

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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Continued

When supper was over, the work done and the loggers' celebration was slowly subsiding in the bunk-house she told Charlie with blunt directness what she wanted to do. She wanted to go to Vancouver and earn her living there. With equally blunt directness he declared that he would not permit it. Stella's teeth came together with an angry little click.

"I'm of age, Charlie," she said to him. "It isn't for you to say what you will or will not permit me to do. I want that money of mine that you used and what I've earned. God knows I have earned it. I can't stand this work and I don't intend to. It isn't work, it's slavery."

"But what can you do in town?" he countered. "You haven't the least idea what you'd be going up against. Stell, you've never been away from home, and you've never had the least training at anything useful. You'd be on your uppers in no time at all. You wouldn't have a ghost of a chance."

"I have such a splendid chance here," she retorted ironically. "If I could get in any position where I'd be more likely to die of sheer stagnation, to say nothing of dirty rudeness, than in this forsaken hole I'd like to know how. I don't think it's possible."

"You could be a whole lot worse off if you only knew it," Benton returned grumpily. "If you haven't got any sense about things, I have. I know what a rotten hole Vancouver or any other seaport town is for a girl alone. I won't let you



All's Well That Ends Well

By JANE McLEAN

make any foolish break like that. That's all."

From this position she failed to budge him. Once angered, partly by her expressed intention and partly by the outspoken protest against the mountain of work imposed on her, Charlie refused point blank to give her either the \$90 he had taken out of her purse or the three months' wages due. Having made her request and having met with this, to her, amazing refusal, Stella sat dumb. There was too fine a streak in her to break out in recrimination. She was too proud to cry.

So that she went to bed in a ferment of helpless rage. Virtually she was a prisoner, as much so as if Charlie had kidnapped her and held her so by brute force. The economic restraint was all potent. Without money she could not even leave the camp. And when she contemplated the daily treadmill before her she shuddered.

At least she could go on strike. Her round cheek flushed with the bitter anger she had ever known. She sat with eyes burning into the dark of her sordid room and vowed that the thirty loggers should die of slow starvation if they did not eat until she cooked another meal for them.

She was still hot with the spirit of mutiny when morning came, but she cooked breakfast. It was not in her to act like a petulant child. Morning also brought a different aspect to things for Charlie told her while he helped prepare breakfast that he was going to take his crew and repay in labor the help Jack Fyfe had given him.

"While we're there Jack's cook will feed all hands," said he. "And by the time we're through there I'll be able to get you a new dress. I don't want to go along to Jack's camp?"

"No," she answered shortly. "I don't. I would much prefer to get away from this lake altogether, as I told you last night."

"You might as well forget that notion," he said stubbornly. "I've got a little price in the market. I don't want my sister drudging at the only kind of work she'd be able to earn a living at."

"You're perfectly willing to have me bridge the gap," she flashed. "That's different," he defended. "And it's only temporary. I'll be making real money before long. You'll get your share if you'll have a little patience and put your shoulder to the wheel. Lord, I'm doing the best I can."

"Yes, for yourself," she returned. "You don't seem to consider that I'm entitled to as much fair play as you've got to accord one of your men. I don't want you to hand me an easy living on a silver salver. All I want of you is what is mine and the privilege of using my own judgment. I'm quite capable of taking care of myself."

If there had been opportunity to enlarge on that matter, they might have come to another verbal clash, but Benton never lost sight of his primary object. The getting of breakfast and putting his men about their work promptly was of more importance to him than Stella's grievance. So the incipient storm dwindled to a sullen mood on her part. Breakfast over, Benton loaded men and tools aboard a snow hitched beside the boat. He repeated his invitation, and Stella refused, with a sarcastic reflection on the company she would be compelled to keep there.

The Chachamin, with her tow drew off, and she was alone again. "Marooned once more," Stella said to herself when the steamboat slipped behind the first jutting point. "Oh, if I could just be a man for awhile!"

Some time during the next forenoon she went scurrying along the lake shore on foot without object or destination, merely to satisfy in some measure the restless craving for action. When she returned to camp at 2 o'clock, driven in by hunger, Jack Fyfe sat on the doorstep. "How do you do? I've come to bring you over to my place," he announced quite casually.

"Thanks, I've already declined one pressing invitation to that effect," Stella returned dryly. His matter of fact assurance rather nettled her.

"A woman always has the privilege of changing her mind," Fyfe smiled. "Charlie is going to be at my camp for at least three weeks. It'll rain soon, and the days'll be pretty gray and dreary and lonesome. You might as well pack your war bag and come along."

She stood uncertainly. Her tongue held ready a blunt refusal, but she did not utter it, and she did not know why.

"I haven't had any lunch," she temporized. "Have you?"

"He shook his head. "I rowed over here before 12. Thought I'd get you back to camp in time for dinner. You know," he said, with a twinkle in his blue eyes, "a logger never eats anything but a meal. A lunch to us is a snack that you put in your pocket. I guess we lack tone out here. We haven't got past the breakfast-dinner-supper stage yet. Too busy making the country fit to live in."

To be Continued

others like her to sacrifice a man to the country.

Again Miss Perkins thought how useless she was, and she had thought of it all the way home, and long after she had settled herself at the machine. In her abstraction she even put the fashion pamphlet down absentmindedly, giving herself the pleasure of looking through it carefully before she went to work. This little omission alone showed how isolated Miss Perkins felt, and it was this feeling of detachment that had caused her to remark that she might just as well be dead.

At noon Miss Perkins fried herself an egg and made some toast and tea. Generally she welcomed her noonday meal as a break in the day. To-day it only served to emphasize her loneliness. At twelve thirty her few dishes, washed and put away, she was back at her work. The long stretch of afternoon was before her and the solitary night meal which she dreaded to-night more than ever. She hated to look forward to it, and to the period of twilight afterward, but she tried by humming a little tune to make herself forget everything and she was merrily sewing away, almost succeeding, when the outer door was pushed open and two little bare-footed children came into the room.

They grinned, and timidly came across the room. "Susie Brown told me you had cookies," piped the older one, looking up at Miss Perkins out of a tangle of gold curls. The words were a direct statement, but the

meaning was plain enough, and Miss Perkins, laughing heartily, went out to the cookie jar and brought in a big plate. There was one thing about Miss Perkins, she could bake cookies. No mother with a dozen little fists to keep replenished with the crumbly dainties could do better, and the crunching of the small teeth bore eloquent testimony to the fact that her art was appreciated.

"We'll come back to-morrow and play with your cat," announced Golden Curls. And then the two toddled out again, their dirty fingers clasped over a generous supply of the cookies.

Miss Perkins smiled happily at this diversion and was just about to settle at the machine again when she saw Rose Quimby coming in the gate. The girl's eyes were red, but she smiled at Miss Perkins.

"I thought I'd come down and see you," she said a little tremulously. "You're the cheerfulest person in this village. Ma wants to know if you can't come up and eat

supper with us to-night, we're going to have fresh bread." And Rose kissed Miss Perkins' faded cheek lightly, and sat down close to the sewing machine.

Sisters Feature in Double Wedding at Gettysburg

Gettysburg, Pa., Sept. 14.—A double wedding in which occurred here this week, when sisters featured, Miss Regina Sneeringer became the bride of Henry Grott, and Miss Bertha Sneeringer wedded James Livelsperger. The two couples took their honeymoon trip together and after returning will live in the same house. A third wedding was that of Miss Mildred Long and William Grott, not a brother of the Grott in the Sneeringer wedding.

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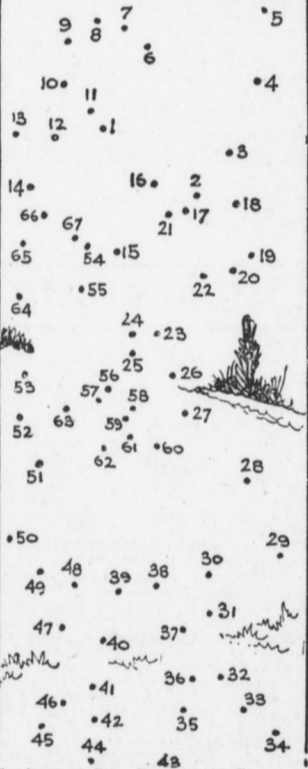
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Daily Dot Puzzle



Sunbonnet Sue, Sunbonnet Sue, Trace all the lines, she'll sing for you.
Draw from 1 to 2 and so on to the end.

Fashions of To-Day - By May Manton



Young girls will be sure to like this coat, also women of girl-like figures for it is essentially youthful in its lines and it is absolutely smart and novel. The cape makes a notable feature of the Autumn and this little one is detachable, therefore, you may wear it or omit it as you like. Here, the material is one of the mixed cloths that always are serviceable, but this is a coat that can be made of duvety or of broadcloth or of serge or of gabardine for Autumn wear. It is a very simple garment and at the same time it is an essentially fashionable one for it is just a long, plain, loose coat with novel pockets and with the wide belt and cape arranged over it. On mid days, the collar can be rolled open. One of the smartest of the new trimmings is found in touches of leather and this coat, made of dark green, duvety with brown leather buttons and leather belt, would be extremely attractive.

For the 16-year size will be needed, 4 1/2 yards of material 44 inches wide, 3 1/2 yards 54.

The pattern No. 9536 is cut in sizes for 16 and 18 years. It will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of fifteen cents.

9536 Coat with or without Cape, sizes 16 and 18 years. Price 15 cents.

"Onward With God!" Cries Kaiser While Hungry Austria Clamors For Peace

Will Russia or Austria be the first to collapse under the hammering of the enemy legions without the discord of quarreling forces within? Some editors even think the reply to this question will decide the war. While Russia staggers under the loss of Riga, the demoralization of her armies, and the desperate confusion of her internal affairs, Austria recoils before Italy's inexorable offensive and her hungry people clamor for an early peace.

If Germany can force Russia into a separate peace, she opens for herself a vast reservoir of desperately needed supplies, doubles the number of men available for her Western battle-lines, and increases tremendously the difficulty of the task to which America is pledged. On the other hand, if Italy brings Austria to her knees, Germany is cut off from Turkey and Bulgaria, her Pan-Germanic dream is shattered and peace with victory is brought immeasurably nearer for the United States and her Allies.

The leading article in THE LITERARY DIGEST for September 15th, shows these two uppermost phases of the war in all its lights. Other articles that will be sure to interest the public in this number of "The Digest" are:—

The New "Soldiers of Freedom"

Marching Hosts Comprising the New National Army Enter Training Camps to Prepare For the Battlefields in France.

- Where Loyal Labor Stands
- Will the Price of Bread Come Down?
- Hunger in Hungary
- What Bulgaria Wants
- A New Source of Aeroplanes
- Garbage As a Food-Waste Index
- To Create a New Niagara Falls?
- Etiquette of the Flag
- Red Cross Work For School Girls
- John Calvin Reversed

- The Pacifist Pilgrims
- The President Stirs Teutonic Ire
- Germany's Peace Offer to Russia
- The Birthplace of the Battle-Tank
- Politeness in War Times
- "Egg Savers" That Do Not Save
- "A Son of the Middle Border"
- The Foolish Cult of the Japanese Print
- Moral Prophylaxis in the Army
- Personal Glimpses, and Financial News

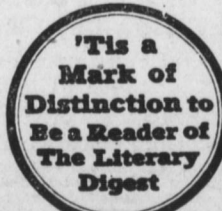
A Striking Selection of Illustrations

"The Digest" Breaks Down Antiquated Barriers

It is only by learning to understand one another that men or nations can achieve a real peace. All wars, national, social, or personal, spring from lack of comprehension. The man or woman who strives to see things as they look to the other side—is, in his or her small way, helping to hasten the coming day when all resort to violence may be as obsolete as the dodo. The leading pioneer in this direction among current periodicals is

THE LITERARY DIGEST, published not exclusively for the rich man or the poor man, not for the militarist or the pacifist, not for the idealist or the practical plodder, not for the alien or the native-born, but for all of these alike. It strives to present all view-points upon the great questions of our time without bias. It quotes from all periodicals freely and impartially. Read it and learn to understand your fellow man.

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The Literary Digest

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