

Reading for Women and all the Family



Bringing Up Father

Copyright, 1917, International News Service

By McManus

The Real Man
By FRANCIS LYNDE
Illustrations by IRWIN MYERS
Copyright by The Real Man's Sons

(Continued)

"Dave," he said, rising to stand over the square-built man in the swing chair, "it's like pulling a sound tooth to have to tell you the plain truth. You've got a mighty bad case of money-rot. The profit account has grown so big with you that you can't see over the top of it. You've hoisted back and forth between Stanton's outfit and ours until you can't tell the difference between your old friends and a bunch of low-down, conscienceless land-pirates. You pull your gun and go to shooting when ever you get ready. We'll stay with you and try to hold up your end—and John's. And you mark my words, Dave: you're the man that's going to get left in this deal; the straddler always gets left." And with that he cut the interview short and went back to the High Line offices on the upper floor.

CHAPTER XXII

Witnesses.
Driven by Starbuck in the brand-new car, Smith reached the dam at half-past ten and was in time to see the swarming carpenters begin the placing of forms for the pouring of the final section of the great wall. Though the high water was lapping at the foot timbers of the forming, and the weather reports were still portentous, William was in fine fettle. There had been no further interferences on the part of the railroad people, every man on the job was working for the finish, and the successful end was now fairly in sight.

"We'll be pouring this afternoon," he told Smith, "and with a twenty-four-hour set in the concrete, and the forms left in place for additional security, we can shut the spillway gates and back the water into the main ditch. Instead of being a hindrance, then, the flood-tide will help. Under slack-water conditions it would take a day or two to finish filling the reservoir lake, but now we'll get the few feet rise needed to fill the sluices almost while you wait."

"You have your guards out, as we planned?" Smith inquired.

"Twenty of the best men I could find. They are patrolling on both sides of the river, with instructions to report if they see so much as a rabbit jump up."

"Good. I'm going to let Starbuck

drive me around the lake limits to see to it personally that your pickets are on the job. But, first, I'd like to use your phone for a minute or two," and with that Smith shut himself up in the small field office and called Martin, the bookkeeper, at the town headquarters.

The result of the brief talk with Martin seemed satisfactory, for when it was concluded, Smith rang off and asked for the Hoppra House. Being given the hotel exchange, he called the number of Miss Richlander's suite, and the answer came promptly in her full, throaty voice:

"Is that you, Montague?"

"Yes, I'm out at the dam. Nothing has been done yet. No telegraphing, I mean. You understand?"

"Perfectly. But something is going to be done. Mr. K. has had Colonel B. with him in the bank. I saw the colonel go in while I was at breakfast. When are you coming back to town?"

"Not for sometime; I have a drive to make that will keep me out until afternoon."

"Very well; you'd better stay away as long as you can, and then you'd better communicate with me before you show yourself much in public. I'll have Jibbey looking out for you."

Smith said "good-by" and hung up, better commiserated with me before my dissatisfaction. Every step made his dependence upon Vera Richlander more complete. Corona Baldwin, what would she say to this newest alliance? Would she not say again and this time with greater truth, that he was a coward of the basest sort; that he was a man who made no scruple of hiding behind a woman's skirts?

Between the noon-hour and the one o'clock Hoppra House luncheon, Mr. David Kinzie, still halting between two opinions, left his desk and the bank and crossed the street to the hotel. He wrote his name on a card and let the clerk send it up. The banker came back almost immediately with word that Miss Richlander was waiting in the mezzanine parlors.

The banker tipped the call-boy and went up alone. He had seen Miss Richlander, once when she was driving with Smith and again at the theatre in the same company. So he knew what to expect when he tramped heavily into the parlor overlooking the street. None the less, the dazzling beauty of the young man who rose to shake hands with him and call him by name rather took him off his feet. David Kinzie was a hopeless bachelor, from choice, but there are women and women.

"Do you know, Mr. Kinzie, I have been expecting you all day," she said sweetly, making him sit down beside her on one of the flaming red monstrosities billed in the hotel inventories as "Louis Quinze sofas." "My father has me a note by one of your young men, and he said that perhaps you would—that perhaps you might want to—" Her rich voice was at its fruitiest and the hesitation was of exactly the proper shade.

Kinzie, cold-blooded as a fish with dependent debtors, felt himself suddenly warmed and melted at the gentle with this gracious young woman.

"Er—yes, Miss Richlander—er—a disagreeable duty, you know, I wanted to ask about this young man,



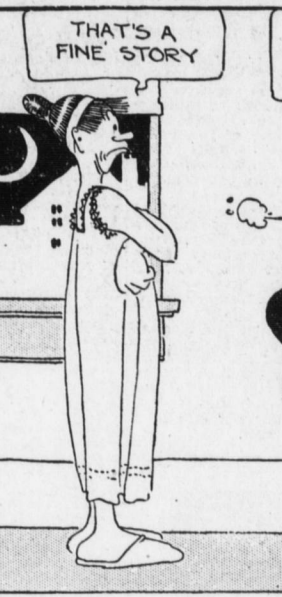
"I SUPPOSE HELL HAVE SOME MADE-UP EXCUSE AS USUAL."



"WELL!! I'M SORRY MARGIE - BUT I'VE BEEN OVER TO MR. AND MRS. JONES'S HOUSE"



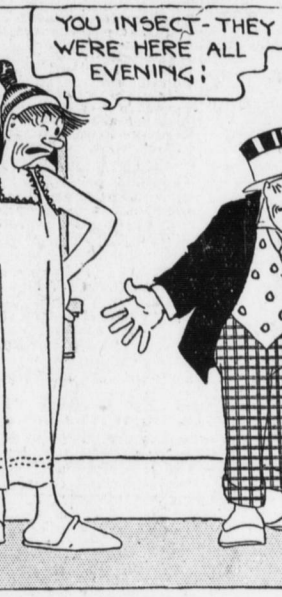
"THAT'S A FINE STORY THEY INSISTED ON ME STAYIN' - SHE ASKED ABOUT YOU -"



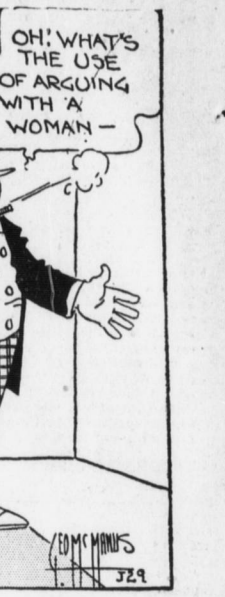
"YOU INSECT - THEY WERE HERE ALL EVENING!"



"OH! WHAT'S THE USE OF ARGUING WITH A WOMAN -"



"OH! WHAT'S THE USE OF ARGUING WITH A WOMAN -"



"OH! WHAT'S THE USE OF ARGUING WITH A WOMAN -"

All's Well That Ends Well

How an Artist's Model Lost \$20 and What Happened as a Result

By Jane McLean
To-day a girl finds that to be a successful model she must pose with an everlasting grin on her face, so Marie smiled and beamed and laughed her way into being one of the most desirable models in the city.

She was an excellent model, too. There were no whims about her, she was always ready to fall into just the right pose, her face was an inspiration. She used to say laughingly to Tim Gregory, who was an adept at doing pretty girl heads in pastels:

"My smile is my fortune, isn't it, Tim? Certainly without it my face wouldn't be worth while at all."

Which was in great measure true. No artist liked to take a chance on a serious picture. The magazine editors clamored for pretty girl heads, and as the public buys the magazines, whose editors in turn pay the artists for doing the pictures, there is a circle around which the law of supply and demand constantly revolves.

Tim Gregory grew tired of doing pretty girl heads, and above all he grew tired of making them pretty. "It would be a relief to do a homey one," he would growl, "anything at all to be different."

Tim used Marie a great deal. He showed her with a smile peeping coquettishly from her eyes, and he showed her with her pretty mouth in repose, but with the corners lifted as though she were just about to break out into a grin. Marie grew tired of it, of course, but as they all took the pretty girl head as a grim necessity that must be endured, she said to Tim, "I'm going to get a great deal of fun out of it."

Marie made a fairly good salary posing. Of course it did not permit of beautiful clothes and expensive quarters, but then Marie did not want these anyway. She wore the picturesque things that people in her position always wore, a soft tan, and a one-piece dress of dress among the artists and their friends; people were judged by the brain capacity they possessed and the quality of work they did.

But one day a really dreadful thing happened to Marie. She lost her pocketbook with twenty dollars in it while she was on her way to Tim's. Even though she retraced every step of the way the pocketbook was not to be found, and by the time Marie reached the studio her heart was heavy and her smile was missing. Tim heard the story and he sympathized. He would have made it up out of the generosity of his British heart, but his funds were low at present, and he still had several pictures in the process of development. So there was nothing to be done at present but to make the best of it, and Marie got up on the model stand with sorrow in her heart.

The old board that Tim had been using stood on the easel, but as Tim glanced up at Marie's face he stepped back and then smiled in spite of himself.

"Say, Marie, you don't look much like the picture, do you?"

Even Marie had to smile. The picture on the easel was so obviously joyous, and her own heart was so heavy. How could she laugh to-day?

Tim was looking at her narrowly, and suddenly with a look of determination he took down the half-finished picture and put on a fresh board. "Look at me, Marie," he said, "look just as you did before. I'm going to try an experiment." And with a few directions he began a picture of Marie just as she was, the big, sorrowful eyes, one tear half way down her cheek, and a sad little, down drooped mouth.

Marie wanted to protest; she knew Tim ought not to waste his time, but she was too much wrapped up in her own thoughts to care very much, so she just sat still while Tim worked. And work he did. He worked steadily all morning, and after a light lunch he went at it again. At 3 o'clock he dismissed Marie and took the half-finished picture with him. It was a lovely thing in grays and blues, but it wasn't a laughing picture. However, Tim had a conviction and he determined to see, before he went any further with it, whether he was right.

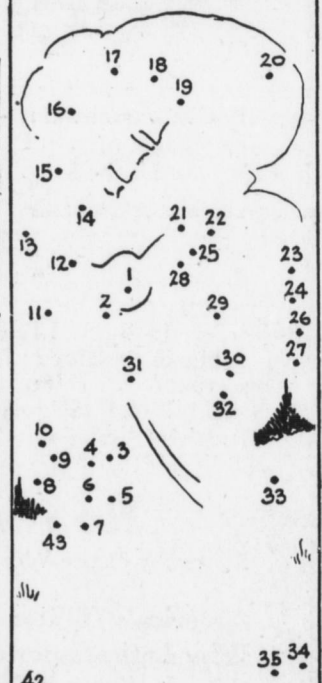
An hour later he barked on the door of the room Marie shared with another girl. They were cooking their supper between them, and Marie went to the door Tim could see that she was still sorrowful.

"I've sold it," he gasped, delightedly. "And I'm going to give you the twenty dollars. They're paying me twenty-five more than they did for my last head, too, because its different. Now what do you think of your lost pocketbook?" And with a whoop of delight he was off again down the stairs.

"Isn't that wonderful?" Marie said to her roommate. "He's sold the picture, Gladys."

"I know everything would come out all right," said Gladys, the practical. "And if you hadn't lost your pocketbook he wouldn't have tried a different type of head. My, life's funny!"

Daily Dot Puzzle



Little Ben from far Mount Airy said, "I'll draw my pet — Draw from one to two and so on to the end."

board. "Look at me, Marie," he said, "look just as you did before. I'm going to try an experiment." And with a few directions he began a picture of Marie just as she was, the big, sorrowful eyes, one tear half way down her cheek, and a sad little, down drooped mouth.

Marie wanted to protest; she knew Tim ought not to waste his time, but she was too much wrapped up in her own thoughts to care very much, so she just sat still while Tim worked. And work he did. He worked steadily all morning, and after a light lunch he went at it again. At 3 o'clock he dismissed Marie and took the half-finished picture with him. It was a lovely thing in grays and blues, but it wasn't a laughing picture. However, Tim had a conviction and he determined to see, before he went any further with it, whether he was right.

An hour later he barked on the door of the room Marie shared with another girl. They were cooking their supper between them, and Marie went to the door Tim could see that she was still sorrowful.

"I've sold it," he gasped, delightedly. "And I'm going to give you the twenty dollars. They're paying me twenty-five more than they did for my last head, too, because its different. Now what do you think of your lost pocketbook?" And with a whoop of delight he was off again down the stairs.

"Isn't that wonderful?" Marie said to her roommate. "He's sold the picture, Gladys."

"I know everything would come out all right," said Gladys, the practical. "And if you hadn't lost your pocketbook he wouldn't have tried a different type of head. My, life's funny!"

Stockholm.—Lack of raw materials, principally soda, already has compelled Swedish glass manufacturers to restrict production, and it is feared that it will have to cease altogether in two or three months more unless import conditions change. The Swedish glass industry, which is considerably more than two hundred years old, is one of the country's most important industries, employing nearly six thousand persons and having an annual output around \$5,000,000, of which more than one-third is exported.

FOOD SCARCE IN SWEDEN

Stockholm.—Long lines of persons waiting for articles of food, common sights in the streets of the cities of Germany, now are seen in Sweden. The Gothenburg police estimate that more than 10,000 persons, mainly women and children, formed a line to get their share of some potatoes bought by the city and sold in small quantities to residents of Gothenburg.

SWEDEN ANTICIPATING PEACE

Stockholm.—The customs authorities of Sweden already are anticipating the coming of peace. They have sent a circular order to all customs stations, pointing out the probability that, with the end of the war, freight traffic will in all probability assume overwhelming proportions.

MANY SERVANTS IN ENGLAND

London.—Thousands of families throughout the country are, in spite of the shortage of labor, keeping their usual prewar quota of servants. There are instances of households consisting of a mother and two daughters employing a staff of nine servants. In fact, in many homes there are so many servants that they spend most of their time waiting on each other.

AIRPLANES FOR SALE

London.—The British government advertises a sale of airplanes. It has 105 airplanes which it desires to dispose of immediately. Only one is complete with engine. The others are ready to have the engines mounted. Presumably most of them are of obsolete models.

Don't let skin trouble spoil your good time

Resinol heals sick skins

"I can't have any fun! I am such a sight with this eczema that people avoid me wherever I go. And the itching torments me so that I don't get any peace, anyhow."

Don't be discouraged! Even in severe, well-established cases of eczema, ringworm or similar skin-troubles, Resinol Ointment, aided by Resinol Soap, usually relieves the itching at once and quickly clears the eruption away.

Doctors prescribe the Resinol treatment. All drug stores sell Resinol Ointment and Resinol Soap.



EDUCATIONAL

School of Commerce

Troup Building 15 So. Market St.
Day and Night School
Bookkeeping, Shorthand, Stenotype, Typewriting and Penmanship
Bell 455 Cumberland 4393
Harrisburg Business College
A Reliable School, 31st Year
329 Market St. Harrisburg, Pa.

Infants—Mothers

Thousands testify

Horlick's The Original Malted Milk

Builds and sustains the body
No Cooking or Milk required
Used for 1/3 of a Century
Substitutes Cost YOU Same Price.

Hair Often Ruined By Washing With Soap

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, dandruff 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.—Adv.

Buy Shoes For the Entire Family Here—Tomorrow

At prices that save you nearly half of what you have to pay elsewhere. And you have a tremendous stock from which you can make a selection — in fact, we can fit you in practically any style and size of shoe for every occasion. Come in early so you can take plenty of time to suit yourself satisfactorily.

EXTRA SPECIAL
One lot of women's Pumps and Oxfords, gun metal, patent leather and tan. Special. **89c**
Broken sizes only.

SATURDAY SPECIAL
Misses' white canvas oxfords and pumps; white rubber soles and heels; regular \$1.25 to \$1.50 values. Special tomorrow only. **98c**

Women's vic kid comfort shoes and oxfords, turned soles and rubber heels. Special. **\$1.98 to \$2.45**

Misses' and Women's play oxfords, extra heavy stitched-down soles. Special. **98c and \$1.49**

Women's High Top, White Sea Isle Duck Lace Shoes; high and low heels; extra good value. Special at **\$1.98**

Men's white canvas Oxfords English toe. **98c to \$1.98**

Boys' black and white Tennis Oxfords. Special. **49c**

Men's and Boys' Scout Shoes, in black and tan, solidly built for service; regular \$2.50 value. Special. **\$1.98**

Women's white canvas Oxfords, rubber soles and heels; special prices, **98c, \$1.49 and \$1.89**

Men's dress shoes, black and tan, regular and English toe, remarkably good value, **\$2.65 to \$3.45**

FACTORY OUTLET SHOE CO. 16 N. Fourth Street

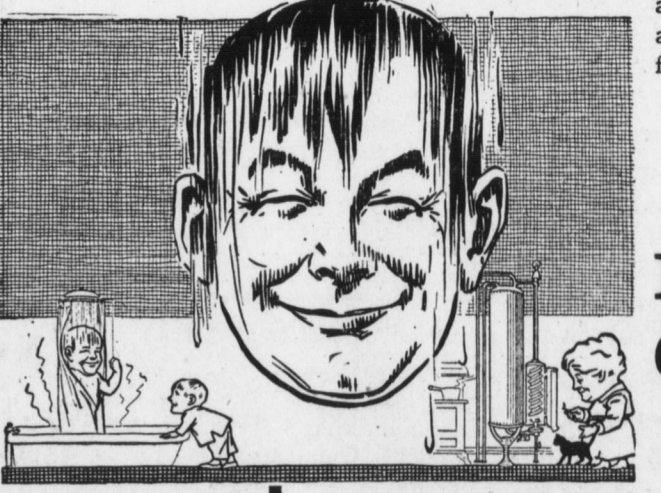
Fashions of To-Day - By May Manton



ALL the Empire effects are fashionable and they are little girls that dresses of this sort are in demand. This skirt is straight and as a result you can use it for embroidery or for other bordered material if you like. The combination of square neck and long sleeves is a very pretty one and a very fashionable one but for the very warm weather some mothers will like the short sleeves and perhaps the short sleeves with the high neck. Here, one of the pretty embroidered swiss muslins, that are so much used this season, is shown.

For the 4-year size will be needed, 2 1/4 yards of material 36 inches wide, 2 yards 44 or 2 1/4 yards of founcing 17 inches wide with 1 yard of plain material 36.

The pattern No. 8946 is cut in sizes for 1, 2, 4 and 6 years. It will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of ten cents.



When you use gas for fuel there's no increase in price or scarcity of supply.

Remember Our Easy Terms \$2 Down, \$1.50 Per Month

And order yours to-day, at our office or from representatives.

Harrisburg Gas Company
Harrisburg
Steelton, Middletown.

IT'S GREAT

To have HOT WATER for bath and all purposes when you want it,

and without the trouble and discomfort of a coal fire.

A GAS WATER HEATER Gives This Service

When you use gas for fuel there's no increase in price or scarcity of supply.

Remember Our Easy Terms \$2 Down, \$1.50 Per Month

And order yours to-day, at our office or from representatives.

Harrisburg Gas Company
Harrisburg
Steelton, Middletown.