

OF INTEREST TO THE WOMEN

"The Insider" BY VIRGINIA TERHUNE VAN DE WATER

Elizabeth Meets Grace Norton, the Little Girl Who Is to Be Her Charge



"This is Grace," said the Aunt

CHAPTER II. (Copyright, 1916, Star Company)

To say that I was nervous on the morning on which I was to take my position in the home of Mr. Brewster Norton is putting it mildly. Yet I would not admit to myself that I was frightened. To do so would have been fatal to my self-confidence. I had a sensation of burning my bridges behind me as I packed my trunk and gave it to the expressman to be delivered that afternoon.

Then, with my small bag in my hand, and my heart in my throat, I took the stage uptown to the cross street just off of Riverside Drive, where my new employer lived.

I mounted the low stone steps of the large house and rang the bell. The maid who admitted me smiled pleasantly.

"You are Miss Dart, aren't you?" she asked. "Mrs. Gore said I was to show you right up to her room as soon as you came."

"Thank you," I murmured, following her up the broad stairs.

At a door of a room on the second floor she stopped and knocked. "Come in!" I heard a woman call.

The maid opened the door, stood to one side to allow me to enter, and withdrew.

The room into which I stepped was flooded with sunshine. In a large chair by one of the windows sat a delicate-looking woman of about fifty. She rose as I came forward.

"You are Miss Dart, I think," she observed in a languid voice.

As she spoke, I remembered that her brother-in-law had said that she was "a widow and somewhat of an invalid." She looked it, and yet she did not move like an ill person.

"Yes," I told her; "I am the new governess."

"I am Mrs. Gore," she said. "I am the aunt of your little charge — her mother's sister."

For a moment I did not know what to say. "I hope," I ventured, diffi-

dently, "that I will be able to discharge my duties satisfactorily."

The words sounded very stiff and stilted, and I found myself suddenly embarrassed. To explain my lack of confidence, I added, "This is the first time I have ever been in anybody's employ."

"No, I am glad!" Her face lighted with relief. "I have dreaded putting Grace into the hands of some worldly-wise person — some person who has lived in schools and taught scores of children. She is a sensitive little creature, and I want her to have a congenial companion."

"Is she in now?" I inquired.

"No, I sent her out for a little walk with my maid," Mrs. Gore said. "This girl, who has been a maid to me, and something like a nurse for Grace, is fond of the child and very good to her. But Maggie is, after all, only an uneducated girl, and Grace needs other companionship. She is a lonely little thing, for we have no young life in the house when Tom, the boy, is away at school, and her father does not want her to go to kindergarten. Now, Miss Dart, you will want to see your room. It is right over this room on the next floor. Shall I call some one to take you up to it?"

"No, indeed!" I said. "I can find my way up perfectly well."

"Mrs. Gore's was a large square chamber at the rear of the house. Mine was exactly like it in size and shape, only a floor higher up. Out of it on the right opened a small bathroom.

I closed my door behind me and looked about me with a sigh of comfort. This was living!

A fine room, two great windows let in the sunshine through dainty sash curtains of net, while long curtains of cretonne hung outside of these. The hardwood floor had a thick rug on it. On one side of the room stood a brass bed; on the other, a chest of drawers and a couch. Between the windows stood a dressing table; at one side of one window was a desk

and on this a desk lamp. A large closet was at the rear of the room and in its door was litted a long mirror. Next to this was another door opening, I supposed, into the front room beyond. It was locked tight. In all my life I had never been so luxuriously lodged.

"If I can only give satisfaction," I muttered, as I removed my hat and coat and hung them in the deep closet.

Then, when I had unpacked my handbag, washed my hands and rearranged my hair, I went downstairs. I fancied I had heard a child's voice a few minutes ago.

As I entered Mrs. Gore's room in response to her "Come in!" I came face to face with my new charge. She was standing, hat and coat still on, watching the door. She had evidently been told that she might expect me at any instant.

Mrs. Gore spoke my name immediately.

"Miss Dart, this is Grace, your new charge, Grace Norton. Grace, my dear, this is your new governess. Shake hands with her at once."

The little creature came forward timidly, her hand held out. She walked lightly, on her toes, scarcely seeming to touch the floor.

"How do you do?" she said, in a clear, flute-like voice, no gleam of a smile in her deep eyes.

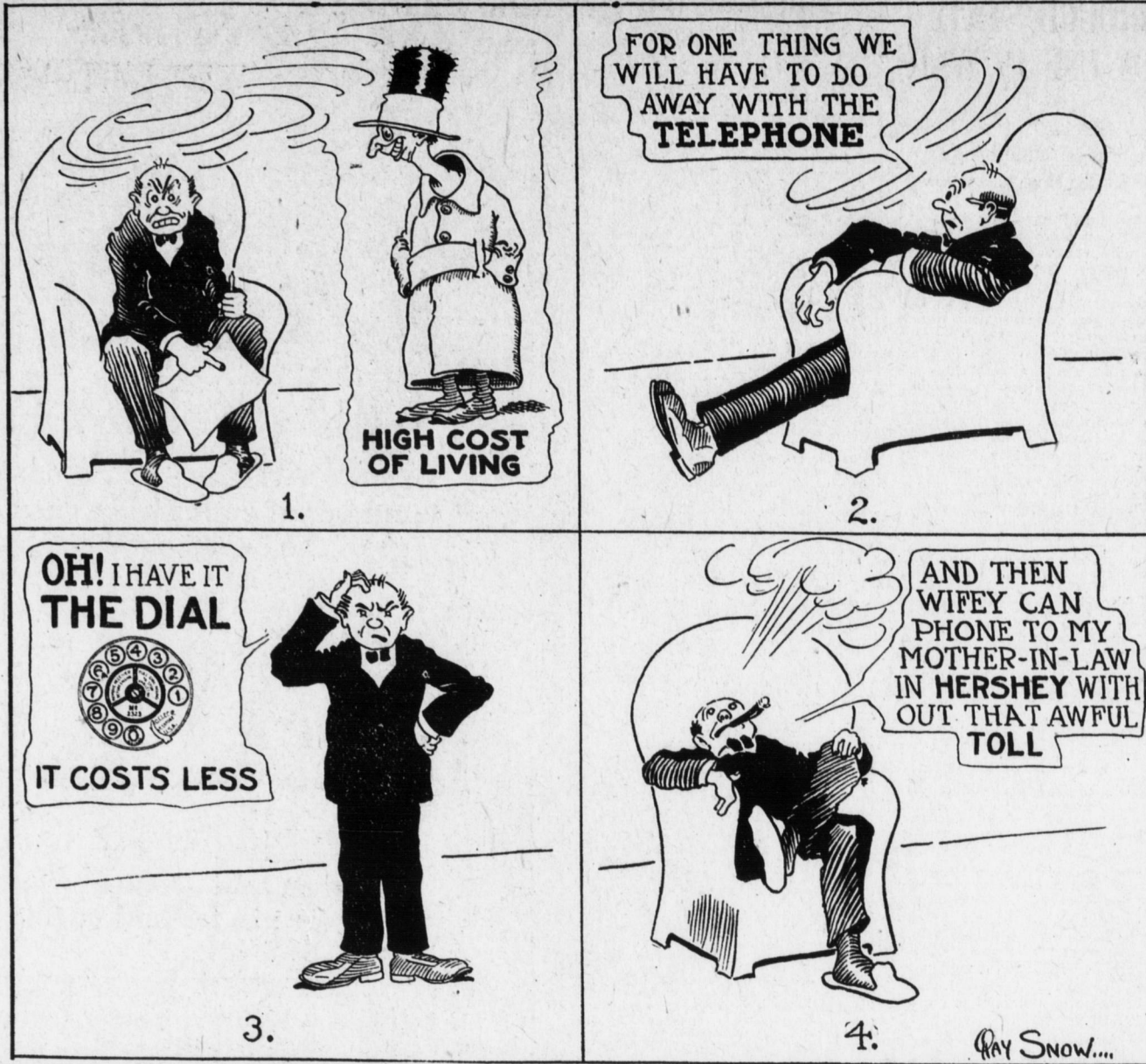
I took her thin hand in mine, and drew her to me.

"I hope we are going to be good friends," I said. Then I knelt and put my arms about her. "I am very fond of little girls," I went on, "and I am sure that you and I will like each other."

She said nothing, but, drawing back, eyed me with the calm scrutiny peculiar to unspoiled children. There was no self-consciousness in the approving gaze. She was evidently taking me all in, and pronouncing judgment upon me in her own mind. I felt almost afraid as to what her verdict would be.

(To be continued.)

LET THE AUTOMATIC TELEPHONE CUT DOWN "THE HIGH COST OF LIVING"



FOODS THEY BUILD OR DESTROY. AMAZING BUT RARELY SUSPECTED TRUTHS ABOUT THE THINGS YOU EAT. By ALFRED W. McCANN

All Attacks Against Public Health Officials Are Met Invariably by a Show of Statistics Designed to Reveal the Extent of the Officials' Activities and the Magnitude of Their Accomplishments — These Statistics Serve to Disarm Public Anxiety When the Truth Makes Its Occasional Appearance on the Surface.

an unofficial and "muck-raking" crusade against them. It covered in detail the slaughterhouses of Robert Plaut & Sons and S. & H. Plaut, whose proprietors six years later, due to my unofficial muck-raking, were finally brought to justice.

Its exposures of these shambles of infamy were full and complete. Yet no official interference with them followed.

The graft system which the slaughterers here and their associates that they were able to command vast political influence kept the hands of the "honest" officials off.

Had it not been for this effort to make neglected public affairs a personal concern, the records of the past indicate that hundreds of officially protected rascals would be still engaged in their inhuman activities.

Unfortunately the results obtained by private efforts are usually reviewed with distaste by public officials, as a result of which human weakness no organized public effort has been made to apply the lessons learned from my many unhappy adventures in the field of food corruption.

When I have succeeded in breaking up a privileged industry in one spot I have invariably learned that the center of infection is soon scattered to other districts and goes on as before.

Fosdick's report eloquently emphasized in the face of the developments that six years later followed its delivery to Mayor Gaynor, the deadliness of that form of official sloth growing out of petty graft and political expediency.

His report contained these words: "Particular attention is called to the slaughterhouse of Robert Plaut & Sons, located at Johnson avenue, Brooklyn. Our inspectors found hanging in the cooler of this establishment two dressed cow carcasses which had been passed by the Health Department as wholesome, but which, because of the fact that the costal pleura had been stripped from the forequarters and tubercular lesions were observed around the borders of the stripped areas, must have come from cattle in an advanced stage of tuberculosis."

"The absence of federal inspection and the laxity of city inspection brings to this slaughterhouse a class of cattle that cannot be handled through federal inspection abattoirs."

In the plant of S. & H. Plaut, Johnson avenue, rotten meat intended for bologna was found. The stuff had every evidence of having been shoveled up from the floor into the barrel, as the meat was well mixed with such filth as is usually found on the floor of a slaughterhouse."

All the State health commissioners, all the State commissioners of agriculture, all the food and drug commissioners of the country, know well the truth of the paragraph of Fosdick's report as printed above in black.

The reason that this truth is not acted upon is due solely to public ignorance and indifference.

STATE SOCIETY RECOGNIZES ALLENTOWN WRITER'S WORK. Allentown, Pa., Feb. 5. — There was worthy recognition of hard work and merit when Charles Rhoads Roberts, of Allentown, at a meeting in Harrisburg last week, was elected president of the State Federation of Historical Societies, succeeding Senator W. C. Sprout.

Mr. Roberts is a lineal descendant of Judge Peter Rhoads, who was Allentown's member of the Colonial Assembly, the Judge at that period and whose house, still standing, is the oldest dwelling in Allentown. It was Judge Rhoads who arranged for the hiding of the Liberty Bell in Zion Church, Allentown, in 1777, when

Lord Howe's army threatened Philadelphia. Mr. Roberts is secretary of the Lehigh County Historical Society, and one of the chief factors in the movement to restore Trout Hall, the first building in Allentown, built by Judge James Allen, the founder. The restored Trout Hall, on the site of old Muhlenberg College, is to be the home and museum of the Lehigh Historical Society.

Mr. Roberts' greatest work to date has been his editing and chief writing of the centennial history of Lehigh County, a stupendous work in three volumes, aggregating about 3,000 pages. He is a member of the Pennsylvania German Society and of the Pennsylvania Society of the Sons of the Revolution.

Among the most earnest slanderers of communities which have kicked booze out is Senator Reed of Missouri. The following statements were made by him on the floor of the Senate in the course of the debate on prohibition for the District of Columbia:

"I remember a good many years ago trying a case in a court which was presided over by the Senator's distinguished father, I think, in a small town in Kansas. It seemed to me that there was not a lawyer at the bar who was not a common drunkard, and they had prohibition there, but it did not prohibit."

"I had a good deal of business for a good many years in Kansas, and I say now, without desiring to reflect upon the Senator's State, that there were more drunkards to the square acre in Kansas than in any place I ever was, and that, too, under a prohibitory law."

Senator Reed's statements, of course are the kind of broad generalizations which are not susceptible of disproval by exact figures. Generally, all that the learner can do is to make a mental estimate of the sort of man who utters them. But Senator Curtis of Kansas made a very effective reply when he read the following statistics from official reports for the year 1914:

"Twenty-eight counties in Kansas did not have a prisoner in jail during all that year."

"Forty-eight counties did not send a prisoner to the penitentiary."

"Twelve counties had not called a jury for the trial of a criminal case in a number of years."

"Twenty counties did not have any prisoner in the State penitentiary."

—From Collier's Weekly for February 3rd.

TWENTY-FIVE DOLLAR FALL. Theodore Starston was directing Charlotte Walker in "sloth," one of McClure Pictures' Seven Deadly Sins. It was a battle scene, and a "stunt" man had been engaged to be shot off his horse in front of the camera.

The scene started. The rider dashed into the camera's range, threw up his arms and slid from his horse.

"No good!" cried Mr. Starston. "Make it a real one."

"You said you wanted a ten dollar fall," protested the "stunt" man.

"I want the best you have," said Mr. Starston. "What are your rates?"

"\$25 if I fall on my horse and fall on my head."

"Give us the \$25 kind," said Mr. Starston.

The "stunt" man delivered a beautiful fall, landing on his head, unhurt. Two weeks later, making a \$10 fall for another company, he broke one of his legs.

HOLD BIRTHDAY PARTY. Mechanicsburg, Pa., Feb. 5. — To celebrate her sixteenth birthday, Miss Elizabeth Crawford, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Crawford, gave a delightful party on Saturday evening at her home, 417 West Main street. The guests included the Kittatinny Camp Fire Girls, of which Miss Elizabeth is a member, as follows: Misses Miriam Zuffall, Rachel Shelley, Mary Koller, Marjorie Baum, Florence Orris, Elizabeth Hurst, Miriam Orris, Ruth Miller and Etta Miller. The young people enjoyed music, games and camp fire songs. Refreshments were served. Other guests were Miss Blanche Raine, a Camp Fire girl, of Harrisburg; Miss Margaret Blackburn, guardian of the fire; Mrs. McKinley, Mrs. Priscilla Pyle, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Crawford, and Albert E. Crawford, Jr. On Thursday, February 15, the Camp Fire Girls will enjoy a valentine masquerade party at the home of Miss Mary Koller, 303 East Main street.

DRINK HABIT. DRINK HOT TEA FOR A BAD COLD. Coal For the Coldest Month. February for some years past has been the coldest month of Winter. It bids fair to maintain its record this year — with less supply of coal above ground than in many years.

Advertisement for Allcock Plasters, featuring an illustration of a person applying a plaster to their back.

Advertisement for DRINK HABIT, discussing the health benefits of drinking tea.

Advertisement for Coal For the Coldest Month, promoting H. M. Kelley & Co. coal.

PLAN VOCATIONAL SCHOOL. Blain, Pa., Feb. 5. — Professor R. W. Helm, supervisor of agriculture education, Pennsylvania Department of Public Instruction, Harrisburg, was here to meet the school directors of the district on business pertaining to the establishment of a vocational school at Blain. The directors appeared favorable toward the starting of the school.

P. R. R. COAL TRAIN WRECKED. Pottsville, Pa., Feb. 5. — Wreck of a coal train on the Pennsylvania railroad yesterday at Adamsdale is holding up traffic. Coal is scattered along the tracks, which are torn up for 200 yards. The loss is heavy. Passengers for Philadelphia and intermediate points south and for Pottsville, north, are transferred, delaying the arrival of trains. Wreck crews from Reading and Mount Carbon are working to clear up the debris.

NO IMMEDIATE RISE IN PRICES

Severance of Relations Not Likely to Send Up Cost of Food Stuffs

There will be no immediate rise in the price of foodstuffs on account of the severing of diplomatic relations with Germany, according to the heads of several Harrisburg wholesale houses this afternoon.

"The supply of meat isn't large enough now to cause any change in prices," declared F. W. Covert, manager of Swift & Company, in discussing the situation. "At any rate I see no immediate effect on the market."

E. S. Manbeck, manager of the Harrisburg Baking Company, said that he was trying to figure out just what effect a declaration of war would have on the baking business. I see no likelihood of a rise in prices just now," said Mr. Manbeck, "but it is pretty hard to make anything like an accurate forecast."

E. N. Hershey, of the Hershey Creamery Company, said: "Large exportation of condensed milk have kept prices up and it would be reasonable to suppose that should exports be affected prices would drop. I do not look for any rise in the price of butter or milk."

At the office of Evans-Burnett Company, wholesale grocers, it was stated that prices would probably fluctuate but that nothing definite could be said with regard to price movements at this time.

PROMINENT DEATHS AT YORK. York, Pa., Feb. 5. — Wrightsville had two prominent deaths yesterday. The Rev. E. D. Keen, aged 62, a United Evangelical minister, died after a lingering illness. He is survived by his wife and son, the Rev. Paul Keen, at home. Peter J. Gilbert, aged 62 years, for twenty-five years director in the First National Bank and prominent in lodge affairs, died of a complication of diseases ending with apoplexy.

SLAYER GETS SECOND DEGREE. Wilkes-Barre, Pa., Feb. 5. — "Guilty of murder in the second degree." This was the verdict rendered by the jury in the trial of Thomas ("Doughy") Williams, arrested for the murder of Ida May Brown, aged 18, of Seabrook, after he had confessed the killing and signed a statement setting forth the manner in which he caused her death.

Advertisement for TETLEY'S India and Ceylon TEAS, featuring an illustration of a hand holding a teacup.

"I WISH EVERY MOTHER KNEW THE VALUE OF FATHER JOHN'S MEDICINE"

Advertisement for Father John's Medicine, featuring a portrait of Theresa Maria Borg and a testimonial from Alice Pauline Miller.