



Reading for women and all the family



"THEIR MARRIED LIFE"

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"Helen, this is Lulu Holmes," called a voice over the phone, and Helen exclaimed delightedly. "Why, Lulu, dear, how are you? It's just an age since I have seen you. Where have you been keeping yourself?"

"Oh, I have been sick as usual, grippe and everything that goes with it. But, Helen, I called you up to ask if you would help me out of a fix. I received a letter from your mother this morning, asking me to look up a young couple who have settled here in New York. They are from our home town, and I thought I don't know them. I have certainly felt for years as if I had. But the funny part is that the mother sent me no address. She just said they are living in the Latin Quarter. Where on earth could that be, Helen?"

Helen laughed merrily. "I never knew we had one," she returned. "But it must be down in Greenwich Village somewhere."

"I thought some of your friends might know them," Lulu returned. "You and Warren know a lot of people like that, don't you?"

A few people she has met through Frances Knowles. What is their name, Lulu?"

"Hunt, Billy and Queenie Hunt. If I had an idea where to find them, I'd come over and get you and make you search them out with me."

"And I'd like to go, too," said Helen, who liked Mrs. Holmes, and thought it would be fun to do something of the kind. "I'll tell you why I'm so interested. You know we'll run down and ask Frances if she knows any one by that name?"

"I'll be over in fifteen minutes," Mrs. Holmes returned, and then, singing gaily, went into the living room to wait.

An hour later down at Frances' studio apartment, Frances was wrinkling her forehead to try to remember the name. She, too, had laughed at New York's Latin Quarter, and had agreed with Helen that poor Lulu almost gaped for breath.

"But I don't think the neighborhood is attractive there," Lulu Holmes said. "Do you think it might mean somewhere around here?"

Frances and Carp had a studio in the Gramercy Park neighborhood.

"Oh, that isn't a bit Bohemian," she laughed. "Carp and I are really out of it. You haven't been over in the village, have you, Mrs. Holmes? Waverly place is charming, and of course you know how pretty it is in Washington Square. Hunt? I can't seem to remember any one by that name, and yet that Queenie sounds somehow familiar. I suppose your mother has an idea that every one knows every one else in the Latin Quarter," and they all three laughed.

"It seems to me," continued Frances, "that I do remember that name Queenie. I think I heard it last week when Carp and I were at the Forystes. Just a minute and I'll call up Mrs. Foryste. She might be able to tell me."

Frances rang up the lady in question and fortunately caught her just as she was going out.

"Did she know anyone by the name of Hunt, Queenie Hunt?"

"Why yes, Frances, you remember

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

THAT REMINDS ME MY WIFE TOLD ME TO BUY A FLAG

ALL KINDS OF FLAGS

I'LL TAKE THAT ONE NO! WAIT

UM--- JUST AS I THOUGHT--- THIS FLAG HAS ONLY 46 STARS, AND IT SHOULD HAVE 48

THERE'S 2 STARS MISSING - YOU DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT FLAGS

WHO DON'T??

HOW MANY STARS DID YOU SAY THAT FLAG HAS???

FORTY-EIGHT - I NOTICE THE OTHER TWO NOW.

Four Good Bands For Parade at Millersburg

Millersburg, Pa., April 26. — Arrangements for the patriotic parade to be held here Saturday are rapidly nearing completion and Burgess S. N. Kewell and aids have left nothing undone to make this a great day in Millersburg. Employees of the various manufacturing plants and civic organizations, school children and a company of Pennsylvania National Guardsmen from Sunbury bands to furnish music. The Millersburg band, the Commonwealth Band, of Harrisburg, the Elizabethville band, and the Berryburg band, have already been secured and others are expected. Many people from the surrounding towns will be here as onlookers and will also take part in the pageant. The organizations will form in Market Square and at 12 o'clock begin the line of march which will cover the principal streets of the town. Good speakers will be present.

BOY FOUND GUILTY

Wilkes-Barre, Pa., April 26.—John McCawley, 16 years old, was found guilty of involuntary manslaughter yesterday for having shot to death William Parsley, 12 years old, when the Parsley boy refused to permit Duke to engage in a fight while the boys were on a hunting trip in the Hazleton mountains last November. The jury recommended the prisoner to extreme mercy.

TO COMMAND FARMERS

Reading, Pa., April 26.—William M. Croll, of Reading, customs naval officer of the Port of Philadelphia, has accepted a "command" as general of the army of volunteers to help in tilling Berks county farms. Men who can give time and the use of automobiles will be "enlisted" and distributed under Chamber of Commerce auspices.

Daily Dot Puzzle

13 14
12 11 10 16
9 8 5
7 6

HOW DOES YOUR GARDEN GROW

By Samuel Armstrong Hamilton

With what pleasurable anticipations do we look forward to the first lettuce from the garden! It is one of the first vegetables to be sown in the ground outdoors, and one of the first which can be enjoyed, if properly grown.

There is no use in rushing it into the soil ahead of its normal time, however. There seems to be an opinion abroad that it is proper to sow lettuce any time after the snow goes away, no matter what the temperature may be. This is not the case.

Seeds of lettuce of different kinds vary in their hardness. To put some kinds in the cold, freezing soil in early seasons, that most of them will rot, and those which do persist and germinate will make but a very indifferent quality of lettuce.

Nothing is to be gained by too early planting. As this is being written on April 9 there is snow on the ground, and any lettuce planted prior to this date which do not happen to germinate would not gain anything over that which will be planted with more favorable conditions.

As lettuce should be a quickly growing crop, it should have a light, rich, warm soil, well filled with humus. This latter quality can hardly be overemphasized. The best lettuce grown in this country comes from the muck farms, which are almost pure humus. This condition of soil applies to most of the succulent crops.

The reason why we have a soil well filled with humus is because lettuce, being a succulent crop and made up of very largely of water, must have a soil which will hold water in its pores, and which is available to the roots of the plant. Lettuce grown in dry soil or one which is alternately dry and wet, instead of being moist, is likely to be tough and stringy.

Another reason for a soil filled with humus—and an important one—is that such soil, being filled with soil bacteria, is likely to have ready for the use of the roots much available plant food, which also tends to retard growth and tenderness in the resulting lettuce.

Lettuce is of two general kinds—the "loose head," or "cutting," which does not make tight heads, and the head lettuce. Each of these kinds has its appropriate place and season in the home garden. The former is planted directly into the garden beds for immediate use as soon as large enough, while the head lettuce is sown in the seed bed to be transplanted later on, separately, in rows for heading-up.

Two Ways in Cutting Lettuce

There are two ways in which the

Nan of Music Mountain

By FRANK H. SPEARMAN
Author of "WHISPERING SMITH"

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(Continued.)

They could hardly slip from their saddles fast enough to reach each other's arms—Nan, trim as a model in fresh khaki, trying with a handkerchief to wipe the dust from her eyes, and De Spain, who was sitting on a hump of a mile from him, questioning him. His eyes seemed to rove inquisitively over the lava pile as if asking why a Morgan Gap pony had visited it. In another moment he wheeled his horse and spurred rapidly after his companions.

The two drew a deep breath. De Spain laughed. "What we don't know never hurts us." He drew Nan to him. Holding the rifle muzzle at arm's length as the butt rested on the ground, she looked up from the shoulder to which she was drawn.

"What should you have done if he had come?"

"Taken you to the gap and then taken him to Sleepy Cat, where he belongs."

"He, Henry, suppose—"

"There wouldn't have been any 'suppose.' The others had come."

"Suppose the others had come," said De Spain, "and you, a man could stand off a regiment. Nan, do you know, you fit into my arm as if you were made for it."

"His course was contagious. When he had tired her with fresh importunities he unpinned her felt hat and held it out to reach with his hand and toyed with and disarranged her hair. In revenge, she snatched from his pocket his little black memorandum book and some letters and read aloud to him, and he, in turn, sending her opportunity she broke from him and ran with the utmost fleetness up into the rocks.

In two minutes they had forgotten the episode almost as completely as if it never had been. But when they left for home they agreed to come back to meet their friend. They knew that Sassoon, like a Jackal, would surely come back, and more than once, until he found out that that rat or any subsequent trail leading into the beds meant. The lovers laughed the Jackals spying to scorn and rode away in a hazy mood, and each in his own mind, and each in his own way, watching the horseman, whose eyes were still fixed on the pony's trail, but who was now less than a half-mile away and riding straight toward them.

De Spain, naturally reckless, had won in Nan a girl hardly more concerned. Self-reliant, both of them and instinctively vigilant, they spent so much time together that Scott and Lefever, who, before a fortnight had passed after Duke's return home, surmised that De Spain must be carrying on some sort of clandestine affair toward the girl. It was not their business, but they would be before something happened, and only hoped it would not be in their own hands.

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more slowly forward. The color returned to Nan's cheeks. "Do you want me to use this," she murmured, indicating the rifle.

"Certainly not. But if the others tumbled back, I may need it. Stay right here with the horse and hold the trail in a minute now. When he reaches the rock I'll go down and keep him from getting off his horse or repeating this process as they grow up one at all to question."

"By the way, Mrs. Holmes, how did you find our funny little place?"

Mrs. Holmes looked at Helen and they both broke into peals of laughter.

"Just as you said we would, my dear, we had no idea where to begin, and we were almost certain of not having success, but the very first person we asked found your address for us."

"That's just the way it is down here," Mrs. Hunt responded enthusiastically. "New York is a large city, but this is the nearest to living in the village that I know of outside of the real thing."

CHAPTER XVIII

Facing the Music.

They had not underestimated the danger from Sassoon's suspicious nature. The next morning they were sitting on the camp among the rocks. It was little, but it spelled a meeting of two people—Nan and another—and he was stimulated to keep his eyes and ears open for further discoveries. Moreover, continuing ease in seeing each other, undetected by hostile eyes, gradually rendered the lovers less cautious in their arrangements.

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assistance. And De Spain, in his long and frequent rides, his protracted absences, indifference to the details of business and careless humor, had evidently passed within the limits of Duke's tolerance.

What was stage traffic to him compared to the sunshine on Nan's hair; what attraction had schedules to offer against a moment of her eyes, when a pleasing connection could there be between bad-order wheels and her low laugh?

The two felt they must meet to discuss their constant perplexities and the problems of their difficult situation; but when they reached their trysting places, there was more of nervous than gravity, more of non-balance than concern, more of looking into each other's hearts than looking into the troublesome future.

De Spain and Nan, because they were hardly an inviting spot within miles of Music Mountain that one or the other of the two had not waited near.

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"Where did you go this afternoon?"

"Over to Calabasas," she answered innocently.

"Who'd you meet there?" Duke's tone snapped with anger. He was working himself into a fury, but Nan saw it must be faced. "The same people I usually meet—why?"

"Did you meet Henry De Spain after this afternoon?"

Nan stood with her back against the end of the table where her uncle's first words had stopped her, and she looked sideways toward her cousin.

"Yes, I did. What do you mean?"

"No, I did not. What do you mean?"

"He demanded his niece with spirit. 'Do you want to know what are you trying to find out?'"

"Duke turned in his rage on Gale!"

"You hear that—that what have you got to say to him?" he demanded with an abusive oath.

Gale jumped forward, his finger pointed at Nan. "Look here, do you deny you are meeting Henry De Spain all over the desert? You met him down the Sleepy Cat trail near Black Cap, didn't you?"

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"because I've been trying to live with you here in peace among these thieves and cutthroats and keep you stirred up all the time. And Henry De Spain faced this big coward and protected me from him with an empty revolver. What business of yours is it whom I meet, or where I go?" she demanded, raising her words with flaming eyes on her belligerent cousin. "I will never marry you to save you from the hangman. Now leave this house," she stamped her foot. "Leave this house, and never come into it again!"

Gale, beside himself with rage, stood his ground. He poured all that he safely could of abuse on Nan's own head. She had appeared her wrath and made no attempt to retort, only looking at him with white face and burning eyes as she repeated defiance. Duke interferred. "Get out!" he said to Gale, harshly. "I'll talk to her. Go home!"

Not ceasing to mutter oaths, Gale picked up his hat and stamped out of the house, slamming the doors. Duke, exhausted by the quarrel, sat down, eying his niece. "Now what does this mean?" he demanded hoarsely.

She tried to tell him honestly and frankly all that had happened with De Spain, but she could not begin to begin, but concealing nothing of its development and consequences, nothing of her love for De Spain, and of his for her. But no part of what she could say on any point she urged softened her uncle's face. His square, hard jaw from beginning to end looked like stone.

"So he's your lover?" he said harshly when she had done.

(To Be Continued.)

Fashions of To-Day - By May Manton

In one way or another every fashionable skirt must be broad at or below the hip line. In this costume the effect is achieved by means of new and smart pockets that are arranged over the full side portions of the skirt. Here, the gown is made of blue serge and it is trimmed with a pearl grey broadcloth stitched with blue. You can use the model for a silk frock, however, or for a linen frock or for a cotton frock. If you do not like the sleeves with the close fitting cuff portions, you can make them shorter and in bell style, and bell shaped sleeves are to be much used throughout the season.

For the medium size will be needed, 7 yards of material 44 inches wide, 5 yards 54, with 1/2 yard 54 inches wide for the trimming.

The May Manton pattern No. 9364 is cut in sizes from 34 to 42 inches bust measure. It will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of fifteen cents.

The New Suburb ESTHERTON River-Drive SALE May 5th 1917

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