

A Hoosier Chronicle

By MEREDITH NICHOLSON

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Cath now it had not occurred to SYLVIA GARRISON that her contemplated four-year course at Wellesley concerned anybody but herself. PROFESSOR KELTON, her grandfather, and his old friend, MRS. JACKSON OWEN, wealthy widow of Indiana, who has provided the money for her expenses. But on this bright summer morning at Wadsworth, after a friendly conversation with her benefactor's niece, MRS. MORTON BASSETT, wife of a prominent statesman, had she not? presented to Mrs. Owen has not suggested a college course for her daughter, Marian, whom she wishes to become a writer.

In the law offices of WRIGHT & FITCH of Indianapolis, young DALE HARWOOD, peruses over documents during the day, studies law at night and as a side line writes for the Courier a Demographic column.

By request of the writer Sylvia is not to know the contents of an unsigned letter delivered to her grandfather by a strange-looking man containing a proposal which he refuses.

Sylvia thinks it will do no harm to repeat Mrs. Bassett's remark of her aunt's, who had struck her as being funny.

"I just happened to remember something Mrs. Owen said about colleges. She said that if it isn't in the colt the trainer can't put it there, and I suppose the successful literary women have had genius whether they had higher education or not. George Eliot hadn't a college training, but of course she was a very great woman."

Mrs. Bassett compressed her lips. She did not like this quotation from Mrs. Owen's utterances on this vexed question of higher education. Could it be possible that Aunt Sally looked upon Marian as one of those colts for whom the trainer could do nothing?

"I have never felt that young girls should read George Eliot. She doesn't seem to me quite an ideal to set before a young girl."

As Sylvia knew nothing of George Eliot, except what she had gleaned from the biographical data in a textbook on nineteenth-century writers, she was unable to follow Mrs. Bassett. She had read "Mill on the Floss" and "Romola" and saw no reason why every one shouldn't enjoy them.

Mrs. Bassett twirled her closed parasol absentmindedly and studied the profile of the girl beside her.

"The requirements for college are not really so difficult, I suppose?" she suggested.

Sylvia's dark eyes brightened as she faced her interlocutor. Those of us who know Sylvia find that quick flash of humor in her eyes adorable.

"Oh, they can't be, for I answered most of the questions!" she exclaimed, and then seeing no response in her inquisitor, she added soberly: "It's all set out in the catalog and I have one with me. I'd be glad to bring it to you if you'd like to see it."

"Thank you, Sylvia. I should like to see it. I may want to ask you some questions about the work; but of course you won't say anything to Marian of our talk. I am not quite sure, and I'll have to discuss it with Mr. Bassett."

"Of course I shan't speak of it, Mrs. Bassett."

Marian's voice was now heard calling them, down the path, and the girl appeared, a moment later, munching a bit of toast succumbed to jam and eager to be off for the casino where a tennis match was scheduled for the morning.

"Don't be late for dinner this evening, Marian; your father will be here, and if you see Blackford, be sure to tell him to meet the 3:10."

"Yes, mama. I'll remember, and I'll try to meet the train, too." And then to Sylvia, as she led the way to the boathouse to get the canoe. "I'm glad dad's coming. He's perfectly grand, and I'm going to see if he won't give me a naphtha launch. Dad's a good old scout and he's pretty sure to do it."

Sylvia had formed the habit of stealing away in the long twilight, after the cheerful gathering at Mrs. Owen's supper-table for little self-congratulations. Usually Mrs. Owen and Professor Kelton fell to talking of old times and old friends at this hour and Sylvia's disappearances were unremarked. She felt the joy of living these days, and loved dearly the dallying hour between day and night that is so lovely, so touched with poetry in this region. A little creek ran across Mrs. Owen's farm, cutting for itself a sharp defile to facilitate its egress into the lake; and Sylvia liked to throw herself down beside a favorite maple, with the evening breeze whispering over the young corn behind her, and the lake, with its hear open to the coming of the stars, quiet before her, and dream the dreams that fill a girl's heart in those blessed and wonderful days when the brook and river meet.

On this Saturday evening Sylvia was particularly happy. The day's activities, that had begun late, left her a little breathless. She was wondering whether any one had ever been so pleasantly ordered. Her heart beat quickened as she thought of college and the busy years that awaited her there; and after that would come the great world-wide doors. She was untouched by envy, by pride or malice. Her bath had fallen in pleasant places, and only benignant spirits attended her.

She was roused suddenly by the sound of steps in the path beneath. This twilight sanctuary had never been invaded before, and she rose hastily. A narrow brimmed straw hat rose above the elderberry bushes and with a last effort a man stood on level ground, panting from the climb. He took off his hat and mopped his face as he glanced about. Sylvia had drawn back, but as the stranger could not go on without seeing her she stepped forward and they faced each other, in a little plot of level ground beside the brook.

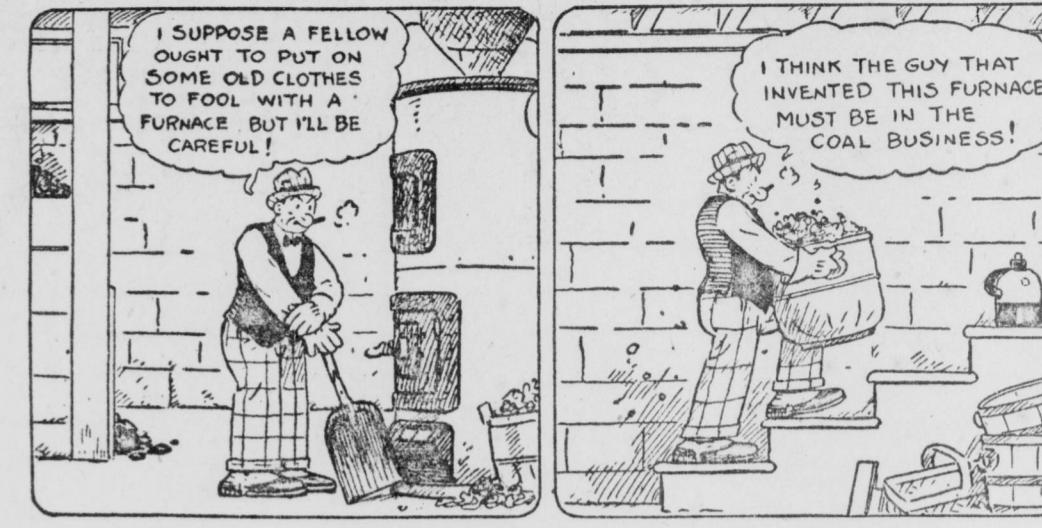
"Pardon me!" he exclaimed, still breathing hard; and then his eyes met hers in a long gaze. His gray eyes searched her dark ones for what seemed an interminable time. Sylvia's hand sought the maple but did not touch it; and the keen eyes of the stranger did not loosen their hold of hers.

"Pardon me, again! I hope I didn't frighten you! I am Mr. Bassett, Marian's father."

"And I am Sylvia Garrison. I am staying."

"Oh," he laughed, "you needn't tell me! They told me at the supper-table all about you and that you and Marian are fast friends."

DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—



OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS



THEM DAYS IS GONE FOREVER—



THE OLD HOME TOWN—By STANLEY



"Mr. Thatcher not at home; nobody home," growled a voice in broken English. "You get right off dis place quick!"

The reporter and the caretaker were making no progress in their colloquy and Dan was trying to catch a glimpse of another man who leaned against the wall quite indifferent to the strug-
gle for the door. Dan supposed him

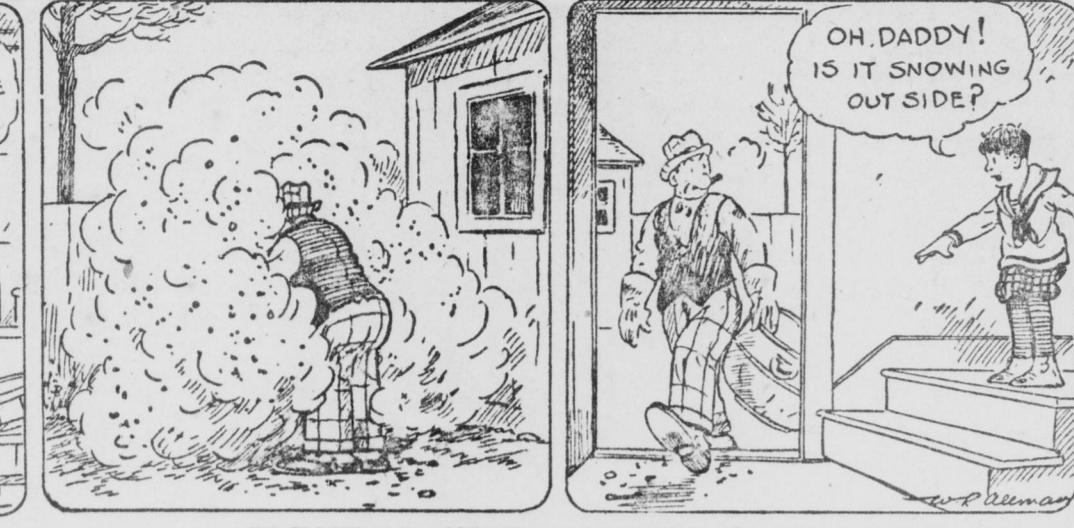
to be a servant, and he had abandoned hope of learning anything of Thatcher, when a drawing voice called out:

"Open the door, Hans, and let the gentleman in; I'll attend to him."

Dan found himself face to face with a young man of about his own age, a slender young fellow, clad in blue overalls and flannel shirt. He

lounged forward with an air of languor that puzzled the reporter. His dress was not wholly conclusive as to his position in the silent house the overalls still showed their pristine odds, the shirt was of good quality and well-cut. The ends of a narrow red-silk four-in-hand swung free. He was clean-shaven for an absurd little mustache so fair as to be almost in

A Day at Home



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS—By BLOSSER

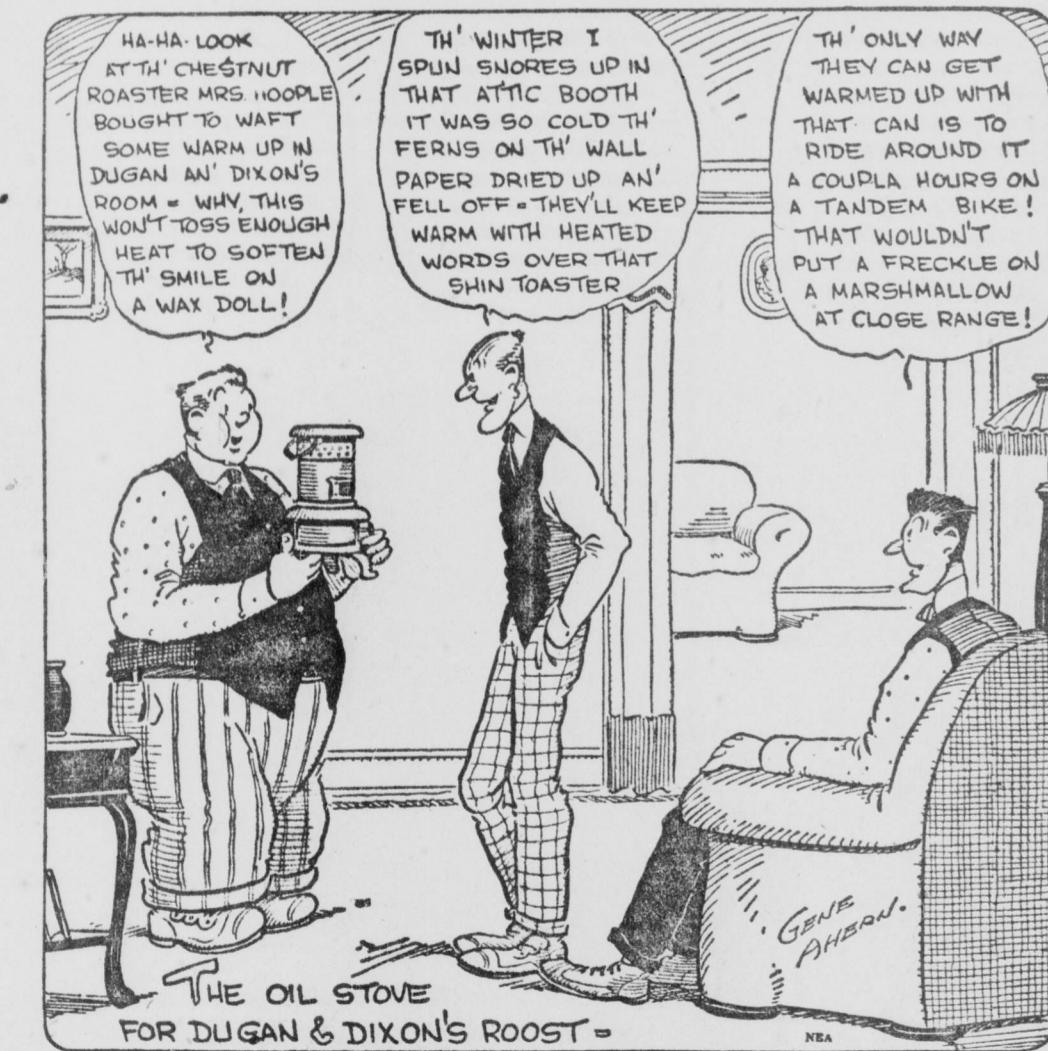


—By AL POSEN

Sing This In The Smoker



OUR BOARDING HOUSE—By AHERN



distinguishable. His blonde hair was brushed back unparted from his forehead. Another swift survey of the slight figure disclosed a pair of patent leather pumps. His socks, revealed at the ankles, were scarlet and well-cut. The ends of a narrow red-silk four-in-hand swung free. He was clean-shaven for an absurd little mustache so fair as to be almost in

peculiar to homes of wealth. He leaned on his stick hat in hand, and the big blue eyes of the young man rested upon him with disconcerting gravity. A door slammed at the rear upon the retreating German, whom this superior functionary had disengaged about his business. At a moment when the silence became oppressive the young man straightened

himself slightly and spoke in a low voice, and with amusement showing clearly in his eyes and about his lips—

"You're a reporter."

"Yes; I'm from the 'Courier' I'm looking for Mr. Thatcher."

"Suppose, suppose—if you're not in a great hurry, you come with me."

(To Be Continued)