# Reading for Women and all the Family

## Nan of Music Mountain

By FRANK H. SPEARMAN
Author of "WHISPERING SMITH"

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CHAPTER I.

Frontier Day.

Lefever sat sidewise on the edge of the table. His subdued whistle, which seemed meditative, irritated De Spain more or less, despite his endeavor not to be irritated. It was like the low singing of a teakettle, which, however unobtrusive, indicates steam within. In fact, John Lefever, who was built not unlike a kettle, never whistled except when there was some pressure on his sensibilities.

The warm sun came streaming through the windows of the private office of the division superintendent at Sleepy Cat, a railroad town lying almost within gunshot of the great continental divide. De Spain, tilted back in the superintendent's chair, sat near Lefever—Jeffries had the mountain division then—his feet crossed on the walnut rim of the shabby, cloth-topped table. His chin lay on his soft, open collar and tie, his sunburnt lips were shut tight, and his nervous brown eyes were staring at the dull finish barrel of a new rifle, that lay across Lefever's lap. At intervals Lefever took the rifle up and, whistling softly, examined with care a fracture of the lever, the broken thumbpiece of which lay on the table between the two men.

From the Main street side of the large room came the hooting and clattering of a Frontier day celebration, and these noises seemed not to allay the discomfort apparent on the faces of the two men.

"Hang it, John," blurted out De Spain peevishly, "what possessed you to send for me to do the shooting, anyway?"

His companion answered gently—Lefever's patience was noted even among contained men—"Henry," he remonstrated, "I sent for you because I thought you could shoot."

De Spain's expression did not change under the reproach. His features were so regular as to contribute to this undisturbed expression, and his face would not ordinarily attract attention but for his extremely bright and alive eyes—the frequent mark of an out-of-door mountain life—and especially for a red birthmark, low on his left cheek, disappearing under the turn of the jaw. It was merely a strawberry, so called, and after knowing him, one forget about the birthmark in the man that carried it. Lefever's reproach was naturally provocative. "I hope now," retorted De Spain, but without any show of resentment, "you understand I can't."

"No," persisted Lefever, good-naturedly, "I only realize, Henry, that this wasn't your day for the job."

The door of the outer office opened, and Jeffries, the superintendent, walked into the room; he had just come from Medicine Bend in his car. The two men rose to greet him. He asked about the noise in the street.

"That noise, William, comes from all Calabasas and all Morgan's gap," explained Lefever, still fondling the rifle. "The Morgans are celebrating our defeat. They put it all over us. We were challenged yesterday," he continued in response to the abrupt questions of Jeffries. "The Morgans offered to shoot us offhand, two hundred yards, bull's-eye count. I thought we could trim them by running in a real gunman, so I wired to Medicine Bend for Henry. Henry comes up last night with a brand-new rifle. This is the gun. The lever," he added with a patient expletive, "broke. Henry got to shooting too fast."

"That wasn't what beat me," exclaimed De Spain curtly. And taking up the offending rifle, he walked out of the room.

"What do you think, William?" Lefever grumbled on. "The Morgans ran in a girl to shoot against us—Nan Morgan, old Duke Morgan's little niece. And I never before in my life saw Henry so fussed. The little Music Mountain skirt simply put it all over him. She had five bull's-eyes to Henry's three when the lever snapped. He forfeited."

"Some shooting," commented Jeffries, rapidly signing letters.

"We expected some when Henry unslung his gun," Lefever went on without respecting Jeffries' preoccupation. "As it is, those fellows have cleaned up every dollar loose in Sleepy Cat, and then some. Money? They could start a bank this minute."

Sounds of revelry continued to pour in through the street window. The Morgans were celebrating uncommonly. "Rubbing it in, eh, John?" suggested Jeffries.

"Think of it," gasped Lefever, "to be beaten by an eighteen-year-old girl."

"Now that," declared Jeffries, waking up as if for the first time interested, "is exactly where you made your mistake, John. A gunman shoots his best when there's somebody shooting at him. That's why you shoot well—because you're a gunman, and not a marksman."

"That boy can shoot all around me, Jeff."

"For instance," continued Jeffries, "if you had put Gale Morgan up against Henry, and told him to shoot at each other, instead of against each other, you'd have got bull's-eyes to burn from De Spain. And the Calabasas crowd wouldn't have your money. John, if you want to win money, you must study the psychological."

There was abundance of raillery in Lefever's retort: "That's why you are rich, Jeff?"

"No, I am poor because I failed to study it. That is why I am at Sleepy Cat holding down a division. But now that you've brought Henry up here, we'll keep him."

"What do you mean, keep him?" demanded Lefever, starting in protest.

"I mean I need him. I mean the time to shoot a bear is when you see him. John, what kind of a fellow is De Spain?" demanded the superintendent, as if he had never heard of him.

Lefever, regarding Jeffries keenly, exclaimed with emphasis: "Why, if you want him short and sharp, he's a man with a soft eye and a snap-turtle jaw, a man of close squeaks and short-arm shots, always getting into trouble, always getting out; a man that can wheedle more out of a horse than anybody but an Indian; coax more shots out of a gun than anybody else can put into it—if you want him flat, that's Henry, as I size him."

Jeffries resumed his mildest tone: "Tell him to come in a minute, John."

[To be continued.]

"Some Shooting!" Commented Jeffries.

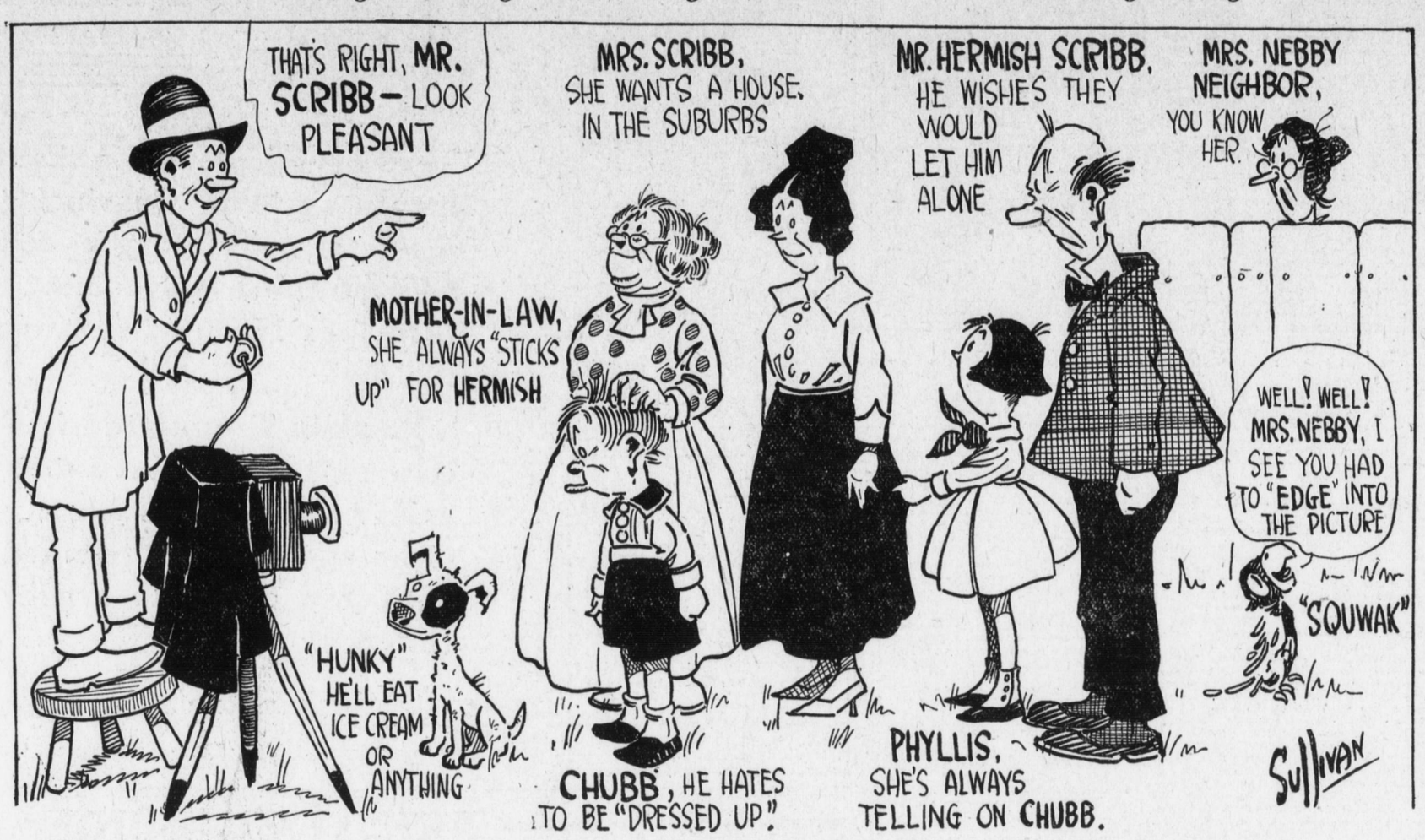

### For Itching Scalp

You do not want a slow treatment for itching scalp when hair is falling and the dandruff germ is killing the hair roots. Delay means—no hair.

Get, at any drug store, a bottle of Zemo for 25c or $1.00 for extra large size. Use as directed, for it does the work quickly. It kills the dandruff germ, nourishes the hair roots and immediately stops itching scalp. It is a pure, reliable, antiseptic liquid, is not greasy, is easy to use and will not stain. Soaps and shampoos are harmful, as they contain alkali. The best thing to use for scalp irritations is Zemo, for it is safe and also inexpensive.

The E. W. Rose Co., Cleveland, O.


## The Scribb Family---They Live Right Here in Harrisburg---By Sullivan




Step up folks and become acquainted with Mr. and Mrs. "Hermish" Scribb and the whole Schibb family, not forgetting the family zoo, "Squawk" and "Hunky." They are Harrisburg born and bred and intend to spend the rest of their natural days in the city and surrounding country. Maybe they live next door to you. Wouldn't that be funny? The call of the wild, via the gasoline route, has hit the Scribb family a heavy wallop—that is with exception of "Hermish"—he doesn't want any old automobile. But that does not make much difference. We have to cut this short because Sullivan's apt to object to having their antics given away. To-morrow you'll see for yourself what's going on.

## "The Insider"

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water

CHAPTER XX

By Virginia Terhune Van DeWater
(Copyright, 1917, Star Company.)

The man Tom Norton introduced to me was straight, tall and broad-shouldered. His eyes were clear and blue, his hair light brown and his skin fair.

"Clear-cut" was the epithet that came into my mind when I looked into his face. As he greeted me, he showed a set of regular white teeth in a flashingly brilliant smile. In that brief instant I understood why Tom admired Hugh Parker.

"I am very glad to meet you, Miss Dart," he said, bowing over my hand.

And although I did not know him, I felt sure that he meant what he said.

"I came down to get this book," I explained, taking the volume from the table where I had left it that afternoon.

But as I started toward the door, Tom spoke.

"I say—what's the hurry?" he asked protestingly. "Why not stay here and talk with us for a few minutes?"

I looked at him in surprise. He seemed to have undergone a subtle change of some kind. Heretofore I had seen him only as the not very happy and little-understood son of the house, sometimes on the defensive, seldom sure of himself.

But now, with this man who was some years his senior, he spoke with a naturalness and ease that altered his whole bearing.

He stood by his friend, looking squarely at me as a man of the world might have done, yet with a boyish impulsiveness that warmed my heart toward him. The idea came to me that he might always be like this if he were in the company of those who understood him as his present companion probably did.

"Yes," Mr. Parker seconded his suggestion promptly, "why not stay and talk to us? You see I want to know Tom's people."

"But," I laughed, "I am not one of his people—and I must be going back upstairs."

**An Explanation**

"Oh, aren't you ready for dinner?" Tom asked, noting for the first time that I wore a simple afternoon gown and was not dressed for the evening. He had forgotten, or he did not know, that I was not in the habit of coming to the family dinner table at night.

The situation was awkward, and the only thing for me to do was to speak frankly. It cost me an effort to do this.

"Thank you, Mr. Tom," I asked, "but the little girl will be expecting me upstairs. My place is with her, you know."

"Please do not call me Mr. Tom," the boy begged. "I hate that term. Call me Tom if you want to please me."

"Thank you," I said. "I shall be glad to."

"And," he went on, "I do not see why Grace needs you when she is in bed and asleep. She's well — isn't she?"

"Perfectly well," I admitted. "But I always sit in the room next to hers in the evening—in case I should be needed."

Tom turned to his guest. "Grace is my small sister, you know," he explained. "I've told you about her. Miss Dort is her governness. But anyone would think she was a nurse to see the way she's tied fast to that kid."

"Oh, no!" I demurred. "I like to be with her. That is my work. Good-night," I added, hurrying to the door.

Tom checked me to inquire: "But, I say, Miss Dort, when will you get your dinner?"

"I have had it," I replied. "Grace and I"—

But he interrupted me. "You mean you and Grace got an early supper together—just as if you were a mere child's nurse? I say, that's not fair."

He caught himself up, confused, as Mrs. Gore appeared in the doorway.

"Why, Miss Dart, you here?" she exclaimed in surprise.

"I am just going upstairs." I told her. "I came down to get this book."

**Tom Speaks Out**

"I see," she rejoined. "I was wondering how it happened that you were away from Grace just now."

"Her father is still with her," I answered.

"It is time he was down at dinner. I suppose he will come as soon as you go back to the nursery."

"I was just saying to Miss Dart that that's all foolishness—her staying up there in that way with Grace," Tom began.

Mrs. Dore stopped him before he could say more by remarking coldly: "You forget, Tom, that I have not had the pleasure of meeting your guest. I must ask you to be so kind to present him to me. Or shall I introduce myself?"

I had reached the door by now, but I glanced back in time to see poor Tom flush scarlet and hear him begin stammeringly:

"I beg your pardon! Mr. Parker—this is Aune — I mean — may I, this is Mrs. Gore!"

His jaunty, secure manner had fled. He was again the suspicious, uncomfortable lad.

Was he always like this in the presence of his aunt? I wondered. And why need she make matters so awkward for him? And could not his own father appeal to the best in the boy, as this Hugh Parker seemed able to do?

That the tutor had saved the situation I inferred when an instant later I heard his clear laugh ring out, followed by Mrs. Gore's genteel titter. She never really laughed aloud. Mr. Hugh Parker must have both tact and humor to make her forget already that Tom had neglected to introduce to her a guest under her brother-in-law's roof.

(To Be Continued.)

### TO INSTRUCT PHYSICIANS

*By Associated Press*

New York, March 29.—A hospital for the instruction of surgeons in the treatment of infected wounds by the method worked out by Dr. Alexis Carrel and Dr. H. D. Dakin, at the military hospital at Compiegne, France, will be established immediately on the grounds of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research here, it was announced to-day. It is expected that Dr. Carrell wil be granted leave by the French to come here and assume personal supervision of the work.

### WANT NEWS QUARANTINE

*By Associated Press*

The Hague, March 28.—The Associated Press has been informed from an absolutely authentic source that the German government will ask American officials and relief workers of the American Commission for Relief in Belgium to submit to a period of "news quarantine," the time not to exceed four weeks, in order to prevent military information from leaking out.

### AFTER FOOD SPECULATORS

Carlisle, Pa., March 29.—Two men, one said to be from Harrisburg, and the other from Mechanicsburg, are wanted here on the charge of being food speculators. According to officers, they came to Carlisle early last evening and purchased all of the eggs and butter which had been brought in for the mid-week market yesterday. Similar purchases were made Friday. They posted forfeits of $5 for appearance at police court last evening but did not show up. Police decline to divulge the names.

### MASSACHUSETTS TO PREPARE

*By Associated Press*

Boston, March 29.—Governor McCall has been authorized by the executive council to spend $750,000 of the $1,000,000 recently appropriated by the legislature for defense purposes. The money will be used to equip all units of the Massachusetts National Guard at full war strength. The Governor expressed the opinion that Congress eventually would reimburse the State for this expense.

## TIMELY HINTS FOR THE HOME GARDENER

### Radishes and Lettuce

Washington, D. C., March 24.—Radishes and lettuce are favorite plants in small gardens because, while these are attractive additions to the table, they are in a way luxuries on which many housewives hesitate to spend money.

Lettuce does not withstand heat well and thrives best, therefore, in the early spring or late autumn. In order to have the leaves crisp and tender, it is necessary to force the growth of the plant. The usual method of growing the plant for home use is to sow the seeds broadcast in the bed and to remove the leaves as rapidly as they become large enough for use. It is better, however, to sow the seeds in rows 14 to 16 inches apart, and when the plants come up to thin them to the desired distance. With the heading type this should be about 12 inches apart. This will result in the formation of rather compact heads and the entire plant may then be cut for use. For an early crop in the North, the plants should be started in a hotbed or cold frame and transplanted as soon as hard freezes are over. In many sections of the South, the seeds are sown during the autumn and the plant allowed to remain in the ground over winter. Frequent shallow cultivation should be given the crop and, if crisp and tender lettuce is desired during the summer months, some form of partial shading may be necessary.

For head lettuce, Big Boston, Hanson and California Cream Butter are good varieties. The loose-leaf lettuce, Grand Rapids or black-seeded Simpson are recommended.

Radishes are so hardy that they may be grown through the winter in cold frames in the latitude of Washington, and farther South in the open ground. In the North, they require hotbeds, but can be sown in the open ground as soon as the soil is moderately warm. They should be planted in drills 12 to 18 inches apart and thinned slightly as soon as the plants are up. On a quick, rich soil some of the earlier varieties can be matured in from 3 to 4 weeks after planting. If the plants are allowed to remain long in the open ground, the roots loose their crispness and delicate flavor, and, in order to secure a constant supply, successive plantings should be made every two weeks. One ounce of radish seed is sufficient to plant 100 feet of row. A large percentage of the seed germinates and, if the sowing is done carefully, later thinning may be unnecessary. The first radishes to appear may be pulled as soon as they are of sufficient size, and this will leave enough room for those that are a little later. The plant is not suited to hot weather, but should be planted in the early spring and late autumn.

## All Germans Are Taken From Interned Vessels

*By Associated Press*

Philadelphia, March 29.—The skeleton crews left aboard the German auxiliary cruisers Kronprinz Wilhelm and Prinz Eitel Friedrich when the interned German sailors were transferred to military forts in Georgia last Monday, started under a heavy marine guard late last night for Fort Oglethorpe. Two men, one for each ship, were left behind in order to comply with the insurance laws. In the party taken south were two officers, ten sailors and ten Chinese cooks. They were taken from the Philadelphia navy yard to a railroad station in a special trolley car, which was preceded and followed by motor patrols of police.

### THIRTEENTH PENNSYLVANIA HOME FROM THE BORDER

*By Associated Press*

Scranton, March 29.—The Thirteenth Pennsylvania infantry, numbering nine hundred men and fifty officers, arrived here yesterday from El Paso, Texas, an enormous crowd giving them a rousing reception. The regiment was in the field for eight months and returns a splendid organization. Orders suspending the muster out of this unit have been issued but aside from this nothing has been received from the War Department except a request for the number of motor trucks, horses and mules that may be required.

### ANNIVERSARY OF LODGE

Duncannon, Pa., March 29. — The United American Mechanics Lodge, No. 57, has issued invitations for the celebration of its fifty-eighth anniversary next Saturday evening. Special invitations have been issued by the entertainment committee and plans perfected, to make this banquet and entertainment just a trifle better than any of the ones held in former years.

### SELECT TAMMANY MAN

*By Associated Press*

New York, March 29.—Thomas F. Smith, secretary of Tammany Hall, was unanimously designated last night as the Democratic nominee for Congress from the Fifteenth district, to succeed the late Michael F. Conry. His Republican opponent at the special election to be held April 12 will be designated to-night.

## INCREASING FOOD SUPPLY OF NATION AIM OF WOMEN

### Suffragists Receive Call to Mobilize For Farming and Gardening

A new national defense force is to make its advent throughout the country—a force which is described by Assistant Secretary Carl Vrooman, of the United States Department of Agriculture, as one which will be of as much value in times of peace as in war. It will operate under both federal and state supervision.

This new force will be feminine in gender and suffragistic in efficiency. In addition it will have an important integral part in Pennsylvania. In fact, it will carry women back to the land, wherever that land is—in rural, urban or suburban districts.

**State Bureaus**

In brief, the movement described is the mobilizing by the National American Woman Suffrage Association, the Pennsylvania Woman Suffrage Association and other state suffrage associations of their entire membership to work under a "Department of Suffrage Agriculture" to increase the national food supply by gardening and farming and the elimination of waste. Members, in all probability will adopt a simple uniform, and, following an enrollment which is to take place immediately, will inaugurate in detail a great department having a central unit in every state in which it will operate and local bureaus in various sections of the states.

The new "department" is the direct result of a note sent to the President and government February 25, which was accepted by the Secretary of War. This note was forwarded by the executive council of the National Association and offered the entire machinery of that organization to the President in event of hostilities between this and any other country.

**Units of Plan**

The general plan of organization includes:

Chairmen for each state to have charge of suffrage agriculture with an executive committee to assist her.

Co-operation with State Department of Agriculture to map out and put detailed plans into effect.

Organization of local leagues to have suffrage agricultural chairman, who will enroll women into non-dues-paying farm-garden-and-vacant-lot clubs.

Pledging each woman member to farm or plant a vegetable garden on her own lot or on land to be secured.

Co-operation in a movement for cultivating vacant city lots.

Studying courses in gardening and farming.

Distribution of national and state agricultural bulletins.

Public lectures with speakers from county farm bureaus and State agricultural department and colleges.

Suffrage agricultural booths at county fairs.

Agricultural automobile campaigns.

Prizes to be awarded for best vegetables.

Canning centers in charge of trained women from agricultural schools.

Instruction of canning volunteers.

**Already in the Ranks**

Farming and gardening as directed by the "Department of Suffrage Agriculture" throughout the country will not be a novelty so far as nearly two million women are concerned.

The census of 1916 shows that an army of women farmers and gardeners already exists, listed as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| Farmers | 257,706 |
| Farm laborers | 1,514,423 |
| Farm foremen | 7,765 |
| Gardeners | 7,834 |
| Gardeners' laborers | 7,474 |
| Miscellaneous | 7,000 |
| | 1,802,202 |

At least two board members of the state suffrage association are already familiar with the arts, advantages and profits of gardening. These are Mrs. E. E. Kiernan, who has an extensive country place in Somerset county, and Mrs. Lewis Lawrence Smith, who makes the soil of her farm in Chester county produce rich returns under her own direction.


LOW PRICE LEADERS

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