

Reading for Women and all the Family

"THE INSIDER"

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water.

CHAPTER XXVIII

Mr. Norton threw a verbal bomb into the family group the next morning.

We were all in the dining room at breakfast. It seemed to me that most of the happenings in the Norton household started at breakfast time. Perhaps they do in all households.

"Tom," Mr. Norton asked abruptly, "what have you on hand for this evening?"

"Oh, that would be nice!" the lad replied. Perhaps I may go—

"Don't plan to go anywhere, please," his father interrupted. "I want you to ask your friend, Mr. Parker, to dine here with us."

"Oh, that would be nice," the lad stammered.

He cast a swift look of inquiry at me, but I did not return it.

"Suppose," Mr. Norton said, "that you call Parker up now—so that I may know before I leave if he can come. He's surely up by now."

With a muttered "Excuse me," Tom left the room and a moment later we heard him asking for the number of the hotel at which his friend was staying.

"You like Mr. Parker, don't you, Brewster?" Mrs. Gore queried.

"Yes," her brother-in-law replied. "If I did not I would not ask him here."

It was plain that he was in no mood for argument this morning and his sister-in-law subsided into a brief silence.

"He says he'll be very glad to come," Tom announced, returning to the dining room and table. "Thank you for asking him, father."

"I'm glad to have him," the parent rejoined. "Miss Dart!" turning to me so suddenly that I started nervously. "I would like you to put Grace to bed in time to dine with us to-night. You can arrange to do that, can't you?"

"Oh, I hope you can, Miss Dart," Tom exclaimed impulsively.

Mrs. Gore regarded the boy sternly. "You interrupted Miss Dart, Tom," she reproved.

Grace Interferes

"Indeed, he did not," I demurred. "I noticed that you had not," Mr. Norton observed. "You can do what I ask, can you not?" he repeated. "It will just round out the number at table."

I hesitated. I felt my employer's eyes upon me, but I also saw the lines of disapproval about Mrs. Gore's mouth.

"You know that there will be four of us anyway, Brewster," she ventured. "Did you forget that when you spoke of 'rounding out' the number?"

But my employer ignored this speech. I saw that he was waiting for my answer. "Well?" he demanded.

"If—I faltered, if Grace is asleep."

A digression came from an unexpected quarter.

"Poo!" my small charge exclaimed. "What difference does it make if I'm not asleep? I don't mind Miss Dart's coming down. Diner, even if I am awake. She'll sit with me while I have my supper first, won't she—and put me into bed?"

"Certainly!" I smiled at the child's eager face.

"Then I don't mind going to sleep alone," she insisted. "Miss Dart says there's never anything to be afraid of, that I'm really safer what Miss Dart is at night than walking out on the streets in the day time—and surely I'm not afraid of the streets!"

"Surely not!" her father agreed, laughing affectionately.

"But, darling child," Mrs. Gore expostulated, "you don't know anything about it, for you have never had to go to sleep alone, and you're used to yourself. I really do not approve of it."

"And I do!" the man of the house burst forth. "Please understand that, Adelaide, I will not have my brave little girl behave cowardly."

"But, Brewster, you don't understand," the woman began. "I only stay up there with Grace, Maggie can sit in Miss Dart's room, although she means that if Miss Dart doesn't want to be sure, it's Maggie's evening out."

"I understand perfectly," the man contradicted. "It is safer what Miss Dart wants, as you put it. It is what I want. And I want Miss Dart at the table to-night. Grace is too old to be a night-nurse as if she were a baby."

A Theater Party

"Of course, I am!" Grace agreed, proudly. "Miss Dart won't have to stay with me after I'm in bed—will you, Miss Dart?"

I saw that all were waiting for my decision.

"I will do just what Mr. Norton thinks best," I murmured.

"Then I shall expect you to dine with us," my employer said, as if the matter were closed. "By the way, Tom," with a glance at his son, "it might be rather nice to get tickets for some play—don't you think so?"

"Oh, bully!" the boy exclaimed.

"Thank you, sir!" the father said, almost gruffly. "After breakfast we'll look over the paper and decide what we want to see. Adelaide, it might be well to order dinner to be served very promptly, so that we can get to the theater in time. Will you accompany us?"

She shook her head. "No, thank you, Brewster, I think I would best stay at home. The night air is bad for me, and as Maggie will be out I would rather be in case Grace needs anything."

"As you please," he said indifferently. "Julia and the other servants will be in, you know."

"Yes, but I have never left the child alone at night with servants."

"As you please," her brother said again. "Then I'll get only four tickets. I shall not need to have the car call at the office for me this afternoon. If you go driving, Adelaide, tell James to have the closed car at the door at 8.15 to-night."

"Yes, Brewster," she said meekly.

It was quite evident to me that Mr. Brewster Norton had things his own way in his own home.

(To be continued.)

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



WOULD ENLIST FARMERS IN ARMY

Secretary Patton Makes Suggestion For the Farm Hands of the Country

Immediate formation of an agricultural army in Pennsylvania was urged by Secretary of Agriculture Charles E. Patton in an outline for township and county co-operation to bring about the maximum production of all food materials on the farms of this state.

Secretary Patton urges the immediate formation of township agricultural organizations along military lines, with a captain, lieutenant, four sergeants, ten corporals and fifty enlisted privates as the basis for each organization.

The organization should be headed by a prominent business man as captain, who shall act as organizer, with a lieutenant, who shall be the treasurer, secretary and chief disbursing officer. Neither of these men need be expert agriculturists, as their services will be mostly needed for organization purposes and in looking after the business details.

The four sergeants and the ten corporals should have some knowledge of agricultural work and the privates enlisted are to be placed under their charge and sent in squads of any required number to help out on the farms from which calls for help may come to the ranking officers. The four sergeants should be selected from distinct sections of the township and each should have charge of a certain territory and it should further be their duty to ascertain the needs of the farmers of their respective districts. The corporals are the squad leaders and should be divided in the township as the needs of any section may require. Each corporal should be given charge of five privates, whom he may instruct and distribute as needs require.

There should be arrangements for the effective organization of each company so that work can be undertaken on the farms or garden plots which might come under their jurisdiction. Through the captain and lieutenant plans can be made for the taking over of farms on a half-share basis or for the furnishing of labor at specified hour rates.

The matter of pay is hard to determine, but it is suggested that this can be arranged according to localities and the class of labor furnished. The farmer is willing to pay for this help and all accounts should be handled by the sergeants and in turn reports made to the captain and lieutenant, with the latter two officers alone authorized to keep the payroll, receive the funds of the company, keep the record of production on farms worked on the share basis and to assist in the sale of crops raised on farms operated under such a plan.

The ruling officers of each township company should take up with implement firms plans for the loan or hire and purchase of the latest agricultural machinery, seeds and fertilizers, so that work can be speedily done.

The township companies should be formed into a county organization, headed by some prominent citizen, who shall act and be known as the colonel of the agricultural regiment of the county. It should be his duty to appoint as many ranking officers, lieutenant-colonels, majors, etc., as will be required to look after the county work. All reports of county work should go to regimental headquarters and in case the needs of any township are so great that a call can be made on other township companies it should be the duty of the headquarters staff to see that the proper detail of men is collected from the various townships and so distributed as to do the most good in the county.

Within the next few days the national department of agriculture will make recommendations to Congress for an organization along this line and Pennsylvania units can be organized and ready to enroll in the national organization. The members of this organization will receive the same recognition as those persons who enlist for service at the front. It is just as patriotic to enlist in the agricultural army to help to raise the needed food for the army and for the people at home as it is to go to the front.

In the plan for Pennsylvania's agricultural army the enlistment of men include men over the military enlistment age, boys from fourteen to nineteen years old and men who are unable on account of slight physical incapacity to enter the army or navy ranks.

Secretary Patton asks that immediate steps be taken in all communities to form companies and county regiments and that notice be sent to the Pennsylvania Department of Agriculture of all contemplated organizations and full details of all organizations effected.

Nan of Music Mountain

By FRANK H. SPEARMAN
Author of "WHISPERING SMITH"

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(Continued)

CHAPTER I—On Frontier day at Sleepy Cat, Henry De Spain, gunman and trainmaster at Medicine Bend, is beaten at target shooting by Nan Morgan of Music Mountain. Jeffries, division superintendent, asks De Spain to take charge of the Thicket 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 Elpaero, 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 hears 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.

CHAPTER VIII—De Spain, anxious to make peace with Nan, arranges a little plan with McAlpin, the barman, to drive her out to Morgan's camp, and while waiting for her goes down to the inn to get a cup of coffee.

CHAPTER IX—In the deserted barroom he is trapped. He kills Sandusky and Logan, wounds Gale and Sassoon and escapes, badly wounded.

There was no smile even hinted at in the uncompromising vigilance of Sandusky's expressionless face. De Spain discounted the next few minutes far enough to feel that Sandusky's first shot would mean death to him, even if he could return it.

"I'll tell you, De Spain," continued Logan, "we're going to have a drink with you. Then we're going to prepare you for going back where you come from—with nice flowers."

"I guess you thought you could come out here and run over everybody in the Spanish sinks," interposed Morgan.

"It's on the butt of my gun, Sandusky."

"What's that he says?" demanded the man known as the butcher, asking the question of Logan, but without taking his eyes off his shifty prey.

Logan raised his voice to repeat the words and to add a ribald comment.

"You make a good deal of noise," muttered Sandusky, speaking again to De Spain.

"That ought not to bother you

much, Sandusky," shouted De Spain, trying to win a smile from his tactful antagonist.

"His noise won't bother anybody much longer," put in Logan, whose retorts overflowed at every interval. But with every oath he could summon to load his words.

"Keep out, Morgan," exclaimed Logan lustily. "I'll do this talking."

De Spain continued to banter. "Gentlemen," he said, addressing the three together and realizing that every moment wasted before the shooting added a grain of hope, "I am ready to drink when you are."

"He's ready to drink, Tom," roared Morgan in the deaf man's ear.

"I'm ready," announced Sandusky in hollow voice.

Still regarding De Spain with the most businesslike expression, the grizzled outlaw took a guarded step forward, his companions following suit. De Spain, always with a jealous regard for the relative distance between him and his self-appointed executioners, moved backward. In crossing the room, Sandusky, without objection from his companions, moved across their front, and when the four lined up at the bar, their positions had changed. De Spain stood at the extreme left, Sandusky next, Logan beside him, and Gale Morgan, at the other end of the line, pretended to pound the bar for service. De Spain, following mountain etiquette in the circumstances, spread his open hands, palms down, on the bar. Sandusky's great palms slid in the same fashion over the checked slab in unspoken recognition of the brief armistice. Logan's hands came up in turn, and Morgan still pounded for someone to serve.

De Spain in the new disposition weighed his chances as being both better and worse. They had put Sandusky's first shot at no more than an arm's length from his prey, with Logan next, to cover the possibility of the big fellow's failing to paralyze De Spain the first instant. On the other hand, De Spain, trained in the tactics of Whispering Smith and Medicine Bend gunmen, welcomed a short-arm struggle with the worst of his assailants closest at hand. Their maneuvering caused no disquiet to their slender, compactly built victim. "You'll wait a long time, if you wait for service here, Morgan," he said, commenting with composure on Morgan's impatience. Logan looked again at his two companions and laughed.

Every hope De Spain had of possible help from the back room died with that laugh. Then the door behind the bar slowly opened, and the scar-fenced face of Sassoon peered cautiously from the gloom. The horse-thief, stooping, walked in with a leer directed triumphantly at the railroad man.

If it were possible to deepen it, the sinister spot on De Spain's face darkened. Something in his blood raged at the sight of the malevolent face. He glanced at Logan. "This," he smiled faintly, nodding toward Sassoon as he himself took a short step further to the left, "is your drink, Harvey, is it?"

"No," retorted Logan loudly, "this is your drink."

"I'll take Sassoon," assented De Spain, good-natured again and shifting

still another step to the left. "What do you fellows want now?"

"We want to punch a hole through that strawberry," said Logan, "that beauty-mark. Where did you get it, De Spain?"

"I might as well ask where you get your gall, Harvey," returned De Spain, watching Logan hunch Sandusky toward the left that both might crowd him closer. "I was born with my beauty-mark—just as you were born with your d—d bad manners," he added composure, for in gugging up to him his enemies were playing his game. "You can't help it, neither can I," he went on. "Somebody is bound to pay for putting that mark on me. Somebody is bound to pay for your manners. Why talk about either? Sassoon, set out for your friends—or I will. Spread, gentlemen, spread."

He had reached the position of which he believed his life depended and stood so close to the end of the bar that with a single step, as he uttered the last words, he turned it. Sandusky pushed close next him. De Spain continued to speak without hesitation or break, but the words seemed to have no place in his mind. He was thinking only, and saw only within his field of vision a cut-glass button that fastened the bottom of Sandusky's greased waistcoat.

"You've waited one day too long to collect for your strawberry, De Spain," cried Logan shrilly. "You've turned one trick too many on the sinks, young fellow. If the man that put your mark on you ain't in this room, you'll never get him."

"Which means, I take it, you're going to try to get me," smiled De Spain.

"No," bellowed Morgan, "it means we have got you."

"You are fooling yourself, Harvey." De Spain addressed the warning to Logan. "And you, too, Sandusky," he added.

"We'll take care of that," grinned Logan. Sandusky kept silence.

"You are jumping into another man's fight," protested De Spain steadily.

"Sassoon's fight is our fight," interrupted Morgan.

"I advise you," said De Spain once more, looking with the words at Sandusky and his crony, "to keep out of it."

"Sandusky," yelled Logan to his partner, "he advises me and you to keep out of this fight," he shrilly laughed.

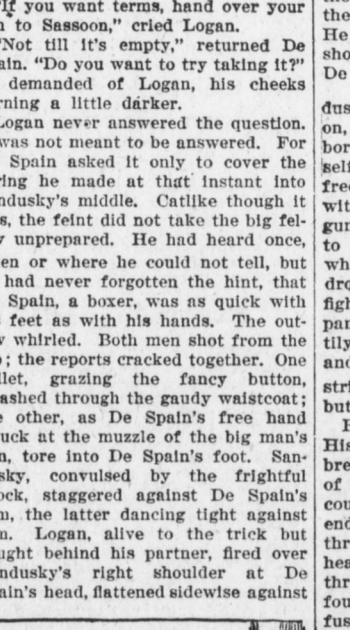
"Sure," assented Sandusky, but with no variation in tone and his eyes on De Spain.

Logan, with an oath, leaned over the bar toward Sassoon, and pointed contemptuously toward the end of the bar. "Shike!" he cried, "step through the rail and take that man's gun."

De Spain, looking from one to the other of the four faces confronting him, laughed for the first time. But he was looking without seeing what he seemed to look at. In reality, he saw only a cut-glass button. He was face to face with taking a man's life or surrendering his own, and he knew the life must be taken in such a way as instantly to disable its possessor. These men had chosen their time and place. There was nothing for it but to meet them. Sassoon was stepping toward him, though very doubtfully,

his agile enemy, dropping his revolver, dodged under the rail to close. De Spain, struggling to free himself from the dying man, saw, through a mist, the greenish eyes and the thirsty knife. He fired from the floor. The bullet shook without stopping his enemy, and De Spain, partly caught under Sandusky's body, thought, as Sassoon came on, the game was up. With an effort born of desperation, he dragged himself from under the twitching giant, freed his revolver, rolled away, and, with his sight swimming, swung the gun at Sassoon's stomach. He meant to kill him. The bullet whirled the white-faced man to one side and he dropped, but pulled himself, full of fight, to his knees and, knife in hand, panted forward. De Spain, rolling hastily from him, staggered to his feet, and, running in as Sassoon tried to strike, beat him senseless with the butt of his gun.

His own eyes were streaming blood. His head was reeling and he was breathless, but he remembered those of the gang waiting outside. He still could see dimly the window at the end of the bar. Dashing his fingers through the red stream on his forehead, he ran for the window, smashed through the sash into the patio and found Sassoon's horse trembling at the fusillade. Catching the lines and the pommel, he stuck his foot up again and again for the stirrup. It was useless; he could not make it. Then, summoning all of his fast-ebbing strength, he threw himself like a sack across the horse's back, lashed the brute through the open gateway, climbed into the saddle, and spurred blindly away.



Hugging His Shield, De Spain Threw His Second Shot Over Sandusky's Shoulder.

the gasping outlaw's breast. Hugging his shield, De Spain threw his second shot over Sandusky's left shoulder into Logan's face. Logan, sinking to the floor, never moved again. Supporting with extraordinary strength the unwieldy bulk of the dying butcher, De Spain managed to steady him as a buffer against Morgan's fire until he could send a slug over Sandusky's head at the instant the latter collapsed. Morgan fell against the bar.

Sandusky's weight dragged De Spain down. For an instant the four men sprawled in a heap. Sassoon, who had not yet got an effective shot across at

CHAPTER X

After the Storm.

For a week the search continued day and night, but each day, even each succeeding hour, reduced the expectation of ever seeing De Spain alive. Spies working at Calabasas, others sent in by Jeffries to Music Mountain among the Morgans, and men from Medicine Bend hunting Sleepy Cat could get no word of De Spain. Deaf Sandusky and Logan had been found dead at the Inn by Lefever on the night after the fight. Fairly accurate reports accounted for Gale Morgan, nursing a wound at home, and for Sassoon, badly wounded and under cover somewhere in the gap. Beyond this, information halted.

Toward the end of the week a Mexican shepherd brought word in to Lefever that he had seen in Duke Morgan's stable Sassoon's horse—the one on which De Spain had escaped. He averred he had seen the blood-stained Santa Fe saddle that had been taken off the horse when the horse was found at daybreak of the day following the fight, waiting at Sassoon's corral to be cared for. There could be, it was fairly well ascertained, no mistake about the horse—the man knew the animal; but his information threw no light on the fate of its missing rider.

DAILY DOT PUZZLE

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