



Reading for Women and all the Family



The Yukon Trail

By William MacLeod Raine
(Continued)

"I'll meet you outside the house at Selridge in half an hour, Strong," was the last thing that Gordon said before Jones came back to order out the visitors.

As soon as the place was dark again, Gordon set to work on the flimsy framework of his cell window. He knew already it was so decrepit that he could escape any time he desired, but until now there had been no reason why he should. Within a quarter of an hour he lifted the iron-grilled sash bodily from the frame and crawled through the window.

He found Paget and Strong waiting for him in the shadows of a pine outside the yard of Selridge. "To begin with, you walk straight home and go to bed, Peter," the young man announced. "You're not in this. You're not invited to our party. I don't have to tell you why, do I?"

The engineer understood the reason. He was an employe of Macdonald, a man thoroughly trusted by him. Even though Gordon intended only to right a wrong, it was better that Paget should not be a party to it. Reluctantly Peter went home.

Gordon turned to Strong. "I owe you a lot already. There's no need for you to run a risk of getting into trouble for me. If things break right, I can do what I have to do without help."

"And if they don't?" Strong waved an impatient hand. "Cut it out, Elliot. I've taken a fancy to go through with this. I never did like Selridge anyhow, and I ain't got a wife and I don't work for Mac. Why shouldn't I have some fun?"

Gordon shrugged his shoulders. "All right. Might as well play ball and get things moving, then."

The little miner knocked at the door. Wally himself opened. Elliot, from the shelter of the pine, saw the two men in talk. Selridge shut the door and came to the edge of the porch. He gave a gasp and his hands went trembling into the air. The six-gun of the miner had been pressed hard against his fat paunch. Under curt orders he moved down the steps and out of the yard to the tree.

At sight of Gordon the eyes of Wally stood out in amazement. Little sweat beads burst out on his forehead, for he remembered how busy he had been collecting evidence against this man.

"W-w-what do you want?" he asked.

Bringing Up Father



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By McManus

"Got your keys with you?"

"7-yes."

"Come with us."

Wally breathed more freely. For a moment he had thought this man had come to take vengeance on him. They led him by alleys and back streets to the office of the Macdonald Yukon Trading Company. Under orders he knocked on the door and called out who he was. Gordon crouched close to the log wall, Strong behind him.

"Let me in, Olson," ordered Selridge.

The door opened, and a man stood on the threshold. Elliot was on top of him like a panther. The man went down as though his knees were oiled hinges. Before he could gather his slow wits, the barrel of a revolver was shoved against his teeth.

"Take it easy, Olson," advised Gordon. "Get up—slowly. Now, step back into the office. Keep your hands up."

Strong closed and locked the door behind them.

"I want my papers, Selridge. Dig up your keys and get them for me," Elliot commanded.

Wally did not need any keys. He knew the combination of the safe and opened it. From an inner drawer he drew a bunch of papers. Gordon looked them over carefully. Strong sat on a table and toyed with a revolver which he jammed playfully into the stomach of his fat prisoner.

"All here," announced the field agent.

The safe-robbers locked their prisoners in the office and disappeared into the night. They stopped at the house of the collector of customs, a genial young fellow with whom Elliot had played tennis a good deal, and left the papers in his hands for safe-keeping. After which they returned to the hotel

and reached the second floor by way of the back stairs used by the servants.

Here they parted, each going to his own room. Gordon slept like a schoolboy and woke only when the sun poured through the window upon his bed in a broad ribbon of warm gold.

[To Be Continued.]

Life's Problems Are Discussed

I get many letters from discouraged young people. Letters that begin this way: "I quote from some before me:

"I am a lonely, disheartened girl of twenty-two." "I am eighteen years old and very unhappy." "I am despairing. I may live to be an old woman and I do not see how I can bear my life." And here is a letter from a young man: "I am miserable, because I seem to be incurably discontented. Everything annoys me and nothing ever pleases or satisfies me. And I want to know how I can overcome this."

"My trip East proved one thing to me and that is, that the hotels and public eating places are doing more systematic food saving than we housekeepers are accomplishing."

She had come from the Middle West and it was her first visit to the Eastern cities.

"Why I was astounded," she continued, "to find such patriotic co-operation in every hotel we were in. And from travelers who had been out through the West, they went on to learn that the same thing is true in all the big hotels clear to the coast. You see I have never known much of hotel life. I've never traveled, to speak of, and when I go to the city to shop it is only for the day and I have no occasion to stay at a hotel. But I have been helping in this food-saving campaign at home and I feel like going back and starting a regular crusade among the housewives to urge a more definite and systematic program."

And she was right. The reason the saving in hotels and public eating places stands out in such amazing figures is not only because these places are dealing in such quantities of foodstuffs but because they have set for themselves definite programs for the definite saving of definite foods. That is the real secret.

The housewife, on the contrary, has too often begun her saving in a desultory way.

Hotels vs. Housewives

Woman Traveler Finds Hostesses Are Helping More in Meanness and Wastefulness.

done any long work, and wouldn't know how to go about it. It's out of the question."

He replied laconically: "Oh, yes, you can. I want the first installment in six weeks."

I tottered away feeling as if I were going to faint and walked the streets four hours in a sort of a daze, my hands and feet like ice. Even after I began the serial I was so dead sure that I was going to fall down in the middle of it and leave it unfinished that I published it under another name than my own because I didn't want my friends and relatives to suffer with me in my first humiliation.

But the novel was finished, and every installment was ready on time.

Yet that experience didn't cure me. I still approached a new piece of work with some return of the old terror. I invariably quaked and trembled mentally, sometimes physically, and I'd say to myself with chattering teeth: "Good heavens! Here I've actually gone and signed a contract, and I know I'll never be able to meet the requirements. Oh, how shall I get out of it?"

This cranky kink was brought home to me once when a palmetist read my hand and said: "You will never have any trouble with the world or with people. Your battle is all with yourself."

I looked at her for a moment in

deep surprise. "You're right," I said. And I was soon convinced of the truth of her statement that I went on: "But if you think my piety doubts and fears are going to boss me, you're mistaken. I'm going to be the boss from now on."

Thereafter, whenever my particular demon began to stew around and get restless and set up his favorite whine, "You can't do it. You know you can't." I would immediately mentally whack him over the head and say: "Oh, shut up. I'm not paying the least attention to you. You don't interest me. I am going to do this work; and so, no more about it."

The result is, that I am now perfectly reckless. If an editor should ask me to write a brochure dealing with "Home Life on the Moon" or a monograph on "What I Know About the Fourth Dimension," I should merely stand at attention, salute, go home and set cheerfully to work.

A fear is just like a horse. You are only laying up trouble for yourself, if you permit your mount to turn away from the thing he has shied at, or to refuse a jump. He has got to be made to go past the object he doesn't like, again and again if necessary; and he must be made to take his fences in spite of his obstinate determination not to do so.

I have lately been reading up on

the fascinating new science of psycho-analysis, which holds some interesting explanations of our various states of mind. According to these authorities our doubts and fears all lie in the subconscious or unconscious part of our minds, that vast area of which we know so very little.

One of these writers states that, "all of the natural and uncontrolled cravings of the unconscious are infantile."

"Intellectual sloth," he says, "is the characteristic of by far the greatest majority of even the so-called cultivated people, and having accomplished a few hours of mental work they think that they are tired out that is will injure their brains to work constantly, and so on, all these generalities being pretenses furnished by the unknown Titan within them. But the Titan within us must be harnessed, and he will work for us and with us as does the horse."

On this theory it was "Infantile Unconscious" within me that wanted to play instead of work. Therefore, it made dreadful ructions, and did everything to prevent me undertaking anything new. But by going on working whether I was in the mood or out of it, whether I was sick or well, whether I had a strong impulse to write or an equally strong one to do anything under the sun but write, the Titan within is now fairly well broken.

I haven't got it perfectly trained yet, but it does trot better in harness than it did.

Use Coconut Oil For Washing Hair

If you want to keep your hair in good condition, be careful what you wash it with.

Most soaps and prepared shampoos contain too much alkali. This dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle, and is very harmful. Just plain mulisified coconut oil (which is pure and entirely greaseless), is much better than the most expensive soap or anything else you can use for shampooing, as this can't possibly injure the hair.

Simply moisten your hair with water and rub it in. One or two teaspoons will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather, and cleanses the hair and scalp thoroughly. The lather rinses out easily, and removes every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excessive oil. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and it leaves it fine and silky, bright, fluffy and easy to manage.

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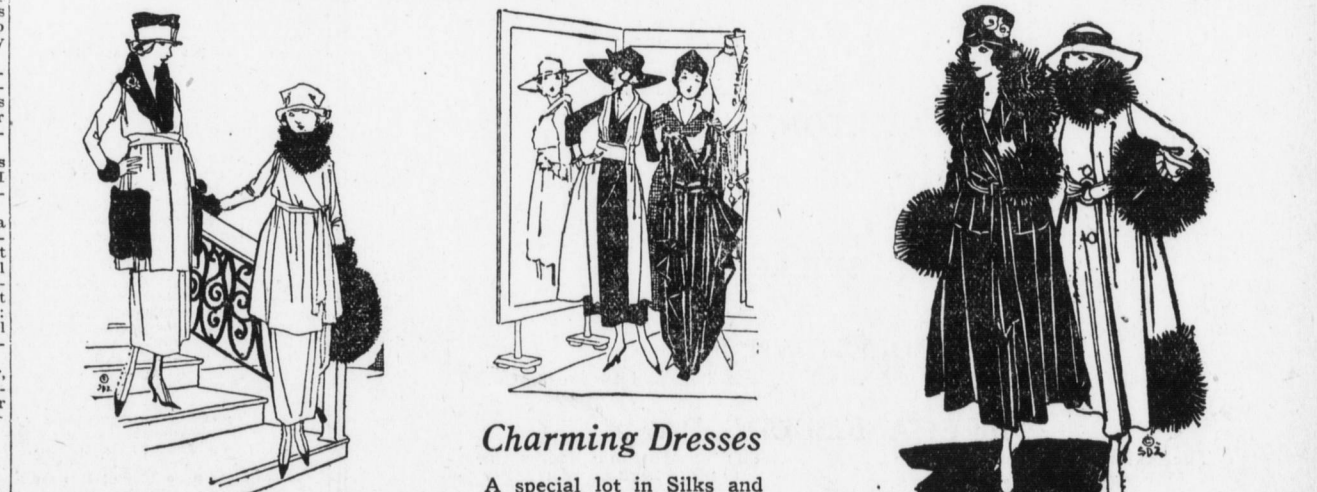
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