

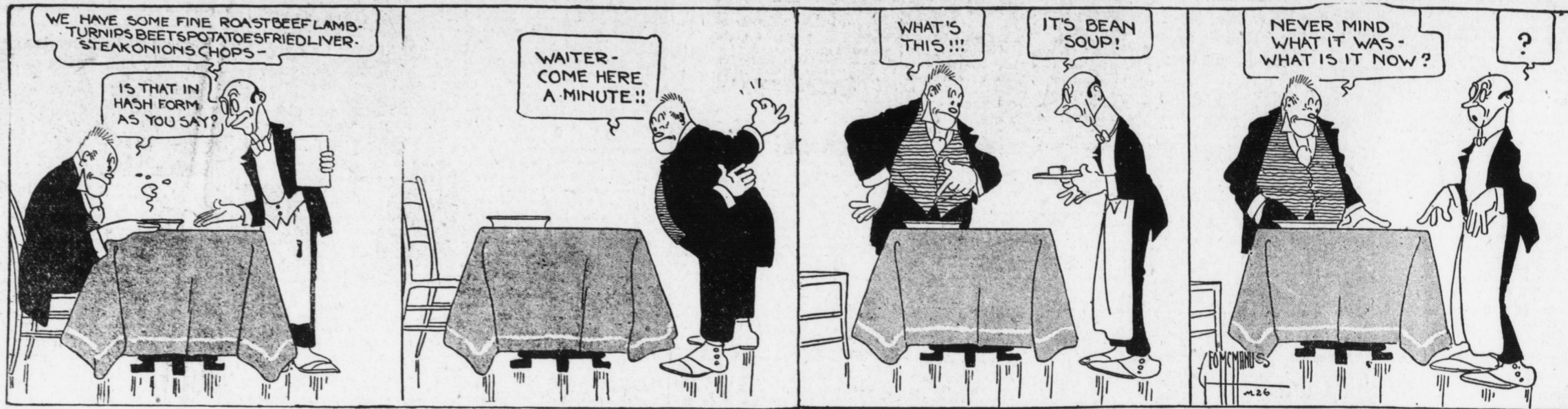
# Reading for Women and all the Family



## Bringing Up Father

Copyright, 1917, International News Service

By McManus



## The Real Man

By FRANCIS LYNDE

Illustrations by IRWIN MYERS

Copyright by Chas. Scribner's Sons

(Continued)

"Climb in," he said, indicating the vacant seat at his side. "I'm the president of the ditch company. Perhaps Williams may be able to use you; but your chances for office would would be ten to one in the town."

"I don't care to live in the town," said the man out of work, mounting to the proffered seat, and past that the big roadster leaped away up the road and the roar of the rejuvenated motor made further speech impossible.

## Fashions of To-Day - By May Manton



THE dainty lingerie gown is to make a feature of the Summer and here is one that is made largely of flouncing so that it represents the least little bit of labor, while it gives a very smart effect. The blouse is made all with straight edges and consequently is perfectly adapted to flouncing. The skirt is a simple straight one. The flouncing, here, is joined to the upper part beneath the tuck. Of course, you can use the model for materials with plain edges and trim, and that trimming can take the form of embroidery or braiding with soutache or of banding or anything that you like. Georgette crepe braided with soutache is fashionable and exceedingly attractive.

For the blouse will be needed, 5 3/4 yards of flouncing 22 inches wide with 1/2 yard of plain material, and for the skirt, 4 1/4 yards of plain material 36 inches wide with 2 3/4 yards of embroidery 22 inches wide.

The blouse pattern No. 9405 is cut in sizes from 36 to 46 inches bust measure and the skirt pattern No. 9411 in sizes from 26 to 34 inches waist measure. They will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of fifteen cents for each.

## The Federal Machine Shop

COURT AND CRANBERRY STS. We have just opened a General Repair and Machine Shop at the above address. We are specially equipped to do grinding, bicycle, automobile and general machine repairing. YOUR PATRONAGE SOLICITED

## DO YOU KNOW WHY --- Pa Seldom Buys A Fashionable Lid?



## "THEIR MARRIED LIFE"

Copyright by International News Service

Interested in Tom's mother because I had been impressed by her portrait. But I had given little thought to Brewster Norton's second wife.

"There is not," she affirmed. "I may not have another opportunity to explain to you about the arrangement of the rooms in this house and other matters of that sort."

"I see," she mused. "And Tom— I was wondering if he had mentioned her to you. If he does, discourage his talk of her. It is not well for young people to talk of sad things—it can do no good, Miss Dart."

"I do not fancy that Tom is the kind of boy to talk about other people's affairs to a mere stranger," she said now. "He did not even tell me anything about his own mother until I mentioned her to him."

"You may think it strange," she went on, "that my sister should have slept up here while there were plenty of rooms on the second floor. But it was a notion of hers to be up here. She liked to be quiet. At first my brother planned to have her on the second floor with himself. But people passing to and fro in the lower part of the house disturbed her and she wanted to move up here. So Brewster had these two rooms altered as you see them. One was for her, and after her illness set in she wanted to have her on the second floor with herself."

"Just as it used to be," she said. "I looked around with interest. 'Yes, except that the crotonne has been renewed and the wall paper changed since then. Once in a great while we have put a guest in here, but not often. Grace likes this third floor very much—just as her mother did.'"

"Curiosity moved me to ask, 'Did Mrs. Norton die in this room?' 'It was hard to associate the thought of death with this light, airy chamber with its dainty hangings and atmosphere of cheer.' There was a long silence. When Mrs. Gore broke it her voice was constrained."

"No, my sister did not die here. However—Brewster never told you any of the circumstances of her illness?" "No, Beyond the fact of her death he has told me nothing."

"I have a favor to ask of you," the widow said impulsively, taking hold of my hand. "I feel that her fingers were cold and that they clutched mine nervously. Please promise me not to ask anybody any questions about my poor sister's illness—that is, please do not discuss it with any one."

"Of course, I will not," I promised unhesitatingly. "Why should I want to know the circumstances of the second Mrs. Norton's illness and death? They were no affair of mine. I had been met without coming sooner or later to a threshing out of the situation."

The difficulties were those which are apt to confront a small and local enterprise when it is so unfortunate as to get in the way of larger undertakings. Colonel Baldwin and a group of his neighbors on the north side of the river, were reformed cattlemen and horse breeders. Instead of drifting farther west in advance of the incoming tide of population following the coming of the railroad, they had availed themselves of their homestead rights and had taken up much of the grass land in the favorable valleys, irrigating it at first with water taken out of the river in private or neighborhood ditches.

Later on came the sheep-feeding period, and after that the utilization of larger crop-raising areas. The small ditches proving inadequate for these, Colonel Baldwin had craved a stock company among his neighbors in the grass lands and his friends in Brewster for the building of a substantial dam in the eastern hills. The project had seemed simple enough in the beginning. The stock was sold for cash and each stockholder would be a participating user of the water. Williams, who had been a United States reclamation man before he came to the Timanyoni, had made careful estimates, and the stock subscription provided money enough to cover the cost of the dam and the main ditch.

After some little bargaining, the dam site and the overflow land for the reservoir lake had been secured, and the work was begun. Out of clear sky, however, came trouble and harassment. Alien holders of mining claims in the reservoir area turned up and demanded damages. Some few homesteaders who had promised to sign quitclaims changed their minds. The engineer's nodder, after the work was well under way it appeared that there was a cloud on the title of the dam site itself. All of these things, however, were cleared up, and the rancher promoters found themselves confronting invisible enemies and obstacle-raisers at every turn.

## The Honey Moon House

By HAZEL DALE

Life was not always at its best in the Honey Moon House; there were periods of ups and downs with Janet and Jarvis just as there are with many other youthful couples. Little things that went wrong jarred horribly on the evenness of Janet's days, and, as was perfectly easy to understand, she did not throw them off as quickly as a less emotional girl would have done.

Jarvis had had a streak of bad luck. His work had somehow fallen flat, and, recognizing the missing quality of dash that his things seemed to lack, he went from had to worse. One day he came in with a new idea to tell to Janet. Little bills, trivial enough in themselves, had remained unpaid for a week or more, and because Janet went on apparently without concern and saw to the things that she had allotted to herself, Jarvis felt somehow irritated.

"Well, what is it?" she queried finally, when her fingers had been quiet for a minute or two and Jarvis had not spoken. Then she turned and saw the expression on his face and in a minute she had flown to him and perched on the arm of his chair.

"I feel like a failure," he said vindictively, almost twisting away from her.

Janet was still for a minute, then she spoke quietly.

"I do too, sometimes, boy. Since I have started work I have felt that way more than ever. The whole world seems unfair sometimes, doesn't it?"

"Yes, but after all you're the woman of the family," Jarvis said quickly. "I ought to make enough to take care of you properly without your having to work at all if necessary."

Janet laughed suddenly.

"What an old-fashioned idea," she said mockingly. "Why, Jarvis, more, that doesn't sound a bit like you. Something has happened to you. Tell me what it is."

"Oh, you know how things have been going," Jarvis said impatiently. "My work has no pep and I feel at a standstill. I don't seem to be getting anywhere."

"But something else has happened, hasn't it?" Janet insisted; "something definite?"

"Corned Jarvis turned to her desperately. "Well, what do think about my taking a regular job?" he blurted out.

"A regular job? Why, what do you mean?" "A job that brings in regular weekly pay, and then I could dabble in my other work on the side. I'm not setting the world on fire with it anyway, and I could get a good job doing commercial work if I tried."

## THEIR MARRIED LIFE

Copyright by International News Service

"Come and sit down here by me, won't you?" Mrs. Gore suggested, making room for me on the couch.

"Certainly," I agreed—"since you say there is no hurry about the unpacking."

"There is not," she affirmed. "I may not have another opportunity to explain to you about the arrangement of the rooms in this house and other matters of that sort."

"I see," she mused. "And Tom— I was wondering if he had mentioned her to you. If he does, discourage his talk of her. It is not well for young people to talk of sad things—it can do no good, Miss Dart."

"I do not fancy that Tom is the kind of boy to talk about other people's affairs to a mere stranger," she said now. "He did not even tell me anything about his own mother until I mentioned her to him."

"You may think it strange," she went on, "that my sister should have slept up here while there were plenty of rooms on the second floor. But it was a notion of hers to be up here. She liked to be quiet. At first my brother planned to have her on the second floor with himself. But people passing to and fro in the lower part of the house disturbed her and she wanted to move up here. So Brewster had these two rooms altered as you see them. One was for her, and after her illness set in she wanted to have her on the second floor with herself."

"Just as it used to be," she said. "I looked around with interest. 'Yes, except that the crotonne has been renewed and the wall paper changed since then. Once in a great while we have put a guest in here, but not often. Grace likes this third floor very much—just as her mother did.'"

"Curiosity moved me to ask, 'Did Mrs. Norton die in this room?' 'It was hard to associate the thought of death with this light, airy chamber with its dainty hangings and atmosphere of cheer.' There was a long silence. When Mrs. Gore broke it her voice was constrained."

"No, my sister did not die here. However—Brewster never told you any of the circumstances of her illness?" "No, Beyond the fact of her death he has told me nothing."

"I have a favor to ask of you," the widow said impulsively, taking hold of my hand. "I feel that her fingers were cold and that they clutched mine nervously. Please promise me not to ask anybody any questions about my poor sister's illness—that is, please do not discuss it with any one."

"Of course, I will not," I promised unhesitatingly. "Why should I want to know the circumstances of the second Mrs. Norton's illness and death? They were no affair of mine. I had been

Interested in Tom's mother because I had been impressed by her portrait. But I had given little thought to Brewster Norton's second wife. "You say that my brother spoke of my sister's death to you?" Mrs. Gore questioned, eyeing me keenly. "Only that she died," I replied. It suddenly occurred to me as odd that I had asked me some such question as this. "I do not think," I went on, "in fact, I am sure, that he told me no facts about it."

"I see," she mused. "And Tom— I was wondering if he had mentioned her to you. If he does, discourage his talk of her. It is not well for young people to talk of sad things—it can do no good, Miss Dart."

"I do not fancy that Tom is the kind of boy to talk about other people's affairs to a mere stranger," she said now. "He did not even tell me anything about his own mother until I mentioned her to him."

"You may think it strange," she went on, "that my sister should have slept up here while there were plenty of rooms on the second floor. But it was a notion of hers to be up here. She liked to be quiet. At first my brother planned to have her on the second floor with himself. But people passing to and fro in the lower part of the house disturbed her and she wanted to move up here. So Brewster had these two rooms altered as you see them. One was for her, and after her illness set in she wanted to have her on the second floor with herself."

"Just as it used to be," she said. "I looked around with interest. 'Yes, except that the crotonne has been renewed and the wall paper changed since then. Once in a great while we have put a guest in here, but not often. Grace likes this third floor very much—just as her mother did.'"

"Curiosity moved me to ask, 'Did Mrs. Norton die in this room?' 'It was hard to associate the thought of death with this light, airy chamber with its dainty hangings and atmosphere of cheer.' There was a long silence. When Mrs. Gore broke it her voice was constrained."

"No, my sister did not die here. However—Brewster never told you any of the circumstances of her illness?" "No, Beyond the fact of her death he has told me nothing."

"I have a favor to ask of you," the widow said impulsively, taking hold of my hand. "I feel that her fingers were cold and that they clutched mine nervously. Please promise me not to ask anybody any questions about my poor sister's illness—that is, please do not discuss it with any one."

"Of course, I will not," I promised unhesitatingly. "Why should I want to know the circumstances of the second Mrs. Norton's illness and death? They were no affair of mine. I had been

## Daily Dot Puzzle

19	20	21	22	23
18	19	20	21	22
17	18	19	20	21
16	17	18	19	20
15	16	17	18	19
14	15	16	17	18
13	14	15	16	17
12	13	14	15	16
11	12	13	14	15
10	11	12	13	14
9	10	11	12	13
8	9	10	11	12
7	8	9	10	11
6	7	8	9	10
5	6	7	8	9
4	5	6	7	8
3	4	5	6	7
2	3	4	5	6
1	2	3	4	5

## 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 Telegraph Printing Co. Printing, Binding, Designing, Plate Printing, Die Stamping, Photo Engraving HARRISBURG

## Drawn for this paper By Fisher

