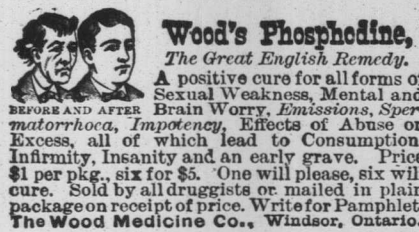


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## The Gentleman From Indiana

By BOOTH TARKINGTON

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Soon she smiled at the blue ribbon, patted the chair gaily on the back and, seizing upon pencil and pad, dashed into her work with rare energy. She bent low over the desk, her pencil moving rapidly. She seemed loath to pause for breath. She had covered many sheets when Fiske returned, and as he came in softly in order not to disturb her she was so deeply engrossed that she did not hear him, nor did she look up when Parker entered, but pursued the formulation of her fast flying ideas with the same single purpose and abandon. So the two men sat and waited while their chieftainess wrote absently. At last she glanced up and made a little startled exclamation at seeing them there and then gave



With the humblest, proudest grace in the world.

them cheery greeting. Each placed several scribbled sheets before her, and she, having first assured herself that Fiske had bought his overcoats, and having expressed a fear that Mr. Parker had found her umbrellas too small, as he looked damp (and indeed he was damp), cried praises on their notes and offered the reporters great applause.

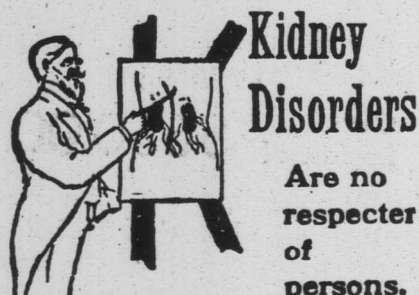
"It is all so splendid!" she cried. "How could you do it so quickly? And in the rain too! It is just what we need. I've done most of the things I mentioned, I think, and made a draft of some plans for hereafter. Doesn't it seem to you that it would be a good notion to have a woman's page—'For Feminine Readers' or 'Of Interest to Women'—once a week?"

"A woman's page!" exclaimed Fiske. "I could never have thought of that. Could you, Mr. Parker?"

Before that day was over systems had been introduced, and the Herald was running on it, and all that warm rainy afternoon the editor and Fiske worked in the editorial rooms. Parker and Bud and Mr. Schofield (after his return with the items and a contents message from Ephraim Watts) bent over the forms downstairs, and Uncle Xenophon was cleaning the store room and scrubbing the floor. An extraordinary number of errands took the various members of the printing force up to see the editor in chief, literally to see the editor in chief. It was hard to believe that the presence had not dawned, hard to keep believing without the repeated testimony of sight that the dingy room upstairs was actually the setting for their jewel, and a jewel they seemed to sit up great commotion among the others. All the voices burst forth at once in exclamations, almost shouts. Then Minnie saw her father, seated on the porch, and she struck the table a great blow with his clenched fist. "Will I make the nominating speech?" he cried. "I'd walk from here to Rouen and back again to do it."

"We'll swing out!" exclaimed Mr. Keating of Amo. "The wonderful thing is that nobody thought of this before. There are just two difficulties—Halloway and our man himself. He wouldn't let his name be used against Kedge. Therefore we've got to work it quietly and keep it from him."

"It's not too difficult," said the speaker, Mr. Boswell. "All we've got to do is to spring it as a surprise on the convention. Some of the old crowd themselves will be swept along with us when we make our nomination, and you want to stuff your ears with cotton. You see, all we need to do is to pass the word quietly among the Halloway people and the shaky McCune people. Rod may get wind of it, but you can't fix men in this district against us when they know what we mean to do now. On the first ballot we'll give Halloway every vote he'd have got if he'd run against McCune alone. It will



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The day wore on, wet and dreary outside, but all within the Herald's bosom was snug and busy and murmurous with the healthy thrumming of life and prosperity renewed. Toward 6 o'clock, system accomplished, the new guiding spirit was deliberating on a policy, as Harkness would conceive a policy were he there, when Minnie Briscoe ran joyously up the stairs, plunged into the room water-proofed and radiant and caught her friend's hand, eager arms and put out to policy for that day.

But policy and labor did not end at twilight every day. There were evenings, as in the time of Harkness, when lamps shone free the upper windows of the Herald building; for the little editor worked hard, and sometimes she worked late; she always worked early. She made some mistakes at first and one or two blunders which she took much more seriously than any one else did. But she found a remedy for all such results of her inexperience, and she developed experience. She set at her task with the energy of her youthfulness and no limit to her ambition, and she felt that Harkness had prepared the way for a wide expansion of the paper's interests, wider than he knew. She brought a fresh point of view to operate in a situation where he had fallen perhaps too much in the rut, and she watched every chance with a keen eye and looked ahead of her with clear foresight. What she waited and yearned for and dreamed was the time when a copy of the new Herald should be placed in the trembling hands of the man who lay in the Rouen hospital. Then she felt if he, unaware of her identity as he was and as he was to be kept, should place credence in her hands unreservedly, that would be a tribute to her work. And how hard she would labor to deserve it!

After a time she began to see that as his representative and editor of the Herald she had become a factor in district politics. It took her breath, but with a gasp of delight, for there was something she wanted to do. Rodney McCune had lifted his head, and the friends of his stricken enemy felt that he and the cause that Harkness had labored for were lost without the leader, for the old ring that the Herald had beaten rallied around McCune. "The boys were in line again." Every one knew that Halloway, a dull but honest man, the most available material that Harkness had been able to find, was already beaten. If John Harkness had been "on the ground to work for him," it is true, the nomination could have received the nomination again, but as matters stood he was beaten and beaten badly, and Rodney McCune would sit in congress, for nomination meant election.

But one afternoon the Harknesses, weary, demoralized, broken, hopeless, woke up to find that they had a leader. Minnie Briscoe, sitting on the porch, pretending to sew, heard Helen's voice, clear, soft and trembling a little with excitement. She talked for only two or three minutes, but what she said seemed to stir up great commotion among the others. All the voices burst forth at once in exclamations, almost shouts. Then Minnie saw her father, seated on the porch, and she struck the table a great blow with his clenched fist. "Will I make the nominating speech?" he cried. "I'd walk from here to Rouen and back again to do it."

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help him to understand how things were afterward. On the second ballot—why, we nominate. Of course it can't be helped that Halloway has to be kept in the dark, too, but he's got to be."

"There's one danger," said Warren Smith. "Kedge Halloway is honest, but I believe he's selfish enough to disturb his best friend's deathbed for his own ends. It's not unlikely that he will get nervous toward the last and be telegraphing Harkness to have himself carried on a cot to the convention to save him. That wouldn't do at all, of course. And Miss Sherwood thinks maybe there'd be less danger if we set the convention a little ahead of the day appointed. It's dangerous, because it shortens our time, but we can fix it for three days before the day we'd settled on, and that will bring it to Sept. 7."

"It's a great plan," said Mr. Boswell, who was an oratorical gentleman. He thrust one hand in his breast, raised the other toward heaven and continued, "For the name of Harkness shall!"

"Wait a minute," said Keating. "I'd like to hear from the Herald about this policy, if Miss Sherwood will tell us."

"Yes, indeed," she answered. "It will be very simple. Don't you think there

is only one course to pursue? We will advocate no one very energetically, but we will print as much of the truth about Mr. McCune as we can, with delicacy and honor in this case; but as I understand it the work is almost all to be done among the delegates. We shall not mention our plan at all, and we shall not receive his copy of the paper containing the notice of the change of date, and I think the chance of its seeing it in any Rouen paper may be avoided. That's all I think."

"Thank you," said Keating. "That is certainly the course to follow." Every one nodded or acquiesced in words, and Keating and Boswell came over to Helen and engaged her in conversation. The others began to look about for their hats, vaguely preparing to leave.

"Wait a minute," said the judge. "There's no train due just now." And Minnie appeared in the doorway with a big pitcher of crab apple cider, rich and amber hued, sparkling, cold and redolent of the sweet smelling orchard where it was born. Behind Miss Briscoe came Mildred Upton with glasses and a fat, shaking, four storied jelly cake on a second tray. The judge passed his cigars around, and the gentlemen took them blithely, then hesitatingly held them in their fingers and glanced at the ladies, uncertain of permission.

"Let me get you some matches," Helen said quickly, and found a box on the table and handed them to Keating. Every one sat beaming, and fragrant waifs of smoke spiraled the room.

"Why do you call her Miss Sherwood?" Boswell whispered in Keating's ear.

"That's her name."

"Ain't she the daughter of that old fellow over there by the window? Aint her name Fiske?"

"No, she's his daughter, but her legal name's Sherwood. She's an adoptee."

"Great Scott! I know all about that. I'd like to know if there's a man, woman or child in this part of the country that doesn't. I guess it won't be Fiske or Sherwood either very long. She can easily get a new name, that lady. And if she took a fancy to Boswell, why, I'm a buck!"

"I expect she won't take a fancy to Boswell very early," said Keating.

"Go way," returned Mr. Boswell. "What do you want to say that for? Can't you bear for anybody to be happy a minute or two now and then?"

Warren Smith approached Helen and inquired if it would be asking too much if he petitioned her for some music, and she went to the piano and sang some dainty songs for them, with a quaint suggestion of the dialect. Two or three old fashioned negro melodies of Foster, followed by some rollicking modern imitations, with the movement and spirit of a tin shop falling down a flight of stairs. Her audience listened in delight from the first. But the latter songs quite overcame them with pleasure and admiration, and before she finished every head in the room was nodding from side to side and forward and back in time to the music, while every foot shuffled the measures on the carpet.

When the gentlemen from out of town discovered that it was time to leave if they meant to catch their train Helen asked them to wait, and they gathered around her.

"Before you go," she said, "and she poured all the glasses full to the brim. Then, as she stood in the center of the circle they made around her, she said: 'Before you go, please, I pledge each other to our success in this good home grown Indiana cider that leaves

our heads clear and our arms strong! If you will—then—' She began to blush furiously, and her voice trembled, but she lifted the glass high over her head and cried bravely, 'Here's to our candidate!'

The big men, towering over her, threw back their heads and quaffed the gentle liquor to the last drop. Then they sent up the first shout of the campaign and cheered till the rafters rang.

"My friends," said Mr. Keating as he and Boswell and the men from Gaines drove away from the brick house—"my friends, here is where I begin the warmest hustling I ever did. Now, I guess we all think this is a great plan!"

"It is a glorious idea," said Mr. Boswell. "The name of Harkness—"

Keating drowned the oratory: "But that isn't all. That little girl wants it to succeed, and that settles it. He goes."

That night Mr. Parker, at work in the printing office, perceived the figure of Mr. Tipworthy beckoning him mysteriously from the pavement.

"What's the matter, Buddie?"

"Listen. She's singin' over her work."

Fiske stepped outside. On the pavement people had stopped to listen. They stood in the shadow, looking up with parted lips at the open, lighted windows whence came a clear, soft, reaching voice, lifted melodically in song. Now it swelled louder unconsciously; now its volume was more slender, and it melted liquidly into the night; again it trembled and rose and dwelt in the ear, strong and pure, and hearing it, you sighed with unknown longings. It was the "Angels' Serenade."

But Tipworthy's sister, Cynthia, was with him, and Parker saw that she turned from the window and that she was crying quietly. She put her hand on the boy's shoulder and patted it with a forlorn gesture which to the foreman's eye was as graceful as it was sad. He moved closer to Bud, and his big hand fell on Cynthia's brother's other shoulder as he realized that red hair could look pretty sometimes, and he wondered why the editor's singing made Cynthia cry, and at the same time he decided to be mighty good to Bud henceforth. The spell of night and song was on him; that and something more, for it is a strange, inexplicable fact that the most practical chief ever known to the Herald had a singularly sentimental influence over her subordinates from the moment of her arrival. Under Harkness' domination there had been no more steadfast bachelors in Carleton than Ros Schindler and Caleb Parker, and like timorous youths in a graveyard, daring and mocking the ghosts in order to assuage their own fears, they had so glibly and jeered at the married state that there was talk of urging the minister to preach at them, but now let it be recorded that at the moment Caleb laid his hand on Bud's other shoulder his associate, Mr. Schindler, was enjoying a walk in the far end of town with a widow, and it is not to be doubted that Mr. Tipworthy's heart also was no longer in his possession, though, as it was after a week, the damsel of his desire had probably long since retired to her couch.

For a faint light on the cause of these spells we must turn to comment made by the invaluable Mr. Martin some time afterward. Referring to the lady whose voice he was now listening in all ears, which shows how great the enthralling of her voice was, he said, "When you saw her or heard her or managed to be around anywhere she was, why, if you couldn't get up no hope of marryin' her you wanted to marry somebody."

Mr. Lige Willets, riding idly by, drew rein in front of the lighted windows and listened with the others. Presently he leaned from his horse and whispered to a man near him, "I know that song."

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## "MEATS THAT SATISFY"

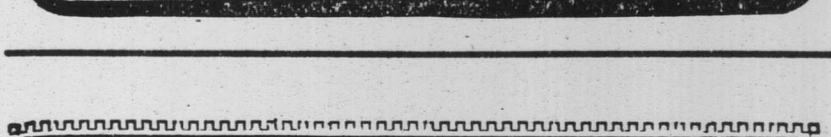
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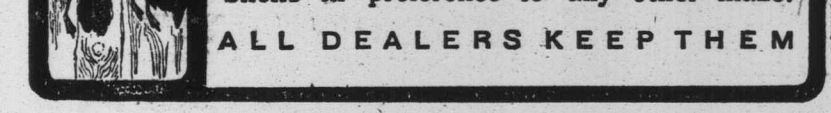
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