## NOBODY'S MAN: -: By E. Phillips Oppenheim

WHO'S WHO IN THE STORY

FOREW TALLENTE—brilliant statesman.

Sproaching middle age, but still young in opirit. Defeated for Parliament, he becomes interested in a new political party, aming at co-operation of capital and labor for he public welfare, and is its choice for Premier.

RRS. TALLENTE—who has married Andrew to forward social ambitions, trading her great wealth for his political prestige. Purious of his declining a peerage, she plats with his secretary. Anthony Palliser, in whom she has a sentimental interest.

ANTRONY PALLISER—who has stolen val-

NTRONY PALLISER—who has stolen val-wable political papers from Andrew, and who, after a quarrel, has mysteriously dis-appeared.

appeared.

ADY JANE PARTINGTON—Andrew's nearist neighbor, who stire his interest greatly
after his separation from his calculating
wife, Though the daughter of a Duke,
she is somewhat socialistic, conducting her
estate on such principles. She is in love
with Andrew.

STEPHAN DARTREY—the great Labor-Libgral chief, a statesman, but without ability
as a party leader, for which he picks Tallehte.

ORA MIALL—a fascinating young feminist and radical, in love with Dartrey. ILLER—a coarse-grained radical,

CHAPTER VI

TALLENTE, for the first time in his life, was dining a few evenings later at Dartrey's house in Chelsea, and he looked forward with some curiosity to apathy of the very class for whom we this opertunity of studying his chief fight under different auspices. Dartrey, not-withstanding the fact that he was a miracle of punctuality and devotion to duty, both at the offices in Parliament street and at the House, seemed to have the gift of fading absolutely out of sight from the ken of even his closest friends when the task of the day known accomplished. He excused himself always, courteously but finally, from accepting anything whatever in the way of social entertainment. He belonged to no clubs, and, if pressed, he frankly confessed a predilection which he frankly confessed a predilection which amounted almost to passion for solitude during those hours not actually devoted to official duties. The invitation to dinner, therefore, was received by Tallente with some surprise. He had grown into the habit of looking upon Dartrey as a man who had no real particles of their contractions. outside the routine of their daily work. He welcomed with avidity, therefore, this opportunity of under-standing a little more thoroughly. Dartrey's pleasant but elusive per-

The house itself, situated in a Chelsea square of some repute, was small and unostentatious, but was painted a spotless white and possessed, even from the outside, an air of quiet and unassuming elegance. A trim maid-servant opened the door and ushered him into a drawing- room of gray and silver, with a little faded blue in the silks of the French chairs. There were a few fine-point etchings upon the walls, a small grand piano in a corner, and very little furniture, although the walls, a small grand piano in a corner, and very little furniture, although the little there was was French of the best period. There were no flowers and the atmosphere would have been chilly but for the brightly burning fire. Tallente was scarcely surprised when Dartrey's entrance alone indicated the things which bind us together." lente was scarcely surprised when us in a fellowman, together."

Dartrey's entrance alone indicated the things which bind us together."

Tallente

fact that, as was generally supposed, he was free from family ties.

"I am a little early, I am afraid."

Tallente remarked, as they shook hands.

"Admirably punctual." the other replied. "I shall make no apologies to you for my small party. I have asked only Miss Miall and Miller to meet you—just the trio of us who came to lure you out of your Devonshire paradise."

Things which bind us together."

"To a certain extent, yes," Tallente are with some reserve in his tone. "yet we are all human. There are conquer. If he pretends he does, he only lives in an atmosphere of false-hood. The strong man loves or hates." "You will find that I am not altogether an anchorite." Dartrey observed, us they settled into their places. "I am a lover of old brandy. The '68 paradise."
"Miller?" Tallente repeated, with

"The fervor of self-sacrifice and so-called patriotism which some of the proletariat undoubtedly felt at the outbreak of the war," Miller argued, "was only an incidental, a purely passing sensation compared."

Vision.

Tallente walked home with Nora. They chose the longer way, by the embankment.

"This is the Cockney's antithesis to the moonlight and halls of your country folk." break of the war." Miller argued, "was only an incidental, a purely passing sensation compared to the idle and greedy inertia which followed it. The war lost," he went on, "might have acted as a lash upon the torpor of many of these men. Won, it created a wave of immorality and extravagance from which they had never recovered.

"It's good to be here, anyway. I am glad to be out of that house," he confissed.

"It's greated "that our like the sighed "that our like the war lost," he was lost, was antithesis to the moonlight and halls of you country folk," Nora observed, as she pointed to the yellow lights flashing across the black water.

Tallente drew a long breath of contents.

"It's good to be here, anyway. I am glad to be out of that house," he contents the last water.

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Miller gnawed his mustache for a

"Then I was probably unpopular here," he said. "I have to tell the he said. there. Sometimes people do not like

The dinner was simply but daintily erved. There were wines of wellserved. known vintages, and as the meal progressed Dartrey unbent. Eating scarcely anything and drinking less, the purely intellectual stimulus of conpurely intellectual stillations were still in a sense it is," she insisted.

unity. The amazing thing is that this is not generally realized. It seems the fashion, nowadays, to dissent from everything, to cultivate the ego in its narrowest sense rather than to try to reach out and grasp the hands of those around. The fault, I think, is in an over-developed theatrical sense, the desire which so many clever men have for individual notoriety. We Democrats have prospered because we have been free from it. We have been able to sink our individual prejudices in our cause. That is because our cause has to find among us those individual dif-ferences which have been the ruin of

as they settled into their places. "I am a lover of old brandy. The '68 I recommend especially, Tallente, and bring your chair round to the fire. There

is they settled into their places. The commender place is a lover of old brandy. The city instant comprehension.

Willer?" Tallente repeated, with instant comprehension.

Was thinking, only the other lay, that you scarcely see enough of "iller." I was thinking, only the other lay, that you scarcely see enough of "iller." I was the comment.

Dartrey laid his hand upon his guer's shoulder. In his somber dinner and flowing black tie, his gray-black beard cut to a point, his high forehead, his straightly brushed-back hat, which still betrayed its tendency to natural curls, he looked a great deal more like an arrite of the dreamy and esthetic type than a man who he elaborated a new system of life and government. I't is usecause of the feeling behind these words, Tallents, he said, "that I have asked you to meet him here to might. Miller has his objectionable points, but he possesses still a great hold upon certain types of the workingman. I feel that you should appreciate that a little more thoroughly. The pollitician is left with very few inarries." Tallente replied, with a certain grimness.

Nora was announced, brilliant and gracelous in a new dinner gown while she frankly confessed had ruined her, and close behind her Miller, a little ungainly in his overlong dress coat and badly arranged white ite. It struck Tallente that he was ware of the object of the meeting and his manner, obviously intended to be ingratiating, had still a touch of self-conscious truculence.

They went into dinner, a few minutes later, and their host's tact in including Nora in the party was at once apparent. She talked brightly of the small happenings of their day-by-day political life and bright his desired only the politician is left with very few in the party was at once apparent. She talked brightly of the small happenings of their day-by-day political life and brightly and the politician is left with very few him the party was at once apparent. She talked brightly of the small happenings of their day-by-day her in the party was a done

which they had never recovered.

"They spent more than they had and they earned more than they were worth. That is to say, they lived an unnatural life."

"It is fortunate, then," Tallente remarked, "that the new generation is almost here."

"They, too, carry the taint," Miller insisted.

Tallente looked thoughtfully across toward his host.

"It seems to me that this is a little disheartening," he said. "It is exactly what one might have expected from the rlock or even Lethbridge. Miller, who is nearer to the proletariat than any of us, would have us believe that the people who should be the bulwark of the state are not fit for their position."

"I fancy," Dartrey said soothingly, "that Miller was talking more as a philosopher than a practical man."

"I speak according to my experience," the latter insisted, a little doggedly.

"Among your own constituents?" "I'm afraid," she sighed, "that our

"I speak according to my expericuce," the latter insisted, a little doggedly.

"Among your own constituents?"
Tallente asked, with a faint smile,
teminiscent of a recent unexpected defeat of one of Miller's partisans in a
large constituency.

"Among them and others," was
the somewhat acid reply. "Sands lost
lis seat at Tenche-ter through the

"You're like an infernal boarding-school, with your detentions and impo-pitions and castigations. There must be something beyond." "A Cabinet Minister-" she be-

gan.

"The sixth form," he interrupted.

"There's just one aspiration of life to be granted under that roof and to win it you are asked to stifle all the rest. It isn't worth it."

reat It isn't worth it."
"It's the greatest game at which men can play," she declared.
"And also the narrowest because it is the most absorbing." he answered. "And also the narrowest because it is the most absorbing." he answered. "We have our triumphs there and they coud in a chuckle. Don't you love sunshine in winter, strange cities, pictures, Lictures of another age, pictures which take your thoughts back into another world, architecture that is not utilitarian, the faces of human beings on whom the strain of life has never failen." And women—women whose cyes will laugh into yours, who haven't a single view in life, who don't care a fig about improving their race, who want just love, to give and to take?"

She gazed at him in astonishment, a little carried away, her eyes soft,

little carried away, her eyes soft, er lips parted.
"But you have turned pagan!" she

It isn't my fault if I have," he re-

versation seemed to unloose his tongue and give to his pronouncements a more pungent tone. Naturally, politics remained the subject of discussion and Dartrey disclosed a little the reason for the meeting which he had arranged.

"The craft of politics." he pointed out, "makes but one inexorable demand out, "makes but one inexorable demand upon her followers—the demand for unity. The amazing thing is that this

things in the world which lie to your hand seem like baubles."
"You are hideously logical," he grambled.
They were walking slower now, within a few yards of the entrance of her flat.
Both of them were a little disturbed—she, full as she was with all the generous impulses of sensuous humanity, intensely awakened, intensely sympathetic. thetic. "Tell me, where in your wife?" she

'In America." "It is hopeless with her?"
"Utterly and irretrievably hopeless."

"It has been for long?"
"For years."
"And for the sake of your principles," she went on, almost angrily,
"your stupid, canonical and dry-as-

"That wouldn't help, would it?" he "That wouldn't help, would it?" he said simply. "Thank you, all the same, Nora. Good-by!"

On his table, when he entered hir rooms that night, lay the letter for which he had craved. He opened it almost fiercely. The few lines seemed like a message of hope:

cried.

"An instant's revolt against the methodism of life," he replied, his feet once more upon the earth. "But the feeting's there, all the same," he went on doggedly. "I want to leave school. I have been there so long. It seems to me my holiday is overdue."

She passed her arm through his, She was a very clever and a very understanding woman.

"That comes of your having ignored us," the murmured.

"It isn't my fault if I have," he re
"If isn't my fault if I have," he re-

upon us like a shroud, and we can't escape. I galloped many miles this morning, but it was like trying to find morning, but it was the trying the edge of the world.

"Please call on my sister at 17 Mount street. She likes you and wants to see JANE."

To be continued tomorrow Convright, 1988. Bell Syndicate, Inc.



## "Everybody talks a lot about the weather, but nobody does anything about it"-Mark Twain

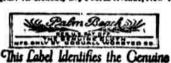
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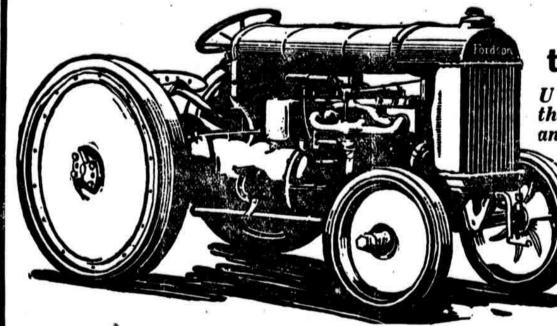
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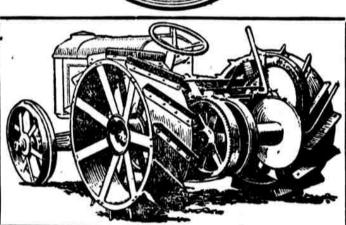
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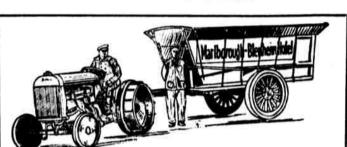
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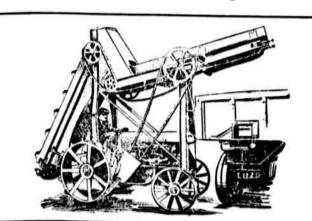
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