#### THE NEWS-RECORD, MARSHALL, NORTH CAROLINA

"No," contradicted Blake, his giance shifting as if by accident to Tom. "Her-the-the price is too high." "Too high?" snorted Neligan on whom the undercurrent of Blake's refusal was entirely lost. "It's the first from today. Particularly if this Wom-

grace me by acting like wild asses of

had opened the outer door. Standish, after a quick and seemingly indifferent look that itemized the room's occu-pants, walked forward. Neligan carecerned in it. This scandal will pillory fully closed the door behind him. The men nodded stiffly, uncomfort-"That type of woman belongs in the ably, in response to the visitor's slight

bow. "Good evening, gentlemen," said yourself admit that there is a chance Standish pleasantly. "This setting of the Woman may have repented. Are the stages seems to suggest Daniel in you going to refuse her the benefit of the lions' den. I hope none of you has made the error of casting me for the role of Daniel."

Neligan's lips flew apart with the force of a retort that leaped to them. "Then," she continued, unheeding, 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-"

> "Thanks," declined Standish. "I can talk better on my feet."

"Oh!" deprecated Blake, in pathetic disappointment. "You've come to talk? I was hoping you had come to-" "To lie down?" supplemented Standit. Though, in both cases, he doesn't ish.

"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 reach-brothers or sisters? Surely they aren't ing the point. "Will you support us, to blame. And they will be disgraced, 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 wel-

come to. But you've only a half-hour to keep on thinking it." "Look here, gentlemen," said Standish, turning to the others. "All this the whole lot of you for a single votee does not interest me in the least. I to protest against such use of a womcame here tonight for just one rea-son-to appeal to your sense of jus-bhe's of good family. That she has a

A ripple of derision from his hearers measure.

"If I did," said Standish, "I would be politically dead. You know that." "You're politically dead, anyway,"

insisted Mark. "If this story will beat you tonight it will beat you 20 years an proves to be-what shall we call "Robertson!" "Ah! That hurts, does it? Then it's probably true. If the Woman is the kind that-that would not do you

credit, you can understand how much more effective it will be," "You are wrong!' denied Standish. "She is of good family. She-"

"She may have been a good woman The whirr of the buzzer interrupted when you found her," said Mark. "But her. At such high tension were they as low as I expect to find her and-" Blake, jumping from his ceat and con-

fronting his brother-in-law. "Don't! I blue paper in his hand. can't listen to it any longer. Standish "The duplicate list of phone num-is right. What you men are doing is bers from central," he announced, vile. If you've got a scrap of man-hood left in the whole bunch of you, "Good," approved Blake. "Nor you won't drag this Woman into your dirty schemes, I-"

"Oh," drawled Blake with the air of sleepy man bothered by a fly, "for poring over the sheet of numbers that the love of Mike, don't you butt in!



diocy at its feet." "Idlocy?" 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 name to lose. And you answer: 'Political necessity!' You know this story stirred his slow voice to slightly faster will destroy at least two lives. Prob-

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 des" she denied. "I've beard. And---"Grace, dear girl." soothed Blake. "This is muddy business at best. It's no time for you to be here. You'll only

coll those pretty hands of yours." "It is the time for me to be here!" she declared. "I can see this from the Woman's standpoint. You men can't." "There is nothing in common between your standpoint and that of the Woman we are talking about," protested Mark.

"Tom was right!" she persisted. "You must not sink to using 'his story.

there must have been a bad streak in all that the sound made them turn as her, somewhere. You left her to sink though to confront a physical presence. Neligan strode to the door, con-"Drop that, Mark!" burst out Tom ferred for an instant with some one outside, then returned with a slip of

> we'll get to what we're chasing. And we'll get it mighty quick."

Van Dyke and Neligan were already the lawyer had just spread on the table under the lamp.

"Now, then, Standish." exulted Robertson; "we're ready to begin. One of these numbers leads directly to the Worsen. We'll put a man at work tracing each one of them. In a few hours at forgest 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 mo ment'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 shouted from the housetops."

"Don't be too sure," warned Standish, meeting Mark's scornful 'glare with unconcern.

"What do you mean? Speak up!" "Mr. Standish!" pleaded Grace. "I

"Don't worry, dear," said Mark. "Let him bluff. I'll call him. Mr. Standish, I give you full permission to use any weapon that I use. If you know anything against me, 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! We're waiting!"

At sight of the mortal terror in Grace's eyes, Standish checked the words that were on his lips. Turning away from the domineering man who so truculently confronted him, he muttered:

"I'll choose my own time!"

"I thought so!" scoffed Mark. "You're licked. This is your last fight. rst word she caught. "Grace turned in?" Jim Blake was sking; and Robertson replied: "Grace turned in?" Jim Blake was use that power. I tell you now, one and all-my father as well as the rest "Grace turned in?" Jim Blake was out of something in my private life."





This model shows the elegance of the more simple styles. It has a very plain blouse, with the drop shoulder and plain, full length sleeves. The neck is trimmed with a pretty collar

and the closing is in front. The skirt may be made in one piece or in two, as preferred. It also closes in front. Cheviot, serge, velveteen, satin, messaline and many of the novelty woolen. fabrics are suitable for a dress of this style.

The dress pattern (6456) is cut in sizes 34 to 42 inches, bust measure. Medium size requires 3 yards of 50 inch material, with 1/4 yard of 27 inch silk for the collar.

To procure this pattern send 19 cents to "Pattern Department." of this paper. Write name and address plainly, and be sure to give size and number of pattern,



U

6449

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

sweetheart "

too."

her face betweer his hands and raised "You're fil!" he exclaimed in quick

Shall I send for a doctor?" What nonsense!" she laughed. "I'm

again."

tics," 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. It wasn't till just now when the light happened to strike your face- Oh, but I'm glad to see you here again, sweetheart!'

<page-header><text><text> in families. Cankered flowers don't ship?" ing a lot of sympathy over a woman and a man who are unworthy to speak CHAPTER XV. A Wasted Plea.

# Grace started guiltily at her hus-band's troubled question. He took to the light.

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gread. "You look actually ghastly.

all right. Just a little tired. A good night's sleep will put me on my feet

"I've buried myself so deep in poli-

"Really?" she asked almost timidly; drinking in her husband's words as a the library. Her own name was the condemned man might gaze on his last first word she caught.

up for me. I'll probably be up all night on this Standish affair. Good night, 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.

The WOMAN A Novel by Albert Payson Terhune

"Perhaps," she retorted desperately,

"I may understand it far better than

you do. You say there's a woman con-

"You are cruel!" she cried. "You

"The chance is too small to be con-

sidered. Don't let's talk of it. You

"There's sourching else you don't con-

sider. 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

"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

always find it out. Don't waste sym-

pathy on him. If he married her he

probably knew what she was. If he

didn't know, it's time he learned. No

"Such things are rather apt to run.

sane man should want to live in a

fool's paradise."

you going to ruin his life, too?"

lounded on

William C. de Mille's Play BOBBS-MERILL COMMUNY Illustrated with Photos from the Play and Drawings by V.L. Barres

her and-"

that chance?"

pillory."

can't-"

SYNOPSIS.

### 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 unashamed of the eavesdropper's role, tice." she was standing tense, expectant, her ear to the closed door leading to the inner rooms. Through the thin panel she could hear every syllable from

time 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 from me, all of you. And don't dis-

the desert.' Neligan, in obedience to his chief.

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

"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. People who miss the real love never know. We only know when we've tound 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 inte-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 tive the rest of the crowd the alip, ust to bore 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 hard-

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

"Politics," answered Mark, "iz war. And war is the science of finding the weakest point in your enemy's armor and hammering away at it till he rields. 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 grockedness. The other is women. In Standish's case it was a woman An affair he got tangled up in five BATS BEO.

"And you'll stoop to use such a weapon as that?" she cried indignant

Why not? He'd use the same sort weapon against us, fast enough; te had it."

"But that isn't fair fighting, Mark. fisgusting scandal." hat's his lookout, not ours. If

e chanced to know something dam-

ut if I asked you-if I begged

"Don't ask me, dear. This is one of

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

grin. Neligan laughed aloud. But Mark Robertson could see no humor in the situation. "You're wrong, Standish," he de-

clared. "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. Give up the fight."

"No," replied Standish, "I won't be blackmailed. The affair was over and lone 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?" exclaimed Standish.

"and waiting our word to send it out

how such a story will be handled in print. You'll use every trick of sug-gestion, every fact inferring a lie-" "And," cried Mark, "It will beat you. "He knows we've got him in a It will beat you, man-and that's what we've been working for, for years." "I'm not beaten yet," retorted Standertson, to be careful-

"As it's bad enough to be delayed by "It's bad enough to be delayed by anything," fumed Mark. "But it's ten times worse when we're blocked by a damned little—by the person who got this information," he corrected him self, catching a warning glint frem but he'll be on hand in case we do. Take my word for it, Mr. Standish, Don't ask me, dear. This is one of "Whatover the price is," suggested things you don't understand. You'll Gregg, "I say pay it! Pay it and sary trouble if you'll quietly step down and out."

-I'm ashamed to have breathed th Gregg's loose mouth parted in a 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.

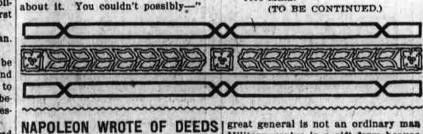
"Good-by," reiterated Tom, stamping from the room and slamming the outer door of the suite behind him.

The others stared after him in dull wonder. But an exclamation from their host suddenly shifted their attention. "Grace!" cried Mark in surprised disapproval. She had come, unnoticed, from her

hiding place behind the inner door and was standing among them before he can get his denial in print we'll they were aware of her presence. have the name." "Mark!" she panted. "I-I heard what Tom said. And he was right.

You must not-" "Please keep out of this, Grace," re-

quested her husband in dire embar- plore you-don't-" rassment. "You don't know anything "4400 Main."



Military genius is a gift from heaved, but the most essential quality for a commander-in-chief is firmness of Great Soldier Told How He Used to Play on the Feelings of His character and the resolution' to win Soldiers. at all costs."

Next to the qualities of the con-Great interest has been aroused among military students and histomander, whose surest way of wing ning was, he thought, "to exaggerate rians through the publication by Col. one's own forces and minimize those Ernest Picard of a selection from of the enemy," rNapoleon considered hitherto unknown military maxims a strong artillery the prime factor in and precents dictated by Napoleon during his imprisonment at St. Hel- success.

the evening of Leipzig, I should today The emperor attached great weight to tact and skill 'n the treatment be master of the world." of soldiers. "When I used to say," he wrote, "as which he was, of course strongly in

favor, Napoleon insisted that I rode through the lines in the heat Frenchmen should consider the laws of battle, 'Unfurl your flags; the moof conscription necessary and sacred, ment has come,' the French soldier if they do not wish to see their homes simply shook with esgerness "At such a moment nothing seems devastated."

impossible to me. The Thirty-second demibrigade would have died to a man for me, because after Lonato wrote, 'The Thirty-second was there, and I was at ease.' The power of in use in the United States at not leas words on men is astonishing." The following is Napoleon's idea of a general: "In time of war men are nothing.

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

do it." Van Dyke had glanced from the tele-

phone list to his watch. "We've just time enough to catch the last editions of the morning papers," said he. "I told Jennings to hold a wire ready-"

"What?" exclaimed Standish. "You" go ahead without the Woman's name?" "Yes," answered Van Dyke. "Since we've an absolute certainty, now, of getting it. We can afford to do that and publish the name tomorrow. Tell Jennings to send out the story. Tall him we're holding the Woman's name and that we won't give it out unless Standish denies the story. By the time

"Good!" asserted Robertson, catching up the telephone. "Hello! Give

"Mark!" begged Grace. "Oh, I im-

Millions Spent for Soda.

timate the number of soda fountains

than 75,000 and they are said to rep

resent an investment of \$50,000,008

The annual receipts of these sup plies of soft drinks may intal \$50

Authorities in the drug business es

In looking over the new models nonwill be found which is better adapted to the tailor made styles than the one shown in the illustration. It has two gores, the front arranged to form a panel, and a small yoke outlining the hips. The upper part of the skirt fitz the body neatly, and there are soft folds lower down in front. This style is excellent for serge, cheviot, matelasse fabrics, wool eponge, etc.

The skirt pattern (6449) is cut in sizes 22 to 30 inches waist measure. Medium size requires 2% yards of 44 or 54 inch material. Width of lower edge 1% yards.

To procure this pattern send 10 cents to "Pattern Department," of this paper. Write name and address plainly, and be sure to give size and number of pattern.

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Tree That Produces Milk.

It is claimed that in South America. there is a most convenient milk-producing tree which the natives take dvantage of for the feeding of their "If I had had 30,000 more rounds on children. By boring a hole in its trunk a clear, sweet stream of milk emerges, which is both healthful and In speaking of a national army, o delicious.'

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A famous English specialist says that fat bables are not the healthiest. Does the man want to turn the world upside down?

Ditto When They Are Full. Scientists have discovered that pe ple fall in love when the moon is full. -Detroit Free Press.

Here's the Recipe of Success The way to make a success of any job is to care whether you do it right or not .-- California Outlook

She Tried to Speak, Faltered, and Hurried From the Room.

"Has Standish been around yet?" queried Van Dyke. "Oh, he'll be here all right," vouchsafed Blake, before Mark could an-

wer. hole, He'll-"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-

"It is in type," put in Van Dyke, upt. Sit down. The cigars are ever to the whole country." here. And here's the Scotch." "I see." mused Standish. "And I see