



Reading for Women and all the Family



BIG TIMBER

By BERTRAND W. SINCLAIR

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SYNOPSIS
Estella Benton left a penniless orphan, goes to join her brother Charlie, who is logging lumber in British Columbia.

(Continued)

"Do you usually allow your men to address you in that impertinent way?" Miss Benton desired to know. Charlie looked blank for a second; then he smiled and, linking his arm affectionately in hers, drew her off along the wharf, chuckling to himself.

"My dear girl," said he, "you'd better not let Sam Davis or any of Sam's kind hear you pass remarks like that. Sam would say exactly what he thought about such matters to his boss or King George or to the first lady of the land regardless. Sub? We're what you'll call primitive out here yet. You want to forget that master and man business, the servant proposition and proper respect and all that rot. Outside the English colonies in one or two big towns that attitude doesn't go in. E. C. People in this neck of the woods stand pretty much on the same class footing, and you'll get in bad and get me in bad if you don't remember that. I've got ten loggers working for me in the woods. Whether they're impertinent or profane cuts no figure, so long as they handle the job properly. They're men, you understand, not servants. None of them would hesitate to tell me what he thinks about me or anything I do. If I don't like it I can fight him or fire him. They won't stand for the sort of airs you're accustomed to. They have the utmost respect for a woman, but a man is merely a two legged male human like themselves. Whether he wears mackinaws or broadcloth, has a barrel of money or none at all. This will seem odd to you at first, but you'll get used to it. You'll find things rather different out here."

"I suppose so," she agreed. "But it sounds queer. For instance, if one of papa's clerks or the chauffeur had spoken like that he'd have been discharged on the spot."

"The logger's a different breed," Benton observed dryly, "or perhaps they're the same breed manifesting under different conditions. He isn't servile. He doesn't have to be."

"Why the delay, though?" she reverted to the point. "I thought you were all ready to go."

"I am," Charlie enlightened, "but while I was at the store just now Paul Abbey phoned from Vancouver to know if there was an up lake boat in. His brother has big lumber guns here, and it will accommodate him and won't hurt me to wait a couple of hours and drop him off at their camp. I've got more or less business dealing with them, and it doesn't hurt to be neighborly. He'd have to hire a gas boat otherwise. Besides, Paul's a pretty good head."

CHAPTER II. Mr. Abbey Arrives

They walked slowly along the broad roadway which bordered the lake until they came to a branchy maple, and here they seated themselves on the grassy turf in the shadow of the tree.

"Tell me about yourself," she said. "How do you like it here and how are you getting on? Your letters home were always chiefly remarkable for their brevity."

"There isn't a great lot to tell," Benton responded. "I'm just beginning to get on my feet. A raw, untried youngster has a lot to learn and unlearn when he hits this tall timber. I've been out here five years, and I'm just beginning to realize what I'm equal to and what I'm not. I'm crawling over a hump

Bringing Up Father

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By McManus



now that would have been a lot easier if the governor hadn't come to grief the way he did. He was going to put in some money this fall. But I think I'll make it anyway, though it will keep me digging and figuring. I have a contract for delivery of a million feet in September and another contract that I could make if I could see my way clear to finance the thing. I could clear up \$30,000 net in two years if I had more cash to work on. As it is, I have to go slow, or I'd go broke. I'm holding two limits by the skin of my teeth. But I've got one good one practically for an annual pittance. If I make delivery on my contract according to schedule I'll be plain sailing. That about sizes up my prospects, sis."

"It sounds big," she commented. "I could go at it right. I've been trying ever since I got wise to this lumber business to make the governor see what a chance there is in it. He was getting properly impressed with the possibilities when the speed bug got him. He could have trimmed a little here and there at home and put the money to work. Ten thousand dollars would have done the trick, given me a working outfit along with what I've got that would have put us both on Easy street. However, the poor old chap didn't get around to it. I suppose, like lots of other business men, when he stopped everything ran down. According to Lander's figures, there won't be a thing left when all accounts are squared."

"Don't talk about it, Charlie," she begged. "It's too near, and I was through it all."

"I would have been there too," Benton said, "but, as I told you, I was out of reach of your wire, and by the time I got it it was all over. I couldn't have done any good, anyway. There's no use mourning. One way and another we've all got to come to it some day."

Stella looked out over the placid, shimmering surface of Roaring lake for a minute. Her grief was dimming with time and distance, and she had all her own young life before her. She found herself drifting from painful memories of her father's sudden death to a consideration of things present and personal. She found herself wondering critically if this strange, rude land would work as many changes in her as were patent in this bronzed and burly brother.

"Are there many people living around this lake?" she inquired. "It is surely a beautiful spot. If we had this at home there would be a summer cottage on every hundred yards of shore."

All's Well That Ends Well

By JANE M'LEAN

She wondered vaguely if she had been too good to him. Surely he treated her differently. There was a carelessness about his entire manner that she no longer cared with the same abandon.

She watched him between narrowing eyelids as he came into the room. "Hello," he said, not too cordially, and, stooping, kissed her carelessly on the forehead.

She held up her lips and, thus invited, he kissed them lightly. She stilled a hurt remark that suddenly came to her and went on sewing. Somehow she felt like screaming to-night at the lack of attention. Then like a ghost she stole out of the room and upstairs to her mirror where she studied her face in the glass. She saw a tall, pale woman in simple house dress. Her hair which curled distractingly about the temples and over her neck was drawn simply back from her face.

Her nose and cheeks shone from the light of the fire, for she had been preparing his dinner, and she looked at what she wore a good wholesome woman without any of the mysterious little touches that the city woman knows so well how to add.

Without encouragement she went downstairs again and in silence dished up the evening meal. He ate hungrily, for Loretta could cook; but he said little. Once he looked up from his paper with a spark of interest in his eyes.

"I see that young Wilbur's cousin is going to stay on here a spell. She's a likely looking young woman."

Loretta did not answer. In her mind's eye she could see the girl as she had looked in church on Sunday. Fresh and girlish and very young, and once she had looked over her shoulder into the eyes of big Jim Dale. And Loretta had shrunk a little as she noticed Jim flush at the challenge.

While she did the dishes Loretta was thinking rapidly. Things couldn't go on like this much longer. What she needed was a change, but she hated to tell him about it. Suddenly the idea of an adventure was too much for her and her cheeks flushed with excitement.

She could get Bertha Hicks to come over and keep house for Jim for a few days, and she could take the money she had just received for the eggs and go off and visit Margaret for a week. A note would suffice to tell Jim, and then she would be slipping away like a real heroine. All evening Loretta thought of it, and before she went to bed she nosed the old leather suitcase out of the attic and began to lay fresh linens in the guest room where Jim could not see her preparations.

The next day unlike the heroine

AFRAID TO FAIL? NO HOPE FOR YOU

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

If you are afraid to fail you need not hope ever to succeed! The man or woman who knows how to "digest defeat" has conquered it. Experience is knowledge that is largely made up of knowing how to do things because you have found out how not to do them.

By a process of elimination any clever man with plenty of stick-itiveness in his nature will be able to figure out the right way to do a thing just because he has failed through trying to do it in all the wrong ways.

Sitting and wishing you are in Chicago won't transport you there. Building "castles in the air" doesn't set up a most efficient business of a frame cottage on a plot of real ground. Wishing for things, dreaming about them, even trying to imagine them, you can obtain them won't make them come true for you.

The only fairy wand there is to wave is that of intelligent effort. After the sales manager of any corporation has spent a long time in explaining to a new man how to place a consignment of goods, the new man has some perfectly good theories which ought to work. But if they don't and he falls in that job, he may go to his next one ready equipped to sell because he has tried it a few times and failed at it.

Adjusting his personality to meet the needs of the world, studying the requirements of the world and trying to make it feel that he has something to offer, are part of the education of every man.

Mistakes made on Monday may be stepping stones to success on Tuesday. Regretting builders, worrying about them, fearing lest they be repeated and being too terror-stricken to try again because one has gone wrong are perfectly good assurances of failure. Eliminate timidity and you have even in Monday's complete failure the promise of Tuesday's success.

A brilliant and successful woman who has triumphed in a hard selling game told me the story of her beginning. "We suddenly overwhelmed poverty took practically all she had from her she saved a long coat of real sealskin, with which to mask the shabbiness which, she thought might be here all through the long winter. Then she took the position which influence had gotten for her. And an undesirable enough position it seemed! With two great packing trunks full of samples, she started off to sell all sorts of knit goods to the dry good stores of Maine."

The very first store she visited seemed well impressed by her goods. She took pains to show them advantage and felt that the man was almost assured when the buyer asked her to return the next afternoon, since he had seen only one line which, compared with hers in any way.

When she returned the next day the buyer took her into his private office and said to her very frankly: "Mrs. S., I'm going to be very honest with you. I like your line fully as well as that of the other people are showing and our prices are just as good. It's a toss up between you and ordinarily I'd divide the order. But the man who's showing the other line is so shabby, he has a family to support and he needs our order, so we've giving it to him. It won't matter to a woman in your position."

Out of that little prank of fate,

Advice to the Lovelorn

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am eighteen and a stenographer. My employer is a young man about twenty-eight, whom I have grown to love. He expects to be divorced in a few weeks. He calls at my home; but I have refused to be seen on the street with him until he is divorced. Am I right? Do you think he will care for me if we marry? He has one little child, and I will be expected to take it as my own.

HELEN.

I think it would be a very good idea for you to go on working for a while after you are married. Of course I can understand your fiancé's attitude. He has a boy's and manly pride in the matter and wants to feel that he is taking care of the girl he loves. But it would be wise to lay up a nice little fund for the future and so I suggest that he satisfy himself with this arrangement; you keep your position and put all that you earn into the savings bank. Then he will be taking care of you and still you will not be getting ahead in the world.

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9535 Surplice Blouse, 34 to 42 bust. Price 15 cents.

Fashions of To-Day - By May Manton

Surplice closings are eminently smart this season and here is a blouse that can be used for the gown or for the separate waist to be worn with the tailored suit. For the latter purpose, Georgette crepe, crepe de chine and similar materials in color to match the suit are exceedingly smart. The fronts are lapped well one over the other and can be extended to form sash ends or cut off at the under-arm seams and the back can be made as it is shown here or without the pleup extension.

For the medium size will be needed, 4 1/4 yards of material 36 inches wide, 3 yards 44, with 3 1/2 yard 36 inches wide for the collar.

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