"Do you realize that you're attacking this woman unjustly?" 1 broke in, walking into the middle of the group.

"This is not at all true." "You keep out of this game," warned

Strickland. "Well, boys, we're all agreed," declared Merritt. "It's one for all,

then-"And all for one," added Hibbard,

excitedly.

turned It's settled." to Hayes, Slade appeared at the smoking-room door, and as he recognized the dowdy little figure his eyes dark-

ed me to give in? You mean what's ened and an angry scowl appeared on happened is for the best?" his face. Strickland saw the expres-"Yes," he answered icily. sion and hastened to urge the men to follow him into the dining-room.

'You're not the man I talked to five weeks ago. I don't know you. It must be the people about you-or it's-'

other woman came into her mind. But she dismissed it as quickly as it had come. She would not insult him -or herself-or their love by such a suggestion.

you married," Slade agreed, "but you wouldn't see it."

who's turned into somebody else?" Mary argued, fighting, fighting for her life, her happiness-for him. "I married you, Dan. I married a poor young fellow who was hard worked and I helped him along. We started fair, Dan, but this ain't fair," lapsing more and more into poor grammar and dialect as her excitement rose. "You got beyond me, but it was because I worked and saved the pennies for you, while you went out and got helped and learned. Cooking didn't learn me. I didn't even know I was behind the times or unsatisfactory until one day you-"

not to cling wildly to him and beg Slade nervously assured himself that all the doors were tightly closed. He suppressed the twinge of shame for his stealthy action by assuring himself that it was not fear-simply business caution. To his cowardly wrenching of his wife's heart he gave no thought at all. It was a move in the game. He made it as dispassionately as one moves a chessman on the board. Mary was looking at him with a new light in her brown eyes as he turned to her again. She spoke again

that lucky deal, Dan, with the money I helped you to make and you pulled me out from behind my stove and tried to make me a parlor ornament. I'd hate to think where you'd a been at her change of attitude. today, if yer had. Five years ago you took all the work I loved to do out of our house right off?" Mary asked, as if the idea of actual leaving had just my hands and now you're punishing

"No, I'm not," Slade remonstrated, moved in spite of himself by her simple, eloquent argument.

good as whipping me for layin' up the foundation of every dollar you've got and here I am at my age, sitting in idleness in a great big barn of a house with my job gone," she finished

unfeelingly. "Then it's a pretty poor thing," and

"In God's name, what did you come here for, Mary?" Slade finally defar up he can't live with the wife he

"You mean to say you haven't missed yer home? You haven't want-Mary gazed at him in bewilderment.

Like a flash the possibility of an-

"I am another man from the one

"Is it my fault that I married a man when you saw me here, Dan, and

"I Will Have It," Stormed Slade. struggling hard not to break down-

him not to give her un. you've got to be careful of-now that I won't be round to hold you backnow that I won't be with you any more," her voice quavering. "I'm the

me because I did work."

"Yes, yuh are, Dan, you're just as

yer wanted me to-"

politeness seemed strangely out of place from this man who was turning the wife of his youth adrift. "Of course it'll be arranged that you get

she shook her head sadly. No, it ain't that. You simply leave it to me-" life. It shouldn't be. There's something wrong in a man's getting so eyes widened with amazement, and "I'm goin' to fight yer, Dan!" [Continued next week.]

## HAVE LAUGH ON SNOBERLY

His Fellow Members of the Club Like ly to Indulge in Their Merriment for Some Time.

Young Snoberly is very anxious to create the impression that he is "a don" at French. A few evenings ago. at the club, he took a French comic paper, and for half an hour he pretended to be absorbed in its contents. Every once in a while he would smile teebly, as if he had been carried away by the jokes, and say, audibly, "Bon, tres bon!"

There were several gentlemen at the adjoining table who had been noticing Snoberly's antics. At last one of them said: "See that Snoberly over there pretending to read that French paper? I am certain that he does not understand French. He is just doing that to impress the people with his knowledge as a linguist.'

"I suppose he must understand, French," replied one of the party. "I'll bet a bottle of wine that he

doesn't, and I'll prove it." "I'll take the bet."

The gentleman who had made the bet walked quietly over to Snoberly, and said, "Monsieur, quelle heure est-il?" ("What o'clock is it, sir?")

Young Snoberly smiled a Parisian smile, and gracefully handed over the paper!-London Tit-Bits.

Leap-Year Advice.

Here is the sage counsel which Miss Lucille Pugh, feminist, suffragist and lawyer-and also quite pretty-is quoted as offering to all bachelor girls, absolutely without fee, for their leap year guidance, says the New York Evening Sun.

"Propose to the man of your choice, but look up his rating first."

Short and to the point. By the recourse to Bradstreet's it is argued that women may avoid unhappiness frequently resulting from penniless marriages. Good!—as far as it goes. But what eminent counselor of the other sex will not stand forth to aid his. trembling brethren? Such a one might well advise:

"Accept the woman who proposes to you if you like her, but first look up her rating in the domestic arts." One prerequisite is as fair as the other. For the woman: Do not marry for money, but love where money is; for the man: Do not marry to provide yourself with a cook, but while marrying you might as well marry someone who can make out of the place you live in a home. Something more than a liberal income is the best of the divorce. I'll attend to required to produce "comfortable circumstances" for two.

"A divorce," Interrupted Mary. Her - Subscribe for the WATCHMAN

Will you see Mrs. Slade to her carriage?" Slade turned to Bob, ignoring his wife's detaining hand. "Yes, but," Mary began to object. "It's necessary that I join these gentlemen," Slade informed her coldly.

"Take her at once," he commanded

"Well, that's life." declared Slade

occurred to her. "Oh!" Slade hesitated. The details did seem rather cold-blooded. "But it'll be better when it's all settled-" "All right." Mary's voice was patient and colorless. "I'd like to feel I was goin' where you wanted me to go-wherever 'tis-and-doin' what

puzzled way. She was nervously pathetically.

pulling off her gloves and beginning to realize that her visit was, for some unexplained reason, scarcely the suc-

only one who tells you all the truth. Everyone else is afraid of you. "Don't let them flatter you," she said, with more maternal than wifely solicitude. "They can. I found that out. Father! You're an awful fool "It was all right until you made with your money. You never had but one real friend. That's me. You'll find it out." "I'll look out," Slade promised, and there was a note of relief in his tone