

Reading for Women and all the Family



The Scribh Family---They Live Right Here in Harrisburg---By Sullivan

SOCRATES URGED YARD GARDENING

Wise Old Man Said Cultivation of Earth Is Profitable Employment

Speaking of backyard gardening, a wise old man by the name of Socrates said many, many years ago, "The cultivation of the earth is an excellent employment, most worthy of the application of man; the most ancient and most suitable to his nature and condition in life. It is the source of health, strength, plenty and riches and of a thousand sober delights and honest pleasures."

The old man who had considerable to do with the glory that was Greece may have been more of a philosopher than a farmer, but he nailed a truth here that, like others, has stood the test of centuries. His advice is accordingly recommended to all, especially to those who are still perched on the fence trying to choose between the spade and the garden patch and the pipe and the piazza as the form of their pleasure and relaxation in the cool of the evening this coming spring and summer.

Expects Gold Mine
A garden enthusiast was telling a friend on Walnut street yesterday that his backyard garden will be a veritable gold mine before he gets through with it next fall. She said, "War and the tariff have shot the price of everything out of sight and the chances are prices will go higher. But it's our own fault if we get soaked for vegetables. Any person who goes around kicking about the price of potatoes next summer and who has land enough to grow a few bushes but doesn't, deserves to get soaked good and hard. 'Grow a potato,' that's the slogan these days around my place, and just watch me dig-dig gold's equivalent out of that little patch of mine next fall."

To Co-operate With Commission
The HARRISBURG TELEGRAPH has just obtained the co-operation of the National Emergency Food Garden Commission, of Washington, D. C., and the expert advice of that organization will be incorporated in garden articles.

The commission is affiliated with the American Forestry Association whose work in saving the forests is nationwide. Charles Lathrop Pack, of Lakewood, N. J., is the president of the forestry association and the commission are: Dr. Charles W. Elliot, of Cambridge; John Grier Hibben, of Princeton; John Hays Hammond, of Massachusetts; Emerson MacMillan, of New York City; A. W. Shaw, editor of System Magazine, Chicago; Captain J. B. White, of the U. S. Shipping Board; Carl Vrooman, assistant secretary of agriculture. Readers of the TELEGRAPH will see that from such a commission the garden information will be the best obtainable.

With the high cost of living the most important topic of the day a nation-wide movement has been started by the commission to urge the people to do more planting for themselves. The farming business is the biggest business in the country and the plan is to make it bigger by bringing home gardening closer to the town and city man.

In a way it is a preparedness measure, for every ounce of our resources will need to be conserved in the event of war. But whether war or not, a decrease in the cost of things to eat is a big question. Any questions about gardening will be answered by THE TELEGRAPH. Now is the time to make your plans. With expert advice you will start right and thus insure best results.

Nan of Music Mountain

By FRANK H. SPEARMAN
Author of "WHISPERING SMITH"

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(Continued)
SYNOPSIS:

CHAPTER I—On Frontier day at Sleepy Cat, Henry De Spain, gunman and trainmaster at Medicine Bend, is beaten at target shooting by Nan Morgan of Music Mountain. Jeffries, division superintendent, asks De Spain to take charge of the Thief River stage line, but he refuses.

CHAPTER II—De Spain sees Nan dancing with Gale Morgan, is later derisively pointed out to Nan on the street by Gale, and is moved to change his mind and accept the stage line job.

These men were followed by a younger man riding with a very young woman. De Spain knew none of the frontier men, but he knew well Nan Morgan and her dancing partner. Gale's face lighted as he set eyes on De Spain, and he spoke quickly to Nan: "There's your handsome Medicine Bend gunman."

Nan, glancing toward De Spain, seemed aware that he heard. She looked away. De Spain tightened up with a rage. The blood rushed to his face, the sarcasm struck in. If the birthmark could have deepened with humiliation it would have done so at the instant of the cold inspection of the girl's pretty eyes. Gale, calling ahead to the others, invited their attention to the man on the street corner. De Spain only stood still, returning their inspection as insolently as silence could. Each face was faithfully photographed and filed in his memory, and his steady gaze followed them until they rode down the hill and clattered jauntily out on the swaying suspension bridge that still crosses the Rat river at Grant street, and connects the whole south country—the Spanish sinks, the Thief River gold fields, the saw-tooth Superstition range, Morgan's gap, and Music mountain with Sleepy Cat and the railroad.

De Spain, walking down Grant street, watched the party disappear among the hills across the river. The encounter had stirred him. He already hated the Morgans, at least all except the blue-eyed girl, and she, it was not difficult to divine from her expression, was, at least, disdainful of her morning rival.

Reaching the station platform while still busy with his thoughts, De Spain encountered Jeffries and Lefever.

"Jeffries, I'll take that Thief River stage job," announced De Spain bluntly.

"What's the reason that fellow changed his mind?" demanded Jeffries, when Lefever joined him later in his office.

"Don't ask me," frowned Lefever perplexed. "Don't ask me. Henry is odd in some ways. You can't tell what's going on inside that fellow's head by looking at the outside of it."

Jeffries grunted coldly at this bit of wisdom. "I'll tell you what I should think—if I had to think: Henry De Spain has never found out rightly who was responsible for the death of his father. He expects to do it, some time; and long ago some of these same Morgans lived on the Peace river above his father's ranch."

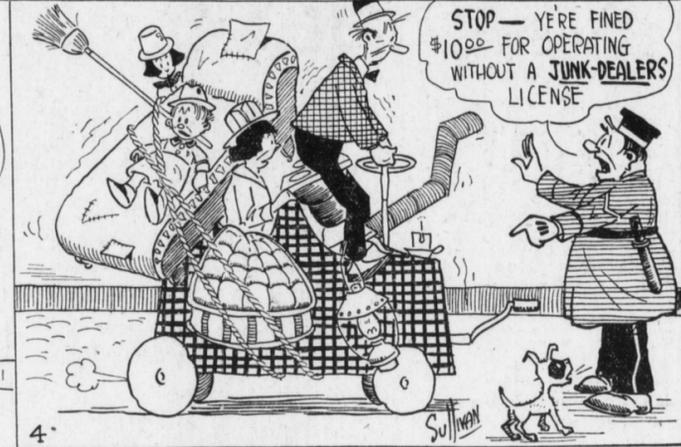
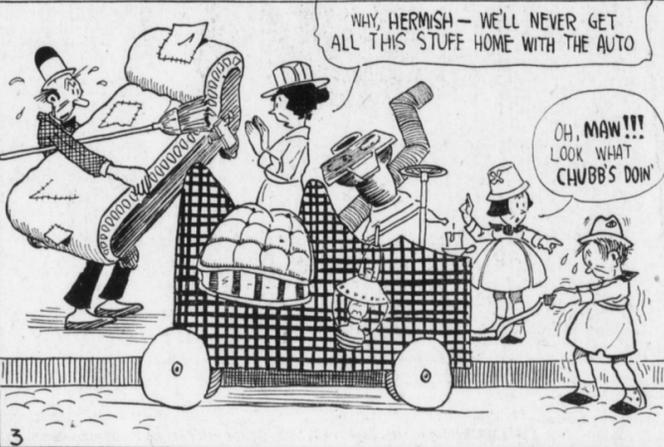
CHAPTER III.

The Spanish Sinks.

In two, extended groups, separated by a narrow but well-defined break, a magnificent rampart, named by Spaniards the Superstition mountains, stretches beyond the horizon to the south, along the vast depression known as the Spanish sinks. The break on the eastern side of the chain comes about twenty miles southwest of Sleepy Cat, and is marked on the north by the most striking, and in some respects most majestic peak in the range—Music mountain; the break itself has taken the name of its earliest white settlers, and is called Morgan's gap. No railroad has ever yet penetrated this southern country, despite the fact that rich mines have been opened along these mountains, and are still being opened; but it lies today in much of the condition of primitive savagery, and lawlessness, as the word is conventionally accepted, that obtained when the first rush was made for the Thief River gold fields.

Business is done in this country; but business must halt everywhere with its means of communication, and in the Music Mountain country is still restricted on the facilities of a stage line. The bullion wagons still travel the difficult roads. They look for safety to their armed horsemen; the four and six-horse stages look to the armed guard, the wayfarer must look to his horse—and it should be a good one—the mountain rancher to his rifle, the cattle thief to the moonless night, the bandit to his wits, the gunman to his holster; these include practically all the people that travel the Spanish sinks, except the Morgans and the Mormons. The Mormons looked to the Morgans for safety; the Morgans to themselves.

For many a year the Morgans have been almost overlords of the Music Mountain country. The Morgans have laid claim to an extended territory of



THEY WENT TO THE RUMMAGE SALE, BUT WERE TREATED CRUELLY

THE HONEYMOON HOUSE

By Hazel Dale

By HAZEL DALE

"Jarvis, I'd like to have Barry Neil up to dinner to-night, just informally, you know," Janet had said that morning. Miss Blodgett's teasing words had somehow sunk deep into Janet's mind, deeper than she would have believed possible, and now Jarvis's friendship with his old friends seemed somehow different.

Since Janet had married Jarvis her own friends had somehow slipped into the background. She did not care about the casual men friends that she had had before; they all paled before Jarvis and it had so happened that she had seen none of them since her marriage, so completely had she sunk herself into Jarvis's life.

Miss Blodgett in her call a few days back had somehow managed to have Janet to resentment. Her laughing "You ought not to let Jarvis get ahead of you, child; if he wants women friends, you ought to have them." Jarvis's sake; had been a remark that Janet had remembered.

"Very well," she had said finally to herself. "Perhaps Miss Blodgett was right and I ought to keep a few of my friends." And so she had suggested having Barry Neil over for dinner.

part of the day that does not mean something to us."

"And we look at things so differently," chimed in Janet.

"That is not always so, Jarvis," Neva answered slowly. "There is no such thing as an unbiased friendship between a man and a woman, and no one knows that better than we who see so much of the life."

Janet was thunderstruck. "Why, Neva," she gasped, "I never knew you felt that way."

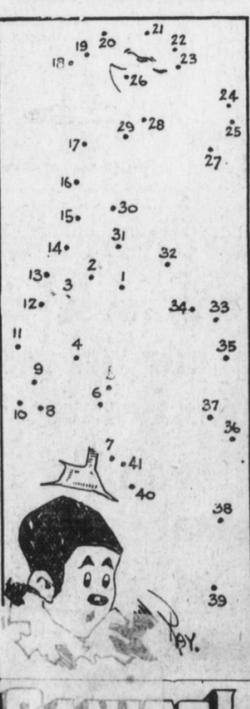
"I believe in friendship between the sexes," Neva said quickly. "of course I do, but I don't believe that it can be kept without dangerous complications. A man may know plenty of women in a general way, but let him prefer the friendship of one woman and there are always breakers ahead."

"Then you don't believe in close work between a man and a woman, Miss Hart?" asked Barry.

"Not unless they expect to confront the truth," said Neva firmly. And Janet, considering deeply, could have hugged Neva for her advice. It somehow made things plainer.

(To Be Continued.)

DAILY DOT PUZZLE



Miss Fairfax Answers Queries

By Beatrice Fairfax
ENJOY YOUR FRIENDSHIP

Dear Miss Fairfax:

Has a man a right to enjoy the friendship of a girl and monopolize her time without ever thinking of marrying her?

I am twenty-two and have parents devoted to me. I have two girl friends whom I have known for years and we have the highest regard for each other. Now, I want your advice whether it is right for me to continue my friendship for them? H. L.

It would be very unfortunate if a man as sensible and high principled as you seem to be could not have girl friends. If ever real suitors come into the lives of these girls it will be easy enough for a boy as sensible as you to eliminate himself if need be or at least to make his position quite clear. Since there are two girls and you are interested in both, I do not believe any one can connect your name with either. Be sure you are

man enough not to attempt to make love to either girl and to keep your relationship strictly on a basis of friendship. If you do this and remember that some one may come along and want to marry them at any time, and do not permit yourself to feel abused when it happens there is no reason why you should not go on with your friendship and get much from it besides bringing a great deal to it.

NO CHAPERON NEEDED

Dear Miss Fairfax:

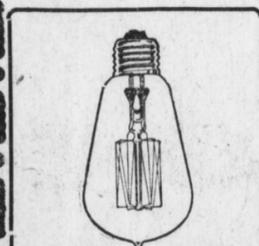
I am twenty-one and have been engaged to a young man four years my senior for over a year.

As the summer months are approaching, I was invited by his parents, who live in Baltimore, to come and spend my vacation there. Although I know that this gentleman is trustworthy, yet I am in doubt as to whether I need a chaperon.

Viola G.
It will be quite proper for you to visit this young man on his mother's invitation.

LOOK! LOOK! Look This Over!

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THIS BATTERY sells for 35c to 40c. Our price, 30c; in any quantity.



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Gives you two sockets from one. One for your light, and one for your iron, toaster, or vacuum cleaner, etc.

This BENJAMIN CLUSTER PLUG sells for \$1.10, 2 lights; \$1.35 for 3 lights; \$1.60 for 4 lights. Special price, 85c 2 light; \$1.05 3 light; \$1.35 4 light.

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(To Be Continued)