

Reading for Women and all the Family

"The Insider"

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water

CHAPTER XXXVI

Grace was not to be put off by Tom's failure to answer her question. "Didn't Auntie say that Daddy had gone to Connecticut?" she repeated.

"Yes," Tom replied curtly, "she did."

"I had to run up on business," Mr. Norton said by way of explanation. "You asked, darling, if it was pretty up there. I suppose it was pretty up at Hillcrest, but I was not there."

"Where were you?" she queried.

"In a big business building," he told her. Then, as if to change the subject, he turned to Tom.

"Well, son, and what have you been doing?"

"Nothing especial," the boy replied.

"You were not out late last evening, were you?" his father observed.

"I saw your hat on the rack when I came in about 11:30."

"No, sir; I went to bed early," Tom rejoined.

"When why are you so pale this morning?" the parent asked. "Don't you feel well?"

"Yes, sir; I feel well enough," the boy answered.

Catching his eye, I raised my brow significantly. He must make more effort to be pleasant to his father. Tom, seeing my signal, shook himself out of his self-absorption.

"You know, father," he ventured, "that I am going back to school tomorrow."

"Yes," Mr. Norton said, "I knew it—and I want to have a little talk with you some time to-day or this evening."

At this moment Julia brought in the mail and laid it by her master's plate. As he finished his breakfast he pushed his chair back from the table and began to open his letters and glance through them. Suddenly he looked up at me and started to speak, then thought better of it.

A Recommendation

But as we left the dining room he said:

"Miss Dart, I would like a moment with you. Kindly step over into the library."

He followed me as I did his bidding. He held an open letter in his hand.

"You were kind enough," he began, without further preliminary, "to be interested in Tom's school. You might like to know that I have here a letter from the principal of Tom's school. He has known Hugh Parker for years and speaks very highly of him."

"I was sure of that," I started to say.

"So am I," he went on. "I had a little talk with Parker himself the other night, and am pretty sure you can get him to tutor Tom next summer."

"I am glad," I said again. "Then the matter is virtually settled?"

"Yes, I may as well tell Tom so," he replied.

My heart gave a glad throb. Mrs. Gore had forgotten, in the stress of other emotions, to complain of Tom.

If the arrangements for the summer could be completed at once, her objections would be useless.

"Tom!" Mr. Norton called, stepping to the door. "Come here, please!"

As the lad entered, I slipped out of the room and left father and son alone.

But before my employer went down-town, I heard him call my name from the foot of the hall-stairs. I happened to be in Mrs. Gore's room, talking over some new frocks she and I were planning for Mrs. Spring outfit.

I started to the door as I heard the summons. I noticed that Mrs. Gore stood still, listening.

Tom is Delighted

"Miss Dart," Brewster Norton said, "remember you are to dine with us at seven-thirty—the usual dinner hour to-night. That is to be an established custom hereafter. Don't forget it, please."

"I—" I hesitated, "if Grace—"

"But he interrupted me. "There's no 'if' about it. We must have that the other day, you know, Grace will have her supper at the hour at which she always has it, thus leaving you an abundance of time to get into bed before our dinner time. Good morning!"

He was gone before I could voice any further protest, even had I dared to do so. Mrs. Gore said nothing and I made no comment on the new order. I could but obey.

Thus it came about that I was present that night when Mr. Norton gave the results of his investigations and conversations with Hugh Parker.

"Tom," he remarked, "I carried out to-day the program I told you of this morning. I sent for Mr. Parker and had a long and satisfactory talk with him at my office."

The boy looked eagerly at his father, but did not ask a question.

"We have agreed upon terms," Mr. Norton continued, "and he is to come out to Hillcrest as the close of school, in June. He will spend the entire summer with us as your tutor. That's of my mind—and it's on yours. I shall expect you to prove to me that the arrangement is a good one."

Mrs. Gore looked blankly from Brewster Norton to his son. "Am I to be interested in Tom's school?" she asked, "that Mr. Parker is to spend the whole summer at Hillcrest?"

"Yes," her brother-in-law replied, "and he will be coaching Tom during vacation and prepare him for his fall examination."

"I thought," she ventured timidly, "and yet with a flush of temper in her eyes and a quiver in her voice, "that Tom was going away to a summer school."

"You were mistaken," the man informed her.

She subsided into silence. I wondered if she did not feel nowadays as if the reins of power were slipping from her nervous fingers.

(To be continued.)

Thirty at Birthday Party For Little Julia Hurst

Mechanicsburg, Pa., April 23.—Thirty happy children gathered at the home of Mr. and Mrs. R. Wilson Hurst, West Main street, on Saturday afternoon, to celebrate the thirty birthday anniversary of their daughter, Julia Gamet Goodyear, who were part of the entertainment and pretty favors were given each child. Luncheon was served, and assisting Mrs. Hurst were Miss Rebecca Goodyear, Miss Lou Stephens, of Carlisle; Miss Grace Gardner, of York; Mrs. Julia Hurst, Mrs. N. L. Euwer, Mrs. McCallister, Mrs. Bishop, Miss Galt, Gardner, and Miss Elizabeth Hurst, of Mechanicsburg. Among the little marchers were Isabel Baugh, John and Charlotte Rakestraw, Paul Eberly, Margaret and Rachel McCoy, Sara Anna Ross, Robert Weidner, Winifred Smith, Marian Shelly,

Nan of Music Mountain

Josephine Mumper, Albert Crawford, Jr., Catherine Wertz, Olivia Baum, Martin Sharp, Benjamin Hunt, Elizabeth Euwer, James Robb, Mary McCallister, Helen Porter, Madeline and Katharine Krall, Julia and Jean Hallman, George Ful Parker for years and speaks very highly of him.

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WIVIAN MARTIN'S COOKING CHARTER

Omelets

According to the old saying "an omelet covers a multitude of sins" but this does not mean to reflect at all upon the good standing of this dish of mystery. Its popularity cannot be denied. Did you ever have the experience of eating an omelet in a restaurant? You read over a large and lengthy menu vainly trying to formulate in your mind what will constitute your repast, when the waiter standing close by and noting your puzzled expression hisses in your ear "omelet." For no other reason than not to offend the waiter you reply in the affirmative. While waiting mental pictures surge through your brain. You endeavor to forget the omelet but it refuses to be cast aside in such an ungentlemanly manner. You picture the chef with an evil smile spread o'er his countenance as he hears the order for an omelet. You see him take a large can full of soap suds, then a little salt and pepper, a fair helping of arnica is then added. The family cat happens along and the culinary monarch with a gleeful chortle snatches the innocent feline and thrusts it in the can with the rest of the tempting morsel. By that time the work

of the "conspirators" dawns upon you and with a stifled cry you blindly scramble for your hat. But too late! The waiter places the dish before you and you've got to eat. One taste, and then another taste. Your face lights up and you discover that the omelet is not so bad. Thus we see that after all, the omelet is a very satisfying dish.

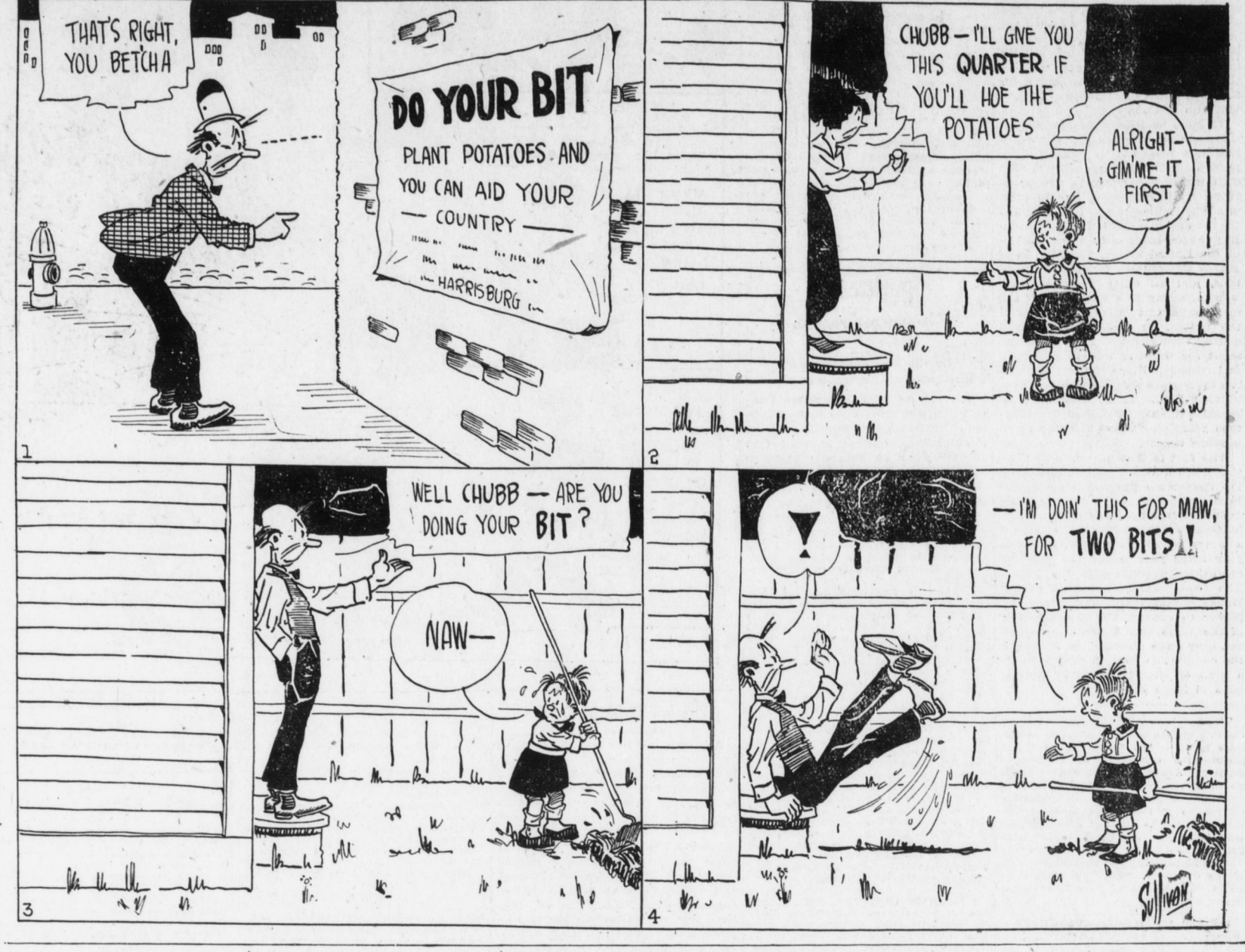
For a plain omelet break three eggs in a bowl, add one teaspoonful of cold water and beat with a fork until well mixed. Add one half a teaspoonful of salt. Turn it into a very hot buttered pan and shake and stir until eggs begin to set. Let them form, then fold over and turn out on a hot platter.

Finely chopped parsley, cooked meats, vegetables cut very fine and various other ingredients can be added to a plain omelet according to one's taste.

A very light and fluffy omelet can be made by adding a little milk to the omelet while it is cooking.

Omelets have disguised many a fault but it really ranks now as one of the greatest and most popular breakfast dishes used by the American public.

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



Nan of Music Mountain

By FRANK H. SPEARMAN Author of "WHISPERING SMITH"

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after what you did for me tonight and down to the ground. Some more men came past, and I hid on the porch and slipped over to the horse barn and found a hackamore, and went down to the corral and hunted around till I found this little pinto—she's the best to ride bareback.

"I could ride a razorback—why take all that trouble for me?"

"If you don't start while I have a chance, you undo everything I have tried to do to avoid a fight."

The wind stirring softly, set the cards and looked from one to the other of the remaining players to read the weather signals, he perceived on Scott's face an unwonted expression, and looked to where the scout's gaze was turned for an explanation of it. Lefever's own eyes, at the sight of the thinned, familiar face behind Elpaso's chair, starting, opened like full moons. The big fellow spread one hand out, his cards hidden within it, and with the other hand prudently drew down his pile of chips. "Gentlemen," he said lightly, "this game is interrupted. He rose and put a silent hand across the table over Elpaso's shoulder. "Henry," he exclaimed impressively, "one question, if you please—and only one: How in thunder did you do it?"

CHAPTER XV.

SITTING.

One week went to repairs. To a man of action such a week is longer than ten years of service. But chained to a bed in the Sleepy Cat hospital, De Spain had no escape from one week of thinking, and for that week he thought about Nan Morgan. And the impulse that moved him the first moment he could get out of bed and into a saddle was to spur his way hard and fast to her; to make her, against a score of burly cousins, his own; and never to release her from his sudden arms.

With De Spain to think was to do; at least to do something, but not without further careful thinking, and not without anticipating a chance of failure. And his manner was to cast too all difficulties and obstacles in a situation, brush them aside, and have his will if the heavens fell; and he now set himself, while doing his routine work every day, to do one particular thing—to see, talk to, plead with, struggle with the woman, and girl, rather—child, even, to his thoughts, so fragile she was—this girl who had given him back his life against her own marauding relatives.

His friends saw that something was absorbing him in an unusual, even an extraordinary way, yet none could arrive at a certain conclusion as to what it was. The one man in the country who could have surmised the situation between the two—De Spain's barn boss, McAlpin—if he entertained suspicions, was far too pawky to share them with anyone.

Nothing in the way of a venture could be more foolhardy—this he admitted to himself—nothing, he considered himself by reflecting, but something stronger than danger could justify it. Of all the motley Morgan following within the mountain fastness he counted on but one man to help him in the slightest degree—this was the derelict, Bull Page. There was no choice but to use him, and he was easily enlisted, for the Calabasas affair had made a heroic figure of De Spain in the bar-rooms. De Spain, accordingly, lay in wait for the old man and intercepted him one day on the road to Sleepy Cat, walking the twenty miles patiently for his whisky.

"You struggle be the only man in the gay, Bull, that can't borrow or steal

Graybill-Hollman Wedding

Marietta, Pa., April 23.—Miss Myrtle Mae Hays, of Marietta, was married yesterday to Lloyd E. Graybill, of East Petersburg, by the Rev. M. L. Landis, of Netferville, Pa. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Graybill, of East Petersburg. They will live at East Petersburg.

Free Poland Certain

Philadelphia, April 23.—The entrance of the United States into the war will assure the freedom of Poland and declared Justice Van McChesick, of the State Supreme Court who addressed the delegates of the Polish American Citizens' League of Pennsylvania, which opened a convention here yesterday. He advocated selective conscription and urged his hearers to enlist as Americans and not as Poles.

Flag Raising at Factory

Mechanicsburg, Pa., April 23.—Flag raising ceremonies took place on Saturday morning, among the employees of the Sleepy Cat Iron Works. An American flag was run up on the Snelbaker Shift Factory, in East Simpson street. The employees created outside and sang patriotic airs and a stirring address was given by the proprietor.

Dies from Typhoid Fever

Marietta, Pa., April 23.—Samuel Minnich, of Washington, died Saturday night from typhoid fever, aged 64. His aged mother, Mrs. Minnich, four children and four brothers survive.

Will Build Chapel

Duncannon, Pa., April 23.—Officers of the Union Sunday school are making preparations to build a chapel in the east side of North High street and the Pennsylvania Railroad Company.

Daily Dot Puzzle



Flagraising Ceremony at Duncannon Iron Works

Duncannon, Pa., April 23.—Employees of the Duncannon Iron Works raised a 20x35 flag with appropriate exercises on Saturday afternoon. Preceding the flag-raising, the town had its own patriotic parade that ended at the foot of the pole where the flag was to be raised. School children sang several patriotic selections. The Rev. George H. Johnston and the Rev. W. W. Sholl made addresses during the occasion.

The flag was bought by a special committee of the employees of the Iron Company, after the money had been raised by popular subscription.

Woman's Club Officers

Mechanicsburg, Pa., April 23.—At a meeting of the Women's Club on Friday evening the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Miss Caroline S. Saxton; first vice-president, Mrs. Sara Firestone; second vice-president, Miss Grace E. Witmer; corresponding secretary, Mrs. W. F. Fishburn; recording secretary, Mrs. Murray L. Dick; treasurer, Mrs. Eugene A. Burnett; directors, Mrs. R. A. DeFrehn, Miss Carl G. Tittel, Mrs. Mary Fishel, all of Mechanicsburg; John Baum, of Hillbols; Mrs. Michael Heikes and Mrs. Mondia Long, of Harrisburg. The funeral service will be held at 10:30 o'clock, conducted by the Rev. E. C. B. Castle. Burial will be made in Mechanicsburg Cemetery.

District Convention in May

Carlisle, Pa., April 23.—Preparations are being made for the eighth annual convention of the Newville district Sunday school workers to be held at the Church of God in North Middleton township on May 10 and 11. Dr. W. C. Brant, of Conaway Hall, head of the prohibition movement in this county, will conduct a temperance service.

Colored Men to Enlist

Carlisle, Pa., April 23.—Stimulating patriotic interest among the members of that race, a patriotic service was held here yesterday afternoon in the West Street African Methodist Episcopal Zion Church, under the auspices of all of the colored churches of the town. Many men pledged themselves to enlist, and a committee was appointed to co-operate in defense movements while colored boys will form a Boy Scout troop and aid in various ways.

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