

# Reading for Women and all the Family

## Bringing Up Father

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By McManus

## 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. Charlie tells Estella of his prospects and describes his primitive manner of living. He introduces a neighbor Paul Abbey.

(Continued)

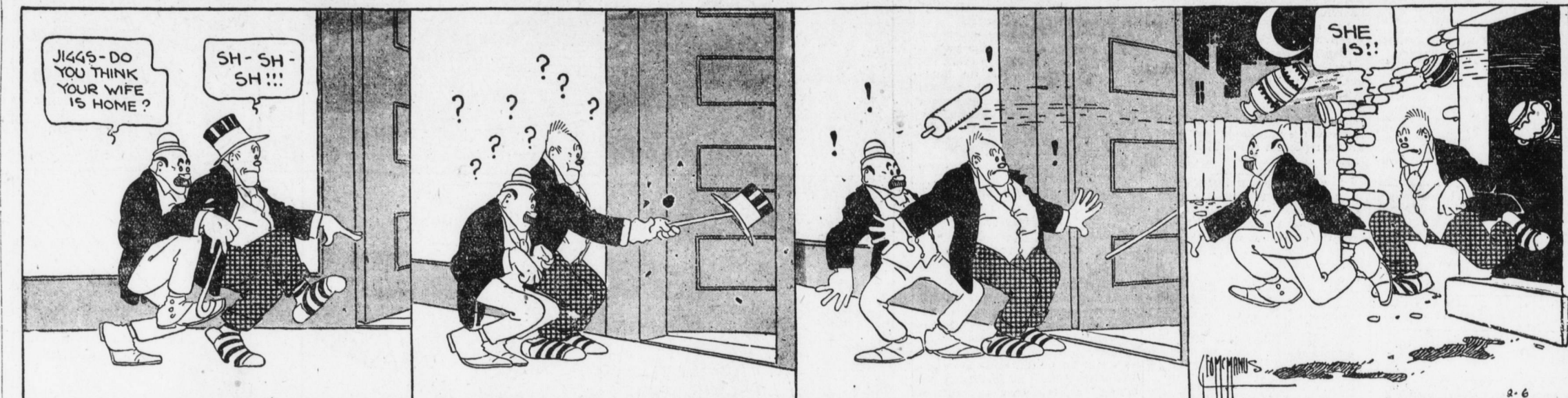
The soft swept lake shore, bay and sloping forest with a quickening eye. Here was no trim painted cottage and no velvet lawn. In the waters beside and lining the beach floated innumerable logs, confined by boom sticks; hundreds of trunks of fir, forty and sixty feet long, four and six feet across the butt, timber enough, when it had passed through the sawmills, to build four such towns as Hopyard. Just back from the shore, amid stumps and littered branches, rose the roofs of divers buildings. One was long and low. Hard by it stood another of like type, but of lesser dimension. Two of these mere shanties lifted level with great stumps—crude, unpainted buildings. Smoke issued from the chimney of the larger, and a white aproned man stood in the doorway. Somewhere in the screen of woods a whistle shrilled. Benton looked at his watch.

"We made good time in spite of the little roll," said he. "That's the donkey blowing quitting time, 6 o'clock. Well, come on up to the shack, sis. Sam, you get a wheelbarrow and run those trunks up after supper, will you?"

Away in the banked timber beyond the maples and alder, which Stella now saw masked from the bank of a small stream flowing by the cabins, a faint call rose, long drawn:

"Tim-ber-r-r-r!"

They moved along a path beaten through fern and clawing blackberry vine toward the camp, Benton carrying the two grips. A loud, sharp crack split the stillness; then



a mild swishing sound arose. Hard on the heels of that followed a rending, tearing crash, a thud that sent tremors through the solid earth under their feet. The girl started.

"Falling gang dropped a big fir," Charlie laughed. "You'll get used to that. You'll hear it a good many times a day here."

"Good heavens, it sounded like the end of the world!" she said.

"Well, you can't fell a stick of timber 200 feet high and six or eight feet through without making a pretty considerable noise," her brother remarked complacently. "I like that sound myself. Every big tree that goes down means a bunch of money."

He led the way past the mess house, from the doorway of which the aproned cook eyed her with frank curiosity hailing his employer with nonchalant air, a cigarette resting in one corner of his mouth. Benton opened the door of the second building. Stella followed him in.

It had the saving grace of cleanliness, according to logging camp standards, but the bareness of it appalled her. There was a rusty box heater, littered with cigar and cigarette stubs; a desk fabricated of undressed boards, a homemade chair or two, sundry boxes standing about. The sole concession to comfort was a rug of cheap Axminster covering half the floor. The walls were decorated chiefly with miscellaneous clothing suspended from nails, a few maps and blueprints tacked up as-

straight across from the entering door another stood ajar, and she could see further vistas of bare board wall, small, dusty window panes and a bed whereon gray blankets were tumbled as they fell when a waking sleeper cast them aside.

Benton crossed the room and threw open another door.

"Here's a nook I fixed up for you, Stella," he said briskly. "It isn't very fancy, but it's the best I could do just now."

She followed him in silently. He set her two bags on the floor and turned to go. Then some impulse moved him to turn back, and he kept both hands on her shoulders and kissed her gently.

"That's something, if it isn't what you're used to. Try to overlook the crudities. We'll have supper as soon as you feel like it."

He went out, closing the door behind him.

Miss Estella Benton stood in the middle of the room fighting against a swift heart sinking, a terrible depression that strove to master her.

"Good Lord in heaven," she muttered at last, "what a place to be marooned by! It's—It's simply impossible."

Her gaze roved about the room. A square box, neither more nor less, 14 by 14 feet of bare board wall, unpainted and unpapered. There was an iron bed, a willow rocker and a rude closet for clothes in one corner. A duplicate of the department store bargain rug in the other room lay on the floor. On an up-turned box stood an enamel pitcher and a tin washbasin. That was all.

She sat down on the bed and viewed it forlornly. A wave of sickening rebellion against everything swept over her. To herself she seemed as irrevocably alone as if she had been lost in the depths of the dark timber that rose on every hand. And, sitting there, she heard at length the voices of men. Looking out through a window curtained with cheesecloth, she saw her brother's logging gang swing past; stout woodsmen all, big men, tall men, short bodied men with thick necks and shoulders, sunburned, all grimy with the sweat of their labors, carrying themselves with a free and reckless swing, the doubles in type of that roistering crew she had seen embark on Jack Fyfe's boat.

All about that cook house doorway spread a confusion of empty tin cans, hastily labeled, containers of corn and peas and tomatoes. Dish-water and refuse, chips, scraps, all the refuse of the camp was scattered there in unlovely array.

But that made no more than a passing impression upon her. She was thinking as she removed her hat and gloves of what queer angles come now and then to the human mind. She wondered why she should be sufficiently interested in her brother's hired men to drive off a compelling attack of the blues in consideration of them as men. Nevertheless she found herself unable to view them as she had viewed, say the clerks in her father's office.

She began to brush her hair and to wonder what sort of food would be served for supper.

## "THEIR MARRIED LIFE"

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"Warren, doesn't she do well?" said Helen happily, leaning over his shoulder.

"By George she does, and I never would have believed it," he returned proudly.

"Of course, Mr. Bangs helped her and guided her hand, but I do believe that he allowed her to say just what she pleased, and she has worked it so quaintly."

"You're right, she has. Listen to this: It's fine up here, and Mollie and I go barefooted; Mollie says her feet are browner than mine, but Mr. Bangs says mine are prettier."

Warren laughed heartily at this very feminine remark. "Talk about conceit."

"Oh, no, dear, she's artless, that's all. You know what Laura said about her being a beauty some day."

"She is a good-looking kid, but you don't want to spoil her, you know."

"Warren Curtis, you're far more likely to spoil her than I am."

"Now, that's a fine thing to say, when you know very well, that the women always spoil the children and then ruin any kind of discipline by crying and protesting when the fathers interfere."

"One Argument"

"That's more likely to happen in the case of a boy," Helen returned. "I hope that I would have sense enough to allow your word to be undisputed in the case of discipline. I think we should both do that. But what does Mr. Bangs say in his letter?"

"They had both been so anxious to read their first epistle from their daughter that the folded sheets which indicated a letter from Mollie's father had remained as they were. Now Warren unfolded them and began to read. Helen still sat on the arm of his chair and read the letter over his shoulder. There was silence for a minute, then Helen exclaimed:

"Oh, Warren, how dreadful!" Her eyes remained glued to the letter, however, until she had read a few more sentences.

"I think Mr. Bangs should have written me immediately, it was unpardonable for him not to," she gasped. "What shall we do, Warren, can I get a train up there to-night?"

"Of course not," Warren returned. "The danger is over now."

"Oh, but we can't know that, I want to go, Warren, I must go. I couldn't bear to be away from her when she is in danger."

"But she's not in danger, Mr. Bangs clearly says so. He says that

## All's Well That Ends Well

"But you know that Mrs. Mason and I have always thought that you and Dorothea would marry." And the older man leaned forward interestedly to look into the younger man's face.

"Well, to tell the truth, there has never been anyone else for me," said the younger of the two.

"Well, then, what's the use of all this?"

"Well, I simply mentioned the matter because you and Mrs. Mason have always been so good to me and I wanted you to understand, I spoke to Dorothea last night, and she said that she couldn't think of me that way. When a girl says that, there's no chance."

"What else did she say?" asked Dorothea.

"She said that she didn't want to think of marriage. That it held too many responsibilities, that she was having too good a time to settle down. That's all true when you stop to think of it, but I'm pretty well fixed now, and I thought the time was ripe."

"Well, if I were you, Dick, I wouldn't take Dorothea too seriously. She's young, of course, and you ought to do as to give her a wide rope for the present. See if you can't fascinate another one of the girls. It may help."

Dick Phillips laughed, and stood up holding out his hand. "I'll see what I can do," he said, laughing. He was careless and nonchalant. No one would have dreamed that he cared. But he did care. If he couldn't have Dora Mason he didn't want any one, and there was no present chance of getting her. No matter she changed a great deal. He jumped into the little gray car that he had had only the year before and drove recklessly down the street. He looked neither to the right nor left and almost ran over a tall girl who was just about to cross as he was about to turn into a side street.

"Hello, Dick," she called brightly.

"Hello, Meg," he called back, slowing up. "Come on in, I'll drive you out to the clubhouse. Are you game?"

"Of course I'm game. I'm spoiling for a game of tennis. Let's get out Mason and Sammy and have a foursome."

"Are they out there?" queried Dick.

"I think so. We'll take a chance, anyway. And the next minute they were flying off down the road. The country club was just a short distance, and Dick drove the gray car recklessly up the great stretch of driveway. A group of young people gathered on the porch hailed the two lustily. In the center of the group, Dick distinguished Dora. Dora had always been his pet name for her, although the others called her Dot.

He avoided her eyes as he and Meg ran lightly up the steps to be greeted by the others. He also neglected to say that he had met Meg, and Meg herself seemed in a hurry to tell of it; so of course it was generally accepted that Dick had asked Meg to come out with him.

Now, of all girls that Dorothea disliked, she disliked Meg Brooks. Meg made too good a foil for Dorothea, who was dark and staid, and Meg could do everything that Dora couldn't. If it hadn't been for the fact that Meg Brooks was handsome she wouldn't have been almost boyish herself. But her looks saved her, and although she had never appealed to Dick Phillips, she had her followers, and they were many.

"Thought you couldn't get away from that guest you're entertaining," sang out one of the men. Dot pricked up her ears.

"Oh, but for Dick I could manage anything," sighed Meg romantically.

Dick grinned and the others laughed.

"Yes, it's about time I had a chance," put in Dick imperturbably. "Meg never would give me one before."

Well, thought Dorothea, indignantly, if Dick Phillips could flirt like this the night after she had turned him down it was a good thing she hadn't accepted him. For the first time in her life, now that she couldn't have him, Dot began to regret Dick differently. Before he had been a possession to do with as she liked; now he was a man, and a white-white man. When she had let slip through her fingers.

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(To be continued.)

## DAILY DOT PUZZLE

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9530 Double Breasted Coat, 34 to 42 bust. Price 15 cents.  
9484 Six-Gore Skirt, 24 to 32 waist. Price 15 cents.

## Fashions of To-Day - By May Manton

The coat suit is always a favorite costume for the Autumn and this season is being shown in new and exceedingly attractive forms. This one is essentially smart. The fitted body portion with the flaring skirt make an exceedingly becoming combination as well as a fashionable one. The six-gore skirt forms an inverted plait at each seam and a wide box-pleat in each gore. Here broadcloth is shown, and broadcloth is to be extensively worn, but this season there are a great many velours offered while serge and gabardine always are standbys. Women who like contrasts will find blue serge with collar of sand color or sand colored serge with collar of blue very smart. For the dressy costumes of afternoon, of which we shall see a great many, velvet or faille could be used and both materials would suit this design perfectly well.

For the medium size the coat will require, 4 3/8 yards of material 36 inches wide, 3 3/4 yards 44, 2 3/4 yards 54, and the skirt, 3 3/4 yards 36 or 44, 3 3/4 yards 54.

The coat pattern No. 9530 is cut in sizes from 34 to 42 inches bust measure and the skirt pattern No. 9484 in sizes from 24 to 32 inches waist measure. They will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of fifteen cents for each.

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