

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)
By this time Smith had thrown his coat away and was racing the back of the train with the ex-graduate laborer a poor second a dozen yards to the rear. Having ridden in the roadster, Smith knew that it had no self-starter. "Jump!" he yelled. "Get out of



Time Only for a Mighty Heave.

the car!" and then his heart came into his mouth when he saw that she was struggling to free herself and couldn't; that she was entangled in some way behind the low-hung tiller wheel.

Smith was running fairly abreast of the caboose when he made this discovery and the hundred feet of clearance had shrunk to five. In imagination he could already see the gray car overturned and crushed under the wheels of the train. In a flying sprint he gained a few yards on the advancing menace and hurled himself against the front of the stopped roadster. He did not attempt to grab the motor. There was time only for a mighty heave and shove to send the car backing down the slope and the crossing approach; for this time the crossing was closed and he had to save himself; and the thing was done.

CHAPTER VI.
A Notice to Quit.

Once started and given its push, the gray roadster drifted backward from the railroad crossing and kept on until it came to rest in the sag at the turn in the road. Running to overtake it, Smith found that the young woman was still trying ineffectually to free herself. In releasing the clutch her dress had been caught and Smith was glad enough to let the extricating of the caught skirt and the cranking of the engine serve for a breath-catching recovery.

When he stepped back to "tune" the spark the young woman had subsided into the mechanic's seat and was retying her veil with fingers that were not any too steady. She was small, but well-knit; her hair was a golden brown and there was a good deal of it; her eyes were set well apart and in the bright morning sunlight they were a slaty gray—of the exact shade of the motor veil she was rearranging. Smith had a sudden conviction that he had seen the wide-set eyes before; also the straight little nose and the half-boyish mouth and chin, though where he had seen them the conviction could give no present hint.

"I sup-sup-suppose I ought to say something appropriate," she was beginning, half breathlessly, while Smith stood at the fender and grinned.

"You don't have to say anything.

It's been a long time since I've had a chance to make such a bully grandstand play as this." And then: "You're Colonel Baldwin's daughter, aren't you?"

She nodded, saying: "How did you know?"

"I know the car. And you have your father's eyes," she said.

She did not seem to take it amiss that he was making her eyes a basis for comparisons. She was her father's only son, as well as his only daughter, and she divided her time pretty evenly in trying to live up to both sets of requirements.

"You have introduced me; wouldn't you introduce yourself?" she said, when a second crash of the shifting freight train sent itself and gave her an opening.

"I'm Smith," he told her; adding: "It's my real name."

Her laugh was an instant easing of tensions.

"Oh, yes, you're Mr. Williams' assistant. I've heard colonel-da—my father, speak of you."

"No," he denied in blunt honesty. "I'm not Williams' assistant; at least, the way you call me. Up at the camp they call me the Hobo."

The young woman had apparently regained whatever small fraction of self-possession the narrow escape had shocked aside.

"Are they never going to take that miserable train out of the way?" she exclaimed. "I've got to see Mr. Williams, and there isn't a minute to spare. Colonel-da—I mean my father, has come up to Red Butte, and a little while ago they telephoned over to the ranch from the Brewster office to say that there was going to be some more trouble at the dam."

"You snort," said Williams at the camp. He started out early this morning beyond Little creek, and said he wouldn't be back until some time in the afternoon. Will you tell me what you're needing?"

"Oh," she exclaimed with a little gasp of disappointment, "I've simply got to find Mr. Williams—or somebody! Do you happen to know anything about the lawsuit troubles?"

"I know all about them; Williams has told me. Tell you what Mr. Martin telephoned. He said that three men were going to pretend to relocate a mining claim in the hills back of the dam, somewhere near the upper end of the reservoir lake—that is to be. They're doing it so that they can get out an injunction or whatever you call it, and then they'll have to buy them off, as the others have been bought off."

Smith was by this time entirely familiar with the maps and profiles and other records of the ditch company's lands and holdings.

"All the land within the limits of the flood levee has been bought and paid for—some of it more than once, hasn't it?" he asked.

"Oh, yes; but that doesn't make any difference. These men will claim that their location was made long ago, and that they are just now getting ready to work it. It's often done in the case of mining claims."

"When is all this going to happen?" he inquired.

"It is already happening," she broke out impatiently. "Mr. Martin said the three men left town an hour after daybreak and crossed a little Brewster bridge to go up on the other side of the Timanyoni."

The young woman had taken her place again behind the big tiller wheel and Smith calmly motioned her out of it.

"Take the other seat and let me get in here," he said; and when she had changed over, he swung in behind the wheel and put a foot on the clutch pedal.

"What are you going to do?" she asked.

"I'm going to take you up to the camp, and then, if you'll lend me this car, I'll get and do what you hoped to persuade Williams to do—run these mining-claim jokers into the tall timber."

"But you can't!" she protested; "you can't do it alone! And besides, they are on the other side of the river, and you can't get anywhere with the car. You'll have to go all the way back to Brewster to get across the river."

It was just here that he stole another glance at the very-much-alive little face behind the motor veil; at the firm, round chin and the resolute slaty-gray eyes.

"I suppose I ought to take you to the camp," he said. "But you may go along with me, if you want to—and are not afraid."

She laughed in his face.

"I was born here in Timanyoni, and you haven't been here three weeks; do you think I'd be afraid to go?"

"Well, see about that!" he chuckled, matching the laugh; and with that he let the clutch take hold, sent the car rolling gently up to the level of the railroad embankment and across the rails of the main track, and pulled it around until it was headed fairly for the upper switch. Then he put the motor in the reverse and began to back the car on the siding, steering so that the wheels on one side hugged the inside of the rails.

"What in the world are you trying to do?" questioned the young woman who had said she was not afraid.

"Wait," he temporized. "Just wait a minute and get ready to hand on like grim death. We're going across on that trestle."

He fully expected her to shriek and grab for the steering wheel. That, he told himself, was what the normal young woman would do. But Miss Corona disappointed him.

"You put us both into the river, and smash Colonel-daddy's car, but I guess the Baldwin family can stand it if you can," she remarked quite calmly.

Smith kept on backing until the car had passed the switch from which the spur branched off to cross to the material yard on the opposite side of the river. A skillful bit of juggling put the roadster over on the ties of the spur-track. Then he turned to his fellow risk.

"Sit low and hang on with both hands," he directed. "Now!" and he opened the throttle.

The trestle was not much above two hundred feet long, and happily, the cross-ties were closely spaced. Steered to a hair, the big car went bumping across, and in his innermost recesses Smith was saying to his immediate ancestor, the well-behaved bank clerk: "You swab! You never saw the day when you could do a thing like this. * * * you thought you had me tied up in a bunch of ribbon, didn't you?"

THE HONEYMOON HOUSE
By HAZEL DALE

After Neva had departed, Janet began to review her own short married life. She had voluntarily given up a number of uninteresting people blessed with an over-amount of worldly goods for really interesting people who had nothing but their own attractions to recommend them. Chief among them were Neva Hart, the model; Karen Mika, beautiful and talented, but with little in the way of influence, and Keats Barnard, sufficient unto herself because she earned more than a credible living wage.

Of these three girls, two had announced their engagements. Two were just starting out on their beautiful adventures, and she, Janet, had already experienced the keenest of her joy. The fault with Janet's reasoning lay in the fact that she was too over-weening with the sort ofness of her night accident and had not been given time to recover from it and laugh it aside. It made her feel soiled and injured. Janet had always felt herself to be free and independent. She had felt that she had it in her to write really creditable things, she longed to demonstrate to Jarvis that she was a typical modern woman, independent and worthy, and lo and behold, here she was, soiled and injured, spotted with the filth of sortidness!

As is often the case with young married people, their path of life had been made too well, and they had been married from a wealthy family, and although she had married a man capable of making but a moderate salary, she had had the good fortune to add to that stipend by working herself, and her work had gone well. Jarvis, too, had done extraordinarily well, and they had grown to expect luck to haunt them.

Now that misfortune had come to dwell with them for a time, Janet wanted to cover up her head and growl to expect luck to haunt them.

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"THEIR MARRIED LIFE"
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"Well, I really do think that everything went off pretty well," Helen said to Warren, meeting his eyes across the untidy living room, with the card tables still scattered around. "But I certainly am worn out."

"It's no cinch to entertain a lot of women, I can tell you," Warren said, lighting a cigar. "I'd rather take out a bunch of men any time."

"Oh, Warren, you were such a dear," Helen said, dropping into an easy chair and putting her tired feet upon footstool. "I shall never forget that you played all afternoon just to help me out."

"Well, it was the only decent thing to do, as far as I can see," Warren returned. "I will say that every one of them likes you."

"Oh, and dear, you did make such a hit. The women had twice as good a time. They always do when there is a man present, and I will say that every one of them likes you."

"Nonsense," Warren said quickly. "They would have liked any man who had played. It was a novelty that's all."

"Well, what did you think of it? I was awfully glad that Emily won the bag. I stayed up most of last night to finish it, and I thought of her all the time. She has been wanting a bag for ages; she even made little signs on me to bring her this afternoon."

"Why didn't you buy the prizes," Warren asked, lazily.

"Oh, I don't know. For one thing, I like to sew occasionally and I had those beautiful pieces of silk that you bought from Mr. Richter, and the handkerchiefs are always fun to do. Besides, it's much cheaper to make things than to buy them. That bag would have cost me seven or eight dollars."

"You women are the funniest lot," said Warren, blowing smoke rings. "You have the most vitality, and yet when you get together like you wanted to do this afternoon, you do the veriest nonsense."

"Oh, not all of them, Warren. I don't know. Francis is a very intelligent woman. And so were some of the others. But I could get snatches of conversation from across the room and most of it was about the different salads, and different receipts that the women were exchanging."

"That's a feminine falling," laughed Helen. "I know; perhaps it is, but it's so trivial."

"Of course it's trivial, but those

Fashions of To-Day - By May Manton

THE girl who really loves country life, who likes to tramp over the mountains or to walk along the beach or to play tennis and golf with vim, will surely want a costume like this. It is smart, it is quite up-to-date and at the same time it is simple and practical. You can copy it in pongee or in linen or you can copy it in khaki, as you use it for one purpose or for another. Khaki is ideal for the camp, linen and pongee are favorite materials for general wear.

For the 16-year size the blouse will require, 3 1/4 yards of material 36 inches wide and the skirt, 3 3/4 yards.

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Program of Exercises on Memorial Day

Mechanicsburg, Pa., May 28—Memorial Day will be observed with exercises at Mechanicsburg Cemetery, under the direction of Colonel H. J. Zinn post, No. 415, G. A. R. Represented in the parade will be: Boy Scouts, Singer Band, firing squad, under command of Frank Lucas; officers and members of the post; Woman's Relief Corps; school children and their teachers; Order of Independent Americans, and other organizations. At the cemetery the program will include: Invocation, the Rev. E. C. B. Castle; music, by the band; memorial services by the post; music; memorial address, the Rev. B. L. C. Baer; music, Lincoln's address at Gettysburg; the Rev. Mr. Castle; salute the dead; taps, and return to postroom. Graves will be decorated by various details in these cemeteries: Mechanicsburg, Chestnut Hill, Trindle Springs, St. John's, Shiremanstown and Slate Hill, Cocklin's and Lantz's, Winding Hill, Dunkard Graveyard, Mount Pleasant, Silver Spring, Andersonstown, New Kingstown, Churchtown, Emanuel, Lewisberry and Lisburn, Stone Church, Mt. Zion and Longsdorf graveyards, colored graveyard, Upper Allen township.

NOT SUPERNATURAL

Robert Mantell tells of a barnstorming company in the west in the old days that made a try at Shakespeare. Considerable complaint was heard relative to the efforts of the man who essayed to do the Ghost in "Hamlet."

One day a dramatic man on a local paper said to the leading man: "That fellow who plays the Ghost does not suggest the supernatural."

"I should say not," assented the leading man with alacrity, "but he does suggest the natural super."—Everybody's Magazine.

HAIG EPIGRAMS

"War to-day is a young man's game. It is a war of youth, and it takes youth to win."

"Every man in this war has his chance."

"Efficiency counts above all other things."

"You can not afford to have friends."

"War, harsh as it is, is also the great maker of men."

MEANEST MAN

Burks—He's the meanest man in town.

Smirks—And why?

Burks—I told him that I bossed my wife, and he went and told her.—Everybody's Magazine.

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