

# HOME GROWN

By FANNIE HURST

This is the first installment of a new Fannie Hurst serial which is just as good as all the others you have been reading and enjoying, only better.

## CHAPTER I

IN AUGUST the Beach Hotel placed its coats in its upper corridors and doubled its rates. The local Bison Convention, recruited from the Great South-west, arrived with wives and a stop-over-at-Chicago tourist.



FANNIE HURST

Little Rock, Abilene, Kokomo and Popular Bluff rocked on the lake side of veranda and exchanged population. Little Rock, Abilene, Kokomo and Popular Bluff rocked on the lake side of veranda and exchanged population.

The hotel menu immediately developed "Consomme Bison" and "Roast ducking a convention," the management hung a stuffed bison head, with a blue and white checkered remnant caught between the teeth, over the dining room entrance; out on the moonlit lake the convention sailed in hired boats and sang Bison songs and "The Blue Danube."

In the half-deserted lobby the room clerk plied a blue and white celluloid button on his left coat lapel and pronounced thirty-three tiny towels and a mosquito netting.

Miss Birdie Fink leaned across the counter and smiled into the room clerk's eyes; her own were blue and translucent as a summer lake.

"Say, Mr. Gilly—after you've taken the sag out of the bed in fifty-seven, put an extra wardrobe in the Indianapolis grand master's room, promised thirty-four a lake view and the convention a most popular lady contest and a potato race, would you mind ordering me up some ice water and telling me what's the earliest of the eight-forty-five flyer gets out of here tomorrow?"

Mr. Gilly smiled at her until two gold molars showed; the smile of Pierrot when Pierrette peered over his shoulder and set the sides of the world a-shaking with laughter.

"Will I send you up some ice water? Say, look at me like that again, Queenie and you can have anything you little heart desires."

"Fink is the way they smell my name on the fly-leaf of the family Bible. Mr. Gilly—P-I-n-k—Miss Birdie Fink, it belongs to the same language as the word 'fresh'—ever hear it?"

"Believe me, if I wasn't on duty, Birdie—you wouldn't be chirping for your key before ten."

"I wouldn't be too sure!" "You, with the beach still warm and a path of light leading straight up to a high-power moon, would make a combination that would stun a safe-blower. You only been here three hours, kiddo, you don't want that eight-forty-five, do you?"

and black sailor hat with the black and white checked band you was wearing spelled home and Forty-second street in such big letters it was all I could do to keep the tears from falling in the ink and muddling it up while you registered.

"I know the feelin'." "Stick around a while, Queenie—there ain't any live ones around here and its slow as hot taffy, but I'm off duty tomorrow at four. I'll take you around and show you the island."

Miss Fink sagged her slim figure outward at the waistline until she assumed the sans-veretebra droop that Manet and his school loved to paint—the boneless slump of the apparently ill ladies who are the indirect descendants of that same school and who trail themselves across the covers of the fashion journals.

"And this is the dump, Maisee Smyth told me had Atlantic City wiped off the map. What I think of her taste in summer resorts, I'm going to write to her now if I don't mind you scribbling on my elbow on the counter and thung one knee across the other so that he leaned at an oblique. An inch cone of ashies tumbled and tumbled from his cigar down his waistcoat.

"I leave them things to the young ones, Gilly. What's an old one like me doing off on a party with marrieds and a bunch of stragglers. I been out hittin' a new trail through the pines that I'll bet the original Indians hereabouts ain't too familiar with."

"You ought to be able to find better than scenery for company around here. Goss, get acquainted with Miss Fink, a little girl from the big town."

"How-do-do." "Gowann, get acquainted and show each other a good time. Prokes is the Grand Mogul of Miami on the Miami, Birdie, and the Heap Big Chief of the Southwest Order of the Well-Fed Bison."

"Quit callin' me names, Gilly." "He says Miami on the Miami's got the Non York waterfront run clear off the picture posters and that the only and original hogsheads are grown between the Battery and the Bronx. Get together, you two, and lemme referee the game."

Miss Fink smiled, dangled her black and white checked band you was wearing spelled home and Forty-second street in such big letters it was all I could do to keep the tears from falling in the ink and muddling it up while you registered.

"Ten dollars a day and up, marble lobby and Cresses an walnut room is more my pace; the first September breeze that whistles through these pines going to blow me back to Broadway."

Miss Fink glanced across the lobby, at the wicker rockers, mostly empty and tilted slightly backward; at the post-card and cigar stand, with a sleeping clerk, and above the counter a string of magazines hung like clothes from a line; at the bison head above the dining entrance, glass-eyed and hung with the chess-board pennant.

"Cheer up, Queenie; tomorrow I'm off at four." "Well, look who's here! Well, Prokes, what have you got to say for yourself? Why ain't you out with the sailing party? Say, ain't you the greatest fellow for doin' the ladies?"

all seasons, and they was the cigar drummers. This bunch around here wouldn't have a chance in a snail marathon.

"I took my vacation down at the shore for four summers and say, for swell times!" "It's the first time I've been west of Syracuse myself, kiddo, and take it from me, there's nothing to it!"

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SPURNED, HE TRIES TO DIE

Air Veteran Finds Sweetheart With Another, Then Shoots Himself

Mahoney City, Pa., Jan. 12.—Jacques Davis, twenty-eight years old is dying at the State Hospital at Fountain Springs, as a result of a bullet fired by himself, with suicidal intent, on the street here.

Falling to hear from his sweetheart, Miss Viola Stahler, a telephone operator, Davis came from Reading Saturday evening and, finding Miss Stahler in company with another young man, turned the gun on himself.

WOMAN GOT SUGAR BY RUSE

Pretexted to Be U. S. Agent—Arrested With Man Companion

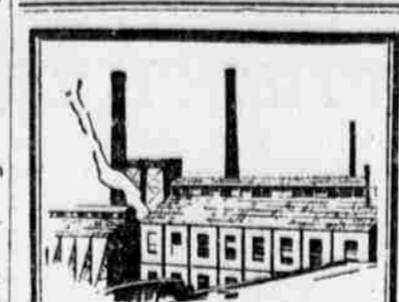
Reading, Jan. 12.—Posing as a government agent in order to get sugar among the charges against Prov Casner, alias John Safford, alias Charles Heckman, and Elizabeth Shisler, alias Sangford, who were taken into custody today. The former is accused also of larceny of a motorcycle and the woman of carrying concealed deadly weapons. Both were committed to jail.

The two occupied an apartment in the fashionable residence section of the city as man and wife and had with them the woman's ten-year-old son. On Saturday the woman displayed a badge in a store, saying she was in the secret service and demanded five pounds of sugar. Her story was not questioned and she was given the sugar.

The man is alleged to have attempted to sell a stolen motorcycle. Police say he admitted the theft and also that he broke jail at Charlotte, Mich., in 1914, where he was serving a term for horse-stealing.

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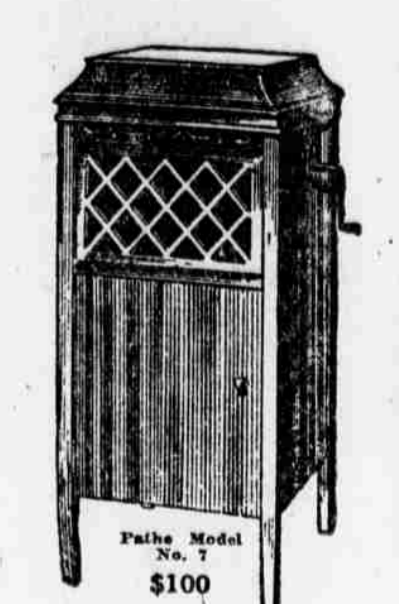
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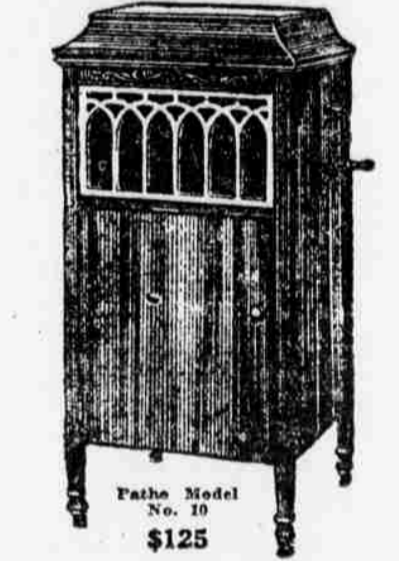
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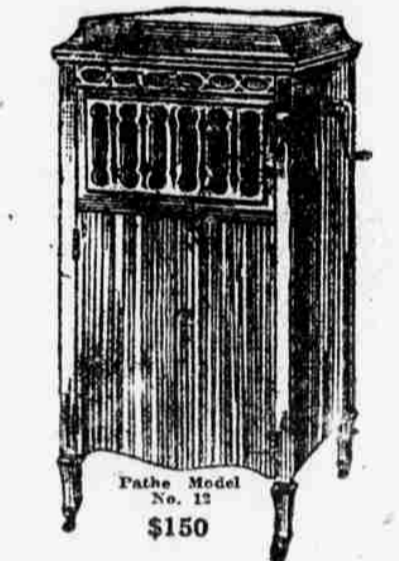
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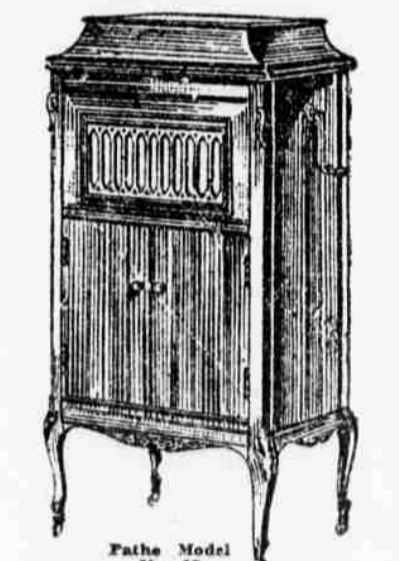
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