

# A Hoosier Chronicle

By MEREDITH NICHOLSON

First Novel in the Times Series of Fiction Stories by Indiana

Writers

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SYNOPSIS  
Until now it had not occurred to SYLVIA GARRISON that her contemplated

PROFESSOR KELTON, her grandfather, and MRS. JACKSON OWEN, wealthy widow of

Waukegan, she gleams from a conversation with her benefactor's niece

MRS. MORTON BASSETT, wife of a prominent statesman, that she is deeply

interested because Mrs. Owen has suggested a college course for her daughter, Marian, whom she wishes to become a

writer.

In the law office of WRIGHT & BROWN, in Indianapolis, young DAN HARWOOD pores over documents

during the day, studies law at night, and as a side line writes for the Courier, a Democratic publication.

By request of the writer Sylvia is not to know the contents of an unsigned letter delivered to her grandfather by a

strange young man, containing a proposition which he refuses.

Sylvia thinks it will do no harm to repeat to Mrs. Bassett a remark of her

father, that 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 Elliot

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 text-

book 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 should not enjoy them.

Mrs. Bassett twined her closed parasol absently 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 interior. 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

over 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 stuccoed with 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 ship."

"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."

Sylvia had formed the habit of stealing away in the long twilights,

after the cheerful gathering at Mrs. Owen's supper table, for a little self-

communing. Usually Mrs. Owen and Professor Kelton fell to talking of

old times and old friends at this hour, and Sylvia's disappearances were un-

remarked. She felt the joy of living these days, and loved dearly the de-

laying 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

"I knew you were coming; they were speaking of it this morning."

They had drawn closer together during this friendly exchange. Again their eyes met for an instant, then he surveyed her sharply from head

to foot, as he stood bareheaded leaning on his stick.

"I must be going," said Sylvia. "There's a path through the corn that

Mrs. Owen lets me use. They'll begin to wonder what's become of me."

"Why not follow the path to the lane—I think there is a lane at the

edge of the field—and I will walk to the house with you; it's growing dark."

"Yes, thank you, Mr. Bassett."

"I had no idea of meeting any one when I came out. I usually take a

little walk after supper when I'm here and I wanted to get all the car smoke

out of my lungs. I was glad to get out of Chicago; it was fiercely hot

there."

The path was not wide enough for two and she walked before him.

When they reached the lane they walked together until they came to the

highway, which they followed to the house. An oil lamp marked the

walk that led through Mrs. Owen's flower garden.

"Aren't you coming in, Mr. Bassett?" asked Sylvia, as they paused.

Her hand clicked the latch and the little whitewashed gate swung open.

In the lamplight their eyes met again. "I'm sorry, but I must go home.

This is the first time I've been here this summer, and my stay is short. I must be off again tomorrow."

"Oh, that's too bad! Marian has been telling me that you would stay a month, she will be terribly disap-

pointed!"

"My Western trip took more time than I expected. I have a good deal to do at Fraserville and must get back

there."

She stepped inside, thinking he delayed out of courtesy to her, but to her surprise he fastened the latch de-

liberately and lingered.

"They tell me you and your grandfather live at Montgomery. It's a

charming town, one of the most interesting in the State."

"Yes, Mr. Bassett. My grandfather taught in the college there."

"You are staying here some time?"

"Another week. It seems that we've hardly been here a day."

"You are fortunate in having Mrs. Owen for a friend. She is a very un-

usual woman."

"The most wonderful person I ever knew!" responded Sylvia warmly.

"I mustn't keep you here. Please remember me to Mrs. Owen and tell her I'll drop in before I go."

He bent over the gate and put out his hand. "Good-night, Miss Garrison!"

Sylvia had never been called Miss Garrison before, and it was not with-

out trepidation that she heard herself so addressed. Mr. Bassett had spoken

the name gravely, and their eyes met again in lingering contact. When the

door closed upon her he walked on rapidly, but once, before the trees had

obscured Mrs. Owen's lights, he turned and glanced back.

CHAPTER VIII  
One night in this same June, Har-

wood was directed by the city editor of the Courier to find Mr. Edward G.

Thatcher. Two reporters had failed at it, and it was desirable to verify

reports as to certain transactions by which Thatcher, in conjunction with

Morton Bassett, was believed to be effecting a merger of various glass-

manufacturing interests Thatcher had begun life as a brewer, but his

would long since have been obscured by the broadening currents of fortune

if it had not been for his persistent dabbling in politics. Whenever the

Republican press was at a loss for something to attack, Thatcher's brew-

eries—which he had concealed in a corporation that did not bear his name

were an inviting and unfailing target. For years, though never seek-

ing office, he had been a silent factor in politics, and he and Bassett, it was

said, controlled their party. Mrs. Thatcher had built an expensive

house, but fearing that the money her husband generously supplied was

## DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—



OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS



THE REWARD OF GENIUS

## THEM DAYS IS GONE FOREVER—

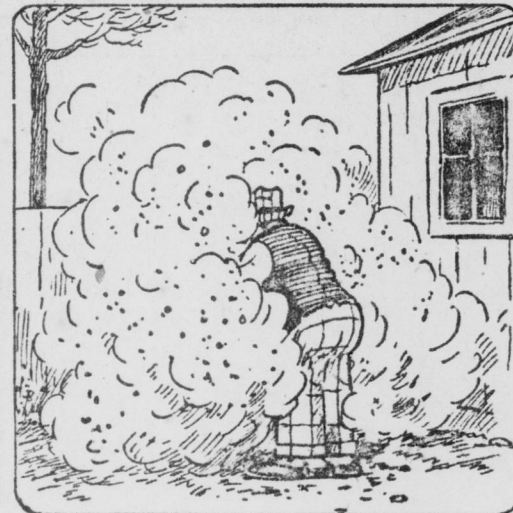


THE OLD HOME TOWN—By STANLEY



THERE WAS A BIG TURN OUT FOR THE LODGE SUPPER. AUNT SARAH PEABODY REPORTS THERE WAS A SHORTAGE OF ICE CREAM BUT THEY HAD FOUR PANS OF BAKED BEANS LEFT OVER.

## A Day at Home



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS—By BLOSSER

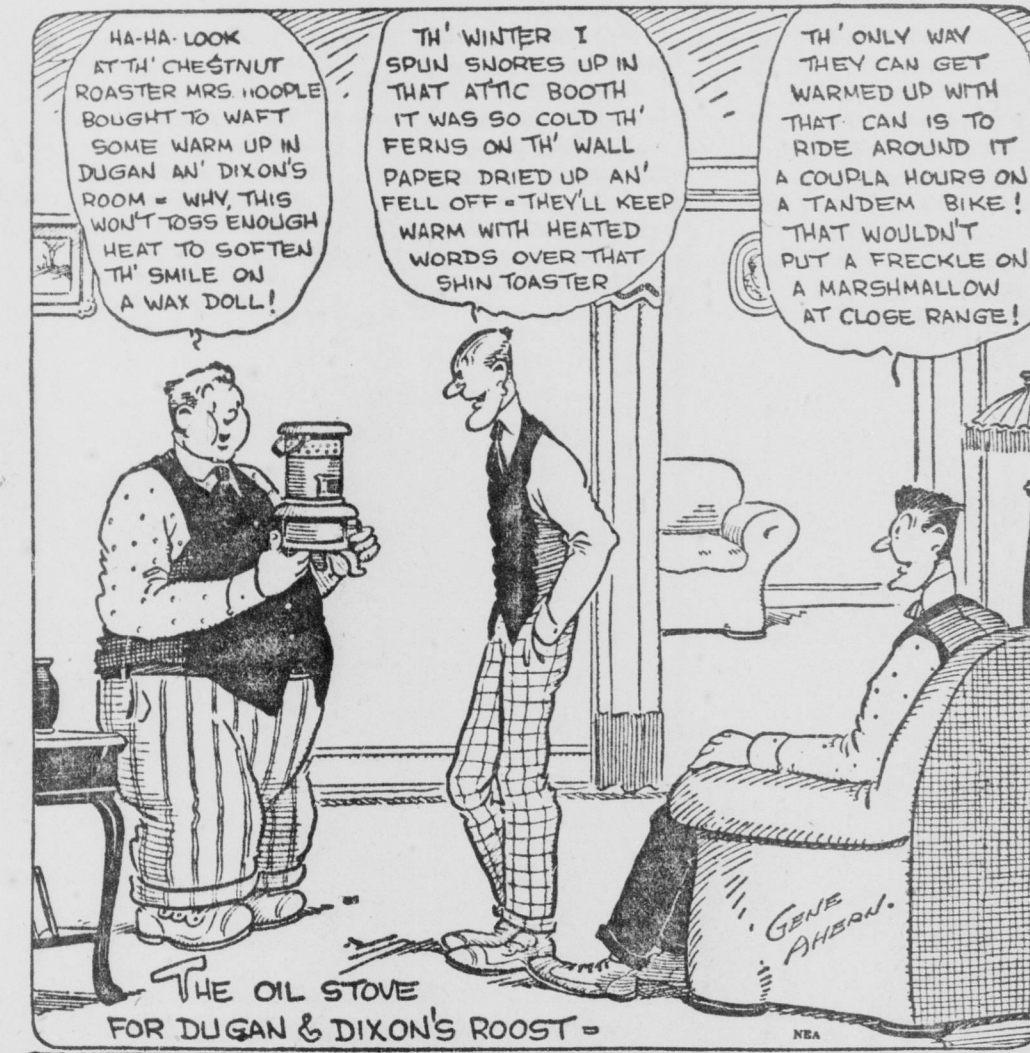


## Sing This In The Smoker



—By AL POSEN

## OUR BOARDING HOUSE—By AHERN



THE OIL STOVE FOR DUGAN & DIXON'S ROOST =

"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 struggle 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

lounched 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 folds, 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 indistinguishable. His blond hair was

brushed back unperturbed from his forehead. Another swift survey of the

slight figure disclosed a pair of patent leather pumps. His socks, re-

vealed at the ankles, were scarlet. Dan was unfamiliar with the manage-

ment of such establishments as this, and he wondered whether this might not

be an upper servant of a new species peculiar to homes of wealth. He

leaned on his stick with his 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

patched about his business. At a moment when the silence became op-

pressive 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)