

Reading for Women and all the Family

The Honeymoon House

By HAZEL DALE

By Hazel Dale
Jarvis' reception of the whole matter somewhat soothed Janet's pride. She decided, on the way home from the magazine office, to tell him the entire story and he did not laugh—just nodded his head sagely.

"Why do you do that boy?" Janet queried. "You act as if you know something that I don't know anything about."

"Oh, no," Jarvis said quickly. "I have simply jumped to a conclusion that has not occurred to you; that's all."

"About Mr. Lowry?"

"Surely. Don't you see what it all means?"

Janet shook her head slowly. She had been too harshly treated to get over the humiliation of the thing, and her wrath and injured pride were still uppermost.

"Well, in my estimation, Lowry is deep. You see, Janet, you are not like the ordinary girl, and he is too clever not to know it. Therefore he knows that he must play his cards carefully so as not to frighten you away."

"Why, Jarvis More! You don't mean that he has done this on purpose?"

Jarvis did not answer, just gurned meaningly.

This possibility did a great deal to cheer Janet's spirits. It opened up a new avenue of thought, and the more Janet thought about it the more plausible seemed the next explanation. There was no reason in the world why Mr. Lowry should act the way he did unless he was trying to put her off the track of his real intentions. Surely the day she had lunched with him he had been more than interested, he had been deferential; then why should he suddenly treat her like a green office boy? No one had ever treated her that way; even her beginning with the Chronicle had never subjected her to unpleasant treatment when she hadn't been known at all.

Janet thought at first that she would never get over the humiliation of the thing. It rankled in her mind, no matter what measures she took to forget it, but a few days makes a great difference in a matter of this kind, and Janet was too young and too happy to remember an unpleasant circumstance forever, particularly when she was not at all inclined to be morbid.

Her work with the paper went on smoothly enough, but after all it was not so very exciting, and Janet was ambitious to do more. She looked over the stories that Mr. Lowry had given back to her, and for the life of her could not see where they could be altered. The marks made by Mr. Lowry's secretary on the one manuscript Janet looked over carefully, but she did not make any change. Somehow, her own way seemed better. It was not at all that Janet was conceited about her ability and could not see faults in her work;

It was that she honestly had done her best with the stories and she could not change them unless some one who knew better than she did convinced her of the fact that they were not good.

If Mr. Lowry had told her himself that the stories could be improved and told her why, Janet would have cheerfully changed the text; but the fact that his secretary had marked corrections with a blue pencil meant nothing to Janet. She did not intend to submit the story anyway, no matter how much she wanted to sell it. Hadn't Mr. Lowry gone out of his way to ask her for it? She hadn't tried in any way to get him to accept her work.

The day, about a week later, when the incident had faded into the back of Janet's mind, and she only remembered it with an occasional sharp twinge of memory, she sat in the studio working. Jarvis was busy, too, and it was raining heavily outside. The studio had drawn draperies and the studio was flooded with light from the skylight, it looked very cosy and homelike, and Janet looked up occasionally to notice everything with a little sigh of contentment.

Into this quiet and peace came the harsh jangle of the telephone bell. Janet, who was nearest it, hurried to answer, and a strange voice spoke to her across the wire. It was a woman's voice and it said briskly: "Hello, is this Mrs. Moore? This is Mr. Lowry's secretary, Miss Fiske. Mr. Lowry would like to know when you will have that story ready?"

Janet had just a moment to gather together her scattered wits, then she said sweetly: "Did you make the corrections on my story, Miss Fiske?"

"Yes I did at Mr. Lowry's suggestion."

"Well I should be very glad if you would tell Mr. Lowry that so far I cannot see where those corrections make the story any better. If he would like to talk it over with me perhaps I could be convinced."

"Just a minute," came the voice over the telephone, and then, "Mr. Lowry will see you any time you can arrange to come in, Mrs. Moore."

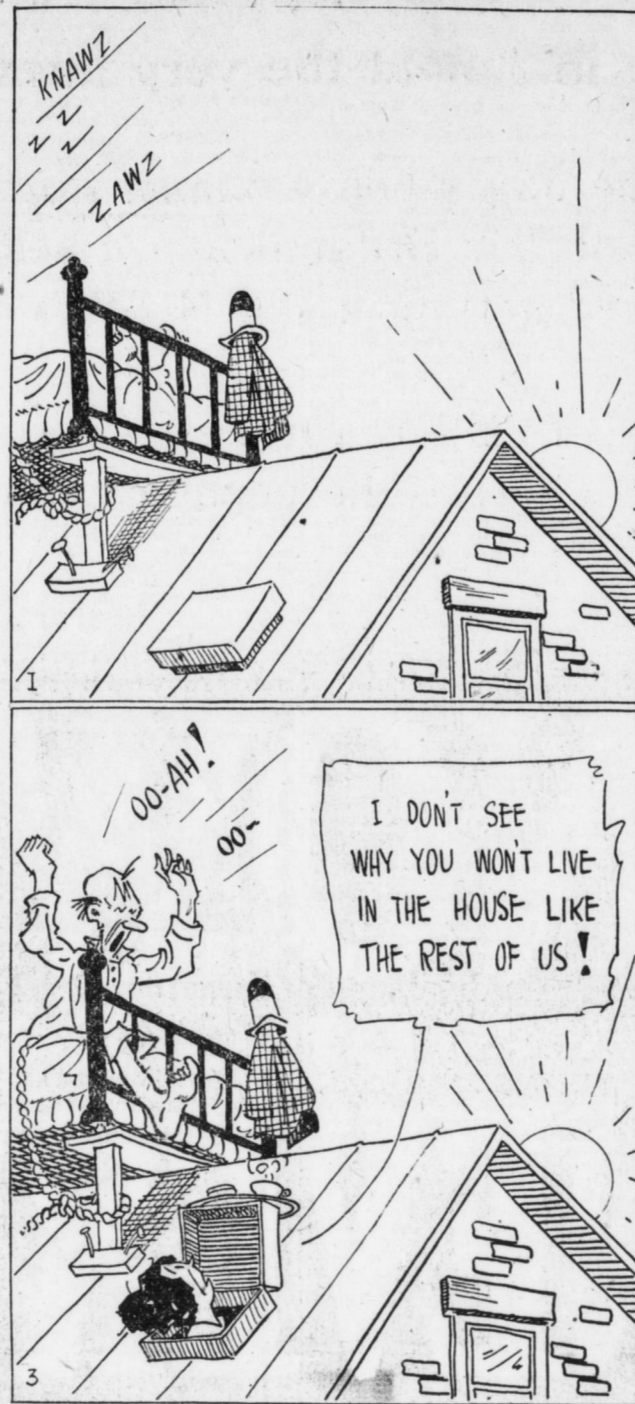
Janet hung up the receiver and flew across to Jarvis. "Was I all right, boy? You see I decided that what I wanted was to sell the story, and if I can do that, I'll forget about the rest."

"You're rather young and entirely too inexpensive to talk that way to an editor," Jarvis chuckled, "and you aren't doing it for the money. He wouldn't stand for it if he didn't think you attractive."

"That may be true," said Janet, promptly, "and I took advantage of just that fact. Do you suppose that any other editor, no matter how busy and important, would have been so kind as to wait for me? I suppose my work had been impossible, and I don't think it is quite that."

To Be Continued

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



MILITARY QUALIFICATIONS NOT NECESSARY FOR ENROLLMENT IN BOY SCOUT ORGANIZATION



BEFORE AND AFTER

The Boy Scout movement has obtained the endorsement of the most prominent men of the country, chief among these endorsements is one by Eugene V. Debs, sufficient proof that the Socialists who are opposed to anything that savors of military organization do not consider them a militaristic body.

Mr. Debs makes the following statement: "Of course I need not explain that if the Boy Scout organization in any manner fostered militarism I should not have the slightest use for it. But does nothing of the kind. On the contrary its literature contains the strongest arguments against militarism, war and bloodshed, and some of the noblest pleas for human brotherhood and peace that I have ever read."

Mr. Debs' makes the following statement: "The boy of to-day is the man of tomorrow. The truth of this statement brings us face to face with the problem of best meeting the needs of boys to the end of developing them into the highest type of citizenry. Effective citizens are intelligent citizens, well informed as to the resources, opportunities and needs of their city, State and country. This is one of the most interesting and wonderful results being achieved by the Boy Scouts of America movement."

Perhaps no one subject has received more attention at the hands of writers and social workers than what we are pleased to call the "boy problem." After all there is really no boy problem. It is a problem of environment, and this is greatly accentuated in modern times when conditions which obtain in the great cities are so essentially artificial.

One of the elements of success in the scout movement has been a regulation which prevented large patrols or troops. When a scout registers he becomes a member of a patrol, not more than eight boys are taken into a patrol. A troop is formed of two, three, or four patrols. Experienced men scoutmaster the patrol, the best number. Each troop is looked after by a troop committee. The troop committee co-operates with the local council and the national council co-operates with the national council.

The patrol is led by the patrol leader and his assistant. The patrol leader and assistant are chosen by the scouts of a patrol, after conference with the scoutmaster. The scoutmaster, as appointed on the recommendation of the troop committee. This in brief is the organization of the Boy Scouts.

It was planned with the view of insuring proper supervision of the work and of keeping the local council and the national council directly in touch with both the Scout and the scoutmaster. As soon as any important addition is made to the scout program, or as soon as some means is discovered of doing things better, than they have been done before, this information must immediately reach every branch of the organization. Some of the best men in the country are every day volunteering valuable suggestions to local councils and to the national council, and it is very necessary that these latest details of scouting should reach the scout and scoutmaster with the least possible delay.

West Shore Principals Called to Defense Meeting

Camp Hill, Pa., May 1.—West Shore high school principals yesterday afternoon received telegrams from Prof. J. Keiso Green, superintendent of the public schools in Cumberland county, requesting their presence at a meeting of the Public Safety Committee of Cumberland County. The exact purpose of the meeting has not been announced, but it is believed plans will be formulated to place the schoolboys on farms at garden work.

The telegram is as follows: "The Committee of Public Safety of Cumberland County desires to have a meeting with high school principals Tuesday, May 8, at 7 o'clock in Lewis Sadler's office in Carlisle. An exceedingly important meeting. Do not fail to be present."

Fashions of To-Day - By May Manton



NOT skirts alone but also coats are given the barrel silhouette and this coat is both a smart one and a serviceable one. The extended portions provide pockets as well as drapery and the facings allow effective use of contrasting material. It is really a very excellent model for general wear, for travelling and for motoring for you can make it of silk or of soft satin, if you want something dressy for afternoon, or you can make it of serge or of cravette if you want something serviceable for traveling. In any case the lines will remain and it is the lines that make the smartness of the garment. The cape-like collar makes a new feature of the season and it is a very attractive and a very generally becoming one. Here, the collar, belt and cuffs are made of sand-colored broadcloth finished with narrow braid of the same color while the coat itself is of dark blue serge.

For the medium size will be needed, 7 1/4 yards of material 36 inches wide, 5 3/4 yards 44 or 4 3/4 yards 54, with 1 yard 54 inches wide for the trimming.

The pattern No. 9428 is cut in sizes from 34 to 42 inches bust measure. It will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of fifteen cents.

NAN of MUSIC MOUNTAIN

By Frank H. Spearman

(Continued.)
CHAPTER XXI.
De Spain Worries.

They parted that evening under the shadow of Music Mountain, just as soon as Nan could get away. She hoped, she told him, to bring good news. De Spain arranged his business to wait at Calabasas for her, and was there, after two days, doing little but waiting and listening to McAlpin's stories about the fire and surprises as to strange men that lurked in and about the place. But De Spain, knowing Jeffries was making an independent investigation into the affair, gave no heed to McAlpin's suspicions.

To get away from the barn boss, De Spain took refuge in riding. The season was drawing on toward winter, and rain clouds drifting at intervals down from the mountains made the saddle a less dependable escape from the monotony of Calabasas. Several days passed with no sight of Nan and no word from her. De Spain, as the hours and days went by, scanned the horizon with increasing solicitude. When he woke on the sixth morning, he was resolved to send a scout into the gap to learn what he could of the situation. The long silence, De Spain knew, portended nothing good. He sent to the stable for Bull Page.

The shambling barman, summoned gruffly by McAlpin, hesitated as he appeared at the office door and seemed to regard the situation with suspicion. He looked at De Spain tentatively, as if ready either for the discharge with which he was wonted to be treated, or for a renewal of his earlier, friendly relations with the man who had been queer enough to make a place for him. De Spain set Bull down before him in the stuffy little office.

"Bull," he began with apparent frankness, "I want to know how you like your job?"

Wiping his mouth guardedly with his hand to play for time and as an introduction to a carefully worded reply, Bull replied, "Mr. De Spain, I want to ask you just one question."

"Go ahead, Bull."

Bull plunged promptly into the question uppermost in his mind. "Has that flat-eyed, flat-headed, sun-sapped sneak of a Scotchman been complaining of my work? That Mr. De Spain," emphasized Bull, leaning forward, "is what I want to know first—is it a fair question?"

"Bull," returned De Spain with corresponding and ceremonial emphasis, "it is a fair question between a man and man, I admit it; it is a fair question. And in answer, no, Bull, McAlpin has had nothing

on the face of the desert to do with my sending for you. And I add this because I know you want to hear it; he says he couldn't complain of your work, because you never do any."

"That man," persisted Bull, reinforced by the hearty tone and not clearly catching the drift of the very last words, "drinks more liquor than I do."

"He must be some tank, Bull."

"And I don't hide it, Mr. De Spain."

"You'd have to crawl under Music Mountain to get that. What I want to know is, do you like your job?"

"On this point it was impossible to get an expression from Bull. He felt convinced that De Spain was pressing for an answer only as a preliminary to his discharge. "No matter," interposed the latter, cutting Bull's ramblings short, "drop it, Bull, I made the saddle a less dependable escape from the monotony of Calabasas. Several days passed with no sight of Nan and no word from her. De Spain, as the hours and days went by, scanned the horizon with increasing solicitude. When he woke on the sixth morning, he was resolved to send a scout into the gap to learn what he could of the situation. The long silence, De Spain knew, portended nothing good. He sent to the stable for Bull Page.

"Still, I believe there's a man in you yet. Something, at any rate, you couldn't completely kill with whiskey. Bull—what?"

Bull lifted his weak and watery eyes. His whiskey-seamed face brightened into the ghost of a smile. "What I'm going to ask you to do," continued De Spain, "is a man's job. You can get into the gap without trouble. You are the only man I can put my hand on just now that can. I want you to ride over this morning and hang out around Duke Morgan's place till you can get a chance to see like you can."

At the mention of her name Bull shook his head a moment in affirmative approval. "She's a queen!" he exclaimed with admiring but pungent epithets. "A queen?"

"I think so, Bull. But she is in troublesome circumstances. You know Nan and I—"

Bull winked in many ways. "And her Uncle Duke is making us trouble, Bull. I want you to find her, speak with her, and bring word to me as to what the situation is. That doesn't mean you're to get drunk over there—in fact, I don't think anybody over there would give you a drink."

"Don't believe they would."

"And you are to ride back here with what you can find out just as

quick, after you get into the clear, as a horse will bring you."

Bull passed his hand over his forehead. He was pulling himself together. Within half an hour he was on his way to the gap.

For De Spain hours never dragged as did the hours between Bull's starting and the setting of the sun that night without his return. And the sun set behind Music Mountain in a drift of the clouds that brought rain. All evening it fell steadily. At eleven o'clock De Spain had given up hope of seeing his emissary before morning. It was sitting alone before the stove in the office when he heard the sound of hoofs. In another moment Bull Page stood at the door.

He was a sorry sight. Soaked to the skin by the steady downpour; rain dripping intermittently from his frayed hat, his ragged beard and matted hair; his eyes were as if gripped by an ague, Bull, picking his staggering steps to the fire, and sinking in a heap into a chair, symbolized the uttermost tributes of manhood to the ravages of whiskey. He was not drunk, he had not even been drinking; but his vitality was gone. He tried to speak. It was impossible. His tongue would not frame words, not his throat utter them. He could only look helplessly at De Spain as De Spain hastily made him stand up on his shaking knees, threw a big blanket around him, sat him down, kicked open the stove door, and poured whisky into a tin cup. He tried to steady the wreck of it crouching over the fire.

McAlpin, after considerable and reluctant search, produced a bottle, and unwilling, for more reasons than one, to trust it to Bull's uncertain possession, brought a dipper. Bull held the tin cup. Steadying the dipper in both hands, Bull with an effort passed one hand at the final moment preliminarily over his mouth, and, raising the bowl, emptied it. The poison electrified him into utterance. "I seen her," he declared, holding his chin well down and in, as if speaking in a pardonably proud throat.

"Good, Bull!"

"They've got things tied up for fair over there." He spoke slowly and brokenly. "I never got inside the house till after supper. Toward night I helped Pardaloe put up the stock. He let me into the kitchen after my coaxing for a cup of coffee—he's an ornery, cold-blooded guy, that Pardaloe. Old Duke and Saxon think the sun rises and sets on the top of his head—funny, ain't it?"

De Spain made no comment. "Whilst I was drinking my coffee—"

"Who gave it to you?"

"Old Bunny, the Mex. Pardaloe goes out to the bunkhouse; I sits down to my supper, alone, with Bunny at the stove. All of a sudden

MEMBERS OF CAPTAIN HOWARD L. CALDER'S POST, NO. 31, VETERANS OF FOREIGN WARS, AND THE LADIES' AUXILIARY WILL MEET TO-MORROW EVENING TO DISCUSS THE ACTION OF SECRETARY OF WAR BAKER AFFECTING MEN WHO HAVE SEEN FOREIGN SERVICE.

Edward March yesterday was elected secretary and treasurer of the Paxtang Cemetery Association, to succeed Bellett Lawson. George March, of Morristown, was named president.

ELECT OFFICERS

The Boy Scouts of America maintained that no boy can grow into the best kind of man without recognizing his obligation to God. The first part of the scout's oath or pledge is "On my honor I will do my best to do my duty to God and my country. The recognition of God as the source and ruling power of the universe and the grateful acknowledgment of His guidance is held to be necessary in directing the growth of the best type of American citizenship.

The Boy Scout's Religion

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A National Asset

Dean Russell of the teachers' college, Columbia University, pronounced the Boy Scout movement, "one of the most valuable educational agencies of the generation." President Wilson has given it his cordial commendation, and Theodore Roosevelt considers it "distinctly an asset to our country for the development of efficiency, virility and good citizenship."

These testimonials are well within the bounds of moderation, for the swift growth of the organization, the enthusiasm of the boys within it and of the "big brothers" who are helping to direct it, and its admirable blending of high ideals with physical betterment and manual efficiency must excite the admiration of every one who will pause to view its achievements.

Eighteen thousand men are serving as scoutmasters and assistant scoutmasters, and 28,000 additional men are serving as members of troop committees, local councils and special officers. Two hundred thousand boys are registered as members in good standing, and 500,000 others

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