

Reading for Women and all the Family

"The Insider"

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water

CHAPTER XXXI

Mr. Norton had left the house following day long before Grace and I came down stairs. Recently Mrs. Gore had formed the habit of breakfasting with her brother-in-law. This morning she was not in the dining room.

"Why did auntie get her breakfast upstairs? Is she sick?" Grace queried.

"No, Miss Grace; but Mr. Norton sent word to her by Maggie that she must see her before he left, so she came down to the library to see him. And after he'd gone she went back upstairs—she felt the need of some coffee, and Maggie brought it up to her with a bit of toast. She said that was all she wanted this morning. But she's not sick."

The widow herself reiterated this assertion when Grace and I went into her room later in the morning.

"I am quite well," she insisted, "but I did not happen to be hungry at breakfast-time."

I noticed that she appeared nervous and that her hands trembled as she tried to knit.

"Why did Daddy go away without bidding me good-by?" Grace demanded.

"He had to leave before you were up, darling," Mrs. Gore said.

"I explained to you, dear," I interposed, "that your father told Tom and me last night that he had to take an early train this morning."

"But where was he going?" Grace persisted.

"To Connecticut," Mrs. Gore said, briefly.

"Connecticut?" Grace exclaimed. "Oh, Auntie, has he gone to Hillcrest?"

"No, dear—he has not."

I saw that the matron was embarrassed, and I suggested to Grace that she and I go upstairs and begin her lessons. Why should Mrs. Gore look so disturbed because her brother-in-law had gone to Connecticut?

Tom, too, seemed unusually perturbed when, at luncheon that noon, Grace spoke of her father's trip.

"I supposed that was where he'd gone," I muttered as the child named Mr. Norton's destination.

Mrs. Gore spoke sternly: "I do not know why you say that," she replied. "Your father goes to many other places on business."

"Tom!" Mrs. Gore's exclamation was a strange mingling of warning and appeal. She glanced in my direction, as if to remind her nephew that he was indiscreet to speak so plainly in my presence. The lad's face darkened; but he only smiled and her implied warning, and said no more until luncheon was over. Then, when he rose from the table, he asked a blunt question.

"When is father coming back?"

"I do not know," his aunt said.

"This evening, I suppose. Why do you say?"

"Because I want to talk to him

about some things before I go back to school," he replied sulkily. "And go back in a couple of days. I suppose I have some right to my own father, haven't I?"

"He is away on pleasure," Mrs. Gore said severely. "A man has to give his first attention to business, please remember."

"The words sounded like a threat or a taunt. I was astounded at their effect upon the widow. The little color she had in her cheeks faded; her eyes looked out blackly from her white face.

"I shall report you to your father, Tom, if you speak like that again!" she declared, her voice tense with emotion.

"Of course you will!" Tom muttered. "It won't be the first time either!"

I was surprised at the transformation in the boy's manner. Could this be the genial, light-hearted young fellow of last night? The evening and all its happenings seemed to have faded from his memory. And Mrs. Gore, who had forgotten the dinner and theater party of less than twenty-four hours ago that she had asked no questions about them.

What was behind this disturbing and threatening attitude? What was the business matter about which Tom felt so bitter? And if Mrs. Gore was so angry, this exchange of acrid speeches? What was the business matter about which Tom felt so bitter? And if Mrs. Gore was so angry, this exchange of acrid speeches? What was the business matter about which Tom felt so bitter? And if Mrs. Gore was so angry, this exchange of acrid speeches?

These questions weighed upon me until I became so uneasy that, without pausing to consider whether I was doing what was prudent or not, I went up to Tom's room towards the latter part of the afternoon and knocked upon his door. I heard him lock himself in an hour ago.

"What is it?" he called gruffly.

"It's I, Tom—Miss Dart. I answered softly. "I want to speak to you."

The door was opened quickly. The lad stood before me, face flushed, hair mussed, and he evidently had been lying down. I put my hand on his arm.

"Tom," I said gently, "play I am your sister and tell me what's the matter."

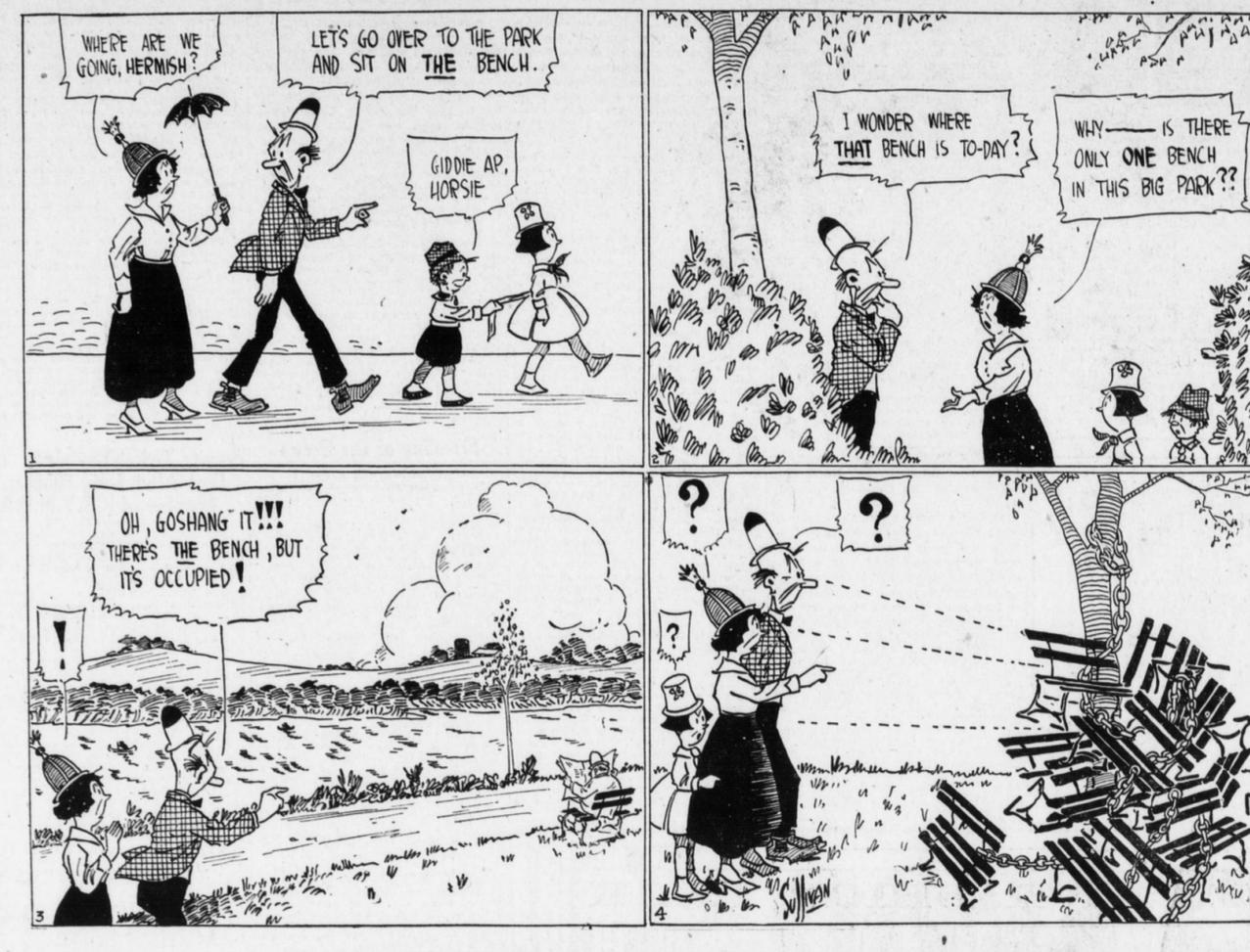
"Enough's the matter!" he exclaimed. "I lost my temper with that Aunt Adelaide and I suppose I've got to call her that and now she'll go whining to father about me. I'll be sent away this summer. You see if I'm not?"

"Tom," I pleaded, "come down into the library and talk with me a bit. Grace is in her room and I heard him lock himself in an hour ago."

"Yes," he agreed shamefacedly and swallowing hard. "Come."

(To Be Continued)

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



U-BOATS TAKE HEAVIER TOLL

Germans Greatly Increase Number of Ships Sunk Without Warning

London, April 27. — The weekly statement of vessels sunk as made public Wednesday, shows that forty vessels of more than 1,600 tons each were sent to the bottom by mines or submarines.

The statement reads: "Weekly shipping returns: Arrivals, 2,586; sailings, 2,621.

"Sinkings by mine or submarine, more than 1,600 tons, forty, including two sunk in the week ending April 15; less than 1,600 tons, fifteen, including one sunk in the week ending April 1.

"Vessels unsuccessfully attacked, twenty-seven, including one attacked the week ending April 8.

"Fishing vessels sunk, nine, including one sunk the week ending April 15."

The above report shows the greatest number of merchant vessels reported sunk by mine or submarine in both categories—1,600 tons and over, and under 1,600 tons—made public by the British government since the war, and is the weekly statement of shipping losses.

Mrs. Clayton A. Smucker Heads Missionary Society

Carlisle, Pa., April 27. — At the closing session of the tenth annual meeting of the Women's Home Missionary Society of the Harrisburg district of the Methodist Church it was decided to hold the next annual gathering in the Camp Curtin Memorial Church, Harrisburg. Various reports were presented at the meeting, and a report was made by the organization during the past year.

But few changes were made in the list of officers in the district. Mrs. Clayton A. Smucker, Harrisburg, again heads the society. Mrs. S. M. Gilman, of Harrisburg, was elected to hold the next annual meeting; Mrs. J. W. Finton, Harrisburg, children's department secretary; Mrs. Ronnius, Harrisburg, temperance superintendent; Mrs. J. W. Finton, Harrisburg, deaconess work superintendent; Mrs. Jennie Burham, Waynesboro, superintendent of Christian stewardship.

CHARGED WITH STEALING

Carlisle, Pa., April 27. — Charged with stealing leather, prepared hides and other material to the value of several hundred dollars, John Knouse, night watchman at the big plant of the Lindner Shoe Company, has been arrested and is on bail awaiting a hearing. The charge was brought by I. E. Greenwood, treasurer of the concern. The alleged thefts extend over a period of about one year, officers here state.

HOW DOES YOUR GARDEN GROW

Samuel Armstrong Hamilton

We, of course, relish the very first tender green crops from our own gardens, especially those who are doing gardening for the first season, such as the green onion, snip lettuce and the first early radish; but while the some of our enjoyment is reached when we take the first mouthful of tender, melting green peas, grown by our own efforts in our own little

garden—especially if they are just a little bit nicer than those of our competing neighbor.

Planting Early Varieties.

Then let us have a good row of garden peas; the dwarf ones for first early, the half dwarf for second and the tall ones for main crop. These have the advantage of being ready to eat from the time the first ones are ready to pick in sixty to sixty-five days until the heat of summer makes their growth impracticable.

To get the fine results we desire with garden peas they must have a mellow, loamy soil, well filled with humus and enriched with well rotted manure dug in the trench, and the situation must be one which will drain well, so no peas of any kind should be planted in soggy or swampy soil, even though they require a large supply of water. As one gardener put it, "They will not stand wet feet."

Of the early peas we have two classes—the round-seeded and the wrinkled. The former are from three days to a week earlier than the latter, and are more hardy. However, most persons consider the wrinkled ones so much finer in flavor that they are willing to await the few extra days necessary to get them. The wrinkled peas (those which have a wrinkled seed) are sweeter, have more sugar in their composition and rot more easily than the hard-seeded round ones, on which account the latter may be planted first.

I would advise the beginner to await until the soil is well drained, mellow and easily worked, and then plant the wrinkled peas for first early unless his space is large and he desires to try both kinds.

Garden peas should be planted in prepared drills. As the early peas are either dwarf or half dwarf, there will be no need for supports to hold them. A good plan is to plant three drills together, allowing the vines to mat together. This will prevent the stalks of the dwarf ones falling down, which, especially in wet weather, may cause many of the pods to rot.

The early peas, not having the large mass of root that the later ones have, may be planted closer together. If you set three rows together make them six inches apart and the seeds two inches apart in the row. The half-dwarf, which may reach a height of thirty inches, may be planted in a double row, the same distance apart, and the vines matted together as soon as they throw tentacles. This will obviate the necessity for supports.

The aim should be in growing peas to get the soil cleared of weeds, and in not more than two pickings. Most of the seed offered for sale to-day is of strains which have developed this quality under selection. This makes the space occupied by the early peas available for the use of later crops.

Value of Soil Inoculation

If your garden is a new one; if it is a suburban or city lot, and has never been planted to garden crops or grown with clover or other leguminous crops, it is just possible that the soil is sterile of nitrogen-fixing bacteria and it will pay you to inoculate your seeds with a "culture" made by some reliable laboratory.

This is not an expensive proposition, enough for an eighth of an acre costing but twenty-five cents, and can be had for all legume crops. It can be had from any florist or seeds-

man. When ordering it, say for what kind of seeds it is desired. Full directions for use will come with it. It will insure better peas and more of them if rightly used. On account of the nodules containing nitrogen-fixing bacteria on their roots, never pull up pea vines. Cut them off and allow the roots to remain in the soil.

Garden peas should have frequent cultivation and be kept free from weeds. The late ones will do best if mulched when the days get warm. In order to keep the roots cool. Any straw litter will do for the mulching. Put it on and between the rows and water freely. It will also keep down the weeds.

There are a number of materials used for supporting pea vines. The original one was "brush," the twiggy branches of young trees. This is still by far the best, but difficult to get except in certain localities where there is plenty of young timber. This has brought about the use of poultry wire netting with a wide mesh. "Nothing could be further from the truth," exclaimed Nan hopelessly.

Duke struck the table a smashing blow with his fist. "I'll show Mr. De Spain, and his friends where they get off."

"Uncle Duke, if you won't listen to reason, you must listen to sense. Think of what a position you put me in. I love him for his affection for me and consideration of me—because he knows how to treat a woman. I know he wouldn't harm a hair of your head, for my sake, yet you talk now of bloodshed between you two. I know what your words mean—that one of you, or both of you, are to be killed for a senseless feud. He will not stand up and let any man shoot him down without firing back. If you kill him I'll never stay here with you. His blood would cry out every day and night against you."

Duke's violent finger shot out at her. "And you're the gal I took from your mammy and promised I'd bring up a decent woman. You've got none of her blood in you—not a drop. You're the brat of that mining brother of mine, that was always riding horseback and showing off in town while I was weeding the tobacco beds."

Nan clasped her hands. "Don't blame me because I'm your brother's child. Blame me because I'm a woman, because I have a heart, because I want to live and see you live, and to see suspicion, distrust, feuds, alarms and worse. I'm ungrateful, as you plainly say. I am. I want you to get out of what you are in here—I want to be out of it. I'd rather be dead now than to live and die in it. And what is this anger all for? Nothing. He offers you his friendship. She could speak no further. Her uncle, with a curse, left her alone. When she arose in the early morning he had already gone away.

CHAPTER XIX.

A TRY-OUT.

Sleepy Cat is not so large a place that one would ordinarily have much trouble in finding a man in it who is here—I want to be out of it. I'd rather be dead now than to live and die in it. And what is this anger all for? Nothing. He offers you his friendship. She could speak no further. Her uncle, with a curse, left her alone. When she arose in the early morning he had already gone away.

NAN of MUSIC MOUNTAIN

By Frank H. Spearman
Author of Whispering Smith

(Continued.)

"He wants to be your friend," returned Nan, determined not to give up.

Duke looked at her uncompromisingly. "That man can't ever be any friend of mine—understand that. He can't ever marry you. If he ever tries to, so help me God, I'll kill him if I hang for it. I know his game. I know what he wants. He doesn't care a pinch of snuff for you. He thinks he can hit me a blow by setting you away from me."

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"Uncle Duke, if you won't listen to reason, you must listen to sense. Think of what a position you put me in. I love him for his affection for me and consideration of me—because he knows how to treat a woman. I know he wouldn't harm a hair of your head, for my sake, yet you talk now of bloodshed between you two. I know what your words mean—that one of you, or both of you, are to be killed for a senseless feud. He will not stand up and let any man shoot him down without firing back. If you kill him I'll never stay here with you. His blood would cry out every day and night against you."

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much when he had anything of moment to put through and he had left home determined, before he came back, to finish for good with his enemy."

De Spain himself had been putting off for weeks every business that would bear putting off, and had been from length to length down to Medicine Bend to buy horses. Nan, after her uncle left home—justly apprehensive of his intentions—made frantic efforts to get word to De Spain of what was impending. She could not telegraph—a publicity that she dreaded would have followed at once. De Spain had expected to be back in two days. Such a letter as she could have sent would not reach him at Medicine Bend.

As it was a distressing amount of talk did attend Duke's efforts to get track of De Spain. Sleepy Cat had but one interpretation for his inquiries, and for all the rumors of a fight between these two men, it was conceded, would be historic in the annals of the town. His anticipation for all of the rumors of a fight between these two men, it was conceded, would be historic in the annals of the town. His anticipation for all of the rumors of a fight between these two men, it was conceded, would be historic in the annals of the town.

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asked, as Scott acknowledged his identity.

"I guess he didn't come to-night," Nan noticed the impassive manner of his speaking and the low, even tones. "It's kind of looking for him myself."

"Is there another train to-night he could come on?"

"I don't think he will be back now before to-morrow night."

Nan, much disappointed, looked up the line and down. "I rode in this afternoon from Music Mountain especially to see him."

Scott, without commenting, smiled with understanding and encouragement, and Nan was so filled with anxiety that she welcomed a chance to talk to somebody. "I've often heard him speak of you," she ventured, searching the dark eyes, and watching the open, kindly smile characteristic of the man. Scott put his right hand out at his side. "I've ridden with that boy since he was so high."

"I know he thinks everything of you."

"I think a lot of him."

"You don't know me?" she said tentatively.

"His answer concealed all that was necessary. "Not to speak to no."

"I am Nan Morgan."

"I know your name pretty well," he explained; nothing seemed to disturb his smile.

"And I came in—because I was worried over something and wanted to see Mr. De Spain."

"He is buying horses north of Medicine Bend. The rainstorm yesterday likely kept him back some. I don't think you need worry much over anything though."

"I don't mean I am worrying about Mr. De Spain at Medicine Bend," disclaimed Nan with a trace of embarrassment.

"I know what you mean," smiled Bob Scott. She regarded him questioningly. He returned her gaze reassuringly as if he was confident of his ground. "Did your pony come along all right after you left the foothills this afternoon?"

Nan opened her eyes. "How did you know I came through the foothills?"

"I was over that way to-day." "Something in the continuous smile enlightened her more than the word. "I noticed your pony went lame. You stopped to look at his foot."

"You were behind me," exclaimed Nan.

"I didn't see you," he countered prudently.

She seemed to fathom something from the expression of his face. "You couldn't have known I was coming in," she said quickly.

"No," he paused. Her eyes seemed to invite a further confidence. "But after you started it would be a pity if any harm came to you on the road."

"You knew Uncle Duke was in town?" Scott nodded. "Do you know why I came?"

"I made a guess at it. I don't think you need worry over anything."

"Did you follow me down from the hospital to-night?"

"I was coming from my house after supper. I only kept lame enough to you to be handy."

"Oh, I understand. And you are very kind. I don't know what to do now."

"Go back to the hospital for the night. I will send Henry De Spain up there just as soon as he comes to town."

"Suppose Uncle Duke sees him first. I am deathly afraid of their meeting."

Even De Spain himself, when he came back the next night, seemed hardly able to reassure her. When she had told all her story, De Spain laughed at her fears. "I'll bring that man around, Nan, don't worry. Don't believe we shall ever fight. I may not be able to bring him around

Fashions of To-Day - By May Manton



It would be almost impossible to find a handsomer or a more fashionable afternoon costume than this. It is made of charmeuse with Georgette crepe and trimmed with Paisley satin in rich and wonderful coloring that is beautiful against the background of the dark blue, while the crepe is a pale grey. The skirt is one of the very new ones. It has a yoke effect at the front but is full length at the back and sides and you can make the bodice as it is here or with the over-portion cut below the belt to form a peplum; treated in the latter way it is smart over a simple straight skirt.

For the medium size the blouse will require, 1 1/2 yards of material 44 inches wide and the over-portion 1 yard of the same width. For the skirt will be needed, 4 yards of material 44 inches wide with 3/4 yard 44 for the trimming.

The May Manton pattern of the blouse No. 9339 is cut in sizes from 34 to 42 inches bust measure and of the skirt No. 9325 in sizes from 24 to 32 inches waist measure.

They will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of fifteen cents for each.

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