

Reading for Women and all the Family

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

THE HONEYMOON HOUSE

By HAZEL DALE

"But, Jarvis," remonstrated Janet when they finally escaped from the restaurant, "you are almost rude to the man. What was the matter with you?"

"I don't like the chap," said Jarvis quickly. "I hope you weren't taken with him."

"Why I thought he was very nice, and I liked his idea about collaborating. Why did you cut him off that way?"

"Because I didn't think he was sincere."

Janet stared at him curiously. It was so unusual for Jarvis to take this attitude, and she hesitated about saying anything more for fear of spoiling the evening. Janet was too frankly jealous of her happiness to risk losing even a little bit. But she did not understand Jarvis in his present mood. They had come out to dinner, and almost as soon as they had entered the restaurant Janet had noticed a man at the next table observing them rather closely. He had turned out to be an editor of the magazine Janet was working for, and Jarvis had met him informally that afternoon at the theater.

"Didn't you want him to come over to our table?" Janet queried.

"Of course," Jarvis returned. But he offered nothing more, and Janet thrilled with a feeling half pain as she walked alone at Jarvis's side.

From the time when Janet had first met Jarvis he had been the only man for her. She had admitted this fact to herself, and had admitted it to him many times, just as he had told her that she was the only girl in the world for him. But Janet was a woman, and was, therefore, capable of jealousy. Not that she was the narrow type of woman, jealous of everyone, but she knew that if the occasion ever demanded it, she could be jealous enough of anyone who tried to interfere with her to do almost anything in the way of a rash act. Once she had spoken lightly to Jarvis of this fact, and he had responded queerly.

"I might be jealous," he had said, "but I think I would rather die than let you know it."

And Jarvis had meant what he said. Never from the time when Janet married him had he for a moment expressed any dislike for her dealings with men. And it piqued Janet, deep down in every woman's heart is, the desire to be restrained by force if necessary. Janet wanted no one but Jarvis, but she was feminine enough to enjoy being admired by other men. Therefore, she wanted Jarvis to note this fact and to be toweringly jealous. And Jarvis had never been jealous before. She wondered if it could be possible that he was jealous now.

"Don't you want to collaborate with me?" Janet questioned after a few minutes of silence.

"Sure, I do, but that fellow was too eager to make arrangements. I don't think it was necessary for him to ask you to come to his office Monday, do you?"

"I tell you I don't like him," Janet said.

"You said this afternoon that he was a nice chap, and you liked him," remarked Janet.

"I did like him this afternoon, but there was something about him to-night that I didn't like at all. Are you going to meet him Monday?"

"I don't know, boy," Janet considered. "I suppose it might be polite. You see he may have a great deal of influence on the magazine. And you might be misjudging him, Don't you just might be, you know."

"I have taken a dislike to him," Jarvis returned. "As a general rule I don't do that, either. I haven't objected to any other man you have cared to know, have I?"

This argument went a long way toward convincing Janet that often intuition went a long way toward averting calamities. As she thought of intuitions, she remembered suddenly Karen Mikal and the strange coincidence of the letter from Dick. She wondered what that letter contained, and again determined to tell Jarvis all about it when she returned home. There was no time for it now, she was too much engrossed in her own affairs.

"I won't go to see him if you'd rather not. You know Jarvis, that if I did go, it would be because it might mean advancement for both of us. Don't you think his offer sounded promising?"

"Oh, I might have, but he was too anxious to make one of our party to-night. Perhaps that made me want to get rid of him more than ever. I thought you were going to invite him to go with us for a while there."

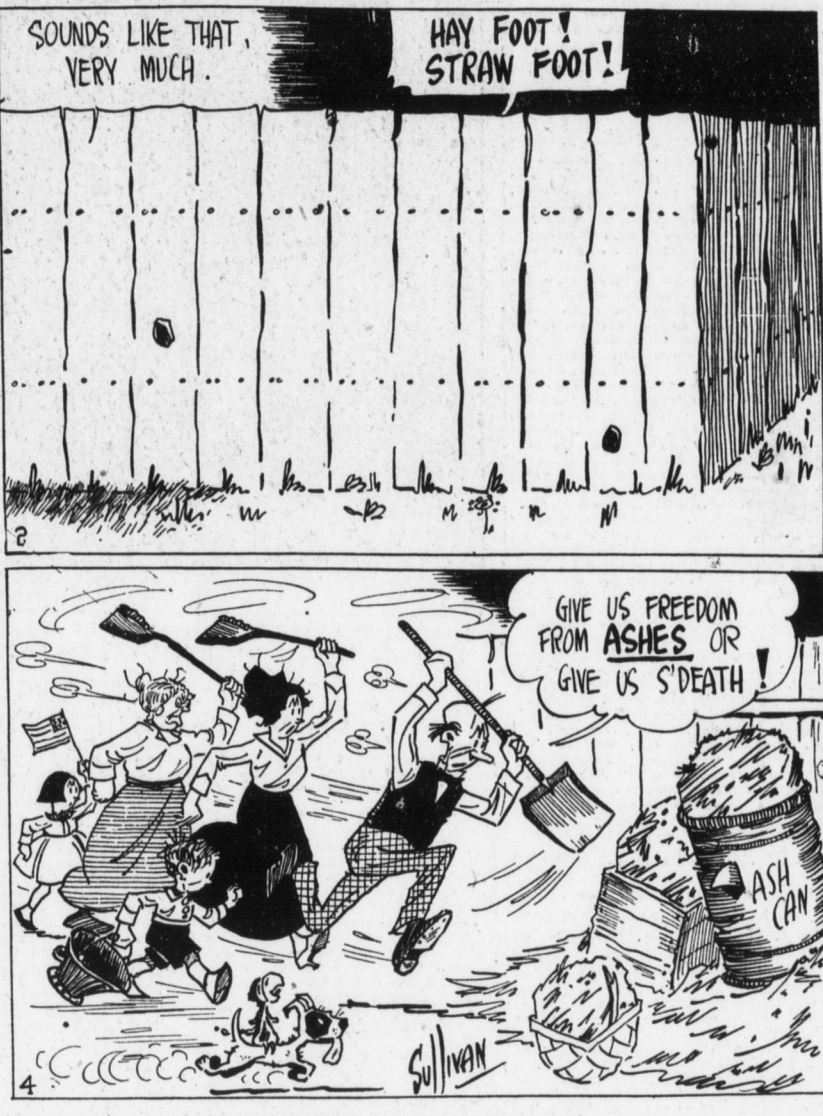
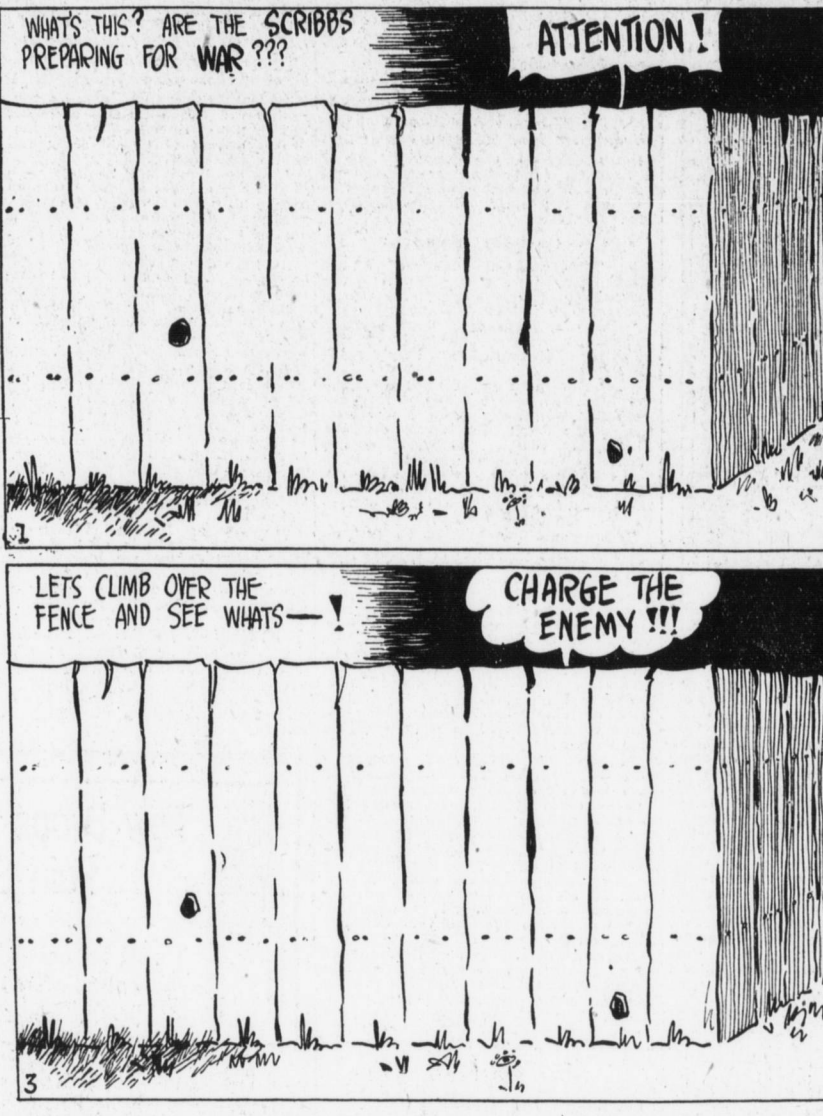
"Well, I didn't want to be rude to the man. Jarvis dear, are you really jealous?"

Jarvis turned to her with an indignant denial, but as he met her eyes and his own took in her adorable self, he grinned boyishly.

"Put it that way, if you like."

And Janet treasured it up as one of her choicest possessions, certain that no man ever really loves unless at some time or other he admits to being jealous.

(To be Continued).



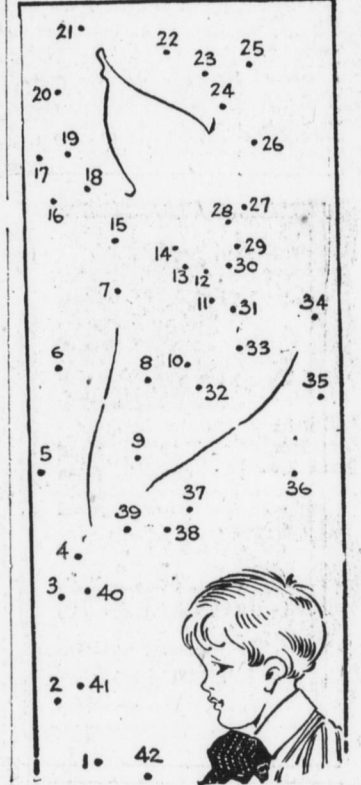
Man Known Here on Ship Which Strikes Mine

Among the passengers aboard the steamer New York which struck a mine off Liverpool bar and was badly damaged according to Associated Press reports was Charles E. Gale, of Philadelphia.

Mr. Gale is a brother-in-law of J. W. Jones, plant superintendent of the Mt. Pleasant Primary, this city.

Mr. Jones has been in constant communication with officials of the New York's steamship line. A cablegram received late yesterday afternoon said no one had been hurt and that the steamer was not safe in her dock although badly damaged. Mr. Gale has been a visitor to this city.

DAILY DOT PUZZLE



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 trainmaster at Mead, is beaten in target shooting by Nan Morgan of Music Mountain. Jeffries, division superintendent, asks De Spain to take charge of the Thief River stage line, but he refuses.

CHAPTER II—De Spain sees Nan dancing to Calabass Inn and there meet Gale Morgan with Deaf Sandusky and Sassoon, gunmen 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.

CHAPTER III—De Spain and Lefever ride to Calabass Inn and there meet Gale Morgan with Deaf Sandusky and Sassoon, gunmen 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.

CHAPTER IV—Sassoon knifes Elipaso, the stage driver, and escapes to Morgan's gap, the stronghold of the Morgans. De Spain, Lefever and Scott go in after him, and De Spain brings out Sassoon alone.

CHAPTER V—He meets Nan, who delays him until nearly overtaken by the Morgans, but landing his captive in jail.

CHAPTER VI—Sassoon breaks jail. De Spain beats the Morgans in a saloon and is shot at through the window. He meets Nan again.

The big room was well filled for a wet night. De Spain took a place in shadow near one side of the doorway facing the street door and at times looked within for the loosely jointed frame, crooked neck, tousled forehead, and malevolent face of the cattle thief. He could find in the many figures scattered about the room none resembling the one he sought.

A man entering the place spoke to another coming out. De Spain overheard the exchange. "Duke got rid of his steers yet?" asked the first.

"Not yet."

"Slow game."

"The old man sold quite a bunch this time. The way he's playing now he'll last twenty-four hours."

De Spain, following the newcomer strolled into the room and, beginning at one side, proceeded in leisurely fashion from wheel to wheel and table to table inspecting the players. Few looked at him and none paid any attention to his presence. At Tenison's table the idlers crowded about one player whom De Spain, without getting closer in among the onlookers than he wanted to, could not see.

Tenison, as De Spain approached, happened to look up wearily. He spoke in an impassive tone across the intervening heads: "What happened to your red tie, Henry?"

De Spain put up his hand to his neck, and looked down at a loose end hanging from his soft cravat. It had been torn by the bullet meant for his head. He turned the end inside his collar. "A Calabass man tried to untie it a few minutes ago. He missed the knot."

Tenison did not hear the answer. He had reverted to his case. De Spain moved on and, after making the round of the scattered tables, walked again

reason her out of her determination. She resented every word he offered. "You are most insolent," she exclaimed. "You are interfering in something that is no concern of yours. You have no right to act in this outrageous way. If you don't stand aside I'll call for help."

"Nan!" De Spain spoke her name suddenly and threateningly. His words fell fast, and he checked her for an instant with his vehemence. "We met in the gap a week ago. I said I was telling you the exact truth. Did I do it?"

"I don't care what you said or what you did—"

"Answer me," he said sharply; "did I tell you the truth?"

"I don't know or care—"

"Yes, you do know—"

"What you say or do—"

"I told you the truth then, and I am telling it now. I will never see you enter a gambling room as long as I



can prevent it. Call for help if you like."

She looked at him with amazement. She seemed about to speak—to make another protest. Instead, she turned suddenly away, hesitated again, put both hands to her face, burst into tears, and hurried toward the stairs. De Spain followed her. "Let me take you to where you are going?"

Nan turned on him, her eyes blazing through her tears, with a single, scornful, furious word: "No!" She quickened her step from him in such confusion that she ran into two men just reaching the top of the stairs. They separated with alacrity, and gave her passage. One of the men was Lefever, who, despite his size, was extremely nimble in getting out of her urgent way, and quick in lifting his hat. She fairly raced down the flight of steps, leaving Lefever looking after her in astonishment. He turned to De Spain: "Now, who the deuce was that?"

De Spain ignored his question by asking another: "Did you find him?" Lefever shook his head. "Not a trace; I covered Main street. I guess Bob was right. Nobody home here, Henry?"

(To be Continued)

HAS CONFIDENCE IN AMERICAN WOMEN

"Does the Average American Woman Really Delight in the Saccharine and Scented Dope That Is Handed to Her?"

By MRS. WILSON WOODROW

All signs to the contrary I have a profound confidence in the American woman, an almost touching belief in her inherent common sense, her breadth of mind, her sweetness and sanity of nature.

I made this innocent remark to Agnes. Her spine immediately stiffened, her mouth set, her eyes glittered.

"What do you mean by all signs to the contrary?" she asked icily.

"So do I," I hastened to agree, covertly nodding my head. "I mean, diplomatically, 'But, the paraphrase the heroine of one of Mr. Howell's earlier novels, 'My name is Luella Blood, and I want to know.'"

"And one of the things I want to know is: Does the average American woman really delight in the saccharine and scented dope that is handed her in the form of popular plays, novels, motion pictures, etc.?"

"We are assured that they exist by reason of feminine patronage; that the producers and promoters and builders of them are giving women the mental food and stimulant they crave and demand. Do not the boxoffice receipts prove it?"

"I admit that boxoffice logic is irrefutable, but I maintain that it is not the last word, or the last half a dozen words. All that keeps my tottering faith from falling into the ashcan is that not only the cocksure boxoffice, but the moss-grown traditions which surround it are constantly getting a hard jolt."

Old Age Plays Lead

"For instance, theatrical producers have held it as an axiom from time immemorial that no play can be successful unless the young-love theme is the dominant note, and yet the critics have been commenting with profound amazement upon the fact that in some of the most successful plays of the last winter old age has played the leading roles."

"Does woman really admire her own distorted image in that mirror held up to artificiality, her so-called favorite fiction?"

"If so, she has no taste for variety, for there are just three invariable views of her."

"First, a pretty girl in a pink frock giving her young heart to an 'advanced dresser' type of leading man, sure goes through all the moss-grown adventures for her, and finally when, by supreme daring he has knocked to smithereens all of the impassable barriers between them, she ends her life as far as all other interests are concerned at the altar in white satin and grandmother's lace veil to the tune of Mendelssohn's Wedding March."

"Very pretty reading for sixteen, but does stout thirty-five, stouter forty-five, increasingly stout fifty really enjoy it as we are led to believe?"

"The second favorite imaginary portrait is the Misunderstood Wife. A perfect but sad and wistful creature, with that unbreakable sweetness that omniscient wisdom, that superior spiritual nature, which is enough to rouse any husband's latent brutality. And there is always a brightly soul in the office who worships and understands and appreciates this pearl in the brow of a swine."

"He kneels at the foot of her pedestal and swings the incense-burner before her. There are any number of passionate but pure love scenes between them and their one big thrilling, terrific renunciation, which should draw tears even from the eyes of her own callously insensible husband."

"The third portrait is the Siren, a

sinuous, lithe composite of Nazimova and Theda Bara, with mysterious, smouldering eyes and weird jewels. Her business in life is to 'dismantle and despoil men's days and dreams, Juliette.' She reforms, of course, and becomes religious and repairs all the evil she has wrought, but she doesn't live long. Her well-laundered present is too monotonous after her circus-poster past.

"Do we really like that sort of thing?" I asked. "If we do, let's begin at once to improve on nature. We don't hesitate to do so in the matter of our complexions. Then why stop at our minds and hearts?"

"I am convinced," said Agnes firmly, "that we merely accept it, because it is taken for granted that it is the sort of thing we like. You remember how you and Mary and myself put in last Thursday?"

"I did. We went to a high-brow lecture in the morning, where we were, with interesting eyes and a charming manner told us that women were the nation's backbone of culture, or words to that effect, and all that kept poetry and art on their feet."

And because he depends on the patronage of women in order to exist, because we are his meal-tickets, he flattered us to the limit, openly, covertly, hypocritically, granted that it is the sort of thing we like. He treated us as if we were a box of bonbons to be handled with little, gilded tin tongs before eating."

We left the hall which harbored the golden vice, and went to luncheon. We had chicken a la king and salad with some wonderful new dressing and fluffy hot pudding, and tried to justify the reputation the Golden Vice had wished on us. We all talked at once, and literally hurled chunks of metal radium at each other's heads. Then we came away, feeling how audaciously brilliant we had been."

In a hour or so skating, and that admitted a little fresh air into the sachet-powered atmosphere, and then we knitted, and drank tea, and talked to some clever lads who professed to know all about the Seven Arts, but showed an overwhelming ignorance of them and everything else."

As we got into our furs and surreptitiously powdered our noses Mary sighed.

"The end of a perfect day," she said, "for debutantes, maybe. But we

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