# Reading for Women and all the Family

## BIG TIMBER

By BERTRAND W. SINCLAIR

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(Continued.)

"Oh," she choked, "I can't bear it! My baby, my little baby boy, the one bright spot that's left, and he has to suffer like that! If he dies it's the end of everything for me."

Fyfe stared at her. The warm, pitying look on his face ebbed away, hardened into his old mask-like absence of expression.

"No," he said quietly; "it would only be the beginning. Lord, but this has been a day!"

He whirled about with a quick gesture of his hands, a harsh, raspy laugh that was very near a sob, and left her. Twenty minutes later, when Stella was irresistibly drawn back to the bedroom, she found him sitting sober and silent looking at his son.

A little past midnight Jack Junior died.

Stella sat watching the gray lines of rain beat down on the asphalt, the muddy rivulets that streamed along the gutter. A forlorn sighing of wind in the bare boughs of a gaunt elm that stood before her window reminded her achingly of the wind drone among the tall firs.

A ghastly two weeks had intervened since Jack Junior's little life blinked out. There had been wild moments when she wished she could keep him company on that journey into the unknown, but grief seldom kills. Sometimes it hardens. Always it works a change, a greater or less revamping of the spirit. It was so with Stella Fyfe, although she was not keenly aware of any forthright metamorphosis. She was for the present too actively involved in material changes.

The snapping of that last link served to deepen and widen the gulf between her and Fyfe. He went about his business grave and preoccupied. They seldom talked together. She knew that his boy had meant a lot to him, but he had his work. He did not have to sit with folded hands and think until thought drove him into the bogs of melancholy.

And so the break came. With desperate abruptness Stella told him that she could not stay; that feeling as she did she despised herself for unwilling acceptance of everything where she could give nothing in return; that the original mistake of their marriage would never be rectified by a perpetuation of that mistake.

"What's the use, Jack?" she finished. "You and I are so made that we can't be neutral. We've got to be throughly in accord or we have to part. There's no chance for us to get back to the old way of living. I don't want to; I can't. I could never be complaisant and agreeable again. We might as well come to a full stop and each go his own way."

She had braced herself for a clash of wills. There was none. Fyfe listened to her, looked at her long and earnestly and in the end made a quick, impatient gesture with his hands.

"Your life's your own to make what you please of now that the kid's no longer a factor," he said quietly. "What do you want to do? Have you made any plans?"

"I have to live, naturally," she replied. "Since I've got my voice back I feel sure I can turn that to account. I should like to go to Seattle first and look around. It can be supposed I have gone visiting until one or the other of us takes a decisive legal step."

"That's simple enough," he returned after a minute's reflection. "Well, if it has to be, for God's sake let's get it over with!"

And now it was over with. Fyfe remarked once that with them luckily it was not a question of money. But for Stella it was indeed an economic problem. When she left Roaring lake her private account contained over $2,000. Her last act in Vancouver was to redeposit that to her husband's credit. Only so did she feel that she could go free of all obligation, clean handed, without stultifying herself in her own eyes. She had treasured as a keepsake the only money she had ever earned in her life, her brother's check for $270, the wages of that sordid period in the cook house. She had it now—$270 capital. She hadn't sold herself for that. She had given honest value, double and treble, in the sweat of her brow. She was here now, in a five dollar a week housekeeping room, foot loose, free as the wind. That was Fyfe's last word to her. He had come with her to Seattle and waited patiently at a hotel until she had found a place to live. Then he had gone away without protest.

"Well, Stella," he had said, "I guess this is the end of our experiment. In six months—under the state law—you can be legally free by a technicality. So far as I'm concerned, you're free as the wind right now. Good luck to you."

He turned away with a smile on his lips a smile that his eyes belied, and she watched him walk to the corner through the same sort of driving rain that now pelted in gray lines against her window.

She shook herself impatiently out of that retrospect. It was done. Life, as her brother had prophesied, was no kid glove affair. The future was her chief concern now, not the past. Meantime she had not been idle; neither had she come to Seattle on a blind impulse. She knew of a singing teacher there whose reputation wa smore than local, a vocal authority whose word carried weight far beyond Puget sound. First she meant to see him, get an impartial estimate of the value of her voice, of the training she would need. Through him she hoped to get in touch with some outlet for the only talent she possessed. And she had received more encouragement than she dared hope. He listened to her sing, then tested the range and flexibility of her voice.

"Amazing," he said frankly. "You have a rare natural endowment. If you have the determination and the sense of dramatic values that musical discipline will give you, you should go far. You should find your place in opera."

"That's my ambition," Stella answered. "But that requires time and training. And that means money. I have to earn it."

The upshot of that conversation was an appointment to meet the manager of a photoplay house who wanted a singer. Stella looked at her watch now and rose to go. Money, always money, if one wanted to get anywhere, she reflected cynically. No wonder men struggled desperately for that token of power.

## Bringing Up Father

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By McManus

## Fashions of To-Day - By May Manton

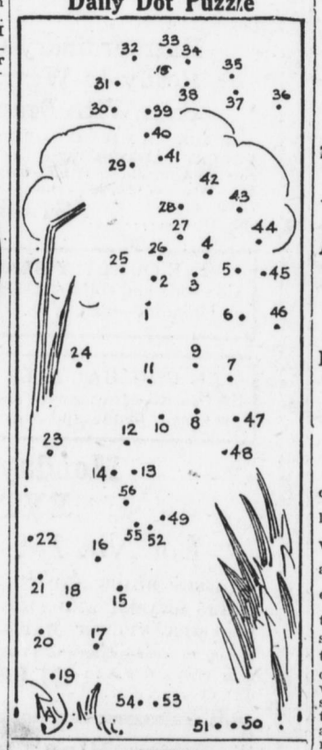
9503 Coat Dress for Misses and Small Women, 16 and 18 years. Price 15 cents.

The coat dress makes a most important feature of the fashions of the opening season and here is an exceedingly good example. It is designed for young girls and for small women of girl-like figures, and shows the very newest and smartest features. Appropriately, it can be made of serge or of gabardine, or of charmeuse if something more dressy is wanted, or it can be made of one of the many novelty materials of the season, one of which is illustrated here. Navy blue serge is a standby for dresses of the sort and is exceedingly smart with collar and cuffs braided with soutache or embroidered with a few heavy threads, for embroidery and braiding are all important just now and are being extensively used upon the newest models. The fronts of the bodice are just slightly full at the under-arms to relieve them of over-severity. The back is perfectly plain and the skirt gives a panel effect that always is becoming with drapery at the sides which conceals pockets.

For the 16-year size will be needed, 3¾ yards of material 44 inches wide, 3½ yards 54 with ¾ yard 36 inches wide for the trimming.

The pattern No. 9503 is cut in sizes for 16 and 18 years. It will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of fifteen cents.

## Daily Dot Puzzle



## A STRONG PLEA FOR TEMPERANCE

### Pennsylvania Conference of United Brethren Church Gets Report on Subject

Waynesboro, Pa., Oct. 13.—The cause of temperance, and particularly nation-wide prohibition, has always been firmly upheld and stoutly advocated by the Church of the United Brethren in Christ, but never in the denomination's history has it assumed such an important place in the program of the church. Yesterday morning's session of the Pennsylvania conference of the church in session here was devoted largely to the discussion of temperance work and, in connection with the annual report on "Temperance" by the Rev. C. M. Sparrow of Boonsboro, Md., the conference heard an address by the Rev. Dr. Ernest Claypool, president of the Harrisburg district of the Anti-Saloon league. Dr. Claypool's remarks were applauded frequently and his manifest antagonism toward the saloon was commended by Bishop Bell, who is presiding.

Devotional exercises, consisting of Scriptural reading by the Rev. J. R. Hutchison, of New Cumberland, and a song service, formed the opening of the sessions to-day. A seminary extension paper on "The Gospel of Luke," by the Rev. C. W. Hutsler of Lemasters, occupied the attention of the delegates for a brief period before the beginning of business.

The committee on fourth year course of study announced that the Rev. H. O. Harner of Wolfsville, Mr., had completed the course of study and was recommended for ordination by the conference. The Rev. Harner will be ordained on Sunday morning. The report of the conference treasurer, the Rev. Dr. J. E. Kleffman, showed an excellent financial standing. The reappointment of the Rev. O. E. Krenz of Dillsburg, as conference evangelist was reported by Superintendent A. B. Statton.

These elections were made by the conference during the morning session: Christian Stewardship secretary, the Rev. G. I. Rider; historical society secretary, the Rev. R. Byrd; Clippinger legacy fund agent, the Rev. Dr. J. E. Kieffman; benevolent fund board, the Rev. Dr. L. Walter Lutz, the Rev. Dr. J. E. Kleffman, and the Rev. R. R. Rodes; conferences board of education, the Rev. Dr. L. Walter Lutz, and the Rev. Dr. G. D. Gossard; trustees of Lebanon Valley college, Elmer Funkhouser, W. N. McFaul, the Rev. W. M. Beattie and the Rev. E. H. Hummelbaugh;; Anti-Saloon league, the Rev. A. R. Ayres and the Rev. R. R. Rodes for Pennsylvania, the Rev. Dr. A. B. Statton, and the Rev. E. W. Leech for Maryland, and the Rev. C. S. Hardy and the Rev. Dr. C. E. Fultz, for the District of Columbia; Colestock Old People's Home board, the Rev. J. P. Koontz, the Rev. E. C. B. Castle and the Rev. Dr. W. H. Weaver; court of appeals, the Rev. Dr. A. B. Statton and the Rev. Dr. A. A. Long; Pennsylvania conference missionary and church extension board, the Rev. Dr. L. Walter Lutz, the Rev. E. C. B. Castle, the Rev. J. F. Snyder, the Rev. G. I. Rider and the Rev. A. R. Ayres; standing secretary of study courses, the Rev. P. R. Koontz.

One of the strongest and most able addresses of the conference meet was that with which Bishop Bell opened the afternoon session to-day. The versatile bishop was at his best, especially so as he was speaking on one of his favorite subjects, "The Kingdom of God and Its Tasks."

The report on "Evangelism" was submitted by the Rev. G. R. Renshaw of Wormleysburg, and was supplemented by a discussion on that topic by the Rev. O. E. Krenz, conference evangelist.

The remainder of the afternoon was devoted to the interest of the Quincy Orphanage and Home. Twelve small girls were present from that institution and sang for the delegates, while one from their number, Miss June Light, recited. Further facts concerning the orphanage labors were gleaned from a report on that subject by the Rev. E. C. B. Castle of Mechanicsburg, and an address by Prof. R. G. Mowrey, field agent of Quincy orphanage.

Five pastors from other local churches were introduced to the conference and given advisory seats; the Rev. J. M. Rutherford, Presbyterian; the Rev. J. C. Coulson, Radical United Brethren; the Rev. W. P. Shriner, Methodist; the Rev. M. A. Witter, Church of Brethren, and the Rev. J. E. Guy, Reformed.

### NAVAL BRIGADE RECEIVES SHIP

Toronto, Ont.—Flagship Commodore Jarvis, a gift from the Canada Steamship Company to the Toronto Boys' Naval Brigade, was christened and inaugurated as a training ship by Lady Willison at the Royal Canadian Yacht Club in the presence of a large assemblage. The aim of the brigade is to secure a full-rigged ship from the British navy to be anchored permanently in Toronto harbor, and this, it is promised, will be forthcoming when the brigade can enlist 1,000 boys for naval training.

## Life's Problems Are Discussed

BY MRS. WILSON WOODROW

Talk about "the face that launched a thousand ships and fired the topless towers of Ilium;" Or was it, "the towers of topless Ilium?" I never can remember.

A few days ago I published a letter in this space—the self-revelation of a young woman of twenty-seven years—which seems to have stirred the ranks of all bachelordom.

From East and West and North and South the responses have come, and in such numbers that my mail is clogged and I find myself inundated by the tide of correspondence. And every other letter carries an offer of marriage for "Miss Twenty-seven"—a genuine proffer of heart and hand, authenticated by the fact that the writers give their right names and addresses, if one may judge by their business letterheads.

One who receives many letters gets to be an expert in reading between the lines, and these epistles do not reflect the vagaries and impulses of "triflers," visionaries and cranks, but the wishes and longings of solid, substantial members of society, "regular people," who appear to realize the full responsibility entailed by their action.

"I am a widower thirty-four years old," one writes, "have done my bit in service on the border last summer, and am now honorably discharged. I have a beautiful little home, and am capable of taking good care of a wife."

Another writes that he has held a responsible position with the same firm for a number of years, and is a taxpayer both in New Jersey and in Greater New York. "Never before have I read a letter which appealed to me more than the one you quote in your article," he says. "I consider the young lady a jewel that any man might be proud to win."

A bachelor of thirty-two presents as his qualifications an appointive position under the city government, with a private income in addition. He has an apartment in town and a farm within the commuting zone. But so far he hasn't found the right girl, and he is firmly convinced that "Miss Twenty-seven" is she. He touches in his letter on some of his disillusionizing experiences:

"One sweet girl's idea of a husband is a man who will provide her with an automobile and a saddle horse. Another would be willing to live in the country, if she could have 'plenty of help! I have an automobile, but I cannot afford at present prices of feed to keep a saddle horse, nor 'plenty of help.' What I need is a partner."

And so it goes. Rich man, poor man, doctor, lawyer, merchant, thief." There are offers of marriage from them all. A successful preacher among the aspirants encloses his photograph. A radio operator in the navy, now stationed on the Pacific coast, wants to start a correspondence with the girl of twenty-seven until they have an opportunity to meet.

"She will find me a man of good morals," he writes, "well educated, and as good looking as the best."

I find all this rather breath-taking. I have heard and read so much of the campaign of "frightfulness" inaugurated by those specters that haunt the imagination of the bachelor, the High Cost of Living and the Extravagance of the Modern Woman, that I had supposed the average man was becoming somewhat gun-shy of matrimony. Many of them had confided to me that they were, but I fear these were the "slackers." For, if the testimony of these letters is any indication, the campaign of "frightfulness" has failed. There are evidently quantities of eligible bachelors all over the country who remain single simply because they cannot find the type of woman they want.

I wish to state with all the emphasis of which I am capable, that I am not a marriage broker, that neither vast wealth no immortal fame could induce me to run a marriage bureau. Neither shall I effect any introductions between young men and young women who are unknown to me, no matter how earnest and pitiful their pleas. Some are born to trouble, some achieve it, and some have trouble thrust upon them. I have achieved all the trouble I care for in this life, without having any more thrust upon me. I hope I have made my position quite plain.

Yet, as I gaze at the pile of letters on one side of my desk from these young men, honest, sincere enough for the most part; and then look at the even larger pile on the other side which voice the yearnings of so many girls for "that little home of my own, and all that goes with it," I cannot help wishing that there were some sort of a clearing house of hearts where these mutual longings might be liquidated.

There is, perhaps, a clue to the problem in the number and variety of the letters I have received in response to my article embodying the communication from "Miss Twenty-Seven."

Would it not seem that the portrait she there drew of herself very nearly approaches the average man's ideal of womanhood? Let me repeat her description:

"I am good-looking and attractive and earn an excellent salary. Men confide to me their hopes and ambitions, and seek my advice. Every one tells me what a wonderful girl I am, what a devoted daughter, what an admirable friend. I can cook and sew and wash and iron and crochet and embroider and play the piano and converse. I want my husband to be a leader, and I want to help him take an interest in communal affairs. I want a home in the suburbs and 'kiddies.' I want an open fireplace and easy chairs. I want to help those who need help, it's only to give a word of cheer."

There, my sisters! That is what the men of to-day are seeking. That is the 1917 model in sweethearts. Fit yourself to that pattern, and you will not long go unwooed and unwed.

But it may be objected that "Twenty-Seven" herself, the exemplar of the type—bright, efficient and attractive though she is—still remains a spinster. True; but that has been entirely of her own volition. Read what she says in the second letter she has written me:

"Do not think for a minute that I have not had opportunities of marriage. I have had lots of them. I guess it must be that Mr. Right hasn't come along. Most of the men who have wanted me have been clever, capable business men; and they have looked up to me as a wonder. And while I think it must be rather nice to be placed on a pedestal, I want a man who is by far my superior in every way. I don't relish being head of the house. I want to be the wife of an important husband, not the important wife of a mere man.

"I really didn't dream that my story would be considered worthy of one of your articles, Mrs. Woodrow, nor that it would be given such wide publicity. I feel greatly flattered, but perhaps some of your criticisms are a little unjust. This may be due to the fact that I did not make myself entirely clear in my former letter."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