

# 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

Stella went up to the house, her hand tingling with his parting grip. Over and above the peril she had escaped, she had a vision of a greater peril to her peace of mind. The plaudits of soul affinity, of irresistible magnetic attraction, of love that leaped full blown into reality at the touch of a hand or the glance of an eye, she had always viewed with distrust, holding them the weaknesses of weak, volatile natures. But there was something about this man which had stirred her, nothing that he said or did, merely some elusive, personal attribute. She had never undergone any such experience, and she puzzled over it now. A chance stranger, and his touch could make her pulse leap. It filled her with astonished dismay.

Afterward, dry clad and warm, sitting in her pet chair, Jack Junior roused at her from a nest among cushions on the floor, the natural reaction set in and she laughed at herself. When Fyfe came home she told him lightly of her reaction of a moment ago. He said nothing at first, only stammering on his chair arm, his eyes steady on her.

"That might have cost you your life," he said at last. "Will you remember not to drift offshore again?"

"I rather think I shall," she responded. "It wasn't a pleasant experience."

"Monahan, eh?" he remarked after another interval. "So he's on Roaring Lake again?"

"Do you know him?" she asked.

"Yes," he replied briefly.

For a minute or so longer he sat there, his face wearing its habitual impassiveness; then he got up, kissed her with a queer sort of intensity and went out. Stella gazed after him, mildly surprised. It wasn't quite in his usual manner.

**CHAPTER X  
A Resurrection**

It might have been a week or so later that Stella made a discovery which profoundly affected the whole current of her thought. The long twilight was just beginning. She was curled on the living room floor, playing with the baby. Fyfe and Charlie Benton sat by a window,

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smoking, conversing, as they frequently did, upon certain phases of the timber industry. A draft from an open window flattered some sheet music down off the piano rack, and Stella rescued it from Jack Junior's tiny, clawing hands. Some of the Abbys had been there the evening before. One bit of music was a song Linda had tried to sing and given up because it soared above her vocal range. Stella rose to put up the sheet music, but she sat down at the piano and began to run over the accompaniment. She could play passably.

"That doesn't seem to very hard," she thought aloud. Benton turned at sound of her words.

"Say, did you never get any part of your voice back, Stella?" he asked. "I never hear you try to sing."

"No," she answered. "I tried and tried long after you left home, but it was always the same old story. I haven't sung a note in five years."

"Linda fell down hard on that song last night," he went on. "There was a time when that wouldn't have been a starter for you, eh? Did you know Stella used to warble like a prima donna, Jack?"

Fyfe shook his head.

"Fact. The governor spent a pot of money cultivating her voice. It was some voice too. She?"

He broke off to listen. Stella was humming the words of the song, her fingers picking at the melody instead of the accompaniment.

"Why, you can!" Benton cried.

"Can what?" She turned on the stool.

"Sing of course. You got that high thrill that Linda had to screech through. You got it perfectly without effort."

"I didn't," she returned. "Why, I wasn't singing; just humming it over."

"You let out a link or two on those high notes just the same, whether you knew you were doing it or not," her brother returned impatiently. "Go on. Turn yourself those high notes just the same, fully. I haven't tried for so long. It's no use. My voice always cracks, and I want to cry."

"Crack fiddlesticks!" Benton retorted. "I know what the carol is to be. Believe me, it sounded natural, even if you were just litling. Here."

He came over to the piano and playfully edged her off the stool.

"I'm pretty rusty," he said, "but I can fake what I can't play of this. It's simple enough. You stand up there and sing."

Fyfe only stood looking at him.

"Go on, he commanded. "I believe you can sing anything. You have to show me if you can't."

Stella fingered the sheets reluctantly, then she drew a deep breath and began.

It was not a difficult selection, merely a bit from a current light opera, with a closing passage that ranged at a trifle too high for the ordinary untrained voice to take with ease. Stella sang it effortlessly, the last high, trilling notes pouring out as sweet and clear as the carol of a bird. Benton struck the closing chord a dook up at her. Fyfe leaned forward in his chair. Jack Junior, among the pillows on the floor, waved his arms, kicking and gurgling.

"You did pretty well on that," Charlie remarked complacently. "Now sing something. Got any of your old pieces?"

To be Continued

"How much have you lost?" asked Mrs. Goddard languidly looking at young Mrs. Marshall with a look of avid interest in her sharp, disagreeable eyes.

The younger woman colored. "Oh, not so much," she said, feigning an unconcern she did not feel. "It's all right, isn't it, if I make out an I. O. U. I have lost more than I thought I would, and I haven't the amount with me."

"Certainly," Mrs. Goddard returned, "you can pay me to-morrow at Mrs. Finch's afternoon bridge." Again she watched the younger woman color, and she knew that inwardly Mrs. Marshall was squirming. Ethel Marshall was not a good bridge player as compared with the other women in her set. She lost her head and made wild plays and lost far oftener than she dared. Her bridge debts of late had swamped her allowance, but she went on playing, hoping to retrieve her ill fortune, and plunging deeper into the vortex at every game.

As she drove home in her modest little car, she wondered vaguely just how she was going to tell Jim. She tried to shape her request for money gracefully. If only she could approach him lightly and in a spirit of fun ask for a stated sum. But a small amount would not nearly see her through, and to ask for a large sum was out of the question. She simply did not dare to admit that she had been so criminally foolish.

She slipped into the house and asked Eliza, the neat maid who opened the door, if Mr. Marshall had come in.

"Yes, Mrs. Marshall, he's in the library," he said directly into the library without stopping to take off her outdoor things. Her husband turned as she entered and a tender smile came over his slightly haggard face as she saw her brave in her soft silk and rich laces.

"Dearest," he said softly, holding out his arms, and she went into them and clung to her husband rather frantically. He held her close and then kissed her lightly, the look of struggle once more dominating his features.

"What is it dear?" he asked softly.

"Oh, Jim," she answered, hurrying lest she lose her new-found courage. "I don't know how to tell you."

"Is it as bad as that," he chafed. She smiled wanly. "Almost. I hate to ask for more money, just when you've been so generous, too."

"What do you need more money for?"

If she had not been so utterly absorbed in herself she would have noticed the strange quality of his voice.

"Foolishness, of course, just bridge."

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## All's Well That Ends Well

BY JANE McLEAN

"You haven't been losing at bridge, Ethel? Not enough to make you ask like this?"

"I'm afraid so."

"How much have you lost?"

"Ninety dollars," she said breathlessly.

There was a silence. "How long has this been going on?" he asked finally.

"Oh, for a long time, dear," the words came in a rush. "I tried to win it back, but I'm just learning, and those women play better than I do, and I have kept losing right along."

"Why haven't you been frank with me?"

"I wanted to, Jim, but I was afraid when it got to be so much. I owe nearly half of it to Mrs. Goddard, and she knows I am afraid of her. I play with her. But Jim," the woman continued, seeing the look in her husband's eyes for the first time. "What is it, dear? There's something besides just this that is worrying you. What is it?"

Again there was a silence. Then Jim Marshall spoke. "I don't think I have a right," he said slowly, "to take you to task for what I have been doing myself. While you have been losing at bridge I have been losing at stocks. We have both been gambling and neither has played fair."

In a moment her arms were around his neck. "Don't you see dear, that it's a lesson we've both learned together?" she asked breathlessly. "Don't you see that? Of course I don't care for the money, we'll scrape through somehow, and game fair and square."

The lines had smoothed out wonderfully in the man's tired face during the last few minutes, now he actually smiled as Ethel caught his arm and said merrily:

"We might as well go in to dinner, and afterward we can talk it all over. Jim, I haven't been to meet any in months. I don't care if we're going to be really poor, we have each other."

**AUTO STOLEN**

While George Bausher, of Camp Hill, was in the Engineers' Club, last evening, someone stole his car from Front and Chestnut streets. The machine is a Ford, 1916 model, painted black. The license number is 136139. The theft was reported to the police to-day.

**WOMEN TRAIN COLLECTORS**

St. Louis, Mo.—It was announced at the general offices of the Frisco Railroad, here, that the Globe-Democrat, that two women ticket collectors will be taken from St. Louis and Memphis.

**POPCORN CROP HARVESTED**

Mountain Home, Ark.—The first popcorn crop in Northern Arkansas is being harvested by the farmers here and will be shipped to an eastern concern. The corn is running from half a ton to a full ton to the acre.

Price 15 cents.

## BOOKS AND MAGAZINES

**The October American Magazine**—Mary Roberts Rinehart has written a wonderful, inspiring article called "My Creed," for the October American Magazine. She has something to say about the war that will make you sit up and think. "Dropping the Easy Job and Tackling the Tough One" is an article about Henry L. Doherty, the great public utility man, which tells how he rose from a newsboy to a multimillionaire; "How I Advertised Myself Into a Better Job" is a personal story of success; and "Have You a Friend Who is a Lawyer?" is written by Arthur Train and is filled with sensible advice. "What Hoose Did to Me in the Twenties" is a personal confession of a well-known writer who has stopped drinking. The theatrical article is about and by Fred Stone. "The Fiction ranks high this month, being by such well-known authors as William Dudley Pelley, David Grayson, Hugh S. Pollerton, Mabel Nelson Thurston and Edna Ferber. Sid Says: It's the Encores People Call For that Makes Living Difficult. The interesting People department, Family Money, the uncovers miscellaneous matter is fully up to the standard.

**"Long Live the King,"** by Mary Roberts Rinehart. Illustrated by Arthur E. Becker and with jacket in full color by Arthur I. Keller, \$1.50 net.

This is a story of love, intrigue, and adventure in a European court. The time is ripe for such a novel, which shows the weakness of the archy surrounded by treachery and held together by terror.

The story centers about the figure of Otto IX, small prince, heir to the throne and a very lovable boy, whose personality and character will win him many friends. His escapades, the pitiful limitations of his daily life, and the way in which his admiration for our Abraham Lincoln is developed, will be read with interest, while the intrigues of the Court and the other miscellaneous matter will engross the reader.

Mary Roberts Rinehart is probably the most successful woman writer in the world to-day. She has written with equal success mystery stories, such as "The Circular Staircase," tales of love and life, as for instance, "The Fish" and "The Sub-Deb" stories. "Long Live the King" combines the mystery, heart interest and excitement of her best work. It is a story that will be hailed as the most engrossing she has ever written.

**Advice to the Lovelorn**

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX CONVERSATION

Dear Miss Fairfax—I am a young girl, and find it difficult to keep up a conversation with any of my boy friends. Other girls, I have noticed, keep them amused and laughing. I never know what to say. What makes a girl so successful in conversation? What should you say to an older person?—B. E.

When you are introduced simply hold out your hand and repeat the name of the person you are meeting. Say how do you do, or that since you have heard so much about him, you are glad to meet at last. Don't try to force a conversation or do it all yourself. The best talkers are often only good listeners. The person who is most interested is interested in the one about which he or she will most enjoy talking. Don't think about yourself, but try to make a guess at what the other person is thinking about or what appeals to him. If you can temporarily put yourself in the background and feel that the person is self-conscious and ill at ease and that it is your particular job to make him or her comfortable, you will find your whole attitude altered. Read newspapers and magazines in the pin. I was told by my employer that he was a salesman in a concern occupying offices on my floor, but that he did not know his name. I would like to thank this man, but ran at a loss to know just now to go about it.—F. MIGHT.

You surely owe your thanks to the man who returned your pins. I want to go to the office where he is employed and make inquiry. Then either thank him or write him a note. Proceed exactly as you would if it were a woman who had found this piece of jewelry. Don't let self-consciousness interfere with your good manners.

**MAKE INQUIRIES**

Dear Miss Fairfax—A few days ago I lost a beautiful gold pin in building downtown. I reported it, and to my surprise, the next day while I was out to lunch a gentleman brought it in. I was told by my employer that he was a salesman in a concern occupying offices on my floor, but that he did not know his name. I would like to thank this man, but ran at a loss to know just now to go about it.—F. MIGHT.

**FASHIONS OF TO-DAY** - By May Manton

The dress that suggests the shirt waist idea is a good one for the school girls and will be much used throughout the season. This is a model that can be made of two materials or of one with equal satisfaction and with equal smartness. Here, a plaid gingham is combined with a plain linen, but you could use a plain material throughout and trim it with a striped or a plaid, or a plaid and trim it with a plain, or you could make the skirt of gingham and the blouse of cotton voile or of handkerchief lawn, if you want something thinner and lighter. The washable materials, however, are the preferred ones for school use. They are by far the most desirable from the standpoint of health and of comfort.

For the 12-year size will be needed, 4 1/2 yards of material 27 inches wide, 3 1/4 yards 36, for the skirt and trimming, 2 1/2 yards 27, 1 1/4 yards 36, for the blouse and pockets.

The pattern No. 9518 is cut in sizes from 8 to 14 years. It will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of fifteen cents.

**Wisdom sits upon a — can it be? Draw from one to two and so on to the end.**

## "THEIR MARRIED LIFE"

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"Now what's the matter?" Warren asked as he came into the room to find Helen almost in tears.

"Oh, Warren, I'm just about at my wits' end to know what to do," Helen returned.

"I suppose it's some crazy nonsense not worth worrying about," Warren said scathingly.

Helen did not answer.

"Well, out with it," he said, angered at being kept waiting.

"I thought you didn't want to be bothered with it."

"I'd rather hear it than have you go about the house looking like a martyr because you can't tell it," Warren growled out.

"Well, it's that Mrs. Frisby again."

"Now what's happened?"

"Oh, Warren, she's so overlastingly jealous of everyone. It isn't only her husband, it's every one of us. You know how Emily and Louise and Mrs. Cushing and I bound ourselves to help her. Well, the way those women have stuck to me and have helped to shift the burden of her friendship off my shoulders has been splendid. I don't know what I should have done if they hadn't helped."

"Done," snorted Warren, "you would have fretted yourself into a fit, I suppose, and made life miserable for me."

"Well, I thought I was helping her, and it was thoughtless of me to make that remark."

"Nonsense, a sensible woman wouldn't have noticed it."

"I don't know about that, Warren. We never know just how we'll react in a crisis. Every woman feels that way where her husband is concerned."

"Well, what's the trouble this time?"

"She went home in a huff this

afternoon because she wasn't included in a little theater party we planned."

"I'll warrant you she did. The way you people have carried her around on your hands has just about spoiled her. She'll get worse and worse. Wait and see."

"Well, what do you advise me to do, Warren?"

"Do? Why, drop her, of course. You've done your best for her. If she's going to make life miserable for all of you, why, drop her. You've brought this trouble on the rest of the women, you know, and it can't be indefinitely."

"I hate to drop her, but I admit I am discouraged. I thought at first that companionship would change her character, but I'm beginning to despair of her now."

"Life's too short," said Warren, settling himself comfortably in his easy chair and opening the paper. "I have ever seen. There is no such thing as a real friendship between two women. It's all right until some petty like jealousy over clothes or something breaks it up."

Helen was about to retort angrily, but stopped short and thought over it. Was Warren right? Certainly the comradeship and good fellowship between men was a thing to be envied. They never bothered over petty details; they rarely quarrel. It was the women who were full of it. Why couldn't it be that way with a woman, too? Then suddenly Helen thought of something.

"Oh, by the way, Warren, how is that little deal coming on with Mr. Davenport?"

Warren looked up.

"He asked in surprise."

"Apropos of friendship," she returned archly.

"You remember all those little dinner parties last year, don't you, dear?" she continued. "You remember how you asked me as a favor not to snub her because of a deal you had on with Mr. Davenport? You retained him at dinner when his wife was out of town?"

"Of course I do; a man's got to do things like that—a business friendship may mean a great deal in a money way."

"Well, then, a man's friendship isn't always a disinterested thing, is it?" Helen asked slyly.

Warren reddened. "That's an entirely different matter," he began.

"Of course, that's because the shoe is on the other foot now," Helen said softly.

"What's that?"

"Oh, nothing dear. Aren't you hungry? I'll go out and see how dinner is progressing. By the way, Warren, I believe you did say once that you couldn't do much for Mr. Davenport outside of business. I am beginning to like him. And Helen, with a smothered laugh, made her escape from the room.

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