

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)

"It's twenty-four hours on horse-back across the mountains from Springtown, boy. The trip would take three days. I can't do it with these guests here, even if they are robbers. I'll have to stay and dig down to the root of the matter here. I may find it in the hearts of my friends," he answered me, with a look of great despair.

"The root of the matter is that man who is a prisoner, my Gouverneur Faulkner. I say that you go; that you start while yet it is night and while no man can advise you not to take that journey. It can be done while this entertainment to the farm of the Brices is made for the inspection of mules and also the running of horses. It is necessary." As I spoke to him in that manner a great force rose in me that I poured out to him through my eyes. "Great heavens, boy, believe I'll do it. I could never get anything if I went when they knew I was going, but I might find out the whole thing if I went to Springtown. If I go now they'll not have time to get their breath before I am back. I'll be able to think out there in those hills, and I'm—a man who needs to think with a vision unobscured." For a long minute my Gouverneur Faulkner sat with his head bowed in his hands as he rested his elbows on the table. Then he rose to his feet. "Let's get away while it is still the dead of night, Robert. I'll leave a note with Cato to tell the general that I go now, and nobody except himself must know where I have gone or why. He'll put up the right bluff, and we'll be back before they get any sense out of him. It's o'clock, and we must be far out on the road by daybreak. We'll take your car and leave it in hiding in a place where by sunrise we'll get horses to cross the mountains."

"Is it that I must go for three days out into those mountains, my Gouverneur Faulkner?" faltered that ridiculous and troublesome Robert, marquis of Grez and Bye.

"Why, no Robert, unless—unless—oh, well, I suppose this prisoner of Jim's can speak English, as they all can. I rather wanted you but this happens is best for me to fight it out alone. Will you help me pack a bag? Get the one from my dressing room while I take a plunge into the bath."

"Quick, Robert Carruthers make an excuse to that Roberta, marquis of Grez and Bye, who is of such a foolishness, that you must have a quick Form on his side at the moment of need. I must return home for a few necessities of my toilet for those days, but I will be back in what that good Kizzie says to be a jiffy, when speaking of cooking that is delayed."

"Won't be time for you to go home, boy," he answered me, looking at a clock upon the wall over his fireplace. "You are still in your evening clothes I see. But that's easy. You climb into that pink coat and a pair of those corduroy trousers, and mine you see hanging in my dressing room. I haven't hunted for two years, but they are still there. Put linen in that saddlebag on the shelf for us both out of the drawers in the old chest over there. Take heavy socks to go under the leggings. You'd better put on a flannel shirt, too, and take an extra one for both of us. We'll travel light. I'll only be in the bath a couple of minutes. With which assurance he enters the room of the bath and closed the door upon me.

"Mou Dieu, Roberta, marquis of Grez and Bye!" said 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 both my 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 Faulkner. 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 Faulkner 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 needful things into his bag. "You'll find the other things we need in the bathroom. Put it all in while I get



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 that can interfere with a thing going through.

And when ordinary sense collaborates with those of the two factors in favor of a change in custom, the old regime might just as well be a dead weight. (Confidentially we will admit in no sense has it always been an awful lot to say about it. It never was able to open her door by a heavy many battles unless it had the good fortune to receive a good Form on its side at the moment of need.) Therefore, Mandy who has acquired some sort of pride in her own against 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 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 passers by. But why should she? The shops expected of a woman to deliver what one bought. And besides, it was well known that she couldn't play more than eight-teen holes of golf without beginning to feel a bit tired. It was extremely fatiguing to bother with purchases in that way. If she bought that which was certainly all that could be expected of a poor fragile female creature.

But there was a man one time who took for his motto to comfort his family through life. "Even this shall pass away." And so one night the sun went down and 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.

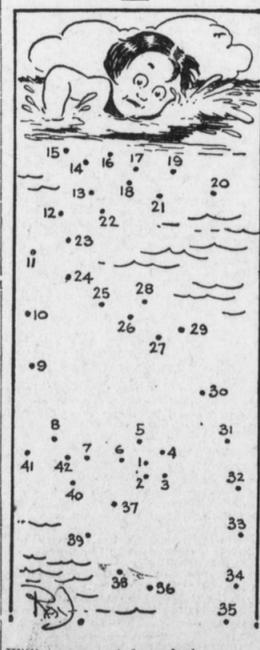
Of course Fashion immediately stepped in and helped them by contributing the most fetching possible, and in a trice there were being distributed were for the most part much larger, more cumbersome. And, lo, behold the women! Wrap-

packages women and scurrying motor trucks and rose the next morning to think it had slipped its tracks somewhere and got onto some other sun's run. For by the time it was high enough to peer down into the canyons of New York, times had certainly changed.

There were still delivery wagons; but there didn't seem to be quite so many of them, and the bundles they were distributing were for the most part much larger, more cumbersome. And, lo, behold the women! Wrap-

shoulder of the nice old lady. "This younger here got the word from Mary, and you can give him both of the liver wings if you want to show your gratitude to him." [To be Continued.]

Daily Dot Puzzle



Willie swam out for a lark. But he saw an awful — Draw from one to two and so on to the end.

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 ladies' 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 overhushed deliveries at the last overhushed minute. And the numbers of those "sensible" women and of the worried ones had not grown large enough to buy this or that variety of a revolution in shopping customs even at the unusual season of Christmas time. Good Form had not stepped in to hurry this 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, and to mention talcum and nail polish.

"Prices of everything are rising and the cost of delivering our 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.

And then when 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.

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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 wrist-lets 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, I am almost inclined to say, coquettish—things you ever saw. They are made of silk or of gay flow-

ered 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 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, 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 it 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 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 in the week, Mrs. Logan appeared at the old Central Market, basket in hand, ready to select her own fruits and vegetables and to carry them home after she had selected them.

In this new "carry home your parcels" wave, it is particularly hopeful that there was a sudden sweep of all groups of women to the same idea. Society women, who have never taken anything seriously in the line of economics, serious-minded women who have been looking for years for ways to help in all sorts of things, debutantes who have yet made up their minds which type 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. "No wonder they aren't busy," they say. "I'm in a hurry for them or not. I know we

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"THEIR MARRIED LIFE"

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

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

"Yes, dear, the child is crazy 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."

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?"

"Yes, Warren, and she's a charming girl of about twenty-seven. She is poor and devoted to children, and was only too glad to accept Mr. Bangs' offer."

"And we might run up ourselves for a week-end," suggested Warren. "Oh, Warren, would you really? I didn't like to suggest it, because I thought it might be too quiet for you, but I should love that."

"I don't see why we couldn't do matter. 'Well,' he said finally, 'I really don't see any objection to that. If you are perfectly satisfied to have her go, I don't see why I should object. You say you know this teacher who is going with them?'"

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