

# 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)

"Escape? From whom?" She looked away and shook her head. "From Watrous Dunham, let me say. You didn't suspect that, did you? It is so, nevertheless. My father desires it; and I suppose Watrous Dunham would like to have my money—you know I have something in my own right. Perhaps this may help to account for some other thing—for your trouble, for one. You were in his way, you see. But never mind that; there are other matters to be considered now. Through Mr. Kinzie has been put off the track, Mr. Stanton hasn't I have earned Mr. Stanton's ill-will because I wouldn't tell him about you, and this evening at table, he took it out on me."

"In what way?" "He gave me to understand, very plainly, that he had done something; that there was a sensation in prospect for all Freshwater. He was so evidently triumphant that it fairly frightened me. The fact that he wasn't afraid to show some part of his hand to me—knowing that I would be sure to tell you—makes me afraid that the trap has already been set for you."

"In other words, you think he has gone over Kinzie's head and has telegraphed to Lawrenceville?" "Montague, I'm almost certain of it." "Smith stood up and put his hands behind him. "Which means that I have only a few hours, at the longest," he said quietly. And then: "There is a good bit to be done, turning over the business of the office, and all that; I've been putting it off from day to day, saying that there would be time enough to set my house in order after the trap had been sprung. Now I am like the man who put off the making of his will until it is too late. Will you let me thank you very heartily and vanish."

"What shall you do," she asked. "Set my house in order, as I say—as well as I can in the time that remains. There are others to be considered, you know."

"Oh, the plain-faced little ranch girl among them, I suppose?" "No, thank God, she is out of it entirely—in the way you mean," he broke out fervently. "You mean that you haven't spoken to her—yet?" "Of course I haven't. Do you suppose I would ask any woman to marry me with the shadow of the penitentiary hanging over me?" "But you are not really guilty."

"That doesn't make any difference, Watrous Dunham will see to it that I get what he has planned to give me." "She was tapping an impatient tattoo on the carpet with one shapely foot. "Why don't you turn this new leaf of yours back and go home and fight it out with Watrous Dunham, once for all," she suggested. "I shall probably go, fast enough, when Macaulay or one of his deputies get here with the extradition papers," he returned. "But as to fighting Dunham, without money—! She looked up quickly, and this time there was no mistaking the meaning of the glow in the magnificent brown eyes.

"Your friends have money, Montague—plenty of it. All you have to do is to say that you'll defend yourself. I am not sure that Watrous Dunham couldn't be made to take your place in the prisoner's dock, or that you couldn't be put in his place in the Lawrenceville Bank and Trust. You have captured Tucker Jibbey, and that means Tucker's father, and my father—well, when it comes to the worst, my father always does what I want him to. It's his one weakness."

For one little instant Smith felt the solid ground slipping from beneath his feet. Here was a way out, and his quick mentality was showing him that it was a perfectly feasible way. As Verda Richlander's husband and Josiah Richlander's son-in-law, he could fight Dunham and win. And the reward; once more he could take his place in the small Lawrenceville world, and settle down to the life of conventional good report and good case which he had once thought the acme of any reasonable man's aspirations. But at the half-yielding moment, a word of Corona Baldwin's flashed in to his brain and turned the scale: "It did happen in your case . . . giving you a chance to grow and expand, and to break with all the old traditions . . . and the break left you free to make of yourself what you should choose. It was the reincarnated Smith who met the look



in the beautiful eyes and made an answer. "No," was the sober decision; and then he gave his reasons. "If I could do what you propose, I shouldn't be worth the powder it would take to



"Your Friends Have Money."

drive a bullet through me, Verda, for now, you see, I know what love means. You say I have changed, and I have changed; I can imagine the past-and-gone J. Montague jumping at the chance you are offering. But the will will never grind with the water that is past; I'll take what is coming to me, and try to take it like a man. Good-night—and good-by. And he turned his back upon the temptation and went away. (To Be Continued)

### Daily Dot Puzzle



This seems a funny thing to trace. But forty-four completes the chase. Draw from one to two and so on to the end.

## "The Insider"

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water

### CHAPTER LXX

Copyright, 1917, Star Company His arms were about me, his hot breath on my cheeks, but I wrenched myself free from him. Steps sounded on the steps below us. The boys were coming in—carefully, lest they waken the household. "Confound it!" my companion muttered. He released me, then caught my hand in his, and stood thus, waiting for Hugh and Tom to appear at the turn of the stairs. A moment more and they would be here.

"Even in the dim light I could see how every drop of blood left Hugh Parker's face. I also saw that a dark and angry flood of crimson swept across Tom's boyish countenance. "Good night, Mr. Norton," I said with grave formality. He let his arm go when he had spoken to the boys, and I was free to return to my own room.

"How is Grace?" "It was Hugh who asked the question, and he looked straight at me. The words themselves were nothing, yet they were proof of a self-control that amazed me. I did not doubt his love for me, and I had let him see that I cared for him. Yet, coming upon me standing here at this time of night, alone with my employer who was holding my hand, he could speak like that! Was it because he trusted me in spite of appearances? If he stopped to think, he must believe that I was engaged to Mr. Norton—that I ought to be. Was it possible that a man could love a girl so deeply that he could trust her in spite of what seemed like such convincing evidence of her untrustworthiness?"

Hugh Leads Tom Away Even then I did not know of what heights of loyalty Hugh Parker was capable. "Grace is better," I stammered. "That is—she is asleep." "Come on, old boy," Hugh said, throwing an arm across Tom's shoulders, "let's go to bed."

In a flash of intuition, I felt that these two, tutor and pupil, had grown closer together during the past hour than ever before. As I went to my room, without a backward glance, that fact was borne in upon me. I thought of the mysterious telephone message, and Tom's exclamation of irritation with regard to it. Had he suspected the import and had it been of a nature that so angered and worried him that he could keep silent no longer?

I could picture his walking along the country roads with Hugh, talking perhaps as he had talked to me on the day when he had given me his loyally confidence, when he had told me of his father's second marriage, and of how the husband had forgotten the first wife, the woman who had been Tom's mother. I stopped in the center of my room, smitten by a thought. If Tom had taken Hugh Parker into his confidence in this affair, what must he and Hugh think or feel on finding me with Brewster Norton, my hand in his, he telling me goodnight in that intimate fashion?

I could have cried out against the false position in which I had been placed. Why must this have happened? Had that strange telephone message started into motion the happenings of to-night? It was all mysterious, and I could not unravel the mystery. I did not feel able to cope with the situation. My employer loved me—or, at least, wanted to marry me—had declared that he would marry me. Hugh loved me, and I loved him. Hugh must suspect now that I was engaged to one man while he must also know that I cared for him—Hugh Parker. Tom must think that I was willing to be his father's third wife!

All Grotesque It was all incongruous, grotesque. I had an inclination to laugh and scream at the same time. I must calm myself and be reasonable. Undressing, I put on a wrapper, and sat down deliberately to think of something that would soothe me. And what I thought about was Hugh and his love. That seemed to me the one stable thing on which my mind could rest. I told myself over and over that he loved me, that appearances had not made him doubt me, and that I loved him bet-

ter than anything else in all the big world.

"In all the big world!" The words brought back to me the sound of Grace's voice as she had said them to me this afternoon. I could almost feel her arms about my neck. Dear little girl! I must go in and see how she was before I went to bed.

I passed through the dressing-room into the nursery where the shaded light still burned as I had left it when the child's father came

in a while ago. Grace still slept peacefully.

I stood gazing down at her. And, as I gazed, I had an uncanny sensation. Anyone who has ever felt that an unseen person was watching her knows what I mean. I felt as if some one were peering at me from the shadows of the room. I dared not move, so hypnotized and frightened was I by the conviction that a pair of eyes was fixed piercingly upon me.

To Be Continued.

### ONLY TWO SLACKERS

Of the two score complaints investigated during the last few weeks by local Federal authorities, only two proved to be slackers, and these will register for the selective draft. It was reported. The others are outside the conscriptive age or were found to be registered.

### Kingdon Gould's Wedding Slighted by His Family

New York, July 3.—With none of the settings that usually marked marriages in the Gould family, Kingdon Gould, eldest son of George J. Gould, and Annunziata Camilla Maria Luccl, former Italian governess in the Gould household, were married late yesterday.

Under a special cardinal's dispensation, the ceremony was performed in the reception room of the rectory of St. Patrick's Cathedral by the Rev. Mgr. Gerardo Ferrante, Cardinal Farley's Italian secretary. Gould weddings have been asso-

ciated with a spirit of pomp in the eyes of New York. But no squads of policemen, no flocks of detectives were necessary yesterday. Instead, Only one relative or friend of the fans' were in evidence. When the tall, dreamy looking action of the Goulds led his dark, flashing-eyed bride to the improvised altar, a table set between palms, there were thirteen guests in the room. Most of them were women friends of the bride hastily summoned by scribbled invitations.

Only one relative or friends of the bridegroom was present. He was George J. Gould, Jr., brother and heir. Other members of the family were detained "by business matters," as George J. Gould's secretary phrased it.

"I couldn't desert old King," exclaimed his brother and only attend-

ant after the ceremony. "Were you best man?" he was asked.

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## The Sale That Tops Them All For Extraordinary Values

# KAUFMAN'S SEMI-ANNUAL CLEAN-SWEEP SALE

### Starts Friday Next, July 6, Promptly at 8.30

#### The Most Important Clean Sweep Sale We've Ever Launched

In spite of the scarcity of merchandise and the higher cost of everything we are preparing to make this Semi-Annual Clean Sweep Sale a record breaker for big values.

Orders have been issued to buyers of all departments of the store to place sweeping reductions on all stocks of Summer merchandise.

That means the biggest kind of money-saving opportunities on this season's most desirable Summer apparel for men, women and children.

Styles that are needed now and will be needed throughout the entire Summer, as well as hundreds of household needfuls, at prices that are far below the normal.

**See Broom Coupon In This Paper Thursday Next**

**Store Closed All Day Tomorrow Wed. July 4th (Independence Day)**

**Also Store Closed All Day Thursday July 5**

**To Re-Mark and Rearrange Stocks For the Great Clean Sweep Sale Which Starts Friday Morning at 8.30 O'clock.**

**This Is the Biggest Bargain Sale Held in Harrisburg**

**A Big Twice-a-Year Event That Tops Them All For Extraordinary Big Values**

**REMEMBER — Nothing but this season's most desirable Summer Merchandise will be offered. Prices will in every instance, more than substantiate our reputation for remarkable underselling.**

**Remember Sale Starts Friday, July 6th--- Tomorrow Wednesday, (Independence Day)**

**Store Closed All Day Thursday, July 5th, To Prepare For This Big Sale**

**See This Paper Thursday For Full Details and Price List**

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