

Reading for Women and all the Family



Bringing Up Father

Copyright, 1917, International News Service

By McManus

The Daredevil

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

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(Continued)

"Just exactly what she is trying to do, boy. Let those poor chaps with guns in their hands defend her civilization as well as theirs die for want of a supply train hauled by reliable mules when unreliable gasoline fails. That's what women are like. And as he spoke, I perceived the depth of dislike that was in the heart of my uncle, the General Robert, for all of womankind.

"There are some women who would not so comport themselves, my uncle Robert. I give you my word as one—Then as I hesitated in terror at the revelation of my woman's estate I had been about to make, my uncle, the General Robert, made this remark to me: "Women are like crows—all black, and the exceptional white one only makes the rest look blacker. The only way to stop them in their depredations is to trap them since the law forbids shooting them." And as he made this judgment of women I forgot for a moment that we discussed that Madam Whitworth whom it was causing me great pain to discover to be the enemy of France, and I thought of my beautiful mother, whom he had judged without ever having encountered, and a great longing rose in my heart so to comfort myself that his heart should learn to trust me as a man and then discover the honor of woman through me at some future time. I made a resolve that such should be the case, and to that end I asked of him:

"How is it that I can serve you in these serious troubles, my Uncle Robert?" And as I asked that question I made also a vow in my heart against that black crow woman.

"Now that's what I'm coming to. The French government is sending an

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BEECHAM'S PILLS
Largest Sale of Any Medicine in the World. Sold everywhere. In boxes, 10c, 25c.

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FURNITURE, FLOOR COVERINGS
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Flag 5x5 feet— and pole complete for **89c**

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Special **\$9.50**

TOP ICING REFRIGERATOR—family size—plenty of room for ice and foods. Extra special value for **\$9.50**
50c Weekly if Desired

One lot of Aluminum Double Boilers at **\$1.69**

One lot of Aluminum Handled Sauce-pans for **69c**

10c Skat Kleanser or Skat Soap special **7c**
Limit, four to a customer.

Carpet Sweeper—wood frame and good substantial brush, special **\$1.19**

Folding Lawn Bench—made of oak and well finished **79c**

Mahogany Smoking Stand—with glass ash tray, special **98c**

Great Reductions in Enamel Ware as Follows

All heavy enameled white ware—in perfect condition. Take your pick.

10 qt. Dish Pan for **49c**
Berlin Kettle with cover **59c**
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Tea Kettle for **79c**

Special Prices PORCH GATES

72 Inch **\$1.49**
For **60 Inch \$1.19**
36 Inch **98c**

2-quart Nickel Plated Coffee Pots **69c** special

Uncle Sam's Thrift Thought For To-day

MILK TOAST

Don't throw away stale bread and left-over skim milk, Madam Housewife. From them you can make that simple and well-known but nourishing dish, milk toast. The United States Department of Agriculture points out. This makes a good dish for breakfast, luncheon, or supper, especially for children.

Heat the milk. Add a small quantity of butter and season to taste with salt. Pour while hot over well-toasted stale bread and serve.

Daily Dot Puzzle

Mr. Charles Patton, steelworker, living on Second street, Steelton, says: "I have been ailing a long time, and was discouraged for I could only work part of the time. I was bothered a lot with my kidneys, at times would have attacks of nervousness and trembling, shooting pains in my back and limbs.

"At other times I had a high temperature, my head and throat were badly clogged up, my eyes were watery, and I was troubled a lot with headache, which felt as if a band were drawn tightly around it. "I finally was persuaded to try Sanpan, which I am glad to say, drove away my pain, cleared my head and throat, relieved my headache and gave me the vigor and vim necessary for a workman to work steadily.

"I hereby recommend Sanpan as the best medicine ever."

Sanpan is now being introduced at Keller's Drug Store, 405 Market street, Harrisburg, where the Sanpan man is explaining it to the people. Sanpan is sold only at Keller's—beware of imitations and substitutes. All good things are usually limited.

—Adv.

army expert down here to look over the situation and make the contracts. I can't speak their heathenish tongue or read it, and I want somebody who can trust—trust, mind you—to help me talk with him and make any necessary translations. That White-

"I will tell you after luncheon, my Uncle Robert, because I have not as yet eaten in this Harpeth country of America.

"All right," he said, "remember, you know the whole situation and are only supposed to know the part that Governor Bill thinks is the whole. Look at me, boy!" And as the big car drove up to the curb before a great stone house with tall pillars on guard at its front, he laid both his hands upon my shoulders and turned me toward him with force and no gentleness, and then with his keen eyes did he look into the very soul of me.

"Yes, I see I can trust you, sir. God bless you, boy!" he said, after a very long moment of time.

"Yes, my Uncle Robert," I answered him without turning my eyes from his.

"Well, then, here we are. I come to the side door so I wouldn't have to introduce you to any of the boys this morning, for we want to have a talk with the governor before dinner, and I don't dare keep Kizzie waiting. It riles her, and a riled woman burns up things, masters, husbands, cooking or words. Come on."

"Here's my boy, governor," was all the introduction my uncle, the General Robert, administered to me; then I stood and looked into the face of him whom afterward I discovered to be the greatest gentleman in the world, with my heart beating in my throat and yet astir under my woman's breast in the place it had always before resided, after we had been ushered into the governor's room by an old black servant called Cato.

"I will help in the rescue," worth hussy has been translating for us, and I don't trust her. Your letter was handed to me in the governor's private office and both he and I saw what a help it would be to have you here when this Frenchie—who is a Count Something or Other—and his servants and secretaries, what he calls his suit, arrive. By George, sir, we need your advice in eating and drinking them. Do you suppose they'll have intelligence enough to eat the manna of the gods, which is corn pone, and drink the nectar, which is plain whisky, or will we be

CHAPTER V.
"We Both Need You."

"I do not know how it is that I shall find words in which to write down the loveliness of that governor of Old Harpeth. He was not as tall as my uncle, the General Robert, and he was slender and lithe as some wild thing in a forest, but the power in the broadness of his shoulders and in the strength of his nervous hands was of a greatness of which to be frightened—that is, I think of which a man should be frightened, but in which a woman would take much glory. His hair was of the tarnished gold of a sunset storm, and upon his temples was a curved crest of white that sparkled like the spray of a wave. All of which I must have seen with some kind of inward eyes from the moment my eyes lifted themselves from contemplating the carpet in embarrassment over my tweed trousers they were looking into his in a way which at dawn my eyes have gazed into the morning sky rising near to me over the little wood at the Chateau de Grez.

"It is good that you have come, Robert Carruthers, for the general and I both need you," were the words I heard him saying to me in a voice that was as deep and of as much interest as the eyes, and as he spoke in both of his strong ones. "And if you say snails, snails it shall be, if Cato and I have to invade every rose garden in Haynesville and vicinity and stay up all night to catch them."

"I think I shall choose that corn pone and whisky that my uncle, the General Robert, has promised to me from the day I stepped into the time of my luncheon. I found myself saying with a laugh that answered at the barefooted boy who suddenly looked at me out of the cool eyes of the old convent just before we had to flee from the shells, leaving my father to the sister to bury after the enemy had my eyes did tell that tale to his, and the tears ached in my throat.

(To Be Continued)

at being included, but Myra gave him no chance to speak. "I never should have married Racy Harlowe," she said tensely, "never, not if he were the last man in the universe. He's the kind of a man that women think they must forgive for certain weaknesses because of his health and power in the community. You didn't think it was that kind, did you? That wasn't why you wanted me to go to college, was it? I hope not.

"Racy has played fast and loose with a great many girls. Ever since his college days I have heard tales about him, and tales that women would speak of lightly, too, because they had been brought up to think it all right for a man to sow his wild oats. There's a poor little girl in the lower part of town that Racy has cast aside. She had been doing some mending for me, and she loves him, poor little thing! And yet you would give me willingly to a man like that and refuse to accept Dan when he is the truest, finest man in the world."

"Myra," her father cried, springing to his feet, "don't talk like that, girl! Your mother and I only want what

will make you happy. We didn't know you felt this way child!" and the next minute Myra was crushed up little-girlwise against her father's shoulder. Mrs. Johnson was wiping eyes with a fragile piece of linen. "And we'll see about your trousseau to-morrow," she said, struggling with her sobs. "Sissy your old mother, dear—I'm so sorry and ashamed!"

Pittsburgh-Perry County Reunion at Highland Park

Marysville, Pa., July 26.—On Saturday the annual reunion of the Pittsburgh-Perry County Association will be held in Rhododendron Grove, Highland Park, Pittsburgh. Big preparations are being made for this annual event of the former Perry countians.

W. S. Newcomer, of Pittsburgh, is president of the organization this year, and J. L. Kochenderfer, of Pittsburgh, is secretary.

Use McNeil's Pain Exterminator.—ad

All's Well That Ends Well

The Story of a Girl Whose Mother Thought Money Was Life's First Consideration

By JANE McLEAN.

"I think she could have done a great deal better."

"But, my dear," expostulated Myra's easy-going father, "if she's happy, that's all we want, isn't it?"

"Oh, I suppose so, but what can she see in him? He hasn't any money and for my part I don't think he's a bit good-looking."

"What did you see in me, my dear?" Mrs. Johnson laughed at this.

"Oh, now, wait, if you're going to be foolish," she remonstrated.

"But I'm not foolish, I'm just speaking the truth. What did you see in me? I had no money, and I wasn't good looking."

"But I wanted Myra to marry well," the mother mourned. "We gave her everything, a college education, and every single advantage, and she could have had Racy Harlowe if she had played her cards right."

The conversation had arisen concerning the engagement of Myra Johnson and the man she had chosen above all others for her husband. Slim and tall and dark and distinguished-looking, the young artist had stood nowhere in Mrs. Johnson's estimation because he hadn't wealth.

Racy Harlowe was the son and heir of one of the oldest families in town, he was to be taken into the business as soon as he decided to settle down. He owned an orange racing car from which he has taken his nickname, "Racy," and his fines for speeding were numerous. He was supposed to be a great catch, and because Myra had everything to make her desired above all other girls, the young man's car often stood at the curb outside the Johnson home her mother had begun to dream dreams. It hadn't taken long to bring all of them about her head in ruin, however, for the chance meeting of Myra, and this stranger, who spoke of feverish courtship when the girl flushed too quickly to suit her mother, and answered the telephone on Mrs. Johnson's behalf, was the result. Myra had told them last night that she was to marry Dan Mitchell.

"Myra, tell me anything about it!" questioned Mr. Johnson after a few minutes' pause in the conversation.

Myra hesitated. She was suddenly smitten with the reason why Myra had said nothing about it. Certainly the mother had given the girl no reason to think that she might receive sympathy and approval. Myra was too clever not to see that way matters stood. As Mrs. Johnson hesitated before speaking the outer door slammed and a moment later Myra herself came into the room.

Mrs. Johnson's eyes swept the girl, quickly, appraisingly, then they softened as the eyes of mother and daughter met for a moment.

"Mother," Myra breathed, "won't you try to feel differently about it, won't you please?"

"It wouldn't make any difference whether we did or not, would it, Myra?" her mother replied.

"No, not if you mean about marrying Dan," the girl said softly but resolutely.

"Oh, Myra, and you might have

married Racy," wailed Mrs. Johnson again, and the cat was out of the bag.

"So that was why you treated me so last night," the girl said, drawing her slim figure up to its fullest height. "Mother, dad, I don't think you know all there is to know about Racy Harlowe, or you wouldn't feel that way."

Mr. Johnson was about to protest

Astrick's

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FIRST—When shopping do not leave the store empty-handed. Carry parcels with you to the extent of your ability. Help to make this "the fashion."

SECOND—When you have goods to be returned, do not leave home empty-handed. If all customers would carry small parcels for exchange, the saving of time in delivery departments would amount to thousands of hours annually.

THIRD—Do not buy merchandise until you are sure you are going to keep it. Make a careful selection a habit.

FOURTH—Avoid C. O. D. purchases whenever possible.

FIFTH—Shop early in the day, if possible. Stores must have a sufficient number of salespeople all day long to handle the trade at the very busiest hour, which, due to the habits of customers, is near the middle of the day. To help us distribute the business more evenly would result in great economy—to us and eventually to you.

SIXTH—Any article of merchandise, which for some good reason is to be returned to a store, must be returned within a reasonable time—five business days.

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For Hats Actually Worth to \$2.98, \$3.98 and \$4.98 and Represent Only Good and Wanted Summer Shapes

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One Table of Black Milan Hemp Hats, broad flanged Sailor shapes, worth to \$3.98, at	98c
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