

Reading for Women and all the Family



Bringing Up Father

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By McManus

The Real Man

By FRANCIS LYNDE

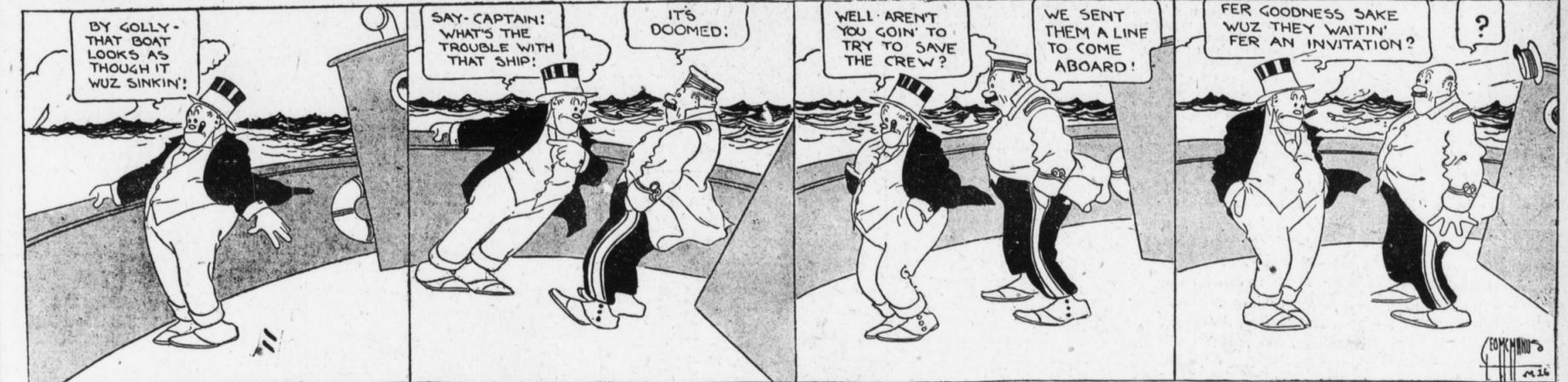
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(Continued)

If Miss Baldwin were frightened, she did not show it. Smith jerked the roadster out of the entanglement of the railroad track and said: "You may sit up now and tell me which way to go. I do not know anything about the roads over here."

She pointed out the way across the hills, and a four-mile dash followed. Up hill and down the big roadster raced, devouring the inter-spaces, and at the top of the last of the ridges, in a small, low-lying swale which was well hidden from any point of view in the vicinity of the dam they came upon the interlopers. There were three men and two horses and a covered wagon, as Smith's telephone message had catalogued them. The horses were still in the traces, and just beyond the wagon a legal mining claim had been marked out by freshly driven stakes.



then: "Are you sure you are not hurt?" "Not worth mentioning," he evaded. "Those duffers couldn't hurt anybody, so long as they couldn't get to their guns."

"But you have saved the company at your own expense. They will be sure to have you arrested." "We won't cross that bridge until we come to it," he returned. "If we were back in the country from which



The Struggle Was Short.

I have later, escaped, it would be proper for me to ask your permission to drive you safely home. Since we are not, I shall assume the permission and do it anyway."

"Oh, is that necessary?" she asked, meaning, as he took it, nothing more than comradely deprecation at putting him to the trouble of it.

"Not absolutely necessary, perhaps, but decently prudent. You might drop me opposite the dam, but you'd have to pass through the row somewhere on the way, and they might try to make it unpleasant for you."

She made no further comment and he sent the car spinning along over the hills to the westward. A river crossing the trestle river crossing they overtook and passed the wagon. Because he had the colonel's laughter with him, Smith put on a burst of speed and so gave the claim jumper the chance to provoke another battle.

In the maze of crossroads opposite the little city on the south bank of the river, Smith was more deprecating, and was obliged to ask his companion to direct him.

"I thought you weren't ever going to say anything my name," she sighed in mock despair. "Take this road to the right."

"I can't talk and drive a speed wagon at the same time," he told her, pointing to the right-hand side of the road, telling him it was Hillcrest.

There was a massive stone portal fronting the road, and when he got down to open the gates, the young woman took the wheel and drove through; whereupon he decided that it was time for him to break away, and said so.

"But how will you get back to the camp?" she asked.

"I have my two legs yet, and the walking isn't bad," he said.

"No, but you might meet those two men again."

"That is the least of my troubles," Miss Corona Baldwin, like the Missouri colonel her father, came upon moments now and then when she had the ultimate courage of her impulses.

"If I should have said you hadn't a trouble in the world," she asserted, meeting his gaze level-eyed.

The polite paraphrases of the coffee party were slipping to the right of his tongue but he set his teeth upon them and said, instead: "That's all you know about it. What if I should tell you that you've been driving this morning with an escaped convict?"

"I shouldn't believe it," she said calmly.

"Well, you haven't—not quite," he returned, adding the qualifying phrase in sheer honesty.

"The Insider"

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water

CHAPTER XLVII. (Copyright, 1917, Star Company.) In spite of the excitement of the day and evening, I slept like a tired child on that first night in the Nortons' country home. When I awoke in the morning the air was sweet with the odor of honeysuckles and roses, and melodious with the songs of birds.

I lay entranced, wondering if all these surroundings were not a beautiful dream from which I must awake. "Could it be I, Elizabeth Dart, who lay here in this spacious chamber and exulted in the quietude between the exiles?"

"Oh, I laughed now myself, 'forgive me for being so silly. But I do love tennis, although I have never had many opportunities to play—only once in awhile on a city court—a public one, you know—and several years ago at two week-end parties that a friend of my father's invited us to. I did not know you had a tennis court here—and that was why I was so astonished.'"

"Yes, we have a very good court," Brewster Norton informed me. "It is evident that you have not looked out on the lawn at the side of the house on which your room is located. We have not played very much, but now that you are here, and Mr. Parker is coming, you and Tom, I think, I used to play, but I've gotten out of the habit lately. I mean to take it up again now. Good-by."

"Plenty of Time He lifted his hat, stepped into my car, and was gone. "When your tutor arrive, Tom?" Mrs. Gore questioned when the car was out of sight.

"Father wrote him last night to come early next week," Tom informed her. "If you study as hard as you must in order to pass your examinations, she remarked, 'I do not see how you can have such time to play tennis.'"

"I shall have plenty of time," he retorted. "Studying only one subject I shall spend just as many hours on mathematics as Mr. Parker wishes. He is the person who will run that matter, I am thankful to say."

"There is no 'I' in the matter," she retorted. "I have plenty of time to take a disagreeable tone about a harmless suggestion on my part," Tom, the widow reproved.

"To my relief the boy conquered his irritation," he said quietly. "Later, I met him in the hall, and self-control was a while ago," I remarked. He smiled with pleasure. "Thanks, I am glad I did not show how mad I was. It'll be easier to get to Mr. Parker here, I'm sure it's going to be a good summer."

"And so am I," I rejoined. "I heard him begin to whistle as he reached the veranda. He was a very different person from the gloomy lad I had first met in his father's town home." (To Be Continued)

GOVERNOR ASKS ALL TO BUY BONDS

Issues Letter to Men Interested in Banks Urging Mobilization of Cash

Governor Brumbaugh last night issued a statement calling on the people of the State to subscribe liberally to the Liberty Loan, asserting that Pennsylvania, the home of the great financiers of the national patriotic success. The honor, the strength, the dignity of our great nation alike combine to demand our most prompt and effective support to this great national enterprise.

"The National authorities are anxious to have the marketing of the Liberty Loan not only a fiscal but a patriotic success. The honor, the strength, the dignity of our great nation alike combine to demand our most prompt and effective support to this great national enterprise. Our response should be so immediate and so convincing as to give definite notice to the entire world of our solidarity as a people and our loyalty to our government and to world democracy."

"When this war was declared the Executive of this great Commonwealth, acting for all our people, pledged all the resources of Pennsylvania to the national government. This included not only men for military service, food for the people, loyal administrative assistance and personal service in all proper fields of endeavor, but it also included the fiscal resources of our people. We cannot be indifferent or ineffective at any point in the entire line of loyal service and support."

"Moreover, the history of this

"THEIR MARRIED LIFE"

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Helen had somehow felt different toward Viva Nesbitt of late. Perhaps the artificiality of the girl was becoming more of a thing to be expected and, therefore, to be endured; or perhaps Helen's viewpoint had changed after her talk with Frances and the compact between the two to do what they could to help Viva. There was so much obvious good in the girl—so much strength of purpose and conviction of character, if it could be directed properly, it seemed a shame to sit back and allow the girl to become utterly spoiled.

Helen did not really know just how much she had changed until, forced one day to defend Viva, her true sentiments came nobly to the front. If it had been anyone else but Carrie who had called forth the argument perhaps things might have affected Helen differently; but Helen's feeling for Carrie had been the result of many years of contemptuous treatment, and she stood up for Viva in a way that astounded even herself.

The argument had arisen through a suggested picnic. They were to take basket lunches and all of the rest of the local crowd necessary and to motor out into the country for a real bit of sport. Carrie and Roy Viva in the way that astounded even herself.

Even Carrie had seemed pleased, and now nothing remained but to invite the guests and decide where to go. She had done this, using machines had been abandoned after a few minutes' conversation. There weren't enough people who owned cars, for one thing, and it would necessitate much crowding and eliminating of many people whom Helen wanted to ask.

"Of course, Frances will bring Viva," Helen had remarked, as with paper and pencils, she and Warren were making out a list. Carrie was knitting feverishly on a gray sweater, for one thing, and it would necessitate much crowding and eliminating of many people whom Helen wanted to ask.

"And a good color," she had remarked acidly, "nothing saudy." As she had told Roy in secret, Helen's head had been turned of late, and she evidently had been having a youthful again. "Why, there's barely a year between our ages, Roy!"

Carrie had exclaimed indignantly. "But, between Roy and Helen, and was disturbed at the continual friction existing between Carrie and his sister-in-law, refused to make any remark about Helen, much to Carrie's chagrin. (To Be Continued)

"You're not going to invite that girl, I hope," she said caustically. "Why, you see, she's visiting Frances, Carrie," Helen explained.

"Oh, come now, Carrie," put in Warren, "what's the matter with that child? She's nothing more than that."

"Yes, she looks like a child, with those big eyes that fast way of getting herself up."

"Perhaps she's to be pitied," remarked Roy, and he was rewarded by a look of defiance from Helen.

"Oh, you men are all alike!" Carrie said, angry at being argued with and having no one on her side to help defend her case against Viva. "Why, the girls' not even pretty."

"But she is attractive," Helen said, smiling a little. "And I do think we ought to feel differently toward her. Why, she hasn't done a thing that could be termed wrong in her whole life. She is just young and foolish and has been kept at school when she should have had a mother to look after her."

Helen was rather surprised at herself for defending Viva, particularly after her own summing up of the girl's character several weeks before.

Carrie looked up and gave her a long, steady glance out of a pair of cold blue eyes. "How you've changed in your opinions, Helen!" she remarked. "A year or so ago you were rabid against such women as this Viva Nesbitt. Now you are condoning and pitying her. I wonder if you would be willing to feel the same toward them as a type. They're the dangerous kind, you know. Virginia Evans was a good example."

Helen started, and a wave of emotion swept up around her heart. She had forced that old trouble out of her mind and had succeeded in burying it, and now for Carrie to bring it up like this before Roy and Warren—oh, it was unbearable!

Fashions of To-Day

By May Manton

JUST this combination of round neck and long sleeves is exceedingly smart for afternoon wear, whether the blouse is to be worn with the costume or to be worn with an odd skirt. Here, filet lace and Georgette crepe are combined, but you can, of course, use various materials, also, the model can be converted to evening use by being made as indicated in the back view. For that treatment you can use short sleeves or you can use ruffles only as you like.

For the medium size will be needed, 1 1/4 yards of plain material 36 inches wide and 1 1/2 yards of all-over lace, or 2 yards 36, 1 1/2 yards 44 inches wide to make of one material.

The pattern No. 9381 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.



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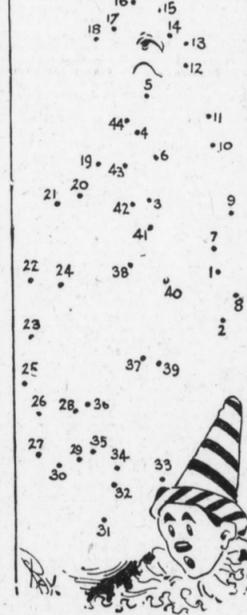
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