



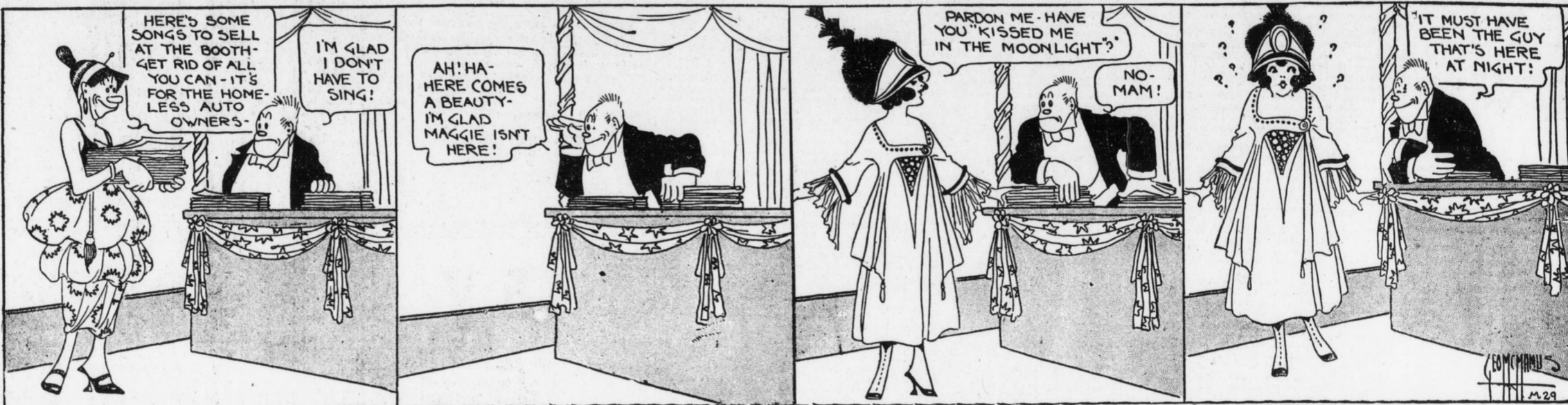
Reading for Women and all the Family



Bringing Up Father

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By McManus



The Real Man
By FRANCIS LYNDE
Illustrations by IRWIN MYERS
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"I suppose by that you mean that you'll quit before you will consent to open up your record?" he assumed.

"You've guessed it," said the man who had sealed the book of his past.

Again Williams took a little time. It was discouraging to have his own and the colonel's prejudging and to Smith's probable state and standing so promptly verified.

"I suppose you know the plain inference you're leaving, when you say a thing like that?"

Smith made the sign of assent. "It leaves you entirely at liberty to finish out the story, to suit yourself," he admitted, adding, "The back numbers—my back numbers—are my own. Mr. Williams, I've kept a file of them, as you'd do, but I don't have to produce it on request."

"Of course, there's nothing compulsory about your producing it. But you're not going to let me see it, are you?"

"I'm afraid not," said the man who had sealed the book of his past.

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The Honeymoon House

By HAZEL DALE

After Karen Mikal's affair with Dick she felt as though the world were too small to hold all her joy. Running into the Honeymoon House one afternoon to confide her happiness, she found Janet with a wet cloth fastened over her head lying down in the big study.

It was so unusual to find Janet like that, that she called out, "Janet, what's the matter?"

"Really, Karen, when I thought of last night it seems just like a nightmare, all of it. Could you believe a thing like that would happen to anyone like me?"

"Well, of course, for a minute I was terrified, but then I began to be indignant, and I kept getting angrier and angrier about a minute. 'Really, Karen, when I thought of last night it seems just like a nightmare, all of it. Could you believe a thing like that would happen to anyone like me?'"

"Well, of course, for a minute I was terrified, but then I began to be indignant, and I kept getting angrier and angrier about a minute. 'Really, Karen, when I thought of last night it seems just like a nightmare, all of it. Could you believe a thing like that would happen to anyone like me?'"

"Well, of course, for a minute I was terrified, but then I began to be indignant, and I kept getting angrier and angrier about a minute. 'Really, Karen, when I thought of last night it seems just like a nightmare, all of it. Could you believe a thing like that would happen to anyone like me?'"

"The Insider"

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water

CHAPTER XLIV

"I will be down in a few minutes," I told Mrs. Gore when she left my room. "I must wash my face and hands and brush my hair first."

"Do not change your dress," she advised.

"I can't," I reminded her, "for, you see, I have not unpacked. I have listened to your interesting talk instead."

"She smiled constrainedly. "Thank you," she murmured. "I hope you will try to forget much that I said. I just wanted you to understand about these rooms. I was sure you would be interested in them if you did. And I knew that if you understood you would ask no questions about them. My brother is very sensitive in speaking of my poor sister. I wanted to spare him the pain of answering any questions."

"I see," I rejoined. "I certainly would not think of asking him about such a private matter as his wife's illness or death."

When she had gone, I sank upon the couch on which she and I had been seated, and I gazed, bit by bit, the conversation we had just had. I supposed that she had spoken truly when she said that it would be painful to Brewster Norton to speak of his dead wife—the mother of his favorite child.

Yet she knew me very little if she fancied that I would ask my employer any questions about these rooms—as to who had formerly occupied them, and for whom they had been so daintily furnished. And then I said to myself: "If I had asked, why need she dread my doing so? I had never supposed that she was so fearful of having her sister's name mentioned. And then a sudden idea assailed me. Was she afraid that Tom might have told me something against his stepmother? She had probably noted that he and I were on pleasant terms and wanted to prevent his saying to me anything disparaging of his father's second wife. Well, she would never learn from me that Tom had criticized her. His criticisms were safe with me."

She had tried to insure his silence by advising me not to allow him to talk of the dead woman. It was not well, she had intimated, for young people to dwell on sad things. She had also exacted from me a promise that I would ask no questions about her sister. It was all a puzzle to me. But it was none of my affair.

A Puzzling Query

Having returned to the point at which I had been at the beginning of my talk with Mrs. Gore, I arose and got ready for dinner. No, I would make no inquiries with regard to Grace's mother. She had not died here. I was not superstitious, yet I was rather glad that this pretty room had not witnessed her demise. How and where had she died, anyway?

Then realizing that I was asking myself the very question that Mrs. Gore had requested me to refrain from asking anyone else, I shook myself free from these futile conjectures, got ready for dinner, and ran downstairs.

Mrs. Gore was certainly an excellent manager. In the few hours before our arrival she and the sisters

SEES END OF WOMEN'S SKIRTS

Will Probably Wear More Comfortable Garments After War

By MRS. WILSON WOODROW

The occupation of sport must have its appropriate garment. That's as necessary a corollary as the hour and the man.

And now that women are mobilizing in practically every state in the union for agricultural work, there is much agitation over the sort of garments which shall properly fit the woman and the task.

The popular vote is for overalls, and the manufacturers of these useful and bucolic garments are already busy trying out designs. When the Maud Mullers of this summer rake the meadows sweet with hay, they will probably do so free of the incommodious and hampering skirt.

I wonder if this is the beginning of the end, if in a few years the skirt will be on the dust heap along with the Chinese shoe, and the wasp-waisted corset, and the bell of the woman of the zenana. The prophets have been predicting it for several years. I think it was just before the war that there was an interview in one of the London papers with Paul Poiret, the great French designer. He said that he had just finished two designs which he foresaw would be universally adopted by women in about ten years. He had had these designs duly certified by his attorney and placed under seal for the period stated, in order that his prediction might be verified. Then to his interviewer he showed copies of the designs.

In the first, a woman separated at the knee into trousers. In the second there was no compromise with skirts. The trousers were slightly fuller than those of men but unmistakably trousers.

"I will not predict fashions," M. Poiret is quoted as saying, "for I disbelieve in fashion, believe only in influences. If you ask me what is the transcendent influence of today, I reply that it is the wind of emancipation passing over our heads."

I don't keep clippings or notebooks; they add so much to the cluttering lumber of life; but I did file this prediction, just to see if time would bring it to pass.

I fancy, too, that M. Poiret had been sedulously observing the straw's which have long been showing the direction of that end of destiny; if you will gaze at the pictures in some old fashion book of the nineteenth century you will see that the lady on horseback presented a flowing, billowing silhouette which, according to the ideals of the period, was indicative of a graceful femininity. But Heaven help her, if she attempted to negotiate a "trappy" country in the teeth of a high wind.

A long, white ostrich feather waved from her hat, and the black velvet skirt of her habit almost swept the ground. Imagine being pitched off and finding yourself all tangled up in those velvet folds! Ladies thus pannopied must have been content to amble along at rocking-horse speed, or else have been unexcelled trick-riders. Nevertheless, Victorian "modesty" demanded it.

But this so-called modesty in dress is purely a matter of custom as well as of geography. The thoughts of women were widened by the process of the sun, and the bicycle appeared. It called for the divided skirt. Women also found that if they were going to do any hard riding it was safer to ride astride; hence, the long coat and breeches. The trailing, velvet skirt became not only effete but obsolete. Daily the sports clothes of women more nearly approach those of their

SEES END OF WOMEN'S SKIRTS

brothers, and when it comes to air-planing, there is no difference between them at all.

The necessities of war are creating new standards, a new outlook, practically a new era. The woman with the hoe, if not exactly at our door, is certainly in our backyard. There is no time for the discussion of the distinctions of sex. The need of the moment is results. The work has to be done as rapidly and efficiently as possible; it is quite immaterial whether men or women do it. As for the clothes worn during the accomplishment of these tasks, all any one asks is that they shall not impede or retard the worker.

The smock and the short skirt have been popular for amateur gardening—a sort of preliminary or preparatory step toward the overalls, which will be almost a necessity for real farm work.

Did you ever weed in your garden, and prune and plant and fuss about happily with a trowel and a pair of scissors and a watering-pot, and not come into the house later with your skirt a sight? I never did. That pesky skirt positively dabbles itself in the wet soil. You shovel earth all over it. The watering-pot upsets itself upon it, and you rise up from your labors in a shocking mess.

Women will simply flock to join the great agricultural army of the coming summer. In fact, they are already doing so. Few occupations make so strong an appeal to them; for women are born gardeners. They love nothing so much as watching and tending growing things and coaxing them to grow faster and flower more abundantly. It's the following out of the maternal instinct. I know some women land-owners who manage their own farms very successfully, and there would be a lot more devoting themselves to the soil if they hadn't always been relegated to the butter and eggs side of the industry. And the prospect of becoming a real "hand" on one of the great, modern farms with their vast fields of wheat and corn, and the complicated and fascinating machines in use on them, is enough to give any woman with the love of the great outdoors in her a thrill.

Woman is a practical creature, very on the farm as elsewhere, she is going to wear the garments best suited to the work she has in hand. Many of the Englishwomen are plowing and harvesting their crops in breeches; and Mother Grundy, under the stress of hunger, is throwing up fits at the spectacle. In time of war when the nations feel the necessity of utilizing all their resources, one is bothering much about that old catch-phrase, "the silent influence of woman." With a possible shortage of food staring us in the face, the price of onions and potatoes above rubles, and other commodities taking to themselves the wings of the dove, the fireside gives precedence to the farm.

There are those who assert that this use of breeches for sport and for overalls for farm work is but the harbinger of what we may expect in correct dress for women in the near future. I would not be regarded as reactionary. It is purely for aesthetic reasons that I express a doubt whether so sweeping a change of fashion would succeed in materially brightening the corner where we are. Skirts may be an outworn badge of sex, as some of the modern writers insist; but the do cover a multitude of sins.

Remembering this, one feels inclined to take the other side of the fence, and echo to our threatened draperies Lear's plea to Cordelia: "Stay! a little!"

The Real Man
By FRANCIS LYNDE
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Daily Dot Puzzle

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the world about that," said the one who had been called in as an expert.

"What I can't understand is why some of you didn't size the situation up long ago—before it got into its present desperate shape. You are at the beginning of the end now. They've caught you with an empty treasury, and these stock sales you speak of prove that they have already begun to swallow you by little. Timanyon common—I suppose you haven't any preference—at thirty-nine is an excellent zamble for any group of men who can see their way clear to buying the control. With an eager market for the water—and they can sell the water to you people, even if they don't put their own Escalante prospect through— the stock can be pushed to par and beyond, as it will be after you folks are all safely frozen out. More than that, they can charge you enough for the water you've got to have, to finance the Escalante scheme and pay all the bills; and their investment, at the present market, will be only thirty-nine cents in the dollar. It's a neat little play."

Williams was by this time far past remembering that his adviser was a

man with a possible alias and presumably a fugitive from justice.

"Can't something be done, Smith? You've had experience in these things; your talk shows it. Have we got to stand still and be shot to pieces?"

"The necessity remains to be demonstrated. But you will be shot to pieces, to a dead moral certainty, if you don't put somebody on deck with the necessary brains, and do it quickly," said Smith with frank bluntness.

"Hold on," protested the engineer. "Every man to his trade. When I said that we had nobody but the neighbors and our friends in the company, I didn't mean to give the impression that they were either dolts or chuckleheads. As a matter of fact, we have a pretty level-headed bunch of men in Timanyon Ditch—though I'll admit that some of them are nervous enough, just now, to want to get out on almost any terms. What I meant to say was that they don't happen to be up in all the crooks and turnings of the high-finance buccaneries."

(To Be Continued)

Fashions of To-Day

By May Manton

WHATEVER else may go, the chemise gown will remain throughout the season, and a very charming, generally becoming and attractive garment it is. This one is made with a separate guimpe and here, the guimpe is oforgette crepe while the gown itself is made of charmeuse satin. If you want a simple morning gown, you can follow the suggestion shown in the back view and use serge over crepe de chine. If you want an evening gown, you can useorgette crepe for the blouse with any silk or satin for the gown. The banding shown is embroidered but baby Irish lace tinted to harmonize with the silk is smart.

For the medium size will be needed, 4 1/2 yards of material 36 inches wide for the gown, 1 3/4 yards for the guimpe portion with 3 1/4 yards of banding for the skirt, 1 yard for the girdle and 1 1/4 yards of lace for the sleeves.

The pattern No. 9387 is cut in sizes from 34 to 42 inches bust measure. It will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of fifteen cents.



9387 Chemise Gown, 34 to 42 Bust. Price 15 cents.

DO YOU KNOW WHY --- There's More Than One Way to Win Fame?

FISHER'S SMOKE THE DUBB CIGAR

EAT DUBBS CEREAL

IF A GUY CAN HAVE CEREAL NAMED AFTER HIM—

OR BE THE NAMESAKE OF A BUM CIGAR—

OR RECOMMEND A SKY PIECE—

OR HAVE A POPULAR DRINK NAMED FOR HIM—

OR HAVE A NEW DANCE NAMED AFTER HIM—

WHY, THEN, HE IS A FAMOUS MAN, SONNY.

THERE HE IS

THAT'S HIM, YER

I ALWAYS ENJOY PUTTING MY BEAN INTO A BLOCKED HAT

SAY, SPORT GIVE ME A DUBB COCKTAIL

IM CRAZY ABOUT THE NEW DUBB DIP