



Reading for Women and all the Family



The Daredevil

By Maria Thompson Davies
Author of "The Melting of Molly"
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(Continued)

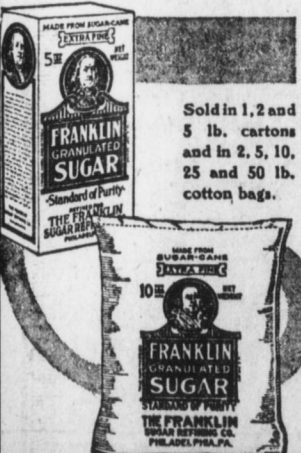
"The secretary of state, General Carruthers, and I think it will be best that you see the grazing lands of Harpeth and some of the mules being put into condition before the signing of the contracts," was what was "handed out to him," as my Buzz would have expressed it, by my Gouverneur Faulkner with a great courtesy and kindness as he helped himself to some excellent chicken prepared in a fry. I could see a great start of alarm come into the eyes of that small Lieutenant, the Count de Bourdon at those calm words, but he gave not a sign of it. In my heart was a great hope that something had been discovered for the protection of my soldiers of France, and I also took to myself a portion of that excellent chicken and did make the attempt to consume it as I beheld all of those great gentlemen performing. I believe that under excitement men possess a much greater calmness of appetite than do women.

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Bringing Up Father

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By McManus



glances were cast upon me, which I returned with a smile of great gratitude.

"Yes, the pen is mightier than the mule stick in his eyes, the scoundrel," remarked my uncle, the General Robert, as I drove to the capitol with him in his car, while the Gouverneur Faulkner took his guest with him in his.

"Is any proof been found that he shall not do this robbery to France, my Uncle Robert?" I asked with great eagerness.

"Trap is about ready to spring, but not quite. Gad, but Jeff Whitworth is a skilled thief! I know what he is up to, but I can't quite get on the surface. Keep the French robber busy, boy, for a little longer, and I'll land him. Here we are at the office! Now you busy keeping them busy, and I'll land 'em. If not I'll go and show France what real fighting is, and I'll take you with me into the worst trench they've got. Battle is on, and they're ought to have been at Chickamauga. Now depart!"

All's Well That Ends Well

BY JANE McLEAN

For a time she fought against temptation, she argued that she had always been honest and decent and she ought always to remain so. And then would come the thought that, after all, it was only borrowing and she needed the waist so much more than its owner, who had really never needed anything.

Kate was an exemplary lady's maid. She was deft and very pleasant to look at. She had beautiful Irish eyes fringed about with long lashes, her figure was trim and she wore black, which accentuated its girlishness and brought out all the copper shades in her red hair. Mrs. Gordon proudly boasted that she did not have a French maid when she could have Kate.

"Kate knows all the ropes and is honest and reliable," she would boast. And no one had anything to say about it, because Mrs. Gordon was always one of the best coiffed and best turned out woman in her ultra smart set.

Kate was not foolish. She handled all of Mrs. Gordon's jewels and, although she admired their fire and brilliance, she did not long to possess them. She wore her severe uniform with a distinction that was unusual, and as a general rule she was happy. Then, as usual, a man appeared on the horizon and everything was changed. Kate leaned to pretty clothes and her small monthly wages were all spent on dress accessories. If she had known it, her simple clothes were what made her attractive, but she had all a young girl's love of color, and she desired more than anything else in the world a certain flame-colored chiffon waist.

She used to lie in bed at night thinking about it. Mrs. Gordon had had it sent home from a little French shop in the city, and she had worn it only once. Kate used to take it out from its fragrant sachet bag and fondle it longingly. It was not the color that made Kate's wonderful hair rusty; it seemed to give it instead added color and light. Kate wanted to wear it with her dark blue suit. She could see the soft shawl collar lying on the outside of her coat and the frills swathing her hands from beneath her cuffs. She had even planned a new little dark blue hat with a flame-colored lining. Kate knew what looked well on her, and the little outfit was what she thought of day and night.

It was all for Henry, the new chauffeur. Henry, who flattered her first telling her that there was not another like her on Long Island. Henry, who grew to be more and more serious until only three days ago he had asked her to marry him, and she had shyly said yes.

Fashions of To-Day - By May Manton



This is a season that will bring a very urgent demand for overalls. They should be in every man's wardrobe who is not serving at the front and here is an excellent model. It is correct in all its details, and if it is made for the individual, it will fit and be thoroughly comfortable. Jean is a time honored material for such a garment, but this season cotton khaki and khaki-colored galatea will be used and they are really excellent for the purpose. Men who are going camping will like the overalls perhaps as well as those who are raising potatoes and doing garden work. The garment is a very simple one to make, requiring no technical skill whatsoever.

For the medium size will be needed, 4 3/4 yards of material 27 inches wide, 3 3/4 yards 36.

The pattern 9470 is cut in sizes from 34 to 44 inches breast measure. It will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper on receipt of ten cents.

"THEIR MARRIED LIFE"

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"We might just as well run in and see Mrs. Stevens this afternoon," Louise remarked as she and Helen left the apartment.

"All right," Helen agreed. Louise's offer to help in carrying the burden of Mrs. Frisby's friendship had lightened Helen's heart considerably. Ever since the affair of Mrs. Thurston's making, Mrs. Frisby had attached herself to Helen like a leech, and as none of the other women in Helen's small circle liked her, it had meant a dearth of friends for Helen at every single club meeting.

"I don't see how you happened to think of such a thing," Helen said to Louise as they walked the short distance to Mrs. Stevens's apartment. "Are you sure Mrs. Cushing will help, Louise? I don't know her very well."

"But I do," Louise returned lightly. "And she's one of the most charming women I know. Helen, you would like her especially because she is both family woman and world woman. I mean she has two children, and still keeps up some writing that she is doing for one of the magazines."

ing a little. "And I said we'd all help her out. I suggested you, Emily, because I know you are fond of Helen, and I thought Mrs. Cushing might help, too," and Louise looked sweetly imploring.

"Of course well help," said Mrs. Cushing briskly. "We'll organize a club and take turns being nice to Mrs. Frisby."

"I'm not going to be nice to her," said Mrs. Stevens. "Not after what she said the other day. All about that eat-and-grow-thin method of reducing."

They all laughed. "She's such a perfect little fool that I feel sorry for her," Louise said. "I'll tell you why Helen and I wanted to see you most particularly. It's an affair of Helen's, and I suggested that we four help her out."

"Have you been getting into a scrap, Helen, and don't want your husband to know," laughed Mrs. Stevens.

Helen smiled ruefully. "I think it might be called a scrape," she said, "but it's not the kind I want to keep from Warren."

"It's Mrs. Frisby," said Louise dramatically. "we might as well come to the point."

"I've been meaning to speak to you about that for ages, Helen," said Mrs. Stevens.

"Helen promised that she would be friends with the woman," Louise went on, "and now you can see for yourselves just how things are going."

"I should say we can," said Mrs. Cushing, her busy fingers flying in and out with the long needles.

"I wouldn't believe it if I were you," said Mrs. Stevens.

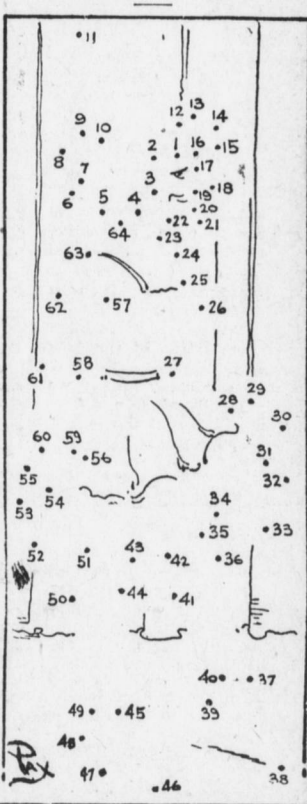
"But what can I do?" Helen exclaimed. "I can't treat her rudely. You all know what happened at the club that day, and after that I felt that I ought to be friendly with her. It was through a remark of mine that she was hurt."

"I was through an exaggeration of Mrs. Thurston's," said Emily Stevens.

"Well, I did say something, you know, and I blame myself terribly for it."

"And now she sticks to Helen like a burr," Louise went on laugh-

Daily Dot Puzzle



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