

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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[To be Continued.]

"It is hello there, good Bonbon," I greeted him.

"Howdy, Mr. Robert," he answered me by a very large smile, with very white teeth set in his face of extreme blackness.

"Then I will attend to from my apartment," I answered him and then ascended the wide dark stairway with feet which were as a weight to my ankles.

Very slowly I entered that apartment and turned on the bright light. I was in readiness for me, and on the small table under the glass case that contained that belated robe of state of the dead Grandmamma Carruthers stood a vase of very fresh and innocent young roses.

"I would that I could remain and fulfill the destiny of a woman of your house, Madam Grandmamma," I whispered to her lovely and smiling portrait on the wall opposite, "I am the last of the ladies Carruthers, but I have a forfeit of the night again in man's attire to a death that will tear asunder the tender flesh that you have borne. Goodby!"

Then I made a commencement of a very rapid packing—in one of those bags which I had purchased from the kind gentleman in the city of New York—of which garment I knew would be suitable for a man in very hurried traveling. I put into it the two suits of clothing for wear in the daytime, but I discarded all of my clothing for the pursuit of pleasure.

"You must make a great hurry. The train for it draws near midnight, and that is the hour that the train departs to the north," I cautioned my weeping self, "I cautioned you go forth into the world alone."

And then what ensued? Very suddenly I heard the noise of a car being drawn to the curb in front of the house and the rapid steps of a man's progress along the pavings of brick to the front door, at which he made a loud ringing in my ear. It was the good Bonbon at my door with a knocking.

"The governor is here to see you, Mr. Robert," he informed me.

"What shall you do, Roberta, marquise of Grez and Bye?" I asked myself. "How is it that you can be able to support the cold reproaches he will give to you while requiring that you stay to bring dishonor to your uncle, the General Robert? You are caught in a trap as is an animal."

And then, as I covered there in my agony, very suddenly that terrible daredevil rose with me and gave me a very strange counsel. As it was speaking to me my gaze was fixed upon the robe of state of the beautiful Grandmamma.

"Very well, then, that great Governor Faulkner can give his chaste and lay his commands upon the beautiful and wicked Roberta of Grez and Bye, will accord to him an interview, and in the language of the United States, will be 'some' indeed to make an answer to the faithful Bonbon at the door.

"Where awaits his excellency the Governor Faulkner?" I questioned to him.

"In the hall at the bottom of the steps," he made reply to me.

"Attend him into the large drawing room for a waiting and make all of the lights to burn. Say to him that I will descend in a very small space of time," I commanded.

"Yes, sir," he made reply and departed.

And then in my wickedness I began to commit a desecration on the memory of my beautiful and honored Grandmamma Carruthers. I walked to that glass case in which reposed that gown of the beautiful flowered silk and took it therefrom and laid it upon a chair above the soiled riding breeches of corduroy I had so lately discarded. I opened the carved wooden box on the table underneath and took from it the silver slippers and the stockings of silk, also the lace fan and the band for the hair. Thereupon I walked to my mirror and commenced to make a toilet of great care, but of a great rapidity.

My first action was to take down that lock of hair with the roses to lay it in its accustomed place upon my cheek, which burned with a beautiful rose of shame and of the same moment with some other emotion that I did not understand, which emotion also made my eyes as bright as the night stars out in that Camp Heaven. The silver band held closely the rest of my mop and gave it the appearance of the very close coiffure which is the fashion of this day, and one very sweet young rose I put into it just above the curl with an effect of great and wicked beauty.

The coiffure having been accomplished, the rest of the toilet, from the slippers of the cloth of silver to the edge of fine old lace, now the color of rich cream, that rested upon my white arms and shoulders, was only a matter of a few moments and then I stood away from my mirror and beheld myself therein.

"You are as beautiful as you are wicked, Roberta, marquise of Grez and Bye, but you go to your death in a manner befitting a grande dame of your ancient house of France, whose daughters once showed the rabble how to approach a guillotine costumed in magnificence. Descend for that cold knife to your heart!"

And, so speaking, I picked up my fan and made my way through the hall to the halfway of the wide steps. At that point a commotion occurred.

"Lordee! It's the old lady come to ha'nt!" exclaimed my good Bonbon, as he raised his groan and fled into the darkness in the back regions of the house.

And it happened that his loud cry brought a response which came to me before I was quite in readiness for it. As I reached the last step of the wide staircase under the bright light I raised my eyes and beheld the Governor Faulkner to whom I had descended for the purpose of mortal combat stood before me!

(Continued)



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(Continued)

"THEIR MARRIED LIFE"

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"Helen, will you meet me down town?" said Viva's voice, strangely sweet, over the telephone. "I want to take you up to tea at the studio of a friend of mine."

"Of course I can," she returned enthusiastically. "I think it is a great compliment that you care about having me meet him."

"Of course I want you to meet him, I suppose Frances has been telling you things. She thinks the world of you and your opinion."

Helen laughed. "But that isn't why you want me to meet him, is it?" Her tone was wistful. Somehow this strange little girl had won a real place in Helen's heart. She had become interested in her in the first place because she was so odd. Then she had intensely disliked her because she had thought she was forward and selfish, almost cruel, for she had treated Frances abominably.

Then her feeling underwent another change when she and Frances made the compact to do something to help Viva. The child had been left very much to herself by her parents, who had thought that allowing her to go her own way and providing her with plenty of money had been all that was necessary. Viva's knowledge of life, gleaned from her experience in a fashionable finishing school, had almost ruined her, but Frances had insisted that there was good in her and had also insisted that she keep her out of New York.

And certainly good had come out of it, for if nothing else had been gained there was no gainsaying the fact that Viva had capitulated to Frances. Whether or not she would accept Helen as a friend was another thing; it was at present sufficient for Viva that Frances had asked her to introduce her artist to Helen.

"To tell you the truth, Viva," Frances had said bluntly, "I want Mrs. Curtis to see you have it in you to care for a real man, after all. She's as much interested in you as I am."

The Viva of a few months back would have replied pettily, but the new Viva, the Viva who knew what it was to love for love itself, laughed, and laughed with all the ardor of youth, too, and a wholesome absence of artificiality.

Viva escorted Helen into a dark side street and up a few stone steps into a dark hallway. Helen was undeniably astonished.

Viva turned to her laughingly as they began to go upstairs. "You didn't expect to find this, did you?" Helen flushed.

"I thought it was awful, too, when I first saw it," the girl confessed. "But I'm used to it now, and I don't mind."

"They reached the top of the second flight and turned to the front of the house. Viva rapped with the old-fashioned knocker and the door was flung open immediately by a tall, slight man with the most tensely eager face Helen had ever seen. As Frances said, he wore tortoise-shell glasses, and involuntarily Helen glanced at his features, which were not handsome, with the exception of his mouth. The dominant characteristic about him was the fact that he was so alive and, Helen thought delightedly, exactly the kind of a man she would have chosen for Viva."

Helen turned from the introduction to an inspection of the place. It had an immense skylight across the front of it and the walls were covered with pastel drawings. Gorgeously colored stuffs were draped over a model-stand, and easels of all kinds against the walls or were drawn partly out into the room, had half-finished pictures on them. The room was delightfully untidy in a picturesque kind of a way, and Viva, who seemed perfectly at home, was already beginning to get tea ready on a little wicker table. Helen dropped her hat on a couch near by and turned to the man, who had sat down with her.

"I believe we have some friends in common," said Viva, who had in his slow, delightful way of talking, "Jack Parmelee?"

"Oh, do you know Anne and Jack?" Helen hadn't seen them for ever so long.

"They're pretty busy," the man returned. "Yes, I know Jack very well; he and I went to school together in Chicago."

Helen liked the way he talked, and the way his long nervous fingers handled the drawings he showed to her. She liked his face and there was a something genuine about him that made her like the man himself. Even his name was singular. Helen had never heard of it.

The tea was delightfully informal and afterward Helen learned just how artists lived. The big studio was where they ate and worked, but there was a kitchen of a sort across the hall, and a couple of tiny rooms for sleeping and a bathroom. It was all quite primitive, but very interesting. Helen wondered if Viva would be willing to live that way, too, and smile at her, lovingly, only to change her opinion and wonder if the girl wouldn't do anything willingly as she caught the look on Viva's face when she turned back to listen to something the man was saying. Neither Viva nor her artist mentioned the fact that any engagement existed, so Helen imagined that it was still indefinite. Of course there was a possibility that he would be drafted, too, but Helen was certain of one thing, and that was that she most decidedly approved Viva's choice.

(The next in this delightful series will appear on this page soon.)

Photographs of Soldiers in Duncannon Post Office
Duncannon, Pa., Aug. 27.—Duncannon soldier boys are receiving recognition for their services by having their photographs placed in a large frame in the local post office. Twenty likenesses of Duncannon boys now serving Uncle Sam grace the frame at present.

This work was inaugurated by Postmaster B. Stiles Duncan, who is devoting much energy to it. He has written to practically all the soldiers from Duncannon. Now he is asking Duncannon friends and relatives of the wearers of the khaki to aid him by furnishing photographs of the defenders of their country. He wishes to secure at least one photograph of every enlisted Duncannon man.

TOWNSHIP TICKETS NAMED
Duncannon, Pa., Aug. 27.—Republicans and Democrats of Wheatfield township have named the following to be voted for at the September primaries.

Republicans—Judge of Elections, H. L. Grubb; Inspector of Elections, O. F. Jones; Tax Collector, Frank Darlington; Supervisors, F. N. Watts and Henry Speace; School Director, Frank Zeigler; Auditors, Sponser Shreder and Walter Haasough. Democrats—Judge of Elections, J. C. Hair; Inspector of Elections, J. G. Shearer; School Director, Luther Charles; Supervisors, Ira Wallace and Thomas Gibney; Auditors, D. E. Borman and Chester Burd; Tax Collector, Eleazer Owen; Township Committeeman, J. R. Sepperd.

All's Well That Ends Well

By JANE McLEAN.

"I think you are terribly unfair," he said angrily, his boyish face distorted with bitterness.

"Of course I might have known you would take that view of it," the girl retorted.

"What other view could I take? Any unbiased person would say the same. Just because I was half an hour late getting home."

"But you promised this evening to me," the girl said wonderingly. It was as if she could not understand how it could be possible that he could stay away from her willingly.

"I know I did, and we have the whole evening, haven't we?" The girl shook her head. You don't understand, Dick," she said, trying to speak evenly, although her voice trembled a little. If you had been detained at the office or if you had an excuse of any kind, of course it would have been all right. But you haven't an excuse. You said you would take me out to dinner and the theater, and then you stay playing billiards until nearly 7 o'clock."

"If I had had an idea that it would hurt you," the boy protested, "but I was playing with a stranger and I had to stop in the middle of the game."

The girl was fair enough to understand this, but it hurt, grievously hurt. Hadn't she worked all afternoon in order to finish the dress she wore. It was going to be a gala night, a festive occasion, and now it was nearly half past seven; they wouldn't have any time to eat dinner together. Everything would have to be hurried. If she had not been too proud, tears of disappointment would have coursed down her cheeks.

There was silence as they rode side by side on an open trolley car. The soft evening breeze stole across the girl's face catching at a wavy tress of hair, and blowing the soft fragrance of her across to the boy. They hadn't been married very long, but the faint fragrance caught at his senses and made him bitterly ashamed of the fact the boy was also observing her, and his eyes told her how they were satisfied with what they observed. But she avoided his eyes and looked coolly across him at the next table where the waiter was just seating another couple. She noted the girl's downcast look, and the hard set of the man's lips.

"You can do as you like about it," she heard him say; "it doesn't make any difference to me whether you like it or not. I don't have to be tied to your apron strings, you know."

Betty started. Suppose Dick had treated her that way instead of meeting her with abject apologies. Dick, who never spoke crossly to her, and was always fair. Of course he was right and she was wrong. No doubt it had been impossible for him to leave before, and at any rate he had been genuinely sorry.

"Betty," Dick was saying across the table imploringly. The orchestra was playing their favorite waltz and Betty looked up suddenly, her eyes a little shy and heavy.

"Yes, dear," she whispered adorably. They were with her, why then, wasn't?

Hero Medal to Be Given to Boy on Labor Day

Marietta, Pa., Aug. 27.—Rabbi Isidore Rosenthal, of Lancaster, will present to hero the medal to Frank P. Gorner, Jr., of Marietta, on Labor Day, and the Rev. F. J. Morrow will accept it in behalf of the lad. The young hero arrived in the Labor Day program have furnished the work and the biggest time in Marietta for years is assured. There will be parades, concerts, baseball, etc., in addition to the medal ceremonies. The Boy Scouts, Red Cross and Ambulance Corps and others will be in line of parade. The medal was awarded by the Ralston-Purina Commission of St. Louis, Missouri for bravery.

Uncle Sam's Thrift Thought For Today

Making Greens Nutritious
Here is a way to add nutrition to greens, and at the same time to vary the form in which this important food is served. The suggestion is made by the United States Department of Agriculture.

Cheese and Greens Roll
Cook two quarts of spinach, Swiss chard or other greens. Drain and dress with one tablespoon of butter. Chop and add one cupful of grated cheese and bread crumbs enough to make a mixture suitably stiff to form into a roll. Place in oblong pan and cook in moderate oven for 20 minutes.

When cold the mixture may be sliced in 1/2-inch pieces and served on lettuce leaves with salad dressing.

If desired leave the mixture more moist and bake in casserole or baking dish and serve hot.

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The Harrisburg Academy
The Junior Department reopens September 24th. The Senior Department reopens September 25th. The school accommodates pupils under three arrangements: First—As day pupils. Second—As five-day per week boarding pupils. Third—As regular boarders. All pupils are grouped in small classes. Each student receives private instruction and supervision during study periods. For catalogue and detailed information, call at the Academy office or write the headmaster, Arthur E. Brown, Harrisburg, Pa., Box 617.

Advice to the Lovelorn

Not Serious

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: I am sixteen years old and like to speak to some boy friends occasionally. My father is very strict and does not wish me to talk to them. Do you think he should open my letters before I get them?

J. M. U.
No there isn't any harm in chatting for a moment with a boy friend, but there is so much danger lurking about in our big cities that

any very loving father or mother feels an almost desperate need of protecting a child as young as you. Ask your father to let you read your own letters first so that you may have the fun of opening them and feeling a sense of possession in them. Then promise him that, for his peace of mind, you will always hand them right over to him as soon as you have read them. Your very intensity of feeling probably frightens your father. He wants to protect you. He is wiser than you. Trust a little more to his loving friendship and good judgment.

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Of all-wool serge, black and navy blue, cut full; newest style; all extra size waist bands.

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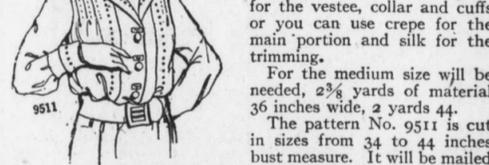
WE NEVER URGE YOU — WE SERVE YOU

Fashions of To-Day - By May Manton

There is no more fashionable blouse than this one with the narrow vestee and there is none that is susceptible of more varied treatments. Here, the material is a fine handkerchief lawn with hemstitching as finish, but if you want a more dressy blouse, you could use lace for the vestee and lace to edge the collar and the turned-over portions of the cuffs. You could make the waist of silk and use Georgette for the vestee, collar and cuffs or you can use crepe for the main portion and silk for the trimming.

For the medium size will be needed, 2 1/2 yards of material 36 inches wide, 2 yards 44.

The pattern No. 9511 is cut in sizes from 34 to 44 inches bust measure. It will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of fifteen cents.



9511 Blouse with Vestee, 34 to 44 bust. Price 15 cents.

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