

The Magnificent Ambersons By Booth Tarkington

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A DARK-EYED LITTLE BEAUTY OF NINETEEN.

Synopsis—Major Amberson had made a fortune in 1873 when other people were losing fortunes, and the magnificence of the Ambersons began then. Major Amberson laid out a 200-acre "development," with roads and statuary, and in the center of a four-acre tract, on Amberson avenue, built for himself the most magnificent mansion Midland City had ever seen.

CHAPTER II—Continued.

"Your sister stole it for me!" George instantly replied, checking the pony. "She stole it off our clothesline an' gave it to me." "You go get your hair cut!" said the stranger hotly. "Yah! I haven't got any sister!" "I know you haven't at home," George responded. "I mean the one that's in jail."

him, would they? He doesn't even know you, does he, mamma? "That hasn't anything to do with it." "Yes, it has! I mean: none of the Amberson family go to see him, and they never have him come in their house; they wouldn't ask him to, and prob'ly wouldn't even let him."

CHAPTER III.

Until he reached the age of twelve George's education was a domestic process; tutors came to the house, and those citizens who yearned for his taking down often said: "Just wait till he has to go to public school; then he'll get it!" But at twelve George was sent to a private school in the town, and there came from this small and independent institution no report, or even rumor, of George's getting anything that he was thought to deserve; therefore the yearning still persisted, though growing gaunt with feeding upon itself.

face, conscious of its importance, but persuasive rather than arrogant, and not without tokens of sufferings withstood. The Major's short white hair was parted in the middle, like his grandson's, and in all he stood as briskly equipped to the fashion as the exquisite young George.

Isabel, standing between her father and her son, caused a vague amazement in the mind of the latter. Her age, just under forty, was for George a thought of something as remote as the moons of Jupiter; he could not possibly have conceived such an age ever coming to be his own: five years was the limit of his thinking in time.

connection by marriage with the Ambersons he never had worn and never would wear a smaller-tall coat. Members of his family had exerted their influence uselessly—at eighty-nine conservative people seldom form radical new habits, and old John wore his "Sunday suit" of black broadcloth to the Amberson ball.

Presently George's mortification was increased to hear this sawmill droning harshly from the midst of the thickening crowd: "Ain't the dancin' broke out yet, Fanny? Hoopla! Let's push through and go see the young women folks crack their heels! Start the circus! Hoopsey-daisy!" Miss Fanny Minafer, in charge of the lively veteran, was almost as distressed as her nephew George, but she did her duty and managed to get old John through the press and out to the broad stairway, which numbers of young people were now ascending to the ballroom.



George Danced Well and Miss Morgan Seemed to Float.

able part of this festival, and although there were a dozen or more middle-aged men present, not casually to be distinguished from him in general aspect, he was probably the last person in the big house at whom a stranger would have glanced twice. It did not enter George's mind to mention to Miss Morgan that this was his father, or to say anything whatever about him.

Mr. Minafer shook his son's hand unobtrusively in passing. "I'll take Uncle John home," he said in a low voice. "Then I guess I'll go on home myself—I'm not a great hand at parties, you know. Good night, George."

"Old times starting all over again! My Lord!" (TO BE CONTINUED)



"Pull Down Your Vest, You Ole Billy-geat."

"Dear Madam: Your son has caused a painful distress in my household. He made an unprovoked attack upon a little nephew of mine who is visiting in my household, insulted him by calling him vicious names and falsehoods, stating that ladies of his family were in jail. He then tried to make his pony kick him, and when the child, who is only eleven years old, while your son is much older and stronger, endeavored to avoid his indignities and withdrew quietly, he pursued him into the inclosure of my property and brutally assaulted him.

people glanced at him with great distaste thereafter, when they chanced to encounter him, which meant nothing to George, because he innocently believed most grown people to be necessarily cross looking as a normal phenomenon resulting from the adult stage; and he failed to comprehend that the distasteful glances had any personal bearing upon himself. If he had perceived such a bearing he would have been affected only so far, prob-

One for Mamma. I sent my small daughter into the front room to do some dusting. Not hearing her around, I stepped quietly into the room and found her sitting idly by the window with her work unfinished. I said to her: "Don't you know Satan finds work for idle hands to do?" She quickly replied: "He must be something like you." Exchange.