

# 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)

"Why didn't you tell me before? That will complicate things dreadfully. Tucker will talk and tell all he knows. He can't help it."

"This is one time when he will not talk. Perhaps he will tell you why when you see him."

Miss Richlander glanced at the face of the small watch pinned on her shoulder.

"You must not stay here any longer," she protested. "The Stantons may come down any minute, now, and they mustn't find us together. I am still forgiving enough to want to help you, but you must do your part and let me know what is going on."

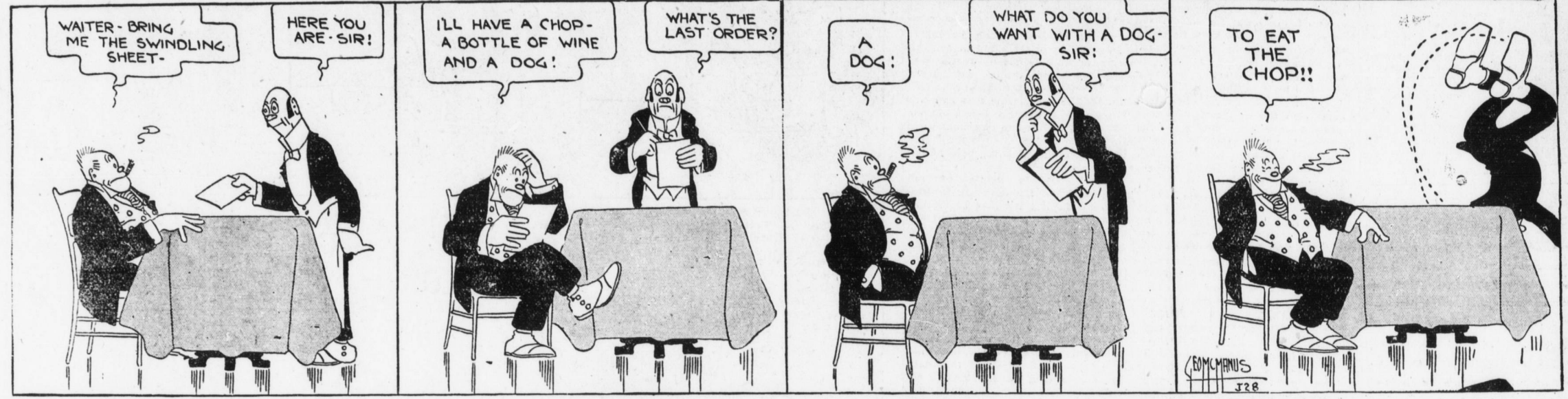
William Starbuck's new car was standing in front of Judge Warner's house in the southern suburb when Smith descended from the closed cab which he had taken at the Hophra House side entrance. The clock in the courthouse tower was striking the quarter of nine. The elevated mesa upon which the suburb was built commanded a broad view of the town and the outlying ranch lands, and in the distance beyond the river the Hillcrest cottonwoods outlined themselves against a background of miniature buttes.

Smith's gaze took in the wide, sunlit prospect. He had paid and dismissed his cab man and the thought came to him that in a few hours the wooded buttes, the bare plains, the mighty mountains, and the pictured city spreading maplike at his feet would probably exist for him only as a memory. While he halted on the terrace, Starbuck came out of the house.

"The judge is at breakfast," the owner announced. "You're to go in and wait. What do you want me to do next?"

"When I get through with the judge, I shall want to go out to the dam. Will you wait and take me?"

"Surest thing on earth"—with prompt acquiescence. And then: "Is it as bad as you thought it was going to be, John?"



"It's about as bad as it can be," was the sober reply, and with that Smith went in to wait for his interview with the Timanyoni's best-beloved jurist.

At 9 o'clock, or a few minutes before the hour, David Kinzie, at his desk in the Brewster City National telephoned a message that presently brought Colonel Dexter Baldwin to the private room in the bank known to nervous debtors as "the sweat-box."

"Sit down, Dexter," said the banker shortly: "sit down a minute while I look at my mail."

It was one of David Kinzie's small subtleties to make a man sit idly thus, on one pretext or another; it rarely failed to put the incomer at a disadvantage, and on the present occasion it worked like a charm. Baldwin had let his cigar go out and had chewed the end of it into a pulp before Kinzie swung around in his chair and launched out abruptly.

"You and I have always been pretty good friends, Dexter," he began, "and I have called you down here this morning to prove to you that I am still your friend. Where is your man Smith?"

Baldwin shook his head. "I don't know," he answered. "I haven't seen him since last evening."

"Has he run away, then?"

The Missouri colonel squared himself doggedly in the suppliant debtor's chair, which was the one Kinzie had placed for him. "What are you driving at, Dave?" he demanded.

"We'll tackle your end of it first," said the banker curtly. "Do you

know that you and your crowd have come to the bottom of the bag on that dam proposition?"

"No, I don't."

"Well, you have. You've got just one more day to live."

The Missouri fell back upon his native phrase.

"I reckon you'll have to show me, Dave," asserted Baldwin stoutly. "But go on. You've got your gun loaded; what are you aiming at?"

"Just this: I told you weeks ago that the other people were carrying too many big guns for you, I don't want to see you killed off, Dexter."

"I'm no quitter; you ought to know that, Dave," wasthe blunt rejoinder. "I know; but there are times when it is simply foolhardy to hold on. The compromise proposition that I put up to you people a while back still holds good. But to-day is the last day, Dexter. You must accept it now, if you are going to accept it at all."

"And if we refuse?"

"You'll go to smash, the whole kit of you. As I've said, this is the last call."

By this time Baldwin's cigar was a hopeless wreck.

"Don't get something up your sleeve, Dave, what is it?" he inquired.

The banker pursed his lips and the bristling mustache assumed its most aggressive angle.

"There are a number of things, but the one which concerns you most, just now, is this; we've got Smith's record, at last. He is an outlaw, with a price on his head. We've dug out the whole story. He is a defaulting bank cashier, and before he ran away, he tried to kill the president."

Baldwin was frowning heavily.

"Who told you all this? Was it this Miss Richlander over at the Hophra House?"

"No; it was her father. I sent one of my young men out to the Topaz to look him up."

"And you have telegraphed to the chief of police, or the sheriff, or whoever it is that wants Smith?"

"Not yet. I wanted to give you one more chance, Dexter. Business comes first. The Brewster City National is a bank, not a detective agency. You go and find Smith and fire him; tell him he is down and out; get rid of him, once for all. Then come back here and we'll fix up that compromise with Stanton."

Baldwin found a match and tried to relight the dead cigar. But it was chewed past redemption.

"Let's get it plumb straight, Dave," he pleaded in the quiet tone of one who will leave no peace-keeping stone unturned. "You say you've got John dead to rights. Smith is a mighty common name. I shouldn't wonder if there were half a million 'r so John Smiths—taking the country over. How do you know you've got the right one?"

"His middle name is 'Montague,'" snapped the banker, "and the man who is wanted called himself 'J. Montague Smith.' But we can identify him positively. Mr. Richlander's daughter can tell us if he is the right Smith, and she probably will if the police ask her to."

Baldwin may have had his own opinion about that, but if so, he kept it to himself and spoke feelingly of other things.

(To Be Continued)

## "The Insider"

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water

CHAPTER LXVIII  
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The stairs were thickly carpeted, and I was not aware that my steps had been heard until I passed in the open door of the library.

Then I stood as if turned to stone, too much surprised to speak or to go away.

Brewster Norton and Mrs. Gore had their backs to the door. Tom's and Hugh's departure from the house had evidently given the man and woman the idea that nobody had gone to bed some time ago. The boys had probably said that I, too, had gone upstairs for the night. All this flashed through my mind in the moment during which I paused, checked by the sound of my employer's voice, thick with passion.

"D—!" he burst forth. "I've done it, and I'll stick to it! I don't care where she is. It's not up to me. I hope she's dead! Why the devil can't they let me alone!"

"Oh!" the woman moaned, "you never told me you had done it! You had no right to do that!"

"In this State I have!" he contradicted. "I told you what I meant to do."

"Mr. Norton!" I exclaimed.

"I must make my presence known. I was too much dazed to understand what this was all about, but I was not too much dazed to decide that I would be honest and make the actors in this little drama aware that I had heard a part of what they had said."

"Mr. Norton," I repeated. "I did not mean to intrude. I did not know that you were still talking of private matters."

The widow had stopped moaning, but her face was hidden in her hands.

"How long have you been here?" Brewster Norton demanded sternly, coming toward me.

"I came just this minute—at least when you were saying something about sticking to your guns and had done. I have no idea what you were talking about, and I don't care to know. What started it? You say she had a bad dream?"

"Yes," I replied. "But she has not seemed quite well to me for the past day or two."

To Be Continued

Then, as he turned to his agitated relative to ask some question, I made a suggestion.

"When Mrs. Gore goes upstairs she will, perhaps, give me the medicine you refer to. I will come to her for it then."

I found my self-control weakening and went toward the front door. Brewster Norton followed me.

"Where are you going?" he questioned.

"Only outside on the veranda for a moment," I answered unsteadily. "I want to get a little fresh air."

"I will come with you," he said eagerly.

"I wish you would not," I rejoined, driven to boldness by my need of solitude. "I prefer being by myself, please."

I had never spoken thus to him before, and he looked angry and suspicious.

"I suppose Parker," he began, then checked himself.

"Mr. Parker and Tom went out together some time ago," I said quickly. "What were you going to say, Mr. Norton?"

"Nothing, nothing," he muttered. Then, as he started from me, he added: "I will bring you the medicine as soon as Adelaide finds it."

"Please do not trouble yourself," I objected. "I will go to Mrs. Gore for it myself in a few minutes."

To Be Continued

NEW YORK IN FINANCE  
City's Rise to Power at Beginning of War Was Without a Parallel

Whatever the relative position of the two cities after the war, New York's spectacular rise to power and prestige, which really began with England's entrance into the war, is likely to remain without parallel in the annals of finance. With the European centers shaken and their machinery brought to an abrupt halt, it was to New York that the neutral markets of the world looked for safety; it was here that they learned to look for loans, formerly obtained in London or Paris. But our advances to the nations of South America, Asia and neutral Europe, amounting to more than \$200,000,000 since the war began, have been completely overshadowed by our lendings to belligerent Europe itself.

These advances, including the three-quarters of a billion loaned to the Allies by our government, have totaled three thousand million dollars, of which thirteen hundred millions were raised publicly on our markets last year. In addition, repurchases of our own securities, hitherto owned by foreigners, have probably amounted to more than two thousand millions. From being heavily indebted to Europe in August, 1914, both on current accounts

and on long-term borrowings, we have advanced to the outside world since the war began perhaps fifty-five hundred million dollars, or an average of nearly two thousand millions a year.

### Lemon Juice For Freckles

Girls! Make beauty lotion at home for a few cents. Try it!

Squeeze the juice of two lemons into a bottle containing three ounces of orchard white, shake well, and you have a quarter pint of the best freckle and tan lotion, and complexion beautifier, at very, very small cost.

Your grocer has the lemons and any drug store or toilet counter will supply three ounces of orchard white for a few cents. Massage this sweetly fragrant lotion into the face, neck, arms and hands each day and see how freckles and blemishes disappear and how clear, soft and white the skin becomes. Yes! It is harmless.

## Fashions of To-Day - By May Manton



Here is a street costume that you can make of wool jersey or of serge or of gabardine or of taffeta or of satin and be quite certain that you will be correct whichever you choose. It will be more dressy in one than another but the design is adapted to them all. Colored wool jersey with trimming of white is one of the newest fancies and a very pretty one. The material is charming, it forms graceful lines and folds and it will be found thoroughly satisfactory. Silk suits, however, are much liked for dressy occasions and charmeuse or other soft satin would make up charmingly in this way. The coat and skirt both hint of the barrel idea that is one of the latest features, but not in exaggerated form. The skirt is quite simple, in two pieces, but plaited to become wider at the hips and narrower at the lower edge.

For the medium size the coat will require 3 3/8 yards of material 44 inches wide, 3 yards 54 with 3/4 yard 44 inches wide for the trimming. For the skirt will be needed, 2 3/4 yards of either width.

The coat pattern No. 9445 is cut in sizes from 34 to 42 inches bust measure and the skirt pattern No. 9452 in sizes from 24 to 32 inches waist measure. They will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of fifteen cents for each.

M45 Coat in Barrel Effect, 34 to 42 bust. Price 15 cents.

M52 Two-Piece Skirt, 24 to 32 waist. Price 15 cents.

## Daily Dot Puzzle

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What shall I draw? Draw from one to two and so on to the end.

## Headaches

come mostly from disorders of the stomach, liver and bowels. Regulate these organs and keep free from headaches by using

### BEECHAM'S PILLS

Largest Sale of Any Medicine in the World. Sold everywhere. In boxes, 10c., 25c.

## Preserves

the skin and complexion indefinitely. Retains the Beauty of Youth when youth is but a memory. Your appearance will always be the wonder of your friends if you use

### Gouraud's Oriental Cream

Send 10c. for Trial Size

FERD T. HOPKINS & SON, New York

# Friday Extra Special Values in Our June Brides' Sale

For to-morrow (Friday) we offer a host of exceptional values to make it the banner day of our June Brides' Sale. The items listed below are those now most in demand and reasonable. Attend this selling event to-morrow and save money.

### Fourth of July Special "Big Victory"

"THE CANNON THAT SHOOTS"

Let the kiddies enjoy the "Fourth" in a safe and sane way by getting them one of these substantially built toy cannons—a cannon that really shoots (a cork attached to a string). See them in our window. As an advertising feature, special at

**49c**

No phone orders—none delivered.

### All Refrigerators Are 20% Now Reduced

If you are in need of a thoroughly good dependable Refrigerator now, or will be in a few months, now is the time to buy it.

We doubt if such a high-grade stock of sanitary, economical Refrigerators will be offered at such low prices for the next few years. So different styles and sizes to choose from here—many styles exclusive with us.

### Vudor Ventilating Porch Shades

The ventilating feature is a new and exclusive health-giving feature found only in VUDOR PORCH SHADES, which make your porch cool and secluded.

4 feet wide at ..... \$2.50  
5 feet wide at ..... \$3.00  
6 feet wide at ..... \$3.65  
8 feet wide at ..... \$4.75  
and up to 12 feet, priced proportionately.

### A Regular \$23.50 Go-Cart Special Friday at \$19.95

A famous BLOCH GO-CART—of genuine reed—full size—Pullman sleeper style—detachable cushions and adjustable back and roll hood.

Reed Strollers Special at \$4.95

### BLACK WHITE TAN SHOE POLISHES

2 IN 1

10c

REDFALLEY CO. OF NEW YORK, INC. BUFFALO, N. Y.

## GOLDSMITH'S

North Market Square