

Reading for Women and all the Family



Bringing Up Father

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By McManus

The Real Man
By FRANCIS LYNDIE
Illustrations by IRWIN MYERS
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(Continued)

Simms threw the brim of his soft hat up with a backhanded stroke and shook his head. "It ain't worth while; and I gotta get back to camp. I blew in to tell 'ya there's a fella out there that needs th' sandbag."

"Who is it?"

"Fella name' Smith. He's showin' 'em how to cut too many corners—pace-settin', he calls it. First thing they know, they'll get the concrete up to where the high water won't bust it out."

Stanton's laugh was impatient. "Don't make any mistake of that sort, Simms," he said. "We don't want the dam destroyed; we'd work hard and the whole would be prevented that. All we want is to have other people think it's likely to go out. Think it hard enough to keep 'em from putting any more money. Let that go. Is there any more fresh talk—among the men?" Stanton prided himself a little upon the underground wire-pulling which had resulted in putting Simms on the ground as the keeper of the construction-camp canteen. It was a fairly original way of keeping a listening ear open for the camp gossip.

"Little," said the cripple briefly. "This here blink-blank fella Smith's been tellin' Williams that I ort to be run off th' reservation," says out-boose puts the brake on for speed."

"So it does," agreed Stanton musingly. "But I guess you can stay a while longer. I have a notion that Smith's been sent here—by some outfit that means to buck us. If he hasn't any backing—"

The interruption was the hurried incoming of the young man with sleepy eyes and the cigar stem on his fingers, and for once in a way he was stirred out of his customary air of cynical indifference.

"Smith and Colonel Baldwin are overyonder in Kinzie's private office," he reported hastily. "Before they shut the door I heard Baldwin introducing Smith as the new acting financial secretary of the Timanyoni Ditch company."

CHAPTER IX.

When Greek Meets Greek

Smith allowed himself ten brief seconds for a swift eye-measuring of the square-shouldered, stockily built man with a gray face and stubbly mustache sitting in the chair of authority at the Brewster City National before he chose his line of attack.

"We are not going to cut your deeply into your time this morning, Mr. Kinzie," he began when the eye-appraisal had given him his cue. "You know the history of Timanyoni Ditch up to the present, and—well, to cut out the details, there is to be a complete reorganization of the company and we are here to offer to take your personal allotment of the stock off your hands at par for cash. Colonel Baldwin has stipulated that the original deed must be protected, and—"

"Here—hold on," interrupted the bank president. "I'm a little bit too fast for me, Mr. Smith. Who are you and whereabouts do you hold forth when you are at home?"

Smith laughed easily. "If we were trying to borrow money of you, we might have to go into preliminaries and particulars, Mr. Kinzie. We are not alone in the fight for the water rights on the other side of the river, as you know, and until we are safely fortified we shall have to be prudent, cautious. What we want to know now is this: Will you let us protect you by taking your Timanyoni Ditch stock at par?"

Kinzie met the issue fairly. "I



and wasting your time and ours. Think the matter over—about your stock—and let me know before noon. It's rather cruel to hurry you so, but time is precious with us and—"

"You set right down there, young man, and put a little of this precious time of yours against mine," said Kinzie, pointing authoritatively at the chair which Smith had just vacated. "You mustn't go off at half-cock, that way. You'll need a bank here to do business with, won't you?"

Smith did not sit down. Instead, he smiled genially and fired his final shot.

"No, Mr. Kinzie; we shan't need a local bank—not as a matter of absolute necessity. In fact, on some accounts I don't know but that it would be better for us not to have one."

"Sit down," insisted the bank president; and this time he would take no denial. Then he turned abruptly to Smith, who had been playing his part of the silent listener letter-perfect.

"Baldwin, we are old friends, and I'll trust you to the limit—on any proposition that doesn't ask for more than the straight-from-the-shoulder honesty. How much is this young friend of ours talking through his hat?"

"Not any, whatever, Dave. He's got the goods," Baldwin was wise enough to limit himself carefully to a quantity in his reply.

"Again the banker made a comical bristle brush of his cropped mustache.

"I want your business, Dexter; I've got to have it. But I'm going to be plain. You've got to get your outside and dug up a new bunch of backers. That may be all right, but Timanyoni Ditch has struck a pretty big bone that maybe your new backers know about—and maybe they don't. You've had a lot of bad luck, and all that; and you're going to have more. I've—"

It was Smith's turn again and he cut in smartly.

"That is precisely what I was driving at. Our banker can't run with the hare and hunt with the hounds. You'll excuse me if I say that you haven't been altogether fair with Colonel Baldwin, Mr. Kinzie. A friendly banker doesn't help sell out his customer. You know that, as well as I do. Still, you did it."

Kinzie threw up his hands and tried to defend himself. "It was a straight business transaction, Mr. Smith. As long as we're in the bank business, we have to sell for anybody who comes along."

"No, we don't, Mr. Kinzie; we protect our customers first. In the present instance you are not doing us any good as accomplished. If it were necessary—as it isn't—I could go to New York to-day and put million dollars behind our reorganization plan in twenty-four hours. You'd say so yourself if I were at liberty to explain. But again we're dodging



We Are Not Going to Cut Ver, Deeply.

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"The Insider"

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water

CHAPTER I.

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The following afternoon Mr. Norton brought me a racket from town. He handed it to me as he stepped from the car at the front door. We were out on the veranda—Grace, Mrs. Gore and I.

"Here's your racket," he said to me. "I had no trouble in finding it. Now you can play to your heart's content."

"That you?" I returned, again uncomfortably conscious that the widow's eyes were upon me.

"May I see it, Miss Dart?" Grace asked.

"Certainly," I replied, removing the case. I was on my guard and displayed no surprise when I saw what a handsome article it was. On the handle my initials were burnt into the wood.

"E. D." Grace read admiringly. "That stands for you, don't it, Miss Dart?"

"Yes," I smiled, "it does."

"Where did you get it marked?" Mrs. Gore inquired.

I caught my breath. She was trying to force me into an admission that the racket was a new one which my employer was giving me, or into a falsehood which I could not bring myself to tell.

"Mr. Norton gave it to me," I said, "and I hope I shall have the necessity of further speech."

"The marking was done at the place at which the racket was bought," she said quickly. "You did not say, Miss Dart, at which one of the sporting goods stores you wished me to get it, so I had to use my own judgment. I hope I discharged your commission satisfactorily."

"Very satisfactorily," I stammered.

"Don't let's tell father with you," she said quickly. "You did not tell me, either what price you wanted to pay, but you can settle with me later for it."

"Thank you," was all I could say. "I hope the marking meets with your approval, Adelaide," he remarked, coldly, turning to his sister-in-law. "I noticed that you showed unusual interest in the racket. One would almost fancy that you were a tennis player yourself."

"The sarcasm went straight home, and called out a swift retort. Mrs. Gore was so excited, so overwrought that for a moment she forgot her usual saucy to the man to whom she owed all the comforts of her present existence.

"You are mistaken," she snapped back. "I am not interested at all in rackets nor in any sport that belongs properly to young people, not to any one forty-five years old. Tennis is essentially a game for young people—therefore of no interest to any sensible person of my age."

"Did not look up. I could not. But I heard the man's short, hard laugh before he turned and went into the house. This woman had dared to sneer

Rotarians as They Used to Be

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



9289 Boy's Middy Suit, 2 to 6 years. Price 10 cents.

Fashions of To-Day - By May Manton



9289 Boy's Middy Suit, 2 to 6 years. Price 10 cents.

Notice is hereby given that the City Tax for 1917 is due and payable at the office of the City Treasurer, Room 14 Courthouse, an abatement of one per cent. (1%) will be allowed if same is paid before August 1st, 1917.

H. F. OVES, City Treasurer

Don't Blame "Spring Fever" For That "Down-and-out Feeling"

Your blood needs a thorough cleansing just now

As spring approaches, the impurities that have been accumulating in the system throughout the winter begin to clear up the circulation, causing a general weakness and debilitated condition that is generally known as "spring fever." Usually a loss of appetite, followed by a gradually lessening of energy, the system becomes weaker day by day, until you feel yourself on the verge of a breakdown. Children just at this season are peevish and irritable, and become puny and lifeless.

This whole condition is but the result of impurities in the blood that have been accumulating and making themselves felt more distinctly with the change of seasons. They show that nature needs assistance in giving the system a general housecleaning.

Everybody just now needs a few bottles of S. S. S., the great vegetable blood remedy, to purify their blood and cleanse it of impurities. It is good for the children, for it gives them new strength and puts their system in condition so they can more easily resist the many ailments so prevalent in summer. S. S. S. is without an equal as a general tonic and system builder. It improves the appetite and gives new strength and vitality to both old and young.

Full information and valuable literature can be had by writing to Swift Specific Co., 73 Swift Laboratory, Atlanta, Ga.

New Corn Remover Causes Big Run On Drug Stores

Since the virtues of Ice-Mint as a corn-remover became known in this country, druggists have been having an extraordinary demand for this product and it is predicted that women will wear smaller and prettier shoes than ever.

It is this new discovery which is made from a Japanese product will actually remove corns—roots and all—and without the slightest pain or soreness, is of course mainly responsible for its large and increasing sale.

You apply a little on a tender, aching corn and instantly the soreness is relieved, and soon the corn is so shriveled that it may be lifted out with the fingers—and without the slightest pain or soreness, is of course mainly responsible for its large and increasing sale.

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The "Sterling" is the one washer that insures the mechanical washing of clothes of every description thoroughly, efficiently and safely. It is proving this in thousands of homes every day.

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If the skin is in bad shape, through neglect or improper treatment, a little Resinol Ointment should be used with the Resinol Soap, to hasten the return to normal conditions. Resinol Soap and Resinol Ointment are sold by all druggists.

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