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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 absorbedly. 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

them cheery greeting. Each placed several scribbled sheets before her, and she, having first assured herself that Fiske had bought his overboots, 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?"

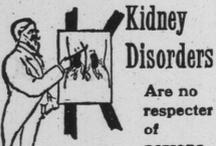
"A woman's page!" exclaimed Fiske. "I could never have thought of that. Could you, Mr. Parker?"

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 courteous message from Ephraim Watts) bent over the forms downstairs, and Uncle Xenophon was cleaning the storeroom 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 shown, 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 swore she was. The printers came down chuckling and gurgling after each interview. It was partly the thought that she belonged to the Herald, their paper. Once Ross, chuckling, looked up and caught the foreman giggling to himself.

"What in the name of common sense you laughin' at, Cale?" he asked.

"What are you laughin' at?" rejoined the other.

"I dunno."



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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 Harkless 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 H. her eager arms and put an end to policy for that day.

But policy and labor did not end at twilight every day. There were evenings, as in the time of Harkless, when lamps shone from 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 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 Harkless 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 everything 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 her representative, the most available material 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. Her representative, the most available material 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 and the cause that Harkless had labored for, and they 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 Harkless had been able to find, was already beaten. If John Harkless had been "on the ground to work for him," as he said, Halloway 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 Harkless forces, 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 swore she was. The printers came down chuckling and gurgling after each interview. It was partly the thought that she belonged to the Herald, their paper. Once Ross, chuckling, looked up and caught the foreman giggling to himself.

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"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's colleague, 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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"That's her name."

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

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"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 county that doesn't know I won't be Fiske or Sherwood either very long. She can easy get a new name, that lady. And if she took a fancy to Boswell, why, I'm a hunch!"

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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 by his own ends. It's not unlikely that he will get nervous toward the last and be telegraphing Harkless 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's bringing it to Sept. 4."

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

"Wait a minute," said Keating. "I'd like to hear from the Herald about his policy, if Miss Sherwood will take it."

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

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car 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. Bence. "The name of Harkless!"

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."

Parker 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, soothing voice, rising and falling 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."

Bud 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 foreman's 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 singular sentimental influence over his subordinates from the moment of her arrival. Under Harkless' domination there had been no more staidstarch bachelors in Carlowan Ross Schofield and Caleb Parker, and like timorous youths in 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 shoulder, his eyes were all Mr. Schofield, 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 8 o'clock, 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 to whose voice he was now listening in allude, 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 else 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 window 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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Fine fabrics and trimming alone won't produce fine clothing. Fit and shapeliness, and wear, too, depend on the hidden parts—the work you don't see.

This illustration shows the anatomy of "PROGRESS" Clothing. Note the shoulder and sleeve pads—the felt, hair cloth, and pure linen canvas, thoroughly shrunken.

All these parts are modeled by hand and held in shape by thousands of tiny stitches. It is only by hand work, by expert tailors, that "PROGRESS" Clothing gain their shapeliness, and hold their perfect form.

"PROGRESS" Clothing is the finest fabrics and best trimmings, moulded by specialists into permanent shape.

This label in every genuine "PROGRESS" Coat

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