

Reading for Women and all the Family

The Yukon Trail

By William MacLeod Raine

(Continued)

The doctor would make no promises. "He's a mighty sick man. The cuts are deep, and the hammering must have jarred his brain terribly. If it was anybody but Macdonald, I wouldn't give him a chance," he told Diane when he left in the morning to get breakfast. "But Macdonald has tremendous vitality. Of course if he lives it will be because Mr. Elliot brought him in so soon."

Gordon walked with the doctor as far as the hotel. A brown, thin, leathery man undraped himself from a chair in the lobby when Elliot opened the door. He was officially known as the chief of police of Kusick. Incidentally he constituted the whole police force. Generally he was referred to as Gopher Jones on account of his habit of spasmodic prospecting.

"I got to put you under arrest, Mr. Elliot," he explained. "What for?" demanded Gordon, surprised.

"Doc thinks it will run to murder, I reckon."

The field agent was startled. "You mean—Macdonald?"

The brown man chewed his quid steadily. "You don't guess it?"

"That's absurd, you know. What evidence have you got?"

"First off, you'd had trouble with him. It was common talk that when you and Mac met, guns were going to pop. You bought an automatic revolver two days ago. You was seen practicing with it."

"He had threatened me."

"You want to be careful what you say, Mr. Elliot. It will be used against you." Gopher shot a squirt of tobacco unerringly at the open

door of the stove. "You was seen talking with Trelewney and Northrup. Money passed from you to them."

"I gave them a loan of ten dollars each because they were broke. Is that criminal?" demanded Gordon angrily.

"That's your story. You'll get a chance to tell it to the jury. I shouldn't wonder. Mebbe they'll believe it. You never can tell."

"Believe it! Why, you naution-head, I found him where he was bleeding to death and brought him in."

"That's what I heard say. Kinder queer, ain't it, you happened to be the man that found him?"

"Nothing queer about it. I was riding in from Seven Mile Creek camp." Gordon was exasperated, but not at all alarmed.

"So you was. While you was out at the camp you asked one of the boys how big the payroll would be."

"Does that prove I had intended a hold-up? Isn't that the last thing I would have asked if I had intended robbery?"

"Don't ask me. I ain't no psychologist. All I know is you took an interest in the bankroll on the way."

"I'm here for the government investigating Macdonald. I was getting information—earning my pay. Can you understand that?"

Gopher chewed his cud impatiently. "Sure I can, and I'm earning mine. By the way, how come you to be beat up so bad, Mr. Elliot?"

"I had a fight with the robbers."

"Sure it wasn't with the robbers? That split lip of yours looks to me plumb like Mac's John Hancock."

Elliot flushed angrily. "Of course if you intend to believe me guilty—"

"Now there ain't no manner of use in gettin' het up, young fellow. Mebbe you did it; mebbe you didn't. Anyhow, you'll gimme that rat you been toting these last few days?"

Cordell's hand moved toward his hip. Then he remembered. "I haven't it. I left it—"

Bringing Up Father



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"You left it at the ford—with one sheet of paper. That's where you left it," interrupted the officer.

"Yes, I fired at Northrup as he rushed in."

"Um-hu," assented Jones, impatiently. "That's where you left it, Mr. Elliot?"

"What do you think I did with the money, then? Did I eat it?"

"Not so you could notice it. Since you put it to me flat-foot, you gave it to your pardner. You didn't eat it. They did. They have got the horse too—and they're hitting the high spots to make their getaway."

Elliot was locked up in the flimsy jail without breakfast. He was furious, but as he paced up and down the narrow beat beside the bed his anger gave way to anxiety. Surely the Pagets could not believe he had done such a thing. And Sheb—would she accept as true this weight of circumstantial evidence that was piling up against him?

Life's Problems Are Discussed

By Mrs. Wilson Woodrow

What is the matter with your expression? Why, my dear sisters— for I am asking the above question of women—why do the great majority of us look either harassed, or vinegary, or down trodden, or rapacious, or disappointed, or worried, or hard, or just doleful?

If you do not believe that this is a fact, go study women in the places where they do congregate—the streets, the shops, the restaurants or tearooms, the theaters and motion picture houses.

You may advance a number of reasons. I do hope, however, that you are not going to say, "Because life is so hard for us poor women."

No woman worth her salt ever put up that whine.

I sat once in a dreary little cabin in the Rocky Mountains beside a woman, a musician, who had endured about all the woes that could be heaped on one poor mortal. She was dying of a lingering and pain-

ful disease, but as she looked out at the sun just sinking behind the peaks, she said:

"I suppose my life would seem like a bad dream to most people, but I've always had music; and just one sunset like that makes it all seem worth while."

When women in the mass resolutely and with a firm purpose put all self-pity behind her, her expression will at once begin to improve.

But there is another cause, and a more potent one. The majority of women try to live too many different kind of lives at the same time. The cat is reputed to have nine lives, but it uses only one at a time holding the others in reserve to fall back on in case the one is threatened.

But the average woman in ordinarily comfortable circumstances, lacks the cat's repose and philosophical outlook, not to speak of its powers of relaxation. She uses up all her energies at once.

The last thing that woman, even when she is engaged in business or one of the professions, will learn is, "This one thing I do." Instead, she is continually repeating, "These twenty different things I do, and all in one short day."

We hear very frequently of people breaking down from overwork, really a rare thing for any one to break down from overwork. They break down from the grinding monotony of the task—"It isn't the 'tiring' that 'urts the 'orse, it's the 'ammer, 'ammer or the 'ard 'igh road"—or they break down from continual worry, or because they are mis-cast. Their work does not suit them, and they are neither happy nor interested in it.

They also break down because they do not understand the laws of equilibrium. They know how to work and to worry, but they do not know how to relax.

Life to many women is a very complex, hap-hazard, higgledy-piggledy affair, full of innumerable responsibilities and pretty duties. They were to work and to fight. By work he provided food, shelter, clothing all of the necessities and ultimately the luxuries for himself and his family. By fighting he kept at bay the enemy which threatened.

These duties, being clearly defined he adjusted himself to them in every way. His clothes are adapted to the part he plays in the world. They are certainly not beautiful, but they are adequate, suited for any occupation, and do not impede or hamper his movements in any way, which is more than can be said for women's attire.

The fact that he has a wife and children to support, a business to keep going, no matter what the conditions, governing it may be, does not prevent the normal, everyday man from eating three meals a day, sleeping soundly at night and taking a wholesome and genuine interest in sports, politics or whatever his hobby may be.

But there are many women who, whether they are working or not, are in a perfectly tense state from the morning until night. They don't know the meaning of the word relax. Even when they amuse themselves, it is in a high-keyed, excited sort of a way.

One evening I was talking to a man who was watching his wife with worried eyes.

"She's riding for an awful fall," he said gloomily. "She's on about a dozen different committees, and she seems to be doing all the work there is done on all of them. She's working herself to a bone, and she

doesn't take time either to eat or to sleep."

I looked at her. She was thin and very pale. There were hollows under her eyes. Her mouth was pinched. Her expression was fast losing her youth and good looks. She was so anxious to "do her bit" that she wasn't showing any sanity about it.

A number of her friends were even more occupied than herself, but they went about it with some method and system, and did not attempt to play the various roles of cart, horse, driver and load in the cart at the same time.

I talked recently to a business woman who has made a marked success. She is young, she has worked her way up from the bottom and she is sensible.

"There were several years when I was always more or less hungry

and never properly clad," she told me; "but now that I can afford it, I live very differently. I mean to be in the game a long time, and consequently I have trained myself to work like a dog when I'm in my office, and leave my work behind me when I walk out of it. I eat good, nourishing food, and I take plenty of fresh air. Also, I am a motion picture fan; nothing else rests me and takes me out of myself so completely."

No one can lay down any definite rules either of work or play for another. After I have sat still writing for my allotted number of hours I want the rest and relaxation that only some form of physical exercises gives me. I want to ride, or skate, or dance. But another woman may be quite different. She may want to lie down and take a nap, or read. Another

may enjoy playing cards or some game. Another may prefer to sew and knit, or go to the theater, or perhaps just sit and talk.

But these recreations after hours of work are what freshen and rest us and make us ready for another day to be lived with pleasure and profit.

I don't care whether you are a woman who goes out to business, or a busy housekeeper with several little children to look after, take some little time to yourself every day or evening. It is your right and your privilege and your duty to yourself and others and—it will surely improve your appearance.

SPANISH CLASS TO MEET
The Spanish class of the Y. M. C. A. will be held in the association building, Second and Locust streets, tomorrow evening. Prospects for this year's class are very encouraging.

according to Robert B. Reeves, general secretary of the association. Mrs. Melville E. Menges, of the School of Spanish, is in charge of the class.

Are You Fat? Just Try This
Thousands of overfat people have become slim by following the advice of doctors who recommend Marmola Prescription Tablets, those harmless little fat reducers that simplify the dose of the famous Marmola Prescription.

If too fat, don't wait for the doctor's advice. Go now to your druggist or write to the Marmola Co., 84 Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich., and for 75c procure a large case of these tablets.

They reduce two, three or four pounds a week without exercise, dieting or any unpleasant effect whatever. If too fat, try this to-day.

Daily Dot Puzzle



William lit his pipe.

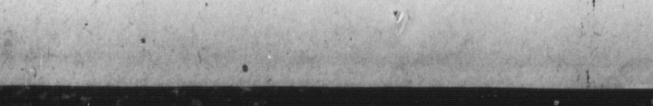
Draw from one to two and so on to the end.

Fashions of To-Day - By May Manton

Checked broadcloth is the material that is shown in this coat and the fur collar and cuffs make it exceedingly smart as well as comfortable. It is such a pretty little model that it is certain to make an appeal and at the same time it is a simple one. You can make it of broadcloth and you can make it of duvetyl or of velours cloth. The fur collar and cuffs are handsome but you can use material as indicated in the small view and you will notice that the collar can be buttoned up about the throat if the day is cold. A pretty feature is fur buttons. They are being extensively used this season and they give a very smart touch. For children's wear the simpler furs, beaver and nutria are favorites and they are charming against the background of almost every childlike color.

For the 8-year size will be needed, 3 3/4 yards of material 36 inches wide, 2 3/8 yards 44, 2 3/8 yards 54.

The pattern No. 9604 is cut in sizes from 6 to 10 years. It will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of fifteen cents.



GOLDSMITH'S

Second Annual Sale of Draperies and Drapery Materials

Begins Tomorrow (Wednesday) and Continues For Ten Days

Our policy of no goods carried over from one period to another is paramount. In order to affect a quick clearance and to make room for incoming Spring stocks we've drastically reduced prices on all Draperies and Drapery Materials for 10 days.

Now is the time to make the home more attractive—NOW while these great money saving prices prevail.

Extra Special 75c silk, in blue, gold and rose—for overhangings. Special, at per yard, 50c	Note These Low Prices on All High Grade Curtains All \$1.50 Curtains in the store now \$1.19 All \$2.00 Curtains in the store now \$1.49 All \$2.50 and \$2.75 Curtains in the store now \$1.95 All \$3.00 Curtains in the store now \$2.25 All \$3.50 Curtains in the store now \$2.75 All \$4.00 Curtains in the store now \$2.95 All \$4.50 Curtains in the store now \$3.49 All \$5.00 Curtains in the store now \$3.89 All \$6.00 and \$6.50 Curtains in the store now \$4.69 All \$7.00 and \$7.50 Curtains in the store now \$5.39 All \$9.00 Curtains in the store now \$6.95 All \$12.50 Curtains in the store now \$8.49	Extra Special 75c Quaker Lace, white or ivory—40 inches wide. Special, at per yard, 50c
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Cretonnes Reduced
25c and 30c Cretonnes, **22c**
30c Cretonnes ... **31c**
45c and 50c Cretonnes, **39c**
59c Cretonnes ... **47c**
69c and 75c Cretonnes, **59c**

All Quaker Laces Included
30c Quaker Laces, . **25c**
39c Quaker Laces . **31c**
50c Quaker Laces . **39c**
59c Quaker Laces . **59c**
1.00 Quaker Laces, **80c**
1.25 Quaker Laces, **95c**
1.50 Quaker Laces, **\$1.15**

All Sunfast Curtains Reduced
\$5.00, green and blue only, Sunfast Curtains, per pair, **\$3.75**
\$7.00, green and brown only, Sunfast Curtains, per pair, **\$4.95**
\$8.00 and \$8.50, green, blue and multi color only, Sunfast Curtains, per pair **\$6.95**
\$16.50 wood silk and wool Curtains, at **\$12.50**
\$20.00 wood silk and wool Curtains, at **\$14.95**

Draperies Department Second Floor
GOLDSMITH'S
North Market Square

15c brass extension sash Curtain Rods. Special at, each **9c**

To Remove Dandruff

Get a small bottle of Danderine at any drug store for a few cents, pour a little into your hand and rub well into the scalp with the finger tips. By morning most, if not all, of this awful scurf will have disappeared. Two or three applications will destroy every bit of dandruff; stop scalp itching and falling hair.



"A Golden Seal Customer—
A Pleased Customer."

Good Things to Eat at the Golden Seal Luncheonette

The Golden Seal Luncheonette is very popular, especially at noon—with busy men and women who appreciate good, wholesome food, courteous service and reasonable prices.

Our menu is extensive and varied—including soups, chowders, sandwiches, vegetables, dairy dishes, puddings and pies, and all sorts of delicious drinks.

Novel combination luncheons from 20c to 35c, as well as a la carte service.

Oysters in Season
Open from 8 a. m., to 7 p. m.

City Health Tests prove our Ice Cream the best in the City. Try some at the fountain—take some home.

Eddies Local Drug Store
11 SOUTH MARKET SQUARE

Closed Every Evening This Week

On account of Union Services to be held in the several churches of New Cumberland, beginning Monday, January 7, our store will be closed at 6 P. M. every evening next week, except Saturday.

The Hoff Store
New Cumberland, Pa.