

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.)

Before she reached home that self-sacrificing mood had vanished in the face of sundry twinges of pride. Jack Fyfe hadn't asked her to come back; he never would ask her to come back. Of that she was quite sure. She knew the stony determination of him too well. Neither hope of heaven nor fear of hell would turn him aside when he had made a decision. If he ever had moments of irresolution he had successfully concealed any such weakness from those who knew him best. No one ever felt called upon to pity Jack Fyfe, and in those rocky ribbed qualities Stella had an illuminating flash, perhaps the secret of his allure ever to stir in her that yearning tenderness which she knew herself to be capable of lavishing, which her nature impelled her to lavish on some one.

"Ah, well," she sighed when she came back to her rooms and put Fyfe's letter away in a drawer. "I wonder what Jack would say if he knew what I've been debating with myself this afternoon? I wonder if he were actually divorced and I'd made myself a reputation as a singer, and we happened to meet quite casually some time, somewhere, just how we'd really feel about each other?"

She was still musing on that in a detached, impersonal fashion, when she caught a car down to the theater for the matinee.

wedded, dined as befitted the occasion, and departed upon their hypothetical honeymoon, surreptitiously abbreviated from an extravagant swing over half of North America to seventy miles by rail and twenty by water, and a month of blissful seclusion, which suited those two far better than any amount of Pullman touring, besides leaving them money in pocket.

Charlie and Linda were married on an early day in June at the home of the Abbess in Vancouver. Stella had run over for the wedding and then had caught the next boat back for Seattle so as to interfere as little as possible with her engagements. Time passed quickly and uneventfully enough between the wedding day and the date of her Granada engagement. It seemed a mere breathing space before the middle of July rolled around and she was once more aboard a Vancouver boat. In the interim she had received a letter from the attorney who had wound up her father's estate, intimating that there was now a market demand for some oil stock that had been considered of no value and asking if he should sell or hold for a rise in price which seemed reasonably sure. Stella telegraphed her answer. If that leftover of a speculative period would bring a few hundred dollars it would never be of greater service to her than now.

All the upper reach of Puget sound basked in its normal mid-summer haze, the day Stella started for Vancouver. That great region of island dotted sea spread between the rugged Olympics and the foot of the coast range lay bathed in sun, the mainland shore she nosed into the Lion's Gate under a slow bell, through a smoke pall thick as Bering fog. Stella's recollection swung back to Charlie's uneasy growl of a month earlier. "Fire! Throughout the midsummer season there was always the danger of fire breaking out in the woods. Not all the fire ranger patrol guard against the carelessness of fishermen and campers. "It's a tough summer over here for the timber owners," she heard a man remark. "I've been twenty miles on the coast and never saw the woods so dry."

"Dry's no name," his neighbor responded. "It's like tinder. A cigarette stub'll start a blaze forty men couldn't put out. It's me that moves it. I've got four limits on the North Arm, and there's fire on two sides of me. You bet I'm praying for rain."

"They say the country between Chehalis and Roaring lake is one big blaze," the first man observed. (To be continued.)

"THEIR MARRIED LIFE"

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"We saw Lola Wilcox in her new play last night," remarked Mrs. Stevens as Warren got out the card tables and the bridge score.

"I'd hardly call it her play," said Mr. Stevens, "she has a very small part."

"Oh, I know that, but Helen knows what I mean, don't you, dear?" Helen and Warren knew her, and that's why I said it."

"How did you like her?" asked Helen.

"Why, I thought she was very good, didn't you?"

"I certainly did. Warren is more interested in her playing than I am, however. He thinks she will become a great actress."

Helen could not resist this little jab, even when she thought it hardly fair for Warren had never made such an extravagant remark. However, he did rise to the occasion and said quickly:

"I'm for her, because she is trying to make good, and it isn't the easiest thing in the world for a woman alone in the world to do that."

"But wasn't there some talk about her and her husband?" asked Mrs. Stevens. "And wasn't she rather foolish to fly around with that young artist so soon after she and her husband separated?"

"I thought so," Helen returned. "I never liked her particularly, because I never felt easy in my mind about her."

"I met her just once," said Mrs. Stevens, "and she impressed me as anxious to attract the attention of every man in the room."

"You women have the grandest imaginations," scoffed Warren. "I know it, and I suppose I have no right to say that, because I don't know the woman."

"O, I'm sure Helen feels just the same; she has never been charitable toward her."

A Past Flirtation.

Helen longed to say something about that awful time on Long Island when Warren had been so attracted toward this Lola Wilcox that everyone had noticed it, and she herself in order to save her self-respect, had been forced into a flirtation with Ned Burns to retaliate.

Not that Helen believed in her inmost soul that there was anything definite in Warren's admiration of Lola Wilcox, but Helen was one of the women who cannot talk light nothings without some kind of a meaning behind them. It would be impossible for her to see her husband plainly attracted toward another woman without suffering intensely, and borrowing all kinds of trouble as to the seriousness of the outcome.

"O, I'm sure Helen feels just the same; she has never been charitable toward her."

In short, Helen was like two-thirds of all women of her class—narrow-minded where the friendship of a man and a woman were concerned, particularly if that man or woman happened to be married.

"Well, are we going to play cards?" asked Mr. Stevens.

"We surely are," Helen returned; "and as for that last remark of yours, dear, turning to Warren, 'I haven't much to say—just this: I somehow have felt from the beginning that Lola Wilcox was not on the square. These rumors that we have heard about her may or may not be

absorbedly, was startled suddenly by a long drawn whistle from Mr. Stevens. She took in the last trick, and everyone turned to him expectantly.

Starting News.

"What is it?" Mrs. Stevens asked excitedly, "something good?"

"Yes, this is funny, on top of our conversation of a few minutes ago. Listen to this: Miss Lola Wilcox, who has made quite a hit in the current success running at the Bradley theater, caused a sensation among her friends this morning, when it was discovered that she had eloped with T. W. Mowbridge, the wealthy financier."

"Well," ejaculated Warren, "I never thought she could be such a fool!"

"There's a whole column about it," said Mr. Stevens, reading on to himself. "It says that Mr. Mowbridge's wife refuses to be interested, and he has two children."

Helen felt somehow as though a load had been lifted from her mind. Not that she had actually worried about Warren. That was too absurd. But she frankly did not like

him to approve of a woman she felt intuitively was not good.

"You know what they say about man's logic and woman's intuition," said Mrs. Stevens laughing.

Helen said nothing, and dealt out the cards for the next hand calmly enough, although inwardly she was dying to know what was running through Warren's mind just then. And then a sudden stab went through her as the seriousness of the thing struck her for the first time. How perfectly awful for the other woman! No one had stopped to consider her at all!

(To be Continued.)

tin of the National Emergency Food Garden Commission, with which this paper is co-operating to conserve the nation's food resources.

Potato bread rolls are made from the same mixture as potato bread by adding shortening and sugar. The following proportions will yield one dozen small rolls: Eight ounces of boiled and peeled potatoes, 6 ounces of sifted flour, one-third cake of compressed yeast, 1/4 level teaspoonful of salt, 2 tablespoonfuls of lukewarm water, 3 tablespoonfuls of sugar, 2 tablespoonfuls of butter.

Wash thoroughly and boil in their skin the potatoes. Cook until they are very tender. Drain, peel and mash them while hot, being careful to leave no lumps. Allow mash to cool until lukewarm. Add, in order, to this the salt, the powdered milk (if used), the yeast rubbed smooth and mixed with water, and lastly two tablespoonfuls of flour. Let this mixture stand at a temperature of 86 degrees F. until dough begins to collapse. Add to this sponze the butter. Pour hot plums and stewed water, the sugar and the remainder of

the flour, and if necessary, enough more flour to make a very stiff dough. Knead thoroughly until a smooth dough, which is no longer sticky, has been formed. Set back to rise again, and when the dough has trebled in volume knead lightly, form into small balls and place, not too close together, in greased pans. Allow to rise until double in volume and bake 20 minutes in a moderately hot oven at about 400 degrees F.

Good-Bye Wrinkles Here's New Beauty

Wash your face with clear warm water and rub in a teaspoonful of Creme Tokalon Roseated—totally different from all other creams. If your face is badly wrinkled get a box of Japanese Ice Pencils to use in connection with the Roseated cream. This recipe is guaranteed to quickly act on wrinkles, sunken cheeks, flabby sagging facial muscles, enlarged pores and marks of age—or money refunded. Supplied at all toilet counters.

Food Saving Lesson

Every pound of vegetables properly put by for future use, every jar of fruit preserved, adds that much to our insurance of victory.—President Wilson.

Potato bread rolls, delicious and appetizing, are suggested as a substitute for the wheat rolls served at the breakfast table in to-day's bulletin.

Tell Your Wife Corns Lift Off

Doesn't hurt a bit to lift corns or calluses off with fingers.

Not a twinge of pain or soreness before applying, or afterwards. The may sound like a dream to corn-pestered men and women who have been cutting, filling and wearing torturous plasters. Yes! Corns lift off and calluses peel off as if by magic.

A small bottle of freezezone costs but a few cents at any drug store. Apply a few drops directly upon your tender corn or callus, and instantly the soreness disappears; then shortly the corn or callus will be so loose that it lifts off. Freezezone dries instantly. It doesn't eat out the corn or callus, but just shrivels it up so it lifts away without even irritating the surrounding skin. Women should keep a tiny bottle handy on the dresser and never let a corn or callus ache twice.

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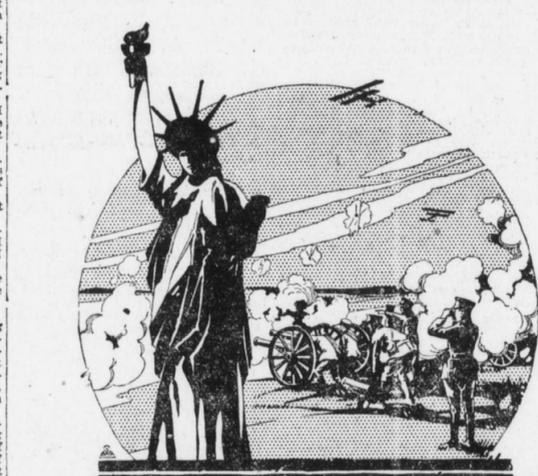
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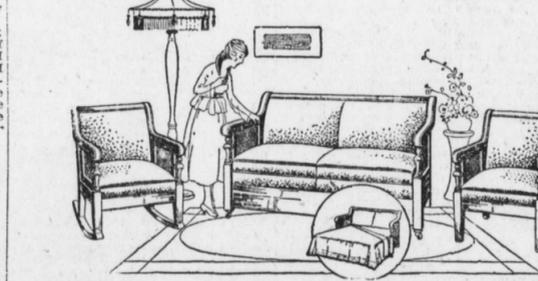
Daily Dot Puzzle

1	2	3	4	5
1	37	9	6	
36	9	8		
35	10			
34	11			
33	12			7
32	13	14	15	
31				
30				16
29	27	25	21	19
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William and Mary \$103.50

Duofold Suite . . .



One of the Great Hits Among Our Large Display

The many beautiful designs found on our sample floors this Fall are too numerous to mention here. This William and Mary pattern in fumed oak finish and covered with Spanish Mule is one of the leaders.

3-piece Suits for \$69.50.

Will Harmonize With the Finest of Period Furniture

No home no matter how beautifully furnished can now afford to be without a 3-piece suite. The convenience of changing this Davenport into a comfortable bed makes it one of the most desirable pieces in your home.

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The Hoosier Kitchen Cabinets

The cabinet you want and if you do not select the Hoosier you will be sorry. Now is the time to have one sent to your home. One dollar will be all that is required to have this time-saving Cabinet in your home. One dollar weekly payments will give you the use of the Cabinet. Join our club now.

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One Dollar Monthly Payments.

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