



Reading for Women and all the Family



"The Insider"

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water

CHAPTER XI

New experiences followed so quickly upon one another that spring that I can hardly recall the order in which they came.

It must have been these experiences that crowded from my mind further speculation as to the cause of Mrs. Gore's perturbation at her brother-in-law's business trip to Connecticut, and made it possible for me to banish temporarily from my thoughts the strange conversation I had overheard on the night of his return. Nor did I think much of Tom's evident displeasure at this same business trip. Later I was to remember these things. Now they were superseded by my own affairs.

For to a girl accustomed to setting on with very little, the shopping tours, the pretty clothes, the many new things, were real adventures.

My employer seemed to be growing younger that spring. His sister-in-law noticed it and remarked upon it to me.

"I do not see how Brewster has the energy to go about as much as he does," she observed one morning after her brother-in-law had announced that he was planning to get tickets for the theater that night and take her and myself. "He forgets that I am not strong enough to go out as often as he would like me to. You know I used to insist that I would not leave Grace alone at night with only the servants. But without telling me, Brewster has arranged with Julia to sit right in your room the whole time we are out—and he pays her a couple of dollars for doin' git. I objected, but he got vexed and reminded me that that was his affair. So what can I do but go when he says he wants me to?"

"Nothing else," I assured her. "And why not have a pleasant outing when you can? Julia is very conscientious about Grace."

"I suppose she is," Mrs. Gore admitted reluctantly. "But I do not approve of the arrangement."

To the Theater

Nevertheless the three went to the theater and stopped at the Astor for something to eat after the performance. Mrs. Gore enjoyed the evening so much that she had a vague suspicion that she had not often had the opportunity to accompany her good-looking relative to plays and suppers. Indeed, she intimated as much, and laughed lightly.

"No," he acknowledged, "I have not heretofore urged you to accompany me, Adelaide, because Grace was not as well as she now is. I used to accept other people's invitations to their theater parties. Now

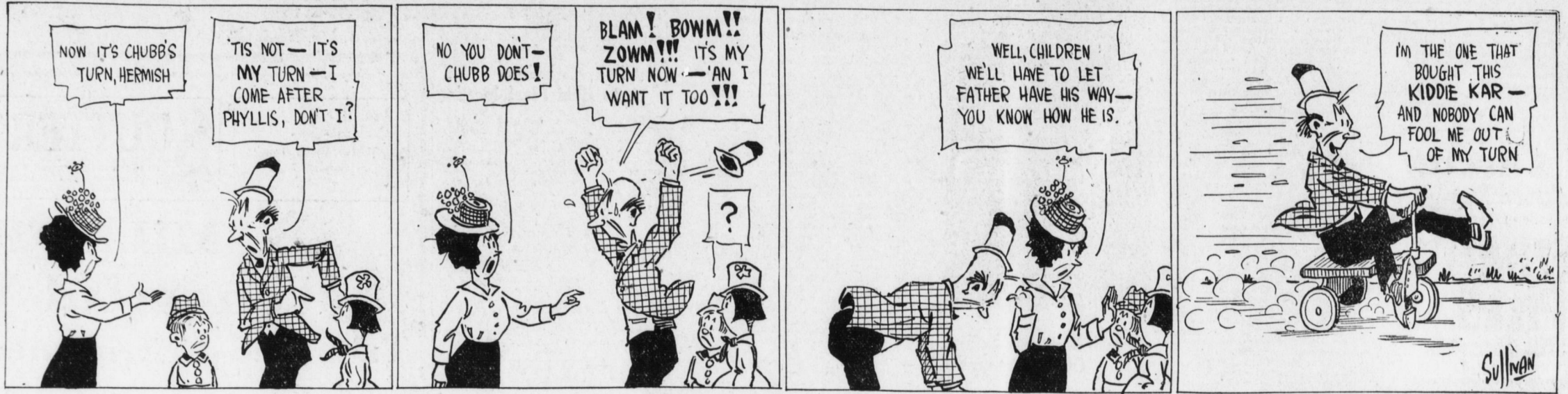
THE NEBBY NEIGHBORS

:-:

They Live Here in Harrisburg

:-:

By Sullivan



that my sister can go with me I propose to have my own theater stables."

When upon such occasions—and they were many that spring—his acquaintances spoke to him in lobby or restaurant my employer introduced them to his sister and me in one breath. It gave the impression that we were both relatives.

I did not analyze matters then. So I did not admit that perhaps Brewster Norton took his sister-in-law because she was the only one me, and convention forbade his doing so without a chaperone. But I recognized the fact that he was careful to do nothing that might cause unpleasant comment about me. And I decided that the reason he wished to convey the impression that I was his cousin was that he thought it would be an added protection to me.

As so often happens late in May, the weather was just what I needed. I was busy for some days shopping with Mrs. Gore and Grace, getting what the child must have for summer, and such frocks and hats as I, myself, would need.

Then Tom came home. There was a week of packing, and at last we were off for the country home in Connecticut.

Mr. Norton, Tom, Grace and I went in the automobile. Mrs. Gore preferred to go by train with the servants. She feared that the long drive might give her a headache.

The luncheon must go up, for although Brewster Norton had a touring car and a runabout at his country place, Mrs. Gore preferred riding on a limousine at all seasons, and her brother-in-law humored her by letting her have the big machine at Hillcrest.

You youngsters—Tom, Miss Dart, Grace and I—are going to open every window and enjoy our jaunt," Mr. Norton declared merrily as he bade his sister-in-law good-bye that morning. "I have arranged to be away from the office all day. You will reach Hillcrest before us, for we do not leave until after lunch— but go the way, we will get at a restaurant."

Tom for Fresh Air

It was when we had returned from luncheon that Brewster Norton closed the house, stowed numerous parcels in the bottom of the car and helped Grace and me to our places.

"Suppose you sit in front with James, Tom," Mr. Norton suggested as the chauffeur took his place, "and Miss Dart, Grace and I will sit in the back."

"That suits me!" the boy agreed. "I hate sitting in the rear of this limousine. In front I can get more air."

Thus it was that my employer and I, with Grace between us, rode in the rear of the car all the way out to Hillcrest.

We had gone but a few miles before Grace was fast asleep, her head in my lap. Carefully, that he might not awaken her, her father lifted her legs across his knees and threw a light robe over her. I slipped a small cushion under her head, and she did not awake from her heavy slumber.

With the child asleep, and Tom in front with the chauffeur, Brewster Norton and I were, so far as conversation was concerned, alone.

An idea flashed through my mind. Would people whom we passed fancy that Grace was the child of the man and woman holding her? Then I reminded myself that they were more likely to think that I was my employer's older daughter. Had he not said that he was old enough to be my father?

But even in the broad glare of the afternoon sunlight, he did not look it.

(To be Continued.)



By Francis Lynde

Illustrations by Olwin Myers

CHAPTER I

Bank Cashier and Society Man. It was ten minutes of eight when J. Montague Smith had driven his runabout to his garage and was hastening across to his suite of bachelor apartments in the Kincaid terrace. It was his regular evening for calling upon Miss Verda Richlander, and time pressed.

The provincial attitudes had chosen a fit subject for their illustration in the young cashier of the Lawrenceville Bank and Trust. From his earliest recollections Montague Smith had lived the life of the well-bred and the conventional. He had his niche in the Lawrenceville social structure, and another in the small city business world, and he filled both to his own satisfaction.

His ambitions, other than to take promotions in the bank as they came to him, and eventually to make money enough to satisfy the demands which Josiah Richlander might make upon a prospective son-in-law, had never troubled him. An extreme well-balanced young man his fellow townsmen called him, one of whom it might safely be predicted that he would go straightforwardly on his way to respectable middle life and old age; moderate in all things, impulsive in none.

Even in the affair with Miss Richlander sound common sense and sober second thought had been made to stand in the room of superintending. Smith did not know what it was to be violently in love; though he was a charter member of the Lawrenceville Athletic club and took a certain pride in keeping himself in good physical condition, and J. Montague Smith, figuring in a modest way as a leader in the Lawrenceville youngest set, was far too conservative to break with the tradition, even if he had wished to. Miss Richlander was desirable in many respects. Her father's ample fortune had not come early enough or rapidly enough to spoil her. In moments when his feeling for her achieved its nearest approach to sentiment the conservative young man perceived what a gracefully resplendent figure she would make as the mistress of her own house and the hostess of her own table.

Smith snapped the switch of the electric and began to lay out his evening clothes, methodically but with a certain air of calm deliberation, inserting the buttons in the waistcoat, choosing hose of the proper thickness, rummaging a virgin tie

out of his box in the top dressing-case drawer.

It was in the search for the tie that he turned up a mute reminder of his nearest approach to any edge of the real chasm of sentiment; a small glove, somewhat soiled and use-worn, with a tiny rip in one of the fingers. It had been a full year since he had seen the glove or its owner, whom he had met only once, and that entirely by chance. The girl was a visitor from the West, the daughter of a ranchman, he had understood, and she had been stopping over with friends in a neighboring town. Smith had driven over one evening in his runabout to make a call upon the daughters of the house and had found a lawn party in progress, with the western visitor as the guest of honor.

Acquaintance—such an acquaintance as can be achieved in a short social hour—had followed. At all points the bewitching young woman from the wilderness had proved to be a mocking critic of the commonplace conventions, and had been moved to pilory the same in the person of her momentary entertainer. Some thrills this young person from the wide horizons had stirred in him were his only excuse for stealing her glove.

There remained now nothing of the clashing encounter at the lawn party save the soiled glove, a rather obscure memory of a facetious piquant and attractive to him, and a word, the word "pretty," that meant a thing she had said at the moment of parting: "Yes, I am going back home very soon. I don't like your smug middle West civilization, Mr. Smith—it smothers me. I don't wonder that it breeds men who live and grow up and die without ever having a chance to find themselves."

Some day, perhaps, he would tell Verda Richlander of the sharp-tongued little Western beauty. Verda—and all sensible people—would smile attractively at the idea that he, John Montague Smith, was of those who had not "found" themselves, or that the finding—by which he had understood the Western young woman to mean something radical and upsetting—could in any way be forced upon a man who was old enough and sane enough to know his own lengths and breadths and depths.

He was stripping off his coat to dress when he saw two letters which had evidently been thrust under the door during his absence with Debitit. One of the envelopes was plain, with his name scribbled on it in pencil. The other bore a typewritten address and with the card of Westfall Foundries Company in its upper left-hand corner. Smith opened Carter Westfall's letter first and read it with a little twinge of shocked surprise, as one

reads the story of a brave battle fought and lost.

"Dear Monty," it ran. "I have been trying to reach you by phone off and on ever since the adjournment of our stockholders' meeting at three o'clock. We, of the little inside pool, have got it where the chicken got the ax. Richlander had more proxies than we, and he has put the steam roller over us to a finish. He was able to vote 55 per cent. of the stock straight, and you know what that means: a consolidation with the Richland foundry trust, and the horse and the minority stockholders. We're dead and buried."

"Of course, I stand to lose everything, but that isn't all of it. I'm horribly anxious for fear you'll be

The Honeymoon House

By HAZEL DALE

They began their regime of economy by dining at a really Bohemian place downtown, a place where Janet had never been before. There seemed to be a camaraderie about the atmosphere that was infectious. Janet confided this opinion to Jarvis when they were seated at one of the long narrow tables with bare, shining boards to eat from, and thick dishes. One had to write one's order out on little pads of paper, too. Janet was quite fascinated with it all.

Several other people sat at their table. There seemed to be little or no privacy about the meal, but it was a thing not needed. Janet was reminded at first of a boarding house, but afterward of a large family.

"The food was unbelievably cheap. In fact, Janet had never seen such prices. While Jarvis wrote their order on the slip of paper, Janet gazed around at the people who crowded the place. Most of them were types and very extreme types, at that. All were carefully slung Janet studiously.

"I've been watching your face," she said interestedly; "you look like a newcomer here, and yet you seem like one of us."

Jarvis laughed. "I haven't been here in a long while," he conceded easily.

"Backslider, eh?" asked the girl. "Well, you might call it that," Jarvis returned.

For a moment Janet had been broad in a sense, but this girl did not know Jarvis at all and yet had thought it perfectly natural to come up and talk to him. Janet was broad in a sense, but this girl was unconventional almost staggered her; yet Jarvis seemed entirely at home and used to this kind of thing.

She felt hurt and angry that Jarvis made no effort to introduce her, and that the girl showed so plainly that she thought her a rank outsider. It was not very difficult for Janet to perceive why. She did not look like one of them. Her stunning tailored suit and rakish little hat

smacked of Fifth avenue, as did her coral crepe waist. It made a decided difference.

But it did not take Janet long to decide what to do. If she had never been in this place before, no one else need know about it, and, swallowing her stage fright, she turned nonchalantly to see who was sitting at the table next to hers.

"Hello!" Janet said impulsively. "Why don't you take me into your conversation when you see that I am being left out in the cold?"

"I try to," Janet returned. "But it isn't much. I'm on the Chronicle."

The girl turned to her instantly. "You are? Well, who would think it?"

"Thanks," Janet laughed merrily. "Well, you do look like one of the idle rich, and no mistake about it."

"I don't think that's fair," Janet returned quickly. "I can work for my living and spend a little bit of it on clothes if I like, can't I?"

The girl smiled at this. "That is a pretty good argument," she returned. "A girl came in with her order, and Janet helped herself, ignoring Jarvis and his companion. Jarvis spoke to her once, but she did not turn toward him at all, and the rest of the meal she spent in conversing, between mouthfuls, to her new friends.

The girl was studying art. She eked out a small allowance that she received from home by doing odd jobs whenever she could get them.

"I hope I won't have to do it all day," she confided to Janet. "Janet returned.

Janet was intensely interested in meeting people this way. She saw that there was nothing unconventional about them apparently, but their free-and-easy manner of taking life. But their ideas were certainly different enough, and it was such fun to sit there and exchange thoughts like this. When she finally turned back to Jarvis her eyes were like stars. She saw that the blond girl had gone back to her table, and she felt hurt and angry that Jarvis made no effort to introduce her, and that the girl showed so plainly that she thought her a rank outsider. It was not very difficult for Janet to perceive why. She did not look like one of them. Her stunning tailored suit and rakish little hat

trangled up personally in some way in the matter of that last loan of \$100,000 that I got from the Bank and Trust. You will remember you made the loan while Dunham was away, and I am certain you told me you had his consent to take my Foursome stock as collateral. That part of it is all right, but as matters stand the stock isn't worth the paper it's printed on, and—well, to tell the bald truth, I'm scared of Dunham. Brickley, the Chicago lawyer they have brought down here, tells me that your bank is behind the consolidation deal, and if that is so, there is going to be a bank loss to show up on my paper, and Dunham will carefully cover his tracks for the sake of the bank's standing."

(To Be Continued.)

LAYS BARE LIFE OF A "CHICKEN"

Mrs. Wilson Woodrow Writes of Over-Painted, Under-Dressed Paraders

"What is a chicken?" asked Cousin Maria.

The question might have seemed odd coming from one who lives in the country, but I comprehended the unspoken quotation marks.

"Behold her shadow on the floor; behold she waiteth at the door!" I answered dramatically. "What is a chicken?" and asked, "Why is a chicken?" The first is easy; the second is a problem for the Sphinx.

Thus she appears at the moment, wide hat is an over-painted, powdered little face; a bosom bared to the hazards of pneumonia within the V of a steady blouse, which is more V than blouse; a short-waisted coat and a red fox collar worn in happier days by pussy on the back fence; a painfully short, painfully narrow skirt; a wide gap of very thin silk stockings; white lace boots on stilts of heels, more or less run down.

This, my lords and gentlemen and Cousin Maria, is the chicken. So she exists everywhere to-day. Her "run" is no less Broadway in New York than Main street of every town in the country. Idle, flighty, restless, over-dressed and under-dressed, she parades from three in the afternoon until long after curfew, exchanging hackneyed bon mots with the loafers that she passes. To what end? I doubt if she herself knows.

At that she is a shade more tolerable than her masculine prototype, the youthful slacker of the pinhead back coat and inevitable cigaret, who recently swamped the marriage license bureaus in his eagerness to escape military service.

The Chicken, as an individual, is worth no more attention than a "fashion" folk who are out to break a butterfly upon a wheel. It is quite right and proper that a girl should desire admiration and good times and have them. It is natural and right that she should want to make herself pretty and attractive. It is natural and right that she should have all the enjoyment and romance and "music and moonlight and feeling" that belong to the years, when all the world is young, lad, and all the trees are green. Not one rose-petal, not one ribbon, one strain of dance-music would I deprive her of.

I only criticize her because I would like to see her more attractive, not less. I hope I may be comfortably cremated and out of the way before I join the ranks of those who regard a woman as a Jezebel because she dresses her hair in the

prevailing mode and takes decent care of her skin. And, further, if a girl is affected with irremediably shallow cheeks or colorless lips or a lack of eyebrows I would hasten to say: "Get thee to a beauty parlor, maid, and repair the defects. But artistically, remember; always artistically."

That is one reason why the Chicken is a blot upon our civilization. There are two, but the one I do not mention immediately consideration is that she sins against Art.

Nine times out of ten her fresh, fair complexion no more needs rouge than does a tea rose. Neither do her lips require that sticky carmine smear. By adopting such unnecessary adjuncts she makes of herself a caricature. Youth needs no masks.

The changing fashions of dress often seem strange to us; but as the creations of great designers they have undeniable lines of beauty. Work on the stage by actresses who know how to present them with restraint and good taste, even the most extreme styles appear charming. The Chicken, however, is nothing of such sophistications as restraint and good taste. She takes fashion's steepest grades on "hush," and now she is indignant to every town which has cement sidewalks and a Nickelium.

The answer lies in the great prosperity which has spread over the country. Parents, instead of insisting that their young daughters adopt some occupation, are allowing them to lead absolutely idle and idle lives, interested only in the search for some trifling amusement, simply because the family finances permit it, and in deference to the outworn traditions of the past.

And since Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do, it is inevitable that the girl should drift aimlessly about every day, along Main street, up and down, day after day, exchanging slangy banter with the boys she passes, a target for ogling eyes.

If I were your fairy godmother, little Chicken, my good wish for you would not be that you should be less adventurous, but more so every year.

There are wider paths than the "chicken run" of Main street. There are deeper thoughts than any you can have, and a more interesting life than the Flossie of the Chicken brigade.

You may say, "I don't see anything to do." There is this at least: Improve and cultivate your mind. Learn to let your heart beat in unison with the great, suffering heart of the world, so strongly throbbing now for the emotions and aspirations which are stirring mankind. Train your bodies to be strong and beautiful, instead of disconcerting into that daily parade with a world at war, the day may come when you will need all your strength and all your discipline.

Let me say to you, little Chicken, that impressed itself on my memory years ago. I hope I can give it correctly.

You are of a race of women that of old knew no fear and feared no death; and if to-day some of us have fallen on evil and degenerate times, there moves in us yet the throbs of the old blood. If it be to-day on no physical battlefield that we stand beside our men, and on no march through an external forest or morass that we have to lead, it is yet the old spirit which undimmed by two thousand years stirs within us in deeper and subtler ways. It is yet the cry of the old, free woman which makes the world to-day. Though the battle be now for us all in the laboratory or the workshop, in the forum or the study, in the assembly and in the mart, with the pen and not the sword, of the head and not the arm, we still stand side by side with the men we love to dare with them in war, and to suffer with them in peace."

(To Be Continued.)

Daily Dot Puzzle

A grid of numbers for a dot puzzle. The numbers are arranged in a roughly rectangular shape with some missing. The numbers include: 54, 52, 53, 51, 50, 49, 48, 47, 46, 45, 44, 43, 42, 41, 40, 39, 38, 37, 36, 35, 34, 33, 32, 31, 30, 29, 28, 27, 26, 25, 24, 23, 22, 21, 20, 19, 18, 17, 16, 15, 14, 13, 12, 11, 10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1.

Bringing Up Father



Why send your orders for Calling Cards, Announcements, Wedding Invitations, Place Cards, etc., to the larger cities and be obliged to wait for them from ten days to two weeks when you can have them done just as well in Harrisburg in half the time?

The Telegraph Printing Co.
Printing, Binding, Designing, Plate Engraving, Photo Engraving
HARRISBURG