



Reading for Women and all the Family



The Daredevil

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

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(Continued)

"I very much fear my beloved brown cheviot, which I have worn only a few times, is now dead, and now will I find another for my need!" I exclaimed with a great alarm when I saw that that knife had thus devastated my good clothing, of which I had not many and for the procuring of which I was many thousand miles from my good friend and tailor in New York. If I sought another suit in the city of Haystackville might there not be dangers of discoveries in the adjustment thereof? "Is it not a vexation?" I asked as the Gouverneur Faulkner attempted to push back that murdered sleeve from my forearm.

"In the language of my friend Buzz, you are one sport, Robert. Shell out of that coat immediately. I want to see just how much of a scratch that is, and I can't get the sleeve up high enough," commanded my Gouverneur Faulkner. The tone of his voice was the same he had used to me in commanding that I take his mail to his nice lady stenographer, but his face was very white, and his hand that he laid upon the collar of my coat for assisting me to lay it aside trembled with a great degree of violence.

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Bringing Up Father

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By McManus



"Off with that coat, Robert!" he commanded me, and before I could make resistance my coat was almost completely off me by his aid, and I was obliged to let it slip into his hands. He laid it on the back of the seat behind him, and with hands that were as gentle as those of old Nannette when dealing with one of my injuries of a great number in childhood he rolled up the sleeve of my nice white shirt with the brown strip of coloring in accord with that beloved and regretted cheviot and bared my forearm, which was very strong and white, but which also appeared to me to be dangerously rounded for his gaze. I was glad that arm was covered with the long slit, but which had now well nigh ceased to run from me, so that he could not observe that it was of such a feminine mold.

"Yes, just a deep scratch that I can fix all right myself in my own bathroom when we get back to the mansion in time for dinner with the general, by 7.30, I hope," said my beloved gouverneur as he helped me again to assume the ruined garment of cheviot. "I was born in the mountains of the state of Harpeth, boy, where when one sheds his blood for the life of another that other is said to be under bond to his rescuer, and it means that he is in danger of being late for dinner with the general. It will take me some few minutes to get you out of that shirt and into your dinner coat. I'll send for it, and you can dress with me."

"Oh, no, my beloved Gouverneur Faulkner! must go immediately to home and there make myself presentable for a dinner that my Buzz has arranged for me. That nice black lady, Kizzie, will with joy attend on this scratch upon my arm," I exclaimed, with great alarm for fear that that very strong mind of my gouverneur would command me to make my toilet in his company in the mansion. "Please do not command me that I shall not do so."

"Of course, youngster, go to your frolic with the rest of the babes and sucklings, only remember that I always like to have you with me, but never command you when it is not your pleasure," answered that Gouverneur Faulkner to me, with gentleness.

"It is always my pleasure to be with you, my gouverneur, and I do like that you command me," I said to him in answer to that gentleness that had something of a sad longing in it. "And may I not return immediately after that supper to the club of Old Hickory for conversation with you and my uncle, the General Robert?" I asked, with eagerness. (To be Continued)

All's Well That Ends Well

By JANE McLEAN

In the first place, Lil had never really liked the man. She had simply accepted his attentions and let it go at that. Hundreds of girls are doing the same every day. After all, a man is a man, and means a certain amount of fun and attention, and if a girl is just fairly attractive a man's attention will flutter her, and nine times out of ten she will say yes to this and that suggestion until it becomes the custom for him to occupy the front parlor with her two nights a week. Both of the young people get into a rut and neither likes to change the things, and matters jog along until something turns up to break off the friendship.

Lil had forgotten just how she happened to go on with Johnny Dale. But they had met somehow, and out of a chance acquaintance had developed a regular habit. Neither Lil nor Johnny thought very much about love. Beyond a few chance kisses awkwardly stolen at the door when Johnny was taking her home, their friendship was free from love making. Beyond a few words of love making, Lil had rather liked the fact that the other girls in the community where men were scarce, spoke of him as Lil's man, and it was nice to be taken to dances and to the movies, although in her secret heart Lil would have enjoyed it just as much with another girl.

There came a time when little things that Johnny did began to get on Lil's nerves. Perhaps she had not noticed before or perhaps Johnny had been more careful, but at any rate he did have a disagreeable habit of manhandling his nails in public and speaking to her carelessly in slang terms. It got so bad that Lil would exclaim pettishly if any one mentioned Johnny's name to her, and the two would frequently wrangle during one of the weekly calls.

"You'd think we had been married five years or so," Lil exclaimed one evening after a disagreement. Johnny had laughed. "That's right," he had retorted. "I'm even getting that hang dog look that a henpecked husband always has."

Lil looked at him scornfully, and her lip curled. Anyone who went by the name of Johnny could never expect to go very far in the world anyway, she reflected. No one ever referred to him as John. But she did not put her thoughts into words. The rut was too deep to climb out of at present and Lil hadn't had a sufficient boost.

Then into the midst of the story came the other leg of the triangle. Jim Forbes, a newcomer, had been taken with Lil's dancing at one of the evening affairs and asked to call the next night. Lil liked Jim Forbes. He looked big and strong and manly. She wanted him to call, and forgetful of the fact that it was Johnny's regular evening she consented. Later when she remembered she remarked carelessly to her mother that Johnny Dale was entirely too sure of her anyway and it was about time he realized that there were other men in the world.

"But, Lil," protested her mother, "you mustn't break an engagement." "Oh, mother, you are just determined not to understand," Lil retorted. "But, dear, you and Johnny have been friends for so long, and he has a good position, and is such a nice boy."

"But we don't get along, mother. Why, I have never thought of Johnny seriously. You're all just throwing him at my head and I tell you I won't have him."

"Seems to me you should have thought of this long ago instead of encouraging him as you have," remarked her mother severely. And Lil was ready to cry when her partner came up to claim the next dance.

Well, she thought to herself, she would have to tell Jim Forbes when she danced with him next that she had forgotten a previous engagement. She pleaded that she never wanted to come again, she thought dolefully, and all because of that detestable Johnny Dale.

She pleaded that she was tired after they had danced once around the room, and her partner left her in a cozy nook while he went to get her a glass of water. Lil sat back in the seat wearily and then started up. On the other side of the screen a familiar voice was speaking.

"Oh, Lil's all right," were the words, "but we're just old friends, that's all. Why, we quarrel just like old married people, think of that. I never could quarrel with you, dear." And then there came a silence too eloquent for words. Lil started up angrily, but on reflection sank back into her seat. She knew who the girl was, that empty-headed little Simpkins girl. Johnny had been casting sheep's eyes at her all evening.

"We're just old friends, that's all," Lil said half aloud. "And I have this next dance with Jim Forbes." And a contented smile hovered about her mouth, for whatever faults Lil had, jealousy was not one of them.

Advice to the Lovelorn

TELL HER ALL ABOUT IT

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: I am twenty-four and employed as manager of a large concern at a salary of forty-two dollars a week. I have been going about with a stenographer, a private secretary for the president. We became engaged last Christmas, but she begged me to keep it a secret. At that time I did not suspect anything wrong, otherwise I would not have asked her to become my wife. The other day I called unexpectedly. To my surprise she told me she was going out with her mother, and did not care to have me accompany them. I left and noticed the president of the concern pass in an auto; to my surprise, he stopped in front of her door, called for her and they both went out. The next morning I asked her where she had been with her mother and she told me she had gone to the movies. The president is married and there is a divorce suit pending for cruelty and non-support.

Do you think I should tell her what I know, as I do not think she knows he is married, or should I drop her without giving her any reasons?

By all means, be honest with the girl you love. You owe it to yourself to talk the matter over frankly and freely. Perhaps she is in grave danger from which you can save her. Do not throw her over without a word of explanation and so drive her toward a course from which you ought to save her. The only thing to do is to tell her what you saw and what you know.

Be Gracious
DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: There is a young man I met recently whom I really love. While he is very nice to me that is as

far as it goes. He brought me home once but has never offered again. Why is it? I am very lonely, as all my friends have company and go out, while I have to stay at home. No one ever offers to go out the second time, and I try to be pleasant and am not forward. This young man lives in New York. Would who dares not put it to the touch to win or lose it all?"

Now, without advocating boldness or forwardness, I suggest that, since you are lonely, you make an effort to relieve that loneliness and venture a few advances to the people you like. Be gracious and friendly. It is wrong to ask him over to my home without his ever asking to come? If it is proper, how should I ask him?
M. G.
Have you ever heard the little verse:
"He either fears his fate too much, or his desserts are small,

and forget to be self-conscious. Show people you like them and talk about their interests rather than your own. Offer your friendly interest—not gushingly or sentimentally, but just frankly and agreeably. Possibly the particular young man in whom you are interested has not again offered to take you home because you were too self-centered to be really amiable. Why not suggest to him that in case he would enjoy a little glimpse of "country life," you would be very glad to have him come to see you.

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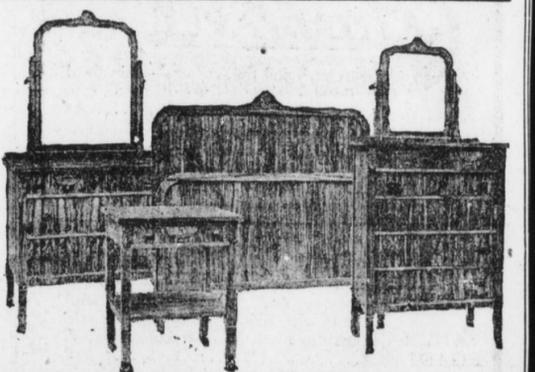
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