

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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"And let you parade me there as your latest acquisition?—never in this world!"

"More brutality. Positively you are getting into a frame of mind in which Tucker Jibbey will seem like a blessed relief. Whatever do you suppose has become of Tucker?"

"How should I know?"

"If he had come in last night and you had met him—as I asked you to—in any such heavenly temper as you are indulging now, I might think you had murdered him."

It was doubtless by sheer accident that Smith, reaching at the moment for the salad oil, overturned his water glass. But the small accident by no means accounted for the sudden graying of his face under the Timanyoni wind tan—for that or for the shaking hands with which he seconded the damage. When they were alone again, the momentary trepidation had given place to a renewed hardness that lent a biting rasp to his voice.

"Kinzie, the suspicious old banker that I've been telling you about, is determined to run me down," he said, changing the subject abruptly. "I've got it pretty straight that he is planning to send one of his clerks to the Topaz district to try and find your father, in the hope that he will tell what he knows about me."

"Does this Mr. Kinzie know where father is to be found?"

"He doesn't; that the only hitch."

Miss Verda's smile across the little table was level-eyed.

"I could be lots of help to you, Montague, in this fight you are making, if you'd only let me," she suggested.

"I'll fight for my own hand," was the grating rejoinder. "I can assure you right now that Kinzie's messenger will never reach your father—alive."

"Oh!" shuddered the beauty, with a little lift of the rounded shoulder. "How utterly and hopelessly primitive! Let me show you a much simpler alternative. I have a map of the mining district, you know. Father left it with me—in case I should want to communicate with him."

Smith took up with a smile which was a mere baring of the teeth.

"You wouldn't get in a man's way with any fine-spun theories of the ultimate right and wrong, would you? You wouldn't say that the only great man is the man who loves his fellow men, and all that?"

Again the handsome shoulders were lifted, this time in cool scorn.

"Are you quoting the little ranch person?" she inquired. "Then she answered his query: 'The only great men worth speaking of are the men who win. For the lack of something better to do, I'm willing to help you win, Montague. Most naturally, I am the one who would know where my father is to be found. And I have changed my mind about wanting to drive to the Baldwins'—we'll compromise on the play—if there is a play."

"There is a play, and I have the seats," he announced briefly.

"Mercy!" she fung back. "Small favors, thankfully received, and large ones in proportion; though it's hardly a favor, this time, because I have paid for it in advance. Mr. Kinzie's young man came to see me this morning."

"What did you do?"

"I gave him a tracing of my map, and he was so grateful it made me want to tell him that it was all wrong; that he wouldn't find father in a month if he followed the directions."

"But you didn't?"

"No; I can play the game, when it seems worth while to myself."

Smith was frowning thoughtfully when he led her to the elevator alcove.

"My wife would have been the surer worth while to herself."

"Barbarian!" she laughed; and then: "To think that you were once a debutante's darling? Oh, yes; I know it was Carter Westfall who said it first, but it was true enough to name you instantly for all Lawrenceville."

"The Insider"

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water

CHAPTER LXIII

Mr. Norton had spoken truly when he said that the backbone of the drought was broken.

The downpour that had begun in the evening continued through the next day. We had had so few rainy days this summer that to be house-bound from morning to night was a new experience to Grace and me. The front and back verandas were swept by the easterly storm, so the child could not play on them.

We played games together and read aloud during the morning. But after luncheon the little girl longed for some unusual occupation.

"I'll tell you what let's do," she suggested. "Let's go up into the attic. There's funny things there in the trunks."

"The attic?" I repeated. "You will have to ask your auntie. I have been up there only once, and then just passed through one end on my way to the roof."

I myself was glad of some diversion. Tom and Hugh had worked for several hours after breakfast, and then, in spite of the rain, had donned rubber coats and boots and gone for a day's fishing down the river, taking their luncheon in a waterproof bag. Mr. Norton was, of course, in the city. Mrs. Gore was content to sit in her own room and read a sentimental novel.

So I was willing to go with Grace to Mrs. Gore's chamber where the child made her request.

"Why, yes, darling, you may go up into the attic," the widow said. "If Miss Dart will go with you. There are," she explained to me, "several trunks and boxes of toys—also some of Tom's old books that she may like to look at. Then there are several receptacles of clothing. Many of those would not be interesting to the child, and are packed away in camphor—and her own baby-clothes are there. I suppose," with a sad smile, "it may be foolish to keep such things—but I have never been able to nerve myself of disposing of the belongings of anyone I love. So I have kept Grace's baby-clothes."

"I'd like to see them," the child remarked.

"Well, perhaps you will see them up there," her aunt said. "They are in a gray leather trunk. But, darling, if you take anything out, you must be sure to put it back carefully."

A Hint From Mrs. Gore

She addressed the child, but looked at me. I took the hint. "We will leave everything as we find it," I assured her. "Come on, Grace."

As we passed the scuttle to the roof I tried to forget the day on which Mr. Norton had taken me up there.

The attic was very large and very

neat. At one end of the huge room was a boarded space, in which furniture was stored. Grace and I glanced in there. The place was dark and uninviting. In the obscurity I could discern an old-fashioned dresser, a four-post bed on which were some pillows covered with a sheet, and, farther back, some chairs and tables.

"This is dark and dusty," I remarked. "We don't want to go in there."

"No, we don't," the child agreed promptly, pressing close to me and taking my hand. "There's where I want to go."

She pointed to the front of the attic where stood a number of trunks and boxes near windows that let in sufficient light for us to see clearly.

"The little books are in these boxes," the little girl announced. "Let's open one."

The lifted cover of the box she indicated revealed a number of boy's books, undoubtedly a part of Tom's childhood library. We glanced at one volume after another until we came to an illustrated mythology. One of the pictures looked so interesting that Grace asked me to read to her about it.

Seating myself on top of a low trunk, I read her down beside me, and read to her the beautifully written story. The language was so simple that it required no explanation on my part. When I had finished the tale I turned to the fly-leaf. On this was written Tom's name, followed by the words, in a clear handwriting, "From Mother."

I sat for a long time gazing at the inscription. I recalled what Mr. Norton had told me of Tom's mother reading to her often, and tales from mythology and from history. As I mused of the woman whom I had never seen, my thoughts returned to her very clearly, or had he cared more for the second wife, Grace's mother? And did he care more for me than he had for these other women?

An Odd Situation

The grotesqueness of the situation struck me suddenly. Here was a man who wanted to take unto himself a third wife! How could my young girl with even a spark of romance in her heart promise to marry him?

For I was no longer in any doubt as to my sentiments toward Brewster Norton.

Hugh Parker's few words last night had rung in my ears all day. They had rung in me to answer for myself the question as to whether I could ever love my employer. I knew now that here, before my feet, lay the answer. I had been one of gratitude for his kindness, coupled with flattered vanity, that he had found me worth attention and admiration. But I could never love him—never!

Yet how could I tell him so? I dreaded to see, distressing to endure. There should be on your medicine shelf a remedy for this above all physical ailments. When it comes to a choice accept nothing less efficient than Poslam.

Poslam compares it. Know the intensity of its healing power, the rapidity of its action. It can serve you in many ways: from clearing up inflamed complexion overnight to eradicating Eczema, Acne and stubborn diseases quickly and for good. Sold everywhere. For free sample write to Emergency Laboratories, 243 W. 4th St., New York City.

Poslam Soap is doubly agreeable, doubly beneficial for the skin, because medicated with Poslam.—Advertisement.

IMPORTING JAPANESE MOSQUITOES FOR BIRD FOOD

The delicious vocal organs of song birds respond magically to special care bestowed upon the diet. For this reason, says the Popular Science Monthly, birds that are cultivated in captivity are fed specially prepared foods designed to furnish maximum nourishment with minimum labor of the digestive organs.

A food which has been found especially valuable to bird-breeders has for its principal ingredients Japanese mosquitoes and ants' eggs. It is prepared by George Jenkins, of New York City, an expert on the care and feeding of birds. The nationality of the mosquitoes is not supposed to make a difference in the taste or digestibility of the food. The reason the insects are imported from Japan is that the Japanese have a method of catching them in large quantities which as yet Americans have not discovered.

ONE FIRM EMPLOYING FIFTY TYPISTS found that its work was below normal by cyclometer count and later that it had some very rapid typists and some very slow ones. The rate of pay had always been based on the number of years of service, and many of the slow ones were being paid for the work done by the rapid operators. This of course was quickly adjusted.

duces chlorine and bromine in large quantities. These gases attack the eyes, the lining of the mouth, throat and nose. One part of bromine or chlorine in one thousand parts of air produces almost instant death. The gases first cause a violent cough, followed by spitting of blood.—Popular Science Monthly.

TIMING THE TYPIST

Inventors have tried for years to put a counter on the typewriter to estimate the speed of the typist, but the efforts have always been confined to a count of the words written. A recently patented device, called a cyclometer, counts every stroke which the typist makes on the keyboard. It is fastened to the escapement wheel of the typewriter, says the Popular Science Monthly. This wheel does not move when the carriage is shoved backward and forward.

ROBINSON'S WOMAN SHOP

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For all affections of the nervous system, constipation, loss of appetite, lack of confidence, trembling, kidney or liver complaints, sleeplessness, exhausted vitality or weakness of any kind get a box of Wendell's Ambition Pills to-day on the money back plan.—Adv.

Fashions of To-Day - By May Manton



HERE is a blouse which closes at the back, and that back closing is one of the latest and most interesting features of the season. It is by no means universal but it suits certain designs peculiarly well and as it is shown here it is eminently smart. The skirt, too, shows the barrel effect produced in a quite new and entirely interesting way for the drapery forms very pretty and graceful lines. In the illustration, the entire gown is made of sports satin with embroidery on the blouse, but the design could be utilized for a pongee or for any other plush in the hope that he will tell what he knows about me."

"Does this Mr. Kinzie know where father is to be found?"

"He doesn't; that the only hitch."

9423 Blouse with Back Closing, 34 to 40 bust. Price 15 cents.

9427 Two-Piece Skirt, 24 to 32 waist. Price 15 cents.

For the medium size the blouse will require 2 1/2 yards of material 36 inches wide or 44, and the skirt, 3 1/2 yards 36, 3 yards 44.

The blouse pattern No. 9423 is cut in sizes from 34 to 40 inches bust measure and the skirt No. 9427 in sizes from 24 to 32 waist measure. They will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of fifteen cents for each.

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Skin broken out with Pimples is unpleasant to see, distressing to endure. There should be on your medicine shelf a remedy for this above all physical ailments. When it comes to a choice accept nothing less efficient than Poslam.

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Poslam Soap is doubly agreeable, doubly beneficial for the skin, because medicated with Poslam.—Advertisement.

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The fact that B. Bloom had been in business less than a year; the Women's and Misses' Coats, Suits, Dresses, Waists, Skirts and Petticoats were of the newest and highest qualities; and finally, that our exceptionally low bid for the merchandise much to our surprise was accepted—in view of all these conditions we deemed it wise to set aside our policy and place on sale, the handsome garments featured by B. Bloom, 19 North Third street.

In this stock, which will go on sale at our store, one will find garments for every occasion. The dainty modes that characterized Bloom's compare very favorably with the high standard of quality and newness demanded by Robinson's Woman Shop. If we could not fully guarantee every garment offered it would never go out of our store. During this sale our friends may feel confident that our usual spirit of fairness will be more than lived up to. We hope even to surpass ourselves in value-giving.

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