

Tucholsky Wagner Zola Scott  
Turgenev Wallace Fonatne Sydon Freud Schlegel  
Twain Walther von der Vogelweide Fouqué Friedrich II. von Preußen  
Weber Freiligrath Frey  
Fechner Fichte Weiße Rose von Fallersleben Kant Ernst Richthofen Frommel  
Engels Fielding Hölderlin Eichendorff Tacitus Dumas  
Fehrs Faber Flaubert Eliasberg Eliot Zweig Ebner Eschenbach  
Feuerbach Maximilian I. von Habsburg Fock Ewald Vergil  
Goethe Elisabeth von Österreich London  
Mendelssohn Balzac Shakespeare Rathenau Dostojewski Ganghofer  
Trackl Stevenson Lichtenberg Doyle Gjellerup  
Mommssen Thoma Tolstoi Lenz Hambruch Droste-Hülshoff  
Dach Thoma von Arnim Hägele Hanrieder Hauptmann Humboldt  
Karrillon Reuter Verne Rousseau Hagen Hauff Baudelaire Gautier  
Garschin Defoe Hebbel Hegel Kussmaul Herder  
Damaschke Descartes Schopenhauer George  
Wolfram von Eschenbach Darwin Dickens Grimm Jerome Rilke Bebel Proust  
Bronner Campe Horváth Aristoteles Voltaire Federer Herodot  
Bismarck Vigny Gengenbach Barlach Heine Grillparzer Georgy  
Storm Casanova Lessing Tersteegen Gilm Gryphius  
Chamberlain Langbein Lafontaine Iffland Sokrates  
Brentano Claudius Schiller Bellamy Schilling Kralik Raabe Gibbon Tschchow  
Katharina II. von Rußland Gerstäcker Raabe Gleim Vulpius  
Löns Hesse Hoffmann Gogol Morgenstern Goedicke  
Luther Heym Hofmannsthal Klee Hölty Kleist  
Roth Heyse Klopstock Puschkin Homer Mörike Musil  
Luxemburg La Roche Horaz Kraus  
Machiavelli Kierkegaard Kraft Kraus  
Navarra Aurel Musset Lamprecht Kind Kirchhoff Hugo Moltke  
Nestroy Marie de France  
Nietzsche Nansen Laotse Ipsen Liebknecht  
Marx Lassalle Gorki Klett Leibniz Ringelntz  
von Ossietzky May vom Stein Lawrence Irving  
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# **Dorothy Dale : a girl of today**

Margaret Penrose

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## CHAPTER I

### DOROTHY

The day of days had come at last: Dorothy would be the Daughter of the Regiment.

"Lucky you don't have to curl your hair, Doro, for the fog is like rain, and that's the worst kind for made curls," said Tavia.

"Oh, I do hope it is not going to rain!"

"No, it surely won't. But come, don't let's be late."

"There's heaps of time, Tavia. Oh, just see Briggs' new flag! Isn't it glorious?" cried Dorothy Dale.

"Not half as glorious as your old Betsy Ross. I'd be too proud to march if I had a real, truly Betsy. I think, anyway, it's prettier with the star of stars than with the regular daisy field of them," and Tavia tied her scarf just once more, that being the fourth time she had smoothed it out and knotted it over.

"I think red, white and blue look lovely over a white dress," commented Dorothy. "Your scarf is perfect."

"But you are like a live Columbia," insisted Tavia. "No one could look as pretty as you," and her companion fairly beamed with admiration.

"Come now, gather up the stuffs. Button your cloak all the way down, for we don't want folks to see how we're dressed," and Dorothy made sure that her own water-proof covered her skirts to the very edge.

It was Decoration Day, and the girls were to take part in the Veterans' procession.

Dorothy was the only daughter of Major Frank Dale, one of the prominent veterans of Dalton, a small town in New York state. Dorothy was in her fourteenth year, but since her mother was dead, and she was the eldest of the small family (the other members being Joe, age ten, and Roger just seven), she seemed older, and was really very sensible for her years.

The major always called her his Little Captain, and she showed such a practical interest in his business, that of running the only newspaper in Dalton, *The Bugle*, that few, if any boys could have made better partners in the work.

At housekeeping Dorothy was relieved of the real drudgery by Mrs. Martin, who had been with the major's children since the day when baby Roger was taken from his mother's side; and while the housekeeper was the soul of love for the motherless ones, it was Dorothy who felt responsible for the real management of the home, for Aunt Libby, as the children called Mrs. Martin, was fast growing old, and faster growing queer, in spite of a really good-natured disposition.

"It seems to me, Dorothy," the old lady would say, "Libby can't suit you any more. And Joe, too—he's mighty fussy about his victuals. Only my baby Roger loves the old woman!" and she would press the younger boy to her breast with a world of love in the caress.

Not far from Dorothy lived Octavia Travers, or Tavia as all the girls in Dalton called her, She had the reputation of being wild; that is she cared little for school, and less for study, but she loved her brother Johnnie and she loved Dorothy. She also had some love left for the woods; but like many another child of nature, she was misunderstood, and she was considered an idler by every one but her own father and Dorothy.

"Tavia is a rough diamond," Dorothy would tell the major, "and you need not be afraid of Aunt Libby's dreadful ideas about her. She's as good as gold. Lots of girls, who turn up their noses at her, might learn charity from the Tiger Lily, as they call her, just because

she has a few freckles around her eyes. I think they make her eyes prettier, they are so brown—her eyes you know. And Daddy, no other girl in Dalton loves soldiers, dead or alive, as truly as Tavia does."

This last argument never failed to convince Major Dale, for a patriotic girl could no more go astray than could a star fall from the flag, he declared; so the Little Captain might go with Tavia if she desired.

So it was that Dorothy and Tavia were companions on Decoration Day. For weeks they had been getting ready—Tavia picking out the patches of daisies that would surely be in bloom in time, and Dorothy making certain that Mrs. Travers would not disappoint Tavia with her white things, as well as keeping track of Aunt Libby, who had Dorothy's own costume in hand. The dress was too short and had to be let down a whole inch, and of course, it could not be done up until after the alterations were finished.

There was always a big time in Dalton on Memorial Day, but this year it was to be made more memorable than ever before. The Grand Army of the Republic men were to come in from Rochester, the firemen were to turn out, and the school children were to have a place in the ranks, with Dorothy Dale as their leader. Besides this, the Dalton Drum and Fife Corps would make their first public appearance on this occasion, and a real review was to be given the procession, in the little square opposite the school, not very far from the cemetery where the soldiers' graves would be decorated.

No wonder, then, that Dorothy and Tavia were anxious about their appearance. Every school girl was expected to wear white, of course, and the bunting stripes of red, white and blue were bought in Rochester, by the school teacher, Miss Ellis, and sold to the children at actual cost—ten cents for each scarf.

One thing was certain, no other girls would have such flowers as Dorothy and Tavia had. Such syringias and such daisies! And the ferns that Tavia had growing back of the well for weeks!

Tavia had taken charge of the flowers for Dorothy, had made the big bouquet and had covered it with wet paper so it would keep fresh. The Little Captain had made certain that her companion

would not be disappointed about her white dress, and although Tavia had to stay from school to wash it the day before, Dorothy went over to help her with the ironing, for Mrs. Travers managed somehow, to have an excuse for her failure in getting her daughter ready—she was that kind of helpless, shiftless person, who rarely had things ready for her children, especially in the matter of Tavia's clothes.

"Your dress looks real pretty," declared Dorothy, as the girls hurried along to the school.

"Thanks to you for ironing it," responded Tavia, with gratitude in her voice.

"I only helped, you did the skirt."

"That was plain, but the waist and sleeves—I never could have even smoothed them, to say nothing of making them look this way," and she straightened up to show the beauty of the garment.

At the school everything was in commotion. Some girls wanted their scarfs tied, others wanted to carry flags, some insisted they could not go out without hats, while Miss Ellis, always strict, seemed more stern than ever.

"Those who were here yesterday afternoon raise their hands," she commanded. Every girl but Tavia raised her hand.

"Those who were not here to rehearsal," went on the teacher, "cannot be in the ranks. You know I told you all to be here, or not to expect to go blundering along the roads, disgracing the school. Now, Miss Tavia Travers, please step back."

All the commotion ceased. Tavia the patriotic girl—she who had been searching for flowers in all sorts of dangerous and lonely places—not to march?

"Teacher," spoke up Dorothy, her cheeks aflame and her voice quivering.

"It was not Tavia's fault. She —"

"Silence, Dorothy, or you will also lose your place."

"But teacher—" insisted the girl, with commendable courage, "I know Tavia—"

"Leave the ranks!" called Miss Ellis and Dorothy stepped down—and slipped into a seat alongside her weeping friend. "Sarah Ford, you may lead."

This announcement caused no less surprise than did the punishment of Dorothy. To think that Sarah Ford, a stranger in Dalton, whose father was not even a fireman, let alone a soldier, should take first place!

It must be admitted that not every girl cared when Tavia left the ranks, for she was not a general favorite: but Dorothy! Major Dale's daughter! and he the head marshal!

With a conceited toss of her head Sarah Ford stepped to the front.

"She's mean," was whispered around. "Perhaps teacher knows only the meanest girl would ever take Doro's place."

Meanwhile two very miserable girls were crying their eyes sore in the back seat.

"Oh, Doro!" sobbed Tavia, "to think you lost it on my account."

"It was not on your account," wailed Dorothy, "but on account of an unreasonable teacher."

"Hush! She'll hear you."

"Hope she does," went on the crying girl. "I would just like her to know what I think of her. I don't care if I never come in this old school again."

"I never will," whispered Tavia.

The ranks were formed now, and the girls marched out. An unpardonable expression covered the face of Sarah Ford as she passed the tearful ones.

"There," hissed Tavia, sticking out her tongue at the unpopular leader. "Sneak!" she hissed again, and made the most unmistakable face of contempt and defiance at the haughty Sarah.

Many looked sadly at Dorothy and with pity at Tavia. Certainly these two girls deserved to march. Dorothy had done so much to help, in fact some of the girls knew she had helped the major with all the letter writing, inviting the Rochester men, and sending instructions to the firemen. And to think that now, at the last moment, she should be debarred!

And Tavia too, had been so happy at the prospect of the parade.

Poor

Tavia! Everybody knew she had a hard time of it, anyway, only for Dorothy, who always helped her out.

"Now, young ladies," said Miss Ellis, as the last girl passed out, "you may fall in at the end."

"I don't care to," Dorothy spoke up, wiping her eyes.

"But I say you must!"

"Do," whispered Tavia, "we can see them anyway."

This was enough for Dorothy. Both girls stood up, straightened out their crushed dresses, patted their red eyes with their handkerchiefs, and fell in at the end of the line.

"I don't care a bit," said Dorothy smiling. "I would just as soon be with you any way. And besides, we will be right next to the Veterans."

"Oh, good," answered her companion, "I would rather be there than up front. Only, of course, you should lead."

The Dalton Drum and Fife Corps was playing loudly. There seemed something very solemn about the lively tune in honor of the "Boys" who had answered their last roll call. Tavia's eyes were swimming, and not a freckle was to be seen beneath the deep red color that framed them.

Dorothy could not talk. It was so sad—that soldiers had to die just like other persons. She prayed her "Daddy" would not be called for years and years.

At the corner of the street the school children were joined by the main column. The veterans fell in—back of Dorothy and Tavia!

Major Dale was grand marshal, and of course came first. He looked surprised at seeing his daughter—his Little Captain, last in line with the children.

Then he glanced at Tavia. It was certainly something for which she was responsible he was sure, for Dorothy had told him she had remained away from school and missed the last rehearsal. "Halt," called the major, and his men stood still.

At a signal the entire ranks waited. Miss Ellis stepped up to the marshal smiling. She had evidently forgotten his daughter had lost her place.

"I need two girls to carry the end flags," he began. "These old men have all they can do to travel. The flags are not heavy—here, the two last girls will do nicely!"

Dorothy and Tavia stepped to the sides and gracefully took the flags from the hands of the aged soldiers.

The only girls who could carry real army flags! And walk on either side of the marshal leading the Veterans!

"If I only could stick my tongue out just once more at Sarah," whispered Tavia, as she crossed back of the marshal to her place.

"We have both got Betsy Ross flags now," said Dorothy, and in all that procession there were no prettier figures than those of Dorothy and Tavia, as they marched alongside the veterans, with the real army flags waving above their heads, stepping with feet and hearts in perfect accord to the music of the Dalton Drum and Fife Corps' "Star Spangled Banner."



## CHAPTER II

### DOROTHY AT THE OFFICE

Could the sunshine of yesterday be forgotten in the clouds of today?

Major Dale was ill. Overfatigue from the long march, the doctor said, had brought on serious complications.

Early that morning after Memorial Day, Aunt Libby called Dorothy to go to her father. The faithful housekeeper had been about all night, for the major had had a high fever, but now, with daylight, came a lowering of temperature, and he wanted Dorothy.

"Now, don't take on when you see him," Aunt Libby told the frightened girl. "Just make light of it and pet him like."

Poor Dorothy! To think her own "Daddy" was really sick—and so many veterans already dead! But she must not have gloomy thoughts, she must be brave and strong as he had always taught her to be.

"Why, Daddy," she whispered, in a strained voice, kissing his hot cheek, "the honors of yesterday were too much for you."

"Guess so, Little Captain, but I'll be on hand at mess time," and he made an effort to look like a well man. "But I tell you, daughter, there's something on my mind; the Bugle should come out tomorrow."

"And so it will. I'll go directly down to the office and tell Ralph."

"Yes, Ralph Willoby is a good boy—the best I have ever had in the Bugle office. And that's why I sent for you so early. I want you to go down to the office and help Ralph."

"Oh, I'll just love to!" and Dorothy was really pleased at the prospect of working on the paper, in spite of the unfortunate circumstance—her father's illness—that gave her the chance.

"Not so fast now. You must pay strict attention—"

"But you are not to talk: you have had a fever, from fatigue, you know, and it might come back. Just let me go to the office and I will promise to return for instructions at the very first trouble Ralph meets."

Dorothy was already on her feet. She knew the very worst thing the major could do in his present condition would be to talk business.

"Now I'm off," she said, with a kiss and an assuring smile, "you will be proud of to-morrow's Bugle. 'All about Memorial Day!' 'Get the Bugle if you want the news!'" she added, in true newsboy style. Then Aunt Libby came in to wait on the major.

But Dorothy's heart was not as light as her smile had been. Her father looked very ill, and the bread and butter of the Dale household depended upon the getting out of the Bugle.

Her brothers, Joe and Roger, had been sent to school early to be out of the way, but to-morrow they might both stay home, thought the sister, for they could help sell papers.

"Father never would let the boys do it," she reflected, "but he is sick now, and we must do the very best we can. If he were ill a long time we would have to get along."

Only waiting to snatch up a sandwich left from her brothers' lunch,—for she knew the noon hour would be a busy time at the Bugle office,—Dorothy hurried out and over to Tavia's.

"I can't go to school to-day," she called in at the half opened door. "Father is sick, and I must attend to some business for him."

"Bad?" queried Tavia, for she noticed the change in her friend's manner.

"Perhaps not so very. But you know he is seldom sick, and now he has a fever."

"Fever?" echoed Mrs. Travers. "Tavia, close that door this very minute!"

We cannot afford to catch fevers."

Dorothy felt as if some one had slapped her face. To think of her father giving any one sickness!

"Nonsense, ma," spoke up Tavia. "The major is only ill from walking in the hot sun. Come in, Doro dear, and tell us if we can help you."

"Aunt Libby is alone with him, and when the doctor comes she may need something. If your ma would not be afraid to let Johnnie run over about noon, I would pay him for any errand," spoke Dorothy.

"Oh, certainly, dear," the woman replied, now venturing to poke her uncombed head out of doors, thinking, evidently that the mere mention of money was the most powerful antiseptic known. "Of course Johnnie will be too pleased. I'll send him any time you say."

Secretly glad that her mother had so promptly overcome her fear of the fever, but also ashamed that her motive should be so flagrant, Tavia slipped on her things and joined her companion.

"I wouldn't keep you another minute," she began, "for I know just how anxious you are. But I'm going along to help. I can go on errands at least, and keep you company."

"Oh, Tavia, dear, perhaps you had better go to school. On account of the trouble yesterday, teacher will think we are both defying her."

"Then let her send the Lady Sarah to find out," retorted Tavia. "I would show her if I had freckles on my tongue."

"Please don't talk so, Tavia, it is wrong—"

"Wrong? My father says there are some men in this world too mean to bother the law about. He says he knows one he would like to thresh only he is sure the sneak would not hit him back, but would have him arrested. Physical punishment is the kind for such, father declares. And that's just the way I feel about Lady Sarah. I would not tell teacher on her, for that would give her a chance to 'crawl,' as Johnnie calls being mean. So sticking my tongue out at her is the nearest I can come to physical punishment."

This doctrine did not in any way coincide with the upright views of Dorothy, but she knew argument would be useless. Besides, her head and heart were too full of other things to bother about school girl troubles.

"Are you going to print the whole paper?" Tavia asked, with amusing ignorance of the ways of the Great American Press.

"Why, no, dear, I could not print it. Ralph must do that."

"Oh, I know. Just put things in it."

"I may have to write some," Dorothy replied, with an important air. "The parade story was not written. Father intended to do that."

"Oh, goody!" went on the irrepressible Tavia. "Say that the meanest girl in school, Miss Sarah Ford, was chosen, at the last moment, to lead the girls, owing to the sudden illness of Miss Dorothy Dale, the most popular girl in school, who took a headache from the sun, but later recovered in time to carry a Betsy Ross flag, along with her dear friend, Miss Octavia Travers, the flags being presented to the girls by Major Dale. There now, how's that?" and Tavia fairly beamed at the very idea of having her "story" printed.

"I declare, Tavia, you can string words together, as father would say. But we cannot say anything against any one. That would bring on lawsuits, you know."

"Oh yes, I know. It's just as pa says: some folks are too mean for anything but a good thrashing—and that's Sarah. But I'll do anything I can to help you, and I hope I won't get the Bugle into any lawsuits."

Dorothy thanked her, and remarked that it was not likely.

By this time they had reached the newspaper office. Up two flights of stairs, over the post-office and drug store, the girls found the much-perplexed Ralph Willoby waiting anxiously for his employer.

Ralph was that kind of a young man whom people trust at once. He was known all over Dalton as a most zealous worker in the "Liquor Crusade," that was being very actively carried on in the town. He had a firm face, and deep, clear eyes. The major used to

say his eyes could talk faster than his tongue—and he knew how to converse well, too.

He had his sleeves rolled up, and was bending over a pile of "copy" when the girls entered the office. He brushed his sleeves down and rose to hear their message.

"Father is ill," began Dorothy weakly, for inside the office its difficulties seemed to crush her.

"And we're going to get the paper out," blurted Tavia, trying to grasp the wonders of a real newspaper office in a single sweeping glance.

"Can't he come down?" and the young man's voice betrayed his anxiety.

"I'm afraid not," went on Dorothy. "He said we were to do the best we could. I was to help—"

"And I guess I'm to sell the papers. Hurry up and print some. Is this the printing press?" Tavia rattled on.

"But the parade," demurred Ralph, "it is not even written. I can manage the press well enough, but our reporter Mr. Thomas, has not come in this morning. I suppose yesterday was too much for him."

"I think I could write up the parade," ventured Dorothy. "I have often helped father read proof, you know."

"Perhaps you can," assented Ralph. "Here is a pencil and some copy paper. You had better try at once, as I will have to go to press earlier than usual to allow for 'snags,'" and he smiled to apologize for the newspaper slang.

Dorothy sat down at her father's desk. Somehow, she felt a confidence in her efforts when seated there, where he had worked so faithfully, and successfully, too, for the Bugle sounded always the note of truth and sincerity. She started at once to write up the parade. She should be careful, of course, not to mention the major's name, or her own (her father never did) and she hoped she could at least make a good composition or essay on Memorial Day.

Dorothy worked earnestly, for she meant to have that issue of the paper up to the mark, if her labors could bring it there.

Ralph had rolled up his sleeves again, and was busy with the press. Tavia was "nosing around," as she expressed it. The door opened suddenly and little Johnnie Travers rushed in.

"The major sent me—to tell you—" and he had to get a new breath in somehow—"to tell you that old Mrs. Douglass is—*is* dead!" he finally managed to say. "He wants you to be sure to—to—put her in the paper."

"Nothing but live stuff in this paper, Johnnie dear," spoke up Tavia. "Mrs. Douglass was bad enough alive—but dead! We really haven't space," and, in spite of the real seriousness of the matter, for Mrs. Douglass was an important woman in Dalton, or had been up to that morning, Ralph and Dorothy were compelled to laugh at the wit of their friend.

"She was a big woman," said Ralph, adding to the mix-up in language, "and the Bugle is small. But being 'big' we cannot afford to slight her memory. There is so little time—"

"I can write that," said Tavia, shaking her head with a meaning. "And I know all about Mrs. Douglass and her high fence. Also the flowers behind the boxwood. Here, Doro, give me some of that paper—"

"Oh, you would have to see some of the family," interrupted Ralph. "Find out how she died, when she will be buried; if she said anything interesting—about charities, you know—"

"For mine!" sang out Tavia, adjusting her hat.

"Yes, your first assignment," ventured Ralph. "Dorothy must finish the parade, and I must attend to the typesetting, so if you could, really,—"

"Of course I can. Haven't I spent more time in the graveyard than at school? And don't I know what they say about dead persons?"

"Here lies Mrs. Doug, —  
She had a mug,  
And none in Dalt could match it,  
When she took sick,