



Reading for Women and all the Family



The Yukon Trail

By William MacLeod Raine

(Continued)

"It ain't likely any grizzlies will come pokin' their noses into camp. But you never can tell. Any last words you want sent to relatives?" asked Gideon Holt.

The last words they heard from Big Bill as they moved down the draw were sulphuric.

It was three o'clock in the morning by the watch when they started. About nine they threw on for breakfast. By this time they were just across the divide and were ready to take the down trail.

"I think we'll let Dud go now," Elliot told his partner in the adventure.

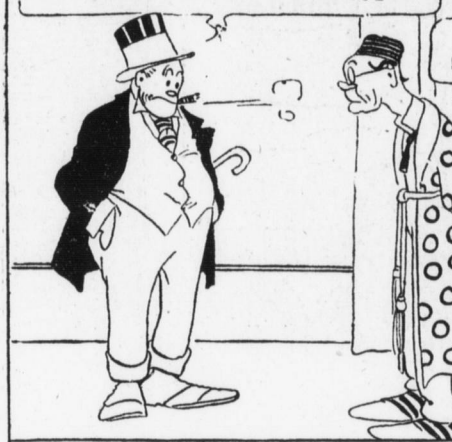
"Better hold him till afternoon. Then they can't possibly reach us till we get to Kamatah."

"What does it matter if they do? We have both rifles and have left them only one revolver. Besides, I don't like to leave two bound men alone in so wild a district for any great time. No, we'll start Dud on the back trail. That grizzly you promised Big Bill might really turn up."

The two men struck the headwaters of Wild Goose creek about noon and followed the stream down. They traveled steadily without haste. So long as they kept a good lookout there was nothing to be feared from the men they had left behind. They had both a long start and the advantage of weapons.

Bringing Up Father

I UNDERSTAND YOU ADVERTISED FOR A MAN TO HAUL COAL AND ATTEND TO THE FURNACE -



AND THE HOURS ARE FROM 6 A.M. TO 9 P.M.



YES - ARE YOU THE APPLICANT?



OH! NO - MY NERVES ARE ALL RUN DOWN!



WELL - WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?



I JUST WANTED TO INQUIRE WHAT NERVE TONIC YOU USE!



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By McManus

All's Well That Ends Well

By Jane McLean

Mrs. Arlington Roche was being entertained. Never in her life has she dipped into anything of the kind before. Certainly she had known of the amusement to be derived from social settlement work, she would have given her time to it long before this. The holiday season had brought it a great shortage of workers, and hence the reason for Mrs. Arlington Roche's hand in it. Her hand was in it plentifully enough, too, but the heart that was lacking was perhaps not entirely her fault. It isn't the easiest thing in the world to do set-temper work and understand what one is doing.

Lizzie O'Rourke, small Jimmy on her sharp little knees, was regarding Mrs. Roche with big round eyes. Mrs. Roche was talking to the roomful, and tired Mrs. O'Rourke was wishing that the lady would go so that she could all explore the basket and see what was in it. But that was not Mrs. Roche's idea at all. That estimable lady wanted to get every thrill possible out of the experience and she intended to dole out everything that the basket contained with a few appropriate remarks to each gift. Mrs. Roche was president of the woman's club and knew how to do things of this kind gracefully.

"I have brought you some useful things, Mrs. O'Rourke," she was saying, turning to that tired little woman who grinned eagerly. "Thank you, ma'am, if the children get a few things they need, I'll be thankful indeed to you."

"Bring the basket over here, James," said Mrs. Roche to the chauffeur, who disdainfully did as he was bid. "Now you may wait in the ear until I come down," and Mrs. Roche bent over the basket and began taking out the things one at a time.

Now small children are not over grateful for things to wear, and Mamie, aged twelve, was no exception to the general rule. In her childish mind had come memories of other holiday seasons when O'Rourke paterfamilias had been out on his "regular," and ladies had come with baskets of things to eat and a few sensible things to wear. Mamie was pretty, too, and she worked for two-forty a week making nosegays. The money went for milk for the baby and a few pieces of coal. Mamie had never known what it was to buy anything for herself. It did hope that the basket held a white collar. Any kind of a collar, she reasoned to herself. If it contained a collar, she could be entirely and perfectly happy.

Small Lizzie with little Jim on her lap was not hopeful. Three years younger than Mamie, she was not so good looking and therefore possessed no illusions. Nine-year-old Lizzie was hardened to her mother's suffering and her own self-denial that had begun in the cradle. Disappointments did not hurt her as they did Mamie, whom she adored.

Six-year-old Jerry hid behind his mother's skirts and listened to everything that was being said, and

Mrs. Roche talked smoothly and with a sense of righteousness that was positively exhilarating.

"You might put the canned edibles away, Mrs. O'Rourke," she was saying. "Now this muffler will be splendid for Jerry. Come here, my dear, and see the nice muffler. I brought a dark one, so that it would not show the dirt so quickly. And here's a pair of mittens for the little girl—a nice pair of black mittens for those little red hands."

And as Lizzie smiled perfunctorily, Mrs. Roche felt particularly benignant.

"Here's a nice blanket," she went on. "Oh, thank you, ma'am," Mrs. Roche said right here. "The baby did need one."

"And here's some dark calico to make up a few dresses for yourself," said Mrs. Roche, smoothly. "Mrs. O'Rourke smiled again. She did not know when she could get time away from her scrubbing to make them up; but maybe Mrs. Roche's idea could be made into some dresses for the children later on. Mrs. O'Rourke did not know why she had hoped as a child to have a dressmaker, but she could hardly remember when the idea had first popped into her head.

"I think that's all," Mrs. Roche was saying, "and I hope that you will enjoy everything." She beamed joyfully on the little crowd as she spoke. "Oh!" she exclaimed, spying Mamie for the first time, "I haven't brought you anything, have I, my dear? I didn't know there were four children."

Mamie came forward suddenly and stood in the flaring gaslight. Her black hair was combed away from her forehead; her eyes were blue and very Irish. Mamie was beautiful even at twelve. Mrs. Roche loved beautiful things.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, spying Mamie for the first time, "I haven't brought you anything, have I, my dear? I didn't know there were four children."

Mamie's eyes almost started out of her head, and her creamy cheeks flushed poppy red as she thanked the lady for the gift.

"Oh, ma' oh, ma!" she almost sobbed, flinging herself into her mother's arms, when Mrs. Arlington Roche finally took her departure. "Ain't it wonderful? We'll have a real Christmas—a real one—this year, with that two-dollar sweater for you, and a train of cars, Jerry boy, and a pink elephant for baby, and a doll for Lizzie!"

"And a white collar for you," interposed Lizzie, gravely. And then Mamie hugged her family, and they all cried a little, even Lizzie, who had a nine-year-old contempt for tears.

Fashions of To-Day - By May Manton



9614 Girl's Bath Robe, 8 to 14 years. Price 15 cents.

No smarter, more attractive bath robe than this one could be offered for the growing girls. It has a very novel collar and the fronts can be rolled open as shown on the figure or buttoned up more closely as shown in the small view. You can make it of bath robe flannel or you can make it of terry cloth and you can use the pockets or not as you like. As it is shown on the figure, it is made from a cotton bath robe flannel showing a mixed design and is trimmed with broadcloth in plain color. That combination is a pretty one and a serviceable one. Corduroy lined throughout with thin Japanese silk is greatly in vogue and would be charming made in this way.

For the 12-year size will be needed, 5 3/8 yards of material 27 inches wide, 4 1/4 yards 36, with 1 yard 44 for the trimming. The pattern No. 9614 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 fifteen cents.

WHAT HABITS ARE YOU COLLECTING?

Minds Likened to Phonograph Discs on Which Needle Leaves Tracks

"How use does breed a habit in a man?" Shakespeare said it quite a while ago, and like most of his quotable remarks, it is true to-day—universal.

When you stop to think that our minds are actually like the phonograph discs on which their recording needles leave tracks, you have also to recognize the importance of being careful to pick out the tunes. Of course, if you have Annie Laurie recorded on your wax disc and you decide that you prefer "The Marseillaise" probably you can scrape off the first tune track, put on some more prepared material and start over.

As far as that is concerned, you can erase a single impression pretty thoroughly from your conscious mind, but buried in the subconscious remains a trace of the track you permitted to be recorded there. Unless we actually pick ourselves up out of a rut most of us go logging along through life in a groove. The minute you recognize the truth of that, you see how important it is to choose carefully your groove or set of grooves.

If you are going to collect habits, they had better be good ones. For, after you get these friendly little habits, they generally turn out to be regular "old men of the sea"—hard to shake, are bad habits, because they "get" you pretty soon after you get them.

I wonder how many hopeless, sodden drunkards, whose groove is a ditch, started by taking a drink every night at dinner and then drifted along to two or three and pretty soon added a drink or so at lunch. That habit of taking one glass of wine with dinner seemed simple and harmless until it grew and made of the habitual drinker an habitual drunkard.

One of the dangerous habits into which the feminine person drifts very easily nowadays is that of using great quantities of make-up. Now there is nothing intrinsically immoral about putting flesh-colored powder on your nose. It went there first, I suppose, with a praiseworthy vision of toning down an ugly and unbecoming state of shinness. And if flesh-colored powder is not immoral, neither is rose color nor crimson.

But the human mind has a habit of associating rouge and immorality. Since Bible times "the painted woman" was a descriptive term applied to paint the woman of no morals!

Well, then, the woman who paints meets a mental habit—that of cataloging her in an unpleasant division. That, in itself, is bad enough and she might escape by making up so delicately and daintily as to escape detection.

But after you have the habit of putting on a little rosy glow, you get the habit of trying to beautify yourself, you lose your sense of proportion, you have the habit of finding beauty in high coloring. And the woman who started out in January to indicate with a praiseworthy sort of fading cheeks is likely to be discovered about October the next with glowing red lips, glaring white nose and gleaming black eyelashes, all cheapening and lowering the tone of a face she has drifted into the habit of coloring and trying to beautify.

On with our endless chain! The habit of using makeup gets woman into the habit of counting on her beauty to win her friends, to give her the reputation for charm. Now it gets her out of the habit of cultivating her mentality and her fine character. See what a dangerous chain of circumstances we have set in motion by purchasing that box of "Maiden's Blush" and getting into the habit of applying it.

It's a serious business, even if we

Private Writes Verse on War Against Hun

War-inspired poetry has been coming from the training camps and trenches in great quantities during the past few months. Private Alvin Newkirk, Company A, Fifth United States Infantry, sends this bit of verse from his station, Camp Empire, Canal Zone:

Wake up, you patriotic souls,
Young men of Uncle Sam;
And help to make your country's goals
And make yourself a man.

Why idle all your time away
When there is work to do;
Your country needs your idle hours,
What goods are they to you?

You do your "little bit" each day,
At various different work;
At night you turn your work to play
And military duties shirk.

You want to wish your country well,
If you are true at heart;
Take up your idle time and say,
I'll take my country's part.

And don't you be a slacker
For there's a reason why:
A slacker may be encouraged
By many a German spy.

Boys and Girls

Do Not Worry About Pimples Because Cuticura Will Quickly Remove Them

On rising and retiring gently smear the face with Cuticura Ointment on end of the finger. Wash off the Ointment in five minutes with Cuticura Soap and hot water. Continue bathing for some minutes using the Soap freely. The easy, speedy way to clear the skin and keep it clear. Cuticura Soap and Ointment are not only wonderful healers but are also wonderful preventives of skin and scalp troubles if used exclusively. The Soap, for daily use in the toilet, cleanses and purifies, the Ointment soothes and heals any little irritations, roughness, pimples, etc.

For sample each free by mail address post-card: "Cuticura, Dept. 296, Boston." Sold everywhere. 23¢ Soap, Ointment 25 and 50c.

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Chas. H. Mauk N. W. 4.
PRIVATE AMBULANCE PHONES

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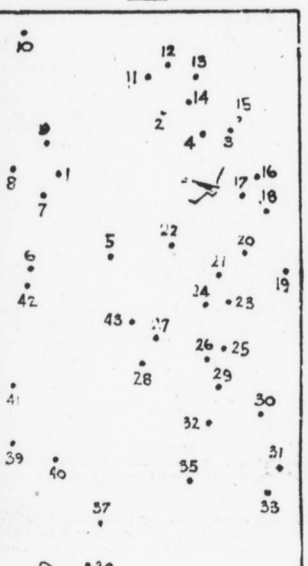
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Daily Dot Puzzle



Trace the lines to twenty-one and the sketch will be half done. Draw from one to two and so on to the end.

Facts About the Sugar Situation

Our Government has asked you to use sugar sparingly. We believe that the people of this country will be glad to do their part to conserve the sugar supply when they know the facts.

These facts are as follows:
More than two-thirds of the source of Europe's sugar supply is within the present battle lines. This has resulted in greatly reducing the production of sugar in Europe.

England and France and other countries have been forced to go for sugar to Cuba.
Ordinarily, nearly all of the Cuban raw sugar comes to the United States and is refined here, chiefly for home use. This is not the case now.

In view of the exceptional world demand for sugar there is no surplus, and barely enough to tide us over until the new crop comes in. The people of the New England and Atlantic Coast States should use sugar sparingly. No one should hoard or waste it.

This Company has no surplus sugar to sell. It is working with the Government to conserve the supply, and to take care of the Allies so far as possible.

Do not pay an increased retail price.
The Franklin Sugar Refining Company
"A Franklin Sugar for every use"
Granulated, Dainty Lumps, Powdered, Confectioners, Brown