



Reading for Women and all the Family



Bringing Up Father

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By McManus



WELL—JIGGAS—IM GOIN' DOWN TO ENLIST.

YOU'RE A MAN OF ME OWN HEART—I'LL JOIN WITH YOU.

IT'S BEEN SO LONG SINCE I'VE BEEN IN A FIGHT—I JUST HAVE TO JOIN.

HELLO—SLATS—COME WITH US AN' ENLIST.

WHAT'S THE MATTER—COME ON AN' ENLIST.

COME ON!

I REPEAT—I WILL NOT ENLIST!

WELL—WILL YOU GO AS MY GUEST?

THE DAREDEVIL

By Maria Thompson Daviess

Author of "The Melting of Molly"

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(Continued)

"Glad to know you, young man; glad to know you," he answered as he took my hand and gave it an embrace of such vigor that I almost made outcry. "There's the general ever there looking for you. Come to see us some time. Come on, Patsy!"

"Goodby, Mr. Carruthers, I'll see you soon," said the beautiful Madam Whitworth as she held out her hand to me. "Do it now—there comes the general—quick, kiss my hand!"

I bent and did as she bade me and as I had promised her to do, and as I raised myself she slipped away quickly after her husband with a salutation of great coolness to a person ever my shoulder and a "How do you do, General Carruthers?" remark as she went.

Instantly I turned and faced the materialization of the ogre it had taken me years to build up into my wicked uncle. And what did I see?

My eyes looked straight into eyes of the greater kindness and wisdom I had ever before beheld, and it was with difficulty I restrained myself from flinging myself and my suit of English tweed straight into the strong arms and burying my head on the broad deep chest that confronted me as the huge old gentleman, with a perfect mop of white hair as in a line of black, roving over his large head, towered over me.

"You gallivanting young idiot, there did you pick up that dimity?" he demanded of me as he laid a large and with long, strong fingers on my shoulders and gave me a slight shake.

"I am your Uncle Robert, sonny, and don't you ever forget that, sir," he continued, and I could see a longing for the embrace, which I so desired, in his keen eyes that had softened with a veil of mist in the last second. "Lord, I'm glad you're not a woman! And from now on just stop nerving the creatures exist—Pat Whitworth and her kind. We've got work to do to put out a fire—a fire of honor and devastation. Come on to my car over there; we're no time to

waste. Drive to the governor's mansion and don't sprout grass under your wheels," he commanded the black chauffeur—"the governor's mansion, private door on Sixth street."

CHAPTER IV. "Here's My Boy, Governor."

And it was en route to the mansion of the gouverneur of the state of Harpeth that my uncle, the General Robert, did enlighten me as to the urgent need of me in his affairs of business.

"It is a question of mules, sir, and of a dishonor to the state that I'm going to prevent if my hot old head is laid low in doing it, as it probably will be if I get into the ruckus with Jefferson Whitworth that now threatens them. They have insinuated themselves into the confidence of Governor Faulkner until they have made it night impossible for him to see the matter except as they put it. He will get his signature to the rental grant of the lands, make a getaway with the money and let the state crash down upon his head when it finds out that he has been led into bringing it and himself into dishonor. Why, dash it, sir, I'd like to have every one of them, especially Jeff Whitworth, at the end of a halter and feed them raw mule, hoof and ears. I'm probably going to be done to death all alone before the pack of wolves, but I'm going to die hard—for Bill Faulkner, who holds in his hand the honor of his state and my state, I'll die hard!" And he spoke the words with such a fierceness that his white mustache, which was waxed with the propriety of the world, divided like crossed silver swords beneath his straight nose with his thin and trembling nostrils.

"That will do, sir. If you've had to eat mule in Paris don't tell me about it. My constitution wouldn't stand that, though during our war, just before Vicksburg, I ate—but we won't go into that either. Now this is the situation, as much as a lad from the wilds of Paris could understand it.

"The French government wants 5,000 mules by the fall of the year, and there are no such mules in the world as this state produces. They are sending a man over here to try to make a deal with the state of Harpeth to purchase the mules from private breeders, graze them on the government lands and deliver them in a lot for shipment the 1st of August at Savannah. There is no authority on the status book for the state to make such a deal, but Jeff Whitworth has fixed up a sort of contract, that wouldn't hold water in the courts, which the governor of the state, Williamson Faulkner, grants the grazing rights on the state's land to a private company, of which he is a member, which in a way guarantees the deal. They've made him believe it to be a good financial thing, for the state, and he can't see off the other end of the wire. I'm going to buy cheap stock fatten it up and sell it to the French government at a fancy rake-off, and then leave him with the bag to hold when the time of settlement and complaint comes. There is a strong Republican party in this state, and they're keeping quiet but year after next, when Bill Faulkner comes up for re-election, downright illegality will be alleged, and he will be defeated in dishonor and with dishonor to the state, and I'm going to save him if I can. And you are going to help me, sir!" And as he spoke my uncle, the General Robert, gave me a distinguished shake of the hand that made my pride rise in my throat, which gave to my speaking a great huskiness.

"I will help in the rescue of the honor of that Gouverneur Bill Faulkner, my Uncle Robert, with the last breath in my body, and I will also assist to feed mule to that Mr. Jefferson Whitworth, though not to his beautiful wife, whom I do so much admire."

"That's just it; she'll have to eat mule, the first one. She's at the governor's day and night with her wiles, and in my mind it's her dimity influence that is making him see the light with his slant. They say she put her brand on him in early youth. He's the soul of the state, but what chance has a man's soul honor got when a woman wants to cash it in for a fortune with which to lead a gay life? None! None, sir!" And the countenance of my uncle, the General Robert, became so fierce that it was difficult to find words to answer.

"Oh, my Uncle Robert, is it that a woman would make a cheat in giving the mule animal of not sufficient strength to carry food to poor boys of France in the trenches when there is so much to be made out of it?" I exclaimed with a great horror from knowledge given me by my captain the Count de Lasselles.

(To Be Continued)

"THEIR MARRIED LIFE"

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"Mary, I am going to lie down," Helen said after lunch. "I had a bad night, last night, and I'm afraid I am in for one of my terrible headaches. Don't wake me, will you? If I can get a little sleep it may fix me up all right."

Mary fussed about Helen sympathetically, and finally left her lying on the bed in a darkened room, some Cologne on a handkerchief against her hot forehead, and the soothing thought that she was to have some real rest.

She was worn out, and gradually the peace and quiet began to take their effect and she dropped into a doze. It seemed hours later that she awakened to find Mary standing beside her.

"I didn't want to wake you, ma'am," Mary was saying apologetically, "but Mrs. Stevens was bound I should. She's awfully sorry to wake you, but she says you're the first time, but she says she must speak to you now."

Helen for the moment was angry with Mary. The sudden awakening had brought on that dull feeling again that preceded one of her headaches. She wondered impatiently what Mrs. Stevens could want. Surely nothing important enough to drag her out of bed when she was half sick.

Helen's voice was sharp when she took up the receiver, and Mrs. Stevens at the other end of the wire knew immediately that Helen was annoyed.

"My dear, I know you didn't want to be bothered this afternoon, and I'm awfully sorry to wake you, but it is really something important."

"Well, what is it, Emily? I have one of my headaches coming on, and you know how I suffer with them."

"Of course I do," you poor child, well, Helen, I won't keep you, but I felt that I ought to let you know. And you know how I suffer with them."

"That's a meeting this afternoon there was a great deal said about you. Some little thing you had repeated, and I'm afraid it has made a lot of trouble."

"Something that I repeated?" I don't understand," Helen returned, wrinkling her brow in amazement.

"Oh, a little bit of scandal about that little Frisby woman, you know how we all detest her. But everything would have been all right if it had not been for Mrs. Thurston. She repeated it, and when she was cornered, said that you had told her."

"Told her what?" Helen asked sharply.

"Now, don't get excited, dear, or your head will be worse. It was something about Mrs. Frisby's husband and one of the Gayety chorus girls."

"What perfect nonsense," Helen exclaimed. "Why, I don't know anything about Mrs. Frisby's husband."

"But you must have said something, Helen; something, to give Mrs. Thurston a chance to say what you know about her husband."

"Well, if I did, I'm sure I don't know what it was. Did you say it made trouble?"

"Yes, that's why I called you up. That little Mrs. Frisby nearly had hysterics and said she was coming to see you immediately to ask you what you know about her husband."

Helen's heart leaped to her throat. "Did everything take place there at the club?"

"Yes, my dear, everything."

"And Mrs. Thurston said I told her this?"

"Yes, O Helen, what did you say? Can't you see up some way? Mrs. Dalton was terribly put out. She talked for about ten minutes on the pettiness of scandals, and that she thought the women of the Current Events Club above such things."

"Well, if that's all, Emily, I'm going to ring off. I must try to think about this thing. I don't know what I Thurston have said to Mrs. Thurston. Goodness knows I can't stand that Frisby woman, but I cannot think of

ERECTING NEW PLANT

Carlisle, Pa., July 25.—Work has begun on the erection of the plant for the Raby-Hinton Company, of Mechanicsburg, which will move here from Mechanicsburg in the fall, as soon as the new structure is completed. The building is located on the property of the former Carlisle Industrial League in the eastern section of town and is being erected by a company of local men, payment to be made by them in the form of annual rental.

Fashions of To-Day - By May Manton

Mothers of little boys are always on the outlook for something new in the way of suitable costumes. Here is a suit that has big pockets with just a hint of the military and a belt that is lapped at the back to give a very pretty finish. You will find the model a good one for linen and for galatea and for cotton poplin and for all materials of such sort, also for the suit of pongee and tub silk. Pongee in the natural color with blue collar makes a very good effect and since the pongee is washable it makes a practical suit.

For the 6-year size will be needed, 4 1/4 yards of material 27 inches wide, 2 3/4 yards 36 with 3/8 yard 36 inches wide for the collar.

The pattern No. 9456 is cut in sizes from 4 to 8 years. It will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of ten cents.



9456 Boy's Suit, 4 to 8 years. Price 10 cents.

(Another incident in Helen and Warren's daily life will appear here soon.)

We said this LAST YEAR

Save the Fruit Crop

While people starve abroad—while our cost of living mounts steadily—we let tons of fruit spoil every year. This extravagant loss can be saved and your table expenses cut by using canned fruits.

The Government entreats you to help save the fruit crop. It is the chance of the year to cut down expenses.

Food prices are steadily increasing. The fruit you put up now will take the place of expensive foods later on. Your preserves will taste and look the better for the use of

FRANKLIN Granulated Sugar

It is all cane, quick dissolving and of highest sweetening power. Kept clean by 1, 2 and 5 pound cartons and 2, 5, 10, 25 and 50 pound cotton bags packed at the refinery.

Ask for it by name

And we repeat it now

Today thrift is America's duty. Do not allow a bushel of fruit to be wasted. Preserve it. The consistent use of preserves, jellies and jams will materially lower the cost of your table and vary your menus.

"A Franklin Sugar for every use"

Granulated, Dainty Lumps, Powdered, Confectioners, Brown

The Franklin Sugar Refining Company Philadelphia

Daily Dot Puzzle



Resinol

would stop that embarrassing itching! That itching, burning skin-trouble which keeps you scratching and digging, is a source of disgust to others, as well as of torment to you. Why don't you get rid of it by using Resinol Ointment? Physicians have prescribed it for many years. In most cases, it stops itching instantly and heals eruptions promptly. It is very easy and economical to use. Resinol Ointment is sold by all druggists.

KAUFMAN'S MARKET SQUARE UNDERSELLING STORE

Half Holiday Bargains For Thursday Morning

Store Opens 8:30 A. M., Closing 12 O'clock Noon

- Customers Are Asked to Co-operate With Us in the Following Requests
- FIRST—When shopping, do not leave the store empty-handed. Carry parcels with you to the extent of your ability. Help to make this "the fashion."
 - SECOND—When you have goods to be returned, do not leave home empty-handed. If all customers would carry small parcels for exchange, the saving of time in delivery departments would amount to thousands of hours annually.
 - THIRD—Do not buy merchandise until you are sure you are going to keep it. Make a careful selection a habit.
 - FOURTH—Avoid C. O. D. purchases whenever possible.
 - FIFTH—Shop early in the day, if possible. Stores must have a sufficient number of salespeople all day long to handle the trade at the very busiest hour, which, due to the habits of customers, is near the middle of the day. To help us distribute the business more evenly would result in great economy—to us and eventually to you.
 - SIXTH—Any article of merchandise which for some good reason is to be returned to a store, must be returned within a reasonable time—five business days.
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|---------------------------------------|--------|---------------------------------|
| WOMEN'S Spring Coats | \$1-95 | Values to \$4.50. |
| WOMEN'S Summer Dresses | \$1-95 | Values to \$3.50 for |
| Women's and Misses' White Sport Suits | \$1-95 | Values to \$3.00. |
| WOMEN'S Lawn Waists | 33c | Values to 50c |
| Boys' Wash Suits | 95c | Values to \$2.50. 3 to 8 Years. |
| Wash Dress Skirts | 69c | Values to \$1.25 |
| WOMEN'S Wash Dress Skirts | 95c | Values to \$1.75 |
| WOMEN'S Organdy Waists | 77c | Values to \$1.25 |
| WOMEN'S Silk Waists | \$1-23 | Values to \$2.50 |

Thursday Morning Specials in the Bargain Basement

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|---|---|--|---|---|--|
| 35c white enamel ware; big assortment of pieces. Special. | 2.00 tan awnings, all complete ready to hang, 2 feet wide. Special. | Waxed paper for lunches and sandwiches, 24 sheets, 12 x 18 inches. Special. | Clothes props, 4 big 8 ft. clothes props. Special. | 35c marquette for curtains, white and ivory, 40 inches wide. Special. | \$1.50 book stands, made of mission ash, 3 shelves. Special. |
| 19c | 98c | 4c | 23c | 15c | 59c |
| 39c Jap cushions for porch and stoop. Special, each. | 50c garden tools, including spades and hoes. Special, each. | \$1.50 cobbler sets, including repairing outfit. Repair YOUR own shoes at a small cost. Set, complete. | 15c stair treads, rubber stair treads, extra heavy, 9x15 inches. Special, each. | 29c brown and white caseroles, with lids. Special, each. | 29c camp stools, well made and extra strong. Special, each. |
| 19c | 39c | \$1.00 | 10c | 19c | 19c |