Reading for Women and all the Family

The Daredevil

By Maria Thompson Daviess

Author of "The Melting of Molly"

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(Continued)

"Boy, by the time you have eaten that fatted calf and danced at least a portion of it off your system I'll be—be burning the midnight oil going over the papers in the case of Timms. I want to weigh all the testimony carefully in the case given in court about his own and his brother's relations with the woman Mary Brown. As long as I am governor of the state of Harpeth no honest man is going to swing for protecting a good woman from the outrages of a brute. And yet Timms confessed the crime and denied the motive. Cross-examination failed to get the statement from the woman that would justify my reprieving or pardoning him. I cannot even seem to dishonor the proceedings of the courts of the state, and, boy, I'm just plain—up—against—it. Here we are at my own side door. Good night and make a lightning toilet if you want to get to that dinner on time. Good night again!" And with those words, which explained his very deep trouble to me, my Gouverneur Faulkner descended from the seat beside me in the cherry to the pavement beside his mansion and bade me hurry from him.

All of those very gay and nice "babes and sucklings" which the Gouverneur Faulkner had mentioned were with me at the table with very much laughter and merriment, also much conversation. And in that conversation were very many jokes upon my Buzz because he had been transported to the capitol by my uncle, the General Robert, and given hard labor until almost the time to arrive for that nice supper, which he was eating with much hunger.

"Well, it's not my fault that Timms up and biffed his brother into eternity all for buzzing pretty Mary Brown, and I don't see why I had to be rung in to sort out of a million sheets of trial evidence the lies he told about it for poor old Governor Bill to moil over all night. I say when a man wants to be hanged as badly as that he ought to get what he's crying for and not butt in on a perfectly innocent man's afternoon fox trot," was that Mr. Buzz Clendenning's wailing to all of the company. "Look the other way, Sue, so as not to turn this muffin cold until I get it buttered."

"I told my washerwoman, who is Mary's sister, that Mary ought to be made to tell just what did happen, and then it could all be arranged so that the poor man could be saved to her. I think it's hard on Mary to lose both lovers," said that very intelligent Mildred Summers.

"They live just over beyond the back gate. Suppose we all go and put it up to the attractive Mary to speak up and keep Buzz from the danger of overwork a second time," said a nice young gentleman with what I considered a great intelligence, but which caused much laughter.

And at that suggestion which caused the much merriment that daredevil within Roberta, marquise of Grez and Bye, again arose and commanded me to attention.

"Go, Robert Carruthers, and obtain that paper of statement from that Mary, so that your chief, that good Gouverneur Faulkner, does not work in the night, which is for rest, and that your beloved Buzz may not again have to work in his afternoon, which is for dancing. Go and find that Mary as soon as this dinner is at an end."

And what was it possible for me to do but to answer the command of the daredevil person within me? All of which I did. I made excuse of myself on account of a lie which involved my attendance on my uncle, the General Robert, and departed after I had had but one nice slide with the lovely Sue, but had obtained a promise of one from Mlle. Bêlle if I found it possible to return by the hour of 10 o'clock.

After many inquiries in small streets I was at last led to the home of the Mary Brown. All was dark within the very small house, but upon the steps, in the light from the moon and also a street arc, sat the person that a man of whom I had asked guidance said to be the woman whom I sought. She rested her head in her hands, as had done that poor human in the cage in that state prison, and from her I heard the sounds of slow weeping.

"What is it that I shall say to her?" I asked of myself. And then suddenly something answered from within me from the same place that had arisen that knowledge to spring in between my Gouverneur Faulkner and the bright knife I had not even seen. That place is located in the heart of Roberta, marquise of Grez and Bye, and not in that daredevil.

"Mary Brown," I said to her, with all of the gentleness in my voice that was commanded by my sympathy for her, "if a person were going to kill with a rope the man I loved I would lay down my own life that he should live. If you write one little paper to say that he murdered in defense of you the good Gouverneur Faulkner will save him to you. Give to me that paper."

"Go away!" she moaned as she shook her head and cried into her arms.

"See, Mary. Here is the pencil and the paper to write the words of life for Timms to that Gouverneur Faulkner," I said as I seated myself beside her and extracted my notebook and pencil from the pocket of my overcoat where I had placed them on leaving my room as is always best, I deemed for a secretary. "There are just two things that are the duty of women, Mary—to bear men and to save them. Save yours now, Mary. Much will happen, it may be, but that Timms is a good man and must live."

"I dassent. He told me not to, Timms did."

"If a knife was aimed at Timms' heart, would you not throw yourself between him and its cut, Mary, even though commanded by him not to so save him?"

"Yes."

"The knife is aimed and here's the paper by which you can throw your person on that knife. Is it of such moment that it cut into your own heart, that you stand and let it give death to him?"

"I give up! I give up, mister! I can't let nobody murder him. Nobody ever put it that way to me. Give me that paper and let me git to him fer jest one minute to-morrow," she made answer to me as she seized the paper and pencil and began to write with the paper spread beside her upon the step.

"Will that do, mister?" she asked with anxiety. On that paper she had written:

> Hen Timms had locked me in the room and was attacking me when Gabe broke in and got me away from him. He had to bust his head with a flatiron to make him let go of me. I am a good woman.
>
> MARY BROWN.

"Yes, good Mary, this will shield Timms from that knife. I feel a certainty, and I will send for you and see that you go to an interview with him at 10 o'clock of the to-morrow morning. And now good night, with great respect to you for a brave woman," I said as I rose to my feet.

"Who are you, mister, that have spoke to my heart like they ain't nobody spoke to its suffering yet, though you ain't said many words, and them is curious-like?" she asked of me as I prepared to take a hurried departure.

"I am the secretary of the Gouverneur Faulkner, Mary, and—and I know — how women—love—men. I—"

"I bet a many of 'em have loved you. God bless your sweet eyes. Good night, sir!"

(To be Continued)

FIGHT FOR YOUR LIFE

Duty Demands Robust Health

Fight to get it and keep it

Fight—fight day in and day out to prevent being overtaken by ills and ails. Keep wrinkles from marring the cheek and the body from losing its youthful appearance and buoyancy. Fight when ill-health is coming with its pallor and pains, defects and declining powers. Fight to stay its course and drive it off.

But fight intelligently. Don't fight without weapons that can win the day, for without the intelligent use of effective weapons the pallor spreads and weakness grows and a seemingly strong man or woman oftimes becomes a prey to ills after all.

You will not find this class of persons in the hypoferrin ranks. No unhealthy, dull, draggy, droopy persons in that line. It is a hale, hearty, robust aggregation of quick-steppers who view life in a joyous frame of mind and are mentally and physically equal to any emergency. Hypoferrin stands for sound body and sound mind—it is the invigorating tonic of the times—powerful and unsurpassed as a health restorer, vitalizer and health preserver. Fight to hold the vigor of a sound body with hypoferrin or to stay the process of decay and restore health and strength—you win. This tonic of amazing, wonder-working properties has been approved by physicians as a restorer and safeguard of health. It is a thoroughly scientific preparation of the very elements necessary to tone up the stomach and nerves, to build strong, vital tissue, make pure blood, firm flesh and solid, active, tireless muscles.

Hypoferrin contains those mighty strength-producing agents, lecithin-and-iron peptonate, in a form best adapted to benefit the body and its organs. Its ingredients are absolutely necessary to the blood. In nine cases out of ten a run-down condition, sallow, pale complexions that "all in" feeling and frail bodies are due to lack of lecithin-and-iron peptonate in the system.

Your mental and physical strength and endurance depends upon a lecithin-an-iron peptonate laden blood; steady, dependable nerves and a healthy stomach. With these you can meet life at any angle.

This wonder tonic, hypoferrin, which is as perfect as science can get to nature, meets every essential demand of the human organism. It is safe and sure and a boon to run-down, worn-out men and women. Hypoferrin means nature's own way of bringing color to the cheeks, strength to the body and keeping the vigor and buoyancy of youth. The powder and paint way of effecting beauty is not needed by hypoferrin women and girls. Their blood, filled with nature's beauty stores, creates conditions that give firmness and grace to the body and the glow of health to the cheeks.

No need of going through life sickly and always feeling miserable in this age of medical science. Join the hypoferrin ranks. It puts into you the springy snap and vigor you ought to have and puts life into your body and mind that inspires the confidence that you confront the world on an equal footing with anyone.

Hypoferrin may be had at your druggist's or direct from us for $1.00 per package. It is well worth the price. The Sentanel Remedies Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Bringing Up Father

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By McManus

All's Well That Ends Well

BY JANE McLEAN

Betty passed the old woman every morning, rain or shine. Sometimes the raindrops shining on her wet face made Betty sorrowful for the day; but when it was clear she was content to buy a paper and hurry away.

Betty, like the average girl who works in the city, was warm-hearted and impulsive. To her, the idea of an old woman working for a living by selling papers was terrible. Betty thought of her own good position, and involuntarily compared her comfortable salary with what the old woman made. How terrible, the girl reflected, that at that age it was necessary to work in order to keep alive. And yet there must be plenty of people who were forced to do it; and although it wrung her heart, each morning, rain or shine, Betty came to business the same way and always stopped to get a paper.

Once Helen caught an early train and journeyed down town with her, and they stopped together to buy a paper. It happened to be a rainy morning and the woman's greying hair glistened with wet drops.

"How terrible," Helen exclaimed, as they gained the shelter of the subway steps.

"What" asked Betty, although she knew perfectly well.

"Why to see that old woman out on a morning like this, selling pa-you ever thin kof being old, Betty, yo uever think of being old, Betty, and dependent on someone else? It must be terrible to be old."

"O, for Heaven's sake, Helen," said Betty pettishly, "don't begin to talk about the future on a morning like this. Wait until the sun shines and I can manage to be philosophical."

"You ought to be able to face the truth," Helen returned. "I'm glad when I see a thing like that, that I am safely engaged."

"What difference does that make?" asked Betty scornfully.

"All the difference in the world, if you can think when you feel blue, that the man you love is going to be able to look out for you for the rest of your life."

Personally, Betty felt this a very selfish viewpoint, but she did not say so, she boarded the train in silence and the picture of the old woman, greying hair glistening in the rain followed her all day. That night Betty fearfully emerged from the subway station and looked around. She hoped the woman would not be there, although it had stopped raining and had dried off beautifully. But there she was sitting in her accustomed place, and Betty slunk past as though she were ashamed of being alive and of wearing a neatly pressed blue suit and a smart little hat.

After that, Betty chose the opposite side of the street in the morning. Sometimes she fancied the woman noticed her, and the fact made her uncomfortable, but if possible she simply hurried on her way into the subway station and tried to forget that the woman was anywhere around.

One day it happened that Betty really wanted to buy the paper. She was looking for something special, and as it was a beautiful day, and she felt particularly well, she approached the usual place with less intrepidation than she generally felt. She was accustomed to taking the paper and leaving a penny in its place, but this morning, much to her chagrin, she discoverd that she had no change and was, therefore, forced to stop. If she imagined for a minute that this was going to happen, she would have hurried on her way, but after she had stopped she hadn't the heart to do anything but buy her paper. The woman expected it.

"Isn't it a lovely day?" Betty asked shyly.

The woman smiled, and Betty in amazement, watched the face before her change.

"Yes, it is a lovely day," the woman returned. The smile still lingered on her features as she counted out Betty's change and then she lifted her face to the girl's again. Strangely attracted, almost against her instincts, Betty still lingered.

"I suppose it's pretty tiresome sitting here day in and day out. I have seen you so often," she began tentatively.

"O, yes," the woman returned. "I have seen you too, always so neat, so happy."

"Yes, I am happy," the girl returned.

"But lately you don't walk on my side, how is that?" questioned the woman in her foreign way.

Betty flushed uncomfortably. She hardly knew what to answer. But before she could speak, the woman went on speaking.

"You think it's tiresome for me? Ah, no, I love the work. I sit here and feel the sun or the rain, and watch the people. O, the people!" she sighed happily. "I grow to know them all. Why there is nothing so nice in the world as my paper stand. Tiresome you say? Ah, no, not that."

And Betty on her way to business felt somehow as if she had learned a much needed lesson.

Fashions of To-Day - By May Manton

9490 Empire Coat, 34 to 42 bust. Price 15 cents.

Fashion is ever looking ahead. At this season we must consider the Autumn and its needs. Here is a coat that will be admirable for many occasions, also will be really ideal for between-seasons time. It can be made of serge as it is here, or of broadcloth or of light weight burella, or it can be made of silk, as you want a serviceable coat or a dressy one. For between-season and very early Autumn, serge is good, unlined or lined with very thin silk, and foulard and the like are used for the purpose. The body portion is plain and smooth fitting and the full skirt is joined to it. The pockets make a very smart feature and the straps that extend over the belt are novel and attractive. For a dressy coat, charmeuse, or any one of the silks that are used for cloaks, would be handsome, and for real Autumn, it would be very smart to trim it with velvet. Here, a light weight Summer serge is trimmed with satin.

For the medium size will be needed, 5 yards of material 36 inches wide, 4 yards 44, 3⅜ yards, 54 with 1¼ yards 36 inches wide for the trimming.

The pattern No. 9490 is cut in sizes from 34 to 42 inches bust measure. It will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of fifteen cents.

Life's Problems Are Discussed

By Mrs. Wilson Woodrow

One of the most awe-inspiring memories of my childhood is that of an old colored woman, "Aunt Patsy." She was tall and of vast proportions. She always wore a purple calico dress, with a white apron as big as a table cloth, and a high bandana turban. She was a stern, dictatorial person, and I was not her favorite by any means.

"Real ladies ain't stirrin' erbout all de time an' askin' questions," was her constant rebuke. "Real ladies sets still, an' behaves deirselves."

She would turn over in her gave to-day, I am sure, if she could but know of the rapid passing of "Sister Susie." For "Sister Susie" is the name that has been adopted to describe that part of the feminine population which has "sat still and behaved itself," and has been a real lady according to the Aunt Patsyian definition, and which now presents itself to those who are organizing the woman-power of this country for the most effective service during the war as the problem of the untrained woman.

Poor "Sister Susie!" She is left blooming alone. All her lovely companions have not faded, but they hove gone—gone to work.

I heard one of the members of the Woman's National Committee say the other day that in the great work of organizing the women the first necessity, the one thing to be absolutely insisted upon, was the elimination of the untrained woman.

Thousands of them, from the most patriotic motives, are enthusiastically offering their services, ready and willing to do what is required of them, merely to learn that they only clog the machinery, that enthusiasm, although delightful, is a poor substitute for training. But this refusal is not final. They are urged to take up at once some branch of work for which they are peculiarly fitted and to devote themselves to becoming experts in that line.

The enthusiasm and the desire to help which "Sister Susie" is showing are splendid; but it is a vast power running to waste, unless it is properly directed and conserved, for we are going to need all the organized and disciplined woman power of this country.

Take the matter of nursing. In the first zeal for service every woman wanted to don a Red Cross uniform and go to the front. She was strong and healthy. She was sure she should like to nurse, and she longed to be of some use in the world. Besides, a war nurse is a wonderfully picturesque figure. To see her on the screen or the stage is to be moved to tears. She recalls the immortal figure of Florence Nightingale.

"And every day her dainty hands
make life's soiled temple clean.
And there's a wake of glory where
her spirit pure hath been.
At midnight through the shadowland
her living face doth gleam;
The dying kiss her shadow, and the
dead smile in their dream."

But "Sister Susie" failed to recognize either humanly or historically what that great soul, with her genius for organization, encountered and overcame. "Sister Susie" is perfectly sincere, but she hasn't the faintest idea what war nursing means. To endure without breaking or failing the constant, steady, hard work of nursing requires great physical strength and a calm, well-disciplined nature. But daily, hourly to minister to the wounded means much more. It means that the aspirant for war nursing must have nerves so firm and healthy that they can bear without snapping the long recoil the weary strain, that she must acquire the cool, detached outlook of the surgeon whose hand would fail him unless both his sympathies and his imagination were under perfect control, and this control is not mastered in a day.

It is undoubtedly a great experience for a nurse devoted to her profession to go to France. But, on the other hand, those units which have gone have left a distinct gap. I have heard it stated that in many of the hospitals throughout the country our own sick are suffering from lack of attention. This seems odd, where every young woman I have met in the last five months has told me that she was in training to be a Red Cross nurse. Here is a great opportunity to put what she has learned into practice right at home.

All of us are anxious to do our "bit," and it is only natural that there should arise a lot of misconception as to what that "bit" should be. It may be neither spectacular nor picturesque, but it is nevertheless quite true, that every woman who strives to bring a little more intelligent efficiency to her daily task, every woman who studies how best to give her family healthful, nourishing food and at the same time avoid using what is necessary for our allies is certainly doing her "bit."

The great work of food conservation, of sewing and knitting and nursing, of stepping in to fill the places of the men who have gone is not all that is required of us. We have certain ethical duties which are of equal importance. We must learn where it is wisest for us to economize, and where to spend; for we owe it to the men at the front that they should feel that not only the homes and the business they have left in our charge shall be conducted as well as possible, but that the general business of the country shall be maintained in an even and normal way.

I have heard women complain now and then, that it profited them nothing to be good cooks and housewives, that it was one of the most unappreciated forms of service.

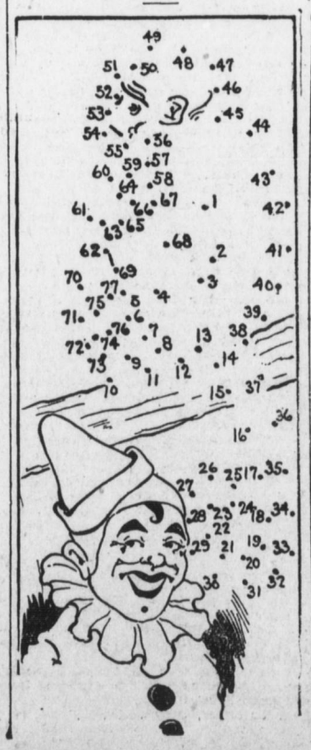
The hour of the good housekeeper and the good cook has arrived. The women who know anything of canning and preserving are certainly utilizing that knowledge to the fullest extent.

I heard the other day of forty colored women sent out by one of the Southern States to demonstrate the proper making of corn breads. Would that I could follow in their wakes, and gather the crumbs that fall from the table. It has such a weary time since I tasted anything but a poor imitation of that delicious food. There is no such thing as a happy medium in corn bread, nothing hit or miss about it. It is either ambrosia or it is punk; and it's all in the making.

A little fruit, some hot corn bread (the real thing) and coffee (good coffee)! Ah, Fate cannot harm me; I have breakfasted to-day.

If these forty women can impress upon this American people, so indifferent to the value of good, simple food, something of the great art of cooking, something of the proper preparation of our delicious grains and vegetables, they should have laurel wreaths upon their brows and decorations pinned on their breasts.

Daily Dot Puzzle



Militiaman Dies on Being Gagged For Punishment

Baltimore—A court of inquiry has been ordered to investigate the responsibility of an officer of the Fourth Maryland Regiment for the death of Private M. J. Meyers, who died from being gagged while undergoing punishment. The incident occurred at Harper's Ferry, W. Va., where the Fourth is guarding railroad property.

The name of the officer is withheld by Colonel Jones, but he is not under arrest nor have any charges been made against him.

Meyers had been sent to headquarters and an order for his punishment was given. Violent remarks against the United States government and President Wilson are said to have led to the use of the gag, which is declared to be strictly in accord with the army regulations.

TRIED MANY REMEDIES

Sanpan the Only One That Did the Work

says Mrs. Julia Bellmore, 1157 Cumberland street, Harrisburg. I was miserable for quite a time with stomach and intestinal trouble, after eating would get awful pains in my stomach and under my ribs on right side also under my shoulder blade. I would bloat, get very nervous and dizzy.

Had bad headaches and a dull, heavy feeling over my eyes, had been bothered a long time with constipation, and I think this was the cause of all my trouble. I was discouraged because I had tried so many remedies without relief.

My husband had ailed for a long time and had been straightened out by Sanpan, and he urged me to try it but I was sick of all medicine, at this time I was just about able to drag one foot after the other, had no strength.

I started to take Sanpan, and am sorry I did not take it sooner, as my headaches, stomach pains, back and shoulder pains have gone, I am not dizzy nor nervous and feel alright, and Sanpan is the only thing that did the work.

Sanpan is being introduced at Keller's Drug Store, 405 Market street, Harrisburg, where the Sanpan man is daily in attendance.—Adv.

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Harrisburg	$2.75	4.40
Hummelstown	2.75	4.56
Swatara	2.70	5.02
Hershey	2.70	5.05
Palmyra	2.60	5.12
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