

Reading for Women and all the Family



Bringing Up Father

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By McManus

The Daredevil

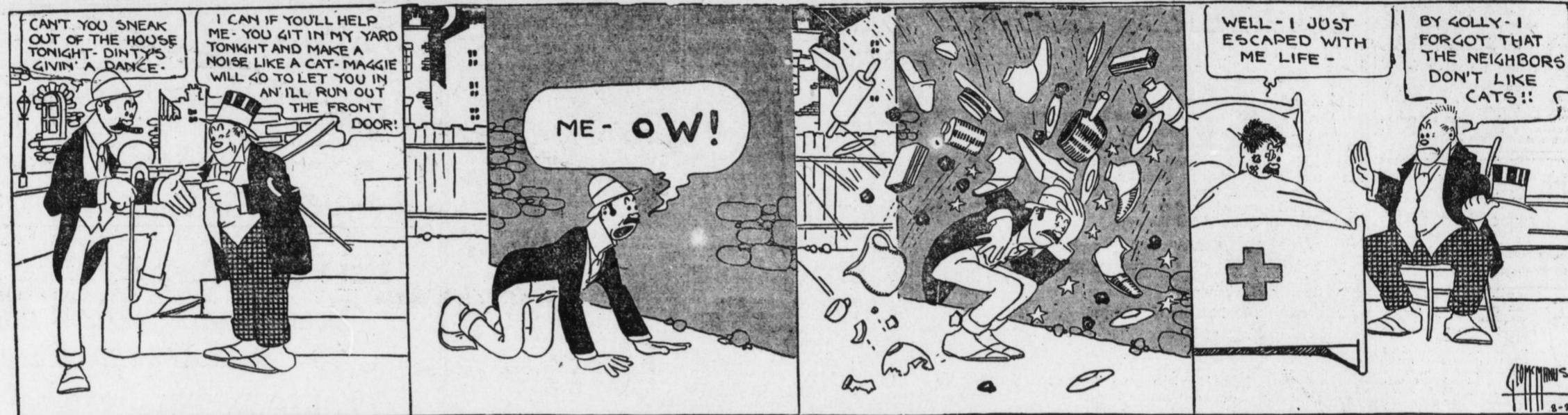
By Maria Thompson Daviess
Author of "The Melting of Molly"

(Continued)

"I know, boy," he said softly and then turned and presented me to the Mr. Clendinning, who was arranging papers at a desk beside the window. I do like with my whole heart that funny Buzz Clendinning, who has the reddest hair, the largest brown speckles on his face and the widest mouth that I have ever beheld. Also his laugh is even wider than his mouth, and overflows the remainder of his face in ripples of what is called grin. He is not much taller than am I but of much more powerful build, as is natural, though he did not at that moment recognize the reason thereof.

"Shake hands, boys. Don't stand looking at each other like young puppies," said my uncle, the General Robert, as he clasped his hand on the back of the Mr. Buzz Clendinning. "You don't have to fight it out. Your fathers licked each other week about for twenty years."

"Can't I even ask him to take off his coat once, general?" answered that Mr. Buzz with the grin all over his face and spreading to my countenance as he took my hand in his to administer one of those shakes of which I had had so many since my arrival in America. For a second he looked startled and glanced down at my white hand that he held in his, and from it to my eyes that were looking into his with the entire friendliness of my heart. Suddenly I had a great fright of discovery within me, and my knees began to again tremble together for their skirts, but before that fright had reached my eyes quite I had borne to me an elder brother in the person of that Buzz



Clendinning, and I now know that I can never lose him, even when he knows that

"I'm no shakes in the duel, prince, so let's kiss and make up before you get out your sword," he said as he also, as my uncle, the General Robert, had done, laid an arm across my shoulders in an embrace of affection. It was then I made a discovery in the strange land into which I was penetrating—men have much sentiment in their hearts that it is impossible for a woman to discover from behind a face. They keep it entirely for each other as comrades, and I received a large portion of such an affection when that Mr. Buzz Clendinning adopted me in what he thought was my foreign weakness as a small brother to be protected in his large heart.

"THEIR MARRIED LIFE"

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Helen paced the floor in agony, wondering what she would say when Mrs. Frisby arrived. Of course there would be a scene, and heaven only knows what her careless remark would lead to. It was one thing to respond laughingly to Warren's remark and think no more about it, but it was quite another to have that remark repeated and distorted to please the gossipy nature of the woman who told it.

Helen had never liked little Mrs. Frisby and none of the other women had liked her. She was the kind of a woman one is pleasant to, but avoids whenever possible. But never that Helen disliked gossip and she would have done anything rather than to have said anything to Mrs. Thurston that might be repeated to make trouble.

All's Well That Ends Well

The Story of a Young Wife Who Learned That Tolerance Is the Road to Happiness.

By JANE MILEAN

Grace dropped down on the bed as the door closed behind her husband and began to cry bitterly. She had waited up to the last minute, hoping he would remember what day it was, but he hadn't remembered; in fact, he had been more tactful and polite occupied than ever. It was the bitterest disappointment Grace had ever had.

Her two birthdays came very close together; therefore Grace had expected that surely this first birthday of hers that they had spent together would be remembered if John never thought of it another year. Things wouldn't have been so bad, either, if the memory of John's birthday was not so recent. Grace had had a dinner party (just three couples), and there had been a course dinner, and a cake with candles, and several packages before John's plate which he had opened to the delight of the others. John had told her that night that no one had ever remembered his birthday before.

Advice to the Lovelorn

DON'T RUN AWAY

Dear Miss Fairfax:

Recently I met a young man whom I have learned to love, and what makes it worse is that I see him almost every day in my life. This man is very nice to me and that is about all.

Would you advise me to leave my place, so that I can forget about him? A READER

Don't yield to your own emotional folly. However this man attracts you you are not feeling real love, because that has to be based on more than mere physical appeal. You don't know him and if you did you really might find him stupid and boring. Don't run away, but stay and try to develop a genuine friendship out of which legitimate deeper feelings may grow. Dismiss all your foolish ideas about being in love. Look the thing squarely in the face and say to yourself, "This man attracts me strongly. Well, now I must see if I am clever enough to make him love me." If you lose determine that you will not cultivate a little more charm, so that you can appeal to the people you like, and a little more noise, so that you won't idealize any attractive man who happens to come your way.

A FOOLISH GIRL

Dear Miss Fairfax:

A friend was engaged to a young lady who proved herself unworthy of him, by going out with young men she had never met through introduction. He gave her several chances and was very forgiving, but she did not heed him. Was he justified in breaking the engagement after she was carrying a little box around in her pocket for a week, and we're going to the theater to-night and out to dinner, and everything else.



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"I am very happy to see you instead of the duel," I made answer and did immediately put a kiss on his one cheek, expecting that he would return it upon my cheeks, first one and then another, as is the custom of comrades and officers in France.

"Really? Don't do that again, or I'll call out the police," responded that funny Mr. Buzz Clendinning, as he shook me away from him, while my uncle, the General Robert, and the great governor did both indulge in laughter.

"I am abashed, and I beg your pardon for offending against the customs of your country. I do remember now that my father did not permit such a salutation from his brother officers, and I will not do so again. Mr. Buzz Clendinning, I said as my cheeks became crimson with mortification, and tears would have come over my eyes had my pride permitted."

"This is what he meant you to do Buzz, you duffer. I said goodbye to twenty-two of my friends this way the day I got home from old Heidelberg, and as he spoke that great and beautiful and exalted Governor Faulkner did bend his head to mine and give to me the correct comrade salute of my own country on first one of my cheeks and then upon the other."

"Yes, sir; it's mighty pretty to look at, but I reckon the kid had better stow the habit before he is introduced to Jeff Whitworth and Miles Menefee and the rest of the bunch," said that Mr. Buzz as he left off wiping from his cheek with the back of his hand the kiss I had put there and administered to me another embrace on my shoulders with his long arm.

"Besides, youngster, there are girls in Hayesville," he added with a grin that again was reflected on my face without my will and which did entirely take away my anger and embarrassment at his repulse.

"Girls, girls!" exploded my uncle, the General Robert. "The female young generally known as girls are about as much use to humanity as a bunch of pinfeathers tied with a pink ribbon would be in the place of the household feather duster that the Lord lets them grow into after they reach their years of discretion. Robert has no time to waste with the un-fledged. Don't even suggest it to him, Clendinning. And now you can take him around to my house and tell Kiz to begin fitting you back up while I wait for a moment to go over these papers with the governor. And both of you avoid the female young, for we've work for you—mind you, work and no gallivanting. Now go, Depart!"

"The door-bell rang and Helen brought her wild walk to a stop. She rushed into her bedroom for a moment alone, and when she walked out into the livingroom there was no visible trace of nervousness. Little Mrs. Frisby looked very small and helpless and Helen saw that she was alone, for whom she was thankful.

"The two women regarded each other, one with open hostility, the other with outward composure.

"I suppose you have no idea why I am here?" Mrs. Frisby began.

"Oh, yes, I have," Helen said, nodding that the way had been opened. "Some one has made trouble about a careless remark."

"Of course some one of your friends has prepared you for my coming," the other woman said in a shrill tone of voice, "but that will make no difference. Of course you have no excuse to make for such an unparliamentary remark, so there must be some truth in it. I want you to tell me what you know about my husband."

"In the first place," Helen said calmly, although her heart was beating fast, "I don't know anything about your husband. That must come as a surprise to you, but I must ask you to believe me."

Helen's manner could not help having an effect upon the woman opposite her, who eyed her with suspicion. "But you couldn't have made a remark like that just to hurt me," Mrs. Frisby protested. "I can't believe that."

"I am glad to be able to tell you that I didn't do that," Helen said gently. "Some one remarked the other evening when we were out playing cards that your husband had been seen downtown with a young girl."

Fashions of To-Day - By May Manton

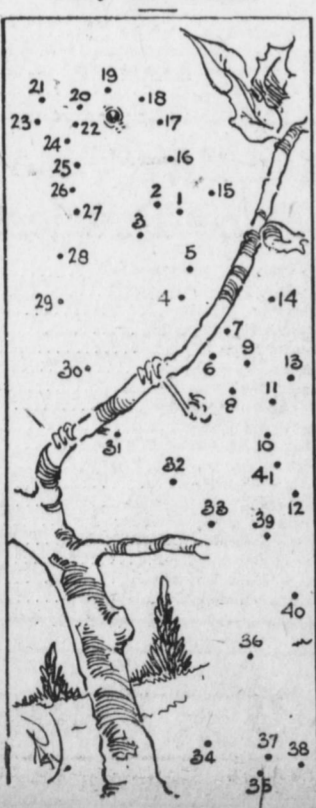


This smart variation of the cape makes one of the best liked wraps of the season, and you will find that the model is valuable for the useful wrap of traveling and motoring and general wear, also for the daintier wrap of piazza or evening wear. For the one purpose, you could use Shantung or serge and line with foulard or you could use a wool jersey or broadcloth without lining. For piazza or for evening wear, you would make it of pongee or of soft satin or of some such material and you would line it with a bright color to give a picturesque note. A natural colored Shantung with lining of Chinese blue makes a very smart and pretty cape. Handsome models are made of white satin with bands of black velvet ribbon for the trimming with lining of white crepe de chine. The cape shown, however, is made of the more serviceable navy serge with lining and trimming of blue foulard dotted with white.

For the making will be needed, 4 1/2 yards of material 44 inches wide, 3 1/2 yards 54.

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Hair Often Ruined By Washing With Soap

Soap should be used very carefully, if you want to keep your hair looking its best. Most soaps and prepared shampoos contain too much alkali. This dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

The best thing for steady use is just ordinary mildified coconut oil (which is pure and greaseless), and is better than the most expensive soap or anything else you can use.

One teaspoon of coconut oil will cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly. Simply moisten the hair with water and rub it in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy suds, which rinse out easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excessive oil. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and it leaves the scalp soft, and the hair fine and silky, bright, lustrous, fluffy and easy to manage.

You can get mildified coconut oil at any pharmacy, it's very cheap, and a few ounces will supply every member of the family for months.—Adv.