

# Reading for Women and all the Family



## Bringing Up Father

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By McManus

### The Real Man

By FRANCIS LYNDE

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(Continued)

If Miss Baldwin were frightened, she did not show it. Smith jerked the roadster out of the entanglement of the railroad track and said: "You may sit up now and tell me which way to go. I do not know anything about the roads over here."

She pointed out the way across the hills, and a four-mile dash followed. Up hill and down the big roadster raced, devouring the inter-spaces, and at the top of the last of the ridges, in a small, low-lying swale which was well hidden from any point of view in the vicinity of the dam they came upon the interlopers. There were three men and two horses and a covered wagon, as Smith's telephone message had catalogued them. The horses were still in the traces, and just beyond the wagon a legal mining claim had been marked out by freshly driven stakes.

Smith sent the gray car rocketing down into the swale, brought it to a stand with a thrust of the brakes, and jumped out. Once more the primitive Stone Age man in him, which had slept so long and so quietly under the Lawrenceville conventionalities, was joyously pitching the barriers aside.

"It's moving day for you fellows," he announced cheerfully, picking the biggest of the three as the proper subject for the order giving. "You're on the Timanyoni Ditch Company's land, and you know it. Pile into the wagon and fade away!"

The big man's answer was a laugh, portion to its vigor and at the end of the order he was palpably unarmed. Smith's right arm shot out, and when the blow landed there were only two to close in on him. In such sudden hostilities the advantage are all with the beginner. Having superior reach and a good bit more skill than either of the two tacklers, Smith held his own until he could get in a few more of the smashing right-handers, but in planting them he took punishment enough to make him Berserk and as palpably uninvincible. There was a fierce mingling of arms, legs and bodies, suddenly terrifying, one would suppose, to a young woman sitting in a car in an automobile a hundred yards away.

The struggle was short in just proportion to its vigor and at the end of it two of the trespassers were knocked out, and Smith was dragging the third over to the wagon, into which he presently heaved the man as if he had been a sack of meal. Miss Baldwin, sitting in the car, saw her ally drive into the covered wagon and come out with a pair of rifles. Pausing only long enough to smash the guns, one after the other, over the wagon wheel, he started back after the two other men. They were not waiting to be carried to the wagon; they were up and running in a wide semicircle to reach their hope of retreat unslain, if that might be. It was all very hard and barbarous, no doubt, but the colonel's daughter was Western born and bred, and she clapped her hands and laughed in sheer enthusiasm when she saw Smith make a show of chasing the circling runners.

He did not return to her until after he had pulled up the freshly driven stakes and thrown them away and by that time the wagon, with the horses lashed to a keen gallop, was disappearing over the crest of the northern ridge.

"That's one way to get rid of them, isn't it?" said the emancipated bank man, jocosely upon his place in the car to cramp it for turn. "Was that something like the notion you had in mind?"

"Mercy, no!" she rejoined. And



then: "Are you sure you are not hurt?"

"Not worth mentioning," he evaded. "Those duffers couldn't hurt anybody, so long as they couldn't get to their guns."

"But you have saved the company at your own expense. They will be sure to have you arrested."

"We won't cross that bridge until we come to it," he returned. "If we were back in the country from which



The Struggle Was Short.

I have later, escaped, it would be proper for me to ask your permission to drive you safely home. Since we are not, I shall assume the permission and do it anyway."

"Oh, is that necessary?" she asked, meaning, as he took it, nothing more than comradely deprecation at putting him to the trouble of it.

"Not absolutely necessary, perhaps, but decently prudent. You might drop me opposite the dam, but you'd have to pass through the rows somewhere on the way, and they might try to make it unpleasant for you."

She made no further comment and he sent the car spinning along over the hills to the westward. A mile short of the trestle river crossing they overtook and passed the wagon. Because he had the colonel's laughter with him, Smith put on a burst of speed and so gave the claim jumper the chance to provoke another battle.

In the maze of crossroads opposite the little city on the south bank of the river, Smith was more deprecating, and was obliged to ask his companion to direct him.

"I thought you weren't ever going to say anything any more," she sighed in mock despair. "Take this road to the right."

"I can't talk and drive a speed wagon at the same time," he told her, pointing to the right-hand side of the road, telling him it was Hillcrest.

There was a massive stone portal fronting the road, and when he got down to open the gates, the young woman took the wheel and drove through; whereupon he decided that it was time for him to break away, and said so.

"But how will you get back to the camp?" she asked.

"I have my two legs yet, and the walking isn't bad," he said calmly. "No, but you might meet those two men again."

## "The Insider"

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water

CHAPTER XLVII.  
(Copyright, 1917, Star Company.)  
In spite of the excitement of the day and evening, I slept like a tired child on that first night in the Nortons' country home. When I awoke in the morning the air was sweet with the odor of honeysuckles and roses, and melodious with the songs of birds.

I lay entranced, wondering if all these surroundings were not a beautiful dream from which I must awake. "Could it be I, Elizabeth Dart, who lay here in this spacious chamber and exulted in the quietude of the house and the peacefulness of the household and the puzzling problems that I suspected, did not mar the beauty of the dream, I, who young, the world was lovely. I sighed in an ecstasy of happiness.

"The sound of light footsteps in the nursery reached me. Grace, who had never come into my room so early before, was stealing in softly. I closed my eyes and pretended to be asleep. I heard her pause, and could keep up the pretense no longer. Opening my eyes, I laughed.

"Where awake," I corrected. "Please, may I cuddle down here by you for just a little minute?"

"Indeed you may," I held out my arms to her. "What waked you up?" "The birds and all the nice things," she informed me. "Oh, Miss Dart, don't you love it out here?"

"Of course I do!" I declared. "I shall have a beautiful summer—won't we, little girl?"

"Yes," she answered, nestling closer to me and fairly wriggling with delight. "After a few minutes' talk I remarked that it was almost time to be up and dressing. I was more deprecating than in town, you know," I reminded her. "You remember auntie told you so last night."

"To Read Together  
"I am sure you do," I agreed. "This was to have no lesson for you, but we were to read together for an hour each morning. This reading was to be done out of doors if we wished, and she and I am glad I did not show how mad I was. 'I'll be easier to get to bed here, I'm sure it's going to be a good summer.'"

"And so am I," I rejoined. "I heard him begin to whistle as he reached the veranda. He was a very different person from the gloomy lad I had first met in his father's town home."

colony and Commonwealth is glorious in its assistance to the government. It was Robert Morris, a Pennsylvanian, who splendidly financed the Revolutionary struggle. It was Stephen Girard, a Pennsylvanian, who unreservedly sustained the government in the financial crisis of the War of 1812. It was Jay Cooke, a Pennsylvanian, who in a commanding way carried to honor and success the great financial burden incident to the Civil War. In every crisis of the Nation's history, Pennsylvania has been in the very front and has led all the States in lofty endeavor, in commanding service. We must maintain this ascendancy now. Pennsylvania must lead. As a member of an important bank promptly and patriotically.

"When this war was declared the Executive of this great Commonwealth, acting for all our people, pledged all the resources of Pennsylvania to the national government. This included not only men for military service, food for the people, loyal administrative assistance and personal service in all proper fields of endeavor, but it also included the fiscal resources of our people. We cannot be indifferent or ineffective at any point in the entire line of loyal service and support."

"Moreover, the history of this

(To Be Continued.)

## "THEIR MARRIED LIFE"

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Helen had somehow felt different toward Viva Nesbitt of late. Perhaps the artificiality of the girl was becoming more of a thing to be expected and, therefore, to be endured; or perhaps Helen's viewpoint had changed after her talk with Frances and the compact between the two to do what they could to help Viva. There was so much obvious good in the girl—so much strength of purpose and conviction of character, if it could be directed properly, it seemed a shame to sit back and allow the girl to become utterly spoiled.

Helen did not really know just how much she had changed until, forced one day to defend Viva, her true sentiments came nobly to the front. If it had been anyone else but Carrie who had called forth the argument perhaps things might have affected Helen differently; but Helen's feeling for Carrie had been the result of many years of contemptuous treatment, and she stood up for Viva in a way that astounded even herself.

The argument had arisen through a suggested picnic. They were to take basket lunches and all of the rest of the local crowd necessary and to motor out into the country for a real bit of sport. Carrie and Roy and Helen had been spending the week-end with Helen and Warren, due to the fact that several changes of household importance, such as papering, painting and the like, were taking place at their suburban home. Helen had suggested the picnic as a means of entertainment, and Warren had fallen in happily with her suggestion.

Even Carrie had seemed pleased, and now nothing remained but to invite the guests and decide where to go. Helen, however, using machines had been abandoned after a few minutes' conversation. There weren't enough people who owned cars, for one thing, and it would necessitate much crowding and eliminating of many people whom Helen wanted to ask.

"Of course, Frances will bring Viva," Helen had remarked, as with paper and pencils, she and Warren were making out a list. Carrie was knitting feverishly on a gray sweater, for one thing, and it would make one more thing to be done. Helen making one she had not been contented until she had purchased yarn to knit one for herself.

"And a good color," she had remarked acidly, "nothing saudy." As she had told Roy in secret, Helen's head had been turned of late, and she evidently had been having a youthful again. "Why, there's barely a year between our ages, Roy!" Carrie had exclaimed indignantly. "But his own Roy, who has Helen and was disturbed at the continual friction existing between Carrie and his sister-in-law, refused to make any remark about Helen, much to Carrie's chagrin."

"At the mention of Viva Nesbitt's name Carrie sat up quickly. "You're not going to invite that girl, I hope," she said caustically. "Why, you see, she's visiting Frances, Carrie," Helen explained.

"Oh, come now, Carrie," put in Warren, "what's the matter with that child? She's nothing more than that."

"Yes, she looks like a child, with those curly locks that fast way of getting herself up."

"Perhaps she's to be pitied," remarked Roy, and he was rewarded by a stare from Helen.

"Oh, you men are all alike!" Carrie said, angry at being argued with and having no one on her side to help defend her case against Viva. "Why, the girl's not even pretty."

"But she is attractive," Helen said, smiling a little. "And I do think we ought to feel differently toward her. Why, she hasn't done a thing that could be termed wrong in her whole life. She is just young and foolish and has been kept at school when she should have had a mother to look after her."

Helen was rather surprised at herself for defending Viva, particularly after her own summing up of the girl's character several weeks before.

## Fashions of To-Day - By May Manton

JUST this combination of round neck and long sleeves is exceedingly smart for afternoon wear, whether the blouse is to be worn with the costume or to be worn with an odd skirt. Here, filet lace and Georgette crepe are combined, but you can, of course, use various materials, also, the model can be converted to evening use by being made as indicated in the back view. For that treatment you can use short sleeves or you can use ruffles only as you like.

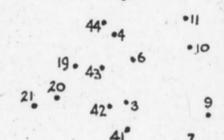
For the medium size will be needed, 1 1/4 yards of plain material 36 inches wide and 1 1/2 yards of all-over lace, or 2 yards 36, 1 1/2 yards 44 inches wide to make of one material.

The pattern No. 9381 is cut in sizes from 34 to 42 inches bust measure. It will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of fifteen cents.



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Save This Recipe for  
Coconut Cookies

1/2 cupful of Baker's Fresh Grated Coconut, 1/2 cupful of shortening, 1 cupful of granulated sugar, 1 egg, pinch of salt, 1/2 level teaspoonful of grated nutmeg, 4 level teaspoonfuls of baking powder, 3 cupfuls of flour.

Mix shortening, sugar and salt together; add the unbeaten egg, the strained coconut (not pressed), the baking powder and flour sifted. Mix well and roll out on floured board quite thin. Cut with fancy cookie cutter and bake in hot oven eight to ten minutes.

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