

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.)

But she stood looking out of the window after he left, uneasy with a presence of trouble. She watched with a feverish interest the stir that presently arose about the bunk houses. That summer a wide space had been cleared between bungalow and camp. She could see moving lanterns and even now and then hear the voices of men calling to each other. Once the Panther's dazzling eye of a searchlight swung across the landing, and its beam picked out a file of men carrying their blankets toward the boat. Shortly after that the tender rounded the point. Close behind her went the Waterbug, and both boats swarmed with men.

Stella looked and listened until there was but a faint thrum far up the lake. Then she went to bed, but not to sleep. What ugly passions because of some enmity that far preceded her? That was the question which had hovered on her lips that evening, one she had not brought herself to ask. Because of her or because of her? That was the question which had hovered on her lips that evening, one she had not brought herself to ask. Because of her or because of her? That was the question which had hovered on her lips that evening, one she had not brought herself to ask.

But if he had allowed his passions to dictate reprisals she trembled for the outcome. Fyfe was not a man to sit quiet under either affront or injury. He would fight with double rancor if Monohan were his adversary. "If anything happens up there I'll hate myself," she whispered when the ceaseless turning of her mind had become almost unendurable. "I was a silly, weak fool ever to let Walter Monohan know I cared. And I'll hate him, too, if he makes me a bone of contention. I elected to play the game the only decent way there is to play it. So did he. Why can't he abide by that?"

Noon of the next day saw the Waterbug leave to a quarter mile abeam of Cougar point to let off a lone figure in her dingy and then bore on, driving straight and fast for Roaring Springs. Stella flew



to the landing. Mother Howe came puffing at her heels. "Land's sake, I been worried to death," the older woman breathed. "When men git to quarrelin' about timber you never can tell where they'll stop, Mrs. Jack. I've knowed some wild times in the woods in the past." "The man in the dink was Lefty Howe," he pulled in beside the float. When he stepped up on the planks he limped perceptibly. "Land alive, what happened you, Lefty?" his wife cried. "Got a rap on the leg with a peevy," he said. "Nothin' much." "Why did the Waterbug go down the lake?" Stella asked breathlessly. "The man's face was serious. 'What happened up there?'" "There was a fuss," he answered quietly. "Three or four of the boys got beat up so they need patchin'. Jack's takin' 'em down to the hospital. Blast that yeller headed fellow in uncontrollable anger. 'Billy Dale was killed this mornin', mother.'" Stella felt herself grow sick. Death is a small matter when it strikes afar, among strangers—when it comes to one's door! Billy Dale had piloted the Waterbug for a year, a chubby, round faced boy of twenty, a foster-son of Mother Howe's before she had children of her own. Stella had asked Jack to put him on the Waterbug because he was such a loyal, cheery sort of soul, and Billy had been a part of every expedition they had taken around the lake. She could not think of him as a rigid, lifeless lump of clay. Why, only the day before he had been laughing and chattering aboard

the cruiser, going up and down the cabin floor on his hands and knees, Jack Junior perched triumphantly astride his back. "What happened?" she cried wildly. "Tell me, quick!" "It's quick told," Howe said grimly. "We were ready at daylight. Monohan's got a hard crew, and they jumped us as soon as we started to clear the channel. So we cleared them first. It didn't take so long. Three of our men was used bad, and there's plenty of sore heads on both sides, but we did the job. After we got them on the run we blowed up their swiftness and piles with giant; then we begun to put the cedar through. Billy was on the bank when somebody shot him from across the river. One mercy, he never knew what hit him. And you'll never come so close bein' a widow again, Mrs. Fyfe, and not be. That bullet was meant for Jack I figure. He was sittin' down. Billy was standin' right behind him watchin' the loss go through. Whoever he was, he shot high; that's all. There, mother, don't cry. That don't help none. What's done's done." Stella turned and walked up to the house, stunned. She could not credit bloodshed, death. Always in her life both had been things remote. And as the real significance of Lefty Howe's story grew on her she shuddered. It lay at her door, equally with her and Monohan, even if neither of their hands had sped the bullet an indirect responsibility, but grievously real to her. (To be continued.)

Life's Problems Are Discussed

By MRS. WILSON WOODROW
"If love were all! If love were all!" But, alas! in marriage as it exists to-day love is not all. There are economic considerations to be reckoned with, social considerations, ethical ones, and the whole question is so clouded by the moot authority of Church and State, by custom, sentiment and the circumstances of each individual case that to lay down any hard and fast axioms about it would tax the ingenuity of the traditional Philadelphia lawyer. Even St. Paul, when it came to a discussion of marriage, had to confess that revelation failed him. He made some trenchant comments, it is true, but was unable to explain that he did so on his own authority. "But I speak by permission, and not of commandment," he said. "It is I speaking and not the Lord." It may seem a superfluous admission to state that I am neither St. Paul nor a Philadelphia lawyer. Yet I am constantly appealed to on this or that phase of the marriage question. Of the letters I receive, eight out of ten touch upon the problem of matrimony. I do my best to hedge. I suggest like the walrus that "the time has come to talk of many things, of shoes and ships and sealing wax, of cabbages and kings," and the next batch of letters comes in and holds me strictly to this most difficult and complicated of all subjects. I do my best to hedge. I suggest like the walrus that "the time has come to talk of many things, of shoes and ships and sealing wax, of cabbages and kings," and the next batch of letters comes in and holds me strictly to this most difficult and complicated of all subjects. I do my best to hedge. I suggest like the walrus that "the time has come to talk of many things, of shoes and ships and sealing wax, of cabbages and kings," and the next batch of letters comes in and holds me strictly to this most difficult and complicated of all subjects.

wondering remorsefully how I could have had the temerity to answer as I did. It is supposable, is it not, that a young man of twenty-four might entertain an honest passion for a widow three times his age? Why, then, should I have been so ruthlessly skeptical? And why, because a girl cherishes an innocent fondness for onions, should I have proposed against her a reprisal worthy of the Hun? Words fitly spoken are like apples of gold in pictures of silver; but you want to be sure the apples are ripe, else another case of Little Johnny Jones and his Sister Sue may be laid at your door. No wonder, with such a continual strain upon their consciences, the Sibyl and the Oracle at Delphos and all that old-time crew have retired from business. But all jesting aside, I have received a letter from a highly intelligent young woman in which she serves as food for argument for a thousand years. She says: "There is a problem which confronts hundreds of young men and women to-day, even as it ever has done; and that is the question of intermarriage between people of different religious beliefs. I realize that this is a question to be solved by the individual, and that religious matters are best left alone, or in the hands of the ministry. But I am sure many will be glad to hear from you about it. 'Let me tell you something of my own experience; I have several friends in the same boat. For the most part, they are of the opinion that a gentleman, a Catholic. He is a fine type of manhood in every respect, and in many ways we were well suited to each other. And I know from what he has said that I could have made him happy. I never encouraged him to love me, but have been glad to hear from you about it. I do not approve of intermarriage. I urged him to be a good Catholic, for I believe that we all need religion, and that we should learn at mother's knee becomes a part of our life. 'I myself am a Jewess of the conservative variety. My father's branch of the family has been in America for over a hundred years, and my mother's branch almost as long. On my mother's side the past four generations have been famous for their culture, intelligence and charm. I am proud of my ancestry, and I ask you, would I be justified in renouncing Israel and the faith of my fathers for the sake of a man whose I don't believe it can exist where there are a couple of different creeds. I wouldn't renounce my religion and I wouldn't ask a man to give up his. I have not permitted myself to care for this man, thinking I would save

both of us many heartaches; but he still reproaches me. 'Have I been fair to him and to myself in relinquishing him because of religion? We might have been happy. This is a serious problem with many to-day, and you ought to help those who are weighing the question in the balance.' "But, my dear girl, I can't. Don't you see in the very nature of things that I can't? I am neither a Catholic nor a Jew, and I have neither the traditions nor the training which count so heavily in this matter. It seems to me that those who have not only stated the problem, but have answered it yourself for yourself. It is absolutely as you say, an individual matter. Everyone has known cases of these intermarriages, which have been happy. Everyone has known cases which have been obviously unhappy. It is depends upon the persons who contract them. People who are capable of maintaining happy relations in marriage will maintain them under any circumstances. Those who are bound to disagree will find their differing religions the handiest slaps in the world. Still, in a universe where you can't have everything, observation would seem to prove that it is possible for people who are intensely congenial and devoted to each other to ignore their differences of creed and know a fair measure of happiness. Disraeli's marriage to a Church of England wife is always cited as an ideal. Nevertheless, looking at it from an entirely detached point of view, and without any religious bias in the matter, one must admit that it's a more or less dangerous experiment. No matter how far a man or woman may seem to get away from early training, tradition and emotion, these are almost sure to assert themselves in the big crises of life. Then the impulse is to turn to one's own religion. They will understand; they alone will know how to comfort and assuage. My correspondent is wasting her time in regret. Regardless of how another might feel, she took the only course open to one of her very definite views and emotions.

Advice to the Lovelorn

BY BEATRICE FAIRFAX
Introduction
DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:
Kindly advise me it is proper when two ladies are introduced for them to shake hands? Also would you consider it good form for a lady upon introduction to a gentleman to extend her hand? Should a lady, when seated, upon introduction to either a lady or a gentleman rise or remain sitting?
These questions have come up among a group of friends who have decided to abide by your judgment. RUTH
Of course it is proper for women to shake hands when they are introduced. What is cordial, courteous and friendly is almost invariably "proper." Hold out your hand to a man when you are presented to him. That is friendly—not forward. It is not necessary to rise when you are introduced to another young person, particularly if it be a man. But always rise for your elders; and of course a man stands whenever women are standing, whether he is just then being introduced to them or not.

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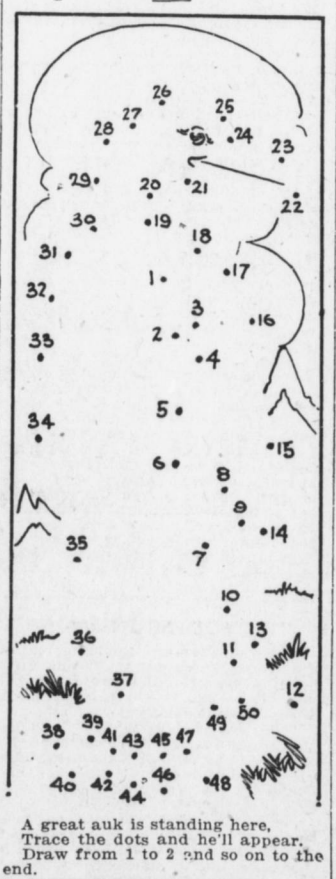
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Fashions of To-Day - By May Manton

The coat suit is to make a feature of the Autumn and here is one that shows very new features. The coat is semi-fitting and it takes long and becoming lines that render it available for the figures of generous proportions as well as for the slender ones. The skirt also is made in six gores, each gore forming a box plait, so that there are a succession of straight lines. Here, the material is a checked light weight wool but the use of plain or striped material emphasizes the slender effect. For the early season, the Summer serges and light weight bolivia cloth are favorite materials. Broadcloth is extensively used and there are pretty novelties that combine silk with wool that are of really perfect weight for such use. Quiet colors are the preferred ones and this suit shows blue broadcloth with threads of black that form a check and the collar and cuffs are of plain blue.

For the medium size the coat will require, 3 1/4 yards of material 36 inches wide, 3 1/4 yards 44, 2 1/2 yards 54 and the skirt, 3 1/4 yards 36, 3 yards 44, 3 1/2 yards 54.

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