

Reading for Women and all the Family



The Scribb Family---They Live Right Here in Harrisburg---By Sullivan

Miss Fairfax Answers Queries

DON'T THINK—ACT
 Dear Miss Fairfax:
 I am seventeen and find time hanging heavily on my hands. I have been graduated from public and commercial school, but cannot find a position, because every where I go they all want experienced girls. My mother and brother nag at me because I don't work and pay back for the schooling I had. But what am I to do? I want to work. There is nothing I can find to do but read and think, think, think and it is driving me mad. If something doesn't turn up soon, I feel that I'll do something that I will regret all my life.

YOU ARE MERCENARY
 Dear Miss Fairfax:
 I am seventeen years of age and working as a stenographer for the last fifteen months at a salary of \$12 per week, and deeply in love with a bachelor of thirty-seven, who is a teacher, earning a salary of \$250 per month. Many of my friends say that I ought to drop him on account of the difference in our ages, but I think, since we love each other, our ages should not interfere. And as he is capable of providing a nice home for me, and separation would mean a heartbreak for each, I do not see much reason for taking my friends' advice.

Not a Real Trouble
 DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:
 I am eighteen. About two years ago I met a man fifteen years my senior at a boarding house. I moved away and never thought of him until last September, when he called. Since then I have been out twice with him. I do not like the man, but my mother thinks I should have him just for a friend. I know he wants to be more than a friend. I would like to get him out of my mind altogether. Could you please give me some of your good advice and help me out of this unhappy situation?
ANXIOUS.
 There seems no particular reason why you should "have this man on your mind." If he does not interest you, do not see him. If you have any reason to suppose he wants to marry you and you feel that you could never care for him, the best thing to do is to tell him so.

Nan of Music Mountain

By FRANK H. SPEARMAN
 Author of "WHISPERING SMITH"

(Continued)
SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I—On Frontier day at Sleepy Cat, Henry De Spain, gunman and train-master at Meigs River, is beaten at target shooting by Nan Morgan of Music Mountain. Jeffries, division superintendent, asks De Spain to take charge of the Meigs River stake line, but he refuses.

CHAPTER II—De Spain sees Nan dancing with Gale Morgan, is later derisively pointed out to Nan on the street by Gale, and is moved to change his mind and accept the stake line job.

CHAPTER III—De Spain and Lefever ride to Calabassas Inn and there meet Gale Morgan with Deaf Sandusky and Sassoon, gunman and retainers of the Morgan clan. Morgan demands the discharge of a stage driver and De Spain refuses. De Spain meets Nan but fails to overcome her aversion to him.

"The old story," remarked De Spain, inspecting with mild-mannered interest the punctured plastering, "they always shoot high."

He walked over to the left end of the bar, noting the hard usage shown by the ornate mahogany, and spreading his hands wide open, palms down, on the face of it, glanced at the low window on his left, opening on the gravelled patio. He peered, in the semi-darkness, at the battered door behind the bar.

"Henry," observed Lefever, "if you are looking for a drink, it would only be fair, as well as politic, to call the Mexican."

De Spain, turning, looked all around the room again. "You wouldn't think," he said slowly, "from looking at the place there was a road-agent within a thousand miles."

"You wouldn't think, from riding through the Superstition mountains there was a lion within a thousand miles. I've hunted them for eleven years, and I never saw one except when the dogs drove 'em out; but for eleven years they saw me. If I haven't been seeing in here by some of this Calabassas bunch, I miss my guess," declared Lefever cheerfully.

The battered door behind the bar now began to open slowly and noiselessly. Lefever peered through it. "Come in, Pedro," he cried reassuringly, "come in, man. This is no officer, no revenue agent looking for your license. Meet a friend, Pedro." he continued encouragingly, as the doorway publican, low-browed and stolid, emerged very deliberately from the inner darkness into the obscurity of the barroom, and bent his one good eye searchingly on De Spain. "This," Lefever's left hand lay familiarly on the back of De Spain's shoulder, "is our new manager, Mr. Henry De Spain. Henry, shake hands with Mexico."

This invitation to shake hands seemed an empty formality. De Spain never shook hands with anybody; at least if he did so, he extended, through habit long inured, his left hand, with an excuse for the soreness of his right. Pedro did not even bat his remaining eye at the invitation. The situation, as Lefever facetiously remarked, remained about where it was before he spoke, when the sound of galloping horses came through the open door. A moment later three men walked, single file, into the room. De Spain stood at the left end of the bar, and Lefever introduced him to Gale Morgan, to David Sassoon, and to Sassoon's cronies, Deaf Sandusky, as the new stage-line manager. The later arrivals lined up before the bar. Sandusky next to Lefever and De Spain, so he could hear what was said. Pedro from his den produced two queer-looking bottles and a supply of glasses.

"De Spain," Gale Morgan began bluntly, "one of our men was put off a stage of yours last week by Frank Elpaso." He spoke without any preliminary compliments, and his heavy voice was bellicose.

De Spain, regarding him undisturbed, answered after a little pause: "Elpaso told me he put a man off his stage last week for fighting."

"No," contradicted Morgan loudly, "not for fighting. Elpaso was drunk."

"What's the name of the man Elpaso put off, John?" asked De Spain, looking at Lefever.

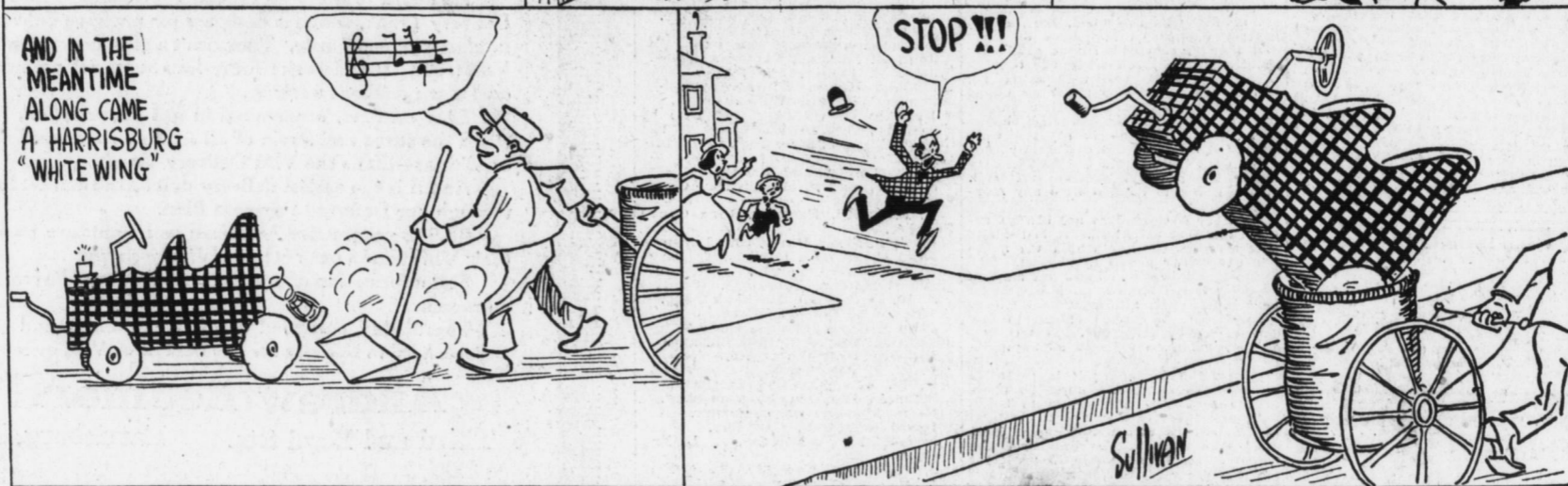
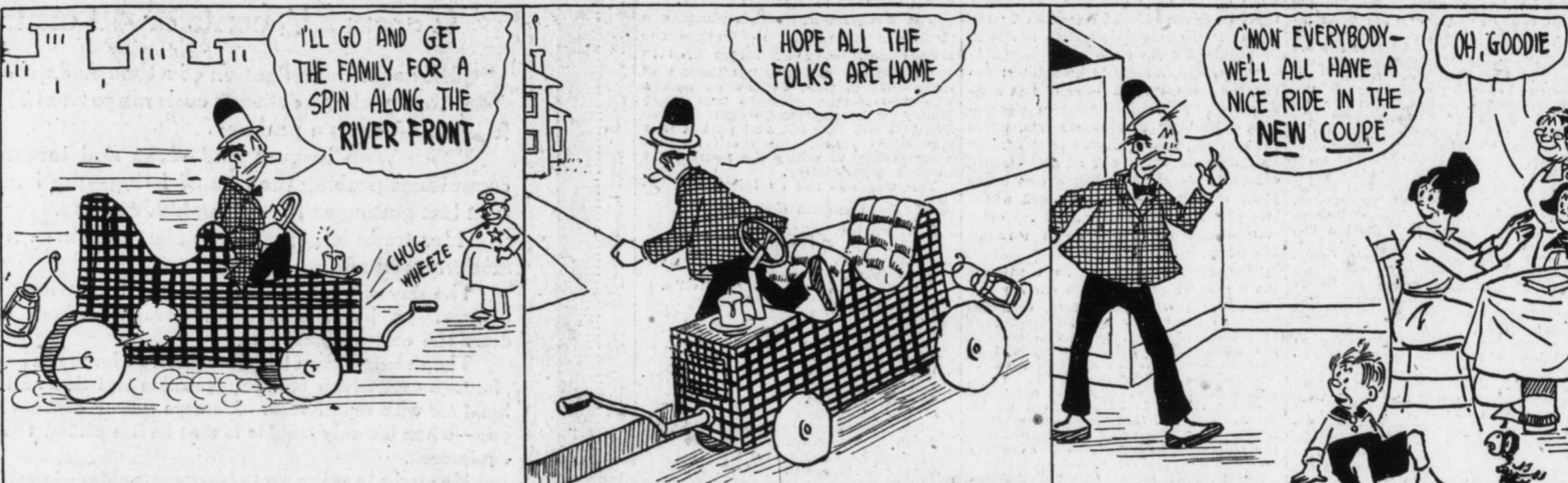
Morgan hooked his thumb toward the man standing at his side. "Here's the man right here, Dave Sassoon."

Sassoon never looked a man in the face when the man looked at him, except by implication; it was almost impossible, without surprising him, to catch his eyes with your eyes. He seemed now to regard De Spain keenly, as the latter, still attending to Morgan's statement, replied: "Elpaso tells a pretty straight story."

"Elpaso couldn't tell a straight story if he tried," interjected Sassoon. "I have the statement of three other passengers; they confirm Elpaso. According to them, Sassoon—"

De Spain looked straight at the accused, "was drunk and abusive, and kept trying to put some of the other passengers off. Finally he put his feet in the lap of Pumperwasser, our tank and windmill man, and Pumperwasser hit him."

Morgan, stepping back from the bar.



Sullivan

waved his hand with an air of finality toward his inoffensive companion: "Here is Sassoon, right here—he can tell the whole story."

"Those fellows were miners," muttered Sassoon. His utterance was broken, but he spoke fast. "They'll side with the guards every time against a cattleman."

"Sassoon," interposed Morgan belligerently, "is a man whose word can always be depended on."

"To convey his meaning," interposed Lefever cryptically. "Of course, I know," he asserted, earnest to the point of vehemence. "Everyone in Calabassas has the highest respect for him. He is under no fool's thumb, as he added with as much impressiveness as if he were talking sense, "everybody in Calabassas would be sorry to see Sassoon put off a stage. But Sassoon is off; that is the situation. We are sorry."

"What do you mean?" thundered Morgan, resenting the interference. "De Spain is the manager, isn't he? What we want to know is, what you are going to do about it?" he demanded, addressing De Spain again.

"There is nothing more to be done," returned De Spain composedly. "I've already told Elpaso if Sassoon starts another fight on a stage to put him off again."

Morgan's fist came down on the bar. "Look here, De Spain! You come from



Medicine Bend, don't you? Well, you can't bully Music Mountain men—understand that."
 "Any time you have a real grievance, Morgan, I'll be glad to consider it," said De Spain. "When one of your men is drunk and quarrelsome he will be put off like any other disturber. That we can't avoid. Public stages can't be run any other way."
 "All right," retorted Morgan. "If you take that tack for your new management, we'll see how you get along running stages down in this country."
 "We will run them peaceably, just as long as we can," smiled De Spain. "We will get on with everybody that gives us a chance."

(To Be Continued)

"The Insider"

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water

Chapter XXII

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 Two days later Tom Norton's school report reached his father.

I was informed of this fact by Mrs. Gore. I had noticed at breakfast a prevalent atmosphere of gloom. Tom was quiet, and his face was dark. Mr. Norton was taciturn, eating rapidly, as was his wont when perturbed. Mrs. Gore made an occasional futile remark which fell flat. At last she, too, lapsed into silence.

"Isn't daddy displeased this morning, Miss Dart?" Grace questioned me as we left the dining room. "Perhaps Tom's done something naughty, don't you think?"

"Hush, dear, he will hear you," I warned.

Tom did not hear, but Mrs. Gore, who was right behind us, did. "Stop in my room for a minute, won't you, Miss Dart?" she proposed as we reached the second floor. "Grace, you can run away and tell your father goodby before he goes downtown, then come back up here."

I did not protest, although I feared the child might interrupt some conference between father and son. It was not my business to interfere with what Mrs. Gore thought right and proper.

"Grace was asking you if Tom had been naughty," the widow said when we were alone in my room. "The truth is that my poor brother is much upset about Tom's report, which reached him last evening. It seems that the boy has failed again in algebra and geometry. I cannot understand why he does such things."

"Perhaps he has no aptitude for mathematics," I suggested. "I heard him say that he does not like them."

"No, and he never has. But that's no excuse for his falling as often as he does. I could blame him less if he was not able to pass in everything else. That he does pass in other studies proves that he has a fair mind and could get good marks in algebra and geometry if he took the trouble to apply himself."

"Oh, I hardly think that, Mrs. Gore!" I demurred. "I have known cases of students who, for many years, had no difficulty in acquiring languages and yet failed lamentably in mathematics. I am sorry for the boy."

"A Scolding for Tom"
 "I am sorrier for his father," Mrs. Gore retorted. "Tom worries him dreadfully. As for me, I don't pretend to understand the child. He resents any suggestions of mine as to his manners and ways. I hate to see Brewster all upset like this over his only son."

"What is Mr. Norton going to do about it?" I asked.

"Well, I don't quite know. If Tom is to pass his examinations next fall for college he will have to make up for lost time by studying this summer. He will have to be sent away to some place to study—or he will have to work at home. Personally, I believe the former plan would be the better—to send him away from home again."

not sit down here for a few minutes." I proposed, dropping down upon a bench. "It's unseasonably warm, isn't it? And I feel rather tired."

"So do I." He sat down beside me and began digging holes in the gravel in front of him with a small stick he picked up. "I'm lazy all the time, father thinks. I guess he thinks, too, that I'm no good, Miss Dart—and all because I flunked math."

I laid my hand lightly on his arm. "Tom," I said softly, "promise you won't tell anybody if I confess something to you."

A Confidence
 He looked at me inquiringly. "What is it?"

"I flunked mathematics myself in my junior year," I whispered.

"He widened his eyes, then burst into a boyish laugh. 'You did!' he exclaimed. 'Geel! What do you know about that? What did you do?'"

"My father coached me that summer," I said. "He was not well, and he could not go out much, so he had time to give to me. He coached me—and I passed my examinations."

"I wish father knew that," the boy muttered. "But I won't tell him. Everything I say just gets me in more wrong with him."

"I'm perfectly willing to tell him," I declared. "For I can sympathize with you."

The color crept into the lad's face. "Then you're the only one in the family who can," he said. "They're both—father and Aunt Adelaide—sore on me."

"Well, I am not," I assured him. "If you think it will help, I will say as much to your father when I get the chance."

"But I've got to pass next fall's examinations," the boy said. "Father threatens to send me to a summer school somewhere—and not let me go to Hillcrest—our country place in Connecticut, you know. And that's the place I love—the only place that's a bit like home to me. I look forward to it all the year. But since I've got to make good, what can I do?"

There was a childish tremble in his voice.

(To Be Continued.)

PLAN MEMBERSHIP CAMPAIGN
 Members of Dauphin Conclave, No. 96, Improved Order of Heptasophs, held their first meeting in the new headquarters of the organization, 26 North Third street. The Conclave formerly met at 321 Market street. Plans were made last night for a membership campaign. The committee includes L. O. Phillips, John Bateman, Morris Heverling, W. H. Grove and A. G. German.

DAILY DOT PUZZLE



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