

Reading for Women and the Family

TIMELY HINTS FOR THE HOME GARDENER

Washington, D. C., April 23.—The home gardener must count almost inevitably upon the presence in his garden of plant diseases and pests.

It is hard for some gardeners to realize the importance of making early provision to combat these enemies of plant life. It can not be too strongly emphasized, however, that such provision is of equal importance with other phases of gardening.

Assemble Weapons Now The necessary implements and materials for protecting the home garden against insects and diseases should be assembled early in the season.

Cabbage worm, cabbage group, hand pick or spray with arsenate of lead.

Cucumber beetles, cucumber, etc., or spray with Bordeaux mixture or arsenate of lead.

Tomato worms, tobacco, etc., or spray with Bordeaux mixture or arsenate of lead.

Sucking type, squash bug, squash, pumpkin, etc., or spray with kerosene emulsion, a solution of hard soap, or nicotine sulphate.

Aphis (plant lice), cabbage and other plants, or spray with kerosene emulsion, a solution of hard soap, or nicotine sulphate.

Gardeners desiring additional information in regard to insects attacking the vegetable garden should apply to the Bureau of Entomology, U. S. Department of Agriculture, but it should be understood that there is no publication covering the entire subject.

The gardener should remember that many plant diseases and insects exist in the garden all year around.

The garden should be carefully cleaned of rubbish, the weeds pulled, and the soil turned.

It is necessary to burn this debris promptly, as any disease spores or insects which may be present are then surely destroyed.

U. S. Needs Many Horses to Equip Its New Army

Washington, April 24.—While no announcement has been made publicly by those who have the best interests of the harness sport at heart, there is a strong feeling that since our nation is involved in war, the harness racing programs already published will be materially curtailed.

No set of men have given the question of horses to be used by an army more careful thought and consideration than the men engaged in breeding and development of the harness horse, and they know the ranks of the breeders must be invaded to secure animals fit for the service.

The unusual drain on the supply of horses and mules for the allies has so depleted the supply heretofore available for cavalry and light artillery service, that now only the scrubs and better bred ones are left for our own Government to draw from to equip an army.

Those who have followed the records of the horses used in the war and especially those who have scanned the exportation records of the horses shipped to foreign shores, estimate that the United States Government will need two horses or mules for every five soldiers put in the field.

While the sacrifice will be great and the need will almost certainly be destroyed, the horsemen feel that if they can be of service they give it freely.

Use McNeil's Pain Exterminator—Adv.

'Disloyal' German Has 2 Sons Serving U. S.

Wellsboro, Pa., April 24.—Peter Fischler, a Wellsboro grocer, has been accused of pro-German sympathies. He not only stoutly affirms his loyalty, but has placed in his store window a picture, in uniform, of his only son, Peter Fischler, Jr., a cadet at the United States naval academy, Annapolis, with a United States flag on each side of him and the following placard: "Here's my boy. Where's yours?"

Fischler's son-in-law, Captain Frank Russell, U. S. N., is commandant of a mosquito fleet of six boats, of which the Wasp is the flagship.

Use McNeil's Pain Exterminator—Adv.

Fashions of To-Day - By May Manton

EVERY variation of the tunic idea is smart for Spring and here is a gown that is made of serge and charmeuse satin and that shows a tunic of a very novel and very attractive sort.

Incidentally, it is a simple sort, too, especially well adapted to the home dressmaker's needs. Body portion and skirt are cut together so that there are only shoulder and under-arm seams to sew up.

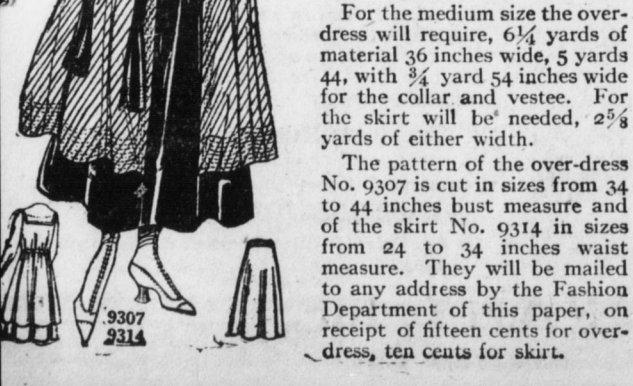
The little vest that is arranged under the front allows effective use of contrasting material. The skirt is in two pieces. You could not find a simpler model and you could not find a smarter model.

The vest and collar in this case are of broadcloth and the combination of broadcloth with serge is a well-liked one.

For the medium size the overdress will require, 6 1/2 yards of material 36 inches wide, 5 yards 44, with 3/4 yard 54 inches wide for the collar and vestee.

For the skirt will be needed, 2 3/8 yards of either width.

The pattern of the over-dress No. 9307 is cut in sizes from 34 to 44 inches bust measure and of the skirt No. 9314 in sizes from 24 to 34 inches waist measure. They will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of fifteen cents for overdress, ten cents for skirt.



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



Nan of Music Mountain

By FRANK H. SPEARMAN AUTHOR OF 'WHISPERING SMITH'

(Copyright by Charles Scribner's Sons)

(Continued.)

After a while he was able to distinguish the outline of her casement, and, with much patience and some little skill remaining from the boy's days, he kept up the faint call.

Down at the big barn the chained watchdog tore himself with a fury of barking at the intruder, but he better behaved the next moment he whispered her name as she stood before him.

"What is it you want?" she asked, so calmly that it upset him. "Why do you come here?"

Where he stood he was afraid of the sound of her voice, and afraid of his own. "To see you," he said, collecting himself. "Come over to the pine tree."

Under its heavy branches, where the darkness was most intense, he told her why he had come—because he could not see her anywhere outside.

"There is nothing to see me about," she responded, still calm. "I helped you because you were wounded. I was glad to see you get away without my knowing it."

"But put yourself in my place a little, won't you? After what you did for me, isn't it natural I should want to know you were here?"

"It may be natural, but it isn't necessary. I am in no trouble. No one here knows I should know you."

"Excuse me for coming, then. I couldn't rest, Nan, without knowing something. I was here last night."

"He started. 'You made no sign.' 'Why should I? I suspected it was you. When you came again tonight I knew I should have to speak to you—at least, to ask you not to come again.'

"But you will be in and out of town sometimes, won't you, Nan?"

The words were spoken deliberately. De Spain was silent for a moment. "Not even to speak to me?"

"I know you were."

"You must know the position I am in," she answered. "And what a position you place me in if I am seen to speak to you. This is my home. You are the enemy of my people."

"Not because I want to be." "And you can't expect them not to resent any acquaintance on my part with you."

He paused before continuing. "Do you count Gale Morgan as one of your people?" he asked evenly. "I suppose I must."

"Don't you think you ought to count all of your friends, your well-wishers, those who would defend you with the lives, among your people?"

She made no answer. "Aren't they the kind of people," he persisted, "you need when you are in trouble?"

"You needn't remind me I should be grateful to you."

"Nan!" he exclaimed. "For I am," she continued, unmoved. "But—"

"It's a shame to accuse me in that way."

"You were thinking when you spoke of what happened with Gale on Music Mountain."

"I wish to God you and I were on Music Mountain again! I never lived or did anything worth living for, till you came to me that day on Music Mountain."

"I don't think you should be reminding me of what I don't want to remember."

"I shant be caught off my guard again. I know how to defend myself from a drunken man."

He could not restrain a little bitterness he felt. "The man," he said deliberately, "is more dangerous sober than drunk."

"When I can't defend myself, my uncle will defend me."

"Ask him to let me help."

"He doesn't need any help. And he would never ask you, if he did. I can't live at home and know you; that's why I ask you not to come again."

He was silent. "Don't you think, all things considered," she hesitated, as if not knowing how easiest to put it—"you ought to be willing to shake hands and say good-by?"

"Why, if you wish it," he answered, taken aback. And he added more quietly, "Yes, if you say so."

"I mean for good."

"No," he returned, pausing. "You are not willing to be fair."

"I want to be fair—I don't want to promise more than human nature will stand for—and then break my word."

"I am not asking a whole lot."

"Not a whole lot to you I know. But do you really mean that you don't want me ever to speak to you again?"

"If you must put it that way—yes."

"Well"—he took a long breath—"there is one way to make sure of that. I'll tell you honestly I don't wish, if it's really yours, as you have said, it isn't fair, perhaps, for me to go against it. Got your pistol with you, Nan?"

"No."

"That is the way you take care of yourself, is it?"

"I'm not afraid of you."

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself not to be. And you don't even know whom you'll meet before you can get to the front door again. You promised me never to go out without it. Promise me that once more, will you?"

She did as he asked her. "Now, give me your hand, please," he went on. "Take hold of this."

"What is it?"

"The butt of my revolver. Don't be afraid." She heard the slight click of the hammer with a thrill of strange apprehension. "What are you doing?" she demanded hurriedly. "Put your finger on the trigger—so. It is cocked. Now pull."

She caught her breath. "What do you mean?"

He was holding the gun in his two hands, his finger overlapping hers, the muzzle at the breast of his jacket. "Pull," he repeated, "that's all you have to do! I'm steadying it."

She snatched back her hand. "What do you mean?" she cried. "For me to kill you? Shame!"

"You are too excited—all I asked you was to take the trouble to crook your finger—and I'll never speak to you again—you'll have your wish forever."

"Shame!"

"Why shame?" he retorted. "I mean what I say. If you meant what you said, you don't put it out of my power ever to speak to you? Do you want me to put the trigger?"

"I told you once I'm not an assassin—how dare you ask me to do such a thing?" she cried furiously.

"Call your uncle," he suggested coolly. "You may hold this meantime so you'll know he's in no danger. Take my gun and call your uncle."

"Shame on you!"

"Call Gale—all any man in the gap—they'll jump at the chance."

"I don't think I can do that. I'm a wretch—I'm sorry I ever helped you—I'm sorry I ever saw you!"

She sprang away before he could interpose a word. He stood staring at the suddenness of her outburst, trying to listen and to breathe at the same time. He heard the front door close, and stood waiting. There was no further sound from the house greeted his ears.

"And I thought," he muttered to himself, "that might calm her down a little. I'm certainly in wrong, now."

CHAPTER XVI.

Her Bad Penny.

Nan reached her room in a fever of excitement, angry at De Spain, bitterly angry at Gale, angry with the mountains, and resentfully fighting the pillow on which she cried herself to sleep.

In the morning every nerve was on edge. When her Uncle Duke, with his chopping utterance, said something short to her at their very early breakfast he was surprised by an answer equally short. Her uncle retorted sharply. A second curt answer greeted his rebuff, and while he stared at her, Nan left the table and the room.

Duke, taking the cue of the men, started that morning for Sleepy Cat with a bunch of cattle. He rode a fractious horse, infuriated, as his horses frequently were, by his brutal treatment, bolted in a moment unguarded by his master, and flung Duke on his back in a strip of lava rock.

The old man—in the mountains a man is called old after he passes forty—was heavy, and the fall a serious one. He pitched himself, while the men were recovering his horse, knocked the horse over the head with a piece of jagged rock when the frightened beast was brought back, and climbed into the saddle again, and rode all the way into town.

But when his business was done, Duke, who was at the mountain, neither sat a horse, nor sit in a wagon. Sleepy Cat was stirred at the news, and that the man who had defied him in the company of the men twenty years should have been laid low and sent to the hospital by a mere broncho was the topic of many comments. De Spain, who was at Calabasas, knew Nan would not be alarmed should her uncle not return that night. But early in the morning a messenger from McAlpin rode to her with a note telling her of the accident.

Whatever his views Duke had been a good protector to his dead brother's child. He had sent her to good schools and tried to revive in her, despite her untoward surroundings, the better traditions of the family as it had once flourished

in Kentucky. Nan took the saddle for Sleepy Cat in haste and alarm. When she reached her uncle's bedside she understood how seriously she had been hurt, and the doctor's warnings were not needed to convince her he must have care.

Duke refused to let her leave him, in any case, and Nan relented the nurse and what was in equal moment, made herself custodian of the cash in hand before Duke's town companions could get hold of it. Occasionally trips to the town were necessary as the weeks passed and her uncle could not be moved. These Nan had feared as threatening an encounter either by accident or on his part designed, with De Spain. But the impending encounter never took place. De Spain, attending closely to his own business, managed to keep accurate track of her whereabouts without getting in her way. She had come to Sleepy Cat dreading to meet him and fearing his further interference, but this apprehension, with the passing of a curiously brief period, dissolved into a confidence in her ability and in the messenger's assurance, on anyone's part, with her feelings.

Gale Morgan rode into town frequently, and Nan at first painfully remembered hearing sometime of a deadly duel between her truculent gap admirer and her persistent town courtier who was more considerate and better mannered, but no less accurate track of her whereabouts without getting in her way. She had come to Sleepy Cat dreading to meet him and fearing his further interference, but this apprehension, with the passing of a curiously brief period, dissolved into a confidence in her ability and in the messenger's assurance, on anyone's part, with her feelings.

As to the boisterous mountain man, his resolute little cousin, made no secret of her detestation of him. She denied and defied him as openly as a girl could, and heard his threats and better understood the nature of his attack. She was quite alone, too, in her fear of any fatal meeting between the two men who seemed determined to pursue her.

The truth was that after Calabasas, De Spain, from Thief river to Sleepy Cat, was a marked man. None sought to cross his path or his purposes, and neither the town natives of Calabasas men nor those of their Morgan Gap sympathizers had any champion disposed to follow too closely the alert Medicine Bend railroad.

In and about the hospital, and in the town itself, Nan found the chief obstacle to her peace of mind in the talk she could not always avoid hearing about De Spain. Convalescents in the corridors, practically all of them men, never gathered in sunny corners or at the tables in the dining room without De Spain's name coming in some way into the talk, to be followed with varying circumstantial accounts of what really had happened that day at Calabasas.

And with all the known escapades in which he had figured, exhausted as topics, by long-winded commentators, more or less hazy stories of his earlier experiences at Medicine Bend, De Spain's father had long ago been shot down from ambush by a cattlemen and that Henry De Spain had sworn to when the man and kill him. And it was hinted pretty strongly that De Spain had information when he consented to come to Sleepy Cat that the assassin still lived, and lived somewhere around the head of the sinks.

On that very evening it chanced the doctor came late. When he walked in he asked her if she knew it was Frontier day, and reminded her that just a year ago she had shot against Henry de Spain and had beaten the most dangerous man and the deadliest shot on the mountain divide in her rifle match.

How he had grown in the imagination of Sleepy Cat and Music mountain, she said to herself—while the doctor talked to her uncle—since that day a year ago! Then he was no more than an unknown and disreputable marksman from Medicine Bend, beaten by a mountain girl—the most talked-of man in the high country. And the suspicion which sometimes obtrude itself with pride into her mind, that she who never mentioned his name when it was discussed before her, really knew and understood him better than any of those that talked so much—that she had at least one great secret with him alone.

When leaving, the doctor wished to send over from his office medicine for her uncle. Nan offered to go with him, but the doctor said it was pretty late and Main street pretty noisy—he preferred to find a messenger. When there came a rap on the half-open door, she went forward to take the medicine from the messenger, and standing before her in the hall, De Spain.

She shrank back as if struck. She tried to speak. Her tongue refused its office. De Spain held a package out in his hand. "Doctor Torpy asked me to give you this."

"Doctor Torpy?" What is it?

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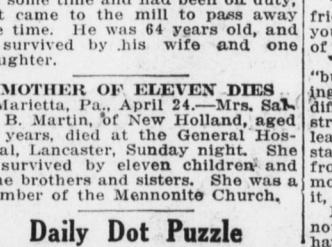
DROPS DEAD IN MILL

Marietta, Pa., April 24.—George Neinen, of Columbia, fell over dead yesterday while walking through the mill and iron mill. He was ill for some time and had been off duty, but came to the mill to pass away the time. He was 64 years old, and is survived by his wife and one daughter.

MOTHER OF ELEVEN DIES

Marietta, Pa., April 24.—Mrs. Sallie B. Martin, of New Holland, aged 50 years, died at the General Hospital, Lancaster, Sunday night. She is survived by eleven children and nine brothers and sisters. She was a member of the Mennonite Church.

Daily Dot Puzzle



Washington, April 23.—A nationwide advertising campaign of extraordinary proportions has been decided upon by Secretary McAdoo as the most effective means of disposing quickly of the \$5,000,000,000 bond issue soon to be offered to the public.

So many patriotic offers of aid have poured into the Treasury Department that practically every method of publicity in the country will be at the government's disposal without charge in helping to make the issue a success.

Newspapers, magazines, street car advertisements, even the billboards, soon may be proclaiming the issue in big type and summoning every American to do his duty to his country by subscribing. Large advertising agencies have offered their services free of cost in writing the advertisements and otherwise assisting in the campaign.

GEORGE W. KELLER DIES

Marietta, Pa., April 24.—George W. Keller, of near East Prospect, died Sunday night in his eighty-second year. He was a retired business man of that section, and the oldest member of the Lutheran church. Six children, thirteen grandchildren, four great-grandchildren, a brother and two sisters survive.

THE HONEYMOON HOUSE

By HAZEL DALE

Janet told Jarvis afterward that she never remembered going through so uncomfortable a time as she had had that evening. She had met and Janet's mother had met and talked.

"I have never known mother being so unreasonably," Janet protested to Jarvis mournfully. She hated to admit even to her husband that her own mother could take so abnormal a viewpoint, and so apparently natural a circumstance.

"But I don't think it is at all unusual," Jarvis returned, anxious to cheer Janet up. "Remember your mother has very conventional ideas. Why, nine-tenths of the women to-day have those ideas about mothers and living in a carefree sort of way like we do. Haven't you ever had a tiny little leaning toward it yourself?"

"Why no?" began Janet, then stopped. In all fairness she would have to admit that narrow tightening about her heart that morning when she had come in from the office and had found Neva sitting in close conversation with Jarvis.

"But it was only because I didn't understand it myself, then herself, then aloud she added thoughtfully. 'Well, I guess you are right.' "And Neva, who was understood perfectly well, Jarvis said comfortingly.

"Yes, I think she did," Janet said quickly. But Jarvis, who was such a splendid girl, I do wish mother could understand."

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The entire conversation had arisen from the unfortunate circumstance that had happened earlier that same evening, when Mr. and Mrs. Carew had been at the studio for dinner, and Neva Hart, who was occupying a compromising position of artist's model, had dropped in for a little chat.

Mrs. Carew's ideas on Janet's friends could not stretch so far into the atmosphere of Bohemia as to admit of intimacy with artist's models, and she was consequently shocked, and took no trouble to conceal her disgust from Neva herself. Neva, however, was too big and too broad to take the affair seriously. She had never met a woman exactly the same type of Mrs. Carew, but she knew they existed, and as soon as she had discovered the trend of thought she had made a graceful exit.

"My dear, I am so sorry," Janet had whispered when she had gone with Neva to the door.

"And Neva had just laughed. "Why Janet, child, don't you suppose I understand. Don't you think another thing about it? You know too well to think for an instant that it would make any difference."

"But I wanted you to have a different idea of mother. I can't be such a peach if she wants to."

"I was a fool to speak about Mrs. Carew's," said Neva ruefully. "Of course, I'm not a peach myself. You see, she naturally judges all models by an unfortunate few. So many people do that, that there are just as many foolish girls in all professions, but their foolishness is not quite so easily discovered, and the danger is so much less."

After Neva had gone Janet returned to the studio with her chin set firmly. Her father, who looked at her keenly, had looked at it and boded ill for what was about to happen.

Mrs. Carew sat up stiffly in her chair and looked at Janet much as she would have looked at a naughty child. No one spoke for a minute, then Mrs. Carew said reproachfully: "Janet, don't tell me that you associate with models that call themselves 'art models.' Janet questioned slowly.

"Why, with a girl with a low standard of morality?" began Mrs. Carew.

"Stop, mother!" Janet said quickly. "You have no right to say that, because I don't look like a naughty girl. No one spoke for a minute, then Mrs. Carew said reproachfully: "Janet, don't tell me that you associate with models that call themselves 'art models.' Janet questioned slowly.

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