



# Reading for Women and all the Family



## The Yukon Trail

By William MacLeod Raine

(Continued)

It was the only thing to be done. Elliot broke camp and packed the sled. Upon the load he put his companion, well wrapped up in furs.

Two miles up the road Gordon stopped his team sharply. He had turned a bed in the trail and had come upon an empty stage buried in the snow.

The fear that had been uppermost in Elliot's mind for twenty-four hours clutched at his throat. Was it tragedy upon which he had come after his long journey?

Holt guessed the truth. "They got stalled and cut loose the cayuses to shelter."

"To Smith's Crossing?" asked Gordon.

"Expect so." Then, with a whoop, the man on the sled contradicted himself. "No, by Moses, to Dick Fiddler's old cabin up the draw. That's where Swiftwater would aim for till the blizzard was over."

"Where is it?" demanded Holt's friend.

"Swing over to the right and follow the little gulch. I'll wait till you come back."

Gordon dropped the gee-pole and started on the instant. Eagerness, anxiety, dread, fought in his heart. He knew that any moment now he might stumble upon the evidence of the sad story which is repeated in Alaska many times every winter. It rang in him like a bell that where tough, hardy miners succumbed a frail girl would have small chance.

He cut across over the hill toward the draw, and at what he saw his pulse quickened. Smoke was pouring out of the chimney of a cabin and falling groundward, as it does in the Arctic during very cold weather. Had Sheba found safety there?

As he pushed forward the rising sun flooded the earth with pink and struck a million sparkles of color

## Bringing Up Father



from the snow. The wonder of it drew the eyes of the young man for a moment toward the hills.

A tumult of joy flooded his veins. The girl who held in her soft hands the happiness of his life stood looking at him. It seemed to him that she was the core of all that lovely tide of radiance. He moved toward her and looked down into the trench where she waited. Swiftly he kicked off his snowshoes and leaped down beside her.

The gleam of tears was in her eyes as she held out both hands to him. During the long look they gave each other something wonderful to both of them was born into the world.

When he tried to speak his hoarse voice broke. "Sheba—little Sheba! Safe, after all. Thank God, you—you—"

He swallowed the lump in his throat and tried again. "If you knew—God, how I have suffered! I was afraid—I dared not let myself think."

A live pulse beat in her white throat. The tears brimmed over. Then, somehow, she was in his arms weeping. Her eyes slowly turned to his, and he met the touch of her surrendered lips.

Nature had brought them together by one of her restless and unpremeditated impulses.

A stress of emotion had swept her into his arms. Now she drew away from him shyly. The conventions in which she had been brought up asserted themselves. An absurd little fear brimmed itself into her happiness. Had she rushed into his arms like a lovesick girl, taking it for granted that he cared for her?

"You—came to look for us?" she asked, with the little shy stiffness of embarrassment.

"For you—yes."

He could not take his eyes from her. It seemed to him that a bird was singing in his heart the gladness he could not express. He had

for many hours pushed from his mind pictures of her lying white and rigid on the snow. Instead she stood beside him, her delicate beauty vivid as the flush of a flame.

"Did they telephone that we were lost?"

"Yes. I was troubled when the storm grew. I could not sleep. So I called up the roadhouse by long distance. They had not heard from the stage. Later I called again. When I could stand it no longer, I started."

"Not on foot?"

"No, with Holt's dog team. He is back there. His leg is broken. A snow-slide crushed him this morning where we camped."

"Bring him to the cabin. I will tell the others you are coming."

"Have you had any food?" he asked.

A tired smile lit up the shadows of weariness under her soft, dark eyes. "Boiled oats, plum pudding and chocolates," she told him.

"I have plenty of food on the sled. I'll bring it at once."

She nodded, and turned to go to the cabin. He watched for a moment the lit in her walk. An expression from his reading jumped to his mind. "Melodious feet!" Some poet had said that, hadn't he? Surely it must have been Sheba of whom he was thinking, this girl so virginal of body and of mind, free and light-footed as a caribou on the hills.

Gordon returned to the sled and drove the team up the draw to the cabin. The three who had been marooned came to meet their rescuer.

"You must 'a' come right through the storm lickity split," Swiftwater said.

"You're right we did. This side parader of mine was bent on wrestling with a blizzard." Holt answered dryly.

could not associate with the people who would have appreciated, her worth.

"Now that financial worries are past, she is tied down day and night with an invalid. For herself she does not complain, but she would wish me to be able to meet the kind of people that I seek. What solution do you offer to my problem?"

The New Thought idea, that which we seek and which rightfully belongs to us must come to us? Shall I follow this, and wait, or shall I accept something less than the ideal?

"Now that woman has come into her own, no doubt many of them are perfectly happy and contented to wander on alone and support themselves and be independent. That isn't the kind of happiness I seek—merely earning the money and spending it. My thoughts of happiness lie in a complete unit—home, husband and children."

"MISS TWENTY SEVEN."

My Dear Unknown Friend: Thank you for saying that you are going to follow your own inclinations, no matter what I may say. The matter I dare discuss the question with you, because you are a strong and self-reliant soul, and my views will really carry no weight.

Your quantity of nature is markedly emphasized. The home-maker conflicts with the student; and both seem equally strong. You ask what is it that must be sacrificed? Do not sacrifice anything. Your problem is to fuse into harmony the natural impulses, not to suppress them. There is no such thing as killing anything, either in the world of thought or of materiality. Whatever you have fancied you killed will sooner or later rise from its grave-cloth and confront you.

Since you are inherently analytical and evidently prefer to face facts rather than to gild or to ignore them, let us face the facts.

No matter whether you marry, or whom you marry, you will still have your father and mother to look after. That is a circumstance that the man who wishes you for his wife must take into account.

## LIFE'S PROBLEMS ARE DISCUSSED

By MRS. WILSON WOODROW

Among my various correspondents is a very clever young woman who prefers to remain incognito. She signs herself, "Miss Twenty Seven," and she always offers me some psychological nut to crack. This is her latest communication:

"Dear Mrs. Woodrow—I am Miss Twenty Seven and am taking the liberty of writing you again. I want to ask you a question, and am almost certain your answer to it will be, 'It is a matter for you to decide personally.' But I think I need a little outside help, not saying, of course, that I will not follow my own inclinations. Still, your views may change my attitude."

The son of some old family friends wishes to marry me. He is fairly good to look upon though by no means handsome. Intellectually he is not my equal. He has no ideals. He is kind and generous; his character is good; he has no bad habits. He has an excellent income, a fine car, and he would give me clothes and jewels and be good to me. He is a faithful plodder, but is not awake to the real beauties of life. I doubt if he could ever be awakened, as he has not been reared in an environment that would foster such growth. If I married him I would have comforts and a home, a good husband and no doubt children.

"My friends and family tell me that 'good catches' are hard to find, that men are getting scarcer, and that I am getting older, and that ideals are never realized, but he is nothing like what I had dreamed of. I had looked for companionship. I doubt if he would ever know what love means. And I had hoped for a loving husband and have always said that I would remain single if I did not find my Prince Charming. But deep down in my heart I feel that I could never be happy if I remained single. I want more, too. You will say that no one gets everything, but just what is it that should be sacrificed?"

"I am in business, and am upholding a very pretty and comfortable apartment for my parents. And while I cannot say they have the luxuries, they at least have the comforts of life. Father has not worked for years, and is now an invalid. Mother is the type of woman that would shine in a multitude but owing to financial conditions she

It is not, however, a circumstance which will greatly appeal to Prince Charming. You have, because of your busy and practical life, been forced to create a sort of ideal world for yourself. You have cultivated your imagination—a great solace and a great danger—and, I take it, you have not known many Prince Charmings.

Far be it from me to belittle Prince Charming. He is an ideal companion for a summer's day. He adds enormously to the color and gaiety of the world. But it is cruel to bind on his gypsy shoulders the stern bread-and-butter responsibilities of married life.

"He is fickle as glimmers of starlight that shine on the waves of the rivers of dream."

His heart is unstable as wings that are lit.

Where the dragon flies drift.

His heart is as wings that turn, dartle and flit.

And his lives are as swift."

These brilliant, fascinating men do have a little way of forgetting to order the necessary flour and fuel, and they never can remember that bills must be paid. Consequently the plumber refuses to heed the S.O.S. call when the water pipes burst, and the cook departs when all the children are down with the measles.

And how lightly you toss off a description of this suitor of yours—good to look at, no bad habits, a steady income, a stunning motor car, kind and generous, a faithful plodder, etc!

Fastidious maid! What more do you want?

For a man who possesses those qualifications has others which you have not enumerated—which perhaps you have not discerned. It is rash to be dead sure that other people are not our intellectual or spiritual equal. There are usually some surprising revelations in store for us.

The only reason a man marries at all is that he wants his comfort and happiness plus. Now, your main objection to this suitor of yours is that he lacks ideals. On the other hand, he may be thinking that, although you are the only girl in the world for him, he does wish you were not so romantically inclined.

He may have terrible forebodings that when he comes home after the day's wear and tear you may be preparing to spend the evening reading aloud Browning, or else arranging a little tour through Greenwich Village. And yet he loves you enough to face all that.

But, again, don't let any views of mine influence you. If I met him I may say: "Waste no time, lead him to the altar before he has a chance to change his mind." Or I might cry: "Oh, never! you would be making the mistake of your life. There are better things in store for you."

I like you, Miss Twenty Seven. But I do not want to meet you in the flesh. I have not the time to give even to my old friends. Still, I wish you would send me your name and address. I never incorporate a communication from you in one of my articles that a shoal of letters for you does not flow in. I would like to see that you receive some of them.

obligations do not ask young girls to dinner and supper unless in a party or with the knowledge of the girl's parents. Your father's reprimand was inspired through his care for your reputation. If you were this man's wife would you like him to act without your knowledge as he is acting toward you?

## JUST A DAB OF POSLAM ON SICK SKIN

Just a little dab of Poslam is enough to retard the development of pimples or to clear an inflamed complexion. The ugliest red nose has been touched down by Poslam overnight.

When concentrated healing power is needed to help any ailing skin, look for that power in its highest efficiency in Poslam.

Broken-out, itching skin should not cause concern with Poslam handy to correct the disorder. Nothing can exceed its work of healing.

Sold everywhere. For free sample write to Emergency Laboratories, 243 West 4th St., New York City.

Give your skin to become clearer, brighter, healthier by use of Poslam soap, medicated with Poslam.—Advertisement.

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### DROPS OF MAGIC! LIFT OUT CORNS

Sore, touchy corns stop hurting, then lift right out with fingers

For a few cents you can get a small bottle of the magic drug freezone recently discovered by a Cincinnati man.

Just ask at any drug store for a small bottle of freezone. Apply a few drops upon a tender, aching corn or callus and instantly all soreness disappears and shortly you will find the corn or callus so loose that you lift it off with the fingers.

Just think! Not one bit of pain before applying freezone or afterwards. It doesn't even irritate the surrounding skin.

Hard corns, soft corns or corns between the toes, also hardened calluses on bottom of feet, shrivel up and fall off without hurting a particle. It is almost magical.

Ladies! Keep a tiny bottle on the dresser and never let a corn or callus ache twice.

- WOLF
- MINK
- BEAVER
- RACCOON
- HUDSON SEAL
- FOX, ETC.



- CAPES
- STOLES
- NECKPIECES
- MUFFS
- SETS, ETC.

## LYNX FURS

This soft, silky fur, becoming alike to young and old, softens the hardening lines of ages and brings out the fresh, clear tones of youth. No fur looks richer or adds more charm and refinement to a costume.

## PRICES WILL BE HIGHER

In Lynx, fine pelts are constantly growing scarcer, and everything points to greatly increased prices in the Fall. Besides, we have a great deal of Winter ahead of us, and Lynx Scarfs are ideal for

## SPRING AND SUMMER FURS

Inspect our choice selection of sets and single pieces in Lynx, made from fine pelts, expertly matched, custom-made with close attention to the smallest detail; and rich lines. Unusual both in values and distinction of style.

## FRED B. HARRY

Hatter and Furrier  
17 North Third Street Harrisburg, Pa.

### Daily Dot Puzzle

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

### New Home Treatment For Banishing Hairs

(Beauty Topics)

With the aid of a delatone paste, it is an easy matter for any woman to remove every trace of hair or fuzz from face, neck and arms. Enough of the powdered delatone and water is mixed into a thick paste and spread on the hairy surface for about two minutes, then rubbed off and the skin washed. This completely removes the hair, but to avoid disappointment, get the delatone in an original package.—Adv.

### Daily Fashion Hint



Prepared Especially For This Newspaper

FOR THE WELL-DRESSED WOMAN.

The woman who has a correct knowledge of dress will not go in for extremes, though it is not probable that many will be introduced in connection with styles for the coming spring. The frock to the left may be developed in velvet, light weight velours, serge, satin or poplin. The pockets extending at the sides, break the straight line of the skirt, though its effect is narrow. A wide girdle joins the skirt and waist and the collar is of embroidered chiffon. In medium size the model requires 5 yards 44-inch material.

Burgundy voile is used for the second model, the front and back panel being in plaited effect. The fulness is held in with a belt of striped silk and there is a collar of the same material. The waist fastens at the left side with black buttons. To duplicate the design in medium size requires 6 1/2 yards 40-inch voile, with 1/2 yard striped silk.

First Model: Pictorial Review Costume No. 7572. Sizes, 14 to 20 years. Price, 20 cents.

Second Model: Costume No. 7569. Sizes, 14 to 20 years. Price, 20 cents.

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### Continuing the January Clearance

at the

# Ladies' Bazaar

of

## Coats, Suits Furs and Dresses

Never was it quite so wise to buy COATS, SUITS, FURS and DRESSES as now, at these clearance prices. They are offered at less than HALF—like quality garments will be priced later.

Choice of any Velveteen Dress  
Now 8.75 Values to 18.75

Beautiful Fur Trimmed Plush Coats	Finely Tailored Suits	Selected Cloth Coats
19.75	12.75 to 24.75	14.75 19.75 to 29.75

Many are suitable for spring wear but offered now far below the coming Spring prices.

Values \$19.75 to \$45.00. Many with selected fur collars and cuffs.

## Ladies Bazaar

### 8-10-12 S. FOURTH ST.

Harrisburg's Garment Institution