



In the Club Window.

## Scandal

By  
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Novelized from the  
Broadway Universal  
Feature in Five Reels.  
Written by Lois Weber  
and produced at Universal City by the Smalleys

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### CHAPTER I.

Old Cadman Green knew everybody in town. Those whom he did not know were not, in his opinion, worth knowing; and his friends agreed with him before his face. Behind his back they voted him an amusing old bore. But it was the thing to think as Cadman Green thought, for he had the tradition of distinction, acquired through bluff and brass, perhaps, but held tenaciously and acknowledged.

Green was maintaining his reputation in the same way as that in which he had acquired it.

"You see that woman in the carriage?" he inquired. "Second Mrs. Perceval. Artist's model before Perceval married her, and had a little scandal all her own in the home town. Well, she's—hello!"

This time Cadman Green contended himself with a whistle, and, as he whistled, most of his friends whistled too.

"William Wright with his pretty stenographer!" said the old man.

The person in question, seated in his automobile beside a decidedly pretty young woman, passed under the club windows, and the car, after speeding a short way farther, turned off in the direction of a respectable but modest suburb.

"What do you think of that?" demanded Green. "Wright and a lady friend, and seeing her home through the town in broad daylight! And I live underneath him!"

He burst into a chuckle and slapped his fat leg, while the others exchanged smiles and nods.

"Their servant told our girl that Mrs. Wright is infernally jealous of her husband," continued Green. "I wonder—I wonder what she would say if she could see that?"

He glanced about him. He had kept up his reputation among his peers. Now the news must be spread. It was too good to retain. Green did not wish Wright any harm, but he felt that the joke was on him, and he wanted Mrs. Green to agree with him.

By the time he reached the apartment house he was bursting with the news. Dinner was ready, and he held it only through the soup, indulging in the joys of anticipation until he could bear them no longer.

"I saw an interesting sight today," he said, with an affection of casualness.

"What was that, Cadman?" inquired his wife.

"Only our friend upstairs, Willie Wright, speeding through the town in his new auto, with his pretty stenographer. Right under our club windows, Lizzie, and then out toward Dotsboro. You don't happen to know if the woman lives in Dotsboro, do you?"

"For goodness sake, Cadman, how should I know? Do you suppose I have time to inquire the residence of Mr. Wright's stenographer?"

"Well, I guess it's Dotsboro all right," said Cadman Green.

The maid, who was waiting for him to take his arms off the table before setting down the roasts, listened with an air of judicial impassivity. The Greens knew that their girl was a model of discretion, and did not hesitate to discuss anything in front of her. And, until the meal was ended, Margaret maintained her own reputation.

When the Greens were encircled in their living room Margaret gathered the pile of dishes near the kitchen sink and shut all the connecting doors.

### CHAPTER II.

"As I live, Daisy Dean getting out of a car at her door with a man!"

"Look how he's helping her! Who is he? What will Austin Clark say when he hears?"

"Robert, this thing has got to be stopped right away!"

Miss Susan Minturn looked at her younger brother with all her habitual determination. The prim old maid disliked Daisy intensely: First, because she was stylishly dressed; second, because she was pretty; thirdly, because she knew of her brother's hopeless passion for her.

"I can't stop it," muttered Robert, sullenly.

"You can, too. I'm going to make it my business to see that Austin Clark hears about it. What right has an engaged girl to go joy-riding with a middle-aged man? He's married, too, as like as not. Those married ones are usually the worst ever!"

Daisy, having been assisted to her house, entered and watched her employer from the window as he drove away. Her foot still pained her a good deal. It had been wrenching in the door of the elevator as she was leaving the office and Mr. Wright had considerably driven her home.

He had told her not to come to the office for several days. In fact, he planned to employ a public stenographer. But when he began his dictation the next morning he suddenly realized that he could not risk the possibility of publicity in his correspondence at such a critical hour. In the end he dismissed the girl and called up Daisy.

"How is your foot this morning, Miss Dean?" he asked.

"I think it's a little better, Mr. Wright. The doctor won't let me come to the office this week, though."

"Of course not," answered Wright quickly. "But, Miss Dean, if I were to call for you in my car and take you home, don't you think you could help me out with a few letters? You know I simply can't let anybody else know about that matter."

"Why, certainly, Mr. Wright. I am sure I can come, if you really need me."

"I'll be round in ten minutes," answered Wright, and telephoned for the chauffeur.

Half an hour later Wright was congratulating himself upon his move. He could not possibly have confided to the public stenographer that he was heavily tied up. His wife's father, a cautious man of business, had gone through his books and promised him a substantial loan. This necessitated a good deal of correspondence, and only Daisy could help him. Before she left that evening it had been arranged that he should call for her every morning during the ensuing week and take her home at night.

He helped her from the elevator into the street, where his car stood waiting, and drove her to Dotsboro. Cadman Green, posted at his club window, looked down upon the sight.

"The poor chap's losing his head," he tittered. "Woman, too, I guess. If I was one of Wright's clients who come to him to invest their money for them, I'd draw it all out before the inevitable—yes, sir, the inevitable elopement."

From her window Miss Susan Minturn watched Daisy drive up with her employer.

"It's a disgrace to the neighborhood, Robert," she said to her brother angrily. "And it's going to be stopped."

"I can't stop it," Robert muttered.

"I know you can't," said his sister, mimicking him. "But I've done it. I wrote an unsigned letter to Austin Clark yesterday."

Daisy had hardly got home that evening when Austin Clark appeared before her, hot, indignant and declamatory.

"Robert, you are mad! To bring that girl to our house!"

"If she'll have me," said Robert, humbly.

Robert glared at his sister. "She will come to this house to be my wife!" he shouted, slamming down his fist on the table.

"I know you can't," said his sister, mimicking him. "But I've done it. I wrote an unsigned letter to Austin Clark yesterday."

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"I want to know who the fellow is!" he thundered, after he had launched forth in bitter accusation against her.

"See here, Daisy," he continued, a little more mildly as he realized that he had aroused her spirit, "this thing isn't right. You and I are engaged, and you are seen driving out every morning with this fellow, and he comes home with you at night. I know who he is, too. I can put things together. He's Wright."

He looked at her triumphantly, as if he had made a wonderful discovery.

"If you had asked me in the beginning I should have told you that it was Mr. Wright," said Daisy quietly.

"But that makes it worse," snarled Austin. "See here, what business have you to let your boss drive you around town and make a talk of you in this way? It reflects on me, too. You ought to have seen the letter I got this morning."

"From whom?"

"I don't know from whom. It isn't signed. People don't sign that sort of letter."

"And you dare—you dare to make such accusations against me on the strength of an anonymous letter, Austin!"

She would not dream now of telling him the simple explanation. The thought that he should have listened to invidious gossip instead of trying to protect her was maddening. She drew his ring off her finger.

"I think we made a mistake, Austin," she said.

He swung upon his heel. "I think, too," he answered with bitter emphasis, and slammed the door behind him.

Wright, who loved his wife sincerely, had not failed to note the little signs of jealousy against the girl who was his business confidant. On that account he had said nothing about the reason for his automobile drive with her that day. Perhaps he would have been wiser had he done so. But the meal passed almost in silence, and he attributed his wife's moroseness to her pica of a nervous headache.

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to her home she hurried back, biting her lips and sobbing, to fling herself upon her bed and indulge in the bitterness of her self-immolation.

She felt that the universal suspicion, she felt that she was an object of scorn and pity. On the last evening of these automobile rides, when Daisy had at length recovered, Wright returned to his home thankful that matters at the office would thenceforward assume their old routine. The following day his wife's father would deposit the sum to his credit, and all would be plain sailing.

He came home to find the flat empty and his wife's belongings gone.

### CHAPTER III.

Miss Susan Minturn smacked her thin lips as she read the item in the evening newspaper.

"Wife of Broker Leaves Him on Eve of Bankruptcy," she read. "Mrs. William Wright returns to her father's house. She will apply for divorce from her husband, naming his stenographer, Daisy Dean, as co-respondent."

She folded the paper and laid it down.

"That's one for Robert," she said. "And I, unsuspicious that I am, never even suspected that anything was really wrong."

She swung round as the door opened. Her brother Robert stood on the threshold, livid and trembling. In his hand he held a copy of the same newspaper.

"Do you know what this infamous sheet is printing?" he demanded.

Miss Susan laid her hand on his shoulder. "Yes, Robert, my poor boy," she answered. "I am so sorry. We never suspected, even though we used our eyes, how bad it really was. It is a scandal to the whole neighborhood. She must be forced to leave Dotsboro."

Robert glared at his sister. "She will come to this house to be my wife!" he shouted, slamming down his fist on the table.

"I can't stop it," Robert muttered.

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Her brother, unable to trust himself to answer her, stamped out of the room.

In her own home Daisy Dean sat in a chair and stared, dry-eyed, at the newspaper.

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Again that morning Daisy went down to the office, to find the door still locked. The office boy had grinned sheepishly at her this time. He told her everything except the one salient fact, and that he would not have blurted out for all the raised that his imagination had ever devised.

"The boss has had a row with Mrs. Wright, Miss Dean," he said. "She's left him, and he's gone after her to bring her back. No, I don't know what trouble's about. The colored man's kid in the apartment house told me about it."

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