CONDENSED CLASSICS

THE HOUSE OF SEVEN GABLES

By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

Condensation by Josephine Van Tassel Bruorton

Soon after the publication of "The Scarlet Letter," Hawthorne moved to Lenox, Mass., where he wrote "The House of Seven Gables." There has always been more or less discussion as to which house in Salem was pictured in this story; some persons claiming one, some another.

It has become somewhat of an accepted fact that the house on Turner street, now kept as a memorial, is the original house of the story. It was purchased by Miss Emerton of Salem, and during the work of restoration there were found two more gables than at first appeared; these were uncovered so that now, at least, it is a house of seven gables.

Some years ago it was stated that Hawthorne himself, when asked about it, claimed that he had no particular house in mind when writing the story, but made a composite picture of several.

Hawthorne went back to Concord, going on with his literary work, and publishing "Tanglewood Tales"; also a Life of Franklin Pierce; during this period the author lived at "Wayside."

The writings of Hawthorne show a subtle imagination and a curious power of analysis. Beside great mental traits, he possessed the literary quality of style—a grace and charm, a perfection of language which no other American writer possessed in the same degree; and which places Hawthorne among the great masters of English prose. His friend and college-mate, Longfellow, in reviewing "Twice Told Tales," said that "it came from the hand of a genius," and praised it for its style, which, he said, "was as clear as running water."

While Hawthorne lacked the accomplishment of verse, he was in the highest sense a poet.

O' YOUR courtesy, I beg you to call this tale a romance, rather than a novel; for it makes attempt to connect a bygone time with the present that is even now drifting away from us. It is a legend, bringing with it the mist of the past floating round each character and event—even round the old house itself.

Sometimes it drifts aside and you catch a glimpse of older days—days when Colonel Pyncheon, out of pure covetousness, despoiled old Wizard Maule of his house and little plot of land—days when Maule cursed the colonel for his sins and foretold: "God would give him blood to drink!"—days when Thomas Maule, son of the wizard, built for Colonel Pyncheon over his father's very threshold, the House of the Seven Gables.

On the day when Hepzibah Pyncheon trod her pride underfoot and opened the little cent-shop, built in the front gable of the old house, there were but few of the Pyncheon blood left. Judge Pyncheon, his son (who died abroad and enters not into this tale), Hepzibah and her brother Clifford, little Phoebe Pyncheon (who had come for a long visit) and a few cousins, were all. The race of Maule was supposed extinct—at least there were none known.

Long since Hester had let one of the gables to a daguerreotypist named Holgrave; and none others were in the old house save herself and Clifford (now pardoned out after serving the sentence for the supposed murder of an uncle), and little Phoebe.

Judge Pyncheon was the great man of the town; but, despite his ever-ready smile and studied benevolence, he was not greatly liked. Hepzibah shrank away from him and Clifford shrieked when he would have forced his way in to see him.

Hepzibah and Clifford scarce left the house even for the garden; but Phoebe and young Holgrave met there often; and the kindly mist made itself thin between them till they saw each other clear and their hearts drew close and love came to them—but so softly and sweetly they knew it not for love, but called it by that other sweet name —friendship.

Then Phoebe must needs go home—and with her went all the sunshine; and the mist drifted back—and all the scant happiness that had come with her to Hepzibah and Clifford for a little, fled away.

When she had gone the judge became even more determined to see Clifford.

"Cousin Hepzibah," he begged, with his most benevolent smile, "let me see Clifford."

"You cannot," said Hepzibah. "Since yesterday he hath kept his bed."

"What?" cried the judge. "Is he ill? Then I must and will see him. There is none who would so delight to promote his happiness and wellbeing. I beg of you to let me see him, Hepzibah."

"In the name of Heaven!" cried Hepzibah, her anger overcoming her fear, "give over, I beseech you, this loathsome pretence of affection for your victim. You let him go to prison under false accusation. You hate him! Say so, like a man! At this moment you cherish some black purpose against him in your heart! Speak it out! But never speak again of your love for my poor brother."

The judge's benevolent countenance became hard.

"Cousin Hepzibah," he said, "it is my fixed purpose to see Clifford before I leave this house. I will give you my reason. Of my uncle's estate, which I inherited, not one-third was apparent when he died. Clifford can give me a clue to the recovery of the remainder. It is as certain as that I stand here!"

"And what if he refuse?"

"My dear cousin," smiled the judge blandly, "the alternative is his confinement for the remainder of his life in a public asylum for the insane."

"You cannot mean it!" cried Hester; but the judge only shrugged his shoulders and said: "Time flies. Bid Clifford come to me;" and Hester turned and went slowly up the stair and knocked at her brother's door, and called. None answered. After long waiting, she knocked again; then she undid the door and entered—the chamber was empty.

Back she ran down the stair, calling frantically:

"Clifford is gone! Help, Jeffrey Pyncheon! Some harm will come to him!" She ran through the hall, calling and searching for him. When she approached the parlor door again, Clifford stood in the door, coming from within. He pointed his finger back into the room.

"Come Hepzibah!" he cried with a wild gesture. "The weight is gone from us! We can sing and laugh now. Aye! we can be as light-hearted as little Phoebe herself."

Horror-stricken at his looks and motions, Hepzibah slipped past him into the parlor. Almost immediately she returned—a cry choking in her throat.

"My God!" she cried, "What will become of us!"

"Come with me!" cried Clifford, still with that wild gayety. "Put on your cloak and hood, take your purse with money in it, and come!"

Still with that wild gayety so foreign to him, Clifford led the way, first to the depot—where he made her take the train—when they left it at an out-of-the-way station, still leading, he drifted away with her into the cold, sullen mist.

With the day came many people to the cent-shop; but none gained admittance; but when Phoebe came, the garden-door opened for her. A hand clasped hers and she was led into the disused reception room. The sun streamed in through the uncurtained windows and she saw her companion was Holgrave.

He told her the judge was dead—in the same manner as his ancestor "to whom God had given blood to drink!" He convinced her that the uncle for whose supposed murder Clifford had suffered for thirty years had died in the same fashion.

"We must not hide it a moment longer!" cried Phoebe. "Clifford is innocent! God will make it manifest! Let us throw the door wide and call the neighbors to see the truth."

"Wait!" begged Holgrave. "Phoebe, in all our lives there can never be another moment like this. Is it all terror? Are you conscious of no joy, as I am, that has come to us in this the only point of life worth living for?"

"It seems a sin," faltered Phoebe, "to speak of joy at such a time."

"Phoebe," cried Holgrave, "before you came, my past was lonely and dreary—my future seemed a shapeless gloom. With you came hope, warmth and joy. I love you, Phoebe. Do you love me?"

"Look into my heart," said Phoebe, dropping her eyes, "You know I love you."

At that moment the mingled voices of Hepzibah and Clifford came to them. Phoebe and her lover went to meet them. Hepzibah, when she saw them, burst into tears—Clifford smiled, and murmured that the Rose of Eden had bloomed in the old house at last.

By the death of Judge Pyncheon, Hepzibah, Clifford and Phoebe became rich. They decided to live at the judge's country place. At the very moment of departure, through Clifford's troubled mind drifted a recollection of the time when, a mere boy, he had discovered the secret spring which caused the portrait of the colonel (before which they stood), to swing forward—disclosing a recess wherein were important papers. But he had forgotten the secret of the spring.

"Perhaps I can recall it," said Holgrave, and touched the spring.

It was much rusted and therefore, when released, the portrait tumbled to to the floor. There was the recess—and there the title-deeds to vast Indian lands—old Jeffrey Pyncheon's missing property.

"But how came you to know the secret of the spring?" Phoebe asked of Holgrave, apart.

"My dearest Phoebe," smiled Holgrave, "how will it please you to take the name of Maule? This secret is the only inheritance that has come down to me from that ancestor. When Thomas, son of Wizard Maule, built this house, he took the opportunity to construct this recess and hide away those title-deeds. I would have told you this before, but I feared to frighten you."

Phoebe's smile forgave him; and as their carriage rolled away, the old House of the Seven Gables, freed from its burden of secret and curse, smiled after them brightly as the mist lifted and fled away.

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Would Have All Registered.

The chief of the Bertillon bureau of the Buffalo police department says that the government ought to register the finger prints of everybody in the United States. There would be so many advantages in this, he says, that no good citizen would be willing to be unregistered.

Proof.

The husband was reading an article which seemed to please him. He read it aloud to his wife. It had to do with the adventure of marriage and was certainly very favorably inclined toward that state. It closed: "Joy shared is doubled and sorrow shared is halved." The wife sniffed incredulously. "I don't believe that," she said. "It's just sentiment—that's all." "Oh, I don't know drawled the husband. "It seems to me that you get a lot of relief out of weeping on my shoulder sometimes."

Wanted the Best.

Doctor—"Madam, I shall have to paint your husband's throat with nitrate of silver." Professor's Wife—"Please use nitrate of gold, doctor. The expense is quite immaterial."—London Opinion.

When We Are a-Wool Gathering.

Children sent to gather wool from hedges are absent for a trivial purpose, so people in a "brown study," absent-minded for no practical purpose, are said to be "wool gathering."

The AMERICAN LEGION

Copy for This Department Supplied by the American Legion News Service.)

BOOSTER FOR HIS HOME TOWN

Bert Hutchings Served as General Chairman for Legion at Kansas City.

"If there is anything going on for he good of Kansas City, Bert Hutchings is usually the motive power behind it."

This is a common remark in Kansas City regarding Albert E. Hutchings, general chairman of the third annual national convention of the American Legion, under whose direction Kansas City entertained the largest assembly of ex-service men and women since the war.

The career of Mr. Hutchings is closely interwoven with the progress of Kansas City, which he visualized in 1900, when he decided to live there. Since then he has organized the Kansas City Advertising club, he has been president of the Rotary club and the Automobile club, and has participated in every movement for the advancement of the city.

During the World war he was given the immense task of organizing the Liberty loan campaigns in the Tenth Federal Reserve district, but civilian service was not enough for him when his country was involved in a war. He organized a Seventh Missouri National Guard company, and served as its captain. Later he was transferred to the motor transport corps of the regular army, serving at Camp Meigs and Camp Merritt, in command of headquarters motor command No. 36.

AFTER THE FAKE PROMOTERS

American Legion on Watch to Detect and Expose Organizations Victimizing Ex-Service Men.

The harpies who prey on public sympathy and the vampires who attach themselves to every legitimate and worthy campaign for the relief of human distress, have been flying in flocks behind the trudging army of jobhunting ex-service men. The police courts are revealing the shrewd operations of scores of avaricious persons who have been conducting money-raising campaigns on a get-rich-quick basis, on the pretense of assisting unemployed World war veterans. Some of these fly-by-night promoters have formed large organizations, using as dupes veterans who are, themselves, honest, but have been indeed by urgent need to grasp at the straw of a job which the swindler dangles before them.

Behind a shield of plausibility, the promoter spreads his money-soliciters out upon the public. Needless to say, little of the money raised actually is used to assist the unemployed ex-service men. The promoter takes good care to see that his account books, if he keeps any, never record the full amounts which have been extracted from the sympathetic public. And if he makes a pretense of accounting for the way the money is expended, this accounting is only a clever construction of falsities, intended to protect the promoter, if he is made the subject of inquiry by public officials. The system by which he operates precludes honesty.

These swindlers often copy the names and methods of organizations which are legitimate and have reputable sponsors. The names the employment swindlers select for their organizations only too often inspire public confidence because they may easily be confused with those of long-existing public charitable societies. The American Legion is constantly on the watch to detect, expose and prosecute organizations victimizing ex-service men. The public should come to know that any organization ostensibly for the help of unemployed veterans should be regarded suspiciously if it does not have the Legion's indorsement.—American Legion Weekly.

WOMAN AS STATE ADJUTANT

Miss Honorah Sue Gittings of San Francisco, First of Sex to Hold Legion Office.

Miss Honorah Sue Gittings, of San Francisco, Cal., is the first woman to hold the position of state adjutant of the American Legion. She was appointed to that position by the commander of the California department, pending the election of a permanent adjutant.

Miss Gittings was one of the first women to enlist in the service of her country during the World war. She joined the navy as a yeomanette in 1917.

Bryan Favors Bonus.

In a statement on adjusted compensation for ex-service men, William Jennings Bryan says: "I am in favor of a bonus for ex-service men. I think the law should present alternative propositions so that each soldier can choose cash, land, insurance or anything else, according to his needs. I would prefer to have the money necessary collected from those who profited by the war, but justice requires he payment of a bonus regardless of the source from which the money comes."

LEAVES SENATE FOR LEGION

Connecticut Lawmaker Resigns to Accept Commandership of Department of His State.

Clarence W. Seymour, Hartford, Conn., tendered his resignation as state senator in the Connecticut legislature to accept the commandership of the Connecticut department of the American Legion, to which he was elected last September.

The constitution of the Legion makes it impossible for a state commander to hold a public office, and when Mr. Seymour was called upon to decide between the legislature and the Legion, he placed the commandership first in importance.

Mr. Seymour, a graduate of Yale in both arts and law, enlisted in the Connecticut cavalry in 1914. He served on the Mexican border in 1916, and later was commissioned a first lieutenant at the Plattsburg training camp. He served in France as battalion adjutant of the One Hundred and Eighteenth field artillery, Thirty-first division.

After his return from France he was elected state senator. He was a member of the military committee of the 1921 general assembly.

ONLY POLICE WOMAN MEMBER

Mrs. Rose F. Taylor Belongs to New York Post Composed Entirely of the "Bravest."

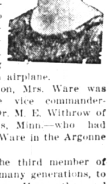
Mrs. Rose F. Taylor, pioneer police-woman of the United States, is the only woman member of the Lafayette Post of the American Legion, New York City, composed entirely of members of the New York police force. Mrs. Taylor has been stationed at the 47th street station, the busiest in the "Great White Way" district for ten years and she was the only policewoman of the 65 employed in New York who went into war service.

In July, 1917, Mrs. Taylor joined a New York hospital unit and went to France where she was stationed at Saveuay, Paris, and with mobile hospital No. 10 at the Front. Her overseas service lasted twenty months. Mrs. Taylor is a graduate nurse of the New York Post Graduate hospital.

One of Mrs. Taylor's duties on the New York police force is finding "lost girls." She conducts a bureau for that purpose and makes regular inspection tours of dance halls, "movies", cabarets and other places where "lost girls" are sometimes found.

WOMAN IS VICE COMMANDER

Mrs. Amy Robbins Ware of Minnesota Is First of Sex to Hold Office in State.



Mrs. Amy Robbins Ware, Robbinsdale, Minn., who served during the World war as a member of the army nursing corps, is the first woman of Minnesota to hold the office of state vice commander of the American Legion. Mrs. Ware started delegates to the last convention of the Legion, at Winona, Minn., by arriving at that city in an airplane.

In the convention, Mrs. Ware was nominated for the vice commandership by a man—Dr. M. E. Withrow of International Falls, Minn.—who had served with Mrs. Ware in the Argonne forest.

Mrs. Ware is the third member of her family in as many generations, to serve as war nurse. Her mother and grandmother were volunteer nurses during the Civil war.

While in France, Mrs. Ware wrote a book of poems, "Echoes of France," which have been widely praised.

90 PUBLICITY MEN IN POST

Number of Boosters in S. Rankin Drew Unit Assures Body of Most Effective Advertising.

Of all the 11,000 posts of the American Legion in the United States and in 14 foreign countries, the one that slips into the limelight most often is the S. Rankin Drew unit of New York city. The fact that the post has 90 publicity men on its roster should explain it all.

Named for the first American actor to die in France, some of the country's foremost actors of the legitimate stage sought membership following their war experiences. Motion picture men and those interested in the allied amusements, along with 35 genuine and successful, more or less, playwrights complete the membership.

The post stages an annual show in the New York hippodrome, calling a meeting of its membership to assemble a stellar cast. The 90 publicity men do the rest and the money is given to charity.

Greetings by Airplane.

William F. Deegan, state commander of the New York department of the American Legion, could not accept an invitation to attend the aerial regatta of the Providence post of the American Legion at Providence, R. I., but he sent his representative by air with a message of greeting. The message was carried by Richard T. Bell, director of service of the New York department, who flew from New York to Providence in a Fokker plane piloted by Bert Costa. The 150 miles were covered in 100 minutes.

Pretty Things that are made at Home

WOMEN are as much interested in dress accessories each season as they are in necessary clothing, and for very good reasons. They have long ago learned the value of finishing touches—trifles that can carry a costume out of the ordinary and into the distinctive class, and they are easily captivated by new developments in accessories. The designers of neckwear, vellings, gloves, jewelry, coiffure ornaments, fans and bags are quite as busy as the creators of suits and coats and find as ready a market for their ever-changing wares. This is a season of simplicity in gowns and

Silk Scarfs for Afternoon and Evening.

There is a vogue for dark colors—two things that make accessories more important than ever.

There are many dressy scarfs and they are nearly all handmade, of various silk weaves, with crepes and satins the favorites. For more practical wear scarfs of knitted silk and those of wool are manufactured and on display in all dry goods shops.

Two pretty silk scarfs, for afternoon or evening, are illustrated here and they will interest the woman who likes to make such things for herself or as gifts. They may be made of silk or satin and lined with the same or with georgette crepe. Narrow ribbons, plain or figured or with metallic edges, are

Sprightly Party Frocks.

used for the plaitings and ruffles that decorate them and made flowers or fruits add cheerful points of color to them.

Scarfs of crepe de chine, or other crepes, wide and long, are not lined and may be hemmed or picoted along the edges. Usually the ends are finished with deep fringes or tassels. Chenille and beads used together make rich fringes and wide fringes of very small beads are effective. There is plenty of opportunity for originality in making these fringes and very narrow braids or ribbons may be used for them.

When the goddess of the looms inspired the weaving of taffeta, she recorded a great achievement. No other silk fits in so well with youth and its gayeties, and none is more adaptable and versatile, for it is used by womankind of all ages. Little tots of three are proudly conscious of their splendor in gay little coats and bonnets of taffeta, and when they pay their formal visits to grandmamma they are more than likely to find her spending the afternoon in a charming black frock of this same fabric.

Taffeta finds itself in increased demand this season for the clothes of young misses. In plain colors or black it forms the bodice for frocks with skirts made of wool materials, the favorite combination of this kind having proved to be the taffeta bodice with plaid skirt. The color for the bodice is the same as that which predominates in the skirt and its finish is usually further stitching or other simple stitchery about the neck and sleeves done in one of the colors in the plaid.

A pretty party frock, and one that will serve for almost any dress-up occasion, is shown in the illustration. It is so simply designed that anyone can make it and so effective that its maker may be proud of it. Many color combinations are possible in this design, the very pretty one photographed can be imagined in navy blue taffeta with clusters of embroidered flowers, in rose red, primly set on slender stems and leaves outlined in green. The running stitch that finishes the neck and sleeves is in the same color as the flowers and the wide sash of satin ribbon matches them also.

The plain straight skirt must be set on to an under-bodice that is short-waisted, and the over-bodice, cut long-er and scalloped at the bottom, is tacked to the under-bodice at the arm's-eye. The scallops are bound with a bias strip of the silk.

Julia Bottomley

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Tie Tam for Youth.

Nothing so enhances the charm of youth as the tam, but does it wish to avoid the commonplace it must be elaborated distinctively and worn "with an air." Stitched with silver thread bearing a smart quill, the black tam is decidedly chic.

Clothes for Small Girl.

The fancy for fabric and color combinations is a boon to the economically inclined mother of a small daughter, who wishes to make over last year's dresses and turn them into frocks for the child. Plain and plaid materials combine especially well, and there is no rule in regard to which portion of the frock should be plain and which plaid.

All in One Piece.

Velveteens and taffetas are made in "pidgie-pantie" style, which means panties and frocks have united into 1-piece garments, buttoned down the back. The combination frock is often zanzibar trimmed in fluted ribbon.

Sure Relief FOR INDIGESTION

6 BELL-ANS Hot water Sure Relief

BELL-ANS

25¢ and 75¢ Packages, Everywhere

SQUEEZED TO DEATH

When the body begins to stiffen and movement becomes painful it is usually an indication that the kidneys are out of order. Keep these organs healthy by taking

GOLD MEDAL HARLEM OIL CAPSULES

The world's standard remedy for kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid troubles. Famous since 1696. Take promptly and keep in good health. In three sizes, all druggists. Guaranteed as represented. Look for the name Gold Medal on every box and accept no imitation

No Soap Better For Your Skin Than Cuticura

Soap 25c, Ointment 25 and 50c, Talcum 25c.

Mitchell Eye Salve

AVOID dropping strong drugs in eyes or on lids. A dull or other irritation. The oldest ointment that brings comforting relief. It is best. 75¢ all druggists or by mail. MAILL & RUSSELL, Inc. 147 Waverly Place, New York

For SORE EYES

Hemstitching and Picoting Attachment

Fits any sewing machine. Price $2. Personal checks, 10c extra.

BRIDGMAN SALES AGENCY, Box 881. Buffalo, N. Y.

Warned of Disaster.

Miss Janice, just turned seven, was visiting Miss Elizabeth, age eight, who is exceedingly careful of her playthings, though she is known to be generous with them, and always willing that her friends should share them. Janice, in some caper in the playroom, let fall a small doll, with great damage to its head, and with such sorrow to Elizabeth that she cried and even scolded a little. Janice, too, cried, from mortification, and in their tears the two girls went out to the porch where the older folk were sitting.

"Janice broke my little pinky doll," sobbed Elizabeth.

"Well," sobbed Janice, at her elbow, "I told you not to let me have the pinky doll to play with, that's what I did."

Thousands Have Kidney Trouble and Never Suspect It

Applicants for Insurance Often Rejected.

Judging from reports from druggists who are constantly in direct touch with the public, there is one preparation that has been very successful in overcoming these conditions. The mild and healing influence of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is soon realized. It stands the highest for its remarkable record of success.

An examining physician for one of the prominent Life Insurance Companies, in an interview on the subject, made the astonishing statement that one reason why so many applicants for insurance are rejected is because kidney trouble is so common to the American people, and the large majority of those whose applications are declined do not even suspect that they have the disease.

Dr. Kilmer's Swamp Root is on sale at all drug stores in bottles of two sizes, medium and large. However, if you wish first to test this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper. Advertisement.

Records His Mower Mileage.

The latest device whereby the suburbanite can lord it over his neighbors is a small dial attached to his lawn mower which keeps a record of the mileage. Because it is more impressive the total is marked in feet instead of miles.

"I pushed the mower 20,000 feet this summer," said the man who introduced the novelty, "while both the fellers that live near me have only done 10,000. The idea is to see how much you can use the thing without having the knives sharpened."—New York Sun.

Speaking Parts by Audience.

North—Did you ever hear the talking pictures?

West—I never heard any other kind.

Vitality and Strength FOLLOW GOOD BLOOD.

Lansing, Mich.—"Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is a great medicine. My first experience with this medicine was several years ago, and before I took all of one bottle of the Discovery I was completely relieved. Just a couple of years ago I was suffering with stomach trouble and I also had a chronic cough which was very annoying. I again took the Golden Medical Discovery with the same good results; it did me all the good in the world."—Mrs. Roscoe Giles, 700 William St.

Obtain this "Medical Discovery" of Dr. Pierce's your nearest drug store in tablets or liquid, or send 10c to Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel in Buffalo, N. Y., for trial pkg. and write for free advice.