



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)

As the event proved, the seller of ranch lands would have lost his bet on the funeral attendance. For some unknown reason the notice of Smith's death did not appear in the afternoon papers, and only a few people went out in autos to see the coffin lowered by Williams' workmen into a grave on the mesa behind the construction camp; a grave among others where the victims of an early industrial accident at the dam had been buried. Those who went out from town came back rather scandalized. There had been a most hard-hearted lack of the common formalities, they said; cheap coffin, no minister, no mourners, not even the poor fellow's business associates in the company he had fought so hard to save from defeat and extinction. It was a shame!

With this report passing from lip to lip in Brewster, another bit of gossip to the effect that Starbuck and Stillings had gone East with the disappointed sheriff, "to clear Smith's memory," as the street talk had it, called forth no little comment. In the Hoprah House cafe on the evening of the funeral day Stryker, the mining speculator, was loud in his criticisms of the High Line people.

"Yes," he railed, "a couple of 'em will go on a junketing trip East to 'clear his memory,' after they've let their 'wops' at the dam bury him like a yellow dog! And this Richlander woman; they say she'd known him ever since he and she were school kids together; she went down and took the train with her father just about the time they were planting the poor devil."

Three weeks of the matchless August weather had slipped by without incident other than the indictment by the grand jury of Crawford Stanton, Barney McGraw, and a number of others on a charge of conspiracy; and Williams, unolested since the

night of the grand battle in which Sheriff Harding had figured as the master of the hunt, had completed the great ditch system and was installing the machinery in the lately finished power house.

Over the hills from the northern mountain boundary of the Timanogus a wandering prospector had come with a vague tale of a new strike in Sunrise Gulch, a placer district worked out and abandoned twenty years earlier in the height of the Red Butte excitement. Questioned closely, the tale bringer confessed that he had no proof positive of the strike, but that he had found a well-worn trail, lately used, leading to the old camp, and from one of the deserted cabins in the gulch he had seen smoke arising.

As to the fact of the trail the wandering talebearer was not at fault. On the most perfect of the late-August mornings a young woman, clad in serviceable khaki, and keeping her cowboy headgear and buff top-boots in good countenance by riding astride in a man's saddle, was pushing her mount up the trail toward Sunrise Gulch. From the top of a little rise the abandoned camp over gravel sprouting thickly with the wild growth of twenty years, and its crumbling shacks, only one of which seemed to have survived in habitable entirety, scattered among the firs of the gulch.

At the top of the rise the horsewoman drew rein and shaded her eyes with a gauntleted hand. On a bench beside the door on the single remnant cabin a man was sitting, and she saw him stand to answer her hand-wave. A few minutes later the man, a gaunt young fellow with one arm in a sling and the pallor of a long confinement whitening his face and hands, was trying to help the horsewoman to dismount in the cabin doorway, but she pushed him aside and swung out of the saddle unaided, laughing at him out of the slate-gray eyes and saying, "How often have I got to tell you that you simply can't help a woman out of a man's saddle!"

"It's automatic," he returned, "I shall never get over wanting to help

you, I guess. Have you come to tell me that I can go?"

Flinging the bridle reins over the head of the wiry little cowpony which was thus left free to crop the short, sweet grass of the creek valley, the young woman led the man to the house bench and made him sit down.

"You are frightfully anxious to go and commit suicide, aren't you?" she teased, sitting beside him. "Every time I come it's always the same thing: 'When can I go?' You're not well yet."

"I'm well enough to do what I've got to do, Corona; and until it's done. Besides, there is Jibbey."

"Where is Mr. Jibbey this morning?"

"He has gone up the creek, fishing. I made him go. If I didn't take a club to him now and then he'd hang over me all the time. There never was another man like him, Corona. And at home we used to call him 'the black sheep' and 'the failure' and cross the street to dodge him when he'd been drinking too much!"

"He says you've made a man of him; that you saved his life when you had every reason not to. You never told me that, John."

"No; I didn't mean to tell anyone. But to think of his coming out here to nurse me, leaving Verda on the night he married her! A brother of my own blood wouldn't have done it."

The young woman was looking up with a shrewd little smile. "Maybe the blood brother would do even that if you had just made it possible for him to marry; the girl he'd set his heart on, John."

"Piffle!" growled the man. And then: "Hasn't the time come when you can tell me a little more about what happened to me after the doctor put me to sleep that night at the dam?"

"Yes. The only reason you haven't been told was because we didn't want you to worry; we wanted you to have a chance to get well and strong again."

The man's eyes filled suddenly, and he took no shame. He was still shaky enough in nerve and muscle to excuse it. "Nobody ever had such friends, Corona," he said. "You all knew I'd have to go back to Lawrenceville and fight it out, and you didn't want me to go handicapped and half dead. But how did they come to let you take me away? I've known Macauley ever since I was in knickers. He is not the man to take any chances."

(To Be Continued)

"The Insider"

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water

CHAPTER LXXIV
Copyright, 1917, Star Company.

We have a way of talking as if the rich could have what they want, as if they could fight off death itself with their wealth.

But all of Brewster Norton's money could not save his child.

All of the next day she lay unconscious, her breath fluttering feebly through parted lips.

She had received a shock from which she could not rally, the doctor said. The distracted father would not believe the truth until he had summoned from New York two eminent specialists. They confirmed the local practitioner's verdict.

The finger-marks on the throat were evidence of an actual injury to the victim, beyond adding to the terror. Whoever had tried to choke the child had been checked before the horrible purpose was accomplished.

It was Hugh Parker who told me the facts. When a trained nurse had been left with the unconscious child, the doctor advised me to take some rest.

Instead, I went to my own room, washed and dressed, then descended to the veranda.

Mrs. Gore had been told the truth about her little niece and had retired to the privacy of her own room. The nurse had promised to call her should there be any change in the patient's condition. Brewster Norton insisted on remaining in the silent nursery near his darling.

So I was free to do as I pleased. I could not make myself believe the dreadful occurrences. All I had gone through during the past twenty-four hours had dulled my brain. But I must ask somebody for the truth. What had happened? Who had been in Grace's nursery and frightened her, actually to death?

I did not know Hugh Parker's whereabouts until he joined me on the veranda. Sitting down by me, he began to speak at once.

"Tom and I have had a long talk," he said, "and we agree that you should know the facts that have led up to this awful tragedy."

I nodded, looking at him mutely.

"First," he queried, "have you had anything to eat to-day?"

"Yes—I think so," I answered.

"Oh, yes—I had a cup of coffee, I remember."

"Won't you let me set you something else?" he urged.

"No," I shook my head. "You are very kind," I faltered.

He smiled affectionately. "I love you, dear, you know," he said, as if to explain that his actions were not the outcome of kindness.

"I know it," I said. "And, Hugh, it was a strange place for an exchange of love's vows—yet had it not been for those sentences be-

form, but had not been able to keep her resolution.

Slightly, Hugh Parker touched on the fact that Grace had inherited her nervous temperament from her weak-willed mother, and that the child had been handicapped from birth by a delicate constitution. When the baby was six months old, Brewster Norton's patience with his young wife reached the limit. Coming home one afternoon, he found his child's mother dead-drunk. After that he placed her in a sanitarium, where, instead of getting better, her mind began to fail. She was hopelessly, although mildly, insane until six months ago when her condition became so violent that her husband was sent for repeatedly in the hope that he could calm her.

Two nights ago the nurse in charge of Mrs. Norton at the sanitarium had telephoned Mr. Norton that his wife had escaped. Until then Tom did not know that his fa-

ther was instituting proceedings for a divorce from Grace's mother. Mr. Norton refused to go to Litchfield to join in the search for the missing patient. He said she was no longer his wife.

I did not want to talk just now about the strange look on my employer's face on the day on which we had come out to Hillcrest by way of Litchfield, of his annoyance that the condition of the roads made this detour necessary, of Grace's queries as to who lived in the brick building we passed.

Hugh was regarding me apprehensively. "Are you sure you want to hear the rest now, dear?" he asked.

"Yes," I urged. "Everything, please."

He did not protest, although he told me reluctantly that the poor, distraught wife had made her way over her, that she had concealed herself in one of the empty rooms

in this house, and had crept in in the middle of the night and seized her own child by the throat.

"But I could listen to no more. 'Stop, Hugh!' I begged. 'I can't stand it yet, for I, too, have something to tell you!'"

To Be Continued

FOR THROAT AND LUNGS
STUBBORN COUGHS AND COLDS
Eckman's
Alterative
SOLD BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS

UNDERTAKER 1746
Chas. H. Mauk N. 6th St.
BOTH
PRIVATE AMBULANCE PHONES

Uncle Sam's Thrift Thought For Today

A large amount of good food in potatoes including most of the valuable mineral elements, is wasted by ordinary methods of peeling. Baking "in the jacket" also means a loss (if the jacket is not eaten) since much of the meat of the potatoes sticks to the stiffened skin and is discarded. Here is a suggestion made by the United States Department of Agriculture for reducing the discarded portion of the potato to a minimum:

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Fashions of To-Day - By May Manton



THIS is one of the prettiest little bathing suits that could be offered and one of the smartest. It is made in the chemise style that is such a favorite, but the shoulder edges are buttoned together. The bloomers are attached to the under-body and this under-body includes the sleeves. Wool jersey is the material shown here, but the model is a good one for all the bathing suit materials, for silks and satins as well as for the wool material that a great many mothers think more practical for the younger contingent.

For the 12-year size will be needed, 1 3/4 yards of material 36 or 44 inches wide for the chemise, 2 1/4 yards 36, 2 1/2 yards 44 for the bloomers and under-body.

The pattern No. 9421 is cut in sizes from 8 to 14 years. It will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of fifteen cents.

BE CANNY

Can! Summer investment of time and money, small; winter returns in food and health, large.

Establish a home-canning firm. "Father, Mother and Co."—don't forget the little "co's."

Rubber rings! You'll need good ones while the jars are still hot. Let empty cans and jars wait for fruit. Don't try to make fruit wait for containers.

The sooner into the can, the fresher the taste next winter.

Can for home use in glass containers, as tin cans may be scarce.

Pickle or brine suitable vegetables in crocks.

The scarcer fresh vegetables are, the more valuable are the canned ones.

See that jars, cans and processing outfits are ready to do business as soon as fruits and vegetables ripen.

Jars worth as much as ever in winter—vegetables worth more than ever. Home canning pays.

If the grownups think canning is a difficult process, the children will show them how.

Daily Dot Puzzle

10 11 12 13 14
15 16 17 18 19 20
21 22 23 24 25 26
27 28 29 30 31 32

STERN'S CUT RATE SHOES
209 WALNUT ST.

Here's Another Big Stern Shoe Sale For To-morrow, Saturday Only
150 Pairs Misses' and Children's Patent Colt, Gun Metal, white canvas, and dull kid MARY JANE PUMPS; values up to \$2.50. Sizes up to 2.
At one price \$1.49

Sizes 5 to 8; values up to \$1.75, at \$1.25

Misses' Gun Metal Button Shoes, Sizes to 2, \$1.98
Boys' Gun Metal Button Shoes, All sizes to 6, \$1.98
Boys' Gun Metal English Lace, All sizes to 6, \$2.45

Keeping Political "Pull" Out of Draft Exemptions

Political influences in the working of the draft exemption boards is a peril various journals foresee with alarm, and in their support they have no less authority than the President himself who sounded a note of caution on this point in his proclamation announcing the rules and regulations governing the selection of men for service in the national war-army.

In a Washington dispatch to the Socialist New York Call, the charge is made that both Republicans and Democrats were wrangling for places on the exemption boards "in order that one party or the other may have an opportunity to punish their political foes by sending the sons to the trenches."

In THE LITERARY DIGEST for this week, July 14th number, the general rules governing the selection of men for the national war-army are given, and the note of warning that boards shall not be derelict in their duty, is heard from various sources.

Among other articles of supreme importance in this number of the "Digest" are:

How Russia Has "Come Back"
The Smashingly Effective Stroke of Russia's Young Minister of War, Alexander Kerensky, Who, Like Napoleon at Lodi, Personally Led His Army to Victory

America's First Victory Over Germany
East St. Louis Race Riots
Giving the Railroads Half a Loaf
Why Tino Had to Go
German's Aims in Russia
Laying Telephone Cables Under Fire
A Motor-Car Grocery Store
Ireland Clutching the Torch of Prose

The Civil War in China
State Purchase Instead of Prohibition in England
Spain's Rebellious Army
Hudson Maxim's Plans For Torpedo-Proof Ships
Plans For Rebuilding Europe's Ruined Cities
War's Effect on English Art
The "Battle Hymn" for the Allies
Injustice to Conscientious Objectors

Many Striking Illustrations

An Accurate Barometer of Financial Movements

Readers of THE LITERARY DIGEST will naturally be interested in knowing what are the movements that are going on in the financial world; how the industrial forces of the country are being marshaled and developed; what the great manufacturing enterprises are accomplishing; how the railroads and steamship lines are prospering; the condition of the crops, of banking, of real estate, and in fact of the whole vast fabric of related business undertakings that go to make up the wealth of the nation. For their benefit, and as a guide to the conservative investor, THE DIGEST publishes each week a resume of the statements of the leading financial publications of the country on these heads, presenting the results of this consensus of authorities without fear or favor for the use of the public. This department will keep you in accurate touch with financial and investment news at the cost of only a few minutes' reading. Prove its worth for yourself to-day.

July 14th Number on Sale Today --- News-dealers --- 10 Cents

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'Tis a Mark of Distinction to Be a Reader of The Literary Digest

The Literary Digest

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY (Publishers of the Famous NEW Standard Dictionary), NEW YORK