Reading for Women and all the Family

The Honeymoon House

By HAZEL DALE

By Hazel Dale

Sometimes life will proceed tranquilly for a long time until the most trivial thing will set it aglow with excitement. Janet had gone back to her old position on the Chronicle, and her work began to appear again more regularly. She had not heard from Mr. Lowry since the day she had lunched with him, and her days proceeded with so much of routine in them that she began to be restless and long for something to happen. It was of course the reaction from her life of continual excitement, and she hadn't had time to become used to normal existence.

One day as she was about to leave the office she received a summons to come to Mr. Lowry's office if she had time to spare that afternoon. The note filled her with expectancy, as she had left three or four stories with him before she left the magazine. That is, she had sent them in to his office.

Janet in spite of herself wondered just how Mr. Lowry would treat her. All her feminity was uppermost she was prepared for anything, and yet she could not help but feel her own youth and attraction. No woman feels anything but kind toward a man who evidently admires her, no matter how much she may be averse to his attentions. And Janet, because she felt intuitively that Mr. Lowry admired her, and because Jarvis had fortified her with his own suspicions, felt a keen little stab of triumph and was prepared to be friendly but firm. She felt the advantage all on her side.

She went into the rooms of the magazine with quiet surety. The place seemed like home to her. There was a new girl sitting at the desk outside the sanctum sanctorum, who looked up as Janet appeared, and said pertly:

"Name, please?"

Janet wrote her name and Mr. Lowry's on the small card and then sat down to wait. Of course she would be admitted instantly. Her soft lips curled mischievously when she thought of the crestfallen look that must appear on the face of that over-confident young woman when she should return with the message that Mr. Lowry would see Mrs. More immediately.

The girl returned in a few minutes and surveyed Janet critically. There was no smallest hint of respect about her as she said:

"Mr. Lowry is busy now; he says for you to wait."

In spite of herself Janet felt squelched. She could not for the life of her tell why, because it was a perfectly natural thing that Mr. Lowry should be engaged. It was just because the message was so foreign to what she had expected. So she summoned all her common sense to her aid and smiled radiantly at the girl, who eyed her solemnly, and then sat down to wait.

Ten minutes passed, then fifteen and then twenty. Janet began to fidget in her chair. Surely Mr. Lowry would not keep her waiting like this; there must be some mistake. When the half hour mark had passed, Janet got up and approached the girl again.

"Are you sure that Mr. Lowry is still busy?" she asked.

"I'll ring up and see, but he said he would send out as soon as he was ready."

Janet waited a moment as the girl flashed the signal.

"He says you can go in now," she conceded and Janet walked hastily through the swinging door and down the long passage bounded with ground glass windows that led to Mr. Lowry's office.

Mr. Lowry was seated at his desk as she entered, and he nodded to her carelessly.

"Oh, Mrs. More," he began curtly, "I sent for you to speak to you about the stories you sent in."

"Did you like them?" Janet asked eagerly.

"They're not at all what I need for the Children's Hour, with the exception of this one. You might take this home and read it over carefully. I have instructed my secretary to mark the places I wish you to change. When you have it ready, bring it in, and I'll see what I can do."

"But, began Janet, helplessly.

"That's all, I think," Mr. Lowry concluded. "I am frightfully busy this afternoon; you'll excuse me, won't you?" And a second later Janet found herself on the outside of the office door, with her manuscript held tightly in her hand.

She felt slapped in the face and horribly humiliated. The fact that she had come there expecting to have to repulse Mr. Lowry for his unwelcome attentions made her cheeks burn with shame. He had selected the story she had thought the weakest, too. Well she would never go near him again, never, she could find another way to market her work. And then the thought came to her, sudden and overwhelming, what would Jarvis say when she told him about it? Would he laugh at her a little bit for being so sure of her power?

(To Be Continued)

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

"THEIR MARRIED LIFE"

Copyright by International News Service

"Warren, do you know what I did to-day?" Helen said, looking up from the sweater she was knitting and interrupting Warren, wha, as usual after dinner, had his head buried in the paper.

"Huh? What did you say?" Warren said, looking up absently.

Helen laughed. "Oh, put down your paper, dear, and talk to me. How do you like the color of this sweater?"

Warren regarded the tiny thing which Helen had just begun with disfavor.

"Don't think much of it; it's too loud."

"It isn't as loud as the one Louise is doing; hers is cerise."

"Well, this is orange."

"I know, dear; but the most extreme colors are the prettiest this season, and just what every one will wear. They are stunning over white shirtwaists and skirts. This one will be so nice to wear when we are away this summer."

"Well, don't bank on going anywhere much," Warren returned ungraciously. "If we get away at all it will be somewhere cheap."

"Why, Warren, don't you suppose I understand? What makes you so cross about everything I say?"

Warren was genuinely ashamed of himself, and did Helen the honor of looking sheepish.

"Well, I only said that because you women are so crazy about places where you can show your clothes. You know the money affairs haven't been going any too well for me of late."

Helen said nothing about all the successful deals he had engineered. She reasoned that there was a time for that, and there was no need of hurrying matters. She would have to have clothes after a while, and when she asked for extra money and the bills were unusually large she could remind him. That would be time enough.

"What was it you were saying when you interrupted me?"

"Oh," said Helen, remembering her former remark. "I went down to see Frances this afternoon and the talk turned on Viva Nesbitt."

Warren looked interested. "Depend upon you women to hash that little girl up among you," he remarked.

"Not at all; the girl's name happened to be mentioned, and I told Frances what I had overheard that night after tea."

"You mean what she said to Carp?" Warren almost shouted.

Helen nodded.

"What on earth did you do that for?"

"No particular reason unless it was because we thought it was so funny that the child could make such a fool of herself over Carp when he is her uncle."

"Well, what did Frances say to all of it?"

"Frances was just as she always is. Frances never stoops to consider foolish gossip, and you know that, Warren, as well as I do. This Nesbitt girl is a niece of Carp's by marriage, that's all. We might have known that if we had stopped to think."

"Well, go on," was all that Warren vouchsafed.

"Well, it seems that Carp's only sister married twice, and this child is the daughter of her second husband, not her child at all. That is why Viva has spent most of her days at school, because she really is not wanted at home. I tell you, Warren, boarding school is all wrong for a girl of that age, particularly in these days."

"Well, what else did Frances say?"

"Oh, we talked about Viva in lots of ways. Frances knows that the girl has absolutely no sense. She would just as soon make love to Carp as not. Carp told Frances himself all about that evening's conversation."

"Well, I told you that there was nothing to get so excited about, didn't I?"

"But there is something to get excited about, for this reason, Warren: Viva Nesbitt has it in her to be a wonderful woman, if she isn't entirely spoiled in the process of development. She is original, striking-looking and has plenty of character. Frances is determined to know her better, and I have promised to see what I can do to help."

Warren laughed boisterously.

"Really, Helen,' he said, when he could get his breath, "the thought of you trying to do something for that modern young woman is really funny. You act as if she were a child to be influenced."

"Well, she is barely more than a child in years," Helen persisted. "Anyway, I don't want to influence her until I know her, and I'm going to try hard to do that.'

Warren's face became slowly grave, and he leaned over and squeezed Helen's hand in one of his rare moments of tenderness.

"All right, little woman; go to it," he said earnestly. "I didn't mean to laugh, and I think that you and Frances ought to make a good pair of friends to the kid. Really I do."

(The next instalment of this fascinating series will appear here soon)

NAN of MUSIC MOUNTAIN

By Frank H. Spearman

Author of Whispering Smith

COPYRIGHT BY CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

(Continued.)

"But you don't know how unreasonable Uncle Duke is when he is angry," said Nan mournfully. "He won't listen to anybody. He always would listen to me until now. Now he says, I have gone back on him, and he doesn't care what happens. Think, Henry, where it would put me if either of you should kill the other. Henry, I've been thinking it all over for three days now. I see what must come. It will break both our hearts, I know, but they will be broken anyway. There is no way out, Henry—none."

"Nan, what do you mean?"

"You must give me up."

They were sitting in the hospital garden, he at her side on the bench that he called their bench. It was here he had made his unrebuked avowal—here, he had afterward told her that he began to live. "Give you up," he echoed with gentleness. "How could I do that? You're like the morning for me, Nan. Without you there's no day; you're the kiss of the mountain wind and the light of the stars to me. Without the thought of you I' sicken and faint in the saddle, I'd lose my way in the hills; without you there would be no to-morrow. No matter where I am, no matter how I feel, if I think of you strength wells into my heart like a spring. I never could give you up."

He told her all would be well because it must be well; that she must trust him; that he would bring her safe through every danger and every storm, if she would only stick to him. And Nan, sobbing her fears one by one out on his breast, put her arms around his neck and whispered that for life or death, she would stick.

It was hard for De Spain next morning to find Duke Morgan. The difficulty was to meet him without the mob of hangers-on whose appetite had been whetted with the prospect of a death, and perhaps more than one, in the meeting of men whose supremacy with the gun had never been successfully disputed. It required all the diplomacy of Lefever to "pull off" a conference between the two which should not from the start be hopeless, because of a crowd of Duke's partisans whose presence would egg him on, in spite of everything, to a combat.

But toward eleven o'clock in the morning, De Spain having been concealed like a circus performer during every minute earlier, Duke Morgan was found, alone, in a barber's hands in the Mountain house. At the moment Duke left the revolving chair and walked to the cigar stand to pay his check, De Spain entered the shop through the rear door opening from the hotel office.

Passing with an easy step the row of barbers lined up in waiting beside their chairs, De Spain walked straight down the open aisle, behind Morgan's back. While Duke bent over the case to select a cigar, De Spain passing, placed himself at the mountain-man's side and between him and the street sunshine. It was taking an advantage, De Spain was well aware, but under the circumstances he thought himself entitled to a good light on Duke's eye.

De Spain wore an ordinary sack street suit, with no sign of a weapon about him; but none of those who considered themselves favored spectators of a long-awaited encounter felt any doubt as to his ability to put his hand on one at incomparably short notice. There was, however, no trace of hostility or suspicion in De Spain's greeting.

"Hello, Duke Morgan," he said frankly. Morgan looked around. His face hardened when he saw De Spain and he involuntarily took a short step backward, De Spain, with his left hand lying carelessly on the cigar case, faced him. "I heard you wanted to see me," continued De Spain. "I want to see you. How's your back since you went home?"

Morgan eyed him with a mixture of suspicion and animosity. He took what was to him the most significant part of De Spain's greeting first and threw his response into words as short as words could be chopped: "What do you want to see me about?"

"Nothing unpleasant, I hope," returned De Spain. "Let's sit down a minute."

"Say what you got to say."

"Well, don't take my head off, Duke. I was sorry to hear you were hurt. And I've been trying to figure out how to make it easier for you to get to and from town while you are getting strong. Jeffries and I both feel there's been a lot of unnecessary hard feeling between the Morgans and the company, and we want to ask you to accept this to show some of it's ended." De Spain put his left hand into his side pocket and held out an unsealed envelope to Morgan. Duke, taking the envelope, eyed it distrustfully. "What's this?" he demanded, opening it and drawing out a card.

"Something for easier riding. An annual pass for you and one over the stage line between Calabasas and Sleepy Cat—with Mr. Jeffries' compliments."

Like a flash Morgan tore the card pass in two and threw it angrily to the floor. "Tell 'Mr.' Jeffries," he exclaimed violently, "to—"

The man that chanced at that moment to be lying in the nearest chair slid quietly but imperiously out from under the razor and started with the barbers for the rear door, wiping the lather from one unshaven side of his face with a neck towel as he took his hasty way. At the back of the shop a fat man, sitting in a chair on the high, shoe-shining platform, while a negro boy polished him, rose at Morgan's imprecation and tried to step over the bootblack's head to the floor below. The boy, trying to get out of the way, jumped back, and the fat man fell, or pretended to fall, over him—for it might be seen that the man, despite his size, had lighted like a cat on his feet and was instantly half-way up to the front of the shop, exclaiming profanely but collectively at the lad's awkwardness, before De Spain had had time to reply to the insult.

The noise and confusion of the incident were considerable. Morgan was too old a fighter to look behind him at a critical moment. No man could say he had meant to draw when he stamped the card underfoot, but De Spain read it in his eye and knew that Lefever's sudden diversion at the rear had made him hesitate; the crisis passed like a flash. "Sorry you feel that way, Duke," returned De Spain, undisturbed. "It is a courtesy we were glad to extend. And I want to speak to you about Nan, too."

Morgan's face was livid. "What about her?"

"She has given me permission to ask your consent to our marriage," said De Spain, "some time in the reasonable future."

It was difficult for Duke to speak at all, he was so infuriated. "You can get my consent in just one way," he managed to say, "that's by getting me."

"Then I'm afraid I'll never get it, for I'll never 'get' you, Duke."

A torrent of oaths fell from Morgan's cracked lips. He tried to tell De Spain in his fury that he knew all about his underhand work, he called him more than one hard name, made no secret of his deadly enmity and challenged him to end their differences then and there.

De Spain did not move. His left hand again lay on the cigar case. "Duke," he said, when his antagonist had exhausted his vituperation, "I wouldn't fight you, anyway. You're crazy angry at me for no reason on earth. If you'll give me just one good reason for feeling the way you do toward me, and the way you've always acted toward me since I came up to this country, I'll fight you."

"Pull your gun," cried Morgan with an imprecation.

"I won't do it. You call me a coward. Ask these boys here in the shop whether they agree with you on that. You might as well call me an isosceles triangle. You're just crazy sore at me when I want to be friends with you. Instead of pulling my gun, Duke, I'll lay it out on the case, here, to show you that all I ask of you is to talk reason." De Spain, reaching with his left hand under the lapel of his coat, took a Colt's revolver from its breast harness and laid it, the muzzle toward himself, on the plate-glass top of the cigar stand. It reduced him to the necessity of a spring into Morgan for the smallest chance for his life if Morgan should draw; but De Spain was a desperate gambler in such matters even at twenty-eight, and he laid his wagers on what he could read in another's eye.

"There's more reasons than one why I shouldn't fight you," he said evenly. "Duke, you're old enough to be my father—do you realize that? What's the good of our shooting each other up?" he asked, ignoring Morgan's furious interruptions. "Who's to look after Nan when you go—as you must, before very many years? Have you ever asked yourself that? Do you want to leave her to that pack of wolves in the gap? You know, just as well as I do, the gap is no place for a high-bred, fine-grained girl like Nan Morgan. But the gap is your home and you've done right to keep her under your roof and under your eye. Do you think I'd like to pull a trigger on a man that's been a father to Nan? Damnation, Duke, could you expect me to do it, willingly? Nan is a queen. The best in the world isn't good enough for her—I'm not good enough, I know that. She's dear to you, she is dear to me. If you really want to see me try to use a gun, send me a man that will insult or abuse her. If you want to use your own gun use it on me if I ever insult or abuse her—is that fair?"

"Damn your fine words," exclaimed Morgan slowly and implacably. "They don't pull any wool over my eyes. I know you, De Spain—I know your breed—"

"What's that?"

Morgan checked himself at that time. "You can't sneak into my affairs any deeper," he cried. "Keep away from my blood! I know how to take care of my own. I'll do it. So help me God, if you ever take anyone of my kin away from me—it'll be over my dead body!" He ended with a bitter oath and a final taunt: "Is that fair?"

"No," retorted De Spain good-naturedly, "it's not fair. And some day, Duke, you'll be the first to say so. You won't shake hands with me now, I know, so I'll go. But the day will come when you will."

He covered his revolver with his left hand and replaced it under his coat. The fat man who had been leaning patiently against a barber's chair ten feet from the disputants, stepped forward again lightly as a cat. "Henry," he exclaimed, in a low but urgent tone, his hand extended, "just a minute. There's a long-distance telephone call on the wire for you." He pointed to the office door. "Take the first booth, Henry. Hello, Duke," he added, greeting Morgan with an extended hand, as De Spain walked back. "How are you making it, old man?"

Duke Morgan grunted.

"Sorry to interrupt your talk," continued Lefever. "But the barns at Calabasas are burning—telephone wires from there cut, too—they had to pick up the Thief River trunk line to get a message through. Makes it bad, doesn't it?" Lefever pulled a wry face. "Duke, there's somebody yet around Calabasas that needs hanging, isn't there? Yes."

CHAPTER XX.

Gale Persists.

When within an hour De Spain joined Nan, tense with suspense and anxiety, at the hospital, she tried hard to read his news on his face.

"Have you seen him?" she asked eagerly. De Spain nodded. "What does he say?"

"Nothing very reasonable."

Her face fell. "I knew he wouldn't. Tell me all about it, Henry—everything."

She listened keenly to each word. De Spain gave her a pretty accurate recital of the interview, and Nan's apprehension grew with her hearing of it.

"I knew it," she repeated with conviction. "I know him better than you know him. What shall we do?"

De Spain took both her hands. He held them against his breast and stood looking into her eyes. When he regarded her in such a way her doubts and fears seemed mean and trival. He spoke only one word, but there was a world of confidence in his tone: "Stick."

She arched her brows as she returned his gaze, and with a little troubled laugh drew closer. "Stick, Nan," he repeated. "It will come out all right."

She paused a moment. "How can you know?"

"I know because it's got to. I talked it all over with my best friend in Medicine Bend, the other day."

"Who, Henry?"

"Whispering Smith. He laughed at your uncle's opposing us. He said if your uncle only knew it, it's the best thing that could happen for him. And he said if all the marriages opposed by old folks had been stopped, there wouldn't be young folks enough left to milk the cows."

"Henry, what is this report about the Calabasas barns burning?"

"The old Number One barn is gone and some of the old stages. We didn't lose any horses, and the other barns are all right. Some of our Calabasas or gap friends, probably. No matter, we'll get them all rounded up after a while, Nan. Then, some fine day, we're going to get married."

De Spain rode that night to Calabasas to look into the story of the fire.

McAlpin, swathed in bandages, made no bones about accusing the common enemy. No witnesses could be found to throw any more light on the inquiry than the barn boss himself. And De Spain made only a pretense of a formal investigation. If he had had any doubts about the origin of the fire they would have been resolved by an anonymous scrawl, sent through the mail, promising more if he didn't get out of the country.

But instead of getting out of the country, De Spain continued as a matter of energetic policy to get into it. He rode the deserts stripped, so to say, for action and walked the streets of Sleepy Cat welcoming every chance to meet men from Music mountain or the sinks. It was on Nan that the real hardships of the situation fell, and Nan who had to bear them alone and almost unaided.

Duke came home a day or two later without a word for Nan concerning his encounter with De Spain. He was shorter in the grain than ever, crustier to everyone than she had ever known him—and toward Nan herself fiercely resentful. Sassoon was in his company a great deal, and Nan knew of old that Sassoon was a bad symptom. Gale, too, came often, and the three were much together. In some way, Nan felt that she herself, was in part the subject of their talks, but no information concerning them could she ever get.

One morning she sat on the porch sewing when Gale rode up. He asked for her uncle. Bonita told him Duke had gone to Calabasas. Gale announced he was bound for Calabasas himself, and dismounted near Nan, professedly to cinch his saddle. He fussed with the straps for a minute, trying to engage Nan in the interval, without success, in conversation. "Look here, Nan," he said at length, studiously amiable, "don't you think you're pretty hard on me, lately?"

"No, I don't," she answered. "If Uncle Duke didn't make me, I'd never look at you, or speak to you—or live in the same mountains with you."

Fashions of To-Day - By May Manton

THE blouse that is closed at the back is one of the very new ones, also the combination of round neck and long sleeves makes a feature of the season. This one including both and is distinctive and interesting. The skirt is in four gores and gathered. The model is a pretty one for almost all the materials that are used for Spring gowns, silk and light weight wool, and if you like you can make the blouse of crepe de chine and the skirt of wool or of heavier silk in matching color, for that combination is much in vogue.

For the medium size the blouse will require, 3½ yards of material 36 inches wide, 2½ yards 44 with ¾ yard of material 36 inches wide for the trimming, and for the skirt will be needed, 5 yards of material 36, 44 or 54 inches wide.

The May Manton pattern of the blouse No. 9318 is cut in sizes from 34 to 40 inches bust measure and of the skirt No. 9247 in sizes from 24 to 32 inches waist measure. They will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of fifteen cents for each.

Able-bodied men are Wanted everywhere

—in the army, the navy, on the farm, in the factory, the store, the office.

Heed the call, men, if you're capable of doing a man's work.

Telegraph want ads point the way to YOUR opportunity.

VIVIAN MARTIN'S COOKING CHATTER

No. 52—Custards

Tapioca.—It is a strange thing about custards but housewives seldom look upon them seriously. In fact they are in most cases only thought of because the mental activities of the cook are rather lax thereby falling back upon the custard as a last resort. It is very easy to prepare and is, therefore, very popular for the host who has guests dropping in when not expected.

In preparing tapioca pudding put two tablespoonfuls of fine tapioca in double boiler with one pint of milk, cook and stir till tapioca is transparent. Add yolks of two eggs with three tablespoonfuls of sugar, one pinch of salt and stir until it thickens. Add whites of the eggs beaten to a stiff froth and stir lightly for about three minutes. Take from the fire and add flavoring when cooled. If pearl or lump tapioca is used it must be soaked in cold water several hours before cooking.

Chocolate Blanc-Mange.—Although it has a terrible name, chocolate blanc-mange makes a very satisfying desert. During one of the scenes for "The Right Direction," the next play that I will appear in under the Morosco banner, there is a supper scene and the director insisted that there must be some food upon the table. I told him if he would give me about fifteen minutes I would prepare a dish that would make the other players eat as they never have before, which would give the necessary realism to the picture. I decided upon a chocolate blanc-mange because the majority of my studio friends are very fond of chocolate in any form. There is a small grocery store right across from the studio where I hied myself for the necessary purchases. I took one quart of milk and one half box of gelatine. I soaked the gelatine in one cup of water. I then took four tablespoonfuls of grated chocolate rubbed smooth in a little milk, three eggs, extract of vanilla, flavored to taste. I heated the milk to boiling and then added the other ingredients. Boil for five minutes. Pour into a mold and allow to cool. Serve with either milk and sugar or a very light custard sauce. The actors lost no time in injecting the much desired realism when they had a tempting dish like that before them.

Charlotte Russe.—A nice charlotte box of heaping whipped cream; does it not tempt you? Charlotte russe is not hard to make and meets with universal approval. Mix one pint of rich cream, one half a cup of powdered sugar, and one teaspoonful of vanilla. (If you wish, sherry can be used in place of the vanilla, which has a tendency to enrich the cream.) Have all very cold and whip to a rich froth, turning under cream when it first rises. Line the box with lady fingers or a nice sponge cake cut in strips and fill with the cream.

COMPENSATION ACT BLANKS

For the convenience of lawyers and small corporations we have arranged in book form a quantity of Accident Blanks sufficient for a year's supply. Sent to any address on receipt of price, $1.00.

THE TELEGRAPH PRINTING CO.

HARRISBURG, PA.

Printing—Binding—Designing—Photo Engraving—Die Stamping—Plate Printing