Reading for Women and all the Family

BIG TIMBER

By BERTRAND W. SINCLAIR

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(Continued.)

"Look here," he said roughly. "Take a brace, Stella. Do you realize what sort of a state of wind you're drifting into? You married me under more or less compulsion—compulsion of circumstances—and gradually you're beginning to get dissatisfied, to pity yourself. You'll precipitate things you maybe don't dream of now if you keep on. Hang it, I didn't create the circumstances! I only showed you a way out. You took it. It satisfied you for a while; you can't deny it. But it doesn't any more. You're nursing a lot of illusions, Stella, that are going to make your life full of misery."

"I'm not," she sobbed. It's because I haven't any illusions that—that—Oh, what's the use of talking, Jack? I'm not complaining. I don't even know what gave me this black mood just now. I suppose that queer miracle of my voice coming back upset me. I feel—well, as if I were a different person, somehow—as if I had forfeited any right to have it. Oh, it's silly, you'll say. But it's there. I can't help my feeling—or my lack of it."

Fyfe's face whitened a little. His hands dropped from her shoulders.

"Now you're talking to the point," he said quietly. "Especially that last. We've been married some little time now, and, if anything, we're farther apart in the essentials of mating than we were at the beginning. You've committed yourself to an undertaking, yet more and more you encourage yourself to wish for the moon. If you don't stop dreaming and try real living, don't you see a lot of trouble ahead for yourself? It's simple. You're slowly hardening yourself against me, beginning to resent my being a factor in your life. It's only a matter of time if you keep on until your emotions center about some other man."

"Why do you talk like that?" she said bitterly. "Do you think I've got neither pride nor selfrespect?"

"Yes. Both a-plenty," he answered. "But you're a woman, with a rather complex nature even for your sex. If your heart and your head ever clash over anything like that you'll be in perfect hell until one or the other gets the upper hand. You're a thoroughbred and high strung as thoroughbreds are. It takes something besides three meals a day and plenty of good clothes to complete your existence. If I can't make it complete some other man will make you think he can. Why don't you try? Haven't I got any possibilities as a lover? Can't you throw a little halo of romance about me for your own sake—if not for mine.

He drew her up close to him, stroking tenderly the glossy brown hair that flowed about her shoulders.

"Try it, Stella," he whispered passionately. "Try wanting to like me for a change. I can't make love by myself. Shake off that infernal apathy that's taking possession of you where I'm concerned. If you can't love me, for God's sake fight with me! Do something!"

Looking back at that evening as the summer wore on Stella perceived that it was the starting point of many things, no one of them definitely outstanding by itself, but bulking large as a whole. Fyfe made his appeal, and it left her unmoved save in certain superficial aspects. She was sorry, but she was mostly sorry for herself. And she denied his premonition of disaster.

She never dreamed that Jack Fyfe could possibly have foreseen in Walter Monohan a dangerous factor in their lives. A man is not supposed to have uncanny intuitions, even when his wife is a wonderfully attractive woman who does not care for him except in a friendly sort of way. Stella herself had ample warning. From the first time of meeting the man's presence affected her strangely, made an appeal to her that no man had ever made.

There was no denying the man's personal charm in the ordinary sense of the word. He was virile, handsome, cultured, just such a man as she could easily have centered her heart upon in times past—just such a man as can set a woman's heart thrilling when he lays siege to her. If he had made an open bid for Stella's affection, she entrenched behind all the accepted canons of her upbringing, would have recoiled from him, viewed him with wholly distrustful eyes.

But he did nothing of the sort. He was a friend, or at least he became so. Inevitably they were thrown much together. There was a continual informal running back and forth between Fyfe's place and Abbey's. Monohan was a lily of the field, although it was common knowledge on Roaring lake that he was a heavy stockholder in the Abbey-Monohan combination. At any rate, he was holidaying on the lake that summer. There had grown up a genuine intimacy between Linda and Stella. There were always people at the Abbey's, sometimes a few guests at the Fyfe bungalow. Stella's marvelous voice served to heighten her popularity. The net result of it was that in the following three months scarce three days went by that she did not converse with Monohan.

She could not help making comparisons between the two men. They stood out in marked contrast, in manner, physique, in everything. Where Fyfe was reserved almost to taciturnity, impassive featured, save for that whimsical gleam that was never wholly absent from his keen blue eyes, Monohan talked with facile ease, with wonderful expressiveness of face. He was a finished product of courteous generations. Moreover, he had been everywhere, done a little of everything, acquired in his manner something of the versatility of his experience. Physically he was fit as any logger in the camps, a big, active bodied, clear eyed, ruddy man.

What it was about him that stirred her so Stella could never determine. She knew beyond peradventure that he had that power. He had the gift of quick, sympathetic perception, but so too had Jack Fyfe, she reminded herself. Yet no tone of Jack Fyfe's voice could raise a flutter in her cheeks, while Monohan could do that. He did not need to be actively attentive. It was only necessary for him to be near.

(To be continued.)

Bringing Up Father

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By McManus

Rest and Sleep After Treatment With Cuticura

For Eczemas, Rashes and Itchings

Advice to the Lovelorn

Write to Him

Dear Miss Fairfax:

About four years ago I met a young man with whom I fell in love, and it was reciprocated. A year and a half later we had a quarrel and parted. Since then he has paid attention to another girl.

A year ago February I lost my mother, and the following May my father died. I was twenty-two. The day before my father was buried this young man came and asked me if I would accept his sympathy. All I could do was shake hands with him.

Since then I have been friendly wit hhim. Now his father is dying. Would it look forward to write and ask if I can do anything for him? E. S.

Of course, you have the natural reticence any fine girl would feel under the circumstances. However much more care for this boy, you must hesitate to take him from the other girl, who probably cares, too. For the present I think you may dismiss that phase of the situation from your mind and think only of the old friendship, of the fact that the boy's father, who is fond of you, is dying. An offer of sympathy is almost required of you. To fail to make it would mean to show an ugly, cold and selfish indifference. Write him a friendly letter, telling him how deeply you, who have seen a beloved father sick and suffering, sympathize with him now and how happy you would be if it were in your power to help an old friend in time of trouble.

They Must Do Their Share

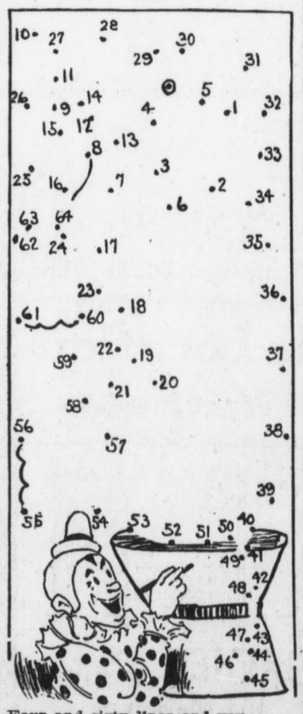
Dear Miss Fairfax:

I am employed as a stenographer, earning $14 a week. I have an invalid mother and my father is taking care of her.

Although I have three other brothers, the burden of the household falls on me and my youngest brother, who is suffering from a nervous breakdown. The older two are out of work for a long while, and either cannot get work or do not care to. In spite of frequent talks they do not make any attempts to lighten my burden. Discouraged.

Of course there are men who so little deserve the name and who are so shiftless that they are perfectly willing to sit back and let a young girl slave for their support. But I hope that your brothers are only a little bit weak and discouraged over difficulty to get work. Tell them frankly that either they must secure work or you will get it for them, and that if they are willing to do their share you will have to take steps to force them either to contribute to the support of your household or to cease draining its resources. I think if you were to threaten them with the law it might wake them up to the folly of their ways. Perhaps they simply do not realize what "slackers" they are. If you need their help the Legal Aid Society will give it to you for a very small fee—a few cents.

Daily Dot Puzzle



Four and sixty lines and you
See old ——— from the ———
Draw from one to two and so on to the end.

All's Well That Ends Well

Joe Eaton decided that his wife, Emmie, was narrow-minded. Of course the code of morals in a place as small as Cress Center was bound to be a straight and narrow path, but Joe, as a man, despised the small town gossip that the women indulged in, and wished Emmie wouldn't do it.

"And now," he muttered to himself, "I suppose the women will talk their heads off and treat that poor girl like dirt. Gee, I'm sorry for her. I wonder if Emmie has heard about it yet. Of course she has, though. Some one will be sure to call her up about it."

He turned in at the gate of his home and walked around to the back door, which swung back noislessly, and went into the big sunny kitchen, which was empty. From the dining-room a noise of some one talking came out to him. His lip curled sarcastically; the women are at it already. "Tearing the poor girl's reputation to pieces," he muttered.

Esther Conklin, the prettiest and most light-hearted girl in the village had offended the moral standing of Cress Center. She had gone out of town to a band concert with one of the youths, and due to an accident and the fact that it had been impossible to get communications back, the young people had not driven home until the next morning. At least that was the story they told. Of course, no one in Cress Center would believe such a thing. Wasn't Esther too pretty for any good, and wasn't she always in some hot water or other? Never a bit of good to her mother.

Joe heard the click of the receiver as Emmie rung off; the next minute she appeared in the door and exclaimed joyously as she saw him standing there. It was unusual for Joe to be home at this time. Why, she hadn't finished her morning's work.

"Hello," she began brightly. She wore a pink gingham dress, and her cheeks just matched its rosiness. Her hair was simply combed back from her forehead and kinked attractively. Joe looked at her hungrily, but he waited for her to speak and pronounce scaithing judgment upon Esther Conklin. He wondered why she didn't tell him without so much time wasted, but she said nothing at all about it.

"Were you talking over the telephone?" he asked finally.

She nodded. "The minister's wife wanted to know how I fixed tomato pickle," she vouchsafed.

"That all?" he asked.

"Why yes, Joe," she looked surprised.

"Heard any news?"

"No."

"That's strange. I thought it would be all over town by now. Esther Conklin didn't get home till this morning from last night's band concert over to the junction."

"What was the matter, Joe?"

"Oh, they tell of a breakdown and they couldn't get anything to bring them back."

Joe spoke uncompromisingly. He was waiting on Emmie to begin. But nothing happened.

"You believe it, don't you?" she asked.

"Sure! but the town won't.

"Well, they ought to, Emmie said indignantly. "Esther's foolish, but I don't believe anything wrong about her, and that's certain."

The telephone rang and Emmie answered it.

"Why, yes, I've heard," Joe listened, "but I don't believe there's anything wrong about her. No, no, Mrs. Gray, I don't agree with you. I don't think we ought to jump to conclusions." She talked for a few minutes, and when she came back to the kitchen her cheeks were more flushed than usual, and she was untying her apron.

"Joe, I'm going over to see Esther, I'm afraid she's miserablle, she probably needs someone to stand by her. Her father is awfully strict, you know."

Joe was speechless. Was this Emmie, the woman he had thought narrow? Why had she always shown that other side of herself?

"You think I am doing right, don't you, Joe?" she asked, noting his silence. "Surely you agree with me," and she went up to him.

He put both hands on her shoulders and looked down into her wide blue eyes. There was admiration in his.

"You've never been like this before, he said. His brow wrinkled as though he could not understand. "I thought you'd be like the other women, quick to judge. You always like to listen to their gossip."

"Yes, dear, about little things," she assented, "but not where a girl's reputation is concerned. In a small town there is nothing else to do but 'visit,' as we women call it, but I've never gossiped about anything serious. Suppose we ask Esther and her young man over for supper this evening. That ought to show folks the way we feel."

Food Saving Lesson

Every pound of vegetables properly put by for future use, every jar of fruit preserved, adds that much to our insurance of victory.—President Wilson.

There are many ways in which windfall and cull apples may be made into valuable and palatable food products, such as apple sauce, cider, apple sirup, cider vinegar, jelly, preserves, etc., says to-day's bulletin of the National Emergency Food Garden Commission, which is working in conjunction with this paper to conserve the nation's food supply.

In this lesson the bulletin offers this receipt for canning such apples for pie filling. Wash, core and pare the apples and remove all decayed or injured spots. Slice apples quickly into a basin containing slightly salted cold water (about 1 teaspoonful per gallon) to keep from discoloring. Pack fresh cold product in glass jars or tin cans. Add one cupful of hot, thin sirup of about 18 degrees density (or about 1 pound of sugar to 4½ pints of water) to each quart of fruit. If using glass cans, put on the rubbers and screw on the tops, but do not seal completely. If using tin cans, cap and tip, sealing up completely. Sterilize 12 minutes in hot water bath, homemade outfit; 10 minutes in water sealed outfit; 6 minutes under five pounds of steam pressure; 6 minutes in aluminum pressure cooker. Remove jars, tighten covers, invert to cool and test joints. Wrap in paper and store.

This filling can be used for making apple pies in the same way that fresh apples would be used, with the exception that the sirup must be poured off and less sugar should be used. Since the apples have already been cooked, only enough heat is needed to cook the crust and warm the apples through. Pies may be baked in 7 minutes. The apple pies, made with these apples are, in the opinion of many housekeepers, as good as those made with fresh fruit, and they can be made in less time and are less expensive.

Give The Stomach A Chance To Work

We can't expect the stomach to act normally if the natural avenues of elimination are blocked so it cannot dispose of its refuse. When the bowels are constipated the stomach is called upon for work beyond its capacity and the result is bloat, belching, headache, and discomfort generally, and, unless the condition is promptly relieved, serious illness.

An effective remedy for constipation is sold in drug stores under the name of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. It is a combination of simple laxative herbs with pepsin that acts on the bowels in a gentle, natural manner, without griping or other pain or discomfort, affording speedy relief. Get a bottle of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin from your druggist and have it in the house when you need it; it costs only fifty cents and is the ideal family remedy, mild enough for children and old people, yet sufficiently powerful for the strongest constitution. A trial bottle, free of charge, can be obtained by writing to Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 456 Washington St., Monticello, Illinois

Eighty Years Young---Physician Says Nuxated Iron Did It

How Would You Like to Feel Like a Boy Again, Full of Energy, Vim and Vigor, With a Strong, Elastic, Forceful Step, Instead of That Nervous, Shambling Gait?

Doctor Says Nuxated Iron Often Increases the Strength and Endurance of Delicate, Nervous, Run-Down Folks 100 Percent In Two Weeks' Time

What's the use of feeling so old, cross, nervous and "grumpy" all the time, a burden to yourself and a constant irritation to others. It's not how old you are in years that counts, but it's the amount of iron in your blood that may tell the story. For want of iron, you may be an old man at thirty, dull of intellect, poor in memory, nervous, irritable and all "run-down" while at 50 or 60, with plenty of iron in your blood, you may still be young in feeling, full of life, your whole being brimming over with energy and vital force.

As proof of this, take the case of Dr. James Louis Beyea, who for fifteen years was Adjunct Professor in the New York Homeopathic Medical College. At nearly 80 years of age, Dr. Beyea was very much weakened and run-down. He made up his mind to renew his vital energy and fill his veins again with youthful vim and vigor. He therefore prescribed Nuxated Iron for himself and took it. A short course of it made him feel like a new man. So much so that he says his friends ask, "What have you been doing to yourself you look so well and full of life." His reply is, "Taking care of my blood and building it up with iron—Nuxated Iron." Dr. Beyea further says that there is nothing like iron in his opinion to put youthful strength and power into the veins of the weak, run-down, infirm or aged.

Then there is Former Health Commissioner Wm. R. Kerr, of Chicago, who is past the three score year mark, but still vigorous, active, full of life, vim and energy. Former Health Commissioner Kerr says that he believes his own personal activity to-day is largely due to his use of Nuxated Iron, and that he believes it ought to be prescribed by every physician and used in every hospital in the country. Former United States Senator Wm. E. Mason is another keen, vigorous, hard working man who is well past the three score year mark, who praises the great strength and endurance building properties possessed by Nuxated Iron. Senator Mason says: "As a pioneer in the pure food and drug legislation, I was at first loath to try an advertised remedy, but after advising with my medical friends, I gave Nuxated Iron a test. The results have been so beneficial in my own case, I made up my mind to let my friends know about it. I am now 65 years of age and I feel that a remedy which will build up the strength and increase the power and endurance of one at my age, should be known to the world."

And then there is former United States Senator Chas. A. Towne, who at past 58 is still a veritable mountain of tireless energy. Senator Towne says:

PUT ME AMONGST THE GIRLS

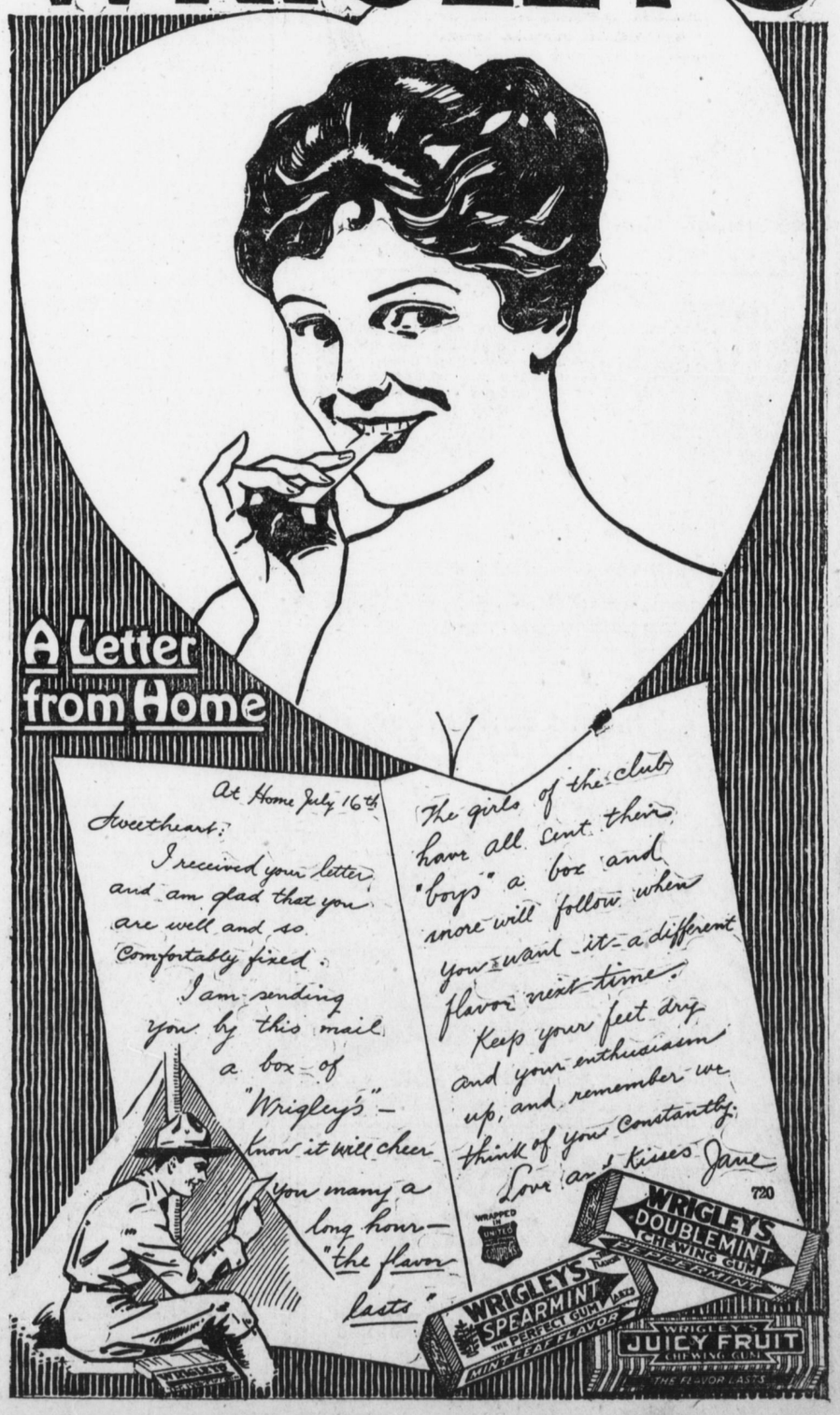
And Boys—I'll be Gol darned if that there Nuxated Iron hasn't made me feel like a boy again; full of vim and vigor—it certainly has the "kick" in it.

"I have found Nuxated Iron of the greatest benefit as a tonic and regulative. Henceforth I shall not be without it. I am in a position to testify for the advantage of others, to the remarkable and immediate helpfulness of this remedy, and I unhesitatingly recommended Nuxated Iron to all who feel the need of renewed energy and the regularity of bodily functions."

Dr. E. Sauer, a Boston Physician, who has studied both in this country and great European Medical Institutions said: Nuxated Iron is a wonderful remedy. Not long ago a man came to me who was nearly half a century old and asked me to give him a preliminary examination for life insurance. I was astonished to find him with the blood pressure of a boy of twenty, and as full of vigor, vim and vitality as a young man; in fact a young man he really was notwithstanding his age. The secret he said, was taking iron—Nuxated Iron had filled him with renewed life. At 30 he was in bad health; at 46 he was careworn and nearly all in—now at 50, after taking Nuxated Iron, a miracle of vitality and his face beaming with the buoyancy of youth.

If people would only take Nuxated Iron when they feel weak or run-down instead of dosing themselves with habit-forming drugs, stimulants and alcoholic beverages, I am convinced that in this way they could ward off disease, preventing it becoming organic in thousands of cases, and thereby the lives of thousands might be saved who now die every year from pneumonia, grippe, kidney, liver, heart trouble and other dangerous maladies. Thousands of people suffer from iron deficiency and do not know it. If you are not strong or well you owe it to yourself to make the following test: See how long you can work or how far you can walk without becoming tired. Next take two five-grain tablets of Nuxated Iron three times per day after meals for two weeks. Then test your strength again and see how much you have gained.

NOTE—Nuxated Iron which has been used by Dr. Beyea and others with such surprising results, and which is prescribed and recommended by physicians in such a great variety of cases, is not a patent medicine nor secret remedy, but one which is well known to druggists everywhere. Unlike the older inorganic iron products it is easily assimilated, does not injure the teeth, make them black nor upset the stomach; on the contrary it is a most potent remedy in nearly all forms of indigestion as well as for nervous, run-down conditions. The manufacturers have such great confidence in Nuxated Iron that they offer to forfeit $100.00 to any charitable institution if they cannot take any man or woman under sixty who lacks iron and increase their strength 100 per cent, or over in four weeks' time, provided they have no serious organic trouble. They also offer to refund your money if it does not at least double your strength and endurance in ten days time. It is dispensed by all good druggists.

Croll Keller, G. A. Gorgas and J. Nelson Clark.

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