



NOVEMBER JOE

The Detective of the Woods

by Hesketh Prichard.

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Continued

Meantime the figure from the hut was moving up the path to the road and a second figure was gaining on him. I recognized November's mighty outlines as he followed with arms out stretched. Then the arms fell, and there was a cry, almost a shriek.

When we ran up November was holding Chris struggling on the ground. "Search him, boys," said November. "He's got the stuff on him."

Thompson's big hand dived into the breast of Chris' shirt and when it came out again it held a bundle of notes.

"You smart cuss!" said Chris to November Joe.

A few busy hours followed, and it was the next afternoon before I found myself again at November's shanty and asked for the explanations which had been promised me.

"The moment I heard Thompson's story," began November, "it started me thinking a bit. You remember how plain they saw the tracks of the robber, the size, the patch, the exact number of nails. It sort of seemed that a road agent who went around in a pair of boots like that was maybe a fool or maybe laying a false trail. As soon as I saw the tracks I knew I wasn't far out as to the false trail. The chap wanted the tracks seen. He walked morn' once on the soft ground a-purpose."

"Then he wasn't a heavy man, anyway," I put in. "You thought?"

"How did I know he was a light man? Well, you saw those stones I showed you. He put them in a pack or something and carried 'em to make them heavy tracks. I guessed from the set out one of them six had done it."

"But how?"

"See here, the way of it. I suspected some one in C from Dan M. Chalk's case. And look at those five holdups last year. Each one was done within ten miles of C. That showed me that the robber, whoever he was, couldn't overstep far from camp. Then the dragging settled it. Don't you remember the kettle had nothing in it?"

I would have spoken, but November held up his hand.

"No, I know Thompson hadn't filled it, but he hadn't cleaned it either. We woods chaps always leave the tea



Then the Arms Fall and There Was a Cry, Almost a Shriek.

leaves in the kettle till we want to boil up the next brew. So it looked queer that some one had washed out that kettle. Now, if the robber come from outside he'd never do that, no need to. He'd be gone afore they could suspect the kettle. No, that clean kettle said plain as speaking that it was one of the six.

"Now," went on November, "when I knew that I knew a good bit, and when I saw the scratches on the rock I was able to settle up the whole ca hoodle—Chris put that stuff in the tea, and as soon as it sent them off asleep he picked the money off them. He went down to that flat rock and washed out the kettle; then he filled up his pack with stones and put on the boss' big boots. After that he had no more to do but to walk up to the hut and back again, laying the false trail. After that he waded out to the rock again, so as to leave no tracks, and changed back into his own moccasins, went to the hut and to sleep."

"But the scratches on the rock? What made them?"

"The nails in the boots, Chris drew up his feet to fasten up the boots and the nails slipped a bit on the rock."

"But the time, November. You said the robbery was done between 2 and 3 in the morning. How did you know that?"

"By the birches. He'd turn to the light to put on his boots, and the moon only rose above them trees about 2. Till then that side of the rock was in black shadow."

"And the stones in the pack?"

"The heel tracks was good and marked. You yourself noticed how the chap walked on his heels?"

"Yes."

"That told me. A man with a weight upon his back always does it. And when I saw the stones that had been raked up out of the river bed why, there it was like print and plain— that the robber was a light man. That got me as far as to know it was one of two men did it. Chris and Bill Mayers isn't sizable either of them; they're smallish made. It were one or other I knew. Then whichever it was after he got the money what did he do with it?"

"Took it with him or hid it," said I, as November seemed to expect a reply.

"When I comes to think it over I was pretty sure he hid it, cos if there'd happened to be any argument or quarrel or trouble about it there might 'a' been a search, and if the notes had 'a' been found on one of them they'd have dropped him sure. Next point was where did he hide it? There was the rocks and the river bank and the hut. But it was all notes, therefore the place'd have to be dry, so I pitches on the hut. That was right, Mr. Quaritch?"

"I couldn't have guessed better myself," I said, smiling.

November nodded. "So up we goes to C, and there we finds them moss-backs accusing the boss. Chris put the boots back in the shack and the bottle on the shelf. An old grudge made him do it. But I couldn't tell which of the two small chaps it was at that time. So I set the trap about the lumbermen breaking up the hut, and Chris walks into that. He knew if the hut was took down the notes 'ud be found. You'd think the ground was hot under him until he starts to bring the police, and him the laziest fellow in C! The minute he offered to go I knew I had him."

"And you still think Chris robbed Dan?"

"I know it. There was \$127 that can't be accounted for in the bundle we took off him, and \$127 is just what Mr. Close paid Dan."

CHAPTER VI.

The Black Fox Skin.

YOU must understand that from this time on my association with November Joe was not continuous but fitful, and that after the events I have just written down I was back to Quebec, where I became once more immersed in my business. Of Joe I heard from time to time, generally by means of smudged letters obviously written from camp and usually smelling of wood smoke. It was such a letter which, in the following year, caused me once more to seek November. It ran as follows:

Mr. Quaritch, sir, last week I was up to Widdens Pond and I see a wonderful red deer buck. I guess he come out of the thick Maine woods to take the place of that fella you shot there last fall. This great fella has had an accident to his horns or something for they come out of his head thick and stunted-like and all over little points. Them horns would look fine at the top of the stairs in your house at Quebec, so come and try for them. I'll be down to Mrs. Harding's Friday morning so as I can meet you if you can come. There's only three moose using round here, two cows, and a mean little fella of a bull.

This was the letter which caused me to seek Mrs. Harding's, but owing to a slight accident to the rig I was driven up in. I arrived late to find that November had gone up to a neighboring farm on some business, leaving word that should I arrive I was to start for his shack and that he would catch me up on the way. November struck my trail and it was long afterwards when we reached November's shack that evening. As he opened the door he displaced something white which lay just inside it.

"It's a letter," he said in surprise as he handed it to me. "What does it say, Mr. Quaritch?"

I read it aloud. It ran: I am in trouble, Joe. Somebody is robbing my traps. When you get home, which I pray will be soon, come right over.

"The skunk?" cried November. "I had never seen him so moved. He had been away hunting for three days and returned to find this message."

"The darned skunk," he repeated. "To rob her traps?"

"Er—a woman?"

"S. Rone stands for Sally Rone. You're sure heard of her?"

"No, who is she?"

"I'll tell you," said Joe. "Sal's a mighty brave girl—that is, she's a wid'ow. She was married on Rone four years ago last Christmas, and the autumn after he got his back broke to the Red Star lumber camp, leaving Sally just enough dollars to carry her over the birth of her son. To make a long story short, there was lots of the boys ready to fill dead man Rone's place when they knew her money must be giving out, and the neighbors were wonderful interested to know which Sal would take. But it soon come out that Sal wasn't taking any of them, but had decided to try what she could do with the trapping herself."

"Just that. Rone worked a line o' traps, and Sal was fixed to make her living and the boy's that way. Said a woman was liable to be as successful a trapper as a man. She's at it near three year now, and she's made good. Lives with her boy about four hours walk nor west of here, with not an other house within five miles of her. She's got a young sister, Ruby, with her on account of the kid, as she has to be out such a lot."

Not much later I was following November's dimly moving figure upon a hard woods march as I over care to try. I was not sorry when a thong of my moccasins gave way and Joe allowed me a minute to tie it up and to get my wind.

"There's Tom Carroll, Phil Gort and Luffo Sylvester," began November abruptly. "Those three. They're Rone's nearest neighbors, them and Val Black. Val's a good man, but—"

"But what?" said I absently.

"Him and Tom Carroll's cut the top notches for Sally's favor so far."

"But what's that got to do with—"

"Come on," snapped November and hurried forward to Sally's lonely cabin. Joe knocked at the door, calling at the same time: "It's me. Are you there, Sally?"

The door opened an inch or two. "Is it you, Joe?"

November thrust his right hand with its deep scar across the back through the aperture. "You should know that cut, Sal; you tended it."

"Come in! Come in!"

I followed Joe into the house and turned to look at Sally. I saw a slim girl with gentle red brown eyes that matched the red brown of her rebellious hair, a small face, pale under its weather tan, but showing a line of milk white skin above her brows. She was, in fact, extremely pretty, with a kind of good looks I had not expected, and ten seconds later I, too, had fallen under the spell of that charm, which was all the more powerful because Sally herself was unconscious of it.

"You've been long in coming, Joe," she said, with a sudden smile. "You were away, of course?"

"Aye, just got back 'fore we started for here." He looked around. "Where's young Dan?"

To Be Continued.

Hans Andersen's Great Fear
Hans Andersen, the great Danish writer, was an excessively nervous man and he had a very great fear of being buried alive. So great was this dread that every night when he went to bed he would place by his bedside a large piece of paper on which was written, "I am only apparently dead."



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INVITE J. A. FARRELL, U. S. STEEL HEAD, TO SPEAK HERE

Chamber of Commerce Directors Met To-day to Make Final Plans for the South American Trade Conference

The board of directors of the Harrisburg Chamber of Commerce met this afternoon in the Harrisburg Club to complete arrangements for the South American Trade Conference, which will be held in this city this month. Pending the acceptance of an invitation to speak by J. A. Farrell, president of the United States Steel Corporation, it was expected that all plans for the conference would be completed.

Although public announcement of the date of the conference has not been made, Chamber of Commerce officials say the time is growing short and invitations will be issued without his formal acceptance, as they are practically assured that he will be on hand. Announcement of the program was now made out hinges, however, on his acceptance.

Manufacturing firms as far north as Olean, N. Y., and as far south as Cumberland, Md., will be invited to the conference, as well as chamber of commerce and board of trade executives throughout central Pennsylvania and between those two points.

Indications are that it will be the greatest meeting of the kind held in Pennsylvania, not excepting the one held in Pittsburgh, where South American trade-boomers met soon after European commerce was halted after the start of the war and the southern export field opened up. Speakers with bigger reputations will be at the Harrisburg meeting than at any trade conference held in the East.

All plans have been formulated by the executive committee of the Harrisburg Chamber of Commerce and acceptances from all of the other speakers outside of Mr. Farrell have been received. The program has been printed and invitations are ready to be mailed.

Mr. Farrell has been in New Orleans for a time and has now gone to Birmingham, Ala., where his secretary in New York is trying to reach him to convey the invitation of the Harrisburg Chamber of Commerce. Word was received from New York that all of the Harrisburg correspondence and telegrams were sent to Mr. Farrell in Birmingham yesterday and momentarily his reply is expected.

SCHWAB'S BIG CONTRACTS

South Bethlehem Believes Report of Submarine Orders

South Bethlehem, Nov. 11.—The news yesterday from Boston that Charles M. Schwab, of the Bethlehem Steel Company, has been given a contract to furnish twenty submarines, at a cost of \$10,000,000, presumably for the English government and the recent news from London that Mr. Schwab had secured from the English government a contract for \$55,000,000 to furnish steel for a foreign country, could not be confirmed at the main offices of the Bethlehem Steel Company.

Nevertheless, it is believed to be true, Mr. Schwab is in England, having been urgently summoned there by Lord Kitchener.

The rumor that Mr. Schwab has landed a big contract from the English is further emphasized by the fact that a day or so ago five English inspectors of ordnance arrived here and announced that they would be located here for probably two years.

Another sound reason for the belief that C. M. Schwab has large European war contracts now and expects more as time goes on is the official announcement that the steel company is erecting a big fuse and projectile loading plant at its Readington proving grounds and another big plant at Carney, N. J.

CLEAN UP WEEK HALF OVER

Sixty-eight Men and 22 Wagons Busy in the Lower End To-day

Clean Up Week is now half over. The Pennsylvania Reduction Company had 68 men and 22 wagons cleaning the lower end of the city to-day. This includes the section between North street and the southern city limits and from the river to the Pennsylvania Railroad. About two hundred wagonloads of dirt and rubbish were gathered out of the alleys, back yards and vacant lots.

To-morrow the Reduction Company will have its forces cleaning the section bounded on the south by North street, on the East by the railroad, on the north Calder street and on the west by the river.

MERCURY SLOWLY RISING

Temperature of Thirty-six Degrees Indicated for To-night

The temperature last night did not go below freezing point, 32 degrees, the high pressure area to the north which brought a record temperature of 28 degrees, being assailed by a depression from the western lake region, which caused a slight rise in the northeastern part of the country.

Under its influence slight rises will occur again to-night. Weather Bureau officials in this city fixing the lowest mark for to-night at 36 degrees. No precipitation is expected here.

A. F. of L. to Meet in 'Frisco

Philadelphia, Nov. 11.—There were rounds of hand clapping in the convention of the American Federation of Labor to-day when telegrams from the State of California and the City of San Francisco were read inviting the Federation to hold its 1915 convention in the Exposition City. According to delegates and officers there appears to be no doubt that the invitation will be accepted.

Snow in Centre County

Bellefonte, Nov. 11.—A light snow, which fell in the mountains Monday night, made the opening of the deer hunting season very favorable for the many hunters in Centre county. All the hunters are too far away from lines of communication to report the first day's kill.

No Deer Killed in Clinton

Lock Haven, Nov. 11.—No deer were killed in Clinton county so far as known on the opening day. Most of the camps are far from habitations, and it is impossible to hear from them except by returning couriers.

BRUNBAUGH'S HOMECOMING

Governor-elect Visits Scenes of His Boyhood and Is the Guest of the People of Huntingdon

(Special to the Star-Independent.)
Huntingdon, Nov. 11.—When Governor-elect Martin G. Brumbaugh crossed the Juniata river, below Mount Union, yesterday on his way to receive the splendid welcome that Huntingdon county had prepared for its favorite son, he was surprised at the reception he received at the railroad stations.

When Mount Union station loomed into view "M. G." and his party were surprised to find nearly the whole population of the brick city amassed about the station, a large proportion being school children, waving flags, cheering and calling for a speech.

The conductor held the train a few minutes and the crowd had the pleasure of hearing the new Governor.

At Mapleton depot and Mill Creek, although not regular stops, the crowds were so large that the train was stopped two minutes to allow him to say a few words of thanks for the fine support given by his home county.

When the train pulled into the union depot at Huntingdon he was welcomed by citizens from all over the county as well as the towns, amid cheers. The Governor-elect was taken to the Broad Top depot to catch a train for Marklesburg, twelve miles south where he spent the afternoon at the old homestead with his happy father and two brothers.

An old-fashioned welcome home was given him by the little town and by the farmers for miles around, many of whom knew him as a boy when he had worked in the woods with his father.

Returning to Huntingdon in the evening, he was met by Republican County Chairman Samuel L. Spyker and Chief Marshal John S. Bare and a large reception committee, who, amid cheering crowds and red fire, escorted him to the van of the parade, which marched to Juniata College and back through cheering thousands lining the decorated streets. The town has not had a Governor since David R. Porter, in 1845.

The parade consisted of many bands, fire companies, lodges and organizations, and was reviewed by the honorarium guest at the speakers' stand in the district, E. District Attorney H. H. Waite made a speech of welcome.

The Governor-elect himself, in a strong address, assured the home folks that he intended to do his duty to the whole people of the State without fear or favor.

The parade in honor of Governor-elect Brumbaugh was one of the largest and most diversified ever witnessed in Huntingdon. Indians, clubs of minstrels, band leaders loaded down with children, bands from nearby counties in Central Pennsylvania, as well as countless motor cars filled with citizens from towns and farms made up the procession. Banners containing the motto, "Our Next President," were common, one being, "Huntingdon, Harrisburg, Washington."

Juniata College students turned out in splendid line-up to honor the man who as a boy was one of the first students of the college and many years after its president.

LEHIGH VALLEY CENSOR

Will Pass Upon Telegrams Sent By Employes

Philadelphia, Nov. 11.—The Lehigh Valley railroad, to insure itself against the improper use of its telegraph wires by employes, has appointed a censor to go over all such messages.

A carbon copy of every telegram sent by an employe will be sent immediately to the censor. He will scan it carefully, determining whether it contains unnecessary word or could properly have been handled by mail, note his comments on the message and return it to the sender. The management figures it will not be necessary to point out such useless words continuously; that the employes will learn the lesson quickly and save the company a great deal of money in tolls. The censor will be located in the office of the superintendent of telegraph, and will scrutinize every message from every office, from the highest to the lowest.

CONFESSES DOUBLE MURDER

Farmer Makes Statement That Solves Long-standing Mystery

Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Nov. 11.—The death of George Vosburg and his wife in their lovely farm house near Pine Plains during the Christmas holidays of 1912 was stripped of its mystery to-day by the alleged confession of John Wood, a farmer. Wood told the District Attorney and the Sheriff that he and three companions slew the couple with an ax, robbed them of \$800 and then burned down the farm house. The charred bodies were found in the cellar.

The District Attorney placed Wood under arrest and announced he had confessed his crime because he could no longer endure the tortures of conscience and wished "to clear his soul."

City Employe Has Apoplexy

William Hoffman, 56 years old, 113 South Dewberry street, a street cleaner employed by the City Highway Department, was taken to the Harrisburg hospital at 10 o'clock this morning suffering with apoplexy. His condition is not serious.

Banks Have Prosperous Year

According to a report made by A. K. Thomas, secretary of the Harrisburg Clearing Association, the banks of Harrisburg have passed through a prosperous year. The total clearance for the year ending October 1, 1914, was \$82,686,090. During the year deposits in the banks in the association amounted to \$17,551,000. There are eighteen banks in the organization.

Is Made Examining Chaplain

Marietta, Nov. 11.—The Rev. H. B. Pulsifer, rector of St. John's Episcopal church, this place, has been appointed examining chaplain by Bishop Darling-ton of the Harrisburg diocese of the Episcopal Church. His jurisdiction is the archdiocese to which he belongs, and is an honor.

Nurse Dies of Typhoid

Altoona, Nov. 11.—Miss Maria B. Kleinsorgen, a student nurse at Mercy hospital, died yesterday of typhoid fever. She contracted the disease while nursing several fever patients at the hospital. In the early stages she continued at work.

CAPITOL HILL

FIRE DRILLS URGED IN SCHOOLS AND FACTORIES

Chief Baldwin Says They Should Be Conducted by a Trained Fire-fighter—Issues Circular Containing Valuable Information on Subject

Joseph Baldwin, Chief Fire Marshal, has issued a circular for general information, in which he especially urges fire drills in schools and factories. He says:

"Fire drills in schools, factories and other places where people congregated in large numbers are a means of preventing possible loss of life. Fire drills should be regularly held under the supervision of some special designated person who has had training in fire-fighting or made a special study of that subject and of fire prevention. Drills should be so arranged in schools that at least once a week the entire attendance should participate, and in factories all employes should be required under penalty to present themselves for drill and only under extraordinary circumstances should excuse for not doing so be accepted."

Big Checks Received

The State Treasury to-day received the following sums in payment of State taxes: Jones & Laughlin Steel Co., \$73,228; A. Overholt Co., \$19,010.04; Pennsylvania Coal Co., \$82,500. At this rate the sum total of last year's revenue is expected to be reached.

Captain Metzger Resigns

Captain Frederick A. Metzger, of Company L, Eighth regiment, Bedford, has tendered his resignation and been relieved from active duty.

Delegates Appointed

Governor Tener has announced the appointment of the following delegates to represent the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania at the American Mining Congress, to be held in Phoenix, Arizona, December 7-11, 1914: W. K. Field, Thomas Lynch, W. W. Keefe, Walter Calverly, John S. Unger, Pittsburg; John Brennan, Uniontown; Benjamin Clark, Pottsville; Samuel D. Warner, Philadelphia; John Markie, Jeddo.

Hunters' Camps

Up to date the State Forestry Commissioner has issued 666 permits for hunters' camps on State forest lands. Each permit is supposed to represent seven hunters, making about 4,700 hunters now on the grounds. The number of permits will run to one hundred before the season closes.

Personal Liberty Votes

Judging from the number of Personal Liberty party votes polled in the counties that have made election returns there will be about 6,000 altogether, in nowise affecting the result except to slightly increase the majorities for Brumbaugh and Penrose and the other Republican State officers voted for last week.

Want Their Money

Newspaper publishers all over the State have sent in their bills for the advertising of the constitutional amendments, and they will be sent to the Auditor General for final revision and payment. As usual the rates differ widely, some of the papers with the smallest circulation sending in the biggest bills. Auditor General Powell will do some cutting down before the bills are finally approved.

May Be Speaker

Representative George W. Williams, of Tioga county, who has been mentioned for the Speakership of the next House of Representatives, called on Commissioner Bigelow of the State Highway Department this morning to pay his respects.

Milton Wants a State Highway

A delegation led by H. W. Chamberlin, an attorney of Milton, called on State Highway Commissioner Bigelow yesterday afternoon relative to securing State-aid for the building of a highway in Milton borough.

Pennsylvania Conductor Hurt

George Waizer, of Hoboken, Pa., a Pennsylvania railroad conductor, was admitted to the Harrisburg hospital yesterday afternoon suffering with abdominal bruises received in a fall while on a hunting trip in the South Mountain. His condition is not serious.

"Fifty-fifty"

"I think William, I'll ask those new people next door to take dinner with us to-night."

"What for?"

"Well, the butcher by mistake left their meat order here, and it seems only fair."—Life.

DREW AND HIS EXCELLENT COMPANY ARE A DELIGHT

Charm of His Acting Is Not Diminished by His Years on the Stage. As He Proved Last Night in "The Prodigal Husband"

"Age cannot wither nor custom stale" the infinite charm of Joan Drew's acting. Every time he comes here he seems to bring with him added delight to his audiences. He is as clever, capable and captivating as the old Augustin Daly actor he played in "788" with Ada Rehan, and James Lewis, Fanny Davidson and the others who were graduated to the front of stellar attractions and made the American stage more than a name.

Mr. Drew was in Harrisburg last night, and there was more than one in the audience who remembered him back in the Augustin Daly age. No longer a matinee idol, Mr. Drew is more intense in the interpretation of his plays, and therein lies his splendid ability—in his naturalness. His play presented at the Majestic theatre to a large and appreciative audience, was "The Prodigal Husband," a new comedy by Mario Nicodemus and Michael Morton, two young collaborators who are of the best playwrights now engaged in writing words and actions together for the entertainment of the public.

It was a very funny play, and it took a company such as Drew gathers about him to interpret it and bring out of it all of its humor and cleverness. It is a story of a husband separated from his wife because of the daughter's profligate habits. He adopts the daughter of his concubine who died at his home. The daughter grows up to be a beautiful girl and gossip links her name with that of the husband to such extent that he determines to leave France with her on a world-wide journey in order to save her good name.

The girl, having in mind the reconciliation of the man and his wife, hastens to the latter's home in Brittany, whither the man, believing that she had eloped, followed her. There he meets his wife again, a reconciliation, planned by the adopted daughter, follows, and everybody is happy.

Of course, Mr. Drew, as the prodigal husband, took first honors. He simply had to be John Drew, and that was sufficient. It went without saying that his acting was fine and the interpretation of his role fine, but he had some what of a company that was far above the average. For instance, there was Ferie Goldschalk, an eccentric comedian long a public favorite, who played the role of a drunken rone who was continually "getting in wrong," and who had a faculty for proposing to every woman he met. Mr. Goldschalk is a perennial bloomer and he, too, never grows old or boreome.

Grace Carlyle, the injured wife, was an instantaneous favorite, although she appeared in but the last act. Her intelligence and pleasing personality won her a place at once in