

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 HYERS

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(Continued)

Starbuck checked the car's speed a little more to keep it well in the rear of the ambling cavalcade.

"That's your own best bet, John," he said soberly.

"It is. I've cleaned out another room since you called me down back under the Little Creek road. Starbuck. I can't trust my own legs any more; they are altogether too primitive and brutal; so I'm going to take hers. She'd send me into this fight that is just ahead of us, and all the other fights that are coming, with a heart big enough to take in the whole world. She said I'd understand, some day; that I'd know that the only great man is one who is too big to be little; who can fight without hating; who can die to make good; if that is the only way that offers."

"That's Corry Baldwin, every day in the week, John. Every day I make 'em any finer than he is," was Starbuck's comment. And then: "I'm beginning to kick myself for not letting you go and have one more round-up with her. She's doing you good, right along."

"You didn't stop me," Smith affirmed. "You merely gave me a chance to stop myself. It's all over now, Billy, and my little race is about run. But whatever happens to me, either this night, or beyond it, I shall be a free man. You can't put handcuffs on a soul and send it to prison, you know. That is what Corona was trying to make me understand; and I couldn't—nor would I."

Over a low hill just ahead the pole-bracketed lights at the dam were staring themselves against the sky, and the group of horsemen halted at the head of the railroad trestle which marked the location of the north side unloading station.



Harding had sent two of his men forward and they reported that there were no guards on the north bank, and that the stagers, on the downstream face of the dam, were also unguarded. Thereupon Harding made his dispositions. Half of the posse was to go up the northern bank, dismounted, and rush the wagon road skirting the mesa foot. At an agreed-upon signal, the two detachments were to close in upon the company buildings in the construction camp, trusting to the surprise and the attack from opposite directions to overcome any disparity in numbers.

At Smith's urgings, Starbuck went with the party which crossed by way of the railroad trestle, Smith himself accompanying the sheriff's detachment. With the horses led behind under guard at the trestle head, the up-river approach was made by both parties simultaneously though in the darkness, and with the breadth of the river intervening, neither could see the movements of the other. Smith kept his place beside Harding, and to the sheriff's query he answered that he was unarmed.

"You've got a nerve," was all the comment Harding made, at that they topped the slight elevation and came among the stone debris in the north-side quarries.

From the quarry cutting the view struck out by the camp mastheads was unobstructed. The dam and the uncompleted power house, still figuring to the eye as skeleton masses of form timbering, lay just below them, and on the higher side the flooding torrent thundered through the spillway gates, which had been opened to their fullest capacity. Between the quarry and the northern dam-head ran the smooth concrete channel of the main ditch canal, with the water in the reservoir lake still lapping several feet below level of its entrance. A give assurance that, until the spillways should be closed, the charter-saving stream would never pour through the canal.

On the opposite side of the river the dam-head and the camp street were deserted, but there were lights in the commissary, in the office shack and in Blue Pete Simms' canteen



dogery. From the latter quarter sounds of revelry rose above the spillway thunderings, and now and again a drum figure lurched through the open door to make its way uncertainly toward the rank of bunk houses.

Harding was staring into the farther nimbus of the electric rays, trying to pick up some sign of the other half of his posse, when Smith made a suggestion.

"Both of your parties will have the workmen's bunk houses in range, Mr. Harding, and we mustn't forget that Colonel Baldwin and Williams are prisoners in the timekeeper's shack. If the guns have a will to shoot—"

"There won't be any wild shooting, of the kind you're thinking of," returned the sheriff grimly. "There ain't a single man in this posse that can't hit what he aims at nine times out of ten. But here's hopin' we can gather 'em in without the guns. If they ain't lookin' for us—"

The interruption was the whining song of a jacked bullet passing overhead, followed by the crack of a rifle. "Down boys!" said the sheriff softly, setting the example by sliding into the ready-made trench afforded by the dry ditch of the outlet canal; and as he said it a sharp spurtling broke out, with fire spurtings from the mesa beyond to show that the surprise was balked in both directions.

"There must have had scouts out," was Smith's word to the sheriff, who was cautiously reconnoitering the newly developed situation from the shelter of the canal trench. "They are evidently ready for us, and that knocks your plan in the head. Your men can't cross these stagings under fire."

"Your 'wops' are all right, anyway," said Harding. "They're pouring out of the bunk houses and that saloon over there and talking to the hills like a flock of scared chickens. Then to his men: 'Scatter out, boys, and get the range on that commissary building where most of the staggers are cached.'"

Two days earlier, two hour earlier perhaps, Smith would have begged a sashon and flung himself into the fray with blood lust blinding him to everything save the battle demands of the moment. But now the final milestone in the long road of his metamorphosis had been passed and the darkness valley of elemental passions was left behind.

"Hold up a minute, for God's sake," said Harding hastily. "We've got to give them a show. Harding. The chances are that every man in that commissary believes that McGraw has the law on his side—and we are not sure that he hasn't. Anyway, they don't know that they are trying to stand off a sheriff's posse!"

Harding's chuckle was sardonic. "You mean that we'd ought to go over yonder and read the riot act to 'em first? That might do back in the country where you came from. But the man that can get into that camp over there with the serving papers now'd have to be armor-plated, I reckon."

"Just the same, we've got to give them their chance," Smith insisted doggedly. "We can't stand for any unnecessary bloodshed—I won't stand for it."

Harding shrugged his heavy shoulders. "One round into that sheet-iron commissary shack'll bring 'em back to nothing else will. It ain't got any men to throw away on the dew-dabs and furbelows."

Smith sprang up and held out his hand as the law on his side—and he snapped. "Give me those papers. I'll go over and serve them."

(To Be Continued)



Genevieve was a waitress, and like most of them, she was kind-hearted and always had a smile. The other girls used to say that Genevieve's kind heart would be the end of her some day, for she was always willing to work extra for a companion who was not well, and she never minded taking orders. It was very hard not to like Genevieve. Her white aprons were always immaculate, his high white collars were very becoming. She had a soft little face with very smooth skin that was always without color. Her hair was red, and she was Irish. Across her nose a delicate freckle sprinkled her cheeks. There was another thing about Genevieve that no doubt will be of interest to the reader, she was very fond of romance. It thrilled her to think of her own possible love story, and she was always interested in anything the girls had to say about their beaux. Therefore, she was made the object of many confidences, and hearing so many she grew not to mind having none of her own.

"But your time will come, Genevieve," the girls would say laughingly. "Only when you get him, for heaven's sake don't kill him with kindness. Then they would all go off into giggles and Genevieve would smile with a faraway look in her eyes before hurrying to wait on a customer.

Genevieve had one secret that she shared with no one. She was interested in a man. He came in every morning at nine-thirty and ate a hurried breakfast, and Genevieve always waited on him. He was tall, and wore glasses, and he had kind eyes that were slightly absent-minded. He always ate an orange and some cereal and coffee. Genevieve grew to look for him every morning. She did not want the other girls to tease her, and so she wisely kept him to one morning. She missed him in his accustomed place by the window, and he did not come in the next morning, nor the next.

Genevieve never gave up watching however, and one morning he did come in and drop into his favorite seat. He looked careworn, and when she laid his breakfast on the table, he took her hand and she felt his fingers on her cheek. He looked at her and she felt his fingers on her cheek. He looked at her and she felt his fingers on her cheek.



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Uncle Sam's Thrift Thought For Today

Are you wondering how you can use that left-over fish, Madam Housewife?

It is one suggestion made by the U. S. Department of Agriculture:

Scalloped Fish and Hominy

Place in a saucepan alternate layers of boiled or steamed hominy (hulled corn) seasoned to taste and minced fish with thickened milk sauce. Add a layer of fish on top and sprinkle over it bread crumbs. Place in oven to heat thoroughly and brown the top.

Rice, macaroni or potatoes may be used in this receipt in the place of hominy.

Dangerous Gas and Acids That Hurt the Stomach—Sour the Food Cause Dyspepsia, Indigestion

Recommends A Safe Way To Treat Stomach Trouble At Home.

Many stomach sufferers who are always full of gas and whose stomachs burn with acid after nearly every meal think these things are the RESULT of indigestion when in reality they are the CAUSE.

It is just as foolish to give artificial digestants such as pepsin, etc., to a stomach full of gas and acid as it would be for a man who had stepped on a tack to rub liniment on his foot without removing the tack.

Some stomachs generate too much gas and acid. Gas distends the stomach walls causing a full, bloated, oppressive feeling while the acid irritates and inflames the lining of the stomach. Naturally the food ferments and sours, digestion is often delayed and stomach misery is the result. Artificial digest-

ents will push this sour, fermenting mass into the intestines and so relieve the stomach but the acid still remains in the stomach to generate more gas and produce more trouble at the next meal.

If you are using digestive aids after meals drop them for a while and instead get a few 1-grain tablets of pure bisulphated magnesia from Geo. A. Grogan or any drug-gist and take two with each meal. Bisulphated Magnesia does not digest food but will neutralize the excessive acid in your stomach, keep the gas sweet and will drive the gas and heat right out of your body. As Magnesia is prepared in various forms be sure to get Bisulphated Magnesia for this purpose as it is not a laxative and in this refined form will not injure the stomach in any way.

All's Well That Ends Well

The Waitress Who Found That Romance is Sometimes Spelled With a Big "R"

By JANE McLEAN.

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Fashions of To-Day - By May Manton

THIS is the latest variation of the middy blouse. It is open in coat style and with great big pockets that provide broad hips. As you see it here, it is made of a plain pongee thinned with pongee in Roman stripes but you can copy it in silk jersey or in linen or in cotton gabardine or in gingham. For the younger contingent, very bright colors are liked for these blouses but the mature women are wearing grey and tan and soft tones of the sort enlivened with brightness. Grey silk jersey with rose color makes a charming effect.

For the medium size will be needed, 4 yards of material 36 inches wide with 3/4 yard 36 for the trimming.

The pattern No. 9418 is cut in sizes from 34 to 44 inches bust measure. It will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of fifteen cents.

"THEIR MARRIED LIFE"

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Helen and Mrs. Stevens came out of the theater and bumped directly into Warren, who was waiting outside.

"Why, dear," Helen exclaimed, "I thought you would be in bed by this time."

"But wasn't he a dear to meet us," exclaimed Mrs. Stevens.

"Well, you see, it was raining pretty hard about half an hour ago, and I knew you ladies had your best loggery on, so I came down to meet you."

"But your cold, Warren?"

She refrained from adding that she wished with all her heart that he had gone to bed and let them shift for themselves. Warren had been going to take Helen to the theater himself that night, and then at the last minute he had begged off and had suggested Mrs. Stevens instead. He had taken cold and had coughed pretty much during the night before, and Helen had seen the wisdom of the plan and had consented instantly to asking Mrs. Stevens, although she was bitterly disappointed at not having Helen.

A sudden little thought kept obtruding itself in Helen's mind. After all, Warren could have gone with her to the theater, now that he had come downtown anyway, but she choked it back immediately and tried to be gay and responsive.

"Shall we go somewhere and get something to eat?" suggested Warren.

"Mercy, no," said Mrs. Stevens. "I must get right home."

"And so must we," Helen said quickly. "Warren has been miserable with his cold; he ought to be in bed this morning."

They were all rather quiet going home and after they had left Mrs. Stevens at the door of her apartment and were walking the short distance between the two houses Warren spoke.

"What's the matter, you're so quiet?"

"Oh, I'm so disappointed that you didn't go with me," Helen said almost before she knew that she had spoken. "I mean," she added quickly, "as long as you came downtown after all."

"Well," returned Warren quickly, "I got those two letters written, that's something, and I show you have had to sit up and do them after I got home to-night anyway."

Helen felt strangely unconvinced. Letters did not seem important to her just then.

"Do you know that I was all ready for bed when I looked out and saw that it was raining?" Warren said, dressed and went all the way down for you. If you're not unreasonable, I want to know it."

Helen turned to him penitently. "Oh, Warren, I didn't know that. Just for the minute I thought that it might have been an excuse to get a free evening."

"Well, if you women aren't encouraging!" Warren said shortly. "Imagine thinking up a thing like that to make me miserable!"

"Oh, I know it was wrong, dear," Helen said quickly. "But Mrs. Stevens doesn't care for movies, and she talked all through the picture, and I did want to see it with you this week."

Helen so seldom felt herself in the wrong with Warren that she felt altogether miserable that she could have misjudged him so. She knew that it was unfair to her and that Warren had done a thoroughly selfish and thoughtless thing. A thing that few men would have taken the trouble to do.

"Warren, I'm so sorry for even thinking such a thing," she said, her voice trembling a little. Warren's face looked dark and forbidding. It was true that he had done a thing

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PAROWAX, the double- and paraffin, is economical, convenient and efficient.

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Mothers of America, you cannot go to the trenches, but you can conserve every ounce of food for your family, and for our boys at the front.

We install Community Systems, from 42 to 300 trays.

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One dose of a simple vegetable laxative is all that is needed. Don't take calomel, salt or powerful purgative pills. If you do you will become a chronic sufferer from Constipation and Liver Troubles.

Every one needs to take a good laxative occasionally, and failure to do this is the reason why there are so many sufferers from chronic stomach, liver, kidney and bowel troubles.

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HAIR HINTS

Helpful Advice for Care of the Hair Worthy the Attention of Everyone Who Would Avoid Dandruff, Itching Scalp, Gray Hair and Baldness.

If your hair is getting thin and you are troubled with dandruff or itching scalp, get about four ounces of Parisian sage from your drug-gist. This helps to prevent baldness and grayness and keeps the scalp clean.

"Before going to bed I rub a little Parisian sage into my scalp," says a woman whose luxurious soft and fluffy hair is greatly admired. "This keeps the hair from falling out and makes it easy to dress attractively."

A lady visiting friends says: "Parisian sage is the best hair treatment I ever used. It keeps the scalp free of dandruff, prevents hair falling and stops itching scalp."

Everyone knows sage is good for the hair, but be sure to ask your drug-gist for Parisian sage (Groux's), for this brand will not stain or break the hair and is delicately perfumed. Kennedy's drug store can supply you.

16-DAY SEASHORE EXCURSIONS

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Pennsylvania R. R.

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Pennsylvania R. R.

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College Experiments Prove Lime Is Not a Fertilizer

In the thirty-five year fertilizer experiments at the Pennsylvania State College school of agriculture and experiment station, either slaked lime or carbonate lime applied alone in large amounts and frequently has given a small increase in crop yield.

Burnt lime alone during a period of thirty-five years gave an average increase of 91 pounds of total product per acre in a rotation as compared with the untreated plots immediately adjacent to the burnt lime plots. Fertilized, raw limestone under the same conditions gave an average increase of 1,334 pounds of total products in a rotation as compared with the untreated plots adjacent to the pulverized limestone plots.

The larger return from burnt lime has been where it was used in conjunction with barnyard manure. In this case there was an increase of 1,661 pounds of produce per acre in a rotation valued at \$6.88.

It is evident that lime is not a fertilizer and that after the soil has been limed fertilizers should be applied in the usual way. Land plaster or gypsum has had no measurable effect on the crops grown. It has not prevented the soil from becoming sour.