



Reading for Women and all the Family



The Real Man

By FRANCIS LYNDE

Illustrations by IRWIN MYERS

"What—what happened to me, Monty?" he shuddered. "Did I tumble in?"

"You did, for a fact."

"And you went in after me?"

"Of course."

"No, by gad! It wasn't of course," not by a long shot! All you had to do was to let me see the score—your score—would have been wiped out for good and all. Why didn't you do it?"

"Because I promised somebody that I would bring you back to Brewster to-night, alive and well and able to send a telegram."

Jibbey tried to get upon his feet, couldn't quite compass it, and sat down again.

"I don't believe a word of it," he mumbled, loose-tipped. "You did it because you're not so danged tough and hard-hearted as you thought you were." And then: "Give me a lift, Monty, and get me into the auto. I guess—I'm about—all in."

Smith half led, half carried his charge up to the road. A final heave lifted him into his place and it is safe to say that Colonel Dexter Baldwin's roadster never made better time than that did on the race which finally brought the glow of the Brewster town lights reddening against the eastern sky.

At the hotel Smith helped his dripping passenger out of the car, made a quick rush with him to an elevator and so up to his own rooms on the fourth floor.

"Strip!" he commanded: "get out of those wet rags and tumble into the bath. Make it as hot as you can stand it. I'll go down and register you and have your trunk sent up from the station. You have a trunk, haven't you?"

Jibbey fished a soaked card bag, gave check out of his pocket and passed it over.

"You're as bad off as I am Monty," he protested. "Wait and get some dry things on before you go."

"I'll be up again before you're out of the tub. I suppose you'd like to put yourself outside of a big drink of whisky, just about now, but that's one thing I won't buy for you. How would a pot of hot coffee from the cafe strike you?"

"You could make it baby food and I'd drink it if you said so," chattered the drowned one from the inside of the wet undershirt he was trying to pull off over his head.

Smith did his various errands quickly. When he reached the fourth floor suite again, Jibbey was out of

Bringing Up Father



WHAT WE WANT TO DO IS TO FORM A REGIMENT IN OUR TOWN.

I JUST FEEL LIKE FIGHTIN

THEM'S MY FEELINGS.

OH! MAGGIE YOU BROKE UP OUR REGIMENT.

THAT'S A FINE CROWD.

HOW MANY TIMES MUST I TELL YOU NOT TO GO WITH THAT CROWD?

SAY, WOMAN—YOU'RE LUCKY I'M NOT LIKE SOME MEN—THEY WOULDN'T STAND FER WHAT I DO.

I'D LIKE TO SEE THE MAN I'M AFRAID OF!

YOU SAID SOMETHING—SO WOULD I!!!

by to avoid meeting both Miss Richardson and Jibbey. The Hopra cafe was practically empty when he went in and took his accustomed place at one of the alcove tables, but he had barely given his order when Starbuck appeared and came to join him.

"You're looking a whole lot better this morning, John," said the mine owner quizzically, as he held up a finger for the waiter. "How's the grouch?"

Smith's answering grin had something of its former good-nature in it. "To-day's the day, Billy," he said. "To-morrow at midnight we meet, have the water running in the ditches or lose our franchise. It's chasing around in the back part of my mind that Stanton will make his grandstand play to-day. I'm not harboring any grouches on the edge of the battle. They are a handicap, anyway, and always."

"That's good medicine talk," said the older man, eyeing him keenly. And then: "You had us all guessing, yesterday and the day before, John. You sure was acting as if you'd gone plumb locoed."

"I was locoed," was the quiet admission.

"What cured you?"

"It's too long a story to tell over the breakfast table. What do you hear from Williams?"

"All quiet during the night; but the weather reports are scaring him up a good bit this morning."

"Storms on the range?"

"Yes. The river gained four feet last night, and there is flood water and drift coming down to beat the band. Just the same, Bartley says he is going to make good."

Smith nodded. "Bartley is all right; the right man in the right place. Have you seen the colonel since he left the office last evening?"

"Yes. I drove him and Corona out to the ranch in my new car. He said he'd lost his roadster; somebody had sneaked in and borrowed it."

"I suppose he told you about the latest move—our move—in the stock-selling game?"

"No, he didn't; but Stillings did. You played it pretty fine, John; only I hope to gracious we won't have to redo it all over again."

"Your little crowd wide open to have to buy in all that stock at par?"

Smith laughed. "Sufficient unto the day, Billy. It was the only way to block Stanton. It's neck or nothing with him now, and he has only one more string that he can pull."

"The railroad right-of-way deal?"

"Yes; he had been holding that in reserve—that, and one other thing."

"What was the other thing?"

Starbuck was absent fishing for a second lump of sugar in the sugar bowl. "Has it got anything to do with the bunch of news that you won't tell us about yourself, John?"

"It has. Two days ago Stanton had me fairly, but a friend of mine stepped in. Last night, again, he stood to win. But that man fell into the river and Stanton lost out once more."

Starbuck glanced up soberly. "You're talking in riddles now, John. I don't sabb."

"It isn't necessary for you to sabb. Results are what counts. Barring accidents, you Timanyon High Line people can reasonably count on having me with you for the next few critical days; and, I may add, you never needed me more pointedly."

(To Be Continued)

Life's Problems Are Discussed

BY WILSON WOODROW

We have had what might be called a lingering winter instead of spring this year, a sulky, asthmatic season, and it is not surprising that we have the water running in the ditches or lose our franchise. It's chasing around in the back part of my mind that Stanton will make his grandstand play to-day. I'm not harboring any grouches on the edge of the battle. They are a handicap, anyway, and always."

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All's Well That Ends Well

BY JANE McLEAN

Minnie could just see the book department from the belt counter, where she worked. Day in and day out Minnie sold belts, belts in leather, belts in silk, from size twenty-two up to waist so large that it seemed impossible to imagine a belt of any kind stretching about them. Selling belts was not what Minnie longed to do. She wanted to browse around among the books. She longed to hold their cool covers up against her hot cheeks. She loved books and she was trying with the aid of the public library to learn more about what was in them.

Minnie was what the girls called a dreamer. Her heart was always in the clouds. The other girls tolerated her in a friendly way, but no one paid any attention to her until one day when she received a sharp reprimand from the floor-walker for inattention.

"I have been noticing you for some time, Miss Bowman," the floorwalker said sharply. "You don't seem to have any vim about you, nor any interest as far as your work is concerned. I think I'll send you upstairs to see what Mr. Dering says about it."

And so upstairs Minnie went, expecting to be told that her services were no longer required. Mr. Dering looked up as the girl came in.

"What seems to be the trouble?" he questioned. "I am told that you are careless and do not try to please. You don't look like a girl that would shirk work."

"It's because I can see the books," Minnie said, almost in a whisper.

"See the books?" What do you mean?"

"I can't sell belts when I can see the books. Oh, I want to go over to the books, sir; you'd find out how hard I'll try. Won't you give me a chance?"

And Minnie, putting everything on this one chance, looked at him imploringly.

"Oh, I see; you want to sell books. Is that it? Well, what do you know about books?"

"I read, sir, at night; and I'm learning besides. I love them so."

Mr. Dering seemed to be thinking, but he turned back to the girl finally.

"I'm going to transfer you to the book department," he said, still smiling kindly. "We'll see how you do over there. And I shall expect you to do your best, mind; no more inattention!"

After that Minnie's days became marvelous adventures for her. She worked with all her heart and soul. When a customer came in and asked her for a book, Minnie would pore over the stock until her cheeks were scarlet lest she miss a sale. The books were like children to her. Even their paper jackets were precious.

Minnie satisfied her curiosity on many questions. She would take home old books to read at night, and as her knowledge grew her admiration grew, until she was far more proficient in book lore than was indolent Miss Rives, the head of the department, who chewed gum

Both Mother and Daughter

Relieved From Pain and Suffering by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Brooklyn, N. Y.—"For three or four years I suffered a great deal of pain periodically, so I would have to lie down. My back would ache and I would feel very weak and miserable. I remembered how my mother had found relief from pain by using Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I decided to try it, and thanks to the Compound it helped me just as it did my mother, and I am free from pain, backache and that general weakness that was so hard to bear. I am able to do my work during such times and am recommending Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to my friends who suffer as I did."—Miss Meta Tiedemann, 1622 Jefferson Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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Fashions of To-Day - By May Manton

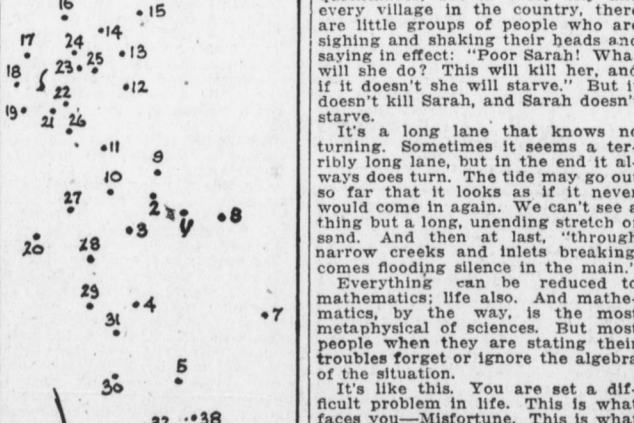


There is no question about the smartness of flet lace. It is a pronounced favorite of the season and it is a very charming trimming for just such gowns as this one. The material shown here is Georgette crepe and the sleeves are unlined to be very dainty and Summer-like. If you do not care for lace or you want a gown of quite a different character, you can use the model for pongee and trim it with soutache or with bands of contrasting silk. If you want an afternoon gown and something a little more substantial than the Georgette, you can use chamoise with the sleeves of Georgette to be pretty and, for the trimming, either one of the ornamental bandings or some embroidery worked onto the material, using a simple but effective design. The band of trimming on the skirt is not necessary and for some materials it might be well to omit it, although it is charming on the Georgette illustrated.

For the medium size will be needed, 6 yards of material 36 inches wide, 5 1/2 yards 44, with 2 3/4 yards of 1/2 wide and 7 yards of narrow banding.

The pattern No. 9449 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.

Daily Dot Puzzle



It's a long lane that knows no turning. Sometimes it seems a terribly long lane, the end of it always does turn. The tide may go out so far that it looks as if it never would come in again. We can't see a thing but a long, unending stretch of sand. And then at last, "through narrow creeks and inlets breaking, comes flooding silence in the main." Everything can be reduced to mathematics; life also. And mathematics, by the way, is the most metaphysical of sciences. But most people when they are stating their troubles forget or ignore the algebra of the situation.

It's like this. You are set a difficult problem in life. The end of it faces you—Misfortune. This is what you may expect—Nothing. Misfortune plus Nothing equals Despair.

Absolutely nothing, hope or life for, you point out, but you have left out of your calculation the most important factor in any problem, and that is—the unknown quantity—The Unexpected.

And that Unexpected, which changes the face of everything, has happened again and again in all of our lives. It is the unexpected which makes of life The Great Adventure, a serial story with surprise and suspense for its strongest elements.

Again and again we have every one of us laid our plans with the most scrupulous nicety and wasted our time in doing so; for you unexpected, the entirely unforeseen, has rendered all those "best laid schemes" null and worthless. How frequent is the phrase, "I never dreamed it would happen that way."

Some one—I don't remember who—has put it all in a nutshell: "There

"WAKE UP AMERICA"

applies with stirring force to every woman having charge of the household expenditure. Translated it means, "Stop Home Waste!"

TETLEY'S

India TEA Ceylon

is a waste saver. Half a teaspoonful to a cup. Its use makes economy enjoyable.

Three Cars Collide in Mechanicsburg Square

Mechanicsburg, Pa., June 25.—Several automobile accidents occurred in this place yesterday, yet no one was seriously injured. One car caught fire in West Main street and the flames were extinguished by turning on water with a hose, after the floor of the car was partially charred. Three cars collided at Mechanicsburg Square, and a woman thrown out of one escaped with minor injuries. Two badly damaged cars resulted, one getting away after being repaired, and another being towed away.

Chief of Police Cocklin says his signals were disregarded; that he was standing on the corner, saw the accident was imminent, but while the first car was not running rapidly, the second paid no attention to him and when the car with a woman in it was at his side, he heard a noise that was heard some distance.

To Celebrate Anniversary

Mechanicsburg, Pa., June 25.—The Rev. and Mrs. J. J. Resh, of Clearfield, have issued invitations for the celebration of their twentieth wedding anniversary on Thursday evening, June 28, at the West Side Methodist Episcopal Church. The Rev. Mr. Resh was pastor of the local church and was appointed to the Clearfield charge at the March conference.

I can enjoy myself again since Resinol Soap cleared my skin

When my complexion was red, rough and pimply, I was so ashamed that I never had any fun. I imagined that people avoided me—perhaps they did! But the regular use of Resinol Soap—with a little Resinol Ointment just at first—has given me back my clear, healthy skin. I wish you'd try it!

Resinol Soap and Resinol Ointment are sold by all druggists. For samples of each, see, write to Dept. 92N, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

REDUCTION OF BELL TELEPHONE TOLL RATE TO MECHANICSBURG

Included in the revision of toll rates, effective June 21, is the establishment of the rate

5 Cents FOR 5 Minutes

(2 Number Calls)

MECHANICSBURG

USE THE BELL

The Bell Telephone Co. of Pa.

W. H. FETTER, Local Mgr.

HARRISBURG