

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)

"I knew you for a poet from that orable black mop which I see you have very nicely plastered in an exact imitation of Burdette's 'The Melting of Molly'." she answered me, with a laugh. "Follow me from the ballroom just after supper at midnight for a half hour's chat alone in a place I know, and don't let either the general or the governor see you," she said in an undertone as the Faulkner Faulkner bent forward and began a laughing conversation with her.

"I will," I answered her under my breath, and I leaned back in my chair so that the Gouverneur Faulkner could more conveniently converse with her. And that to end he used his arm and the back of his chair, and thus I sat in his embrace with my shoulder pressed into

"At midnight," I whispered, while he bent for a second to kiss the hand of the beautiful Madam Whitworth she left the room. As I raised my head from the salutation I encountered the eyes of the Gouverneur Faulkner, which looked into mine with an expression of calm question. For a moment I let the woman superior to the raven attire, and looked back into those eyes, in which I saw the mystery of the dawn as would have gazed Robert Carstairs of Grez and Eyo, had she not abandoned in that New York and I beat her back down into my art and gave him the smile of fear that was his due from Robert Carstairs, his friend.

The hours that followed my entry to the ballroom in the mansion of the exalted Gouverneur Faulkner were like minutes of time that dropped from a golden clock of joy, and I danced on feet that were strong as to glide over a floor that was a rainbow colored cloud from the reflection of the soft lights and the silken skirts which ruffled over it. And, at what was most enjoyable to me in my case, I gilded in whatever direction I pleased me and took with me a harmful of cloud, which was the with whom I was dancing, on the wings of my own will instead of being led in my flights by another, had always before been the case in my dancing. It was the most of it that I had ever experienced.

As I so enjoyed that freedom I do not know how it was that I should have such a feeling of dissatisfaction when I beheld that beautiful Madam Whitworth dancing with the arms of the Gouverneur Faulkner. I blushed that I would be so unworthy, with such an honorable lady in my heart, and I looked away so that I seemed not to see the smile that she sent to me from the head of the very sweet belle in blue ruffles and silver tulle, as she guided past him in the trot of the dance.

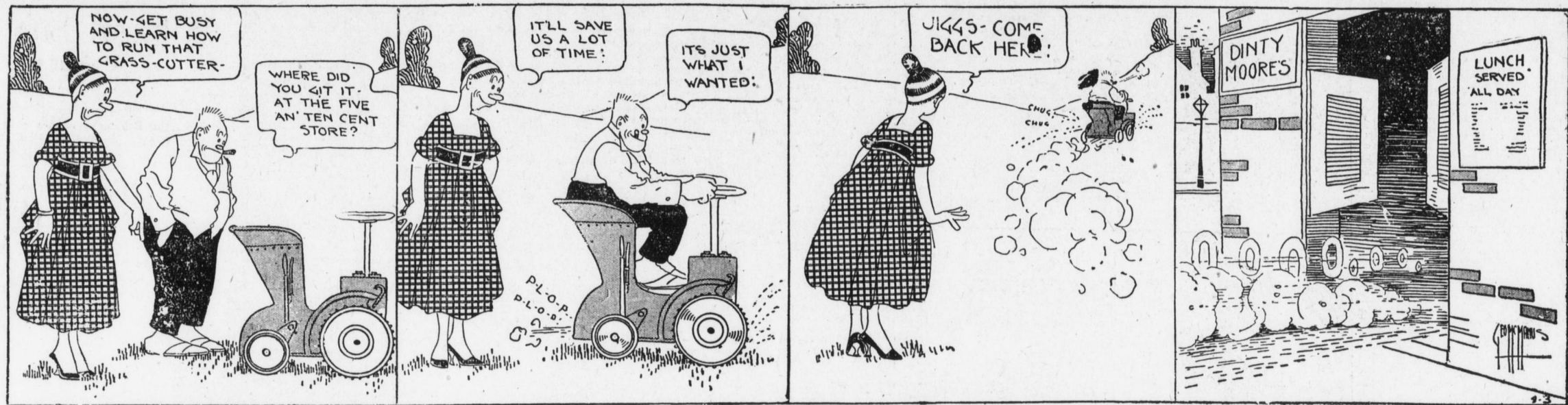
It was with a burning of countenance that I arose from the floor, and which I do not even to this moment fully understand, that I recall to mind that half hour which Mr. Robert Carstairs and I spent in the arms of the beautiful Madam Whitworth in one of the deep shadows that looked from the prison of his excellency of the great Harpeth over into the great city that surrounded the city. Things opened in this wise: That Madam Whitworth made the commencement of our duel of intelligences by asking that I was a simple French girl before whom she could dangle very sweet honey of affection take away from it a treasure that hid in the hollow of its hand as a red string; that Madam Whitworth not realize that instead of a very tall young boy from gay Paris, her eyes were closed like those of a very young cat she was dealing with the very wicked line in the word "devil" behind the word "cat."

It was that girl.

I suppose it is absurd for a staid matron like myself to be jealous, being consumed alive by a lot of being misses in pink and blue on pinaforns, who ought to be in a nursery cots asleep, but I have an am, boy. Did you forget I was your oldest friend, and Tomlinson fed you sweets out of hand?" And as she spoke she hid herself in the exact center of window seat and motioned me to myself in the portion of the side that remained. I inserted myself into the space that was so indicated and laid my arm along the new red behind her very much pressed back so that I might give my lungs space to expand for air. I took that arrangements made very for the comfort of the beautiful Madam Patricia, for she immediately appropriated that arm as a support for her undraped shoulders. And there in the mansion of the Governor of the state of Harpeth sat that lovely woman did unfold the most wonderful plan for the most enormous robbery of the own government and mine—or did I say of both of my government—that it could be in the powerful mind to conceive. It was a useful, reasonable, generous, and sympathetic drama of the peace, war mule and it had only one hidden object in view, the conquest, but in that line lay all of the state that could come to a man a state who should allow a nation fighting for its life in honor to be defrauded of one supplies which were of a deadly quality for its success. I think I saw the dastardly scheme plainly than did my uncle, the great Robert, for I had listened more than one ear while my uncle, the Count de Lasselles, excited to see Pierre some of the de- of supplying the army of the blue. I think he had talked of the little one could not stand just to make an ease of resurre of all of his business his troubled mind and breaking in on the Count de Lasselles.

I could hear my Pierre's voice as he always gave assurance to his sad idol.

(To Be Continued)



"THEIR MARRIED LIFE"

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"Tell the man he can go directly into the kitchen and see what is wrong with the lawnmower," Helen said.

Something was the matter with the plumbing, and Warren had telephoned early that morning for a man to be sent up to fix it. Helen was in a hurry to go downtown. A sale of summer dresses had been scheduled at Crafts & Ordway's, and she was anxious to pick up something cool and attractive for herself.

Helen hurried off downtown and returned in the afternoon, hot and tired. Shopping always tired her completely, and although she enjoyed it in cool weather, the heat was so oppressive that she almost never ventured into the shopping district after June.

She slipped into something cool and then went out into the kitchen to question Mary about the leak.

"It's all right now, ma'am," said Mary; "the man fixed it in about an hour and he's gone a long time now."

"That's fine, Mary," said Helen, breathing a sigh of relief. Now she had the whole afternoon to herself to do as she pleased with no one fussing around. She went back into her own room for a book, and as she paused for a moment at the dressing table she noticed that she had omitted to put on her engagement ring. That was funny. Of course, though, it would be on the little tray where she always put her things. But it wasn't there, either. Helen stood still to think and then slowly paced. She remembered now, she had washed her hands in the bathroom and had probably left her ring there. It would be there on the shelf, or else that man had taken it.

Helen hurried into the bathroom afraid to look at the glass shelf where she finally expected to see her ring reposing. But it wasn't there, and certainly now that she had looked everywhere, she made up her mind that the man had taken it.

Well, there was just one thing to do about it: she would call up the plumber and tell him that one of his men had stolen a diamond ring. After a little trouble, she succeeded in getting the employer himself on the line, and explained her trouble to him. He evinced much surprise.

"Are you sure, madam?" he asked. "We know our men pretty well, and I hardly think any of them would take a thing."

"I'm positive I left it on the shelf in the bathroom," explained Helen, "and when I came home and went to get it, it was gone."

"And you've looked everywhere?"

"Certainly. I'll question the man myself at the view of the matter

All's Well That Ends Well

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The Story of the Dream House and the Artist Who Loved a Poor Girl

By JANE M'LEAN

They lived at the foot of the hill in a modest little cottage. From the little diamond-paned windows in the front they could just see the gleaming facade of the house on the hill. Alice called it the dream house and she longed with a longing that she had never had for anything else to live in it. As a general rule, Alice did not long for things out of her grasp. She was supremely happy with Tom, and the modest amount that he made through the sale of one of his pictures brought them more happiness and comfort than the thousands of dollars expended in the feverish pursuit of pleasure by the idle rich.

But it was different where the dream house was concerned. There was a whole side of the house, which faced the north light, which was entirely of glass. In fancy Alice could see Tom at work in the room there, catching the last ray of daylight and inspired to do his best by the wonder of his surroundings. Of course, Alice never expected to even have a chance to peep into the room, although she and Tom had walked up the hill often and she had peered into the one great bare room that they could see from the outside.

The house of dreams had no tenant, unless it was peopled by dream creations that Alice often thought possible. It had been closed up for long years, and very little was known about the man who had owned it excepting that he had been an artist and that he had died suddenly.

Tom loved Alice so much that he would have done anything to make her happy. So that it wasn't at all strange one day when she suddenly fell ill with a fever that in her delirium she began to talk about the thing that had been in her mind for so long, and that Tom felt somehow or other that he must get her what she wanted. At first he could not realize that the thing they had joked about had come to mean so much to her, but in her rambling talk during the time when she was unconscious of what passed her words were a string of incoherent longings.

"Why, Tom, you have painted the

"He was a queer old fellow. Left a will that was about the craziest thing I ever stumble on. Said the house was to be kept empty until some artist came along who was sincere in his work and then the house was to be rented to him for as much as he could afford, if he asked for it. Of course, he figured the place would be spotted by an artist, but until you came no one has spoken for it. Guess you can afford to pay fifteen dollars for it, eh?" And as he met Tom's boyish eyes, now filled with incredulous amazement, the ghost of a grin lifted the corners of his stern old mouth and lurked for a moment in the depths of his deep-set eyes. Tom's heart was filled with but one thought. He was to make a home for Alice in the dream house.

**Looks \$1600!
Costs \$1295!!**



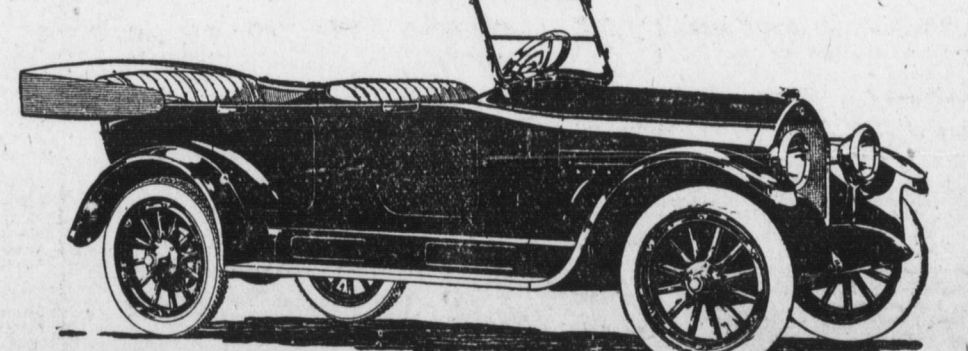
You can see with half an eye that the new Willys Six is amazing value. Look at it in comparison with other sixes that cost from \$300 to \$400 more! And then dig deeper. Compare its performance with cars priced around \$1600. You'll like the Willys Six performance better. That's because the Willys Six strikes a scientifically correct balance between power and weight—a balance that you feel the instant you drive it.

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Advice to the Lovelorn

You Are Both Wrong!
DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:
My mother acts unjustly to me since I have received wearing apparel from the man to whom I am to be married shortly.

The clothing I accepted from this man is what I really need to accompany him in society. I can never make a companion of my mother. She is narrow-minded on such things as the girls of the world need to-day. Mother has refused to have my friend enter my home.

ANXIOUS RUTH.

Of course, theoretically, your mother is quite right. But possibly the actuality of your case make it an exception in practice. It is neither dignified nor in good taste for a girl to accept wearing apparel from a man. In the simple clothes which you can afford, I think you could manage to reflect credit on your fiancé. However, I feel sure neither you nor the man you are to marry had the least intention of acting improperly. For your mother to refuse to have your fiancé enter your home is a very unjust and ill-advised attitude. What she ought to do is talk over the situation with the man and assure herself of his attitude.

The Age Question
Dear Miss Fairfax:
I am about to become engaged to a girl two years by senior. Kindly let me know through your column if age makes any difference, as my friends say I would be foolish to marry a girl older than I.

CHARLES M.

A great many of my readers have already asked this question, and were it not for the real sincerity of the writer, I should not again give it space. What possible difference can a few years make if people love each other and are congenial and devoted? Unless there is such a wide difference in years that there must also be a wide diversion in taste, age is no barrier to a happy marriage. In one of the most happy marriages I know, the wife is nine years the husband's senior.

Fashions of To-Day - By May Manton

Here is a gown that is made of white Georgette crepe with the girdle and over-bodice of satin embroidered with silver soutache, to be just as smart and attractive as it can be. The tucks on the skirt and the hems of the sleeves are finished with a little embroidery, but you could substitute hemstitching or other form of fancy stitchery if you like, for every kind of needlework is fashionable. The skirt is a simple straight one and the bodice is made over a lining which holds the various parts in place. It is just the simplest costume in the world to make and at the same time one of the smartest. The white with the silver is very beautiful for dinner and informal evening occasions, but if you want a more practical gown you could use crepe de chine or a different combination of materials. Crepe de chine with taffeta is pretty.

For the medium size the girdle and the over-bodice will require 2 1/4 yards of material 36 inches wide and the gumpie with sleeves 1 yard 36. For the skirt will be needed, 5 1/4 yards of material 36 inches wide.

The bodice pattern No. 9398 is cut in sizes from 34 to 42 inches bust measure and the skirt No. 9458 in sizes 24 or 26, 28 or 30 inches waist measure. They will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of fifteen cents each.

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