

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

"Have you been thinking about that bungalow of ours?"

She shook her head, and he went quietly without another word. She neither pleaded nor urged, and perhaps that was wisest, for in spite of herself Stella thought of him continually. He loomed always before her, a persistent and compelling factor. She knew at last, beyond any doubting, that the venture tempted, largely perhaps because it contained so great an element of the unknown. To get away from this dull dwarfing round meant much. She felt herself reasoning desperately that the frying pan could not be worse than the fire and held at last the merit of greater dignity and freedom from the twin evils of poverty and thankless domestic slavery.

While she considered this, the clock struck nine, and she was up an hour, considering it soberly the next day, the days dragged past in a listless monotony. The great north wind, snow, and sleet, were followed by spasmodic flurries, the frosts held. The camp with the restlessness of the men. In default of the daily work at camp, the loggers argued and fought, drank and gambled, made rough houses in their sleeping quarters till sometimes Stella's cheeks blanched and she expected order to be done. Twice the pickamini came back from Roaring Springs with whisky aboard, and a protracted debauch ensued. Once a drunken logger shouldered his way into the kitchen to leer unbecomingly at Stella and, himself inebriated by liquor and the affront, Charlie Benton beat the man until his face was a mass of bloody bruises. That was only one of a dozen brutal incidents. All the routine discipline of the woods seemed to have slipped out of Benton's hands. When the second whisky consignment struck the camp Stella stayed in her room, refusing to cook until order reigned again. Benton grudgingly took up the burden himself. With Katy's help and that of sundry loggers he fed the roistering crew, but for his sister it was a two day period of protesting disgust.

That mood, like so many of her moods, relapsed into dogged endurance. She took up the work again when Charlie promised that no more whisky should be allowed in the camp.

"Though it's 10 to 1 I won't have a corporal's guard left when I want to start work again," he grumbled. "I'm well within my rights if I put my foot down hard on any jinks when there's work, but I have no license to set myself up as a guardian of a logger's morals and pocket-book when I have nothing for him to do. These fellows are paying their board. So long as they don't make themselves obnoxious to you I don't see that it's our funeral whether they're drunk or sober. They'd tell me so quick enough."

To this pronouncement of expediency Stella made no rejoinder. She no longer expected anything much of Charlie in the way of consideration. So far as she could see, she, his sister, was little more to him than one of his loggers; a little less important than, say, his donkey engineer. In so far as she conduced to the well being of the camp and effected a saving to his credit in the matter of preparing food, he valued her and was willing to concede a minor point to satisfy her. Beyond that Stella felt that he did not go. Five years in totally different environments had dug a great gulf between them. He felt an arbitrary sense of duty toward her, she knew, but in its manifestations it never lapped over the bounds of his own immediate self interest.

Stella looked out along the shores piled high with broken ice and snow, through a misty air to distant mountains that lifted themselves imperiously aloof, white spires against the sky—over a forest all draped in winter robes; shore, mountains and forest alike were chill and hushed and desolate. The lake spread its forty odd miles in a boomerang curve from Roaring Springs to Fort Douglas, a cold, lifeless gray. She sat a long time looking at that, and a dead weight seemed to settle upon her heart.

She did not hear Jack Fyfe come in. She did not dream he was there until she felt his hand gently on her shoulder and looked up. And so deep was her despondency, so keen the unassuaged craving for some human sympathy, some measure of understanding, that she made no effort to remove his hand. She was in too deep a spiritual quagmire to refuse any sort of aid, too deeply moved to indulge in analytical self-fashioning. She had a dim sense of being oddly comforted by his presence, as if she, afloat on uncharted seas, saw suddenly near at hand a safe anchorage and welcoming hands. Afterward she recalled that, as it was, she looked up at Fyfe and hid her tear stained face in her hands. He stood silent a few seconds. When he did speak there was a peculiar hesitation in his voice.

"What is it?" he said softly.

"Briefly she told him the barriers of her habitual reserve swept aside before the essential human need to share a burden that has grown too great to bear alone with her."

"Oh, thunder!" Fyfe grunted when she had finished. "This isn't any place for you at all."

He slid his arm across her shoulder and tilted her face with his other hand so that her eyes met his. And she felt no desire to draw away or any of that old instinct to be on her guard against him.

"Will you marry me, Stella?" he asked evenly. "I can free you from this sort of thing forever."

"How can I?" she returned. "I don't want to marry anybody. I don't love you. I'm not even sure I like you. I'm too miserable to think, even. I'm afraid to take a step like that. I should think you would be too."

He shook his head.

To be Continued

ACHES AND PAINS

Don't neglect a pain anywhere, but find out what causes it and conquer it. A pain in the kidney regions may put you on your back tomorrow. Don't blame the weather for it, it may be an advanced warning of Bright's Disease. A pain in the stomach may be the first symptom of appendicitis. A creak in a joint may be the forerunner of rheumatism. Chronic headaches more than likely mean you're serious stomach trouble. The best way is to keep in good condition day in and day out by regular use of GOLD MEDAL HAARLEM OIL Capsules. Sold by reliable druggists. Beware of cheap imitations. The only pure imported cod liver oil capsules are the GOLD MEDAL.—Advertisement.

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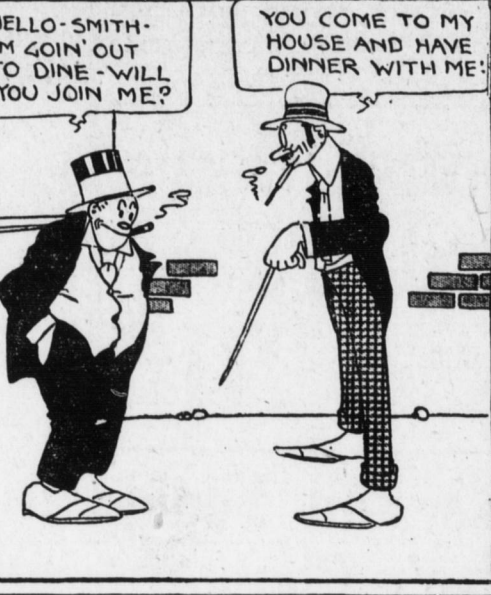
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All's Well That Ends Well

By JANE McLEAN

She was a very beautiful girl and very rich and very fastidious. People who heard of her engagement to the young doctor, had laughed behind her back, while they congratulated her and desolate. The lake spread its forty odd miles in a boomerang curve from Roaring Springs to Fort Douglas, a cold, lifeless gray. She sat a long time looking at that, and a dead weight seemed to settle upon her heart.

up this foolish practice when we are married."

And after they had all gone and it was late, she rang up on her own private telephone and waited for Hunt to come and speak to her. There was no answer at the office, and with her brain in a whirl, she was forced to go to bed without speaking to him. She did not know until the next day that he had spent the night in the little Baxter home where he had struggled with death for a tiny life, and had come out of

the conflict victorious. She greeted him coldly, and said without preamble, "We might as well have a talk Hunt, things can't go on this way." "Can't go on what way?" "Why, after we're married, you don't suppose that I'm going to have my husband grubbing around among the poor when I need him at home, do you?" "Just what did you suppose that I would do about it, Kate?" he asked evenly. "Why, give up your practice, of course; you don't need it; I have plenty of money for both of us." "And you thought I would be perfectly willing to live on your money?" "Kate's eyes grew wide. "Wouldn't you?" she queried. "I thought you knew me better. I shall keep on with my work, of course; it's my life work; it's what I've wanted to do all my life. I'm glad for your sake that your money can buy you the luxuries I couldn't afford to buy for you, but I shall never use any of it."

"And I suppose you think I must be willing to have my husband only after other people are through with him—people like the Baxters, who will have far more claim on you than I shall."

Hunt looked at her curiously. "It's all in the way you look at it, Kate, if you want me as I want you—then our life— together is not to be based on self. I should be glad—proud to have you share my work, if you don't feel that you can understand; it's better to find it out now."

Kate was looking into the fiery blue eyes opposite, and their expression turned her thoughts in upon herself. Something had just sprung into life in her heart that exalted her, terrified her with its wonder. She no longer wanted Hunt Benedict as she had thought she wanted him; she wanted him as he wanted her—enough to make any sacrifice. In that moment Kate Rogers found herself.

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RING WATCH IS NEWEST STYLE OF TIMEPIECE

The popularity of the easily accessible wrist watch was doubtless what inspired the production by Parisian jewelry designers of a ring watch. It consists of a tiny timepiece mounted on a finger ring and, if desired, embellished with precious stones. The beauty of the little dial, which might be easily mistaken for a large stone setting, is shown in an illustration in Popular Mechanics Magazine.

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Will German Intrigue Unite North and South America in War For Democracy?

The proper way to murder, according to a German nobleman in the diplomatic service, is to do it "without leaving a trace." This noble character represented William II (more or less accurately) at the capital of Argentina, and his message to Berlin telling them how to do their own specialty, as some think it, was part of a dispatch coolly advising Germany to submarine steamers of the neutral nations that harbored him as a guest. "The present disclosure," remarks the Harrisburg Patriot, "ought to be the means of lining up the Argentine with the other South American Republics against the Germans as further evidence that the Western Hemisphere is united against the things for which Germany stands."

In THE LITERARY DIGEST for September 22d, there is a very illuminating article which covers from every angle the recent diplomatic clash involving Germany and Sweden against Argentina. There are a number of other striking articles covering the news of the world in this number of the "Digest." Some of these are:

Kerensky Emerges from Russian Revolution Stronger Than Ever

- Korniloff, by His Blood and Iron Methods, Might Have Been Able to Give Russia Law and Order, and Success at the Front. Kerensky Will Do Both and Also Preserve the Gains of the Revolution.
- Newspapers in the Enemy Tongue
- Distilleries Interned For the War
- A Greater Serbia to Come
- Selling Titles in England
- Counterfeit Daylight
- The Firefly's Lighting Plant
- Shakespeare's Macbeth a Parallel to the Present War
- Japan's "Sincerest Flattery"
- Our Tyranny Over the Negro
- Raiding the "Rough Necks of the World"
- Germany's New Peace Minister
- German Trade a Peace Condition
- When Our Soldiers Speak French
- An Artist's Work in War Surgery
- Saving Our Supply of Tin
- When the Movies Injure Health
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Don't be satisfied with hearing only one side, and that in all probability garbled, of the news of the day. Hear all the evidence, exactly as presented by the different parties and schools of thought, without coloring or distortion, and then weigh the facts, as given, and make your decision. This is the only way in which you can arrive at a fair knowledge of what is going on in the world in all lines of endeavor. By reading THE LITERARY DIGEST each week, which you can do easily in a couple of hours, you can arrive at this result and will know all the facts before you form your conclusions. Think of what this will mean to you in breadth of vision and clearness of view.

September 22d Number on Sale To-day—All News-dealers—10 Cents

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