



Reading for Women and all the Family



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

By C. A. VOIGHT



The Real Man

By Francis Lynde

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(Continued)

The young man who had crossed four states and the better part of a fifth as a fugitive and vagrant turned his back upon the distant town as a place to be avoided. Scrambling down the railroad embankment, he made his way to the wagon road, crossed it, and kept on until he came to the fringe of aspens on the river's edge, where he broke all the trampish traditions by stripping off the travel-worn clothes and plunging in to take a soapsud bath. The water, being melted snow from the range, was icy cold and it stabbed like

knives. Nevertheless, it was wet, and some part of the travel dust, at least was soluble in it. He came out glowing, but a thorn from his well-groomed past came up and pricked him when he had to put the soiled clothes on again. There was no present help for that, however; and five minutes later he had regained the camp and was on his way to the ditch camp. As he walked he read for the first time something on the page

Fashions of To-Day - By May Manton



THE pockets of this gown suggest that broad effect over the hips that is so essential to the latest fashions. If they are becoming it will be well to use them, but if you want a straight silhouette it will be better to make the gown without, for, while the so-called barrel effect is smart, it is not ubiquitous and the straight silhouette is equally fashionable. Here, the gown is made of a pretty crepe-finished material with trimming of satin and with a girle of Oriental stones that gives a bright note of color. The gown is a quite simple and easy one to make. Blouse and skirt are cut in one and laid in box plaits, and the front edges are lapped and buttoned together. It is smart for gabardine and for serge and for materials of such sort and it is an excellent model for linen and for the washable materials of a similar weight.

For the medium size will be needed, 6 1/2 yards of material 36 inches wide, 5 3/4 yards 44 with 1/4 yard 36 inches wide for the trimming.

The pattern No. 9409 is cut in sizes from 34 to 44 inches bust measure. It will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of fifteen cents.

9409 Coat Dress, 34 to 44 Bust Price 15 cents.

ATTEMPTED MURDER OF BANK PRESIDENT

Society-Leader Cashier Embezzles \$100,000 and Makes Murderous Assault on President.

Lawrenceville, May 15.—J. Montague Smith, cashier of the Lawrenceville Bank and Trust company, and a leader in the Lawrenceville younger set, is to-day a fugitive from from justice with a price on his head. At a late hour last night the watchman of the bank found President Dunham seated for Smith and front of his desk. Help was summoned, and Mr. Dunham, who was supposed to be suffering from some sudden attack of illness, was taken to his hotel. Later, it transpired that the president had been the victim of a murderous assault. Discovering upon his return to the city yesterday evening that the cashier had been using the bank's funds in an attempt to cover a stock speculation of his own, Dunham sent for Smith and charged him with the crime. Smith made an unprovoked and desperate assault upon his superior officer, beating him into insensibility and leaving him for dead. Since it is known that he did not board any of the night trains east or west, Smith is supposed to be in hiding somewhere in the vicinity of the city. A warrant is out, and a reward of \$1,000 for his arrest and detention has been offered by the bank. It is not possible that he can escape. He was currently reported not long since that Smith was engaged to a prominent young society woman of Lawrenceville, but this has proved to be untrue.

He folded the newspaper and put it in his pocket. The thing was done, and it could not be undone. Having put himself on the wrong side of the law, there was nothing for it now but a complete disappearance; exile, a change of identity, an absolute severance with his past.

When he had gone a little distance he found that the wagon road crossed the right of way twice before the construction camp came into view. The last of the crossings was at the temporary material yard for which the side track had been instated, and from this point on the wagon road held to the river bank. The ditch people were doubtless getting all their material over the railroad and wagon. But there were automobile tracks in the dust, and shortly after he had passed the material yard the tramp heard a car coming up behind him. It was a six-cylinder roadster, and its motor was missing badly.

A single occupant was a big, bearded man, wearing his gray tweeds as one to whom clothes were merely a convenience. He was chewing a black cigar, and the unoccupied side of his mouth was busy at the passing moment heaping oburgations upon the limping motor. A hundred yards farther along the motor gave a spasmodic gasp and stopped. When the young tramp came up, the big man had climbed out and had the hood open. What he was saying to the stalled motor was picturesque enough to make the young man stop and grin appreciatively.

"Gone bad on you?" he inquired. Col. Dexter Baldwin, the Timanion's largest landowner, and a breeder of fine horses who tolerated motorcars only because they could be driven hard and were insensate and fit subjects for abusive language, took his head out of the hood.

"The third time this morning," he snapped. "I'd rather drive a team of wind-broken mustangs, any day in the year!"

"I used to drive a car a while back," the tramp said. "Let me look her over."

The colonel stood aside, wiping his hands on a piece of waste, while the young man sought for the trouble. It was found presently in a loosened magneto wire; found and cleverly

corrected. The tramp went around in front and spun the motor, and when it had been throttled down, Colonel Baldwin had his hand in his pocket. "That's something like," he said. "The garage man said it was carbon. You take hold as if you knew how. What's your fee?"

"I am headed that way, yes," was the equally crisp rejoinder. "Nothing for a bit of neighborly help like that."

The colonel put his coat on, and in the act took a better measure of the stalwart young fellow who looked like a hobo and talked and behaved like a gentleman.

"You are hiking out to the dam?" he asked busquely.

"Hunting a job?"

"Just that."

"What sort of a job?"

"Anything that may happen to be in sight."

"That means a pick and shovel or wheelbarrow on a construction job. But there isn't much office work."

The tramp looked up quickly. "What makes you think I'm hunting for an office job?" he queried.

"Your hands," said the colonel shortly.

The young man looked at his hands thoughtfully. They were dirty again from the tinkering with the motor, but the inspection went deeper than the grime.

"I'm not afraid of the pick and shovel, or the wheelbarrow, and on some accounts I guess they'd be good for me. But on the other hand, perhaps it is a pity to spoil a middling good office man to make an indifferent day laborer—to say nothing of knocking some honest fellow out of the only job he knows how to do."

Colonel Baldwin swung in behind the steering wheel of the roadster and held a fresh match to the black cigar. Though he was from Missouri, he had lived long enough in the hills to know better than to judge any man altogether by outside appearances.

Frances was talking to young Tracy, who was eagerly following every word, when Viva put in a word.

"You knew, didn't you, that my aunt is the great Frances Knowles?" Tracy returned to her quickly.

Viva had, by playing into the enemy's hands, at last turned the center of conversation toward herself. "I'm afraid," she said, "but the moment it gave Viva the chance she needed. She was once more at ease, and had definitely triumphed over her discomfort."

"Why—no," he returned. Of course he had met Frances as Mrs. Atwood. "You aren't the woman who wrote 'Amirod,'" he said.

"I'm afraid," Frances admitted, "although I hardly expected that you knew it, Mr. Tracy. It has only just come out."

Frances had been published in The Scroll, and had recently come out in book form. "I haven't read it myself," Mr. Tracy returned, "but the magazine is full of it, also the papers. I believe that the Star called it the great American novel."

"You see my aunt is extremely modest about her accomplishments," Viva put in here. "But she is afraid that anyone else may chance to show talent."

"Why, Viva," Frances exclaimed, Helen gasped a little at the direct attack in the girl's remark.

"Ask her, Harley," Viva said lightly, "she disapproves frightfully of the movies. In fact I don't think she approves of you at all because you happen to be connected with them."

Viva was laughing brilliantly and two spots of vivid color showed up on her smooth cheeks. She was plainly excited and anxious to repay

"THEIR MARRIED LIFE"

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The bold move that Frances had made concerning Viva's admirer, had plunged Helen definitely into the midst of a far more absorbing life story than she had ever read in a book.

Helen herself had suggested that Frances make Viva a little less self-centered. After all Viva was only seventeen and filled to the brim with airs and graces. And now the advent of this movie hero at a time when Viva was wild to go into moving pictures herself, was very bad for her.

Frances had met Mr. Tracy at the door, and after introducing him to Helen, had taken complete possession of him. Frances really had no definite idea of anything in her mind, she was simply following out Helen's suggestion, thinking that Viva would be too proud to confess defeat. Helen was watching Viva interestedly while she herself kept in the background. She had seen the entire film play enacted—Mr. Tracy's evident desire to remain in and have tea with Frances rather than to take Viva out, as the matter had evidently been arranged.

But Viva was too clever to show her hand—that would be too trivial, and child that she was, Helen was astounded at her amount of self-possession. She removed her gloves and tossed them carelessly into a chair. She nonchalantly unfastened her coat and threw her fur back. Then she dropped carelessly into a chair. Helen was watching her narrowly. She thoroughly disapproved of her amount of self-possession, but she could not help admiring her.

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"The Insider"

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water

CHAPTER XLIII

It was well toward the close of the afternoon when we reached our destination, and the sun was not far above the tops of the mountains.

As we turned in at the stone gates of Hillcrest, all painful reserve seemed to slip from the occupants of the automobile.

"Here we are at home!" Mr. Norton announced happily.

"Isn't it a peach of a place, Miss Dart?" Tom demanded, turning about in his seat and watching eagerly to note the effect of the scene upon me.

"It's awful nice, isn't it, Miss Dart?" Grace said.

"It's beautiful!" I exclaimed. My admiration was sincere. A broad carriage drive wound up a gentle incline to the large house on the top of a pretty knoll. Wide verandas gave the building the look of a Southern house.

"You didn't build it, did you?" I asked of the master of the domain as my eyes rested upon it. "It looks like an old homestead that had been in the family for generations."

He smiled with pleasure. "That is what I wanted it to look like," he affirmed. "It was a plain, square house when we came here, but I had it remodeled. It is probably much more comfortable than it was really old."

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Bringing Up Father

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By McManus



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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?
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