



Reading for Women and all the Family



The Daredevil

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

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(Continued)

"General Carruthers," then said my beloved Gouverneur Faulkner as he drew his beautiful body to all the height that was possible to him and looked into the eyes of my beloved Uncle Robert with his own, which are stars of the dawn, so that all of his heart and soul and honor shone therefrom in a radiance, "The Marquis of Grez and I've went a three days' journey into the wilds of the Harpeth mountains with me to rescue my honor and for the welfare of Harpeth and of France, and did but what was necessary as two comrades, God has revealed to us his gift of gifts—love. As you see, she is returned to you radiant and unharmed. Have I your consent to try to win her hand in marriage?"

"For no more than a long minute my uncle, the General Robert, gazed straight into the eyes of my beloved Gouverneur Faulkner, and then a very beautiful smile did break from under those white swords crossed above his lips as he spoke with a great urgency.

"Would you like to take the baggage along with you to-night, governor? Don't leave her here, I don't want a woman about my house. I can wake up the county court clerk for a license," he said, with a fine twinkle of the eye.

"Oh, but all friends must forgive me my deception. And then must not a courtship of great decorum be had from my Gouverneur Faulkner for the hand of the lady whom he would make his wife?" I asked with

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an uncertainty as I looked from my uncle, the General Robert, to my Gouverneur Faulkner.

"I'm sorry, sir, but I think the marquis is right, and under the circumstances I'll have to make a very public courtship, which out of consideration for you I'll make as ardent and rapid as possible. Only we'll keep it to ourselves." And as he spoke the great Gouverneur Faulkner bent and laid a kiss of great ceremony upon the hand of Robert, marquis of Grez and Bye.

"Very well, sir; I'll keep her for a few days and have her fitted out in a lot of faldorls for you, but only for a short period, mind you—a very short period!" answered my uncle, the General Robert, with a smile that glowed, much delight in me. I flew to him and gave him an embrace with my arms and also laid my cheek against his.

"I am for always your most humble and obedient girl, my Uncle Robert," I whispered to him.

"Humble and obedient—no woman would know of words if she met them in her own drawing room," he answered to me, with a great scorn, but he also gave me a shake that was of a seeming great fierceness, but that I knew to be a caress.

And into that caress came also another interruption of great hurry. My Buzz entered the door with a rapidity and this exclamation:

"What's the trouble, general? I just got your phone and—"

Then he, too, stood in a great and sudden stillness, regarding me as I stood from the shelter of the arms of my uncle, the General Robert, and looked into his eyes of great fright.

"Great heavens!" he exclaimed, with terror in his eyes, as he backed away from me. "I haven't had but one glass of drink, general!"

"It's all right, Buzz," answered my very wise Gouverneur Faulkner in a voice of great soothing. "This is just—just Robert in a—"

"Not much Bobby that," answered my Buzz as he backed farther toward the door. "I think I'll step outside in the cool air. I haven't felt well all day. I—"

And with which remark my good Buzz turned himself into the arms of the lovely Mlle. Sue, entering the door.

"I'm tired of waiting out there in that car, Buzz, and—"

And again came an awful pause of terror. But it is not time that women have a wit that is very much more rapid than is that of men? I think it is so.

"You know, I thought Bobby was a man of war, and he is a perfectly lovely girl," she said as she came toward me with a laugh and her lovely arm outstretched. "I read about two French girls who got into Germany in German uniforms just last night in a magazine. You are some kind of French spy about those dreadful nudes, aren't you, Bobby, dear?" And as she asked that question of me my lovely Sue gave me a kiss upon my lips that I valued with a great gratitude.

"Please me to it that my Buzz also understands," I pleaded to her with my arms.

"Brace up, Buzz, and be nice to Bobby, even if he is a girl. Just when did you begin not to like girls, I'd like to know?" questioned my Sue of him with a great emphasis.

"You see why it is that I cannot go into that business of timber with you and be married to—"

I made a commencement to say to him.

"That will do, L'Aiglon, interrupted my Buzz with a great haste and a glance in the direction of lovely Sue. "Forget it! It is an awful shame, for you were one nice youngster, and—"

"Be a sport, Buzz and forgive her and—love her again," said my Gouverneur Faulkner, with a laugh, "that is, as much as Miss Susan will—"

But at this point my uncle, the General Robert, caused an interruption in the conversation.

"What are you doing here, sir, when I left you to watch the side-steps of that French popinjay and the Whitworth woman? Did you hear what all that powwow was about at her tea fight this afternoon?" he demanded of fine Buzz, with a great anxiety. "There's been the deuce to pay since you left, governor, and I think this French scoundrel and Jeff's gang are preparing to put through some sort of private steal if you jump the track on them."

[To be Continued.]

"What do you think about it, Mrs. Curtis?" said Mr. Davenport, turning politely to Helen. Helen had been listening intently to the conversation between Warren and Mr. Davenport, and she was about to reply to the question with an opinion of her own, when Warren interrupted scathingly.

"She doesn't know anything about it."

"Oh, but I do, dear," Helen corrected calmly. "I don't know much, but I know a little bit." And she proceeded to answer the question intelligently and to ask Mr. Davenport one in return.

Up to that evening Helen had begrudged Warren the time and entertainment vouchsafed to this man. Mrs. Davenport, Helen thoroughly detested. She was one of the women who leave the city at the first indication of warm weather and remain away until Fall, and Warren, who did considerable business with Davenport, occasionally brought him home to dinner. Helen usually sat quiet and uninterested through the meal and escaped immediately afterward, but to-night the two men had begun discussing a subject that Helen was interested in, and for the first time since she had known him, Mr. Davenport had deferred to her for an opinion.

"I had no idea you had read up anything on the subject. Mrs. Curtis," he said as they finally rose from the table. "Most women are not interested in it at all."

"I chanced to read an article in a magazine about it," Helen confessed truthfully, "or I don't think it would have attracted my attention."

"Yes, it's best not to get our women interested in anything so radical," Warren offered patronizingly. "Better stick to the fiction—what do you say, Davenport?"

"I don't know," Davenport returned. "I think it refreshing to hear a woman express herself intelligently."

"Occasionally we do have a ray of intelligence," Helen returned impatiently.

"I should say more than that," Mr. Davenport returned, and continued talking to Helen interestedly as they went into the living room. Usually Helen excused herself and either sat alone with a book until Warren came to bed, or went to the movies with Louise or some one else at a little open-air place quite near. To-night she went with the men into the front room and proceeded to monopolize the conversation.

She did this with the intention of paying Warren back for making her feel so small, but she found it not at all difficult to interest her guest, and the stimulus of finding herself occupied, cupping the center of the stage and actually giving an opinion on subjects that Warren never thought of discussing with her, brightened her eyes and gave to her speech a quaint flavor of charm.

The conversation was kept general, and there was no chance for business. When Mr. Davenport finally rose to go, Helen was quite sure that Warren was furiously angry.

All's Well That Ends Well

By Jane McLean

Girls did you know that Elsie had broken her engagement?"

There was a howl of derision from the crowd. Nonsense. You must be crazy. Where on earth did you ever hear that?"

"It's true. You may be sure I wouldn't be telling it if it weren't."

"How do you know?"

"Her mother told my mother this morning."

The girls all fell to gossiping. What could have happened? Ted and Elsie had been so well suited. Why, they had been friends from childhood, and when they had finally become engaged every one had thought it the most natural thing in the world. How strange it would seem not to see them together, and to think of Ted Crofts unhampered stirred more than one girl's heart.

"Perhaps they've had a quarrel and it will be patched up in a day or so," suggested one of the girls.

The first speaker shook her head. "I don't think so," she said, thoughtfully. "It isn't like Elsie to break an engagement for no reason or other than a quarrel."

"What did her mother seem to think about it?"

"I couldn't learn. I'm telling you girls all I know about the matter."

The truth about the entire thing had happened the evening before on the veranda of the Howells residence.

As usual, Ted had come over to see Elsie and they had settled themselves on the veranda for a talk. Elsie was not happy. She had noticed that these talks had taken the place of the other intimacies

that engaged couples generally think indispensable. Ted had certainly changed, and Elsie wondered vaguely what had changed him.

"Ted, she said finally, summoning up all her courage, "what's the matter with you?"

"Ted started. "Why, nothing, Elsie," he had said, flushing uncomfortably.

Elsie laughed and her laugh helped to reassure him.

"What makes you think there is?" he had parried. "I haven't seen you for a long time. Tell me the truth. Aren't we friends?"

"The boy met her honest eyes with his own filled with distress.

"Don't be foolish, Ted. Haven't you known me long enough to tell me the truth. Aren't we friends?"

"Don't Elsie," he begged. "don't."

"Don't what?" said the girl lightly. "Let's come to the point. You've changed since you went West on that trip, haven't you?"

"Ted was silent.

"Of course you have," the girl went on. "Now tell me who she is."

Ted sprang up. "Elsie," he exclaimed, "why, you're a witch! How did you know? How could you know?"

"You silly," she scoffed, "any one would know. Tell me about her. And why didn't you speak to me when you first found out?"

"Because I didn't want to be a cad," the boy returned, words coming in a torrent now. "I was going to go through with it. I couldn't bear to make you unhappy."

"I didn't think of that, but I was going to do the decent thing."

"And you met her out west?"

Ted nodded. "Yes, and she's such a little darling. I just couldn't

help it. Oh, you're a peach to take it like this, Elsie, and to understand so well. Of course I might have known that the feeling between us was more like that of brother and sister."

In the darkness the girl smiled bitterly. Did she love Ted like a brother, or was her hurt just the hurt pride that any engaged girl might feel on hearing for the first time that another is more attractive to a man than she is herself? For a long time Elsie had been questioning herself on just this subject, and she was too fair a girl to reason that she herself was hurt unless she really was.

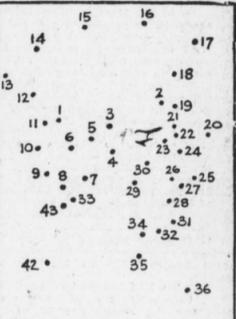
"Have you said anything to her?" she asked softly.

"Of course not," the boy denied. "While we are engaged! What do you take me for, Elsie?"

"A good friend," the girl said suddenly, steadily. "After all, Ted, that's all we are I don't see how we could have drifted into anything else. Why, I have actually seen your mother give you a spanking, and you have seen me all smeared up with jam. Go and tell her, Ted, and let's call our engagement off."

And the girl, with a brave little smile, held out her ring and slipped softly away into the shadows. But even then, in the hurt of her heart, she realized that it was a hurt because of what the girls might think rather than any lasting unhappiness.

DAILY DOT PUZZLE



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Camp Hill Paving Matter to Be Sent to Council

Camp Hill, Pa., Aug. 29.—Results of the monthly meeting of council Thursday evening, September 13, is expected to throw some light on the Market street paving proposition. According to a councilman to-day the State Highway Department notified the borough fathers several weeks ago that an agreement would be sent to be acted on at the next meeting of council. If the agreement is sent the councilmen believe that the long-awaited assistance from the State Department is assured. A councilman said to-day that the break in the department caused by the resignation of the head may cause some delay in the procedure.

Fashions of To-Day - By May Manton

There is no better model for the simple costume, consisting of blouse and skirt, than this. The three-piece skirt with the gathered back is a smart one this season and the blouse can be buttoned up about the throat or rolled open as occasion requires. High collars are creeping into favor day by day, but there are times when the open neck will be preferred, therefore, the convertible collar is always a desirable one. College women will find the model especially adapted to their needs.

For the medium size the blouse will require 2 1/4 yards of material 36 inches wide, and the skirt, 2 3/4 yards 44.

The blouse pattern No. 9479 is cut in sizes from 34 to 42 inches bust measure and the skirt No. 9482 in sizes from 24 to 34 inches waist measure. They will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of fifteen cents for each.



9479 Blouse with Convertible Collar, 34 to 42 bust. Price 15 cents.
9482 Three-Piece Skirt, 24 to 34 waist.

Uncle Sam's Thrift Thought For Today

Spread the Meat Flavor

Spread the meat flavor and so economize on the amount of meat consumed, says the United States Department of Agriculture. Here is a suggestion for making a delicious dish from an inexpensive steak.

Mock Duck

On a round steak cut thin, place a stuffing of bread crumbs mixed with butter, salt, pepper and flavorings such as sage, celery seed, etc., if desired. Roll the steak around the stuffing and tie in several places with a string. If the steak is tough steam or stew the roll until tender before roasting in the oven.

If desired, the roll may be cooked in casserole, in which case a cupful or more of water should be added.

Eat Less Meat—Eat More Whole Wheat

That is the way to save money, save strength, save health, save food.

There is plenty of food for all the people if you will cut out the expensive, indigestible food that contains the least nutriment.

The whole wheat is the most perfect food given to man. It contains all the elements needed for building healthy tissue and furnishing energy for the human body. But be sure you get the whole wheat grain in a digestible form.

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