

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

Fyfe maintained his habitual sparsity of words while they ate the food Mrs. Howe brought on a tray hot from the cook's outlying domain. When they finished he rose, took up his hat and helped himself to a handful of cigars from a box on the fireplace mantel.

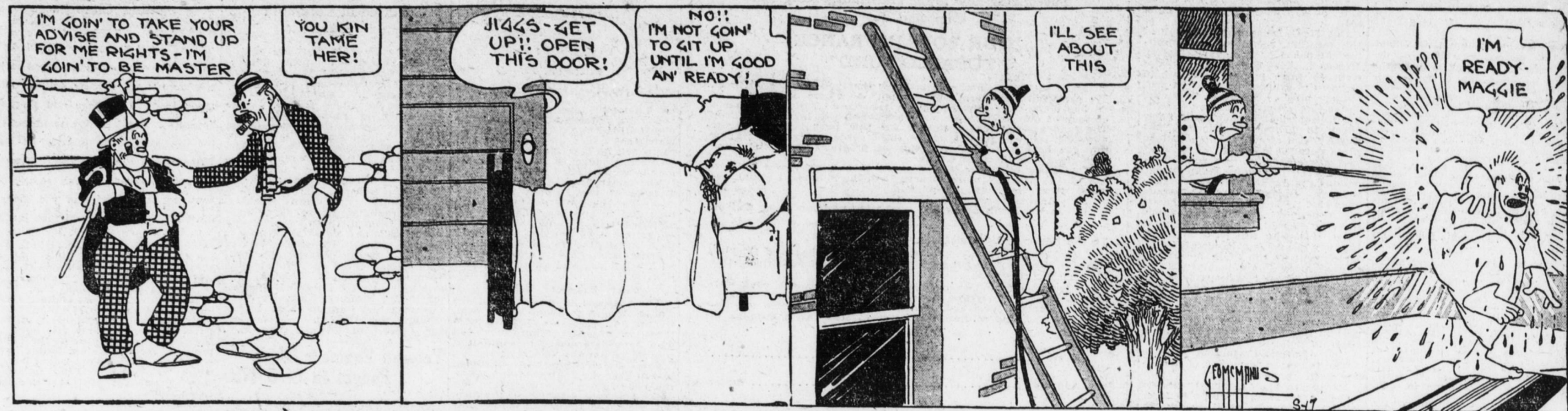
"I guess you'll be able to put in the time, all right," he remarked. "Make yourself at home. If you take a notion to read there's a lot of books and magazines in my room. Mrs. Howe'll show you."

He walked out. Stella was conscious of a distinct relief when he was gone. She had somehow experienced a recurrence of that peculiar feeling of needing to be on her guard as if there were some curious, latent antagonism between them. She puzzled over that a little.

But she did not spend much time puzzling over Jack Fyfe. Once out of her sight she forgot him. It was plain to her lonely soul to have some one of her own sex for company. What Mrs. Howe lacked in the higher culture she made up in homely perception and unassuming kindness. Her husband was Fyfe's foreman. She herself was not a permanent fixture in the camp. They had a cottage at Roaring Springs, where she spent most of the time so that their three children could be in school.

"I was up here all through vacation," Stella told Stella. "Left for home shortly after school started again, so I got my sister to look after the kids for a spell while I stay. 'Till he goes down about the time Mr. Benton's through here."

Stella eventually went out to take a look around the camp. A hard beaten path led off toward where rose the distant sounds of logging work, the ponderous crash of trees



and the puff of the donkeys. She followed that a little way and presently came to a knoll some 300 yards above the beach. There she paused to look and wonder curiously.

A noble stretch of lake and mountain spread out before her gaze. Straight across the lake two deep clefts in the eastern range opened on the water miles apart. She could see the white ribbon of foaming cascades in each. Between lifted a great mountain, and on the lakeward slope of this stood a terrible scar of a slide, yellow and brown, rising 2,000 feet from the shore. A vaporous wisp of cloud hung along the top of the slide and above this aerial banner a snow capped pinnacle thrust itself high into the infinite blue.

She went back to the house to converse upon domestic matters with Mrs. Howe and the shrilling of a donkey whistle brought forty odd lumberjacks swinging down the trail.

Behind them a little way came Jack Fyfe with a grunting crew. He did not stop to exhibit his catch, but half an hour later they were served hot and crisp at the table in the big living room where Fyfe, Stella and Charlie Benton, Lefty Howe and his wife sat down together.

A man from the camp kitchen served the meal and cleared it away. For an hour or two after that the three men sat about in shirt sleeved ease, puffing at Jack Fyfe's cigars. Then Benton excused himself and went to bed. When Howe and his wife retired Stella did likewise. The long twilights had dwindled to a misty patch of light sky in the northwest and she fell asleep more than ever.

Weeks. Sitting in Jack Fyfe's living room through that evening she had begun to formulate a philosophy to fit her enforced environment—to live for the day only and avoid thought of the future until there loomed on the horizon some prospect of a future worth thinking about.

The present looked passable enough, she thought if she kept her mind strictly on it alone. And with that idea to guide her she found the days slide by smoothly. She got on famously with Mrs. Howe, finding that woman full of virtues unsuspected in her type.

Altogether she spent a tolerably pleasant week. Autumn's gorgeous paintbrush laid wonderful coloring upon the maple and alder and birch that lined the lake shore. The fall run of the salmon was on, and every stream was packed with the silver horde, thrashing through shoal and rapid to reach the spawning ground before they died. Off every creek mouth and all along the lake the seals followed to prey on the salmon, and sea trout and lakors alike swarmed to the spawning beds to feed upon the roe. The day shortened. Sometimes a fine rain would drizzle for hours on end, and when it would clear the saw toothed ranges flanking the lake would stand out all freshly robed in white—a mantle that crept lower on the fir clad slopes after each storm.

Early in October Charlie Benton had squared his neighborly account with Jack Fyfe. With crew and equipment he moved home, to begin work anew on his own limit.

To be Continued

All's Well That Ends Well

By JANE McLEAN

"You want me to go, do you?" The girl hesitated and then said slowly, "Why, dear, it's a thing for you to decide for yourself, isn't it? I don't like to advise you, but you know that I want you to do what is right."

"Sure you do, you wouldn't be the kind of a pal you are if you couldn't see things that way," the boy returned.

There was a look of the visionary in his eyes, and the girl's eyes, too, were wide with dreams. He had been called to the colors, and they had been married only five months. In the excitement of the moment the boy had forgotten this fact, and the fact that the girl would have to live while he was away, but she hadn't forgotten it.

The fact loomed large in her thoughts, but not because it worried her, nor because she would make it a reason for him to plead exemption, she was too loyal for that, but because for the first time in her life she felt so utterly helpless, so unable to do her part in the big cause.

Suddenly he thought of her, the wide look in his eyes faded and realities suddenly flooded his vision.

"But you," he gasped, "what of you, how will you get along?"

The girl laughed softly. She marvelled that she could in the face of her own misgivings.

"Why how foolish you are, dear," she said lightly. "Just as if I couldn't get along somehow. Other women do, you know, you must think of me at all."

"But I do think of you. I just must think of you. I'll plead exemption Edith, and things may come out all right."

"But I don't want you to," the girl returned with sudden passion, "you make me feel ashamed. Wait, I tell you I'll get along, and I want you to go. Why you must go. Why you must go, that's all."

At her decision the boy forgot that she might not have anything definite in mind, he thought only of the fact that she must know what she was about or she wouldn't be so emphatic, and with a whoop of excitement he threw his soft hat up in the air and caught it again.

"All right, pal," he said boyishly, "we'll do it."

After he had left her, she returned to her sober serious thoughts of life. She wondered what she could do to keep herself for Wait while he did his duty in France. Again that feeling of impotence swept over her. Why was she helpless? Why wasn't there some trade that she could turn to, in order to make money? Then she could send her soldier man away without a doubt in her mind.

She thought of her different friends. They were all as helpless as she was, but not so willing to be independent. They would probably insist upon exemption claims.

anything that she might turn into money?

Then she remembered. Yesterday Carol Sanders had said enviously, "I wish I had your talent for dressing, Edith. You don't spend half the money I do, and you always look better." The recollection of this brought still another remark that had been made last week.

"Edith Hallory, where did you get that hat?"

"Made it myself."

"Honestly? Well, it looks French, my dear. You certainly have a twist in those small fingers of yours."

Edith smiled. Could she do it? Would her friends help; those who would not be deprived of their husbands? Why, it would be just the thing, just the kind of work to keep her busy and interested. She might get other girls to help her out after she got fairly started. It would be something new, something different, something to take the women's minds off the grim subject of war.

As Edith thought it over, the idea kept broadening. At first she would offer her proposition, so much for

a correct costume, ideas supplemented by personal aid, according to the amount paid. Why it would be play, because she would love it, and best of all, she would be doing her bit and helping Wait to do his duty.

"Hello, little lady," said a laughing voice as Mrs. Giles dropped down besides her. "What are you thinking about, something pretty to deck that pretty self of yours out in? What are you going to do for clothes if Wait goes to the front, help the rest of us out?"

"That's just what I am going to do," said Edith solemnly, looking askance at Mrs. Giles' expensive but badly constructed gown. And without a moment's hesitation, acting on the impulse that there was no time like the present, Edith made her first business proposition.

pounds when he went on his vacation a few weeks ago. When he returned he weighed 195 pounds.

"The doctors told me I never would be able to get down to 200 pounds," he said, "but I fooled them. It took persistent exercise. While I was in Texas I started walking a mile a day. That was all I could stand at first. But by the time I had finished my visit in San Diego I was walking eighteen miles a day without becoming in the least exhausted."

Berlin Gives Answer to Buenos Aires on Scandal

Buenos Aires, Sept. 17. — From an authoritative source it is learned that the reply of the German Government to Argentina's demand for an explanation of Count Luxburg's action in sending secret code messages to Berlin through the Swedish legation has been received here.

It is indicated that the reply probably is unfavorable. The Argentine Foreign Minister does not deny that the German answer has been received, although he refuses to admit the fact.

CONSTIPATION IS A PENALTY OF AGE

Nothing is so essential to health in advancing age as freedom and normal activity of the bowels. It makes one feel younger and fresher, and forestalls colds, piles, fevers, and other dependent ills.

Cathartics and purgatives are violent and drastic in action and should be avoided. A mild, effective laxative, recommended by physicians and thousands who have used it is far preferable. This is the combination of simple laxative herbs with pepsin, sold by druggists under the name of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. It costs only fifty cents a bottle; a trial bottle, free of charge, can be obtained by writing to Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 456 Washington St., Monticello, Illinois.

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WOMAN OF MIDDLE AGE

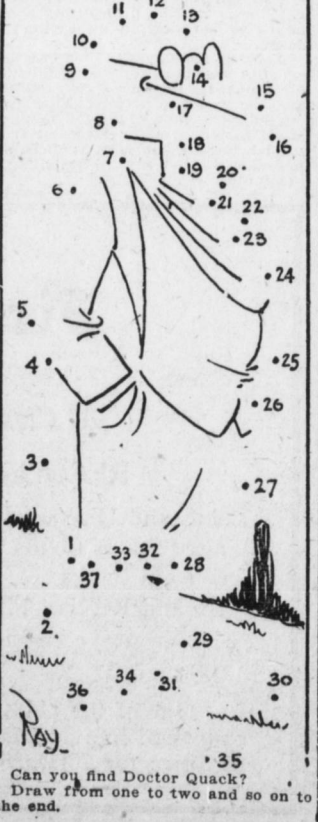
Mrs. Quinn's Experience Ought to Help You Over the Critical Period

Lowell, Mass.—"For the last three years I have been troubled with the Change of Life and the bad feelings common at that time. I was in a very nervous condition, with headaches and pain a good deal of the time so I was unfit to do my work. A friend asked me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which I did, and it has helped me in every way. I am not nearly so nervous, no headache or pain. I must say that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the best remedy any sick woman can take."—Mrs. Margaret Quinn, Rear 259 Western St., Lowell, Mass.

Other warning symptoms are a sense of suffocation, hot flashes, headaches, backaches, drowsiness, impending evil, timidity, sounds in the ears, palpitation of the heart, sparks before the eyes, irregularities, constipation, variable appetite, weakness, inquietude, and dizziness.

If you need special advice, write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential), Lynn, Mass.

Daily Dot Puzzle



The First View of Window Displays

Wednesday Evening
Sept. 19, at 7:30

Merchants in every line of commercial endeavor have been preparing for months for this particular merchandise exposition that will present in greater magnitude than ever before the very newest conceptions of every description for personal wear and the home.

This premier exhibit will add another garland to the enviable reputation of Harrisburg merchants for merchandise of unimpeachable quality that carries with it price economies.

Curtain Rises on Wednesday Evening

September 19
at 7:30 O'clock

You can scarcely form a clear idea of fashion's present trend without seeing this exhibit. A distinct advantage to you lies in viewing its offerings and making selection during this event, for in view of the upward trend of prices, economies of a most decided nature will be readily discerned.

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