



# Reading for Women and all the Family



## The Yukon Trail

By William MacLeod Raine  
(Continued)

"We must discuss it. I must get you to see that Metecese and what she stood for in my life have nothing to do with us. They belong to my past. She doesn't exist for either of us— isn't in any way a part of my present or future.

"She exists for me," answered Sheba listlessly. She felt suddenly old and weary. "But I can't talk about it. Please go. I want to be alone."

Again Macdonald paced restlessly down the room and back. The man was one among ten thousand, dominant, virile, every ounce of him strong as tested steel. But he felt as if all his energy were eaged.

"Why don't you go?" the girl pleaded. "It's no use to stay."

He stopped in front of her. "I'm going to marry you, Sheba. You're mine."

"No Never!" she cried. "I'll take the heat and go home first."

"You've promised to marry me. You're going to keep your word and be glad of it all your life."

She shook her head. "No."

"Fes," Macdonald had always shown remarkable restraint with her. He had kissed her seldom, and always with a kind of awe at her young purity. Now he caught her by the shoulders.

"She had the address of Miss O'Neill, that Irish girl staying at the Parets, the one that came in—"

"Go on," snapped his chief.

"So I directed her how she could get there and—"

Wally found himself lifted from the chair and hammered down into it again. His soft flesh quaked like a jelly. As he stared pop-eyed at the furious face above him, the fat chin of the little man dropped. "My God, Mac, don't do that," he whined.

Macdonald wheeled abruptly away, crossed the room in long strides, and came back.

"What's the use?" he said aloud. "You're nothing but a spineless putterer. Haven't you enough sense even to give me a chance to decide for myself? Why didn't you keep the woman with you till you could send for me, you daft monkey?"

"If I had known—"

"Dye think you've got sense enough to take a plain, straight message as far as the hotel? Because if you have, I've got one to send."

Wally caressed tenderly his bruised flesh. He had a childlike desire to weep, but he was afraid Macdonald would kick him out of the office.

"Course I'll do whatever you say, Mac," he answered humbly.

The Scotch-Canadian brushed the side chair and its occupant to one side, drew up another chair in front of the desk, and faced Selfridge squarely. The eyes that blazed at the little man were the grimmest he had ever looked into.

"Go to the hotel and see this man Elliot alone. Tell him he's gone too far—butted into my affairs once too often. There's not a man alive 'd stand it from. My orders are for him to get out on the next boat. If he's here after that, I'll kill him on sight."

The color ebbed out of the florid face of Wally. He moistened his lips to speak. "Heavens, Mac, you can't do that. He'll go out and report—"

"Let him say what he likes. Put this in his town—and both of us live."

Wally had lapped up too many highballs in the past ten years to relish this kind of mission. His nerve was gone. He had not the punch any more. Yet Mac was always expecting him to help out with his rough stuff, he reflected fretfully. Take this message, now. There was no sense in it. Selfridge plucked up his courage to say so.

"That won't buy us anything but trouble, Mac. In the old days you could put over—"

"They got off here. 'Course I

## Bringing Up Father

THE COUNT IS TO BE HERE TONIGHT.

WHY DIDN'T YOU WAIT UNTIL I HAD MY DINNER? NOW I'M TOO SICK TO EAT.

THAT MUST BE HIM NOW. TAKE HIM IN THE PARLOR AND TURN ON THE GAS.

IT WUZ HIM!

DID YOU TURN ON THE GAS?

CAN'T YOU SMELL IT?

O—W!



## "THEIR MARRIED LIFE"

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"I am disappointed," Helen said, trying to speak bravely. "I had looked forward to going all day."

"Of course, and so had I," Warren returned; "but I'm sure you can be sensible about it, and if it means the pulling through of this deal, money will be a little more plentiful after Christmas."

"Of course, dear," she said hastily. "I suppose you'll stay at home and read."

Warren vouchsafed, as Helen followed him into the bedroom and began to lay out his full-dress suit and to fix his studs and links in a fresh shirt.

"Oh, I don't know! I shall probably go out to the movies, or do something. I don't feel a bit like staying in to-night. You see I had planned to go out, and I haven't been out to-day. Mary and I gave the place a general cleaning."

"I'll warrant you," Warren snorted. "You have a good, strong maid, and yet you do half the work yourself."

"Oh, don't they? Well, you haven't forgotten the unpleasant experience you had that time you were downtown shopping and dropped into a movie show for a while, have you? Weren't you mind-boggling your own business then?"

**Has Another Plan**

"Of course! but I wasn't thinking of going to a movie show to-night. I thought I'd go over to Brooklyn and see Evelyn. I haven't seen her in ages."

"Why, you don't even know where she lives," Warren snorted, dropping his collar button and getting down on his hands and knees in the prescribed manner, which did not add to his good humor. Helen found the stray button and handed it to him with a smile, and he proceeded to slip it safely in place this time.

"I could find it. There are always plenty of people to ask."

"Well, if that isn't the limit! I wish you'd live up to the doctrine of life as practiced by that friend of yours who reads so much—what's her name?"

"Mrs. Sanders."

"Yes, I'd rather have you practice life from her standpoint than from the standpoint of the Bohemian friends of yours who run into all kinds of dangers, boasting that they can take care of themselves, and then are willing enough to be protected by a man when he happens to present himself or she happens to need him. Look at Frances, for instance."

"Why, Warren, how unjust you always are to Frances! You do her the greatest injustice when you say that about her. She is just as free now as she ever was, and she married Carp because she loved him, not because she needed a protector. Imagine Frances needing a protector! And she is twice as good looking as I am."

The fact that Frances Knowles, or Atwood as she was now, had frequently influenced Helen to step out from her quiet home life into experiments that Warren could not countenance, always vaguely irritated him. He never missed an opportunity to bring Frances into the conversation and to give her a dig, even though he liked her genuinely and admired her work quite sincerely.

**Goes Away Angry**

"Well, there's no need of arguing about it. You call up Mrs. Stevens and ask her to go to the movies. Try the new place two blocks down."

Helen did not want to go to the movies. If Warren had suggested that she and Mrs. Stevens go to a play, she might have acceded to his request. Warren was to have taken her to the theater, and although she liked the movies, she felt restless and wanted to do something different. We all feel that way at times.

"I don't feel like going to the movies," she returned. "I'm going over to see Evelyn. No don't worry about me, Warren. No one is going to try to run off with an old married woman like me."

But Warren, his anxiety swallowed up by his irritation, was in no mood to argue. Having finished

## Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX  
Soldier Marriages

**DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:**  
My friend "C" is in love with a young man who is drafted, and they expect to marry before he goes away, but a friend whom we will call "A" says that any young man who would marry a girl before going to war is a cad; but "B" says if "C" has a good home and able to work or do something that it is perfectly right for them to get married before the young man goes away. Do you think "A" is justified in calling this young man a cad if he marries? "C" Anything you write will be greatly appreciated.

**A. E. W.**  
It is ridiculous for an outsider to attempt judgment in the matter of a soldier marrying his sweetheart before going to war; so I never answer a question of this sort with any feeling that approaches an air of finality. Every case is a separate

and individual one. Why should the young people not have the brief time of happiness and look forward to a reunion some day? After all, most of life is "taking chances," to the front are very personal ones, and neither I nor any other outsider is in a position to offer more than a friendly suggestion or two. If you trust your own feelings and are ready to sacrifice and wait, you can afford to go ahead. But, if you have just a sentimental and excited notion that the whole thing is rather a good lark, don't bind yourself to a man who may be away for long years, and who may grow away from you and regret his rashness, even as you may regret when proximity makes you fancy yourself interested in some one who is here while he is "over there."

## Tell Your Sister

**DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:**  
A young man of comfortable circumstances and good character has asked me to marry him. I am ardently in love with him and I know that my love is reciprocated. He is twenty-two years of age, and at present is at a training camp. He will be down soon on a one-week furlough, and he would like me to marry him before he returns to the camp, as he is likely to be called to France any moment. My sister, with whom I am living, would never approve of this marriage. Would it be right for me to do this and keep it a secret?  
B. S.

## WANT GAUZE FOR HOSPITAL IN FRANCE

An order for 40,000 gauze pieces for use in surgical work at the French front, was received recently by the local Red Cross Chapter, and workers are urgently needed to finish this large consignment. Women and girls are asked by the local officials to volunteer for service at the local

workrooms. The big order is to be completed by the end of the month, and this means that a large force of workers must be at work.

## HEADACHE STOPS, NEURALGIA GONE

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# Less Talk --- More Guns Our Army's Need

THE LITERARY DIGEST for January 5th commences the year 1918 (the twenty-eighth year of its existence) overflowing with vital news-articles of immediate interest. In fact, there are several topics so important that in enumerating them it is difficult to say which should come first.

**WHY WE WENT TO WAR WITHOUT GUNS** covers from every angle the Congressional investigation of the War Department. It presents the criticisms leveled at the Administration and also the evidence adduced in its favor, with comments from the press of the United States.

**UNCLE SAM TAKES OVER THE RAILROADS** —Is this the first step toward Government ownership? Will the situation continue after the war? To get an answer to such questions THE DIGEST telegraphed to leading editors throughout the country asking for an expression of opinion upon this latest and most radical war-measure, and this article gives illuminating replies from them.

**CENTRAL POWERS ANXIOUS TO QUIT** deals with a subject of vital human interest, being a resume of public opinion upon Germany's latest peace proposal.

**THE TRUTH AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SUGAR-BARREL** concludes the story in last week's DIGEST of the investigation of Mr. Hoover and the Food Administration.

Other interesting and instructive topics in this number of THE DIGEST (dated January 5) are:

- Short-Lived Victory at Cambrai
- Prussian "Democratic" Franchise
- To Win the War With American Coal
- The Fuel Value of Wood
- Keeping the Workers Well
- Saving Wheat by Saving Meat
- New York School House-Cleaning
- A Catholic Admonishes Catholics
- News of Finance and Industry
- How Quebec Takes Her Defeat
- Saving Food and Winning the War (Prepared by the U. S. Food Administration)
- The Slow Agony of Reims
- The Cradle More Fatal Than the Trench
- Art and the Life of To-day
- Rifling the Tomb of the Savior
- Defending the Red Cross

A Striking Collection of Illustrations

## THE DIGEST---the Busy Man's Bible, the Doubting Man's Dictionary

Those of us who are busy, and which of us is not in these superstitious times, frequently sigh over the arid wilderness of irrelevant information through which we have to struggle in our daily papers in order to obtain those diamonds in a dustheap—the items of vital news for which we are seeking. THE LITERARY DIGEST saves you all this trouble. It derives its re-

sume of the news not merely from a single paper, which would be to retain the latter's view-point, but from a weekly gleaming of all the worth-while publications of the world, recording the result without comment or partiality, adhering to no view-point but reporting all. The facts of the day, focused from all points, are yours in "The Digest."

January 5th Number on Sale Today---All News-dealers---10 Cents

# The Literary Digest

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