

# The ORIOLE

By Booth Tarkington

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## YOUNG AMERICA.

Edison says the intellect of Young America is becoming atrophied. Huh! He should read Booth Tarkington's, "The Oriole." It's dollars to doughnuts he'd apologize like a gentleman and a scholar. For there are no indications of atrophy about either the author or the "kids," he writes about in "The Oriole." No, sir. Quite the contrary. But what's the use—read it. It's about the same characters that figure in "Too Gentle Julia." Enough said.

## PART ONE

By the end of October, with the dispersal of that foliage which has served all summer long as a pleasant screen for whatever small privacy may exist between American neighbors, we begin to get our autumn high heels of gossip. At this season of the year, in our towns of moderate size and ambition, where apartment houses have not yet condensed and at the same time sequestered the population, one may secure visual command of back yard beyond back yard, both up and down the street; especially if one takes the trouble to sit for an hour or so, daily, upon the top of a high board fence at about the middle of a block.

Of course an adult who followed such a course would be thought peculiar; no doubt he would be subject to undesirable comment, and presently might be called upon to parry severe if, indeed, not hostile inquiries; but boys are considered so inexplicable that they have gathered for themselves any privileges denied their parents and elders; and a boy can do such a thing as this to his full content, without anybody's thinking about it at all. So it was that Herbert Illingsworth Atwater, Jr., aged thirteen and a few months, sat for a considerable time upon such a fence, after school hours, every afternoon of the last week in October; and only one person particularly observed him or was stimulated to any mental activity by his procedure. Even at that, this person was affected only because she was Herbert's relative, and of an age sympathetic to his—and of a sex antipathetic.

In spite of the fact that Herbert Illingsworth Atwater, Jr., thus seriously disporting himself on his father's back fence, attracted only this audience of one (and she hostile at a rather distant window) his behavior really should have been considered pliantly interesting by anybody. After climbing to the top of the fence he would produce from interior pockets a small memorandum book and a pencil; seldom putting these implements to immediate use. His expression was gravely alert, his manner more than businesslike; yet nobody could have failed to comprehend that he was enjoying himself, especially when his attitude became tense—as at times it certainly did. Then he would rise, balancing himself at adroit ease, his feet aligned one before the other on the inner rail, a foot below the top of the boards, and with eyes dramatically shielded beneath a scowling palm, he would gaze sternly in the direction of some object or motion which had attracted his attention; and then, having satisfied himself of something or other, he would sit again and decisively enter a note in his memorandum book.

He was not always alone; he was frequently joined by a friend, male, and, though shorter than Herbert, quite as old; and this companion was inspired, it seemed, by motives precisely similar to those from which sprang Herbert's own actions. Like Herbert, he would sit upon the top of the high fence, usually at a little distance from him; like Herbert he would rise at intervals, for the better study of something this side of the horizon; then, also concluding like Herbert, he would sit again and write firmly in a little notebook. And seldom in the history of the world have any sessions been invested by the participants with so intentional an appearance of importance.

That was what most injured their lone observer at the somewhat distant back window, upstairs at her own place of residence; she found their importance almost impossible to bear without screaming. Her provocation was great; the important importance of Herbert and his friend, impressively maneuvering upon their fence, was so extreme as to be all too plainly visible across four intervening broad back yards; in fact, there was almost reason to suspect that the two performers were aware of their audience and even of her gauded condition; and that they sometimes, deliberately increased the outrageousness of their importance because they knew she was watching them. And upon the Saturday of that week, when the notebook writers were upon the fence at intervals throughout the afternoon, Florence Atwater's fascinated indignation became vocal.

"Vile things!" she said. Her mother, sewing beside another

window of the room, looked up inquiringly.

"What are, Florence?"

"Cousin Herbert and that nasty little Henry Rooter."

"Are you watching them again?" her mother asked.

"Yes, I am," said Florence, tartly.

"Not because I care to, but merely to amuse myself at their expense."

Mrs. Atwater murmured deprecatingly, "Couldn't you find some other way to amuse yourself, Florence?"

"I don't call this amusement," the inconsistent girl responded, not without chagrin. "Think I'd spend all my days staring at Herbert Illingsworth Atwater, Junior, and that nasty little Henry Rooter, and call it amusement?"

"Then why do you do it?"

"Why do I do what, mama?" Florence inquired as if in despair of Mrs. Atwater's ever learning to put things clearly.

"Why do you 'spend all your days' watching them? You don't seem able to keep away from the window, and it appears to make you irritable. I should think if they wouldn't let you play with them you'd be too proud."

"Oh, good heavens, mama!"

"Don't use expressions like that, Florence, please."

"Well," said Florence, "I got to use some expression when you accuse me of wantin' to 'play' with those two vile things! My goodness mercy, mama, I don't want to 'play' with 'em! I'm more than four years old, I guess; though you don't ever seem willing to give me credit for it. I don't haf to 'play' all the time, mama; and, anyway, Herbert and that nasty little Henry Rooter aren't playing, either."

"Aren't they?" Mrs. Atwater inquired. "I thought the other day you said you wanted them to let you play at being a newspaper reporter, or edit-

ing them?"

"But at this, Florence once more gave way to filial despair. "Mama, you just can't see through anything! I've said anyhow fifty times they ain't—aren't playing! They're getting up a real newspaper, and people buy it, and everything. They have been all over this part of town and got every aunt and uncle they have, besides their own fathers and mothers, and some people in the neighborhood, and Kitty Silver and two or three other colored people besides, that work for families they know. They're going to charge twenty-five cents a year, collect in advance because they want the money first; and even papa gave 'em a quarter last night; he told me so."

"How often do they publish their paper, Florence?" Mrs. Atwater inquired somewhat absently, having resumed her sewing.

"Every week; and they're going to have the first one a week from today."

"What do they call it?"

"The North End Daily Oriole. It's the silliest name I ever heard for a newspaper; and I told 'em so. I told 'em what I thought of it, I guess!"

"Was that the reason?" Mrs. Atwater asked.

"Was it what reason, mama?"

"Was it the reason they wouldn't let you be a reporter with them?"

"Pooh!" Florence exclaimed airily. "I didn't want anything to do with their ole paper. But anyway I don't make fun o' their callin' it the North End Daily Oriole till after they said I couldn't be in it. Then I did, you bet!"

"Florence, don't say—"

"Mama, I got to say somep'n! Well, I told 'em I wouldn't be in their ole paper if they begged me on their bent knees; and I said if they begged me a thousand years I wouldn't be in any paper with such a crazy name; and I wouldn't tell 'em any news if I knew the President of the United States had the scarlet fever! I just politely informed 'em they could say what they liked if they was dying; I declined so much as wipe the oldest shoes I got on 'em!"

"But why wouldn't they let you be on the paper?" her mother insisted.

Upon this Florence became analytical. "Just so's they could act so important!" And she added, as a consequence: "They ought to be arrested."

Mrs. Atwater murmured absently but forbore to press her inquiry; and Florence was silent, in a brooding mood. The journalists upon the fence had disappeared from view, during the conversation with her mother; and presently she sighed and quietly left the room. She went to her own apartment, where, at a small and rather battered little white desk, after a period of earnest reverie, she took up a pen, wet the point in purple ink, and without any great effort or any critical delayings, produced a poem.

## THE ORGANIST.

By Florence Atwater.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Great Men Once Book Agents.

Longfellow, Mark Twain and Bret Harte were among the subsequently famous authors who bridged poverty-stricken periods by peddling the works of already successful writers.

Daniel Webster also hunted up orders for books, paying his second term's tuition at Dartmouth college by acting as agent for De Tocqueville's "America," and Bismarck in his early days at Heidelberg canvassed for one of Blumenbach's hand-books.—New York Evening Post.

A thought is often original, though you have uttered it a hundred times.—Holmes.

The lion in society may be a bear at home.

## IN NEW CHAPEAUX

Latest in Millinery Models Are Plain and Simple.

Everything Droops in Some Little Way—Feathers Mark Season for Their Own.

The hat is the beginning and the end of one's whole costume. Yet, observes a fashion critic, if there is any other one article of feminine apparel which is more difficult to do satisfactorily, then let us see it at once. There are cries from the feminine population of "I have looked at millions of hats, and can't find one that is becoming." Or, a still worse fate exists for the woman who blithely thinks that they are all more or less becoming and operates on that basis.

This year the hats are changing subtly. They are no longer the "round-and-round" affairs that they have been for some time past. That is, they diverge from this general rule most charmingly. And why is this? Because of the ways of the skirts. If they descend, then the hats must take on other lines in order to conform to the greater dignity of purpose.

The newer hats are plain and simple, to be sure, but they are most decidedly different, even though this difference is of so hidden an origin that one must analyze the elements of the case to be certain where the difference lies.

Everything droops in some little way at least. And if it foregoes that pleasure of trailing its long way over the shoulder, then it has a tendency to take on the season's nature by means of thin and jutting feathers or in pompons or bunches of flowers or exotic fruits of one sort or another. But the feathers are the things that

mark the season for their own. Oh small hats and large hats they are the trimmings that have everything their own way, and there is absolutely no rule about the paths they trail. Now, whichever way one turns where fashionable women are gathered together, one sees a feather with a difference about its setting, but with that abso-



No. 1.—Hatter's Plush and Osprey With Flash of Red in Fruit; Gauntlet Gloves. No. 2.—Sport Hat and Scarf of Colored Felt and Wool. No. 3.—Velvet Streamers and Bunch of Fruit on Close Hat of Felt.

lute claim to style which must be there to make it one of the season's best.

As one season slides into another there is ever a place for the black satin hat, and actually there is nothing more lovely than this sort of chapeau when it is beautifully done.

## FASHION NOTES

The spangled gown in misty fabrics is rising in popularity.

Beads in strings and strands! Feathers in rosettes, and tufts, and fan formation! Such embellishments make many a belle a lovely monument to the aboriginal fashions.

The sporting plaids, checks, and stripes, much used for the composite suit all summer, continue in popularity. These rigs are shown as "coasting suits," "skating apparel" and just plain "sport suits."

Sweeping ostrich feathers, like long, silky black curls, trail down from the crown of a black velvet hat to the bit of white shoulder that appears above the low Eugenie neckline of a black crepe de chine frock.

Ermine is a trying fur in daytime for any but the young and lovely. A blonde debutante cannot go astray in her choice of a wrap if she chooses black crepe de chine lined with gold brocade and topped with an ermine collar, especially if the hat atop her shining curls is a black toque with crystal ornaments.

Duvelyn holds its own tenaciously in the bewildering display of new fabrics. It is very delicate in texture and rather perishable. But it is too lovely to be given escape from the modes. There are harder weaves that look a kinship to duvelyn in downy surface, including moussayne and ermine. The dove-down satin combines the dull luster of duvelyn with satin facing.

Rust From Steel.

To remove rust from steel fire irons first rub them with a piece of flannel saturated with ammonia. Then dry with powdered bathbrick and polish with a dry cloth.

## SUIT OF PLAID POLO CLOTH



What could be smarter than this three-piece suit of plaid polo cloth with beaver collar? It will have many admirers.

## SLIP-OVER FROCKS POPULAR

Garment Easy to Make—Any Home Needlewoman Can Turn Out Satisfactory Model.

The slip-over frocks of silk or linen, serge or cotton that are worn with a blouse beneath them to supply the sleeves which they lack are tremendously popular, but they are still smart enough to pass muster. They are the easiest sort of thing to make and any home needlewoman could accomplish one satisfactorily. The edges are sometimes simply turned under and machine hemmed. Sometimes they are finished with a cording, sometimes with a binding. Sometimes a white one, for instance, of linen, will be bound with red silk braid. Such a combination could hardly be put safely through the laundry, but the color contrast is good, and that is all some designers think of, naturally. For the home dressmaker, however, it is well to think of the practical side of life, and washable colors are on the practical side.

## FACE THE CORSET QUESTION

Younger Women Ban the Accessory Since Straightline Dresses Are in Favor.

There has been considerable discussion of the corset subject since the tendency to somewhat fitted effects became evident. Many of the younger women have absolutely banned corsets during the past few years, especially since the straight-line, one-piece dresses came into prominence. It was thought a reaction in favor

## SELF-RELIANCE GOES BANKRUPT

Thin Blood Saps Energy—Gude's Pepto-Mangan Rebuilds the Blood.

Wrestling with a weakened condition of the blood is a desperate struggle. Thin, watery blood deprives the body of energy and causes a play-out feeling not unlike utter exhaustion. A man with weak blood has not the full use of his powers. He lacks decision, and vacillates until he loses self-confidence.

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She Had the Best of It.

"And you tell me several men proposed marriage to you?" he said, savagely.

"Yes, several," the wife replied. "In fact, quite a number."

"Well, I only wish you had married the first fool who proposed."

"I did."—London Tit-Bits.

## Thousands Have Kidney Trouble and Never Suspect It

Applicants for Insurance Often Rejected.

Judging from reports from druggists who are constantly in direct touch with the public, there is one preparation that has been very successful in overcoming these conditions. The mild and healing influence of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is soon realized. It stands the highest for its remarkable record of success.

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Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is on sale at all drug stores in bottles of two sizes, medium and large. However, if you wish first to test this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper. Advertisement.

"Classes" for the newly appointed women magistrates have been held in London.



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Recommended by The American Medical Association

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