



# Reading for Women and all the Family



## BIG TIMBER

By BERTRAND W. SINCLAIR

Copyright, 1916, by Little, Brown & Co.

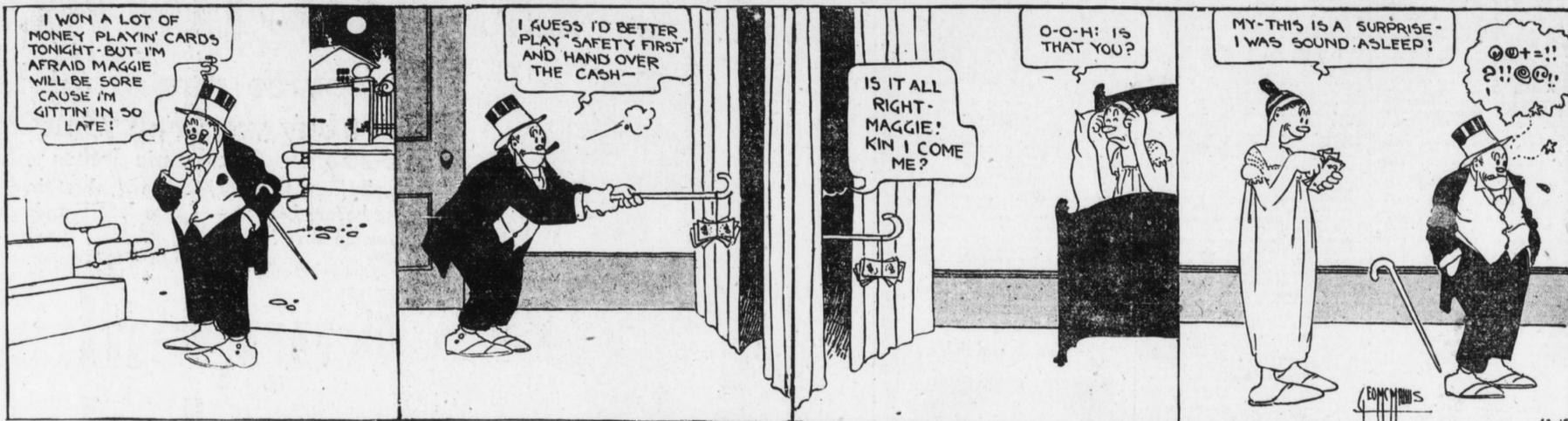
(Continued.)  
**CHAPTER XIV**  
**Free as the Wind**  
 Stella had barely crossed the threshold when back in the rear Jack Junior's baby voice rose in a shrill scream of pain.

She scarcely heard her husband and the doctor come in. For a weary age she had been sitting in a low rocker, a pillow across her lap, and on that little tortured body swaddled with cotton soaked in olive oil, the only dressing she and Mrs. Howe could devise to cease the pain. All those other things which had so racked her—the fight on the Tyece, the shooting of Billy Dale—they had vanished somehow into thin air before her anguished eyes. She sat numbed with that deadly assurance, praying without hope for help to come, hopeless that any medical skill would avail when it did come.

## Bringing Up Father

Copyright, 1917, International News Service

By McManus



So many hours had been wasted while a man rowed to Benton's camp, while the Chickamin steamed to Roaring Springs while the Waterbug came driving back—five hours! And the skin—yes, even shreds of flesh—had come away in patches with Jack Junior's clothing when she took it off. She bent over him,

fearful that every feeble breath would be his last. Fyfe would be his last. Fyfe was beside her, his calked boots biting into the oak floor.

"See what you can do, doc," he said huskily; then to Stella, "How did it happen?"

"He toddled away from Martha," she whispered. "Sam Foo had set a pan of boiling water on the kitchen floor. He fell into it. Oh, my poor little darling!"

They watched the doctor bare the terribly scalded body, examine, listen to the boy's breathing, count his pulse. In the end he redressed the tiny body with stuff from the case with which a country physician goes armed against all emergencies. He was very deliberate and thoughtful. Stella looked her appeal when he finished.

"He's a sturdy little chap," he said, "and we'll do our best. A child frequently survives terrific shock. It would be mistaken kindness for me to make light of his condition simply to spare your feelings. He has an even chance. I shall stay until morning. Now, I think it would be best to lay him on a bed. You must relax, Mrs. Fyfe. I can see that the strain is telling on you. You mustn't allow yourself to get in that abnormal condition. The baby is not conscious of pain. He is not suffering half so much in his body as you are in your mind, and you mustn't do that. Be hopeful. We'll have his little feet mended by a nurse but there was no time to get one."

They laid Jack Junior amid down pillows on Stella's bed. The doctor stood looking at him, then drew a chair beside the bed.

"Go and walk about a little, Mrs. Fyfe," he advised, "and have your dinner. I'll want to watch the boy awhile."

But Stella did not want to walk. She did not want to eat. She was scarcely aware that her limbs were cramped and aching from her long vigil in the chair. She was not conscious of herself and her problems any more. Every shift of her mind turned on her baby, the little mite she had nursed at her breast, the one joy untinged with bitterness that was left her. The bare chance that those little feet might never patter across the floor again, that little voice never wake her in the morning, crying "Mom-mom," drove her distracted.

She went out into the living room, walked to a window, stood there drumming on the pane with nervous fingers. Dusk was fast on its side; a dusk was creeping over her. She shuddered.

Fyfe came up behind her, put his hands on her shoulders and turned her so that she faced him.

"I wish I could help, Stella," he whispered. "I wish I could make you feel less forlorn. Poor little kiddies—both of you."

She shook off his hands, not because she rebelled against his touch, against his sympathy, merely because she had come to that nervous state where she scarce realized what she did.

(To be continued.)

## Life's Problems Are Discussed

By Mrs. Wilson Woodrow

I was talking to a woman who in the course of the conversation said some very disparaging things about herself. I looked at her in surprise. She was not the sort of a person I should have accused of the pride that apes humility, and she had always struck me as an unusually good sort—breed, merry, without prejudices and taking things as they come.

"Why be unjust to yourself?" I asked.

"I don't think I am," she replied. "I had a very nice opinion of myself until a few years ago, and then I discovered that instead of the conventional 'seven devils,' I was possessed of seventy."

"It was this way: A change in my husband's business made it necessary for us to remove to another city. We had been married only a short time, and it seemed advisable instead of going to housekeeping to live with a widow friend of Philip's. Every one congratulated us, told us what an agreeable person she was, a wonderful housekeeper and noted for her delicious dinners."

"It was all quite true. But I had no sooner set eyes upon her than I realized that we should never get along. There was a secret antagonism between us, an antipathy so strong that it frightened me, and I knew intuitively that the feeling was reciprocated. I took myself seriously in hand.

"You should be too big a woman," I said to myself, "to let this illogical and unreasoning dislike affect you. And I honestly tried to overcome my prejudice. But I've got to say that she didn't attempt to be as fair to me as I endeavored to be to her. Because she disliked me she assumed that I was a despicable person deserving of whatever insolence or unkindness she dared show me."

"In spite of my best intentions I began to indulge in that sort of covert bickering, that utterance of sugared remarks with the sting in them which women are so good when they choose. We spent our time thinking up small ways in which to thwart and annoy each other. It wasn't long before I was unable, and not only my disposition but my looks and my health suffered in consequence.

"I attempted to explain something of the situation to my husband, but he quite failed to understand. He said that it was extremely inconvenient for him to have to even consider making any change at the time and that I was evidently suffering from an exaggerated case of nerves and had better see a doctor."

"So you see I was up against a blank wall. Again I held a conference with myself. I resolved to look at the whole question as dispassionately as possible. I took a pencil and paper and put down the whole case as fairly as I could, both for an analyst and for myself.

"The facts against me were that Philip was contented and happy in his present manner of living; he asked for nothing better. He said to me that it would be at least six months before he would know certainly whether we would make our permanent home in this place or not; therefore any immediate change would be foolish. Then, since he couldn't understand the reason for my unhappiness, I was only making myself wretched and worrying him unnecessarily by bringing up the subject between us.

"On the other hand, I was living in a small hell, contemptible because it was so petty and unworthy. I was getting to be embittered, sharp-tongued and thoroughly discouraged. My life seemed empty and mean, and I was losing all belief in myself.

"These were the facts. The next question was, what to do about it? To run home to mother simply because I couldn't live happily with my husband's aunt seemed to me a terribly babyish thing to do. Anyway, I reflected, you never really get away from anything by running away from it; it always rises up to meet you sooner or later, in another form perhaps, but strip it of its disguises and it's the same old specter you have fled from and determined to evade.

"So I made some very stern resolves to which I meant to adhere through thick or thin. And the first of these was that I was not going to spoil my young, glad life and my excellent looks by fretting continu-

ally because my lot was cast with some one whose presence was a continual irritant. Since Philip's aunt never missed an opportunity to let fly the poisoned arrow, she should not have the gratification of denting up my shining mail. I should be imperiously, inscrutably, indifferently sweet.

"Also I should subject myself to annoying conditions just as little as possible. I began to go out more and more. I made friends, fast, joined several clubs and was by way of being a social favorite. I was, in fact, so very rarely at home that my husband began to criticize me."

"Why should I have any interest in a home which is not mine? I would reply, 'I have nothing to do with the creating of it, or the physical, mental and spiritual upbuilding of it. Why should I wish to spend any of my time in it?'"

"The aunt, too, began to talk a great deal about the modern bridge-playing, rolling, dancing, skating women. But I simply smiled and went on amusing myself.

"These means proved remarkably efficacious. Before the six months were up my husband had shown a keen interest in our securing a home of our own, and our aunt had conceived a perfectly new respect for me because the people she admired admired me."

"The triumph of diplomacy," said I.

"Yes. Of course every case of the sort requires a different method, but this worked in mine. I never dreamed, though," she spoke in an awed tone, "that I had so many hidden devils lurking within me as my husband's aunt managed to stir up."

"We all have," I consoled her. "It's the greatest folly," she went on, still intent on her theme, "for two young married people to start their lives together in the home of either his or her relatives. Of course, there are exceptions, but I am talking of the majority of cases. The beasts of the field and the fowls of the air are wiser than that. You never see young bird-couples taking up their abode in the family nest;

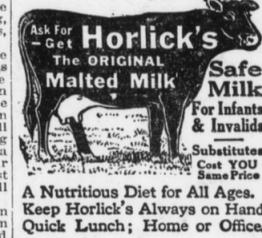
and imagine a young fox leading his mate to the den in which he was reared.

"If they attempted it, I fancy that Mother Bird and Mother Fox, as well as Wife Bird and Wife Fox, would have some very positive and conclusive remarks to make, and both fur and feathers would fly. It's an impossible situation for every one concerned, even harder, if anything, upon the mothers-in-law, poor dears, than upon the younger generation.

"It's easy enough to see why the condition is so difficult. Nature, as I have just said, presents the analogy. Look from your window in the springtime if you happen to be fortunate enough to have a tree in sight. Mating birds don't spend all their time on upward wing cleaving the sky. Immediately they build a nest. It's an instinct in all our beasts, this nest-building. We must have some place which we can call peculiarly and intimately our own.

"A man's real home is very often his office, the spot where he can have things exactly as he likes and

wants them. But for a woman not to be able to exercise her instinct for home-making is a hardship which goes deep. She has been defrauded. She doesn't feel that she is really living, and her life hangs patchy and scrappy."



## Globe Coats For Women Stand Out as Aristocrats

Aristocratic in cloth, in style, in workmanship and are coats that possess all the touches of smartness to stamp them really distinctive

### Some Particular Favorites Are

- Cut Bolivia Cloth Coats in Olive Drab and Helio, lined with Pussy Willow, at \$60.
- Silvertone Coats in Green, Olive Drab, Oxford Gray and Pekin Blue are \$37.50.
- Charming styles in Pom Poms—many fur-trimmed, at \$35 to \$50.
- Soft, warm Wool Velour Coats—handsomely lined, at \$30, \$35, \$40 to \$75.
- Coats of Broadcloth and Kersey—self and fur collars—at \$28.50 to \$50.

### Superior Values in Popularly Priced Coats, \$18.75, \$22.50 and \$25

Smart, stylish Coats of Velour with large fur, plush and self collars—of heavy Cheviots with Beaver collars, new pleated back, loose belted model—warmly lined and many interlined—all the leading shades are represented.

## THE GLOBE Ladies' Coat Salon Second Floor

## Style and Value

are prominent in our new fall boots for ladies.

Black Lace Boot all kid upper, stitched tip, Goodyear welted sole, Louis heel. A real \$6.00 value, for ..... \$3.98

Same style with a dark gray kid top, plain toe; \$7.00 value, for ..... \$3.98

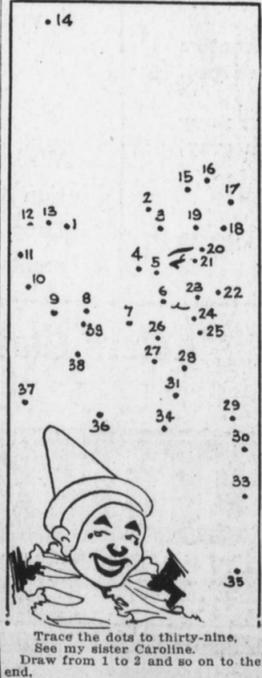
Gray Kid Boots—in dark or silver gray, with a cloth top to match. Goodyear welts, Louis heel, \$6.00 value, for ..... \$3.98

Same style in Cocoa Brown Kid, at ..... \$3.98

LADIES' GUN METAL LACE SHOE; 8-inch top; gray cloth top; welted sole; Louis heel a \$4.50 value for.	ENGLISH WALKING SHOES with either the low flat heel or the popular military heel; leather or Rines soles; big variety for
\$3.49	\$2.98
	\$3.49
	\$3.98

G. R. Kinney Co., Inc.  
 19 and 21 N. 4th St.

## Daily Dot Puzzle



Trace the dots to thirty-nine. See my sister Caroline. Draw from 1 to 2 and so on to the end.

## To Remove Dandruff

Get a 25-cent bottle of Danderine at any drug store. Rub a little in your hand and rub well into the scalp with the finger tips. By morning, 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.

# How the War-Tax Touches Your Pocketbook

From the cradle to the grave most of man's activities will now be taxed under the new Revenue Bill, points out an Associated Press correspondent, since "baby's first dash of talcum powder under the 2% tax on cosmetics will help the Government carry on the war, and after death, the Federal Collectors will be on hand to get the Inheritance Tax at advances on the present rate of from 1% on \$50,000.00 to 10% on \$1,000,000.00."

While Congressman Kitchin and Senator Simmons, respectively responsible for the Tax Revenue legislation in the House and Senate, express much satisfaction with it, the newspaper press in various sections of the country is commenting upon what it deems, to use the words of the New York Evening Sun, the law's serious "inequities," "obscurities," "incomprehensibilities," and "unworkabilities."

In THE LITERARY DIGEST for October 13th, a clear exposition of what the new taxation will cost individuals and corporations is given and the drift of public opinion upon it is shown. Other striking phases of the world's news are presented under these headings:

## How to Recognize the Rank, and Service Branch, of Navy Men

A Full Page of Illustrations Showing the Shoulder Straps, Sleeve Insignia, Chevrons, Collar Devices, and Specialty Marks Worn by Officers and Men in the United States Navy

- The Yellow Peril in Germany
- German Gold in French Politics
- Military Aid From Japan
- Building Your House to Suit the Climate
- A New Safety Car-Step
- America's First Camouflage Company
- German Opera Tabu in Chicago
- Examining William II's Divine Right
- "Carry On!"
- News of Finance and Investment

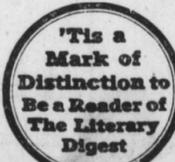
- Hearst, Tammany, Mitchel, and America
- We Lend a Few Billions to Ourselves
- Why Men Fail
- A Plea for the Coarser Bread-Stuff
- The Quarrel Over Lincoln's Statue
- The Pope's Motives
- Is "Christine" Run to Earth?
- Knights of Columbus War-Work
- Rooting Out Christianity in Germany
- Personal Glimpses of Men and Events

Excellent Illustrations, Both Humorous and Educational

## We Need An Educated Citizenry

to influence our national policies at home and abroad—voters who can intelligently support or condemn the stand of their officials, according to its true merits. And here is a news-magazine helping to develop a citizen body educated in all our vital foreign and domestic affairs. THE LITERARY DIGEST affords real education. It reports events and conditions just as they are, and just as they are viewed by all different parties. It leaves no room for uncertainty, prejudice, or misinformation. THE DIGEST gives all sides of every question so that the citizen who reads it may be fully informed and able to pass sane, unprejudiced judgment.

October 13th Number on Sale To-day—All News-dealers—10 Cents



# The Literary Digest

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY (Publishers of the Famous NEW Standard Dictionary), NEW YORK