

# 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)

Smith pushed the papers aside and looked up scowling.

"He was here a minute ago, with Stillings. Said he'd be back. You've come to take him home?"

"She nodded and came to sit in a chair at the desk-end, saying, 'Don't let me interrupt you, please, I'll be quiet.'

"I don't mean to let anything interrupt me until I have finished what I have undertaken to do; I'm past all that, now."

"I have heard about what you did last night."

"About the newspaper fracas? You don't approve of anything like that, of course. Neither did I, once. But there is no middle way. You know what the animal tamers tell us about the beasts. I've had my taste of blood there are a good many men in this world who need killing. Crawford Stanton is one of them, and I'm not sure that Mr. David Kinzie isn't another."

"Can't hear what you say when you talk like that," she objected, looking past him with the gray eyes veiled.

"Do you want me to lie down and let them put the steam roller over me?" he demanded irritably. "Is that your ideal of the perfect man?"

"I said, and what I meant, had nothing at all to do with Timan-yoni High Line and its fight for life," she said calmly, recalling the wan-dering gaze and letting him see her eyes. "I was thinking altogether of one man's attitude toward his world."

"What I said, and what I meant, in soberly. 'I've gone a long way since then, Corona.'"

"I know you have. Why doesn't daddy come back?"

"He'll come soon enough. You're not afraid to be here alone with me, are you?"

"But anybody might be afraid of the man you are going to be."

"His laugh was as mirthless as the creaking of a rusty hinge."

"You needn't put it in the future tense. I have already broken with whatever traditions there were left to break with. Last night I threaten-ed to kill Allen, and, perhaps, I should have done it if he hadn't beseged like a dog and dragged his wife and children into it."

"I know," she acquiesced, and again she was looking past him.

"And that isn't all. Yesterday Kin-zie set a trap for me and baited it with one of his clerks. For a little while it seemed as if the only way to spring the trap was for me to go after the clerk and put a bullet through him. It wasn't necessary, as it turned out, but if it had been—"

"Oh, you couldn't!" she broke in quickly. "I can't believe that of you!"

"You think I couldn't? Let me tell you of a thing that I have done. Night before last Verda Richlander had a wire from a young fellow who wants to marry her. He had found out that she was here in Brewster, and the wire was to tell her that he was coming in that night on the de-layed 'Flyer.' She asked me to meet him and tell him she had gone to bed. He is a miserable little wretch; a sort of sham reprobate; and she has never cared for him, except to keep him dangling around with a lot of others. I told her I wouldn't meet him, and she knew very well that I couldn't meet him—and stay out of jail. Are you listening?"

"I'm trying to."

"It was the pinch, and I wasn't big enough—in your sense of the word—to meet it. I saw what would happen. If Tucker Jibbey came here, Stanton would pounce upon him at once; and Jibbey, with a drink or two under his belt, would tell all he knew. I fought it all out while I was waiting for the train. It was Jibbey's effacement, or the end of the world for me, and for Timan-yoni High Line."

Dexter Baldwin's daughter was not of those who shriek and faint at the apparition of horror. But the gray eyes were dilating and her breath was coming in little gasps when she said:

"I can't believe it! You are not going to tell me that you met this man as a friend and then—"

"No; it didn't quite come to a murder. In cold blood, though I thought it might. I had Maxwell's runabout, and I got Jibbey into it. He thought I was going to drive him to the hotel. After we got out of town he grew suspicious, and there was a struggle in the auto. I—I had to beat him over the head to make him keep quiet. I thought for the moment that I had killed him, and I knew, then, just how far I had gone on the road I've been traveling ever since a certain night in the middle of last May. The proof was in the way I felt; I wasn't either sorry or horror-stricken; I was merely re-luctant to think that he would trouble me, or clutter up the world

with his worthless presence any longer."

"But that wasn't your real self!" she expostulated.

"What was it, then?"

"I don't know—I only know that it wasn't you. But tell me; did he die?"

"No."

"What have you done with him?"

"Do you know the old abandoned wire-silver mine at Little Butte?"

"I knew it before it was abandon-ed, yes."

"I was out there one Sunday after-noon with Starbuck. The mine is bulk-headed and locked, but one of the keys on my ring fitted the lock, and Starbuck and I went in and stumbled around for a while in the dark tunnels. I took Jibbey there and locked him up. He's there now."

"Alone in that horrible place—and without food?"

"Alone, yes; but I went out yester-day and put a basket of food where he could get it."

"What are you going to do with him?"

"I am going to leave him there until after I have put Stanton and Kinzie and the other buccaneers safely out of business. When that is done, he can go; and I'll go, too."

"She had risen, and at the sum-ming up she turned from him and went aside to the one window to stand for a long minute gazing down into the electric-lighted street. When she came back her lips were pressed together and she was very placid."

"When I was in school, our old psychology professor used to try to tell us about the underman; the brute that lies dormant inside of us and is kept down only by reason and the superman. I never believed it was anything more than a fine-spun theory—until now. But now I know it is true."

"He spread his hands."

"I can't help it, can I?"

"The man that you are now can't help it; no. But the man that you could be—if he would only come back—she stopped with a little un-controllable shudder and sat down again covering her face with her hands."

"I'm going to turn Jibbey loose after I'm through," he vouchsafed.

She took her hands away and blaz-ed up at him suddenly, with her face aslame.

"Yes! after you are safe; after there is no longer any risk in it for her."

"You are a coward," she flashed back.

"That is worse than if you had killed him—worse for you, I mean. Oh, can't you see? It's the very depth of cowardly infamy!"

He smiled sourly. "You think I'm a coward? They've been calling me everything else but that in the past few days."

"You are a coward!" she flashed back. "You have proved it. You aren't going out to Little Butte to-night and get that man and bring him to Brewster while there is yet time for him to do whatever it is that you are afraid he will do?"

"Was it the quintessence of femi-nine subtlety, or only honest rage and indignation, that told her how to aim the armor-piercing arrow? God, who alone knows the secret work-ings of the woman heart and brain, can tell. But the arrow sped true and found its mark. Smith got up stiffly out of the big swing chair and stood glooming down at her."

"You think I did it for myself?—Just to save my own worthless hide? I'll show you; show you all the things that you say are now impossible. Did you bring the gray roadster?"

She nodded briefly.

"Your father is coming back; I hear the elevator bell. I am going to take the car, and I don't want to meet him. Will you say what is need-ful?"

She nodded again, and he went out quickly. It was only a few steps down the corridor to the elevator landing and the stair circled the caged ele-vator shaft to the ground floor. Smith halted in the darkened corner of the stairway long enough to make sure that the colonel, with Stillings and a woman in an automobile coat and veil—a woman who figured for him in the passing glance as Corona's mother—got off at the office floor. Then he ran down to the street level, cranked the gray roadster and sprang in to send the car rocketing westward.

(To Be Continued)

### EVERY WOMAN MAY DRESS MORE FASHIONABLY

Can Have More Stylish Dresses at Greater Saving of Expense

Women everywhere are realizing the economical results to be attained through knowledge how to do their own and their family's sewing and plain dressmaking. Clothes are a big item in the expense budget of every household, and the woman in the home who makes her own and her

children's clothing cuts this expense down to about one-third, at the same time having clothes that are better made and more suited to her require-ments.

Naturally, every woman doesn't know how to sew, nor has she the time and money necessary to obtain this knowledge at a resident school. The place to study home problems is in the home itself, and the woman in the home is realizing more each day the value of correspondence instruc-tion in making herself proficient.

The Lincoln Correspondence Schools course in sewing and plain dressmak-ing, which is one of the six courses now being afforded subscribers to this paper, was prepared by one of the world's best authorities on sewing and dressmaking, a woman who has had years of practical experience in her respective line of work. More detailed information concerning this course will be found elsewhere in this edition.

The course, which consists of ten

lessons, contains over 200 illustra-tions, which in themselves are so plain as to make words of explana-tion almost unnecessary. The lessons are most simple; there is no drafting to confuse or puzzle the student, and each new subject is taken up only as the student is prepared to under-take it.

To the woman who is anxious to lessen the expense of dressing her-self and her children this most prac-ticable course is a golden opportu-nity. She can not only cut down the expense, but she will have a knowl-edge of what is suitable for each sea-son, and for all occasions; she will know the styles that are suited to her personally and which bring out her individuality.

This course is not intended to make professional dressmakers. It is for the housewife or daughter in the home, or for any other woman who sees the value of knowing how to do her own sewing and plain dress-making.

### Lightning Destroys Barn of Enos Nissley, of Landisville

Mount Joy, Pa., June 22.—Yester-day afternoon the barn of Enos Nis-sley, one mile north of Landisville, tenanted by Harvey Grube, was struck by lightning and entirely de-stroyed. A substation of the Cones-toga Traction Company here was struck and considerable damage done to the electric equipment.

Jacob Musselman and his daugh-ter, Ada, of Landisville, who sought refuge at a barn near Oyster Point, were both stunned by a bolt of light-ning.

UNDERTAKER 1745 N. 6th ST. CHAS. H. MAUK BOTH PRIVATE AMBULANCE PHONES

## The Poison of German Intrigue --- Wilson's Antidote

German intrigue in America as well as in Russia, in the form of veiled peace proposals, which, to use the words of President Wilson, "aim to deceive all those throughout the world who stand for the rights of peoples and the self-government of nations," is the subject of the leading article in this week's LITERARY DIGEST, dated June 23d.

The article, using the President's note to the Russian people and his Flag Day address as a basis, makes very clear just what America is fighting for and the peace that must come. It throws the light of public opinion in this country, as shown by the newspaper press, upon the President's words, and shows that they are not only a warning to the Russians to avoid the fatal error of deserting the Allies, but, in the opinion of the Pittsburgh Gazette-Times, they are "also a warning to Pro-Ger-man neutrals and to Pro-Germans in this country." The article also gives answer to those who favor the making of a separate peace by Russia.

Among other topics of almost equal interest and importance which are treated in this issue of the "Digest," are:

- "We Have Tasted Liberty and It Has Made Us Drunk"
- Remarked Russian Minister of War, Kerensky, and, in the Opinion of the Foreign Correspondents in Russia, He Spoke the Truth. This Article Shows the Russian Muddle in All Its Angles
- Getting Greece Together
- Driving the Germans Back in Belgium
- What the Jews Are Doing With Freedom in Russia
- Doing More Work With Fewer Men
- Personal Glimpses of Interesting People
- How the Chinese Build
- Reprisals Against Germany
- The Y. M. C. A. Forehanded
- The South Calling Negroes Back To Make War-Profits Pay For War
- Our Bohemian Fighters
- Finger-Prints in the Orient
- Measuring Hunger Pangs
- Reviving the Elizabethan Age in England
- Investments and Finance
- People "Chosen" of God
- Edith Cavell's Last Letter

Many Striking Illustrations, Including the Best Cartoons

All News-Roads Lead At Last to "The Digest"

Did you ever stop to think of the path your news travels to reach you, of how an event no sooner happens than the story of it speeds away, by word of mouth, by tele-graph or telephone, is flashed through submarine cables or flies free in air on the wings of the wireless to the office of some newspaper, where it is translated into cold type, rushed through the presses, and hurried forth again by motor-car, by boat, by rail, on horseback, and in some remote districts, on camelback, on sledges, or by canoe, to reach your door?

All this is wonderful enough, but when you reflect that the published news of the whole world comes to the editors of THE LITERARY DIGEST, and is put by them through an impartial sieve, which retains only the choicest part, uncolored and unchanged in the least degree, then your wonder grows. For your use and benefit the pith of all the world's events is concentrated with-out bias in the columns of THE DIGEST, week by week. Be advised and avail yourself to-day of this greatest of modern news-recorders.

June 23d Number on Sale To-day---All News Dealers---10 Cents

NEWS-DEALERS may now obtain copies of "The Literary Digest" from our local agent in their town, or where there is no agent, direct from the Publishers.

'Tis a Mark of Distinction to Be a Reader of The Literary Digest

The Literary Digest

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY (Publishers of the Famous NEW Standard Dictionary), NEW YORK

### REMOVAL SALE

20th CENTURY SHOE CO.

### Liberty Bonds Were Over-Subscribed--- Our Removal Sale Exceeds Our Expectations

Every day it is growing bigger. The public is only realizing the big values we are offering. Did you share in the Removal Sale savings? If not, it is not too late. We have advice from the factories that shoes will advance very materially July 1, 1917.

Here are only a few of the many savings we have to offer—

- 10% to 30% Reductions on All Goods During Sale**
- Women's two-tone Canvas Shoes; \$3.00 value ..... **\$2.48**
  - Men's Black Dress and Work Shoes; \$3.00 value ..... **\$1.98**
  - Men's Scout and Chrome Blucher Tan Shoes. Very Special; \$3 values, **\$2.48**
  - Women's Pearl Gray Kid Lace Cloth Top 8-inch Shoes; \$6 value ..... **\$4.98**
  - Women's Vici Kid Lace Shoes; \$5.00 value ..... **\$3.59**
  - Women's Vici Kushion Soled Shoes; \$4.48 value ..... **\$2.98**
  - Women's Gun Metal and Patent Leather Oxfords; sizes 2½ to 4, \$4.00 value ..... **\$1.98**
  - Gun Metal Shoes for the little folks— 5 to 8; \$1.50 value ..... **98¢** 8½ to 11; \$2.00 value ..... **\$1.48**
  - Youths' Gun Metal Lace Shoes; sizes 10 to 13 ..... **\$1.48**
  - Boys' Tennis Oxfords ..... **49c**
  - Women's Cloth Top Gun Metal Shoes; \$3.00 value ..... **\$1.98**
  - Men's Gun Metal Oxfords; \$3.00 values ..... **\$2.48**

We have the pleasure to announce that Mr. Harold Eckert, graduate of Central High School will join our sales force Saturday June 23rd.

We will occupy our new store, 3 S. Market Square, Commonwealth Hotel Building on or about July 10th.

**20th CENTURY SHOE CO.**

"SHOES THAT WEAR"

E. F. DEICHLER, Mgr. **7 S. Market Square**

### Daily Dot Puzzle

Trace these dots to thirty-six. See my auntie, Mrs. Hicks. Draw from one to two and so on to the end.