



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 soapsheet 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

of a recent St. Louis paper. It was under glaring headlines: 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.

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?"

The tramp shook his head and smiled rood-naturedly. "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. "I am headed that way, yes," was the equally crisp rejoinder. "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.

"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 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.

Frances for what she had said and done. Mr. Tracy had flushed to the roots of his crisp blond hair. He really was distressingly good looking, thought Helen, but after all just a boy. Frances spoke evenly when she spoke and her attitude immediately made everything right again. She had determined quickly to treat Viva as the child she was. "We really haven't spoken much about it," she said to Mr. Tracy, smiling as though after all it did not matter in the least. "But Viva has an idea that she would make good in the movies. I don't know very much about them myself, but no doubt Mr. Tracy, you can tell me all I want to know. Do you think Viva talented in that line? She seems to value your opinion highly." "Why, I really don't know," he said eagerly, it's more a matter of luck than anything else. "I don't think I know Miss Nesbitt well enough to judge, although her features ought to screen very well." "She isn't out of school as yet," Frances pursued, "and I don't suppose she would care to under take the work at present, but I always say that she ought to get what she can out of life, and if her talents really lit in that direction, I am sure that no one will stand in her way." Harley Tracy was once more sure of his ground. "But I don't think it should be left to me to decide," he laughed; "you surely ought to have sufficient knowledge yourself, Mrs. Atwood, or Miss Knowles, which do you use? And are you writing another book now?"

"The Insider"

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water

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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. 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."

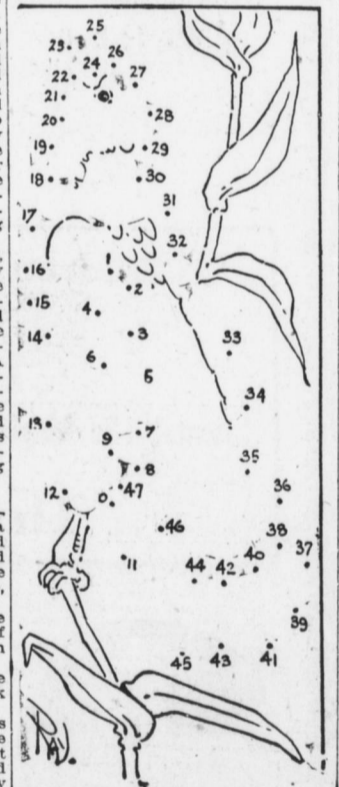
running to the windows of my own quarters to look out. I could see right into the branches of the great elms in front of the house; at the rear was a wonderful view of hills and valleys, and in the distance was the glint of a river. At the back of the house ran a jolly little brook, and I smiled as I heard it gurgling over the stones. All the furniture up here was of wicker, upholstered in pretty cretonne. The curtains at the windows were of simple net; the rugs on the polished floor washable and of soft colors. "This is my idea of a perfect country home," I remarked. "May I go down and see the chickens?" Grace queried when I had taken off her hat and coat and had opened the trunks. "Why, yes; I think so," I said. "I know too little about the place yet to be sure," I added, turning to Mrs. Gore. "You must tell me where she is in the habit of going until I become familiar with the various localities. Will he all right for her to go out and see the chickens now?" "Why, yes," the matron said, "she might run out there for a little while—but don't get dirty," dear child. And don't go near the stables. "Not unless Naddy or Tom are with me," Grace promised. "I will be very careful." "I know you will, darling," her aunt rejoined. Mrs. Gore's face was kinder than usual as her eyes met mine when Grace had run away downstairs. I suspected that the widow's change of manner was due to my having departed to her, and I told myself I must do this oftener. "Don't tire yourself unpacking now, Miss Dart," she advised. "Just lay out the night clothes and let the rest of the unpacking until tomorrow. There will be plenty of time then."

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 3/4 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.



GIVES 100 CAMELS

Calcutta, India, May 22.—The gift of a hundred camels from the Khan of Khatul, Baluchistan, to the Viceroy of India, is a very valuable war donation. The Khalet camels are considered in many respects the finest in the world, but purchase of good animals of this type has been almost impossible owing to the high value which their owners set upon them. The Khalet camels are said to be exceptionally swift, and so temperate in their drinking as to be almost total abstainers.

HAIK IS COLOR BLIND

London, May 22.—A report on Haik, according to the parliamentary correspondent of one of the newspapers, is color blind. This at first threatened to be a serious obstacle to his career as a soldier because he was refused entrance to the State College. Influence was brought to bear by certain prominent military men and he was passed through the college.

500 STATIONS IN LONDON

London, May 22.—A report on possible economies in railway management in London shows that there are at present more than 500 railway stations in Greater London.

WOMEN TAXICAB DRIVERS

Edinburgh, Scotland, May 22.—The Edinburgh municipal authorities have decided, owing to the scarcity of male labor, to license women as taxicab drivers. The decision is bitterly resented by the taxicab men, who threaten to strike.

Bringing Up Father

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By McManus



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