

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)

"Well, set to it all," commanded by uncle, the General Robert, vouchers for what you spend and pay with state department checks. Don't blow in a fortune, you young spend-thrift, you, but also remember that the state of Harpeth is one of the richest in America and knows how to show France real hospitality."

"That state of Harpeth has shown that hospitality to one humble youth of France, my Uncle Robert, who has a great gratitude," I made answer to him as I laid my cheek upon the sleeve of his coat, which was of a cut in the best style for gentlemen of his age. Try as hard as Robert Carruthers will, he cannot force that Robert, marquis of Grez and Bye, at all times to refrain from a caress to the uncle whom she so greatly loves.

"Clear out, sir! Depart!" was the response I got to that caress. But always that wicked Robert, marquis of Grez and Bye, finds in the face of her relative something that assures her that she can so venture at a later time.

And as I turned away from that coldness on the part of my august relative I found a glow of warmth for my reviving in the eyes of my beautiful Gouverneur Faulkner, who held out his hand to me as I started to the door for that departure commanded me.

"Blood brothers never doubt each other," he said to me as with one hand he grasped my right hand and laid the other on my arm above my bandage over the wound Timms had given to me, which was now almost entirely healed.

With the quickness of lightning I laid my cheek against the sleeve of

his coat in exactly the caress I had given to my uncle, the General Robert, and then did depart with an equal avidity.

"Can you beat him, Bill?" I heard my uncle, the General Robert, demand as I closed the door.

"Impossible!" was the answer I thought was returned.

And from that audience chamber I went quickly and alone in my good chery to Twin Oaks, was admitted by Bonbon, whom I instructed not in any way to allow that he interrupted, ascended to my own apartment and seated myself in a large chair before the glowing ashes of a small fire of fragrant chip twigs which kind Madam Kizzie had had lighted against what she called a "May chill" during my toilet of the morning.

And after I had asked myself for a second time that question, I sat and looked into the eyes of that Grandmamma Carruthers for many long moments and had an argument with myself. Also, I had a word as rose to my feet so that my eyes came more nearly on a level with hers.

"Madam Ancestress, born of her whom not an Indian or a herce bear could frighten away from her duty of protection to those of her affections, I will not flee from her here by the side of my uncle, the General Robert, and my great chief, that Gouverneur Faulkner, to fight for their honor and to prosper France in the eyes of the world before I am detained. And, if it be that I am not discovered before all is made well concerning those mules for transport of food to the soldiers of France, then I will still go away to the battlefields of France before it is discovered by all who have given affection to Robert Carruthers that he is a lie. I will leave love for me and for France in all of these kind hearts which will comfort me when I fight for the republic or live for her during long years. I grieve exceedingly, but I go!"

I feel a certainty that if I should continue to be an American man for all of the days I may live, to that threescore and ten age, I would never be able to gain in any way even a small portion of what my fine Mr. Buzz Clendenning calls "hustle." I went at his side for the three days which intervened between the time of the arrival of that Lieutenant Count de Bourdon and that actual arrival in what seemed to me to be the pace of a very fleet horse even as the time passed on, as fast as we went from the arrangement of one detail of entertainment to another the beautiful Madam Whitworth went with us, with her eyes of the flower blue very bright with a great excitement. I was glad that in all matters it was necessary that my fine Buzz also consent, and thus I was not exposed to any of her wickedness alone.

And in my own heart was also a great excitement, for it seemed to me that I was fighting a great battle for France all alone. All day I could see that that Mr. Jefferson Whitworth and the other men of wealth with him were seeking to be robbers to my country were first in consultation with themselves and then with my uncle, the General Robert, and also the Gouverneur Faulkner. Would their powerful wickedness prevail and be able to force a signing of that paper on the Gouverneur or on those whose eyes of the dawn star. I could only murmur to myself:

"Viva la France and Harpeth America!"



All's Well That Ends Well

The Story of a Girl Artist Who Made a Friend of a Woman Who Disliked Her.

By JANE McLEAN

"Oh, for Heaven's sake," said the older woman, crossly, "don't have her in here; it makes my head ache just to hear her go on. Besides, no one has a right to be so happy."

"You don't really mean that," returned the other occupant of the room.

"Yes, I do, Marian. She seems happy about everything, and just because she is, things are constantly going her way. It's disgusting."

"But be fair, Ray. You know she does her work. You know the frieze she did was excellent. You don't think that just because the child is happy the heads of the concern would pay her money, do you?"

"Oh, I don't know," returned the other. "Don't chatter Marian. If you want to rave about the girl, go somewhere else to do it."

If Marian Foster had been more sensitive and had not known Ray Long so well, such a remark would either have hurt or angered her. As it was, she had roomed with the older woman for two years and liked her, in spite of her temperamental, which made itself obvious in various unpleasant ways. But when she was herself there could not be a more attractive person to know.

Potato Bread—Straight Dough Method

TO MAKE FOUR ONE-POUND LOAVES

3 pounds boiled and peeled potatoes. 2 1/2 pounds bread flour. 1 1/2 level tablespoons salt. 3 level tablespoons sugar. 2 cakes compressed yeast. 4 tablespoons water.

Wash thoroughly and boil in their skins about 1 1/2 potatoes of medium size. Cook them until they are very tender. Drain, peel, and mash them while hot, being careful to leave no lumps. Allow the mashed potato to cool to 85 degrees, or until lukewarm. To 3 pounds (5 solidly packed 1/2 pint cups) of the mashed potato, add the yeast, which has been rubbed smooth in a cup with 3 tablespoons of lukewarm water.

To this well-risen sponge, which now will be found to be quite soft, add the remainder of the flour, kneading thoroughly until a smooth and elastic dough has been formed. The dough must be very stiff, since the boiled potato contains a large amount of water which causes the dough to soften as it rises. Do not add water to the dough.

Divide the dough into four equal parts, and place each in a greased pan which has been slightly warmed. Place the pans and let rise, under proper temperature, until the "indicator" shows that it has doubled in volume. Then place the loaves in the oven and bake in a good, steady heat (400 degrees to 425 degrees F.) for 45 minutes.

To test, when there is no oven thermometer at hand, a conventional test will be to put a teaspoonful of flour in an earthen dish in the oven, and when the flour is brown evenly throughout in 5 minutes' time, the oven is right for bread baking. If the flour scorches in that time, however, is too hot.

Don't Miss Any Step

WE TALK ABOUT COMMONPLACES

Group of Three Has Something Truly Great About It

By Mrs. Wilson Woodrow

We talk about the eternal commonplaces, but is there really anything commonplace in the world? St. Paul had one of the most profound, rich and varied minds which has ever illumined the ages. He was many men in one—the great theologian, with "the Law" at his finger ends; the subtle casuist, splitting hairs with the Greek philosophers; the master of verbal expression, who condensed the meaning of one of the most elusive of words into definition clear and clean and accurate as the stroke of a sword.

"Now faith is the substance of things hoped for; the evidence of things not seen."

These were just some of the reflections which came to me the other day when I sat at lunch in a hotel restaurant. There was a little group of three at a table near me—

They bore all the evidence of being plain, well-to-do people on the shady side of middle age. The woman was of the austere, repressed type. Her carefully brushed suit was of no particular cut; her hair, plain and not too long, was of a good color, years ago and in its pristine freshness had certainly not been an extreme model.

Imagination failed at the thought of her being the life and soul of any party; but, if not exactly popular, she would always hold the admiration and respect of the neighbors. She was plainly horrified with the prices on the menu, and when her frugal order was filled, she looked at it and shook her head a bit, as if about to murmur: "So little food, so much to pay." She ate her meal disapprovingly, but was careful not to leave even a crumb on the plate.

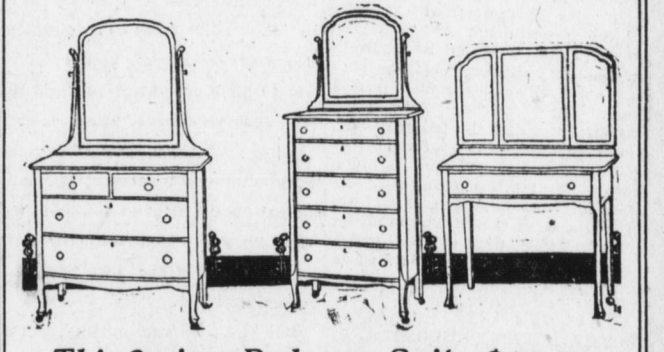
Whether she wanted it or not it would have been sinful to waste anything that had cost so much. The husband was stout and stolid and matter-of-fact, but prosperous. You seem to see broad, well-farmed acres behind him and to feel that his safe and sane investments were drawing good interest.

The son was a tall, handsome lad, stunning in his khaki uniform. The family did not talk; a few brief questions, a few repressed answers. They evidently considered conversation during meals as unnecessary; and even frivolous. It was nothing actually had to be said, why talk?

adventure of all the ages—the conquest of the air. He was realizing as a fact, that desire which has haunted the imagination of men from primitive times—to fly.

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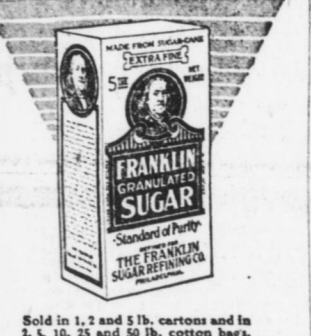
GOLDSMITHS North Market Square

Fashions of To-Day - By May Manton

Whether you call this an overall dress or a pantalette dress it is a genuinely serviceable garment quite adapted to the housewife, and to the enthusiastic gardener and to the woman who is going out on the farm to do the best that she can to help in the Nation's struggle. You can make it of galatea or of gingham or of any similar material. The blouse and trousers or pantalettes are finished separately. The blouse is joined to a belt and the pantalettes are joined to separate bands that are buttoned into place. If you ever have tried to mount a step ladder in a skirt that was either so full that it would around your feet or a skirt so narrow that it hampered your steps, you will meet this garment with enthusiasm. It is available for numberless occasions.

For the medium size will be needed, 8 1/2 yards of material 27 inches wide, 4 1/4 yards 36 with 3/4 yard 27 inches wide for the trimming.

The pattern No. 9460 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.



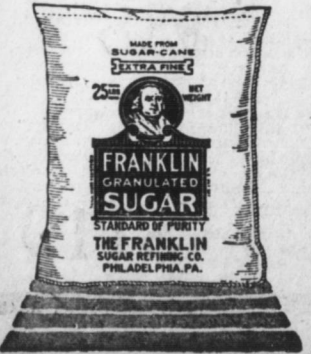
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(To be Continued.)