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NOBODY'S MAN:—By E. Phillips Oppenheim

WHO'S WHO IN THE STORY

ANDREW TALLENT—British statesman, member of Parliament, but still young in spirit. Defeated for Parliament, he became a member of the House of Commons, aiming at co-operation of capital and labor for the public welfare, and is his choice for Premier.

MRS. TALLENT—who has married Andrew to forward social ambitions, trading her great wealth for his political pretensions, and is a devoted and efficient hostess.

ANTHONY MILLER—who has stolen valuable political secrets from Tallynt, and who, after a quarrel, has mysteriously disappeared.

LADY JANE PARTINGTON—Andrew's nearest neighbor, who sits his interest greatly after his election to Parliament. He is a safe. Though the daughter of a Duke, she is somewhat of a snob, conducting her estate on such principles. She is in love with Tallynt.

STEPHEN DARTREY—the great Labor-Liberal chief, a statesman, but without ability as a party leader, for which he picks Tallynt as his ally.

NOEL MALL—a fascinating young temptress and radical, in love with Dartrey.

MILLER—a conservative radical.



"Do you know that my rooms are filled with people who fear you?"

CHAPTER V

THE most popular hostess in London was a little thrilled at the arrival of the moment for which she had planned so carefully. She laid her hand on Tallynt's arm and led him toward a comparatively secluded corner of the winter garden which made her own house famous.

"I must apologize, Mrs. Van Fosdyke," he said, "for my late appearance. I traveled up from Devonshire this afternoon and found snow all the way. We were nearly two hours late."

"It is all the more kind of you to have turned up at all, then," she told him warmly. "I don't mind telling you that I should have been terribly disappointed if you had failed me. It has been my one desire for months to have you here, and I'm glad to see you."

"That is simply because we are on work which we are tackling practically in the fashion you dictated," Horlock pointed out. "When we have finished this Irish business, what are you going to do?"

"I am not the leader of the party," Tallynt reminded him.

"From a parliamentary point of view you are," was the impatient protest. "Dartrey is a dreamer. He might even have dreamed away his opportunities if you hadn't come along. Miller would never have handled the House as you have. Miller was made to create factions. You were made to smooth over difficulties, to bring men of opposite points of view into the same camp. You are a genius at it, Tallynt. Six months ago I was only afraid of the Democrats. Now I dread them. Shall I tell you what it is that worries me most?"

"Your absence of program. Why don't you say what you want to do—give us some idea of how far you are going to carry your tents. Are we to have the anarchy of Bolsheviks or the socialism of Marx—a red flag republic or a classical dictatorship?"

"We are not out for anarchy, at all events," Tallynt assured him. "It is revolutions in the ordinary sense of the word."

"You mean to upset the Constitution?"

"Speaking officially, I do not know. Speaking to you as a fellow politician, I should say that sooner or later some changes are desirable."

"You'll never get away from the party government," Tallynt remarked. "Perhaps not, but I dare say we can find machinery to prevent the House of Commons being used for a debating society."

Horlock, whose sense of humor had never been entirely crushed by the exigencies of political leadership, suddenly grinned.

"The old game will commit suicide," he declared. "If they aren't allowed to spout, they'll either wither or die. Old man Lethbridge's monthly attacks of high-minded patriotism are the only things that keep him alive."

"I don't fancy," Tallynt remarked, "that we shall abandon any of our principles for the sake of keeping Lethbridge alive."

"What the mischief are your principles?"

"No doubt Dartrey would enlighten

you, if you chose to go to him," was the indifferent reply. "In the course of the next few months we shall launch our thunderbolt. You will know then what we claim for the people."

"Hang the people!" Horlock exclaimed. "I've legislated for them myself until I'm sick of it. They're never grateful."

"Perhaps you confine yourself too much to one class," Tallynt observed dryly. "The less intelligent the voter, the more easily he is caught by flashy legislation."

"The operative pure and simple," Horlock announced, "has no political outlook. He'll never see beyond his trades union. You'll never find a great national party with his aid."

His companion smiled.

"Then we shall fail and you will continue to be Prime Minister," Mrs. Van Fosdyke came back to them, on the arm of a foreign diplomat. She leaned over to Horlock and whispered:

"Lethbridge has heard that you two are here together and he is on your track. Better separate."

She passed on to Horlock and whispered:

"Have you any personal feeling against me, Tallynt?" Horlock asked.

"None whatever," his companion assured him. "You did me the best turn in your life when you left me stranded after Hellesheim."

Horlock smiled grimly.

"Lethbridge almost insisted. He looked upon you as a firebrand. He said there would be no response about a Cabinet with you in it."

"Well, it's turned out for the best," Tallynt replied. "As a result?"

"On his way back to the reception rooms, an acquaintance tapped him on the shoulder."

"One moment, Tallynt, Lady Alice Mountgarron has asked me to present you."

Tallynt bowed before the woman who stood looking at him pleasantly, but a little curiously. She held out her hand.

"It seems to have heard so much of you from my sister Jane," she said. "You are neighbors in Devonshire, aren't you?"

"Neighbors from a Devon man's point of view," he answered. "I live halfway down a precipice, and she five miles away, at the back of a Stygian moor, and incidentally a thousand feet above me."

"You seem to have surmounted such geographical obstacles," Tallynt remarked.

"Your sister's friendship is worth greater efforts," Tallynt replied.

Lady Alice smiled.

"I wish that some of you could persuade her to come to town occasionally," she said. "Jane is a perfect dear, of course, and I know she does a great deal of good down there, but I can't help thinking sometimes that she is a little wasted. Life must now and then be dreary for her."

Tallynt seemed for a moment to be looking through the walls of the room.

"We are all made differently," Lady Jane is very self-reliant and Devonshire is one of those counties which have a curiously strong local hold."

"But when her moors and her farms are under snow, and one hears nothing except the moaning of animals in distress, what about the local attraction then?"

"You speak feelingly," Tallynt observed, smiling faintly with Jane last winter," she explained. "I had some idea of hunting. Never again! Only I miss Jane. She is such a dear and I don't see half enough of her."

"I saw her yesterday," Tallynt said reminiscently. "This morning she told me she was going to ride out to inspect for herself the farm of the one black sheep among her tenants. I looked out toward Woolhanger as I came up in the train. It seemed like a misaima of driven snow and mist."

"Every one to his tastes," Lady Alice observed, as she turned away with a friendly little nod. "I have just an idea, however, that this morning's

excursion was a little too much even for Jane."

"What do you mean?" Tallynt asked eagerly.

Lady Alice looked at him over the top of her fan. She was a woman of instinct.

"I had a telegram from her just before I came out," she said. "There wasn't much in it, but it gave me an idea that after all perhaps she is thinking of a short visit to town. Come and see me, Mr. Tallynt, won't you? I live in Mount Street—Number 11. My husband used to play cricket with you, I think."

She passed on and Tallynt stood looking after her for a moment, a little dazed. A friend came up and took him by the arm.

"Unprotected and alone in the gilded halls of the enemy!" the newcomer exclaimed. "Come and have a drink. By the by, you look as though you'd had good news."

"I have," Tallynt assented, smiling. "Then we'll drink to it—Mum! Not bad stuff. This way."

To be continued tomorrow
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PRIZE WINNERS ANNOUNCED

Those Who Helped Make Gloucester's Fourth Bright Rewarded

The Chamber of Commerce of Gloucester City yesterday announced the winners of special prizes in connection with the parade and celebration on Tuesday. The prizes will be given out on Saturday.

Mrs. J. F. Byrns, 427 Monmouth street, was awarded the prize for the best decorated home, while Warren Coyle, 228 North King street, was awarded the second prize; third prize to Mrs. Henry Hoover, 408 Jersey ave.

The Lion's Club was awarded the prize for the prettiest float; William & Aharon for the best business float; J. R. Quigley for the most floats in line. The prize for the best appearing organization went to the Dairy Maids of the Running Deer Council, Degree of Poochontas.

Little Benny's Note Book

By Lee Paps

Ma came home yesterday with a new hat on, being a small size of a hat going over on one eye as if something had happened to it, he saying, G, ma, you got a new hat, aint you, ma?

"Yes, sed ma, and I sed, Is it supposed to be over one eye like that or did it fall over?"

"Dont ask so many questions, it only shows your ignorants, ma sed. Meaning it was supposed to be over, and jest then pop came home, saying, Well, well, look whose got a new hat."

How do you like it? ma sed.

Well I cant tell jest now, its on crookid, pop sed.

It's nothing of the sort, it's supposed to be tilted over on one side and if you dont happen to know anything about stile I cant help that, ma sed.

Well of course if it quizen interfere with the site of your left eye I dont see why anybody should object, Im sure, pop sed.

The hat is very becoming, and if you dont realize it wy its your misfortune, ma sed, and pop sed, Sure, I dont pretend to know anything about ladies hats, I accident know wat to say even if you had both eyes covered with it."

I know its all rite, and thats sufficient, ma sed. Wich jest then my sister Glaidis came down stairs saying, O look at mothers new lid, how did it get away over there mother?

Thats exactly and precisely ware it belongs and this family makes me tired, ma sed. And she quick took it off and today wen she put it on to go out she put it on strate, me saying, Aint you going to ware it over one eye any more, ma? and ma saying, Ill ware it the way I feel like wearing it. Properly meaning she wasent.

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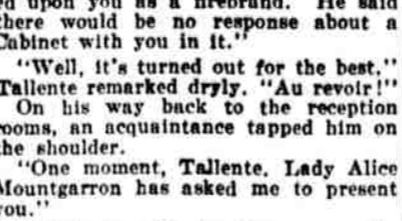
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