



FRAN

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BACK YARD FARMER

Interesting Pointers on Gardening for the City Man or Suburbanite.

WHAT TO PLANT AND WHEN

Advice by an Expert on Agricultural Matters—Window Boxes and Hanging Baskets—Eradicating Weeds—Beautifying the Yard.

By **PROF. JOHN WILLARD BOLTE.**

A comparatively small number of the people in our large cities have the ground available for a vegetable garden. A much larger number have some little plot that will raise flowers, but the flat dweller has nothing of the kind.

This does not indicate that flat dwellers may not have flowers in summer, however, as they can always have them in window boxes and frequently in porch boxes and hanging baskets.

Flowers of many kinds and hues will grow to fullest perfection in boxes of various kinds and all they need is sunshine and a little careful attention. They constitute the chief joy of the summer season and no one should be without them from May until frost time.

Almost any sort of a box will do so long as it is deep enough for the roots to grow in, and strong enough to hold the earth. An excellent window box can be made of three-quarter-inch lumber, one foot deep and one foot wide, the length being regulated, of course, to the size of the opening in which the box is to fit. The width of the window or porch box is immaterial, but the depth should not be less than ten to twelve inches. Bore a few three-quarter-inch holes in the bottom to allow for drainage and fasten the box firmly in place, as it will weigh a great deal after being filled.

Fill it with rich greenhouse or garden earth, having mixed in a quantity of well-rotted manure. Some fine wood ashes will assist the blossoms wonderfully, but coal ashes are a detriment. Have the earth fine and mellow and plant the flowers as soon after filling the box as possible.

The quickest and most satisfactory way to stock these boxes is to buy potted plants from the florist and transplant them. They are more sturdy than plants grown from seed in the boxes and they bloom much earlier. The cost is prohibitive in many cases, however, and almost any annual flowers will grow from seed in such boxes. Where the amount of sunshine is limited it is almost necessary to put in plants instead of seeds.

Geraniums are probably the most satisfactory flowering plants for the formal window box, and they are very widely used. Foliage plants are excellent and withstand the hot afternoon sun better than flowering plants. Ferns do well in shaded locations.

Small plants of English Ivy, Wandering Jew and many of the smaller vines are useful for draping effects and we have seen some of the larger growing annual vines, such as Wild Cucumber, Scarlet Runner Beans and Morning Glory, used in window boxes with excellent results, the long, graceful vines, either climbing in the usual way or trailing down over the side of the box.

Hanging baskets, either fern balls, moss baskets, or boxes, can be hung in any sheltered location, and they are very satisfactory. We recommend the use of self-watering hanging baskets, as the ordinary hanging device is inconvenient to handle and it must be watered constantly.

Remember that success with boxes demands lots of water every day, three times as much as you would give the same plants in a bed.

Weeds.

Weeds have been aptly defined as plants out of their proper place. Thus, Kentucky blue grass is a treasure in the lawn and a weed in the adjacent corn field. We are all more or less familiar with what we generally call weeds—dandelion, pusley, grass grass, thistles, burdock, pigweed, mullen, milkweed, and many others, because these plants are always out of place, as far as the ordinary back yard farmer is concerned.

They are easily controlled in the flower beds, because these beds are usually small in size, the soil is loose and the weeds pull out easily, and if you wait long enough your wife will probably get disgusted and pull them herself.

In the vegetable garden, it is an entirely different proposition, however. Here the weeds start about two weeks ahead of the earliest vegetables, having planted themselves the year before in preparation for a flying start. The soil is firm and they anchor themselves for the season in a very determined manner.

If we assail them early, before they are anchored, we can win out, but they never give up the battle and success is the result of constant labor. It's really remarkable, too, how a man grows weaker as the gardening season progresses.

The sun gets hotter, the hoe duller, the weeds more defiant, the soil harder, the mosquitoes start busily earlier and stay later, and it is only the thought of previous labor invested that saves most gardens about the fourth of July.

Under such discouraging conditions it behooves us to study the habits of our garden weeds and attack them in the most effective manner.

After plowing and pulverizing the ground, plant the early crops and let the weeds get a good start on the rest of the patch. Cut every one off below the ground with a sharp hoe, just before planting later crops. As soon as they start again cut them off again. Those that grow from perennial root stock, like the dandelion, should be pulled up.

When the vegetables come up, keep the earth between the rows hoed at all times, going over the garden after such rain to break up the earth's

crust and hold the moisture in the ground. Never let the weeds get the start on you and it will not take half as much work to handle your garden this year.

Why should we keep the weeds out of the garden? Principally because they steal water from the vegetables, and water is the very life blood of plants. Secondly, the weeds are all very hearty feeders and every one in your garden is using up a considerable proportion of the available plant food.

Remember that hoeing is good for both the garden and you, the more hoeing the better, and a wheel hoe or hand cultivator is about the best tool that ever was made, especially in July.

Essentials of Beautiful Yard.

Every home should be surrounded by a beautiful and artistic yard. Almost all of us appreciate this fact, and it will not bear argument, but there is considerable divergence of opinion as to what can be done to make the yard beautiful.

In order to assist our readers to secure the most gratifying results possible, we will try to outline the essential features to be borne in mind when planning landscape gardening at home.

The most important feature in planting operations is harmony. This is the keynote of all beautiful scenes. It does not mean that we may not employ contrasting colors and forms, but that these features give a pleasing general effect.

If your house is of any particular architectural style, let the shape of your walks, roadway, flower beds, shrubs and trees be of such a character as to carry out the lines and spirit of the house as far as possible. The formal house should be surrounded by natural things of geometrical patterns—square corners, formal shaped shrubs, straight walks, etc., away from the graceful forms. The bungalow and the less imposing and rigid type of building must be treated in a decidedly different manner, as its lines are more on the graceful and beautiful order, and the lines of the surrounding grounds should carry out the same idea. Curved lines, even of a rather indefinite character, may be used to advantage. Flowing shapes in the trees and shrubs, profuse vines, beds and banks of wild flowers and related subjects should be adhered to largely.

Do not attempt to mix these two distinct styles of landscape art. Nothing can be more unattractive than a formal square house set in a woodland, unless it be a graceful, unpretentious country home in the midst of an Italian garden.

The house, while it is not really a part of the yard, is still the most important feature of the whole scene, from the standpoint of the person on the outside. This is why we place such special emphasis on the appearance and style of the building.

We take for granted that the importance of the lawn is thoroughly understood. The arrangement of the buildings, walks, roads, and plantings will determine its shape and extent, but it is highly essential that the ground be covered by a smooth, velvety turf, where not otherwise taken up for some specific purpose.

City front yards are usually so small that all we can hope to do with them is to keep them covered with a good lawn. Suburban front yards are much more ample and are covered by the general principles set down for city back yards.

The first care is to join the house to the ground in a natural and artistic manner. The color of the house has a good deal to do with this, and the rest can be accomplished by a judicious use of flower beds, vines or shrubs near the house.

In planting for the small yard, do not put beds or shrubs in the middle of any stretch of lawn. Keep them either along the walk and roadway, or around the outer edges of the lot. By using taller and more distinctly colored and formal plants close to the house and smaller and less prominent varieties farther away we can secure an appearance of distance in the view from the house, and this is a very important feature in the effect of any landscape picture.

For the small city back yard the house must be ignored to a considerable extent and the planting is largely a question of the gardener's individual taste. Much more effective results will be secured even on the smallest lot, if the few simple rules here given are carefully borne in mind.

Capital of Australian Commonwealth.

Territory in the Yass-Canberra district, in New South Wales, has been acquired by the Commonwealth of Australia as the site of the capital of the Commonwealth. The territory is approximately 900 square miles in extent, and about twelve miles have been set aside for the purposes of the city. It is proposed to set aside another 100,000 acres for parks, roads, military college, and other public purposes outside the city. Canberra is 294 miles from Sydney, 429 from Melbourne, 912 from Adelaide and 929 from Brisbane. It is 123 miles from the sea at Jervis bay, with which one day it will be connected by railway. Architects the world over were invited to submit competitive plans for the new capital, but British architects declined to enter the competition, and the plans of a Chicago architect were accepted. The name of the new capital city is said to be announced on March 12, when the governor general makes his formal proclamation of the foundation of the new capital.

Linedseed Meal.

Coarsely ground linedseed meal of good quality has a feeding value slightly superior to old-process cottonseed meal, and either of these feeds is better for supplementing corn for fattening cattle than wheat bran at current market values. This was proved in two experiments conducted at the Nebraska experiment station.

Argentine Dairy Schools.

The Argentine government is now working on plans to establish schools of dairying in that country. Instructors will be brought from England and America.

CHAPTER I.

A Knock at the Door. It was too dark for her to find the bell; however, had she found it, she would have knocked just the same.

At first, no one answered. That was not surprising, since everybody was supposed to be at the Every Camp-meeting that had been advertised for the last two months, and that any one in Littleburg should go visiting at half-past eight, and especially that any one should come knocking at the door of this particular house, was almost incredible.

No doubt that is why the young woman who finally opened the door—after Fran had subjected it to a second and more prolonged visitation of her small fist—looked at the stranger with surprise which was, in itself, proof. The lady in the doorway believed herself confronted by a "camp-meeting"—one of those fitting birds of outer darkness who have no religion of their own, but who are always putting that of others to the proof.

The voice from the doorway was cool, impersonal, as if, by its very aloofness, it would push the wanderer away. "What do you want?"

"I want Hamilton Gregory," Fran answered promptly, without the slightest trace of embarrassment. "I'm told he lives here."

"Mr. Gregory?"—offering the name with its title as a palpable rebuke—"lives here, but is not at home. What do you want, little girl?"

"Where is he?" Fran asked, undaunted.

"He is at the camp-meeting," the young woman answered reluctantly, irritated at opposition, and displeased with herself for being irritated. "What do you want with him? I will attend to whatever it is. I am acquainted with all of his affairs—I am his secretary."

"Where's that camp-meeting? How can I find the place?" was Fran's quick rejoinder. She could not explain the dislike rising within her. She was too young, herself, to consider the other's youth an advantage, but the beauty of the imperious woman in the doorway—why did it not stir her imagination?

Mr. Gregory's secretary reflected that, despite its seeming improbability, it might be important for him to see this queer creature who came to strange doors at night-time.

"If you will go straight down that road"—she pointed—"and keep on for about a mile and a half, you will come to the big tent. Mr. Gregory will be in the tent, leading the choir."

"All right." And turning her back on the door, Fran swiftly gained the front steps. Half-way down, she passed, and glanced over her thin shoulder. Standing thus, nothing was to be seen of her but a blurred outline, and the shining of her eyes.

"I guess," said Fran inscrutably, "you're not Mrs. Gregory."

"I guess," said Fran inscrutably, "you're not Mrs. Gregory."

"No," came the answer, with an almost imperceptible change of manner—a change not of gradual pectination, "I am not Mrs. Gregory." And with that the lady, who was not Mrs. Gregory, quietly but forcibly closed the door.

It was as if, with the closing of that door, she would have shut Fran out of her life.

SMALL VALUE OF HUMAN LIFE

According to Legal Decisions Few Men Need Have High Opinion of Themselves.

That "human life is cheap" would appear from a study undertaken by a well known lawyer of the legal decisions handed down in this country with reference to the "cash value" of a man.

It is estimated that at ten years of age a boy of the laboring class is worth \$2,061.42; at fifteen, \$1,263.46; at twenty-five, \$5,488.03, from which time the decline is steady, a man of seventy, by this legal decision scale, rating at only \$17.13! By the same practical method of computation one eye is worth \$5,000; one leg, \$15,000; two legs, \$25,000; one arm, \$10,000; one hand, \$6,000; one finger, \$1,500, and permanent disability, \$25,000. This, it is pointed out, is merely an average as far as decisions have been examined.

It should be added that the estimates of the value of a man's life are based upon an idea not of his value to himself, but of his value to

CHAPTER II.

A Disturbing Laugh.

The sermon was ended, the exhortation was at the point of loudest voice and most impassioned earnestness. A number of men, most of them young, thronged the footpath leading from the stiles to the tent. A few were smoking; all were waiting for the pretty girls to come forth from the Christian camp. Fran pushed her way among the idlers with admirable nonchalance, her sharp elbow ready for the first resistive pair of ribs.

The crowd outside did not argue a scarcity of seats under the canvas. Fran found a plank without a back, loosely disposed, and entirely unoccupied. She seated herself, straight as an Indian, and with the air of being very much at ease.

The scene was new to her. More than a thousand villagers, ranged along a natural declivity, looked down upon the platform of undressed pine. In front of the platform men and women were kneeling on the ground. Some were bathed in tears; some were praying aloud; some were talking to those who stood, or knelt beside them; some were clasping convulsive hands; all were oblivious of surroundings.

From the hundred members of the choir, Fran singled out the man she had been seeking for so many years. It was easy enough to distinguish him from the singers who crowded the platform, not only by his baton which proclaimed the choir-leader, but by his resemblance to the picture she had discovered in a New York Sunday Supplement.

Hamilton Gregory was clean-shaved except for a silken reddish mustache; his complexion was fair, his hair a shade between red and brown, his eyes blue. His finely marked face and striking bearing were stamped with distinction and grace.

It was strange to Fran that he did not once glance in her direction. True, there was nothing in her appearance to excite special attention, but she had looked forward to meeting him ever since she could remember. Now that her eyes were fastened on his face, now that they were so near, sheltered by a common roof, how could he help feeling her presence?

The choir-leader rose and lifted his baton. At his back the hundred men and women obeyed the signal, while hymn-books fluttered open throughout the congregation. Suddenly the leader of the choir started into galvanic life. He led the song with his sweet voice, his swaying body, his frantic baton, his wild arms, his imperious feet. With all that there was of him, he conducted the melodious charge upon the ramparts of sin and indifference.

If in repose Fran had thought him singularly handsome and attractive, she now found him inspiring. His blue eyes burned with exaltation while his magle voice seemed to thrill with more than human ecstasy.

On the left, the heavy bass was singing.

"One thing we know, wherever we go— we reap what we sow."

While these words were being doled out at long and impressive intervals, she felt the tolling of a heavy bell, more than half a hundred soprano voices were hastily getting in their requisite number of half-notes, thus—

"So scatter little, scatter little, scatter little seeds of kindness."

In spite of the vast volume of sound produced by these voices, as well as by the accompaniment of two pianos and a snare-drum, the voice of Hamilton Gregory, soaring flute-like toward heaven, seemed to dart through the interstices of "roars," to thread its slender way along infinitesimal curves of silence. As one listened it was the inspired truth as uttered by Hamilton Gregory that brought the message home to consciousness. As if one had never before been told that one reaps what one sows, uneasy memory started out of

hidden places with its whisper of seed sown amiss. Tears rose to many eyes, and smothered sobs betrayed intense emotion.

Of those who were not in the least affected, Fran was one. She saw and heard Hamilton Gregory's impassioned earnestness, and divined his yearning to touch many hearts; nor did she doubt that he would then and there have given his life to press home upon the erring that they must ultimately reap what they were sowing. Nevertheless she was altogether unmoved. It would have been easier for her to laugh than to cry.

Although the preacher had ceased his exhortations for the singing of the evangelistic hymn, he was by no means at the end of his resources. Standing at the margin of the platform, looking out on the congregation, he slowly moved back and forth his magnetic arms in parallel lines. Not one word did he speak. Even between the verses, when he might have striven against the pianos and the snare-



"Don't You Go With Me, Little Girl?"

drum, he maintained his terrible silence. But as he fixed his ardent eyes upon space, as he moved those impelling arms, a man would rise here, a woman start up there—reluctantly, or eagerly, the unsaved would press their way to the group kneeling at the front. Prayers and groans rose louder. Jubilant shouts of religious victory were more frequent. One could now hardly hear the choir as it insisted—

"We reap what we sow, we reap what we sow."

Suddenly the evangelist smote his hands together, a signal for song and prayer to cease.

Having obtained a silence that was breathless he leaned over the edge of the platform, and addressed a man who knelt upon the ground:

"Brother Clinton, can't you get it?"

The man shook his head.

"You've been kneeling there night after night," the evangelist continued; "don't you feel that the Lord loves you? Can't you feel it? Can't you feel it now? Can't you get it? Can't you get it now? Brother Clinton, I want you to get through before these revival services close. They close this night. I go away tomorrow. This may be your last opportunity. I want you to get it now. All these waiting friends want you to get it now. All these praying neighbors want to see you get it. Can't you get through tonight? Just quietly here, without any excitement, without any noise or tumult, just you and your soul alone together—Brother Clinton, can't you get through tonight?"

Brother Clinton shook his head. Fran laughed aloud.

The evangelist had already turned to Hamilton Gregory as a signal for the hymn to be resumed, for sometimes singing helped them "through," but the sound of irreverent laughter chilled his blood. To his highly wrought emotional nature, that sound of mirth came as the laughter of fiends over the tragedy of an immortal soul.

"Several times," he cried, with whitened face, "these services have been disturbed by the ungodly." He pointed an inflexible finger at Fran: "You derisively sits a little girl who should not

have been allowed in this tent unaccompanied by her parents. Brethren! Too much is at stake, at moments like these, to shrink from heroic measures. Souls are here, waiting to be saved. Let the little girl be removed. Where are the ushers? I hope she will go without disturbance, but go she shall! Now, Brother Gregory, sing."

As the song swept over the worshippers in a wave of pleading, such ushers as still remained held a brief consultation. The task assigned them did not seem included in their proper functions. Only one could be found to volunteer as policeman, and he only because the evangelist's determined eye and rigid arm had never ceased to indicate the disturber of the peace.

Fran was furious; her small white face seemed set in stone as she stared at the evangelist. How could she have known she was going to laugh? Her tumultuous emotions, inspired by the sight of Hamilton Gregory, might well have found expression in some other way. That laugh had been as a darting of tongue-flame directed against the armored Christian soldier whose face was so spiritually beautiful, whose voice was so eloquent.

Fran was suddenly aware of a man pausing irresolutely at the end of the plank that held her erect. Without turning her head, she asked in a rather spiteful voice, "Are you the sheriff?"

He spoke with conciliatory persuasiveness: "Won't you go with me, little girl?"

Fran turned impatiently to glare at the usher.

He was a fine young fellow of perhaps twenty-four, tall and straight, clean and wholesome. His eyes were sincere and earnest yet they promised much in the way of sunny smiles—at the proper time and place. His mouth was frank, his forehead open, his shoulders broad.

Fran rose as swiftly as if a giant had lifted her to her feet. "Come on, then," she said in a tone somewhat smothered. She climbed over the "stringer" at the end of her plank, and marched behind the young man and as if oblivious of devouring eyes.

As they passed the last pole that supported a gasoline-burner, Fran glanced up shyly from under her broad hat. The light burned red upon the young usher's face, and there was something in the crimson glow, or in the face, that made her feel like crying, just because—or so she fancied—it revived the recollection of her loneliness. And as she usually did what she felt like doing, she cried, silently, as she followed the young man out beneath the stars.

CHAPTER III.

On the Foot-BrIDGE.

To the young usher, the change of scene was rather bewildering. His eyes were still full of the light from gasoline-burners, his ears still rang with the confusion of tent-noise into which entered the prolonged monotones of inarticulate groanings, and the explosive suddenness of seemingly irrelevant Amens.

Nothing just then mattered except the saving of souls. Having faithfully attended the camp-meeting for three weeks he found other interests blotted out. The village as a whole had given itself over to religious ecstasy. Those who had professed their faith left no stone unturned in leading others to the altar, as if life could not resume its routine until the unconverted were brought to kneel at the evangelist's feet.

As Abbott Ashton reflected that, because of this young girl with the mocking laugh, he was losing the climactic expression of the three-weeks' campaign, his displeasure grew. Within him was an undefined though vibration akin to surprise, caused by the serenity of the hushed sky. Was it not incongruous that the heavens should be so peaceful with their quiet star-beacons, while man was exerting himself to the utmost of gesture and noise to glorify the Maker of that calm canopy? From the

PLACE FOR DANGEROUS DRUGS

Household Should Have Some Kind of Cupboard Where They May Be Kept in Safety.

Almost every medical man has experience of some lotion intended for outward application being taken by mistake, and such accidents will go on happening until the general public does something for its own protection. The druggist may label his bottles ever so carefully, but to a child the label conveys no meaning, and if the bottle be left within his reach no one can be surprised if an accident happens.

Every house should contain a small, safe cupboard out of reach of children where bottles may be kept, for many medicines which are perfectly harmless if taken as prescribed by the person for whom they are intended would bring about serious results if the bottle were emptied at one draught.

People do not realize what great precautions are taken by dispensers at large hospitals who have the re-



"Who's Little Girl Are You?"

them to set his blood tingling with a feeling of protecting tenderness. Possibly it was her trust in him, for as Fran, it was like looking into a clear pool to see oneself.

"Nobody's little girl!" he repeated, inexpressibly touched that it should be so. What a treasure somebody was denied! "Are you a stranger in the town?"

"Never been here before," Fran answered mournfully.

"But why did you come?"

"I came to find Hamilton Gregory."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

He Meant a Wee Nap, Not a Wee Nip.

After Charles Myers, a Mason (Mo.) barber, had finished up the stranger he raised the chair, and his customers head fell over to one side. The barber straightened him up and shook him a little.

"You were asleep," said Charley.

"So I was—so I was," agreed the gentleman in the chair. "Well, you'll have to come 'round to my place and take one on me."

"I don't drink," returned Charley.

"Neither do I. I'm the new preacher at the First Street church."—New York World.