

# 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.)

"You haven't tried to play the game," he answered tensely. "For months you've been withdrawing into your shell. You've been clanking your chains and half heartedly wishing for some mysterious power to strike them off. It wasn't a thing—marriage, I mean—that you hold lightly. That being the case you would have been wise to try making the best of it instead of making the worst of it. But you let yourself drift into a state of mind where you well, you see the results. I saw it coming. I didn't need to happen in this afternoon to know that there were undercurrents of feeling swirling about. And so the way you feel now is in itself a penalty. If you let Monahan cut any more figure in your thoughts you'll pay bigger in the end."

"I can't help my thoughts or, I should say, my feelings," she said wearily.

"You think you love him," Fyfe made low reply. "As a matter of fact you love what you think he is. I dare say, that he has sworn his affection by all that's good and great. But if you were convinced that he didn't really care, that his flowery protestations had a double end in view would you still love him?"

"I don't know," she murmured.

"But that's beside the point. I do love him. I know it's unwise. It's a feeling that has overwhelmed me in a way that I didn't believe possible, that I had hoped to avoid. But I can't pretend Jack. I don't want you to misunderstand. I don't want this to make us both miserable. Don't want it to generate an atmosphere of suspicion and jealousy. Never cheat at anything in my life. You can trust me still, can't you?"

"Absolutely," Fyfe answered without hesitation.

"Then that's all there is to it," she replied, "unless—unless you're ready to give me up as a hopeless case and let me go away and blunder along the best I can."

"I haven't even considered that," he said. "Very likely it's unwise of me to say this—it will probably antagonize you—but I know Monahan better than you do. I'd go pretty far to keep you two apart—now—for your sake."

"It would be the same if it were any other man," she muttered. "I can understand that feeling in you. It's so—so typically masculine."

"No, you're wrong there, dead wrong," Fyfe frowned. "I'm not a self sacrificing brute by any means. Still, knowing that you'll only live with me on sufferance, if you were honestly in love with a man that I felt was halfway decent, I'd put my feelings in my pocket and let you go. If you cared enough for him to break every tie, to face the embarrassment of divorce, why, I'd figure you were entitled to your freedom and whatever happiness it might bring. But Monahan—h—h—I don't want to talk about him! I trust you, Stella. I'm banking on your own good sense. And along with that good, natural common sense, you've got so many illusions. About life in general and about men. They seem to have centered about this one particular man. I can't open your eyes or put you on the right track. That's a job for yourself. All I can do is to sit back and wait."

His voice trailed off huskily.

Stella put a hand on his shoulder. "Do you care so much as all that, Jack," she whispered, "even in spite of what you know?"

"For two years now," he answered, "you've been the biggest thing in my life. I don't change easy. Don't want to change. But I'm getting hopeless."

"I'm sorry, Jack," she said. "I can't begin to tell you how sorry I am. I didn't love you to begin with."

"And you've always resented that," he broke in. "You've hated that ghost of a loveless marriage to your bosom and sighed for the real romance you'd missed. Well, maybe you did. But you haven't found it yet. I'm sure of that, although I doubt if I could convince you."

"Let me finish," she pleaded. "You know I didn't love you; that I was worn out and desperate and clutching at the life line you threw. In spite of that—well, if I fight down this love, or fascination, or infatuation, or whatever it is—I'm not sure myself, except that it affects me strongly—can't we be friends again?"

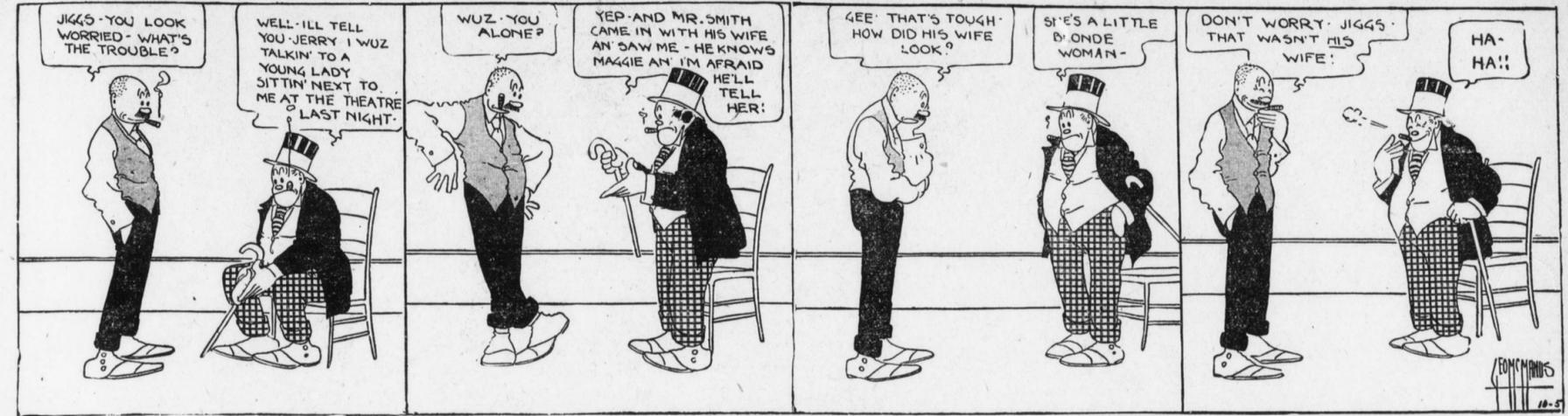
"Friends! Oh, thunder!" Fyfe exploded.

He came up out of his chair with a blaze in his eyes that startled her, caught her by the arm and thrust her out the door.

"Friends? You and I?" He sank his voice to a harsh whisper. "Good Lord—friends! Go to bed. Good night."

He pushed her into the hall, and the lock clicked between them. For one confused instant Stella stood poised, uncertain; then she went into her bedroom and sat down, her keenest sensation one of sheer relief. Already in those brief hours emotion had well nigh exhausted her. To be alone, to lie still and rest, to banish thought—that was all she desired.

(To be continued.)



## All's Well That Ends Well

BY JANE McLEAN

"Yo! don't say so, my boy?" the English place by the quarry, she began despairingly. "She has always wanted that place for herself, and now she is going to give it to me. What are we going to do, dear?"

"That isn't the worst," Dick said gloomily. "Dad wants to buy us the Summers place."

"What that awful stucco place with the terraces?" exclaimed the girl. "Why, that's worse still."

"I don't think it's any worse in a way," began Dick, "that old place your mother is so fond of, needs all kinds of improvements."

"Mother thinks it's picturesque," sighed Rose. "Oh, Dick, when we wanted the little white house by the river. Why they'd never consent to our living there, after such magnificence, but I do want it so badly."

Dick was silent for a minute, then he said stoutly, "And we're going to have the little white house by the river. Why should we live in houses picked out by our people? We are going to live our own lives, and we ought to begin to live them as we choose."

"I know dear, but they'll be so hurt," said the girl hopefully.

"Not if we tell them together. They're both in the library now, let's go in and assert our independence."

And hand in hand, like two children they ran across the lawn and into the big dim library. The Summers place was the show place of the town, and the English house was of dreams to the two who wanted to live there, its very humbleness picturesque. But the little white house by the river seemed the house spelled home.

## Thousands Will Avoid Annoying Catarrh This Winter

**A Little Precaution Right Now Saves Untold Annoyance**

You who have been afflicted with Catarrh, know that with the first signs of cold and damp weather the disease will promptly return, and remain an unwelcome guest as of yore. Why not save yourself the suffering and inconvenience which your experience tells you is in store for you.

Avoid the folly of waiting until the disease has you within its grasp again.

Proper treatment is worth a great deal more right now than later. Catarrh cannot be permanently cured by local treatment with sprays, douches, ointments, washes, etc. Science has proven that the disease is in the blood.

That is why a thorough course of S. S. S., the unequalled blood remedy, does so much good right now. This remedy goes to the very source of the disease, and by purifying and cleansing the blood, eliminates the germs of Catarrh, and drives them from the system.

Begin this treatment to-day, and you will be thankful for the wonderful relief you will enjoy this winter. S. S. S. is sold by druggists everywhere, and has been on the market for more than fifty years. Be sure and get the genuine S. S. S. Our Medical Director will gladly give you expert medical advice about the treatment of your own case, without charge. Write to-day to Swift Specific Co., 2237 Swift Laboratory, Atlanta, Georgia.

## LIVED 75 YEARS IN 50

Good Blood and Strong Nerves Assure Ripe Old Age

A man is as old as he feels; a woman as old as she looks; and both are as young as their blood and nerves. Impoverished blood will give a man the complexion of fifty, the pallid complexion usual at seventy-five years of age.

Study your face in the mirror. If you lack the ruddy glow of health and the physical vigor that is yours by right, look to your blood and nerves to correct the trouble.

**DR. CHASE'S BLOOD AND NERVE TABLETS** are not a "cure-all" but a natural compound of iron in a most active and condensed form with other blood and nerve builders that go right to the seat of the trouble. Your strength is gradually but surely built up without any harmful stimulation. It is interesting to watch the steady gain resulting from the use of DR. CHASE'S BLOOD AND NERVE TABLETS. It is urged that patients weigh themselves before taking this remedy and then watch their increase in weight from month to month.

For sale at all druggists—Price fifty cents.—Advertisement.

## It's Real Economy to Buy Women's Winter Coats Now



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Every day marks the arrival of something new in Women's Sweaters—Shetlands, Germantown, Combed Wool and Angoras—in all the newest and most desired shades. See the new "Slip-on" Sweater.

\$5.00, \$8.50, \$10 to \$20

**THE GLOBE Women's Coat Salon Second Floor**

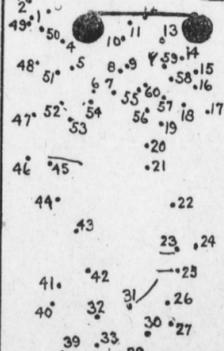
## WAR RECIPES

cup; t—teaspoon; tb—tablespoon. All measures are level, and flour is sifted once before measuring.

### YEAST BREADS

**Cornmeal and Wheat Bread**  
 3/4 c milk; 3/4 c water; 1/2 yeast cake; 1 1/2 t salt; 1 t sugar; 1 t fat; 1 c cornmeal; 2 c wheat flour.  
 Four milk and 1/2 c water over cornmeal, salt, sugar and fat. Heat gradually to the boiling point or nearly to it and cook for 20 minutes in a double boiler.  
 After cooking, add flour, cool to lukewarm, add yeast mixed with rest of water. Mold, let rise over night. Shape into loaf; let rise again; bake 45 min. in moderate oven.—Farmers' Bulletin No. 807.

## Daily Dot Puzzle



Draw from one to two and so on to the end.

## Who Got the \$50,000 Bribe "As on Former Occasions?"

The Bernstorff revelations show that Germany had an elaborate system here a few months ago for influencing our Congress, and as the New York Times remarks, "If Germany was spending money to organize disloyalty within the United States when she was at peace with us, she most certainly did not become high-minded and stop it the moment she went to war with us."

That part of Count von Bernstorff's note in which he asks permission of the Berlin foreign office for "authority to pay out up to \$50,000 in order, as on former occasions, to influence Congress through the organization you know of" in the opinion of the Boston Transcript "gives us a good lead for inquiry into and effective prosecution of some of the traitorous societies that were doing Germany's work and getting paid for it." The general belief of editorial observers, however, seems to be that the mysterious "organization" referred to by Von Bernstorff operated by bombarding the legislators with telegrams. Senator Wadsworth, of New York, declares that "about the time Bernstorff sent that message I received four hundred telegrams in one day."

The leading article in THE LITERARY DIGEST for the issue of October 6th, covers the whole subject of the spy system that has been unearthed in America and gives expression to the opinions of representative newspapers and individuals throughout the country. Other very interesting phases of the world's news in this number are:

- Puncturing the German Peace-Balloons**  
While German Diplomats Softly Answer the Pope's Peace Proposal and Write Vaguely of Peace Through Other Channels Revelations of German Duplicity Are Adding to the Ranks of Their Enemies.
- Mr. Burleson to Rule the Press**  
**China Calmly Goes to War**  
**Men, Not Advice the Need of the Farmers A New Dam**  
**How War Affects the English Intellectuals**  
**Our War-Songs and Catchwords**  
**Germany's Sins Indicted by a German**  
**"Battling Bob" Under Fire**  
**Personal Glimpses**  
Many Interesting Illustrations
- Kerensky Told to "Act or Perish"**  
**Peace No Nearer**  
**Are American War Airplanes Too Slow?**  
**Stoves for the Pocket**  
**American Singers for the Metropolitan Opera**  
**Disloyal Authors**  
**How the Y. M. C. A. Follows the Flag**  
**Where the Churches Stand on Patriotism**

## Special HOW TO RECOGNIZE THE RANK AND SERVICE BRANCH OF OFFICERS AND MEN IN THE ARMY

A very timely feature in this number of "The Digest" is a full page of illustrations showing the distinguishing marks of the United States Army uniforms. The insignia of every rank and branch of the army is shown—the officer's shoulder straps, chevrons, specialty marks, collar devices. How the branch in which an enlisted man serves is revealed by the color of his hat cord; the difference between the officer's leggings and those of the enlisted man. By consulting this page you need no longer be in doubt as to the rank and branch of the army service of the soldiers whom you meet on all sides.

October 6th Number on Sale To-day—All News-dealers—10 Cents

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