

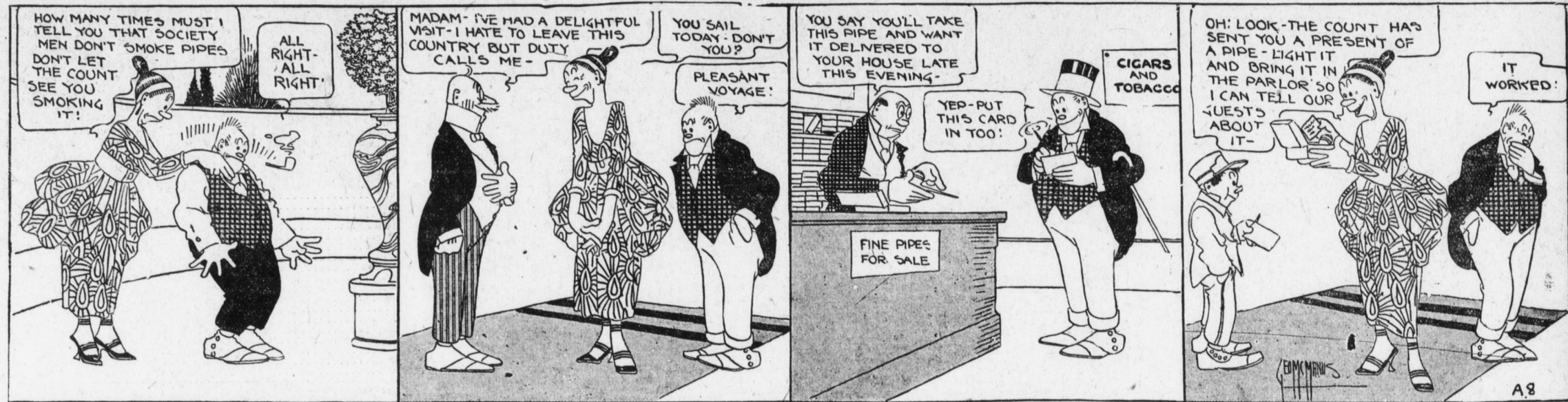
Reading for Women and all the Family



By McMnaus

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Bringing Up Father



The Daredevil

By Maria Thompson Davies

Author of "The Melting of Molly"

(Continued)

And what did I find out there upon that street?

I then experienced a surprise that gave to me a very great pleasure and which made my heart to expand until it almost burst the restraint of that towel of the bath under the bay of my brown cheviot coat. Before the door of the house of the beautiful Madam Whitworth stood the gray racing car of my Buzz, and before it stood a slim car of a similar make, only it was of the darkest amethyst that seemed to be almost black, while behind it stood one of equal if not superior elegance of shape which had the beautiful blackness of jet. That was not all. Across the street stood also a car of golden brown and to the front of it one of the red of a very dark cherry.

"There you are," said my Buzz, with a wave of his hand. "Pick one, with the compliments of the general. I think the amethyst is a jewel."

"Oh, it is not possible to me to accept a present of such delight from my good uncle, the General Robert. I must go to him and say that I am not worthy!" I exclaimed with a large faltering in my voice.

"All right. Just jump into the one you like best and drive on down to the Old Hickory club and say it to him. Sorry that you can't come along Mrs. Pat, but that glad rag you've got on is too great a beauty with which to appear in public. Better take it into the house before you catch a cold in this breeze."

"Yes, I must run in," answered Madam Whitworth, with a slight shivering in her gown of great thinness. "They are perfectly wonderful,

boy, and I say choose the brown darling."

"Governor Bill picked the cherry from the catalogue for us day before yesterday, but I think the amethyst has got it beat," answered my Buzz as he started toward his own car. "Jump into your choice and lead me on down to hear you refuse it to old forty-two centimeter. And, mind, I have arranged a little dinner for you to-night."

Then without further remark I followed him down the steps and got into that car which was the color of the heart of the cherry and I raced that Mr. Bumblebee through the city of Havesville in a manner which put to flight a large population thereof.

I had not had my hands on the wheel of a racing car for the many months since my father in his had left the small Pierre and Nannette and me weeping on the terrace of the Chateau de Grez when he went to the battlefield of the Marne, and I drove with all of that accumulated fury within me.

And this is what my uncle, the General Robert, answered to me as I told him of my unworthiness of his gift of the most beautiful cherry car.

"That is a just return for your consideration for me in being born a boy and I hope you'll break the necks of about two dozen young females in this town before the week's out. Begin on that baggage, Susan, right away!" And as he spoke my uncle, the General Robert, came down the steps of the great club of Old Hickory and stood beside my Cherry with me.

"He's no better man than I, general, and I've been trying it all year," answered my Buzz, with one of those delectable grinnings upon his face.

"Indeed, my much loved Uncle Robert, it is impossible that I accept your gift in gratitude that I am

not a woman because for the good reason—" and my honor was about to rise up in arms and betray the daredevil and her schemes within me when that good and most beloved Gouverneur Faulkner interrupted me by stepping into the cherry beside me with a laugh.

"That you, general. This is just what I need in all of my business with Robert. We'll be back in time to dine with you at 7 here at the club. Go out to the West End, Robert. And with his hand on the spark he started the cherry, and I was forced to sweep away from my Buzz and my uncle, the General Robert, into the traffic and away from the club of Old Hickory, which is named for a very great general of America and is a club of much fashion and some bad behavior, my Buzz has said to me.

"I really didn't mean to kidnap you and the car, youngster, but I've had a pain under my left pocket all day and I have got to operate on it. A sudden impulse told me that it would be easier if I took you with me to—to sort of stand by," said my beautiful Gouverneur Faulkner in a grave tone of voice as I whirled him out the broad avenue that led to the west end of the city.

"Oh, my Gouverneur Faulkner, is it that you are ill, perhaps to die by a knife?" I exclaimed, and for a second I let that wild cherry run in a very dangerous manner almost upon another large car in the act of turning into the street.

"No, not that Robert," he answered me quickly, and he laid his hand on my arm beside him for an instant as if to give a steadiness to me. "I want you to take me out to the state prison I want to talk face to face with a man who killed his own brother in cold blood, it is said. A pretty powerful influence is at me day and night for a reprieve, and I don't know what to do about it.

Life's Problems Are Discussed

BY MRS. WILSON WOODROW

I once heard a magazine editor say, that there was one theme for a story which never failed to catch the interest of the reader—that of the man who loses out and then "comes back."

It follows then—doesn't it—that the reason this theme always evokes a sympathetic response is because it appeals to some instinctive belief that the human heart. We all, men and women alike, must feel within us the ability to "come back," or we would not so universally concede that there is possibility for no character and no situation in fiction can stand unless they ring true to the great realities of life.

There are object lessons a-plenty. History is stuffed as full of them as a Christmas cake is of plums. Washington, and Farragut and Julius Caesar and Napoleon and Milton are examples of men who came back. There is hardly a high light in all the records of mankind from the days of the Patriarchs down to the present time, that does not show Jacob came back, and so did Joseph and Moses and Samson and David and Job.

And as in the life of men, so in the life of nations, England, the unconquerable, has come back again and again.

There is no defeat so final and no mistake irrevocable so long as the will to fight on and to succeed endures.

There are the typical cases of General Grant. He had had his opportunity and had made reasonably good. Then the tide turned. Though he fought bravely and to some extent through his own errors of judgment, he went down in the scale. In middle life he stood rated a failure. Who in 1859 among his friends and acquaintances would have had the hardihood to proclaim Ellysee Grant as a coming great national figure? It was not until the fall of Richmond was undoubtedly present, and the tanner as much as in the great commander. It needed only the opportunity to demonstrate itself. You can't see the structure of his life all at once and expect it to make much of a success at saying "Polly wants a cracker." And, according to all accounts, Grant never a very garrulous bird anyhow.

Certainly he did not say: "Well, life is over and done with for me. I have made irrevocable mistakes, and I'm getting old and there's no chance for me in the future." Neither did he go around boasting over his past successes—the brand of the "Polly" for the men who will rule to-morrow are always too busy planning and thinking ahead to waste time on postmortems.

"They also serve who only stand and wait." When Destiny beckoned, Grant responded. He stepped forward to take his place among the great captains of history.

It's a great, big fallacy to say that opportunity knocks only once at every door. That is not an accurate statement on my part, but it's a true one, which is better. For opportunity knocks again and again and it's not necessary in many different guises to us all. The musty, old axiom which asserts the contrary is just a refuge for the slacker and the man who knows something of it is true, however, that, as in the processes of nature, there are in every life longer or shorter periods when things seem to come pretty definitely to a standstill. The tide goes out until it seems to our despairing eyes to be receding as far as the horizon; there is nothing but in every direction. It chokes our throats and it smarts in our eyes and we'd as lief die as live. But the tide then goes out has got to come in. Action and reaction—that's the law of the universe. And during the deadly periods when we seem to be merely marking time, we are really storing up energy for a fresh attack. Let us fall back upon the eternal platitudes which have never been surpassed as illustrations of persistence in many within the chrysalis making ready to emerge as a butterfly, the grain beneath the winter's snow silently gathering strength and energy, and open in the summer harvest.

Often the success which one achieves may be directly traced to the energy and persistent discouragement and inaction.

An important figure in the manufacturing world to-day occupied as a young man a position of trust with a large corporation. He drifted into unfortunate associations and, trying to keep up the pace, became a defaulter. His shortage was discovered. He was tried and sent to State's prison. And that was the end of him—or would have been, if he had been made of ordinary stuff.

But he did not yield to the de-

All's Well That Ends Well

By JANE McLEAN

She has been working from early morning and as she stooped over the hot oven to draw out the fragrant tins, a disconcerted droop curved her straight, usually patient mouth.

She was strong and well, and very young, and some one had told her only a few days before, some passer-by who had glanced carelessly at the freshness of her face and had been suddenly soothed by it, that she ought not to waste herself in the country, and that no woman with any good looks at all should slave on a farm.

The tourists in passing through the notch in the hills were almost invariably lured by the vine covered farmhouse, and many a load drove up to the door and were fed and sent on their way by the little woman who lived there. Usually she gave them freshly killed chicken and country vegetables, and great chocolate cakes with homemade ice cream, and she was too busy to listen to their conversations. But when the men were present, and the women were always beautifully basing influences of his surroundings. Neither did he whine, nor cry, nor murmur that life was over for him. For once, imprisonment had the reformatory effect which it is theoretically supposed to exercise. In his cell and during the hours that he was employed, he had ample opportunity for reflection and he put to good purposes.

When he came out he went right back to the town where he had met disgrace and began to build up the structure of his life all over again. It wasn't an easy job; it never is, to inspire confidence in a community where you have lost it. People are kindly enough in the main, but there is among the majority a universal distrust of the convict and his assurances of reform. This particular convict found it exceedingly tough sledding. But he gritted his teeth and held on. And after a while the Angel of Opportunity came around. It wasn't a thunderous knock that the angel gave on his door, just a hesitating, little rap, so faint that it could scarcely be heard. And what the angel offered was a very meagre reward.

But the young man was game enough to take it up, and to-day he is the directing head of one of the largest corporations in the country, with an income which runs into hundreds of thousands. That fault of his youth has been so utterly expunged that it is remembered only as a dramatic incident in his career, and even to himself it must seem like a dream.

A year or two ago there was published an unsigned personal narrative, easily recognized in its details by those who knew something of the work and history of the writer. It told of a Western business man who, in the attempt to expand too rapidly overstepped the bounds of the law and was sentenced to a five years' term in prison. His career was blasted, his business as a result of the exposure was in ruins. Even if he were at liberty, he had neither the capital nor the credit-

Now one of them sank back wearily into her chair and yawned.

"Isn't this restful, Jean?" she said after a few minutes.

"Yes," returned the other woman, "just heavenly. I wish I could come and stay here a year."

"I'd like to live here, if I could leave Jim behind," said the first woman, who looked about twenty-five. "He bores me to death. I'm sure I don't see how I ever happened to marry him."

"Oh, Jim is good enough; he gives you your own way," answered the older woman. "And you have every single thing you want."

The other woman smiled bitterly. "Oh, not everything, Jean; love ought to come in somewhere."

"Nonsense; what has love to do with it. You're morbid to-day."

"How fortunate you are," she said, turning suddenly to Edith, who was folding up the snowy cloth.

Edith looked down into the young, bitter eyes, her own soft and tender.

"Yes, I guess I am," she said softly.

That night when Joe came home, tired and hot, and vanished upstairs to come down freshened and ready for the evening meal, he held Edith unusually close and turned her face suddenly up to his.

"I've got a surprise for you, girl," he said, smoothing back the soft brown hair. "I think you're looking kind of peaked of late. How'd you like to take a little trip, just you and me?" Edith whispered, her eyes widening.

"Seems like you're crazy about the idea, eh? Well, we're going Saturday, and we're going to get you some pretty clothes, and we're going to sprout off somewhere every little while after this. The farm's paying well, and I don't want you to be getting tired of me."

And, suddenly tender, he lifted up the tanned little hand, with its gold band shining on the third finger, and brushed it softly with his lips.

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"I-I like those squeals," I answered with his smile as I put my cherry against the spring wind and raced down that long road at a great speed that prevented any more conversation at that moment. My pride bade me show to that gouverneur of Harpeth what good driving in a fine car I was able to accomplish.

"Therefore it was not many minutes before we stood within the doors of that very grim and terrible home of the human beings who have sinned with a greta crime. I know that I am never to forget that hour when I am to carry forever the wound that it inflicted upon my heart as I walked through the dimness and grayness and stillness of that dark house.

At last, with many unlockings of heavy doors by the director of that prison, we stood in a room that was as a cage in which to keep the human animal that crouched down upon a hard bed in one of its corners and leaned a head shaved bare of any hair upon a very thin and white band.

"Leave me, superintendent, for a few minutes. The young man will stay by the door to let you know when I want you," said that Gouverneur Faulkner to the superintendent, who nodded and left the room as I took a position over beside the heavy iron bars that swung together after him.

(To be Continued)

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