

# 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 IRWIN MYERS

Copyright by Chas. Scribner's Sons

(Continued)

"All right. A little while past dinner this evening, Stanton had a hurry call to meet the 'Nevada Flyer.' Tailed onto the train there was private luxury car, and in the private car sat a gentleman whose face you've seen plenty of times in the political cartoons, usually with cuss-words under it. He is one of Stanton's bosses; and Stanton was in for a wigging—and got it. I couldn't hear, but I could see—through the car window. He had Stanton standing on one foot before the train pulled out and let Crawford make his getaway. You guess, and I'll guess, and we'll both say it is about this Escalante snap which is aiming to be known as the Escalante mine. Ain't it the truth?"

"Again Smith nodded, and said, 'Go on.'"

"After number five had gone Stanton broke for his autocab, looking like he could bite a nail in two. I happened to hear the order he gave the shover, and I had my cavyse hitched over at Bob Sharkey's joint. Naturally, I ambled along after Crawford, and while I didn't beat him to it, I got there soon enough. It was out at Jeff Barton's roadhouse on the Topaz trail, and Stanton was shut up in the back room with a sort of tin-horn 'bad man' named Lanterby."

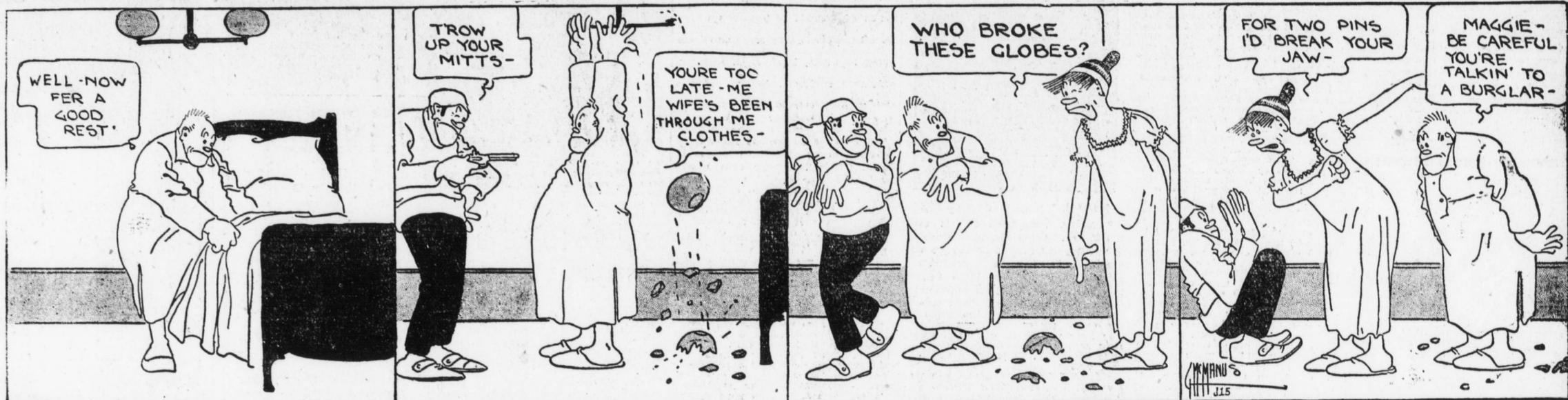
"You listened?" said Smith still without eagerness.

"Right you are. And they fooled me. Two schemes were on tap; one pointing at Williams and the dam, and the other at you. These were both last resort. Stanton had had more string to pull first. If that broke—well, I've said it half a dozen times already, John; you'll either have to hire a bodyguard or go himself. I'm telling you right here and now, that bunch is going to get you, even if it costs money!"

"You say Stanton said he had one more string to pull; he didn't give it a name, did he?"

"No, but I've got a notion of my own," was the ready answer. "He's trying to get next to you through the women, with the Miss Rich-pasture for his can opener. But when everything else fails, he is to send a pass-word to Lanterby, one of two passwords. 'Williams' means dynamite and the dam; 'Jake' means the removal from the map of a fellow named Smith. Nice prospect, isn't it?"

Smith was jabbing his paper knife gently into the desk. "And yet we go on calling this a civilized country," he said meditatively. Then



with a sudden change of front: "I'm in this fight to stay until I win out or die out, Billy; you know that. As I have said, Miss Verda can kill me off if she chooses to; but she won't choose to. Now let's get to work. It's pretty late to route a justice of the peace out of bed to issue a warrant for us, but we'll do it. Then we'll go after Lanterby and make him turn state's evidence. Come on; let's get busy."

But Starbuck, reaching softly for a chair-righting handhold upon Smith's desk, made no reply. Instead he snatched his lithe body out of the chair and launched it in a sudden tiger spring at the door, which should have been latched, came in at Starbuck's wrenching jerk of the knob, bringing with it, hatless, and with the breath started out of him, the new stenographer, Shaw.

"There's your state's evidence," said Starbuck grimly, pushing the half-dazed listener into a chair. "Just put the auger a couple of inches into this fellow and see what you can find."

Richard Shaw had an exceedingly bad quarter of an hour when Smith and Starbuck applied the thumb-screws to force a confession out of him. Nevertheless, knowing the dangerous ground upon which he stood, he evaded and snuffed and prevaricated under the charges and questionings until it became apparent that nothing short of bribery or physical torture would get the truth out of him. Smith was not willing to offer the bribe, and since the literal thumb-screws were out of the question, Shaw was locked into one of the vacant rooms across the corridor until his captors could determine what was to be done with him.

"That is one time when I fired and missed the whole side of the barn," Starbuck admitted, when Shaw had been remanded to the makeshift cell across the hall. "I know that fellow is on Stanton's payroll; and it's reasonable certain that he got his job with you so that he could keep cases on you. But we can't prove anything that we say, so long as he refuses to talk."

"No," Smith agreed. "I can dis-

charge him, and that's about all that can be done with him."

"He is a pretty smooth article," said Starbuck reflectively. "He used to be a clerk in Maxwell's railroad office, and he was mixed up in some kind of crookedness, I don't remember just what."

Smith caught quickly at the suggestion. "Wait a minute, Billy," he broke in; and then: "There's no doubt in your mind that he's a spy?"

"Sure he is," was the prompt rejoinder.

"I was just thinking—he has heard what was said here to-night—which is enough to give Stanton a pretty good chance to outfigure our outfit again."

"Right you are."

"In which case it would be little short of idiotic in us to turn him loose. We've got to hold him, proof or no proof. Where would we be apt to catch Maxwell at this time of night?"

"At home and in bed, I reckon."

"Call him upon the phone and state the case briefly. Tell him if he has any nip on Shaw that would warrant us in turning him over to the sheriff, we'd like to know it."

"You're getting the range now," laughed the ex-cowman, and instead of using the desk set, he went to shut himself into the sound-proof telephone closet.

When he emerged a few minutes later he was grinning exultantly. "That was sure smooth one of yours, John. Dick gave me the facts. Shaw's a thief; but he has a sick sister on his hands—or said he had—and the railroad didn't prosecute. Dick says for us to jug him to-night and tomorrow morning he'll swear out the necessary papers."

"Good. We'll do that first; and then we'll go after this fellow Lanterby. I want to get Stanton where I can pinch him, Billy; no, there's nothing personal about it; but when a great corporation like the Escalante Land Company gets down to plain anarchy and dynamiting, it's time to make somebody sweat for it. Let's go and get Shaw."

Together they went across the corridor, and Smith unlocked the door

## "The Insider"

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water

CHAPTER LX

Copyright, 1917, Star Company

Like a ghost I crept downstairs. The front door was bolted, and I unfastened it carefully. Nervousness and oppression caused by the heat made me breathe quickly. I felt that I would smother if I did not get out of the house.

As I stepped upon the veranda I drew a long sigh. The night air was heavy with fragrance, but it was not nearly as hot here as it was upstairs. I had not brought a wrap with me, and a delicious coolness struck my bare throat where my negligee was open.

I started to take a chair upon the veranda, then I hesitated. It was here that I had made that half promise this afternoon, the promise that my companion had told me harshly he knew would bind me. I suddenly hated the chairs in which he and I had been seated at the time. I wanted to get away from the scene. Impulsively I hurried down the front steps, then turned toward the end of the house at which the orchard was situated. I had sat on my first evening at Hillcrest. It was under the nursery windows, and I recalled that I was near enough to Grace to hear her should she call.

Seating myself upon the bench, I leaned against the old apple tree that grew against it. A gentle breeze was rising and every little while an apple from one of the trees in the orchard would drop to the ground with a dull thud. The fruit was not yet ripe, I knew. My employer had told me that some of the trees seemed to have a disease, this year, causing their fruit to fall before it had reached perfection.

"I must have a specialist come and look the orchard over before next year," he had observed. "It's a pity to see an apple that might be perfect falling while it's yet green. It makes one sorry to see it if it could feel and be disappointed at its fate."

He had smiled when he said it. I could not smile now as I recalled his speech. He had been whimsically fancied to be a man of happy with him. What had made such a change recently? I knew to-night, as never before, that I did not love him; that he was not the man of loving him was feeble now.

A faint sound made me start and look toward the orchard over the next year, he had observed. "It's a pity to see an apple that might be perfect falling while it's yet green. It makes one sorry to see it if it could feel and be disappointed at its fate."

He had smiled when he said it. I could not smile now as I recalled his speech. He had been whimsically fancied to be a man of happy with him. What had made such a change recently? I knew to-night, as never before, that I did not love him; that he was not the man of loving him was feeble now.

A faint sound made me start and look toward the orchard over the next year, he had observed. "It's a pity to see an apple that might be perfect falling while it's yet green. It makes one sorry to see it if it could feel and be disappointed at its fate."

He had smiled when he said it. I could not smile now as I recalled his speech. He had been whimsically fancied to be a man of happy with him. What had made such a change recently? I knew to-night, as never before, that I did not love him; that he was not the man of loving him was feeble now.

## Fashions of To-Day - By May Manton



9450 Slip-Over Blouse, 34 to 42 bust. Price 15 cents.

The blouse that is slipped on over the head without any closing is, without doubt, one of the most fashionable. This is a very pretty model and also it is an exceptionally practical model because you can make it as it is here or sleeveless, without the pockets and band, and cut a little shorter to be an over-blouse and give no hint whatsoever of the model illustrated. Wool jersey is the material shown here and it is trimmed with a striped silk to be very pretty and attractive but you can get the same color effect by using linen or cotton gabardine or material of such sort, if you prefer it.

For the medium size will be needed, 3 3/4 yards of material 36 or 44 inches wide with 1 1/2 yards 36 inches wide for the trimming.

The pattern No. 9450 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.

## It's Refrigerator Time

### Our June Bride Sale Provides a Host of Extraordinary Values

A backward season has been responsible for a special price reduction on our entire stock of sanitary refrigerators. Any family in need of a good, ice-saving refrigerator should not miss this great selling event.

The outer case of all our Refrigerators is made of weather-seasoned, selected hardwood, thoroughly kiln-dried, and varnished in rich Golden Oak. The entire case is tongued and grooved throughout, producing a practically air tight construction that cannot weave, twist, or come apart. All are enamel lined. All sizes and all styles included—thirty different styles to select from.



THIS SIDE ICER REFRIGERATOR is 35 1/2 x 18 1/2 x 43 1/2 inches and has the sanitary Water Cooler equipment which consists of a Water Bottle, Block Tin Coil Pipe, Nickel Plated Bronze Faucet and Cup Holder — ice capacity 70 pounds — sanitary in every respect — enamel lined — durably built throughout — a regular \$39.50 value. Special price at

**\$33.50**

Without water cooler equipment, \$25.50

**VUDOR**  
Porch Shades

Make Your Porch Cool and Secluded.

**\$2.50 and up**

THIS TOP ICER REFRIGERATOR, 24 1/2 x 15 1/2 x 39 1/2 inches and has an ice capacity of 45 pounds — inside body made of odorless wood — enamel lined — perfectly sanitary — has removable drain pipe and flue walls — ice rack of galvanized steel — a regular \$14.50 value. Specially priced at

**\$12.00**

THIS SIDE ICER REFRIGERATOR, 32 1/2 x 18 1/2 x 43 1/2 inches with a 75-pound ice capacity — very substantially built of best seasoned wood throughout — enamel lined and guaranteed in every respect. A regular \$28.00 value. Specially priced at

**\$23.50**

# GOLDSMITH'S

North Market Square



## Saturday Sale of Trimmed Hats

The response to our special Saturday Sales of high grade Trimmed Hats has been truly remarkable. For this Saturday we offer a wonderful variety of the most beautiful and charming mid-season models at prices that spell BIG SAVINGS for you. Included are

- Large Black Lisere Hats
  - Genuine Panama Hats
  - Leghorn Hats
  - White Hemp Hats
  - Trimmed Tuscan Hats
  - Hairbraided Hats
  - Classy Tailored Hats
  - Military Novelty Turbans, Etc.
  - Small Black Hats For Middle-Aged Women
- Children's Hats Included in This Sale
- |                     |        |                      |        |
|---------------------|--------|----------------------|--------|
| All \$2.98 Hats Are | \$2.44 | All \$6.98 Hats Are  | \$5.88 |
| All \$3.98 Hats Are | \$3.44 | All \$7.98 Hats Are  | \$6.88 |
| All \$4.98 Hats Are | \$4.44 | All \$8.98 Hats Are  | \$7.88 |
| All \$5.98 Hats Are | \$5.44 | All \$9.98 Hats Are  | \$8.88 |
|                     |        | All \$10.98 Hats Are | \$9.88 |

**Astrick's**  
308 MARKET STREET

## Daily Dot Puzzle

With all things moving favorably for Timanyoni High Line up to the night of fiascos, the battle for the great water-right seemed to take a sudden slant against the local promoters, after the failure to cripple Stanton by the attempt to suppress two of his subordinates. Early the next day there were panicky rumors in the air, none of them traceable to any definite starting point.

One of the stories was to the effect that the Timanyoni dam had faulty foundations and the haste in building had added to its insecurity. On the heels of this came clamorous court petitions from ranch owners below the dam site, setting forth the flood dangers to which they were exposed and praying for an injunction to stop the work.

That this was a new move on Stanton's part neither Smith nor Stillings questioned for a moment; but they no sooner got the nervous ranchman pacified by giving an indemnity bond for any damage that might be done, than other rumors sprang up. For one day and yet another Smith fought mechanically, developing the machinelike doggedness

To Be Continued.

