

SIMPLY A CINCH

By FLORENCE BROWN

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"That's a good-looking dress, Christine—always liked blue on you!" Jack Hathaway gave his wife a loving look, and when she dropped her eyes, he stole a quick glance at the clock. Quarter-of-an-hour would have to hurry.

He threw his magazine aside and, rising, stretched and yawned. "Well, I think I'll drive the new model past old Norton's house. If he's on the veranda, it'll be an excuse to show him the car. He rather asked me to come up—he's been needing a new bus for five years now."

Christine managed a good-by, which did not sound too strained, but it was hard work, for it was by no means the first time she had heard that time-worn excuse, and she hated to think what philandering it was a prelude to, experience having taught her to expect the worst.

Jack was very good looking, and extremely susceptible. His position as salesman for a popular-priced car threw him in contact with a good many women.

Jack, in the yard, was starting the new car. Christine heard the sound of voices, and looking out, saw him joined by Ted Thornton. And Christine, although she hated Mrs. Thornton, was sorry for her now. She knew only too well that Jack and Ted in all probability were not planning to ride alone—very long.

Christine put away her sewing and wandered through the house. Well, she had one consolation—Caryl was alone, too. Probably Ted had said he was trying to sell old Norton a car, too.

At last, on an impulse, Christine decided to walk by the Thornton bungalow and glout, if possible, over the lonely Caryl.

As she strolled slowly along, thinking what a perfectly lovely night it was for a long ride, she saw to her horror that the approaching lady with the letter in her hand was Caryl. They smiled rather distantly, and, as something must be said: "Good evening, Mrs. Thornton," said Christine. "Your husband intends to demonstrate a car for Mr. Norton, does he not?"

Caryl was surprised. "Yes, but how did you know?" she asked.

"I didn't." Ruth had to admit. "But he called for Jack, and that is what he expected me to believe."

Her hearer looked thoughtful.

"Mrs. Thornton," said Christine. "I think we should become friends—very dear friends, at that."

Caryl nodded. "I think so, too. Why don't we go to my house and talk it over?"

Half an hour later Caryl had made a luscious fruit salad to celebrate the new friendship, and was about to start the percolator when Christine said suddenly, "You've made such a huge salad—wouldn't it be dandy fun if we had someone else to share it? It's more than large enough for three—how about asking Mr. Norton?"

Caryl looked doubtful. "Why, we don't know him."

"So much the better."

Caryl flew to the telephone book and found the number. A moment later Norton was listening to an extremely sweet voice.

"Mr. Norton," it thrilled, "we're two lonesome grass widows who have all the requirements of a lovely party, except a guest. Won't you be it? It's perfectly safe—our husbands said they expected to be with you tonight."

The news amused Norton. The invitation aroused his curiosity and he eagerly accepted. Half an hour later he was eating the fruit salad and sake and dispensing smiles and good advice on the subject of husbands, notwithstanding the fact that he had never been one.

Mr. Norton had brought his appetite. He helped himself boldly to the last of the salad.

"Only wait until our husbands find out you've been with us, instead of with them," Caryl laughed.

On the grounds that he would undoubtedly never be invited again after the two villainous husbands learned of his visit, Mr. Norton decided he might as well eat a few more of the home-made frosted nut cookies.

"So they said I might buy a car," he chuckled. "Well, so I might. And why don't I? I'll do it. And you two girls"—he took out a memorandum pad and pen, "can split the commission." Here the girls looked doubtful until he added, "or I don't buy a car."

After some busy moments Norton presented Caryl and Christine with an ingenious concoction which read something like this:

"I promise to buy a four-passenger Sports sedan from the Collins-Griscom Company, provided check covering the commission for such sale is made payable to the joint order of Mrs. Caryl Thornton and Mrs. Christine Hathaway, who induced me to buy said car."

Shortly after midnight two smiling wives were sleepily explaining to their amazed husbands.

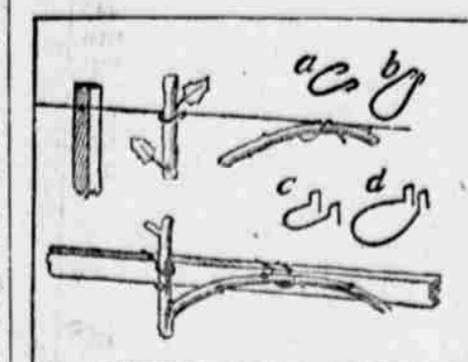
"You see, we girls just happened to be taking a walk—why—I never said I hated her—I just said—well, anyway, she's a dear—and we made a compact to treat our husbands better after this—but anyway, don't keep interrupting. Where was I? Oh, yes, so we met Mr. Norton and asked him if he had bought a car yet, and if not, wouldn't he from us, and so we got the order, after all you've said about selling cars being such hard work, too. Why, it's simply a cinch!"

Horticultural Points**VINE SUPPORT FOR TRELLIS**

Inexpensive Device Shown in Illustration Is Recommended for Attaching Vines, Etc.

This simple device for attaching berry vines, climbing roses, etc., to the trellis, is far superior to tying. It is inexpensive, quicker, can never bind the stems, and is instantly removed for pruning or rearranging, writes C. A. Pease of California in Farm and Home. A quantity can be made up at odd times, from old baling wire, and kept on hand ready for use. The sketches will explain its construction and use.

The loop should be large enough to contain the largest stem, without binding—about seven-eighths of an



Wire Tie for Vines.

inch across inside is a good general size. Two forms of hooks are shown, one for wire trellises, the other for use on wooden slat trellises.

The plain loop (a) is for use with vertical or nearly vertical stems. Where stems are to be trained more nearly horizontal, the sides of the loop should be longer, and the loop given a quarter-turn, with the result shown at b, where the supporting hooks are in line with the horizontal stem, as shown in the sketches.

CULTIVATE ALL FRUIT TREES

Just as Essential in Orchard as for Any Other Crop—Tends to Conserve Moisture.

It is just as essential to cultivate fruit trees as any other growing crop. Sometimes the trees are plowed in the spring and left the rest of the year without any further care, so far as cultivation is concerned. An exception is where a cultivated crop is growing between the trees, says D. C. Mooring, extension horticulturist, Oklahoma A. and M. college. While trees are young, a cultivated row crop may be grown between the trees so long as it does not compete with the trees for the same moisture and plant food. Therefore, each year as the trees grow, move the crop further away from the trees and when the trees are well into bearing, cease growing a spring crop among the trees at all.

A soil that is well cultivated will (1) catch much more moisture, including rains and snows; (2) conserve the moisture; (3) keep down grass and weeds; (4) aerate the soil, that is, permit of free air circulation, which is necessary to the life and development of the roots.

The first cultivation in the spring should be four or five inches deep with whatever available tool is at hand. Be careful not to skin the trees.

In case your trees are growing in the yard, where it is not practical to use horse power in cultivation, a spade, shovel or hoe may be used. Where a hand tool is used, loosen the soil under the tree and at least a foot or two beyond the extent of the limbs.

The cultivation should begin in March or early April and continue until midsummer under normal conditions, and during the dry season the cultivation should continue until the last of the summer. After the first cultivation, which is the deep one, the other cultivations should be merely to establish a soil mulch.

SPRAY TO KILL GRAPE PESTS

As Soon as Rootworm Beetles Appear Apply Arsenate of Lead—Cultivate in June.

To destroy the grape rootworms, cultivate the vineyard during early June, the United States Department of Agriculture advises. Spray the vines as soon as adult beetles appear with arsenate of lead, 1½ pounds powder or 3 pounds paste to 50 gallons of water, or 50 gallons of bordeaux mixture if fungous diseases are present.

To destroy the grape leafhopper, spray in late June or early July, when the nymphs of young insects are most abundant. Use 40 per cent nicotine sulphate, one-fourth pint to 50 gallons soapy water (2 pounds soap) or with 50 gallons bordeaux mixture to control fungous diseases. Hit the lower sides of the leaves forcibly.

Stake Up Young Berries. Young cane fruits such as raspberries and blackberries will give much better results the first season if they are staked up and tied, rather than allowed to trail over on the ground.

Utilize Waste Places. Try planting a fruit or nut tree in the fence corner where the weeds now have full possession.

Nothing to Do but Spray. If the scale is in the orchard, there is nothing to do but to spray.

THE BIG DEAL

By RUBY H. MARTYN

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It was part of Lorne Drake's work for Mr. Ryder to stay at the little portable office on the lumber yard wharf while the other clerks went to lunch. That was how it happened that Peter Kilburn, in a rush during his own noon from an uptown office, found Drake alone there and stated his business concisely.

"I have a wood lot out in Danbury to sell. Grandfather left it to me, and if I can turn it into a thousand dollars within ten days I can use the money to tremendous advantage in my line of business. Jimmie Baker was sure that Mr. Ryder would put me in the way of some sort of deal if this lot is too small for him to handle."

Drake was listening with tensed muscles. He had been born and raised on a Danbury farm, coming to the metropolitan lumber yard only a few months before, in quest of the fortune Gwen demanded before she would promise to wed him; he knew every inch of the Kilburn woodlot, although this city-bred grandson was a stranger; he guessed its timber would market at a profit over a purchase price of \$5,000. To buy at \$1,000 would put the deal in Lorne's classification of big-business. And he had the cash to make an option payment. He had negotiated the purchase of a Danbury farm for the Jimmie Baker whom young Kilburn had mentioned, and the stiff price the inexperienced city man had paid for that had netted Lorne the commission which he was on the alert to reinvest.

"I'll give you \$1,200 for the wood lot," he said, saving his conscience with an extra \$200. "I'll pay \$300 down and the other nine when you haul me the papers a week from today."

"Done!" cried Kilburn, jubilantly. "Jimmie told me to trust Ryder's for a clean deal of my problem."

If Lorne Drake had any qualms he smothered them in plans for a week end run to Danbury to arrange with some local banker for a loan, and back in the sunshine of Gwen's favor.

But the situation at his home town didn't develop smoothly. The family found him irritable. When he sought Gwen he found himself talking until he ran down like a tired clock spring, and flung away when Jimmie Baker came with a brisk assurance of her welcome. Striking cross lots, Lorne entered the Kilburn woods and began to perambulate the bounds.

The young man had recently made some study of timber in relation to its veneer and interior finish values, and as he cruised among the walnuts and clean-stemmed maples he realized that there was a small fortune for development along those lines. Jimmie Baker's land abutting at one side, held more valuable trees, and Lorne's keen mind leaped on to secure that.

But as he wandered there alone, his thought was always for the girl he loved with an intensity that counted no cost of self. And he had been ashamed before her! All the baubles he might buy would never bring him courage to make his claim without the clean up-standingness that kept him without shame. With tricky hands he had lost a power without which he could not fight for Gwen. Lorne ground his teeth as he realized that the logical working out of his return to self-respect would play into Jimmie's hands. He caught the next train

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Two mornings later the young man was back at Inman, again cruising among the timber of the Kilburn lot. He was working with pencil and notebook under a maple flowered in red. A fluttering wood bird heralded the approach of some humankind. The young man could hear the rustle of dry leaves under foot, and then there was a clear summons for him.

"Lorne, oh, Lorne!"

"I hoped to find you up here, Lorne, before, because it was your letter about those woods that set me thinking. Then I got on the trail of your part in Jimmie's farm buy. And then I tried to imagine what made you do these things that aren't what you used to think were honest. Did you do them for me?"

"I thought so," he answered, gently.

Her eyes clouded.

"That you may have done that startled me," said Gwen. "Because if it were true I have done an awful, awful thing. I'd rather not have one single thing than have to feel ashamed."

Lorne caught her hands and smiled over his words that seemed so inadequate:

"I found that, too, sweetheart. I found that the big deal was to keep my heart and hands clean to fight for you. I met Kilburn with Mr. Ryder yesterday, and we fixed up the wood lot business. The wonder of it was Mr. Ryder's kindness when I told my story. He has taken over the lot at a fair valuation, and is going to let me manage its disposal. We hope to work in Jimmie Baker's for a price that will straighten out his farm deal. I shall be stationed here for several months, and I want you to make every minute glad!"

"You've made every minute very, very glad for me," said Gwen softly. "Because I loved you, Lorne, and then it broke my heart because what I meant to be right could lead to such very, very wrong."

"Reverently he touched her fair hair with his lips.

"It's going to be all right, always now," he promised.

Reverently he touched her fair hair with his lips.

"Learn Details of Spraying.

Learn exactly when to spray your fruit trees and vegetables, what to spray for, and what spray to use.

Horticultural Hints

By RUBY H. MARTYN

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Shot-Hole Borer and Its Tiny Grub May Attack All Kinds of Fruit —Means of Control.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Shot-hole borer (*Scolytus rugulosus*) is a small beetle whose tiny grub may attack all kinds of fruit trees and other trees. It is most important in the orchard but on weakened nursery trees it may also appear. The female beetle makes a tunnel between the bark and wood and lays eggs along either side of this. In time the small grubs extend their work, often girdling limbs or the trunks of small

trees, causing weakening or death of such trees. As a rule it is a weakly tree that is most likely to suffer injury.

Shot-hole borer; a, Adult; b, Side View of Same; c, Pupa; d, Borer; All Enlarged.

treating the bark and wood.

While the pest thrives best in weak or dying trees or limbs, keep all orchard prunings removed from the orchard. In the nursery avoid the use of left-over trees for filling draws and the like alongside the growing stock. Remove and burn trees which are too seriously injured by the pest to be saved. In the orchard promptly prune out affected limbs and destroy them. The regular summer sprays with arsenate of lead and lime-sulphur for fruit insects will tend to repel this pest where spraying is thoroughly done.

Then mother was right," Tommy said. "I heard her telling grandmother that she was sure you worked there the day after she had seen Uncle Bob talking to you."

"Your mother saw me," the girl repeated, "and I was talking to your Uncle Bob."

Tommy nodded.

"The two of you were sitting on the garden wall, she said, and she didn't think it very dignified in Uncle Bob, and grandfather had better look into it—because you were so pretty."

"Well, it is something to be called pretty," Tommy's companion remarked, "and what had Uncle Bob to say to all that?"

"They didn't say it before Uncle Bob," Tommy explained; "and are you Irish?" Mother said you were; she said she heard some one call to you over the garden wall: "Come here, Sheila O'Moore!"

"Sure, I'm afraid that can't be denied," softly and charmingly, the girl dropped into Irish brogue. Tommy grinned delightedly.

"Talk some more like that," he begged.

The girl regarded him whimsically.

"Mebbe you'd be after likin' an Irish song better? Irish talk, an' it's mebbe I feel more like singin'."

The boy was an inspiring listener; wildly he applauded.

"Sing that one again about the queer little old man in the queer old hat," he said.

She began the song; then as though at her call, a little old man in a queer old hat, indeed, appeared at the opening in the trees. The girl, her eyes widening, abruptly ended her jingle, while Tommy jumped to his feet.

Where the trees have not been badly infected with the black twig blight, there is a good chance for overcoming almost any ailment that is injuring them. The blight is difficult to overcome because it is a sap disease. While apples are not usually so badly infected with this disease as pears, it can be carried from the pear trees into the apple orchard if one is not very careful.

Tommy, with his fishing tackle, met the girl next morning.