

Reading for Women and all the Family

Bringing Up Father

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By McManus

The Yukon Trail

By William MacLeod Raine

(Continued)

"I see it now you've pointed it out. I was trying to think who it reminded me of. Of course it was Macdonald."

"Mac met up with Meteste when he first scouted this country for coal five years ago. So far's I know he was square enough with the girl. She never claimed he made any promises or anything like that. He sends a check down once a quarter to the trader here for her and the kid."

But young Elliot was not thinking about Meteste. His mind's eye saw another picture—the girl at Kusisk, listening spellbound to the tales of a man whose actions translated romance into life for her. A girl swept from the quiet backwaters of an Irish village to this land of the midnight sun with its amazing contrasts.

And all the way up on the boat she continued to fill his mind. The slowest of the steamer fretted him. Sometimes the loneliness in his heart flamed up like a prairie fire when it comes to a brush heap. The outrage of it set him blazing with indignation. It was no less than a conspiracy. What could an innocent young girl like Sheba know of such a man as Colby Macdonald? Her imagination conceived, no doubt, an idealized vision of him. But the real man was clear outside her ken.

Gordon set his jaw grimly. He would have it out with Diane. He would let her see she was not going to have it all her own way. For heaven, he would put a spoke in her wheels.

He was on fire to come to his journey's end. No sooner had he reached his hotel than he called up Mrs. Paget. Quite clearly she understood that he wanted an invitation to dinner. Yet she hesitated.

"My phone can't be working well," Gordon told her gaily. "You must have asked me to dinner, but I didn't just hear it. Never mind. I'll be there. Seven o'clock did you say?"

Diane laughed. "You're just as much a boy as you were ten years ago, Gord. All right. Come along. But you're to leave at ten."

"No, I can't hear that. My phone has gone bad again. And if I had heard, I shouldn't think of doing anything so ridiculous as leaving at ten. It would be an insult to our hospitality. I know when I'm invited."

"Then I'll have to withdraw my invitation. Perhaps some other day."

"I'll leave at ten," promised Elliott meekly.

He could almost hear the smile in her voice as she answered. "Very well. Seven sharp. I'll explain about the curfew limit some time." Macdonald was with Miss O'Neill in the living room when Gordon arrived at the Paget home.

Sheba came forward to greet the young man. "The welcome in her eyes was very genuine."

"You and Mr. Macdonald know each other, of course," she said for her handsake.

The Scotsman nodded his head. "Yes, I know Mr. Elliot—now, I'm not sure that he knows me—"

"I'm beginning to know you very well, Mr. Macdonald," answered Gordon quietly.



son Holt. Is he as cracked as he used to be?" asked Macdonald. "Was he cracked when you used to know him on Frenchman creek?" countered the young man. Macdonald shot a quick, slant look at him. The old man had been talking to her. "He was cracked and broke, too," laughed the mine owner hardily. "Cracked when he came, broke when he left."

"Yes, that was one of the stories he told me," Gordon turned to Sheba. "You should meet the old man, Miss O'Neill. He knew your father at Wawson and on Bonanza."

The girl was all eagerness. "I'd like to. Does he ever come to Kusisk?"

"Nonsense!" cut in Diane sharply. She flashed Gordon a look of annoyance. "He's nothing but a draft old idiot, my dear."

The dinner had started wrong and though Paget steered the conversation to water ground, it did not go very well.

Gordon was ashamed of himself. He could not quite have told what were the impulses that had moved him to carry the war into the camp of the enemy. Perhaps, more than anything else, it had been a certain look of quiet assurance in the eyes of his rival when he looked at Sheba.

He rose promptly at ten. "Must you go so soon?" Diane asked. She was smiling at him with bland mockery.

"I really must," answered Elliott. His hostess followed him into the hall. She watched him get into his coat before saying what was on her mind.

"What did you mean by telling Sheba that old Holt knew her father? What is he to tell her if they meet—that her father died of pneumonia brought on by drink? Is that what you want?"

"I suppose I wanted Holt to tell her that Macdonald robbed her father and indirectly was the cause of his death."

"Absurd!" exploded Diane. "You're so simple that you accept as truth the gossip of every crack-brained idiot—when it suits your purpose."

He smiled, boyishly, engagingly, as he held out his hand. "Don't let's quarrel, Di. I admit I forgot myself."

"All right. We won't. But don't believe all the catty talk you hear, Gordon."

All's Well That Ends Well

The Girl Who Thought She Had to Buy a Christmas Present and Why She Didn't

By JANE McLEAN
"I want to hear him terribly, Alice, but there is no possible way that I can afford it."

"Deny yourself some little luxury," suggested the other girl; "it won't take any time to save it up."

"But I'm saving every little bit now for Christmas, and there isn't a cent I can spare above my expenses."

"That's it, this useless Christmas giving. Give all your gifts gifts that you want to make, or gifts that you must make."

Sensitive Christine flushed a little. "Well, to tell the truth," she admitted, after a minute, "the gifts I want to make are all finished and ready to send off. They haven't cost me anything to speak of. But there are two or three others that I simply must make because it has been customary."

"Humph," sniffed practical Alice. "You mean you could afford to do it once, and these people still make you expensive gifts; and, therefore, at the price of a little pride you sacrifice yourself and your little money unnecessarily."

Christine was silent, but her silence admitted the truth of the matter. It was true, and once or twice Christine had determined to write a little note explaining things and asking Miss Lordly and her sister not to send a gift this year. She had actually written the note, when the appalling thought came to her that, no doubt, Miss Lordly would send a handsome gift after all, and Christine's pride, which extended back further than her present hall room in Mrs. Bedford's select boarding house, when she thought of the thing had been plentiful, could not imagine anything so awful as this.

And so this year a gift for Miss Lordly, an old friend of Christine's mother, had to be reckoned with and duly planned for, the planning meaning going without any lunch for a long time before Christmas day. Christine did not admit this to Alice, however, as she was a little bit afraid of what Alice might do.

"Chris," said Alice suddenly, "tell me the truth. Could you spare seventy-five cents for a seat to hear war relief measures. I know that you will agree with us in our decision and will therefore, not send us the gift that you usually select with such good taste. I am enclosing two seats for York's concert, which I hope will reach you in time. Sarah and I am going to remain at home with her. I know you will enjoy the concert and will, no doubt, find some one who can go with you. With kindest wishes, my dear child. Ever your friend, Elvira Lordly."

Alice was scanning Christine's brightening face with sharp, kindly eyes from across the table, and as Christine passed the tickets across in silence, Alice with one look at them, said proudly:

"What do you think about my success as a fortune teller, Chris, there's money in it, you know."

Mrs. Bedford looked at Alice wonderingly. "What does she mean, Miss Barth?" she questioned. "It must be the holiday spirit, Mrs. Bedford," Chris returned brightly. "I guess it affects every one exactly the same."

And then they all laughed as though they knew perfectly well what it was all about.

Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX
Dear Miss Fairfax:

I am twenty-two years of age and volunteered my services in the United States Navy at our President's first call. I desire to settle down when my term is up in the Navy, as I will then be twenty-six years of age. My largest worry since I have been in the service is the "girl at home." I happened to be at home about two months ago and one week after my return to the ship I received a letter from her saying she was going to the country for her health. I am in doubt as to her sincerity in the matter, as she looked to be in the best of health when I last saw her. Furthermore, she said she would send me her address when she got settled. That was two months ago, and I have not received the new address yet. I would like your advice very much as to whether I should try and get acquainted with some nice girls in New York. Although I still care for the girl at home, I am getting rather lonesome, as it has been over a month since I have heard from her. K. P. F.

ENTERTAINED AT DINNER

Shirerstown, Pa., Dec. 28.—Mr. and Mrs. James O. Senseman entertained at a turkey dinner at their home in East Main street. Covers were laid for the following guests: Mr. and Mrs. Michael Senseman and son, Tolbert Senseman, of Mechanicsburg; Miss Ruth Huntzberger, Miss Ruth Comp, of Harrisburg, and Miss Alice Seabold, of Camp Hill.

He Needs a Doctor

Dear Miss Fairfax:
I have a son nine years old that has the habit of stealing money from my house—small or big amounts, whatever he can get hold of. This has happened several times and from a long time ago. I tried to stop him with all kinds of hard punishments, but still he never overcame his habit. Now, Miss Fairfax, I don't know what to do. Please advise me the best way to put him on the right road. Is it fair to put him in a reform school? MRS. B. B.

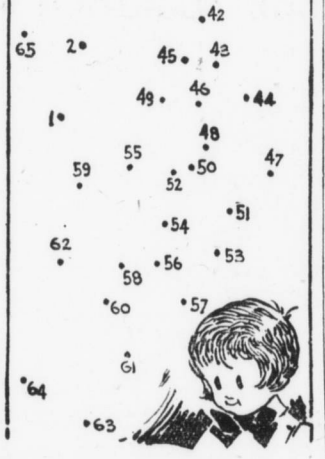
Officers Elected by Ladies' Nest of Owls

At a recent meeting of the Ladies' Nest of Owls, these officers were elected: Mrs. Webster, past president; Mrs. Irene Stewart, president; Mrs. Miller, vice-president; Mrs. Reber, invocator; Mrs. Pife, warden; Mrs. Gilbert, sentinel; Mrs. Lyter, picket; Mrs. Porter, secretary; Mrs. Lydia Miller, Mrs. Wheling, Mrs. Newcomer, trustees.

John Brown's Jail to Be Sold at Auction

Charleston, W. Va.—The jail here where John Brown was once held a prisoner is for sale, and it will go to the highest bidder at an auction to be held to-day. The government has purchased the lot, and will build a post office there. The building has been one of the show places of this section for half a century.

Daily Dot Puzzle



Can you finish this picture. Draw from one to two and so on to the end.

Fashions of To-Day - By May Manton



Everything that hints of the Chinese or Oriental influence is fashionable and this blouse with its kimono sleeves is one of the very newest to have appeared. It is finished with a very novel collar that is extended to form over-ports at the front and the back of the blouse is made of the trimming material to match that collar. The skirt is draped to give a hint of the bustle that is so much talked but to be eminently more graceful. As you see it here, the costume is made of charmeuse satin with a flowered silk for the trimming, but there are various ways in which you can treat the idea. You can make the blouse of Georgette, if you like, with the collar and over-ports and back to match the skirt of satin, or, you could use a chiffon velvet for the skirt and trimming portions with Georgette or taffeta or soft satin for the blouse. Home dressmaking appears to be the cry of the moment and if you make this gown yourself you can easily afford the velvet.

For the medium size the blouse will require, 2 yards of material 36 or 44 inches wide, with 3/4 yard of either width for the collar and back. For the skirt will be needed, 2 3/8 yards of either width. The blouse pattern No. 9598 is cut in sizes from 34 to 42 inches bust measure and the skirt No. 9601 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.

Dessert Molds Free Our Offer

Buy from your grocer two packages of Jiffy-Jell to try. Then mail us the coupon below. Enclose only 10c to pay mailing, and we will send you three individual dessert molds in assorted styles, made of pure aluminum.



A Lifetime Gift If You'll Try Jiffy-Jell

A Fruity, Economical Dessert or Salad
We want you to know Jiffy-Jell for your own sake. See how it excels the old-style gelatine desserts. It will surprise and delight you.

Jiffy-Jell is an exquisite product, made with rare-grade gelatine. No sugar, no fruit need be added. Just add boiling water. Then add the rich fruit flavor from the vial in each package.

The great distinction lies in these wondrous flavors, made from fresh, ripe fruit. They are highly concentrated, so Jiffy-Jell desserts and salads have a wealth of rich fruit taste. They come sealed in bottles—one in each package—so they keep their strength and freshness.



See how Jiffy-Jell differs from old-type desserts where the flavors came mixed with the powder. It will be a revelation. Here you have fruity dainties, zesty salads, at a trifling cost. No other fruit dainty costs so little. No other form of dessert is so economical. Mix in vegetables or fruit for healthful, nourishing salads. Millions are enjoying Jiffy-Jell. Now we ask you to buy two packages to try. Then mail this coupon to us, and any molds you select will be sent you for just the cost of mailing. They mean a lifetime gift. Cut out the coupon now, for this offer expires in a week. Be sure you receive the Jiffy-Jell from the grocer before sending us the coupon.

Use Sugar Sparingly—Do Not Waste It

Everyone—manufacturers and householders—should use sugar sparingly for the present. The supply is limited and will be until the new crop of cane can be harvested and shipped from Cuba and the Tropics. The supply will then be ample.

In the meantime, the people of the New England and Atlantic Coast States should use sugar sparingly. Grocers should limit their sales to any one family. No one should hoard or waste sugar. Do not pay an increased retail price.

The Franklin Sugar Refining Company

"A Franklin Sugar for every use"
Granulated, Dainty Lumps, Powdered, Confectioners, Brown

Mail Us This Coupon
When you buy Jiffy-Jell from your Grocer
I have today received two packages of Jiffy-Jell as pictured here from
(Name of Grocer)
Now I mail this coupon with
10c for Pint Mold, heart or fluted, or
10c for 3 Individual Molds, or
20c for 6 Individual Molds
(Check which)
Write plainly and give full address.
Your Name
Address
Be sure you get Jiffy-Jell, with package like picture, for nothing else has true-fruit flavors in vials. Mail coupon to
Waukesha Pure Food Company, Waukesha, Wis.