



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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He slipped his one good arm around her and drew her close. "Now I can go back like a man and fight it through to the end," he exulted soberly. "Jibbey will take me; I know he is wearing himself out trying to make me believe that he can wait, and that Verda understands, though he won't admit it. And when it is all over, when they have done their worst to me—"

With a quick little twist she broke away from the encircling arm. "John, dear," she said, and her voice was trembling between a laugh and a sob. "I'm the wickedest, wick-



"Go Back Like a Man and Fight."

edest woman that ever lived and breathed—and the happiest! I knew what you would do, but I couldn't resist the temptation to make you say it. Listen: this morning Colonel-daddy got a night-letter from Billy Starbuck. You have been wondering why Billy never came out here to see you—it was because he and Mr. Stillings have been in Lawrenceville, trying to clear you. They are there now, and the wire says that Watrous Dunham has been arrested and that



he has broken down and confessed. You are a free man, John—you—"

The grass-cropping pony had widened its circle by a full yard, and the westward-pointing shadows of the firrs were growing shorter and more clearly defined as the August sun swung higher over the summits of the eastern Timanyonis. For the two on the house bench, time, having all its interstices filled with beatific silences, had no measure that was worth recording. In one of the more coherent intervals it was the man who said:

"Some things in this world are very wonderful, Corona. We call them happenings, and try to account for them as we may by the laws of chance. Was it chance that threw us together at your cousin's house in Guthrieville a year ago last June?"

She laughed happily. "I suppose it was—though I'd like to be romantic enough to believe that it wasn't."

"Debritt would say that it was the Absolute Ego," he said, half-mustily.

"And who is Mr. Debritt?"

"He is the man I dined with on my last evening in Lawrenceville. He had been joking me about my various little smucknesses—good job, good clothes, easy life, and all that, and he wound up by warning me to watch out for the Absolute Ego."

"What is the Absolute Ego?" she asked dutifully.

John Montague Smith, with his curling yellow beard three weeks untrimmed, and with his clothes straddling the part of a neglected camper, and with a steel-jacketed bullet trying to encyst itself under his right shoulder blade, grinned exultantly.

"Debritt didn't know himself; but I know now; it's the primitive man-soul; the 'I' that is able to refuse to be bound down and tied by environment or habit or petty convention, or any of the things we misname 'limitations.' It's asleep in most of us; it wasn't asleep in me. You made it sit up and rub its eyes for a minute or two that evening in Guthrieville, but it dozed off again and there had to be an earthquake at the last to shake it alive. Do you know the

first thing it did when it took hold again and began to drive?"

"No."

"Here is where the law of chances falls to pieces, Corona. Without telling me anything about it, this newly emancipated man-soul of mine made a bee-line for the only Absolute Ego woman it had ever known. And it found her."

Again the young woman laughed happily. "If you are going to call me names, Ego-man, you'll have to make it up to me some other way," she said.

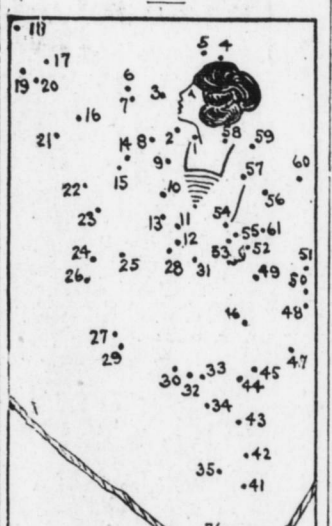
Whereupon, the moment being strictly elemental and sacred to demonstrations of the absolute, he demurred.

(THE END)

WILL INSTALL OFFICERS

Enola, Pa., July 16.—At a recent meeting of Washington Camp No. 680, Patriotic Order Sons of America, officers were elected. A public installation will be held in the lodge hall next Monday when J. J. Hemmer, of Wormleysburg, district president, will have charge. The officers elected are: Past president, Edward Burner; president, Martin I. Miller; vice-president, Frederick M. Beck; master of forms, Grant Heckert; conductor, F. M. Bitner; recording secretary, Walter K. Burkholder; treasurer, George H. Horning; financial secretary, H. H. Minnich; inspector, E. H. Murray; trustee, Grant Heckert.

Daily Dot Puzzle



How To Overcome Foot Trouble

Unless a person has actually suffered with tired, aching, burning feet or painful corns or calluses, they cannot appreciate the misery that such afflictions bring.

Reports now show that over 90 percent of the American people suffer from some form of foot troubles and modern footwear is said to be causing an alarming increase in this percentage. Therefore, the following should prove of special interest to readers.

Recently in the treatment of these foot troubles by patients using Ice-Mint, these distinctive features were noticeable: Tired, aching, burning and swollen feet invariably become cool, easy and comfortable after the first application, while in the treatment of corns and calluses, it was noticed that after a few nights' application, the corn or callus had a tendency to loosen, and in a short time could easily be lifted out with the fingers—foot and all—leaving the surrounding skin in normal, healthy condition.

This, together with the fact that Ice-Mint costs little and is so easy and pleasant to apply—and is absolutely harmless—is no doubt responsible for the high endorsement given it by Specialists as the surest, safest and most efficacious treatment for distressing foot troubles.

When you stop to consider that the simple, pleasant process of rubbing a little Ice-Mint on the foot at night will shortly rid one of every painful corn or callus, and will keep the feet cool, comfortable and rested even on the hottest days, it is easy to understand its great popularity and why it is now used in nearly every American home. Anyone suffering from foot troubles is advised to give Ice-Mint a trial. There is nothing better.—Advertisement.

"The Insider"

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water

CHAPTER LXXV
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When I could overcome the shock caused by Hugh's revelation I related my part of the story of the past few days. While I was trying, before beginning my account of the matter, to quiet my quivering nerves, Hugh went indoors and brought me out a glass of cordial.

"Drink this," he ordered. "It will strengthen and brace you. And you must not try to talk until you feel entirely equal to it."

But I wanted to get some of the burden off my mind by sharing it with this man who loved me.

So when my voice was once more steady I told him how I found the wedding clothes in the attic and of the subsequent disappearance of the wedding veil. His tanned face went a shade paler as he listened to my words, for he, too, had seen the strands of torn net in Grace's closed hands.

"It is all too dreadful," I shuddered. "And Hugh—where is she—Grace's mother—now?"

"The searchers from the sanitarium found her several miles from here," he answered. "She escaped early on Sunday, and concealed herself somewhere. I do not understand how she got into this house without any one seeing her."

"I do," I exclaimed, sitting up straight. "It must have been she whom I heard open the screen door just before the storm on Sunday night. Don't you remember?"

"Yes," he said. "I do remember your telling me you heard some one go into the house."

"And she was hidden here all these hours, and—perhaps—watching us!" I murmured. Then, even my horror was submerged by the necessity of asking Hugh Parker a question that burned to be uttered.

"Hugh, did you know that I had not heard that Mr. Norton was married?"

"Of course, darling, I knew you had not," he assured me softly. "Tom had told me about his father's unfortunate marriage. He told me also that you were ignorant of it. I had no right to speak—for it was none of my business then—but I was certain that you were as innocent as a baby."

"Hugh Places the Blame"
"Did you think," I ventured, "that I was engaged to him?"

"No. I feared, however, that great pressure was being brought to bear upon you. But I was sure you were not the kind of girl to sell yourself. And, watching you, I was convinced that you did not love Mr. Norton, although you were grateful to him."

"But you don't understand," I burst forth, "how many favors I accepted from him. I had never had handsome things before, and I let him give me presents, and I ought to have known better."

"No, sweetheart," he argued gently. "It was he who ought to have known better—who did know better."

There was a long silence. Then I asked another question which was "If—she—Grace's mother—was a good woman—I mean if she was not really wicked, but only weak, how could her husband divorce her?"

"In Connecticut persistent drunkenness is cause for divorce," he informed me briefly. "In New York he could not have divorced her."

"Oh!" I gasped. "Let me think—please!"

He laid his hand on mine as I leaned back in my chair and closed my eyes. All the events of the past year flashed before my mental vision. When I found my brain reeling at the revelations just made the pressure of Hugh's warm, strong hand on mine kept me calm.

"And Tom," I whispered at last; "what must Tom think?"

"I have explained it all to Tom," Hugh replied. "I hated to, but I had to do it, for he was ready to accuse his father of all sorts of things—and—"

He stopped.

"And me of knowing all that his father was planning, of course," I supplemented.

"No—not that!" he denied. "But, naturally, the boy was nearly wild when he suspected what his father had in mind. I am glad, and always shall be glad, that I was with him then. The thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts, you remember. Tom says that he cannot continue to live here. And I cannot blame him for that decision. Poor lad! He has not had a happy experience."

Grace Passes Away
The screen door on the veranda

opened cautiously. The nurse appeared in the doorway.

"Miss Dart," she said, in the low tone acquired in many chambers where illness reigned, "will you come upstairs now? I think the patient may regain consciousness at the last."

I sprang to my feet and, hurrying past Hugh, ran on upstairs. At the nursery door I met Mrs. Gore. I held out my hand to her.

"Come in, dear," I urged.

I think that Mr. Norton was kneeling on the far side of the bed, I saw only the tiny figure lying there. Later I became aware that Hugh had entered and was standing by me.

A change had come over the childish face framed by a mass of fair hair.

The look of pain was gone, and

happy expectation, as if the little girl saw something very beautiful. Her breath was rapid, but not labored.

Suddenly the tiny hands fluttered and the eyelids opened. The great eyes roamed about the room, rested an instant affectionately on her father, then lighted on Hugh.

"My Miss Dart," she dear lips murmured. "My dear lips murmured. My dear lips murmured. My dear lips murmured."

Her voice trailed off into silence. Her eyes closed and she slept the only perfect sleep that human beings ever know.

"Hugh," I faltered, when he led me from the room. "Is she really dead?"

"No, dear heart," he answered. "She is where she can never die."

To Be Continued

Uncle Sam's Thrift Thought For To-day

SPREAD THE MEAT FLAVOR

Spread the meat flavor over other foods and so economize on the quantity of meat consumed, says the United States Department of Agriculture. Here is one way to spread the flavor.

Meat Stew With Dumplings

Make a stew from a cheap cut of meat cut into small pieces, potatoes, and such other vegetables as are desired. Thicken with a little flour diluted with cold water. Serve with dumplings made as follows:

Mix and sift one cup of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder and 1/4 teaspoonful of salt. Work in with the fingers one teaspoonful of butter; add gradually 1-3 of a cup of milk or a little more if needed. Roll out 1/4 inch thick and cut with a biscuit cutter or in square pieces. The dumplings may be steamed, baked like biscuits, or cooked with the stew. In the latter case remove enough liquid to permit the dough to be placed on the meat and vegetables.

LET EVERY WOMAN VOLUNTEER to do her part in the war. This she may do by showing intelligent economy in home provisioning.

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