

Reading for Women and all the Family

Bringing Up Father

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By McManus

The Daredevil By Maria Thompson Davies Author of 'The Melting of Molly'

(Continued) CHAPTER VI. The Girl Bunch. And if I felt in that manner as I entered the house I felt it to a still greater degree when I was welcomed by that most lovely old black slave woman of the high temper and good cookery.

imitation into the girl bunch before the general steps by locking you away from them. 'I go,' I made answer with a great pleasure. 'You are going out with me whether you want to or not!'

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imitation into the girl bunch before the general steps by locking you away from them. 'I go,' I made answer with a great pleasure.

Then we descended to the gray car of much speed and did use that speed in turning many streets until we



'You, Mas' Robert, you done com home!'

came to another very fine old house. where, I was informed by my Mr. Buzz Clendinning, resides that Miss Susan of so much loveliness.

And it is of a truth that I discovered that loveliness to be as great as was told to me by her true lover.

When I raised my head from the kiss of presentation I gave to her hand I looked into very deep and very wonderful girl eyes that had in their depths tears that were for a sympathy for me, I knew. My heart of an exile beat very high in my own girl's breast that ached for the refuge of her woman's arms, and I

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must have partly betrayed my yearning to her, for I saw an expression of confused question come into her eyes that looked into mine; then the beautiful thing that had come into my Mr. Buzz Clendinning's eyes for me came also into hers in place of the question. I saw then in those eyes a sister born to the boy Robert Carruthers of a great French strangeness.

'I've been thinking about you all morning, Mr. Carruthers, and hoping Buzz would bring you with him to see me first of all. I wanted to be the first one of the girls to say, 'Welcome home' to you. And as she spoke those words of much tenderness I again bent over her hand in salutation, because I could give forth no words from my throat.

'See, you are the real sweet thing—and now notice me a bit, will you?' said my fine Mr. Buzz Clendinning with both emotion and a teasing in his voice. 'I know I haven't got French manners and don't look like L'Aiglon, but I'm an affectionate rough jewel.'

'Please don't mind Buzz, Mr. Carruthers—he just can't help buzzing.' 'For always I will be your humble slave, Miss Susan,' was the answer I made into her laughing eyes.

'That will do, Robert, you don't know how spoiled Susan is, and you're making trouble for me. Besides, you haven't seen the baby Belle in war paint yet. Let's go call on her now.' And that Mr. Buzz Clendinning was in a moment ready for making more new friends for me.

'Come on, Susan, we can tie Prince Bob on the running board.'

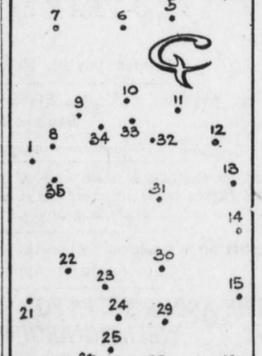
'Why, there's Belle at the gate now, and—yes—it's Mrs. Whitworth with her. I wonder when she came from New York,' said Miss Susan as we went to meet the guest approaching. I on the one side of her and the Mr. Buzz on the other.

'The beautiful Madam Whitworth came down upon the same train which I occupied,' I said as I remembered to raise from my head my hat by that action on the part of my Mr. Buzz.

'Oh, then you have been presented to L'Aiglon,' said Mr. Buzz to that Madam Whitworth, who stood smiling while I was presented to the very lovely girl with that blondness, who both blushed and what is called giggled as I kissed her hand, though in her eyes I found a nice friendliness.

(To Be Continued)

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All's Well That Ends Well

The Younger Sister Who Proved That Ability and Sweetness Are Winning Assets.

By Jane McLean

'Don't worry about Ann, she likes to do them. Really I don't know what we'd do if there didn't happen to be one domestic person in the family.'

The speaker was a dark, vivacious looking girl with a careless way of saying exactly what she thought, regardless of tact. Colby Burns had been attracted to her first by her very intense way of living. She seemed to be all youth, all fire and indeterminate impulse. It was unusual to see a New York girl with so much nerve and naivete. Generally they posed as being blasé and worldly.

Colby stole a glance at the girl who was supposed to like washing dishes. She was so very different from her sister that she might have passed unnoticed if not called into observation by the careless remark. Now she looked up and met the gray eyes of the stranger girl, her sister had brought home to dinner.

It was the first time these two young people had looked at each other during the evening. Ann smiled a little and Colby was conscious of a feeling of interest. The girl had wide gray eyes and reddish hair. She was tall and slight and seldom says whether she likes to do them or not.

Ann turned to Evelyn, whose face had suddenly darkened and who was making signs at her mother to make Ann stop talking. Everyone wondered what had possessed Ann to do such an unheard-of thing. Ann, who had always been forced to take second place whenever Evelyn had brought her friends to the house.

Ann, who because of her inherent sweetness, never had time to have friends of her own because she was too busy doing things for others.

But to-night Ann was on a strike. No one knew that she had made a resolution to speak out to the first person who seemed at all interested. That the first person happened to be a new friend of Evelyn's could make no possible difference.

'Then you're not really domestic,' Colby Burns inquired, trying to draw the girl out.

'I'm really no more domestic than Evelyn. Very few girls are, you know. Perhaps you don't know girls very well, Mr. Burns.'

'I think I've stumbled on a new variety,' Burns returned.

'Anyone to hear you talk, Ann would think that you were a regular Cinderella,' said Evelyn angrily.

'Oh, no,' protested Ann. 'You didn't think so, did you, Mr. Burns?'

'Not at all. I simply took it that you didn't like to do dishes any more than any other girl of your age.'

'Which was quite right,' said Ann with her quick, birdlike little laugh.

'Well, I don't know what all the fuss is about,' Evelyn continued more smoothly. She was too tactful to allow Colby Burns to see that she was annoyed. Wasn't he quite the best looking man she had met in a long time, and hadn't he a splendid position. 'I'm sure that if you had a friend here, Ann, I should be quite glad to give you a chance to try them. But suppose we go and do the dishes. You won't mind wiping them for me, will you, Mr. Burns?'

Evelyn had quite an entrancing vision of herself as domestic and sweet in a big beruffled apron.

'Oh, no, Evelyn, I was just teasing,' Ann said penitently. 'Of course I'm going to do them. You know you hate dish water, and I'm used to it.'

'And I'll help you,' said Burns eagerly. 'All right, but I warn you, I'm mighty particular.' And Ann vanished into the kitchen with a little and Colby followed by Colby Burns.

Evelyn was ready to cry with suppressed anger and vexation.

'Mother, what do you suppose has come over Ann?' she questioned petulantly.

'Why don't you say something to her? She has no right to interfere with my callers.'

'Strikes me,' put in her father, who had said nothing during the discussion, 'that Mr. Burns rather wanted to help Ann. After all, Evelyn, you don't do very much to make it pleasant for your sister; I think you brought the whole thing on yourself.'

Out in the kitchen gray-eyed Ann, her arms deep in hot, soapy dishwater, was entertaining Evelyn's beau. Cinderella had waited a long time for the prince to make her a princess. After all, Evelyn had so many friends, what did just one matter, if he happened to appeal to too busy doing things for others.

"THEIR MARRIED LIFE"

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Copyright, 1917, International News Service. Helen eyed the place as they turned in at the door, with some suspicion. Somehow it did not appeal to her. Not that she had ever heard of it; in fact, when Warren mentioned going there for dinner she had asserted laughingly asking if it were some place he had just discovered.

'No,' he had responded, 'but the food's excellent. I think you'll like it.'

They went in the doorway, which was simply the area of an old-fashioned brown house. Many of them are now used for restaurants—some excellent ones, some fair and some hardly second rate.

'Haven't you been here lately, dear?' asked Helen.

'Not in ages.'

They had reached an empty table now, and Helen was drawing off her gloves and was looking around the room. It was decorated with a great deal of shoddy, neartight trimmings, and was lined with cheap mirrors. Most of the people at the different tables looked very much like the trimmings, Helen thought, and her words voiced what was in her mind, as she said to Warren: 'Perhaps the atmosphere has changed, too, since you were here last.'

Warren looked around. 'Oh, I don't know you can't get every thing, you know; and the food is so excellent here and so cheap that of course the crowd isn't always just what could be found in some of the exclusive hotels.'

'But they all look so cheap, Warren. I have been in restaurants before where the crowd was different than this one. The women look so loud.'

'Well, don't start to nag now that we have come here. It's the same every time we go anywhere, unless we spend a lot of money. You women are always such sticklers for the respectability of the crowd. It's the difference does it make if we get good food and good service and go on our way without bothering anyone?'

'I should hate to be seen here by anyone I know.'

'Well, don't worry, you're not likely to be. Not many people know of this place anyway, it's a real fine if you want good food and plenty of it for a reasonable price.'

Helen was silent. All that Warren thought of was plenty of food and good service. To a woman the food was not of such importance as the place and the daintiness of the service. Warren spoke of good service where which he meant prompt service. Helen was now eating soup out of the thick soup plate which had been served to her from a huge greasy tureen.

To be sure the soup was good, Helen was fair enough to admit that but it had slopped over the side of the bowl and when the waiter had poured it out, and this fact almost took her appetite away. Warren, who was hungry and was eating the soup eagerly, had not noticed any-

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thing wrong. He was contemplating the next course with eagerness, telling Helen that there were not many places when you were served lobster at such a price.

The meal slowly dragged to an end. Helen was very quiet, and Warren finally remarked upon it.

'What's the matter? Aren't you hungry? You're not eating anything.'

'I wasn't as hungry as you, dear,' Helen explained.

'You don't like the place, do you?'

'Not much,' she admitted.

'Well, cheer up, and be a good sport. We won't come here again. But don't you think things were good?'

'Oh, yes; but that's all.'

Warren had the good grace not to be angry at Helen's lack of enthusiasm. He had eaten a hearty meal, and felt in a good humor. Some noisy cabaret had started and Warren sat back in his chair to enjoy it to the full. Several Italian boys came out and a little girl who danced. She was rather sweet and showed quite extraordinary talent. Even Helen was disposed to be enthusiastic over her. Several of the men at the surrounding tables began to throw some coins out to the boys, the oldest of which could not have been more than twelve or fourteen, and they picked it up grinning delightedly from ear to ear. Warren put his hand in his pocket for some change and drew out a fifty-cent piece.

'Wee, I haven't any change, he exclaimed, 'well they might as well

have this.' And he threw the coin, which was picked up by the girl herself, who smiled and bobbed at him charmingly.

'Why, Warren, that's almost the price of the meal here,' Helen protested.

'Well, what of it?'

'I thought you wanted to economize and that was why you didn't go to a better place.'

'Stinginess isn't economy.'

'Oh, Warren, you never argue fairly.' Helen exclaimed, provoked almost to anger. 'You bring me to a cheap place and then throw away money like that on cabaret performers. Will you tell me the justice of your economy?'

(Watch for the next installment of this interesting series).

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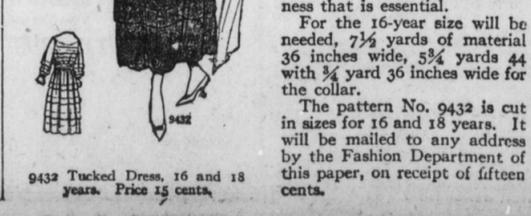
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Fashions of To-Day - By May Manton

What girl could ask a prettier frock than this one, made of foulard with a detachable collar of white organdie? It is exceedingly smart, yet it is absolutely simple and that combination of smartness with simplicity means an ideal costume for the younger contingent. You can, of course, copy it in one of the fine cotton voiles that are being so much used or you can use the model for organdie or for handkerchief lawn, but the foulard is always serviceable and the white organdie collar gives just the touch of Summer-like daintiness that is essential.

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