

# THE Melting of Molly

By MARIA THOMPSON DAVIESS

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"Say, Molly, look at the snake I brought you!" he exclaimed as he came close under the sill, which is not high from the ground. "If you put your face down to the mud and sing something to 'em they'll come outen their holes. A doodle bug comed, too, but I couldn't catch 'em both. Lift me up, and I can put him in the water glass on your table." He held up one muddy puddle to me, and promptly I lifted him up into my arms. From the embrace in which he and the worm and I indulged my face and dimity came out much the worse.

"That was a lovely song you sang about 'Molly, darling, Billy,' I said. 'Where did you hear it?'

"That's a good bug song, Molly, and I bet I can get a lizard with it, too, if I sing it right low." He began to squirm out of my arms toward the table and the glass.

"Who taught it to you, sugar sweet?" I persisted as I poured water in on the squirming worm under his direction.

"Nobody taught it to me. Doc sings it to me when Tilly, nurse nor you ain't there to put me to bed. He don't know no good songs like 'Roll, Jordan, Roll,' or 'Hot Times' or 'Twinkle.' I go to sleep quick 'cause he makes me feel tired with his slow tune what's out good for bugs. Git a hairpin for me to poke him with, Molly, quick!"

I found the hairpin, and I don't know why my hand trembled as I handed it to Billy. As soon as he got it he climbed out the window, glass, bug and all, and I saw him and the red setter go down the garden walk together in pursuit of the desired lizard, I suppose. I closed the blinds and drew the curtains again and flung myself on my pillow. Something warm and sweet seemed to be sweeping over me in great waves, and I felt young and close up to some sort of big world good. It was delicious, and I don't know how long I would have stayed there just feeling it if Judy hadn't brought in my letter.

He had written from London, and it was many pages of wonderful things all flavored with me. He told me about Miss Chester and what good friends they were and how much he hoped she would be in Hillsboro when he got here. He said that a great many of his dainty ways reminded him of his "own slip of a girl," especially the turn of her head like a "flower on its stem." At that I got right out of bed like a jack jumping out of a box and looked at myself in the mirror.

There is one exercise here on page twenty that I hate worst of all. You screw up your face tight until you look like a Christmas mask to get your neck muscles taut, and then wobble your head around like a newborn baby until it swims. I did that one twenty extra times and all the others in proportion to make up for those two hours in bed. Hereafter I'll get up at the time directed on page three or maybe earlier. It frightens me to think that I've got only a few weeks more to turn from a cabbage rose into a lily. I won't let myself even think "fussious peach" and "string bean." If I do I get warm and happy all over and let up on myself. I try when I get hungry to think of myself in that blue muslin dress.

I haven't been really willing before to write down in this torture volume that I took that garment to the city with me and what Miss Rene did to it—made it over into the loveliest thing I ever saw, only I wouldn't let her alter the size one single inch. I'm honorable as all women are, at peculiar times. I think she understood, but she seemed not to and worked a miracle on it with ribbon and lace. I've put it away on the top shelf of a closet, for it is torment to look at it.

You can just take any old recipe for a party and mix up a debut for a girl, but it takes more time to concoct one for a widow, especially if it is for yourself. I spent all the rest of the day doing almost nothing and thinking until I felt light-headed. Finally I had just about given up any idea of a blaze and had decided to look out in general society as quietly as my clothes would let me when a real conflagration was lighted inside me.

If Tom Pollard wasn't my own first cousin I would have loved him desperately even if I am a week older than he. He was about the only oasis in my marriage mirage, though I don't think anybody would think of calling him at all green. He never stopped coming to see me occasionally, and Mr. Carter liked him. He was the first man to notice the white ruche I sewed in the neck of my old black taffeta four or five months ago, and he let me see that he noticed it out of the corner of his eyes; even right there in church under Aunt Adeline's very elbow. He makes love unconsciously, and he flirts with his own mother. As soon as I've made this widowhood hurdle—well, I'm going to spend a lot of time

buying toonies with him in his runabout, which sounds as if it was named for himself.

LEAF SIXTH.  
Scattered Jam.

AND when that conflagration was lighted in me, Tom did it. I was sitting peacefully on my front steps, dressed in the summer before last that Judy washes and frays every day while I'm deciding how to hand out the first sip of my trousers to the neighbors, when Tom, in a dangerous blue striped shirt, with a tie that melted into it in tone, blew over my hedge and landed at my side. He kissed the lace ruffle on my sleeve while I reproved him severely and settled down to enjoy him. But I didn't have such an awfully good time as I generally do with him. He was too full of another woman, and even a first cousin can be an exasperation in that condition.

"Now, Mrs. Molly, truly, did you ever see such a peach as she is?" he demanded after I had expressed more than a dozen delighted opinions of Miss Chester. His use of the word "peach" riled me and before I stopped to think I said, "She reminds me more of a string bean."

"Now, Molly, don't be mean just because old Wade has got her out driving behind the grays after kissing your hand under the lilacs yesterday, which, praise be, nobody saw but little me! I'm not sore; why should you be? Aren't you happy with me?"

I withered him with a look, or, rather, tried to wither him, for Tom is no minnow bud.

"The way that girl has started in to wake up this little old town reminds me of the feeling you get under your belt seven minutes after you've sipped an absinth frappe for the first time—you are liable for a good jaund and don't know it," he continued enthusiastically. "Let's don't let the folks know that they are off until I get everybody in a full swing of luzz over my queen." I had never seen Tom so enthusiastic over a girl before, and I didn't like it. But I decided not to let him know that, but to get to work putting out the Chester blaze in him and starting one on my own account.

"That's just what I'm thinking about, Tom," I said with a smile that was as



"You are tempting Providence, Molly Carter."

sweet as I could make it, "and as she came with messages to me from one of my best old friends I think I ought to do something to make her have a good time. I was just planning a gorgeous dinner party I want to have for her when you came so suddenly. Do you think we could arrange it for Tuesday evening?"

"Lord love us, Molly! Don't knock the town down like that. Let 'em have more than a week to get used to this white rag of a dress you've been waving in their faces for the last few days. Go slow!"

"I've been going so slow for so many years that I've turned around and I'm going fast backward," I said with a blush that I couldn't help.

"Help! Let my kinship protect me!" exclaimed Tom in alarm, and he pretended to move an inch away from me.

"Yes," I said slowly, and as I looked out of the corner of my eyes from under the lashes that Tom himself had once told me were "too long and black to be tidy" I saw that he was in a condition to get the full shock. "If anybody wakes up this town it will be I," I said as I flung down the gauntlet with a high bid.

"Here, Molly, here are the keys of my office and the spark plug to the auto. You can cut off a lock of my hair, and if Judy has got a cake I'll eat it out of your hands. Shall it be California or Nova Scotia? And I prefer my bride served in light gray tweed." Tom really is adorable, and I let him struggle up just one cousinly second. Then we both laughed and began to plan what Tom was horrible enough to call the resurrection rose. But I kept that delicious rose embroidered treasure all to myself. I wanted him to meet it entirely unprepared.

I was glad we had both got over our excitement and were sitting docoonously at several inches' distance apart when the judge drove the grays up to the gate, and we both went down to the sidewalk to ask him and the lovely long lady to come in. They couldn't, but we stood and talked to them long enough for Mrs. Johnson to get a good look at us from across the street, and I was afraid I would find Aunt Ade-

line in a faint when I went into the house.

Miss Chester was delightfully gracious about the dinner—I almost called it the debut dinner—and the expression on the judge's face when he accepted! I was glad she was sitting sideways to him and couldn't see. Some women like to make other women unhappy, but I think it is best for you to keep them blissfully unconscious until you get what you want. Anyway, I like that girl all over, and I can't see that her neck is so absolutely impossibly dowery. However, I think she might have been a little more considerate about discussing Alfred's London triumph over the Italian mission. As a punishment I let Tom put his arm around my waist as we stood watching them drive off and then was sorry for the left gray horse that slied and came in for a crack of the judge's irritated whip.

Then I refused to let Tom come inside the gate and he went down the street whistling, only when he got to the purple lilac he turned and kissed his hand to me. That Mrs. Johnson just couldn't stand, and she came across the street immediately and called me back to the gate.

"You are tempting Providence, Molly Carter," she exclaimed decidedly. "Don't you know Tom Pollard is nothing but a fly up the creek? As a husband he'd chew the rope and run away like a puppy the first time your back was turned. Besides being your cousin, he's younger than you. What do you mean?"

"He's just a week younger, Mrs. Johnson, and I wouldn't tie him for worlds, even if I married him," I said meekly. Somehow I like Mrs. Johnson enough to be meek with her and it always brings her to a higher point of excitement.

"The nonsense marrying is roping in with ball and chain, to my mind. And a week between a man and a woman in their cradles gets to be fifteen years between them and their graves. I'm going to make you the subject of a silent prayer at the next missionary meeting, and I must go home now to see that Sally cooks up a few of Mr. Johnson's crotchets for supper." And she began to hurry away.

"I don't believe you'll be able to make it a silent session about me, Mrs. Johnson," I called after her, and she laughed back from her own front gate. Marriage is the only worm in the bud of Mrs. Johnson's life, and her laugh has a snap to it even if it is not very sugary sweet.

When I told Judy about the dinner party and asked her to get the yellow barber to come help her and her nephew wait on the table she grinned such a wide grin that I was afraid of being swallowed. She understood that Aunt Adeline wouldn't be interested in it until I had time to tell her all about it. Anyway, she will be going over to Springfield on a pilgrimage to see Mr. Henderson's sister next week. She doesn't know it yet, but I do.

After that I spent all the rest of the evening in planning my dinner party, and I had a most royal good time. I always have had lots of company, but mostly the spend the day kind with relatives or more relatives to supper. That's what most entertaining in Hillsboro is like; but, as I say, once in awhile the old slow pacer wakes up.

I'll never forget my first real dinner party, as the flower girl for Caroline Evans' wedding, when she married the Chicago millionaire, from which Hillsboro has never yet recovered. I was sixteen, felt dreadfully naked without a tucker in my dress and saw Alfred for the first time in evening clothes—his feet. I can hardly stand thinking about how he looked even now. I haven't been to very many dinner parties in my life, but from this time on I mean to indulge in them often. Candie light, pretty women's shoulders, black coat sleeves, cut glass and flowers are good ingredients for a joy drink, and why not?

But when I got to planning about the gorgeous food I wanted to give them all I got into what I feel came near being a serious trouble. It was writing down the recipe for the nesselrode pudding they make in my family that undid me. Suddenly hunger rose up from nowhere and gripped me by the throat, gnawed me all over like a bone, then shook me until I was limp and unresisting. I must have astralized myself down to the pantry, for when I became conscious I found myself in company with a loaf of bread, a plate of butter and a huge jar of jam.

(To Be Continued)

### The Young Men's Glee Club.

The Young Men's Glee club which has for the past month been taking a rest from their musical work, will start in the fall season on Tuesday evening next at the rooms of the Young Men's Bible Class in the Methodist church. This organization has during the short time they have been in existence accomplished much good for themselves in acquiring a thorough understanding of music under the able direction of Mrs. Mae Morgan who has had charge of the instruction of the class since its organization several months ago. The rehearsals for the season will start on Tuesday and the boys will be in good shape to give a good account of themselves during the coming months.

Anyone wanting pictures of the recent teachers' institute address or call on Setz, the photographer, Plattsmouth, 422 South 4th St. 9-1-31-wkly

### Local News

From Saturday's Daily.  
Misses Margaret and Vera Moore of the vicinity of Murray will attend the Plattsmouth High school, this being their second year.

Mrs. G. S. Forbes returned this morning from Laporte, Indiana, where she had been for two weeks visiting with relatives at the old home.

W. E. Rosencrans returned this morning from Denver and other Colorado points, where he had been looking after some matters of business for a few days.

Misses Marie and Opal Fitzgerald returned this morning on the 8:45 Missouri Pacific from a few weeks' visit with relatives and friends in Iowa and Illinois.

Mrs. C. P. Moran and Miss Mildred Cummings were passengers this morning on the early Burlington train for Lincoln where they will visit for a short time.

Mrs. Ella Biggs of Anita, Iowa, who has been visiting here at the Bowles home for a short time, departed for her home this morning on the early Burlington train.

C. A. Burgrøen and wife and daughter, Miss Hannah, departed this afternoon for Sheridan, Wyoming, where they will visit for a week or ten days with friends.

Ms. Joseph Smith and son, James, returned this morning from Kansas City, where they have been visiting with a daughter of Mrs. Smith's, who has been quite sick.

Miss Margaret Giberson of Weeping Water, who will be one of the instructors of the High school in this city during the coming terms, arrived in this city last evening.

Editor C. L. Graves, Ed E. Leach and V. C. Browning came up this morning on the early Missouri Pacific train from Union and visited here for a few hours with friends.

J. R. Vallory was a passenger this morning for Omaha, where he was called to secure some repairs for a corn binder, as he is going to put up his corn crop for feed this fall.

Mrs. Elizabeth Marks of Rosalie, Neb., who has been here visiting her sister, Mrs. Bennett Christy and family, returned home this morning on the early Burlington train.

Riley C. Dill and wife of Rosalie, Nebraska, who have been here for a few days visiting with the parents of Mr. Dill, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Dill, departed this morning for their home.

Miss Alma Holly departed yesterday afternoon for Ayova where she will engage in school work for the coming year having been engaged to teach the Siraub school near that place.

Miss Helen Clark of Omaha and Miss Isadora Sheldon of Nehawka, arrived in the city last evening and will visit here as the guests at a house party given by Misses Ellen Pollock and Halie Parmele.

Mrs. Margaret Giberson of Weeping Water, Miss Grace Newbranch of Nebraska City and Miss Katherine Maddox of Falls City have arrived here to assume their duties as teachers in the local High school for the coming year.

E. J. Mungey and son Lewis of the vicinity of Union drove to this city yesterday, coming here for the purpose of making arrangements for his daughter, Miss Grace and son Lewis to attend the Plattsmouth High school during the coming winter.

Mrs. Charles S. Sherman, of Lincoln, who has been here visiting her aunt, Mrs. Robert Troop for a few days, was a passenger this morning for her home. Mr. Sherman has recently located in Montana, where he is running a paper at Red Lodge, and the family will remove there later.

Perhaps Referred to Plattsmouth.  
A traveling salesman stopped at our office the other day and in discussing electric light plants he said that they were getting only twelve-hour service in a town of several thousand population, while Eagle patrons are getting twenty-four-hour service, and in a town of less than 500. Do you wonder now why we have one of the best little plants in the state?—Eagle Beacon.

When a village the size of Eagle can have an all-night service, the people of this city will begin to think there is something radically wrong when a city of the size of Plattsmouth, a town of over 5,000 inhabitants, cannot have an all-night service.

Slightly used car for sale quick at extremely low price. 40 horse power. Come in and see it. Smith's Garage. 9-3-21d-1tw

## "MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH"

This Well Known, Laughable Comedy at the Parmele Thursday Night, September 11.

From Saturday's Daily.  
Written by a woman and dramatized by a woman, "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," which comes to the Parmele theater Thursday night, September 11, utterly disproves the popular fallacy that women have no sense of humor. The play is thoroughly satisfying, funny in every sense of the word, and the clever lines of the book are heightened to a great degree by the little inimitable touches that only the most clever actors can give and that must be seen to be appreciated.

Never has a play been more obviously a character study, with the plot woven about it than this of "Mrs. Wiggs," but it is surprising how smoothly it leads from one phase to another, and how interesting even the most commonplace incidents become with Mrs. Alice Hogan Rice's halo of appreciable understanding shedding its light upon them. The humor is of the best and highest, as it is drawn solely from the little incidents of everyday life that can amuse us so infinitely if we do not let ourselves "get soured," as Mrs. Wiggs expresses it. The development of this commonplace side of things is missionary work, for it reminds everyone how much real amusement can come out of even the most unfortunate circumstances and gives a code of living that if carried out would certainly make the world a much better place.

"Mrs. Wiggs," with her pathetically funny philosophy, is at once a source of laughter, and to the thoughtful a mild, but well pointed sermon. There are scarcely words to describe Miss Hazy and her "matrimonial venture," Mr. Stubbins. In each costume Miss Hazy is absolutely more ridiculous than in the preceding one, and her appearance is all that is needed to send the audience into uncontrollable laughter. She reveals new comic possibilities in spinsterhood and matrimony. Lovey Mary, as appearing as she is in the book, is made more so in the play. All the characters of the "Cabbage Patch" to the number of twenty appear in the play. The stage setting is a photographic reproduction of the world famous Louisville Cabbage Patch, where Mrs. Bass, the original Mrs. Wiggs, still lives. The play will be presented here under the management of the United Play company. Don't forget the date—at the Parmele, Thursday night, September 11.

### ARRANGING FOR TWO BIG GERMAN DAYS IN THIS CITY

From Friday's Daily.  
The committees who are arranging for the details of the German Day celebration, to be held in this city on October 18 and 19, met Wednesday evening at the German Home to outline the plans for the celebration, and a general spirit of enthusiasm prevailed among the different members over the prospects for making the occasion one of the biggest that has been held in the city. The Germans from the entire eastern section of the state will be invited to be present on this auspicious occasion and take part in the two days that have been set apart to be observed by the Germans as a special time to pay honor to their race and national customs. The time when this celebration will be held is toward the middle of fall and the weather will be cool and pleasant and permit everyone to enjoy the occasion to the utmost without being roasted to death, as has been the case with most of the different celebrations held this year in various places. The celebration last year of German Day was a very pleasant occasion for all who visited this city, as well as the German residents here, as it gave them a chance to visit with each other and get acquainted and renew old days in the land across the ocean. There is plenty of time for the different committees to get up a splendid program for the event.

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### OLD JOKE REVIVED BY WEEPING WATER LADY

From Saturday's Daily.  
Mrs. M. J. Wickersham, wife of a merchant of Weeping Water, who says she is only a woman and not a voter, has written the state railway commission a letter suggesting a solution of the application of the City of Plattsmouth for better train service throughout the county for the benefit of people who desire to transact business in Plattsmouth and return home the same day. She suggests moving the court house to Weeping Water, where there is a good train service. Instead of compelling the railroads to haul the people to the court house she suggests moving the court house to the people. She says:

"I am only a woman and not a voter, but would suggest that it would be wiser in my opinion to bring the court house and offices to the people rather than to force the railroads to carry the people to an inaccessible part of the county. We have good train service from all parts of the county to Weeping Water. Everyone could get here and back in one day and attend to business between trains, so it hardly looks fair to make the railroads run a special train when it could not possibly pay."—Lincoln Journal.

To the broad-minded citizens of the county the argument of the above statement will seem very crude, indeed, and shows not the true spirit of one interested in the welfare of the county, as everyone knows that the train service asked for into this city is only just, and the statement in regard to the county seat seems to be rather out of date. The fact that Weeping Water is situated a few miles from the southern boundary of the county does away with the possibility of that town ever securing the location of the county seat, even if it was to be removed, which is a very remote possibility, and the fair-minded residents of the central and western sections of the county have recognized the fact that the Missouri Pacific should grant the train service asked for by the Commercial club of this city, and such a statement as the above will have little weight with those who have studied the matter over to their own satisfaction.

### BAND CONCERT LAST EVENING

From Friday's Daily.  
There was a large crowd present last evening at Garfield park to attend the concert given by the Burlington band, and those who attended felt well repaid for their trouble, as the program given was excellent and reflected great credit upon the members of the band and Director Schulhof. The different selections offered were warmly applauded by the audience, particularly that of the "Southern Plantation Songs," which was undoubtedly one of the best rendered numbers on the program, although "The Dawn of Love" was given in a very pleasing manner. The selection from "Woodland," embracing a number of hits from this popular musical comedy, was much appreciated, as the music was full of the life and action of the popular comedy. The band favored the large crowd toward the close of the program with the beautiful and bewitching strains of "La Paloma," giving the number in a very pleasing manner that showed their skill in this line of music. It is to be hoped the band will be able to continue the concerts during the rest of the month, and if the weather permits, as they are one of the most delightful and entertaining features of the summer season, and brings many strangers here to enjoy the pleasant events.

### State Bankers Meet in Lincoln.

The State Bankers' Association will meet in Lincoln on September 25 and 26, and arrangements are being made by the Commercial club and citizens generally to extend a cordial welcome and a good time. The local committee of bankers is framing up a series of entertainments that will occupy all the spare time of the visitors and delegates. It has been decided by administration financial authorities that \$1,400,000 of government money will be deposited in Nebraska banks for the purpose of assisting in the movement of Nebraska crops. While in session the bankers will discuss a number of topics of vital interest to the agricultural and manufacturing interests of Nebraska.

# G. A. R.

## Nebraska Headquarters Special Train

TO Chattanooga, Tenn., Sept. 13, 1913

FROM OMAHA, 4:35 p. m. FROM LINCOLN, 2:10 p. m.  
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