

Reading for Women and all the Family

THE NEBBY NEIGHBORS

They Live Here in Harrisburg

By Sullivan

Nan of Music Mountain

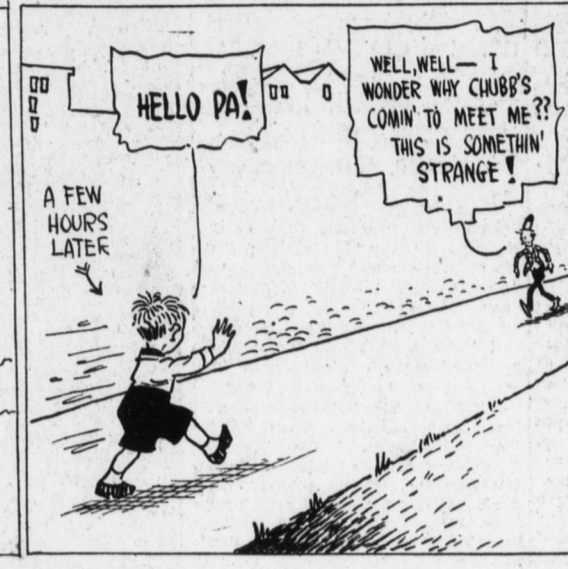
By FRANK H. SPEARMAN
Author of "WHISPERING SMITH"

(Continued.)

De Spain urging his horse forward, unbuckled his rifle holster, threw away the scabbard, and holding the weapon up in one hand, fired shot after shot at measured intervals to attract the attention of the two he sought. He exhausted his rifle ammunition without eliciting any answer. The wind drove with a roar against which even a rifle report could hardly carry, and the snow swept down the sinks in a mad blast. Flakes torn by the fury of the gale were stiffened by the bitter wind and the blinding snow the direction of the answering reports.

Hither and thither he rode, this way and that, testing out the location of the slowly repeated shots, and signaling at intervals in return. Slowly and doggedly he kept on, shooting, listening, wheeling and advancing until, as he raised his revolver to fire again, a cry close at hand came out of the storm. It was a woman's voice borne on the wind. Riding swiftly to the left, a horse's outline revealed itself at moments in the driving snow ahead.

De Spain cried out, and from behind the furious curtain heard his name, loudly called. He pushed his stumbling horse on. The dim outline of a second horse, the background of a wagon, a storm-beaten man—all this passed his eyes unheeded. They were bent on a girlish figure running toward him as he slid sty from the saddle. The next instant Nan was in his arms.



all came back. But he had yet to trace through the confusion of the wind and the blinding snow the direction of the answering reports.

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CHAPTER XXIX
The Truth.
With the desperation of a joy born of despair she laid her burning cheek hysterically against his cheek. She rained kisses on his ice-crusted brows and snow-beaten eyes. Her arms held him rigidly. He could not move nor speak till she would let him. Transferring his mountain girl who gave him a warm, soft, and almost completed, as well as he could compute, the wide circuit he had set out on, that a faint shot answered his continuing signals.

knife. A moment before she had faced death alone; it was still death she faced—she realized this—but it was death, at least, together, and her joy and tears rose from her heart in one stream.

De Spain comforted her, quieted her, cut away one of the coats from his horse, slipped it over her shoulder, incased her in the heavy fur, and turned his eyes to Duke.

The old man's set, square face rendered nothing of implacability to the dangers confronting him. De Spain looked for none of that. He had known the Morgan record too long, and faced the Morgan men too often, to fancy they would flinch at the drum-beat of death.

The two men, in the deadly, driving snow, eyed each other. Out of the old man's deep-set eyes burned the resistance of a hundred storms faced before. But he was caught now like a wolf in a trap and he knew he had little to hope for, little to fear. As De Spain regarded him, something like pity may have mixed with his hate. The old outlaw was thin and clad. His open throat was beaten with snow, and, standing beside the wagon, he held the reins in his hand. De Spain cut the other coat from his saddle and held it out. Duke pretended not to see, and when not longer equal to keeping up the pretense, shook his head.

"twixt you and me. I was a young fellow. I thought I was revenging my brother. And if your father was killed by a patched bullet, his blood is not on me, De Spain, and never was. Sassoon always shot a patched bullet. I never shot one in my life. And I'd never told you this of my own self. Nan said it was the whole truth from me to you, or her life. She's as much mine as she is yours. I nursed her. I took care of her when there weren't no other living soul to do it. She got me and herself out into this, this morning. I'd never been caught like this if I had my way. I told her fore we'd been out an hour we'd never see the end of it. She said she'd rather die in it than you'd think she quit you. I told her I'd go on with her and do as she said—that's why we're here, and that's the whole truth, so help me God!"

"I ain't afraid of you, De Spain. I'll go on whatever you think coming to with a rifle or a gun any time, anywhere—you're a better man than I am or ever was. I know that—and that ought to satisfy you. Or, I'll stand my trial, if you say so, and tell the truth."

The ice-laden wind, as De Spain stood still, swept past the little group with a sinister roar, insensible alike to its emotions and its deadly peril. Within the shelter of his arms he felt the yielding form of the indomitable girl who, by the power of love, had wrung from the outlaw his reluctant story—the story of the murder that had stained with its red strands the relations of each of their lives to both the others. He felt against his forehead the faint trembling of her frail body. So, when a boy, he had held in his hand a fluttering bird and felt the whirring beat of its frightened heart against his strong, cruel fingers.

"THEIR MARRIED LIFE"

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But, Warren, I really don't want to go a bit.

"Of course you don't," said Warren feebly. "You've forgotten already. I didn't want to do a bit the other day when you asked it as a favor."

Helen flushed. She had forgotten what a dear Warren had been when he had filled in at her card party. And she said then that she would remember his goodness forever.

"Oh, dear, I had forgotten for a moment," she said penitently, "forgive me, won't you, and let me make it up to you."

"No, I don't know as I want you to be martyred. If I thought you would go and act like an injured martyr the entire evening I wouldn't go a step."

"But I won't do that, Warren; just give me a chance."

The argument had arisen concerning a play. Once in a while Warren delighted in a musical comedy. It was only once in so often, but when he had a desire to go nothing that Helen could say to the contrary would make the slightest difference. Helen disliked light opera intensely. She endured it once in a while, but she considered the money thrown away.

Warren had come home filled to the brim with the idea that the newest one was a peach and had suggested that they take it in. Helen was so fond of the theater that she hated to have Warren spend money on a performance she considered worthless when there were so many good plays she wanted to see. Consequently she had suggested, as she thought tactfully, that they see the newest melodrama.

Warren had said scornfully, "It's not fit for a decent woman to witness."

"Now, Warren, you know that's not true."

"It is true."

"As compared with the thing you suggested, it has all kinds of balance."

"Balance, yes, but what kind? If Winifred were at a susceptible age, you would disapprove thoroughly."

"Now, Warren, you know that's not true."

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"As compared with the thing you suggested, it has all kinds of balance."

FEMINE DRONE IS FAST PASSING

Now Being Recognized as Weed; No Place For Her

By MRS. WILSON WOODROW

The day of the feminine drone is passing—is passed.

She never had very deep roots in our soil, but now she is being recognized as a weed and uprooted from our gardens. There is no place for her in this big, different world which has changed so fast and so entirely. Only a few years ago it was not good form to be serious. Socially, your business was to add to the gaiety of nations. Now it shows the worst possible taste to be flippant and frivolous.

To-day in every country on the globe your business, socially and economically and humanly, is to conserve the material resources of your land and maintain its spiritual ideals.

We Americans possess a splendid heritage, the most lofty ideal that the mind of a race has ever conceived—democracy. The determination that "Government of the people, by the people and for the people shall not perish from the earth" is born in us, a part not only of our souls but of our blood and bone and flesh.

As women we are not of the type to permit our men to stand the whole brunt of the service which we demand. In the sphere of military defense, or of joining in the actual warfare of our Allies, we, of course, have no part; but there are dozens of different organizations which offer us an opportunity to fit ourselves for skilled and necessary service, if the need should arise. In the big work before the country no one will have time to bother with any inefficient and unskilled person, no matter how great may be that person's anxiety to help.

Still these organizations will claim only a small part of the feminine population; but every woman in the country, no matter what her duties or ties, can yet join in spirit a great, unorganized army. And, by holding herself strictly to the letter of its requirements, she can be doing "her bit" as tellingly as any soldier at the front.

A little group of women in the highest official circles, including the wife of the President, have set an example of frugality and simplicity which all women should feel it obligatory to follow. They have pledged themselves to give no elaborate entertainments; only plain food will be served at their tables; and their clothes will be marked by an extreme simplicity.

Now it must be obvious to every one that there are even deeper reasons for this than the fact that the hour has come for us to husband our vast national resources. We as a country have not so far suffered because of the war except in a comparatively few individual cases; but since millions of people are living through the greatest horror possible, it shows a coarseness of fibre, a callous insensibility to that mighty agony for us to flout the purple and pride of our wealth and extravagance.

And now that we are definitely in the war and will have to meet all

of the sacrifices and obligations that it may demand of us, it is expedient and profoundly necessary for the women of this country fully to realize how indispensable a part they can play; what valuable factors they must be. Even the most insignificant member of the great collective body of American housekeepers will be no unimportant cog in the big machinery of conservation.

I can perhaps make this clearer by quoting from an article by Edith Wharton than by any words that I can say.

"After the Franco-Prussian war of 1870, when France beaten to earth, her armies lost, half her territory occupied, and with not a sliver left to defend her interests—when France was called on by her conquerors to pay an indemnity of five thousand million francs in order to free her territory of the enemy, she raised that huge sum and paid it off eighteen months sooner than the date agreed upon to her amazement and admiration of the world.

"Every economist will tell you that if France was able to make that incredible effort, it was because all over the country millions of French-women—laborers' wives, farmers' wives, small shopkeepers' wives, wives of big manufacturers and commission merchants and bankers—were to all intents and purposes their husbands' business partners and had had a direct interest in saving and investing the millions of millions piled up to pay France's ransom in her day of need. It is a glorious thing for the women of a country to have had such a share in its redemption. At every stage in French history, in war, in politics, in literature, in art and in religion, women have played a splendid and decisive part; but none more splendid or more decisive than the obscure part played by millions of wives and mothers whose thrift and prudence silently built up her salvation in 1872."

"Can any woman read that and not be thrilled? And now the same opportunity for thrift and prudence has come to us. It is a quiet, humble, humdrum task that is asked of us. Nothing daring, nothing spectacular; but nevertheless this is our great moment—the moment that comes once to every man and nation.

Women of America, wake up! Your country needs you just as much as she needs men in her army and her navy. Stop coquetting with our get culture-quick methods; let our clothes and your bridge and your sports and your study-clubs and your dancing go to the dogs. You are soldiers on the firing-line, and your battleground is the home.

The warfarer you've got to wage in on waste, slack methods, extravagant household expenditure, unintelligent buying, unintelligent preparation of food. You've got to study the whole science of saving, something quite different, by the way, from penny-wise and pound-foolish retrenchment. Here also is your great chance to recover your lost sanity in the matter of clothes. It will not be required of you to be frumpish or dowdy, but extremes in style will be required upon.

To-day you can prove your quality. If you do not meet this great responsibility, why, to-morrow—tomorrow you will be weighed in the balance of the future and found forever wanting.

Don't be a slacker!

Fashions of To-Day - By May Manton



THERE seems no limit to the variations of the barrel skirt and here is one of the prettiest. The front and back of the skirt are plain and form box plaits, but the sides are cut in sections and the joining of these sections produce the barrel effect. The blouse is a quite simple one with full fronts and plain back and here the edges are trimmed with banding, but they are all straight and they can be scalloped or embroidered with great success, or you can hem them and finish with a little drawn work, for every form of needlework is exceedingly fashionable this season.

For the medium size the blouse will require, 2 1/4 yards of material 36 inches wide with 3 yards of banding. For the skirt will be needed, 5 1/2 yards of material 36 inches wide with 1 1/2 yards of banding.

The blouse pattern No. 9405 is cut in sizes from 36 to 46 inches bust measure and the skirt pattern No. 9408 in sizes from 24 to 34 inches waist measure. They will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of fifteen cents for each.

9405 Blouse with Straight Edges, 36 to 46 Bust. Price 15 cents.
9408 Barrel Skirt, 24 to 34 Waist. Price 15 cents.

Bringing Up Father



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By McManus

Daily Dot Puzzle

