

Reading for Women and all the Family

Bringing Up Father

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By McManus

The Daredevil

By Maria Thompson Daviess
Author of "The Melting of Molly"

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(Continued)

"I said you warn't no revenue. Here, drink, stranger," answered the wild Jim as he handed a bottle of white liquid to my Capitaine the Count de Lasselles and also another to my Gouverneur Faulkner. "That boy can suck the drippings," he added as he looked at me with humor. "Get cups and water, Jim," commanded my Gouverneur Faulkner with a smile. "Don't drink it straight, captain. It will knock you down."

"I will procure the cups and the water," I said, with rapidity, for I longed to leave that room for a few moments in which to shake from my eyes some of the tears that were making a mist before them. "Get a fresh bucket from the spring up the gulch, Bob, while I go beat the boys outen the bushes with the news that they ain't no revenue. They'll want to see Bill," was the direction that wild Jim gave to me as he placed in my hand a rude bucket and pointed up the side of the hill he descended around the rock by the path which we had ascended.

"What is that you shall do now, Roberta, marquise of Grez and Bye?" I went a question to myself as I dipped that bucket into a clear pool and made ready to return to the hut. "All is lost to you."

"I do not know," I answered to myself. "And when I had made a safe return to the hut with a small portion of the water only remaining in the bucket, for the cause of many slides in the steep descent of the pool, I found my Gouverneur Faulkner and my Capitaine the Count de Lasselles engaged deeply in a mass of papers on the table before them and with thanks to Roberta, the marquise of Grez and Bye, when she served to them tincups of the water and a liquid that I had ascertained by tasting to be of fire. I believe it to be thus that in affairs of business in the minds of men all women are become drowned."

"Will you write this out for his excellency, my dear mademoiselle?" would request my good Capitaine the Count de Lasselles.

"Thank you would be the reply I received from the Gouverneur Faulkner of the state of Harpeth, with never one small look into my eyes that so besought his."

And for all of the hours of that very long afternoon I sat on a low stool beside the feet of those two great gentlemen and served them in their communications while the heart in my breast was going into death by a slow, cruel torture.

The exact meaning of those papers and words of business I did not know but once I observed my Capitaine the Count de Lasselles throw down his pencil and look into the face of the Gouverneur Faulkner with a great and stern astonishment.

"The work of crafters, Captain Lasselles, with a woman as a tool. But I yet don't see just how it was that she worked it. My secretary of state, General Carruthers, and I have been at work for weeks, and we could not catch the exact fraud," made answer my Gouverneur Faulkner with a cold sternness.

"I was warned in Paris that beautiful American women were very much interested in the placing of war contracts. M. le Gouverneur, I tied upon a tugboat from the ship that I escape some for whom I had

letters of introduction which I could not ignore."

"It was your captain, the Count de Lasselles, whom that Madam Whitworth sought upon the ship, Roberta," I said to myself.

"I think women are alike the world over, captain, and the discussion of them and their mental and moral processes is fruitless," answered my Gouverneur Faulkner as he again took up his pencil.

"When it happened to me to find the fragment of the letter to the lady of America from my false lieutenant, I had a deep distress that tenderness for the suffering of poor France should fall to be in even one American woman's heart. And now I am in deep concern. Where am I to obtain the good strong mules by which to transport through fields heavy with mud the food to my poor boys in their trenches?"

"Right here, captain, I feel reasonably sure. I think I see a way to give you what you want at a better figure. And from it no man shall reap more than a just wage for honest work. As the governor of the state of Harpeth can give you at the table before them, and as he spoke my Gouverneur Faulkner looked the Capitaine the Count de Lasselles in the eyes with the utmost of conviction.

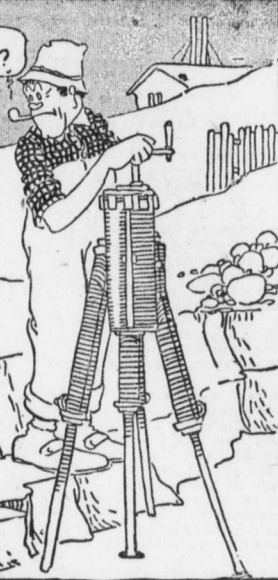
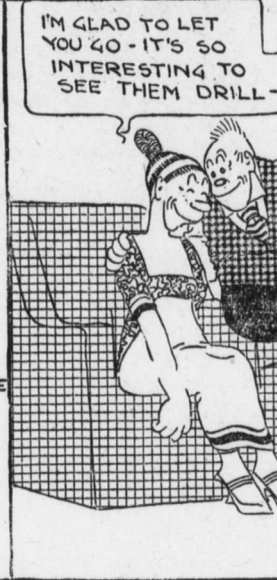
"I give thanks to le bon Dieu," I said, with words that were very soft in my throat, but at which I observed the mouth of that Gouverneur Faulkner to again become as one straight line of coldness. "Indeed, mademoiselle," made courteous answer to me by Capitaine the Count de Lasselles. "But how will you accomplish that purpose, M. le Gouverneur?"

"As soon as I've done with these figures I'll be in Jim, your jaller, and then you'll hear some things about the American mountain mule that you never heard before, I believe. As he spoke my Gouverneur Faulkner proceeded with making figures with his pencil, a fine glow of eagerness added to that of rage in his eyes very deep under their brows. "Now I'll go and call in Jim," he said after a few minutes of waiting and left the room in which I sat then alone with my Capitaine the Count de Lasselles, who came to me with outstretched hands.

"Ah, Mlle. Roberta," he exclaimed, "in my in a debt of gratitude to you for bringing this great gentleman, your friend, to my rescue and also to the solving of this very strange situation concerning these contracts. Indeed have you accomplished the mission for which you enlisted—your friends for France?"

"It is a great joy to me, mon capitaine, that you give to me your approval. Much has happened to me in these short weeks since you left me in loneliness on that great ship that I rose into my words."

[To Be Continued.]



All's Well That Ends Well

By Jane McLean

Sixteen is always curious. To sixteen the world is an undiscovered territory where the facts of life are shrouded in mystery and everything may be vested with romance.

In Luella's room that afternoon the girls of the senior class had met to discuss plans for the future. But the future of the senior class finally gave way to that more interesting, absorbing question, the future of the individual. Gradually the topic of conversation wandered, until at last, the girls were talking ideals.

Luella, tall and willowy, was standing over the chatting girls. Luella seemed older than the others, in fact it had been whispered among the other girls that Luella had already had a blasted romance. She was the kind of a girl who never said anything that she had not deliberated over and thought over first. Her brow was always unruined; sometimes she looked seriously thoughtful, but never excitedly curious.

"The girls knew very little about Luella's family life, for she never spoke of it herself and the others hated to ask, but she was accepted unquestionably just the same, for she was the kind of a girl sure to be adored in a school girl world. 'I shall never marry any one but my ideal,' said Marjorie. Marjorie was short and plump and very sentimental. She adored chocolates and tried to look like the heroine of a story, although she never succeeded.

"What is your ideal?" asked Ruth. "Well," considered Marjorie, "he must be brave. I think I should require that first of all, he needn't be handsome, although I'd like him to be, of course, and he must adore the very greenest walk on."

"Men don't do that these days," said practical Ruth. She wore glasses and had a brother who was a sophomore at college and told her during vacations what the masculine sex thought of the female species.

"Why, what do you mean?" chorused the others. "Don't you believe in love?"

"Yes," continued Ruth, "of course I do. 'But I'm not sentimental like Marg. And Bill told me that a fellow likes a girl to go swimming with him these days, instead of sitting at her feet with amandollin'."

"But those days were wonderful, weren't they?" sighed Marjorie. "I think they were awful," said Ruth. "Girls were never allowed to do anything, and the men had all the good times."

"Well interrupted Lillian, "you others can be satisfied with very little. For my part, an ideal man without money would be just impossible."

Lillian was the prettiest girl in the school, and always had her pick of any of the men she knew when school dances were announced.

"Couldn't you like a man without money?" asked Marjorie. "Suppose you fell in love with him first and found out afterward that he was poor?"

"You ridiculous child," laughed Lillian, with her woman of the world attitude. "No woman has to fall in love with a man unless she wants to. I'd be pretty sure I knew all about my man before I loved him, you'd better believe that."

The others looked at Lillian a little enviously. She was so pretty that of course a wealthy man would be sure to marry her. Lillian without money would be a queer kind of an arrangement. Why it was known all over school that Lill's allowance was double that of the rest of the girls.

"Now it's my turn," put in Connie. "Marg wants a lover, Ruth a companion, Lill must have wealth, and my ideal must be handsome."

"Why Con," said Ruth in amazement.

ANECDOTES OF THE FAMOUS Mrs. Carey Evans, the newly-married daughter of Mr. Lloyd George, recently told an amusing story of how her father, driving home in his dog-cart one day, came across a little Welsh girl striding along so wearily that he offered her a lift. She accepted silently. All the way along Mr. Lloyd George tried hard to engage her in conversation, but could not get her to say anything more than "Yes" or "No."

meht. "I never thought you were so foolish."

"I'm not," protested Connie. "But I have always wanted a handsome man and it just happens that I never have known one. You know how awful that man was who came on for the spring dance with Virginia's brother, and of course it had to be my lot to have him for the entire affair. I know plenty of boys, but there's all homely, so I must have a handsome man for an ideal. I'm going to picture him out for myself until he really comes for me."

"The fudge is ready to pour," said Luella, speaking for the first time. "Hold the pan for me Ruth, will you?"

The girls watched the rich golden-brown mass as it bubbled into the pan and was set aside to cool. Then they all turned to Luella.

"Now what's your ideal?" they chorused. "We have told ours," Luella considered a moment, then she said thoughtfully.

"I want a man who is loved by little children. He needn't be handsome or wealthy, or rich, but if children loved him, I'd be quite sure he could make me happy."

The others were quiet for a moment, and then, Marjorie softly said: "I think that's the nicest ideal of

"THEIR MARRIED LIFE"

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Aside from the first evening's experience with the fretful baby keeping Warren awake, the week at the shore promised to be delightful. Warren awoke that first Sunday morning in a good humor. The sunlight streamed into their pleasant room. The surf broke on the beach musically, with an invitation in its murmur, and there was an odor of hot rolls and bacon coming from somewhere.

"By Jove," Warren remarked, "I believe this place is even better than we thought it was last night. I feel great; had a bully night's rest."

"You didn't lie awake long then, did you?"

"No, I must have fallen asleep just after we talked about that kid in the next room."

"You see, the mother finally got it to sleep. Don't you think you were unreasonable, dear?"

"Perhaps I was," Warren admitted good-naturedly. "Hurry up and dress now. I'm starved and I want to get into the water as soon as I can."

Helen hurried with her dressing and was ready after all before Warren. They descended into the foyer of the hotel and passed on into the diningroom, where they had an excellent breakfast. Helen felt happy—happy enough to allow any little unpleasantness that might arise to slip by unnoticed. She had laughed when

Warren had fretted and fumed because she was so particular about ringing for hot water.

"You'd never do on a camping trip," he had said scornfully. "You women always have to travel in a private car with all modern improvement in order to keep comfortable. A man likes to rough it."

Helen had responded in some good-natured manner, and an argument had been averted. Now after they had read the Sunday papers on the wide veranda and Warren was anxious to get into the water, Helen felt a twinge of resentment for the first time.

She hadn't bought a new bathing suit! To some women this fact would have made no difference. In fact, Helen had argued herself into being sensible and making her old one do.

They were to be gone for only a week, and to buy herself a new outfit seemed somehow useless extravagance. After all, her old suit had been an expensive one. But two years of hard usage in the rough Atlantic will leave even the most expensive bathing suit devoid of smartness, and Helen, like all women, felt comfortable and contented only when she looked her best.

"I wonder if my bathing suit is going to look too passe," she ventured on their way down to the beach.

"Of course it won't," Warren re-

turned briskly. "I always liked that blue suit of yours."

"It was pretty when it was new," Helen remarked.

"It's just as pretty now, only the fact that it isn't new worries you." Helen laughingly admitted the truth of the remark.

"It really would have been ridiculous to buy a new suit," she said, partially reassured.

"Of course. Mine is three or four years old."

Helen did not say that it was different with men, that remark she had used so many times for so many different things that Warren seldom considered that it had any weight at all.

They separated at the bathhouse, which Warren had rented for the week, and Helen quickly got into her bathing things. The suit in question was well made, but it was faded and rumpled. Helen jerked at it unreasonably and then laughed at herself for being so childish. She contented herself with thinking that all bathing suits look the same when they are wet and joined Warren on the sand in quite a contented frame of mind.

While Warren was dressing, Helen scrutinized the different costumes. They were simple, but very smart. Most of the suits were one-piece models of Jersey cloth, clinging close to the body. Again Helen looked askance at her old suit and smothered a sigh. She wished vaguely that she had bought a new suit. After all, what was the use of considering extravagance at the expense of so much peace of mind?

Warren came out and threw himself down beside her.

"It feels good to get into these toes again," he remarked, and Helen smiled absently and relapsed into her former frame of mind.

"Not worrying about your suit, are

you?" he questioned. "You look all right. Gee," he exclaimed suddenly, "there comes a peach. Look, how do you like that?"

Helen turned her head. It was one of the Jersey cloth creations in black smart. Helen felt a resentment that she could not hide, and she could not refrain from saying sharply:

"Yes, it is good looking. She looks stunning and I look all right, that's just the difference."

She said nothing more, but she resolved then and there never again to economize where appearance was concerned. It really never paid.

(To Be Continued.)

Be Careful in Using Soap on Your Hair

Most soaps and prepared shampoos contain too much alkali, which is very injurious, as it dries the scalp and makes the hair brittle.

The best thing to use is just plain mulsified coconut oil, for it is pure and entirely greaseless. It's very cheap, and beats the most expensive soaps or anything else all to pieces. You can get this at any drug store, and a few ounces will last the whole family for months.

Simply moisten the hair with water and rub it in, about a teaspoonful is all that is required. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, cleanses thoroughly, and rinses out easily. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and is soft, fresh looking, bright, fluffy, wavy, and easy to handle. Besides, it loosens and takes out every particle of dust, dirt and dandruff.—Adv.

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- \$1.50 Boys' Pants; assorted colors 89c
- Women's and Misses' Coats; values to \$20.00; still a good selection \$5.00
- \$5.00 Men's Pants; all wool and sizes to 50 waist, at \$2.98
- \$5.00 Ladies' Crepe de Chine and Georgette Waists; all sizes \$2.98
- Women's, Misses' and Children's Hats; values to \$3.00, at 25c
- \$5.00 Women's and Misses' Wash Dresses, at \$1.98
- \$1.50 House Dresses; sizes 36 to 44, at 98c
- \$6.00 Ladies' Silk Sweaters; all colors and sizes, at \$2.98
- \$6.50 Blue and Black Poplin Skirts; all sizes, at \$3.98