

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.)

"And so—and so, after all, you do care," Fyfe held her off a little from him, his shyness slipping gently the soft flesh of her arms. "And you were big enough to come back. Oh my dear, you don't know what that means to me! I'm broke, and I'd just about reached the point where I didn't give a d—, 'This fire was cleaned me out. I've—"

"I know," Stella interrupted. "That's why I came back. I wouldn't have come otherwise, at least not for a long time—perhaps never. It seems as if I ought to, as if it were the least I could do. Of course it looks altogether different now that I know I really want to. But, you see, I didn't know that for sure until I saw you standing here. Oh, Jack, there's such a lot I wish I could wipe out!"

"It's wiped out," he said happily. "The slate's clean. Fair weather didn't get us anywhere. It took a storm. Well, the storm's over."

She stirred uneasily in her arms. "Haven't you got the least bit of resentment, Jack, for all this trouble I've helped to bring about?" she faltered.

"Why, no," he said thoughtfully. "All you did was to touch the fire-works off. And they might have started over anything. Lord, no! Put that idea out of your head."

"I don't understand," she murmured. "I never had quite understood why Monohan should attack you with such savage bitterness—that trouble he started on the Tye, then this criminal firing of the woods. I've had hints first from your sister, then from Linda. I didn't know you'd clashed before. I'm not very clear on that yet. But you knew all the time what he was. Why didn't you tell me, Jack?"

"Well, maybe I should have," Fyfe admitted. "But I couldn't very well. Don't you see? He wasn't even an incident until he bobbed up after that start in picking his character to pieces as a matter of precaution. He left me strictly alone. I'd trimmed his claws once or twice already. I suppose he was acute enough to see an opportunity to get a whack at me through you. You were just living from day to day, creating a world of illusions for yourself, nourishing your dreams, smarting under a stifled regret for a lot you thought you'd passed up for good. He wasn't a factor at first. When he did finally stir in you an emotion I had failed to stir it was too late for me to do or say anything. If I'd tried your idol's clay feet you'd have despised me, as well as refused to believe. I couldn't do anything but stand back and trust the real woman of you to find out what a quicksand you were building your castle on. I purposely refused to let you when you wanted to go away the first time, partly on the kid's ac-

count, partly because I could hardly bear to let you go—mostly because I wanted to make him boil over and show his teeth, on the chance that you'd be able to size him up."

"You see, I knew him from the grand up. I knew that nothing would afford him a keener pleasure than to take away from me a woman I cared for and that nothing would make him squirm more than for me to checkmate him. That day I cuffed him and choked him on the point really started him properly. After that you, as something to be desired and possessed, ran second to his feeling against me. He was bound to try to play even, regardless of you. When he precipitated that row on the Tye I knew it was going to be a fight for my financial life, for my own life if he ever got me foul. And it was not a thing I could talk about to you, in your state of mind, then. You were through with me. Regardless of the kid, and there was going farther and farther away from me. I had a long time to realize that fully. You had a grudge against life, and it was sort of crystallizing on me. You never kissed me once in all those two years as you kissed me just now."

She pulled his head down and kissed him again.

CHAPTER XIX Home Again

"So that I wasn't restraining you with any hope for my own advantage," Fyfe went on. "There was the kid, and there was you. I wanted to put a brake on you to make you go slow. You're a complex individual, Stella. Along with certain fixed, fundamental principles, you've got a streak of divine madness in you, a capacity for reckless undertakings. You'd never have married me if you hadn't. I trusted you absolutely, but I was afraid in spite of my faith. You had draped such an idealistic mantle around Monohan. I wanted to read that before it came to a final separt from between us. It worked out, because he couldn't resist trying to take a crack at me when the notion seized him."

"So," he continued after a pause, "you aren't responsible, and I've never considered you responsible, and me, and it's been shaping for years. Whenever our trails crossed there was bound to be a clash."

There's always been a natural personal antagonism between us. It began to show when we were kids, you might say. Monohan's nature is such that he can't acknowledge defeat. He can't deny himself a gratification. He's a supreme egotist. He's always had plenty of money, he's always had whatever he wanted, and it never mattered to him how he gratified his desires.

"The first time we locked horns was in my last year at high school. Monohan was a star athlete. I beat him in a pole vault. That irked him so that he sulked and sneered and generally made himself so insulting that I slapped him. We fought, and I whipped him. I had a temper that I hadn't learned to keep in hand those days, and I nearly killed him. I had nothing but contempt for him, anyway, because even then, when he wasn't quite twenty, he was a woman hunter, preying on silly girls. I don't know what his magic with women is, but it works until they find him out."

"Well, from that time on he hated me, always laid for a chance to sting me. We went to Princeton the same year. We collided there, so hard that when word of it got to my father's ears he called me home and read the riot act so strong that I flared up and left. Then I came to the coast here and got a job in the woods, got to be a logging boss and went into business on my own hook eventually. I'd thought I got too big to be harassed by Monohan again. He'd got into timber himself. I was hand logging up the coast, and I'd hate to tell you the tricks he tried. He kept it so secret that I wasn't in the least aware of his presence until he harassed in a petty way. Then he left me alone. But he never forgot his grudge. The stage was all set for this act long before you gave him his cue, Stella. You weren't to blame for that, or if you were in part it doesn't matter now. I'm satisfied. Paradoxically I feel rich, even though it's a long shot that I'm just not nicely started when I meet a naturally reticent man, and he could be bafflingly secretive. Tonight he was both and neither. He was full of odd little spirited turnings and twistings as he struck the clock, intent on justifying himself, submerged in a boundless, bottomless sea of self-pity."

And that, by the way, brings out two of the invariable symptoms of introspection—self-pity and self-justification. When one starts to analyze one's inner self one can always find such ample excuse for whatever one has done, and such lofty purities of motives and aspirations, that one feels cheated by the callous world's lack of appreciation. And puzzling over this one naturally becomes morbid, jaundiced and miserable.

Let no one imagine that youthful introspection conduces to happiness. And what makes it worse is that, like seasickness and corns, it arouses no sympathy. It appears in its most violent form generally from the fifteenth to the twentieth year in a series of recurring attacks, and usually begins to disappear when one takes up some actual business or occupation.

One of the most distressing phases

Life's Problems Are Discussed

By Mrs. Wilson Woodrow

When, according to the old legend, inquisitive little Pandora lifted the lid of the box which she had been charged not to open and thus turned loose all the stinging, biting, buzzing troubles that vex and worry poor humanity, there was in the lot one particularly virulent bug that, like the germs of whooping cough and measles, seems especially to attack the young. Its name is introspection.

When the boy reaches that stage of adolescence where he begins to watch with eager expectancy the downy growth upon his upper lip and when the girl first commences to do up her hair and to entertain vague yearnings for a career, is the time when each usually falls a victim.

Nature is making momentous changes in them, and unable to understand just what is going on they jump at all sorts of fantastic conclusions to account for the unfamiliar emotions and the unrest of which they are conscious.

It is at this period that the female of the species makes the interesting discovery that she is not at all like other girls, but of a much deeper, more sensitive nature; while her male counterpart indulges in seasons of Byronic gloom as he darkly contemplates his sin-seared past. Both are entirely misunderstood, especially by the members of their own families.

This phase of youthful experience is being most truthfully and wittily exploited by Samuel Merwin in his series of stories in the Cosmopolitan Magazine, dealing with the soul-struggles of Henry Calverly, and his group of sweethearts in the fictitious town of Sunbury. A paragraph from the latest one of these tales is illustrated here.

"Henry could babble forth his most sacred inner feelings with an ingenious volubility that would alarm a naturally reticent man, and he could be bafflingly secretive. Tonight he was both and neither. He was full of odd little spirited turnings and twistings as he struck the clock, intent on justifying himself, submerged in a boundless, bottomless sea of self-pity."

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Daily Dot Puzzle



Draw from one to 19 and so on to the end.



of it is that it engenders self-consciousness; and self-consciousness is a deplorable affliction, thwarting every natural and spontaneous impulse, and poisoning the capacity for enjoyment at its source. Here, for instance, is a pathetic letter from a young girl which is worth presenting, because there are so many like her.

"I have a fair education, and while not handsome am not homely, either," she writes. "I always try to be kind and good-natured and pleasant to everybody, and although I am by no means perfect I try to do what is right. Yet I am not popular with either girls or boys. I like people and I want them to like me, but somehow they don't. I love to be in a crowd, and love a good time. Yet when I am one of a party it seems before long the others forget I am there, and I feel like a wallflower.

"I have girl friends, yet they seldom invite me to go anywhere with them, and when they do I hesitate to go for fear I shall spoil their fun and my own.

Look at yourself from another angle, dear girl. Stop trying to be

kind, good-natured and pleasant to every one." Don't "try" to be anything but yourself. Do the things you naturally like and want to do, and don't suppress any impulses. Don't care a straw what anybody thinks about you, so long as you know you are worth while yourself.

What is it that gains us friends and holds them, that makes us popular, in a word? Not beauty. Not clothes. Not wit or readiness of speech. It is that intangible quality we call charm.

What makes Maud Adams the most popular actress in America? She is not beautiful. She is equally delightful as ragged Cinderella and as "Lady Babby" in her dainty costumes. She is not a Siddons or a Bernhardt. Her place in the public heart is due solely to her charm.

But how is this inestimable gift of the gods to be acquired? Like the kingdom of heaven it cometh not by observation, nor is it to be taken by violence. It exists only as the reflected light from those attributes of the soul—gentleness, gener-

osity, the love of things lovely and noble. When you can be a delightful companion to yourself you will be showered with invitations.

Laugh, because life delights and amuses you, and every one will long to laugh with you. This is a world of wonders; get so vitally interested, in something that you forget all about yourself, and then when you talk you will have plenty of listeners.

You have created out of your morbid imaginings this shy, sensitive, stupid creature you call yourself. Don't stop to notice it, much less to fight with it; ignore it. Be both too proud and too vain to consider yourself anything but a very pretty, intelligent, attractive and interesting girl.

Don't allow yourself to imagine that any one could presume to snub you. And as for "being bad," as you call it, that is a piece of silliness not worthy of your intelligence. Don't throw away your trumps for the low cards. Play the game to win, and win all along the line.

America Locks World's Pantry Against the Kaiser

The newspaper press of America, as shown in the very comprehensive article which occupies the leading place in the issue of THE LITERARY DIGEST for October 27th, is generally concerned with the thought that the absolute embargo now jointly decreed by England and the United States against Germany's neutral neighbors is, in the words of the New York Sun, "the deadliest of all weapons for the destruction of Germany," and one which she fears, according to The Tribune, New York, "even more than the drum-fire of the battlefield." The war is now "blockade against blockade," declared Deputy Lemery, of the French Parliament, a few days ago, and at the recent Allied conference in London, it was stated that the new blockade formula, if strictly applied, "will make it impossible for Germany to continue the struggle."

For a full account of the probable effect of the Allies' embargo action upon Germany do not miss reading "The Digest" this week. Among other topics that will engage your interest in this number, are:

- Germany's New Thrust at Russia
- The Meaning of the German Seizure of the Entrance to the Gulf of Riga
- The Menace of War-time Strikes
- Refuting the Charge That England Is Not Doing Her Share
- Dying Serbia
- How the Insects Know Each Other
- The Hottest Heat
- Drum-Fire—What It Is
- Poets In Their Glory, Dead
- The Future of German Singers
- A New "Comedy Gift"
- German Guilt For Armenian Blood
- Wrong Kind of Camp Preaching
- The Week's News of Finance
- Zoning Germany Out of Half the World
- The Teuton Effort to Split the Allies
- The German People Are Behind Their Ruler
- Austria's Swiss Intrigues
- Are Standardized Airplanes an Error?
- That "Poisoned Court-plaster"
- Pussy-Cat's Pedigree
- Denatured Hail-Storms in France
- How England Is Treated in Our School-Books
- Luther For To-day
- The Current Poetry
- Personal Glimpses of Men and Events

Many Interesting Illustrations, Including Cartoons

"Digest" Readers Don't Have to Guess the Facts--They Know Them

When you discuss politics, or the war, or literature, or art, or science, are you able to do so intelligently and broad-mindedly? Do you think for yourself on all these questions or are you simply an echo of your pet editor, a pale reflection of the opinions advanced in the columns of your favorite newspaper? If you are not already an independent thinker, weighing facts for yourself and drawing impartial deductions from them, it is high time

that you become one. No periodical will help you to this so well as THE LITERARY DIGEST. This greatest of modern news-magazines gives you, in their own words, the views of all the principal publications, at home and abroad, thus setting before you the great issues of the day from every angle of view and in the most readable form. It makes no attempt to influence your judgment. It simply offers you an impartial record. The rest is up to you.

October 27th Number on Sale To-day---All News-dealers---10 Cents

NEWS-DEALERS may obtain copies of "The Literary Digest" from our local agent in their town, or where there is no agent, direct from the Publishers.

"Tis a Mark of Distinction to Be a Reader of The Literary Digest"

The Literary Digest

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY (Publishers of the Famous NEW Standard Dictionary), NEW YORK

Two Spoonfuls of Sugar a Day Saved by Every American Will Keep France Going

France, one of the Allies, is in dire need of sugar.

So limited is her available supply of this indispensable energy-food that the daily allowance for each person barely covers a silver dollar.

War has seriously interfered with the world's sugar production. Until the new cane crop in Cuba and other tropical countries comes into the market, the supply in the United States will be enough for our needs only by rigid economy.

Everyone must do his and her part to save sugar. Use it sparingly and do not waste it. If every American saved but two spoonfuls of sugar a day, this would be enough to give France the sugar her people need.

This Company has no surplus sugar to sell. This advertisement is simply an appeal to the public to use sugar sparingly until a new supply can be obtained.

The purpose here is to give the facts, so that the people of the New England and Atlantic Coast States may understand the exact situation and cooperate effectively with our Government in its present efforts.

Do not pay an increased retail price.

The Franklin Sugar Refining Company

"A Franklin Sugar for every use"

Granulated, Dainty Lumps, Powdered, Confectioners, Brown