

Reading for Women and all the Family



Bringing Up Father

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By McManus

The Real Man

By FRANCIS LYNE

Illustrations by IRWIN MYERS

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"I didn't mean to reflect upon Colonel Baldwin and his friends," rejoined the ex-cashier good naturedly. "It is nothing especially discrediting to them that they are not up in all the tricks of a trade which is not theirs. The financing of a scheme like this has come to be a business by itself, Mr. Williams, and it is hardly to be expected that a group of inexperienced men could do it successfully."

"That is a fair question, and I can answer it straight," said the man under fire. "The fact is, the experience of the busy scene on the dam stagings. Because I'm not exactly a born simpleton, Mr. Williams. There are a number of reasons which are purely personal to me, and at least one which cuts ice on your side of the pond. Your financial doctor, as you call him, would have been absolutely in the handling of the company's money and its negotiable securities. You could, and should, put him to the test. He would not go into it any deeper than to say that I can't give a bond."

Williams took his defeat, if it could be called a defeat, without further protest.

"I thought it might not be amiss to talk it over with you," he said. "You say it is impossible for me to give a bond. But it won't do any harm for you to think it over, and if I were you, I shouldn't burn all the bridges behind me."

Smith went back to his work in the quarry with a troubled mind. The heart-to-heart talk with Williams had been sharply and impressively. It had shown him, as nothing else could, how limited for all the remainder of his life his chances must be. That he had been so completely described and photographed by the ex-cashier of the Lawrenceville Bank and Trust Company were already circulating from hand to hand among the paid man-catchers, he did not doubt for a moment. While he could remain as a workman in an isolated construction camp, there was some little hope that he might be overlooked. But to become the public character of Williams' suggestion in a peopled city was to run to meet his fate.

It is said that the flow of a mighty river may be changed by the chance change in direction to the current thrusting of a twig into the current at some critical instant in the rise or fall of the flood. To the reincarnated Smith, charting his course upon the conviction that his best chance of immunity lay in isolation and a careful avoidance of the peopled towns, came the diverting twig in this wise.

On the second morning following the unofficial talk with Bartley Williams in the iron-shedded headquarters office at the dam, a delayed commencement of cement, steel and commissary supplies was due at the sidetrack a mile below the camp. Perkins, the timekeeper, called Smith from the quarry and gave him the invoices covering the material. "I guess you'd better go down to the siding and check this stuff in, so that we'll know what we're getting," was his suggestion to the general utility man.

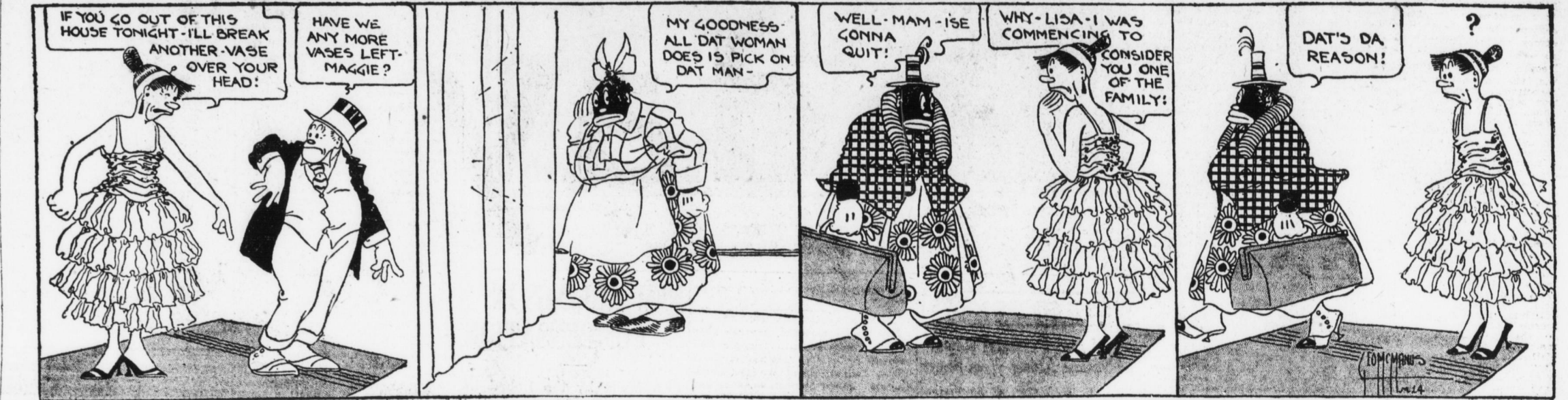
When the crookings of the trolley led Smith got his first sight of the sidetrack, he saw that the train was already in. A few minutes sufficed for the checking. He sent the unloading gang back to camp with the teams, meaning to walk to the siding himself after he should have seen the car of steel and the two cars of cement kicked in at the upper end of the sidetrack.

While he was waiting for the train to pull up and make the shift, he was commenting idly upon the clumsy layout of the siding with the back yard, and wondering if Williams were responsible for it. The siding was on the outside of a curve and within a hundred yards of the river bank. There was scanty space for the unloading of material, and a good bit of what there was was taken up by the curving spur which led off from the siding to cross the river on a trestle, and by the wagon road itself, which came down a long hill on the south side of the railroad, made an abrupt turn to cross the main track and the siding fairly in the midst of things.

As the long train pulled up to clear the road crossings, Smith stepped back and stood between the two tracks. A moment later the cut was made, and the forward section of the train went on to set the three loaded cars out at the upper switch, leaving the rear half standing on the main line.

One of the men of the unloading gang, a leather-faced grade shoveler who had helped to build the Nevada Shore Line, had lagged behind the departing wagons to fill and light his pipe.

"Wouldn't that jar you up right good and hard for a way to run railroad," he said to Smith, indicating the wholly deserted standing section of the siding with the burnt match-ends. "Them fellers 've all gone off up ahead, a-leavin' this yere hind end without a sign of a man 'r a flag to take keer of."



"The Insider"

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water

CHAPTER XLV. Copyright, 1917, Star Company. Dinner began pleasantly on that first evening at Hillcrest, and I felt more than ever before like a member of the family.

Perhaps Mrs. Gore's unsolicited confidences were partially responsible for that. Until now I fancied that she was on the defensive with me. But during her talk before dinner I had been conscious that she was making an appeal, none the less strong because not put into cold, plain words. I did not quite understand what she was asking of me—except that I allowed nobody to discuss with me the circumstances of her sister's illness and death. Yet I believed that back of this request lurked something of which she was afraid.

I decided that this fear was the result of her own nervousness and delicate health. I have never been in a house that had about it less of an air of mystery than Hillcrest had. Indeed it seemed the very place in which one could be merry and light-hearted.

So I joined cheerfully in the table talk that first night. Mr. Norton, seldom taciturn, was more loquacious than usual. He jested with Tom and Grace and chatted with Mrs. Gore about flowers and the prospect as outlined by the farmer—of vegetables for the summer.

"John says we shall have all the green peas you can possibly eat," he remarked at last.

"Good!" Tom ejaculated. "I never had enough green peas at one time in all my life."

Mrs. Gore glanced at him reprovingly. "My dear Tom," she protested, "that sounds greedy—don't you think so?"

"Well, I never had enough green peas, either," Grace piped up. "So if Tom's greedy, I'm greedy too."

All except Mrs. Gore laughed, and Tom looked at the child more kindly than was his wont.

"Bully for you, Grace!" he approved. "Then you and I will form a league in favor of the luscious green pea."

"Tom," the widow broke in again, "really you ought not to teach your little sister to be gluttonous. She has never been so before, and I do not want her to become so now."

A cloud crossed Tom's face, but his father spoke before the boy could answer back.

"For pity's sake, Adelaide," he begged, "don't take harmless chatter so seriously! Let the children plan to eat bushels of peas if they like, approve of their forming any kind of league they want to."

I had a sympathetic comprehension of father's feeling. I myself, although an outsider, had noticed Tom's altered manner to his half-sister and rejoiced that her unexpected championship of him had moved him to surprised appreciation of it.

Ordinarily he spoke to her seldom and paid little attention to her. And now, just when the pair were ex-

pected dropped its bomb. There was a jangling clash and the cars on the main track were set in motion. The trainmen had failed to make their coupling, and the rear half of the train was surging down upon the crossing.

Smith saw the young woman check the speed for the abrupt turn at the bottom of the hill, saw the car take the turn in a skidding slide, heard the renewed roar of the motor as the throttle was opened for a run at the embankment grade. Then the un-

not attempt to make the coupling until after the gray car had crossed behind the caboose. But in the same breath he guessed, and guessed rightly, that they were too far around the curve to be able to see the wagon road approach.

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HOW DOES YOUR GARDEN GROW

By Samuel Armstrong Hamilton

As a standard home garden vegetable the cabbage is one of the best and most useful. For years the plant-breeders have been working with it, and the improvement they have made in the last fifty years is remarkable. Those who can recollect the cabbage during that period will take pleasure in noting some of the finest of modern cabbage heads.

The original cabbage was somewhat like the present day collard, which is still grown in the southern States for their leaves only, which are picked off and used as greens like spinach, or boiled with meat. My employer threw a grateful look in my direction as Tom echoed my laugh, and I congratulated myself that I had steered the conversational boat away from the rocks.

An awkward moment. Yet when we were almost through dinner another awkward moment came.

Mrs. Gore, who had not spoken for some minutes, inquired politely if the roads out from New York were in good condition.

"Very good," her brother-in-law replied. "We had only to make one detour."

"Where was that?" she asked. "I wondered at her interest in the matter. For a moment nobody replied."

"Where was the bad spot in the road?" she repeated.

"I did not say there was a bad spot," Brewster Norton corrected her. "I merely said we made a detour. I suppose they were repairing a bridge or something of that sort."

"But where was it?" she persisted. "The man laid down his knife and fork and looked at her steadily."

"Since you insist upon knowing the exact locality, Adelaide," he said, slowly, as if weighing each word, "it was near New Milford, so we came around by way of Litchfield. Is that what you wanted to know?"

"Woman's pale face was paler than ever for an instant, then the color rushed back to it in a flood."

"I beg your pardon," she muttered. "I did not mean to seem curious about the matter. I do not know why I asked."

"Neither do I," her brother-in-law retorted.

I gazed from one to the other, amazed, then I glanced at Tom just in time to see him dart a glance that was almost vindictive in Mrs. Gore's direction. The uncomfortable silence was broken by a forced laugh from my employer.

"Woman's curiosity is an unaccountable quality, Miss Darr," he observed. "Your sex ask questions about matters in which they have no interest or which one would suppose they would avoid. Now why do they do that kind of thing?"

"I am not aware that they do," I replied coolly.

Perhaps I appeared vexed, for Mr. Norton added:

"I should have said that some of them do. In that arrangement I do not include all women."

But I did not reply. I did not know what to say.

I was relieved when dinner was over and I could take Grace upstairs to bed. The meal had not ended as pleasantly as I had begun.

The Honeymoon House

By HAZEL DALE

Janet felt after Karen left her, as she lay on the couch, that she was surely the most miserable girl in the world. Everything that had promised so brightly had gone wrong, and the contrast of Karen's joy was almost too much. The truth of the matter was that Janet had been unmoved by last night's experience.

As a general rule she was able to make the best of things, but Jarvis had been worried of late, they had said Liza home in order to economize, and altogether the Honeymoon House had lost a little of its brightness. If Janet had been quite herself she would have seen that the spirit was a little tarnished, otherwise everything was just the same. Everything that had worried her of late began to crowd through her mind. She wished vaguely that Jarvis should come home, although she realized that he would have stayed right at her side if she hadn't insisted that he go out on some business.

The persistent suggestion of Jarvis that he take a steady job worried her, too. She knew that monotonous work would be a drag on Jarvis' creative ability. She did want him to wait. Until lately she had been so sure that their luck would change.

The knocker on the little wooden door outside banged heavily, disturbing Janet's thoughts and making her jump. She went to open it, and Neva Hart rushed in on her.

"My dear infant, Jarvis sent me down to look after you," Neva said, smiling. "He says you're a drowsy little thing, and he's worried about what Janet needed. Karen had been too much in the clouds, but Neva was a delightfully strong person to lean on."

"Now don't bother to tell me about it all over again," Neva protested. "Jarvis told me all that I need to know, and we are just going to forget all about it."

"Neva, you're a dear," Janet said smiling faintly. "Do you know, it would be a pleasure to tell it all over again. I've lost all my courage to-day, do you know that? I feel so unlike myself that I just can't realize I'm Janet at all. I'm going to rechristen this place and call it the Hard Luck Hotel."

"Why, you little baby. You just lie still and I'll have some tea in here in a jiffy. How does that sound? You just keep cheering up, that's all. Besides, I have some news for you that is going to surprise you so much that you'll forget all about your own troubles."

Wish a pleasant sense of security Janet lay still and listened to Neva moving around the kitchenette and humming a gay little tune in her soft, contented, throat. The idea pleased Janet, and the thought of some interesting news did more for her than anything else did. Neva was capable, and Janet felt like being managed.

When Neva returned with a laden tray Janet sat up and pulled the bandage from her forehead.

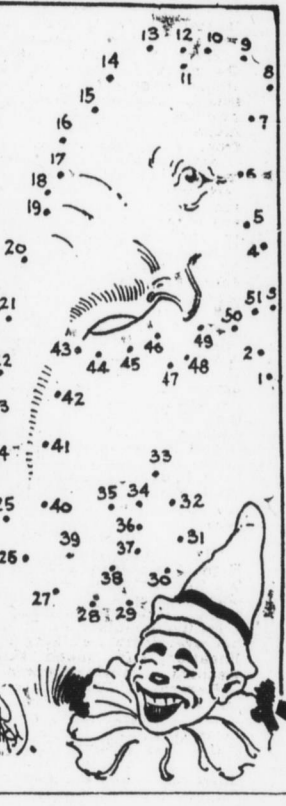
"I feel better already," she said. "The headache's almost gone now. You pour, Neva dear, and out with the news."

Neva poured the fragrant tea and fixed Janet's cup with sugar and lemon. Then, when Janet was sipping it slowly, she said impressively, "What would you think if I told you that I am going to get married?"

Janet squealed and almost spilled her tea. "Married? You too?" She gasped. "Karen has just been here telling me all about her love affair, but you, Neva, why I am surprised."

"(To Be Continued.)"

Daily Dot Puzzle



Fashions of To-Day - By May Manton



There is no smarter blouse than the one that is made to slip over the head with only a short opening and this one allows a choice of three lengths. It is worn with a perfectly straight skirt that can be gathered or laid in flat pleats at the belt. As you see it here, the skirt is made of one of the pretty bordered silks and the blouse is made of a plain silk trimmed with the border, but you could, of course, use an applied trimming instead of soutache braid or some of the simple embroideries.

For the medium size the blouse will require, 3 1/2 yards of material 36 inches wide, and the skirt, 4 yards 36 or 2 3/4 yards of bordered material.

The pattern of the blouse No. 9403 is cut in sizes from 34 to 42 inches bust measure and the skirt No. 9402 in sizes from 24 to 30 inches waist measure. They will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of fifteen cents for each.

DO YOU KNOW WHY - - - There are Some Things That Even Papa Doesn't Know?



WELL MY LITTLE GIRL, SHALL PAPA HELP YOU WITH YOUR LESSONS?

YETH THIR, IF YOU PLEATH

NEVER MIND, ANGEL, DON'T CRY. THEY CAN ALL BE SOLVED!

BUT POP, I CAN'T GET THIS ONE

ASK DADDY NOW, DADDY WILL ANSWER IT FOR YOU GLADLY

DADDY, TELL ME HOW TO PRONOUNCE -

ELECTROPHOTOMICROGRAPHY

EXCUSE PAPA, HE DOESN'T FEEL WELL JUST THIS MINUTE

HONEST-TO-GOODNESS, ITS IN THE DICTIONARY

One of the men of the unloading gang, a leather-faced grade shoveler who had helped to build the Nevada Shore Line, had lagged behind the departing wagons to fill and light his pipe.

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