

Reading for Women and all the Family

Bringing Up Father

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By McManus

The Yukon Trail

By William MacLeod Raine

(Continued)

"You are too wise," she laughed with a touch of embarrassment very becoming. "But I suppose you are right. I like excitement."

"We all do. The only man who doesn't gamble is the convict in stripes, and the only reason he doesn't is that his chips are all gone. It's true that men on the frontier play for bigger stakes. They back their bets with all they have got and put their lives on top for good measure. But kids in the cradle all over the United States are going to live easier because of the gamblers at the dropping-off place."

She moved with slow grace toward the door, then over her shoulder flashed a sudden invitation at him. "Mrs. Selfridge and I are doing a little betting to-day, Big Chief Gambler. We're backing our luck that you two men will eat lunch with us at the Blue Bird inn. Do we win?"

CHAPTER VII

The End of the Passage

Wally Selfridge was a reliable business subordinate, even though he had slipped up in the matter of the appointment of Elliott. But when it came to facing the physical hardships of the North he was a malingering. The Kamatlah trip had to be taken because his chief had ordered it, but the little man shirked

the journey in his heart just as he knew his soft muscles would shrink from the aches of the trail. We need this country opened up—the farms settled, the mines worked, the coal fields developed, railroads built.

"The Kuslak chamber of commerce ought to send you out as a lecturer to change public opinion, Diane. You are one enthusiastic little booster for freedom of opportunity," laughed the young man.

"Oh, well!" Diane joined in his laughter. It was one of her good points that she could laugh at herself. "I dare say I do sound like a real estate pamphlet, but it's all true anyhow."

Gordon left Kuslak as reluctantly as Wally Selfridge had done, though his reasons for not wanting to go were quite different. They centered about a dusky-eyed young woman whom he had seen for the first time a fortnight before. He would have denied even to himself that he was in love, but whenever he was alone his thoughts reverted to Sheba O'Neill.

At the big bend Gordon left the river boat for his cross-country trek. Near the roadhouse was an Indian village where he had expected to get a guide for the journey to Kamatlah. But the fishing season had begun, and the men had all gone down river to take part in it.

The old Frenchman who kept the trading-post and roadhouse advised Gordon not to attempt the tramp alone.

"The trail it sees what you call dangerous. Peefy-Mile Swamp sees a monster that swallows men alive, monsieur. You wait one week—two week—three week, and some one will turn up to take you through," he urged.

"But I can't wait. And I have an official map of the trail. Why can't I follow it without a guide?" Elliott wanted to know impatiently.

The post-trader shrugged. "Maybe so, monsieur—maybe not. Peefy-Mile—it ees one devil of a trail. No chiechakoes are safe in there without a guide. I, Baptiste, know."

"Selfridge and his party went through a week ago. I can follow the tracks they left."

"But if it rains, monsieur, the tracks will vaneesh, ne'est ce pas? Lose the way, and the little singing folk will swear in clouds about monsieur while he stumbles through the swamp."

Elliott hesitated for the better part of a day, then came to an impulsive decision. He had a reliable map, and anyhow he had only to follow the tracks left by the Selfridge party. He turned his back upon the big river and plunged into the wilderness.

There came a night when he looked up into the stars of the deep, still sky and knew that he was hundreds of miles from any other human being. Never in all his life had he been so much alone. He was not afraid, but there was something awesome in a world so empty to his kind.

(To be Continued)

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FOR GOODNESS SAKE—WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU—

IT'S TOO BAD!

DID YOU HEAR THE NEWS ABOUT CLANCY MEAD?

I HEARD HE WAS SICK—BUT IN NO DANGER!

WELL—THE DOCTORS HAVE GIVEN HIM UP!

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH HIM?

HE WON'T PAY THEM—

All's Well That Ends Well

By JANE McLEAN

"When a girl marries," quoth Mrs. Berwick sagely, "she shows herself in her true light toward her friends."

"Are you thinking of Jo and Martie?" asked Mrs. Walther.

Mrs. Berwick nodded. She was Martie's mother, but she wasn't blind to Martie's faults, because she was the wisest of women, and no one knew Martie better than she did.

"Well, you take it from me that Jo and Martie will continue to be honest and true to their friends, just as they have been through girlhood. The very fact that they are marrying at

the same time is the most wonderful thing for their friendship." Mrs. Walther, who was Jo's mother, and who adored her child with all her heart, was quick to notice the reluctant expression on her friend's countenance.

Like the girls, these two women had been close friends for a very long time. They talked over their household problems with each other, confided their hopes and expectations, and were the first to enthuse together when Jo and Martie became engaged at the same time.

"Don't you think so, Kitty?" Mrs. Walther asked anxiously. She knew that Mrs. Berwick was too fair to say a thing of this kind without some reason for it.

"I don't know, Jane. I overheard the girls talking over their plans yesterday, and I suppose I shouldn't have listened, but I love Jo as if she were Martie's sister, and a certain remark that she made to Martie, and Martie's response set me to thinking so long."

"What was it about?"

"About their lives, their married lives. Just as you said, I had thought that Jo and Martie would go through life together as you and I have been. But Jo is not a snob and Martie is, and for the first time I heard them quarrel. It all came about future plans. Jo ran in to see Martie, all enthusiasm as she always is, and she exclaimed over the apartment that she and Bobby had been looking at."

"Of course it isn't much, Martie, darling," she said, "but at least it will be all ours. Just think of the fun we four will have when we get together in it."

"Martie had been disappointed in something during the morning and was not in a particularly good humor and she exclaimed disagreeably. I suppose that's a sign on Jim and me."

"Why, Martie? Jo exclaimed a hurt little tone in her voice, "what on earth is so mean?"

"Why, you know very well that Jim and I are planning to stay with her for the first six months until Jim can get settled and on his feet. Then we want to move on the Terrace."

"But they're terribly expensive," Jo remarked.

"I know it, but if we want we can manage to do it."

"Oh, I see! Well, I didn't mean anything when I said about my duck of a place, Martie, because I didn't know a thing about you and Jim staying here to just this minute."

"Of course not," Martie responded with something of her old sweet temperance. "But you know, Jo, that marriage is bound to make some kind of a difference."

"I hadn't thought so, said Jo. And when the subject was dropped."

"Why, Kitty," said Mrs. Walther,

Daily Dot Puzzle

Where is robin redbreast? Draw from 1 to 2 and so on to the end.

Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX
A Sense of Values

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am twenty-one and on the stage from sheer love of that profession. This spring I met a man, non-theatrical, four years older than I. The

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Fashions of To-Day - By May Manton

Every variation of the little bolero jacket is fashionable this season and this one allows of so many variations that it will supply a number of costumes. Here, it is made of serge to match the skirt and it is worn over a sleeveless blouse of crpe de chine. If you want something more dressy or more fancy, you could shape the back and round the fronts at the lower edges and you could make it without sleeves and wear it over a blouse of Georgette or of chiffon to which sleeves are attached. If you want more of a jacket effect you could make it with the sleeves sewed to the arm-holes and use those shown in the small back view in place of the full ones gathered into cuffs. The skirt is in four gores with the back gathered.

For the medium size the jacket with sleeves will require, 1 3/4 yards of material 44 inches wide, the jacket without sleeves, 3/4 yard; for the blouse without sleeves will be needed, 1 1/2 yards 44 and with sleeves 1 3/4 yards. For the skirt will be needed, 2 1/2 yards of material 44 inches wide.

The pattern of the blouse and jacket No. 9590 is cut in sizes from 34 to 40 inches bust measure and of the skirt No. 9584 in sizes from 24 to 34 inches waist measure. They will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of fifteen cents for each.

9590 Bolero Blouse, 34 to 40 bust. Price 15 cents.
9584 Four Gored Skirt, 24 to 34 waist. Price 15 cents.

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