



Reading for Women and all the Family



The Daredevil

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

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(Continued)

I did very much enjoy that hour in which my Buzz labored with a pencil and a great industry while I called to him the list of long figures and then verified as he showed me the units upon the page in the French language. He made jokes at me between working while he attended his cigar and we, together, had much laughter.

"There are just three places where these figures disagree, and I have marked them carefully, L'Aiglon," he said, as at last he laid down both pieces of the paper. "These French specifications and figures that flooded you represent the ideal mile in bulk, and these United States figures promise the same multitude in scrub."

"I thought as much. You just run in there to Bill with them and then forget you ever saw them and we'll be on our way to the girls in ten minutes. Bobby, I mean it when I say that men in your and my positions of trust just forget facts and figures the minute we get out of sight of our chiefs. And we forget the chiefs, too, believe me. Now run along and come out to the car on the same trot."

"Is it of honor not to tell to the Gouverneur Faulkner that you assisted me in this task, my Buzz?" I asked of him with anxiety.

"No need to tell him—it's all in the same office and will come to me for filing. Don't say anything that will bring on talk that keeps us from Sue and the gang. Just run!" With which advice my kind Buzz disappeared through the door into the office of the Gouverneur Faulkner and entered into his presence. And in that presence I found also my uncle, the General Robert, in a very grave consultation with the Gouverneur Faulkner.

"The papers completed, your excellency," I said in a very low and meek tone of voice as I laid the papers beside him on the table and prepared to take the running departure that my Buzz had commanded me.

"The two hours that I spent with my Buzz at his club in the country with what he called in front of their very faces bunches of calico passed with such a rapidity that I felt I must grasp each minute and remonstrate with them for their fleetness."

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Have You Arranged For Coal?

REPORTS from every section of the country show that householders generally are showing a desire and intention to store coal. In many sections they are not able to get it.

The reason for their failure to get coal at a time when the car supply should be 100 per cent. of the rated capacity of the mines is a scarcity of cars.

Many operators are getting only from 40 per cent. to 60 per cent. of their requirements.

To add to the uncertainty of the future supply, reports come from some fields that the miners are almost in open rebellion and are taking every pretext to start trouble and close down the mines.

The coal season is only six weeks off, at that time the motive power of the railroads may be almost entirely used for war purposes.

Anthracite Retail prices are sure to advance before winter. Wholesale prices have been necessary each month since April 1st.

United Ice & Coal Co.,
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Bringing Up Father

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By McManus



All's Well That Ends Well

The College Girl Who Found That Affection Plays a Big Part in Life.

By JANE McLEAN.

"She really doesn't seem at all cold, she's so perfectly wonderful to look at," said Lenore the practical.

"She's a darling," mourned eFather, "but I'm mortally afraid of her."

Feather was the smallest girl in the little circle, and every one else petted her to her heart's content.

"You think she ought to spoil you as we do, don't you, child?" said tall, stately Ruth.

"But Lenore is right," came from Bob the tomboy. "She's wonderful to look at, and I imagine that under that icy reserve of hers there must be warmth and emotion."

The speakers were a crowd of college girls gathered in one room, talking college gossip. The girl they were discussing was an outsider, but an outsider from choice. There was not one of the small group that would not have welcomed her into their midst, but something about her made them wary, something that warned against any demonstration of affection.

Joyce Wyndham was the interesting point of discussion. She had never been known to unbend toward anyone. In a general way everybody liked her, but she had no special friends, and she was adored secretly by cuddly little Feather, who, used to homage, would fain have had Joyce meet her half way. Joyce was a stranger girl. She scorned affection. All repression herself, she thought the nonsense of the other girls, the friendly gossip, the light banter, the merry good-nights, unnecessary. In a word, she had never learned the poignant sweetness of an emotional outlet.

The light caress of a girl's arm about her shoulders was a thing unknown to Joyce, and to cuddle Feather up against her on the couch would have been a thing so strange as to be unthought of entirely.

"She's a darling, but I can never be comfortable with her," was the unamiable decision of the girls, and consequently she was never approached by any of them, and she lived a strangely lonely life at college.

Sometimes the smallest incidents have the greatest weight in this world. Anyway, Joyce called at Marbury House that evening to see about a Greek paper that she had recently finished, and over a bowl of red roses she and Miss Jordan discussed the paper at length, and finally touched upon other subjects. Joyce, calm and imperturbable and distinctly unapproachable, astonished the older woman with her remarks upon life. They were so cold, so brilliantly logical, so unemphatic, that they contradicted all of the picture that Joyce unconsciously made.

"Miss Wyndham," said Miss Jordan finally, "if you really believe what you say, your looks are all wrong. Haven't you ever loved anyone?"

"Not the way you mean," the girl returned quickly.

"Haven't you ever had a desire to

"THEIR MARRIED LIFE"

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"How shall we go down?"

"Oh, I don't care, dear," Helen returned. She was too happy at the prospect of a trip to Coney to worry about how they went, Warren had come home from the office hot and tired and had suggested that they go down there and have a shore dinner. Helen had not been to Coney Island in several years, and the memory of her last trip lingered in her mind.

Somehow there was a casting off of conventional trappings about going down there. One must perform accept the standards of the good-natured crowd that is always to be found at Coney and there is a camaraderie about its unmistakable atmosphere that is not to be found anywhere else.

"We'll go down by boat, then; it's coolest, and we can come back any way we like."

Helen dressed simply in a white linen coat and skirt. After they had started she wished vaguely that she had suggested asking another couple. Four made the fun so much better, but as Warren had not spoken of it, she hesitated about mentioning a change of plan, and they secured good seats on a boat that was not too crowded and proceeded to enjoy the evening to the full.

The trip down was cool and the air was refreshing. The day had been uncomfortably warm and Warren enjoyed everything. They had their shore dinner, took in some rides where Warren chuckled and Helen screamed and were ready to come back at 9 o'clock.

"That's what I call a regular evening," Warren said contentedly as they strolled along toward the boat.

"Well, don't pay any attention, dear," Helen urged. "They'll stop when we sail."

The laughter and calling back and forth gave way after a little while to singing. Some of the couples edged closer together, too, and it was impossible to avoid seeing the surreptitious skylarking going on all about Helen discreetly avoided conversation, for Warren looked bored and disgusted. It was plain that the evening as far as he was concerned was over.

"Well," he snapped as they docked and he and Helen were on their

way home. "That settles Coney for me for a good while to come."

"I've had a wonderful evening, dear," Helen returned brightly.

"I don't see what pleasure there was to be gotten out of the last part of it," Warren growled.

"They didn't bother me."

"It's disgraceful, that's what it is."

"But you don't look at it from their standpoint, dear," Helen returned. "Most of those girls have no place at home to see their sweethearts. How else are they to do their courting? After all, life is as sweet for them as it is for us, only they don't have our advantages."

"I suppose that means that you are standing sponsor for those actions?"

"No, I am not, but I can excuse them."

"It amounts to the same thing."

"Well, what they did had not power to spoil my evening. Their talk wasn't vulgar, and the rest of it was just youth. I don't condone it, but I can understand it, that's all. I think we are apt to condemn without considering their side of it at all."

"You talk like an idiot," said Warren. The truth of the matter was that he hated to be worsted in an argument or to be precipitated into a discussion which offered him one graceful loophole of escape.

"You can keep your views to yourself," he said disagreeably. "If you enjoy that kind of thing, I like my amusement served up in a different manner myself."

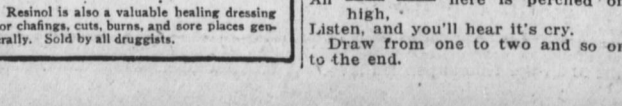
And Helen, who had done nothing at all but give her opinion on the matter, felt as though she had received a direct slap in the face.

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