

The ORIOLE

By BOOTH TARKINGTON

Illustrations by Irwin Myers

SYNOPSIS.

PART ONE.

Front possessor of a printing press, and equipment, the gift of Uncle Joseph to his nephew, Herbert Illingsworth Atwater, Jr., aged thirteen, the fortunate youth, with his cousin, Henry Rooter, about the same age, begins the publication of a full-length newspaper, the North End Daily Oriole. Herbert's small cousin, Florence Atwater, being barred from any kind of participation in the enterprise, on account of her intense and natural feminine desire to "boss," is frankly annoyed, and not at all backward in saying so. However, a poem she has written is accepted for insertion in the Oriole, on a strictly commercial basis—cash in advance. The poem suffers somewhat from the inexperience of the youthful publishers in the "art preservative." Her not altogether unreasonable demand for republication of the masterpiece, with its beauty unmarred, are scorned, and the break between Miss Atwater and the publishers of the Oriole follows. The Sunday following the first appearance of the Oriole, Florence's particular champion, Patty Fairchild, pays her a visit. They are joined, despite Miss Atwater's openly expressed disapproval, by Master Herbert Atwater and Henry Rooter. Not at all disconcerted by the coolness of their reception, the visitors and Miss Fairchild indulge in a series of innocent Sunday games. Among them is one called "Truth," the feature of which is a contract to write a question and answer, both to be kept a profound secret. The agreement is duly carried out. Excluding emphatically to participate in any game with her cousin and Henry Rooter, Florence is played by Miss Fairchild's open denunciation to the enemy, her erstwhile bosom friend apparently enjoying herself immensely in the company of the visitors and leaving with them.

(Continued from last week.)

PART TWO

They went satirically down the street, their chumminess with one another bountifully increased by their common derision of the outsider on the porch; and even at a distance they still contrived to make themselves intolerable; looking back over their shoulders, at intervals, with say-not-so expressions on their faces. Even when these faces were far enough away to be but yellowish oval planes, their say-not-so expressions were still biting-ly eloquent.

Now a northern breeze chilled the air; as the hateful three became indistinguishable in the haze of autumn dusk, Florence stopped swinging her foot, left the railing, and went morosely into the house. And here it was her fortune to make two discoveries vital to her present career; the first arising out of a conversation between her father and mother in the library, where a gossiping fire of soft coal encouraged this proper Sunday afternoon entertainment for man and wife.

"Sit down and rest awhile," said her mother. "I'm afraid you play too hard when Patty and the boys are here. Do sit down quietly and rest yourself a little while." And as Florence obeyed, Mrs. Atwater turned to her husband, resuming, "Well, that's what I said. I told Aunt Carrie I thought the same way about it that you did. Of course, nobody ever knows what Julia's going to do next, and nobody needs to be surprised at anything she does do. Ever since she came home from school about four-fifths of all the young men in town have been wild about her—and so's every old bachelor, for the matter of that!"

"Yes," Mr. Atwater added. "Every old widower, too."

His wife warily accepted the amendment. "And every old widower, too," she said, nodding. "Rather! And of course Julia's done exactly as she pleased about everything, and naturally she's going to do as she pleases about this."

"Well, of course, it is her own affair, Mollie," Mr. Atwater said, mildly. "She couldn't be expected to consult the whole Atwater family connection before—"

"Oh, no," she agreed. "I don't say she could. Still, it is rather upsetting, coming so suddenly like this, when not one of the family have ever seen him—never even heard his very name before."

"Well, that part of it isn't especially strange, Mollie—when he was born and brought up in a town three hundred miles from here. I don't see just how we could have heard his name—unless he visited here, or got into the papers in some way."

Mrs. Atwater seemed unwilling to yield a mysterious point. She rocked decorously in her chair, shook her head, and after setting her lips rigidly, opened them to insist that she could never change her mind; Julia had acted very abruptly. "Why couldn't she have let her poor father know, at least a few days before she did?"

Mr. Atwater sighed. "Why, she explains in her letter that she only knew it, herself, an hour before she wrote."

"Her poor father!" his wife repeated commiseratingly.

"Why, Mollie, I don't see that father's especially to be pitied."

"Don't you?" said Mrs. Atwater. "That old man, to have to live in that big house all alone, except a few negro servants?"

"Why, no! About half the houses

in the neighborhood, up and down the street, are fully occupied by close relatives of his; I doubt if he'll be really as lonely as he'd like to be. And he's often said he'd give a great deal if Julia had been a plain, unpoplar girl. I'm strongly of the opinion, myself, that he'll be pleased about this. Of course it may upset him a little, just at first."

"Yes; I think it will!" Mrs. Atwater shook her head forebodingly. "And he isn't the only one it's going to upset."

"No, he isn't," her husband admitted, seriously. "That's always been the trouble with Julia; she never could bear to seem disappointing; and so, of course, I suppose every one of 'em had a special idea that he was really about the top of the list with her."

"Every last one of 'em was positive of it," said Mrs. Atwater. "That was Julia's way with 'em!"

"Yes, Julia's always been much too kind-hearted for other people's good!" Thus Mr. Atwater summed up, and he was this Julia's brother. Additionally, since he was the older, he had known her since her birth.

"If you ask me," said his wife, "I'll really be surprised if it all goes through without a suicide."

"Oh, not quite suicide, perhaps," Mr. Atwater protested. "I'm glad it's a dry state, though!"

She failed to fathom his simple meaning. "Why?"

"Well, some of 'em might feel that desperate at least," he explained. "Prohibition's a safeguard for the disappointed in love."

This phrase and a previous one stirred Florence, who had been sitting quietly, according to request, and "resting"; but not resting her curiosity. "Who's disappointed in love, papa?" she inquired with an explosive eagerness which slightly startled her preoccupied parents. "What is all this about Aunt Julia, and Grandpa going to live alone, and people committing suicide and prohibition and every thing? What is all this, mama?"

"Nothing, Florence."

"Nothing! That's what you always say about the very most interesting things that happen in the whole family! What is all this, papa?"

"It's nothing that would be interesting to little girls, Florence. Merely some family matters."

"My goodness!" Florence exclaimed. "I'm not a 'little girl' any more, please! You're always forgetting—"

"If it's a family matter I belong to the family, I guess, about as much as anybody else, don't I? Grandpa himself isn't any more one of the family than I am. I don't care how old he is!"

This was undeniable, and her father laughed. "It's really nothing you'd care about one way or the other," he said.

"Well, I'd care about it if it's a secret," Florence insisted. "If it's a secret I'd want to know it whatever it's about."

"Oh, it isn't a secret, particularly, I suppose. At least, it's not to be made public for a time; it's only to be known in the family."

"Well, didn't I just prove I'm as much one of the family as—"

"Never mind," her father said soothingly. "I don't suppose there's any harm in your knowing it—if you won't go telling everybody. Your aunt Julia has just written us that she's engaged."

Mrs. Atwater uttered an exclamation, but she was too late to check him.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"I'm afraid you oughtn't to have told Florence. She isn't just the most discreet—"

"Pshaw!" he laughed. "She certainly is one of the family, however, and Julia wrote that all of the family might be told. You'll not speak of it outside the family, will you, Florence?"

But Florence was not yet able to speak of it, even inside the family—so surprising, sometimes, are parents' theories of what will not interest their children. She sat staring, her mouth open, her throat closed; and in the uncertain illumination of the room these symptoms of her emotional condition went unobserved.

"I say you won't speak of Julia's engagement outside the family, will you, Florence?"

"Papa!" she gasped. "Did Aunt Julia write she was engaged?"

"Yes."

"To get married?"

"It would seem so."

"To who?"

"To whom, Florence," her mother suggested primly.

"Mama!" the daughter cried. "Who's Aunt Julia engaged to get married to? Noble Dill?"

"Good gracious, no!" Mrs. Atwater exclaimed. "What an absurd idea! It's to a young man in the place she's visiting—a stranger to all of us. Julia only met him a few weeks ago." Here she forgot Florence, and turned again to her husband, wearing her former expression of experienced foreboding.

"It's just as I said. It's exactly like Julia to do such a reckless thing!"

"But we don't know anything at all about the young man," he remonstrated.

"How do you even know he's young?" Mrs. Atwater asked crisply. "All in the world she said about him was that he's a lawyer. He may be a widower, for all we know, or divorced, with seven or eight children."

"Oh, no, Mollie!"

"Why, he might!" she insisted. "For all we know, he may be a widower for the third or fourth time, or divorced, with any number of children. If such a person proposed to Julia, you know yourself she'd hate to be disappointing!"

Her husband laughed. "I don't think she'd go so far as to actually accept such a person and write home to an-

nounce her engagement to the family. I suppose most of her swains here have been in the habit of proposing to her just as frequently as she was unable to prevent them from going



At This, the Slender Form of Florence Underwent a Spasmodic Seizure, in Her Chair.

that far; and while I don't think she's been as discouraging with them as she might have been, she's never really accepted any of 'em. She's never been engaged before."

"No," Mrs. Atwater admitted. "Not to this extent. She's never announced it to the family before."

"Well, I'd hate to have Julia's job when she comes back!" Julia's brother said ruefully.

"What's that?"

"Breaking it to her admirers."

"Oh, she isn't going to do that!"

"She'll have to, now," he said. "She'll either have to write the news to 'em, or else tell 'em, face to face, when she comes home."

"She won't do either."

"Why, how could she get out of it?"

His wife smiled pityingly. "She hasn't set a time for coming home, has she? Don't you know enough of Julia's ways to know she'll never in the world stand up to the music? She writes that all the family can be told, because she knows the news will leak out here and there, in confidence, little by little; so by the time she gets home they'll all have been through their first spasms, and after that she hopes they'll just send her some forgiving flowers and greet her with manly handclaps—and get ready to usher at the wedding!"

"Well," said Mr. Atwater, "I'm afraid you're right. It does seem rather like Julia to stay away till the first of the worst is over. I'm really sorry for some of her love-losers. I suppose it will get whispered about, and they'll hear it; and there are some of the poor things that might take it pretty hard."

"Take it pretty hard!" she echoed loudly. "There's one of 'em, at least, who will just merely lose his reason!"

"Which one?"

"Noble Dill."

At this, the slender form of Florence underwent a spasmodic seizure, in her chair, but as the fit was short, and also noiseless, it passed without being noticed.

"Yes," said Mr. Atwater, thoughtfully. "I suppose he will."

"He certainly will!" Mrs. Atwater declared. "Noble's mother told me last week that he'd gotten so he was just as liable to drop a fountain-pen in his coffee as a lump of sugar; and when any one speaks to him he either doesn't know it, or else jumps. When he says anything, himself, she says they can scarcely ever make out what he's talking about. He was trying enough before Julia went away; but since she's been gone Mrs. Dill says he's like nothing in her experience. She says he doesn't inherit it; Mr. Dill wasn't anything like this about her."

Mr. Atwater smiled faintly. "Mrs. Dill wasn't anything like Julia."

"No," said his wife. "She was quite a sensible girl. I'd hate to be in her place, now, though, when she tells Noble about this!"

"How can Mrs. Dill tell him, since she doesn't know it herself?"

"Well—perhaps she ought to know it, so that she could tell him. Somebody ought to tell him, and it ought to be done with the greatest tact. It ought to be broken to him with the most delicate care and sympathy, of the consequences—"

"Nobody could foretell the consequences," her husband interrupted—"no matter how tactfully it's broken to Noble."

"No," she said, "I suppose that's true. I think he's likely to lose his reason unless it is done very tactfully, though."

"Do you think we really ought to tell Mrs. Dill, Mollie? I mean, seriously: Do you?"

For some moments she considered his question; then answered, "No. It's possible we'd be following a Christian course in doing it; but still we're rather bound not to speak of it outside the family, and when it does get outside the family I think we'd better not be the ones responsible—especially since it might easily be traced to us. I think it's usually better to keep out of things when there's any doubt."

"Yes," he said, meditating.

er knew any harm to come of people's sticking to their own affairs."

But as he and his wife became silent for a time, musing in the firelight, their daughter's special convictions were far from coinciding with theirs, although she, likewise, was silent—a strangeness in her which they should have observed. But so far were they from a true comprehension of her, they were unaware that she had more than a casual, young-consistently interest in Julia Atwater's engagement and in those possible consequences to Noble Dill, which they had sketched with some intentional exaggeration, and decidedly without the staggering seriousness attributed to their predictions by their daughter. They did not even notice her expression when Mr. Atwater snapped on the light, in order to read, and she went quietly out of the library and up to her own room.

On the floor, near her bed, where Patty Fairchild had left her coat and hat, Florence made her second discovery. Two small, folded slips of paper lay there, dropped by Miss Fairchild when she put on her coat in the darkening room. They were the replies to Patty's whispered questions, in the game on the steps—the pledged Truth, written by Henry Rooter and Herbert Atwater on their sacred words and honors. The infatuated pair had either overestimated Patty's caution, or else each had thought she would prize his little missive that she would treasure it in a tender safety, perhaps pinned upon her blouse (at the first opportunity) over the heart. It is positively safe to say that neither of the two veracities would ever have been set upon paper had Herbert and Henry any foreshadowing that Patty might be careless; and the partners would have been seized with the most horror could they have conceived the possibility of their trustful messages ever falling into the hands of the relentless creature who now, without an instant's honorable hesitation, unfolded and read them.

"Yes, if I got to tell the truth, I know I have got pretty eyes," Herbert had unfortunately written. "I'm glad you think so, too, Patty, because your eyes are too. Herbert Illingsworth Atwater, Jr."

And Mr. Henry Rooter had likewise ruined himself in a coincidental manner.

"Well, Patty, my eyes are pretty, but suppose I would like to trade with yours because you have beautiful eyes, also, sure as my name is Henry Rooter."

Florence stood close to the pink-shaded electric droplight over her small white dressing table, reading again and again these pathetically honest little confessions. Her eyelids were withdrawn to an unprecedented retirement, so remarkably she stared, while her mouth seemed to prepare itself for the attempted reception of a bulk beyond its total capacity. And these plastic tokens, so innocuous as to be ordinarily the consequence of nothing short of poignant horror, were overlaid by others, subtler and more gleaming, which wrought the true significance of the contortion—a joy that was dumbfounding.

Her thoughts were first of Fortune's kindness in selecting her for a favor so miraculously dovetailing into the precise need of her life, then of Henry and Herbert, each at this hour probably brushing his hair in preparation for the Sunday evening meal, and both touchingly unconscious of the calamity now befalling them; but what eventually engrossed her mind was the thought of Wallie Torbin.

Master Torbin, approaching fourteen, was in all the town the boy most doted by his fellow-boys, and by girls of his acquaintance, including many of both sexes who knew him only by sight—and hearing. He had no physical endowment or attainment worth mention; but boys, who could "whip him with one hand," became sycophants in his presence; the terror he inspired was moral. He had a special overdevelopment of a faculty exercised clumsily enough by most human beings, especially in their youth; in other words, he had genius—not, however, genius having to do with anything generally recognized as art or science. True, if he had been a violinist prodigy or mathematical prodigy, he would have had some respect from his fellows—about equal to that he might have received if he were gifted with some peculiar deformity, such as six toes on a foot—but he

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Would never have enjoyed such deadly prestige as had actually come to him. In brief, then, Wallie Torbin had a genius for mockery.

(Continued next week.)

So at no distant date, if it is permitted to continue. The car owner, therefore, should take engine and chassis noises, not as mere passing annoyances, but as symptoms of something far more serious and should earnestly hunt them down, just as soon as they make their presence known.

Engine Seat of Trouble.

The engine is the seat of the greater part of the unnecessary noises that seem inevitable in the operation of the car. The commonest engine noises are valve clicks and slaps, both of which may be detected by the rhythmic regularity of their occurrence.

The reason for noisy gear operation is too great clearance between the valve and its seat. In the case of overhead valves too great a clearance between lifter and push rod will cause the trouble. The remedy is obviously the reduction of the clearance to the correct distance and this work should be done while the engine is heated, because of the expansion of metal when heated, in which condition the valves necessarily run.

While the valve system is the commonest seat of noise troubles in the engine it is not the sole location where this trouble may be looked for. The bearings in most engines are of soft metal, which must be kept copiously lubricated or it will burn and flatten out with a knock as the result. The ordinary remedy for this is to take up the bearing by removing the shim between the two halves, or else to trim the metal on the movable part. Care must be used in performing this operation to see that the bearing touches the shaft all around without being too tight.

Reason for Many Noises.

Transmission noises are not at all uncommon and generally result from one of the shafts being out of line by reason of a worn bearing or a binding gear. Sometimes the entire transmission is out of line, so that both shafts are out of true. Very often a gear may be broken because the shaft has been out of line. The car owner has a new one installed, but this does not help for long, because the entire unit is out of alignment.

Propeller shaft and universal joints are not usually troublesome through noisy operation, but the rear axle frequently is. While the driving pinion and differential master gear are not running true there will be a loud hum, with an accent or stress once in a revolution. Most units have some means of adjusting to take up wear in this location, the adjustment consisting of moving the entire differential unit, which is a job for expert hands.

This finishes the major noises, but there are several minor ones to look out for. Minor squeaks and rattles from springs and body come in this class. The springs and shackles, if kept properly lubricated, will not become noisy. Body noises may be avoided by keeping nuts and bolts tightly drawn up. Felt inserts will stop door squeaks. Strips of rubber wedged under the supports will cure fender rattles.

There is said to be only one woman practicing law in South Dakota, Miss Dorothy M. Hehfield of Aberdeen.

Some people seem to think they are in the best society by keeping entirely to themselves.—Boston Transcript.

ABOUT PEOPLE

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Princess Mary's engagement ring was set with a single emerald, signifying success in love.

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ABOUT WOMEN ONLY

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There are more than 8,000,000 women and girls working in the United States.

Girls born on a Monday, according to an old belief, are beautiful but jealous.

More than 13 per cent of all the people gainfully employed in Kansas are women.

Women students at the University of Pennsylvania are planning the formation of a polo team.

The longevity of women has increased in the last two decades and they now live longer than men.

Women, on an average, have heads broader in proportion to their length and darker eyes and hair than men.

Fifty-two million dollars is the estimated total spent by American women every year for powdering and beautifying their faces.

A paragraph on the value of a perfect fit in shoes and the dangers of a poor fit will greatly improve the advertisement. And it is thus more likely to induce you to read further and possibly go to the advertiser's store for shoes that you believe will feel comfortable.

Many a business headed towards the financial rocks has been saved by a systematic advertising campaign.

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128 Third St., bet. Washington and Alder sts.

Just 1 1/2 blocks from "M-S" car.

Meals and Lunches

GRAYS CROSSING Sheet Metal Works

GET MY PRICE BEFORE LETTING THE JOB

Automatic 640-75 6007 1/2 82nd St.

The Quality Yard Complete Stock Site Service

Copeland Lumber Co.

9418 FOSTER ROAD Main 2483

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If so, have your ticket routed THROUGH CALIFORNIA

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A Choice of Routes Convenient Schedules Liberal Stopover Privileges Through Sleeping Cars Observation Cars Dining Cars

Every part of the service contributes to the Traveler's Comfort

Stop at San Francisco and Los Angeles — world famous and beautiful cities.

For further particulars ask agents

Southern Pacific Lines

JOHN M. SCOTT, General Passenger Agent

VIBRATION WILL LOOSEN ENGINES

Driver Immediately Begins to Realize That There is Something Wrong.

SEARCH UNNECESSARY NOISES

Clicks and Slaps of Valve May Be Detected by Rhythmical Regularity—Cause of Several Other Troubles.

If you trade with Mt. Scott Shoe Shop you will save money. GUARANTEED ALL SEWED SOLES SERVING THE TRADE SINCE 1895 6626 92d St. S. E., LENTS.



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