

Reading for Women and all the Family

Bringing Up Father

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By McManus



imitation into the girl bunch before the general steps by locking you away from them.

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

"Gee, I hope Kizzie killed by the half dozen last night. If there aren't three chickens apiece you'll be humiliated," said Mr. Buzz Clendinning, with a laugh, as he seated himself beside me and unfolded his napkin.

"I wish that you might call me Robert, Mr. Clendinning," I said, with a great friendliness, as we finished the nice and the introduction or greeting that she gave to me as she waddled along behind Mr. Buzz Clendinning and myself, driving us down the hall and into the dining room.

"You, Mas' Robert, you done come home from the heathen land to keep my food waiting jest like yo' father did from the minute I ontied him from my apron string, and he went into the dining room fore my gravy curdles and the liver winy I done saved for you gits too brown in the skillet," was all of the introduction or greeting that she gave to me as she waddled along behind Mr. Buzz Clendinning and myself, driving us down the hall and into the dining room.

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 kias 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

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.

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.

"Do you really like to wash dishes?" he questioned.

"The girl spoke, and her voice was the loveliest one Colby Burns had ever heard. Her eyes, too, lighted up and her slim little face became alive with humor. Burns did like a girl with a sense of humor.

"Of course you know the story of the ill-fated youngest," she said. In the case of a boy, he has to wear the madoever clothes; in the case of a girl, she has to do the dishes and seldom says whether she likes to do them or not."

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"THEIR MARRIED LIFE"

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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."

"Oh, haven't you been here lately, dear?" asked Helen.

"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 just 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."

"Helen was silent. All that Warren thought of was plenty of food and thought reasonably. To a woman the food was not of such importance as the place and the daintiness of the service. Warren spoke of good 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-

"What's the matter? Did she have a quarrel with the policeman?"

"I'm sorry-sir-but I broke one of these pretzels in your coat pocket."

"Hum-I suppose you got them at your lodge last night."

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

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

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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