



The Reason Why

# HOW is such perfect tomato soup as Campbell's possible at the price?

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## Campbell's Tomato Soup

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21 kinds 10c a can

- |           |                      |                   |             |
|-----------|----------------------|-------------------|-------------|
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| Beef      | Clam Bouillon        | Mulligatawny      | Printanier  |
| Bouillon  | Clam Chowder         | Mutton Broth      | Tomato      |
| Celery    | Consommé             | Ox Tail           | Tomato-Okra |
| Chicken   | Julienne             | Pea               | Vegetable   |
|           |                      | Vermicelli-Tomato |             |

Just add hot water, bring to a boil, and serve.

You'll letter write us for a free copy of Campbell's Menu Book. It is full of practical pointers for the busy housewife.

JOSEPH CAMPBELL COMPANY, Camden N. J.

Look for the red-and-white label



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One thing the wise college girl knows. Karo makes dandy fudge, butter-scotch and taffy—and that she can't get the same goodness and flavor without it. It is a pure, wholesome sweet for all cooking and table uses—and agrees with everybody.

# Karo

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2452-2462 JAMES ST., PHILA.

young man, digging with his fingers in the bank, shouting that the water was his, and that he saw his gold at the bottom. Behind him his famished dogs leaped and growled, waiting for him to fall, and they bared their teeth fiercely when Lars whipped them back. Lars carried the man to his cabin. He had seen men mad from many causes, from the sudden finding of wealth, from loneliness, and from the silence of the North. His own strength had not dulled him to the weakness of others. So he put the young man into his own bed and gave him medicine to calm his fever. That day he stayed indoors, carving at Petronilla's chair.

It was almost night when his guest awoke, conscious. He croaked some hoarse words, and Lars brought him water.

"So," said Lars, "your dogs were starved, and you perhaps? You have not traveled this way much?"

The other shook his head. "My name is Matthews, Jack Matthews," he said. "I have never come north before. I thought I was getting to the end of the world, and two of the dogs died, and the others tore them to pieces—"

"Of course," said Lars, "if they were hungry."

"I did not exactly expect them to bury their dead brothers," said Matthews, with a cracked laugh; "but it was horrible!"

"You are weak yet," said Lars indulgently.

"Then I went off my head. I don't know where dreams stopped and reality began. I know I found the creek a fellow had told me of who prospected here once and drew me a map of the place; a forgotten corner, he said, that no one believed in. I thought I found this creek, and that a man drove me away."

"I am not the only man who found the creek," said Lars slowly; "but I am the only man who stayed. You are new to all this, Matthews. I staked the claim this spring, before I went to Carson for supplies."

"So I am out!" said Matthews bitterly. He rose from the bed, and tottering across the room was about to seat himself in Petronilla's chair.

"Not here," said Lars gently; "but the bench over there."

Matthews staggered over and flung himself down on the bench.

"No one finds gold at once," said Lars, "and it is more profitable to keep a camp or a store. Even I am making a moose camp here; for the gold is shallow enough. The days of great strikes are all gone; but you can look farther, as I did."

"I thought this was the ultimate place," said Matthews pettishly. "You haven't told me your name."

"I am Lars Andersen."

Matthews gasped and sat upright. "But you—but she said you were a man made like a bull, large, very large. Why, you are not so much larger than I, after all."

"The cabin is dim," said Lars, rising to strike a light. "You will find me big enough."

WHEN the lamp was lighted he raised it above his head and surveyed his visitor. Matthews was well made and tall, with a ruddy flush under his dark skin, and quick glancing eyes.

"So Petronilla has told you of me. She sent a letter?" he asked greedily.

"Not a letter," said Matthews uneasily.

"There was no time. I came suddenly. I cannot be so far north as I thought. I supposed I had passed beyond your cabin. I was going to find the creek, and then come and find you—" He broke off under the other's steady scrutiny.

"We'll have supper first," said Lars.

He went into the outer room, where he kept his stores, and came back with bacon and a tin of beans. Matthews watched his preparations broodingly. When at last Lars began to brew the coffee Matthews said:

"There is something I must tell you first."

"Not yet," said Lars; "we will eat first."

He set the table and the other looked at him uncertainly and ate sparingly. Lars said nothing. He looked after his guest's wants and ate with his usual appetite. It was not until he had cleared the table and was sitting opposite Matthews that he spoke.

"What is Petronilla's message?"

"I don't know that it is a message," began Matthews, and then broke off and turned away his quick eyes. "I—I am sick!" he faltered. "Let us talk in the morning."

For a moment the two men eyed each other. Then Lars said quietly, "In the morning, then."

He went into his storeroom and brought out a pile of blankets, which he cast behind the stove. For a moment he hesitated, looking at the chair he was wont to carve at night. Then he shook his head slightly and threw himself on his blankets.

IN the middle of the night Matthews rose and dressed quickly. He was making his way softly to the door, when Lars spoke contemptuously.

"You are very new to the North, Matthews, and to life. Don't you suppose I sleep with open ears? Don't you think the dogs would wake me when you harnessed?"

Matthews sat down suddenly. "I cannot eat your food, when—"

"It is that, then," said Lars. "You are not afraid?"

"No, I am not afraid," said Matthews hoarsely. "I know you could kill me with one hand; but I am not afraid."

"What message did Petronilla send?" asked Lars.

"She didn't send a message; she— You see, I am from Seattle. I know all her friends. We didn't realize until we had separated that we cared; we saw so much of each other, perhaps, that we did not think of caring. When I found out, I came after her. She said she had promised you."

"Does Petronilla say she loves you?"

"Don't you see," said Matthews, "I am part of the life she knows? She wants me to take her back there. When I make a strike—"

"Does Petronilla say she does not love me?"

"She thought she did; but she mistook her feeling."

"You had better go back to sleep," said Lars, and lay down again.

Matthews tossed on the bed, wondering wretchedly about the silent struggle going on in the soul of the man who lay quietly behind the stove. Somehow, Matthews knew the other was vast as the North, and as still and as strong. When would his passion break out, and what would he do then?

IN the morning Lars silently got breakfast, and Matthews watched him, unwilling to break the silence, and yet fretful because of it. When the meal was over, Lars spoke.

"I am going away. Don't waste the stores while I am gone."

"Going away? But where? I can't stay here. I must—"

"You must stay here!" said Lars. "What could you do if you went on? The cold is growing deeper. You were almost dead when I found you. You have no food. I will not give you any to pack on your sleigh. If you take it while I am gone and leave here, I shall find you and kill you with my two hands! I shall find you if I have to walk over every foot of the North! You will stay here. Be careful of my stores."

"But I— Will you be gone long?"

"That is as it may be."

Lars put on his cap and huge coat and went out to pack his sleigh. Matthews could hear him among the dogs. He listened, sullenly enough, to the loud calls, the crack of the whip, the snarl of the leader. Lars did not come back to the house. He rode off, with not even a glance toward the figure of his guest in the doorway.

Southeast he traveled, through a waste that had suddenly turned hostile. Time was when the great North was his ally, when the silence was his brother and the long white way was his friend; but now behind him the great North lay like an urging menace; the wind blinded his eyes; the cold stung his face. His own hot blood whipped in his veins and kept him alive and strong, and at night, when he made camp, the thought of his purpose made him careless of waiting wolves, indifferent to the many miles between him and Petronilla.

Just outside of Carson he rested for a few days with a friend, a halfbreed, who kept silent as to his arrival. When the dogs were refreshed, Lars sent the halfbreed for food with which to pack the sleigh, and at nightfall he went to the cabin of John Peters.

PETRONILLA came to the door. How fair she was, with her golden hair and slim figure! Her eyes widened with terror when she recognized him.

"You need not be afraid," he said. "I would not hurt you. Put on your cap and coat."

"But I—I— Have you seen Jack?"

"I have talked with him. He is well. Put on your cap and coat."

"I— But why?"

"Come, come!" he said impatiently, but still gently. "I can't wait."

He spoke to his dogs, pushed Petronilla to one side, and entered the cabin. He found her cap and coat and fur gloves, and, still gently, put them on her. "Your father is not here? But perhaps that is as well." He lifted her in his arms and carried her to the sleigh.

Then for the first time she tried to scream; but no sound came.

"I tell you I will not harm you!" said Lars.

He muzzed the dogs and then pushed northward out of the village. Petronilla shook violently; but was still voiceless. On they rode, past the last village cabin, past the house of the halfbreed, who came to the door and watched them, on and on, until Petronilla asked, with an attempt at lightness:

"When do we turn back?"

"We do not turn back," Lars replied.

Then Petronilla screamed, again and again; but her voice was lost in the great silence, and Lars was impassive. Only when she began to moan he said sharply:

"Don't do that! I tell you I will not hurt you!"

"But where are you taking me?" she shrieked. "What do you mean?"

"I am taking you to my cabin. He is there—Matthews."

"I don't want to go. I don't want to see him. I want to stay with my father."

Lars made no answer. To beat herself against his impassivity was as futile as to scream into the silence. At last she sank into a quivering heap. Then he leaned over her as if to touch her cheek; but she pushed away his hand.

Day after day they traveled, and the bitter cold leaped forward to meet them. Petronilla made no complaint, said no word. Lars did not know whether she had summoned to her aid an impassivity as strong as his own, or whether she was merely sunk in apathy. He spared her when he could. No matter how exhausted the dogs were, he never let her walk. He did not let her help him with the fires or the cooking. He even made camp early to save her strength. He scarcely slept, lest harm should come near her, and he watched her every heartbeat. Though she never answered, he talked to her, lest she grow afraid in the silence. Sometimes he told her an Old World story,—but never of love or romance,—some story of fortitude or sacrifice. And always the cold closed in on them; the North led