

# Reading for Women and all the Family



## Bringing Up Father

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By McManus

### The Daredevil

By Maria Thompson Daviess  
Author of "The Melting of Molly"

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(Continued)

"Ah, that was so extraordinary coming from a woman that you must pardon me for listening and making exclamations," came an answer in a nice voice near at hand. The words were spoken in as perfect English as I had learned from my father, but in them I observed to be an intonation that my French ear detected as Parisian. "Also, made-



"I know why it is that you go to America!"

moiselle, are you young women of the new era to be without that very delightful but often dangerous quality of curiosity? As I turned I looked with startled eyes into the grave face of a man less than forty years, whose sad eyes were for the moment lighting with a great tenderness which I did not understand. "I believe the quality which will be most required of the women of the era which is mine is—courage and then more courage, monsieur." I made answer to him as if I had been discussing some question with him in my father's smoking room at the Chateau de Grez, as I often came in to do with my father and his friends after the death of my mother when the evenings seemed too long alone. They had liked that I so came at times, and the old Count de Ersaux once had remarked that feminine sympathy was the flux with which men made solid their minds into a unanimous purpose. He had been speaking of that war a few weeks after Louvain, and I had

risen and had stood very tall and very haughty before him and my father.

"The women of France are to come after this carnage to mold a nation from what remains to them, monsieur," I had said to him as I looked straight into his face. "Is not the courage of women a war supply upon which to rely?"

"What are the young women—such women as she—going to do in the years that come after the deluge, Henri of America?" he had made a muttering question to my father as his old eyes smoldered over me in the firelight.

From the memory of the smoking room at the Chateau de Grez my mind suddenly returned to the rail of the ship and the Frenchman beside me, who was looking into my face with the same kindly question as to my future that had been in the eyes of my old godfather and which had stirred my father's heart to its American depths and made him send me back to his own country.

"Ah, yes, that course is a good weapon with which to adventure in this America of the grizzled bear, mademoiselle." I found the strange man saying to me, with a nice amusement as well as interest.

"My father had shot seven grizzlies before his twenty-first birthday. We have the skins, four of them in the great hall of the Chateau de Grez—or—or we did have them before—before—" My voice faltered, and I could not continue speaking for the tears that rose in my throat and eyes.

Quickly the man at my side turned his broad shoulders that he should shield me from the laughing and exclaiming groups of people upon the deck near us.

"Before Ypres, mademoiselle?" he asked, with tears also in the depth of his voice.

"Yes," I answered. "And I am now going into the great America with my crippled brother and his nurse—alone. It is the land of my father, and I have his courage. I must have also that of a Frenchwoman. I have it, monsieur." And as I spoke I drew myself to my full, round shouldered height, which was almost equal to that of the man beside me.

"Mademoiselle, I salute the courage born of an American who fought before the guns of the Marne and of a Frenchwoman who sent him there." And as he spoke thus he removed from his head his silk deck cap and held it at his shoulder in a way that I knew was a salute from a French officer to the memory of a brother. "And also may I be permitted to present myself, as it is a sad necessity that you travel without one friend whom I might request the introduction?" he asked of me with a beautiful reverence.

After a search in his pockets for a few seconds, he at last discovered a case of leather and presented to me a card. As he handed it to me his color rose up under his black eyes, and grave trouble looked from between their long black lashes. I glanced down at the card and read: "Capitaine le Comte Armond de Lasselles, Paris, France. Forty-fourth Chasseurs de la Republique Francaise."

"M. le Comte, I know—I know why it is that you go to America!" I made exclamations as I clasped his hand in my breast, and my eyes shone with excitement. "I have read it in Le Matin just the day before yesterday. You go to buy grain against the winter of starvation in the republic. No man is so brave a soldier, with your wound not healed from the trenches in the Vosges, Monsieur, I salute you!" And I bent my head and held out my hand to him.

"We're to expect nimble wits as well as courage of you young—shall I say American women?" he laughed as he bent over my hand. "Now shall I not be led for introduction to the small brother and the old nurse?" he asked, with much friendly interest in his kind eyes. It was a very wonderful thing to observe the wee Pierre listen to the narration of capitaine, the Count de Lasselles, concerning the actions of a small boy who had run out of a night of shot and shell into the heart of his regiment and who had now lived five months in the trenches with them. Pierre's small face is all of France, and in his heart under his bent chest burns a soul all of France. It is as if in her death, at his birth, my beautiful mother had stamped her race upon him with the greater emphasis.

"Is it that the small Gaston is a daveil like is my Bob?" he questioned as we all made a laughter at the story of the Count de Lasselles concerning the sortie of the small boy from the trenches in the dead of one peaceful night to return with a very wide thick flannel shirt of one of the enemy, which he had right hanging upon a temporary laundry line back of the German trenches.

"And your medal of honor, M. Capitaine? Is it permitted that I say for a little moment just one finger upon it?" Pierre asked of him as the great soldier stood tall above the steamer chair. (To Be Continued)



## All's Well That Ends Well

The Young Man Who Enlisted, and Whit His Fiancee and His Sister Thought

BY JANE McLEAN

Peggy and Frederica had been friends since earliest school days. There had been something really fine about the friendship between these two girls, something unusual, and yet there was nothing at all sentimental about it.

They were absolutely different as far as type was concerned. Peggy was blond and a happy-go-lucky, and Frederica was dark and quiet. Peggy had a brother who was the idol of her heart. At boarding school when she and Frederica had roomed together, that was before Frederica had met handsome Tom, Peggy had spent all her spare time telling her chum after lights were out, how wonderful Tom was, and how she, Peggy, would never in all this world forgive Fred if she didn't succumb to his many charms on the spot.

In novels the beautiful heroines always fall desperately in love as soon as they are introduced to the heroes some interested person has selected for them to marry, and in this story, matters came out practically the same. Peggy invited Frederica home for the holidays at Christmas time, and although Tom scoffed at the idea of liking Freddie, and Freddie indignantly denied the fact that anything could ever make her fall in love with handsome Tom, Peggy felt that something was in the air, and something was something always is when two people protest too vociferously the other way. And hence, when Peggy, in questioning Tom, received the reply:

"Oh, I don't think she's so wonderful, she's too quiet for me. Your swans always turn out to be geese, Peggy." And when, after battering Tom with a sofa pillow for five minutes, Peggy had scornfully left him to see what she could get out of Frederica, artful Freddie had replied frigidly:

"My dear, how could you imagine such a thing. Why no two people could be more unsuited to each other than we two." Peggy might have been suspicious, but she wasn't. Instead she was about to give up in despair, and was bitterly disappointed in both of them when, Christmas Eve, she had caught Tom kissing Frederica, the unapproachable, under the mistletoe. Freddie had

blushed scarlet and had run away to her room, but Tom, cornered, was forced to admit the truth.

And so Frederica and Tom became engaged. That was before the great world war on the other side had begun to be considered seriously by the youth of the country; here, however, there came a time when even the youth of the country began to be interested, when anxious men scanned the headlines of papers, and anxious girls hardly knew what the days would bring in the matter of excitement and danger.

Discussion was rife all over, and Peggy had dispatched an anxious letter to New Hampshire asking Frederica to come down for a visit. In the midst of the excitement, and before Frederica arrived, Tom came home one day flushed and triumphant. His manner of greeting Peggy was not quite so buoyant as usual and he kissed his mother more tenderly. They all waited, for they could see that he had news to impart. Finally it came. Tom had enlisted.

"Tom," Peggy shrieked, "not you, Tom. O, you can't leave us, it isn't right, it isn't right." And, bursting into tears, Peggy had rushed away to her room refusing to listen to reason or to be comforted. Tom, her Tom to be killed on the battlefield? And she to think it right? Never, never, and for two days Peggy refused to leave her room. Then, in the midst of her grief, Frederica arrived.

Frederica came into the darkened room, and the two girls rushed into each other's arms.

Peggy was pale, and her eyes were red. "Have you heard?" she whispered.

"Heard what? No dear, I haven't heard anything, but your mother said you were ill. Tell me about it, you were all right when you wrote to me."

Peggy began to sob weakly and Frederica hugged the little head fluffily close to her, and waited to hear what was coming.

"Of course it is going to be harder for you than for any one else," came Peggy's voice faintly. "I hate to tell you, dear, I've been crying two days over it, myself. Tom has enlisted."

Peggy felt Frederica's arms slip away from her, and she turned around sharply to see the other girl's face. Freddie's eyes were shining softly, and her chin was held high. There was a radiance about her that Peggy had never seen before.

"Tom had enlisted, Frederica repeated as though to understand it better. "How wonderful of him to do it before he had to. I'm so proud of him! And Peggy, you've been crying, do you think I'd cry, too? Why I'm the proudest girl in the world, and I love Tom better than I ever have before. You ought to be telling him how glad you are, Peggy, instead of making him feel like a criminal. Just think, Tom has enlisted!" And Frederica's eyes, looking into the future, saw only the story of sacrifice.

### DO YOU FEEL THIS WAY?

Read This Little Story

For a long time I was bothered with constipation and intestinal trouble, at times I would bleed and have pains in my stomach and side, felt very sluggish and drowsy all the time.

I was pestered a lot with pains in my shoulders and back, and often would get very nervous and feverish. The least effort on my part would make me tired and short winded, and while I attended to business every day, I never felt like it, but just had to force myself to keep going somehow.

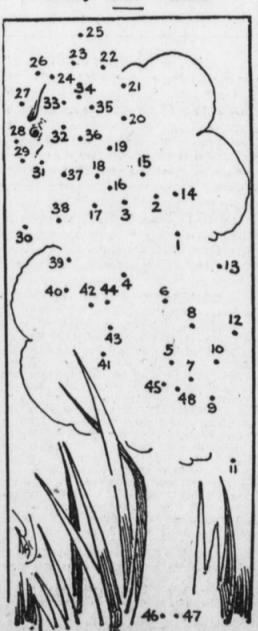
I tried several different medicines, but got no relief. Finally I made up my mind to try Sanpan, and I was really surprised the way it took hold. I now feel fine, stomach is working great, pains have left my shoulders and I am not nervous to amount to anything, neither am I feverish any more and I awake in the morning feeling refreshed and full of ambition.

Sanpan surely put everything to rest and I recommend it. This testimonial is by Mr. Thomas Smith, 639 Briggs St., Harrisburg, and describes his case.

Do you feel this way? Sanpan is now being introduced at Keller's Drug Store, 405 Market St., Harrisburg, where the Sanpan man is joining it to the people.

Sanpan will be sent postpaid upon receipt of price.—Adv.

### Daily Dot Puzzle



Can you finish this picture? Draw from one to two and so on to the end.

### Uncle Sam's Thrift Thought For To-day

HOME-GROUND WHEAT BREAD

If clean wheat is available, says the United States Department of Agriculture, it may be ground at home in a coffee mill and the following economical and nutritious bread made: Over a mixture of 1 tablespoonful sugar and 1 1/2 teaspoonfuls salt in a mixing bowl pour 1 1/2 cups of hot water or skim milk. When the liquid has become lukewarm add 1/2 cake dry yeast or 1 gill liquid yeast and 1 1/2 cups of home-ground wheat flour. Set over night to rise. In the morning add 1 1/2 cups of flour, beat well, put into greased pan, allow to rise until the bulk is doubled, and bake.

### No Waste to Grape-Nuts FOOD

THE DELICIOUS SOLID MEAT OF WHEAT AND MALTED BARLEY



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Special Price of \$6.98

These fans are just the right size for the home or small office and can be operated for more than

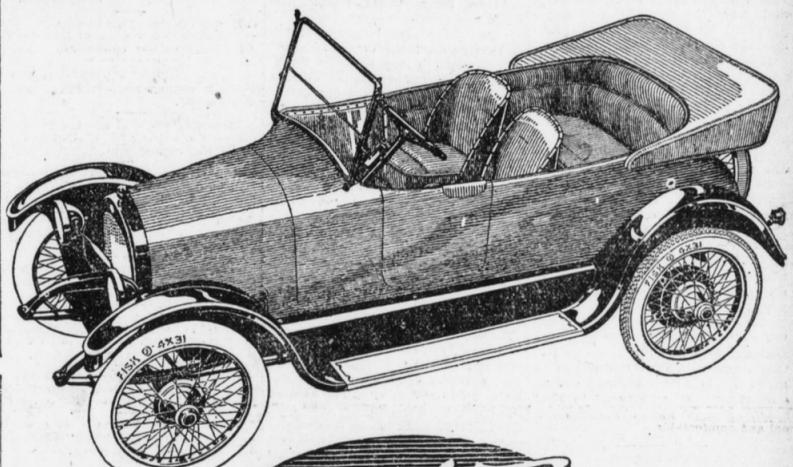
10 Hours For 3 Cents

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Harrisburg Light & Power Co.



**DIPHTHERIA IN PERRY**  
Blain, Pa., July 19.—Diphtheria has broken out in the family of Rudy Britcher and three of the children are afflicted. One boy, six years old, died, from not receiving the antitoxin treatment before the disease had too far developed. Mrs. Britcher and the other two children are improving. The home of Benjamin Fisher, in Upper Liberty Valley, Perry county, was quarantined for measles by Ralph B. Kell, of Blain, health officer. Their children, seven in all, being afflicted with the epidemic, two of which are convalescing.



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The factory will issue a new price list affecting certain models possibly during July and certainly not later than August First