Reading for Women and all the Family

The Yukon Trail

By William MacLeod Raine

(Continued.)

"Do you mean that he's square—honest?"

"You've said two things, my friend," answered Strong dryly. "He's square. If he tells you anything, don't worry because he ain't put down his John Hancock before a notary. Don't waste any time looking for fat or yellow streaks in Mac. They ain't there. Nobody ever heard him squeal yet and what's more nobody ever will."

"No wonder men like him."

"But when you say honest—No! Not the way you define honesty down in the States. He's a grabber, Mac is."

"What does he look like?"

"Oh, I don't know. Strong hesitated, while he searched for words to show the picture in his mind. "Big as a house—steps out like a buck in the spring—blue-gray eyes that bore right through you."

"How old?"

"Search me. You never think of age when you're looking at him. Forty-five, mebbe—or fifty—I don't know."

"Married?"

"No-o. Hanford Strong nodded in the direction of the Kusiak circle. "They say he's going to marry Mrs. Mallory. She's the one with the red hair."

It struck young Elliot that the miner was dismissing Mrs. Mallory in too cavalier a fashion. She was the sort of woman at whom men look twice, and then continue to look while she appears magnificently unaware of it. Her hair was not red, but of a lustrous bronze, amazingly abundant, and dressed in waves with the careful skill of a coiffeur. Slightest shades of meaning she could convey with a lift of the eyebrow or an intonation of the musical voice. If she was already fencing with the encroaching years there was little evidence of it in her opulent good looks.

* * * *

The whistle of the Hannah blew for the Tatlah Cache landing while Strong and Elliot were talking. The gangplank was thrown out.

A man came to the end of the wharf carrying a suitcase. He was well-set, thick in the chest and broad-shouldered. Looking down from above, Gordon Elliot guessed him to be in the early thirties.

Mrs. Mallory was the first to recognize him, which she did with a drawling little shout of welcome. "Oh, you, Mr. Man. I knew you first. I speak for you," she cried.

The man on the gangplank looked up, smiled and lifted to her his broad gray hat in a wave of greeting.

"How do you do, Mrs. Mallory? Glad to see you."

The miners from Frozen Gulch were grouped together on the lower deck. At sight of the man with the suitcase a sullen mumur rose among them. Those in the rear pushed forward and closed the lane leading to the cabins. One of the miners was flung roughly against the new passenger. With a wide, powerful sweep of his arm the man who had just come aboard hurled the miner back among his companions.

"Gangway!" he said brusquely, and as he strode forward did not even glance in the direction of the angry men pressing toward him.

"Here. Keep back there, you fellows. None of that rough stuff goes," ordered the mate sharply.

The big Cornishman who had been tossed aside crouched for a spring. He launched himself forward with the awkward force of a bear. The suitcase described a whirling arc of of a circle with the arm of his owner as a radius. The bag and the head of the miner came into swift impact. Like a bullock which had been poleaxed, the man went to the floor. He turned over with a groan and lay still.

The new passenger looked across the huge sprawling body at the group of miners facing him. They glared in savage hate. All they needed was a leader to send them driving at him with the force of an avalanche. The man at whom they raged did not give an inch. He leaned forward slightly, his weight resting on the balls of his feet, alert to the finger tips.

Then the mate got busy. He hustled his stevedores forward in front of the miners and shook his fist in their faces as he stormed up and down. If they wanted trouble, by Jove! it was waiting for 'em he swore in apoplectic fury. The Hannah was a river boat and not a dive of wharf rats!

The man with the suitcase did not wait to hear out his tirade. He followed the purser to his stateroom, dropped his baggage beside the berth, and joined the Kusiak group on the upper deck.

They greeted him eagerly, a little effusively, as if they were anxious to prove themselves on good terms with him.

"What was the matter?" asked Selfridge. "How did the trouble start?"

The big man shrugged his shoulders. "It didn't start. Some of the outfit thought they were looking for a row, but they balked on the job when Trelawney got his."

Gordon, as he watched from a little distance, corrected earlier impressions. This man had passed the thirties. He had the thick neck and solid trunk of middle life, but he carried himself so superbly that his whole bearing denied that years could touch his splendid physique.

Strong had stepped to the wharf to talk with an old acquaintance, but when the boat threw out a warning signal he made a hurried good-by and came on board. He rejoined Elliot.

"Well, what d'you think of him? Was I right?"

The young man had already guessed who this imperious stranger was. "I never saw anybody get away with a hard job so easily as he did that one. You could see with half an eye that those fellows meant fight. They were all primed for it—and he bluffed them out."

"Bluffed them—huh! I was where I could see just what happened. Colby Macdonald wasn't even looking at Trelawney, but you bet he saw him start. That suitcase traveled like a streak of light. You'd 'a' thought it weighed about two pounds. That ain't all, either. Mac used his brains. Guess what was in that grip."

(Continued.)

SIMPLE WAY TO TAKE OFF FAT

There can be nothing simpler than taking a convenient little tablet four times each day until your weight is reduced to normal. That's all—just purchase a case of Marmola Prescription Tablets from your druggist (or if you prefer, send 75c to Marmola Co., 864 Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich.) and follow directions. No dieting, no exercise. Eat what you want—be as lazy as you like and keep on getting slimmer. And the best part of Marmola Prescription Tablets is their harmlessness. That is your absolute safeguard.—Advertisement.

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Bringing Up Father

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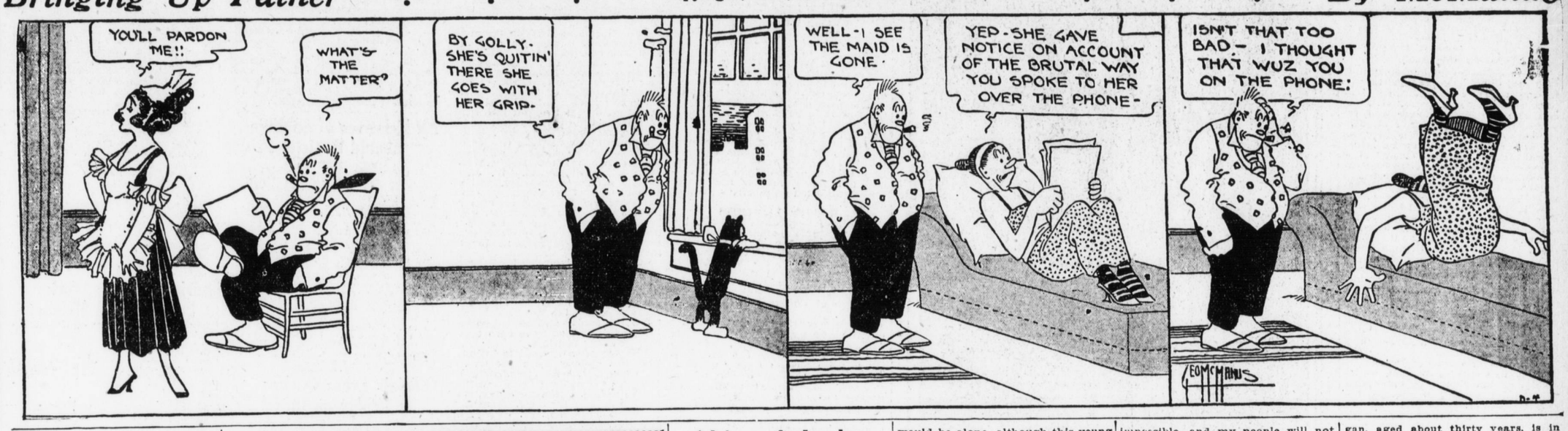
By McManus



"THEIR MARRIED LIFE"

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"Mary," said Helen coming in from outdoors weary and soaking wet. "I'm a sight; help me get out of my things, will you?"

Mary was instantly all attention. "Oh, Mrs. Curtis, your beautiful suit, ma'am, ain't it a shame?"

Helen sighed wearily. "It certainly is, Mary, and who would have imagined this morning that the day would turn out like this?"

"I'll take them right out in the kitchen, ma'am," said Mary comfortingly. "I can press the skirt for you myself, and don't think the coat is any the worse."

"Well, no one will be in today, that's certain, so I'll just slip into my bathrobe and lie down in the living room. I'll haev a whole afternoon to myself, Mary," she finished smiling.

Mary returned her smile sympathetically and hurried out. She returned in a few minutes heavily wrapped up.

"I'll go for Miss Winifred now, ma'am, she didn't have rubbers or anything."

"All right, have you everything for her, Mary, her waterproof cape and everything she'll need?"

"Yes, ma'am, and mad she'll be when she sees me coming after her. She's a big girl these days."

Helen laughed. It was one of the hardest things to get accustomed to, in her life, this astounding fact that Winifred was growing up. This was her first year in public school, and her pride in being allowed to go to and from school alone amounted almost to a passion with the child.

Helen, in her heavy blanket robe, curled up in a corner of the couch. She had dragged a comfortable out from the bedroom and had tucked her slippered feet carefully under it. A table with several magazines and a book that she was reading, stood near at hand, with a box of candy. Helen sighed luxuriously under the silken robes. How comfortable she was, and how delightful to spend an afternoon alone. Surely no one would possibly venture out in such a pitiless rain to interrupt her solitude.

But alas, even at the thought of her isolation from the world, the bell of the apartment rang imperatively. Helen sprang up impatiently, and then sank back again determined not to answer it. But the thought of a possible telegram from her mother, quickly brought her to her feet, and wrapping her bathrobe around her, she hastened out to the door. It was Mrs. Frisby.

"O, Mrs. Curtis," said that little woman, neither knowing nor caring whether she was welcome or not, "isn't this just the afternoon for a cosy call? I've brought my knitting. You see I was quite sure the rain would keep you in."

"Yes," said Helen coldly," I just got in."

"O," said Mrs. Frisby, noticing for the first time, Helen's negligee, "aren't you well?"

"Yes, but I got miserable wet, and I'm afraid I've taken cold."

"What a shame," said Mrs. Frisby instantly perturbed. Whatever else her faults might be, she was unfailingly selfish.

"But aren't you wet?" asked Helen, politely, realizing that she must be decent to the little woman.

"It doesn't matter about me at all, I never take cold, but it's dreadful to have one, and I'm going to see that you don't. May I go and tell your maid something that I want to prepare for you?"

"No, please don't," Helen protested. "You see, Mary's gone down to school for my little girl, and I am alone."

"Then I'll go out and fix it myself," said Mrs. Frisby quickly.

"Please dont, I really don't want anything; I'll just stay in the house and baby myself for the rest of the day, and I'll be all right after a hot bath and a good night's rest."

"Well," called Mrs. Frisby already on her way toward the kitchen, "this remedy is unfailing in helping the good work along. It's an old-fashioned remedy, I always fix it for my husband, and it won't take me a second to fix it for you. Don't you bother to come out here; I have the gift for knowing kitchens."

Helen, who had partly invented the cold, had no desire to be doctored with some strange concoction, and yet she could not be rude to Mrs. Frisby. Not that it was possible to snub Mrs. Frisby in the ordinary manner, for she simply did not recognize the chill that some women feel intuitively if they are not liked. A snub to affect Mrs. Frisby must be altogether obvious, and Helen had never really hurt the little woman in heir brief acquaintance, although she had felt like doing so many times. She wondered vaguely what it was that Mrs. Frisby was preparing, and dutifully drank the siruppy drink that was anxiously proffered some minutes later. It was just a simple cough medicine and Helen hadn't the vestige of a cough, but then Mrs. Frisby thought she was doing exactly the right thing, and Helen thought for the hundredth time or more what an utter child the woman was.

Helen's irritation at having her kitchen messed up by an acquaintance whom in spite of kindness she had always kept at arm's length, was somehow swallowed up for the moment. She was sorry for Mrs. Frisby, even while she wondered why it was she could not like her.

(Watch for the next installment of this always interesting series.)

Advice to the Lovelorn

TWO SISTERS

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am twenty and a stenographer. I met a very nice young man who loves me and in return I like him very dearly. What I want to say is, he is not rich.

My parents say I have no right to go out with anyone before my older sister, but they say, it would be different if this young man were rich. I would like to know whether it is right for me to ask my friend when he buys tickets for a theater, etc., to get another ticket for my sister. Would that be imposing upon him?

A CONSTANT READER.

There is an old tradition which goes back to such authority as the Bible story of Leah and Rachel and which requires that until the older sister is married the younger one shall not wed. But the modern day generation does not insist on anything so difficult. It is certainly not fair to demand that when a younger girl happens to meet the man for whom she cares she shall not marry him until her sister is likewise provided with a husband. From the point of view of commonsense every one sees that a married sister is in a position to give her single sister social good times. It does not shame or disgrace the older girl one bit to have the younger one married before she is. Indeed in this day when woman is coming so splendidly into her own, there is no particular season why the older sister should not be just as useful, worth while and happy an individual as is the younger even though she remain a bachelor maid while her sister marries. It might be nice for you and your friend to take your sister along occasionally, but unless you are engaged you are scarcely in a position to ask him to spend money on her.

A DIFFICULT PROBLEM

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am twenty and dearly love a young man twenty-four, who has asked me to marry him. I do not know whether to accept him for this season: If I marry him we will live with his mother and young brother, who are depending upon him for support. Now, I also have a mother and very young brother depending upon me for support. I would not think of leaving mother alone; in fact, I would rather not marry him than think that mother and brother would be alone, although this young man is the only one I could ever love. Should I place this extra burden on him; say that mother and brother must live with us; or what shall or can I do? Your advice will be very appreciated. M. H.

My dear child, your position is a very difficult one. I don't believe that any one concerned will have half a chance for happiness if you combine all your household under one roof and try living together. I suppose neither of you is earning enough so that you could marry and leave your people enough of an allowance to support them. If that were possible, it would, of course, solve your problem. But three women in your positions can hardly live happily under one roof, and if you were to try it, I think your marriage would probably go on the rocks. Can you not wait, try to save a bit and manage in some way to give your mothers and little brothers separate support. If you cannot, I am afraid you will have either to give each other up or to start one household and make up your mind to live the life of a perpetual peacemaker and diplomat.

OVER-CRITICAL

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am twenty and engaged to a man thirty-two. Now, Miss Fairfax, what I want to know is, this man says he loves me very much, but do you think a man can love a girl very much when he is all the time making a fool of her before his people? He doesn't like the way I talk nor the way I fix my hair, and, of course, he hurts my feelings and we fight a lot. He never says he is sorry, and I always have to make friends with him first.

NORA.

A nagging woman is bad enough, goodness knows—but a nagging man is unendurable. If the girl he loves cannot manage to do anything so as to meet with a man's approval, I wonder how she is going to satisfy his whims when she is his wife. If a man is selfish and tyrannical and continually criticising and correcting he is likely to make her self-conscious and unhappy. Are you sure you have told the story correctly? Perhaps you are neat and tidy, perhaps you don't make any effort to make yourself agreeable or to improve your manners. An ambitious man sometimes does love a girl of whom he is not very proud, and then unless she is clever enough to improve herself—with himself for caring for a girl who seems and with the girl not trying to live up to his best ideals of her. Look to yourself, my dear. Perhaps a little improvement of your manners would be to your advantage.

THE LAME GIRL

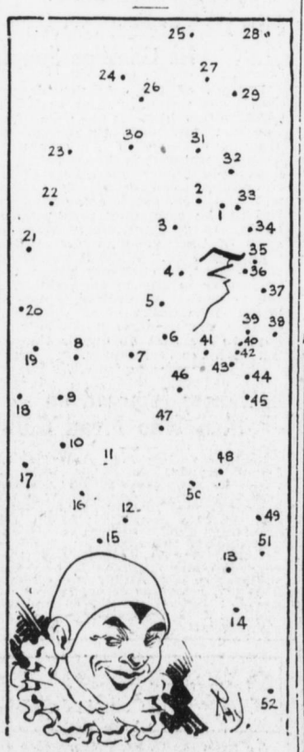
DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am nineteen and have been going about with a young man seven years my senior for the last two years. I love him dearly and know my love is returned, but I don't believe in long engagements and don't know what to do, as he never talks of marriage. His people are against me because I am slightly lame. He believes that in time he will win them over. I have also tried to give him up during the last year, but it is impossible, and my people will not allow me to go with him.

H. P. F.

It is very cruel for people to wish to refuse love and marriage to the lame. Lameness is not a matter of heredity, but of accident, and so when a man wants to marry a girl who is so afflicted his people are unjustifiably cruel in trying to interfere with the marriage. There is almost nothing for you to do except one or the other of these things. Either wait patiently for time to solve your problem or tell your sweetheart frankly that your people refuse to let you go on as you are. If you are engaged, there is no reason why you need hesitate to talk it over with him. If you are not, is it possible for your father to explain his feelings in the matter?

Daily Dot Puzzle



Tracing lines to fifty-two.
Brings an Indian called a Sioux.
Draw from one to two and so on to the end.

Fashions of To-Day - By May Manton

9571 Fancy Bodice, 34 to 40 bust. Price 15 cents.
9574 Skirt in Zouave or Tunic Style, 24 to 30 waist. Price 15 cents.

Here is an evening gown that seems especially adapted to the season. It is very graceful and it is exceedingly attractive and smart, yet it is simple withal. It shows the pretty, short sleeves that make a feature, and it can be made from many different materials. As it is shown here, a soft satin is combined with a fancy net and tulle sleeves to give a smart effect. If you do not like the double tulle for the little tucker or band used under the blouse, you can use a heavy lace or banding. If you do not like the zouave or Turkish effect, you can turn the skirt up to form a hem and push it back a little at the front to form a tunic over a plain two-piece under-skirt.

For the medium size the bodice will require, 1⅛ yards of material 36 inches wide, with ½ yard 44 for the tucker and sleeves, to make as illustrated. For the skirt will be needed, 4¼ yards 36, or 44 with 2½ yards of either width for the under-skirt and 1 yard 7 inches wide for the panel.

The pattern of the bodice No. 9571 is cut in sizes from 34 to 40 inches bust measure and the skirt No. 9574 in sizes from 24 to 30 inches waist measure. They will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of fifteen cents for each.

Declares U. S. Must Put Millions in the Field

New York, Dec. 3.—Henry Morgenthau, former ambassador to Turkey, addressing the Free Synagogue here yesterday, said that between 3,000,000 and 5,000,000 American soldiers would be needed on the war fronts of Europe to bring victory to the allies.

In view of the stupendous task facing the administration, he asked that all petty criticisme of the government,s acts cease.

TO MANAGE TRACK TEAM

Carroll K. Denney, of Harrisburg, who has been elected manager of the Pennsylvania State College track team, is arranging his schedule of winter and spring meets for Penn State's cinder path athletes. The first of his contests will be a handicap cross-country run, open to all students of the college, to be held December 8. The course will be five miles. Silver trophies and medals will be awarded the point winners.

INJURED IN AUTO ACCIDENT

Lewistown, Pa., Dec. 4.—Lewis Logan, aged about thirty years, is in the Lewistown Hospital and his automobile is badly wrecked due to skidding on the road near Painterville. The car was overturned, pinning Logan beneath, and he was badly cut about the face from broken blass from the windshield and has concussion of the brain. A brother-in-law, with Mr. Logan, was slightly injured.

The Easiest Way To End Dandruff

There is one sure way that never fails to remove dandruff completely and that is to dissolve it. This destroys it entirely. To do this, just get about four ounces, of plain, ordinary liquid arvon; apply it at night when retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have.

You will find, too, that all itching and digging of the scalp will stop instantly, and your hair will be fluffy, lustrous, glossy, silky and soft, and look and feel a hundred times better.

You can get liquid arvon at any drugstore. It is inexpensive, and four ounces is all you will need. This simple remedy has never been known to fail.

Phosphate Will Strengthen Your Weak Nerves

DRUGGISTS SUPPLY IN TABLET FORM AND PURCHASERS RECEIVE BINDING GUARANTEE. SATISFACTION OR MONEY BACK

Weak nerves rob men and women of all the joy of life and quickly reduce the strong and robust to a condition which is pitiable in the extreme. This condition is brought about slowly and stealthily in the majority of cases, and the poor sufferer fails to realize what is wrong until faulty memory, indecision, lack of desire for work or recreation, insomnia or some other unmistakable symptom indicates weak nerves. It is then that many people make the big mistake of resorting to the use of so-called nerve tonics, alcoholic stimulants or drugs. Nothing could be more harmful or more dangerous. The nerves are weak and exhausted; they need food and nourishment—not drugs that will lash them into temporary activity. Feed your nerves and they will become strong again and your health will improve in consequence. That is the advice of the present day physicians and specialists, and the nerve food they recommend is just one 5-gr. tablet of pure bitrophosphate taken during or immediately after every meal. Simple advice, but its excellence has been proved over and over again, and, as a package containing sufficient bitro-phosphate tablets for two weeks' treatment can be obtained from any druggist at reasonable cost, the remedy is within the reach of every sufferer from weak nerves. Moreover, the whole risk of the trial is assumed by the manufacturers, for every package of bitro-phosphate tablets is accompanied by a binding guarantee of satisfaction or money back. It is sold in this city by C. M. Forney, Geo. A. Gorgas, H. C. Kennedy and all good druggists.

Stomach Misery

Get Rid of That Sourness, Gas and Indigestion.

When your stomach is out of order or run down, your food doesn't digest. It ferments in your stomach and forms gas which causes sourness, heartburn, foul breath, pain at pit of stomach and many other miserable symptoms.

Mi-o-na stomach tablets will give joyful relief in five minutes; if taken regularly for two weeks they will turn your flabby, sour, tired out stomach into a sweet, energetic, perfect working one.

You can't be very strong and vigorous if your food only half digests. Your appetite will go and nausea, dizziness, biliousness, nervousness, sick headache and constipation will follow.

Mi-o-na stomach tablets are small and easy to swallow and are guaranteed to banish indigestion and any or all of the above symptoms or money back. For sale by H. C. Kennedy and all leading druggists.—Advertisement.

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Raccoon
Hudson Seal
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Jap-Cross, Taupe,
Chocolate, Red,
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