Reading for Women and all the Family

Bringing Up Father

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By McManus

The Real Man

By FRANCIS LYNDE

Illustrations by IRWIN MYERS

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(Continued)

of the soldier who sees the battle going irresistibly against him and still smites on in sheer desperation. He saw the carefully built organization structure, reared by his own efforts upon the foundation laid by Colonel Baldwin and his ranchmen associates falling to pieces. In spite of all he could do, there was a panic of stock-selling; the city council, alarmed by persistent story of the unsafety of the dam, was threatening to cancel the lighting contract with Timanyoni High Line; and Kinzie, though he was doing nothing openly, had caused the word to be passed far and wide among the Timanyoni stockholders, disaster could be averted now only by prompt action and the swift effacement of their rule-or-ruin secretary and treasurer.

"They're after you, John," was the way the colonel put it at the close of the second day of back-slippings. "They say you're fiddlin' while Rome's a-burnin'. Maybe you know what they mean by that; I don't."

Smith did know. During the two days of stress Miss Verda had been very exacting. There had been another night at the theater and much time-killing after meals in the parlors of the Hophra House. Worse still, there had been a daylight auto trip about town and up to the dam. The victim was writhing miserably under the price-paying, but there seemed to be no help for it. Since the night of Verda Richlander's arrival in Brewster, he had not seen Corona; he was telling himself that he had forfeited the right to see her. Out of the chaotic wreck of things but one driving motive had survived, and it had grown to the stature of an obsession; the determination to wring victory out of defeat for Timanyoni High Line; to fall, if he must fall, fighting to the last gasp and with his face to the enemy.

"I know," he said, replying, after the reflective pause, to the charge passed on by Colonel Dexter. "There is a friend of mine here from the East and I have been obliged to show her some attention, so they say I am neglecting my job. They are also talking it around that I am your Jonah, and saying that your only hope is to pitch me overboard."

"That's Dave Kinzie," growled the Missourian. "He seems to have it in for you, some way."

"Nevertheless, he was right," Smith returned gloomily. Then: "I am about at the end of my rope, colonel—the rope I warned you about when you brought me here and put me into the saddle; and I'm trying desperately to hang on until my job's done. When it is done, when Timanyoni High Line can stand fairly on its own feet and fight its own battles, I'm gone."

"Oh, no, you're not," denied the ranchman president in generous protest. "You come on out home with me to-night and get away from this muddle for a few minutes. It'll do you a heap of good; you know it always does."

Smith shook his head reluctantly but firmly.

"Never again, colonel. It can only be a matter of a few days now, and I'm not going to pull you and your wife and daughter into the limelight if I can help it."

Colonel Dexter got out of his chair and walked to the office window. When he came back it was to say: "Are they sure-enough chasing you, John?—for something that you have done? Is that what you're trying to tell me?"

"That is it—and they are nearly here. Now you know at least one of the reasons why I can't go with you to-night."

"I'll be shot if I do!" stormed the generous one. "I promised the missus I'd bring you."

"You must make my excuses to her and to Corona you may say that I am once more carrying a gun. She will understand."

"Which means, I take it, that you've been telling Corry more than you've told the rest of us. That brings on more talk, John. I haven't said a word before, have I?"

"No."

"Well, I'm going to say it now: I've got only just one daughter in the wide, wide world, John."

Smith stood up and put his hands behind him, facing the older man squarely.

Colonel Dexter got out of his chair

'Are They Sure-Enough Chasing You John?"

life this minute, if I might go with you to Hillcrest this evening and tell Corona what I have been wanting to tell her ever since I have come to know what her love might make of me. The fact that I can't do it is the bitterest thing I have ever had to face, or can ever be made to face."

Colonel Baldwin fell back into his swing-chair and thrust his hands into his pockets.

"It beats the Dutch how things tangle themselves up for us poor mortals every little so-while," he commented, after a frowning pause. And then: "You haven't said anything like that to Corry, have you?"

"No."

"That was white, anyway. And now I suppose the other woman—this Miss Rich-something-or-other over at the hotel—has come and dug you up and got you on the end of her trailing rope. That's the way it goes when a man mixes and mingles too much. You never can tell—"

"Hold on," Smith interposed. "Whatever else I may be, I'm not that kind of a scoundrel. I don't owe Miss Richlander anything that I can't pay without doing injustice to the woman I love. But in another way I am a scoundrel, colonel. For the past two days I have been contemptible enough to play upon a woman's vanity merely for the sake of keeping her from talking too much."

The grizzled old ranchman shook his head sorrowfully.

(To Be Continued)

Fashions of To-Day - By May Manton

9457 Plaited Coat for Misses and Small Women, 16 and 18 years. Price 15 cents.

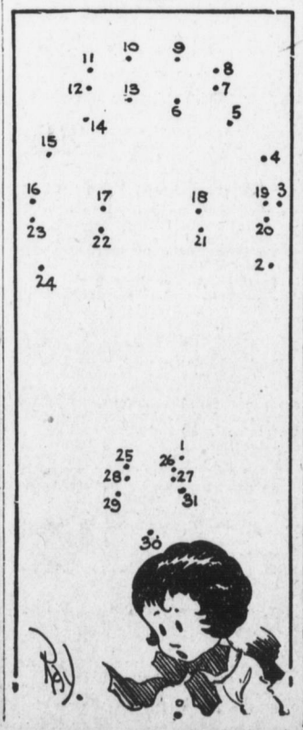
9332 Skirt for Misses and Small Women, 16 and 18 years. Price 15 cents.

Here is a costume that is made of oyster white pongee to be as smart and attractive as can be. To give a picturesque note the hat and belt could be chosen in some bright color and to match one another. Cerise or coral or pale green or gold color would be pretty. It is a very useful costume, perfectly adapted to the small women as well as to young girls and you can copy it in serge or in wool jersey or in any one of the sports silks or in a washable material. The very latest fancy is for making costumes of this sort of gingham and plain gingham combined with plaid makes a pretty effect. The gingham costume is an ideal one for Summer mornings whether those mornings are given over to shopping or to country walks. The white pongee with its note of color will be pretty for country afternoons and for the picturesque sports costume, that you will like to wear walking on the beach or on the links, you can use a figured sports silk for the skirt and a plain one for the coat with the figured material reappearing in the collar, the revers, the cuffs and the belt.

For the 16-year size the coat will require, 4 yards of material 36 inches wide, 3⅛ yards 44 and the skirt 3⅜ yards of either width.

The bodice pattern No. 9457 and the skirt pattern No. 9332 both are cut in sizes for 16 and 18 years. They will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of fifteen cents for each.

Daily Dot Puzzle



"The Insider"

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water

CHAPTER LXI

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It was characteristic of Hugh Parker that he did not doubt my word when I insisted that I did not object to his remaining with me. He was so sincere himself that he believed in the sincerity of others.

Instead of questioning the first part of my statement, he challenged the latter part.

"Not 'sane and normal'!" he repeated. "But I have always thought you were. You seem to enjoy everything in a thoroughly natural manner. You seem to get the good out of things—as you should do."

"Out of some things—yes," I admitted. "For instance, I have enjoyed all the good times at Hillcrest this summer—but, you see, I have never been used to such times."

He made no comment, and I continued. "I have told you that I lived very simply with my father, and that after his death I came right to the Nortons. But I have not told you that at the time Mr. Norton engaged me I was almost penniless—wondering what would be come of me if I got no position at once."

"Poor girl!" he murmured. "No—I did not know matters were as bad as that."

"They were," I affirmed. "So it is no sign of normality or sanity that I have enjoyed the comfort of this place. I have never known such luxury before. And now—I am beginning to fear I could not get along without it. Yet"——

I stopped awkwardly. I must not intimate to him the price I might have to pay for these luxuries if I continued here.

"Don't you love pleasant things yourself?" I asked, almost defiantly. But, then, you are not like me—for you are accustomed to them."

"Not to pleasures on the scale that the rich know," he said. "My mother and I have a comfortable, cozy little home together—a pretty cottage, I think—but that may be because I am so fond of it. We are, however, in moderate circumstances. We keep but one servant and no automobile. Yet we have enough money to provide us with many of the wholesome pleasures of life—books, for instance—and we hope that as the years pass I may make more money. My income last year was more than the year before. This coming year it promises to be more still. But I shall probably never be wealthy, like—Mr. Norton, for instance."

"You will probably be happier," I declared. "I envy you.

"Why?" he asked.

A Contrast

"Because," I said, bitterly, swept on by a consciousness of his sympathy, "you have your mother, you have a home, you are dependent upon nobody. Whereas I—I have nothing!"

"Nothing!" he echoed, and I fancied his voice quivered a little. "You have a good position, with a salary large enough to enable you to dress mighty well. Forgive me for saying that—but I have often noticed how beautifully you dress—more beautifully than any other girl I know."

The speech was as naive as if Tom, and not a man of Hugh Parker's age, had made it. It was so honest that I was ashamed to recall that my salary had paid for very few of the clothes he admired. I started to speak, but he resumed before I could do so.

"And everybody is fond of you. Surely, you must feel that this is a genuine home to you. Tom regards you as a sister. So, I suppose, does little Grace. I don't know about Mrs. Gore—but she seems to feel kindly toward you. While Mr. Norton"—

"Please don't talk about him!" I exclaimed impetuously.

The instant I had uttered the words I could have bitten my tongue out to recall them, but it was too late.

"What do you mean?" Hugh demanded. "Surely, he is good to you?"

"Yes, yes," I said hastily; "he is good to me, of course."

I stood up as if to end the interview. I was on dangerous ground. But my companion detained me by his voice, although he did not touch me.

"Please stay," he pleaded, as I had pleaded with him only a few moments earlier. "I must be honest with you. I have no right to question you—but I saw an expression—it was almost like an expression of fear—on your face this afternoon—and it made me wonder if you are worried or unhappy. You were standing on the veranda with Mr. Norton—and just as I caught sight of you"——

"Don't!" I ejaculated. "I can't talk about it! Let us go in now!"

He did not seem to hear my remark.

His Great Secret

"There is only one thing more I want to say," he urged. I had never heard just that note in his voice before, and I held my breath less I lose a single inflection. "The thing I have to say is this: If you are unhappy and I can help you, I want you please to let me do so. I have a right to do it—Miss Dart—Elizabeth," he added simply—"for I love you?"

I stood transfixed. Suddenly a great light broke upon me and I had a glimpse into my own heart.

"You—you"—I said incredulously, "you don't know what you are saying—you scarcely know me."

I dared not let myself realize that he appreciated the full significance of his declaration.

"I only know I love you," he said quietly. I have known it for weeks. I have not tried to put that love out of heart, Elizabeth—for it is too wonderful. It has changed life for me—although I thought life was good before I met you. But I did not know then. Are you surprised, dear?"

The wind had risen suddenly, and there was a flash of vivid lightning, accompanied by a clap of thunder. In the hush that followed for an instant I heard a man's firm footstep in the house.

"Hark!" I whispered. "I hear Mr. Norton coming down! Stay here, and let me go alone to meet him.

"Nonsense!" Hugh Parker exclaimed bluntly. "What are you afraid of? Haven't we a right to be here together?"

(To Be Continued.)

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"THEIR MARRIED LIFE"

Copyright by International News Service

"But, Warren dear, that's Mary's day out."

"Well, suppose it is," returned Warren, imperturably. "She'll change it this week to some other day, won't she?"

"I don't like to ask her to change her day this week; she has been planning for ever so long on having this Thursday for something special."

Huh! I suppose you call going downtown to shop something special. I always said you let your maids walk all over you."

"She's going to a wedding, Warren."

"Well," Warren returned, determined not to be beaten, "you can ask her to stay home or else we'll get the dinner ourselves."

"We'll get the dinner!" ejaculated Helen. The idea of Warren in a kitchen amused her.

"Yes, we'll get the dinner," Warren returned. "I'm certain that I'm not going to put these people off, and I said when I asked them that I'd have them up to the house."

"Warren, you know that the work of getting the meal and preparing for it and everything else will fall on me. Why won't you listen to sense?"

"Now see here," began Warren; "if you must be nicer to your girls than any other woman I know of, why that's up to you, isn't it?"

Warren seemed determined to pick a quarrel, and Helen, who had not faced one of his stubborn moods in some time, felt all the less able to cope with it. As soon as Warren began to bully her she grew bewildered. She could not seem to reason at all, and tears seemed the only way out.

"What time is this wedding, anyway?" Warren snapped out.

"I believe it's at 7 o'clock," faltered Helen.

"Seven o'clock! Then what's the argument about? She can cook the dinner and help you before she goes."

"But, Warren, we don't have dinner until sixt-thirty, and that's Mary's day out. It wouldn't be fair to make her work up to a few minutes before the affair."

"Well, by George, she'll do it! I don't know what the girls are coming to these days. One would think we had to consult all their moods and give references in the bargain when we engage them. A servant is a servant, and is a better servant for being treated like one. I always told you that if you treated your maids more like servants instead of like bosom friends you'd get more out of them."

Helen thought of Mary's kindness and trustworthiness. Mary had been a hundred times more to her than a real servant. She cared for Winifred as Helen herself would have done; she was never cross, and always willing and eager to repay Helen for any extra kindness. But of course Warren could not see this. He would go ahead in his blindness and hurt Mary so that perhaps she would leave them. That would mean the thankless job of hunting a new maid, and Helen's spirit quailed at the thought.

"You needn't have anything to do with this," Warren went on. "I'll simply tell her that we are having unexpected company and that she will have to stay and help you with dinner. You might get a younger girl to come in and wait."

"Why not get a younger girl to come in and help me and let Mary go?" suggested Helen.

"There you go again, spoiling the girl. You're afraid of her and you don't want to do anything to cross her. Well, I'll tell her. I'll go out into the kitchen now and speak to her about it."

Helen waited anxiously for Warren to return, which he did after about ten minutes, a stern look on his face.

"I knew you had spoiled her," he burst out. "She refused to stay in."

"Well, Warren, I don't blame her, and I, for one, am glad."

"You don't mean to say that you would be willing to stand for that, do you? Well, I am managing this thing, and I told her if she felt that way she could go for good."

"Warren Curtis, you never did such a mean, unfair thing!" Helen cried. "Why, I wouldn't lose Mary for anything in this world. She shan't leave us. And, furthermore, she is going out on Thursday, if I have to get a hotel chef to help me with that dinner. I don't care what the cost is, but I am not going to lose Mary." And Helen, her nerves worked up to the breaking point, burst into hysterical sobs.

Warren looked at first disgusted, then uncomfortable. Finally he crossed over to Helen and patted her awkwardly on the shoulder. "Don't be such a goose, Helen," he began, tentatively. "You'll make yourself sick, crying like this."

Helen jerked her shoulder away from him.

"Don't touch me," she gasped out between sobs. "You think it's a fine and manly thing, don't you, to hurt Mary needlessly just to satisfy your selfish egotism? Sometimes I wish I had never seen you, Warren Curtis." And with a fresh burst of tears Helen rushed into the bedroom and closed the door.

(Watch for the next instalment of this highly interesting series.

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The directory board is sixteen square feet in area and the map is divided into fifty-six sections for the city of greater New York. The current for the board is furnished by storage batteries.—Popular Science Monthly.

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FROM	Fare.	Lv. A.M.
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Hummelstown	2.50	6.40
Swatara	2.50	6.45
Hershey	2.50	6.48
Palmyra	2.50	6.54
Annville	2.50	7.02
Cleona	2.50	7.05
LEBANON	2.50	7.12
Avon	2.50	7.17
Prescott	2.50	7.20
Reading Terminal (arrive)		10.15

RETURNING — Special Train will leave Philadelphia, Reading Terminal, at 7.00 P. M., same date for above stations.

The Reading

DEDICATION

—OF—

Washington Memorial Arch

—AT—

VALLEY FORGE

TUESDAY, JUNE 19

SPECIAL EXCURSION RATES

FROM	Fare.	Regular Lv.A.M.
Harrisburg	$2.50	10.30
Hummelstown	2.40	10.46
Hershey	2.30	10.52
Palmyra	2.20	10.58
Annville	2.05	11.06
Lebanon	1.90	11.16
Myerstown	1.70	11.28
Wernersville	1.30	11.40
Reading, arrive		12.05
		Special Lv.P.M.
Reading	1.05	12.30
Valley Forge, arrive		1.25

RETURNING, Special Train will leave Valley Forge 5.15 P. M., for Pottstown, Birdsboro, Franklin Street and Reading. Passengers for Harrisburg, Pottsville, Tumaqua and intermediate stations noted above will use this Special Train to Reading and will leave Reading on regular train at 8.40 P. M.

Representatives of the National Government and Commonwealth of Pennsylvania will participate in the Dedication, including Hon. CHAMP CLARK and members of Congress.

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