

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 ERWIN EYERS

"Corry's a mighty fine little girl, John," said Starbuck slowly. "Any one of a dozen fellows I could name would give all their old shoes to swap chances with you."

"That isn't exactly the kind of advice I'm needing," was the sober rejoinder.

"No; but it was the kind you were wanting, when you tolled me off up here," laughed the ex-cowpuncher. "I know the symptoms. Had 'em myself for about two years so bad that I could wake up in the middle of the night and taste 'em. Go in and win. Maybe the great big stumbling-block you're worrying about wouldn't mean anything at all to an open-minded young woman like Corona; most likely it wouldn't."

"If she could know the whole truth—and believe it," said Smith musingly.

"You tell her the truth, and she'll take care of the believing part of it, all right. You needn't lose any sleep about that."

Smith drew a long breath and removed his pipe to say: "I haven't the nerve, Billy, and that's the plain fact. I have already told her a little of it. She knows that I—"

Starbuck broke in with a laugh. "Yes; it's a shouting pity about your nerve! You've been putting up such a blooming scary fight in this irrigation business that we all know you haven't any nerve. If I had your job in that, I'd be going around here being two guns and wondering if I couldn't make room in the holster for another."

Smith shook his head.

"It was safe enough so long as Stanton thought I was the resident manager and promoter for a new bunch of big money in the background. But he has had me shadowed and tracked until now I guess he is pretty well convinced that I actually had the audacity to play a lone hand; and a bluffing hand, at that. That makes a difference of course. Two days after I had climbed into the saddle here, he sent a couple of his strikers after me. I don't know just what their orders were, but they seemed to want to fight—and they got it. It was in Blue Pete's dogery, up at the camp."

"Guns?" queried Starbuck.

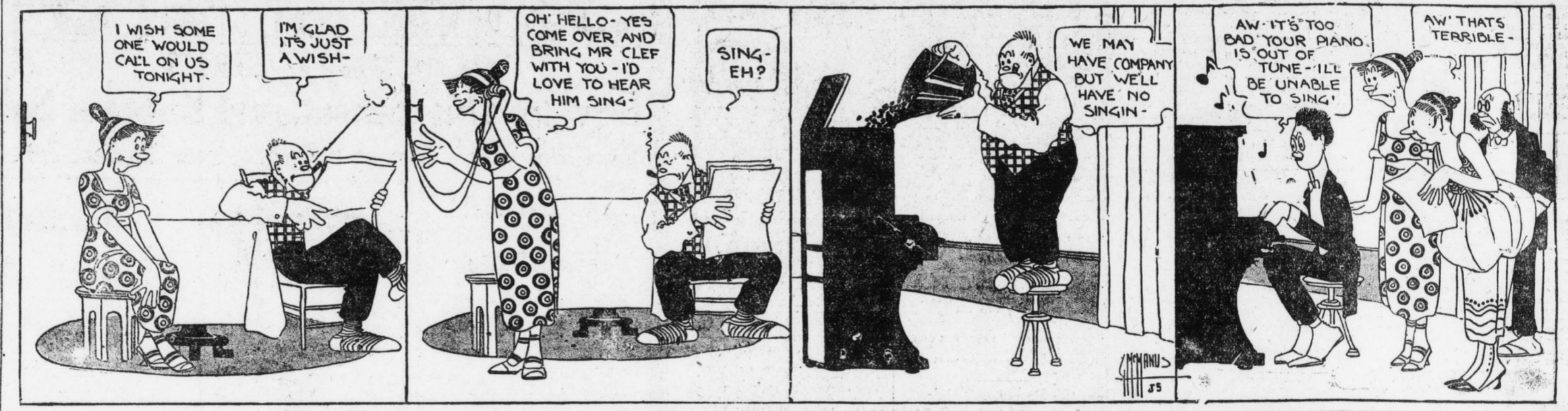
"There; not mine, because I didn't have any. I managed to get the shooting irons away from them before we had mixed very far."

"You're just about the biggest, long-eared, stiff-backed, stubborn wild ass of the wallows that was ever let loose in a half-reformed gun country!" rumbled the ex-cowman.

"You're fixing to get yourself all killed up, Smith. Haven't you sense enough to see that these rustlers will rub you out in two twitches of a dead lamb's tail if they've made up their minds that you are the High Line main guy and the only one?"

"Of course," said the wild ass easily. "If they could lay me up for a month or two—"

"Lay up nothing!" retorted Star-



duck. "Lay you down, about six feet underground, is what I mean!"

"Fshaw!" exclaimed the one whose fears ran in a far different channel from any that could be dug by mere corporation violence. "This is America, in the twentieth century. We don't kill our business competitors nowadays."

"Don't we?" snorted Starbuck. "That will be all right, too. We'll suppose, just for the sake of argument, that my respected and respectable daddy-in-law, or whatever other ilk-batted old money-bags happens to be paying Crawford Stanton's salary and commission, wouldn't send out an order to have you killed off. Maybe Stanton, himself, wouldn't stand for it if you'd put it that barefaced. But daddy-in-law, and Stanton, and all the others, live blacklegs and sharpers and gunmen and thugs, and every once in a while somebody takes a wink for a nood—and bang! goes a gun."

"Well, what's the answer?" said Pete Simms.

"Tote an arsenal yourself, and be ready to shoot first and ask questions afterward. That's the only way you can live peacefully with such men as Jake Boogerfield and Lanterby and Simms."

Smith got out of his chair and took a turn up and down the length of the room. When he came back to stand before Starbuck he said: "I did that, Billy. I've been carrying a gun for a week and more; not for these men, but for somebody else. The other night, when I was out at Hillcrest, Corona happened to see it. I'm not going to tell you what she said, but when I came back to town the next morning, I chucked the gun into a desk drawer. And I hope I'm going to be man enough not to wear it again."

Starbuck dropped the subject abruptly and looked at his watch.

"You like to have done it, pulling me off up here," he remarked. "I'm due to be at the train to meet Mrs. Billy, and I've got just about three minutes, so long."

Smith changed his street clothes leisurely after Starbuck had gone, and when he went downstairs stopped at the desk to toss his room key to the clerk.

The hotel register was lying open on the counter, and from force of habit he ran his eye down the list of late arrivals. At the end of the main guy and the only one?"

"Of course," said the wild ass easily. "If they could lay me up for a month or two—"

"Lay up nothing!" retorted Star-

buick. "Lay you down, about six feet underground, is what I mean!"

"Fshaw!" exclaimed the one whose fears ran in a far different channel from any that could be dug by mere corporation violence. "This is America, in the twentieth century. We don't kill our business competitors nowadays."

"Don't we?" snorted Starbuck. "That will be all right, too. We'll suppose, just for the sake of argument, that my respected and respectable daddy-in-law, or whatever other ilk-batted old money-bags happens to be paying Crawford Stanton's salary and commission, wouldn't send out an order to have you killed off. Maybe Stanton, himself, wouldn't stand for it if you'd put it that barefaced. But daddy-in-law, and Stanton, and all the others, live blacklegs and sharpers and gunmen and thugs, and every once in a while somebody takes a wink for a nood—and bang! goes a gun."

"Well, what's the answer?" said Pete Simms.

"Tote an arsenal yourself, and be ready to shoot first and ask questions afterward. That's the only way you can live peacefully with such men as Jake Boogerfield and Lanterby and Simms."

Smith got out of his chair and took a turn up and down the length of the room. When he came back to stand before Starbuck he said: "I did that, Billy. I've been carrying a gun for a week and more; not for these men, but for somebody else. The other night, when I was out at Hillcrest, Corona happened to see it. I'm not going to tell you what she said, but when I came back to town the next morning, I chucked the gun into a desk drawer. And I hope I'm going to be man enough not to wear it again."

Starbuck dropped the subject abruptly and looked at his watch.

"You like to have done it, pulling me off up here," he remarked. "I'm due to be at the train to meet Mrs. Billy, and I've got just about three minutes, so long."

Smith changed his street clothes leisurely after Starbuck had gone, and when he went downstairs stopped at the desk to toss his room key to the clerk.

The hotel register was lying open on the counter, and from force of habit he ran his eye down the list of late arrivals. At the end of the main guy and the only one?"

"Of course," said the wild ass easily. "If they could lay me up for a month or two—"

"Lay up nothing!" retorted Star-

"The Insider"

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water

CHAPTER LIV. Copyright, 1917, Star Company

If I had been afraid that my employer would at once renew the subject of our brief conversation of this afternoon, my fears were soon laid at rest. It was evident that, for a while at least, he meant to avoid any dangerous or serious topics.

By the time we had left the house he began to talk about the car he was driving, detailing in its good points and comparing it favorably with the large touring car and with the limousine that was Mrs. Gore's favorite equipage.

As I listened it was difficult to realize that this was the man who had told me only a few hours ago that he loved me. His manner was as matter of fact as if Tom and not I, had been his companion.

When we reached the station in which was the telegraph office he alighted.

"Are you afraid to stay here alone while I take in this telegram?" he asked me. "Of what?" "I don't know," he smiled. "But some girls and women are nervous about being alone anywhere after dark."

I glanced at the lighted platform at which he had stopped the car. "I hardly think anybody will kidnap me here and now," I smiled.

He was gone but a few minutes, returning took his seat and started the automobile in the opposite direction from that leading directly to the car.

"I am not going to kidnap you, either," he said pleasantly. "But it is only a few miles further around the hill over yonder, and the woods are lovely in the moonlight. You don't mind getting home fifteen minutes later than is absolutely necessary, do you?"

"No," I answered, "if you think best."

"You are warm enough?" he asked.

A Thrilling Ride "Yes," I told him, wondering if he had had this detour in mind when he had insisted on my taking the laprobe. He drove more slowly than he

know that Tom's mother died when he was young and that later I married Grace's mother, and that she—"

He hesitated, then, slowing down the car, brought it to a full stop. "Shall we get out for a few minutes?" I nodded and we stood looking across a clearing. He scanned my face anxiously, almost fearfully. In the moonlight his face looked white and strained. I spoke quickly, for I hated to see that expression.

"That Grace's mother died when she was only a baby? Yes, I know that, too."

He drew in his breath so sharply that it sounded as if he gasped.

"Yes, yes," he murmured, starting the car again and driving very slowly, "when she was a tiny baby—yes. You don't mind if I don't talk any more about that, do you? Except to tell you that she was delicate and nervous and that Grace was once like her in health and constitution—before you came. You have saved her from growing more like her poor mother—as, dear, you can save my happiness if you will. The past is dead and by-gones are by-gones."

"Perhaps had I not promised Mrs. Gore to ask no questions about her dead sister I would have asked some questions now. But I had promised—and, after all, what difference did it make to me? The poor young mother was dead."

"Since you know all this, there is nothing more to reveal," my companion went on, "except to beg that you will let me love you. You can't help my doing it, anyway. And Elizabeth, if I promise not to press you for your answer, will you try to learn to care a little bit for me?"

(To Be Continued.)

CHEMISTS WILL TEST GARBAGE

Washington, D. C., June 6.—"Have your city food chemist analyze your city garbage from week to week and publish prominently what he finds as an index of food saving or waste in your community," is the suggestion the U. S. Department of Agriculture is making to municipal authorities throughout the country.

Where there is no official chemist, the department points out, local chemists capable of determining percentages of fats, protein, starch and organic matter wasted in garbage can render great service to the nation by volunteering to make these analyses in their localities.

Vast amounts of bread, meat and edible fats are wasted in garbage and tons of valuable feedstuff for animals are lost to the food supply of the nation by usual garbage reduction or disposal methods. One of the first results from the careful analysis of city garbage should be the passage of more rigid enforcement of garbage-collection ordinances, requiring that no glass, tin, wood, burnt matches, paper, string, or inorganic trash be mixed with the vegetable material, meat scraps, or bones which can be used for feed.

This dual collection of garbage and trash is being rigidly enforced by Germany in all cities of 40,000 people. Garbage so collected from a population of 17,000,000 people in Germany, although the German garbage pail always has been far cleaner than the American one and is especially light at this period, furnished briquettes rich in protein which when fed to dairy cattle produced 1,500,000 to 2,000,000 quarts of milk daily.

In most American cities, however, garbage is sent to reduction plants where all the fat and oil it contains is recovered for use in making soap or greases.

The residue after the oil is extracted is used as fertilizer or dumped into the ocean. This practice has been highly profitable because the American garbage pail is very rich in fat, American garbage averaging 3 per cent. of fat, while German garbage rarely shows even 1 per cent. of fat, as the German people never have been wasteful of animal or other fats. Another reason for the use of the reduction method is that in many cities ordinances prevent the use of garbage for feeding animals, particularly dairy cows, although there is no valid hygienic objection to the use of dried and properly sterilized garbage as food for cattle or hogs.

Less Fat to Be Wasted The department specialists believe that as the thrift idea gains ground less and less fat will be thrown into the garbage pail and are hopeful that the time is not far distant when the amount of fat will make reduction for the recovery of oils hardly worth while. This will mean that a lot of excellent and valuable food-stuffs now being wasted as food will never get into the garbage pail. Even when all fat is eliminated, however, and waste of bread and cereals and meat has been reduced to a minimum, the garbage pail nevertheless will contain in the form of parings, plate scraps and trimmings a vast amount of material which should be conserved and used as feed for hogs, cattle, or poultry. First, however, the people must face the facts and know the truth of their waste, and

Fashions of To-Day - By May Manton

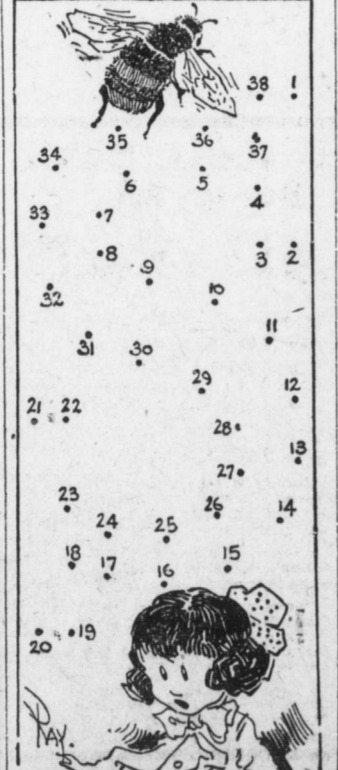


OF course new negligees are in demand. There is never an opening season that does not call for one and here is a model charmingly adapted to the warm weather. It can be made of lace or of embroidery or of bordered material. It is just as dainty as it can be and at the same time it is quite simple. In the picture, a simple lace is used in combination with crepe de chine, but this model is just as good for muslins and for voiles and for similar materials adapted to Summer wear. The little bit of smocking at the front is done with color and the color matches the sash and the ribbon bow knots that are applied on the skirt. If you want something a little bit sturdier, it would be pretty to use a white pongee and to trim with bands of lace.

For the medium size will be needed, 5 3/4 yards of material 36 inches wide with 8 yards of flouncing 22, 3 3/4 yards of banding and 3 3/4 yards of edging.

The pattern No. 9077 is cut in three sizes, 34 or 36, 38 or 40, 42 or 44 bust. It will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of fifteen cents.

Daily Dot Puzzle



G. R. KINNEY CO., Inc. Children's Day Specials

- IN COMPLETE LINES AT OUR USUAL MONEY-SAVING PRICES
- WHITE SHOES in canvas, button, good heavy soles. Regular \$1.50 values. Misses' sizes 1 1/2 to 2 98c for Children's sizes, 8 1/2 to 11 98c for 85c
 - Misses' and Children's Pumps Patent or dull, one or two straps, big variety styles \$1.49 up to 2, for \$1.25 and
 - 98c Special Misses' and Children's Patent Mary Jane Pumps, size 8 1/2 to 2 for 98c
 - Infant's Gun Metal Shoes in button, good heavy soles, broad toes, sizes 6 to 8 \$1.25 for Children's in same, 8 1/2 to 11 \$1.49 Misses' size up to 2 \$1.69
 - Patent Colt Shoes for Misses and Children in dressy shapes, good quality, either leather or cloth tops. Misses' size up to 2 \$1.69 Children's size up to 11 for \$1.49 Infant's size up to 8 \$1.25
 - Tennis Oxfords for men, boys or youths, black or white, 49c
 - Growing Girls' Canvas Shoes in button, size 2 1/2 to 7 \$1.25 for
 - White Canvas English Shoes high tops, low heels, leather soles, big girls' sizes 2 1/2 to 7 \$1.49 for Same style with rubber soles for \$1.25
 - White Mary Jane Pumps for Misses and Children. Sizes 8 1/2 to 2 98c for 75c
 - Champagne Kid Shoes for Misses and Children. Extra fine quality, flexible soles. Misses' size 1 1/2 to 2 \$2.98 for Children's size 8 1/2 to 11 for \$2.49 Same style in tan lotus calf and patent vamp with champagne tops.

Charge It!

Simply pick out what you need and arrange to pay for it in small convenient weekly or monthly sums.

We Clothe The Family

BIG 1/3 OFF SALE

We are closing out the balance of our Women's and Misses' TAILOR MADE SUITS at a Reduction of 33 1/3 per cent. Serges, Gabardines, Checks, Poppins. All sizes - most desirable colors Alterations Free \$12.50 - \$14.98 - \$18.98 - \$24.50 Formerly priced from \$18. to \$40.

\$1.00 A Week Pays The Bill

MEN'S SUITS— \$15., \$18., \$20., \$22., \$25. Special values in Silk and Serge DRESSES— \$7.50 to \$14.98 Alterations free

and Young Men's Suits that are made up in the latest styles - perfect fit guaranteed.

Straw HATS Split, Semis, Milans. \$1.50 & \$2.00

Smart Separate Skirts— \$1.98 up

ASKIN & MARINE CO.

36 N. 2nd St., Cor. Walnut St.

The Federal Machine Shop

COURT AND CRANBERRY STS.

We have just opened a General Repair and Machine Shop at the above address. We are specially equipped to do grinding, bicycle, automobile and general machine repairing.

YOUR PATRONAGE SOLICITED