

William C. de Mille's Play BOBS-MEREILL CONTANTY Illustrated with Photos from the Play and Drawings by V.L. Barnes

SYNOPSIS.

Congressman Standish and the Woman believing themselves in love, spend a trial week as man and wife in a hotel in northern New York under assumed manes. The Woman awakens to the fact that she does not love Standish and calls beir engagement off. Standish protests undying devotion. Wanda Kelly, tele-phone girl at the Hotel Keswick, Wash-motor, is loved by Tom Blake, son of the political boas of the house. He proposes one of her reasons her determination to father. Congressman Frank E. Kelly, Congressman Standish, turned insurgent in the hope of pushing the Addition in the hope of the secures all he in the hope of the source of the protect except the name of the Woman into his peat. Jim Blake finds to do the protect except the name of the Woman in propresent to salive the story as a club to force Standish to allow the Multins bill to force Standish to allow the Multins Congressman Standish and the Woman, Standish, and that a? its conclusion the lat-ter will call up a nymber on the telephone to wars the Woman. He offers Miss Kelly 100 for that number. At the conclusion of the interview with Blake, Standish gets a New York wire and calls Plaza 1001. A few minutes later Robertson tells Miss Kelly to call Plaza 1001 and get his wife or one of the servants on the phone. Miss Kelly rough the servants on the phone. Miss Kelly rough the servants on the phone. Miss Kelly rough the servants on the phone. Miss Kelly refuses to give Jim Blake the number called by Standish. Blake has a story of the Standish episode prepared ready to send out as soon as the Wom-an's name is learned. Tom Blake tells his father of his love for Wanda Kelly, and a family row ensues. Blake's daugh-ber Grace arrives with her husband, Gov-ernor Robertson. Miss Kelly calls on Grace to warn her that her good name is threatened by impending exposure of Standish and is insuited for her pains. Grace appeals to Standish to give up the fight in order to protect her name. He refuses. Grace sends for Miss Kelly, apologizes for her rudeness and begs Wanda's asistance. Wanda declares she will never betray the Woman.

CHAPTER XV.

A Wasted Plea.

Grace started guiltily at her hustt to the light.

'You're ill!" he exclaimed in quick dread. "You book actually ghastly. Bhall I send for a doctor?"

"What nonsense!" she laughed. "I'm all right. Just a little tired. A good night's sleep will put me on my feet again."

"I've buried myself so deep in politics," he frowned self-accusingly, "that I hadn't sense enough to remember that you might be worn out and might want to go to Led. But I didn't notice that you looked badly at the station. happened to strike your face- Oh, but she was standing tense, expectant, her

"I may understand it far better than you do. You say there's a woman concerned in it. This scandal will pillory her and-"

"That type of woman belongs in the pillory."

"You are cruel!" she cried. "You yourself admit that there is a chance you going to refuse her the benefit of that chance?"

"The chance is too small to be considered. Don't let's talk of it. You can't-"

"Then," she continued, unheeding, There's something else you don't consider. Se may have married. She may be the wife of some honorable man who loves her and thinks she is

ideals may be bound up in her. Are you going to ruin his life, too?"

"Dear," sneered Mark, "the sort of fool who marries women of that kind (like the man who teaches his wife to be a 'dead game sport') deserves what he gets. And generally he gets

it. Though, in both cases, he doesn't ish. always find it out. Don't waste sympathy on him. If he married her he probably knew what she was. If he didn't know, it's time he learned. No sane man should want to live in a fool's paradise."

to blame. And they will be disgraced, too.

"Such things are rather apt to run, in families. Cankered flowers don't ship?" grow from clean roots. You're wasting a lot of sympathy over a woman

and a man who are unworthy to speak your dear name. There are your father and the rest, getting out of the elevator now. Go to bed, dear girl,

and try to get a good rest. Don't sit band's troubled question. He took up for me. I'll probably be up all night her face between his hands and raised on this Standish affair. Good night, sweetheart."

As he bent to kiss her, her arms clung to his neck like a frightened child's. She tried to speak, faltered, and hurried from the room.

CHAPTER XVI.

Sixty Seconds Leeway.

In they trooped, Jim Blake at their head-Van Dyke, Neligan, Gregg, and (sulkily bringing up the rear) Tom. Grace had quitted the library at her husband's order. Now, starkly un-It wasn't till just now when the light ashamed of the eavesdropper's role, tice."

"No." contradicted Blake, his glance shifting as if by accident to Tom. 'Her-the-the price is too high." "Too high?" snorted Neligan on insisted Mark. "If this story will beat whom the undercurrent of Blake's re- you tonight it will beat you 20 years fusal was entirely lost. "It's the first from today. Particularly if this Womtime we've ever economized." Before Blake could reply the buzzer it ?- a trifle off color?"

sounded. "There's Standish, now," said Jim.

Let him in, Neligan. Take the lead grace me by acting like wild asses of credit, you can understand how much the desert."

Neligan, in obedience to his chief, had opened the outer door. Standish. "Perhaps," she retorted desperately, after a quick and seemingly indifferent look that itemized the room's occupants, walked forward. Neligan carefully closed the door behind him.

The men nodded stiffly, uncomfort- as low as I expect to find her and-" ably, in response to the visitor's slight bow.

"Good svening, gentlemen," said Standish pleasantly. "This setting of the Woman may have repented. Are the stages seems to suggest Daniel in the lions' den. I hope pone of you has made the error of casting me for the role of Daniel."

dirty schemes. I-" Neligan's lips flew apart with the force of a retort that leaped to them. But the words were never formulated. For Blake, beaming on the newcomer like a father upon his dearest loved

son, exclaimed affectionately: "Why, how are you, my boy? How perfect. All his heart and all his are you? Take a chair. Neligan, get him a-"

talk better on my feet."

"Oh!" deprecated Blake, in pathetic disappointment. "You've come to talk? was hoping you had come to-'

"Well," answered Blake oracularly, 'the man who lies down can get up

again. But the man who is knocked down, is apt to take the count." "The question is this, Mr. Standish,"

broke in Mark, impatiently at his fa-"But her family! Her parents? Her ther-in-law's slower method of reachbrothers or sisters? Surely they aren't ing the point. "Will you support us, or will you not?"

"I will not," returned Standish.

"Or at least resign your leader-

"No. I thought we had settled all that.'

"Then," asked Van Dyke, "you are prepared to take the consequences, Mr Standish?"

"If there are consequences-yes." "Oh, there'll be consequences, all right," Blake assured him. "Hell's full of 'consequences.' So you won't even protect the Woman?"

"You haven't found her yet." "No?" smiled Blake. "Son, I told

you there was a trap. Well, it caught her. And we'll have her name in half an hour at most. Probably sooner, If you think that's a bluff, you're welcome to. But you've only a half-hour to keep on thinking It."

"Look here, gentlemen," said Standish, turning to the others. "All this does not interest me in the least. I

A ripple of derision from his hearers

"Tve heard "If I did," said Standish, "I would "I dc." she denied. And

"You're politically dead, anyway," "Grace, dear girl," soothed Blake. "This is muddy business at best. It's no time for you to be here. You'll only soil those pretty hands of yours." an proves to be-what shall we call "It is the time for me to be here!"

she declared. "I can see this from the Woman's standpoint. You men can't."

"Ah! That hurts, does it? Then "There is nothing in common beit's probably true. If the Woman is tween your standpoint and that of the from me, all of you. And don't dis- the kind that-that would not do you Woman we are talking about," protested Mark.

"Tom was right!" she persisted. "You are wrong!' denied Standish. 'You must not sink to using this story.

The whirr of the buzzer interrupted "She may have been a good woman when you found her," said Mark. "But her. At such high tension wore they there must have been a bad streak in all that the sound made them turn as though to confront a physical presher, somewhere. You left her to sink ence. Neligan strode to the door, conferced for an instant with some one "Drop that, Mark!" burst out Tom Blake, jumping from his ceat and conoutside, then returned with a slip of

blue paper in his hand. fronting his brother-in-law. "Don't! I can't listen to it any longer. Standish "The duplicate list of phone numbers from central," he announced, is right. What you men are doing is turning over the paper to Van Dyke. vile. If you've got a scrap of manhood left in the whole bunch of you, "Good," approved Blake. "Now we'll get to what we're chasing. And you won't drag this Woman into your we'll get it mighty quick."

Van Dyke and Neligan were already "Oh," drawled Blake with the air of poring over the sheet of numbers that a sleepy man bothered by a fly, "for the lawyer had just spread on the the love of Mike, don't you butt in! table under the lamp.

"Now, then, Standish," exulted Robertson; "we're ready to begin. One of these numbers leads directly to the Woman. We'll put a man at work tracing sach one of them. In a few hours at longest we will have what we want. And when we find the Woman we'll lay have every solled page in her life and in yours."

It was Standish who broke the moment's silence.

"Very well, Robertson," he said calmly. "I've done what I promised to do. And I have failed. You drive me now to the use of your own weapons. I shall have to fight exposure with exposure." "No, no!" moaned Grace, incoherent

with fear. Mark Robertson had caught up

Standish's defiance and had stepped forward to confront him. "In other words, Mr. Standish," he

demanded, "you threaten me? That's an empty threat. There is nothing in my life you have not already shoutaff from the housetops." "Don't be too sure," warned Stand-

ish, meeting Mark's scornful glars with unconcern.

"What do you mean? Speak up!" "Mr. Standish!" pleaded Grace. "T beg-"

"Don't worry, dear," said Mark. "I.e. him bluff. I'll call him. Mr. Stardish, I give you full permission to use any weapon that I use. If you know any. thing against $m\epsilon$, tell it here and now. Here, in my wife's presence. You know our cards. Show yours."

Standish's gaze strayed, as if by chance, to Grace's ghastly face. "Well?" urged Mark. "Speak up! Ve're waiting!"

At sight of the mortal terror in Crace's eyes, Standish checked the words that were on his lips. Turning strengthens and regulates your stomaway from the domineering man who ach so you can eat your favorite foods so truculently confronted him, he mut-

From tenight you're a dead man, po-

litically. And if we have to hunt out g

woman or two to keep you dead, we's

Van Dyke had glanced from the tela

the last editions of the worning pa-

pers," said he. "I told Jennings to

phone list to his watch.

MEAT CLOGS KIDNEYS THEN YOUR BACK HURTS

Take a Glass of Salts to Flush Kld neys If Bladder Bothers You-Drink Lots of Water.

14

No man or woman who eats meat regularly can make a mistake by flushing the kidneys occasionally, says a well-known authority. Meat forms uric acid which excites the kidneys, they become overworked from the strain, get sluggish and fail to filter the waste and poisons from the blood, then we get sick. Nearly all rheumatism, headaches, liver trouble, nervousness, dizziness, sleeplessness and urinary disorders come from sluggish kidneys.

The moment you feel a dull ache in the kidneys or your back hurts or if the urine is cloudy, offensive, full of sediment, irregular of passage or attended by a sensation of scalding, stop eating meat and get about four ounces of Jad Salts from any pharmacy; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast and in a few days your kidneys will act fine. This famous salts is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to flush and stimulate the kidneys, also to neutralize the acids in urine so it no longer causes irrita-

tion, thus ending bladder weakness. Jad Salts is inexpensive and cannot injure; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which everyone should take now and then to keep the kidneys clean and active and the blood pure, thereby avoiding serious kidney complications.-Adv.

He Hadn't.

"What a debt we owe to medical science!" he said as he put down the Daper.

"Good heavens!" she exclaimed. "Haven't you paid the doctor's bill yet?"



Time it! Pape's Diapepsin ends all Stomach misery in five minutes.

Do some foods you eat hit backtaste good, but work badly; ferment into stubborn lumps and cause a sick, sour, gassy stomach? Now, Mr. or Mrs. Dyspeptic, jot this down: Pape's Diapepsin digests everything, leaving nothing to sour and upset you. There never was anything so safely quick, so certainly effective. No difference how badly your stomach is disordered you will get happy relief in five minutes, but what pleases you most is that it without fear.

You feel different as soon as "Pape's Diapepsin" comes in contact with the "I thought so!" scoffed Mark. stomach-distress just vanishes-your stomach gets sweet, no gases, nc belch-You're licked. This is your last fight. ing, no eructations of undigested food. Go now, make the best investment you ever made, by getting a large fiftycent case of Pape's Diapepsin from any store. You realize in five minutes how needless it is to suffer from indigestion, dyspepsia or bad stomach. Adv. "We've just time enough to cate's



be politically dead. You know that."

"Robertson!"

more effective it will be."

"She is of good family. She-"

Talk Better on My Feet." The situation's punk enough as it is,

without your laying your trophies of idiocy at its feet."

"Thanks," Declined Standish, "I Can

"Idiocy?" flared Tom. "Perhaps common decency's a better term. Or perhaps in your vocabulary the two mean the same thing. You men are known as political leaders. The public looks to you for examples. And yet you stoop to a currish trick like this! Isn't there enough whiteness in the whole lot of you for a single voice to protest against such use of a womcame here tonight for just one rea- an's name? You've just been told son-to appeal to your sense of jus- she's of good family. That she has a name to lose. And you answer: 'Po-

"To lie down?" supplemented Stand-

"Thanks," declined Standish. "I can

I'm glad to see you here again, sweet- ear to the closed door leading to the heart!"

"Really?" she asked almost timidly: condemned man might gaze on his last first word she caught. gunset.

"Glad?" he cried. "Indeed I am. I'm afraid I'll never get past the honeymoon stage. You don't want me to, do you?"

"I wonder," she faltered, "-if you'd never met me-if you'd-'

"I'd never have known what I missed. That's where nature is kind. Peeple who miss the real love never know. We only know when we've found it."

"But," she pursued, "when people find out too late-afterward- That's the bitterest thing in life, I should think. It isn't easy to judge peoplewomen, especially-who find out too late-and-and who try then to get their birthright of happiness in spite of everything."

"Such people have lost their birthright," he answered. "They've sold it for a mess of pottage. That's one of the problems of the ages, Grace. And man has made laws to govern it. Laws that are wise and-"

"And often bitterly cruel."

"Laws are for the many. Not for the few. And the few must obey them for the good of the many. But I didn't give the rest of the crowd the slip. fust to hore you by discussing ethics. Was it foolish of me to run away, simply to have a few extra minutes with you? I've been fighting so bard-

"And fighting fairly, too, I know. Dear, you'd never take an unfair advantage of-"

"Politics," answered Mark, "ic war. And war is the science of finding the weakest point in your enemy's armor and hammering away at it till he yields. For instance, we've just found the weakest sort of spot in Standish's armor and-"

"You have? What is it?"

"There are only two weak spots in most men's armor. One is money crookedness. The other is women. In Standish's case it was a woman, there. And here's the Scotch." An affair he got tangled up in five Sears ago."

"And you'll-stoop to use such a weapon as that?" she cried indignant safed Blake, before Mark could anly. swer.

"Why not? He'd use the same sort hole. He'll-" of weapon against us, fast enough; If he had it."

"But that isn't fair fighting, Mark. It's disgusting scandal."

he chanced to know something dam- times worse when we're blocked by a tel is coming tonight. The hotel where in a minute."

Blake's half-shut eyes. TOU-

"Don't ask me, dear. This is one of the things you don't understand. You'll Gregg, "I say pay it! Pay it and sary trouble if you'll quietly step down have to leave it to ma"

inner rooms. Through the thin panel she could hear every syllable from drinking in her husband's words as a the library. Her own name was the

> "Grace turned in?" Jim Blake was asking; and Robertson replied:

"Yes. She's all tired out. We can talk freely here. No one will inter-



Hurried From the Room.

queried Van Dyke.

way around."

save time."

stirred his slow voice to slightly faster will destroy at least two lives. Probmeasure.

am secure. But, for the sake of others, use that power, I tell you now, one I ask you not to make political capital and all-my father as well as the rest out of something in my private life."

Gregg's loose mouth parted in a grin. Neligan laughed aloud. But Mark Robertson could see no humor in the situation.

"You're wrong, Standish," he declared. "This scandal will beat you." "Let us suppose, for argument's sake, that it would," agreed Standish. 'Can't I appeal to your honor? Won't you fight fairly?"

"We'll publish the truth," retorted Mark. "If that's unfair."

"It is unfair. If not to me, then to the Woman."

"It is too late to go into that matter now, Mr. Standish. Your presence here tonight is, by itself, strong proof against you; if further proof were needed.

Standish made a gesture of weary impatience.

"Proof?" he echoed. "I don't deny the story. You wouldn't dare use it if you couldn't prove it. But, gentlemen, there comes a time-even in politics-when we've got to be men first and politicians afterward."

"Then," suggested Blake, "be a man live up the fight."

"No," replied Standish, "I won't be lackmailed. The affair was over and ione with before I asked the people to accept me as their leader. Long before. It has no bearing on my present fitness."

"That's your misfortune," sneered Mark. "The people have a right to know who represent them. In the newspaper articles we have prepared, there are no facts we cannot prove; your affair with the Woman-your failure to carry out your pledge to marry her-"

"Then the story is written?" ex claimed Standish. She Tried to Speak, Faltered, and

"It is in type," put in Van Dyke, and waiting our word to send it out to the whole country." rupt. Sit down. The cigars are over

"I see," mused Standish. "And I see "Has Standish been around yet?" how such a story will be handled in print. You'll use every trick of sug-"Oh, he'll be here all right," vouchgestion, every fact inferring a lie-" "And," cried Mark, "it will beat you It will beat you, man-and that's what "He knows we've got him in a we've been working for, for years." "But have we?" argued Van Dyke. "I'm not beaten yet," retorted Stand-'As far as I can see, it's still the other ish. "And I advise you, Governor Rob-

ertson, to be careful--' "It's bad enough to be delayed by "Oh, we shall be careful," returned "That's his lookout, not ours. If anything," fumed Mark. "But it's ten Van Dyke. "The proprietor of the ho-

aging in my private life, he'd use it damned little-by the person who got Mr. and Mrs. Fowler ware registered. this information," he corrected him- We may not need him to identify her. "But if I asked you-if I begged self, catching a warning glint frem But he'll be on hand in case we do. Take my word for it, Mr. Standish, "Whatever the price is," suggested you'll save a great deal of unneces-

and out."

litical necessity!' You know this story tered: "I'll choose my own time!"

ably several more. And again you an-"You can't beat me," he went on. swer: 'Political necessity!' You have And you know it as well as I do. I the power to ruin these lives. If you -I'm ashamed to have breathed the same air with you!"

> "Good night, Tom," drawled Blake, not so much as troubling to glance in his irate son's direction. "No," corrected Tom, "good-by," "It's up to you," yawned Blake.

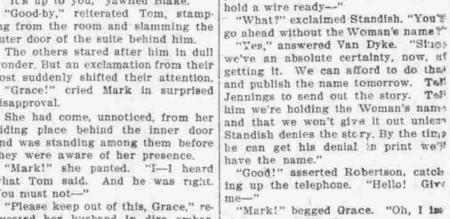
> "Good-by," reiterated Tom, stamping from the room and slamming the outer door of the suite behind him. The others stared after him in dull

wonder. But an exclamation from their host suddenly shifted their attention. "Grace!" cried Mark in surprised disapproval.

hiding place behind the inner door and was standing among them before they were aware of her presence. "Mark!" she panted. "I-I heard what Tom said. And he was right.

You must not-" "Please keep out of this, Grace," requested her husband in dire embar-

rassment, "You don't know anything about it. You couldn't possibly-"



NAPOLEON WROTE OF DEEDS | great general is not an ordinary man

at all costs."

do It."

"Mark!" begged Grace. "Oh, I ins plore you-don't-' "4400 Main."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Military genius is a gift from heaven

but the most essential quality for t

commander-in-chief is firmness of

character and the resolution to wir

Next to the qualities of the com

"If I had had 30,000 more rounds on

In speaking of a national army, or

which he was, of course strongly in

Frenchmen should consider the laws

mander, whose surest way of win

Explained.

Patience-Thought it was against the law to wear aigrettes?

Patrice-That's not an algrette; that's her husband's shaving-brush she's got stuck in her hat.

IF HAIR IS TURNING GRAY, USE SAGE TEA

Don't Look Old! Try Grandmother's Recipe to Darken and Beautify Gray, Faded, Lifeless Hair.

Grandmother kept her hair beautifully darkened, glossy and abundant with a brew of Sage Tea and Sulphur. Whenever her hair fell out or took on that dull, faded or streaked appearance, this simple mixture was applied with wonderful effect. By asking at any drug store for "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Hair Remedy," you will get a large bottle of this old-time recipe, ready to use, for about 50 cents. This simple mixture can be depended upon to restore natural color and beauty to the hair and is splendid for dandruff, dry, itchy scalp and falling hair.

A well-known druggist says everybody uses Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur, because it darkens so naturally and evenly that nobody can tell it has been applied-it's so easy to use, too. You simply dampen a comb or soft brush and draw it through your hair, taking one strand at-a time. By morning the gray hair disappears; after another application or two, it is restored to its natural color and looks glossy, soft and abundant .-- Adv.

Poetical.

Hobbs-Whenever I hear my hen cackle I exclaim, "Great Scott." Dobbs-Why so? Hobbs-Well, it's the lay of the last minstrel, and Scott wrote it.

For inflamed sore eyes apply Hanford's Balsam lightly to the closed lids. It should relieve in five minutes.

Answered.

Evelyn-When does Hazel expect to get married?

Loraine-Oh, every season. resent an investment of \$50,000,000

Adv.

Man wouldn't mind being awkward if he fell into a good thing occasionally.

if they do not wish to see their homes Millions Spent for Soda. Authorities in the drug business of timate the number of soda fountains in use in the United States at not less than 75,000 and they are said to rep

during his imprisonment at St. Hel. success. ena. to tact and skill in the treatment be master of the world."

'When I used to say," he wrote, "as

of battle, 'Unfurl your flags; the moment has come,' the French soldier of conscription necessary and sacred,

"At such a moment nothing weemed devastated." wrote, 'The Thirty-second was there.

The following is Napoleon's idea of a general: "In time of war men are nothing.

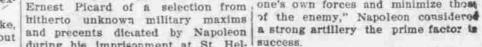
words on men is astonishing."

It is one man who is everything. A | 000,000.

Soldiers. Great interest has been aroused among military students and historians through the publication by Col. ning was, he thought, "to exaggerate Ernest Picard of a selection from one's own forces and minimize thom

Great Soldier Told How He Used to

Play on the Feelings of His



The emperor attached great weight the evening of Leipzig, I should today

of soldiers.

I rode through the lines in the heat favor, Napoleon insisted that "all

simply shook with eagerness

impossible to me. The Thirty-second demibrigade would have died to a man for me, because after Lonato I

and I was at ease.' The power of

The annual receipts of these sur plies of soft drinks may total \$54