



Reading for Women and all the Family



Bringing Up Father

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By McManus

BIG TIMBER

By BERTRAND W. SINCLAIR

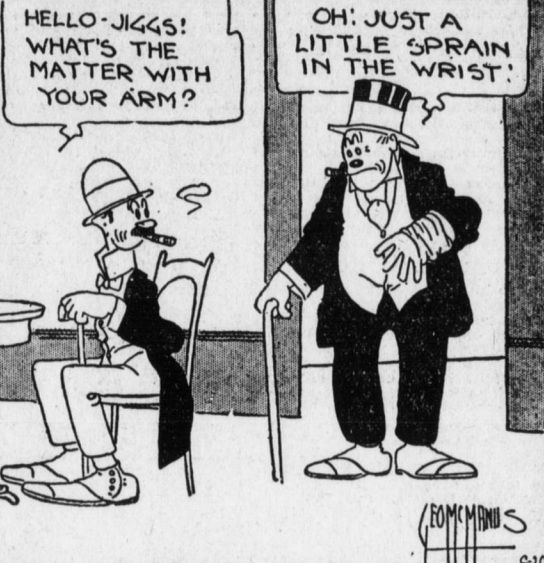
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Continued
"There you are," he said. "I don't know, either. We'd start even, for the sake of argument. No, I guess we wouldn't either, because you're the only woman I've run across so far with whom I could calmly contemplate spending the rest of my life in close contact, that's a fact. To me it's a highly important fact. You don't happen to have any such feeling about me, do you?"

"No. I hadn't even thought of you in that way," Stella answered truthfully.
"You want to think about me," he said calmly. "You want to think about me from every possible angle, because I'm going to come back and ask you this same question every once in awhile so long as you're in each and doing this dirty work for my boss. You want to think about me as a possible refuge from all the things you have to chum with, and all the disagreeable things. I'd like to have some incentive to put up with you, wouldn't you?"

But she shook her head resolutely. "John came in just then and took his foot off the stove and went out of the kitchen. He threw a glance over his shoulder at Stella, broad smile, as if to say that he had no grudges and nursed no grudges in his vanity, because she would have none of him.
Katy rang the breakfast gong. A few minutes later the tattoo of lives and snoods told the appetites process of appeasement. Charlie came into the kitchen in the midst of this, bearing certain unmistakable signs. His eyes were inflamed, his neck still bearing the flush of a fever. His demeanor was that of a man suffering an intolerable headache and correspondingly short temper. Stella, who had been waiting for him, made a beast of herself with a gasp. "What far worse was his game face."
Stella watched him bathe his head in cold water and then seat himself at the long table trying to quell upon an aggrivated and rebellious stomach. A look of god of recklessness welled up in her breast.
"For two pins I would marry Jack Fyfe," she told herself savagely. "Anything would be better than this."

CHAPTER VII
The Plunge
Stella went over that queer debate good many times in the ten days that followed. It revealed Jack Fyfe in a new, inexplicable light, an odd variance with her former conception of the man. She could not have visualized him standing with one foot on the stove front



All's Well That Ends Well

By JANE M'LEAN
They had been called Mary and Martha, not that their mother had thought of the Bible story, or of its queer application, but for the fact that they were twin girls and simple names were the vogue in South Falls.

But strange to say, they adhered strictly to the Bible story. As babies there was not much difference, they looked distractingly alike, and both were dimpled and very, very good. But as they grew older Mary began to show dainty tendencies. Martha bustled around like her mother, she learned to make bread and rolls, and her capable little fingers evolved all kinds of dainties for the church picnics.

Mary liked to lie on her back in the sunlight and make daisy chains, she would stand for hours before the mirror which she shared with her sister, pulling her hair ribbon into butterfly loops or smiling in different ways until Martha would tell her mother that she didn't know what to make of Mary's actions.

Was it worth while to play the game as she must play it for some time to come, drudge away at mean, sordid work and amid the dreariest sort of environment? At best she could only get away from Charlie's camp and begin along new lines that might perhaps be little better, but must inevitably lie among strangers in a strange land. To what end? What did she want of life anyway? She had to admit that she could not say fully and explicitly what she wanted. When she left out her material wants there was nothing but a nebulous craving for—what? Love, she assumed. And she could not define love, except as some incomprehensible transport of emotion which irresistibly drew a man and a woman together, a divine fire kindled in two hearts. It was not a thing she could vouch for by personal experience. It might never touch and warm her, that divine fire. Instinct did not and then warn her that some time it would wrap her like a flame. But in the meantime life had her in mid-stream of its remorseless, drab current, sweeping her along. A foothold offered. Half a loaf, a single slice of bread even, is better than none.

Jack Fyfe did not happen in again for nearly two weeks and then only to pay a brief call, but he stole an opportunity, when Katy John was not looking, to whisper in Stella's ear:
To be Continued

molested on the bureau, and helped to bestow a home-like atmosphere on the scrupulously clean but rather spare bedroom.
The guest came and was duly escorted upstairs. Mary had forgotten all about him and had gone off by herself for the afternoon; but Martha was present and had the whole advantage of seeing him first. By the time dinner was ready she was quite sure that she had made an impression on the romantic-looking stranger. She wondered what he would think of Mary, and laughed a little at the fact that she had always been a help to her mother, and that the stranger couldn't hesitate a moment should he decide to favor either of the girls with his attention. Martha was not averse to marrying a city man and "seeing the sights," as she put it.

Martha buzzed around the stranger when he came down and was annoyed with the family in the big dining room. There was nothing putting weeds into the man's room. "He'll throw them out the first thing," she commented; but, nevertheless, the bouquet was left unmolested on the bureau, and helped to bestow a home-like atmosphere on the scrupulously clean but rather spare bedroom.

Not that Mary cared. She was happy enough. She read everything she could get, and she would hike for hours out in the sunshine, making up stories in which she was always the heroine. Mary never did any of the work which Martha and her mother accomplished so painstakingly, and rather than have her attempts at help, which were always offered in a half-hearted fashion, and which bore inevitably bad results, Mary was left to her own devices.

and for this Martha was not sorry, now, indeed, she would not fall to make an impression on the stranger. "Who put that blue bowl of flowers in my room?" he queried when the meal was half over.
Martha looked up. "O, Mary did that," she returned quickly. "I told her you wouldn't like it. I'll go right up now and throw them out."
"Oh, no, you won't," he expostulated quickly. "They're beautiful. I never saw anything more artistic than the way they're arranged. You say your sister did it, Miss Martin?"
Martha nodded and then Mary came in. Mary, with her bronze hair ruffled by the breeze, with her blue eyes and her breath short, for she had hurried. The stranger looked at her as if he had seen an apparition, and she looked back at him. There was never a moment of indecision on the part of either, as Martha said afterward, it was queer, but Mary said lightly as though she had known the stranger all her life. "Did you like my flowers?"
The stranger nodded eagerly, and they began to talk. That fall Mary

the useless married one of the wealthiest men in Cleveland and went to live in the city. Life is often very strange.
UNDERTAKER HOLDS CORPSE FOR DEBT; REPLEVIN ISSUED
Pittsburgh.—For the first time in the history of Allegheny county a writ of replevin was made out in common pleas court to obtain possession of a corpse. It resulted over a controversy between an undertaker and Mrs. Anna Kissell and George Roha, the latter sister and brother of John Roha, who died recently in Mercy Hospital.
John M. Wasecko, the undertaker, it was charged, took the body from the hospital and refused to turn it over to relatives until a bill of \$165 had been paid. The relatives charged the undertaker took the body from the hospital without their consent.

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Look around most everywhere. Until you find a — Draw from one to two and so on to the end.

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