



Reading for Women and all the Family



THE HONEYMOON HOUSE

By HAZEL DALE

By Hazel Dale.

"Well," said Jarvis coming in late one afternoon and flinging himself down on the davenport, "they won't take my drawings on Quips."

"But, boy, they ordered them, didn't they?" Janet exclaimed with widening eyes.

"Sure," Jarvis responded bitterly, "but what do they care about that, there was no written contract nor anything to hold them. What can I do about it?"

"I can't understand it at all," she said. "Everything was all right when you talked it over with Cheney."

"Jarvis looked up suddenly. "Did you ever stop to think that Lowry might have had something to do with it?" he questioned.

"Lowry?"

"Yes, all those magazines are under one head, you know that, Lowry might have talked about it with Cheney."

"But what excuse do they make?"

"Just that the drawings of Miss Alden will not be accepted. They want for the magazine after all. You know, the regular stereotyped thing."

"I can't believe that Mr. Lowry would do such a thing, what would be his reason?" said Janet slowly.

"Reason enough. He's taking it out on me, because he can't get anywhere with you. I don't know what his game is, but I wish I had never seen the fellow. Funny thing about it, he doesn't seem like that sort of a chap at all, does he?"

"I don't believe yet that he is behind it," Janet returned.

"All right, perhaps not, but just the same I had counted on selling those drawings for a good price. Do you realize that my bank account is getting smaller every week?"

"Jarvis," exclaimed Janet. "Why, Jarvis Moore, you're not really worrying about it?"

"Yes, girl, I am. O, I know I ought not to worry you about it, but I must talk it over with you. I think I ought to have a certain stipend to depend upon. I think I ought to take a regular position."

"But you know we have talked it all over, and it doesn't seem the thing to do."

"Well, I have been thinking it out for myself since then. I haven't the same I had counted on selling those drawings for a good price. Do you realize that my bank account is getting smaller every week?"

"There must be a string to it somewhere," Janet said quickly.

"Well, there is a sort of a string attached."

"I know it. What is it—tell me quickly!"

"A two-year contract."

"What kind of a contract?"

"Well, this advertising concern likes my color work; you know they have been after me before. They want me to sign a contract."

THE NEBBY NEIGHBORS

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They Live Here in Harrisburg

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By Sullivan



"The Insider"

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water

CHAPTER XXXIX

The next day—my birthday—was fraught with surprises. At breakfast my employer and Mrs. Gore wished me many happy returns of the day. Grace, too, piped up an affectionate greeting in which she had evidently been drilled by her father. And I had supposed that nobody remembered the anniversary!

"Now, listen," she continued, "are you afraid of being poor with me? Do you think we ought to give up the studio?"

"No, girl, think of the rent we pay here, we couldn't do better anywhere."

"Then, it's the way we're living. Jarvis, do you know I've never had a chance to be poor with you. If it's going to happen, let's take it as a lark. We'll do without Lisa, she wants to go south to visit her sister anyway. I'll let her go Saturday. Now you listen to me, Jarvis Moore, you just hold out against that offer, and let's try being poor if we must."

"Girl, you've never been poor," Jarvis said suddenly, a little fiercely.

"No, but I shouldn't mind trying it with you. Just think, dear, you wouldn't have treated me like a pal one single bit if I hadn't spoken out. We'll start things on a new basis."

(To Be Continued.)

HOW DOES YOUR GARDEN GROW

RHUBARB (By Samuel Armstrong Hamilton)

After a winter's feeding on concentrated foods, high in protein, the system craves the acid fruits and vegetables, of which the rhubarb is one of the earliest and most refreshing.

It is an old saying that the rhubarb keeps away the doctors in the spring of the year; let that be as it may, there is no doubt of the popularity of this fruit vegetable, and every garden should have a permanent bed of it.

Every gardener should have a place marked off by itself in which are to be grown some of the permanent hardy things, of which the rhubarb is one.

Rhubarb is to be a permanent plant, for years, it should have a permanent location, one made as rich as it can with well-rotted manure. Horse manure is the best for this plant, as it is more stimulating than others generally used in gardening.

Rhubarb has long roots which penetrate the soil deeper than most garden plants, which is the reason you should make the soil of the rhubarb bed deep. This may compel the removal of the under or "sub-soil" but it will pay you to do it. One thing about it that robs it of being burdensome is that it requires not more than half a dozen plants for even the largest family, if given the proper soil and culture.

In the new garden, starting at this time of year, it will be just as well to start with the seed, as it takes a year's growth to get plants to the eating point. Rhubarb has a great tendency to "sport." From the seed of the same lot you may get good, bad and indifferent plants. Select those with bright red thick, meaty stems.

Growing From Roots

To grow rhubarb from root cuttings get them from a seedman at this time. Set them the desired distance apart, as above, and grow in same manner as the seedlings, but they should not be thinned out, as they should have their permanent locations at once.

Rhubarb should not be cut. The stems should be pulled with a twisting motion of the hand, which will remove them clean close to the crown and avoid any injury to it. Put up in glass jars what you cannot use fresh. It improves by being jarred several months before eating, and will last a year, if thoroughly sterilized. It may be jarred with or without sugar. Wrap the jars in dark-colored paper and put out of the light in a cool place.

Growing From Seed

Rhubarb seeds are planted in drills a foot apart. Sow them thin—about an inch apart. The soil in the drills must be made as fine as possible. Cover the seeds lightly and press down gently and water to make a good contact without too hard pressing of the soil.

When the small seedlings have made their third leaf, take out every other one. This is not for selection, but to make room. Let them grow until they touch their leaves, and

RED CROSS AT COLUMBIA

Columbia, Pa., May 16.—Four hundred people assembled in the State armory Monday night in response to the call for an organization of a Red Cross Chapter, and H. M. North presided. He read the declaration authorizing the formation of a chapter to include Columbia, Manor and West Hempfield townships, after which officers were elected as follows: President, Mrs. H. M. North; vice-president, Mrs. E. C. Shannon; secretary, Mrs. George Wilke; treasurer, Miss Bertha Pannebecker; executive committee, Dr. Richard Reeser, Medie Heldman, the Rev. Father G. W. Brown, and Mrs. C. A. Groff.

BACK TO OLD HOME

Columbia, Pa., May 16.—The Columbia Fire Engine Company, the oldest in the borough, will occupy their enginehouse, which was abandoned some years ago for a new building. Recently the company sold the new building and has remodeled the old house for future use.

RECEPTION FOR SENIORS

Blain, Pa., May 16.—Professor Newton Kerstetter, principal of the Blain Joint High School, and the senior class of fifteen members are completing arrangements for a commencement exercises from May 19 to 22. The seniors are holding rehearsals each day this week before the principal preparation for commencement. There are nine members in the junior class who will give a reception for the seniors on Monday evening.

NAN OF MUSIC MOUNTAIN

By Frank T. Spearman

Author of Whispering Smith

(Continued)

The blood surged into her cheeks—better blood and redder than the doctors had been able to bring there—such blood as De Spain alone could call into them. Nan, with her nurse's help, dressed, joined De Spain and talked long and earnestly. The doctors, too, laid the situation before him. When they asked him for his decision, he nodded toward Nan. "She will tell you, gentlemen, what we'll do."

And Nan did tell them what the two who had most at stake in the decision would do. Any man could have done as much as that. But Nan did more. She set herself out to save the arm and patient both, and, last of all, she set herself to convince the doctors should change their tactics and move together on the arm surreptitiously. Nan stayed night and day with De Spain, until he was able to make such active use of either arm as to convince her that he was not the surgeons would soon need the most watching.

Afterward when Nan, in some doubt, asked the chaplain whether she was married or single, he obligingly offered to ratify and confirm the desert ceremony.

This affair was the occasion for an extraordinary meeting at Sleepy Cat. Two long-hostile elements—the stage and railroad men and the Calabasas-Morgan gap contingent of mountain men, for once at least, fraternized. Warrants were pigeon-holed, suspicion suspended, sidearms neglected in their scabbards. The fighting men of both camps, in the presence of a ceremony that united De Spain and Nan Morgan, could not but feel a generous elation. Each party considered that it was contributing to the festivity in the bride and groom and the very best each could boast, and no false note disturbed the harmony of the notable day.

Gale Morgan, having given up the fight, had left the country. Satterlee Morgan danced till all the platforms in town gave way. John Lefevre attended the groom, and Duke Morgan sternly but without compunction, gave the bride. From Medicine Bend, Farrell Kennedy brought a notable company of De Spain's early associates for the event. It included Whispering Smith, whose visit to Sleepy Cat on this occasion was the first in years; George McCloud, who had come all the way from Omaha to join his early comrades in arms; Wickwire, who had lost none of his taciturn slowness—and so many train dispatchers that the service on the division was crippled for the entire day.

A great company of self-appointed retainers gathered together from over all the country, rode behind the gayly decorated bridal coach in procession from the church to Jeffrey's house, where the feasts had been prepared. During the reception a modest man, dragged from an obscure corner among the guests, was made to take his place next Lefevre on the receiving line. It was Bob

Scott, and he looked most uncomfortable until he found a chance to slip unobserved back to the side of the room where the distinguished Medicine Bend contingent, together with McAlpin, Fardlow, Elgaso and Bull Page, slightly unsteady but extremely serious for the grave occasion, appeared vastly uncomfortable together.

The railroad has not yet been built across the sinks to Thief River. But only those who lived in Sleepy Cat in its really wild stage days are entitled to call themselves early settlers, or to tell stories more or less authentic about what then happened. The greater number of the Old Guard of that day, as cankered peace gradually reassorted itself along the sinks, turned from the stage coach to the railroad coach; some of them may yet be met on the trains in the mountain country. Wherever you happen to find them, they will tell you of the days when Superintendent de Spain of the Western division wore a gun in the mountains and used it, when necessary, on his wife's relations.

Whether it was this stern sense of discipline or not that endeared him to the men, these old-timers are, to a man, very loyal to the young couple who united in their marriage two hostile mountain elements. One in especial, a white-haired old man, described by the fanciful as a retired outlaw, living yet on Nan's ranch in the gap, always spends his time in town at the De Spain home, where he takes great interest in an active little boy, Morgan de Spain, who waits for his Uncle Duke's coming, and dies into his pockets for rattles captured along the trail from recent huge rattlesnakes. When his uncle happens to kill a big one—one with twelve or fifteen rings and a button—Morgan uses it to scare his younger sister, Nan. And Duke, secretly rejoicing at his bravado but scolding sharply, helps him adjust the old ammunition belt dragged from the attic, and cuts fresh gashes in it to make it fit the childish waist. His mother doesn't like to see her son in warlike equipment, ambushing little Nan in the way Bob Scott threatens periodically to burn the belt up and throw the old rifles out of the house. But when she sees her uncle and her husband watching the boy and laughing at the parade together, she helents. It is only children, after all, that keep the world young.

(THE END)

Daily Dot Puzzle



Fashions of To-Day - By May Manton



This is a novel little dress that you will find good for light weight wools and also for the many washable materials. It would be pretty made of serge with trimming of taffeta and it would be charming made of linen or of pique or of cotton gabardine, while it is just as good a model for chambray and for linen and for such materials. Buff chambray with white trimmings is very charming. Pale green chambray is much liked this season trimmed with white, too, or trimmed with itself and piped with black, for a little touch of black on green is very smart.

For the 10-year size will be needed, 4 yards of material 36 inches wide with 3/4 yard for the trimming.

The pattern No. 9283 is cut in sizes for girls from 6 to 12 years of age. It will be mailed to any address by the fashion department of this paper on receipt of fifteen cents.

9283 Girl's Plaited Dress, 6 to 12 years. Price 15 cents.

Bringing Up Father

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By McManus

