

# Reading for Women and all the Family

## HER LOSS IS RED CROSS GAIN

This Woman Gave \$1 to Cause  
Everything She Gossiped  
About Anyone

By MRS. WILSON WOODROW  
Dora and I had luncheon with a man friend of ours yesterday. The three of us were sitting about the table, talking of the things of the moment. One of the charms of today is that it always offers us an entirely fresh line of goods, and the great interest of living lies in the knowledge that to-morrow's assortment will be quite different. Hence the almost poignant value of that phrase, "Daily newspapers are published every day."

We had been talking about things really worth while, and then suddenly one of us asked, "Has either of you seen Alicia lately?"

That began it. In a moment our heads were together and we had chucked Alicia in the gossip mill and were grinding away industriously.

Presently I looked about the restaurant. Except for the few tables where a man and a maid were gazing into each other's eyes, forgetting to eat their perfectly good food—which in those days is the true gauge of love, since not to devour the last scrap who never bids is worth its weight in gold seems criminally wasteful—except, then, for those under the thrall of the grand passion, little groups sat with their heads together, all engaged in dissecting the absent, who were given no opportunity to present their own cases.

Hits of conversation floated my way now and then. "I consider her entirely to blame; she knew all about him before she married." From another direction I caught: "Yes, they say that he is going from bad to worse;" and from still another: "Oh, my dear, she never draws a sobe breath."

Scandal to right of us, scandal to the left of us, volleyed and thundered.

Dora suddenly broke off in the middle of a most interesting story a look of dismay on her face. Then she slowly opened her purse and drew from it a fresh one-dollar bill. Still with the corners of her mouth drawn down, she folded it up and put it in another compartment of her bag. We watched this singular performance with deep interest, and Henry, who is an inquisitive soul, made bold to ask:

"What's the answer, Dora? Why this cryptic ceremony, and also why the rueful countenance with which you accompany it?"

"I've reason enough to look doleful," she returned. "That's a fine. I began the new year with a vow to give a dollar to the Red Cross every time I caught myself back-biting and gossiping. It was surely a lucky day for that organization when I made that vow. I'm not a wetcher, you know, if I say I'll do a thing, I do it. But I tell you, it keeps me practically strappled. And I never thought of myself as a scandalmonger before either. It's been an awful revelation."

"Oh, don't take it so seriously," I urged. "I've always said that you hear false news against your neighbor as little as any woman I know."

"That's no comfort." She checks I have to send to the Red Cross are more convincing than any kind words you can say. It makes me furious!" She sat up energetically. "Here I am sacrificing my summer wardrobe and all kinds of things I had planned to do, but can't afford now, because all my spare money has gone to pay fines. And all on account of a trivial and worthless habit. Well, she shut her mouth quite grimly. "I know one thing, I am going to overcome it or go broke trying."

Henry looked at her with a tolerant smile. "Why go against na-

## THE NEBBY NEIGHBORS

They Live Here in Harrisburg

By Sullivan



## "The Insider"

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Tom had been back at school for some days when my birthday came around.

No reference had been made to the anniversary since the night when Mr. Norton had asked me on what date it fell. I supposed he had forgotten all about it.

I found myself at this period occupying in the household a less formal position than I had held for the first month or two of my presence here. The fact that I ate my meals at the family table made a difference in my own sentiments, and, I felt sure, a subtle change in the feeling of the entire ménage. Mrs. Gore was forced to accept me as an equal; the servants regarded me more as a superior than when I was only Grace's governess.

Twice during the week following Tom's departure my employer brought friends home to dinner—on the first occasion, one man; on the second, two men. In both instances he introduced his guests to me as he might to any woman in his home. He did not speak of me as his daughter's governess, but rather as one of the family. I wondered if these strangers considered me a relative of Mr. Norton's, as had his business acquaintances on the night when I had played hostess for him.

Mrs. Gore gave me no chance to protest as "how," she always took her place at the head of the board and bore her share of the conversation. I was secretly glad she did not, for I felt that my responsibility.

On the night before my birthday, I went up to my room as soon as dinner was over. I supposed that Mr. Norton was going out or would spend the evening reading in his den.

Twenty-two To-morrow

I did not want leisure in which to muse on the past-to-night year ago my father and I had celebrated my birthday quietly together. He had known that he would not be with me much longer, but he had been unusually cheerful. I knew it was for my sake that he smiled and talked, and I felt as if my heart would break.

Now, as I thought of the morning, when I would be twenty-two years old, a sense of depression assailed me. There was nobody to whom my birthday meant anything. I would not let myself break down and cry, so, to fight away sad memories, I began to read.

A light footfall sounded in the hall and my employer's voice called my name. I opened the door. He was standing there waiting.

"Will you," he asked in subdued tones, "come downstairs for a few minutes? I have told my sister that I want you to try over a piece of music I brought home this afternoon. That is reason enough for your coming, and it is, moreover, the truth."

"Very well," I agreed. "I will come."

I was not surprised at his request, for frequently of late he had asked me to go into the drawing-room after dinner and play for him. I was not a skilled performer, but I loved music, and I played well enough to please him. Usually Mrs. Gore was present at such times. To-night she had gone to her room.

When I descended to the drawing-room the music was on the rack of the piano and my employer was waiting for me. I sat down at once and ran over the dainty frag-

## NAN of MUSIC MOUNTAIN

By Frank T. Spearman

Author of Whispering Smith

(Continued.)

CHAPTER XXVIII.

De Spain rides the trail but a short time when it led him in a wide angle backward and around toward Calabasas, and he found, presently, that the men he was riding after were apparently heading for the stage barns. In the north the rising curtain had darkened. Toward Sleepy Cat the landscape was already obliterated. In the south the sun shone, but the air had grown suddenly cold and in the sharp drop De Spain realized what was coming. His first thought was of the southern stages, which must be warned, and as he galloped up to the big barn, with this thought in mind he saw, standing in the doorway, Bull Page.

De Spain regarded him with astonishment. "How did you get here?" was his sharp question.

Page grinned. "Got what I was after, and o'm back soon'r I expected. Anyway, they was heading for Calabasas and the young gal on horse-back, headed for Calabasas. They pulled up. I pulled up. Old Duke looked kind o' g'ated and it seemed like Nan was in a considerable hurry to get to Sleepy Cat with him, and he couldn't stand the saddle. I knowed McAlpin would never give old Duke a rig, not if he was a-dyin' in the saddle."

"They've got your rig?" cried De Spain.

"The gal asked me if I'd mind a-commodatin' over to the gap. I met Bull deprecatin'ly to save time."

"They headed north?" exclaimed De Spain. The light from the fast-changing sky fell copper-colored on the horse and figure. McAlpin followed by a hostler, appeared at the barn door.

Bull nodded to De Spain. "Said they wanted to get there quick. She figgered on saving a few miles by strikin' the hill trail in. So I takes their horses and lets on it was me for the gap. When they got out of sight, I turned round."

Even as he spoke, the swift-rolling curtain of mist overhead blotted the sun out of the sky.

De Spain sprang from his saddle with a ringing order to McAlpin. "Get up a fresh saddle horse!"

"A horse!" cried the startled barn boss, whirling on the hostler. "The strongest legs in the stable, and don't lose a second! Lady Jane, up with her!" he yelled, following his orders into the echoing barn with his hands to his mouth. "Up with her for Mr. Becker! Lanson! What in hell are you all doing?" he roared rushing back with a fusillade of oaths. "Look alive, everybody!"

"Coming!" yelled one voice after another from the depths of the distant stalls.

De Spain ran into the office. Page caught his horse, stripped the rifle from his holster and hurriedly began uncinching. Hostlers running through

## Fashions of To-Day - By May Manton



ROMPERS have become such accepted garments for little children that pretty ones are needed every day. Here is a model that can be made with a collar or with a round neck and with long or with short sleeves, and you will find it good for gingham and materials of hard service that are desirable for morning and also for the pretty white dimities and cotton crepes that are used for afternoon rompers. White dimity made with round neck and short sleeves and with cross stitch worked in blue or pink on the neck and sleeves is pretty.

For the 4-year size will be needed, 2 1/2 yards of material 36 inches wide with 1/2 yard for the trimming.

The pattern No. 9394 is cut in sizes from 2 to 6 years. It will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of ten cents.

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## Bringing Up Father

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## Daily Dot Puzzle

