

Reading for Men and all the Family



Bringing Up Father

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By McManus

BIG TIMBER

By BERTRAND W. SINCLAIR

(Continued.)

She reached the Charteris theater, and a doorman gave her access to the dim interior. There was a light in the operator's cage high at the rear, another shaded glow at the piano, where a young man with hair brushed sleekly back chewed gum incessantly while he practiced picture accompaniments. The place looked desolate, with its empty seats, its bald stage front with the empty picture screen. Stella sat down to wait for the manager. He came in a few minutes. His manner was very curt, businesslike. He wanted her to sing a popular song, a bit from a Verdi opera, Gounod's "Ave Maria," so that he could get a line on what she could do. He appeared to be a pessimist in regard to her singing.

"Take the stage right there," he instructed, "just as if the spot were on you. Now, then."

It was a heartening process to stand there facing the gum chewing pianist, and the manager's cigar glowing redly five rows back, and the silent emptiness beyond—much like singing into the mouth of a gloomy cave. It was more or less a critical moment for Stella, but she was keenly aware that she had to make good in a small way before she could grasp the larger opportunity. She did her best, and her best was no mediocre performance. She had



never sung in a place designed to show off or to show up a singer's quality. She was even a bit astonished herself.

She cleared to sing the "Ave Maria" first. Her voice went peeling to the domed ceiling a sweet as a silver bell, resonant as a trumpet. When the last note died away there was a momentary silence; then the accompanist looked up at her, frankly admiring.

"You're some warbler," he said emphatically, "believe me."

Behind him the manager's cigar lost its glow. He remained silent. The pianist struck up "Let's Murder Care," a rollicking trifle from a Broadway hit. Last of all he thumped, more or less successfully, through the accompaniment to an aria that had in it vocal gymnastics as well as melody.

"Come up to the office, Mrs. Fyfe," Howard said, with a singular change from his first manner.

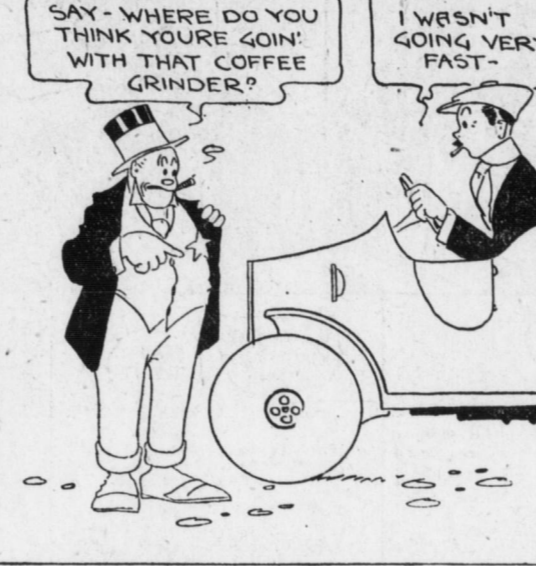
"I can give you an indefinite engagement at thirty a week," he made a blunt offer. "You can sing. You're worth more, but right now I can't pay more. If you pull business—and I rather think you will—I may be able to raise you. Thirty a week, and you'll have to sing twice in the afternoon and twice in the evening."

Stella considered briefly. Thirty dollars a week meant a great deal more than mere living as she made a move in the right direction. She accepted. They discussed certain details. She did not care to court publicity under her legal name, so she agreed that she should be billed as Mme. Benton, the madame being Howard's suggestion, and she took her leave.

Upon the Monday following Stella stood for the first time in a fierce white glare that dazzled her and so shut off partially her vision of the rows and rows of faces. She went on with a horrible shakiness in her knees, a dry feeling in her throat, and she was not sure whether she would sing or fly. When she had finished her first song and bowed herself into the wings she felt her heart leap and hammer at the hand clapping that grew and grew till it was like the beat of ocean surf.

Howard came running to meet her.

"You've sure got 'em going," he laughed. "Fine work. Go out and give 'em some more."



In time she grew accustomed to these things, to the applause she never failed to get, to the white beam that beat down from the picture cage, to the eager, upturned faces in the first rows. Her confidence grew. Ambition began to glow like a flame within her. She had gone through the primary stages of voice culture, and she was following now a method of practice which produced results. She could see and feel that herself.

So she gained in those weeks something of her old poise. Inevitably she was very lonely at times, but she fought against that with the most effective weapon she knew—incessant activity. She was all ways busy. There was a rented piano now sitting in the opposite corner from the gas stove on which she cooked her meals. Howard kept his word. She "pulled business," and he raised her to forty a week and offered her a contract, which she refused, because other avenues, bigger and better than singing in a motion picture house, were tentatively opening.

December was waning when she came to Seattle. In the following weeks her only contact with the past, beyond the mill of her own thoughts, was an item in the Seattle Times touching upon certain litigation in which Fyfe was involved. Briefly, Monohan, under the firm name of the Abbey-Monohan Time company, was suing Fyfe for heavy damages for the loss of certain booms of logs blown up and set adrift at the mouth of the Tyee river. There was appended an account of the clash over the closed channel and the killing of Billy Dale. No one had been brought to book for that yet. Any one of sixty men might have fired the shot.

It made Stella wince, for it took her back to that dreadful day. She could not bear to think that Billy Dale's blood lay on her and Monohan, neither could she stifle an uneasy apprehension that something more grievous yet might happen on Roaring lake. But at least she had done what she could. If she were the flame, she had removed herself from the powder magazine. Fyfe had pulled his cedar crew off the Tyee before she left. If aggression came it must come from one direction.

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STOPS BACKACHE IN FEW MINUTES

Rub lumbago, pain, soreness, stiffness right out with "St. Jacobs Oil."

When your back is sore and lame or lumbago, sciatica or neuritis, rub "St. Jacobs Oil" on the sore spots. Get a small trial bottle of old, honest "St. Jacobs Oil" at any drug store, pour a little in your hand and rub it right into the pain or ache, and by the time you count fifty, the soreness and lameness is gone.

Don't stay crippled! This soothing, penetrating oil takes the ache and pain right out and ends the misery. It is magical, yet absolutely harmless and doesn't burn or discolor the skin.

Nothing else stops lumbago, sciatica and lame back misery so promptly and surely. It never disappoints!

SHE CONQUERED HER INDIGESTION

Mrs. Taylor Tells of Experience Interesting to Hundreds Here

"For two years I suffered all the tortures of indigestion and stomach trouble," says Mrs. Sarah Taylor, 244 E. Garfield St., Chambersburg, Pa. "My meals never tasted good and what I did eat caused me untold suffering from gas and poison which seemed to generate in my stomach. A terrible burning and sour substance would come up in my throat after eating at times. My nervous system became affected and my housework was a burden to me, as I had no ambition or energy."

"I realized that I was in need of a good tonic and seemed like everybody was praising Tanlac. I naturally turned to this medicine and I am glad I did, for it made me feel like myself again. I am pleased to say that Tanlac has done me more good than I ever dreamed it would. My system needed a good cleaning out and it got it. I eat heartily and my food digests properly. Housework is a pleasure. Thanks to Tanlac."

Tanlac, the famous reconstructive tonic, is now being introduced here at Gorgas Drug Store who have secured the exclusive sale of this master medicine in Harrisburg.

Tanlac is also sold at the Gorgas Drug Store in the P. R. R. Station; in Carlisle at W. G. Stephens' Pharmacy; Elizabethtown, Albert W. Cain; Greencastle, Charles B. Carl; Middletown, Collin S. Few's Pharmacy; Waynesboro, Clarence Croft's Pharmacy; Mechanicsburg, H. F. Brunhouse—Adv.

WAR RECIPES

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

This Is a Good Receipt
Gingered Apples—Use five pounds of tart apples, five pounds of light brown sugar, two lemons sliced thin, and put in apples, pared, quartered, and cut in pieces about three-fourths inch. Add one-half teaspoonful of salt, lemons, and ginger, and boil until the apples look clear, yellow, and rich. Pour into pint jars and seal as you preserve.—October Farm and Fireside.

GIRLS MARRY YOUNG

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[Literary Digest]

The greatest danger among women to postpone the age of marriage is a bad one, for infant mortality increases steadily as the mother grows older. The best children are those born of young mothers. This is directly in opposition to the teaching of some feminists, who assert that the best children are those of mature mothers. It is, however, based on evidence, well known to eugenicists, who are told by the author of an article on "The Young Mother" in the Journal of Heredity (Washington, September). Every eugenicist knows, she says, of the abundant proof that relatively early marriage is beneficial both to the mother and to child. One of these proofs is furnished by studies of infant mortality in relation to the age of mothers. The latest of these is due to Alexander Graham Bell, who has recently completed an investigation of the longevity of members of the Hyde family in the United States. He finds that the death-rate for children of the oldest group of mothers is about 50 per cent. greater than that of the children of young mothers, as shown in the following table:

Age of Mother When Child Was Born	Child Mortality rate per 1,000	No. Who Died Under 5 yrs. of age	Total No. of Children
15-19	50	15	214
20-24	45	88	194
25-29	60	133	220
30-34	56	140	249
35-39	72	98	219
40 and upward	274	88	321
Total	2,384	562	

All's Well That Ends Well

All's Well That Ends Well
By Jane McLean.

"Let's not play cards. I'm tired of the handsoonest girls in the room."

"What do you prefer to do?" asked someone.

"Let's have an old-fashioned evening, just sitting around the fire popping corn and talking."

"That won't be any fun."

"I don't think so either," from someone else.

"Well, what would you like to do, Mr. Mason?" said the first speaker, turning to one of the men.

"Anything the crowd wants to do," the man returned agreeably. He was very distinguished looking, and it could be seen that the young people were desirous of pleasing him.

"Why, Mr. Mason would be bored to death with that kind of an evening," said a tall, dark girl, speaking for the first time. From the moment she first looked at the stranger, she had been determined to please him. She was afraid that he might find the small town group a bore, herself included; she longed to impress him, and she did not want to sit around the fire and talk for fear of making a laughing stock of her friends.

"What do you do in the city?" asked one of the men of the stranger.

"The man laughed a little. "Oh, just about as you do here," he returned. "Things are just about the same when young people get together."

"But the girls are different, aren't they?" asked the tall, dark girl eagerly. "City girls are so sure of themselves, and they have so much poise."

The man looked at her thoughtfully. The group had gathered around the fireplace, eager to talk and listen, and it began to look as though after all the evening would be minus cards.

"Oh, yes, the girls," sighed Mollie Baird, who had suggested talking. She was dying to know about New York. "The city girls are so sophisticated and know so much about love."

Mollie was natural, and others all a little bit uncomfortable and afraid to ask the questions that popped into their minds. All except Little Mollie, who was candidly curious.

Lois had read too many novels. She knew of New York only through the pages of magazines. There people played the game well. In the stories she had read, beautiful women in gorgeous clothes were always stealing the husbands of the simple-minded wives who had helped their husbands to success. Lois had always determined not to be a wife who would sacrifice everything for one man. She would accept the standard of society and demand homage as her right.

"Lois wants to go to New York to go into the movies," Mollie said thoughtfully. "Do you think she can get in?"

Lois was angry at Mollie's interference but she did not show it and turned her dark orbs earnestly on Mollie as she waited for his answer.

"There are so many girls in the movies," he remarked.

"I know," said Lois in her best manner, "but what other girls have done, I could do. This small town is miserable."

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German-American Calls Police to Arrest Son Who Deserted; Boy Kills Self

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Philadelphia, Oct. 15.—Anxious to have his boy serve America in the nation's need, Charles F. Schiller, of German descent, summoned the police Saturday to arrest his son, a deserter from the United States Signal Corps.

When police came to arrest him, the son, Paul Otto Schiller, 21 years old, barricaded himself in a cellar; and after firing several shots at the police, sent a bullet into his own brain. He died instantly.

Courage for War Developed in Games

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You know that the soldier must have courage. We are accustomed to think of courage as something inborn. But courage, or that which serves as a basis for it, may be taught. The veteran officer Lyman says men at loading and firing a gun, at advancing at a word of command, hour after hour, day after day, week after week. Every action must become practically automatic. The soldier learns to do those things so well that though he may be terribly frightened when first he comes under fire—and he will be—he nevertheless goes right on firing his gun and obeying the commands because those actions have become instinct with him. So, courage and steadiness under fire are developed in the soldier.

In not unfamiliar ways courage is developed in the athlete. It takes courage to dive headlong into an oncoming back who weighs forty pounds more than you do. The beginner often hasn't the man to make that kind of a tackle and lets the runner by. But if he has any kind of stuff in him he learns better. He is kept at it until he can dive headlong into the water and let the runner hit him down. It takes courage to stand up in the batter's box when a pitcher comes with a world of steam, but none too much control, is dishing up the shots. The youngster at the bat edges back. But little by little he learns to stand up to them, until it becomes a matter of course.

The youth who has learned to master bodily fear in football, or any other sport, has gone a long way toward mastering all bodily fear. He has begun to learn to keep his head under fire.—From the October American Boy.

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Snake Oil

Miller's Antiseptic Oil Known as Snake Oil

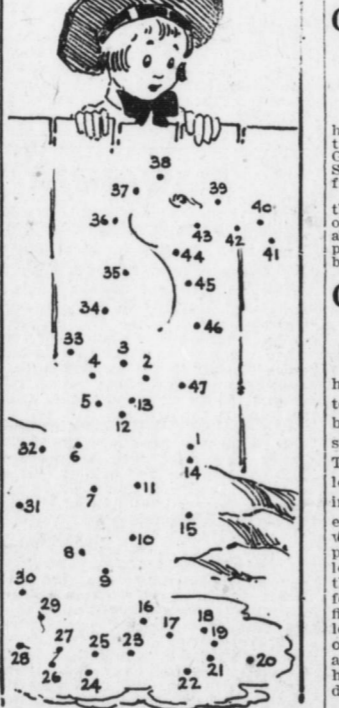
Will Positively Relieve Pain in Three Minutes

Try it right now for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Lumbago, sore, stiff and swollen joints, pains in the head, back and limbs, corns, bunions, etc. After one application pain disappears as if by magic.

A new remedy used internally and externally for Coughs, Colds, Croup, Sore Throat, Diphtheria and Tonsillitis. The oil is conceded to be the most penetrating remedy known. Its prompt and immediate effect in relieving pain is due to the fact that it penetrates to the affected parts at once. As an illustration, pour ten drops on the thickest piece of sole leather and it will penetrate this substance through and through in three minutes.

Accept no substitute. This great oil is golden red color only. Every bottle guaranteed. 25c, 50c and \$1.00 a bottle, or money refunded at Geo. A. Gorgas' drug store.—Advertisement.

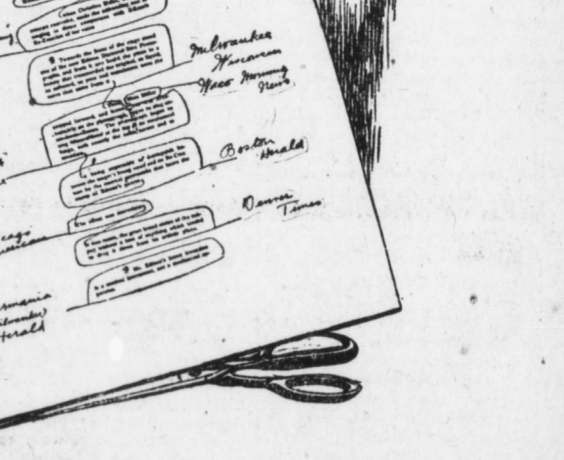
Advice to the Lovelorn



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Dr. James' Headache Powders give instant relief—Cost dime a package.

Nerve-racking, splitting or dull, throbbing headaches yield in just a few moments to Dr. James' Headache Powders which cost only 10 cents a package at any drug store. It's the quickest, surest headache relief in the whole world. Don't suffer! Relieve the agony and distress now! You can. Millions of men and women have found that headache or neuralgia misery is needless. Get what you ask for.



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