

Reading for women and all the family

Bringing Up Father

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By McManus

The Daredevil

By Maria Thompson Davies

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(Continued)

I heard the great railway train approaching, which was perhaps to bring me my dissonor, and drew those tears back into my heart and stepped forward to the steps of the car, from which I could see a very slight and short but very distinguished-looking Frenchman about to descend.

"I thank the good God I have never before encountered him," I said in my heart as I stood in front of him.

"Lieutenant the Count de Bourdon, I make you welcome to the state of Harpeth, in the name of my uncle, the secretary of that state," I said to him in the language of his own country as I elapped together my heels and gave to him the bow from the waist of a French gentleman who is not a soldier. "Will you permit that I lead you to that uncle?"

"Many thanks, monsieur, is it Carruthers I name you after your distinguished relative?" he made answer to me as he returned my bow with a first one of his kind and then a military salute.

"Robert Carruthers, sir, and at your service," I made answer to him with a great formality. And I spoke I saw that he gave me a glance of great curiosity and would have asked a question, but at that moment my uncle, the General Robert, stood beside us.

"I present to you the General Carruthers, secretary of the state of Harpeth, Monsieur le Lieutenant, Count de Bourdon of the Forty-fourth chasseurs of the republic of France," I said with again a great ceremony and a deep bow.

"I'm mighty glad to welcome you to old Harpeth, count. How did you make the trip down?" said my uncle, the General Robert, as he held out his large and beautiful hand and gave to the Count Edouard de Bourdon such a clasp that must have been to him most painful.

"I thank you, monsieur the secretary of Harpeth; my journey was of great pleasure and comfort," were the words which he returned in very good French.

"Then we'll go right up and see Governor Faulkner at the capitol before lunch, count, if that suits you, my uncle, the General Robert, said with a very evident relief at those words of English coming from that French mouth.

"Here's my car over this way and this is Mr. Clendinning, who'll look after the rest of the gentlemen in your party and bring them on up to the capitol."

"Monsieur," said the Lieutenant Count de Bourdon, with another bow and then a quick recovery as he saw that he must take the hand of Buzz, and put to him in great cordiality. These handshakes of America are very confusing to those of Europe.

"I saw a great laughter almost to explosion in the eyes of my Buzz, and the very little man who had such a great manner, and I made a hurrying of him and my uncle, the General Robert, to the large car standing beside the station.

"I will precede you in my chery," I said, as I saw both the gentlemen seated together upon the back seat of the large black machine.

"No, you don't; you take your seat right in here with us to be on hand in an emergency," this international conversation breaks down under the count and me," answered my uncle, the General Robert, with stern command.

"Is it that the young M. Carruthers had an education in France?" asked the lieutenant, the Count de Bourdon. "He has the air of French—shall I say youth?" And as he spoke again I saw a gleam of deeply aroused interest in his eyes which made my knees to tremble in their tweed trousers.



All's Well That Ends Well

By Jane McLean
We had been talking of weddings and trousseaux. There is something about early summer that is conducive to such things, as every woman knows. Gwen Davidson had been presenting the day before. Now the topic of conversation, particularly as it had been so very elaborate, and the bridesmaids had been chosen from our own little crowd.

Mrs. Wilson Woodrow's Article on "Marriage"

Problem Posed by a Clear-Headed and Capable Young Woman, Who Finds Herself Much Admired and Appreciated by Men, But Complains That None of Them Proposes. She Wants the Right Man to Seek Her Out, But Men Never Do the Courting—Read the Story of Ruth, and See By Mrs. Wilson Woodrow

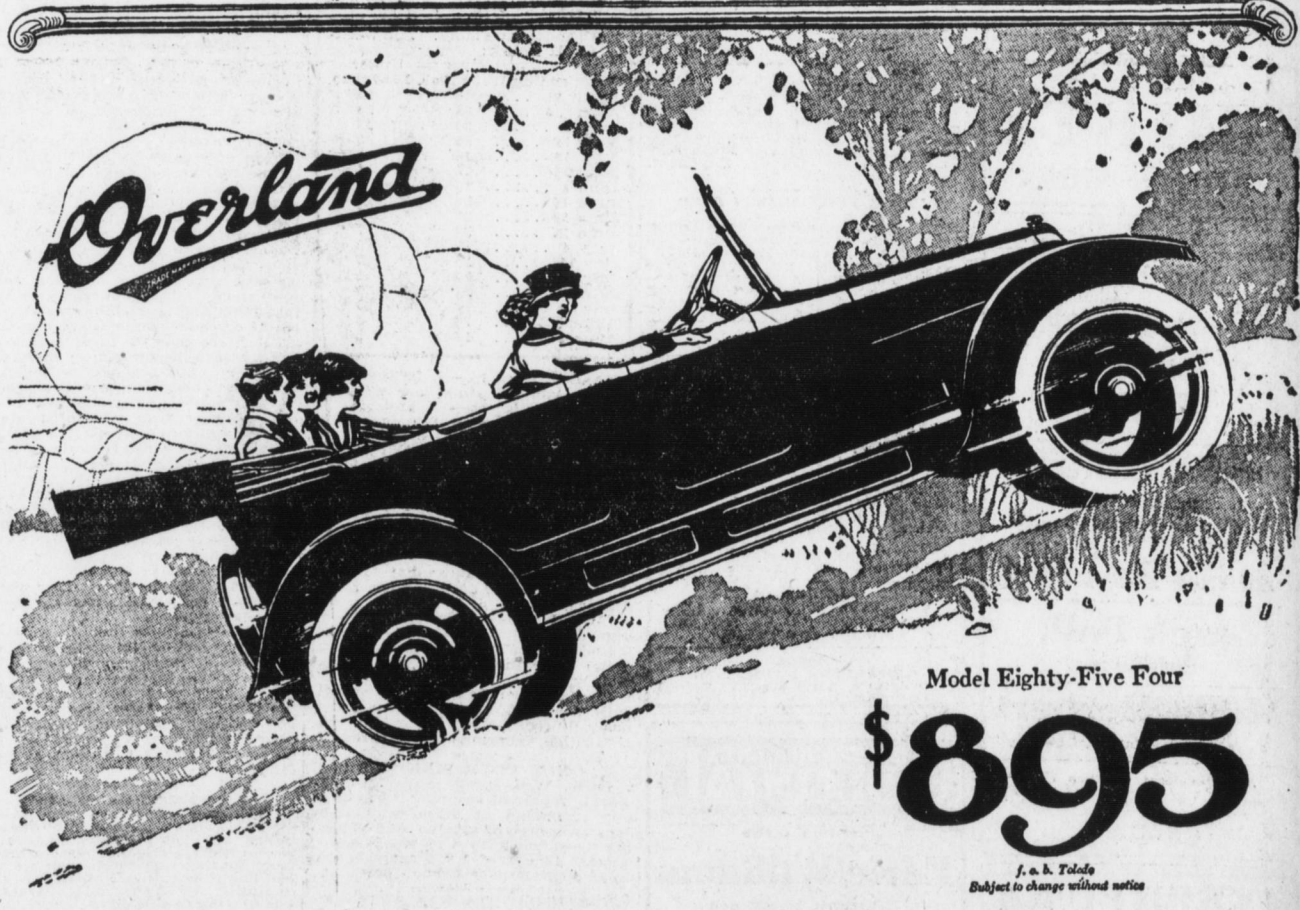
By Mrs. Wilson Woodrow.
I ran through a batch of letters lying on my desk. They were all written in feminine hands, and dealt principally with one subject—marriage. Some were from women who had found out that the way up the church aisle is not necessarily the road to happiness. More were from young girls who blithely prefer to believe that it is.

ways receive recognition." Where as the truth is, that if one wants recognition or anything else, whether it be a raise in salary or a job or a new frock or a motor-car or a husband, one has — well, to go after it sounds a little crude; let us say, put oneself in the way of it.

Fashions of To-Day - By May Manton



The long simple coat is one of the important garments of the Summer wardrobe. This one is made of black satin with trimming of white, and it is a very handsome coat for afternoon occasions. You can make it of serge or of gabardine if you want a traveling coat, or you can make it of pongee silk or of taffeta, or you can make it of Bolivia cloth and it will be available whatever material you choose.



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