



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)

"Buck Gardner, for one; and that man Bolling, up at the head of Little creek, for another. Maxwell, the railroad head superintendent, told me about it, and he says that the price offered, and accepted, was thirty-nine."

"Dad burn a cuss with a yellow streak in him!" rasped the Missouri colonel. "We had a fair and square agreement among ourselves that if anybody got scared he was to give the rest of us a chance to buy him out. Who bought from these welschers?"

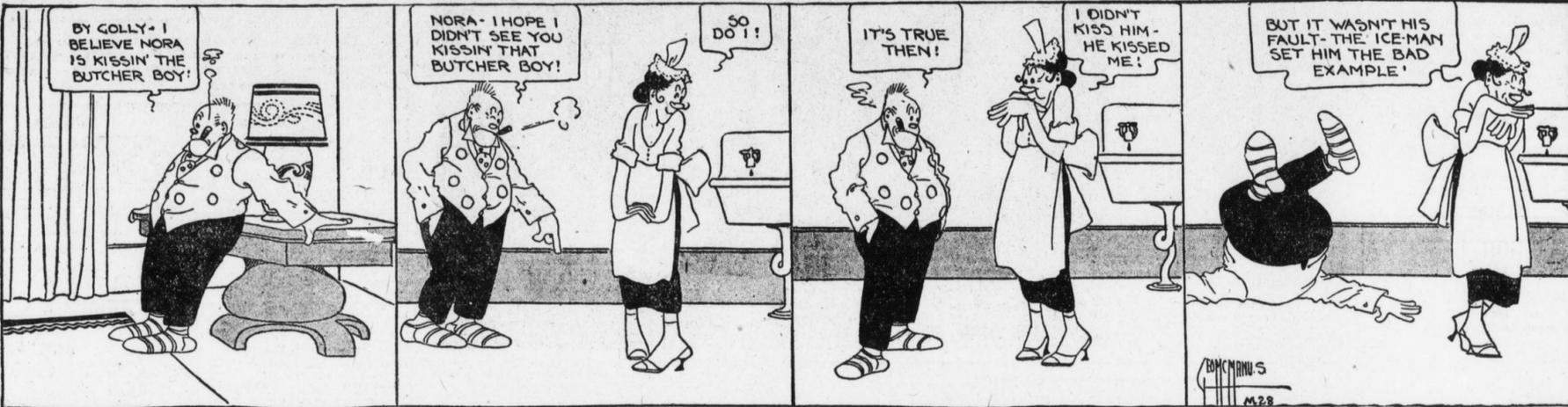
"Maxwell didn't know that. He said it was done through Kinzie's bank. From what I've heard on the outside, I'm inclined to suspect that Crawford Stanton was the buyer."

"Stanton, the real estate man?"

"The same."

Again the president started thoughtfully at the glowing end of his cigar.

"There's another of the confounded mysteries," he growled. "Who is Crawford Stanton, and what is he here for? I know what he advertises, but everybody in Brewster knows that he hasn't made a living dollar in real estate since he came here last



summer. Williams, do you know, I'm beginning to suspect that there is a mighty big nigger in our little wood pile?"

"You mean that all these stubborn holdups have been bought and paid for? You'll remember that is what Billy Starbuck tried to tell us when the first of the missing mining-claim owners began to shout at us."

"Starbuck has a long head, and what he doesn't know about mining claims in this part of the country wouldn't fill a very big book. I remember he said there had never been any prospecting done in the upper Timanyoni gulches, and now you'd think half the people in the United States had been nosing around up there with a pick and shovel at one time or another. But it was a thing that Starbuck told me

no longer than yesterday that set me to thinking," Baldwin went on. "As you know, the old Escalante Spanish grant corners over in the western part of this park. When the old grants were made, they were ruled off on the map without reference to mountain ranges or other natural barriers."

"Williams nodded.

"Well, as I say, one corner of the Escalante reaches over the Hophras and out into the park, covering about eight or ten square miles of the territory just beyond us on our side of the river. Starbuck told me yesterday that a big Eastern corporation company had got a bill through Congress alienating that tract."

"The chief of construction bounded out of his chair and began to walk the floor. 'By George!' he said; and again: 'By George! That's what we're up against, colonel! Where will those fellows get the water for their land? There is no site for a dam lower down than ours, and, anyway, that land lies too high to be watered by anything but a high-line ditch.'

"Nice little brace game, isn't it?" growled Baldwin. "If we hadn't been a lot of housey amateurs, we might

to know the money game from start to finish. What is better still, he is a fighter from the word go—what you might call a joyous fighter. Suppose you drive out to-morrow next day and pry into him a little."

"The rancher-president had relaxed once more into the slough of discouragement.

"You are merely grabbing for handholds, Bartley—as I was a minute ago. We are in a bang row at stumps when we can sit here and talk seriously about roping down a young hobo and putting him into the financial harness. Let's go around to Frascato's and eat before you go back camp. It's bedtime, anyway."

"The chief of construction said no more about his joking suggestion at the moment, but when they were walking around the square to the Brewster Delmonico's he went back to the popped subject in all seriousness, saying:

"Just the same, I wish you could know Smith and size him up as I did. I can't help being, some way, that he's all to the good."

CHAPTER V.

The Specialist.

Though the matter of calling in an expert doctor of finance to diagnose the alarming symptoms in Timanyoni ditch had been left in abeyance in the talk between Colonel Baldwin and himself, Williams did not let it go entirely by default. On the day following the Brewster office conference the engineer sent for Smith, who was checking the output of the crushers at the quarry, and a little later the "betterment" man presented himself at the door of the corrugated-iron shack which served as a field office for the chief.

Williams looked at the cost-cutter, over as he stood in the doorway. Smith was striding and expanding handsomely in the new environment. He had long hair, and his eyes were long enough to be trimmed to a point. The travel-broken clothes had been exchanged for working khaki, with breeches and leggings, and the campaign hat of the engineers. Though he had been less than a month on the job, he was already being called a specialist.

"What's the matter, colonel, is to go out on the street and yell for a doctor," he said. "It's beginning to look as if we had acquired a pretty bad case of malignant strangle-itis."

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"I've shown you how to effect a few big savings, which total up something like 15 per cent. of your cost of production and operation," he said. "Don't you think I'm earning my wages?"

"That's all right; I've been keeping tab, too, and I know what you're doing. But you are not beginning to earn what you ought to, either for yourself or for the company," put in the chief shrewdly. And then: "Loosen up, Smith, and tell me something about yourself. Who are you, and where do you come from, and what sort of a job have you been holding down?"

Smith's reply was as surprising as it was seemingly irrelevant.

"If you're not too busy, Mr. Williams, I guess you'd better make out my time check," he said quietly.

Williams took a reflective half-minute for consideration, turning the sudden request over deliberately in his mind as his habit was.

(To Be Continued)

"THEIR MARRIED LIFE"

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Helen was in the midst of helping Mary preserve some strawberries when the bell rang.

"Now who can that be?" Helen asked involuntarily.

Mary had by this time answered the door and the next minute came out into the kitchen with the information that Mrs. Atwood and "that queer young lady ma'am, Miss Nesbitt," were in the living room.

Helen hurried in just as she was, a big pink cambric apron enveloping her.

Frances jumped up and kissed her and even Viva seemed more friendly than usual. That is, all that could be seen of Viva was friendly, most of her small face was hidden under a shiny black mushroom hat wreathed around many times with prickly things that were very smart.

"Just look at her," laughed Frances. "Well, honey, you certainly do put us to shame with your little housewife's apron. What are you doing?"

"Just helping Mary put up some preserves. Warren is so fond of them for breakfast."

"Well, I'm glad to see you're so busy. How ever do you do it, Helen? Warren doesn't half appreciate what you do."

"Well," continued Frances, in a more business-like manner, "you remember Harley Tracey, don't you? Well, his new picture is released to-day and Viva and I want you to come down and see it with us. He has sent us a box with the nicest things. There are two other friends of his there, and he says we are sure to like them and just to introduce ourselves. So come on, slip into your hat and coat, and we'll be off."

Helen did not stop to argue, but did as she was bid. Somehow she felt like a child being taken to school. She would have gone with her no matter how much of the preserving still remained to be finished.

Suddenly she smiled at Helen and asked quickly: "I suppose you don't quite know what to think of me, Mrs. Curtis. Well, I'm not a trifle, and I don't belong in the other class because I'm too unconventional. My husband is an artist, and I help him keep house; that's all there is to it."

Here was an interesting view-point, and a woman who was neither one thing nor another. Helen longed to ask her some questions. She felt that she might glean some very interesting facts from her. She wondered just what kind of a life she lived with a husband who was an artist. Evidently she did nothing at all herself, and yet she seemed to belong by rights to the circle of which Frances was a definite part.

"Do you paint or do anything yourself, Mrs. Candors?" Helen asked eagerly.

"Oh, no, indeed. I'm much too busy being lazy. Of course we're poor as church mice, but I don't mind that. I spend most of my time reading so that I have something to talk about. A woman who can talk well can always keep a man interested. And she laughed at Helen's surprised face.

Helen began to ask questions and as the conversation progressed, she discovered many things. Not from what Mrs. Candors told her, but what she herself deduced from the conversation. She saw that Mrs. Candors was well read and charming. She talked well, and she was evidently well liked by men, even men like Harley Tracey used to all extremely pretty and attractive women.

When they all rose to go, the ordinary remarks about the picture, which was really unusually good, monopolized the conversation, and Helen had no chance to speak further with Mrs. Candors. She felt, however, that she had gained something from the afternoon's chance acquaintance. Mrs. Candors had opened another way through which a woman in the home could make herself sought after. Helen had always craved passionately the outside interest which rounded out Frances Knowles' life. Well, why wouldn't she do that? She would take the place of the other thing that seemed impossible? Helen was more interested and excited than she had been about anything in a long time. (Watch for next incident in this absorbing series.)

The Honeymoon House

By HAZEL DALE

Karen went home that night too happy to think of anything but her new career. John Armstrong believed that she would make an actress. John Armstrong thought her capable of being more than she was. He was different from Dick, heart breakingly different. Well, from now on she would not think of Dick; every bit of her thoughts would be given up to her work, just as John Armstrong had told her, they must be. For to-night, just to-night after she was alone in her room, she would think it all out. She would come to an understanding with herself and afterward she would put Dick out of her life forever.

John brought her home in a taxi and she lay back against the cushions too excited to talk.

"To-morrow, when you come up to do my typing, I'll have the manuscript for you," had been his last words. "Good night. Remember that I care for you as much as I care for the actress; you are no longer the struggling girl who once had a soul that was being crushed to death."

Karen smiled faintly as she said good night and ran into the house. Everything reminded her of the happiness of the afternoon when she had decked herself in her poor little finery only to be repulsed and disillusioned by the man she had planned everything for. She wished that she had never known Janet and Jarvis and the careless sweetness of the Honeymoon House.

For the hundredth time she wished that Dick had been like John. John would not have him like John. John was too measured, too settled. Karen did not wish the repression of middle age; she wanted what was what could filter through from the hall. Janet started, and was about to pass by quickly on her way upstairs, when a voice spoke. She knew that voice and she stopped suddenly.

"I have been waiting for you," it said meekly.

Karen said nothing at all, just waited.

"You didn't think I cared so much did you?" Dick went on, for it was he. "But I care so much that I came right after you. I've been waiting all evening."

Karen still said nothing.

"I don't know where you've been," Dick went on. "I don't know what to make of myself, but you are the first woman I have ever cared about."

"But you thought I was just like all the others, didn't you?" Karen returned. "You had a funny way of showing that you cared."

"I didn't know how much until it was too late," Dick said impetuously. "Until I kissed you and felt you in my arms, then I know that the most wonderful thing that could happen to me would be to hear you say that you cared."

They stood quite close to each other in the dim light of the one gas jet, and Karen after a moment stepped into the darkened parlor, Dick following. The light from the street lamp outside came in through the ugly windows, and Karen after a moment or two said evenly:

"Well, it doesn't matter anyway. I'm sorry that you had to wait for me so long. I went out to dinner with your brother. We celebrated to-night. You see I'm going to

Fashions of To-Day - By May Manton



THE plaited dress is quite certain to be becoming to young girls and this one can be made with the pockets that give the extended hip effect, or without them. In the illustration, it is made of fine French serge with trimming of satin and it is a practical as well as a handsome frock, but you will find the model just as good for linen and cotton gabardine and the various Summer materials as it is for serge. It would be very charming made of white or blue linen with white trimmings, or the dress of colored linen with the collar, cuffs and pockets scalloped with white would be charming. Sand color is a great favorite of the Spring and colored gabardine with a little embroidery in bright Oriental colors on the collar and the pockets, omitting the trimming on the skirt, would make a very smart dress.

For the 16-year size will be needed, 6 1/4 yards of material 44 inches wide with 2 yards 3/8 for the trimming.

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Drawn for this paper By Fisher

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