

# Reading for Women and all the Family



### UNIVERSAL LONGING OF HUMAN HEART

Speaking of the Universal Longing of the Heart For Sympathy and Understanding

BY MRS. WILSON WOODROW

The prelate, the gray-haired woman, the man who goes on crutches and myself were all talking together. We had been speaking of the universal longing of the human heart for sympathy and understanding.

"The longer I live," said the prelate, "the more I realize that in dealing with other people, especially those who turn to us in trouble, there is something more needed than just the will to help. There is very much kindness in the world, you know, and very little tact."

He smiled reminiscently as he spoke, and then told this experience: "Downtown the other day I happened to be hard-pressed for time and stopped in at a restaurant to get something to eat. Soon afterward a bright-faced boy, thirteen or fourteen, still wearing knee-trousers, but with something alert and self-reliant in his bearing and expression, entered and took a seat next to me. Obviously, he was new to the place and was making an effort to conceal it under a pose of man-of-the-world sophistication."

As he affected to study the bill of fare, he was carefully noting the manners and behavior of those about him, so as to make no mistakes. He ordered a plate of soup, and ate it frowning as if the cares of a major-general were on his shoulders.

Just From School  
"I placed him without the slightest difficulty. He was an office-boy entering that day upon his first job. School days were behind him. He was a business man, facing the sober, practical questions of life."

"A man who sat across the table from the boy and myself ordered a piece of custard pie. I saw the boy glance at it a moment out of the corner of his eye; then he hurriedly consulted the menu and fingered the money in his pocket. One gathered from the gleam of satisfaction which momentarily eclipsed his weighty frown that he felt he could afford the same top-off to his luncheon."

"But before he could give his order the man with the pie finished and rose, leaving beside his plate a five-cent piece and a tip for the waitress. She brushed it into her apron pocket and began to clear away the dishes."

"The boy hesitated a moment, again fingered the money in his pocket, then with an involuntary sigh of renunciation also placed a five-cent piece on the table and started for the door."

"The busy waitress paused at the sight of the coin, and, holding it out between her thumb and forefinger, called after him."

"Hi, sonny!" she shrilled. "You come back here and buy yourself a piece of pie or cake with this. I don't want it."

"The lad flushed miserably. 'Oh, that's all right,' he muttered. 'Keep it.' But the waitress, turning to ring him to the attention of half a dozen tables, and practically forcing him to take back the money."

"By George!" there's a girl with a heart," approvingly murmured she. "I couldn't help answering him. 'Yes, she has a heart,' I said, 'but she's painfully lacking in tact. She robbed him of about a thousand dollars' worth of self-respect. That wasn't merely a tip she gave her. It was his initiation fee into the Order of American Businessmen! He would rather have had her slap him in the face than subject him to the indignity she did. He crawled out of here with his pride humbled, looking as if he had been caught stealing sheep."

"I spoke with considerable fervor, concluded the prelate, "perhaps the more, because I had a sneaking consciousness that I would probably have done the same thing. Indeed, it had been my impulse when I saw the boy lay down his tip to lean over and whisper to him that the gratuity was unnecessary. He was such an earnest, little chap, and he did so want that custard pie."

"I think," said the gray-haired woman, "that we women are more inclined to sin against tact than men, simply because of that heart you speak of—in other words, our maternal instinct."

"So do I," cried the man on crutches bitterly. "It is women who are entirely responsible for the appalling size of my taxicab bills. I can't board a crowded street car without having some motherly-looking old lady get up and offer me her seat. And they won't be put off with a polite refusal. They persist until they have the whole car staring at me, and I feel as if I were some sort of pickled specimen in a museum."

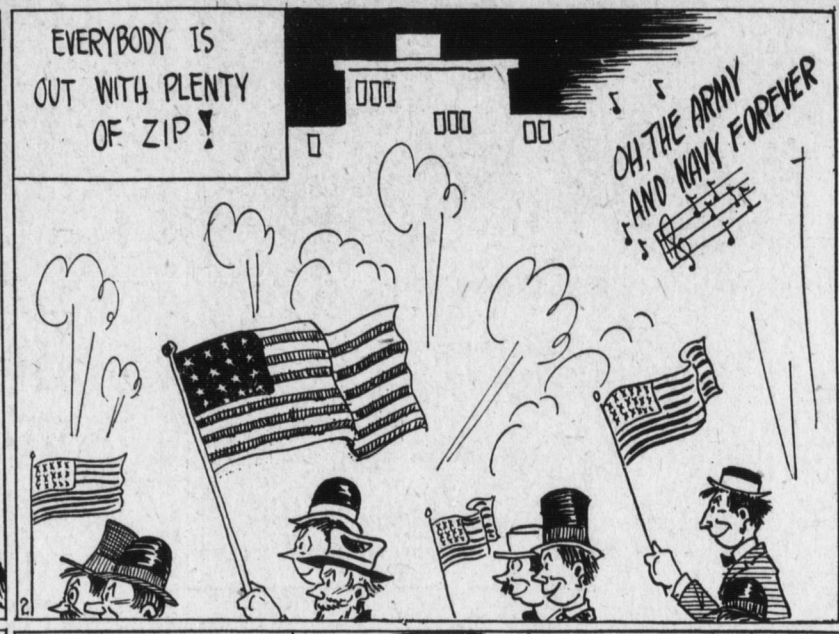
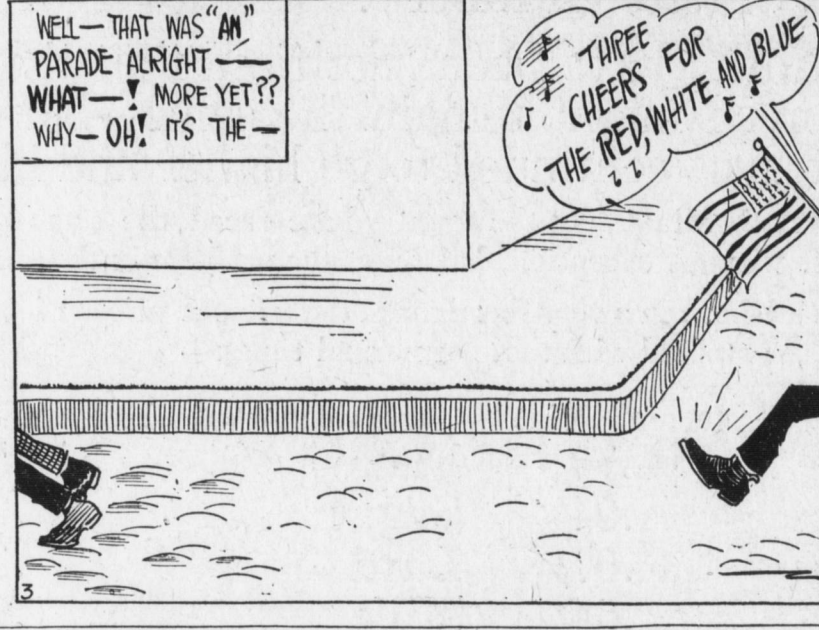
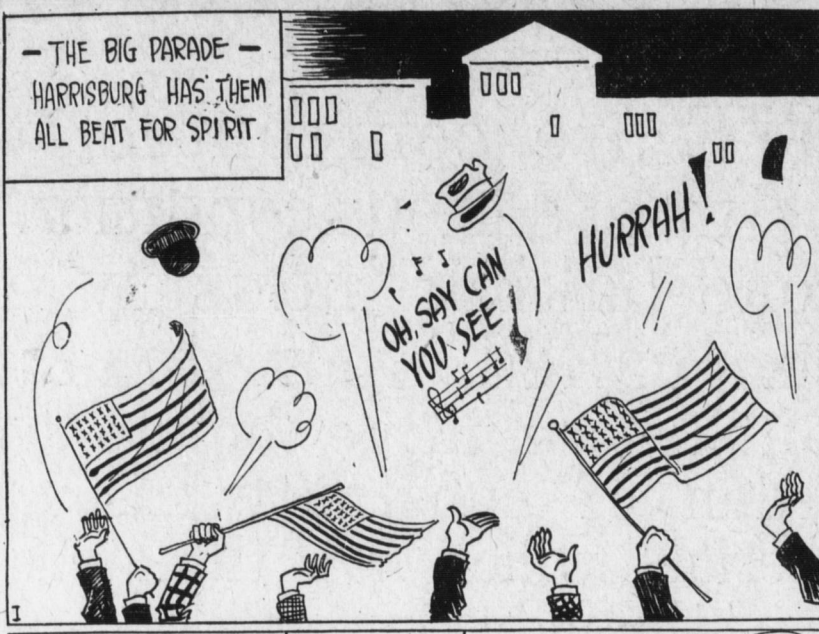
"I remember once," he went on, "I was sandwiched in one of those anti-rust-against-dergency which the B. R. T. operates during rush hours. I had, however, managed to get hold of a strap and was doing pretty well, thank you, except for the fact that a woman next to me, too short to grasp the support, was treading on my toes and jostling me with every jolt of the car. As we rounded a curve, she catapulted me over with such force that I spun around like a teetotum."

"That unloosed her tongue. She turned on the men seated in the car, and what she said to them about their moral delinquency in letting me stand would have made the Prophet Jeremiah pale with envy. You can imagine my sufferings."

"The next day I boarded a car equally crowded, and again found myself swaying at the end of a strap. A charming girl who had happened to secure a seat gave me no glance and then appeared perfectly oblivious of me. Presently, though, as we approached a station, she got up, and still without a look in my direction started down the car toward the door. Thankfully I slid into the vacant place, and it was only after several stations had been passed that I discovered the girl still on the train and standing. She had seen me, given me her seat, but had done it so gracefully and unostentatiously that I had never suspected her purpose."

"If you stop to think about it, you will see that her impulse was no more kindly than that of the first woman; but, oh, that a world of difference in their methods. One woman I could cheerfully have strangled. The other evoked my admiring gratitude."

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



## 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 trainer-master 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 Thief 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 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 retorts, and De Spain brings out Sassoon at once.

CHAPTER IV--He meets Nan, who delays him until nearly overtaken by the Morgans, but lands his captive in jail.

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

CHAPTER VI--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 VII--De Spain, anxious to make peace with Nan, arranges a little plan with McAlpin, the barn man, to drive her out to Morgan's gap, and while waiting for her men down to the inn to get a cup of coffee.

CHAPTER VIII--In the deserted barnyard he is trapped. He kills Sandusky and escapes, badly wounded.

CHAPTER IX--Bewildered and weak, he wanders into Morgan's gap and is discovered on Music Mountain by Nan.

CHAPTER X--Nan, to prevent further fighting, does not tell, but finds out from McAlpin that De Spain had really been trapped and had left his cartridge belt behind when he went into the fight at the inn.

CHAPTER XI--While De Spain is unable to travel, Nan brings food to him. He tells her that he became a gunman to find and deal with his father's unknown murderer. He gives Nan his last cartridge.

CHAPTER XII--Gale almost stumbles over De Spain's hiding place. Nan draws him away and to stop Gale's rough wooing De Spain brings him out with an empty gun. Nan plans De Spain's escape.

He put her objections aside, enjoying being so near her and happy that she made no retreat. "My reputation," he insisted, "has suffered a little in Morgan's gap. I mean that at least one who makes her home under Music Mountain shall know differently of me. What's that?" He heard a sound. "Listen!"

The two, looking at each other, trained their ears to hear more

through the rush of the falling water. "Someone is coming," said De Spain. Nan ran lightly to where she could peep over the ledge. Hardly pausing as she glanced down, she stepped quickly back. "I'll go right on up the mountain to the azalea fields," she said hastily.

He nodded. "I'll hide. Stop. If you are questioned, you don't know I'm here. You must say so for your own sake, not for mine."

She was gone before he had finished. De Spain drew quickly back to where he could secrete himself. In another moment he heard heavy footsteps where he had stood with his visitor. But the footsteps crossed the ledge, and their sound died away up the path Nan had taken. Then snatches of two voices began to reach him. He could distinguish Nan's voice and at intervals the heavier tones of a man.

The two were descending. In a few moments they reached the ledge, and De Spain, near at hand, could hear every word.

"Hold on a minute," said the man roughly. His voice was heavy as his utterance harsh.

"I must go home," objected Nan. "Hold on, I tell you," returned her companion. De Spain could not see, but he began already to feel the scene. "I want to talk to you."

"We can talk going down," parried Nan. De Spain heard her hurried foot-falls. "No, you don't," retorted her companion, evidently cutting off her retreat.

"Gale Morgan!" There was a blaze in Nan's sharp exclamation. "What do you mean?"

"I mean you and I are going to have this out right here, before we leave this ledge."

"How dare you stop me!" "I'll show you what I dare, young lady. You'll talk things over with me right here, and as long as I like," he retorted savagely. "Every time I ask you to marry me you've got some new excuse."

"It's shameful for you to act in this way, Gale." She spoke low and rapidly to her enraged suitor. De Spain alone knew it was to keep her humiliation from his own ears, and he made no effort to follow her quick, pleading words. The moment was most embarrassing for two of the three involved. But nothing that Nan could say would win from her cousin any reprieve.

"When you came back from school I told Duke I was going to marry you. He said, all right," persisted her cousin in stubbornly. "You said you'd marry me."

Nan exploded: "I never, never said so in this world." Her voice shook with indignation. "You know that's a downright falsehood."

"You said you didn't care for anybody else," he fairly bellowed. "Now I want to know whether you'll marry me if I take you over to Sleepy Cat tomorrow?"

"No!" Nan flung out her answer reckless of consequence. "I'll never marry you. Let me go home."

"You'll go home when I get through with you. You've fooled me long enough."

Her blood froze at the look in his face. "How dare you!" she gasped. "Get out of my way!"

"You little vixen!" He sprang forward and caught her by the wrist. She fought like a tigress. He dragged her struggling into his arms. But above her half-strident cries and his gruffing laugh, Morgan heard a sharp voice: "Take you hands off that girl!"

Whirling, with Nan in his savage arms, the half-drunken mountaineer saw De Spain ten feet away, his right hand resting on the grip of his revolver. Stunned, but sobered by mortal danger, Morgan's grasp relaxed. Nan, jerking away, looked at De Spain and instantly stepped in front of her cousin, on whom De Spain seemed about to draw.

"What are you doing here?" demanded Morgan, with an enraged oath.

"I left some business with you the other day at Calabasas half finished," said De Spain. "I'm here this afternoon to clean it up. Get away from that girl!"

His manner frightened even Nan. The quick step to the side and back-posing himself like a fencer--his revolver restrained a moment in its sheath by an eager right arm, as if at any instant it might leap into deadly play. De Spain's angry face and burning eyes photographed themselves on her memory from that moment.

But whatever he meant, she had her part to do. She backed, with arms spread low at her sides, directly against her cousin. "You shan't fight," she cried at De Spain.

"Stand away from that man!" retorted De Spain.

"You shan't kill my cousin. What do you mean? What are you doing here? Leave us!"

"Get away, Nan. I tell you. I'll finish him," cried Morgan, puncturing every word with an oath.

She whirled and caught her cousin in her arms. "He will shoot us both if you fire. Take me away, Gale. You coward!" she exclaimed, whirling again with trembling tones on De Spain, "would you kill a woman?"

De Spain saw the danger was past. It needed hardly an instant to show him that Morgan had lost stomach for a fight. He talked wrathfully, but he made no motion to draw. "I see I've got to chase you into a fight," said De Spain contemptuously, and starting gingerly to circle the hesitating cousin. Nan, in her excitement, ran directly toward the enemy, as if to cut off his movement.

"Don't you dare put me in danger," she cried, facing De Spain threateningly. "Don't you dare fight my cousin here."

"Stand away from me," hammered De Spain, eyeing Morgan steadily.

"He is wounded now," stormed Nan, so fast she could hardly frame the words. "You shan't kill him."

"You are a man, don't shoot a wounded man and a woman. You shan't shoot. Gale! protect yourself!" Whirling to face her cousin, she took the chance to back directly against De Spain. Both hands were spread open and partly behind her, the palms up, as if to check him. In the instant that she and De Spain were in contact he realized, rather than saw--for his eyes

never released Morgan's eyes--what she was frantically slipping to him--the loaded cartridge. It was done in a flash, and she was running from him



Whirling to Face Her Cousin, She Took the Chance to Back Directly Against De Spain.

again. Her warm fingers had swept across his own. She had returned to him voluntarily his slender chance for life. But in doing it she had challenged him to a new and overwhelming interest in life itself. And again, in front of her cousin, she was crying out anew against the shedding of blood.

"I came up here to fight a man. I don't fight women," muttered De Spain, maintaining the deceit and regarding both with an unpromising visage. Then to Morgan: "I'll talk to you later. But you've got to fight or get away from here, both of you, in ten seconds."

"Take me away, Gale," cried Nan. "Leave him here--take me home! Take me home!"

"She caught her cousin's arm. 'Stay right where you are,' shouted Morgan, pointing at De Spain, and following Nan as she pulled him along. 'When I come back, I'll give you what you're looking for.'"

"Bring your friends," said De Spain tauntingly. "I'll accommodate four more of you. Stop!" With one hand still on his revolver, he pointed the way. "Go down that trail first, Morgan. Stay where you are, girl, till he gets down that hill. You won't pot me over her shoulder for a while yet. Move!"

Morgan took the path sullenly, De Spain covering every step he took. Behind De Spain Nan stood waiting for her cousin to get beyond earshot. "What," she whispered hurriedly to De Spain, "will you do?"

Covering Morgan, who could whirl on him at any turn in the descent, De Spain could not look at her in answering. "Looks pretty rocky, doesn't it?"

"He will start the whole ran as soon

as he gets to his horse."

He looked at the darkening sky. "They won't be very active on the job before morning."

Morgan was at a safe distance. De Spain turned to Nan. Her eyes were bent on him as if they would pierce him through. "If I save your life--" still breathing fast, she hesitated for words--"you won't trick me--ever--will you?"

Steadily returning her appealing gaze, De Spain answered with deliberation: "Don't ever give me a chance to trick you, Nan."

"What do you mean?" she demanded, fear and distrust burning in her tone.

"My life," he said slowly, "isn't worth it."

"You know--" He could see her resolute underlip, pink with fresh young blood, quiver with intensity of feeling as she faltered. "You know what every man says of every girl--foolish, trusting, easy to deceive--everything like that."

"May God wither my tongue before ever it speaks to deceive you, Nan."

"There's not a moment to lose," she said swiftly. "Listen: a trail around this mountain leads out of the gap, straight across the face of El Capitán."

"I can make it."

"A good climber can do it--I have done it. I'd even go with you, if I could."

"Why?"

She shook her head angrily at what he dared show in his eyes. "Oh, keep still--listen!"

"I know you'd go, Nan," he declared unperturbed. "But, believe me, I never would let you."

"I can't go, because to do any good I must meet you with a horse outside."

He only looked silently at her, and she turned her eyes from his gaze. "See," she said, taking him eagerly to the back of the ledge and pointing, "follow that trail, the one to the east, you can't get lost; you can reach El Capitán before dark--it's very close. Creep carefully across El Capitán on that narrow trail, and on the other side there is a wide one clear down to the road--oh, do be careful on El Capitán!"

"I'll be careful."

"I must watch my chance to get away from the coral with a horse. If I fall it will be because I am locked up at home, and you must hide and do the best you can. How much they will surmise of this, I don't know."

"Go now, this minute," he said, restraining his words. "If you don't come, I shall know why."

She turned without speaking, and, fearless as a chamois, ran down the rocks. De Spain, losing not a moment, hobbled rapidly up along the granite-walled passage that led the way to his chance for life.

(To Be Continued)

MRS. EMMA GRAHAM DIES

Williamstown, Pa., April 21.--Mrs. Emma Graham died at her home in West Broad street on Wednesday, after a long illness. She is survived by two sons and a daughter. Funeral services were held this afternoon.

### THE HONEYMOON HOUSE

By HAZEL DALE

(By Hazel Dale)

Janet, who had been momentarily expecting something of the kind, was nevertheless miserably disappointed when Jarvis took the matter of her luncheon with Mr. Lowry the way he did. It humiliated her somehow, made her feel as if Jarvis did not trust her, and yet way back of it all the inmost recesses of her heart, she knew that Jarvis was somehow right, and that Mr. Lowry did not have business motives alone.

"What do you want me to do about it, boy?" she questioned finally. Jarvis, who had been working steadily, now turned to her and stopped.

Let's talk it over frankly," he began. "You tell me the exact truth, just what is in your mind, and I will tell you just what is in mine. Then we can arrive at something. But if you hedge and I estimate about telling you how I feel, there will be a funny gap in things, don't you think so?"

Janet knew she knew that Jarvis suspected that she herself was not ignorant of what Mr. Lowry thought, and she knew that to admit quite frankly that she knew it would ruin the situation of the main argument. Subconsciously, Janet wondered if there were ever in the world two other people so absolutely "different" as they were themselves.

There are many of them, more than there ever were in the olden days, when men and women married without mating. In the new acceptance of the word, Janet's marriage with Jarvis stood far from the ones they accepted each other as individuals.

"Do you want to begin, or shall I?" Janet asked, laughing a little.

"I've told you how I feel, Janet, all that I am standing for in your acceptance of the matter as a fact, not as something that you don't want to face."

"You mean that I know myself that Mr. Lowry is interested in me?"

"Yes," said Jarvis quickly, "you do know it, don't you?"

"Well, yes, boy; I'm afraid I do."

Jarvis seized her suddenly. "That's all I wanted you to admit, girl," he said, raising the top of her tawny head.

Janet was beginning to understand. "You mean that you are willing to have me know Mr. Lowry as long as I am aware of his feelings?"

"Exactly," if you really think there is a chance for your stories, it would be ridiculous for you to throw it over."

Janet knew that Jarvis had thought it over dispassionately in order to explain to her how he felt about it. His manner was so different from what it had been the other evening, when he had been so jealous.

"That other evening," Jarvis continued, almost as if he had read her thoughts, "I was furiously angry. You see, I had met Lowry that afternoon and I had liked him. But his manner was so obviously different when he saw you, that I changed my opinions about him in a minute. I was angry that you should be taken in by his apparent interest in your work. Not that your work isn't great, and you know I think so, but Lowry doesn't know anything about it, you know, and his sudden enthusiasm was too much for me. Then I knew."

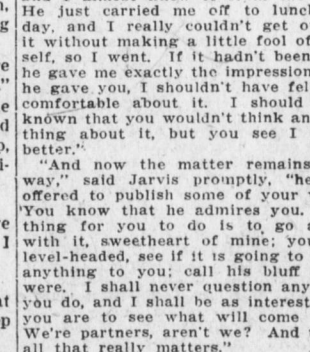
"And you were jealous, beautifully jealous," teased Janet.

"I guess I was for a little, but I soon got over it. I remembered that you are a girl and that you have never disappointed me in your work. I knew that as soon as you had Lowry's number that you would agree with me, so I decided to wait. Then when you still kept up that lie of air of detached interest, I thought we weren't going to be able to talk it out."

"Jarvis, dear, you're right about everything," Janet burst out magnanimously. "I agree with you about Mr. Lowry. I know that he admires me and I almost knew it from the first. He just carried me off to lunch today, and I really couldn't get out of it without making a little fool of myself, so I went. If it hadn't been that he gave me exactly the impression that he gave you, I shouldn't have felt uncomfortable about it. I should have known that you wouldn't think anything about it, but you see I knew better."

"And now the matter remains this way," said Jarvis promptly. "He has offered to publish some of your work. You know that he admires you. The thing for you to do is to go ahead with it, sweetheart of mine; you are level-headed, see if it is going to mean anything to you, call his bluff as it were. I shall never question anything you do, and I shall be as interested as you are to see what will come of it. We're partners, aren't we? And that's all that really matters."

(To Be Continued)



Mrs. Emma Graham Dies

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