



Reading for Women and all the Family



Bringing Up Father

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By McManus

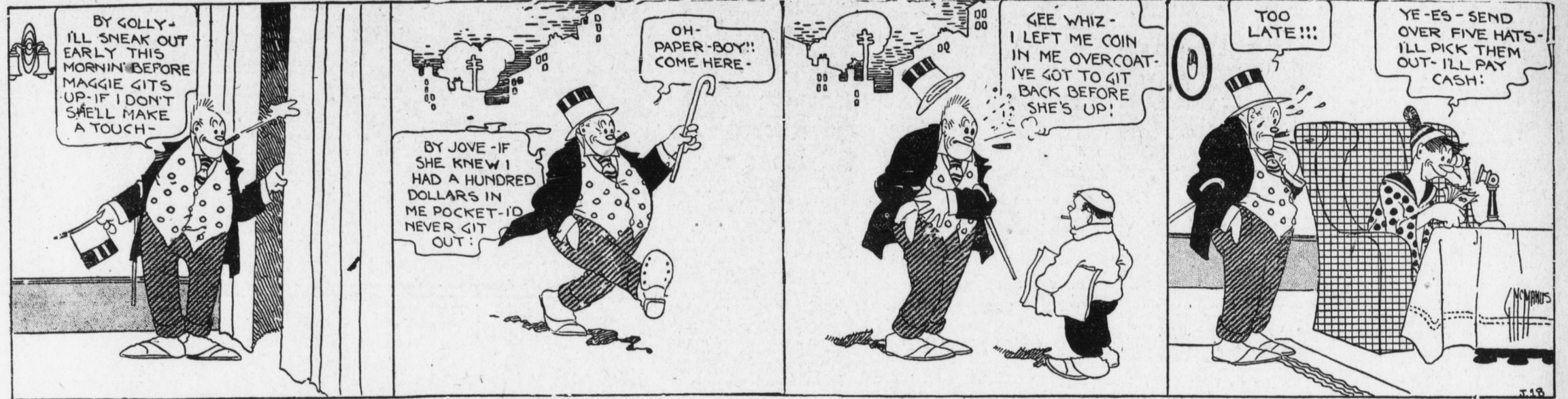
The Real Man

By FRANCIS LYNDE

Illustrations by IRWIN MYERS

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(Continued)



"I didn't think that of you, John; I sure didn't. Why, that's what you might call a low-down, tin-horn sort of game."

"It is just that, and I know it as well as you do. But it's the price I have to pay for my few days of grace. Miss Richlander knows the Stattons; they've made it their business to get acquainted with her. One word from her to Crawford Stanton, and a wire from him to my home town in the middle West would settle me."

The old man straightened himself in his chair, and his steel-gray eyes blazed suddenly.

"Break away from 'em, John!" he urged. "Break it off short, and let 'em all do their worst. Away along at the first, Williams and I both said you wasn't a crooked crook, and I'm believing it yet. When it comes to the show-down we'll all fight for you, and they'll have to bring a derrick along if they want to snatch you out of the Timanyoni. You go over yonder to the Hoppra House and tell that young woman that the bride's off, and she can talk all she wants to."

"No," said Smith shortly. "I know what I am doing, and I shall go on as I have begun. It's the only way. Matters are desperate enough with us now, and if I should drop out—"

The telephone bell was ringing and Baldwin twisted his chair to bring himself within reach of the desk set. The message was a brief one, and at its finish the ranchman-president was frowning heavily.

"By Jupiter! It does seem as if the bad luck all comes in a bunch!" he protested. "Williams was rushing things just a little too fast, and they've lost a whole section of the dam by stripping the forms before the concrete was set. That puts us back another twenty-four hours, at least. Don't that beat the mischief?"

Smith reached for his hat. "It's six o'clock," he said; "and Williams' form-strippers have furnished one more reason why I shouldn't keep Miss Richlander waiting for her dinner. And with that he cut the talk short and went his way.

With a blank evening before her, Miss Richlander, making the tete-a-tete dinner count for what it would, turned her hold upon the one man available, demanding excitement. Nothing else offering, she suggested

an evening auto drive, and Smith dutifully telephoned Maxwell, the railroad superintendent, and borrowed a runabout.

Smith drove the borrowed runabout in sober silence, and the glorious beauty in the seat beside him did not try to make him talk. Perhaps she, too, was busy with thoughts of her own. At all events, when Smith had helped her out of the car at the hotel entrance and had seen her as far as the elevator, she thanked him half absently and took his excuse, that he must return the runabout to Maxwell's garage, without laying any further commands upon him.

Just as he was turning away, a bell boy came across from the clerk's desk with a telegram for Miss Richlander. Smith had no excuse for lingering, but with the air thick with threats he made the tipping of the tip-giver for a momentary stop-gap. Miss Verda tore the envelope open and read the inclosure with a fine-lined little frown coming and going between her eyes.

"It's from Tucker Jibbey," she said, glancing up at Smith. "Someone has told him where we are, and he is following us. He says he'll be here on the evening train. Will you meet him and tell him I've gone to bed?"

At the mention of Jibbey, the money-spoiled son of the man who stood next to Jibbey in the credit ratings, and Lawrenceville's best imitation of a financier, Smith's first emotion was one of relief at the thought that Jibbey would at least divide time with him in the entertainment of the bored beauty; then he remembered that Jibbey had once considered him a rival, and that the sham "rounder's" presence in Brewster would constitute a menace more threatening than all the others put together.

"I can't meet Tucker," he said bluntly. "You know very well I can't."

"That's so," was the quiet reply.

"Of course you can't. What will you do when he comes?—run away?"

"No; I can't do that either. I shall keep out of his way, if I can. If he finds me and makes any bad breaks, he'll get what's coming to him. If he's worth anything to you, you'll put him on the stage in the morning and send him up into the mountains to join your father."

"The idea!" she laughed. "He's not coming out here to see father. Poor Tucker! If he could only know what he is in for! Then: 'It is beginning to look as if you might have to go still deeper in debt to me, Montague. There is one more thing I'd like to do before I leave Brewster. If I'll promise to keep Tucker away from you, will you drive me out to the Baldwins' to-morrow afternoon? I want to see the colonel's fine horses, and he has invited me, you know."

Smith's eyes gaped.

"There is a limit, Verda, and you've reached it," he said quickly. "If the colonel invited you to Hillcrest, it was because you didn't leave him any chance not to. I resign in favor of Jibbey," and with that he handed her into the waiting elevator and said, "good-night."

On the day following the hindering concrete failure at the dam, Smith gave still more color to the charges against the proper management of those who affairs brought them in contact with him older and harder-jaded grown years found a sudden change in the man who had said so quarelsome; a man who seemed to have parted, in the short space of a single night, with all of the handsome amenities which he had shown to such a marked degree in the reorganizing and refinancing of the irrigation project.

"We've got young Napoleon on finance on the toboggan slide, at last," was the way in which Mr. Crawford Stanton phrased it for the bewiged lady at their luncheon in the Hoppra cafe. "Kintie is about to throw him over, and all this talk about botch-work on the dam is getting his goat. They're telling it around here this morning that you can't get near him without risking a fight. Old Man Backus went up to his office in behalf of a bunch of the body and harshly dictatorial, not to say quarrelsome; a man who seemed to have parted, in the short space of a single night, with all of the handsome amenities which he had shown to such a marked degree in the reorganizing and refinancing of the irrigation project.

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MANAGEMENT OF HOME DESIRABLE

Every Housewife Can Easily Learn Proper Way to Do Things

A home well managed becomes a home, a place of comfort and cheer. The housewife who understands the scientific management of her home is not a slave to her duties, but has plenty of time for recreation and for the following of any pursuits in which she may be interested.

To have a place for everything and a particular time each day for the performing of certain tasks lessens the work and the time required for its completion. Every housewife can acquire the knowledge necessary to successfully manage her household along scientific and economical lines if she will but devote a few minutes each day to the study of home management.

The Lincoln Correspondence School course in home management, which is one of the six practicable courses now being offered its subscribers by this paper, full particulars of which may be obtained from the publishers, teaches the scientific management and care of every accessory in the home—the planning of each room, the proper arrangement of furniture required to give character, expression and individuality to the home, the decoration of walls, what to use and what not to use, the color schemes and choice of draperies.

The lessons are most practicable and deal with the essential everyday details of housekeeping. They teach economy without sacrifice of home comfort or loss of efficiency. It does not require so much money to make a room comfortable and attractive if you know how to arrange it, and work is neither half so long nor so hard if you know how to do it.

"The Insider"

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water

CHAPTER LXII
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Before I could answer my companion's question there was a blinding flash of lightning and another clap of thunder. The wind increased with such violence that it almost took my breath away.

"Oh," I gasped, "let me go in alone! He may not like it if—"

Hugh Parker laid a strong hand on my wrist. "What do you mean?" he asked hoarsely. "What right has he to object to your being here with me?"

"No right—yet," I quavered, "but he wants—I mean—I half-promised—"

"You mean," Hugh questioned sternly, "that you love him?"

"No—no!" I protested. "I don't love him—but I have told him that."

Someone was hurrying along the veranda toward us. My companion seized my arm as a gust of rain struck us in our faces and ran with me to the steps at the top of which my employer stood.

"Elizabeth! Parker!" Brewster Norton exploded. "What does this mean? Where have you been?"

He carried an electric torch, and as he flashed it upon us I was painfully conscious that I wore a loose negligee, and that my hair was tossed by the wind. I was glad that I had wrapped about me the shawl that Hugh had brought out to me a few minutes ago.

"It was so hot upstairs that I came

down to get cool," I explained, my teeth chattering, "and Mr. Parker happened to get here just before the storm broke."

At Hillcrest one light in the lower hall was always left burning at night, and by its gleam through the open door I saw that my employer was very pale. I was sure that he was angry, but his self-control was phenomenal.

"I see," he said dryly. "And where is Tom?"

"He went indoors some time past," Hugh Parker said. "I took a walk after he left me. And I saw Miss Dart sitting there on the bench as I crossed the orchard, and I, too, stopped to get cool and watch the storm rise. Shall we go in? We are all three getting wet."

I envied him his calm bearing. He had nothing to be ashamed of, I reflected quickly, so he was not afraid.

He looks old.

"That's so, we are," Brewster Norton agreed, with an effort to speak naturally. "It appears that most of the family are awake. Mrs. Grace called out to me just now to be sure to shut all the windows—as if that were not the very thing that I came down stairs for."

I noticed as he spoke how old he looked without a collar. He had slipped on his trousers and dressing gown over his pajamas, leaving his neck exposed in front. I saw as never before the flabby and wrinkled skin at the throat, the sure sign of departed youth. Yet he

was only forty-six. It was the contrast with Hugh's buoyant vitality that made him seem older.

"Did you just come downstairs?" I asked suddenly.

"Yes," he replied. "Why?"

"I thought I heard you open the screen door fifteen minutes ago," I said. "I heard it creek."

"Probably it was not latched, and the wind opened it," Hugh opined. "As it is evident that everybody is in the house, it is also evident that nobody came out."

"Perhaps," I said, giggling nervously, "somebody came into the house."

ish jest and with the intention of making myself appear at ease. I was to recall them later.

"That's obviously absurd," the master of the house declared tartly. "Hark—what a rain! The backbone of the drought is certainly broken. Then, as I shivered, he said politely, but rather stiffly, "If I might suggest, Miss Dart, it would be wise for you to get upstairs and remove your damp clothing. You stayed outside long enough to get plentifully sprinkled."

"I will go at once," I said eagerly.

I had wanted to run away, yet had stood embarrassed, wondering how I could make my escape. I knew I would not part with my possible need of me. All my tact had deserted me.

"Good-night, Mr. Norton. Good-night, Mr. Parker," I murmured.

"Good-night!" Hugh said, and he took it in his cool, firm grasp as he might have taken the hand of a man. The clasp quieted my twitching nerves. Yet, as I saw his grave face I wondered if he had really said he loved me. And, as I wondered, I knew I would not part with my memory of his words for any price.

"Good night!" Mr. Norton said, as I started toward the stairs.

My cheeks flamed as realized

that my thoughts had been so busy that I had forgotten to shake hands with my employer.

"Oh,—good night!" I stammered again, trying to laugh. "I forgot that I had not shaken hands with you!"

His grip hurt my fingers, and there was a disagreeable gleam in his eyes. Although he, too, laughed, there was no amusement in the sound.

"Oh, I would not let you forget!" he rejoined, harshly. "You may be very sure of that."

I almost snatched my hand from him, and ran upstairs.

At the first landing I paused and looked down. My employer had turned away to lock the front door, but Hugh Parker stood where I had left him. As I paused, he raised his eyes and they met mine. Although his look was calm and reassuring, I fancied that I saw also an expression of perplexity on his face.

I would not look again, but went on up to my room.

That night I dreamed of two men—the one to whom I had given a half-promise to which he had said he would hold me, and the other, who had told me he loved me, but who had demanded no promise from me.

Fashions of To-Day - By May Manton



OF course you will like this dress because it shows the barrel effect without exaggeration. It is of the simple one-piece sort that is easy to adjust and it gives very smart lines. If you want it for afternoon occasions, you can copy it in silk, taffeta or charmeuse or pongee. If you want it for morning, you can copy it in linen or in handkerchief lawn or in gingham and the gingham are exceedingly smart this season. For afternoon wear, some women will like the bell-shaped sleeves, and they are very pretty as well as very fashionable. Here, one material is used throughout but a still different effect could be obtained by making the lower part of the skirt and the trimming of a striped material and the blouse and upper part of the skirt of a plain one, or you could use gingham for the blouse part of the skirt, the collar and cuffs and voile to match the predominating color for blouse and upper portion of skirt.

For the medium size will be needed, 4 3/4 yards of material 3 5/8 inches wide with 3/8 yard 3/8 for the trimming.

The pattern No. 9420 is cut in sizes from 34 to 44 inches bust measure. It will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of fifteen cents.

Departments Issues Tips on Fighting Farm Pests

A number of insects have a fondness for muskmelon vines now, says the department of agriculture. These are the muskmelon beetle, the striped cucumber beetle, and the flea beetle. The aphides or greenflies, are the most ruinous muskmelon pests. If the vines are allowed to become badly infested with these bugs they will die in a few days. The only thing to do is to pull the vines and burn them.

Aphides are sucking insects; they feed on the sap of the plant. If applied before the lice gain a headway you can exterminate them. If you do not, application does not destroy all the aphides, repeat when ever necessary. Aphides can readily be detected by the crumpled appearance of the plant leaves.

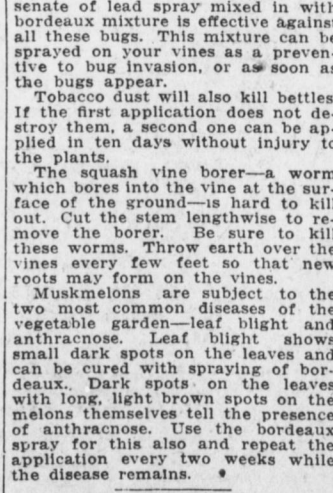
Beetles common to the cucumber vines are also found on muskmelons. The striped beetle, the spotted cucumber beetle, and the flea beetle are common to the identical way. A mixture of lead spray mixed with bordeaux mixture is effective against all these bugs. This mixture can be sprayed on your vines as soon as they are infested, or as soon as the bugs appear.

Tobacco dust will also kill beetles. If the first application does not destroy them, a second one can be applied in ten days without injury to the plants.

The squash vine borer—a worm which bores into the vine at the surface of the ground—is hard to kill out. Cut the stem lengthwise to remove the borer. Be sure to kill these worms. Throw earth over the vines every few feet so that new roots may form on the vines.

Muskmelons are subject to the two most common diseases of the vegetable garden—leaf blight and anthracnose. Leaf blight shows small dark spots on the leaves and can be cured with spraying of bordeaux. Dark spots on the leaves with long, light brown spots on the melons themselves tell the presence of anthracnose. Use the bordeaux spray for this also and repeat the application every two weeks while the disease remains.

Daily Dot Puzzle



WHY NOT ALL DRESS ALIKE?

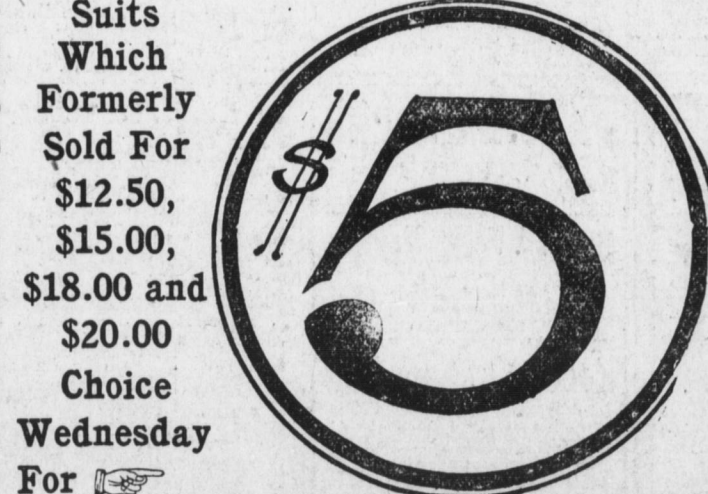
Why not a civilian uniform as a measure of economy in clothing? suggests a senator from Ohio, who would be worn by everyone, man, woman and child, and thus eliminate foolish dressing, the dude, and the spending of hundreds of thousands of dollars on needless finery. It would certainly bring home to the civilian population their part in the war, and the fact that they are apologetic no longer for appearing twice in the same dress. As the result of investigation carried on by the Ohio man, a standardized suit of wool of excellent quality could be sold for less than twenty dollars.—Popular Science Monthly

KAUFMAN'S MARKET SQUARE "UNDERSELLING" STORE

A Big \$5 Suit Sale Wednesday

On Wednesday Morning Promptly at 8.30 A. M. We Will Place on Sale

135 WOMEN'S & MISSES' SMART CLOTH SUITS



Suits Which Formerly Sold For \$12.50, \$15.00, \$18.00 and \$20.00 Choice Wednesday For

See Suits Now on Display in Our Windows. None Sold Until Wednesday. Full Details in This Paper Tomorrow

SPECIAL NOTE---Summer Closing Hours
Beginning July 2nd and Continuing During July and August the Store Will Close Daily at 5 P. M. ---Saturdays at 9 P. M.

Summer Half-Holidays on Thursdays During JULY and AUGUST

RED CROSS WEEK

June 18 to 25

SECOND in the work of winning the World's War comes our Red Cross. Indeed the importance of this work is so great that the President of the United States has set apart this week of June 18th to the 25th, as a period for sacrifice and unselfish generosity. He has also commissioned several of the ablest businessmen of the country as a war council for the Red Cross to administer this service on behalf of a stricken world.

This war council tells us that a fund of \$100,000,000 must be raised at once throughout the United States in order to meet the most urgent needs.

Harrisburg is asked to contribute \$100,000 toward this enormous and worthy fund and we feel certain that the amount will be forthcoming. Here indeed, is a summons to every citizen of Harrisburg to do their part in helping to raise this amount. While, it is true, it is a large sum of money for Harrisburg to raise, what comfort would we have in withholding that or any other sum of money if it is needed to relieve the suffering of our sons or the sons of our allies, who are fighting for all that makes life worth living.

Be a Backer—Do not be a SLACKER of the Red Cross and when the committee calls on you on either Thursday, Friday or Saturday of this week, give and give as generously as you possibly can.

Improve Your Complexion

Get your blood pure, keep the liver active and the bowels regular, and disfiguring pimples and unsightly blotches will disappear from the face. For improving the complexion and putting the blood in good order

BEECHAM'S PILLS

are safer, better and surer than cosmetics. They eliminate poisonous matters from the system, strengthen the organs and purify the blood—bring the health-glow to the cheeks, brighten the eyes, improve and

Beautifully the Skin

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