

# 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



pany's attorney as soon as he reached Brewster. But Smith was not in his office, and no one seemed to know where he had gone. The colonel shrewdly suspected that Miss Richlander was making another draft upon the secretary's time, and he said as much to Starbuck, later in the day when the mine owner sauntered into the High Line headquarters and proceeded to roll the inevitable cigarette.

"Not any, this time, colonel," was Starbuck's rebuttal. "You've missed it by a whole row of apple trees. Miss Rich-dollars is over at the hotel. I saw her at luncheon with the Stantons less than an hour ago."

"You haven't seen Smith, have you?"

"No; but I know where he is. He's out in the country, somewhere, taking the air in Dick Maxwell's runabout. I wanted to borrow the wagon myself, and Dick told me he had already lent it to Smith."

"We're needing him," said the colonel shortly, and then he told Starbuck of the newest development in the paper-railroad scheme of obstruction.

From that the talk drifted to a discussion of Kinzie's latest attitude. By this time there had been an alarming number of stock sales by small holders, all of them handled by the Brewster City National, and it was plainly evident that Kinzie had finally gone over to the enemy and was buying—as cheaply as possible—for some unnamed customer.

"I they keep it up, they can wear us out by little, and we'll break our necks finishing the dam and saving the franchise only to turn it over to them in the round-up," said the colonel dejectedly. "I've talked until I'm hoarse, but you can't talk marrow into an empty bone, Billy. I used to think we had

a fairly good bunch of men in with us, but in these last few days I've been changing my mind at a fox-trot."

The remainder of the day, up to the time when the offices were closing and the colonel was making ready to go home, passed without incident. In Smith's continued absence Starbuck had offered to go to the dam to stand a night watch with Williams against a possible surprise by the right-of-way claimants; and Stillings, who had been petitioning for an injunction, came up to report progress just as Baldwin was locking his desk.

"The judge has taken it under advisement, but that is as far as he would get to-day," said the lawyer. "It's simply a bold steal, of course. I'm sworn to uphold the law, and I can't counsel armed resistance. Just the same, I hope Williams has his nerve with him."

"He has; and I haven't lost mine yet," snapped a voice at the door; and Smith came in, dust-covered and swarthy with the grime of the wind-swept grasslands. Out of the pocket of his driving coat he drew a thick packet of papers and slapped it upon the drawn-down curtain of Baldwin's desk. "There you are," he went on gratingly. "Now you can tell Mr. David Kinzie to go straight to blazes with his stock-punching, and I'll more money he puts into it, the more somebody's going to lose!"

"John!—what have you done?" demanded Baldwin.

## "The Insider"

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water

CHAPTER LXIV.  
(Copyright, 1917, Star Company.)

While I had been musing, Grace had wandered away to the window next to the one by which I was sitting, and had lifted the cover of a small trunk that stood here.

"Auntie said my baby things were in a gray trunk," she reminded me. "This one is gray."

"So it is," I affirmed.

Then as I glanced at the neatly arranged articles before me, I saw that they were not the clothes of a child. There was a folded mass of silky tulle, which, as Grace pulled it out, with reckless fingers, tore where she clutched it.

"Oh, Grace dear, look out!" I warned. "That net is old and fragile and tears easily."

The child handed it to me, and gazed down at the dress that lay in the trunk.

It was of satin. On top of the shimmering folds of the skirt was a small waist embroidered with seed-pearls. The design was of orange blossoms. About the shoulders were sewed sprays of the same flower.

"Oh, isn't it pretty?" the child breathed ecstatically. "But I wasn't ever mine, was it, Miss Dart?"

"Oh, no dear," I said hastily. "And I don't think we ought to handle it. Let us close the trunk."

"Please," she pleaded, "just let me see what's under the dress!"

She was so urgent that I raised one end of the satin garment and allowed her to peer underneath.

A Bit of Exploration

"There a pair of white slippers and some white gloves," she announced, starting to plunge her hand down for them.

But I checked her. "No, dear," I protested, catching her hand. "We must not disturb these things. They are very pretty and dainty and might get mused. Here, let me put back this veil."

"Well," she echoed, inquiringly, as I folded the delicate material as carefully as I could. It was silk malines, and clung to my fingers after the manner of very fine silky textures. The clinging made me nervous, as if the veil were a sentient thing, and I was tempted to fling it from me. But I continued to fold it and smooth it out.

"A veil?" Grace repeated. "Why, it's too big for a veil, isn't it? Ladies don't wear veils like that, do they?"

"Sometimes," by the way, replacing the sheet of blue paper and closing the trunk quietly. "Now, let's find your baby clothes."

We found them put away neatly and, lifting them out one by one, looked at them—Grace with interest and curiosity; I with the tender sensation that the touch of infants' gar-

ments always brings to me. I handled them affectionately, lingeringly, thinking of the tiny body they had once enveloped.

And when we had looked at them all, I drew Grace to me and kissed her again and again. These little clothes had been hers, and I loved her very dearly—better than any other child I had ever known. How could I bring myself to leave her—if leave her I must? Matters could not go on like this long. I was coming to a parting of the ways.

Scrutinizing the fair face bent so gravely over the contents of the gray trunk—a lighter gray than that in which the bridal robes had been packed yesterday, that Grace was not looking as well as before the recent heat-ved term. I recalled her slight fever of last evening. Perhaps she had a little malaria. If so, it might show itself again to-morrow. There was always a periodicity about such troubles. I was suddenly frightened at the thought of this little girl being ill.

"What makes you look at me like that?" she demanded, raising her eyes to mine.

"Because I was thinking how much I love you, darling," I answered, affectionately.

Back there is that little trunk were her dead mother's wedding clothes. Her dead mother! I was the only mother she knew now. What would she do in my place? If I were her, I would not care to go away from her? Her aunt could not take up to her for my companionship.

As if discerning my thought, she sprang up suddenly and threw her arms about my neck.

"I love you, too!" she declared, kissing me rapturously. "You are my very own, Miss Dart. I love you the very best of everybody in the whole big world."

"Oh no, darling," I demurred, "not better than daddy."

"Yes," she insisted, "better than daddy. I love him a whole heartful, of course—and that's a lot—but I love you two whole heartfuls, you see."

She laughed, and I tried to laugh with her. But tears dimmed my sight for a moment.

"Let us read some more stories," I proposed, to divert her from a topic that was so painful. "If so, it might gust of wind smote against the house, 'how hard it is storming still!'"

She stood, listening. Then, as when we first came up into the attic, she pressed close to me.

"I'd like to sit on your lap while you read, if you don't mind," she said. "It's cozier like that, isn't it?"

"Yes," I agreed, "it is cozier."

And, sitting down again on the low trunk by the window, I took her on my lap.

## CHORAL UNION HOLDS OUTING

Reports of Work During Year Are Presented; Summer Girl Minstrels

Many attractions and much good accomplished at many places visited during the past year were reported at the annual outing of the Harrisburg Christian Endeavor Choral Union at Reservoir Park last evening.

A number of speeches were made and J. Frank Palmer, president of the Choral Union, was toastmaster. Toasts were given by the following persons: Prof. Frank A. McCarrell, the Rev. G. N. Lauffer, pastor of the Lutheran Church, Steaton; Prof. John F. Kob, president of the Dauphin County C. E. Union; Charles S. Ulrich, president Harrisburg C. E. Union, and F. E. Schwartz.

Give Splendid Reports

Misses Ida M. Sowers, treasurer,

and Anna McKelvey, secretary, gave excellent reports.

Members of the Summer Girls' Minstrels of the C. E. Choral Union are:

Miss Center of Attraction, Christine Miller; Miss Swat the Fly, Ida Sowers; Miss Fluffy, Sarah McGran; Mrs. Boardwalk, Edna Miller; Mrs. Votes for Women, Mrs. H. S. Williams; Reader, Maude Parker; Aunt Jimma, Mrs. J. E. Watson, and Organist, Nelle M. Liddick.

Minstrel Chorus—Misses May Hoover, Grace McKelvey, Margaret Shoemaker, Helen McKelvey, Ruth Martin, Anna Dimm, Hazel Sowers, Edna Pannebaker, Carrie Knaby and Mrs. E. S. Schilling.

Officers Elected

The following officers were elected: President, J. Frank Palmer; vice-president, F. E. Schwartz; secretary, Miss Anna S. McKelvey; treasurer, Miss Ida M. Sowers; press correspondent, Miss Wilhelmina K. Dress; pianist, Miss Catherine D. Heikes; musical director, Prof. Frank A. McCarrell.

The following persons were present: Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Dunlap, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Reed, Mr. and Mrs. Claude Engle, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Stauffer, the Rev. and Mrs. G. N. Lauffer, Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. Ulrich, Mr. and Mrs. Frank A. McCarrell, Miss Catherine D. Heikes, Mr. and Mrs. John F. Kob, Mrs. E. S. Schilling, Mrs. J. S. Manbeck, Myrtle Ebner, Mrs. J. S. Reed, Clyde Bell, Frank Warner, Edna Rentz, Margaret Shoemaker,

Hazel Sowers, Catherine Germer, Myrtle Sowers, Mrs. William Rapp, Ida Sowers, Oliver Sosenig, Mr. and Mrs. Charles R. Bartley, George Bartley, Mr. and Mrs. J. Frank Palmer, Ruth Martin, Mrs. H. S. Williams, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Boehring, er, Mrs. C. D. Hawley, Robert Heikes, Nelle M. Liddick, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Baum, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Hoover, Grace McKelvey, Annie Ludwig, Edna Pannebaker, Carrie Knabe, Margaret Knabe, Margaret Armstrong, Marguerite Baker, Lewis P. Markley, Mary Bowman, T. E. Stephenson, Gertrude Seltz, Verna Lenker, Christine Miller, Cora Weirick, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Hoover, Mrs. George Deeter, Edna Miller, Maude Parker, Grace Long, Anna McKelvey, Helen McKelvey, Eleanor Bricker, Katherine Bennett, Edna Brownawell, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Dum, Mrs. U. F. Swengel, Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Schwartz, Lydia Kutz, Blanche Gingrich, Mr. and Mrs. William Bailey, Mr. and Mrs. Elmer S. Schilling, Clark S. Schilling, June Lutheran Church, Steelton; Prof. Nedra Schilling, Mrs. George Maddux, H. E. Trostle, Monroe Morrison, Mrs. E. E. Clark, Anna Dim, Anna March, Bessie March, Mrs. John Whistler, Mrs. William Walton, Emily Edwards, Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Montgomery, Mrs. William Aungst, Sara McGran, Mae Hoover, Ruth Fisher, Esther Smith, Mr. and Mrs. W. L. High, Opal Pierce, Gay Beard, Esther Ligan, Bernice Paxton, Ruth Hoover, Edna Hoover, Mrs. William Deal, Mrs. Mabel Drawbaugh, F. W. Lingie, E. B. Wase.

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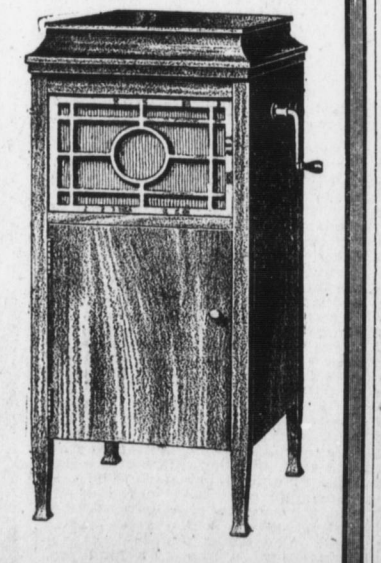
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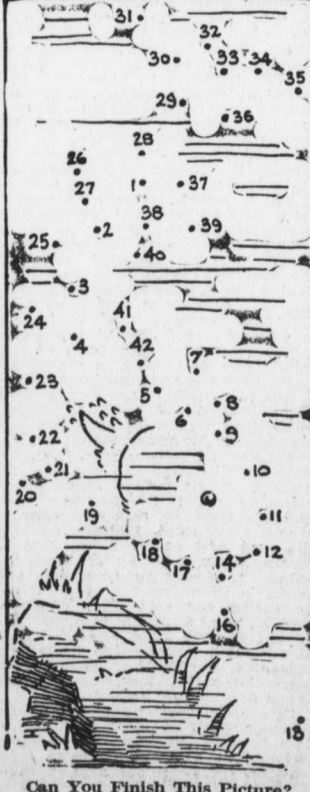
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### Daily Dot Puzzle



### Chance For Civil War Grows Steadily in China

Peking, China, June 20.—The southern provinces are rapidly making warlike preparations and are negotiating with the southwest provinces to join them. They have been assured of support from this quarter, and President Li Yuan Hung is virtually a prisoner. General Chang-Hsun, who has assumed the power of dictator, has forced the secretarial staff to resign. Former members of Parliament and friends of the President are not permitted to enter the palace. No account has been received, on account of the steadily growing military opposition to General Chang-Hsun. His nominee for premier, Li Ching-Hai, is unable to obtain the consent of officials to serve in a Cabinet with them.

### Careless Use of Soap Spoils the Hair

Soap should be used very carefully, if you want to keep your hair looking its best. Most soaps and prepared shampoos contain too much alkali. This dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle, and ruins it.

The best thing for steady use is just ordinary mulsified coconut oil (which is pure and greaseless), and is better than the most expensive soap or anything else you can use.

One or two teaspoonfuls will cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly. Simply moisten the hair with water and rub it in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which rinses out easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, sand and excessive oil. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and it leaves the scalp soft, and the hair fine and silky, bright, lustrous, fluffy and easy to manage.

You can get mulsified coconut oil at any pharmacy. It's very cheap, and a few ounces will supply every member of the family for months.

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**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**