



Reading for Women and all the Family



Bringing Up Father

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By McManus

The Real Man

By FRANCIS LYND

Illustrations by IRWIN MYERS

The handsome shoulders twitched in the barest hint of indifference. "As I have said, I am not in Bart Macaulay's employ—nor in Mr. Watrous Dunham's. Neither am I the Judge and jury to put you in the prisoner's box and try you. I suppose you knew what you were doing, and why you did it. But I do think you might have written me a line, Montague. That would have been the least you could have done."

For some time afterward the talk was not resumed. Miss Richlander was apparently enjoying her dinner. Smith was not enjoying his, but he ate as a troubled man often will; mechanically and as a matter of routine. It was not until the dessert had been served that the young woman took up the thread of the conversation precisely as if it had never been dropped.

"I think you know that I have no reason to be afraid of me, Montague; but I can't say as much for father. He will be back in a few days, and when he comes it will be prudent for you to vanish. That is a future, however."

"We'll leave it a future, if you like. 'Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.'"

"Oh; so you class men as an evil, do you?"

"No; you know I didn't mean that; I merely mean that it's no use crossing the bridges before we come to them. I've been living from day to day so long now, that I am becoming hardened to it."

Again there was a pause, and again it was Miss Richlander who broke it. The slow smile was dimpling again at the corners of the perfect mouth.

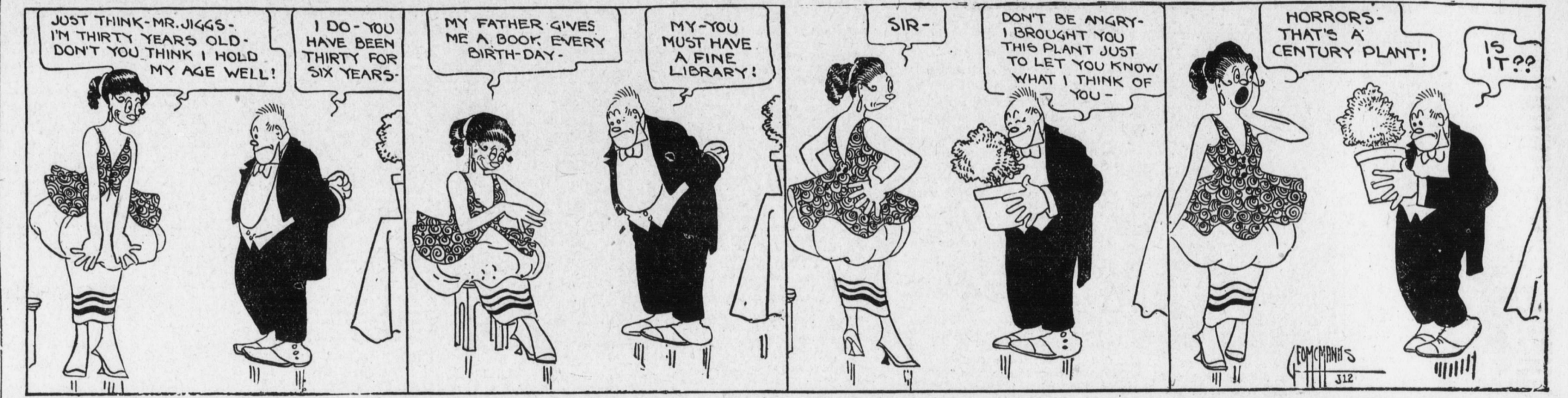
"You are going to need a little help, Montague—my help—are't you?"

"It occurs to me that you can well afford to show me some little friendly attention while I am Robinson-Crusoe here waiting for father to come back."

"Let me understand," he broke in, frowning across the table at her. "You are willing to ignore what has happened—to that extent? You are not forgetting that in the eyes of the law I am a criminal?"

She made a faint little gesture of impatience.

"Why do you persist in dragging



that in? I am not supposed to know anything about your business affairs with Watrous Dunham or anybody else. Besides, no one knows me here, and no one cares. Besides, again, I am a stranger in a strange city and we are—or we used to be—old friends."

Her half-cynical tone made him frown again, thoughtfully, this time. "Women are curious creatures," he commented. "I used to think I knew a little something about them, but I guess it was a mistake. What do you want me to do?"

"Oh, anything you like; anything that will keep me from being bored to death."

Smith laid his napkin aside and glanced at his watch.

"There is a play of some kind on at the opera house, I believe," he said, rising and going around to draw her chair aside. "If you'd care to go, I'll see if I can hold somebody up for a couple of seats."

"That is more like it. I used to be afraid of you, Montague, and I am glad to learn, even at this late day, that I was mistaken. Take me upstairs, and we'll go to the play."

They left the dining room together and there was more than one pair of eyes to follow them in frank admiration. "What a strikingly handsome couple," said a jeweled lady who sat at the table nearest the door; and her companion, a gentleman with restless eyes and thin lips and a rather wicked jaw, said: "Yes; I don't know the woman, but the man is Colonel Baldwin's new financier; the fellow who calls himself 'John Smith.'"

The bediamonded lady smiled dryly. "You say that as if you had a mortal quarrel with his name, Crawford. If I were the girl, I shouldn't find fault with the name. You say you don't know her?"

Stanton had pushed his chair back and was rising. "Take your time with the ice cream, and I'll join you later upstairs. I'm going to find out

who the girl is, since you want to know."

CHAPTER XIV. Broken Threads.

Mr. Crawford Stanton a little later went upstairs to rejoin the resplendent lady, who was taking her after-dinner ease in the most comfortable lounging chair in the mezzanine parlors afforded.

"No good," reported. "The girl's name is Richlander, and she—or her father—comes from one of half a dozen 'Lawrenceville'—you can take your choice among 'em."

"Money?" queried the comfortable one.

"Buying mines in the Topaz," said the husband mechanically. He was not thinking specially of Mr. Josiah Richlander, possible or probable rival with the commercial agencies; he was wondering how well Miss Richlander knew John Smith, and in that manner she could be persuaded to tell what she might know. While he was turning it over in his mind the two in question, Smith and the young woman, passed through the lobby on their way to the theater. Stanton, watching them narrowly from the vantage-point afforded by the gallery mezzanine, drew his own conclusions. By all the little signs they were not merely chance acquaintances or even casual friends. Their relations were closer—and of longer standing.

Stanton puzzled over his problem a long time, long after Mrs. Stanton had forsaken the easy chair and had disappeared from the scene. His Eastern employers were growing irascibly impatient. Who was this fellow Smith, and what was his background? They were beginning to ask with the asking there were intimations that if Mr. Crawford Stanton were floundering in this task too difficult, there was always an alternative.

Stanton was still wrestling with his problem when the "handsome couple" returned from the play. The trust fell again on them as they crossed the lobby to the elevator and again marked the little evidences of familiarity. "That settles it," he mused, with an outburst of the pugnacious jaw. "She knows more about Smith than anybody else in this neck of woods—and she's got it to tell!"

Stanton began his inquiries for better information the following day, with the jeweled lady for his ally. Miss Richlander was alone and unattended in the hotel—and also a little bored. Hence she was easy of approach; so easy that by luncheon time the sham promoter's wife was acquainted with her husband's Stanton lost no moment in investigating. For the inquiring purpose, Smith was made to figure as a business acquaintance, and Stanton was generous in his praises of the young man's astounding financial ability.

"He's simply a wonder," said Richlander, "he confided over the luncheon table. 'Coming here a few weeks ago, absolutely unknown, he has already become a prominent man of affairs in Brewster. And so discreetly reticent! To this good day nobody knows where he comes from or anything about him."

"No?" said Miss Verda. "How singular!" But she did not volunteer to supply any of the missing biographical facts.

"Absolutely nothing," Stanton went on smoothly. "And, of course, his silence about himself has been grossly misinterpreted. I have even heard it said that he is an escaped convict."

To Be Continued.

"The Insider"

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water

Chapter XVII. Copyright, 1917, Star Company. During the days that followed I felt as if I must have imagined the events of the evening on which my employer had told me he loved me.

For everything seemed just as it had been before this startling revelation. Everything, I say—and yet perhaps the truth is that things in the household were pleasant that before. I think my employer was more careful not to irritate his sister-in-law. He realized that if she remained happy it would make matters happier for me.

Mrs. Gore herself was, for a while, so gentle that I scarcely recognized her. As she suspected the condition of affairs between her brother-in-law and his daughter's governess she betrayed no sign. Brewster Norton's behavior was so circumspect as to leave no grounds for suspicion even to his keen-eyed relative.

The beautiful summer days slipped by like a sunny dream. Tom was in the household was pleasant that before. I think my employer was more careful not to irritate his sister-in-law. He realized that if she remained happy it would make matters happier for me.

By eleven o'clock we four usually were at the tennis court. Let me add and near the tennis-court. Sometimes two of us "grown-ups" played tennis, while a third looked on and made a few comments. On Wednesdays and Saturdays Mr. Norton was at home, and we had more tennis on those days than on any other. Tom studied and I read and I read aloud and took walks in the woods.

Does such an existence sound very tame? It may to those who like fashionable summer resorts. Mrs. Gore explained to me soon after my arrival at Hillcrest that her brother preferred having no society during the summer.

"He works hard all winter, and goes out a great deal," she said. "So when he is here he does not encourage sociability on his part, but he usually had a motor ride. In the evenings we sat on the veranda in the fragrant dusk and chatted lightly. Drives and Picnics."

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I have mentioned that we young people played tennis even when Mr. Norton was not at home. Let me add that frequently when Hugh Parker and I were playing Tom would take Grace off to see the horses or the chickens, or would amuse her in some way that left me free. I noted with joy that Tom was becoming more fond of the little girl. It would make it much easier for everybody if he could learn to care for her.

It did not dawn upon me then that Tom's actions were due less to a willingness to make his small half-sister happy, than to a wish to give his tutor and myself the opportunity to become good friends. Now I know that this was probably his object. He liked us both, and wanted us to like each other. Whether that was his plan or not, his actions had the effect of making Hugh Parker and myself better acquainted than we would have been under ordinary circumstances.

The better I knew Hugh, the better I liked him. His ideals were high, his standards fine—yet he was full of fun and of the zest of life. I did not wonder that Tom loved him; and so, little by little, the tutor and I became friends. I did not real-

Veteran of Civil War Gives Three Sons to Army

Hummelstown, Pa., June 12.—John Yings of Clifton, near here, who is a veteran of the Civil War and the grandson of a Revolutionary War soldier, has contributed three sons to the regular army for the present war. They are Chancey, Homer and Harold Yings. The Yings family lived in Hummelstown for years, having a newspaper agency here, but two years ago moved to a farm at Clifton.

BOOSTING MARINE SERVICE. Marietta, June 12.—A patriotic meeting was held at Washington-boro to-day in the interest of the marine service. The Washington-boro band was present and rendered national airs with audience singing. Addresses were made by the Rev. George Israel Browne, the Rev. J. B. Balford and S. V. Hosterman, of Lancaster, and a number of local speakers added to the program. Two young men from here—Walter Hipple and Thomas Marley—reported at Newport News for the service to-day.

Not Entirely Truthful. Brewster Norton apologized stiffly. "Would you prefer having Parker walk with you?"

"No, indeed—of course not!" I protested. Even as I spoke I felt that I was not entirely truthful. Without formulating the hope to myself I had unconsciously taken it for granted that Hugh would walk with me. I found myself disappointed. Somehow the expedition did not seem quite as alluring as before. I wondered if Hugh felt the same disappointment.

A moment later, as he and Tom came up, laughing and teasing each other, I chided myself for my foolish fancy. Of course he would not care! The thought piqued me. That may have been why I turned to my employer with more impetuosity than I usually manifested when addressing him nowadays.

"Let us allow those boys to go ahead," I suggested. "It's impossible to talk when they are making such a racket."

"Good!" he exclaimed, with such fervor and happiness that I realized that I usually manifested when addressing him nowadays. "Of course, we'll let them go ahead, if you're willing."

Then, as the rapid pace of the young man and his sister began in the path, he lifted my hand to his lips.

"Thank you, dear," he said, "for wanting to be alone with me. That was all, but my conscience writhed. I talked rapidly of the road, of the summer night, of anything except ourselves. And, recognizing my desire to avoid personalities, my companion talked in like strain."

But I was not listening to him. Instead, I was trying to catch the voices of the merry couple who were walking so much faster than we that they were almost out of ear-shot.

(To Be Continued.)

930 Attend U. B. Sunday School at New Cumberland. New Cumberland, Pa., June 12.—All previous records for attendance were surpassed at the United Brethren Sunday school on Sunday when 930 were in attendance. Special efforts for a large attendance were made through an attendance contest, in which the blue and red sides were rivals. The blue side defeated the red side by a margin of 84 points. Herman Shenck was captain of the reds and the Rev. J. D. Hutchinson, Sr., captain of the blues. In the Men's Bible class, which is the largest in the county, 205 men were in attendance. The attendance work here was in charge of William Lechthaler and Clayton Simmons. Postmaster George W. Heffelman is president of the class, and the Rev. A. R. Ayres, teacher. Arthur E. Brown, headmaster at the Harrisburg Academy, was a speaker. The day's services were concluded by the presentation of an extensive Children's Day program in charge of J. A. Wittever. The church was decorated with flowers, potted plants and American flags. The committee on arrangements for the evening program was composed of Miss Helen Spahr, Miss Aida Long, Miss Iva Snell and Miss Claire Horner.

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Fashions of To-Day - By May Manton

ALL the very newest features of the simple sports costume are included in this one. There is the skirt with the barrel effect and the blouse with the open neck and long sleeves and the hand embroidery used upon both. As it is shown here, the material is natural colored pongee. The work is done in Chinese blue and it makes a very beautiful combination and a very smart one for everything that savors of the Orient is fashionable, but you could of course vary the color indefinitely, also the material. Some women will like to make the skirt of a sport's satin or of a figured sport's silk and the blouse of crepe de chine or of Habutai silk, either in matching color or in white, with the collar and cuffs matching the skirt.

For the medium size the blouse will require, 3/4 yards of material 36 inches wide, 3 yards 44, and the skirt, 5 yards 36, 4 1/2 yards 44 inches wide. The blouse or shirt pattern No. 9410 is cut in sizes from 36 to 44 inches bust measure and the skirt pattern No. 9422 in sizes from 24 to 32 inches waist measure. They will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of ten cents for the blouse and fifteen cents for the skirt.

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