

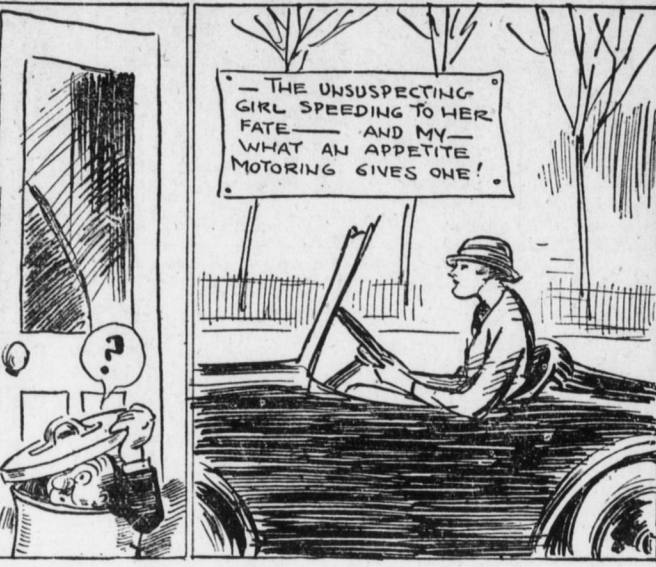


Reading for Women and all the Family



THE PERILS OF PETEY—"Gee Whiz!" Part Four

By C. A. VOIGHT



The Real Man

By Francis Lynde

Copyright © Chas. Scribner's Sons

Illustrations by O. Irwin Myers

(Continued)

In a flash Smith knew what he had done. Once, one evening when he had been induced to put on the gloves with the Athletic club's trainer, he had contrived to plant a body blow which had sent the wiry little Irishman to the mat, gasping and fighting for the breath of life. "If ever you'll be givin' a man that heart-punch with bare fists, Mister Montague, 'tis you fr' th' fash't train without stoppin' to buy anny ticket—it'll be murder in the first degree," the trainer had said, when he had breath to compass the saying.

With the unheeded warning resurgent and clamoring in his ears, Smith felt horror-stricken beside the false man. On the president's heavy

for him to make any reasonable defense.

With one glance over his shoulder at the darkened front windows of the bank, Smith began to run, not toward the police station, but in the opposite direction—toward the railroad station.

For J. Montague Smith, slipping from shadow to shadow down the scantly lighted cross street and listening momentarily for the footfalls of pursuit, a new hour had struck. It was all prodigiously incredible. The crowding sensations were terrifying, but they were also precious, in their way. Long forgotten bits of brutality and tyranny on Watrous Dunham's part came up like memories and, in this retributive aftermath, to be triumphantly crossed off as items in an account finally settled. On the Smith side the bank cashier's forebears had been plodding farmers, but old John Montague had been the village blacksmith and a soldier—a shrewd smith in both trades. Plored will tell. Parental implantings may have much to say to the fruit of the womb, but atavism has more. Smith's jaw came up with a gasp. He was no longer an indistinguishable unit in the ranks of the respectable and the well-behaved; he was a man feeling for the first time that he was a man, and the next thing to do was to avert the consequences.

At the railroad station a few early comers for the west-bound passenger train due at ten o'clock were already gathering, and at the bidding of a certain new and militant craftiness Smith avoided the lighted waiting rooms as if they had been pushed up from the freight-unloading platforms recently, and in the shadow of the cars he worked his way westward to the yard where a night switching crew was making up a train.

Keeping to the shadows, he walked along the line of cars on the make-up track, alertly seeking his opportunity. Half-way down the length of the train he found what he needed—a vacant car with its sid door closed but not locked. With a bit of stick to lengthen his reach, he unfastened the hasp, and with the switching crew's ears on the other car to the "make-up" he took advantage of the noise made by the jangling crash and slid the door open. Then he remembered another car to the "make-up" he took advantage of the noise made by the jangling crash and slid the door open. Then he remembered another car to the "make-up" he took advantage of the noise made by the jangling crash and slid the door open.

"THEIR MARRIED LIFE"

Copyright by International News Service

"I heard an interesting story today," Helen remarked as they went in to dinner.

"What kind of a story?" Warren asked noncommittally. He was not going to be too ready to seem interested. He had had a long, hard day at the office and really preferred a dinner eaten in silence to being compelled to respond to Helen.

"It was about those friends of Lulu Holmes. You know I told you of calling on them, Warren. They live down near the square, and the girl does silhouettes."

"Yes," Warren returned, with the first show of interest he had evinced. "Well, what about them?"

"Well, I'm not so anxious to tell you about it, if you're not anxious to hear," Helen said, calmly beginning to sip her soup.

"This always made Warren furious. 'How often have I told you that I hate to have you begin a story you can't finish,' he growled.

Helen looked up and smiled provokingly.

"I'll tell you, Warren. I don't feel any more like being spoken to that way than you feel like being both-cred, so let's call it off, shall we?"

Warren looked surprised at these tactics. It was so seldom that Helen fought back, when he got into a mood of this kind. As a general rule she would have been either anxious to appease him and tell the story, or she would have kept silent, like a martyr until Warren chose to speak and then she would raise eyes filled with tears.

Warren really despised Helen's ready teeth, but it gave him a feeling of despotism in the home that rather pleased his masculine vanity. To-night Helen did not act in the usual manner. The truth of the matter was that she felt too well. She had had a pleasant day, and the recent gift from Mollie Eddy's father, which had evoked several sarcastic remarks from Warren, had filled Helen with self-confidence. Warren began to take different tactics after the meal had proceeded in silence for a few minutes.

"You women don't seem to realize that after a man has had a hard day at work, it's a difficult thing for him to appear cheerful and respond to everything on the instant."

Helen said nothing. It was useless to begin that age old argument. Warren would never realize that a woman had just as many things to see to as a man. But to her surprise he said reasonably.

"I don't mean the work so much, but a man is tied down to an office seeing the same people day in and day out. A woman, no matter how many little things she has to do, has more variety in her day. I go right from here to the office in the morning and come directly home at night. It is very seldom that I have a few minutes I can call my own. When I come home, the evenings are generally planned for me. Did you ever stop to look at the question from a man's standpoint?"

Helen was regarding Warren interestedly. "Why no, Warren, I don't believe I ever have, but I can see your point very plainly, and I'd like to do whatever I can."

"Well, don't you think we might cut out seeing so many people? We have been going pretty heavily of

The Honeymoon House

By HAZEL DALE

"You mean that I am really going to have a part in a play?" Karen asked with shining eyes. Gone were the traces of weariness, and forgotten the remembrance of what had taken place that evening. Karen was herself again.

"I really do mean just that," John Armstrong said reassuringly. "Now if you will be a good girl and promise not to faint nor do anything foolish, I'll tell you all about it."

"I never faint," Karen exclaimed scornfully.

"Perhaps not, but you got awfully white before. What have you been doing, child? I never saw you in such a condition. Why, you're trembling still. Something has happened. Remember, I'm your big brother; you can tell me about it."

"For a second Karen excited; then she laughed gaily. "No wonder I was pale," she said happily. "It was like a bone thrown to a starving man. Oh, I know that you have been good to me, and that I can never repay it. I know that I would still be working in a factory if it weren't for you. But I didn't want to be a stenographer. I want to live. I want to let my imagination soar; I want to be different and successful."

She stopped and looked a little fearfully at the kind face across the table. "I do hope you understand," she almost whispered, "and you won't think me ungrateful, and selfish. I was never going to tell you, but I feel that I can now."

"Of course, I understand," John Armstrong returned. "I have understood from the very first, that is why I have moved Heaven and earth to get you a part in a New York production. You have found to get such a good one unless I wrote a play myself about your character, and that would take too long. But things came my way so last month called 'Sacred Precincts.'"

"The girl who was to have had your part was taken ill. It is just the kind of a role that I should have selected for you, the younger sister of the heroine. You haven't as many lines, but your part has really more to it. You are to be the intruder, as it were, although you are unconscious of the fact."

"What kind of a character?" questioned Karen.

"Very young, but strangely sophisticated. The kind of a woman men rave about, innocent but expectant."

"And you think I can play it?"

"I know it, and you know it too," John Armstrong returned, leaning across the table and looking at her closely.

"I think I can," the girl breathed. "But it all seems too wonderful to be true. When can I begin to study? When am I to see my part? You don't seem to matter, I can do it. When do I rehearse?" The girl's quick questions were almost feverishly insistent.

"I suppose that if I were to tell you that you must begin to-night, you would do it."

"Oh, but of course," Karen said surprised. "Have you the manuscript with you? Couldn't you let me have it? Oh, I need something to-night really. I do, something to make me forget unpleasantness."

John Armstrong looked at her keenly.

"If I had the manuscript with me, I should let you see it," he said, after a minute. "Something has upset you; I can see that. But

Fashions of To-Day - By May Mantou

HERE is a frock especially designed for school wear. It is made with bloomers to match and it is appropriate for all the simple childlike materials, for serge and for wool fabrics of such sort, for linen, pique, galatea and gingham, all of which are worn for school. In the picture, a striped galatea is trimmed with plain. Such treatment always makes a good effect, but the panel can be used for a contrasting material or for a matching material that is trimmed or braided or embroidered, or it can be made simply plain, as it is in the small front view. The bloomers are of the circular sort, consequently, they are smooth over the hips.

For the 8-year size the dress will require, 3 yards of material 36 inches wide, 2 1/2 yards 44 or 2 1/4 yards 54, with 1/2 yard 36 inches wide for trimming and for the bloomers, 1 1/2 yards of any width.

The pattern No. 9210 is cut in sizes for girls from 4 to 10 years of age. It will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of fifteen cents.

Daily Dot Puzzle

(To Be Continued)

16. 17. 18.
19. 20. 21. 22.
23. 24. 25. 26.
27. 28. 29. 30.
31. 32. 33. 34. 35.
36. 37. 38. 39. 40.
41. 42. 43. 44. 45.
46. 47. 48. 49. 50.

Cumberland Valley Fruit Crop Will Be Immense

Hagerstown, Md., May 21.—According to fruit experts, the peach crop in this section of the Cumberland Valley this year will, from present indications, be the largest ever produced, with the prospect of prices being good and yielding growers large returns. The individual peach crops will range from 500 to 100,000 bushels. Aaron Newcomer, who owns large orchards on the mountain on both sides of the Mason and Dixon line, will have a yield of a hundred thousand bushels of peaches, the largest in this section.

WILL GO TO FRANCE
Waynesboro, Pa., May 21.—Richard Oiler, of Waynesboro, will go to France with the Princeton University unit of the American Ambulance Corps. He will sail May 26.

Sauce For Vegetables

When vegetables are expensive it is often an advantage to "help them out" with some sort of sauce. Yet one grows rather tired of the eternal appropriate sauces that you will find it to your advantage to use with vegetables from time to time.

Nut Gravy—This is especially good when used with rather tasteful vegetables. Melt a teaspoonful of butter without browning and add two tablespoonfuls of ground walnuts or any other sort of nuts you have on hand. Now cut a small onion into small pieces and add it and fry all to a light brown. Stir in slowly one tablespoonful of oil of the herb. You have a sauce of hot water, a little at a time. A little meat extract or stock may be added. Season with pepper and salt and serve over the vegetables.

Graham Sauce—Rub 1 1/2 tablespoonfuls of graham flour with a half tablespoonful of butter till smooth. Add a half cupful of milk and stir over the fire till smooth and creamy. Boil for five minutes, season to taste and pour over carrots or other boiled vegetables.

Green Sauce—Green sauce is not only toothsome but very attractive to see as well. Wash and cut up fine a little parsley, chive tops and borage, if you have with rather tasteful vegetables. Melt a teaspoonful of butter without browning and add two tablespoonfuls of graham flour with a half tablespoonful of butter till smooth. Add a half cupful of milk and stir over the fire till smooth and creamy. Boil for five minutes, season to taste and pour over carrots or other boiled vegetables.

Celery Sauce—This called for celery washed, cut up and called tender as for celery soup, except that the least water possible should be used. When tender rub through a sieve. This celery pulp should be put back in the water in which the celery has been cooked, and placed in a small saucepan. Add a little melted butter, salt and pepper and serve with carrots, oyster plant, potatoes or boiled greens.

Bringing Up Father

I HAVE A SONG HERE THAT I HAVE WRITTEN I'M TRYING TO SELL IT AND I WANT YOU TO HEAR IT!

GO AHEAD—I WORKED IN A SAW-MILL ONCE!

OH—SEE THE BIRDIE-E-ES!

ID EVEN RATHER BE HOME THAN HERE!

WELL—WHAT DO YOU THINK I OUGHT TO GET FOR IT—

ACCORDIN' TO MY JUDGMENT!!

TWENTY YEARS!!!

By McManus

Why send your orders for Calling Cards, Announcements, Wedding Invitations, Place Cards, etc., to the larger cities and be obliged to wait for them from ten days to two weeks when you can have them done just as well in Harrisburg in half the time?

The Graph Printing Co.
Printing, Binding, Designing, Plate Printing, Die Stamping, Photo Engraving
HARRISBURG