

NOBODY'S MAN:—By E. Phillips Oppenheim

THIS BEGINS THE STORY Andrew Tallente, political leader, has married for money. His wife accepted...

swayed, a little vaguely, his eyes still fixed upon her. "No this is your room. I like it. And I like—"



"MR. TALLENTE!" she exclaimed. "How wonderful!" He held her hand, looking steadily...

"I can't realize it, even now," she went on, drawing her hand away at last. "I pictured you at Westminster, in committee rooms and all sorts of places. Aren't you forging weapons to drive us from our homes and portion out our savings?"

"I have got the thunderbolts alone for one quarter of a century," he answered. "I felt a hunger for this morland air. London becomes so enveloping."

"How ungentle! I hoped you had come to atone for your neglect." "Have I neglected you?" he asked quietly, turning and walking by her side.

"Shockingly! You lunched with me on the seventh of August. I see you again on the second of November, and I do believe that I shall have to save you from starvation again."

"It's quite true," he admitted. "I have a sandwich in my pocket, though, in case you were away from home."

"From whom should I? Robert—my servant—his wife, and a boy to help in the garden are all my present staff in the Manor. Robert drives the car and waits on me, and his wife cooks. They are estimable people, but I don't think they are up in local news."

"You were quite safe," she said, looking ahead of her. "I am never away. The tail end of a seat of rain beat on their faces. From the hollow on their left, the wind came booming up."

"I should have thought that for these few months just now," he suggested, "you might have cared for a change."

"I have my work here, such as it is," she answered, a little listlessly. "If I were in town, for instance, I should have nothing to do."

"You would meet people. You must sometimes feel the need of society down here."

"I doubt whether I should meet the people who would interest me," she replied, "and in any case I have my work here. That keeps me occupied."

"You are alone at the Manor?" she asked. "Quite alone."

"She became the hostess directly they had passed the portals of the house. She led him across the hall into her little sanctum."

She laughed, gracefully enough, yet with some return to that note of uneasiness

with some return to that note of uneasiness.

"You mustn't turn my head," she protested. "You, fresh from London, what they tell me is terribly say just now. I want to understand just what it means, your throwing in your lot with the Democrats. My uncle says, for instance, that you have abandoned respectable politics to become a Tower Hill pedagogue."

"Respectable politics," he replied, "if by that you mean the present government of the country, has been in the wrong hands for so long that people scarcely realize what is undoubtedly the fact—that the country isn't being governed at all. A Government with an Opposition party almost as powerful as itself, all made up of separate parties which are continually denouncing each other, can scarcely progress very far, can it?"

"But the Democrats," she ventured, "are surely only one of these isolated parties?" "I have formed a different idea of their strength," he answered. "I believe that if a general election took place tomorrow the Democrats would sweep the country. I believe that we should have the largest working majority any Government has had since the war."

"How terrible!" she murmured, involuntarily truthful. "Your tame socialism isn't equal to the prospect," he remarked, a little bitterly. "My tame socialism, as you call it," she replied, "draws the line at seeing the country governed by one class of persons only, and that class the one who has the least at stake in it."

"Lady Jane," he said earnestly, "I am glad that I am here to point out to you a colossal mistake from which you and many others are suffering. The Democrats do not represent labor only."

"The small shopkeepers?" she suggested. "Nothing of the sort," he replied.

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Senator Capper Writes on the "Farm Bloc" The farmer's side of this important question is given in the June issue of The Girard Letter.

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"I suppose that might be," he answered, a little vaguely, his eyes still fixed upon her.

"The influence of my party has spread far deeper and further. We number among our adherents the majority of the professional classes and the majority of the thinking people among the community of moderate means. Why, if you consider the legislation of the last seven or eight years, you will see how they have been driven to embrace some sort of socialism. Nothing so detestable and short-sighted as our financial policy has ever been known in the history of the world. The middle classes, meaning by the middle classes

professional men and men of moderate means, bore the chief burden of the war. They submitted to terrible taxation, to many years of the heaviest universal gift of their young blood. We won the war and what was the result? The wealth of the country, through hastily legislation, drifted into the hands of the profiteering classes, the wholesale shopkeepers, the ship owners, the factory owners, the mine owners. The professional man with two thousand a year was able to save a quarter of that before the war. After the war, taxation demanded that quarter and more for income tax, thrust upon him an increased cost of living, cut the ground from beneath his feet.

"It isn't either of the two extremes—the aristocrat or the laboring man—where you must look for the pulse of a country's prosperity. It is to be found in the middle, and Lady Jane, they are flocking to our camp just as fast as they can, just as fast as the Democratic party possible. On the other hand, he is not in the least a politician. He doesn't understand the game as it is played in the House of Commons. He lives above those things. That is why I suppose they wanted me. I have learned the knack of debating and I understand the tricks. Even if ever I become the titular head of the party, I shall remain the soul and spirit of it. If they were not able to lay their hands upon some per-

son like myself, I believe that Miller was supposed to have the next claim, and I should think that Miller is the one man in the world who might disunite the strongest party on earth."

"Disunite it? I should think he would disperse it to the four corners of the world!" she exclaimed. The butler announced luncheon. She rose to her feet.

"I cannot tell you," he said, with a little sigh of relief, as he held open the door for her, "how thankful I am that I happened to find you alone."

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PICK OF THE DEVIL DOGS TRAIN HERE FOR JOY TRIP Detachment at Navy Yard Prepares for Brazilian Junket A detachment of seven officers and 130 enlisted men of the United States Marine Corps is being organized for duty at Rio de Janeiro during the months of September, October and November of this year. This detachment is being assembled at the marine barracks, Philadelphia Navy Yard training.

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