

# Reading for Women and all the Family

## "The Insider"

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water

CHAPTER XXXIII

"But I don't understand!" I said in bewilderment when my shocked expression had brought Tom back to a realization of the surprise he had given me. "I surely thought that Mrs. Gore was Mr. Norton's wife sister."

"So she is," the boy admitted slowly. "But not my mother's sister. My mother died and my father married another woman."

A light was slowly dawning upon my mind. "Then—then," I faltered. "Grace is—"

"My stepmother's child," he informed me curtly. "I thought you knew this. But I am sorry I told you if I ought not to have done so."

"Let me think," I pleaded. I covered my eyes with my hands and tried to recall just what I had been told by Mr. Norton and Mrs. Gore. The former had said nothing to me about his family, except that he had two children and that his sister-in-law kept house for him. I was glad to believe that he had not tried to deceive me. Yet when I sat with him two days ago, I had spoken of Grace and Tom as own brother and sister, he had not disabused my mind of this idea. Perhaps he thought it would embarrass me if he told me of my mistake.

"Your father never told me that Grace was your own sister," I said now to Tom.

"I was sure he never did," he declared. "Father would not do a thing like that. He and I don't think alike, and we don't understand each other—but he's honest all through—Father is."

Rising and crossing the room, he stood at the window looking out. The sun was now low and the street lamps were beginning to glow. The silence in the room deepened. Mentally, I was going over the first hours I had spent in this house, and my first conversation with Mrs. Gore. Gradually it came back to me.

Tom is Confidential

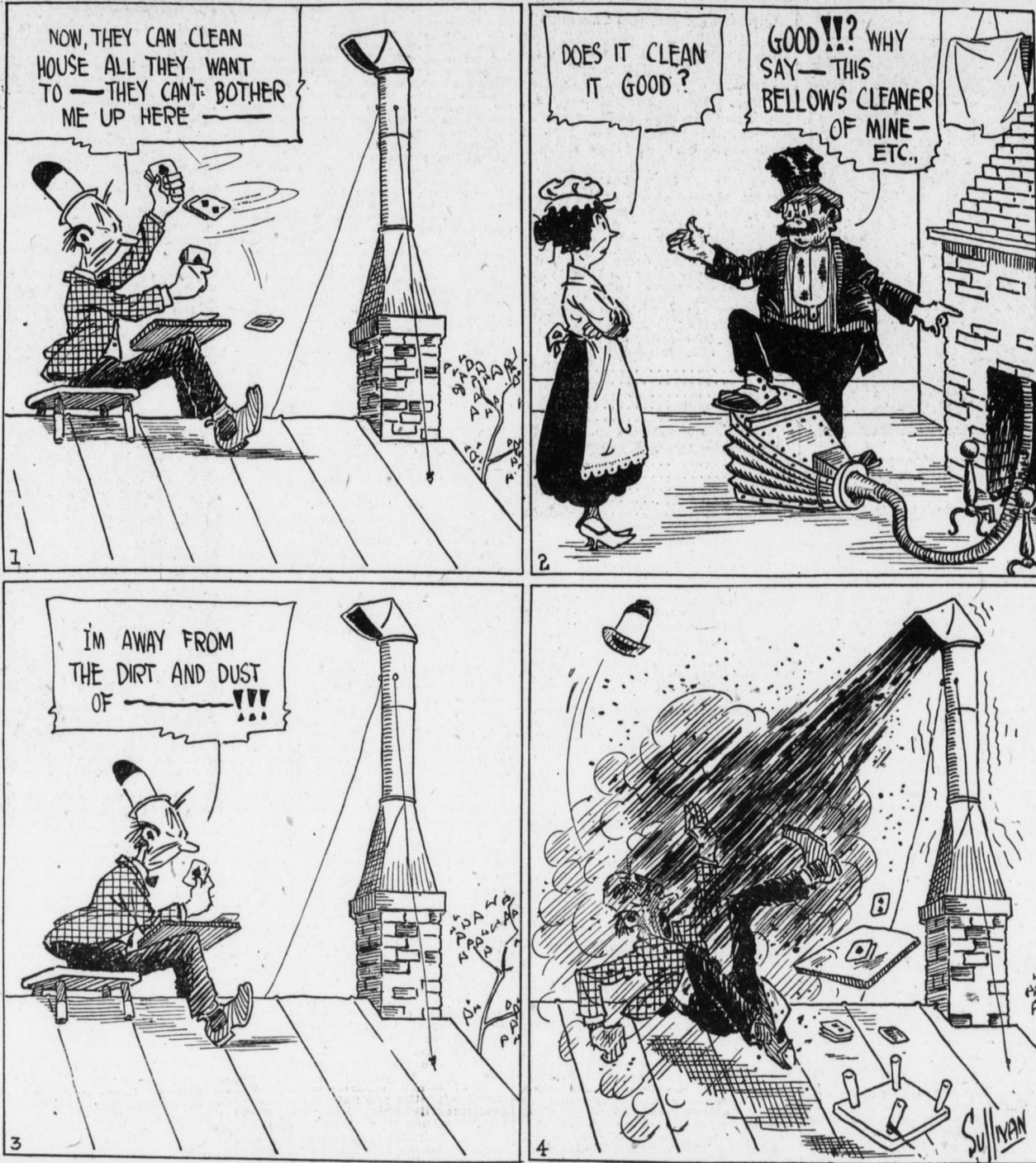
The widow had told me that Grace was her sister's child, looked like her mother, and had a brother who was away at school. She had seemed averse to pursuing the subject when I would have questioned her. Strange that I should recollect this reluctance now. But why had she been so reticent? Was she ashamed of the fact that her sister, Grace's mother, had been Brewster Norton's second wife? When I inquired if Grace remembered her parent, Mrs. Gore had told me that Grace had been told that tiny baby when her mother died.

Tom came back and sat down by me. It was growing dark in the room. Julia, not knowing that there was anyone in the library, had not come in to turn on the lights.

"If you'd like to hear it," Tom began. "I'd like to tell you something about my mother. She was always well, I guess, until that last summer before she died. We went up to Hillcrest that year."

"No, Father did not own Hillcrest then. But we were only about a half-mile from there—at a boarding place. Mother was taken very ill—after we had been there nearly all summer—and Father took her out to Chicago, where we lived at that time, you know. She

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



## LET NOTHING SPOIL

Heat, dirt, improper handling, flies, insects and rats or mice are the greatest food wasters.

**Keep Perishable Food Cold**

Keep perishables cool, clean and covered.

The moment meat, fish, milk and eggs are allowed to get warm they begin to spoil.

Bacteria and germs multiply rapidly in slightly warm food, and quickly make it dangerous or unfit to eat.

Keep perishable foods in the coolest, cleanest place you can provide, preferably in a good refrigerator or in a cool, dry, well-aired and for most vegetables, dark rather than light places.

Learn how to store potatoes, cabbages, root crops, fruits and other foods so that they will keep properly for later use.

Don't think that any place in the cellar or pantry is good enough to store food.

Heat, dampness, poor ventilation, bruising or breaking will rapidly make many vegetables rot, ferment, or spoil so that they will keep only a few days.

**Can or Preserve Surplus**

When there is a surplus of fruits or vegetables that will spoil if kept, cook or stew them and keep them cold and covered for use in a day or two.

Can or preserve all surplus food from gardens for winter use. In a morning's work with ordinary home utensils, you can put up many cans of vegetables and fruit for winter use. If you have no garden, watch the markets. When any fruit or vegetable that can be canned becomes plentiful and cheap, buy a quantity and can it for home use next winter.

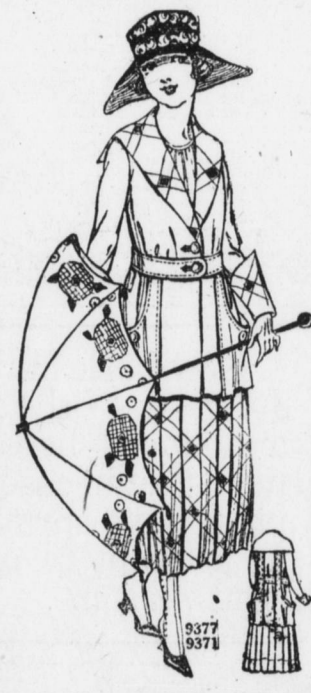
**Be a Food Conservator**

Write to-day to the U. S. Department of Agriculture or to your State agricultural college for full information as to how to keep food in the household and how to can and preserve all surplus fruits and vegetables.

**Demonstrate Thrift**

Make saving rather than spending your social standard.

## Fashions of To-Day - By May Manton



OF COURSE you will want a sports costume wherever you spend the Summer for it is not good for sports alone, it is ideal for Summer outings and for general morning wear. This one is girl-like and simple, easy to make and at the same time shows the very newest and smartest features. The coat is a plain loose one, but the novel pockets and the deep cuffs give an entirely distinctive effect. The skirt is simply straight and box plaited. Here, one of the pongee silks in a sports color is shown, but the same effect can be obtained in linen, and linen suits are very dainty and very smart.

For the 16-year size the coat will require, 4 1/4 yards of material 36 inches wide with 3/4 yard for the trimming and the skirt, 4 3/4 yards of material 36 inches wide.

The pattern of the coat No. 9377 and of the skirt No. 9371 both are cut in sizes for 16 and 18 years. They will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of fifteen cents for each.

## Daily Dot Puzzle

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## NEW CHAPEL ASSURED

Duncannon, Pa., May 2.—The union Sunday school several days ago engaged in an effort to raise by special work, a sum of money sufficient to pay for a lot of ground and laying the foundation on which to erect a new chapel on the east side of North High street. At the regular meeting of Sunday school on Sunday afternoon, it was announced by Superintendent Harvey Arter, that the goal had been reached and that the new chapel would be started as soon as the preliminary details are completed.

## MRS. JOSEPH OLLER ILL

Waynesboro, Pa., May 2.—Mrs. Oller, wife of Joseph J. Oller, who is identified with a number of the leading business concerns of this city, was found in an unconscious condition at her home Monday morning and she did not regain consciousness until late in the afternoon. Her condition is considered critical and her children have been summoned to her bedside.

## STOLEN HORSE FOUND

Waynesboro, Pa., May 2.—The horse that was stolen from the stable of B. Davis, merchant here, on the main street of town, Saturday morning, was recovered early Monday morning in a woods of Mr. Leshner, just north of Waynesboro. The thief had abandoned it along the road and the animal had strayed into the woods. It was in an exhausted condition, having been driven very hard.

## FARM AGENT FOR FRANKLIN

Waynesboro, Pa., May 2.—At a meeting of the farm bureau of Franklin county at Chambersburg, it was decided to procure a farm agent for this county at once. R. H. Passmore, of the local committee of public safety, presented a plan of holding meetings in all the townships of the county.

## GATHERING MUSHROOMS

Waynesboro, Pa., May 2.—Andrew Mann, north of Waynesboro, went into a peach orchard near his home, and gathered ten quart of fine mushrooms. He brought them to Waynesboro and readily disposed of them at thirty cents per quart. Other persons from Waynesboro secured all the way from a couple of dozen to a peck.

## NAN of MUSIC MOUNTAIN

By Frank H. Spearman

Author of Whispering Smith

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(Continued.)

"By jing! Just as I got the words out of my mouth, who comes a-stalking in but Gale Morgan. The minute he seen me, he lit on me to beat the band—and everything he could lay his tongue to. I let on I was drunk, but that didn't help. He ordered me off the premises. 'N' the worst of it was, Naa chimed right in and began to scold Bunny for letting me in—and leaves the room, quick-like. Bunny put it on Pardole, and she and Gale had it, b' jing, Gale put me out—said he'd pepper me. But wait till I tell 'o' how she fooled him. It was rained! he—'I, 'n' it looked as if I was hooked for a ride through it and had 'n' had drunk my second cup of coffee at that. I starts for the barn, when someone in the dark on the porch grabs my arm, spins me around like a top, throws a flasher up into my face and there was Naa. 'Bull,' she says, 'I'm sorry. I don't want to see you ride out in this with nothing to eat; come this way quick.'

"She took me down cellar from the outside, under the kitchen. When Gale goes out again she flips up the trapdoor, speaks to Mex, pulls all the kitchen shades down, locks the doors and I sets down on the trapdoor steps 'n' eats a pipin' hot supper: say! Well, I reckon I drank a couple o' quarts of coffee. 'Bull,' she says, 'I never done you no harm, did I? 'Never,' says I, 'and I never done you none, neither, did I? And what's more, I never will do you none. Then I up and told her. 'Tell him,' says she, 'I can't get hold a horse, nor a pen nor a piece of paper—I can't leave the house but what I am watching every minute. They keep track of me day and night. Tell him,' she says, 'can protect myself; they think they'll break me—make me do what they want me to—marry; but they can't break me, and I'll never do it—tell him that.'

"'But,' says I, 'that ain't the whole case, Miss Naa. What he'll ask me, when he's borin' through me with his eyes like the way you're borin' me, they think they'll break me—make me do what they want me to—marry; but they can't break me, and I'll never do it—tell him that.'

"'She looked worrit for a minute. Then she looks around, grabs up the cover of an empty 'bacoo box and a fork and begins a-writing inside. 'Bull with as much of a smile as he could call into life from his broken nerves, opened up his blanket, drew carefully from an inside coat pocket an oilskin package, unwrapped from it the flat, square top of a tin tobacco box, on which Naa had scratched a message, and handed it triumphantly to De Spain.

"He read her words eagerly: 'Wait; don't have trouble. I can stand anything better than 'bloodshed, Henry. Be patient.'

"While De Spain, standing close to the lantern, deciphered the brief note, Bull, wrapped his blanket about him with the air of one whose responsibility is well ended, held out his hands toward the blazing stove. De Spain went over the words one by one, and the letters again and again. It was, after all their months of ordered meetings, the first written message he had ever had from Naa. He flamed angrily at the news that she was a prisoner in her own house. But there was much to weigh in her etched words, much to think about concerning her feelings—not alone concerning his own.

He dropped into his chair, and oblivious for a moment of his companion's presence, stared into the fire. When he started from his reverie Bull was asleep. De Spain poked him up, carried him in his blanket over to a cot, cut the wet rags off him, and, spins me around like a top, throws a flasher up into my face and there was Naa. 'Bull,' she says, 'I'm sorry. I don't want to see you ride out in this with nothing to eat; come this way quick.'

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(To Be Continued.)

TO BE WIRELESS OPERATOR

Carlisle, Pa., May 2.—Harold T. Mapes, a mining engineer, who left Mexico at the outbreak of the trouble about 18 months ago, has gone to New York City. He will apply for a post as wireless operator on one of the armed merchantships, believing that he can do as much for the country in aiding to get supplies to the allies as in any other branch of the service.

## COMPENSATION ACT BLANKS

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