

SHE GOT A HUSBAND

But Not in the Regular Way

By F. A. MITCHEL

"My dear Margaret," wrote Miss Frances Pomeroy to her friend, Miss Jacqueline Beaton. "I have had the time of my life. It has been unique. I have not only spent chill November in a warm climate, but have done so masquerading. Do you remember when we were sophomores how Rose Wharton and I dressed ourselves as boys, went out on to the campus, kicked football and were ordered off by the college authorities? And perhaps you will remember what a good looking boy I made—say nothing of Bees."

"Well, we were caught, as you know, going into your room, and the whole thing came out. The faculty notified us that our presence was no longer required at the university and we were directed to repair to our homes. I expected to meet with a very cold reception there, and so I did at first, but when I told the whole story to papa he laughed and said, 'I didn't believe when you went to college that you would behave yourself with sufficient circumspection to get through, and I'm not disappointed.' Dear old papa! I never could do anything that would seem terrible in his eyes, and even if I did I always knew how to get round him so that it shouldn't count against me."

"It was two years ago that I took leave, prematurely, of my alma mater. I dare say that the day will come when I shall regret my folly. I'm nineteen years old, and if I hadn't been expelled from college I would now be a dignified senior. I'm going to tell you a story that puts that sophomore episode in the shade. Compared with what I've been doing, the first was a mere bagatelle."

"Last spring I was very much run down in health. Papa and mamma worried about me just as if I had been sick and took me out on a farm, hoping I would get better. But I didn't. I think I was pining for something out of the general run, don't you know; a bit of spice in my diet. At any rate, such an opportunity occurred, and this is how it came."

"Mother has an old friend she hadn't seen for years, a Mrs. Varney. The Varneys are rich and have both a summer and a winter home. Their winter home is in the center of an orange grove in Florida. After we got home in September mamma wrote Mrs. Varney, telling her that she was worried about my health and said she feared I would need to go south for the winter, but you know our income is small, and traveling and putting up at hotels are expensive, and I knew well enough that we couldn't afford to make such a trip. For mamma wouldn't take me without papa, and for the three of us the outlay would be something awful."

"Mamma, in reply to her letter, received an invitation for me to visit the Varneys on their orange plantation. I had been referred to as Frank, and when I read Mrs. Varney's letter I saw at once that she thought I was a boy. My son Albert, who has charge of the plantation," she wrote, "every morning rides over it and is constantly in the open air attending to the needs of the trees, the packing of the oranges or some such matter. Your son can go with him, and I don't doubt that within a few weeks he will show considerable improvement."

"Well, now, just think of riding about with a young man that way. Then the idea got into my head what a lark it would be to go riding around with him, not as a girl, but as the boy he thought me! I couldn't get it out. It stuck and simmered and simmered and stuck until I made up my mind I was going to do that very thing."

"I answered Mrs. Varney's invitation myself and didn't say a word about her mistake or that I was a girl, accepting her invitation and telling her when I expected to arrive. The first preparation I made was to have a lot of men's clothes sent home to try on and kept what fitted me, sending the rest back. What an easy time the men have buying their clothes! Why, to buy as much women's things as I bought men's in half an hour would require from one to two months and no end of trouble."

"Before I started mother said: 'Now, Frank, if you behave yourself and drop your pranks you may catch the young man who manages that plantation. If you do your future will be provided for.'"

"My goodness gracious, right on top of this advice I was about to put in practice the worst prank I had ever played."

"Humph!" grunted papa. "Frank will never get a husband in the regular way. When she snares one it will be with a trap never used by woman before."

"This set me up a bit, though I confess I felt mighty squeamish about what I was going to do. I sent my men's clothes, including a riding suit, by express to one of the big hotels near the Varney plantation and, with many warnings from mamma ringing in my ears, started on my way for Florida. When I got there I had an awful time getting out of the hotel that I had entered as a woman in man's clothes. I escaped at night in an ulster overcoat that covered me from head to foot. It was 11 o'clock when I was driven up to the Varney plantation, and all the

family had gone to bed except Bert Varney, who received me very cordially. He offered me some refreshment before going to bed, setting out a bottle of whisky. I swallowed some of it, though I didn't like it, and smoked a cigarette with him, which didn't trouble me so much. I took quite a fancy to him from the start and anticipated pleasantly my approaching rides with him over the plantation. But I gasped for breath every time I thought about meeting his mother in the morning. As to his sisters, thank heaven he had none."

"Mrs. Varney is just too lovely for anything. When I had finally screwed up my courage to go down to breakfast her son had finished his meal and had gone out. So I was received by her alone. I breakfasted principally on fruit. Mrs. Varney chatting with me the while."

"Now, my dear boy," she said, "you must make yourself entirely at home. Go to bed and rise when you like, eat and drink what you want, but I would advise you to keep out of doors as much as possible. Bert asked me to say to you that he will start to ride over the plantation at 10 o'clock this morning, and if you wish to join him I am to order a horse for you. How did you leave your dear mother? You're looking better than I expected to find you—a little pale, but when you have spent a month in the open air with Bert you'll have more color in your cheeks."

"I should think so. Indeed, I felt the color coming into my cheeks every time I looked at my trousers. I decided to ride with Bert that very morning and in half an hour went out on to the veranda, booted and spurred. I had ridden in divided skirts, which was a fine preparation for riding in breeches. Bert, who had already been out on horseback, rode up, and when I had mounted we started on the daily rounds."

"I studied Bert's countenance in an effort to make out how far successful I was in personating a man. He didn't give me the slightest evidence that there was anything unusual in me, treating me as a man would naturally treat another man several years younger than himself. He was very kind and attentive, telling me all about the orange culture, the dangers incurred and the pleasure experienced after passing a season of them in gathering an abundant crop. I reined in several times during the morning under a tree to pluck ripe fruit. How much more delicious is an orange eaten just off the tree than one picked green and sent north, ripening on the way."

"It would require several hundred pages of this letter paper—especially written in my scrawly hand—to give you an account of my experience with Bert Varney. I thought him a very pure man, for I noticed that he said not a word to me but what he might have spoken to a girl companion. I came at once to have so great a reverence—admiration—for him partly on this account that I took pains to repress the boyish nature to which I was born, and up to a few days before I was expecting to leave for home deposited myself in an exemplary manner."

"You know that riding horseback is my hobby, and if I had been a man I would have long ago broken my neck at a fence or a ditch. There were no fences at the plantation except some inclosing orange groves, but the ditches were a constant temptation to me. I was afraid that if I should get a fall in taking one of them it might lead to betraying my sex. After resisting many temptations I yielded one morning and, making a run for a ditch, attempted to put my horse over it. I felt the bottom of the universe dropping out beneath me, a thud, and I knew nothing more till I saw Bert bending over me. My coat and vest were both open, and my shirt and undershirt had been badly torn. I saw in a moment that my secret was out. Though I was badly stunned, I felt the hot blood rushing into my cheeks."

"Now, wasn't this just too provoking for anything? I was lying on the ground, but gathered strength to sit up and rearrange my clothing, though about all I could do was to button my coat. Then I clapped both hands to my burning cheeks and would have kept them there had Bert not gently pulled them away."

"Don't trouble yourself. I've known it ever since the evening you came to us."

"He said no more at the time; he was too much concerned about my injury. I made an effort to rise, but it was not very successful. However, with Bert's assistance I got on to my feet. I took no thought as to bruises or broken bones or internal injuries. I was horrified at my secret being out and the manner of its exposure. My head was hung while my companion was trying to get some of the dirt off my clothes, at the same time looking at me with anxiety."

"Does your mother know—? I managed to get out with difficulty."

"No."

"I was getting faint again, and he supported me in his arms."

"I suppose this ends all the pleasant—friendship—"

"Yes, it does, on my part," and he kissed me."

"It is astonishing how far that kiss tended to restore me."

"How I remained a few days longer at the plantation, a boy to every one except Bert; how I got home, how I continued to keep my secret from mamma and told it to papa. I will tell you when we meet. Bert and I are engaged, but are not to be married till spring. Papa says he knew I would never get a husband in the regular way. But—if I ever have a daughter and she is inclined to play such pranks as I have played I'll shut her up in the top of a tower."

IN THE WORLD OF SPORT

Ed Geers to Train the MacKenzie Stable.



Photo by American Press Association.

Ed Geers may have some of R. J. MacKenzie's horses to train next season. During the Lexington meeting it is understood that MacKenzie offered Geers the pick of his stable to train."

MacKenzie owns a track at Pleasanton, Cal., and as Geers will not leave Memphis the change, if made, will probably not occur before spring.

Badgers to Have Fast Crew.

Wisconsin hopes to have better success at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., next summer than was the case at the last intercollegiate boat races. Early reports from the Badgers' camp show bright crew prospects. Indications point to one of the largest squads of candidates for positions in the varsity boat in years. Coach Harry Vail is most enthusiastic, not only because of the large squads out, but because the men look like good crew timber. Such was not the case this year. All season he worried. His candidates were few, and he had to do some tall thinking before he was able to gather together a presentable crew."

Wisconsin is after a winning crew, and to further this purpose a number of new machines have been ordered. These will be installed and used during the winter months and will greatly improve training conditions. Fall practice is now on for the Badgers, and this will continue until the ice forms on Lake Mendota. Vail has his men out on the lake every afternoon and plans to pick his varsity men before the spring."

Connie Mack Half Owner of Athletics.

Official announcement has been made by Manager Mack of the Athletics that he now owns a one-half interest in the Athletics, this including stock in the club and in Shibe park. Connie secured his additional stock from Frank L. Hough and Samuel H. Jones, who have been directors of the Athletics since 1902. The consideration for the combined shares is said to be close to \$100,000. The deal makes the Shibes and Manager Mack the sole owners of the Athletics."

Manager Mack set at rest some reports that have been in circulation about his players."

"When in the west," said Connie, "I saw in newspapers that Manager Calahan of the Chicago Sox was trying to purchase the releases of Bender and Oldring or to induce them to make a trade for these men. I desire to say positively that neither Bender nor Oldring is on the market. I intend to retain both of these players for next year."

All Star American Eleven.

Just before he left Ann Arbor, football being over at the University of Michigan, Coach Fielding H. Yost selected a Michigan football team for all time. The names of the players Yost has selected brings back to memory a number of former Wolverine stars. Those who are familiar with Michigan's football will spot them. Yost's team follows: Redden, left end; Curtis, left tackle; McGuigan, left guard; Schultze, center; Benbrook, right guard; Maddock, right tackle; Snow, right end; Weeks, quarterback; Heston, left half; Hammond, fullback; Hershstein, right halfback."

Lipton Gives Another Cup.

Sir Thomas Lipton announced recently that he would give to the Seattle (Wash.) Yacht club a perpetual interest challenge cup, to be raced for the first time on Puget sound next year."

The cup will be made in London and sent to the Seattle Yacht club, which will defend it against the Canadians."

Haughton Gets Big Offer.

Percy D. Haughton, head coach of the victorious Harvard football team, has, according to report, been re-engaged for a term of years at \$10,000 per year. Despite this rumor it is believed that the astute football leader will retire to enjoy the pleasures of domesticity."

Roller Polo League For Syracuse. Syracuse may form a four team roller polo league."

SURFACE SOUNDS WARNING ON SOIL

Zoologist Points Out the Manner in Which We Lose Values—Makes Food Debar.

Pennsylvania needs just as much conservation thought and energy devoted to its soil as to its water supply in the opinion of Dr. H. A. Surface, the State Zoologist, who is a member of the State Conservation Association and one of the leading economic authorities in this section. In fact, if as much work could be bestowed upon soil conservation as on some other lines the cost of living might be cut down to a certain extent. Waste of soil and neglect to take care of it is causing deterioration of soil to an extent that few people realize and it would be wise for all conservation, agricultural, advancement of resources and other associations to get together on a program which would include something defined for the improvement of the naturally fertile soil of the state."

Dr. Surface is the third State official to take up this subject in the last few weeks. John L. Rockey, chief of the bureau of industrial statistics, is urging an appropriation for soil surveys by counties, and A. L. Martin, director of institutes, is having the subject brought to attention of farmers at educational gatherings."

Dr. Surface sounds an alarming note in an interview here. Soil fertility he points out can not last for ever and something must be done. He says:

"Soil fertility is actually becoming depleted in this State, depleted so much that yield of farm crops is becoming alarmingly and seriously reduced. Many diseases of plants, once carried into the soil by diseased seed or otherwise, remain in the soil for several years. Neither of these facts seems to be generally known, even among agriculturalists, but this ignorance of the situation does not alter conditions. The area of soil which we may call pure or uncontaminated is being reduced each year, and reduced appreciably, while the area of contaminated soil is increasing to just as great an extent. These two factors aid immeasurably in reducing the yield of farm crops. The decrease is in such degree that the cost of living is directly affected thereby."

RED CROSS SEALS.

The United States government has again joined hands with the crusaders against tuberculosis. Every post-office in the country has been thrown open to the volunteers who are selling the Red Cross Seals. Permission has been granted for the erection of booths, and in many of the smaller towns, the postmasters themselves are helping swell the proceeds of the sale by encouraging customers to buy the Christmas Seals as well as the postage stamps."

Larger than the sales anywhere else are those among Norwegians in this country. This is because the idea of the Red Cross Seal first came from Norway. In 1907 Jacob Riis, the famous author of "The Making of an American" received a letter from Norway with the Christmas stamp upon it. He wrote an article in the "Outlook" describing this curious stamp and suggested how it might be used in this country. Miss Emily P. Bissell, Secretary of the Delaware Red Cross, at once saw the opportunity and realized Three

thousand dollars for tuberculosis work. So impressed was she with this success that she induced the American Red Cross to take up the sale in 1908 on a national basis. With very little organization and with hardly any attempt at careful advertising, the sale that year brought in, nevertheless, over \$135,000 for anti-tuberculosis work in various parts of the United States. In 1909, with more thorough organization, the sale was increased to \$230,000, and in 1910 to nearly \$310,000. Last year the sale increased to over \$330,000 or 33,000 seals."

While our own Red Cross Seal dates back only four years, "Charity Stamps," from which this idea originally sprung, go back to 1862, when "sanitary fair stamps" were first used in Boston to secure money for the care of soldiers wounded during the Civil war. Nearly \$1,600,000 was raised in this way during the years 1862 to 1865. After the war this method of raising money was discontinued in this country for a generation, although it found vogue in Portugal, Switzerland, Austria, France, Spain, Denmark, Norway, Russia, Sweden and other European countries. There are now hundreds of different types of charity stamps used in all parts of the world, as many as forty being used in Austria for children's hospitals alone."

ROSS—TYLER.

Mr. Hudson Tyler and Miss Viola Ross, both of Wayne county, Pennsylvania, were united in marriage on Wednesday, November 27. Mr. Tyler, better known as "Bud," is well known in this section, being a descendant of one of earliest settlers of the Delaware Valley. Bud was a good ball player, being a member of the famous Red Star club of this village some twenty-five years ago. Miss Ross is also from an old family who helped make the early history of the Pioneer settler and is a most estimable lady."

Hud, after fifty years of bachelorhood and single blessedness finally decided to become a benedict and so journeyed to Kenoza Lake and after securing a marriage license the knot was tied by Rev. K. Reynolds. The many friends of Mr. and Mrs. Hudson Tyler, through the medium of the Democrat, extend congratulations and wishes for a long and happy married life.—Sullivan County Democrat."

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SHERIFF'S SALE OF VALUABLE REAL ESTATE.—By virtue of process issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Wayne county, and State of Pennsylvania, and to me directed and delivered, I have levied on and will expose to public sale, at the Court House in Honesdale, on

FRIDAY, DEC. 27, 1912, 2 P. M.

All the defendant's right, title, and interest in the following described property—viz:

All that certain piece or parcel of land, together with the improvements thereon, situate on the West side of West street in the borough of Honesdale, bounded and described as follows, to wit: Beginning at the southeast corner of Levi H. Adams' lot and thence at right angles with West street along said Adams' line westerly one hundred and twenty-five feet; thence southerly along the line of E. Neibauer forty-five feet and thence in an easterly direction along the line of Wm. T. Moore one hundred and twenty-five feet to West street and thence northerly along the western line of West street forty-five feet to the place of beginning. Being the same land which J. Adam Reitenauer and wife conveyed to Emma G. Secor by deed dated February 5, 1883, and recorded in Wayne County Deed Book No. 69, at page 388, etc. The description above set forth is the same as the description contained in said deed."

On the above described premises there is a large two and one-half story frame dwelling."

Seized and taken in execution as the property of Emma G. Secor at the suit of J. P. Spencer and H. T. Wright, Exrs. No. 80 October Term, 1912. Judgment, \$1,500, with interest from August 8, 1899, less \$200 paid on said interest. Attorneys, Searle & Salmon."

TAKE NOTICE—All bids and costs must be paid on day of sale or deeds will not be acknowledged."

FRANK C. KIMBLE, Sheriff.

Honesdale, Nov. 27, 1912.

—The Citizen wants a good, lively correspondent in every village in Wayne county. Will you be one? Write this office for particulars."

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would like to see you if you are in the market for

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HONESDALE NATIONAL BANK

HONESDALE, PA.

November 2, 1912.

Cash	\$ 90,934.00
Reserve Agents (approved by U. S. Government)	159,692.52
Bonds (Railroad, Government, etc.)	1,140,274.37
Demand Collateral Loans	218,573.50
Total quick assets	1,609,474.39
Bills discounted	223,823.25
Total	\$ 1,833,297.64
DEPOSITS	\$1,485,000.00

We lead in cash on hand.
We lead in reserve.
We lead in ratio of quick assets to quick liabilities.
We lead in capitalization security to depositors.
We lead in EXPERIENCE.

For over three quarters of a century we have been recognized as one of the solid banks of Northeastern Pennsylvania, and to-day have unexcelled facilities for handling all kinds of legitimate banking."

We invite you to become one of the many contented patrons of

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