about them, or they about us, but Alaska
demands only one O. K. to qualify as a
partner, he must be a good musher. And
they are that and so are we.

We call one man Pine for short and
the other Buck.

Here it is Christmas eve again—and
still Alaska.

December 25th. Mrs. Hatch, the wife
of the doctor at Rampart, invited me to
a Christmas party. It
suddenly dawned
on me that I might need some things to
wear other than overalls and Pine's
cut-down shirt. Not even hairpins. When
I asked her what to wear and she said,
"Oh, just a skirt and a light waist," I
told her I hadn't any and I hadn't even
hairpins. I felt badly, but she found a
waist and skirt for me and promised
me all the hairpins I needed.

The men cleared out and gave me the
cabin to dress in. Everything was fine
till it came to my hair. I couldn't seem
to fix it. And there was no mirror, only
a little piece a few inches big, and it wouldn't stay put
so I could see how I looked. Pine then stuck his head in
the door to see if I were going to spend all night getting
ready and I begged him to hold the mirror. He did, but
he said it was a lot of nonsense, and I said bitterly I
hoped he didn't think that I wasn't used to dressing my
hair just because he had never seen it done right. Pine
was still wiggling the mirror fragment, and I was fussing
with the hair when Charley came in just in time to pre-
vent a quarrel.

Of course had I been strictly honest I might have ad-
mitted that what made me mad was I couldn't fix the
darn hair. But it was fun to act foolishly feminine for
once.

The dinner was glorious—a regular outside meal.
Turkey, and real silver knives and forks and spoons. I
had a wonderful time. But won't I ever see the home
again—and give my dog his Christmas bone, or get pack-
ages in red ribbons, or hear the church bells, or anything
except live in a dirty cabin and learn how never to cry
or expect anything except beans and howling dogs?

January 2nd. We have just been lounging around all
week buying stuff for our first census taking trip.

That thrilling day I found the stake high above the Yukon bank.

A WOMAN'S STORY of
The GOLD RUSH
By Josephine De Mott Robinson

JOSEPHINE DE MOTT ROBINSON went with her
husband to join the gold rush to Alaska in the turbu-
lent days of '98. For over a year they prospected for
gold enduring all the hardships and endless adven-
tures of frontier life. They saw white men become like
animals in their avariciousness. They learned to know
the strange, silent, northern Indians. Finally they found
themselves penniless with no way of returning home.

Mrs. Robinson made an appeal to officials and they had
the good luck to get a job taking the government census.

DECEMBER 24th. Our new partners have turned out
every well. One is W. G. Pine Coffin, of Devonshire,
England, a charming gentleman, evidently in search of
adventure and hoping for gold. The other is W. B. Moore,
the son of a West Virginia lawyer. We don't know much
about them, or they about us, but Alaska
demands only one O. K. to qualify as a
partner, he must be a good musher. And
they are that and so are we.

We call one man Pine for short and
the other Buck.

Here it is Christmas eve again—and
still Alaska.

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Turkey, and real silver knives and forks and spoons. I
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again—and give my dog his Christmas bone, or get pack-
ages in red ribbons, or hear the church bells, or anything
except live in a dirty cabin and learn how never to cry
or expect anything except beans and howling dogs?

January 2nd. We have just been lounging around all
week buying stuff for our first census taking trip.

ALASKA HISTORICAL
LIBRARY AND MUSEUM
Stanley’s turn to be in danger.

During the next half hour Telva returned to report to Stanley that she could not unearth Blair—he had left the office in characteristic hermit-like silence. They must wait for Ames.

"Ames will come home; I will soon enough straighten it out—" Stanley had had time in which to use her powder puff. Silvery stockings and slippers set off the plum colored robe and a bandeau compensated for the lack of a curl. She was ready for any one of the three! Without warning Telva decided to leave the stage to Stanley. The latter’s gratitude was not without misgivings. It was unlike Telva to withdraw from the scene of action which so vitally concerned herself.

"I’m dog tired," she explained. "I won’t wait for Ames—I leave him in competent hands. I want to be alone—to think," she was as mysterious as she was unconvincing.

Stanley hesitated as to whether to let her go. Perhaps Telva might serve as a sort of Greek chorus in repeating commands and reproaches.

"Do stay, my dear. This is merely a mistake. It is like Blair to flake into action on the slightest provocation—sublimating his histrionic ability." But Telva dashed off into the rainy night leaving Stanley with a feeling of impatient relief.

It was late before Ames came in. As he entered her room—wisely she had gone to bed—she knew that it was no stupid mistake.

"My dear," she began in a low, broken voice, "I am beside myself with worry. Little Telva has been here and gone away; the child is heartbroken. She says that you have loved me so dearly. She wanted a son ... fooled her by adopting your boy."

"I"—Stanley sat upright and threw a tulle scarf about her shoulders. "I"—An unusual smile was not contemplate. "I"—Telva would express it in that way." Ames' smile was not contagious. "I"—Telva told you that Blair is on my trail with nothing short of a noose should I accept Carol's love and that up to a few hours ago I would have been knave enough to do so regardless of a dozen Blairs. But Telva has not been able to tell you how frightened Carol is—not because of her offer to me but because she finds how life can grip one unexpectedly. Apparently she is more numb than stubborn—at least, that impressed me when she refused to listen to why I had changed my mind. In an instant it came to me that no matter how a man and woman may wish to live with each other because of true love they must not do so unless they are man and wife. A clumsy arrangement. I grant you, but one which cannot be foregone at this stage of the game. Society and our own selves would turn against us in time. No love nor sacrifice could be great enough to prevent it—unless it was the sacrifice of separation. I have been cheap, Mia—your son, think of it! But it is because you have loved me so dearly. He sank down beside her bed, his rumpled head buried in his flushed hands, the veins of which stood prominent. Stanley felt as if an hysterical stranger had broken into her room. With an effort she recalled herself and listened as he went on:

"Blair has gone to help her out of the publicity mire and then convince her that she is worse than a lost soul."

Sensing something of this, Stanley sank back against her crutch, to say nothing of being hurled into a slavish tragedy with coroners and police reporters battering at her door. Truly Sam is doomed to become an esteemed citizen!"

He lifted his head to look at Stanley, wincing at her agitation. But it was due to the sudden walking of a ghost, absurd as it might seem. The ghost of Donna Lovell—there was the same fear as in this boy's voice, the same hurt yet courageous expression in his eyes. He was not beaten, he was not going to welch—he was going to be free. Already, Carol's victory was won.

Sensing something of this, Stanley sank back gracefully and let the ends of the tulle caress his hot, trembling hands. This reckless, fascinating enemy, Carol, had brought about the disaster to Stanley's [Turn to page 27].
New Year came in with a bang. Last night we were attracted to the ball and the cakewalk. There is only one place in Rumpart to hold a dance and that is in the warehouse. Unfortunately there was a dead man in ahead of us, waiting there until the ground thawed enough to get him buried. So we put him outside with some of the dogs. The dog in the snow looked peacefully still in his hurlap bag.

January 17th. Very cold. We must wait for a break to start.

January 19th. This morning we really started. It is a little warmer.

A stray dog joined us a few miles out—not in much condition. He wanted to stay, so we harnessed him up, and now we have four dogs for each team—or will have till some one claims him.

January 22nd. Each evening we spend scanning the maps the government gave us, and whenever one of the party has the strength to get out to get the lay of the land and the mountains compares them with the maps. Very soon we expect to find an Indian settlement called Mento, and get fish from the Indians there. The Indians always have plenty of fish. I really think we were not for that reassurance we should have tripped it back light with all the dogs and brought more grub from town. It would still be a fair simple matter.

The food is going faster than we thought. For our progress is very slow. Not at any meal do we really satisfy our hunger any more, and talking about things to eat has got to be continual.

January 30th. Our maps are beginning to confuse me. Where we expect to find mountains or creeks we don't, and unexpected ones cross our trail. Surely government maps must be correct.

Last night Charley suggested the possibility of going back. But none of us would listen to him, for going back means giving up the contract; it means we have no money. So we are going on.

The dogs are still howling, though they have been fed, but I don't dare give them any more.

February 3th. Late today we ran into some Indians—a sorry looking lot with a couple of thin dogs, with misery in their eyes. We traded with them for a bag of moose and went on. I almost gave the dogs a bite from our grub, but every eye of my own dogs was riveted on me as if they were reading my thoughts, so I didn't.

I wonder why we took this work anyway. I wish I had hired out as a grub woman on some boat and Charley could have polished brass, and we could have got home that way.

Each night Pine—oh, he looks so thin—goes out to survey the next day's travel. He has a wonderful head for maps. This miserable thing we were given as a guide is proving utterly worthless. Each day's travel now is as Pine thinks it should be.

February 10th. Today we reached Mento. But oh, what a Mento—two cabins and a few Indians!

Yes, one Indian, named Holly, came up. He said the rest were gone to hunt—"no eat here, all go." This was alarming since the Indians gone because the food was scarce from the very place where we were living.

What can those people at Rumpart have been thinking?

We were in one of the two desolate cabins, and the Indian seemed angry about our being there, and seemed to be demanding rental. Charley saw it was a perfect holdup but I concocted a scheme and the Indian thought we were going to hunt, and he said he would give the grub woman the key to the cabin. I took it and packed the bag with the prize jewelry and decorate Charley with it as if he were a great chief. So we covered his chest with gems and turned the grub box up and sat him on it. I made tea, with the Indian muttering on one side of the cabin and Charley muttering at the other. I was to put some in each cup and then we were all to parade in front of Charley, and salaam holding up the tea. When he gave permission we were to drink it. When Holly was sufficiently impressed Charley was to ask him where the steamboat was and the Tanana river and the mountains. So we bowed before Charley with our cups of tea. I urged Pine to talk "God talk" for Holly, since nearly every Indian knows the name of God and prayer. Pine was to deliver a prayer in which the word God should occur at nearly every other word. He was stuttering around for words, poor boy, and kept using the word Almighty instead of God. I kept muttering to him to pray better, and muttering to Charley who was on the verge of tearing off his decorations. I said Amen loudly and then saw the Indian. We were all so intent on impressing Holly that we forgot to watch him. When we raised our heads after the Amen we saw he had got up and was over at the stove, pouring himself a second cup of tea.

I was mortified and Charley was wild.

He kicked the grub box from under him and told us to get out of the way. He jerked out the hot sauce bottle and the red pepper and the whiskey and the Jamaica ginger, put some of all of it in a cup, and gave it to the Indian without a word, and meantime fell to eating flapjacks as soon as I got them ready. He took him outside and talked to him. I guess being a congressman is better than a voodoo woman ever up here.

Under the drink Holly proved enlightening and told us the distance to Tortillo, but when we asked him if there were Indians there he said, "I donno."

February 12th. I guess our map was made by some one who imagined what a river ought to be, or perhaps some one who had a lot of Indian hooch and saw mountains where there weren't any. None of the mountains correspond with the map. We are camping tonight as best we can with wolves howling outside and thoughts of fear inside.

We can't go back now. We don't know just where Tortillo is but it would be easier to find than go back all the way we have come—we haven't nearly enough food left.

February 13th. More Indians today, but utterly unable to speak English. We put them down on our census lists as best we could.

All I wished as they disappeared was that we could go with them—they seem to be sure of themselves anyway. All the Indians seem to be hunting—quer because this time of year they are mostly in their Winter cabins.

February 14th. The scenery just forces itself on you here even if your stomach is trying to get attention first.

We are traveling very short at each eating period—less and less is handed out, by me, who am in charge of this. And we have decided to taboo all mention of food, or even the very subject of eating.
seems most likely to be immortal.
Papers remain that one out of all his works that sifted at the hands of posterity, decades have passed and the substance of Dickens to issue more than forty thousand. And now that the fifteenth number appeared the publisher had the first, four hundred were printed; by the time twenty numbers of the papers. They began. Of Sketches by Boz.

The writer of the

Pickwick would go most critically to see the Theater.

March, 1836. Up to that time their author had been a reporter, and the moderately successful Pickwick had something like that out of The Pickwick Papers. Dickens began the papers with but little plan at first. The author was improvising. He started with the intention of writing for the small public that might know the humors of Goswell Street, but before he knew it he was throwing into his book all the wide and rictious knowledge that he had of English popular life. Mr. Pickwick and his friends set out for Rochester; they are seeking whimsical adventure and those odd bits from human society and habits that might delight and regale their curious palates. Then more characters begin to appear, stories arrive, narratives that stay in the history till the end or are dropped from sight, characters and personages that show themselves for a brief hour or go on to the last chapter. The book deepens as it goes, in its range, in its satire, in every way. It is farce, it is burlesque, it is sentimental realism, written as only Dickens could have written it.

The entertainment that Cosmo Hamilton and Frank C. Reilly have fashioned from The Pickwick Papers has followed wisely this same drifting, casual humor and variety. It is not a play at all, and has sensibly refrained from trying to force the

[Turn to page 70]

THE FILM OF THE MONTH

The Garden of Allah

DIRECTED BY REX INGRAM

REVIEWED BY ROBERT E. SHERWOOD

FOR those whose aesthetic senses are apt to be irritated and chafed, The Garden of Allah may be recommended as a marvellously soothing ointment. It makes no direct appeal to the dramatic nerve centers (if there are such things); it never reaches the brutalities. Its values are all visual—and in that respect it is an exceptionally fine picture.

It is, of course, an adaptation of Robert Hichens' famous story of a young Trappist monk who broke his sacred vows and went forth to find life and love in the center of the Sahara desert. Rex Ingram has had the good sense to treat this rather grim subject with the utmost delicacy, giving it a strange, nebulous quality of mysticism; The Garden of Allah is spiritual, rather than material, and this is as it should be.

Mr. Ingram is one director who has never been bitten by the Hollywood bug. Indeed, his fear of contagion from that frequently fatal insect has caused him to set up his own studio in Southern France, some seven thousand miles from the Citadel of the Cinema in Southern California. Along the Riviera and the north coast of Africa, he finds just as much sunlight, and considerably fewer oppressive conventions and traditions.

Thus, the backgrounds in The Garden of Allah are convincingly authentic—for Mr. Ingram has taken his cameras and his characters to the very scenes described in the novel. We see the Trappist monastery at Staoueli, where Robert Hichens first felt the provocative tinkle of inspiration; we see the opulent garden from which his story derives its name; we see the Desert of Sahara itself, in person, not a moving picture.

Furthermore, almost all of the characters are impersonated by actual people, as opposed to ac-
WHAT YOU CAN DO WITH LEFT-OVERS

(Continued from page 21)

Left-over fish creamed and baked in scallop shells has an air of elegance.

Bake in a hot oven (420° F.) for about one hour. Baste occasionally with some chicken stock or with melted butter and water.

Chicken Turnovers: (May use chicken or turkey or part veal.) Chop chicken fine, season with salt, pepper and a little onion juice and moisten with left-over gravy. Make thin pastry and roll to % inch thickness. Cut in 3 or 4 inch squares with sharp knife or pastry jagger. Put a tablespoon of meat filling on each square, moisten edges, turn over to form triangle and press edges together with the tines of a fork. Bake in hot oven (400° F.) 15 to 20 minutes. Serve hot with chicken gravy or any preferred hot meat sauce.

WHAT YOU CAN DO WITH LEFT-OVER HAM

Ham Mousse: To 1/2 cups finely chopped or ground ham add 2 tablespoons minced parsley and 1 teaspoon paprika. Fold this into 1 cup cream whipped until stiff, to which has been added 1 tablespoon gelatin dissolved in 1 cup boiling water. Turn into large or individual molds which have first been dipped in cold water and chill.

Serve on crisp lettuce or watercress. Hot Ham Sandwich: Chop ham. Add 2 tablespoons chopped green pepper to each cup ham, moisten with mayonnaise dressing and spread between slices of bread. Top sandwiches in beaten egg and in a shallow pan in hot fat. Serve at once with cold slaw or India relish.

Ham and Cabbage en Casserole: To each cup of ham, minced or cut in small pieces, allow 2 cups shredded cabbage which has been parboiled for 10 minutes and 1 cup white sauce. Arrange in layers in casserole or baking-dish, season cabbages with bits of butter and paprika, and sprinkle top with buttered bread crumbs. Bake in moderate oven (375° F.) for 25 to 30 minutes.

WHAT YOU CAN DO WITH LEFT-OVER FISH

As Gratin in Scallops Shells: (May use salmon, tuna fish, or any white fish.) To one cup cooked fish, flaked, add 2 tablespoons chopped pimiento, 1/2 cup medium white sauce and salt, pepper and paprika to taste. Fill scallop shells with this mixture and sprinkle with grated cheese mixed with fine bread crumbs. Bake until brown. If desired, a border of mashed potato, forced through a pastry-bag, may be put around the edge. Brush potato with beaten egg yolk.

Creamed Fish on Toast: Any left-over fish may be combined with white sauce in the proportion of 1 1/2 cups flaked fish to 1 cup medium thick sauce. Season to taste. Serve on crisp hot toast and garnish with parsley.

Fish Souffle: Make same as Chicken Souffle, baking it in a moderate oven (325° F.). Serve at once.

WHILE your young people are home for the holidays why not give them a jolly, old time Twelfth Night Party? Send for our new leaflet "Making Merry on Twelfth Night." The price of this leaflet is two cents.

Is your Christmas list complete? Very few are. Nearly always one has to find a last minute gift for someone, and often these presents are the most successful of all. Novel ideas for "Last Minute Gifts" are given in a new McCall Service Leaflet. Price two cents.

For these address The Service Editor, McCall's Magazine, 20th West 47th Street, New York City.

This year, the IDEAL WALNUT COMBINATION

Higher quality than ever - yet prices actually reduced

This is the Walnut year you've been waiting for. This year Diamond Walnuts are better than ever — yet their cost has been reduced. It's just the ideal combination you are sure to appreciate.

This year's perfect Walnut weather produced such a bumper crop of fine nuts that we've been able to pass on the benefit of lower costs to you. Just one thing to remember — when buying Walnuts be sure you get full-measured Diamond Walnuts! For, it's kernel you want, not shells. And Diamond Walnuts are meat-full — every time! Our exclusive grading methods assure that fact. We even "weight-test" each nut — pass it under air suction more precise in selection than a human could be — to be sure its kernel is plump and full.

Fortunately, it's easy to be sure of Diamond quality. For we brand the Diamond trade-mark right on the Walnut shell. Now each Diamond Walnut is a "trade-marked package." Yet these "packages" cost you nothing! We brand 20 pounds for one cent — one-thirtieth of what it would cost to pack them in the cheapest one-pound carton.

Surely, it's worth while to insist upon Diamond quality: in the shell — each nut Diamond branded; or shelled (mixed halves and pieces) — kept always fresh and sweet in a size of vacuum-sealed tins, for instant use.

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**Gingerbread Banana Shortcake**

The free cook book offered below is full of unusual recipes for Brer Rabbit Molasses desserts and goodies—new quick desserts, and wonderful old Southern dishes, too. Seed for these delightful recipes before you forget.

**Gingerbread Banana Shortcake**

3 tablespoons shortening, 1/4 cup sugar, 1 egg, 5/4 cup Brer Rabbit Molasses, 14 tablespoons flour, 1 teaspoon ginger, 3 teaspoon cinnamon, 3 teaspoon salt, 3 teaspoon soda, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 3/4 cup boiling water.

Sift dry ingredients together. Mix as for cake. Bake in pan where the dough will be about one inch thick. It will take from 25 to 30 minutes in a moderate oven. While slightly warm cover each layer with whipped cream and sliced bananas.

**Brer Rabbit Molasses**

In two grades: Gold Label—highest quality light molasses for the table and fancy cooking. Green Label—darker, with a stronger flavor.

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NEW RECIPE BOOKLET!

Many new recipes—delicious and wholesome—in this latest Brer Rabbit Booklet! Send for your copy.

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BY REQUEST

(Continued from page 60)

not game and ready. He was near the prime of life and quite tireless, and the battle might have continued almost interminably if left to take its course. But at the end of a bowing minute there came an interruption. A figure ran quickly along the veran- andash, and stooping caught back the dog in full career. In the height of his wrath Jing found himself checked by an author- ity which he could not ignore. Brit- ling and struggling he was drawn into Peggy's arms and found himself compelled to the answer. On her knees on the verandah she clapped him, and over her head, with eyes that burned like blazing spirit from a face as white as death, she looked up at Forbes and spoke.

"Will you go, please?"

That was something unanswerably about her in that moment, something majestical, indomitable, wholly irresistible. The man stood hesitating, then turned and went. It was over an hour later that there came again the sound of a car in the com- pound beyond the verandah. It came to a halt and a best, gaunt man descended and moved along the ver- andah to the open window whence a light still shone. The girl stirred and lifted her face in a kind of staring horror that melted into gasping relief. oh. Daddy—Daddy?" she said, and held out her arms. Jingo's gruel turned into a grunt and he moved to one side.

"My little girl!" said Sir William, bend- ing his head over her. "I was so sorry— " Forbes gave me rather a big problem to work on. I'm afraid I forgot you. Is there anything the matter? Or are you just hungry?" She raised herself and clung to him. "Oh, Daddy—my Daddy!" she said, and burst into hysterical crying on his breast. He gathered her close, soothing her, comforting her. "What is it, darling? You have been Locked or very, Jerry. Will you try and forgive me for being away?"

Of the happenings of that evening Peggy told her father nothing. Forbes was his right-hand man. It might be a very serious matter if Sir William had to part with him. Then there was Marcela.

In the early morning she rose and sat down to write to Marcela. Certainly something must be done.

She had thought that she would find the letter difficult. But quite suddenly, as she set pen to paper, she knew what she would. Marcela must come to her. Her letter was a brief one, making little reference to what had passed between them and nothing at all about the murder.

"Dear Peggy, was in real need of companionship while they started in 'to eat and utterly ignored us. "Bates Rapids" they understand, and none at all to her own experience of the night before. She was so sorry that they had been interrupted in the morning. She wanted very much to see and talk to her. Would she come and spend a few days at The Railway Bungalow? She, Peggy, was in real need of companionship just then, and she would be so very, very pleased to have her.

When her own father in the morning he looked at her with grave concern. "My dear, I am afraid you haven't slept," she said. "That fright I gave you last night has upset your nerves."

She tried to answer him lightly though she knew her face betrayed her. "I am all right, Daddy," she said. "But, please, you won't be angry, will you?"

He stooped and kissed her. She leaned her head against him, with a sigh. He stroked her hair with a gentle hand. "Poor little girl!" she said. "Oh I must really begin to care of my little girl!"

"Oh, Daddy, thank you!" she whispered. "But what about you? Won't you find it rather difficult?"

A WOMAN'S STORY OF THE GOLD RUSH

(Continued from page 29)

Last night I heard "Pine half asleep, in his bunk near "Buck, I'm so hungry." February 16th. The men are out for wood, and will write a little. Perhaps some one may find this little book if we are lost for lack of food and will at least let my people know what happened to us.

Yesterday we sighted cabins and cabins, so we knocked up and made the village. We knew this must be Tortillo. The sight of the building was as good as meat, and made us feel as strong as if we had really eaten.

We got there and called very loudly to arouse the inhabitants and let them know the strangers had arrived. Then we walked up to the largest cabins—there were two of us—and knocked. We knocked and knocked, and there was no answer, and when we pushed open the door we saw why there had been no an- swer.

We had come to a deserted camp—every cabin empty, not a sign of fish or shew anywhere. We stood still, our eyes frozen in their sockets. While the men un- packed I made the strongest tea I dared. We didn't talk much—we just drank tea. They were so grim I didn't dare break the silence.

When I was filling the cups for the third time Charley said loudly, "Let's turn in and talk the whole thing over tomorrow," and then in a low tone he said something to Pine and I caught Nig's name.

Then I knew they had given up; they wanted to kill poor Nig to feed the rest of the dogs. I began to sob.

I said we were done for; that they would force his lighted papers so he would lose the stove and hold it over our drawing so we could burn it; but I couldn't just logically put the order back in his hand again and steadied it while he made a mark of some sort. He grunted, he rocked back Charley furred his eyes, and when at last I realized he meant we traveled all day; then slept, then traveled and slept again, for as many days as he thought it would take to make a move on place. Then he began again he made a little square. I saw he meant a cabin. Most of the others he had gone to sleep, by the simple process of falling back where they [Turn to page 67]
A WOMAN'S STORY OF THE GOLD RUSH

[Continued from page 62]

We meet no Indians at all. We have passed quite a few cabins and camping places between here and the place where the China river ought to branch off.

Today we reached the meat cache of last week, where we took some meat and left a note. This time we took to the rest of the meat, left tea and tobacco of which we still have a fair amount.

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In Hospitals for Children

The Sarah Morris Hospital of Chicago, children's department of Michael Reese Hospital, is one of the foremost institutions of its kind in the world—a recognized authority on all that pertains to the feeding of infants and children.

In both of these noted hospital units, aluminum cooking utensils are used exclusively—for preparing all milk feedings and all meals. What comforting knowledge for the mother at home, to be able to have, in her own kitchen, utensils made of the same trustworthy metal!

Hospitals, like hotels and other large users, approve aluminum for its durability, economy, and all-round good cooking qualities. And housewives know that for the foundation equipment of the home, to be able to have, in her own kitchen, utensils made of aluminum for preparing all milk feedings and all meals.

Aluminum is at bottom a sex seeking response in her, an expression of love as she prefers to call it. It is a sensible way of treating children, for the kiss and the kindly word, a smile, in all of her dealings with them.

In the Sarah Morris Hospital for Children, Chicago, aluminum utensils are used exclusively in the kitchens, nothing quite takes its place. It is at bottom a sex seeking response in her, an expression of love as she prefers to call it.

But society doesn't do this. We have to learn to watch the child, make ourselves a peephole so that it may grow up to be a kindly, good-natured child. The other is that her whole being cries out for the expression of love. If her mother before her has taught her to give and receive love, she is starved for affection as she prefers to call it. She is starved for affection as she prefers to call it.

The fact that our children are always crying, always whining, shows the unhappy, unwholesome state they are in. Their digestion is interfered with and probably their whole glandular system is deranged. If you haven't a nurse and cannot leave your child for a long enough period for over-conditioning to die down. Somehow I can't help wishing that it were possible to rotate the mothers occasionally too, unless they are very sensible indeed.

The one she doesn't administrate it because she doesn't know that it is true. The one she admits it is the child who wants the child to be happy, she wants it to be surrounded by love in order that it may grow up to be a kindly, good-natured child. The other is that her whole being cries out for the expression of love. If her mother before her has taught her to give and receive love, she is starved for affection as she prefers to call it. She is starved for affection as she prefers to call it.

When a new nurse came, the infant cried for three hours, letting up only long enough to get his breath now and then. This nurse had to leave at the end of a month and a new nurse came. This time the infant cried only half an hour when the new nurse took charge of him. Again, as often happens in well-regulated homes, the second nurse only stayed two weeks. When the third nurse came, the child went without a murmur. Somehow I can't help wishing that it were possible to rotate the mothers occasionally too, unless they are very sensible indeed.

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In both of these noted hospital units, aluminum cooking utensils are used exclusively—for preparing all milk feedings and all meals. What comforting knowledge for the mother at home, to be able to have, in her own kitchen, utensils made of the same trustworthy metal!
Where is there another product so useful as this one?

It helps to heal cuts, sores, wounds, scratches, burns, scalds and all skin abrasions; it keeps the hands soft and smooth; it encourages eyelashes and eyebrows to grow; it is a convenient around the house for any household appliance, from polishing old furniture to coating battery terminals and connections on your motor car (to prevent corrosion). Its name is "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly and you can buy all the wonderful services it gives you for a few cents anywhere in the world.

"Vaseline" Jelly is a unique product unlike anything else. It is unique in its origin—Nature supplies it and a special reining process used by the makers insures its reaching you in an absolutely pure state. It is unique in all the useful things it can do for you. "Vaseline" Jelly is so useful that it will save you trouble if you keep just one, but several, jars or tubes in the house. Let it become for you, as it has for so many millions of other families, the "Handiest thing in the house."

The trademark "Vaseline" on the bottle assures you that you are getting the genuine product of the Cheseborough Manufacturing Co., Con'd.

A complete new booklet, called "100 Hints on Health, Beauty and Home Uses," will gladly be sent you free. It's an attractive booklet, and convenient to keep in the kitchen drawer.


Laugh at the Winter Winds

Winter weather can play such havoc with delicate skins. Cheeks, lips, hands—all suffer from its drying, chapping effect.

You can get rid of these discomforts by using "Vaseline" Camphor Ice at night. Apply it liberally and rub gently into the skin. It's pleasant to use, but what is more important, it really does heal. "Vaseline" Camphor Ice won't get rancid. Sold in metal boxes and tin tubes at all druggists. Be sure to get the genuine.

BY REQUEST

MCALL'S MAGAZINE JANUARY 1928

A WOMAN'S STORY OF THE GOLD RUSH

[Continued from page 65]

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How to wash your baby's WOOLENS

Tea room managers, assistant managers, hostesses, say carelessly washed woolens may irritate baby's tender skin. Cleanse them safely this way:

1. Whip up into sparkling suds a few drops Lux diamonds dissolved in a little hot water, and add cold water to make lukewarm. Then press the rich, cleansing suds repeatedly through the little woolens.
2. Do not rub. Rinse in three lukewarm waters. Squeeze the water out, without twisting or wringing.
3. Lux has none of the harmful alkali found in so many soaps, whether flakes, chips or cakes, nothing to harm the most delicate skin! And washed in Lux, baby's woolens stay unshrunken, soft, like new, twice as long. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Massachusetts.

**FORMAID**

WOMEN of refinement and culture and of inexpensive means will find our New HYGIENIC ECONOMIC WASHING material very interesting and embarrassing to purchase necessary supplies at stores where they are personally known. This is wholly avoided by use of FORMAID Service. Made of vaccinated Cotton, pure, simply shaped, enclosed in full woven cloth, and is a rubbery affair, affords complete protection. FORMAID absorbs moisture many times its own weight.

30 UNITS, POSTPAID, $1.

Sold only by mail, direct from Laboratory. Booklet FREE.

FORMAID CO. 29 E. Huron St., Chicago, Illinois.

**SCIENTIFIC FACTS**

**About Diet**

A "scientific" book on our original "Eating for Health and Efficiency" has been published for free distribution by the Health Extension Bureau of Battle Creek, Mich. This is a mass set of health rules, many of which may be equally followed at home or in a large office. You will take to this book as you have never taken before any book on health and diet.

**Health Extension Bureau**

BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN

FORMALDEHYDE, the most powerful germicide, destroys all bacteria, viruses, fungi and spores. It is the finest surface sterilizing agent developed in the study of germs. Used for disinfecting surfaces, instruments, dressings, walls, floors, hands, instruments, dressings, walls, floors, hands, and instruments.

**MIXED FORMALDEHYDE**

1 Quart, $1.00; 5 Quarts, $5.00; 10 Quarts, $10.00; 25 Quarts, $25.00; 50 Quarts, $50.00; 200 Quarts, $200.00.

**FOR NEW USE EMBOSSED BOTTLES**

Quart, $1.00; 5 Quarts, $5.00; 10 Quarts, $10.00; 25 Quarts, $25.00; 50 Quarts, $50.00; 200 Quarts, $200.00.

**FOR SALE BY THE MILLION**

The nation's leading manufacturer of mixed formaldehyde, the purest reagent of the kind in the world, has put on sale new emboos bottles that will keep the contents fresh longer than any other bottle in the world.

**MEET THE VEGETABLE CAN**

(Continued from page 47)

THE POST BOX

(Continued from page 58)

SMOOTH SKINs IN ROUGH WEATHER

(Continued from page 36)

We have listed some helps this month for the tag-end of Winter when skin suffers from dryness and exposure. We sincerely hope these will enoble a stamped envelope with your letter. Just ask for the January issue, or write, "OUR HANDY HINTS FOR BEAUTY." When you write, add your own suggestions for the benefit of others.

**CANDY MAKING**

May 18, 1928. 260 Church St., New York City. Dear Mr. Lieber: Is there some way of turning the dry ingredients of a baking mix into a syrup without using sugar? I am a dieter and am looking for every opportunity to replace sugar in my diet. I have been unable to find the necessary syrup in the stores.

CANDY MAKING

March 14, 1928. 74 West 37th St., New York City. Dear Mr. Lieber: I am interested in home candy making. I would like to know the best syrup to use when making syrups for homemade candies.

CANDY MAKING

April 13, 1928. 505 South Dakota Ave., Washington, D. C. Dear Mr. Lieber: I am very interested in candy making. What kind of syrup should I use when making syrup for homemade candies?

CANDY MAKING

May 11, 1928. 260 Church St., New York City. Dear Mr. Lieber: It seems to me that many of the recipes for making syrups for homemade candies use corn syrup. Is corn syrup the best syrup to use when making syrups for homemade candies?

CANDY MAKING

April 11, 1928. 260 Church St., New York City. Dear Mr. Lieber: I am interested in candy making. Can you recommend a syrup that is particularly good for making syrups for homemade candies?

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Adventuring With Mrs. Robinson, You Feel, With Her, That The Fascination Of Her Search Was Worth The Hardships Endured

A WOMAN'S STORY OF THE GOLD RUSH

JOSEPHINE DE MOTT ROBINSON, remembered by McCall readers as the Circus Lady, and her husband joined the gold rush to Alaska back in 1897. In the November issue she told the almost unbelievable experiences of the expedition that left Seattle to encounter amazing hardships and adventure on the freezing Yukon. She recounted the pathetic, foolhardy things the men—terrorized by endless Winter—did in the camp at Woodworth while waiting for Spring and the breaking of the river so that they might continue their journey into the heart of the gold fields. By February, '98, the Robinsons had become desperate.

February 8th. We are planning another trip up river to Rampart. There may be some mail waiting for us there—maybe a letter with money enough to get us out. We are renting the services of two dogs to carry the tent and stove and grub and blankets for us, and the owner of the dogs, one Phillips. It feels good to be going somewhere again.

February 9th. A blinding blizzard today—my first at close hand. I have watched them often enough from my cabin window. We fought our way through—and just when I thought the wind was taking my last bit of breath we came to a woodchopper's cabin.

No one was there, so we went in and made ourselves comfortable. The owner came in later, but he didn't show any great surprise at seeing us in possession. This terrible land seems to take that out of people—you would think that when they are so few and far apart they would welcome each other, but they seem to get like Indians, silent, speaking in grunts.

February 11th. We said good-by and looked back to see if the man was at least looking after us, but he wasn't—he was going slowly back into his hut.

February 16th. We got to Rampart City today. I had a contented feeling when I saw the ragged cabins—like landing after a rough voyage. I made myself comfortable in the empty cabin offered us.

February 18th. Charley came in this morning with a man named Blatchford and four dogs—real malemutes. Charley told me he was going to buy the dogs for two hundred dollars. I was aghast. When the man went out to feed his dogs I said, "Oh, Charley, you know that is all the money we have in the world."

He grinned sheepishly. "Well, the other day I happened to remember that back in Seattle I put three hundred dollars in three bills in an inside pocket while we were buying supplies. It must be there still."

Who knows where that money may be? But it does make me feel queer to think that we had enough at one time so that we could put that much away and forget it and consider it a whole fortune now.

February 21st. We are planning another trip up river to Rampart. There may be some mail waiting for us there—maybe a letter with money enough to get us out. We are renting the services of two dogs to carry the tent and stove and grub and blankets for us, and the owner of the dogs, one Phillips. It feels good to be going somewhere again.
Anyway we now own four dogs. Four really wonderful specimens of Alaskan dogs. Chippie—the leader—is a well-known dog, and has a reputation for finding the trail. Blatchford is selling them because two of the dogs are down with a bad case of distemper. If they pull through they will be worth at least eight hundred in the Spring. Blatchford is going out with some one who has dogs, so we are taking a chance with them.

I called them all by name, Chippie, Kündyke, Pedro and Jack. Strange dogs—they never back, they never wag their tails, they never show the friendliness of outside dogs. Sometimes I wish and wish I could hear just once Manuel’s clear, sharp little bark, instead of seeing these half wolves, as cold and silent as their land.

February 22d. We told Phillips today that we were not going back with him. The dogs are nearly well and I feel I have them under control. Best of all we ran across an Indian with a sleigh on his way to Holy Cross Mission. He is going to travel with us, since we have no money left to buy a sleigh. We are to feed him as far as Woodworth.

March 6th. We made the trip back beautifully, no blizzards, and the dogs proved wonderful travelers. Three nights’ sleep and three days’ travel and we are home again.

I have learned things about dog teams now. “Mush on,” is the term you use to start them, at the same time giving the sleigh a good wiggle to get it out of the rut and free from sticking.

The Indians have finished making Saunders’ sleigh. He is going to start tomorrow after his wife, with lovely dogs bought down stream and a really gorgeous lot of robes.

We caused great excitement at Woodworth with our dog team. All the settlers who were in camp turned out to greet us.

March 9th. Back with the Indians again. It looks comfortable in my own little cabin with its lamp. How easily we get used to a certain set of things whether they cost much or little. But when I looked out at the bend in the river that never stirs an inch for all my straining gaze, I find I hate that as much as ever.

Not a word have Charley and I said about the real reason we went to Rampart—that wish hope that somehow some of our people might have sent us word and feel afraid for him. She is installed in his cabin again. I made tea and hunted for bread with water and money. We both act as if the real reason we went there with all the comforts the Arctic can supply, and he had the face so happy Charley said it made him feel afraid for him. She is installed in his cabin again with all the comforts the Arctic can supply, and he keeps her absolutely to himself.

April 28th. I haven’t the courage to write down here day after day the monotony of it all. Rain, sleet, frosts, storms.

March 6th. I am taking stock today of our resources. Our money is about gone. We hold several claims, including mineral. Some are staked out, some purchased. We have four gone dogs and heaps of grub—too much for people who are going out soon.

Charley tells me that young Saunders came back yesterday from Rampart and brought his wife back with him. She was sitting in the midst of the beautiful robes, and his face was so happy Charley said it made him feel afraid for him. She is installed in his cabin again with all the comforts the Arctic can supply, and he keeps her absolutely to himself.

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April 28th. I haven’t the courage to write down here day after day the monotony of it all. Rain, sleet, frosts, storms.

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its limit, but it is rushing along like a race horse. Nothing matters now that we realize that slow awful rising has stopped.

May 23rd. The Mukluk is all right and still seaworthy! That is news enough for one day, and the faces of everyone in camp—all new hope is on them all. The men are loading her with enough wood, mending and patching her wherever the ice have scraped her. She isn’t handsome but she looks mighty good to us.

May 29th. This is the day we believe I ever really dared hope for. By afternoon we expect to go aboard the Mukluk and go on up the river. Everybody is loading grub. We keep asking when we are going to start, but it depends on so many things.

Late at Night, This afternoon we learned to our sorrow that we could not take our dogs on the boat. I thought it would be a sin, who would care for them I knew till we got there. I later saw us! I was glad he had the same merciful feeling for us. It takes so long to train them.

The Mukluk loaned us a rowboat and we set out, our possessions not yet on the Mukluk. A friend of ours named Grimm and Charley and I are in the little boat. We poled away along the bank till we were two miles above William and then pulled out—all of us together. We pulled hard and made it, fixed it up with William, and got ready to hurry back. I was almost ready to stay with the Indians and dogs till Charley came back for us later. I am very fond of the dogs now and they know me as well as I know them.

May 30th. We reached Circle City about eight tonight, after a terrible struggle with the river. The cabins are good here. We bought a felt hat for four dollars and a tin teakettle for two—there is no easy to be had and I am hungry for some. It seems queer to be here at last. This is the town where we thought to come when we started last. This is the town where we suffered. By the time they heard from us again and we were finally tied to shore as the boat went on we were there—there was no help for life boats. There are two of them for a hundred and fifty people and when we launched them they promptly filled with water. As a matter of fact our boat is so poorly constructed it is half a hundred people would stay on deck for fear it will collapse. And we are afraid to stay below for fear it will fall on us. We are also afraid to take chances at overloading the little craft that is taking him back out of this accursed country.

Twelve miles above Circle City we run on the worst sandbar yet. There is only a foot of water, and getting off looks more impossible with each hour. The Yukon is a meager river. It shows how to rise when the ice breaks and it can go down just as fast. There is gravel and gravel around the Mukluk now to make a nice promenade. Some one with a camera took a picture of me pretending to be panning gold.

June 5th. The whole boat is a mass of nerves, and it takes tact to keep out of trouble. The long dark disappointing Winter has turned them from human beings to something that can no longer reason a chance. We are afraid to talk to the people. We are afraid to talk to the people. We must be cautious in talking, for some half-crazed person may give us a crack on the head. Considering ourselves, then, still among the sane ones, we have very little chance our boat went to make it.

June 9th. We reached Circle City about eight tonight, after a terrible struggle with the river. The cabins are good here. We bought a felt hat for four dollars and a tin teakettle for two—but there is no junk to be had and I am hungry for some.

It seems queer to be here at last. This is the town where we meant to come when we started almost a year ago. We got our mail at last. Just to look at the envelopes sent a thrill of joy through me—the handwriting. I flew through Minnie’s let and Tris’s others, happy to know that all at home are well, or at least that they were a short time ago. To hear about Minnie’s new dress—and how good Manuel had been—and the new neighbors up the street—I was so busy that I forgot that Charley was reading mail too. His face was queer. He handed me the letter. It was from his brother, and I am fond of the dogs by now and they know me as well as I know them. I could row no more and even the men were so tired they had to catch at willows and rest every little while. Sometimes we hail them, those among we were finally tied to shore. It can go down just as fast. They are strangely quiet tonight—like a lot of prisoners who have escaped and been caught again, and have nothing to say of hope or despair. They are just staring ahead at the widening bar and saying nothing.

June 8th. A boat with five men in it stuck and the men came over and talked. Last night they got money almost anything might happen. Of cheek or suffering. By the time they heard from us again and we got money almost anything might happen. Of cheek or suffering.
HER father, her friend's fiancé, husband, and finally Ames, her son,—these among others in succession have been victims of Stanley's passion to rule. But there comes a time when in the battle between her son's personality and her own Stanley encounters formidable obstacles. Ames has met Carol, a girl of character and charm. Stanley foresses opposition and plans to destroy Carol's influence. In accordance with his habit of submission to his mother's will, Ames has allowed himself to become engaged to Telva—a girl of a very different type. Stanley regards this Telva as her chief weapon against the woman she fears.

TELVA was waiting at the hotel.

"My love, there are many ways of obtaining an end—Luther preached and Cromwell fought—but Telva opened a bottle of 1879 port. The effect was marvelous and he will play the lead. We were in despair, about to beggar ourselves in sending to New York for same one. The lead is the whole show in this case and the thing might have fallen flat. Old dear, you look fagged. Do you know the latest stunt?

To serve the hors d'oeuvres with an emotional stimulus? I'm still hunting to find what they are."

"Don't be a ninny," said Ames somewhat roughly. Occasionally Telva aroused the impulse to be brutal.

"What's this news about the lead and you sacrificing a bottle of 1879 port?"

They were driving to the squalid lake front. Dalefield has sacrificed its choicest district to factory sites and railroads but below the tracks and the great brick buildings where furnaces burned and roared twenty-four hours out of the twenty-four were huddled squatters' huts, one which was a recently opened and much frequented eating house—Nigger Heaven, by name—where one found waffles and syrupy black coffee and sugared pecans, imported claret, flaky cheese sticks, cordials. A colored quartette sang spirituals and plantation melodies and danced in between the numbers. Red-bandanna waitresses flew about with trays of food or paused to do the Charleston at the request of a table of guests. Adjoining the main room was a long, narrow apartment with a sanded floor and severe refectory tables and benches. Here one could play dominos or bagatelle, or sit and sip crème de menthe or crème de cacao while reading foreign newspapers. Threading their way through the crowded aisles they found a particular corner and a particular red-bandanna mulatto waitress who greeted them with a smile from what my bitter mater says she might have had; blowing smoke rings and smiling at him through the fog.

"It isn't our job to pry into that," began Ames.

"Of course not—merely because it is not interesting. I can't become used to the idea that one-half the time you are a prig and the other half—"tight," was the customary summary. "I almost wish I hadn't played quite so hard to get you. Oof," with upturned eyes, "I thought it hopeless until the hurricane at St. Kitts..."

See here, my boy, let's understand each other which is all. 'Poor slave,' I'm still hunting to find what they are."

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Forest. The Milky Way began to fade. Clouds gathered to shut out the stars. Then came the darkness which provided the lamp of the day, and after that, dawn.

Jeems set to face his blighted world. He was no longer a youth but a living thing aged by an eternity that had passed. It was Odd who led him in the quest for Hepsibah Adams. He sought like one who had been perished for hours to sense everything. To him the trampled grass, the moccasin-prints in the spring, the bough lost in the night and the hatchet on an English mute. But he did not find his uncle.

In a dream, as he prayed down, still with the wings of birds and the play of squirrel's ears, he rose up from the ground outside for Tonteur Manor.

He carried the hatchet, clutching it as if the wood his fingers heldup held life which might escape him. Because of this hatchet there grew in him a slow and terrible thought that had the strength of a chain. The English had come with their Indians, or had sent them, as his uncle had so often said they would. The English. Yes, the English. He held the hatchet as if it were an English heart.

As he drew nearer to Tonteur Manor the instinct of self-preservation spoke in him. They did not make him leave the open trail nor travel less swiftly, but his uncle, seemingly and unconsciously, he began to prepare himself for the physical encounter. Prepared for resistance.

To reach Tonteur was the first obligation in the performance of this act. Tonteur and did not question what had happened in the bottomlands. Before this, no one had possessed his mind as to Hepsibah’s fate. The English hatches had caught him, somewhere, or he would have been on the French bank long before. But the first he knew of this, Odd had watched alone with death. But murder and restful sleep. Because of this terrible thought that had the strength of a chain, a snare wrapped himself around him and began to rise in his breast as he came to Tonteur’s Hill—an unreasoning thought that something might have driven his

A WOMAN’S STORY OF THE GOLD RUSH

[Continued from page 21]

One of Alaska’s tricks. The river is smooth, and the men get on board. But at last, when they see the boat, they are standing guard two at a time, and they have it. I am in for the boat and pole it up to us.

I began to prepare myself for the physical encounter. Prepared for resistance.

The secret of Thompson’s Thompson’s will dissolve in hot or cold milk instantly, without lumping. That is because of the famous "DOUBLE MALTED" process. The vitamins are not destroyed and the activity of the enzymes, the malt tonic property, is retained.

Next to a circus, a soda fountain comes nearest children’s hearts. Here is the “real professional” drink made at home... so easy, even father is equal to the job! Promise you to the children tomorrow morning for breakfast, and they’ll get up fifteen minutes earlier, eager as if it were someone’s birthday. Rich, creamy, bubble— it’s the real thing! And try to keep the rest of the family from joining in the fun.

Makes Milk Drinking a Game

If the family only knew why mother is so credit for paying a bit more.

Your soda fountain man deserves special credit for paying a bit more. Look! The biggest coupon value we have ever offered. Position or grocer. Or send the coupon for the free glass of "DOUBLE MALTED" today.

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Makes Milk Drinking a Game

If the family only knew why mother is so
it at the foot of the hill. Jeems came to him, and stopped. For a space there was no beating of a heart in his breast-nothing but a stillness that was like death, a shock that was like death, a horror that could come only at the sight and the feeling of death.

Rising from the far side of the forest into which Hepsiubah had gone that morning was a distant glow of fire. Neater, over the edge of Forbidden Valley, the sky was a red illumination of flame. And this illumination was not of a burning forest-it was not a torch of burning stump. It was a tower of blazing light, mushrooming as it rose, flattening itself silver and gold and blood.

Clouds, dripping at its edges into colors of tragic cry. It was Hepsiubah's fire talking to him through the forest.

He paused again to get his breath, and he gazed at the crimson sky. Doubt remained of the smaller buildings near it were there, clearly illumined, down to the glowing of fire.

As softly as the light, without a sob or cry, Jeems knelt beside him.

It was strange that in this moment he could speak, while a little before that power had been choked in him by things less terrible than death. There was no hysteria in his voice. His own ears caught the soundless music. His hair was dripping at his face as he listened. Dry oak leaves rustled on the branches as if ashes hands were shouting. Then the rustling and the whispering passed and shadows lay solid substance on the earth. Out of the silence Jeems heard a sound which rose and fell like the pouding of his heart. It was so far away, so indistinct, that the stirring of the leaves had kept it from his ears. The wind began to play softly among the oaks again, as if this were its intention.

But Jeems had heard. He heard the breathing of gus.

Over the hills and forests the sound had come to him from the direction of the Forbidden Valley. He did not wait for the oaks to deceive again. Odd led him in their place, pitiless, heart-breaking, into the Big Forest.

His exhalations had beaten him when they came to the edge of the forest and he could have run no farther without falling. Before him he saw a red wall of burning, a silver carpet in the starlight. At the foot of it was what seemed his hand."
A WOMAN'S STORY OF THE GOLD RUSH

(Continued from page 78)

quite netting off him.

June 27th. A peaceful night passed and a peaceful morning greeted us. A little boat that was drilling fonder than we were gave us some newspapers from Dawson. The people are swimming out of there by the hundreds.

The steamer we died May 1st, and we read with great interest an account of Mayor Skagway's successful expedition. It is advertised as the only one to get safely through. It is at this minute held fast on a bar nearly a thousand miles from Dawson and nearly a year after it started. I wish we could send out word somehow of the real truth.

June 8th. Today we headed at Minook. We decided to unload our grub and accept the use of a cabin.

I find the outside world is growing dim to me. Perhaps it is better to let it grow dim even faster. Money for transportation is our only hope—and that is dim like the rest.

June 27th. Smith told us today of a bar he knows about directly below us, eight feet in every river and will break away. It is all gravel, and very hard to climb. But there is a stake at the top, and finish says that stake means a "home stake"—and a home stake here means a fortune for life. He hinted that he was able to get up there to see if the stake's possession was expired, but he however, he goes early this morning, and I am almost forgetting to write that he is made with real discoveries, as often by boat companies. The people come in, lured by stories of real discoveries, as often as they are used to looking for. Smith says we will all go down there when no one is about.

He left for St. Michael this afternoon, after making promises to say nothing about it.

I met today a Mrs. Hopkins, whose husband is the ashoom-keeper here, and consequently a big man in town.

July 8th. This morning early this morning told us it was the glorious Fourth. Last Fourth we spent at Territorial Hall in Chena, biggest contented family, and now—July 8th food and frock. The Mukluk went by today. She made Dawson last and with only four of her original passengers on her she is going out again. They all report Dawson full and even fatter than before. We have never on people have on only one desire—to get out.

July 8th. The days are much the same.

Charley spends his time on the pulchre, raking leaves, and abandoning his future. It is really hard to keep up a belief in gold very long unless you really see it.

July 9th. Miserable days, cold and windy and rainy. We sent an Indian named Silver after our dogs. They came in, and I hardly know what to do with my dogs. They are so thin, poor things. Beautiful Pedro, who looked more like a gorgon than a dog, seems to be a little crazy.

Well, anywhere, there is something worse than here. Here at least we can avoid our palette with a pie made of cream and flavored with cocoa. Until you haven't had anything but beans and tea for ages, no one knows how marvelous that is.

July 9th. Fiji. Fiji has settled on Rampart, and we need candles all the time. The report has come up from the river that twenty-one boats have been lost coming in. A little boat came in today, and let a Mr. Chamber's and his wife, and a Mrs. Hum, who have taken a cabin near us.

July 22d. Charley went out early this morning on another trip to the gulch and also to try to find Pedro.

As if the magnet pulled me I sput-tered this afternoon down to the bluff where the great discovery is, hoping perhaps to do some more digging in the same state. It was about two hundred feet above me, and I went down there, there is a loose bank of gravel and sand for a good position before you can reach it. I knew I had to work carefully.

I looked up at the stake, and it began to look easy. I climbed at an angle, only to loosen a lot of gravel, slide down, shake myself out of the dirt and go up again. I can't remember how many times I came down and went back up, but I was get-

ting higher and more confident. At about seventy-five feet up suddenly I felt everything give way, it seemed very long before I struck bottom. My body seemed paral-

ized and I was shaking all over from fright.

Down below I fancied I heard that dipping laugh of the Yukon I had heard before.

My same judgment told me to give the thing up, but I panned several pans of sand and found some crystals, and began to regret giving it up. An Indian came along and my ambition took root again. I showed him the rock sticking out and said, "Me white woman, me go up. Yes, no? Me give you two bits," and I showed him the money. "You look, yes? You comin' —yes?" I got bits to follow me and give him a quarter. I found another resting place.

The earth began to feel insecure as I went up; my trembling made it worse.

The Indian was scared. "Yes, you broke. You fallin'. You come down. You broke, I dinnit."

I remembered the silver quartes I had with me and drew them out, offering a quarter at a time till I had five out, when he consented to help. I kept on till I was beyond any turning back. Frightened to death I worked frantically, catch-

ing hold of this and that projecting rock, and swinging myself up and over on it. I got very near the stake, saw a rock sticking out and realized if I lost that I was at the end of my trip. So I made one last leap, landed with my hands around the stake. But I had lost the whole top and it came tumbling down and I woke up to find myself at the top. I decided I was what the Indian had warned me I would be—"broke." It was acting and bruised and stiff and done, all right. But before me was the coveted stake, and in a flash I realized what the Indians mean. From what I read miners' laws since I have been here I have come to understand who molest a stake can stay in the country—it is one of the greatest crimes in the land, and here was the Indian thing brooked.

The only thing to do was to put it back out and give it back at the petition hill and qualified at the task, so I began bargaining again with the Indian. I gave him all the quarters I had left to go up and put the stake back. Finally he started up and each time his feet slipped and he would be sprawling flat, he kept saying: "Me no know how much you going get. How much you going get. Me no know how much you going get."

But at the top he put the stake in. He looked down. He started back. When he got to the bottom I saw a perfectly good white man! I waited not to see if I had any more bargains to offer. He just started out on a good fast trot dog, and soon disappeared.

It seems weak, since I crossed Big Moun that evening, and I am in my book now awfully tired and suffering with fear of it all, but am congratulating myself that my body is still whole.

The adventure itself was so important that I am almost forgetting to write that the stake proved to be true from writing, but was blazed.

I am afraid to break into our last hun-

dred dollar bill, but so far we have been able to get credit for food supplies at the company stores.

August 8th. I have a new occupation now—laundering of the clothes. Many of the cheekaukos are falling sick with typhoid fever, and several have died. The sanitary conditions of this town are terrible and it is only natural that Summer should bring disease.

Steamboat expeditions are coming in fast on a bar nearly a thousand miles through—and it is at this minute held fast. I am afraid to break into our last hun-
dred dollar bill, but so far we have been able to get credit for food supplies at the company stores.

August 8th. I have a new occupation now—laundering of the clothes. Many of the cheekaukos are falling sick with typhoid fever, and several have died. The sanitary conditions of this town are terrible and it is only natural that Summer should bring disease.

Steamboat expeditions are coming in fast. It is a great game for the steamboat companies. The people come in by story of soul discoveries, as often by a tenderfoot as by a seasoned miner. But these people come—

(To turn to page 81)

"Ask us again..." the men begged

"for Hot Cakes and Home-made Cake"

The men just took over the kitchen when they heard there were pancakes to fry. It was a camp trick, they insisted, that no woman ever really learned to do.

They flipped them for wages; she lost track of the times she had to mix the batter and even the mathematician couldn't tell how many they ate.

And then they finished the cake as enthusiastically as they'd never heard of pancakes. She'd been keeping something from them, they complained; they hadn't known she could cook. And to tell the truth, she didn't know it herself.

She had tried it just for fun one day with a Royal recipe that sounded easy to follow and she'd been amazed at her success. Flaky, hot biscuits she made in just 20 minutes and her cakes rose feathery light.

You can depend on Royal Baking Powder to leaven perfectly every time.

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Sunnine Cake—hot a tender, foamy texture and a delicate flour flavor that blends deliciously with fruits and ice cream. You'll find this accurate recipe clearly stated on page 10 of the Royal Cook Book.

Pancakes—waffles—but biscuits—there's a succession of Sunday snips that you can make.
A WOMAN’S STORY OF THE GOLD RUSH

(Continued from page 81)

with stories of men who shoveled up real gold with their bare hands, or who fished nuggets out of the river with fishing nets. They trampled each other to get up here, see how little there is and how much suffering and leave by the next boat. It seems there is no way of people keeping the people from coming in, for the bad news is plentifully as we are! On last Winter.

August 26th. We have met two men, partners, who, like ourselves, have had plenty of experiences. They have a cabin but very little grub left, but they have traded some claims and men to us through the Winter.

Their names are Fine Coffin and Moore. For some of our grub and the use of our dogs Moore and Pine Coffin are giving us shares in claims of theirs, so we are going out today to work the claim.

August 26th, we got home today to find a surprise. We dragged ourselves up all tired out and found our cabin rested. So Fine, Diggles and Moore, and all the rest took us into theirs. And here we are. It is only twelve by eight, but we put up two-tier bunk bunks and accepted their hospitality thankfully. So here I am cooking for four instead of two.

And with the two men we have formed a partnership, joining their claims and ours. We know we will be frozen in here for another Winter. Last Winter, without support, we might have starved. As it is, we are fairly well off. I think we could have made a little money last Winter. But this Winter it all depends on how much gold we take out as to what we will be spending.

Anyhow we must be all action, I guess. I have never a very little time to think—one must work to keep alive.

August 26th. We started out early in the morning with a load on our way to the creek to build our first cabin.

For booklet please address

BRISTOL, MYERS CO.
Dept. F, 127-71 West St.,
New York City

A Gift that Will Please Any Air Mother

A RED WHEEL GAS RANGE is a lasting gift that pleases any mother. It will make her work lighter. It will give her more hours of leisure. It will end her cooking troubles. It will bring her happiness.

No single advertisement can tell you how or why, except that the Red Wheel range automatically controls the oven temperature, and this makes many unusual things possible, such as cooking Whole Meals in the oven in the time you make them away — and canning by the new and better Loran Canner Method.

But, you can easily learn all the advantages at any store or Gas Company where Red Wheel Ranges are sold. Dealers will give actual cooking demonstrations if you ask them.

No handomer, more efficient, more durable cooking appliances are made than Red Wheel Gas Ranges. That’s why you should insist on the Red Wheel. Six famous lines to choose from—see illustration—each to be had under different conditions. All made by American Stove Company. Red Wheel Gas Ranges are popularly priced and can usually be purchased on the deferred payment plan.

AMERICAN STOVE COMPANY
229 Chambers Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

THE PLAY OF THE MONTH

(Continued from page 27)

To the part of John he brings his depth of feeling and unfailing sincerity. There is no actor on our stage who would know better what it means to be a title of the flaming mystic and popular leader. We have no other actor who has shown in such a tragedy as this the necessary spiritual beauty and the long-sustained fire of soul.

THE ART OF THE MONTH

(Continued from page 27)

of Broadway there were (and are) streets filled with neglected houses. The motive of the American skycraper is the old one. Like the builders of the tower of Babel, we have built higher than we know, in the noble symbolism of the Bible, we have built "without the Lord." We shall have to clamber down, and begin all over. The time will come when we will know that these monuments of a vaulting will be a beautification. Already, in practical terms, they have become a nuisance. They crowd our streets, they shut out the air, they obscure us from the sun and stars. They have the fairness and the value of the works of youth. But they are essentially figments of that fantastic mood which maturity destroys. They have ruined the human spirit, and not with love so much as with despiration.

The mature American will recognize in his skycraper the monument of his spiritual childishness. He will tear it down, and closer to earth he will begin to build in a way more truly near to heaven.

THE MUSICAL EVENT OF THE MONTH

(Continued from page 27)

Its original endowment was $800,000, which Mrs. Bek has just increased to $12,-

000, a sum that gives the Institute an annual income of $250,000, a sum that gives the Institute an annual income of three-quarters of a million dollars. Its General Director is H. Leonora, the head of the world-famous piano department at the Institute, and the head of the piano department at the Institute, and the really talented student of the faculty here named equally illustrious. Naturally, an institution so highly endowed is not dependent upon tuition fees for its existence. Admission is by examination only, and the really talented student of the faculty here named equally illustrious.

Naturally, an institution so highly endowed is not dependent upon tuition fees for its existence. Admission is by examination only, and the really talented student is given opportunities that have no relation to his capacity to pay. For example, a student who had extraordinary talent

in any battles that weren’t fought with your money.

Everyone knows the Institute is fighting the world in France; there he discovered that the courage and skill which had continued in him in the ring were poor weapons against machine gun fire and gas attacks. He developed a wide and pitiful yellow streak.

Also recommended: The Garden of Allah, Underworld, Wings, Chang, Sterk Lee, King of Kings, White垃圾, Old Toreador and The Big Parade.

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

(Continued from page 27)

It is a good idea for a story, and it has been developed with the utmost ingenuity by Alfred Santell, a director who has been coming forward with several good things.

Also recommended: The Garden of Allah, Underworld, Wings, Chang, Sterk Lee, King of Kings, White垃圾, Old Toreador and The Big Parade.

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

(Continued from page 27)

This, unhappily, is just about the plot of Mr. Benjamin. It is not at all the fault of the novelist who wrote Tono-Bungay and Mr. Polly in the long ago before the war. Nevertheless, it is Wells at his best. All his fanciful imagination and his fascinating

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

(Continued from page 27)

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

(Continued from page 27)

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

(Continued from page 27)