



Reading for Women and all the Family



BIG TIMBER

By BERTRAND W. SINCLAIR

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(Continued.)

"There won't be," he smiled. "Frankly, if I need it I'll use it. But that's a matter there's plenty of time to decide. You see, although technically I may be broke, I'm a long way from the end of my tether. I think I'll have my working outfit clear, and the country's full of timber. I've got a standing in the business that neither fire nor anything else can destroy. No, I have not any false pride about the money, dear, but the money part of our future is a detail. With the incentive I've got now to work and plan it won't take me five years to be a bigger toad in the timber business than I ever was. You don't know what a dynamo I am when I get going."

"I don't doubt that," she said proudly. "But the money's yours if you need it."

"I need something else a good deal more right now," he laughed. "That's something to eat. Aren't you hungry, Stella? Wouldn't you like a cup of coffee?"

"I'm famished," she admitted—the literal truth. She had eaten scarcely anything that day. "We'll go down to the camp," Effe suggested. "The cook will have something left. We're camping like pioneers down there. The shacks were all burned, and somebody sank the cook house soon."

"They went down the path to the bay, hand in hand, feeling their way through that fire blackened area, under a black sky."

"The cook's fire was dead, and that worthy was humped on his bed roll smokin' ga pipe. But he had cold meat and bread, and he brewed a pot of coffee on the big fire for them, and Stella ate the plain fare sitting in the circle of tired loggers."

"Poor fellows; they look worn-out," she said when they were again traversing that black road to the bungalow.

"We've slept standing up for three weeks," Effe said simply. "They've done everything they could. And we're not through yet. A north wind might set Charlie's timber afire in a dozen places."

"Oh, for a rain!" she sighed.

"If wishing for rain brought it," he laughed, "we'd have had a second flood. We've got to keep pegging away till it does rain, that's all. We can't do much, but we have to keep doing it. You'll have to go back to the Springs to-morrow, I'm afraid Stella. I'll have to stay on the firing line literally."

"I don't want to," she cried rebelliously. "I want to stay up here with you. I'm not wax. I won't melt."

"She continued that argument into the house until Effe laughingly smothered her speech with kisses."

An oddly familiar sound murmuring in Stella's ear awakened her. At first she thought she must be dreaming. It was still inky dark, but the air that blew in at the open window was sweet and cool, filtered of that choking smoke. She lifted herself warily, looked out, reached a hand through the lifted sash. Wet drops

Bringing Up Father

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By McManus



spattered it. The sound she heard was the drip of eaves, the beat of rain on the charred timber, upon the dried grass of the elawn.

Beside her Effe was a dim bulk, sleeping the dead slumber of utter weariness. She hesitated a minute, then shook him.

"Listen, Jack," she said. "He lifted his head. "Rain!" he whispered. "Good night, Mr. Fire. Hooray!"

"I brought it," Stella murmured sleepily. "I wished it on Roaring lake to-night."

Then she slipped her arm about his neck and drew his face down to her breast with a tender fierceness and closed her eyes with a contented sigh.

THE END.

All's Well That Ends Well

BY JANE McLEAN

She was a success, but the process had somehow spoiled her. As yet she was not entirely aware of this fact, she knew only the satisfying thrill that came with good work, well paid for, and the obsequiousness of less fortunate people who had somehow just missed what had come so easily to her.

She was an artist and lived in the artist's settlement. But she wore beautiful clothes, she gave exclusive little affairs when she entertained, she hobnobbed with great people and she was much sought after. In short she had attained all of the advantages that Success brings and there was really not a great deal to strive for. People bored her. Those who felt that they must be deferential to her, those lesser stars worshipping about the shrine of art, were the only people she knew.

It had been a long time since she had made a friendship for what was in it, and she had forgotten what it was like to be treated as an equal. It tired her to hear people exclaim at her extraordinary success even while she listened for it, and would have been more than surprised if the praise had not been accorded her.

One night, busily at work in the big, shadowy studio, she was startled at a deep voice behind her, who remarked lazily:

"That color's bad."

Instantly she wheeled in her low chair. She stared haughtily at the intruder. He was a tall, slight man, enveloped in an artist's tan coat, which was badly stained.

"Where did you come from?" she queried coldly, ignoring his remark about the color.

"Oh, I live over you," he said, imperturbably. "I've passed you in the hall lots of times, but, of course, you've never seen me."

"Of course not," she returned. "And how do you happen to know enough to be able to criticize my work?"

"In other words, how can a poor, unsuccessful worm like myself dare to pass sentence on the priceless work of the great Lydia Armstrong?" He did not speak bitterly, just naturally as though asking her a question.

"But the color is bad," he persisted.

"Are you an artist?" she asked, manifesting to convey a whole world of insolence in the curt question.

"Not a successful one. Not successful enough to do anything, and get away with it. I shall work."

"That reached home and the girl colored fiercely. "What do you mean?" she burst out.

"I didn't mean to be rude, Miss Armstrong," he said penitently. "Your work is great, you're a wonder, every one thinks so. I was just wondering how it felt not to have to aspire to anything more."

"What makes you think I don't aspire?"

"Something about the way you look. I've seen you lots of places, and you don't seem satisfied."

"Of course I'm satisfied," she returned quickly. "Why shouldn't I be? I've attained everything I set out to attain."

"Yes, but you've lost the struggle. Wasn't it fun when you had to work hard and you saw things coming better every day? Gee, it's the only thing that keeps me going, that excitement of struggle."

"The girl had returned to her work and was absorbedly working in her wonderful tone effects with the soft pastels."

"It's not much fun for you to tramp in the rain any more, is it?" the man went on, "and to eat a meal at a cheap restaurant with a lot of crazy souls eager for life, and to go to bed not knowing what the morrow is to bring forth?" He stopped, arrested by a look in the girl's eyes.

"Are you lonely?" he whispered.

She turned to him slowly, and then her eyes wide on his, she nodded.

"I knew you were!" he said half to himself, "I saw it in your eyes once, and I meant to find out myself. Why don't you get acquainted with yourself?"

"How?" She asked simply, so simply, that it seemed incongruous that she could ask so simple a question.

"Just because you're a success in this kind of work does not mean that you know everything life has to offer. Go out after something else, get interested."

She shrugged her shoulders and turned back to her work. Once more she was, outwardly at least, the great Lydia Armstrong. But she was smiling a little bit, and she was not bored. It might be interesting to know this impudent creature, actually interesting. And it had been a long time since she had been interested in any one but herself.

Woman Burned to Death While Boiling Apple Butter

Newville, Pa., Oct. 29.—While Mrs. Mary E. J. Farmer, wife of Daniel Farmer, of Center, was engaged in boiling apple butter on Friday morning, her clothing caught fire and she was burned so badly as to cause her death a few hours later. Mrs. Farmer was 65 years old and was member of Center Lutheran Church. She is survived by her husband and two children, Mrs. Charles Stum, of Plainfield, and Wilmer Farmer, of near Newville. Mrs. McCallister, of Newville, is a sister. Burial was made in the Newville Cemetery this morning.

Fashions of To-Day - By May Manton



Even the school girls are doing their "bit" just now and such an apron as this one is sure to be in demand for some form of service. You can make it of gingham or of chambray or of lawn or of percale or of any similar washable material. It is an exceedingly simple garment and can be laundered easily, and since the sleeves are cut in one with the main portion, in Oriental fashion, there are only two seams to be sewed up. The apron is slipped on over the head without an opening with the belt holding it at the waist line. You can make the sleeves long or short as you like and the neck square or V-shaped. Blue chambray with white trimming makes a very pretty effect and since blue and white are the colors of the Food Conservation League they carry a certain dignity.

For the 12-year size will be needed, 4 yards of material 27 inches wide, 2 3/4 yards 36, with 1/2 yard 36 inches wide for the trimming.

The pattern No. 9555 is cut in sizes from 8 to 14 years. It will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of 10 cents.

9555 Girl's Bungalow Apron, 8 to 14 years. Price 10 cents.

THE DRYING OF FRUITS AND VEGETABLES
Pearl MacDonald

The present national situation requires the use of every proved and practical method for the preservation and conservation of the country's food supply.

Everywhere there will be the need to dry more fruits and vegetables

than has been done in past years. This method of preserving food materials has been known and used for generations, but it has been less commonly employed since factory-canned products have been so abundant. If the predicted shortage of glass and tin containers occurs this year, it will still be possible to resort to drying.

Moisture is one of the requirements for the life and growth of the organisms that cause foods to spoil.

Therefore, by making food dry through evaporation of its moisture, the development of the organisms may be prevented and the food thus preserved.

Moisture may be evaporated by exposing food materials to the direct rays of the sun, to oven heat, to currents of heated air, or by using a partial vacuum for rapid drying at a low temperature.

Drying by exposure to the sun's rays and by the heat of the oven are the two ways commonly used by the homemaker. In all oven drying, the

CROUP
Spasmodic croup is usually relieved with one application of—
VICK'S VAPORUB
Keep a Little Body-Guard in Your Home

Nailing a Lie—Cold!

WE have read letters from Chalmers Distributors in which they have stated that competitors were saying to present owners of Chalmers cars and to prospective buyers, generally, that the manufacture of Chalmers cars would be discontinued.

There are thirty (30) automobile companies recognized by the general trade that manufacture and sell Touring Cars and Roadsters at retail prices between \$1,100 and \$1,500. We haven't heard that all of these companies, or any one of them, were going to discontinue production or quit business. Why, then, should the Chalmers, with a better car than many others in this class of 30 manufacturers, stop production?

WE MAKE A PROPHECY, and will authorize our Distributors to back it up with \$200,000 of our money; that the Chalmers Company under the Maxwell Management, will stand ahead of 15 of these companies in production in 1918, and the Chalmers Company will stand ahead of 20 of these companies in production in 1919. This doesn't look as though we expected to discontinue making Chalmers cars.

The reason some people are trying to disturb the present Chalmers owners is to scare them about service so as to get a better "trade-in" on their Chalmers.

The reason for circulating such a story generally would be to prevent the prospective purchaser from inspecting a Chalmers car, because if a prospective buyer of an automobile will look at and ride in the present Chalmers models he will be very apt to buy one. It is the best car selling at \$1365 that we know of.

This is one reason why Chalmers cars will continue to be made, not only in 1918, but in 1919, 1920 and other years.

Another reason is that the Maxwell organization has told the general Public that Chalmers cars would be produced in larger quantities than ever before and we have a way of making good with the public on sales and production.

Walter E. Frankus
President,
Chalmers and Maxwell Motor Companies

Keystone Motor Car Company

C. H. BARNER, MANAGER.

57 to 103 S. Cameron St.

Harrisburg, Pa.



Resinol
stops itching instantly

Don't let that itching skin-trouble torment you an hour longer! Just spread a little Resinol Ointment over the sick skin and see if the itching does not disappear as if you simply wiped it away!

And—more important—this soothing, healing ointment rarely fails to clear away promptly every trace of the unsightly, tormenting eruption, unless it is due to some serious internal disorder.

Resinol Ointment usually gives even prompter results if the sore places are first bathed thoroughly with Resinol Soap and hot water.

Resinol Ointment and Resinol Soap contain nothing that could injure or irritate the tenderest skin. They clear away every pimply, redness and roughness, stop dandruff. Sold by all druggists.

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CARTER'S IRON PILLS
Genuine bears signature
will greatly help most pale-faced people

Small Pill Small Dose Small Price

ABSENCE of Iron in the Blood is the reason for many colorless faces but