

# Reading for Women and All the Family



## The Real Man

By FRANCIS LYNDE

Illustrations by IRWIN HYERS

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(Continued)

After dinner, a meal at which he ate little and was well content to satisfy the hunger of his soul by the road of the eye, Smith went out to the portico to smoke. The most gorgeous of mountain sunsets was painting itself upon the sky over the western Timanyon, but he had no eyes for natural grandeur, and no ears for any sound save one—the footstep he was listening for. It came at length, and he tried to look as tired as he had been when the colonel made him close his desk and leave the office; tired and apparently succumbing.

"You poor, broken down Samson, carrying all the brazen gates of the money-Philistines on your shoulders! You had to come to us at last, didn't you? Let me be your Deliah and fix that chair so that it will be really comfortable." She said it only half mockingly, and he forgave the sarcasm when she arranged some of the hammock pillows in the easiest of the porch chairs and made him bury himself luxuriously in them.

Still holding the idea, brought over from that afternoon of the name questioning, that she had in some way discovered his true identity, Smith was watching narrowly for danger signals when he thanked her and said:

"You say it just as it is. I had to come. But you could never be anybody's Deliah, could you? She was a betrayer, if you recollect."

He made the suggestion purposely, but it was wholly ignored, and there was no quail in the slate-gray eyes. "You mean that you didn't want to come?"

"No; not that. I have wanted to come every time your father has asked me. But there are reasons—good reasons—why I shouldn't be here."

If she knew any of the reasons she made no sign. She was sitting in the hammock and touching one slipper to the flagstones for the swishing sound. From Smith's point of view she had a magnificent sunset, but he could not see the more distant glories.

"We owe you much, and we are going to owe you more," she said. "You mustn't think that we don't appreciate you at your full value. Colonel-daddy thinks you are the most wonderful somebody that ever lived, and so do a lot of the others."

"And you?" he couldn't resist saying.

"I'm just plain ashamed—for the way I treated you when you were here before. I've been eating humble pie ever since."

Smith breathed freer. Nobody but a most consummate actress could have simulated her frank sincerity. He had jumped too quickly to the small sum-in-addition conclusion. She did not know the story of the absconding bank cashier.

"I don't know why you should feel that way," he said, easier, now to run where he had before been afraid to walk.

"I do. And I believe you wanted to shame me. I believe you gave up your place at the dam and took hold with daddy more to show me what an inconsequent little idiot I was than for any other reason. Didn't you, really?"

He laughed in quiet ecstasy at this newest and most adorable of his moods.

"Honest confession is good for the soul; I did," he boasted. "Now beat that for frankness, if you can."

"I can't," she admitted, laughing

## Bringing Up Father

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By McManus



back at him. "But now you've accomplished your purpose, I hope you are not going to give up. That would be a little hard on colonel-daddy."

"Oh, no; I'm not going to give up until I have to."

"Does that mean more than it says?"

"Yes, I'm afraid it does."

She was silent for the length of time that it took the flaming crimson in the western sky to fade to salmon. The colonel had mounted the steps and was coming toward them. The young woman slipped from the hammock and stood up.

"Don't go," said Smith, feeling as if he were losing an opportunity and leaving much unsaid that ought to be said. But the answer was a quiet "good night" and she was gone.

Smith went back to town with the colonel the next morning physically rested, to be sure, but in a frame of mind bordering again upon the sardonic. One thing stood out clearly. He was most unmistakably in love with Corona Baldwin.

Hence there was another high resolve not to go to Hillcrest again until the next morning. He was a man, a resolve which, it is perhaps needless to say, was broken thereafter as often as the colonel asked him to go. Why, in the last resort, Smith should have finally chosen a confidant in the person of William Starbuck, the reformed cowpuncher, he scarcely knew. But it was to Starbuck that he appealed for advice when the sentimental situation had grown fairly desperate.

"I've told you enough so that you can understand the vise-nip of it, Billy," he said to Starbuck one night when he had dragged the mine owner up to the bathroom suite in the Hophra House and had told him just a little, enough to merely hint at his condition. "You see how it stacks up. I'm in a fair way to come out of this the biggest scoundrel alive—the one who takes advantage of the innocence of a good girl. I'm not the man she thinks I am. I am standing over a volcano pit every minute of the day. If it blows up, I'm gone, obliterated, wiped out."

"I've told you to blow up?" asked Starbuck sagely.

"I don't know any more about that than you do. It is the kind that usually does blow up sooner or later. I've prepared for it as well as I can."

"What Colonel Baldwin and the rest of you needed was a financial manager, and Timanyon High Line has his fighting chance—which was more than Timanyon Ditch had when I took hold. If I should drop out now, you and Maxwell and the colonel and Kinzie could go on any minute and fight; but that doesn't help out in this other matter."

Starbuck smoked in silence for a long minute or two before he said: "Is there another woman in it, John?"

"Yes; but not in the way you mean."

(To Be Continued)

## "The Insider"

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water

CHAPTER XIII.

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There seemed nothing for me to do but to accede to my employer's request that I accompany him on his trip to the telegraph office. His suggestion was made in such a natural, common-place manner as to disarm suspicion. He spoke as he might have spoken to Mrs. Gore herself. That lady, sitting near me in the darkness, voiced no protest. If she disapproved it was in silence. I waited a moment; then her brother-in-law added:

"Grace is fast asleep and Mrs. Gore will not go to bed before our return. She will listen for the child, won't you, Adelaide?"

"Certainly, Brewster, I will," the widow assented. "The ride will do you good, no doubt."

It occurred to me that she was trying, by seconding his suggestions, to make the man forget the little passage at arms a few days ago. I had never seen her more conciliatory than she had been since the disagreeable contretemps about the tennis racket.

"She ignored my question and answered the first half of my sentence. 'Work is not the most tiring thing,' he remarked. 'An hour of worry or uncertainty will weary me more than many hours of congenial work. At least, I have found it so,' he added quickly, as if to prevent my thinking that he had me or my affairs in mind when he made this statement."

"Oh, well," I laughed a little to disarm any suspicions he might have. "It is a wonderful night, he observed. 'Not too warm, and yet not cool enough to make one chilly. But it may be a bit cool driving.' Miss Dart. May I get a wrap for you?"

I was surprised at the question. Few young men were so thoughtful of the comfort of a girl they just met. Then I remembered that the man made his home most of the year with his mother. This would account for his consideration of other women's needs.

"Oh, thank you," I answered. "My motor coat is in the closet in the rear hall, but I will get it myself if you would not know which is mine."

A Little Secret

"He might," Mr. Norton suggested teasingly, "if you told him it was blue in color. All men love blue and go straight for it."

His remark reminded me that this coat had been bought at his instigation. He had seen it in a shop window and ordered it sent home "on approval" for his consideration.

When he saw it fitted me he insisted that I was to keep it. Nobody but he and I knew this fact. I appreciated now, as never before, that he was constantly doing such things—things that, while kind, yet made a sort of bond between us. Any matter of which two people speak to nobody but each other is a subtle link to bind them together.

"Had he been quite fair in all this?" The thought smote me as I walked with Hugh Parker into the hall for my coat. If Brewster Norton had wished to gain an ascendancy over me he had gone about it in a very

clever way. I had not been in a position to reject his gifts, for they had been given on the ground that I was to him almost like a grown daughter, and he would have been wounded had I repelled his kindness.

Moreover, to do so would have made me appear sophisticated and suspicious. Until this moment I had not had a qualm of doubt about this man. Then, at this juncture I rebuked myself sharply. The surprise of his declaration had unnerved me. My employer deserved justice and generous judgment from me, not such ingratitude as I had just been guilty of in my thoughts.

"I sighed remorsefully as I reached this conclusion. I did not know that the sigh was audible until Hugh Parker asked, as he held the coat for me to put on:

"Are you tired, Miss Dart?"

"A little," I confessed. "Yet I ought not to be, for since I have been out at Hillcrest I have been very lazy. It is a lovely spot in which to rest isn't it?"

A Trifle Self-Evident

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## Mrs. Wilson Woodrow's Interesting Article

BY MRS. WILSON WOODROW

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I am always overhearing interesting bits of conversation, usually just enough to whet my curiosity; but once in a while the fragment is so complete that I can build a whole structure on it. It was in this way that I learned of the death of a Fifth Avenue 'bus yesterday. I heard a woman in the seat behind me say to a man:

"She is so clever that I simply can't understand her making such a stupid blunder."

"That's it," replied the man. "She's amazingly clever, and yet she always says the wrong thing at the right time and does the right thing at the wrong time."

I began to think mentally to build up the lady of whom they spoke. She is evidently lacking in what is known in English as the "unities" of time and place. There are therefore all her amazing cleverness immediately becomes as sounding brass and tinkling cymbals.

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guard's wit, but his appreciation of values, that I applaud. He should go far. He showed not only individuality and a sense of humor, but discrimination. In a crowded car during the rush hours, with every one intent on getting to business, his quip would probably have fallen flat. It needed the smaller audience of a more leisurely time of day and just such a depressed and moping bunch as we were to get a laugh. He chose his psychological moment, and showed a mercurial sense of the time, the place and the circumstances.

I know two men who have the pathetic delusion that they are being witty, when they are merely impertinent. But one of them gets away with it; the other doesn't. The one who doesn't, doesn't because with him it's a pose. The one who does, does because, although stupid, he is sincere. He has no more harm in him than a clumsy puppy gamboling in the sunshine.

The truth is, that most men and most women, no matter what they may say or do, are sound at the core—which is one reason why we patiently endure so much from our friends.

"We all say things in anger, or in inadvertence, or in the great American desire to be funny, which are wounding and offensive to others; but there is an astonishingly small number of these things that are really meant."

"When you say that—smile!" was the demand of Owen Water's Virginian while at a particularly insulting epithet was applied to him. In other words, signify that it was meant as a jest.

Yet in a world with its nerves more or less on edge, even smiles must be used with caution. To many persons Mrs. Grummidge would be more tolerable at a breakfast table than the gladsome Pollyanna. A soft answer, too, must be given at the psychological moment, or it is far from certain to turn away wrath.

The editing of a country newspaper told me once that, hearing of the death of a prominent citizen, he sent a reporter to get the facts of the case.

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Doesn't hurt a bit! Corns and calluses loosen and fall off! Magic!

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## Fashions of To-Day - By May Manton



THIS is really a variation of the chemise model that is such a favorite, for the dress is all in one, but the two materials give a pretty jacket suggestion and a girde confines it at the waist line. As it is shown here, handkerchief linen is combined with eyelet embroidered linen. The combination is a very pretty one but you could think of a great many ways in which the idea can be used. It can be applied to silk as well as to linen or to the embroidered muslins and there are wonderful opportunities in silk. In place of the plain and fancy materials you could use a crepe with taffeta or a crepe with satin to be pretty. Sand color is much worn; crepe de chine for the jacket portion with charmeuse for the skirt and front of the bodice would be handsome, leaving the skirt plain and finishing the edges of the jacket with a simple narrow border embroidered with beads.

For the medium size will be needed, 3 3/4 yards of allover material 36 inches wide with 3 3/4 yards of plain material 36.

The pattern No. 9434 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.

## Four Children Tell How They Killed Father

By Associated Press

Durant, Ok., June 7.—The four children of R. L. Wilkerson, the oldest of whom is 13, told Judge Lewis Paulin in the county court how they planned and executed the slaying of their father at their home on a farm near here last Thursday night. At the request of the court, two of the children re-enacted the tragedy in dramatic fashion.

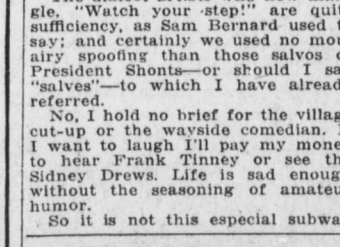
Bessie, aged 13, and Joe, aged 12, gave the court a comprehensive account of the incident. The two younger children, Ruby, 11, and Otto, 8, testified they killed their father at the older children's bidding. Each testified that Wilkerson frequently swore at them, but that they received whipping not more frequently than other children of their acquaintance.

## Wilson Urges Congress to Hurry Food Bills

Washington, D. C., June 7.—President Wilson has asked members of the Senate agricultural committee to act promptly on the pending legislation to give the government control over the nation's staple food supply. He expressed the fear that if Congress delayed, European nations largely dependent on American supplies might begin to compete with each other in buying here in such fashion as to send prices in the United States to alarming heights and bring about unrest in the great cities.

The President urged also passage of the administration bill under which railroads could be compelled to give preference to food and fuel shipments.

## Daily Dot Puzzle



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