

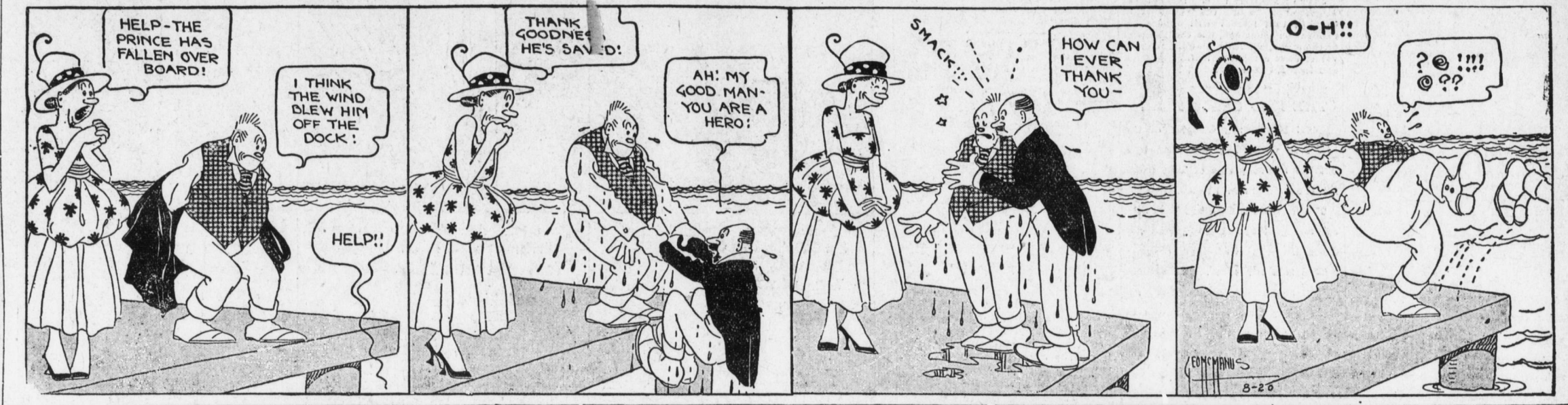
Reading for Women and all the Family

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)



CARRYING BUNDLES STYLE NOW!

When My Lady Goes A-Shopping She Takes a Big Bright-hued Bag Along and When She Gets Home Her Purchases Arrive Right Along With Her — She Proves Her Patriotism and Says She Enjoys It, Too!

By Harriet McArthur

"Where are you going, fair debutante, And why do you carry a cretonne bag, when you go forth to roam?" "I'm going a-shopping for all sorts of things, And my cretonne bag goes with me, sir, to carry my parcels home"

WHEN good form and patriotism combine there is nothing much to interfere with a thing going through. And when ordinary sense collaborates with those of the cretonne bag, the old regime might just as well turn up its toes and die gracefully and unprotestingly. (Confidentially we will admit that the cretonne bag is a common sense hasn't always such an awful lot to say about it. It never was able to win many battles unless it had the good fortune to run into a cretonne bag. Good Form on its side at the outset.) Therefore, Milady who has acquired some sort of cretonne bag, and is doing anything for herself that she could delegate to some one else, might just as well surrender right now to one change in her routine of life. As a matter of fact, she has already surrendered. That is in regard to the matter of shopping packages. It was not over a year ago that the average woman had her spools of thread, her yard of ribbon, delivered to her door by a large motor truck and two men, as much as a matter of course as she had her rolls of carpet or a heavy winter coat. And this was true whether she was in the city or sum-

mering down on Long Island or wherever her particular home city did its summering. If she had thought about it enough not to be at all a womanly proceeding. Of course it would have been possible to have put the tiniest of them in her bag or her innumerable pockets and deceived the passer-by. But why should she? The shops expected to deliver what one bought. And besides, who couldn't play more than eighteen holes of golf without beginning to feel a bit tired. It was extremely fatiguing to bother with purchases in that way. If she bought them, she was certain that all that could be expected of a poor fragile female in line creature. But there was a man one time who took for his motto to comfort his wife through life. "Even this shall pass away." And so one night the sun went down and the moon came up. To offer any explanation for this, it would probably have been that it was not "good form" to carry packages, and she would have given that explanation in a surprised tone that would have made you wonder why on earth you ever asked such a foolish question. You would have felt that somehow you belonged outside the pale or you would have understood without asking. A woman carry a parcel done up in wrapping paper? Why, certainly not. Anyone could see that would

ping paper seemed their pride. They waited whole extra minutes—or half minutes—at counters in order to get their own purchases and then they carried them away with them. It had suddenly become good form to go so laden through the streets. And worse than that, it was becoming bad form not to do it. It was coming for a long time, of course. Women have been gradually getting over their prejudices against responsibilities of various kinds, and last Christmas season there was quite a number of them who yielded to the pleas of various civic organizations and several thousand dollars' worth of advertising on the part of the merchants and carried their own packages when they were small. However, that number consisted only of the "sensible" women and those who were afraid they wouldn't get their intended gifts soon enough if they trusted to overhush deliveries at the last overhush minute. And the numbers of those "sensible" women and of the worried ones had not grown large enough to make a difference in the shopping customs even at the unusual season of Christmas time. Good Form had not stepped in to hurry things along. But now it has. Women suddenly seem to realize that it is not only a question of increased cost—sometimes we have been inclined to think that acted as a deterrent to any reform in this matter, rather than otherwise—but that it is a matter of patriotism. And it is decidedly bad form just now, thank goodness, not to let one's patriotism take a form to some degree practical. "The country needs the gasoline," they heard. And they sobered considerably when statisticians told them how much gasoline it took to send home their thread and ribbons, not to mention talcum and nail polish. "Prices of everything are rising and the cost of delivering your packages must be partly borne by people who cannot afford it," had a familiar sound. They had heard it before, and they had said it was too bad that of course one couldn't go about the streets with bundles under one's arms, could one? But when they were told by gravely enthusiastic gentlemen at patriotic meetings that it was unpatriotic for them to increase the cost of things unnecessarily just now, it sounded different somehow. And then everyone who was not making any sort of contribution to the Cause in the way of time or money, to say the least, began to feel almost declassé because of it. Women suddenly awoke to the fact that there was one thing everyone of them could do—carry home their own packages. Of course fashion immediately stepped in and helped them by contributing the most fetching possible, to say the least, of a nuisance to have several little parcels to look after, especially for those of us who have to ride in subways and buses



And there are a few of us who seem liable to arrive home with one less than we left town with unless we think of nothing else en route. But shopping bags solve that difficulty. And somehow shopping bags did use to be unattractive. There is no denying that. That is, we thought they were because we had forgotten some of the kinds our grandmothers still cherished when they were no longer allowed to take them forth. But did you ever come across one packed away somewhere in the "saddle bag" variety? They were usually knitted or crocheted and they often had steel or brightly-colored beads crocheted right into them in some way. Grandmother could get a lot into them, with their two bag-like ends that dropped down on each side of her arm. They might be rather apt to slip off when you were hanging on to a subway strap, though, and anyway, nowadays every feminine creature is too busy knitting sweaters and wristlets and mufflers and helmets for those who have gone or are going, to spend her time knitting a shopping bag. So fashion has produced something just suited to our particular need at this particular time. And they are the most charming, most well-loved, I am almost inclined to say, coquettish—things you ever saw. They are made of silk or of gay flow-

er cretonne. They have rings or loops that go over the arm and they are occasionally made still more fascinating by ornaments of silken apples. Pushed up on the arm of a fair shopper, they manage to lend a sort of Dolly Varden air to the most serious of these new patriots. And patriotism of all things must be cheerily accomplished. The consequence is that Fifth Avenue has bloomed forth like a chorus in an extremely decorative opera, and America is being served by it. From debutantes to dowagers, they are all carrying bags of some sort and so proud of being their own delivery wagons that it is a joy to watch them. "Did you notice what I am carrying?" And she held up a rather bulky package, a plain paper-wrapped bundle. "I didn't even have a bag with me, but I am carrying it just the same and I didn't feel a bit out of place with it now. It's shoes. Yes, my dear, big, heavy, sport shoes. I want to wear them early in the morning and I knew they never would have them down at Malba by that time. And now that everyone else is doing it, I didn't mind a bit. So I just took them along—and so glad for an excuse. You see it's the patriotic thing to do, anyway. After this I shall carry—yes, shoes, or even bigger things whether I am in a hurry for them or not. I know we

ought to, but I just didn't get started to do it before this."

To be sure there is nothing new in the idea nor in the practice. New York and some other parts of the country hate to admit that because they hate to admit that there is anything they are really about. But they know in their hearts that it is true. For years Boston has been known for its Boston bags. The rest of the country laughed at them. But Boston women of all degrees went quietly on their own way, as Boston is accustomed to doing. Three out of four women once met in the shops or on the streets carried those Boston bags, plain, unattractive, leather bags, large enough to accommodate all of the parcels of an ordinary day's shopping. Late deliveries didn't bother them. Their purchases were right with them. And there was no apology in their manner or their minds when they stopped in at the Copley-Plaza for tea with a Boston bag quite frankly filled with the fruits of a day's shopping. It was "good-form" in Boston. Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, and some of the cities farther south, have always recognized the dignity of the personally conducted market basket. Perhaps of late years this dignity has not been accompanied by the same degree of popularity that used to belong to it, but that has returned in the last few months. And perhaps it has helped the whole self-carrying movement over the country, as much as have the cretonne bags of New York. It was the society women of Washington who set the seal of approval on the market basket there, years ago, the women in high official life, as well as those who insisted upon being called the real Washingtonians because they were not official. Mrs. Logan, the wife of the famous old General, was the leading spirit of that accomplishment, and Washington was grateful to her for helping it to what it really wanted to do. Six days a week, Mrs. Logan appeared at the old Central Market, basket in hand, ready to select her own fruits and vegetables and meats and to carry them home after she had selected them. In this new "carry home your parcels" wave, it is particularly grateful that there was a sudden sweep of all groups of women to the same idea. Society women, who have never economized, serious-minded women who have been looking for years for ways to help in all sorts of things, debutantes who have never before been in the line of things they want to be, they are all doing the same thing for once. And the amusing thing about it is the way the one-time "parasites" now look with scorn upon the "parasites" who continue to depend upon delivery wagons for all of their shopping deliveries. You see, it isn't "Good Form" any more!—Nugents.

"Mou Dien, Roberta, marquise of Grez and Bye!" was all the I allowed myself to exclaim, as I made a very quick rush for that dressing room, switched on the lights, flung off my coat, seized a pair of corduroy riding breeches that hung in a corner beside another pair, discarded my own broadcloth and struggled with hot and dry legs the same moment into them. Then in a hurry as great as I shall ever know, I discovered a gray flannel shirt in a drawer of the very tall old mahogany chest and inserted myself into that with an equal rapidity. A wide leather belt made the two very large garments secure around my waist, and I again drew breath to come into my lungs. I then opened a very queer bag, which I knew to be for a saddle that was upon a shelf in the dressing room, and began to put things into it, according to directions of the Gouverneur Falkner. The other pair of those riding breeches I laid with another of the flannel shirts in a great conspicuousness upon a chair in the bedroom directly in front of the door from the dressing room. "We are going to make a record getaway, boy," said that Gouverneur Falkner to me as in a few minutes he came, clothed in those riding trousers and that flannel shirt, to the door of his dressing room, where I was just making a dash of putting needed clothing into his bag. "You'll find the other things we need in the bathroom. Put it all in while I get

together a few papers I want. We can start now in two minutes." "All is ready now, my Gouverneur Falkner," I made the announcement after a wading into that very wet room of the bath and a return. "Here, give me the bag and you go ahead with this electric torch. Quiet, now," admonished the Gouverneur Falkner to me as we took our departure through the dark hall. "This is the maddest escapade that a governor of this ancient state has ever undertaken, and the weight of years has slid from me, boy," said that Gouverneur Falkner to me as the cherry made a long glide from the city out into the open road. The day was just beginning to come with its light from behind the great and crooked mountain that is called Old Harpeth when my Gouverneur Falkner made me to turn my good cherry from off the main road into a little road of much narrowness and of beautiful brown dirt the color of the riding trousers that I wore and stop beside a very humble, small house, which was covered with a vine in beautiful bud around which many chickens hovered in waiting for a morning breakfast. Behind the small house was a large barn, and as I made a nice turn and stop beside the white gate a man in a blue garment that I now know is called overalls came to the door of the barn. "Hello, bud! Are Lightfoot and Steady in good condition for a trip across to Turkey gulch?" called my

Gouverneur Falkner as he alighted from the car. "Fit as fiddles, Governor Bill," answered the man, as he came to the gate to shake hands with the Gouverneur Falkner. "Light and come a good deal better than I have got a couple of chickens already in the skillet. And say, I want you to see what Mandy have got with her. Ten pounds, Gov."

"Congratulations, Bud; that is some—boy?" said my Gouverneur Falkner with a question as he again gripped the hand of the large man. "Now, Gov. What's the matter with a gal child?" And the nice young father of the poor little female man, a little of his disposition in defense of his daughter. "Not a thing on earth, Bud, except that the whole sex are the unknown quantity. This is my secretary, Robert Carruthers, the general's nephew. Come in, Robert, and you'll have a square meal in your life if you never get another. Get me the usual food wallet together, Bud, please, and let me have it and the horses the very moment I've swallowed the last bite of my drum bone, will you? We've got to ride fast and far to-day, and I want nobody on my trail. Understand?"

"Yep, Gov." was the answer that good Bud man made as my Gouverneur Falkner and I took our way through many chickens into the low little house. "I don't know my soul, if there ain't the governor come for a bite with Granny Bell this fine morning!" exclaimed a very nice old lady from above a stove which was steaming with food of such an odor as to create a madness in my very empty stomach. "More than any bite, granny," answered my Gouverneur Falkner as he came beside the stove to shake hands with the nice hostess. "I'd like to feed you some good fried in silk, Governor Bill, for that mercy to my nephew Timms. I can't say what I feel and finish this cream gravy the right color for you." And as she spoke the fine old friend of my Gouverneur Falkner wept as she shook a steaming sauce in a black pan and turned with the left hand a golden piece of bread upon another part of the stove. "I don't need anything more than your 'well done,' Granny," answered my Gouverneur Falkner as he laid a gentle hand on the trembling

Daily Dot Puzzle

"THEIR MARRIED LIFE"

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"What do you think about it, Warren?" asked Helen.

"Think about what?" Helen laughed. "Warren told me. I have told you three times now," she said, twice at dinner and once just a few minutes ago.

"Oh, about Winifred?"

"Yes, dear, the child is crazy to go, and I really think it's too hot to keep her here in the city. If we had some way of getting out of town, it would be different. I thought yesterday how splendid it would be if we could run the car."

"There you go again, hinting around for the car," said Warren irritably. "I've told you that I can't afford to use it at present. Heaven knows if I could have been offered a decent price for it, I would have sold it long ago. I wish Davenport would offer me that same price for it now that he did a year ago."

"I'm not hinting, dear," Helen corrected. "I know we can't afford to run it. I simply said that if it were possible, I could get out of town with Winifred every day. I could run down to the beaches and get her out of the city."

"And I'd never have a minute's peace while you were gone. You're too nervous to run a car easily."

"I thought I managed pretty well," Helen returned. "But now what about Winifred?"

"Why don't you go away and take the child somewhere?"

"I told you that I wouldn't go away without you," Helen said quickly. "Really, Warren, if you'd be sensible about this thing you would see that it is just the best thing in the world for Winifred. She is crazy to go."

"I'll warrant that part of it," Warren said shortly. "You probably

have painted a beautiful picture for her of what a splendid time she will have, and no wonder she is crazy to go."

"Warren, what makes you so unreasonable?"

"I'm not. But who are these people? What do we know about them?"

"I have told you that little Mollie Bangs went to school with Winifred. She is the daughter of Henry Allen Bangs, that's all I know, excepting that at the school I have received excellent reports of Mollie, and the child has been here a great deal this past year playing with Winifred. Mr. Bangs called one afternoon, don't you remember? It was Sunday, and Frances was here and a crowd of others. You said you liked him immensely."

"Oh, yes," said Warren reflectively. "I do remember now. He was a splendid chap. He is in the rubber business; we had quite a chat."

"Of course. You see, Warren, if you would pay a little bit of attention when I talk to you without losing your temper and making up your mind before you know what the argument is about, we might get somewhere."

"Well, well," laughed Warren amusedly. "It was seldom that Helen spoke to him that way."

"Now that you know who Mr. Bangs is, do you think any better of the proposition?" Helen queried.

"Where did you say the place was?"

"Some very quiet place on a farm in Sullivan county. Mr. Bangs is going to take the children up himself, and one of the teachers from the school is going to stay with them and take care of them. Mr. Bangs has invited Winifred to be his guest; he is very anxious to have her spend the summer with Mollie."

Warren reflected seriously on the

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