

Magazine, Fiction

THE HOME Children's Corner

CONDENSED NOVEL SERIES

HAWTHORNE.

Nathaniel Hawthorne, American writer, was born in Salem, Mass., July 4, 1804. His earliest boyhood days were spent in Salem but when he was 14 years old, the family moved to Maine. Here the young lad continued the solitary walks of which he was so fond, but in the wilderness, "instead of the narrow streets of Salem. Even at this early date he had acquired a taste for writing, and carried a little blank-book in which he jotted down his notes. After a year in Maine, Hawthorne returned to Salem to prepare for college. He amused himself by publishing a manuscript periodical, and at times speculated upon the profession he would follow in the future. He wrote to his mother, "I do not want to be a doctor, and live my men's diseases, nor a minister to live by their sins, nor a lawyer to live by their quarrels. So I don't see that there is anything left for me but to be an author. How would you like, some day, to see a whole shelf full of books written by your son with 'Hawthorne's Works' printed on their backs?"

On a European visit he spent some time in Italy, and during his stay there he sketched out our elaborate work, and prepared it for the press while living in Leamington, England. The work, "The Marble Faun," the English edition of which was known as "Transformation, or the Romance of Monte Beni."

"THE MARBLE FAUN"

By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. (Condensation by Rev. Paul Revere Frothingham)

Four individuals were standing in the sculpture gallery of the capitol at Rome. Three of them were artists and had been simultaneously struck by a resemblance between one of the antique statues and a young Italian, the fourth member of their party.

"You must confess, Kenyon," said a dark-eyed young woman, whom her friends called Miriam, "that you never chiseled out of the marble a more vivid likeness than this. Our friend Donatello is the very Faun of Praxiteles. As it is not true, Hilda?" "No, no," replied Hilda, a slender New England girl whose perception of form was singularly clear. "Donatello," said Miriam, "you are a veritable faun. Shake aside those brown curls and let us see whether this resemblance includes furry ears."

"No, no, dearest Signorina," answered Donatello, "you must take my ears for granted, and be lightly tripped beyond the reach of her extended hand, only a moment later to come close to her and look into her face with appealing affection. "You have bewitched the poor lad," said the sculptor laughing. "That is a way of yours. I see another of your followers behind you pillar, and his presence has aroused Donatello's wrath."

Miriam's model, as Hilda called him, had suddenly appeared a few weeks previously when the four friends were visiting one of the Catacombs. In the dark depths of the earth, amid the labyrinth of passageways, Miriam had been lost. Guided by the shouts of the others she had finally reappeared accompanied by this strange and uncouth creature. And from that time on he continued constantly to haunt her footsteps, disappearing perhaps for days only to return and glide like a shadow into her life. What hold he had on her or she on him remained unknown, enhancing the mystery already deep, which hung about this beautiful woman.

One of Miriam's friends took the matter sadly to heart. This was the light-hearted, faun-like Italian count, who seemed such a child of nature. He cherished against this mysterious stranger one of those instinctive antipathies which the lower animals sometimes display. In the Medici Gardens the unwelcome creature had appeared among the trees just as Donatello was declaring his love for Miriam. "I hate him," muttered Donatello as he caught sight of the sinister figure. "He satisfied; I hate him, too," said Miriam. Whereupon Donatello had offered to clutch him by the throat, that they might be rid of him forever; and the woman had difficulty in restraining the gentle youth, whose hitherto light-hearted nature seemed suddenly suffused with rage. But it was otherwise a few nights later on a moonlight ramble that a company of artists were enjoying among the ruins of old Rome. The four friends were of the party, which, after visiting many places, climbed the Capitoline Hill and stood on the Tarpeian Rock. It was bordered by a low parapet. They all bent over the railing and looked down. Miriam and Donatello stood together gazing into the moonlit depths. They were so absorbed with the scene and with each other that they did not notice the departure of their friends. Hilda had gone off with Kenyon, who had drawn her quietly away, and the others had departed in twos and threes, leaving Miriam behind alone with the Italian. But not entirely alone. Hilda had gone but a short way with the sculptor when she missed her friend and turned back. She reached the courtyard with the parapet just in time to witness unnoticed a tragic scene. Out of the shadows the familiar figure of Miriam's persecutor had appeared and approached her. It was a struggle beginning and ending in one breathless instant. Along with it was a loud, fearful cry which quivered upward through the air and sank quivering downward to the earth. Then a silence. Poor Hilda saw the whole quick passage of a deed which took but little time to grave itself in the eternal adamant. She turned and fled unseen, and the lovers were indeed alone. "What have you done?" said Miriam in a horror-stricken whisper. "I did what ought to be done to a traitor," Donatello replied; "what he had made me do as I held the wretch over the precipice. The last words struck Miriam like a bullet. Had her eyes indeed provoked, or assented to this deed? She had not known it. But, alas! thinking back she could not deny that a wild joy had flamed up in her heart when she saw her persecutor in mortal peril. Yes, Donatello's had been the hand; but hers had been the look, except for which the hand had not been lifted. She turned to her fellow-criminal, the youth so lately innocent, whom she had drawn into her doom, and whose hand, close to her bosom, with a clinging embrace that brought their hearts together. "Yes, Donatello, you speak the truth," she said. "I am a traitor. The deed spots us together like the coil of a serpent." They threw one glance at the heap of death below to assure themselves that it was not all a dream—then turned onto the fatal precipice and made their way back into the city arm in arm and heart in heart.

ROYAL VISITOR GAVE UP THRONE FOR LOVE



PRINCE AAGE, who is to make an extensive tour of the United States, might have become king of Denmark but for love. He renounced his right to the throne when he married the Countess Calvi di Bergolo.

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CHIEF TAHAN TELLS CHILDREN HOW RAINBOW STOPS STORMS

And How a Little Lost Boy Was Saved

Chief Tahan stories for children are printed only in The Washington Herald.

BY CHIEF TAHAN, Of the Kiowa Indian Tribe. Now, let me think. For I was going to tell you boys one of the stories that the old folks used to tell Indian children. Oh, yes; now I remember.

It is the story of what makes the storm stop. But first come outside and sit down on the grass where we can see the growing things. Now, then, here is this little worm—the measuring worm. Take a good look at him.

Notice that he is not half as long as your little fingers—sometimes he is longer; and see, he has red and yellow stripes on his green body.

Notice, too, how he curves his back upward when he walks. Now, the measuring worm eats the colors out of the grass and flowers, so we say, and the colors come out on his body and make him beautiful. But when he takes the colors out of the flowers, they wither and die.

Well, the Rainbow is a big measuring worm. For does he not bow his back upward like that worm, and are not his colors like the colors of the flowers?

The rainbow is the chief of all of the measuring worms. There comes the time when the thunderbird and the rattlesnake have a fight up in the above (which, as I told you in the last story, makes the storm stop).

But the rainbow, who has been away getting the colors out of the flowers hears them fighting up there, and all at once he bows his back, walks up onto the cloud and makes a great squint. So he makes the storm stop.

"Children," old grandfather used to say to us, "you must never point your finger at the rainbow, for as he makes the flowers wither, so he makes the people wither, too. The rainbow is a grandfather. He used to say, 'and you must be respectful toward him; then he will be your friend.'"

In the far-away time, so the story goes, a boy was lost in a storm on the desert.

"Why are you crying, my grandchild?" a voice said. "I am lost," replied the boy. Pretty soon he saw the rainbow and he knew that it was the rainbow that had spoken to him.

"Do not cry," said the rainbow, "for I will help you."

Then the rainbow unbent his back, stooped low, and wrapped his beautiful robe around the boy.

"My footsteps are sometimes many, many days apart and I know the way," said the rainbow as he arched his back high on the cloud and carried the boy along as



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in the confessional at St. Peter's the story of the crime she had witnessed.

But for Miriam and Donatello the end was not yet reached. The sense of sin had awakened in the faun-like youth what human love could not assuage. Miriam could not rid him of the idea that he must surrender himself to justice. Kenyon had glimpses of the pair, now taking part in revelries, but again concealed behind habitations of woe. In a desolate spot in the Campagna Miriam at last disclosed the mystery surrounding her own past. It was the story of a marriage forced upon her from which her soul revolted. She escaped through not without unjust suspicions of a crime. Concealing her identity, she gave herself to art. Then, in the Catacombs, the man whom she loathed, half brute and half religious maniac, had reappeared, dogging her steps and threatening to disclose her to the world—with what catastrophe the sculptor knew.

As for Hilda and Kenyon, they went forward into happiness. Their love consecrating all they did. But even as they pledged their troth to one another in the Pantheon before the tomb of Raphael, upon turning around they saw a kneeling figure on the pavement. It was Miriam, who reached out her hands in a blessing, but a blessing which seemed also to repel. As for Donatello, remorse eventually worked his way and when heard of last he was in a dungeon as deep as that beneath the Castle of St. Angelo.

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"Pilgrim's Progress," the book that has lived for centuries and will live forever, by John Bunyan, condensed by Basil King, will be printed Monday.

Children to Give Operetta. The pupils of Miss Roberta R. Tett will give a benefit operetta of their own composition in Church of the Epiphany Parish Hall Monday at 4:30 for the fatherless children of France.

Will Soak Speedster Owners. New York, June 27.—Until owners can prove they don't travel as fast as their chauffeurs, Magistrate Folwell is going to fine both.

PURELY PERSONAL

Mrs. Richard Stowers, of Thomas street, is visiting relatives in Columbia, Mo. She expects to return in September.

Harvey Cook, of Baltimore, is visiting friends in this city, he will return home at the end of next week.

Mrs. Sarah Duff, of Baltimore, Md., is visiting the family of Geo. T. Shinnick, 1252 Thirty-first street northwest.

Philip Fitzpatrick, of Duluth, is in Washington on business.

Howard Candy, of the Emergency Fleet Corporation at Philadelphia, is in Washington on business.

Thomas D. Fleurech, of Swissvale, Pa., is in the city for a short stay.

Miss Nellie H. Owens, of the Treasury Department, is spending her vacation at Hagerstown, Md.

Paul M. Bailey, of the Department of Commerce, has recovered from a recent illness and returned to his desk.

Miss Sarah V. Jeffries, of the Bureau of War Risk Insurance, has resigned her position a typist.

Norman W. Ohmstedder, of the Agriculture Department, is in St. Paul, Minn., on a visit to his parents.

Bernard S. Wheeler and Conrad M. Narum are on an automobile trip to Gettysburg, Pa.

Dewey Zirkin has returned from a hunting trip in Blumont, Va.

Roy F. Lassy has left the city for an extended trip in Pennsylvania, where he will visit his old home.

Among visitors in Baltimore Wednesday was Walter H. Robinson, of the Interior Department. His purpose was to secure his car, which was being repaired in a Baltimore shop.

Corp. Robert M. Brawner, eighteen months overseas with the Motor Transport Repair Unit, 202, has been discharged and is now in Washington.

BY EARLE DORSEY. TOM MOORE ends the run of CHAPLIN'S latest comedy—at the Rialto tonight.

LARRY BEATUS also announces that today will be Washington's last chance to see ROBERT WARWICK in "Secret Service."

If you want to see some real clowning, drop by the Garrick to-day or tonight and watch LYNNE OVERMANN.

The National is planning to reopen with a big photoplay attraction.

At the Theaters Tonight. SEBERT-GARRICK—"What's Your Husband Doing?"

MOORE'S RIALTO—Chaplin in "Sunnyside." MOORE'S STRAND—Mae Murray in "The Big Little Person."

MOORE'S PALACE—Robert Warwick in "Secret Service." MOORE'S COLUMBIA—Lila Lee in "A Daughter of the Wolf."

MOORE'S GARDEN—Al Ray and Essie Fair in "Be a Little Sport." GRANDALL'S METROPOLITAN—Tom Moore in "The City of Contrasts."

GRANDALL'S—Pauline Frederick in "The Poor Woman." GRANDALL'S KNICKERBOCKER—Hale Hamilton in "Full of Pep."

PALACE—Ninth, near the Avenue—The Man's Theater. Smoke if You Like.

CHILDREN'S SUNRISE STORIES

UNCLE WIGGLY AND THE HUCKLEBERRIES. BY HOWARD H. GARIS (Copyright, 1919, The McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

"Wait for us, Uncle Wiggly! Wait for us!" Uncle Wiggly leaned over in the seat of his automobile and looked toward the ground. And there he saw Johnnie and Billie Bushytail, the squirrel boys.

"Was it you who called to me?" asked the bumpy gentleman. "Yes," chattered Billie. "It was."

"But what have you done, Johnnie and Billie?" he asked, as he saw the squirrel boys each trying to hide something under their coats.

"Oh, Wiggly! Just get something to have some fun," said Johnnie. "We—we d'wanta tell," went on Johnnie.

"Oh, well, don't let me know about it, if it's a secret," chuckled the rabbit gentleman. "It was."

All of a sudden, just as the auto turned the corner, out from behind a stone popped the bad old Boozap. Just then Johnnie remembered the bean shooters he and Billie had been hiding under their coats. He looked at the bushes near which the auto had stopped, on which were growing purple berries about the size of small, round beans.

"Oh, Billie!" chattered Johnnie to his brother. "Look! We can take these berries and shoot them in our bean shooters at the Boozap!"

Then those brave squirrel boys picked a lot of the purple berries, and through their tin bean shooters blew them right in the face of the Boozap.

"Oh, stop! stop!" howled the bad chap. "You are hitting me in the eyes and nose!"

"Not until you let Uncle Wiggly go!" cried Billie. "Oh, I'll let you all go!" gurgled the Boozap, and he had to! Then Uncle Wiggly looked at the bushes and said:

"Well, Well! You squirrels brought me good luck."

So this teaches us that huckleberries are sometimes as good as beans for scaring a Boozap. And if the Boozap ever takes the peanut away from the butterfly when they're dancing the fox-trot at the moving pictures, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggly and the strawberries.

"The stars incline, but do not compel." HOROSCOPE.

SATURDAY, JUNE 28, 1919. (Copyright, 1919, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

This is a quiet day, according to astrologers. Planetary influences are mild. Neptune is in a slightly benefic aspect and Saturn and Uranus are faintly adverse.

During this configuration subtle forces may affect the mind, fomenting discontent and unrest.

Acrid discussion of public affairs, criticism of business matters and demand for reforms are foreshadowed. Under this sway organizations will multiply and oratory will be prevalent.

Out of the unsettled conditions common after the war social experiments will multiply and some of these will be beneficent to the masses.

Co-operation will be encouraged by the posting of the stars and domestic arrangements that will help to solve the servant problem are foreshadowed.

The planets that guided the pioneers of America again will be powerful for good this summer, the seers announce, and they foretell success in settling unsettled lands. Colonies and communities will organize, it is predicted.

Neptune is in an aspect read as helpful in clarifying ideas and suggesting plans that augment human welfare.

Jupiter, still the morning star, is supposed to assure luck to the United States. It is this planet that was powerful through the war, astrologers declare.

The Moon is in a fruitful sign that promises fine crops and increase of cattle for farmers.

Warning is given to prepare during the summer for an autumn that brings many serious anxieties, owing to health conditions, labor agitation and political dissensions.

Persons whose birthdate it is will have a quiet year in business. They should not make any changes. Children born on this day are likely to be industrious, steady-going and successful.

Fire Along New Orleans Levee Threatens City

New Orleans, La., June 27.—Three firemen were injured and a large industrial area of New Orleans was threatened, including the Crescent City Cotton Press and Robin wharves, by fire today.

A fire near the levee caused scores of girls employed in the cotton press to rush to the streets.

100-Day Literary Feast Coupon

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