



# 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

"I'll tell John, when I see him again—and take a chance of being able to run faster than he can," he chuckled. "Ripping good joke!"

"Then you know both men?" said Kinzie, glancing at his watch and rising.

"Like a book. They're no more alike than black and white. Our man here is from Cincinnati; isn't that where you met him, Verda? I recollect you didn't like him at first, because he wore a beard. They told me the last time I was over in Cincinnati, that he'd gone West somewhere, but they didn't say where. He was the first man I met when I lit down here. Little world, isn't it, Mr. Kinzie?"

David Kinzie was backing away, watch in hand. Business was very pressing, he said, and he must get back to his desk. He was very much obliged to Miss Richlander, and was only sorry that he had troubled her. When her father should return to Brewster he would be glad to meet him, and so on and so on, to and beyond the portieres which finally blotted him out, for the two who were left in the Louis Quinze parlor.

"Is that about what you wanted me to say?" queried Jibbey, when the click of the elevator door latch told them that Mr. Kinzie was descending.

"Tucker, there are times when you are almost lovable," said the beauty softly, with a hand on Jibbey's shoulder.

"I'm glad it's what you wanted, because it's what I was going to say, anyway," returned the neer-do-weel soberly, thus showing that he too, had not yet outlived the influence of the over-night hand-rip.

Since Brewster was a full-fledged city, its banks closed at 3 o'clock. Ten minutes after the hour, which happened also to be about the same length of time after Starbuck and Smith had reached town, Mr. Crawford Stanton got himself adroitly by the janitor at the side door of the Brewster City National. President

Kinzie was still at his desk in his private room, and the promoter entered unannounced.

"I thought I'd hang off and give you the limit—all the time there was," he said, dropping into the debtor's chair at the desk-end. And then, with a quarrelsome rasp in his tone: "Are you getting ready to switch again?"

Though his victims often cursed the banker for his shrewd caution and his ruthless profit-taking, no one had ever accused him of timidity in a stand-up encounter.

"You've taken that tone with me before, Stanton, and I don't like it," he returned brusquely. "You may as well keep it in mind that neither you, nor the people you represent, own the Brewster City National, or any part of it, in fee simple."

"We can buy you out any minute we think we need you," retorted Stanton. "But never mind about that. Your man came back from the Popaz last night. You've let the better part of the day go by without saying a word, and I've drawn the only conclusion there is to draw."

Kinzie frowned his impatience. "If I have to do business with your people much longer, Mr. Stanton, I shall certainly suggest that they put a man in charge out here who can control his temper." Here, is Mr. Richlander's letter.

Stanton read the letter through hastily, punctuating its final sentence with a brittle oath.

"And you've muddled over this all day, when every hour is worth more to us than your one-horse bank could

## "The Insider"

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water

CHAPTER LXIX  
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I did not linger on the veranda that night. I was afraid that Mr. Norton might return and resume the conversation of Sunday afternoon.

Therefore, as soon as I felt calm enough to speak quietly and to behave with some degree of naturalness, I went up to Mrs. Gore's room and knocked on the door. She called to me to come in.

"May I trouble you to give me that medicine for Grace, please?" I asked.

"Here it is," she replied. You will find full directions for administering it on the bottle. We have not had to use it for over a year now. I hoped she had outgrown those attacks. I think I will come up to see her before I go to bed."

Her face was haggard and her speech hurried.

"That will not be necessary, Adelaide."

My employer's voice behind me made me start. He was standing in the doorway of his sister-in-law's room. His manner toward her was stern.

"I am going to see how Grace is," he went on. "If she is worse, it will be time enough for you to exert yourself. As it is, Miss Dart can take better care of her than either you or I. I want to look in on the child before I sleep."

I dared not protest. Taking the medicine from the trembling woman, I walked out of the room. Mr. Norton followed me.

"With your permission I will accompany you," he said formally. "I will not detain you more than a moment—but I am anxious about Grace."

My heart was hot with indignation at this man who could speak so harshly to a woman as evidently distressed as his sister-in-law. Yet I was in his employ and must submit to his authority in his own house.

"Slightly we mounted the stairs together. He waited in the hall while I went softly in to the nursery and turned on a light that was shaded and that stood where it could not strike the eyes of the child sleeping in the little white bed.

Then I beckoned to the father. He opened the room as noiselessly as I had done.

He looks at the child and stood straight to his feet. His face was forbidding, yet the throbbing pulses in his temples indicated that his composure was assumed.

"She'll be all right," he remarked, in a low voice, "and her breathing is a little rapid. But probably both these things are the results of a terrifying dream. She will be all right. She must be all right!"

"I hope she will be," I rejoined. "Come out into the hall with me," he ordered. "I want to speak to you."



Pulled the Wool Over your Eyes.

## Life's Problems Are Discussed

BY MRS. WILSON WOODROW

Everywhere I encounter among women a desire to get back to the soil.

They seem delighted with the fact that there are organizations which arrange for the necessary training in agricultural work, and that in this way they not only can help their country, but will also be entering upon a new occupation.

A garden of some sort has seemed as necessary to most of us as food and drink, and the woman who through circumstances is denied the outdoor space for one manages a makeshift and has her window full of plants.

I believe that the care of a garden has saved the health, life and reason of uncounted women. It provides the enchanting world of beauty, from the daily routine, from the dissatisfaction of empty or care-filled hours—an escape into another world, the enchanting world of beauty. And it is necessary for the woman to make an effort to do their part; for the plants have to be tended and cared for before the reward of bloom and perfume and loveliness shall transform the spaces of bare earth.

I was talking to a very brave and cheerful woman only the other day. She is burdened with responsibilities which she cannot evade or escape. I commented upon her courage and unflinching good spirit.

"It is all due to my garden," she said. "I get out and work among my flowers for a time, and then I'm able to throw off the drag and depression of it all."

But now women are listening to a wider call, and are eagerly answering it. They want to help feed the world, to help raise the grain and vegetables, and look after the fowls and the livestock, so that we and the other nations which are looking to us for assistance may not only have enough but an abundance.

Hitherto, for the girl who either had to earn her own living or meant to do so, the indoor occupations were about the only ones open to her. We are all more or less creatures of custom and convention, especially in youth, and in the past no matter how ardent a girl's desire to work in the great outdoors she was hampered in a number of ways. She didn't know just how to go about it for one thing; and for another one of her friends and companions were venturing in that direction, and would regard her if not exactly a freak, certainly as an oddity for attempting it. Then, being entirely untrained and unused to the work, she felt, too, that she would probably be unable to meet the requirements of her job even if she was lucky enough to get one.

So, quite apart from considerations of food-supply during the war, this promised invasion of the field by women is highly significant.

Again woman is widening the boundaries of her wage-earning occupations, although to speak of boundaries of that sort nowadays seems in the face of facts an absurdity. It is to laugh, to turn back to the prospect and warnings of the sages of a generation or so ago. Woman's nervous system, they said, could not stand the strain of severe mental application, her physical organization would break down under hard work. The first contention was disproved long ago; the second has been knocked into a cocked hat by the women of France and England during this war.

Of course, not every woman wants to take the meadows sweet with hay; but the big fact is that the way will now be open to those who do. Every one of us has some special knack, some one thing that is a delight to us and not a drudgery; and there should be no barriers between it and us.

More than one big successful business has been built on a woman's knack. Most of us know of the girl in a Southern city who began by selling cakes to her friends, and now they are sent all over this country and have graced royal weddings in foreign lands. Another girl, who was the manufacturer of a certain famous brand of pickles, that had its start in a woman making a few

extra jars to sell among her acquaintances that she might add a little to her income. Then there is the especial candy business which a little girl began by selling her homemade sweets upon the streets. So one might go on with one familiar instance after another.

And women have such a real knack for any kind of gardening. It is a fine thing to think, now that the opportunity is theirs, to make that gardening practical and profitable, they do not have to go about it in any haphazard fashion, or try to apply what they have learned from books or seed catalogs, but can obtain for the asking the expert and technical instruction which will enable them to carry on real agricultural work. And this training will at the same time afford them a chance to do an inimitable patriotic service by fitting them adequately to fill the places of the men who are in the training camps and at the front.

I have heard women say from time to time in discussing the matter, that they fear farm work would be too heavy for them, and they felt they could be more helpful as nurses. They do not realize that the work required of a nurse is about ten times that of a woman in the field, with its strain on nerves and endurance than any task they could possibly be called upon to do in the outdoor fields.

I surely do envy the woman who can undertake this training in agricultural pursuits. Every one has his dream, and mine is to possess and manage a model farm. My childhood was spent in a lovely old-fashioned garden, but it was a garden of flowers, not of vegetables, and though I spent several months at the home of an uncle in the country, and I can remember still the joy the kitchen garden there gave me.

One reached it through the flower garden, inclosed in box hedges, and full of roses and honeysuckle, and white Madonny lilies, an every sweet-smelling blossom that grows. But more enchanting even than this to me was the big space beyond the garden, with its strawberry beds and raspberry and gooseberry and currant bushes, and the parsley borders, and the long rows of all kinds of vegetables.

I never grew tired of wandering about it and watching the colored men working in it, or of pulling a row of the ground so much or picking the big, red raspberries and bunches of translucent crimson currants.

And when a few weeks ago I saw from a train window the fruit trees all in blossom and the men and women planting in the long furrows, I thought of the wild longing came over me. I love my job, I couldn't live if I wasn't allowed to write. And yet for a moment I felt as if I wanted to throw my pen over the moon and just hoe and rake in my

## THE MAGIC FLUID

Few drops and corns or calluses loosen and lift off with fingers. No pain!

The world owes thanks to the genius in Cincinnati who discovered freezine, the new ether.

Tiny bottles of the magic fluid can now be had at any drug store for a few cents. You simply apply a few drops of this freezine upon a tender, aching corn or a hardened callus, instantly the soreness disappears and shortly you will find the corn or callus so loose and shriveled that you lift it off with the fingers. Not a bit of pain or soreness is felt when applied to the skin or flesh.

For a few cents one can now get rid of every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, as well as painful calluses on bottom of feet. Everyone who tries it, without exception, comes an enthusiast because it really doesn't hurt or pain one particle. Genuine freezine has a yellow label. Look for yellow label.—Adv.

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SUNDAYS July 8 and 22 One Day Excursions Good only on special train. Leave Harrisburg... 4.40 A. M. Fare, \$2.75.

## Fashions of To-Day - By May Manton



Every little girl will need a coat for Summer wear. Evenings are cool and in these days a motor ride is likely to be enjoyed at any moment, and there are many occasions when a wrap is required. This one is very charming and child-like and adapted to such a wide range of cloakings that they are almost too many to enumerate. Here, a pretty checked wool cloth is trimmed with a plain cloth, but wool jersey makes pretty coats and colored jersey with white trimming is very charming. Velours-finished cloths are being much used and are pretty with trimming of silk.

For the 8-year size will be needed, 3 1/2 yards of material 44 inches wide, 2 1/4 yards 54 with 3/8 yard 44 for the trimming.

The pattern No. 9459 is cut in sizes from 4 to 10 years. It will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of fifteen cents.

## Daily Dot Puzzle

Effort is now being made by members of Ladies' Nest No. 1939, Order of Owls, to increase the present membership from two hundred and fifteen to three hundred. The present nest was organized early in the year. The present campaign is in charge of R. F. Webster, district organizer.

Members are co-operating with a view of making the local ladies' nest one of the largest in the State. The present campaign started on June 22 and will close next Thursday night at the meeting in the lodge headquarters in the Cameron building, Second and Walnut streets.

As additional inducements for the enlistment of new members, Mr. Webster has offered a diamond ring and a gold watch to two members who turn in the largest list of new members. In a contest held previous to this campaign, Mrs. Stager won the diamond ring offered by the local organizer.

**Camphorole**

Sixty-three straight lines will bring—swinging in—Draw from one to two and so on to the end.

## Ladies' Nest of Owls Is Getting Membership of 300

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**SOLDIER DIES AT CAMP**  
Marietta, Pa., June 30.—Harry Miller died at camp at Syracuse, N. Y., yesterday, where he had been serving in the United States field artillery, he was 19 years of age, and died from pneumonia. His mother, and a brother who is at El Paso, Tex., in the Thirtieth field artillery, survive. The body will be shipped here for funeral.

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