

Reading for Women and all the Family

Bringing Up Father

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By McManus

The Real Man

By FRANCIS LYND

Illustrations by IRWIN MYERS

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(Continued)

Starbuck's smile was face-wide. "I hope I don't feel sorry," he remarked. "Some day, when you can take an hour off, I'm going to get you to show me around in your little mu-zeum of self-conceit, John. Maybe I can learn how to gather me up."

Smith matched the mine owner's good-natured smile. For some unexplainable reason the world, his particular world, seemed to have lost its malignance. He could even think of Stanton without bitterness; and the weapon which had been weighing his hip pocket for the past few days had before he came down to breakfast.

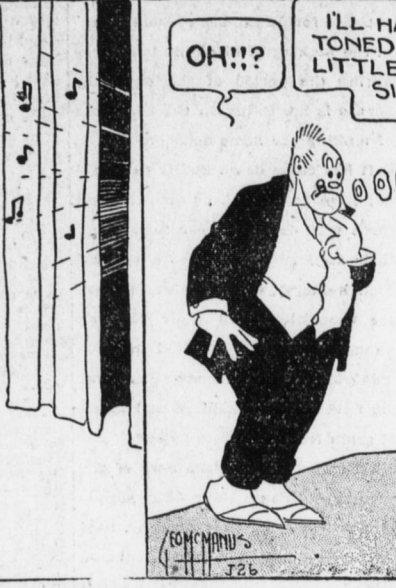
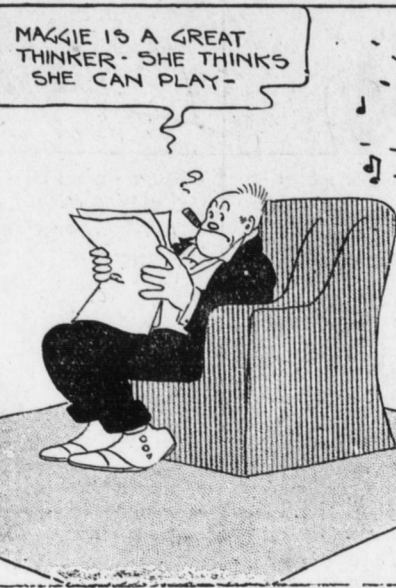
"You may laugh, Billy, but you'll have to admit that I've been outgunning the whole bunch of you, right from the start," he retorted brazenly. "But let's get down to business. This is practically Stanton's last day of grace. If he can get some legal hold upon us before midnight-to-morrow night or work some scheme to make us lose our franchise, his job is gone."

"Show me," said the mine owner succinctly.

"It's easy. With the dam completed and the water running in the ditches, we become at once a going concern, with assets a long way in advance of our liabilities. The day after tomorrow—if we pull through—you won't be able to buy a single share of Timanyoni High Line at any figure. As a natural consequence, public sentiment a little doubtful, will come over to our side in a landslide, and Stanton's outfit, if it wants to continue the fight, will have to fight the entire Timanyoni, with the city of Brewster thrown in for good measure. Am I making it plain?"

"Right you are, so far. Go on."

"Billy, I'll tell you something that I haven't dared to tell anybody, not even Colonel Baldwin. I've been spending the company's money like



water to keep in touch. The minute we fail, and long before we could hope to reorganize a second time and apply for a new charter Stanton's company will be in the field, with its charter already granted. From that time taking possession of our dam, either by means of an enabling act of the Legislature, or by purchase from the paper railroad, will be only a step. And we couldn't do a thing! We'd have no legal rights, and no money to fight with."

Starbuck pushed his chair away from the table and drew a long breath.

"Good glory!" he sighed. "I wish to goodness it was day after tomorrow! Can you carry it any further, John?"

"Yes; a step or two. For a week Stanton has been busy on the paper-railroad claim, and that is what made me buy a few cases of good rifles and send them out to Williams. I was afraid Stanton might try force. He won't do that if he can help it; he'll go in with some legal show, if possible, because our force at the dam far outnumbered any gang he could hire, and he knows we are armed."

"He can't work the legal game," said Starbuck definitively. "I've known Judge Warner ever since I was knee-high to a hop-toad, and a squarer man doesn't breathe."

"That is all right, but you're forgetting something. The paper railroad is—or was once—an interstate corporation, and so may ask for relief from the federal courts, thus ge-

ing over Judge Warner's head. I'm not saying anything against Lorching, the federal judge at Red Butte. I've met him, and he is a good jurist and presumably an honest man. But he is well along in years, and has an exaggerated notion of his own importance. Stanton, or rather his fig-

urehead railroad people, have asked him to intervene, and he has taken the case under advisement. That is where we stand this morning."

Starbuck was nodding slowly. "I see what you mean, now," he said. "If Lorching jumps the wrong way for us, you're looking to see a United States marshal walk up to Bartley Williams some time to-day and tell him to quit. That would put the final kibosh on us, wouldn't it?"

Smith was rising in his place. "I'm not dead yet, Billy," he rejoined cheerfully. "I haven't let it get this far without hammering out a few expedients for our side. If I can manage to stay in the fight to-day and to-morrow—"

A little new under clerk had come in from the hotel office and was trying to give Starbuck a note in a square envelope, and Starbuck was saying: "No, that's Mr. Smith, over there."

Smith took the note and opened it, and he scarcely heard the clerk's explanation in spite of it, and he—his day clerk had been afraid he would get away without finding it. It was from Verda Richlander, and it had neither superscription nor signature. This is what Smith read:

"My little ruse has failed miserably. Mr. K's messenger found my letter in spite of it, and he—the messenger—returned this evening. I know, because he brought a note from father to me. Come to me as early to-morrow morning as you can and we'll plan what can be done."

Smith crumpled the note in his hand and thrust it into his pocket. Starbuck was making a cigarette and was studiously refraining from breaking in. But Smith did not keep him waiting.

(To Be Continued)

Fashions of To-Day - By May Manton

Here is a frock that will interest every girl who sees it. It is exceedingly smart and it is exceedingly simple.

It can be made with very little difficulty and the braid that is applied over a stamped design, while it is one of the very smartest trimmings, is also one of the easiest to apply.

Here, it is brown soutache on a natural colored pongee and a very charming effect results, but you could, of course, think up numberless combinations for yourself. For some purposes, it will be well to use wool jersey and wool jersey is exceedingly handsome trimmed with soutache.

For a distinctly sporty dress, you could use a plain sports silk with the collar, cuffs, pockets and belt of a flowered silk and omit the trimming on the skirt. For a dressy afternoon frock you could use charmeuse and in place of the braid you could couch with a heavy silk thread.

It is a very smart little frock and it takes extremely becoming lines. Besides all the other materials mentioned it could be made of crepe de chine and you could braid crepe de chine with soutache or you could trim it with bands of taffeta or of satin as you like.

For the 16-year size will be needed, 5 1/2 yards of material 44 inches wide and braiding patterns Nos. 988 and 989.

The dress pattern No. 9454 is cut in sizes for 16 and 18 years. They will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of fifteen cents for the dress, and ten cents each for braiding patterns.

2454 One-Piece Slip-On Dress for Misses and Small Women, 16 and 18 years. Price 15 cents.

PAROWASE—as pure as the jelly or preserves with which it comes in direct contact. It's the extra-refined paraffine—odorless, tasteless, comes in a dust-proof carton, and is clean enough to chew. Top your glasses of jelly and jam with a quarter inch of melted Parowase and insure their perfect keeping.

THE ATLANTIC REFINING COMPANY

Daily Dot Puzzle



A Merry Party
The rest of the gravity was strong. We were having an hour of recreation and we made the most of it.

So merry were we that we scarcely heeded the ringing of the telephone in the back hall. Mrs. Gore laid down her knitting and went to answer it.

"The Insider"

By Virginia Terhune Van do Water

CHAPTER LXVI
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Who had taken the veil from the trunk?

This was the question that repeated itself to me with such pertinacity that it was all I could do to appear natural at dinner that night.

I found myself lapsing into long silences—silences from which I was several times recalled to the present by finding Hugh Parker looking at me. Once, my eyes met his. He smiled reassuringly, and I tried to smile back.

The remembrance of my conversation with him last night had been with me all day except when I was turning over in my mind the harassing problem of what I was to do about my employer, and how he would act if I were to tell him the truth.

How ridiculous to attach so much importance to a mere trifle! Yet—whose took that veil? Hugh's glance had reminded me that I had to intervene myself, a scrutiny I wished to avoid. Mr. Norton would think I was musing of the events of last evening; Hugh would think I was being coy. Tom and Mrs. Gore would wonder what was amiss. I must exert myself to play my part better than this.

And after all the disappearance of the veil was not phenomenal. One of the maids might have gone up there and, seeing the trunk open—perhaps perhaps Tom and Mrs. Gore had looked into it and removed the veil.

But why? And was it likely that any one of the servants would have gone up into that dreary and dark attic at this particular time? Still, a maid's curiosity might have been aroused by hearing Grace tell myself up there this afternoon. Of course that was it. How silly of me to ponder any more of this subject!

"That's all right," Tom and Mrs. Gore would wonder what was amiss. I must exert myself to play my part better than this. "I would think of other things."

Mr. Norton is morose. "The living room is dull." I forced myself to remark as we rose from the table. "I am as stupid as an owl."

"I was just wondering if you weren't well," Brewster Norton observed, regarding me keenly.

"But I am perfectly well," I rejoined. "The trouble is that when one is accustomed, as we have been lately, to living out-doors, one feels sleepy when one is housed all day."

"Father," Helen whispered, "can't we have a game of cards—hearts for instance—you and Miss Dart, Mr. Parker and me?"

"That's a good idea!" Hugh seconded. "Yes, it is," Mr. Norton agreed. "What do you say, Miss Dart?"

"THEIR MARRIED LIFE"

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"I've always heard that this theater was wonderful," said Mrs. Stevens enthusiastically, "and I've always intended to come here and see for myself what it was like, but somehow or other I never have until now."

"O, I come nearly every week," Helen nodded, and for a time it themselves comfortably. "It's a liberal education; why I wouldn't miss it for worlds."

"And you say that there is to be an unusually fine film here?" queried Mrs. Stevens.

Helen nodded, and for a time it herself, but she had thought worth coming to see, but Mrs. Stevens gossiped about everything, and the place made little or no difference.

"This must be the picture," Mrs. Stevens remarked after a bit, when several other numbers had been rendered.

"Yes, this is the feature," Helen whispered back. She had noticed that several people were looking disturbed about them. It is a strange thing, but talk marks the enjoyment of a motion picture just as much as it would a play, for it destroys the continuity and concentration of thought required in order to appreciate everything.

Helen did not encourage further speech, but Mrs. Stevens was not silenced by the slight pressure on the arm that Helen administered. The woman on the other side of Helen had looked in their direction several times, and she was conscious of a faint perfume each time the woman moved, that was suggestive of the Orient. The woman, too, looked unusual, as Helen thought.

"I wonder what these people get who play leading parts like this," Mrs. Stevens remarked after a little. "The interest of the picture which enthralled Helen did not seem to interfere with Mrs. Stevens' desire to talk."

"Different salaries, some of them get enormous money," she whispered back.

"Do you think it's really true that some of them get thousands a week?" asked Mrs. Stevens.

Helen nodded. "I'll tell you about it afterward," she whispered. "Don't you like the picture?"

Mrs. Stevens nodded and proceeded to powder her nose. "Father," Helen said, "I don't see so much in this woman to rave about," she said in a moment or so.

Chinese Resent Visit of Jap. Mission Party

Nanking.—The visit of Lieutenant General Tanaka, vice-chief of the Japanese general staff, to China has caused much comment. He went to Tsing-tau and other points in Shantung province where the Japanese have been charged by the Chinese with helping revolutionists and in other ways undermining Chinese authority. Chinese officials extended General Tanaka every courtesy at Tsinanfu and other places of importance visited by him. He was entertained at many dinners, before he reached Nanking.

Chinese newspapers have commented widely on the visit of General Tanaka at a time when internal affairs are so unsettled in the republic and the anti-Japanese press has been bitter attacks on the mission, which was denounced as one designed to cause further uneasiness.

Germans Even Take Oxen From Ruined Belgians

Havre.—The price of a pair of oxen in Brussels is now the equivalent of \$1,800, according to information received in Belgian official circles here. Besides a few donkeys, oxen are about the only means the Belgian population has for the transportation of goods and merchandise. Even these are being requisitioned by the Germans.

Food continues to grow scarce. Flour is made of 97 per cent. of the white wheat and the rations of the Royal Dutch Relief Committee are being reduced.

Industry is practically suppressed, the Germans having ordered that all factories employing more than a dozen men must work for the German army or close their doors.

WORKMAN BADLY INURED

Mechanicsburg, Pa., June 26.—Harry DeConoy, who is employed at the D. Wilcox Manufacturing Company plant, met with a serious accident yesterday afternoon when one of the dies broke and cut a gash in his right forearm between three and four inches long and quite deep, partially severing both muscles in the arm. He was taken to the office of Dr. P. R. Koons, who dressed the wound.

LOW PRICE LEADERS

ROBINSON'S WOMAN SHOP

20 NORTH FOURTH ST.

NEAR THE YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

Tomorrow The Last Day

To Share in the Bankrupt Stock of B. Bloom Which Was Ordered Sold By the Court

TOMORROW will be your last chance to share in the Big Bankrupt stock of B. Bloom. Owing to the size of our store we were unable to place on sale the entire stock at one time and to-morrow gives you the same opportunity as the opening day, so if you were not fortunate in getting here during this sale, then by all means attend to-morrow as it will be your last chance to share in the truly wonderful values.

- Cloth Suits From the B. Bloom Stock
- Silk Dresses From the B. Bloom Stock
- Silk Suits From the B. Bloom Stock
- Silk Dress Skirts From the B. Bloom Stock
- Cloth Dress Skirts From the B. Bloom Stock
- Cloth Dresses From the B. Bloom Stock
- Waists and Blouses From the B. Bloom Stock
- Petticoats From the B. Bloom Stock

ALL AT HONEST PRICE REDUCTIONS

Remember TOMORROW

THE LAST DAY

Women Everywhere Use Lemon Juice To Beautify Skin

The beauty lotion which is becoming so popular throughout the country is easily prepared by anyone, and a whole quart of it doesn't cost any more than a small jar of the common, ordinary cold cream.

Add the juice of two fresh lemons to three ounces of orchard white and shake well in a bottle. Strain the lemon juice two or three times through a fine cloth so no pulp gets into the lotion, then it will keep fresh for months. Regardless of what price you pay or how highly advertised, there is nothing else really more meritorious in beautifying, softening and clearing the skin. As a tan and blemish remover, also to remove oiliness and sallowness, lemon juice has no rival. Massage it into the face, neck and arms, once or twice each day, and just see if it doesn't bring out the roses and hide your beauty!

Lemons have always been used to bleach the skin, but pure lemon juice is too highly acid, therefore should never be used except in this manner.

If properly prepared, this sweetly fragrant lotion will speak for itself. Any drug store will supply the three ounces of orchard white at very little cost, and the grocer will supply the lemons.—Adv.

Purifies Highly antiseptic. Used as a curative agent for all external skin troubles. Conceals permanent blemishes and reduces unnatural color. Ideal for correcting greasy skins.

Gouraud's Oriental Cream

Send 10c. for Trial Size

FERD. T. HOPKINS & SON, New York

Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX
A WEDDING GIFT
DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I would greatly appreciate your suggestion as to a suitable wedding gift for a couple from a girl in moderate circumstances.

This couple I have met but once, but they are very good friends of the young man I have been going about with, and I planned to give something myself, but some one suggested that my friend and I give something together. Which would be the correct thing to do?

M. R.
If you and the young man make your gift together the natural inference must be that you are engaged. If you object to this, offer separate gifts. For two or three dollars you can get a very handsome bride's book, which will be in perfectly good taste and will be about the most attractive inexpensive present you can offer. You will be able to purchase a little piece of silver or a pretty picture or perhaps an attractive box of sugar and cream set can be bought for about the same price as the bride's book.

EDUCATE YOURSELF
DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:
About six months ago I met a young man eight years my senior, who is highly educated and holds a fine position. He comes to see me and wants me to go out with him, but I hesitate on account of the great difference between us. He says he will and can be content with me.

If you are really ambitious, you can by reading good books and the higher class magazines and by attending to various lectures and concerts our city affords, educate yourself so that no one can give you a "helmet" to an lazy and shiftless and want to spend your life eating chocolate caramels and going to dances and reading light love stories, even a high school or college education would not make you much of a "helmet" to an ambitious man who is trying to get ahead in the world. He rests with you whether or not you have a right to marry the man you love. Of course, if it is only a question of a passing friendship, then surely you ought to be glad of this chance to know a man who can give you a little glimpse of the more cultured world than your own.

Hurrah! How's This

Cincinnati authority says corns dry up and lift out with fingers.

Hospital records show that every time you cut a corn you invite lockjaw or blood poison, which is needless to say. Cincinnati authority, who tells you that a quarter ounce of a drug called freezone can be obtained at little cost from the drug store but is sufficient to rid one's feet of every hard or soft corn or callus.

You simply apply a few drops of freezone on a tender, aching corn and soreness is instantly relieved. Shortly the entire corn can be lifted out, root and all, without pain. This drug is sticky but dries at once and is claimed to just shrivel up any corn without inflaming or even irritating the surrounding tissue or skin.

If your wife wears high heels she will be glad to know of this.—Adv.