

# 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)

"God bless you, young gentleman, and you shall have anything that Granny Bell has to give you in gratitude. Now draw up two chairs and call to boys," and as she spoke she set the dishes of a beautiful odor upon a very clean table beside the stove.

"Is it that I may wash the grease stains of the car from my hands before eating, dear madam?" I asked of her.

"Back porch, you'll find the bucket and pan and towel, youngster. I can't wait for you," made answer my Gouverneur Faulkner, as he laughed and began upon the repeat that must of necessity be a hurried one.

#### CHAPTER XIV. The Camp Heaven.

And I was very glad indeed that he did not go with me for that toilet to my hands, for it might have deprived me of a very beautiful thing that I discovered, through a window under a vine of roses that opened upon that back porch.

A very pretty young girl, with hair the color of the maize in the fields, lay upon a white bed beneath a quilt of many colors. The eyes of the mother were closed, and her arm held a babe loosely as if in deep dreaming. I softly poured the water into the basin, made clean my hands and quietly withdrew into the kitchen, with much care that I did not awaken her. On my cheeks I could feel a deep glow of color, and something within my heart pounded with force against my own breast under its gray red coat of a hunting man. I could not resist the temptation of my Gouverneur Faulkner, and I ate not as much of that good breakfast as Robert Carruthers could have consumed if the woman in his heart had not been stilled.

And all that long day in the soft early spring which was bursting into a budding and a flowering under the feet of our horses and above our heads in the trees, it was the woman Roberta that rode at the side of my Gouverneur Faulkner with her heart at ache under her coat of a man. It was with difficulty that I forced my eyes to meet and make answer to the merriment and joy of the woods in his deep ones, and I was of great gladness when the descending of the sun brought a moon silvered twilight down upon us from the young green branches of the large trees of the forest through which we rode.

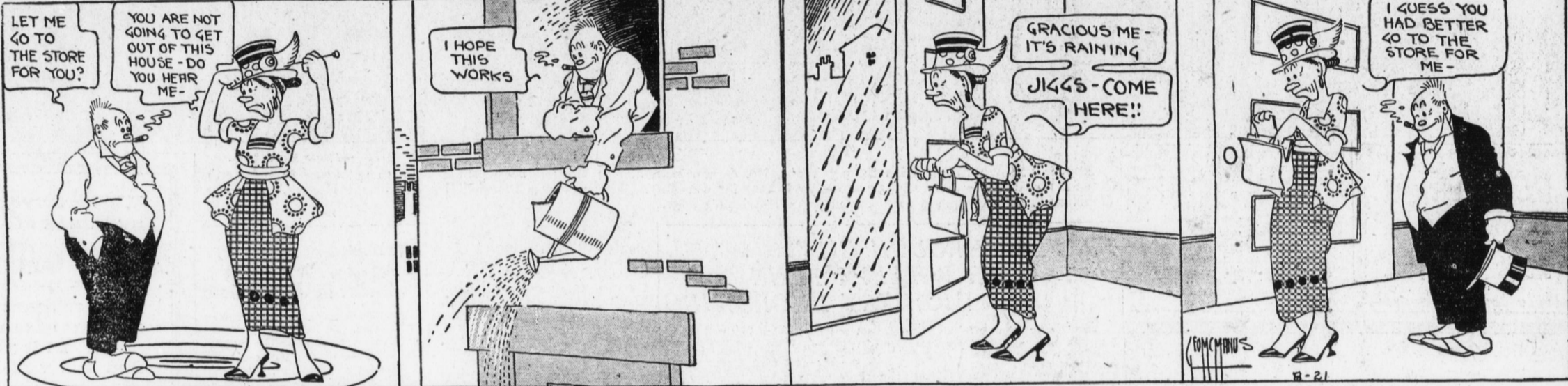
"Time to make camp. We've got to old Jutting rock. You are halfway up between heaven and earth, youngster," said my Gouverneur Faulkner as he drew to a halt his horse in front of me and pointed down into the dim valley that lay at our feet.

"I am glad that we have made this Camp Heaven," I answered to him as I slid from my horse, unstrapped him and drew from his back the heavy saddle he had worn for the day, as I had been taught by my father to do after a day's hunting. If no groom came immediately, it is that you have hunger, my Gouverneur Faulkner?"

"Only about ten pounds of food craving," he made answer to me with a large laugh that was the first I had ever heard him to give forth.

"I'll rustle the fire and water, if you'll open the food wallet and feed the horses."

"Immediately I will do all of that," I made an answer to him, and because of the happiness of that laugh



he had given forth a gladness rose in my heart that made me again that merry boy Robert.

And it was with a great industry for a short hour that we prepared the Camp Heaven for a sojourn of a night. Upon a very nice hot fire I put good bacon to cook, and my Gouverneur set also the pot of coffee upon the coals. Then, while I made crisp with the heat the brown corn-pones with which that Granny Bell had provided us, he brought a large armful of a very fragrant kind of tree and threw it not far into the shadow of the great tree which was the roof of our Camp Heaven.

"Bed," he said as he came and stood beside the fire in a large tower, "I dropped beyond rescue a fragment of that corn bread into the extreme heat of the coals, but I said, with a great composure and a briefness like unto his words.

"Supper."

"Why is it that a man thinks he wants more of life's good than fatigue, supper and bed, do you suppose, boy?" questioned my Gouverneur Faulkner to me as at last in repetition he leaned back against our giant roof tree between two of whose hospitable large roots we had made our repeat, and lighted a pipe of great fragrance, which he had taken from his pocket.

"I would not possess happiness even though I had this nice supper if I was alone in this great forest, your excellency, I would fear," I answered him, with a small laugh as I took my corduroy knees into my embrace and looked off into that distant valley below us which was beginning to glow with stars of home lights.

"Didn't I tell you once that you don't count, that you are just myself, youngster? You ought not to know I am here. I don't know you exist except as a form of pleasure which I do not ask the reason," was the answer that my Gouverneur Faulkner made to me.

"I excuse myself away with humbleness for impertinence, your excellency," I returned to him.

"If you tried to do you think you could call me still just for to-night, boy?" was the answer he made to my excuses as he puffed a beautiful ring of smoke at me.

"I could not," I answered with an indignation.

"I heard you call Sue Tomlinson Sue the first night you danced with her."

"But that Miss Sue is a woman, my Gouverneur Faulkner," I answered, with haste.

"That's the reason that women get at us to do us, youngster. We don't approach them as human to human, but we go up on their blind side and they come back at us in the dark with a knife." And as he spoke all of the gayness of joy was lost from the voice of my beloved Gouverneur, and in its place was bitterness.

[To be Continued.]

## All's Well That Ends Well

BY JANE McLEAN

It was all very episodic—at least it was to everyone perhaps but the few who took part in it. Sometimes, however, the most tense little dramas take place in a short space of time, the result, perchance, of an episode.

This episode took place in the subway, the New York subway. Everyone likes to hear a story about New York. Those who live there avidly devour anything pertaining to their manners and customs, and those who live in other smaller cities or towns read with just as much interest stories that happen in and around New York.

Ellen had come to the city to find work, and through the efforts of some kind friends she had obtained a good position. She was a sweet-looking girl and had not absorbed many city customs, therefore she was natural and unaffected. When the first hot day came to the city she did as she had always done in the country or in the small town where she had lived, and dressed comfortably.

If all the girls in the larger cities dressed comfortably there would be no more "Summer" furs and many more contented girls. But fashion dictates are of more importance than city customs, therefore she was uncomfortable; and on the particular day featuring in this story, when Ellen entered the subway train in a costly Summer frock and wide-brimmed hat, she encountered the hostile gaze of two city damsels across the way.

Ellen looked at them interestedly, and, indeed, they would have been interesting to any layman. They were both young and pretty, and very, very smart. They wore one-piece frocks of blue serge with pointed satin collars. They wore chic little hats with tight face veils, and around their throats fluffy fur boas. Their cheeks were faintly pink and not a trace of moisture disfigured the smoothness of their skin. Ellen thought them marvelous, but they did not return the compliment.

One of them smiled and above the roar of the train as it slowed down for a station, her biting comment could be plainly heard.

"Look at little Nellie from the country, she looks exactly like the heroine of a motion picture. All she needs is her hair down her back."

The girl with her smiled loftily.

"Yes, isn't it weird, my dear, the queer set-ups one sees sometimes. Some girls think about everything in the world but appropriate dress."

Neither of these girls was consciously cruel. Of course, all youth is a little bit cruel, but neither wanted to hurt the little girl opposite. Neither wished her to overhear what they were saying. They were just sublimely satisfied with themselves, and needed to express their feelings. And neither thought of analyzing that word "appropriate." A disinterested person it might have sounded laughable.

Ellen flushed, deeply, however, and her eyes dropped. She wondered miserably if the remark had been heard by any one else, the nice looking elderly man in the corner, or the college boy next to her. She wondered, too, who was wrong with her dress, and the pretty voile gown which she had thought so attractive seemed suddenly contrived, and the wide hat inappropriate and childish. In a word, she was rendered

### Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

He is Wrong

Dear Miss Fairfax: My fiancé and I love each other dearly, and for the past nine months have been very happy. We have always been truthful to one another and have no secrets. Now that the swimming season is here, I go down to the beach about twice during the week, and occasionally see a man I have known for three years, and although I merely say "good day" my fiancé does not approve. He says and firmly believes that I should not go anywhere or have any pleasure that he cannot share.

Do you think he is justified in denying me of this innocent, healthful pleasure, which I have thoroughly enjoyed for five years?

I have given up all my friends for him at his request, and did so willingly.

L. C. M.

As you state the case, there seems to be absolutely no reason why you should be deprived of your trip along the beach and of the swimming which you so much enjoy. It seems as if your fiancé were somewhat inclined to be jealous and suspicious and quite unfair in his demands. But, perhaps, there is another side to the story. You may be a little inclined to coquet; you may be overly fond of good times. If there is no more in the case than you have stated, he is wrong and you ought to be allowed to enjoy your swimming without further discussion.

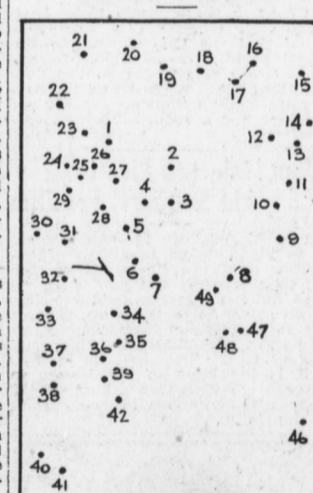
### Books and Magazines

A. D. McLaren has written a startling account of the "Peaceful Penetration" practiced by Germany which will be published within a week or two by E. P. Dutton & Co. It makes a careful and thorough exposition of the methods which have been used by the German government during the last quarter century or more to get footholds in other countries, to use commercial advantages for political ends, to fill friendly countries with spies and to provide means by which it can provide trouble in any country where it could gain advantage by doing so.

Mr. McLaren, who is the author of "Germanism From Within," published last year, has been for thirty years a close student of German affairs. He spent the last seven years before the war living in Germany in closest contact with all sections and classes of people. His book will, it is said, be an eye opener for easy-going and generous minded Americans.

Captain Bruce Bainsfather's sketches set all England chuckling when they first appeared in the Bystander, and they have met with as hearty a welcome by Americans who have had the luck to see them. Even German prisoners have been known to become hilarious over these indescribable pictures of life in the trenches. Now, with their amusing captions, they have been gathered into a volume and will be published in September by the Putnams under the title of Fragments from France.

### Daily Dot Puzzle



Who is she dreaming about? Draw from one to two and so on to the end.

**Bobby SAYS**  
"The right food for hot weather—**POST TOASTIES**"



### Fashions of To-Day - By May Manton

Collars such as this are all-important this season. No. 1 extends over the shoulders and gives the square effect at the back. No. 2 is a simple, square collar and No. 3, one of the collars that can be draped about the throat or rolled open with the coat. No. 1 and No. 2 are available both for coats and for gowns. They are suited to pique as well as to such thinner materials as organdie, batiste, Georgette and the like. No. 3 is designed for a coat and can either match the coat or the trimming material.

For No. 1 will be needed, 3/4 of a yard of material 36 or 44 inches wide, for No. 2, 1/2 yard, for No. 3, 3/4 of a yard.

The pattern No. 9459-A is cut in one size only. It will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of ten cents.

9459-A Set of Collars, one size. Price 10 cents.



### Your Child's Health

needs protection against deadly disease germs which lurk everywhere in summer. Disinfect your garbage can, sink, toilet bowl and outdoor frequently and freely with

## Acme Chlorinated Lime

U. S. Government, City Health Authorities and Great Hospitals use and recommend Chlorinated Lime as a powerful, economical and safe disinfectant.

Acme Chlorinated Lime is always fresh and strong. Kills germs and destroys odors instantly. At all first class grocers and druggists, large can 15c. Refuse substitutes which may be stale and worthless.

A. Mendleson's Sons, New York and Albany

## Pay Your Bills Promptly!

The grocer, the butcher, the baker the merchant in every line of trade MUST have your co-operation along these lines at once.

With the scarcity of raw materials manufacturers have been obliged to face a cutting down of discounts and credit terms — they in turn have been forced to do the same with the jobber — and the jobber has been compelled to proceed in like manner with the dealer — either that, or increase prices and increased prices to the dealer means that YOU will eventually have to bear the burden.

Pay your bills promptly. By so doing, you will enable the dealer to meet his bills promptly and secure the advantage of lowest possible prices, by which you are directly benefited.

Why not re-arrange your system of running accounts?

Tell your dealer to render bills weekly or every two weeks. You'll find the amounts smaller and much easier to meet, and you will be doing a lot toward holding down the upward trend of living costs.

Pay your bills promptly. The dealer needs your co-operation — goods cost him more to-day than ever — he has more money tied up in stock — and he is making less money than under ordinary conditions.

And on top of all this he is obliged to meet his obligations involving greater sums of money in a shorter time than ever.

Help him — if he has been willing to extend you monthly credit in the past — arrange your credit now on a shorter term basis — have him render bills more frequently — and when you receive them

## Pay Your Bills Promptly!

The Wholesale Houses of Harrisburg