

# Reading for Women and all the Family



CHAPTER XXVII

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Mr. Brewster Norton did not accompany me uptown. After putting me into a taxicab he explained that he had an errand to attend to, and would take the subway home.

Leaning back comfortably in the cab, I was glad that my employer had the tact not to appear at his house in my company. It might have caused comment from Mrs. Gore or the servants had he done this. I felt thoroughly satisfied with the result of my conversation of the past hour.

I had kept my promise to Tom. I would not tell the lad yet, for I did not want him to know that his father and I had met at the Waldorf, since Mr. Norton had not intimated to his sister-in-law that we were to do this.

The slight duplicity made me a bit uncomfortable, yet I could not go beyond Mr. Norton's wishes. And, after all, whose business was it?

This question was one that I put to myself often during my sojourn in the home of Mr. Brewster Norton.

Grace was still at the supper table in the dining room when Julia opened the front door for me. As the child heard my voice, she ran out into the hall.

"Goody! goody!" she exclaimed.

Goody! goody!" she exclaimed. bu're back home!"

"Yes, dear, I am," I said as I dissed her. "Have you finished your

kissed her. "Have you finished your supper?"
"I'm just through," she informed me. "Don't you want some?"
I recalled Mr. Norton's declaration that I was to dine with the family to-night. I did not care to do this. I feared that Mrs. Gore's suspicions might be aroused if, on top of the mysterious "business" on which I had gone, I were to accede to her brother-in-law's request and appear at dinner without her having been informed that I was to do so. But I did not want to face my employer and refuse to do his bidding.
"I am not hunsry," I told Grace truthfully as we went upstairs.

Mrs. Gore was in the door of her room and heard this statement.
"But you must eat something," she argued. "You have had nothing since luncheon."

One Admission

uncheon."

One Admission

"I had a cup of tea while I was out." I said without pausing to consider the effect of this admission.

"Oh, did you!" The exclamation was indicative of strong surprise.

"I thought you would have time only for the matter my brother wished attended to. Where did you get your tea?"

ur tea?"

'I a restaurant," I replied.

'I fancied that she looked after me spiciously as I went on upstairs in Grace.

Although I talked while I helped

with Grace.

Although I talked while I helped the little girl to undress, my mind was busy with the information I had thoughtlessly given Mrs. Gore. Why had I been off my guard to such an extent? She had remembered that Mr. Norton had said the "business" I was to attend to for him would take all my time. How, then, was I able to stop for a cup of tea?

My mistake strengthened me in my resolution not to dine downstairs tonight. Were I to appear at the family board after my indiscreet speech, Mrs. Gore might jump at the conclusion that I had seen Mr. Norton this afternoon and that he had asked me to come down to dinner.

As I heard the front door close I hastened Grace's preparations for bed. A tap at the door made me start. Maggie stood there, a covered tray in her hand.

"Mrs. Gore has sent you up your

r hand.
"Mrs. Gore has sent you up your pper, Miss Dart, as you wasn't in iten Miss Grace had hers. If you're t ready for it yet I'll take it back the kitchen and keep it hot for

tinetly:
'Listen, dear. I am going into my
n room to change my street dress
a house gown. As I shall be busy,
could rather not be disturbed. Will
remember that?"

Il you."
"Not unless you need me very
uch," I supplemented. "But if you
o really need me, call me."
"I will," she promised.
Then, as I heard her father's step
the upper hall, I kissed her goodght and slipped into my room, closg the door softly but tightly.
The little girl obeyed my instruc-

The little girl obeyed my instruc-tions. Ten minutes later, when I had donned a comfortable house gown and was about to seat myself at my table before my rapidly cooling supper, I heard Mr. Norton say as he left the nursery.

(To be continued)



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



### Nan of Music Mountain

FRANK H. SPEARMAN Author of "WHISPERING SMITH"

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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER II—De Spain sees Nan dancing with Gale Morgan, is later derisvely 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 met Gale Morgan with Deaf Sandusky and Sassoon, gummen and retainers of the Morgan clan. Morgan demands the discharge of a stage driver and De Spain refuses. De Spain meets Nan but falls to overcome her aversion to him.

reflectively up the Sleepy Cat road. One further refinement in his appeal for Nan's favor suggested itself. She would be hungry, possibly faint in the heat and dust, when she arrived. He returned to McAlpin: "Where can I get a good cup of coffee when the stage comes in?"

flercely on the desert. De Spain walked down to the inn unmindful of the heat. In summer rig, with his soft-shirt collar turned under, his forearms bare, and his thoughts engaged, he made his way rapidly on, looking neither to the right nor the left.

As he approached the weather-beaten pile it looked no more inviting in sun-shine than it had looked in shadow; and, true to its traditions, not a living being was anywhere to be seen. The door of the office stood ajar. De Spain, pushing it all the way open, walked in. No one greeted him as he crossed the threshold, and the unsightly room was still bare of furnishings except for the bar, with its two broken mirrors.

De Spain pounded on the bar. His

effort to attract attention met with no response. He walked to the left end of the bar, lifted the handrail that inclosed the space behind it, and

he lifted the handrail and, passing through, lowered it behind him, he took out his watch to see how soon the stage was due. While he held the time-CHAPTER IV—Sassoon knifes Elpaso, the stage driver, and escapes to Morgan's gap, the stronghold of the Morgans. Despain, Lefever and Scott go in after him, and De Spain brings out Sasson alone.

Chapter in the second in the se

meets Nan again.

"Good-night, little daughter, I suppose Miss Dart is in her room? I want to speak to her."

I held my breath anxiously and drew a sigh of relief as my small charge informed her father that Miss Dart had "gone to her room to change her dress and must not be disturbed."

"Oh, she mustn't, eh?" the man inquired with a laugh, "All right then!"

Five minutes after he had seen with seen large man, stepping quickly into the room, confronted De Spain. One of the man's hands rested lightly on his right side. De Spain recognized him instantly; the small, drooping head, carried well forward, the keen gets and with McAlpin, the barn man, to drive her out to Morgan's gap, and while get a cup of coffee.

De Spain looked now shamelessiv at his work looked now shamelessiv at his work."

span, the stronghold of the Morgana. Let Spain Letters and South of Spain Letters and Letters and Spain Letters and L "Oh, she mustn't, eh?" the man inquired with a laugh, "All right then!"

Five minutes after he had gone down to the she gets the edwards at knock at my door, and Julia entered.

"Please, ma'am, Mr. Norton sent me up to say that he would like you to come down to dinner with him and Mrs. Gore," the girl announced.

I had forescen this situation, and had my answer ready.

"Thank Mr. Norton, Julia," I ordered, "and say that I have had my dinner. Mrs. Gore kindly sent it up to me some time ago."

The girl smiled. "Yes'm. But Mr. Norton didn't know that."

"I suppose not," I rejoined. "By the way, thank Mrs. Gore for her thoughtfulness, please, Julia."

"I's suppose not," I rejoined. "By the way, thank Mrs. Gore for her thoughtfulness, please, Julia."

"Yes'm.' I will," she said. There was a shrewd smile on the mair's face. It made me wonder what she was thinking of.

(To be continued)

"To be continued)

"All right get acup of coffee.

De Spain looked now shamelessly at his ready-witted aid. "See that her pony is lame when she gets here—can't be ridden. But youll take good care of him and send him home in a few days—get it?"

McAlpin half closed his eyes. "He'll be so lame it would stagger a cowboy to back him ten feet—and never be hurt a mite, neither. Trust me!"

"If she insists on riding something. Or even walking home," continued De Spain accidental. But before he could speak, a second man appeared to be joking, the felt instituction is life to induce Nan to accept any "Yes'm.' I will," she said. There was a shrewd smile on the mair's face. It made me wonder what she was thinking of.

(To be continued)

A blind man could have seen the completeness of the snare. An unpleasant feeling flashed across De Spain's perception. It was only for the immeasurable part of a second—while get a good cup of coffee when the stage comes in?"
"Go right down to the inn, sir. It's a new chap running it—a half-witted man from Texas. My wife is cooking there off and on. She'll fix you up a sandwich and a cup of good coffee."

It was four o'clock, and the sun heat:

sprung, De Spain had THIS IS AGE OF trap was He did not retreat from where he

halted at the instant Sandusky entered. His one slender chance was to hug to the men that meant to kill him. Morgan, the nearest, he esteemed the least dangerous of the three; but to think to escape both Sandusky and Logan at close quarters was, he knew, more than ought to be hoped for.
While Morgan was closing the door,

De Spain smiled at his visitors: "That isn't necessary, Morgan—I'm not ready Morgan only continued to him. "I need hardly ask," to run." added De Spain, "whether you fellows have business with me?"

He looked to Sandusky for a reply;

have business that I know friend of ours may have a little, may-Logan, lifting his shoulders with ions for an answer to his joke.

"You'll help him transact it, I sup-

Logan, looking again toward Sandusky, grinned: "He won't need any

Spain good-naturedly. Logan's glance misled him; it did not refer to Sandusky. And even as he asked the question De Spain heard through the half what open window at the end of the bar the sound of hoofs. Hoping against the favors from the official handicaphope for Lefever, the interruption cheered him. It certainly did not seem "Not if the class is there,"

Sandusky alone through the talk had kept an unbroken silence. He was eating up De Spain with his eyes, and De Spain not only ached to hear him speak, but was resolved to make him. Sandusky had stood motionless from the instant he entered the room. His eyes rested intently on De Spain, and at his side the long fingers of his right hand beat a soft tattoo against his pistol holster. De Spain's question seemed to arouse him. "What's your name?" he demanded bluntly. His voice was heavy and his deafness was reflected in the strained tone.

(To Be Continued)

theories of training and far from satisfactory. Yet we continue to muddle along in the same old rut.

"Tond parents of a little girl gaze underish all manner of roseate dreams of her. They declare fervently and emphatically that she is always going to have the best of everything. And then in our wasteful sentimental, and then in our wasteful se

# **OPPORTUNITY**

BY MRS. WILSON WOODROW

where his adversary was a woman, and he was commenting on the ability with which she had conducted her client's cause.

His approval irritated me. It was so patronizing. It made me think of Dr. Johnson—it-was Dr. Johnson, wasn't it?—who, when some one told him of an eloquent woman preacher, said it reminded him of a dancing dog. It was not remarkable that the dog could dance at all.

"Now, don't pull any of that sobsister stuff on me," Roger answered. He never allows his cultivation to check the vigor or conciseness of his expression, and slang, he declares, is what keeps the language growing.

"What Right Has a Father or a Mother to Deprive a Girl of the Opportunities Given to the Boy—a Chance of Financial Independence and the Knowledge From Childhood That His Work Is Not Outside of His Life

in not one but half a dozen ways.

"Roger," I asked, "if you were a woman, wouldn't you rather be a woman, wouldn't you rather be a work- is not outside of his life, but poor, helpless, improvident butter- flies, who have been out in the rain until their iridescent wings are torn and draggled, all the color and sparkle washed out of them? Wouldn't you rather be one of that growing army of girl farmers and florists and belong to the helpless drones which Is Not Outside of His Life

in not one but half a dozen ways.

"Roger," I asked, "if you were woman in dependence and the knowledge from childhood that, his work- is not outside of his life, but poor, helpless, improvident butter- and draggled, all the color and sparkle washed out of them?

Wouldn't you rather be a work- is not outside of his life, but poor, helpless, improvident butter and the rain until their iridesence and the knowledge from childhood that, his work- is not outside of his life, but poor, helpless, improvident butter and the rain until their iridesent ways.

"Roger," I asked, "if you were a woman, wouldn't you rather be a woman, wouldn't you rather be a work- is not outside of his life, but he shalf and that 'hroughout life he shalf find in that work his main interest, enthusiasm and joy?

"I believe this lack of preparedin the solv—a chance of those poor, helpless, improvide the rain until their irideseent wings are torn.

"I believe this lack of preparedin the solv—a chance of those work- is not outside of his life, but work- is not outside of his life, but work- is not outside of his life, but knowledge from childhood knowledge from childhoo

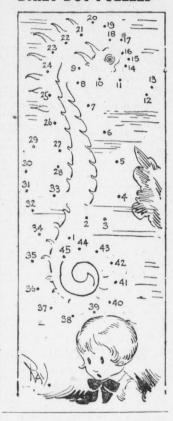
belong to the helpless drones which clutter our national hive?

"There is not a woman in a remunerative occupation who does not hear constantly from the dissatisfied drones: 'How I envy you. It's a good thing that I don't have to earn my living, because I'd starve if I did. There is not one earthly thing that I can do.'

"Why blame the parasites who reap where they have not sown, who take all they can get and give practically nothing? They are victims. To the parents, the blame. European families have looked at this matter of a girl's future so much more sanely and sensibly than we Americans.

"Since they have not in the past equipped their daughters with a definite vocation, they have provided that, married or single, the girls shalles in a, measure insured against want and give them at dowry. Those parents face the facts of life. We Americans look the other way when we see one of life's big, naked facts. We are so prudishly, hypocritically shocked by its nakedness that we claps sandwich-boards on it and adorn them with the pretty, romantic pictures we want to see.

"When parents bring up perfect-



useless daughters and then die

leave the cat on the doctor itself.
"To the parental vision the darling little girl winds up a happy girlhood by marrying a well-to-do young man with an agreeable disposition and a growing business. The two establish growing business.

might be helpless and dependent upon them. It was the proud boast of a great French woman, Madame de Stael that she could earn her living in not one but half a dozen ways.

"Roger," I asked, "if you were a woman, wouldn't you rather be a Mary Elizabeth than one of those a woman, wouldn't you rather be a hard. Helpless, improvident butternear helpless h



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