

Reading for Women and all the Family

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

"THE INSIDER"

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water.

CHAPTER XXV.
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It lacked five minutes of the hour of my appointment when I reached the Turkish room of the Waldorf. I sank down upon a window seat after making sure that Mr. Norton was not here ahead of me.

The few people in the room were chatting in subdued tones. I was the only solitary person here, and I turned my attention to the passers-by on Thirty-third street.

I have always enjoyed watching strangers, so now I looked at the men and women—some handsomely dressed, some plainly clothed—who crossed my range of vision. All at once I saw a tall figure approaching, walking rapidly, shoulders thrown back, head raised. His whole appearance bespoke prosperity, and I felt a little thrill as I recognized the man for whom I was waiting. Two girls emerging from the hotel glanced after him admiringly. Then as he paused in the door of the Turkish room I went quickly forward.

"Ah, here you are!" he greeted me with a smile. "I hope I have not kept you waiting?"

"It's exactly 4 o'clock," I replied, "and I have been here but a short time."

He led the way to the Palm Room and declined to take anything except some tea and toasted muffins, he gave the order for these articles for both of us. When the waiter had gone, he remarked with his straightforward style of speech—

"You look awfully nice in that suit. I never saw it before. Is it new?"

"Yes," I acknowledged, "it is new. I am glad you like it."

"I do," he declared. "And now, leaning across the table as if to attack business immediately, 'what is the trouble?'"

"There is no trouble," I assured him. "I only wanted to see you alone to ask you if—"

"Well?" he inquired.

"You see, I made a different beginning this time. I have been in your employ for a number of weeks, and I would like to know if you are satisfied with my management and teaching of Grace."

"Of course I am satisfied," he rejoined. "If I hadn't been, I would have told you. But it's been stupid of me not to tell you the truth, anyway. Why do you ask—you are not thinking of leaving, are you?"

He demanded with an anxiety that was flattering.

"Oh, no," I answered, "I have no thought of leaving—if you are really satisfied with Grace's progress."

He sighed as if in relief. Then, kindly and frankly, he went on to tell me that he was much pleased with the improvement in his little girl's health, manners and mind.

"You are teaching her in such a way that she is interested in her lessons," he observed. "I am thankful it is so."

Having learned what I wished to learn about my pupil, I saw an opening for the introduction of another topic.

"I fancy Grace will make a good student," I said. "She even likes the little problems in addition and subtraction that I give her. That is rather unusual—for most children of that age dislike mathematics."

A shadow crossed his face. "Tom has always disliked them," he remarked gloomily. "That boy is a problem to me."

"Why?" I inquired. "I like him, Mr. Norton. I think he is a fine lad."

His face brightened. "Do you really?" he asked very gladly, for he does not get on well with Mrs. Gore—never has, in fact. And I have been a bit afraid he was going to degenerate into a boor."

"Oh, no," I protested, "he won't, for he is a gentleman at heart—and in manner, too. I have an idea that he can make almost anything of himself if he wants to."

"If he wants to?" he repeated. "But there's the rub—he doesn't want to!"

A Subtle Plea
"But he does"—I began. Then I corrected myself. "I mean I think he would if he got with the right kind of person. Some one whom he liked could make him work—even at mathematics," I added, trying to make my words sound light.

"Then I wish I could get hold of some such person to coach him," he said.

This was easy. I had not expected to bring about results as readily as this.

"To coach him?" I asked. "When?"

"Oh, next summer—but, of course, the upshot of the matter is that he will have to be sent away to some summer school."

"Is that fair to him?" I suggested. I was frightened at my temerity.

"Fair to him?" he demanded. "Why not?"

"Because every child ought to be at home with his people for a part of each year—don't you think so?" I ventured.

"But Tom's got to study."

"Of course he has," I agreed. "And if properly taught, he will." He smiled skeptically. "You don't know Tom."

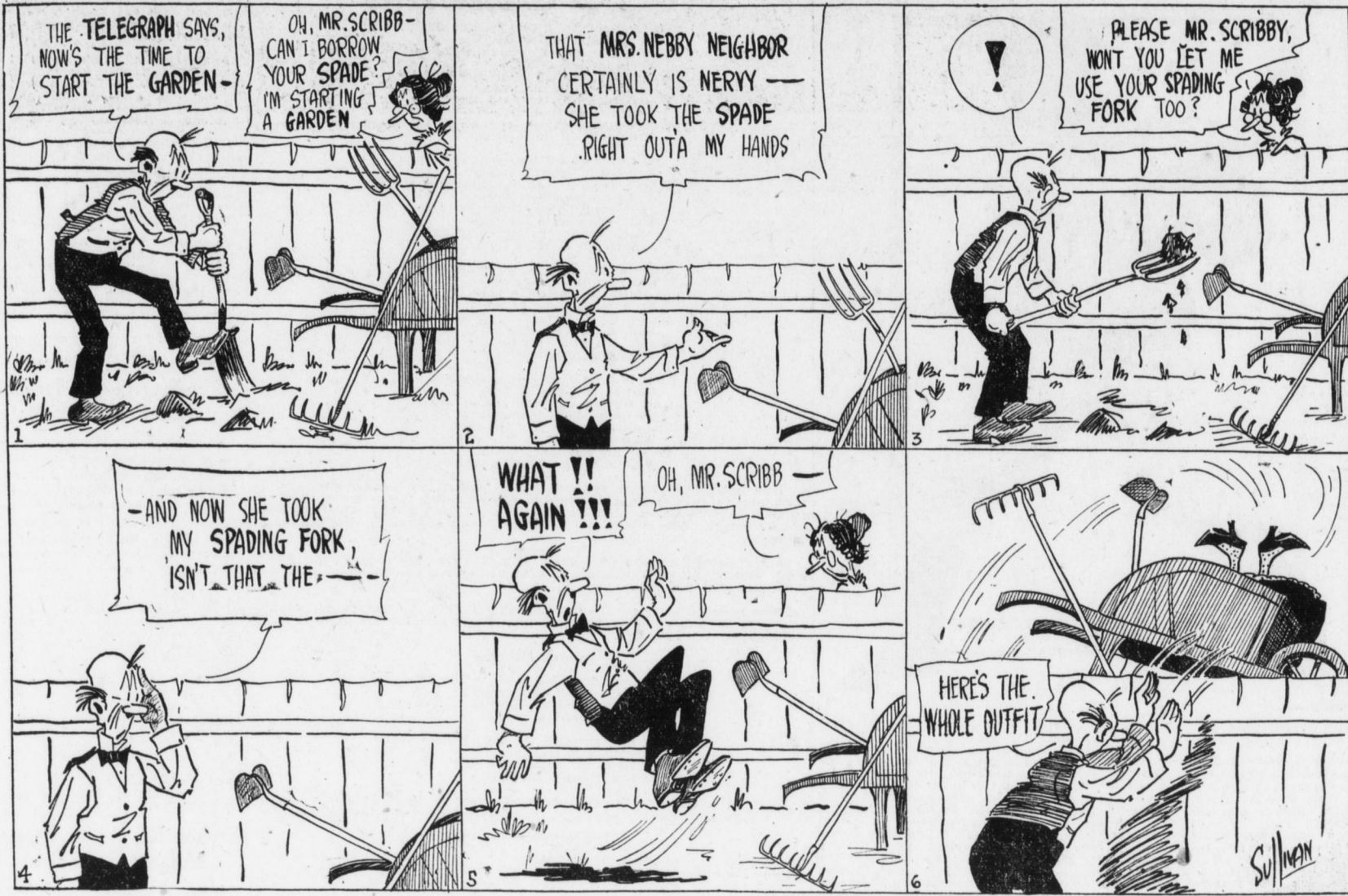
"I know young people," I insisted. "I wish I could teach him—but I am weak on higher mathematics. Moreover, Tom ought to have some nice man over him. Hasn't he some friend you could engage for the summer?"

He pondered. "I know few men whom I would care to have around the house for nearly four months. It would have to be a cultured gentleman. I have it!" he exclaimed, just as his son had exclaimed two days ago. "I wonder if I could engage that nice chap, Parker, to come to us."

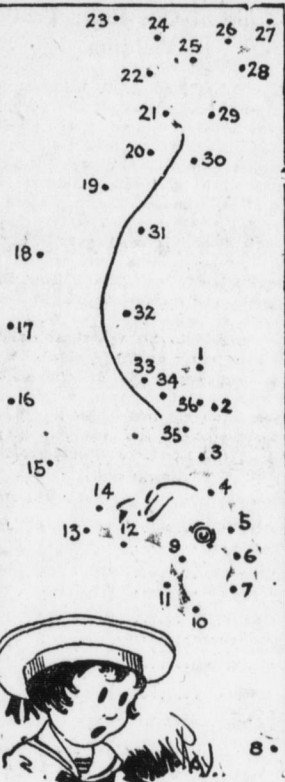
"That might be an excellent idea," I admitted. "You like him?"

"Yes," he said. "I like him. I liked him the very first moment I saw him."

(To Be Continued)



DAILY DOT PUZZLE



FIREMEN TO MEET
Enola, Pa., April 12.—A meeting of the Midway Fire Company, No. 2, will be held this evening. Plans will be considered to have fireplugs installed in South Enola. Owing to the lack of water last Saturday morning three dwellings were destroyed by fire.

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NAN of MUSIC MOUNTAIN

By Frank H. Spearman
Author of Whispering Smith

CHAPTER I—On Frontier day at Sleepy Cat, Henry De Spain, gunman and trainer of the stronghold of the Morgans, is 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 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 stage line job.

CHAPTER III—De Spain and Lefever ride to Calabasas 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 knives Epiaso, the stage driver, and escapes to Morgan's camp, 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 lands his captive in jail.

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

CHAPTER VII—He prevents her going into a gambling hall to find her Uncle Duke and inside faces Sandusky and Logan, who prudently decline to fight at the time.

"Nobody we want."

"Nothing going on?"

"Not a thing. If you will wait here for Bob, I'll run over to the office and answer those telegrams."

De Spain started for the stairs. "Henry," called Lefever, as his companion trotted hastily down, "if you catch up to her, kindly apologize for a fat man."

But De Spain was balked of an opportunity to follow Nan. In the street he ran into Scott. "Did you get the story?" demanded De Spain.

"Part of it."

"Was it Sassoon?"

Scott shook his head. "Deaf Sandusky. That man Sandusky,—Bob smiled a sickly smile—"doesn't miss very often. He was bothered a little by his friends being all around you."

The two regarded each other for a moment in silence. "Why," asked De Spain, "boiling a little, 'should that d—d hulking brute try to blow my head off just now?'"

"Only for the good of the order Henry," grinned the scout.

"Nice job Jeff has picked out for me," muttered De Spain grimly, "standing up in these Sleepy Cat barrooms to be shot at. Is he the fellow John calls the butcher?"

"That's what everybody calls him. I guess."

The two rejoined Lefever at the head of the stairs and the three discussed the news. Even Lefever seemed more serious when he heard the report. Scott, when asked where Sandusky now was, nodded toward the big room in front of them.

Lefever looked toward the gambling

with his nearest foot kicked Sandusky. The big fellow looked up and around. Either by chance or in following the sound of the last voice, his glance fell on De Spain. He scrutinized for a suspicious instant the burning eyes and the red mark low on the cheek. While he did so—comprehension dawning on him—his enormous hands, forsaking the pile of chips with which both had been for a moment busy, flattened out, palms down, on the faro table. Logan tried to rise. Scott's hand rested heavily on him. "What's the row?" demanded Sandusky in the queer tone of a deaf man. Logan pointed at De Spain. "That Medicine Bend duck wants a fight."

"With a man, Logan; not with a cub," retorted De Spain, matching insult with insult.

"Maybe I can do something for you," interrupted Sandusky. His eyes ran like a flash around the table. He saw how Lefever had pre-empted the best place in the room. He looked up and back at the man standing now at his shoulder, and almost between Logan and himself. It was the Indian, Scott, Sandusky felt, as his faculties cleared and arranged themselves every instant, that there was no hurry whatever about lifting his hand; but he could not be faced down without a show of resistance, and he concluded that for this occasion his tongue was the best weapon. "If I can," he added stiffly, "I'm at your service."

De Spain made no answer beyond keeping his eyes on Sandusky's eyes, Tenison, overhearing the last words, awoke to the situation and rose from his case. He made his way through the crowd around the disputants and brusquely directed the dealer to close the game. While Sandusky was cashing in, Tenison took Logan aside. What Tenison said was not audible, but it sufficed to quiet the little fellow. The only thing further to be settled was as to who should leave the room last, since neither party was willing to go first. Tenison, after a formal conference with Lefever and Logan, offered to take Sandusky and Logan by a private stairway to the billiard room, while Lefever took De Spain and Scott out by way of the main entrance. This was arranged, and when the railroad men reached the street rain had ceased falling.

Scott warned De Spain to keep within doors, and De Spain promised to do so. But when they left him he started out at once to see whether he could not, by some happy chance, encounter Nan.

CHAPTER VIII.
A Cup of Coffee.

He was willing, after a long and bootless search, to confess to himself that he would rather see Nan Morgan for one minute than all women else in the world for a lifetime. The other incidents of the evening would have given any ordinary man enough food for reflection—indeed they did force De Spain to realize that his life would hang by a slender thread while he remained at Sleepy Cat and continued to brave the rulers of the sinks.

De Spain raised his voice to match exactly the tone of the inquiry. "So I'll know you next time."

Logan pushed back his chair. As he turned his legs from under the table to rise, a hand rested on his shoulder. He looked up and saw the brown face and feeble smile of Scott. Logan

STATE BOARD TO VISIT
New Cumberland, Pa., April 12.—On May 8, the State Board of the Independent Order of America will visit the New Cumberland lodge. All the councils of the district are expected to be represented at this meeting.

State Regulation Explained By Public Service Chairman

Carlisle, Pa., April 12.—That State regulation of utilities concerns an effective system for all concerned was brought out by W. D. B. Ainey, chairman of the Public Service Commission, in an address here before the Chamber of Commerce yesterday. Mr. Ainey outlined in detail the way in which the body works, showing how money is saved alike for the companies and the people under the plan. He stated that a move is on foot to have the State bear expenses of investigation of conditions complained of, instead of having them paid by the individual, as is the case now.

WEDDING AT HALIFAX

Halifax, Pa., April 12.—A wedding took place on Sunday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Prenzler, in Third street, when their daughter, Miss Anna, was united in marriage to Ross E. Zimmerman, in the presence of the immediate family of the bride. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. J. C. Pease, pastor of the Trinity Reformed Church.

ORDERED TO Q. M. DEPARTMENT

Carlisle, Pa., April 12.—Lester W. Freedy, of Carlisle, has received word to report at Wilkes-Barre by April 21, to serve in the Quartermaster's Department. He is a former resident of that city and one of five brothers, all of whom served in the Spanish War and one of whom was killed in the Philippines. His grandfather was a native of Abasco-Lorraine and fought against the Germans in the Franco-Prussian war. Mr. Freedy has had sixteen years' service in the National Guard.

GOLDEN EAGLE OFFICERS

Mechanicsburg, Pa., April 12.—Officers were elected for the ensuing term on Tuesday evening, at a meeting of Cumberland Valley Commandery, No. 109, Knights of the Golden Eagle, as follows: Captain, J. W. Rupp; first lieutenant, W. A. Moore; second lieutenant, G. W. Killinger; secretary, A. W. Gill; treasurer, J. J. Guster; trustee, three years, C. F. Cline; trustee, two years, J. T. Bender; trustee, one year, J. C. Rupp. The following appointments were made by Captain Rupp: First sergeant, A. W. Gill; second sergeant, Walter Winand; third sergeant, F. W. Wallace.

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—The E. W. Ross Co., Cleveland, O.