Reading for Women and all the Family

Bringing Up Father

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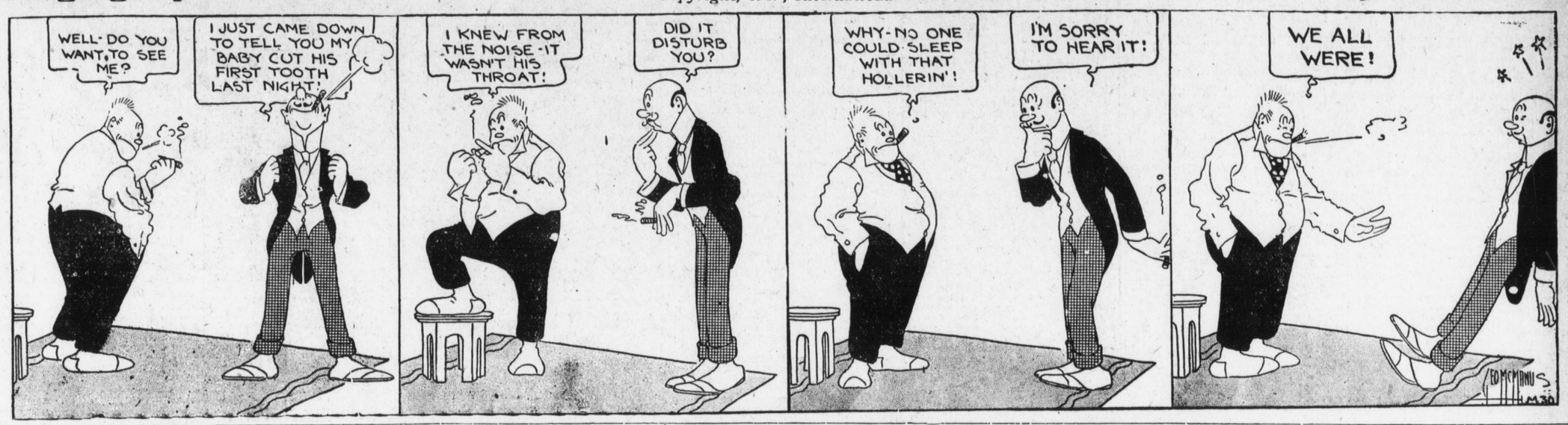
By McManus



The Real Man

By FRANCIS LYNDE

Illustrations by IRWIN MYERS

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(Continued)

"Yes, and when I got there the colonel was shut up in Williams' office with a fellow named Smith. When I got a place to listen in they were getting ready to quit, and the colonel was saying: 'That settles it, Smith; you've got to come over into' —I didn't catch the name of the place—'and help us.'"

Again the gentleman with the sharp jaw took time for narrow-eyed reflection.

"You'll have to switch over from the colonel to this fellow Smith for the present, Shaw," he decided, at length. "You look him up and do it quick."

The young man glanced up with a faint warming of avarice in his sleepy eyes. "It'll most likely run into money —for expenses," he suggested.

"For graft, you mean," snapped Stanton. Then he had it out with this second subordinate in crisp English. "I'm onto you with both feet, Shaw; every crook and turn of you. More than that, I know why you were fired out of Maxwell's office; you've got sticky fingers. That's all right with me up to a certain point, but beyond that point you get off. Understand?"

Shaw made no answer in direct terms, but if his employer had been watching the heavy-lidded eyes, he might have seen in them the shadow of a thing much more dangerous than plain dishonesty; a passing shadow of the fear that makes for treachery when the sharp need for self-protection arises.

"I'll try to find out about the hobo" he said, with fair enough lip-loyalty, and after he had rolled a fresh cigarette he went away to begin the mining operations which might promise to unearth Smith's record.

It was ten o'clock when Shaw left the real-estate office in the Hophra House block. Half an hour earlier Smith had come to town with the colonel in the roadster, and the two had shut themselves up in the colonel's private room in the Timanyoni Ditch Company's town office in the Barker building, which was two squares down the street from the Hophra House. Summoned promptly, Martin, the bookkeeper, had brought in his statements and balance sheets, and the new officer, who was as yet without a title, had struck out his plan of campaign.

"'Amortization,' is the word, colonel," was Smith's prompt verdict after he had gone over Martin's summaries." The best way to get at it now is to wipe the slate clean and begin over again."

The ranchman president was chuckling soberly.

"Once more you'll have to show me, John," he said. "We folks out here in the hills are not up in the Wall street crinkles."

"You don't know the word? It means to scrap the old machinery to make room for the new," Smith explained. "In modern business it is the process of extinguishing a corporation; closing it up and burying it in another and bigger one, usually. That is what we must do with Timanyoni Ditch."

"I'm getting you, a little at a time," said the colonel taking his first lesson in high finance as a duck takes to the water. Then he added: "It won't take muck of a lick to kill off the old company, in the shape it's got into now. How will you work it?"

Smith had the plan at his finger's ends. With the daring of all the perils had come a fresh access of fighting fitness that made him feel as if he could cope with anything.

'Try to Find Out About the Hobo.'

"We must close up the company's affairs and then reorganize promptly and, with just as little noise as may be, form another company—which we will call Timanyoni High Line—and let it take over the old outfit, stock, liabilities and assets entire. You say your present capital stock is one hundred thousand dollars. This new company that I am speaking of will be capitalized at, say, an even half million. To the present holders of Timanyoni Ditch we'll give the new stock for the old, share for share, with a bonus of twenty-five shares of the new stock for every twenty-five shares of the old surrendered and exchanged. This will be practically giving the present shareholders two for one. Will that satisfy them?"

This time Colonel Dexter Baldwin's smile was grim.

"You're just juggling now, John, and you know it. Out here on the woolly edge of things a dollar is just a plain iron dollar and you can't make it two merely by calling it so."

"Never you mind about that," cut in the new financier. "At two to one for the amortization of the old company we shall still have something like three hundred thousand dollars treasury stock upon which to realize for the new capital needed, and that will be amply sufficient to complete the dam and the ditches and to provide a fighting fund. Now then, tell me this: how near can we come to placing that treasury stock right here in Timanyoni Park? It's up to us to keep this thing in the family, so to speak; and the moment we go into other markets we are getting over into the enemy's country. I'm not saying that the money couldn't be raised in New York; but if we should go there, the trust would have an underhold on us, right from the start."

"I see," said the colonel, who was indeed seeing many things that his simple-hearted philosophy had never dreamed of; and then heanswered the direct question. "There is plenty of money right here in the Timanyoni."

Smith nodded. He was getting his second wind now, and the race promised to be a keen joy.

"But they would have to be 'shown,' you think?" he suggested. "All right; we'll proceed to show them. Now we can come down to present necessities. We've got to keep the work going—and speed it up to the limit; we ought to double Williams' force at once—put on a night shift to work by electric light."

The colonel blinked twice and swallowed hard.

"Say, John," he said, leaning across the table desk; "you've sure got your nerve with you. Do you know our present bank balance is under five thousand dollars, and a good part of that is owing to the cement people!"

"Never mind; don't get nervous," was the reassuring rejoinder. "We are going to make it bigger in a few minutes, I hope. Who is your banker here?"

"Dave Kinzie, of the Brewster City National."

"Tell me a little something about Mr. Kinzie before we go down to see him; just brief him for me as a man, I mean."

The colonel was shaking his head slowly.

"He's what you might call a twenty-ton optimist, Dave is; solid, a little slow and sure, but the biggest boomer in the West, if you can get him started—believes in the resource of the country and all that. But you can't borrow money from him without security, if that's what you're aiming to do."

"Can't we," smiled the young man who knew banks and bankers. "Let's go and see. You may introduce me to Kinzie as your acting financial secretary, if you like. Now one more question: What is Kinzie's attitude toward Timanyoni Ditch?"

"At first he was all kinds of friendly; he is a stockholder in a small way. But after a while he began to cool down a little, and now—well, I don't know; I hate to think it of Dave, but I'm afraid he's leaning the other way, toward these Eastern fellows. He tried to cover Stanton's tracks in the stock-buying from Gardner and Bolling."

"That is natural, too," said Smith, whose point of view was always unobscured in any battle of business. "The big company would be a better customer for the bank than your little one could ever hope to be. I guess that's all for the present. If you're ready, we'll go down and face the music."

"By Janders!" said the colonel with an open smile; "I believe you'd just as soon tackle a banker as to eat your dinner; and I'd about as soon take a horsewhipping. Come on; I'll steer you up against Dave, but I'm telling you right now that the steering is about all you can count on from me."

It was while they were crossing the street together that Mr. Crawford Stanton had his third morning caller, a thickset, barrel-bodied man with little piglike eyes, closely cropped hair, a bristling mustache, and a wooden leg of the homemade sort. The men of the camps called the cripple "Pegleg" or "Blue Pete" indifferently, though not to his face. For though the fat face was always relaxed in a good-natured smile, the crippled saloonkeeper was of those who kill with the knife.

Stanton looked up from his desk when the pad-and-click of the cripple's step came in from the street.

"Hello, Simms," he said, in curt greeting. "Want to see me? Sit down."

(To Be Continued)

Ad Jingles

THE GUY WITH THE PEP

There was a man of our town
And he was wondrous wise.
His store was filled with dusty goods,
But he wouldn't advertise.

Said he, "The thing's a waste o' time,
And a great big waste o' dough,
I've been here 50 years, b'gosh,
Ding bust, I orter know."

"I've made a livin' an' got a home
And money in the bank.
This new stunt puttin' yer name in print,
Is the fool work of some crank."

"O-yez, O-yez!" we acquiesced,
"We know you've got a rep,
But who built that biz across the street,
But a guy with lots of pep."

"Who built that store 6 stories high
In ten short years, at that,
And corralled the best trade in the town?
Look, sir! Take off your hat.

Take off your hat to the hustling lad
And don't stand there surprised,
You'd have a bigger store than this,
If you'd have advertised."

Fashions of To-Day - By May Manton

9271 Child's Drawers, with or without under-waist, 2 to 12 years. Price 10 cents.

LITTLE girls require pretty and dainty underwear and here are two garments that are made separately but which are buttoned together to be perfectly comfortable and satisfactory and protective at the same time. In the picture, they are made of nainsook with scalloped edges, but the drawers can be gathered into bands and some mothers will prefer that treatment. If you have a very active child to consider, it will be well to make the under bodice of a slightly heavier material and to put the applied straps, included in the pattern, over the shoulders to serve as stays and to make the drawers of a thinner and lighter material, as batiste for the drawers, muslin for the waist.

For the 8-year size will be needed, 1¼ yards of material 36 inches wide for the drawers and ¾ yard for the under body.

The pattern No. 9271 is cut in sizes from 2 to 12 years of age. It will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of ten cents.

As Pure As the Lily
and as clear and soft. Your skin and complexion will always have a wonderful transparent Lily white appearance if you will constantly use
Gouraud's
Oriental Cream
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Rotarians as They Used to Be

—o—

Youthful pictures of Harrisburg Rotary Club members shown by Photographer Roshon at a recent meeting.

This is Captain George F. Lumb, captain of the State Police and member of the Dauphin County Bar. The picture was made long before Captain Lumb went to the Philippines and before he had helped make the State Police force one of the most efficient bodies of its kind in the United States. Captain Lumb is a popular member of the club, and recently was elected vice-president by a unanimous vote.

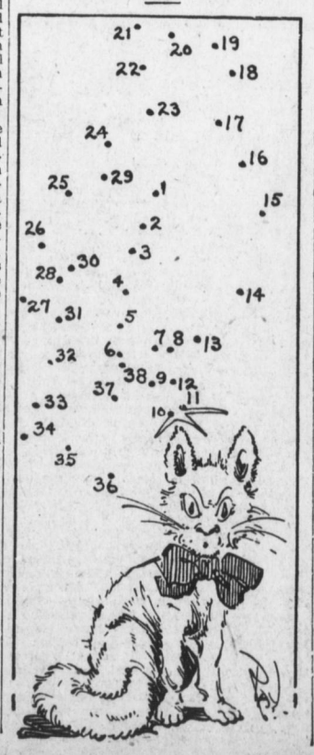
MERCERSBURG CLASSIS CLOSES

Waynesboro, Pa., June 2.—The seventy-seventh annual session of the Mercersburg Classis, held the past several days in the Harbaugh Reformed Church, near Pen Mar, closed Thursday night. The Rev. James M. Mullan, B. D., of Baltimore, presented "Home Missions." Twenty-five ministers and delegates were present. These were entertained at the homes of members of the Harbaugh congregation. Standing committees were appointed for the year. Ojcers were chosen as follows: President, the Rev. Frank S. Fry, Shippensburg; vice-president, the Rev. Dr. William C. Schaeffer, Lancaster; corresponding secretary, the Rev. John W. Keener, Marion.

MRS. SARA T. BASEHORE DIES

Hummelstown, Pa., June 2.—Mrs. Sara T. Basehore, aged 67 years, died of dropsy at the home of her son-in-law, John Wolf, on South Railroad street, last evening. She is survived by one son. Funeral will be held on Monday morning at 9 o'clock, with burial in Hummelstown Cemetery.

Daily Dot Puzzle



"The Insider"

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water

CHAPTER XLIX

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It would have been unwise for me to dispute with Mr. Norton about his buying me the tennis racket he mentioned. At the time, any speech on the subject was impracticable, as Tom was present and I knew that his father intended him to think I was already the possessor of a racket which I had left in town.

Later, however, I did say to my employer: "You are kind to suggest getting a racket for me. If you can make time to get me one, I wil be grateful and will pay you at once."

"Don't be silly!" he said almost sharply. "The idea of your offering to pay me for the thing! That's nonsense!"

"It is business," I asserted.

"You and I are not talking business," he continued. "I get enough of business in town without having it out here in the country. I forbid you to use the odious word again."

He laughed, and went back for another set of tennis with Tom. It would but vex him if I pressed the matter so I decided to hold my peace for the present.

Leaning back lazily against the trunk of the tree, I read aloud to Grace, stopping every few minutes to discuss some point in the story with her. When she, in her turn, expressed her ideas, I let my eyes rest on the two tennis players. Brewster Norton was six feet tall, and now that his coat was off I could see that his figure was beginning to develop the rotund waistline that is so often fatal to the grace of the middle aged American. This increased girth was especially noticeable by comparison with his son's slender, boyish form.

The reading over, Grace and I were joined by Mrs. Gore, who appeared bearing several cushions and a rug, all of which she deposited upon the grass before sitting down.

"I usually sit in a chair," she remarked, "If I come out here at all. I have a great dread of catching cold. Aren't you afraid to sit on the grass as you are now doing?"

Wonderful to Be Young

"No indeed," I assured her. "We have had no rain for some days, you know, and the ground is warm from the sunshine that has soaked into it."

"It is wonderful to be young!" she sighed. Then, as her gaze wandered to the two tennis players, she sighed again. "Just see how long a man can indulge in the pastimes of youth!" she observed. "A woman of Brewster's age would not play tennis."

"Oh, I think she might," I argued. "In fact I have seen women of fifty playing—and Mr. Norton is not fifty."

"No, not yet," she assented. "But he is forty-six. He is young no longer."

At this moment the subject of her comments came toward us, mopping the perspiration from his streaming face with his handkerchief.

"I think I've had enough for one day," he declared, throwing himself on the grass. "I tell you, I had no idea of how fat and scant of breath I was becoming until I had to run and jump about like a two-year-old."

"You must expect that at your age, Brewster," Mrs. Gore reminded him.

"Well, I don't expect it!" he retorted. "You talk as if I were an octogenarian, Adelaide."

"You are not that," she said gravely, "but you are no longer young, and it is undeniable that you are rapidly acquiring the figure of an elderly man."

"I'll work it off soon enough," he asserted. "Any man, even if only thirty years old, would get fat if he took as little exercise as I take. But we are going to change all that."

"Miss Dart!" Tom challenged from the court, "I dare you to play me a game with father's racket!"

"She can't—it's too heavy," Mr. Norton said. "Besides, I want her to play her first game with me."

A Hard Situation

The words slipped out as if against his will and he stopped awkwardly and tried to laugh the speech aside. "I mean—we'll wait until she has her racket. I will bring it out to-morrow."

Mrs. Gore turned a suspicious gance upon me. "Oh, have you a glance upon me. "Oh, have you a bring it with you?"

"I haven't—I began. But Brewster Norton interrupted me almost roughly.

"She had no idea that she would play tennis out here," he explained.

His interference had been too energetic, and I knew that his sister-in-law was not deceived by it.

"I understand," she said dryly.

Tom began talking about the condition of the court. Evidently this little passage at arms had escaped his notice, for which I was grateful. His father answered his comments with seeming interest, yet I was sure that he was conscious, as was I, that an unwelcome idea was working in the widow's mind.

I saw her look from him to me and back again, as if by scrutinizing us she could answer some question that was repeating itself in her brain. I strove to appear unconscious, tried with all my might not to mind.

At last she rose stiffly from the ground. Her brother-in-law sprang forward to help her, but she ignored the hand he stretched out toward her.

"If you will come up on the veranda when you are ready," she said coldly, "you will find tea served there."

"Thanks," Mr. Norton rejoined with determined nonchalance.

I said nothing, but, calling Grace to me, followed the matron. What had her look meant? Then I checked my speculations abruptly. Was I a fool that such absurd fancies should come to my mind?

(To Be Continued).

Mrs. Wilson Woodrow's Interesting Article

BY MRS. WILSON WOODROW

Dickens characterized one of the most peculiar and invariable traits in human nature when he endowed his "Sairey Gamp' with her imaginary friend, Mrs. 'Arris. This familiar not only was used to point any moral Sairey wished to drive home and adorn any tale she wished to tell, but also served as a vehicle for exploiting her own virtues of character and sanctities of disposition.

But "Mrs. 'Arris" is not by any means the particular property of a delightful old character in fiction. She is universal. In one form or another most of us have her prototype. Most of us like to shift responsibility, to put the onus of our deeds on someone else, to attribute our sins of ommission and commission to some source outside ourselves. That's the reason the Devil was invented. And he has proved so satisfactory that we have gone on and raised up other oracles.

Many women assign their husbands to the role of Mrs. 'Arris; others, their doctors; some, their preachers. Some use their parents or children, and, except in a very few cases, there is usually some convenient soul in the offing whom we quote. These pay us the compliments we wouldn't have the nerve to voice as a personal estimate. They also pull us out of the ditches into which we have rashly precipitated ourselves.

Who that has belonged to any organization has not heard at critical moments: "My doctor has ordered me away for an immediate rest. He says that he will not answer for the consequences if I bother any more about this muddle;" or: "My husband has simply put his foot down. He says he feels that he and the children are entitled to some of my time."

There is no doubt about it, our Mrs. 'Arrises are an immense social convenience. They get us gracefully out of many difficult situations and relieve us of many wearisome obligations. Who wants to say: "I did a low, mean, cowardly thing?" Not you. Not I. But if we can reflect that the Devil, an infinitely strong and crafty influence, is constantly laying traps for our unwary feet, and that at best we are weak and fallible, it's very comforting.

Of course, no one except Billy Sunday actually talks about the Devil of Satan, any more. That's quite too crude. But it's perfectly all right to speak sadly and gravely of "the overwhelming forces of evil" and "the downward tendencies of human nature." This serves the purpose just as well.

I know my own Mrs. 'Arrises too well to be interested in them. They're very useful and necessary, and all that. But it's my friends' Mrs. Arrises that I find diverting.

I took tea with Mabel yesterday. I fondly hoped that she would be so interested in the many useful articles she is knitting for the soldiers and sailors, and in her Red Cross work and her various relief organizations, that she might temporarily have forgotten her unusual diseases and domestic woes, both of which are largely fictitious.

My hopes were doomed. Presently she leaned her head upon her hand and fetched a deep sigh. "I don't feel that I can endure the thoughts of this war much longer," she said. "I am ill over it. The strain is too awful."

An intrepid man who was with us looked at her critically.

"You are not in the trenches," he said. "Your husband is too old to be drafted and you have no son or brother to be called on."

Mabel drew herself up with dignity. "You don't understand a really sensitive nature."

I pawed in my bag and handed over a clipping of the Trench Philosophy, which has been so widely circulated.

"Read that, Mabel," I said. "It will do you good. It easily takes the lead in all of the 'Don't Worry' treatises. The logic is irrefutable. It states the case and then offers two alternatives for every situation. For instance, Mabel, you are either sick or well. If you are well, you have nothing to worry about. If you are sick, you have two alternatives: you either get well or die, and in either event there is no cause to worry. How simple and how unanswerable! How different from those maddening books which tell us that, when our troubles are about to overcome us, we should go out and look at the quiet stars or the glowing sunset or harmonize ourselves by listening to beautiful music or by reading a great poem."

I spoke with feeling: for I've tried those methods and they don't work. If you're flat broke or have the toothache, the sunsets and poems and music are only an added irritation.

It's much more soothing to scheme out some clever way of cracking a safe—even though you know you'll never put it to practical application —or some plan for removing that frightful, steely gleam from the dentist's instruments. I don't mind the pain they inflict so much as their awful, business-like appearance, just as I merely bat my eyes when the lightning flashes, but cower in terror before the roll of the thunder.

A man told me recently that he feared he was in danger of losing a large sum of money.

"Apply Trench Philosophy," I advised. "You either will lose it or you won't. If you don't, there is nothing to worry about. If you do, there are two alternatives: you either recover your losses or you don't. If you do recover your losses, there is nothing to worry about. If you don't, you have two alternatives: you can either be happy or miserable in your poverty-stricken state and, having exercised your right of choice, there is no necessity to worry in either case."

He gazed at me coldly. "Did I hear you say you had been having toothache?" he asked for a moment.

"Oh, indeed, I have!" I cried "The sort of a toothache that no one else in the world ever had before. Not the ordinary—"

"Very well," he interrupted. "Let us apply Trench Philosophy to the matter. You have two alternatives: you either have the tooth drawn or you continue to suffer. If it is drawn, you have nothing to worry about. If you continue to suffer, you have—"

There are limits. I called upon the first Mrs. 'Arris I could think of.

"The doctor," I declared mendaciously, "says that I mustn't talk about that tooth. It's bad for my nervous system."

And the moral of all this is, that it's easy to preach, but—well, Trench Philosophy is worth trying, anyway.

BERRYSBURG SCHOOLS CLOSE

Berrysburg, Pa., June 2. — Borough schools closed yesterday. Miss Pauline Derr and Prof. Hopton have returned to their respective homes at Hampstead and Columbia.—Miss Carrie Metz, of town, and Glenn Copenhaver, of Mifflin township were married at the home of the pastor, the Rev. Paul Huyett.—Mrs. P. S. Bergstresser and Miss Jeanie Weiser, of Harrisburg, are spending some time in town.—Cheriff Caldwell and several assistants were in town and appointed M. S. Daniel and Henry Witmer as registrars for this place. —The second boy to enlist in the army from this town is Waldren Lebo, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lebo. Waldren had been working in New York for some time and spent a day with his parents before enlisting.—The Rev. and Mrs. Layton, of Herndon, are visiting their daughter, Mrs. Seidel.—A Christian Endeavor rally will be held in the Lutheran and Reformed churches to-morrow evening.—Miss Hazel Deibler, of Bethlehem, is spending a week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Deibler.—Miss Esther Weaver and niece, of Steelton, arrived in town Tuesday.

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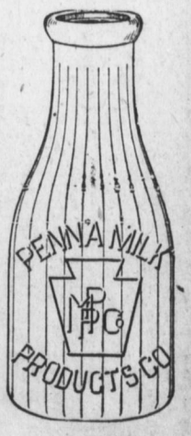

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