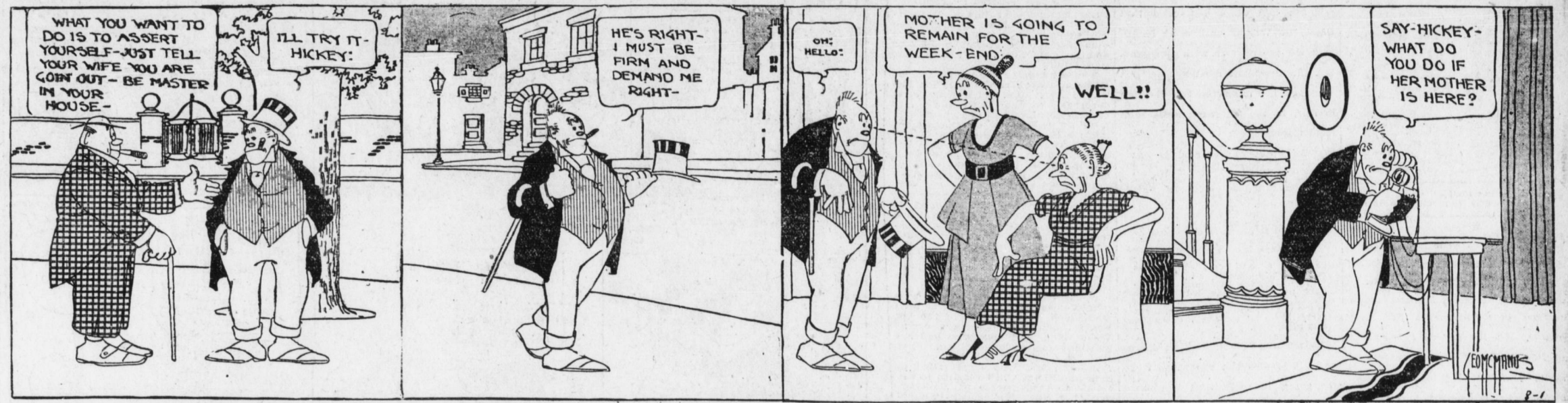


Reading for Women and all the Family

Bringing Up Father

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By McManus



The Daredevil
By Maria Thompson Davies
Author of "The Melting of Molly"
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(Continued)
As soon as breakfast was over the next morning I departed with my uncle, the General Robert, to the capitol of the state of Harpeth, which is a tall building set on an equally tall hill.
I found much business awaiting me in the form of making a correct translation of all of the letters in a very large portfolio, all of which were pertaining to that very thimble animal, the mule. But I made not very much progress, for a very large number of gentlemen came into the office of my uncle, the General Robert, and to all of them I must be presented.
In fact, in all of what remained of that entire week for most of my moment in the capitol I was having very painful shakes of the hand given to me and receiving assurances of my great resemblance to my honored father.

All of which I did greatly enjoy, but nothing was so much pleasure to me as the visits I accomplished into the office of that Gouverneur Faulkner with messages of importance from my uncle, the General Robert.
It was with a very fine and cold smile of friendliness that he at first received me as I stood with humble attention before his desk upon my first mission to him, but with each message I perceived that the stars in his eyes so hid beneath his brows, shone upon me with a greater interest.

And in observing the many heavy shoulders that pressed upon his strong shoulders until at the close of each day a whiteness was over his very beautiful face I grew to desire that I could make some little things for him, as I thought to do so, and I discovered that it was possible to beguile many very heavy persons to tell me what it was they wished to impose upon him.
"Robert," said my Gouverneur Faulkner on a late afternoon, "I'm going to ask the general to lend me a couple of weeks while I am so pressed. Buzz can do more for him than you do, and—and, well, just looking at you and hearing you tell about the files you brush from my worn boots rests me. Report to me to-morrow instead of to him. I know it will be all right for he really needs you. Now you run home and get ready for one great time at a party I'm giving to you to-night. And, Robert, remember to tell me everything about the files, translated in your United States."

"I will, and I go, my Gouverneur Faulkner," I answered to him, with a laugh in which I did not show entirely all of the pleasure I experienced when I discovered I was to be in the place of his secretary, that fine Buzz Clendenning.
And with much haste I took my departure from the capitol of the state of Harpeth to Twin Oaks in the car of my uncle, the General Robert, for I knew that upon this evening I must make a new and terrible toilet and I would require much time thereto.

CHAPTER VII.
Dream of the War Mule
I have a desire to know if it is into
Safe Milk
for
Infants and Invalids
HORLICK'S
THE ORIGINAL
MALTED MILK
Rich milk, malted grain, in powder form. For infants, invalids and growing children. Pure nutrition, upbuilding the whole body. Invigorates nursing mothers and the aged. More nutritious than tea, coffee, etc. Instantly prepared. Requires no cooking. Substitutes Cost YOU Same Price.

MOTHER'S FRIEND
FOR
Expectant Mothers
ABSOLUTELY SAFE
UNDERWRITER 1745
Chas. H. Mauk N. 6th St.
PRIVATE AMBULANCE PHONIA

MAILED
The Power behind the Strong Vigorous Men of Iron
Iron Sulphate
Dr. Ferdinand King, a New York City Physician and Medical Author says: "There can be no strong, vigorous, iron men nor beautiful, healthy, rosy-cheeked women without Iron—Nuxated Iron taken three times per day after meals will increase the strength and endurance of weak, nervous, run-down folks 100 per cent. in two weeks' time in many instances. Avoid the old forms of metallic iron which may injure the teeth, corrode the stomach, and thereby do more harm than good. Take only organic iron—Nuxated Iron." It is dispensed in this city by Croll Kiefer, G. A. Gorgans, J. Nelson Clark, and all good druggists.

WHAT YOU WANT TO DO IS TO ASSERT YOURSELF—JUST TELL YOUR WIFE YOU ARE GOING OUT—BE MASTER IN YOUR HOUSE—
I'LL TRY IT—HICKEY!

HE'S RIGHT—I MUST BE FIRM AND DEMAND ME RIGHT—
OH, HELLO!
MOTHER IS GOING TO REMAIN FOR THE WEEK-END!
WELL!!
SAY-HICKEY—WHAT DO YOU DO IF HER MOTHER IS HERE?

Life's Problems Are Discussed
By Mrs. Wilson Woodrow
I heard two women talking the other day. One of them said: "When I was married my husband and I mutually agreed that the questions, 'Where have you been?' and 'What have you been doing?' should be taboo. We were not going to mar our companionship by that impertinent catechism of each other in which so many married people indulged. It is not only an infringement of personal liberty, we decided; it goes farther. Through inadvertence or forgetfulness, the person questioned may easily make a misstatement and so lead to a serious misunderstanding."
"As a result of our compact," she concluded triumphantly, "we have never had a really important quarrel."

I made haste to applaud her sentiment. Since childhood those questions, "Where have you been?" and "What have you been doing?" have rung in the right ear of the night and have been doing anything—strolling about, gazing at the passing show in all probability—but if I knew I had to do something for or follow my vagrant impulses, the joy of following them was gone.
I quoted to my two friends the remarks of the right one, George Moore's books: "This is the first time I have ever lived alone, that I have ever been free from questions. It was a pleasure to remember suddenly as I was dressing that no one would ask me where I was going, that I was just like a bird myself, free to spring off the perch and fly."
At home there are always people around one. Somebody is in the dining room. Somebody is in the drawing room. And if one goes down the passage with one's hat on there is always somebody to ask where one is going; and if you say you don't know they say, "Ahe you're going to the right or the left? Because if you are going to the right I should like you to stop at the apothecary's and ask."
But the other woman's eyes and mouth rounded in protest. "Oh-h!" she cried. "You take away all the shelter and security and sweetness of home, and you leave me with a man I don't want to know when he came home at night every place I'd been and every little thing I'd done all the time of my life, and he suddenly interest in me, and I am sure he feels the same way. We both believe that the happiness of our marriage is owing entirely to this spirit of frank and open comradeship."
And so it stands. O'p pay your money and you take your choice. The only moral to be drawn is that there is more than one way to reach a given result. Two and two undoubtedly make four, but so do three and one.
Mark Twain said: "If everyone thought alike, there would be no horse races. And he might have added that there would be a lot of other things considerably more important."
Contrary to the old song, it is disagreement that makes the world go round, the pull of two opposing forces. As a race we thrive and progress on our difference of opinion. That may sound like an argument in favor of war, but it isn't. Because I don't like the color green and another woman doesn't like blue is no reason for us to scratch each other's eyes out. It should rather be an incentive for us to realize that both colors have their place in the universe.
"For the grass to be green and skies to be blue."
"Tis the natural way of living."
There are always two sides to a question, and one man's meat is another man's poison. Because parsley is death to parrots, shall we deny the canary bird his delight in it?
Each of the women I have quoted insisted that the method she advocated was the only proper and correct receipt for a happy marriage. Before I left the question, and the atmosphere became too heated for me, I fled, and jotted down these reflections.
They couldn't understand that what would constitute a happy marriage for the one would spell Hades for the other. Couldn't they see that I walked away with what a perfectly lovely O. Henry story it would make if I should meet their respective husbands and induce them to confide their views of the matter.
I'd be willing to wager that the woman who wanted to ask and be asked, "Where have you been?" and "What have you been doing?" has a husband who shies at the interrogation point; and that the lady who loathes cross-examination is wedded to one of those garrulous souls who delight in smothering every poor, little happening of the day under a mass of trivial and irrelevant details, but each possessing wives so skillful in hammer-and-tongs debate, these gentlemen had early in their married life decided that discretion was the

All's Well That Ends Well
The Story of a Girl Who Routed Her Selfish Desire to Please Herself
BY JANE McLEAN
"My dear, I simply cannot go. I haven't time. I've promised myself to get this sewing off my hands to-day."
"But I need you, Barbara," came the voice over the telephone, "can't you possibly put off what you have to do?"
"I'd like to, but I can't this time, really I can't. I know you'll forgive me, won't you, dear, and understand."
"Well, I won't coax, because I am sure you know best, but I am so disappointed, I had counted on having you help with the girls, you have such a knack with them."
Barbara hung up the receiver with these words still ringing in her ears. Of course if she had decided to put herself out, she might have managed to go, she reflected. But this mending had been hanging over her head for so long, and it was such a horrid day, and besides, she hated doing philanthropic things. Mrs. Bond could just do without her to-day.
But when Barbara was finally settled at her sewing the thing kept

obtruding itself. Hadn't she half promised to help to-day? And wasn't it a matter of personal selfishness that prevented her from going when she could go just as well as not. And Mrs. Bond had been so good to her when she had been ill this time, Barbara shook her head impatiently, and then without giving herself time to change her mind, she sprang up, dumping her sewing on a convenient chair and rushed back to the telephone.
Mrs. Bond's voice sounded just as sweet and free from rancor as it always did, when as Barbara told herself, it should have been severe. "Don't you think another thing about it," the girl was saying reassuringly, "I'm going to be there, and I'll work like the mischief."
"But can you manage it?" Mrs. Bond asked anxiously.
"Of course I can. Do you think I'm going to be a slacker, and not do my little bit?" And Barbara laughingly rang off. This time she began to hum a ray little tune as she went to get ready to go out. The rain was dashing against the windows as she dressed, but it did not daunt her. Mrs. Bond had or-

"THEIR MARRIED LIFE"
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"Something is wrong, what is it, Helen?" Helen asked.
"Frances looked surprised. 'How did you know?' she said. 'I don't really feel it,' returned Helen. 'Will you tell me what it is, or would you rather not?'"
"Oh, Helen, it's not one thing it's a mass of things. The public lishers are after me for that new book, and I just can't work at it. 'Carp doesn't let me work at it,'" Frances continued smiling. "I just do me good to come up and see you."
Helen smiled. "Why can't you work?" she questioned.
"Frances figured around. 'Things worry me,' she said after a minute. 'You don't let me work at it, and Viva is at it again.'"
"Viva is at what again?" Helen asked, determined to leave Carp until later.
"She thinks she's in love," Frances said faintly.
"That oughtn't to worry you, you can talk to her, but when I'm working and my mind should be on my book, I can't think of you, Helen, and I'm cross and irritable."
"Will she listen to reason at all? Couldn't I do anything?"
"You might, but you would have to let Viva tell you about it herself. If she thought that we had made it up between us, she would do just the thing I don't want her to do."
"What's that?"
"Why the man."
"That baby," Helen gasped.
"Frances nodded. "Yes, this time she actually thinks she's in love."
"An artist, an impetuous artist with tortoise glasses and the hand-

gled a knitting circle of girls who were to do their share and to knit wristlets and warm mufflers for the sailors. She had promised to supply an entire ship and over sixty girls had said they would help. Barbara Thompson had promised to come over and help give out wool and give lessons. She was a girl who, because of her life and bright, winsome face, was more than attractive. She always had been the center of the social life in their small community, and her influence with girls was far-reaching.
Barbara cast a rueful little look at the basket of sewing which she had no time to put away now, and then resolutely buttoned herself into her raincoat and went out into the storm. She worked that afternoon as she has seldom worked. She taught clumsy fingers how to start, to hold the long slim needles, she laughed at mistakes, and ripped out more than one girl's work. She praised the girls who learned quickly, she grew almost color blind with yarn, and the general direction of slipping stitches and counting loops became a regular jargon.
But she accomplished wonders. As Mrs. Bond said, Barbara was worth a dozen women. Coaxing, cheering, encouraging and laughing she finally got the girls working and when they started to work in earnest, wonders were accomplished. Tea and sandwiches were served, Barbara was the center of everything. One girl brought her tea, another sandwich, and another cake. She was petted and coddled to her heart's content by the adoring girls until she laughingly protested that she was being spoiled.
As she laughingly cried this out, she looked up suddenly, and met the dark eyes of a tall man in uniform. Mrs. Bond was standing with him, and before Barbara knew it,

she was being presented to Ensign Everett.
"Barbara has really accomplished everything that you see finished around here this afternoon," Mrs. Bond was saying.
"Why, no," Barbara protested. "Oh, I think it must be true," the young officer was saying. "The spilling testifies to that."
"We're breaking up now," Mrs. Bond turned back to say, "so if you like, dear, you can slip away any time."
Barbara nodded, with shining eyes, and when she left in a few minutes, Ensign Everett left with her.
Barbara walked into her own room and saw her mother sitting in the low rocking chair.
"I've just been helping you out on your work, dear," the little woman said softly. "I know you've been busy all day."
And Barbara swallowed a little lump in her throat and bent down and kissed her.

turned. "This doesn't sound like you at all. If the man were undesirable—but you admit he is not—all you have against him is the fact that he is an artist and poor."
"Not so poor Viva," Frances returned, "but poor for Viva, who is used to so much."
"All the more reason for siding with Viva," Helen said quickly.
"You're really so then, Helen?" Frances said, calmly.
The change in her tone of voice was so sudden that Helen started. "And you'll have them up to tea to meet this artist?" she continued, calmly.
Then suddenly Helen began to understand.
"Frances, I believe you've been on Viva's side all along."
Frances smiled. "Yes, I really know that if I didn't spring it on you as I did you might be prejudiced by my opinion."
"I don't know about that—occasionally I have an idea of my own."
"Of course you do," Frances agreed, but I thought you would suspect long ago. You know that isn't a bit like me to hold out for money. I really think that Viva knows what she is about, and I like this boy awfully well. As Carp says, Viva needs to learn to do without in order to develop, and if you think so, too, we'll all stand behind the girl, because her family is sure to oppose it."
"That's always the way," Helen said bitterly; "they give her nothing but money to squander and then expect implicit obedience in a matter that is to effect her entire life."
(Watch for the next installment of this always absorbing series.)

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