

# ALICE ADAMS

by BOOTH TARKINGTON

Second novel in the Times series by Indiana writers  
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WALTER cleared his throat and replied in a tone as quiet as that he had used before, though with a slight huskiness, "I got to have \$350. You better get him to give it to me if you can."

Adams found his voice. "Yes," he said, bitterly. "That's all he asks! He won't do anything I ask him to, and in return he asks me for \$350! That's all!"

"What in the world?" Mrs. Adams exclaimed. "What for, Walter?"

"I got to have it," Walter said.

"But what for?"

His quiet huskiness did not alter.

"I got to have it."

"But can't you tell us—"

"I got to have it."

"That's all you can get out of him," Adams said. "He seems to think it'll bring him in three hundred and fifty dollars!"

A faint tremulousness became evident in the husky voice. "Haven't you got it?"

"No, I haven't got it!" his father answered. "And I've got to go to a bank for more than my payroll next week. Do you think I'm a mint?"

"I don't understand what you mean, Walter," Mrs. Adams interposed, perplexed and distressed. "If you father had the money, of course he'd need every cent of it, especially just now, and, anyhow, you could scarcely expect him to give it to you, unless you told us what you want him for. But he hasn't got it."

"All right," Walter said; and after standing a moment more in silence, he added, impersonally, "I don't see as you ever did anything much for me, anyhow—either of you."

Then, as if this were his valedictory, he turned his back upon them, walked away quickly, and was at once lost to their sight in the darkness.

"There's a fine boy to've had the trouble of raising," Adams grumbled. "Just crazy, that's all."

"What in the world do you suppose he wants all that money for?" his wife said, wondering. "I can't imagine what he could do with it. I wonder if he—"

"If he what?" Adams prompted her irritably.

"If he could have bad—associates."

"God knows!" said Adams. "I don't! It just looks to me like he had some these in him. I don't understand. You can't keep your eye on boy all the time in a city this size, not a boy Walter's age. You got a girl pretty much in the house, but a boy'll follow his nature. I don't know what to do with him!"

Mrs. Adams brightened a little. He'll come out all right," she said. "I'm sure he will. I'm sure he'll never be anything all right about the glue-works, too; you see. Of course every young man wants money. It doesn't prove he's doing anything wrong just because he asks you for it."

"All it proves to me is that he hasn't got good sense—asking me for \$350, when he knows as well as you do the position I'm in! If I wanted to, I couldn't hardly let him have \$350 cents, let alone dollars!"

"I'm afraid you'll have to let me

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## DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—



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—By AL POSEN

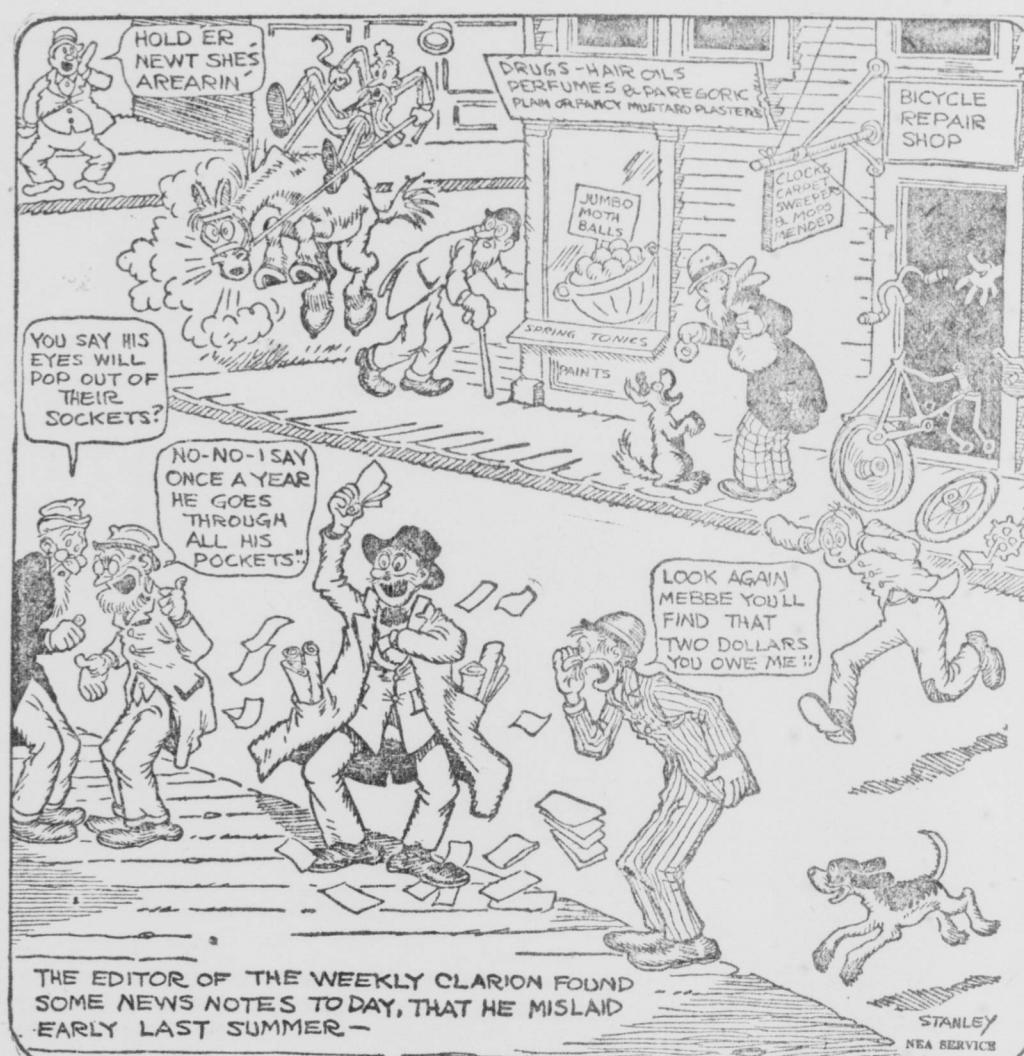
## THEM DAYS IS GONE FOREVER—



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THE OLD HOME TOWN—By STANLEY



THE EDITOR OF THE WEEKLY CLARION FOUND SOME NEWS NOTES TODAY, THAT HE MISLAIRED EARLY LAST SUMMER—



MISS CHURCH TOOK THE MAJOR OVER FOR THREE STRAIGHT GAMES IN ONE HOUR FLAT—

NEA SERVICE

had been too sleepy to take off his clothes. Near the foot of the bed was a shallow closet where he kept his "other suit" and his evening clothes; and the door stood open, showing a bare wall. Nothing whatever was in the closet, and Alice was rather surprised at this for a moment. "That's queer," she murmured; and then she decided that when he woke her he would have come home so late that he had put on his "other suit," and had gone out before breakfast with the mussed clothes to have them pressed, taking his evening things with them. Satisfied with this explanation, and failing to observe that it did not account for the absence of shoes from the closet floor, she nodded absently, "Yes, that must be thought we'd have little sandwiches for dinner, the way you said they did not delay over this; the colored woman had arrived, and the basket's disclosures were important.

"I stopped at Worl's on the way back," said Mrs. Adams, flushed with hurry and excitement. "I bought can of caviar there. I thought it would be nice. We can make them look very dainty, on a tray, and the waitress can bring them in. I thought we'd have the soup already on the table, and we can walk right out as soon as we have the sandwiches, so it won't get cold. Then, after the soup, Malena says she can make sweetbread pates with mushrooms; and for the meat course we'll have larded fillet. Malena's really a fancy cook, you know, and she says she can do anything like that to perfection. We'll have peas with the fillet, and potato balls and Brussels sprouts. Brussels sprouts are fashion-

able now, they told me at market. Then will come the chicken salad, and after that the ice cream—she's going to make an angel food cake to go with it—and then coffee and crackers and a new kind of cheese I got at Worl's, he says is very fine."

Alice was alarmed. "Don't you think perhaps it's too much, mama?"

(To Be Continued.)