

# Reading for Women and all the Family

## Bringing Up Father

Copyright, 1917, International News Service

By McManus

### The Real Man

By FRANCIS LYNDE

Illustrations by IRWIN MYERS

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(Continued)

"Put it there, John," he said heartily. "Nobody in the Timanyoni is going to pry into you an inch farther than you care to let 'em; and if you get into trouble by helping us, you can count on at least one backer who will stand by you until the cows come home. Now, then, hunt up your coat and we'll drive over to Hillcrest for a bite to eat. I had my orders from the missus before I left town, and I know better than to go home without you. Never mind the commissary khaki. It won't be the first time that the working clothes have figured at the Hillcrest table—not by a long shot."

And because he did not know how to frame a refusal that would refuse, Smith got his coat and went.

Given his choice between the two, Smith would cheerfully have faced another hand-to-hand battle with the claim jumpers in preference to even so mild a dip into the former things as the dinner at Hillcrest foreshadowed. The reluctance was not forced; it was real. The primitive man in him did not wish to be entertained. On the fast auto drive down to Brewster, across the bridge, and out to the Baldwin ranch, Smith's humor was frankly sardonic. He cherished a small hope that the Baldwin might be shocked at the soft shirt and the khaki. It would serve her right for taking a man from his job.

At the stone-pillared portal he got out to open the gates. Down the road a horse was coming at a smart gallop, the rider, Corona Baldwin, booted and spurred and riding a man's saddle.

Smith let the gray car go on its way up the drive without him.

"So you weakened, did you? I'm disappointed in you," was Miss Baldwin's greeting. "You've made me lose my bet with colonel-daddy. I said you wouldn't come."

"I had no business to come," he answered morosely. "But your father wouldn't let me off."

"Of course he wouldn't; daddy never lets anybody off, unless they've him money. Where are your evening clothes?"

Smith let the lever of moroseness slip back to the grinning notch. "They are about two thousand miles away and probably in some second-hand shop by this time. What makes you think I ever wore a dress suit?"

"He had closed the gates and was walking beside her horse up the driveway."

"Oh, I just guessed it," she returned lightly, "and if you'll hold your breath, I'll guess again."

"Don't," he laughed.

At the steps a negro stableboy was

waiting to take Miss Baldwin's horse. Smith knew how to help a woman down from a side-saddle but the two-stirruped rig stumped him. The young woman laughed as she swung out of her saddle to stand beside him.

"The women don't ride that way in your part of the country," she queried.

"Not yet."

"I'm sorry for them," she scoffed. And then: "Come on in and meet mamma; you look as if you were dreading it, and, colonel-daddy says, it's always best to have the dreaded things over with."

Smith did not find his meeting with the conventional, when the table-talk became general, he found himself joining in, and always upon the lighter side. He found himself drawn more and more to the calm-eyed, well-bred matron who had given a piquant Corona to an otherwise commonplace world.

Mrs. Baldwin saw nothing of the rude fighter of battles her daughter had drawn for her, and wondered a little. She knew Corona's leanings, and was not without an amused impression that Corona would not find this later Smithsonian phase altogether to her liking.

Smith got what he had earned, rood measure, pressed down, shaken together and running over, a few minutes after Mrs. Baldwin had left him to finish his cigar under the pillared portico with Corona to keep him company. He never knew just what started it, unless it was his careful placing of a chair for the young woman and his deferential-

and perfectly natural—pause, standing, until she was seated, and then, "Do, for pity's sake, sit down!" she broke out, half petulantly. And when he had obeyed: "Well, you've spoiled it all, good and hard."

Smith was unable to imagine wherein he had offended.

"Really?" he said. "What have I done?"

"It isn't what you've done; it's what you are," she retorted. "You have committed the unpardonable sin by turning out to be just one of the ninety-nine, after all. If you knew women the least little bit in the world, you would know that we are always looking for the hundredth man."

Under his smile, Smith was beginning to understand what this astonishing remark meant.

"You may pile it on as thickly as you please," he said, the good-natured smile twisting itself into the construction camp grin. Then, with malice aforethought: "Is it one of the requirements that your centennial man should behave himself like a boor at a dinner table, and talk shop and eat with his knife?"

"You know that isn't what I meant. Mamma don't make the man, it's what you talked about—the trumpy little social things that you found your keenest pleasure in talking about. I don't know what has ever taken you out to a construction camp. I don't believe you ever did a day's hard work in your life before you came to the Timanyoni."

It was growing dark by this time, and the stars were coming out. Some one had turned the lights on in the room the windows of which opened together and running over, a few minutes after Mrs. Baldwin had left him to finish his cigar under the pillared portico with Corona to keep him company. He never knew just what started it, unless it was his careful placing of a chair for the young woman and his deferential-

"I've said enough; too much, perhaps. But when you were walking with mamma, you reminded me so forcibly of a man whom I met just for a part of one evening about a year ago in a small town in the middle West. He was one of them. He drove up from some neighboring town in his natty little automobile, and gave me fully an hour of his valuable time. He made me perfectly furious."

"Poor you!" laughed Smith; but he was thankful that the camp sunburn and his four weeks' beard were safeguarding his identity. But why the fury in his case in particular.

"Just because, I suppose, I remember he told me he was a bank cashier and that he danced. He was quite hopeless, of course. Without being what you would call conceded, you could see that the crust was so thick that nothing short of an earthquake would break it."

"But the earthquakes do come, once in a blue-moon," he said, still smiling at her. "Let's get it straight. You are not trying to tell me that you object to decent clothes and good manners per se, are you?"

The colonel was coming out and he had stopped in the doorway to light a long-stemmed pipe. The young woman got up and fluffed her hair with the ends of her fingers—a little gesture which Smith remembered, recalling it from the night of the far-away lawn party.

"What you object to is the man, and I'm afraid a good many of them had never found it out—will never find it out. I've been calling it environmental; I don't admit that the race is going downhill."

By this time the sardonic humor was once more in full possession, and he was enjoying her keenly.

"Go on," he said. "This is my night off."

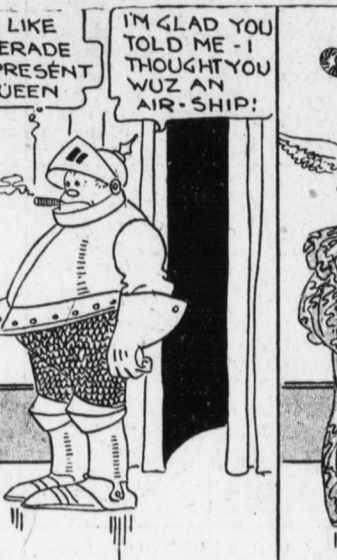
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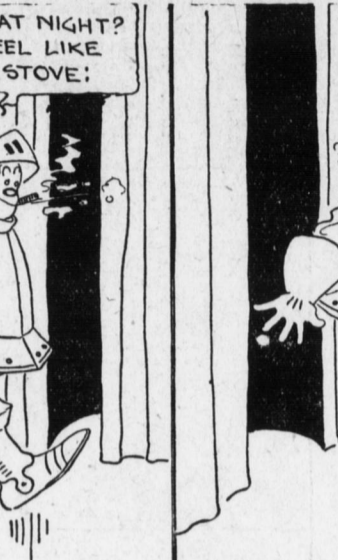
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HOW DO YOU LIKE THIS MASQUERADE GOWN - I REPRESENT A FAIRY-QUEEN



I'M GLAD YOU TOLD ME - I THOUGHT YOU WUZ AN AIR-SHIP!



FRESH! REMEMBER YOU ARE A KNIGHT!



WHAT NIGHT? I FEEL LIKE A STOVE!



MAGGIE - SEND FOR THE FIRE DEPARTMENT!



ME CIGAR DROPPED IN THIS ARMOUR!

## "The Insider"

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water

CHAPTER XLVIII.  
(Copyright, 1917, Star Company.)  
As the next day was Wednesday, Brewster Norton did not go to the city.

That noon the tennis net arrived from town, and, after luncheon, Tom, with the assistance of Ezra, one of the farm hands busied himself in marking off the court. Grace and I were watching the process when my employer joined us.

"Have you a racket out here?" he asked suddenly.

"No," I replied, "but I am going to send to town for one."

"Don't you own one?"

"Not now," I confessed, "I did have one, but it was a cheap affair and so badly warped that when I played I broke up our home. I did not keep it. I did not think I would have a chance to play tennis again—and any way the racket was about useless."

"When you broke up your home," he remarked gravely, "you evidently burned your bridges behind you, didn't you? I suppose you expected to be a judge all your days?"

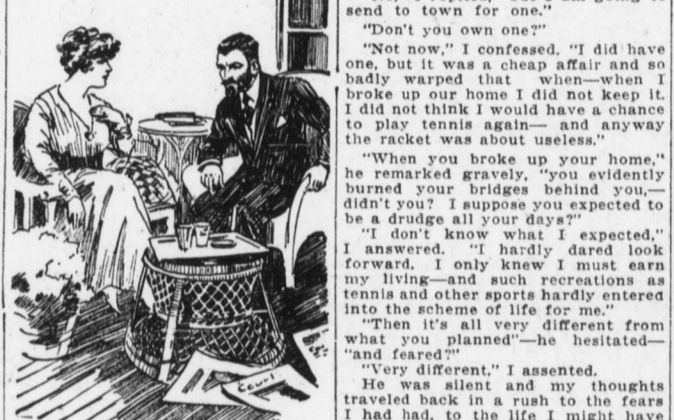
"I don't know what I expected," I answered. "I hardly dared look forward. I only knew I must earn my living—and such recreation as I had had, but I might have been forced to live—as an employe, almost a servant, of some dictatorial employer. I glanced down at my pretty morning frock, and I felt the comfortable house in front of me. I raised my eyes to the windows of my own room and saw the dainty curtains swaying in the breeze; but there roomed then to the broad lawns, to the masses of shrubbery and flowers and, as so often nowadays, I was thrilled with a girlish love of the beauty and luxury in the midst of which I was set as if I belonged here.

"Then my heart gave a bound of gratitude at the thought of this good fortune was due to the man who sat by me. He might have made it so hard for me to live in his house as to have made it impossible for me to have a young sister or a daughter."

She thanks him

I turned and looked at him. He was living—and such recreation as I had had, but I might have been forced to live—as an employe, almost a servant, of some dictatorial employer. I glanced down at my pretty morning frock, and I felt the comfortable house in front of me. I raised my eyes to the windows of my own room and saw the dainty curtains swaying in the breeze; but there roomed then to the broad lawns, to the masses of shrubbery and flowers and, as so often nowadays, I was thrilled with a girlish love of the beauty and luxury in the midst of which I was set as if I belonged here.

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You Have Committed the Unpardonable Sin.

shingly frank young woman meant. She had seen his relapse, and was calmly deriding him for it.

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(To Be Continued)

## LET MERRY TONE PERVADE VOICE

Always Speak Softly and Cheerily; Makes Whole World Better

By Mrs. Wilson Woodrow

As I was turning over a telephone bill a few days ago, I caught sight of a bit of handwriting on the back of it, and very naturally supposed that it was intended as a piece of specific information for me alone. So I examined it more closely. This was the message:

"Give your telephone caller a handshake or a smile by your courteous manner of speaking."

I read this aloud to my brother, and supplemented it with an addendum of my own speech.

"Always go to the telephone in your prettiest house frock. Gladden the operator's vision with a cheery nod of color and a becoming lace cap."

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," he said rebukingly. "It is the way my family has always received my merry turns of wit."

"I am," I admitted. "In these days when the soulless corporations are all trying to prove that they have souls, it doesn't become me to criticize. If my memory serves me, we women were only allowed such a luxury as a soul by the narrowest kind of a squeak. When the subject came up in one of the councils of the early fathers of the church it was by a bare majority of one that we got a smiling face."

But this by way of digression. To go back to the plea on the telephone bill, there was a definite attempt on the part of the telephone company to introduce a spirit of kindness into the daily and hourly intercourse of human beings.

And the more I thought of it the bigger it grew. It seemed to me that the person who originated the idea of giving that reminder to hundreds of thousands of persons every month had had an inspiration.

And the interesting and valuable part of it is that the idea and its expression would not have taken form in this way unless there had been the feeling back of it—in the air, so to speak, undefined, perhaps but not less universal.

If you stop to think of it there are certain times when this universal impulse loses its vague, receding quality and becomes definite and positive. Christmas Eve, for instance, and New Year's Day. There is then a sort of exhilaration in the air, a general good will. If one is dead tired or irritable, one suppresses the fact and presently it vanishes in the general glow of kindly feelings. The season demands so insistently a smiling face and "A Merry Christmas" or "A Happy New Year," that you instinctively adopt the one and voice the other.

Her hand was against every man, and as a consequence every man, hand was against her. I have never encountered anyone so ruthlessly determined on reforming her fellow-beings.

The only time she was ever found in an amiable mood was when she was entertaining guests, when she became quite human and agreeable.

Finally an old friend summoned courage to say to her: "If you would always be a hostess instead of roaming about like a roaring lion, how nice you would be."

Then suddenly realizing that she had stumbled on a good thing unknown, the friend sat up. "I'm so awed," she said, "that's an ideal."

And then, "Play hostess to the world."

## Condemns Age; Says Christ Coming Soon

Kansas City, Mo., May 31.—The "signs of the times declare the second coming of Christ is near at hand," Dr. George E. Newell, pastor of the Third Presbyterian church, declared in a sermon here.

"We now have reached a time when the 'gospel has been preached in every nation,'" said Dr. Newell. "And not only are the Jews returning to Palestine, but they are gathering material to rebuild Solomon's temple."

"Paul's description in Second Timothy, III, 1 and 4, of the 'perilous times' before Christ's second coming fits our own ages. This is a time of great catastrophes, of earthquakes, fires, battles and disasters.

"The disobedience of children to parents has increased alarmingly in the last half century. In thousands of homes no grace is said at meal time. The people are becoming lovers of pleasure rather than lovers of God."

## War Cuts Down Beer Allowance in Bavaria

London, May 31.—Advices from Bavaria indicate that the Germans there consider the question of the supply of beer as important, if not more so, as the food problem. Dealers in quality and becomes definite and positive. Christmas Eve, for instance, and New Year's Day. There is then a sort of exhilaration in the air, a general good will. If one is dead tired or irritable, one suppresses the fact and presently it vanishes in the general glow of kindly feelings. The season demands so insistently a smiling face and "A Merry Christmas" or "A Happy New Year," that you instinctively adopt the one and voice the other.

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## Daily Dot Puzzle

38 36  
39 31 35 25 24 23  
40 34 26 22  
41 33 21  
42 33 27 19 20  
43 46 2 32 28 18  
45 3 31 29 17  
44 4  
5 6 30 16  
7 6 15  
8 15  
10 9 14  
11 12 13 14

"Dear child," he said, "it is you who have made everything different for us all. Look, when I saw a swift change of manner, 'at Tom, for instance. Why, he is a changed boy, since he came under your influence. If his kind of thing were to be, he'd be almost human even to me—whom he has never understood."

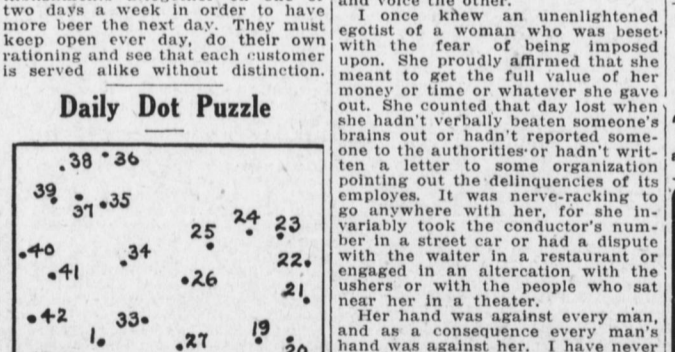
"A Dear Boy"

"Ah! I brook it all the way, human, and a dear boy! I saw that as soon as I met him."

"Which only proves the truth of my contention—you bring the best out of everybody. Yes—you are right about Tom. He is very human, and a nice boy—but he has managed to conceal this until now. It is you who are developing that side of him."

"Oh, no—it is not," I disclaimed. "Mr. Parker has done lots for him."

"Well, have your own way about it, if it makes you comfortable," he smiled, "but you cannot change my convictions—although I do admit that Parker's influence over the lad is excellent. But, since you will take no credit for Tom's improvement—look at Grace—see her as she is now," nodding to where the little girl was playing happily on the lawn, humming to



Rid the Skin of disfiguring blemishes, by quickly purifying the blood, improving the circulation, and regulating the habits with BEECHAM'S PILLS

Largest Sale of Any Medicine in the World. Sold everywhere. In boxes, 10c, 25c.

## Eczema Is Conquered

Greasy salves and ointments should not be applied if good clear skin is wanted. From any druggist for 25c or \$1.00 for extra large size, get a bottle of zemo. When applied as directed, it effectively removes eczema, quickly stops itching, and heals skin troubles, also sores, burns, wounds and chafing. It penetrates, cleanses and soothes. Zemo is a clean, dependable and inexpensive, penetrating, antiseptic liquid. Try it, as we believe nothing you have ever used is as effective and satisfying.

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## Special Excursion

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Via READING RAILWAY

SPECIAL TRAIN

FROM	Fare	Special L.V.A.M.
HARRISBURG	.....	2.50 6.25
Hummelstown	.....	2.50 6.38
Brownstown	.....	2.50 6.39
Swatara	.....	2.50 6.40
Hershey	.....	2.50 6.46
Palmyra	.....	2.50 6.53
Ansville	.....	2.50 7.02
LEBANON	.....	2.50 7.12
Girard Ave. (31st St.) ar....	.....	10.00

RETURNING, Special Train will leave Girard Avenue (31st Street) 5:50 P. M., for Reading, Harrisburg and intermediate stations.

## \$3.00

## New York

AND RETURN SUNDAY 3 JUNE 3

Via READING RAILWAY

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It Appears to Be Headquarters For the Patriotic Army of the Garden and Farm

They sell everything "under the sun" for the garden.

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