

POSTMASTERS MAY BE PLACED ON CIVIL LIST

Godwin Hears Proponent of Bill to Abolish Patronage in Postal Service.

Washington, April 1.—A very important hearing was begun before the house committee on reform in the civil service when Chairman Godwin today heard Congressman Tinkham on his bill to place first, second and third class postmasters under the civil service.

There is no doubt that under the present system of naming postmasters the best man is seldom given the job. That is certain unless the best man happens to carry enough political backing to insure his appointment.

Should the Tinkham bill become a law the postmaster of the largest cities as well as the smallest would have to stand a competitive examination.

In the opinion of Postmaster General Barleson, it is said, the bill has a great deal of merit. He may make a statement approving the measure, it is reported.

Senator Simmons said today that he has no idea that Congress will adjourn before the middle of August or the first of September.

SCHOOLGIRL ENDS LIFE.

Reading of Innocent Note to Boy Before Class Causes Suicide.

Hartford, Conn.—Cady Stone, fourteen years old, committed suicide by drinking poison because her school-teacher had read to the class in a grammar school an intercepted note in which the girl had invited a boy friend to attend a social party at a church.

The girl took the affair to heart, purchased poison at a drug store and then swallowed it at her home. She wrote a note to her mother asking forgiveness.

Lost Letters of Wagner. The first tenor who won Wagner's admiration, Tichatschek, left to his daughter when he died a number of letters written to him by the great composer, whose Rienzi he created.

Doing Well. Six—How are you making out on your resolution to economize? Dix—Fine! I've got my running expense slowed down to a walk.

The TURMOIL NOVEL BY BOOTH TARKINGTON AUTHOR OF "MONSIEUR BEAUCAIRE" "THE CONQUEST OF CANAAN" "PENROD" ETC. COPYRIGHT 1916 BY HARPER & BROTHERS.

(Continued from page Two.)

Kitterbays and the J. Palmerston Smiths.

"Strange names to me," he interrupted. "Poor things! None of them have my acquaintance."

"No, that's just it!" she cried. "And papa had never even heard the name of Vertrees! Mrs. Vertrees went with



"Papa Had Never Even Heard of the Name of Vertrees."

some antismoke committee to see him, and he told her that smoke was what made her husband bring home his wages from the pay roll on Saturday night! He told us about it, and I thought I just couldn't live through the night, I was so ashamed! Mr. Vertrees has always lived on his income, and papa didn't know him, of course.

"And you think if I spend this goodly amount of money on the first shooting Dan'l Boone's gun, the chances that they will call—"

"Papa knows what a break he made with Mrs. Vertrees. I made him understand that," said Edith, demurely, "and he's promised to try and meet Mr. Vertrees and be nice to him. Bobby Lamborn told Sibyl he was going to bring his mother to call on her and on mamma; but it was weeks ago, and I notice he hasn't done it; and if Mrs. Vertrees decides not to know us, I'm darn sure Mrs. Lamborn'll never come. That's one thing Sibyl didn't manage! She said Bobby offered to bring his mother—"

"You say he is a friend of Roscoe's?" Bibbs asked.

"Oh, he's a friend of the whole family," she returned, with a petulance which she made no effort to disguise. "Roscoe and he got acquainted somewhere, and they take him to the theater about every night. Sibyl has him to lunch, too, and keeps—"

White-jacket, racially sympathetic, lowered the window shades and made an exit on tiptoe, encountering the other white-jacket—the harassed overseer—in the hall without. Said the emerging one: "Ho mighty shaky, Mist' Jackson. Drop right down an' shet his eyes. Eyelids all black. Rich folks gotta go same as anybody else. Anybody ast me if I change 'th' 'at ole boy—No, sah! Le'm keep 'is money; I keep my black skin an' keep out the ground!"

Mr. Jackson expressed the same preference. "Yessuh, he look tuh me like somebody already laid out—"

"He fell silent at a rustling of skirts in the corridor. It was Mrs. Sheridan hurrying to greet her son.

She was one of those fat, pink people who glide and contract with age like drying fruit; and her outside was a true portrait of her. Her husband had her daughter had long ago she had her. Edith lived all day with her mother, as daughters do; and so she had her wife to her unit that she had 1916-17-18.

CHAPTER III.

It was gray stone, with long roofs of thick green slate. An architect who loved the milder "Gothic motives" had built what he liked: it was to be seen at once that he had been left unhampered, and he had wrought a picture out of his head into a noble and exultant reality.

Altogether, the new house was a success. It was one of those architect's successes which leave the owners vexed in privacy; it revealed nothing of the people who lived in it save that they were rich. In our swelling cities rich families, one after another, take title and occupy such houses as fortunes rise and fall—they mark the high tide.

"Edith, did you say only eleven feet?" Bibbs panted, staring at it, as the white-jacketed twin of a Pullman porter helped him to get out of his overcoat.

"Eleven without the frame," she explained. "It's splendid, don't you think? It lightens things up so. The hall was kind of gloomy before."

"No gloom now!" said Bibbs.

"This statue in the corner is pretty, too," she remarked. "Mamma and I bought that." And Bibbs turned at her direction to behold, amid a grove of tubed palms, a "life-size," black-bearded Moor, of a plastic composition painted with unobtainable gloss and brilliancy.

"Hallelujah!" was the sole comment of the returned wanderer, and Edith, saying she would "find mamma," left him blinking at the Moor. Presently, after she had disappeared, he turned to the colored man who stood waiting, Bibbs' traveling bag in his hand.

"What do you think of it?" Bibbs asked, solemnly.

"Gran!" replied the servant. "She mighty hard to dus'. Dus' git in all 'em wrinkles. Yessuh, she mighty hard to dus'."

"I expect she must be," said Bibbs, his glance returning reflectively to the black full board for a moment. "Is there a place anywhere I could lie down?"

"Yessuh. We got one nem spare rooms all fix up fo' you, sah. Right up stairs, sah. Nice room."

He led the way, and Bibbs followed slowly, stopping at intervals to rest, and using a heavy increase in the staff of service since the exodus from the "old" house. Maid and scrub women were at work under the patiently nominal direction of another Pullman porter, who was profusely enjoying his own affectation of being harassed with care.

"Ev'rything got look spick an' span fo' the big doin's tonight," Bibbs' guide explained, chuckling. "Yessuh, we got big doin's tonight! Big doin's!" The room to which he conducted his lagging charge was furnished in every particular like a room in a new hotel; and Bibbs found it pleasant—though, indeed, any room with a good bed would have seemed pleasant to him after his journey. He stretched himself flat immediately, and having replied "Not now" to the attendant's offer to unpack the bag, closed his eyes wearily.

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He fell silent at a rustling of skirts in the corridor. It was Mrs. Sheridan hurrying to greet her son.

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Edith looked at me, and she said, 'You don't feel too bad, do you?'

scious of her existence as a thing separate from his.

Mrs. Sheridan's manner was hurried and incoherent; her clothes rustled more than other women's clothes; she seemed to wear too many at a time and to be vaguely troubled by them, and she was patting a skirt down over some unruly internal dissection at the moment she opened Bibbs' door.

"Don't go, mother," he said. "I'm not asleep." He swung his long legs over the side of the bed to rise, but she set a hand on his shoulder, restraining him; and he lay flat again.

"No," she said, bending over to kiss his cheek. "I just came for a minute, but I want to see how you seem. Edith said—"

"Poor Edith!" he murmured. "She couldn't look at me. She—"

"Nonsense!" Mrs. Sheridan, having let in the light at a window, came back to the bedside. "You look a great deal better than what you did before you went to the sanitarium, anyway. It's done you good; a body can see that right away. You need fattin' up, of course, and you haven't got much color—"

"No," he said, "I haven't much color."

"You look a great deal better than what I expected."

"Edith must have a great vocabulary!" he chuckled.

"She's too sensitive," said Mrs. Sheridan, "and it makes her exaggerate a little. What about your diet?"

"That's all right. They told me to eat anything."

"That's good," she said, nodding. "They mean for you just to build up your strength. That's what they told me the last time I went to see you at the sanitarium. You look better than what you did then, and that's only a little time ago. How long was it?"

"Eight months, I think."

"No, it couldn't be. I know it ain't that long, but maybe it was longer 'n I thought. And this last month or so I haven't had scarcely even time to write more than just a line to ask how you were gettin' along, but I told Edith to write, the weeks I couldn't, and I asked Jim, too, and they both said they would, so I suppose you've kept up pretty well on the home news."

"Oh, yes."

"What I think you need," said the



"You Look a Great Deal Better Than What I Expected."

mother, gravely. "Is it even up a little and like an interest in things. That's what papa was sayin' this morning, after we got your telegram; and that's what'll stimulate your appetite, too. He was talkin' over his plans for you—"

"Plans?" Bibbs, turning on his side, shielded his eyes from the light with his hand, so that he might see her better. "What—?" He paused. "What plans is he making for me, mother?"

She turned away, going back to the window to draw down the shade. "Well, you better talk it over with him," she said, with perceptible nervousness. "He better tell you himself. I don't feel as if I had any call, exactly, to go into it; and you better get to sleep now, anyway."

She came and stood by the bedside once more. "But you must remember, Bibbs, whatever papa does is for the best. He loves his children and wants to do what's right by all of 'em—and you'll always find he's right in the end."

He made a little gesture of assent, which seemed to content her; and she rustled to the door, turning to speak again after she had opened it. "You get a good nap, now, so as to be all rested up for tonight."

"You—you mean—?" Bibbs stammered, having begun to speak too quickly. Checking himself, he drew a long breath, then asked, quietly, "Does father expect me to come downstairs this evening?"

"Well, I think he does," she answered. "You see, it's the house warming, as he calls it, and he said he thought all our children ought to be present, as well as the old friends."

"You don't feel too bad, do you?"

"Take a good look at me," he said.

"Oh, see here!" she cried with brusque cheerfulness. "You're not so bad off as you think you are, Bibbs. You're on the mend, and it won't do you any harm to please your—"

"It isn't that," he interrupted. "Honestly, I'm only afraid it might spoil somebody's appetite. Edith—"

"I told you the child was too sensitive," she interrupted, in turn. "You're a plenty good-lookin' enough young man for anybody! You look like you been through a long spell and begun to get well, and that's all there is to it."

"All right. I'll come to the party, if the rest of you can stand it, I can!"

"I'll do you good," she returned, rustling into the hall. "Now take a nap, and I'll send one of the help to wake you in time for you to get dressed up before dinner. You go to sleep right away, now, Bibbs!"

He woke refreshed, stretched himself gingerly—as one might have a cure against too quick or too long a pull upon a frayed elastic—and, getting to his feet, went blinking to the window and touched the shade so that it flew up, letting in a pale sunset.

He looked out into the lemon-colored light and smiled wistfully at the next house, as Edith's grandiose phrase came to mind, "the old Vertrees country mansion." It stood in a broad lawn which was separated from the Sheridans' by a young hedge; and it was a big, square, plain old box of a house with a giant salt-cellar atop for a cupola. But had been spared for a long time, and no one could have put a name to the color of it, but in spite of that the place had no look of being out at heel, and the award was as neatly trimmed as the Sheridans' own.

Directly opposite the window the Vertrees' lawn had been graded so as



Staring Full Into His Window.

to make a little knoll upon which stood a small rustic "summer house." It was almost on a level with Bibbs' window and not thirty feet away. Probably the "summer house" was pleasant and pretty in summer. But now in the thin light it was desolate, the color of dust, and hung with haggard vines which had lost their leaves.

Bibbs looked at it with grave sympathy, probably feeling some kinship with anything so dismantled. Then he turned to a clerical glass beside the window and paid himself the dubious tribute of a thorough inspection. Throughout this cryptic scene his manner was profoundly impersonal, but it was apparent to become possible. He shook his head solemnly; then went again and shook his head again, and continued to gaze it slowly, in complete disapproval.

"You certainly are one horrible sight!" he said, aloud.

And at that he was instantly aware of an observer. Turning quickly, he was vouchsafed the picture of a charming lady, framed in a rustic aperture of the "summer house"; and staring full into his window—straight into his eyes, too, for the infinitesimal fraction of a second before the flashingly censorious withdrawal of her own. Compassively, she pulled several dead twigs from a vine, her action conveying a proclamation to the effect that she was a the summer house for the sole purpose of suchlike pruning and tending.

Having pulled enough twigs to emphasize her unconsciousness—and at the same time her disapproval—of everything in the nature of a Sheridan or belonging to a Sheridan, she descended the knoll with unobtrusive composure, and sauntered toward a side door of the country mansion of the Vertreeses. An elderly lady, bonneted and gloaked, opened the door and came to meet her.

"Are you ready, Mary? I've been looking for you. What were you doing?"

"Nothing. Just looking into one of Sheridan's windows," said Mary Vertrees. "I got caught at it."

"Mary!" cried her mother. "Just as we were going to call! Good heavens!"

"Well, go, just the same," the daughter returned. "I suppose these women would be glad to have us if we burned their house to the ground."

"But who saw you?" insisted Mrs. Vertrees.

"One of the sons, I suppose. I was believe he's insane, or something. At least I hear they keep him in a sanitarium somewhere, and never talk about him. He was staring at himself

(CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.)

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