

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)

"How perfectly absurd!" was the smiling comment.

"Isn't it? But you know how people will talk. They are saying now that his name isn't Smith; that he has merely taken the commonest name in the category as an alias."

"I can contradict that anyway," Miss Richlander offered. "His name is really and truly John Smith."

"You have known him a long time, haven't you?" inquired the lady with the headlight diamonds.

"Oh, yes; for quite a long time, indeed."

"That was back in New York state," Stanton slipped in.

"In the East, yes. He comes of an



—he is an Escaped Convict—

excellent family. His father's people were well-to-do farmers, and one of his great-uncles on his mother's side was on the supreme bench in our state; he was chief justice during the later years of his life."

"What state did you say?" queried Stanton craftily. But Miss Verda was far too wide-awake to let him surprise her.

"Our home state, of course. I don't believe any member of Mr. Smith's immediate family on either side has ever moved out of it."

Stanton gave it up for the time being, and was convinced upon two

points, Smith might have business reasons for secrecy—he might have backers who wished to remain completely unknown in their fight against the big land trust; but if he had no backers the other hypothesis clinched itself instantly—he was in hiding; he had done something from which he had run away.

It was not until after office hours that Stanton was able to reduce his equation to its simplest terms and it was Shaw, dropping in to make his report after his first day's work as clerk and stenographer in the High Line headquarters, who cleared the air of at least one for bank of doubts.

"I've been through the records and the stock-books," said the spy, when, in obedience to orders, he had locked the office door. "Smith is playing a lone hand. He flimflammed Kintzle for his first chunk of money, and after that it was easy. Every dollar invested in High Line has been dug up right here in the Timanyoni. Here's the list of stockholders."

Stanton ran his eye down the string of names and swore when he saw Maxwell's subscription of \$25,000. "Damn it," he rasped; "and he's Fairbairn's own son-in-law."

"So is Starbuck, for that matter; and he's in for twenty thousand," said Shaw. "And by the way, Bill is a man who will bear watching. He's hand-in-glove with Smith, and he's onto all of our little crooks and turns. I heard him telling Smith to-day that he owed it to the company to carry a gun."

Stanton's smile showed his teeth.

"I wish he would carry one and kill somebody with it. Then we'd know what to do with him."

The spy was rolling a cigarette and his half-closed eyes had a murderous glint in them.

"Me, for instance?" he inquired cynically.

"Anybody," said Stanton absently. He was going over the list of stockholders again and had scarcely heard what Shaw had said.

"That brings us down to business, Mr. Stanton," said the ex-railroad clerk slowly. "I'm not getting money enough out of this to cover the risk my risk."

The man at the desk looked up quickly.

"What's that you say? By heavens, Shaw, I've spoken once, and I'll do it just this one time more; you sing small if you want to keep out of jail!"

Shaw had lighted his cigarette and was edging toward the door.

"Not this trip, Mr. Stanton," he said coolly. "If you've got me, I've got you. I can find two men who will go into court and swear that you paid Pete Simms money to have Smith sandbagged, that day out at Simms' place at the dam. I may have to go to jail, as you say; but I'll be five to one that you'll be me to it!" And with that he snapped the catch on the locked door and went away.

Some three hours after this rather hostile clash with the least trustworthy but by far the most able of his henchmen, Crawford Stanton left his wife chatting comfortably with Miss Richlander in the hotel parlors and went reluctantly to keep an appointment which he had been dreading ever since the early afternoon hour when a wire had come from Copah directing him to meet the "Nevada Flyer" upon its arrival at Brewster. The public knew the named signed to the telegram as that of a millionaire statesman; but Stanton knew it best as the name of a hard and not overscrupulous master.

The train was whistling for the station when Stanton descended from his cab and hurried down the long platform. A white-jacketed porter was waiting to admit him to the presence when the train came to a stand, and as he climbed into the vestibule of the luxurious private car, Stanton got what comfort he could out of the thought that the interview would necessarily be limited by the ten minutes engine changing stop of the fast train.

Stanton, ten minutes later, made a flying leap from the moving train. At the cab rank he found the motor car which he had hired for the drive down from the hotel. Climbing in, he gave a brittle order to the chauffeur. Simultaneously a man wearing the softest of hats lounged away from his post of observation under a nearby electric pole and across the railroad plaza to ur-hitch and mount a wiry little cow pony. Once in the saddle, however, the mounted man did not hurry his horse. Having overheard Stanton's order giving, there was no need to keep the motor cab in sight as it spluttered through the streets and out upon the backgrounding mesa, its ill-smelling course ending at a lonely roadhouse in the mesa hills on the Topaz trail.

When the hired vehicle came to a stand in front of the lighted barroom of the roadhouse, Stanton gave a waiting order to the driver and went in. Of the dog-faced barkeeper he asked an abrupt question, and at the man's jerk of a thumb toward the rear the promoter passed on and entered the private room at the back.

The private room had but one occupant—the man, Lanterby, who was sitting behind a round card table and vainly endeavoring to make one of the pair of empty whiskey glasses spin in a complete circuit about a black bottle standing on the table.

The hired car was still waiting when Stanton went out through the barroom and gave the driver his return orders. And, because the night was dark, neither of the two at the car saw the man in the soft hat straighten himself up from his crouching place under the backroom window and vanish silently in the gloom.

To Be Continued.

Fashions of To-Day - By May Manton

Of course the little girls are wearing dresses in barrel effect because their fashions always follow closely after those of their mothers. This is a very simple one and you can make it with the loops that give the broad hips or you can make it with a plain gathered skirt as you like. If you use the pattern for two dresses and treat one in one way and one in another, no one but yourself would suspect that the model is the same. In the illustration, the dress on the figure is made of natural colored pongee with rings of old blue and the old blue is used for the trimming. In the small back view, there is a suggestion for the useful gingham frock, and plain gingham, in buff or gold color, is trimmed with white.

The pattern No. 9437 is cut in sizes from 8 to 14 years. It will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of fifteen cents.



9437 Girl's One-Piece Dress, 8 to 14 years. Price 15 cents.

The Japanese Way To Remove Corns

Don't Hurt a Bit—Easy and Simple

The Magic Touch of Ice-Mint Does It. Just a Touch Stops Soreness, Then the Corn or Callous Shrivels and Lifts Off. Try it. Your Feet Will Feel Cool and Fine.

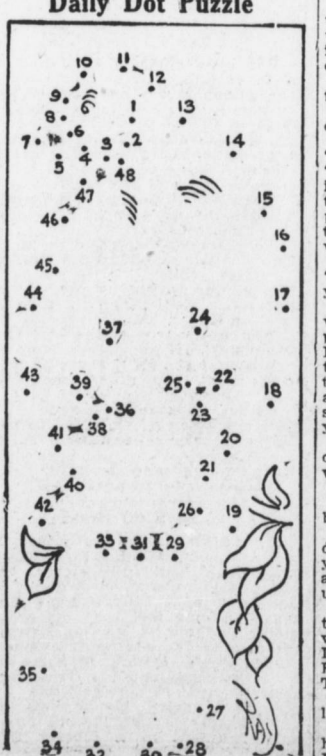
Just a touch of ice-mint and "Oh!" what relief. Corns and callous vanish, soreness disappears and you can dance all night or walk all day and your corns won't hurt a bit. No matter what you have tried or how many times you have been disappointed here is a real help for you at last. From the very second that ice-mint touches that sore, tender corn your poor tired, aching feet will feel so cool, easy and comfortable that you will just sigh with relief. Think of it; just a little touch of that delightful, cooling, ice-mint and real foot joy is yours. No mat-

ter how old or tough your pet corn is he will shrivel right up and you can pick him out after a touch of ice-mint. No pain, not a bit of soreness, either when applying it or afterwards, and it doesn't even irritate the skin.

Ice-mint is the real Japanese secret of fine, healthy, little feet. Prevents foot odors and keeps them cool, sweet and comfortable. It is now selling like wildfire here.

Just ask in any drug store for a little ice-mint and give your poor suffering, tired feet the treat of their lives. There is nothing better, nor nothing "just as good."

Daily Dot Puzzle



"The Insider"

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water

CHAPTER LVIII

Looking back over that summer at Hillcrest it seems as if the weeks went by, one very much like another, until early September. The changes in my own life were occurring so gradually that I scarcely appreciated them.

I know now that with each passing day my employer became more fixed in his determination to win my promise to marry him, although he referred to the matter seldom. But by a thousand and one little ways he gave proof of his devotion. He was less critical of Tom, more gentle with Mrs. Gore, ever ready to avoid discussions that might lead to sharp speeches, constantly suggesting some jaunt or excursion to add to the pleasure of the young people under his roof.

Toward the end of August I fancied once or twice that he appeared more depressed or thoughtful than heretofore—as if something were worrying him. At the time I gave only a fleeting thought to the matter.

Mrs. Gore was polite and agreeable. Tom was happy and I had never seen him. Grace was healthier and merrier than ever. Hugh Parker was—Hugh Parker.

I find myself obliged to end the above sentence in that way. For now, in the light of after events, I cannot say just how he affected me in those days. I only know that I grew to depend more and more upon his friendship, and I began to look for a certain expression that came into his eyes when I spoke of him that I feared that my employer might see it, too.

With that thought I had a sense of guilt. I argued that I ought to help the state of affairs. I must be myself. I was not cheating my employer, and surely I was nothing special to Hugh Parker. Why should I be? Why should I flatter myself that I was anything more to him than an agreeable acquaintance? I avoided speculation regarding the matter when I could. Sufficient unto the day was the decision I must make, I pleaded with my conscience. Any way, Hugh did not care for me.

My complacency was shaken one warm Sunday afternoon when, as I sat on the veranda, reading, my employer came out of the house.

"Where's Grace?" he asked.

"Grace is asleep."

"Asleep in the library," I replied, nodding toward the darkness of a room behind me. "The heat has made her drowsy. It was so warm upstairs that she and I came down here, and when I began to read aloud to her, she actually nodded. So I suggested her lying down in there where it's cool and dark—and she went right off to sleep."

Brewster motioned a chair next to mine. I looked at him keenly as he sat down. I noticed, as I had before, that his hair was graying fast and that the lines running down the nose to the corners of the mouth were deeper than they used to be. Something was weighing upon him. Could it be the uncertainty as to my answer to his plea?

"You ought to feel very proud when you see how the little girl depends upon you," he said, looking at me that he might not arouse the child. "She could not get along without you, Elizabeth."

"Oh, yes," I said quickly, "she could."

"Indeed she could not," he contradicted, "any more than her father could. I sometimes think that if I were to lose you, dear, I would die."

"Oh," I protested, "please do not feel like that."

It was a foolish request; but he did not smile.

"I cannot help it," he declared, "moreover," setting his jaw grimly. "I do not mean to help it. I'm going to win out in this thing, no matter what happens. I must have your promise, Elizabeth. I can't stand this uncertainty any longer. Say you will marry me!"

"I—I—can't promise," I faltered.

"You see, I don't think that I love you enough."

"I am satisfied with anything you will give me!" he interrupted tempestuously. "I must be sure of you, Elizabeth. I won't wait for the love that may come. I'll make it come—that's all. And I mean to claim you as mine. You may not consider yourself bound to me, but I am bound to you—and you can't help it."

I felt suffocated. The air was becoming more sultry, and I stood up with a gasp.

Mr. Norton is affectionate.

"Oh!" I ejaculated. "I can't breathe! Please don't talk like that!"

"There's no need to talk about it, darling," he murmured, because you know the truth. You are mine, and nobody shall ever come between us."

He had risen and now took a step toward me, but I evaded him and walked to the edge of the veranda. I saw with relief that Tom and Hugh were strolling up the path. They had not seen us yet.

"Here come the boys—" I began lamely.

But my companion seized my hand. "I won't be put off like this, Elizabeth!" he insisted. "I am risk-

ing all for you. I said I would wait—and I have waited—as long as I can. It has been harder than I even fancied it would be. Now I must know the truth. Others need not know it until you are willing they should. Will you promise to marry me?"

"I will promise—to try—," I stammered, "but—"

"A half promise is better than none!" he exclaimed harshly. "I know you well enough to be sure you would not break even a half promise that you had made in all sincerity."

What could I say? What could I do? The boys were almost here. I snatched away my hand from his grasp, and at that instant Hugh Parker looked up and saw the action.

"A swift change passed over his

face, but it was gone so quickly that I thought later I must have imagined it.

"It is going to rain," he remarked quietly as he came up the steps. "We have been without rain so long that it will mean business when it comes."

I did not speak. I had a feeling of being tied and bound.

(To Be Continued)

WOMAN, 70, DIES PICKING STRAWBERRIES TO DO HER BIT

Dagsboro, Del., June 13.—While picking strawberries, in the field Mrs. Basha West, 70, was suddenly stricken with death.

Mrs. West had been warned not to pick berries, but declared she wanted to do what she could for her country by helping to harvest the crops.

SAVE THE FRUIT CROP

We said this LAST YEAR— We say it again

This is a year for thrift and service. We must feed not only our own people, but also millions in Europe. The frightful waste of fruit is a national reproach. Help stop this unpardonable extravagance. The fruit we waste would feed Belgium.

THE United States Government urges preserving as a home duty. Preserved fruits are energizing and nourishing. They vary your menus. They reduce the cost of your table.

America's canning and preserving industries are models for the world. Their products are pure, appetizing and wholesome. Support them.

If you preserve at home, put up more fruit than ever before. Get jars and glasses, bottles and crocks ready to save the fruit crop. Put away dried vegetables. The American housewife who practices thrift places herself in the ranks of those who serve their country.

You can show your thrift in no more convincing way than by combating the national tendency to squander this country's wonderful fruit crop. Whether you buy preserved fruits from your grocer or preserve at home you perform a service to your own family and to the Nation.

Franklin Sugar Refining Company



"A Franklin Sugar for every use"

Granulated, Dainty Lumps, Powdered, Confectioners, Brown

Franklin Sugar is sold in 2 and 5 lb. cartons and in 2, 5, 10, 25 and 50 lb. cotton bags

The increased cost of preserving because of the higher price of sugar is less than the increased cost of most other foods