



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

ILLUSTRATED BY MEAD SCHAEFFER

JOSEPHINE DE MOTT ROBINSON went with her husband to join the gold rush to Alaska in the turbulent days of '98. For over a year they prospected for gold enduring all the hardships and endless adventures 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 very 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.

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.

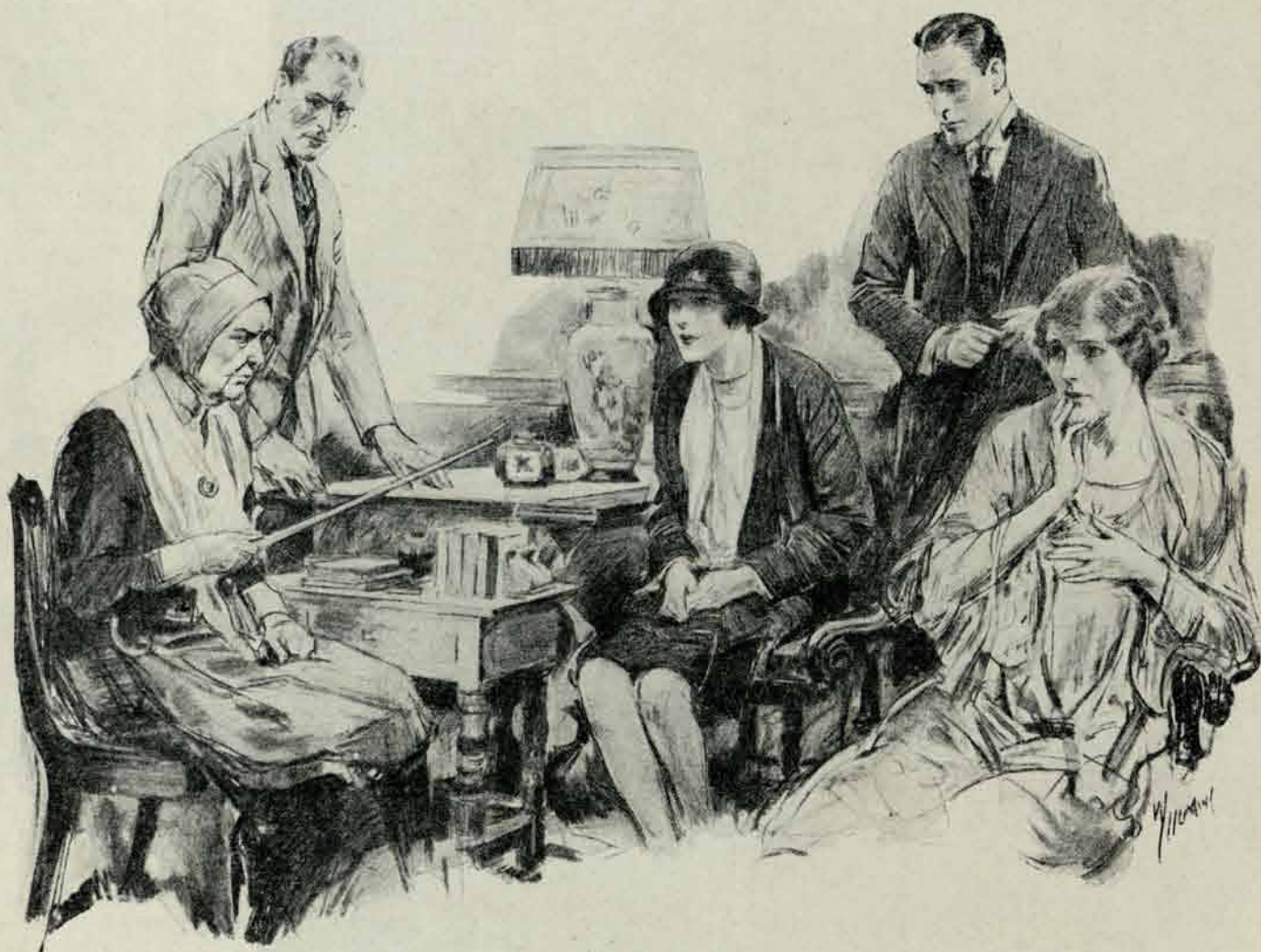
The men cleared out and gave me the cabin to dress in. Everything was fine till it came to my hair. I couldn't seem to fix it. And there was no mirror, only a little piece a few inches big, and it wouldn't stay put so I could see how I looked. Pine then stuck his head in the door to see if I were going 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 prevent a quarrel.

Of course had I been strictly honest I might have admitted 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 packages 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.





"She wanted a son . . . fooled her by adopting your boy."

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 flare 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 actually—"

"Have you seen the evening papers?" interrupted Ames.

"My dear, I've seen nothing since Telva told me that—"

"The Princess Valja came to Dalefield today—run to cover as it were. Carol was her refuge. She would have run to Carol if it had meant an underground railway to Texas, I believe. Carol

was her last stand—beastly selfish and unfair. She has been spending enormous sums in New York. Due to the drug habit she exceeded every limit. She was so involved that it meant she was more than done—she was in the shadow of the law. When she had to forego morphine due to no funds the inevitable followed. From a generous derelict she became a defeated fiend—she knew that the world was massed against her; she was liable for defrauding the mails due to some wildcat publishing scheme, heaven only knows its ramifications. So she ran to Carol. She said but two sentences, 'So he has made you suffer'—meaning me. She had warned Carol when we first met. The other: 'I can laugh no more!' She had insisted that when one could no longer laugh one had no reason to live. Without consideration or skill," Ames spoke with a cruel precision that Stanley had never suspected him of being capable, "she stabbed herself in the chest and died in Carol's arms. The worst of it is that Carol is unfairly involved. As Valja's former secretary she is the prey of the press and the district attorney. She will be put on the rack about something over which she had no control. Valja's possessions are reduced to a shabby traveling bag—and an old dog, Wonk. Yet Carol will be grilled and spied upon to see if she is concealing the crown jewels. Creditors will persecute her if they cannot prosecute her until they are satisfied that she is as poor as she is blameless. There's the funeral to be gotten through and the publicity to die away, the tragedy to fade from her memory—Mia, won't you go to her and stand by?"

"I?" Stanley sat upright and threw a tulle scarf about her shoulders. "Stand by this girl who your future wife tells me has offered herself to you—some vulgar free love thing—"

"Telva would express it in that way," Ames' smile was not contagious. "I presume she 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 out prominently. 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 to care for me—a fool. Already Mr. Grundy has frowned upon her in the shape of Sam Russel who hurried to inform the world that Miss Clive had resigned from his offices and was in no way connected with his investment house. It would never do for middle-class, climbing Sam to have stood by a poor and beautiful girl who had decided that the man she loved was so weak that she must be his 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 fearless suffering 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 71]



New Year came in with a bang.

Last night we were all invited to the ball and the cakewalk. There is only one place in Rampart 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 while the dance was held, and some of the men promised to see he was put back again afterwards.

I was ready to go home long before the ball was over and I did. The dead man out in the snow looked peacefully still in his burlap 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 strange 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 he goes out to get the lay of the land and the mountains and 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 were it 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 fairly 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 5th. 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 ham 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 best.

February 10th. Today we reached Mento. But oh, what a Mento—two cabins and not one Indian!

Yes, one Indian, named Holly, came up. He told us the rest had gone to hunt—"no eat here, all go." This was alarming news, the Indians gone because the food was scarce from the very place where we expected it! What can those people at Rampart 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. We would unpack 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 flap-jacks 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 even 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 dunno."

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 hootch 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.

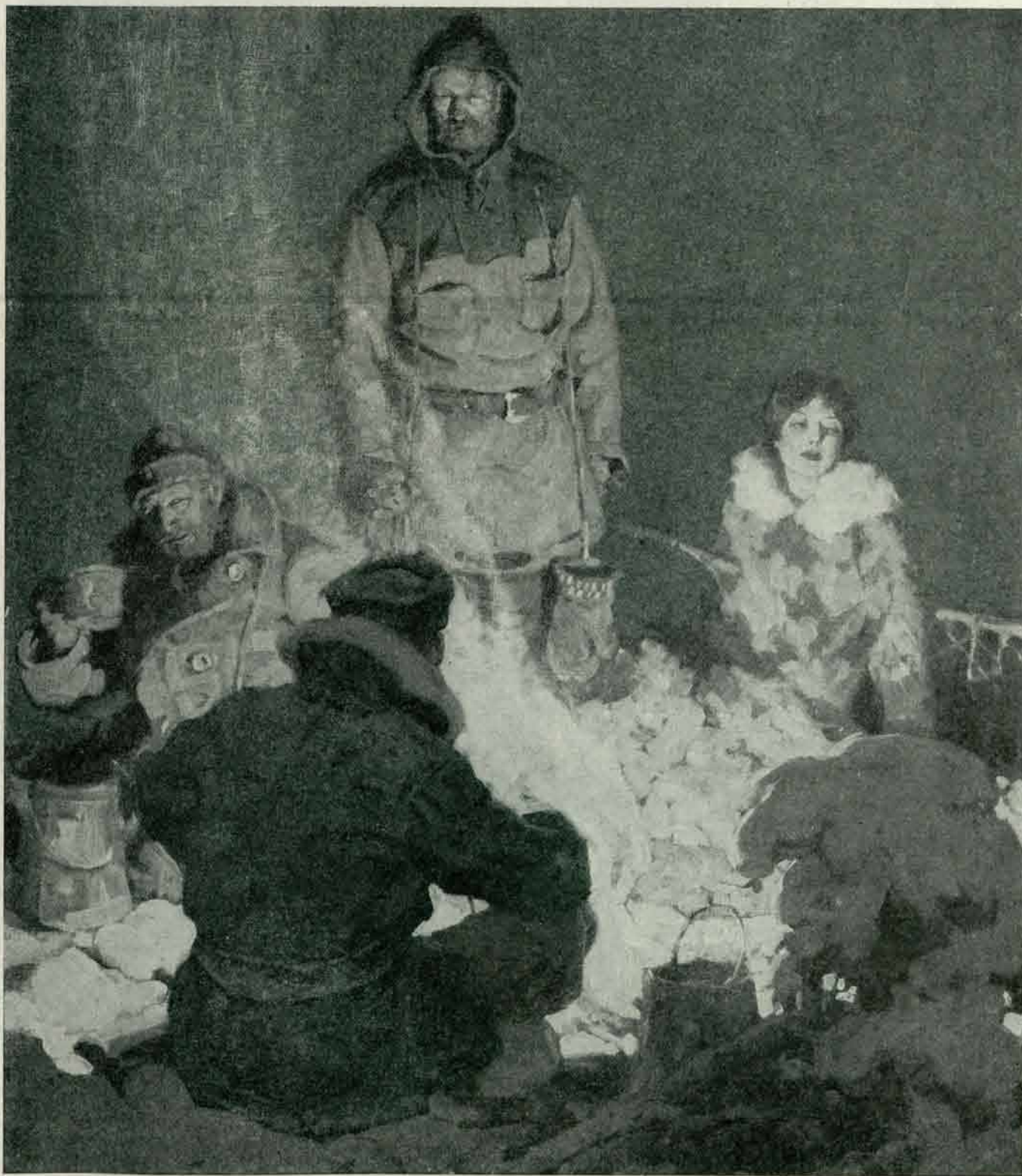
We can't go back now. We don't know just where Tortillo is but it would be easier to find than go back all the way we have come—we haven't nearly enough food left.

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—queer 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.

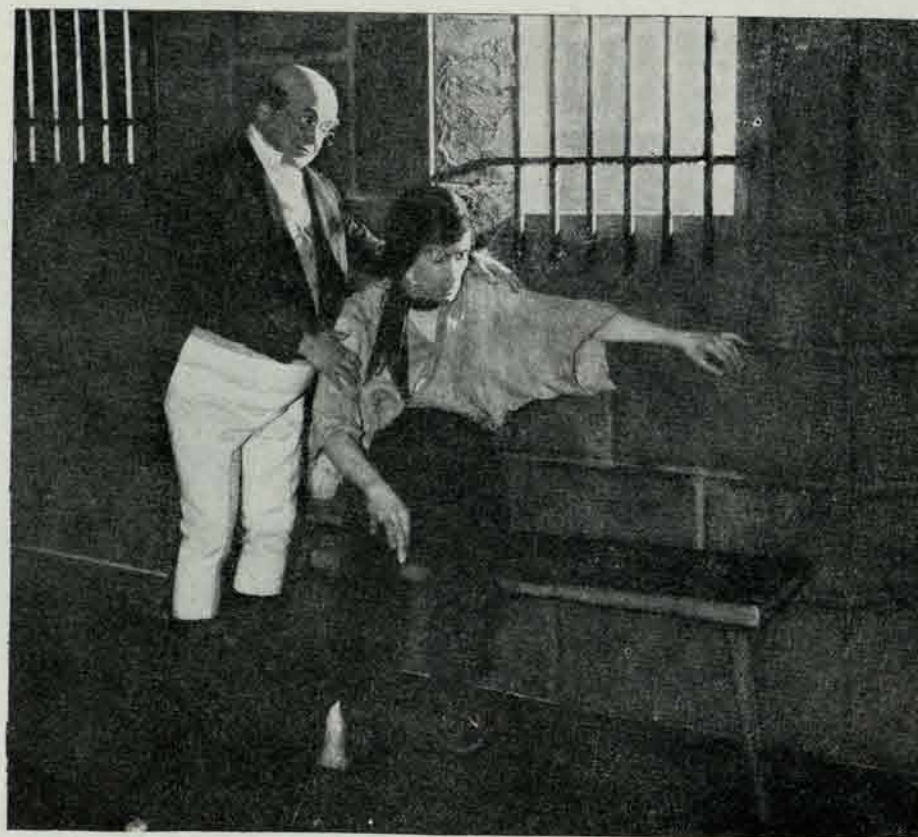
We are traveling very short at each eating period—less and less is handed out, by me, who am in charge of this. And we have decided to taboo all mention of food, or even the very subject of eating. [Turn to page 62]



But I begged them to stop thinking about food and just drink lots and lots of tea

WHAT'S GOING ON IN THE WORLD

The Play of the Month



Mr. Pickwick comforts Jingle in the debtors' prison



Pickwick

DRAMATIZED BY

COSMO HAMILTON AND FRANK C. REILLY

REVIEWED BY STARK YOUNG

I CAN remember once, a few years ago, on that delightful ship the *Biancamano*, out of Genoa, I was recuperating from an illness in France before I sailed; and despite the perfect voyage, I seemed to be coming all too slowly out of my fatigue and low, despairing spirits. Then suddenly the thought came that all these years I had been meaning to read *The Pickwick Papers*: why, then, not read them now? I went to the library and found the book. I can remember how I read, how the world sweetened and grew gay, the people on board walked in a warm, full light of humanity and humor, life seemed good, food and drink good things, and the ways of the human beings around me lovable and touching.

There must be thousands of readers who have had something like that out of *The Pickwick Papers*. The mood of its fantasy and breadth of feeling took hold of them, the gallery of the characters walked out into the moments of their day, and the world seemed dilated and exuberant and precious. The eternal child in them was made happy, the adult enriched. Such people would go most critically to see *Pickwick* put on the stage, but they need not fear the Empire Theater.

The Pickwick Papers began to appear first in March, 1836. Up to that time their author had been a reporter, and the moderately successful writer of the *Sketches by Boz*. There were to be twenty numbers of the papers. They began. Of the first, four hundred were printed; by the time the fifteenth number appeared the publisher had to issue more than forty thousand. And now that decades have passed and the substance of Dickens sifted at the hands of posterity, *The Pickwick Papers* remain that one out of all his works that seems most likely to be immortal.

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 riotous 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]



Marcel Vivert and Alice Terry in this month's film

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 marvelously soothing ointment. It makes no direct appeal to the dramatic nerve centers (if there are such things); it never reaches the risibilities. 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.

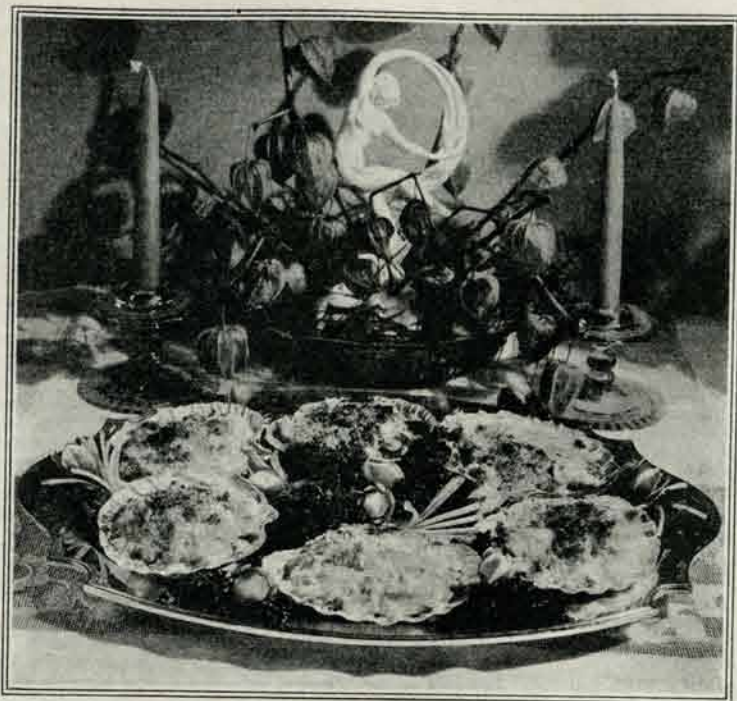
Mr. Ingram is one director who has never been bitten by the Hollywood bug. Indeed, his fear of contagion from that frequently fatal insect has caused him to set up his own studio in Southern France, some seven thousand miles from the Citadel of the Cinema in Southern California. Along the Riviera and 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 Staouëli, where Robert Hichens first felt the provocative tickle 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 42]



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

Bake in a hot oven (400° 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 plain pastry and roll to 1/4 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 2 cups finely chopped or ground ham add 2 tablespoons minced parsley and 1/4 teaspoon paprika. Fold this into 1 cup cream whipped until stiff, to which has been added 1 tablespoon gelatin soaked in 2 tablespoons cold water, then dissolved in 1/4 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.

Ham Timbales: To 1 1/2 cups finely ground ham, add 1/4 cup soft bread crumbs, 1 well-beaten egg, 3/4 cup milk and 1 tablespoon butter. Mix well and turn into well-greased timbale molds or custard cups. Set molds in shallow pan of water and bake in moderate oven (350° F.) until mixture is firm in the center. (Test like a custard by inserting a clean knife.) Serve with tomato sauce.

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. Dip sandwiches in beaten egg and fry 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 cabbage 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

Au Gratin in Scallop 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.

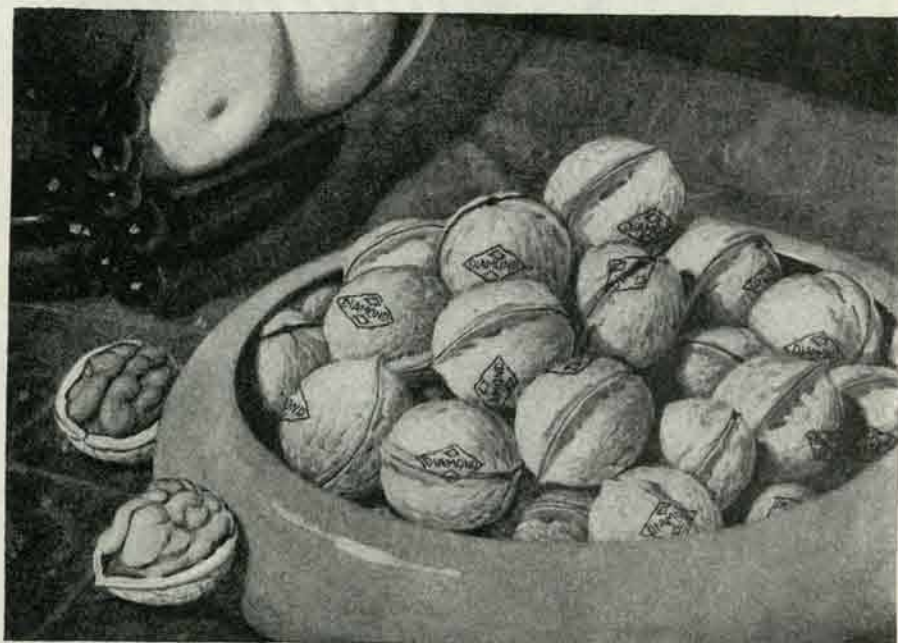
Fish Souffle: Make same as Chicken Souffle, baking it in a moderate oven (325° F.). Serve at once.

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 some one, 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.

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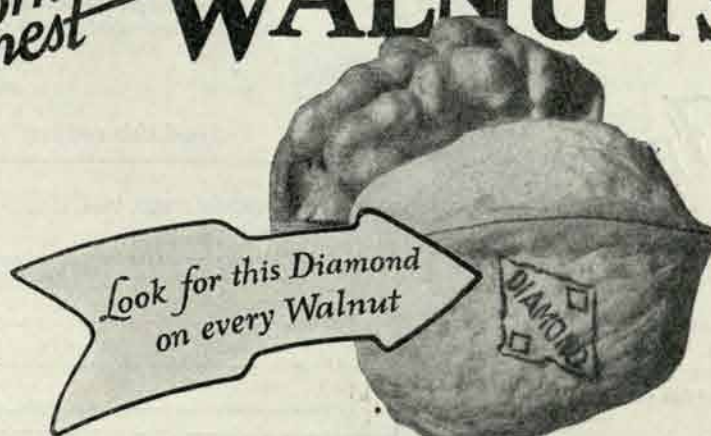
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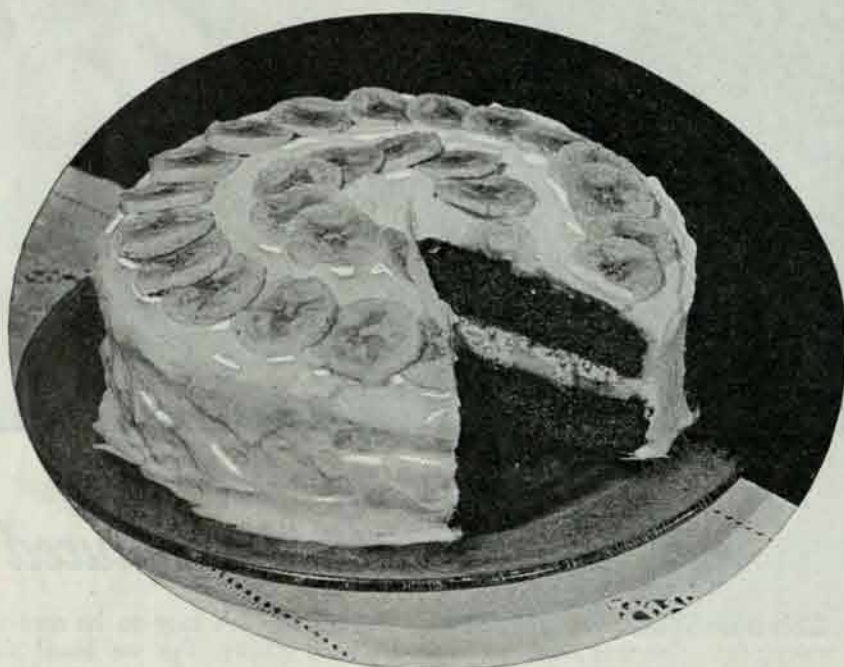
WALNUTS



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.. try this delicious recipe



Gingerbread Banana Shortcake

WARM, fine-textured gingerbread just out of the oven! With bananas and fluffy whipped cream—oh, how delicious!

You want more and more of that tantalizing flavor! That wonderful taste of the real old-time plantation molasses that has been kept for you in Brer Rabbit.

And you can eat all you want of it, it's so good for you—and for the children, too. For Brer Rabbit Molasses retains all the iron and lime of the sugar cane. Both children and grown-ups need plenty of iron and lime.

Here's another "party" dress for gingerbread that has the real old-fashioned molasses flavor. Bake it in a round mold with a hole in the middle. While still warm, fill the hole with canned or fresh fruit and garnish with whipped cream. It will make your politest guest positively greedy.

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. Send for these delightful recipes before you forget.

Gingerbread Banana Shortcake

3 tablespoons shortening, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 1 egg, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup Brer Rabbit Molasses, $1\frac{3}{4}$ cups flour, 1 teaspoon ginger, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cinnamon, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon soda, 1 teaspoon baking powder, $\frac{1}{2}$ 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.

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BY REQUEST

[Continued from page 60]

not game and ready.

He was nearing 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 howling minute there came an interruption. A figure ran quickly along the verandah, and stooping caught back the dog in full career. In the height of his wrath Jingo found himself checked by an authority which he could not ignore. Bristling and struggling he was drawn into Peggy's arms and found himself compelled to yield.

On her knees on the verandah she clasped him, and over his 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?"

There was something unearthly about her in that moment, something majestic, 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 compound beyond the verandah.

It came to a halt and a bent, gaunt man descended and moved along the verandah 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 growl turned into a grunt and he moved to one side.

"My little girl!" said Sir William, bending fondly over her. "I was so busy—Forbes gave me rather a big problem to work out—I'm afraid I forgot you. Is there anything the matter? Or were you just asleep?"

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 lonely. I'm so sorry. 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 Marcella.

In the early morning she rose and sat down to write to Marcella. 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 do. Marcella must come to her.

Her letter was a brief one, making little reference to what had passed between them 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 she met her father in the morning he looked at her with grave concern. "My dear, I am afraid you haven't slept," he said. "That fright I gave you last night has upset your nerves."

She tried to answer him lightly though she knew her face belied her. "I am all right, Daddy," she said. "But, please, you won't be so late again, 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 Peggy!" he said. "Well, I must really begin to take care of my little girl."

"Oh, Daddy, thank you!" she whispered. "But what about you? Won't you find it rather difficult?" [Turn to page 67]

A WOMAN'S STORY OF THE GOLD RUSH

[Continued from page 29]

Last night I heard Pine half asleep in his bunk moan, "Buck, I'm so hungry."

February 16th. The men are out for wood so I 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.

Yesterday we sighted cabins and caches, so we braced up and made the village. We knew this must be Tortillo. The sight of the buildings was as good as a meal, 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 census takers had come. Then we walked up to the largest cabin—there were five or six—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 answer.

We had come to a deserted camp—every cabin empty, not a sign of fish or sinew anywhere. We stood still, our eyes frozen in their sockets. While the men unpacked I made the strongest tea I dared. We didn't talk much—we just drank the 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 die first and leave me to a fate I couldn't even imagine. I told them they didn't dare begin to kill dogs yet. If one is killed the others will follow soon—and that means no way of carting tent or stove.

Finally Charley patted my shoulder and said soothingly, "Listen, old lady, we aren't going to kill any dogs. I was just telling Pine we'd better turn in and get a good night's rest." So we did. But he meant to kill that dog. I topped it this time, but how long will I be able, how long will I dare stop him?

February 20th. The days are alike now

except that we get hungrier. Yesterday we went eight whole miles on nothing but ice. The poor dogs' feet bled unmercifully, and they howled every time we stopped to right the sleigh.

We ran across three miserable looking Indians with two dogs, so thin they could hardly stand.

The chief of the party, Tateratta—any way that is how Pine spelled it in the census blank—we asked to act as guide. But his only reply is, "You die—that all."

We went over to their camp later. Their tent was very low and had in it a huge Yukon stove. They were all squatting around it. On it a big pot bubbled away with a marvellous smell of real meat. We took their census anyway and watched while they started in to eat and utterly ignored us.

"Bates Rapids" they understand, and say we are not far from there, but they tried to tell us something else that we can't understand.

I asked the old man and the old woman questions with no results. There was no light in the tent but the red eye of the stove. Whenever the man dozed off I gave him a slap on the shoulder, calling "Say," and holding my census book on my lamp put a pencil in his hand and I pointed to one spot, calling it China river or Bates Rapids—anything to get his attention, but he fell asleep again promptly.

Once he tried to hold the pencil straight and draw something. He made a sort of square, and said, "Stick, stick," and off he went to sleep again. I shook him and shouted "Bates Rapids" at him. The old squaw lighted pieces of wood at the stove and held it over our drawing so we could see. Patiently I put the pencil back in his hand again and steadied it while he made a mark of some sort. He grunted, he rocked back and forth, he closed his eyes, and at last I realized he meant we travelled all day, then slept, then travelled and slept again, for as many days as he thought it would take to make a certain place. Then again he made a little square. I saw he meant a cabin. Most of the others had gone to sleep, by the simple process of falling back where they [Turn to page 65]

A WOMAN'S STORY OF THE GOLD RUSH

[Continued from page 62]

were sitting. The old man suddenly turned to me and said in an awed tone, "You, you save Jesus?"

My thoughts flew back to Steven who used to announce himself "all same minister" when he wanted what he didn't have. I bowed my head and said, "Yes, me good fellow—me all same your brother. Me save Jesus."

Then he began to rock vigorously, he groaned, he grunted, he hissed, he swayed from side to side, he puffed, pulled himself up as if he were hauling something heavy, strained and grunted. When he got over that spasm, he shook his head vigorously saying, "No, no." He put his own fingers at a point on my map and commenced to make the thumb follow the finger, repeating the word "dog-dog-dog-dog," then stopping, he said "sleep" and again the thumb followed index finger and the "dog-dog" came again. There were three sleeps in all. Then he said "Choo-choo-choo" with great speed. He turned solemnly, "Choo-choo-choo," turning his fingers to the right, whispering to me "Jesus"—and then suddenly following up with "Jesus no good! Jesus no good!" Then pointing in the opposite direction, he once more went "choo-choo" and said, "good, good." Well, perhaps later all of us together in our tent can fathom it out.

Later, Pine thinks the stuff he tried to tell us is very valuable. He reasons from the drawing that he meant us to skip the China river entirely.

None of the Indians seem to know anything about a boat on the China river. The information is probably as true as our government map. Anyway we are going the way the Indian told us, in the direction of these stick places he showed us, and chance meeting hunters with more moose on the way.

February 23rd. In a hiding place for skins I found a sort of box in a tree. Being by this time respectful of no man's property, we opened it and found a can of something like lard. I saw Buck was going to eat it so I put it safely inside my parque. Fat is a mighty precious thing to have.

We portioned out today a little broth. We have left now a little bag of beans and a very little flour. Not enough to thicken, just enough to pretend with. And the poor dogs are so hungry—they just howl all the time.

I made a rule that when each one dips out his allowance from the pan he must, if he gets a bean in his cup, put it back in the general pot again for next day's flavor.

I'm getting near the end of my book and have no more paper. We are all half crazy. Today I thought I saw Pine eating a bean. I got up and accused him of it. He denied it. But I kept insisting he had. And he shook his fist at me, but Charley quieted us and then Pine said to me seriously, "Why I wouldn't have eaten rolled oats unless it was mine to eat."

Why rolled oats I don't know—I could have found a better food.

And Buck said, "Oh, I wish I could have just one piece of bread."

But I begged them to stop thinking about food and just drink lots and lots of tea. It helps you forget. But I heard poor Pine whisper to Buck, "Oh, Buck, if I only had some rolled oats."

February 26th. We portioned out our grub tonight again, and made the allowances smaller.

February 27th. Today we found three caches on the trail with meat. We took part of it, leaving a note to whoever owned it that they could collect what we took at Tanana station, and we signed ourselves the census takers.

Pine has neuralgia. This evening we came to three more cabins—deserted too. Is everything deserted up here?

To keep the dogs from stealing what little meat we have left, we put it under us at night.

February 29th. Every hour I am growing more scared. Sometimes I look at poor little Nig, and wonder if it wouldn't have been better if he had been killed that night. He stares so pleadingly at me for more to eat—I can't bear it.

March 1st. Our runs are getting shorter. Today we looked at each other and in all their eyes I saw panic and a trapped look. We meet no Indians any more, no signs of

life. And suddenly we all seem to feel that there won't be any Indians, there isn't any steamboat, nothing ahead but starvation and freezing.

We find we can allow ourselves a very little meat each day for soup with two spoonfuls of beans and four of flour for the lot. The dogs the same, only double the amount, since there are eight of them.

We are going to turn back tomorrow and only hope we can reach that meat cache where we left a little meat before we give out. No one can ever need it more than we do. The poor dogs don't jerk at the traces any more—they are too weak.

March 3rd. We go back so slowly. The going seems as bad as it was that thrilling day I climbed and found the stake high above the Yukon bank. I'd not have the strength to do that now.

I have added up our food, what we have left is going to last us just two days. And then what? The men are becoming horrible to me—they are weaker than I—they work harder. I know they will slide out of our predicament by just falling asleep some day soon and not waking up, and I shall be left food for the wolves. We fall asleep now the minute we get a little fire going and a little tea in us. It is very tiresome to write anything down.

March 5th. Yesterday I couldn't write. Death had come too near me.

We got only a little way before the sleigh went over and the men sat down in the snow, and their faces said that they wouldn't get up again. I was panicky and I broke off pieces of the fat in my parque and gave them some quick, and they got up. I never saw such a quick effect. I gave the dogs a fragment too, and we went on the strength of it.

We came back finally to the cabins we had passed where was a cache, we didn't open because it had a lock and we hated to break it for the Indians are like children about these locks. It had looked empty anyway. But something urged Pine back and now he grabbed the axe weakly, trying to make heroic gestures, but his voice was weak as a little baby's. "I am going to open that door," he said to me, and dragged the axe over to the cache. I followed close on Pine's wobbling steps. Suddenly I seemed to see whole feasts of food before my eyes, and I heard myself, as if I were somebody outside myself, praying there might be food there, praying to God to remember the years I had loved Him and gone to church and revered Him. I forgot the cold as I stood there praying, and listening to myself making promises and pleading with God to help us.

Charley, in the meantime, was sanely chopping wood. I watched Pine make a lot of ineffectual motions before the lock broke, and I heard a muffled sound and out of the cache came tumbling a bundle of fish. Charley came running.

But no sooner did the fish strike the ground than the dogs were on it, snarling and fighting and Charley climbed up to the cache to quarrel with Pine for throwing it out. I went up after him, and there I saw a terrible sight. Pine, the gentleman, whose politeness had never failed him once in all this long wandering, was sitting in one dark corner, a big jawbone from some animal in on hand, a fish in the other, and he was chewing at the bone wildly, his whole frame trembling.

I went over to him, and touched his shoulder and in a moment he came to himself and smiled at me. "There was something here," he said and fainted.

So we are camping tonight and we have fish. The pile that Pine threw out in his frenzy is lost, but then it fed the dogs and there is another big bundle, and that gives us a chance to dare rest up a day. It is a good thing, for Pine is very sick.

The rest take it as just fish left over by the Indians. Well, maybe the fish was there when we went up. But I looked so carefully between those tree trunks and saw nothing at all. Perhaps my desperate prayers were answered—perhaps it was as near a miracle as my life will ever know. At all events it is God I thank for the fish that without doubt has saved our lives.

Everything has a different look about it now. Though Pine and Charley are in bad shape, sick from the worry they tried to

conceal from each other and from me. They confessed to me that they too realized how much stronger I was than they and the picture I drew of my being left alone is one they had been worrying about long before I talked about it.

March 7th. We took the trail again this morning, and about noon today we reached the place, according to our government map, where the China river ought to branch off.

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

We meet no Indians at all. We have passed quite a few cabins and camping places but every single one is deserted. Why, I wonder—for they would never let us go from Rampart if they hadn't thought we would find food and shelter and help along our way.

March 8th. Today we came to a cache where a little more meat had been stored. We had left it on the way up, when we felt we didn't need it so badly but now that and the fish will see us through. We were so afraid it might be gone, but to our joy and in answer to my prayers it was still there.

Meat fills you with confidence even if you don't get much of it. And anyway now we aren't filled with that terror at the end of each day's run that we had on the way up.

March 10th. Tortillo day before yesterday—back to that wonderful scenery that makes you forget your troubles for a little while. Mento late today. We are pushing along nicely and feel encouraged. Tried to get a wolf but missed him.

March 16th. Pine went out this morning to see if he couldn't get a ptarmigan, and he came back with an Indian. We know George, and he is going to help us and stay with us. He gave us some flour, and this noon we had a real flapjack! But it only makes our hunger worse. We want a lot of flapjacks instead of one.

March 18th. George brought us more meat. The sight of such a lot of meat made us all suddenly terribly weak. But George has seen starved people before and knew just what to do.

March 20th. Buck went over the divide and came back yesterday with cornmeal and flour. We ate it and got ready to start over the divide into Quail, but instead we all got sick from too much food. This morning we braced up to go over the divide, reached a cabin occupied by a Mr. Black, who gave us some actual bread!

March 21st. By noon today we got to Mr. Davis' cabin. I got there ahead of the rest, and told him all about our trip and our dangers. I said we still were hungry. So he said, "Well, well, I'd best cook you up something at once," and he did—rice flavored with real vanilla.

When the rest came I was fed and warmed and felt good. But they burst in like starving men. And when Charley saw the salt on the table—we haven't had salt for so long—he grabbed the can and swallowed a big mouthful, and when he choked on it he ran to the stove and drank some of the melted snow there. It was half warm. The result was we had as sick a man as ever I hope to see. Mr. Davis looked alarmed and took some bottles of liniment off the table, saying to me, "I'd better get these out of the way."

We tucked him in a bunk and Buck and Pine and the dogs didn't say anything—just watched Mr. Davis cooking, and waited.

March 23rd. Back to Rampart. I never thought I'd see it again.

I went into Mrs. Hatch's cabin and told her our story while the men were putting the stove up. I found it up, but they were sitting groaning, their heads in their hands.

I ran for Dr. Hatch, and he ordered the men not to eat a bite, till they felt better. Mrs. Hatch appeared with a bowl of good government ration soup and he let them have that.

To see food around us, lots of it, more than we can possibly eat, just to feel it and know it is real!

March 24th. Pine is so gentle, and tries his best to bring me [Turn to page 67]

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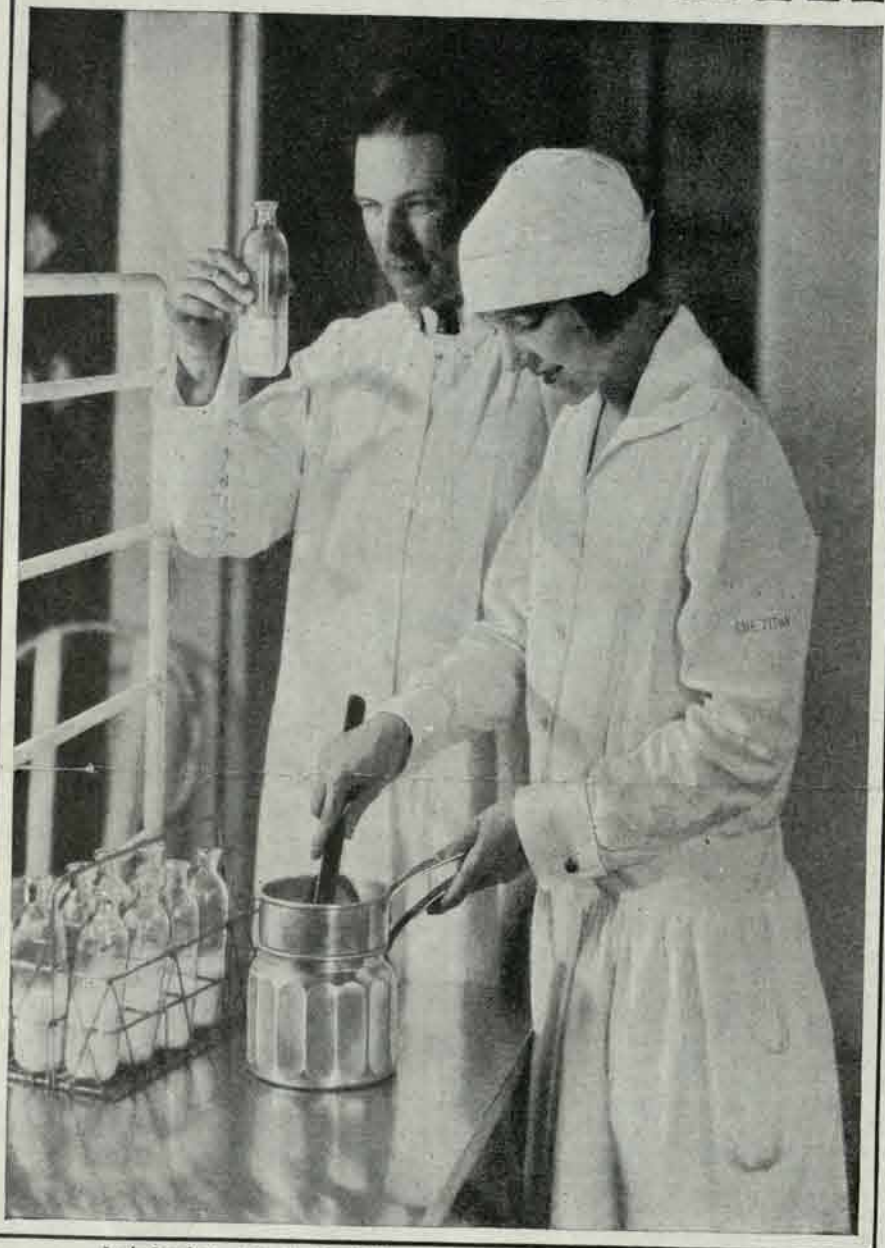
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A GOOD CHILD JUST A LITTLE SPOILED

[Continued from page 50]

infancy to report every little ill, to talk about our stomach, our elimination processes, and the like. We have been allowed to avoid the doing of boresome duties by reporting them, such as staying away from school and getting relieved from sharing in the household chores. And above all, we have, by reporting them, got the tender solicitude of our parents and the kisses and coddling of our mothers. Mother fights our battles for us and stands between us and the things we try to avoid doing.

But society doesn't do this. We have to stick to our jobs in commercial and professional life regardless of headaches, toothaches, indigestion and other tiny ailments. There is no one there to baby us. If we cannot stand this treatment we have to go back home where love and affection can again be commandeered. If at home we cannot get enough coddling by ordinary means, we take to our arm-chairs or even to our beds. Thereafter we are in a secure position to demand constant coddling.

The mother coddles the child for two reasons. One she admits; the other she doesn't admit because she doesn't know that it is true. The one she admits is that she 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. Her mother before her has trained her to give and receive love. She is starved for love—affection as she prefers to call it. It is at bottom a sex seeking response in her, else she would never kiss the child on the lips. Certainly, to satisfy her professed reason for coddling, kissing the youngster on the forehead, on the back of the hand, patting it on the head once in a while, would be all the petting needed for a baby to learn that it is growing up in a kindly home.

But even granting that the mother thinks she kisses the child for the perfectly logical reason of implanting the proper amount of affection and kindness in it, does she succeed? The fact I brought out before, that we rarely see a happy child, is proof to the contrary. The fact that our children are always crying and always whining shows the unhappy, unwholesome state they are in. Their digestion is interfered with and probably their whole glandular system is deranged. There is a sensible way of treating children. Treat them as though they were young adults. Dress them, bathe them with what care and circumspection you may, but let your behavior always be objective and kindly firm. Never hug and kiss them, never let them sit in your lap. If you must, kiss them once on the forehead when they say good night. Shake hands with them in the morning. Give them a pat on the head if they have done an extraordinary good job of a difficult task. Try it out. In a week's time you will find how easy it is to be perfectly objective with your child and at the same time kindly. You will be utterly ashamed of the mawkish, sentimental way you have been handling your child.

If you expected a dog to grow up and be useful as a watch dog, a bird dog, a fox hound, useful for anything except a lap dog, you wouldn't dare treat it the way you treat your child. When I hear a mother say "Bless its little heart" when it

falls down, or stubs its toe, or suffers some other ill, I usually have to walk a block or two to let off steam. Can't the mother train herself when something happens to the child to look at its hurt without saying anything, and if there is a wound to dress it in a matter-of-fact way? And then as the child gets older, can she not train him to go and find the boracic and the bandages and treat his own wounds? Can't she train herself to substitute a kindly word, a smile, in all of her dealings with the child, for the kiss and the hug, the pickup and coddling? Above all, can't she learn to keep away from the

child a large part of the day since love conditioning must grow up anyway, even when scrupulously guarded against, through feeding and bathing? I sometimes wish that we could live in a community of homes where each home is

supplied with a well-trained nurse so that we could have the babies fed and bathed each week by a different nurse. Not long ago I had opportunity to observe a child who had had an overly sympathetic and tender nurse for a year and a half. This nurse had to leave. 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 to her 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. Certainly a mother, when necessary, ought to leave her child for a long enough period for over-conditioning to die down. If you haven't a nurse and cannot leave the child, put it out in the backyard a large part of the day. Build a fence around the yard so that you are sure no harm can come to it. Do this from the time it is born. When it can crawl, give it its sandpile and be sure to dig some small holes in the yard so it has to crawl in and out of them. Let it learn to overcome difficulties almost from the first moment of birth. It should learn to conquer difficulties away from your watchful eye. It should not get commendation and notice and petting every time it does something it ought to be doing anyway. If your heart is too tender and you must watch the child, make yourself a peephole so that you can see the child without being seen, or use a periscope. But above all when anything does happen don't let your child see your own trepidation but handle the situation as a trained nurse or a doctor would and, finally, learn not to talk in endearing and coddling terms.

Nest habits, which come from coddling, are really pernicious evils. The boys or girls who have nest habits deeply imbedded suffer torture when they have to leave home to go into business, to enter school, to get married—in general, whenever they have to break away from the parents to start life on their own. Inability to break nest habits is probably our most prolific source of divorce.

In conclusion won't you then remember when you are tempted to pet your child that mother love is a dangerous instrument? An instrument which may inflict a never healing wound, a wound which may make infancy unhappy, adolescence a nightmare, which may wreck your adult son or daughter's vocational future and marital happiness.



Out in the backyard for a large part of the day

A WOMAN'S STORY OF THE GOLD RUSH

[Continued from page 65]

beautifully dried wood.

Today I said to him, "Isn't there something I can do for you, so we can the faster forget the days that made us act so differently from our real natures?"

Pine brightened up and said, "I tell you what: Could you have rolled oats on the table at every meal, three times a day, for breakfast and dinner and supper for a while?"

So we shook hands as if it were an important compact, and from that minute too he was more like the Pine we knew before we went to find the China river.

March 27th. We are going out soon on the various creeks and get the yields of gold in this district, for the census demands that, and then we will go down the Yukon to St. Michael. We have our census money: enough money really to get out at last.

Every time I leave the cabin the first thing my eyes do when I open the door of the cabin again is to look under the bunk to see if the grub is still there. This is really funny, for we are in town now and could easily get more.

Today I cried and cried. Poor little Nig, who found us so long ago on that awful trail, has been claimed by an Indian, a horrible mean old Indian too. I had him looking real decent again, and now I had to give him up. I wish I had killed him when he was so played out, instead of coaxing him back to life. Poor little fellow, his eyes followed me so pleadingly when that Indian pulled him away.

March 30th. The men have finished the census work.

From Indians and miners coming into town, we learn this has been the worst Winter on record. Many Indians left their Winter camps because they could find nothing to eat. No wonder we found so few camps occupied. We are all ready to start back. The boats going out will be very crowded and won't stand for dogs, and I'm taking four back with me, so we are going to drift down in a rowboat to St. Michael.

July 15th. Back at St. Michael, but not the town I remember such ages ago. We had a pretty wild trip down, for the Yukon is just as uncertain and coy as of yore.

All Rampart was on the bank to see us off when we started, tin pans were beating as if it were a Christmas celebration.

Buck stayed behind on some new gold discovery, so only three of us were in the boat.

You couldn't hold me, now I'm really started. And Pine talks about England in sentimental tones.

St. Michael has certainly changed since my young days here. My young days is right, for my brown hair is just about all white—been frozen so often.

They have regular looking people here now and a real hotel! And the women are wearing what they call pompadours—

great wads of hair sticking up in the air. I feel like a squaw seeing something strange for the first time. The new hotel really awed me.

July 18th. On board the steamer Santa Anna. A regular boat—and I am in a regular coat and a real skirt. Ten days to Seattle. One amusing thing on the boat is the number of people who went in by way of Dawson, and then came back down the river on a steamer—two months in all—and now they are going out to write stories about Alaska!

We are getting fat—the different food, no chopping wood, the lack of all work.

July 20th. In Seattle, in a real town. I in my suit look fine. Even the men look a little better—at least they have haircuts and shaves. Our belongings are still in bags.

When we went to one of the good hotels in the town, we were told there were no rooms. Charley suspected perhaps their boots and the dogs and the bags had something to do with that announcement. Pine stood around in his quiet British way—he has all his Englishness back since his beard and the trail are gone. I was wishing I were somewhere else. Then Charley happened to see on the wall on a card the proprietor's name. It was a friend of his back in Cincinnati, so he made the unwilling clerk get him down, and then we were given the best rooms in the hotel.

We are going home tomorrow on the fastest train we can get.

August 16th. This is the end of my diary. There are just three pages left to the end. Charley has given me a nice new one, but the end of Alaska belongs in here.

My little dog Manuel is still alive. They had kept him in the kitchen and not allowed him in the other rooms once all the time I was away, but when he heard my voice he came hopping in, right past the people who had forbidden him, to me, who he knew would let him come anywhere.

Pine is going back to England. He has been writing home, and his family want him back so badly he is going.

Tonight while I was reading here in the little room next the living room I heard Charley talking to some friends about the wonders of Alaska, and its beauty and health giving properties, but I knew all about that at first hand so I went back to my book. Then I heard Mr. Barr say sharply, "You don't mean it, Charley." "I do, as sure as God made little green apples," said Charley. "I'm going back there some day—only the next time I'm going right."

I caught my breath in astonishment—and then my heart beat faster and happier. I forgot the book. My eyes saw only the great, gorgeous mountains. My ears heard the cold clear healthy air crack. When Charley goes back I am going too!

[THE END]

BY REQUEST

[Continued from page 62]

"No," he said quietly. "No. My work is nearly done." He smiled upon her and she saw the vision fade again—"you, Peggy, must come first. I suppose there is no one you could ask to stay with you till I can be more at liberty?"

"Oh yes!" Peggy suddenly remembered her letter. "I have written already to ask Mrs. Forbes. I knew you wouldn't mind."

"Who?" said Sir William; then, frowning slightly: "Ah yes, I know her. But—surely you are not very friendly with her?"

She felt herself flush. "I am very fond of her, Daddy. I felt so sure you could not possibly object."

Sir William turned and sat down at the table, and again she heard him sigh. "I couldn't object to anything you do, dear," he said. "Only be very careful."

LATER in the day Peggy's letter to Marcella was brought back to her with news that the *mem-sahib* had gone away. The information surprised her, but it brought relief. Though she was still ready to help Marcella she was glad that for the

time at least her help was not needed.

In the days that followed, Ghawalkhandi beheld an unexpected thing. Sir William Musgrave suddenly emerged from his hermitage on the hill and took his place as his daughter's protector, only, however, where Peggy had need of an escort.

Peggy saw nothing of Forbes for over a week, and no news of Marcella reached her during that time. The round of gaieties continued, and she was drawn into playing in a tennis tournament at the Club.

While Peggy sat resting on the Club veranda a red-faced stranger who had arrived under the auspices of Bobby Fraser turned round and confronted her.

"I expect you have forgotten all about me by this time," he said.

Peggy gave a quick start of surprise and held out a friendly hand. "Forgotten you, Captain Turner!" she exclaimed. "Why, of course not!"

"Oh, thank the gods for that!" said Tiggie Turner, as he grasped the proffered hand. "Then I haven't got to begin all over again."

[Continued in FEBRUARY McCALL'S]

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WHY WOMEN LIVE LONGER THAN MEN

[Continued from page 54]

wife in most households looks after her husband's welfare. She nags him into putting on his rubbers, into changing to his Winter clothing; she urges him to get to bed early, to drink and smoke less. She may be a disturbing factor but she undoubtedly helps to lengthen his life!

"Not long ago we had a man in here who said he wanted to be examined, then quarreled with every doctor who saw him. He was sent to several different physicians for examination of special organs and he was downright furious with every one of them. Finally one of the doctors said:

"See here, man, we didn't coax you in here! You came in and said you wanted to be examined didn't you?"

"Well," said the man sheepishly, 'I didn't want to come. My wife made me.'"

"You may be interested to know that married people on the whole live longer than unmarried ones. When a bachelor arrives at middle age he has just half the chance to go on living that a married man has! And widows have an appallingly high mortality rate.

"There is also a general impression that maternity shortens life. It is true that many women lose their lives in the bearing of children, far too many, and there cannot be too much pre-natal care which is the one thing that will bring down this death rate. But when a woman has good care, the function of maternity brings a general bodily quickening, a stimulating of all the forces that make for living, which is in itself a help to health and to longer life. Mothers, provided they take care of themselves, are the best subjects for life prolongation."

"How are we to take care of ourselves?" I demanded.

"Correct your sins, of course," he re-

plied, "and sin no more. In the younger women, those from eighteen to thirty-five, we find an appalling amount of underweight and low blood pressure. This comes, in a good many cases, from deliberate under-eating. Our young women as well as our older ones want to be slim. Now the older woman may stand a certain amount of self-decreed dieting, but even she runs a severe risk unless she is dieting under a physician. But the young woman who diets until she is constantly under weight presents a very grave problem. She is being underfed and is a likely subject for tuberculosis. Don't get the idea that we are through with tuberculosis, because we know something about it. We are far from through.

"One of the vanities of women that helps them live longer is their pride in their teeth. In every group of people examined we find the teeth of the women far superior to those of the men. And teeth are of prime importance in living longer and in living well while you live.

"The horror of our time is cancer," he continued. "Cancer is a swift disease. It may begin and end within a year. Certainly every woman who has borne children needs a pelvic examination every six months after she is forty, as well as an annual general examination. If women generally would see to this as they do to their teeth, the cancer death rate would decrease at once because cancers would be discovered and cured before they became more than local."

Apparently then we hold in our hands the power not only to live longer than men, but to extend that life indefinitely if we will. We may be lucky enough to add to that extra year and a half of life that is given us, some years of our own making.

MEET THE VEGETABLE CAN

[Continued from page 47]

an attempt is being made to bring the number grading into more general use. The smallest peas are the ones most prized and are all most expensive, but the telephone size has a better flavor and a higher nutritive value.

Corn is very simply graded. The first style is known as Maine or Cream Corn and is packed in a heavy body. The kernels are cut from the cob and the cob is scraped to get all of the cream. Maryland or Shoepeg corn is a whole grain corn, the kernels being cut as close as possible to the cob and are left whole in a brine. Kornlet is a strained corn preparation. The "Maine

style" or Cream Corn is by far the most popular pack.

Tomatoes are packed in only two ways—Solid Pack and as Purée. The solid pack comes in No. 3 cans and must consist of whole tomatoes packed in very little tomato juice. There is also a standard pack which comes in a No. 2½ can; the tomatoes are smaller and the can is filled with strained tomato juice made from over-ripe tomatoes.

The purée is becoming more and more popular because it may be used for soups, purées, or form the base of a meat sauce.

THE POST BOX

[Continued from page 38]

because I am afraid you will think my question silly. But I do really wish you would tell me which of all traits that a girl can develop (if she is not lucky enough to be born with it) will, in your opinion, insure her greatest success?

Beauty, brains, manners—which? By 'success' I mean social popularity."

I beg that you will answer me seriously because I promise that I will do my best to follow your advice."

For one single trait that will make a

girl popular, I put at the top, joy of life, enthusiasm, radiance! Not the tooth-paste grin or the ceaseless giggle that simply fills everyone you encounter with the longing to slap you!!! But the joyful outlook that takes everything as it comes happily.

Mrs. Post is glad to reply personally to letters from McCall's readers on points of etiquette. Write, enclosing a stamp for her reply, to: Mrs. Post, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.

SMOOTH SKINS IN ROUGH WEATHER

[Continued from page 36]

Many women find that they get the best cleansing results by using both cleansing cream and soap and water for the night care of the skin. This is suggested for the average which is neither too dry or too oily. For a very oily skin the soap and water washing or cleansing with cleansing packs should be followed by a patting on of astringent. For the dry skin the cream

cleansing or the combination cream-soap-and-water cleansing may be followed every few nights by a light patting in of a good nourishing cream. Don't overload your skin with creams. Though the skin is said to absorb a certain quantity the surplus cream should always be removed with light upward strokes of cleansing tissue before you apply powder.

We have listed some helps this month for the tag-end of Winter when skins suffer from sluggishness and rough texture. We shall be glad to send these if you will enclose a stamped envelope with your letter. Just ask for the January "Quest of Beauty." And remember, we are here to help in any personal good-looks problem. Our HANDBOOK OF BEAUTY FOR EVERY WOMAN, a thorough little textbook of good-looks, costs ten cents. Address The Service Editor, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.

Pure Coffee Without Caffeine

Drink all you wish

This is to people who want coffee without caffeine—coffee at its best. To people who must stint on coffee, or drink some substitute. To those whose hearts and nerves and kidneys are affected by caffeine. And who must omit coffee at all times, or at least at night.

There is a coffee with the caffeine taken out. The name is Kaffee Hag. It is a super-coffee—an exquisite blend of the finest coffees grown. It retains every delight, every flavor and aroma; but the poisonous drug is gone. You may drink it to your heart's content, at any hour. Children may enjoy it.

We remove the caffeine before roasting, but no flavor is affected. Caffeine has no flavor or odor. Expert tasters cannot discover its removal. It brings you the most delightful coffee without a grain of harm.

Please learn what such a coffee means to someone in your home. Millions are glad they did that. The coupon with 10 cents will bring you a quarter-pound—a ten-cup test. Send it if anyone around you wants coffee without harm. Clip coupon now.

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EVERYTHING LOOKS LIKE WINTER NOW. THERE IS PLENTY OF SNOW AND THE RIVER IS FREEZING HARDER AND HARDER

A WOMAN'S STORY OF THE GOLD RUSH *No. 63a.*

BY JOSEPHINE DE MOTT ROBINSON

ILLUSTRATED BY MEAD SCHAEFFER

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.

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, Klondyke, Pedro and Jack. Strange dogs—they never bark, 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 19th. 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 3rd. 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 ruts and free from sticking.

The Indians have finished making Saunders' sleigh. He is ready 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 5th. 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 weak hope that somehow some of our people might have sent us word and money. We both act as if the real reason we went there was to get the dogs.

March 20th. I am taking stock today of our resources. Our money is about gone. We hold several claims, including mine at Minook. Some are staked out, some purchased. We have four good 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.

April 28th. I haven't the courage to write down here day after day the monotony of it all. Rain, gales, freezes.

Solitaire is our one diversion—every known kind and some we make up. Even about this Charley is acting queer. He calls me that he has solved it, and isn't it too bad there aren't witnesses to see it?

I am getting queer myself. I fancy when I look out of the window that I see people on the trail, dim in the

A WILD FANTASY ABOUT CHRISTMAS MOONS

By Vachel Lindsay

TO my own tunes I will chant my words. Let no men bring their tunes to twist them.
Some are words to the Christmas moons that swept so low, I could not resist them.

Those twelve half-moons last Christmas eve, arranged in a ring round a cloud of wonder!
And they turned to snow-bird nests on a bough, tossed in the night-wind's organ thunder.

Each nest had snow-birds flying around. As the thunder ceased, they spoke like dreamers.
And they turned to angels in the nests—now boats of the air with tinsel streamers.

Will I let some other man sit down and spoil with his dots on his music-paper
Sea-ripples I alone have heard while the ships grew great, each mast a taper?

Each mast a taper tall as the sky with fire on the top more bright than moon-fire!
From the twelve gilt ships with singing lips, souls called my name as they passed the church-spire.

They sang lost words I had whispered before; awake all night till the Christmas day-break!
A baby boy in my trundle-bed, who had never known a grown man's heart-ache!

When I ran bare-foot from my singing nest to that Christmas tree in that long-lost Springfield,
There were twelve gay candles, twelve balloons, and candies sweet as the clover May field.

Noah's Arks, and apples fair, and my shouting cousins running the show there.
And a filagree fairy lair for me:—A Christ-child book on a bough bent low there.

And to my own tunes I crooned to the book—let no men bring their tunes to twist them,
Words from my own especial heart—I hear them yet and cannot resist them.

heavy blowing snows.

April 30th. The Indians went away today to their Summer places, and we are alone here at Indian Camp, just Charley and I. Today we saw geese, but they were too high for us to shoot. The Indians say that is their signal to go. We have only one thought now—when will the river break? And we have one other which we do not voice—is the Mukluk all right or wrecked?

May 11th. The breaking up of the river means freedom to move up or down. Up to Circle City, where there may be a letter and money, or the man whom we were to have met last Fall who was to show us the hydraulic mining process.

Up the river to Circle City, or floating down the river and back to freedom, giving up our quest. Which shall it be?

May 12th. Charley and I talked the matter over and we have decided that it is better for us to build a raft and float back. So this morning we spent in the woods, blazing certain trees we thought would do for a raft, and all day that feeling of contentment has made us happy.

May 13th. Last night I woke up and thought of our plan, of our raft, of home and friends again. Then suddenly I visioned a raft with us two on it, with four dogs on it and all our grub—supposing it drifted out of its course and lodged somewhere out of sight of incoming boats. Suppose this cruel country which we had so carelessly invaded, played us a final trick and lost us forever—

And Charley this morning rested his axe suddenly and said, "Say, Sis, it would be mighty mean to leave that man Bailey waiting for us at Circle."

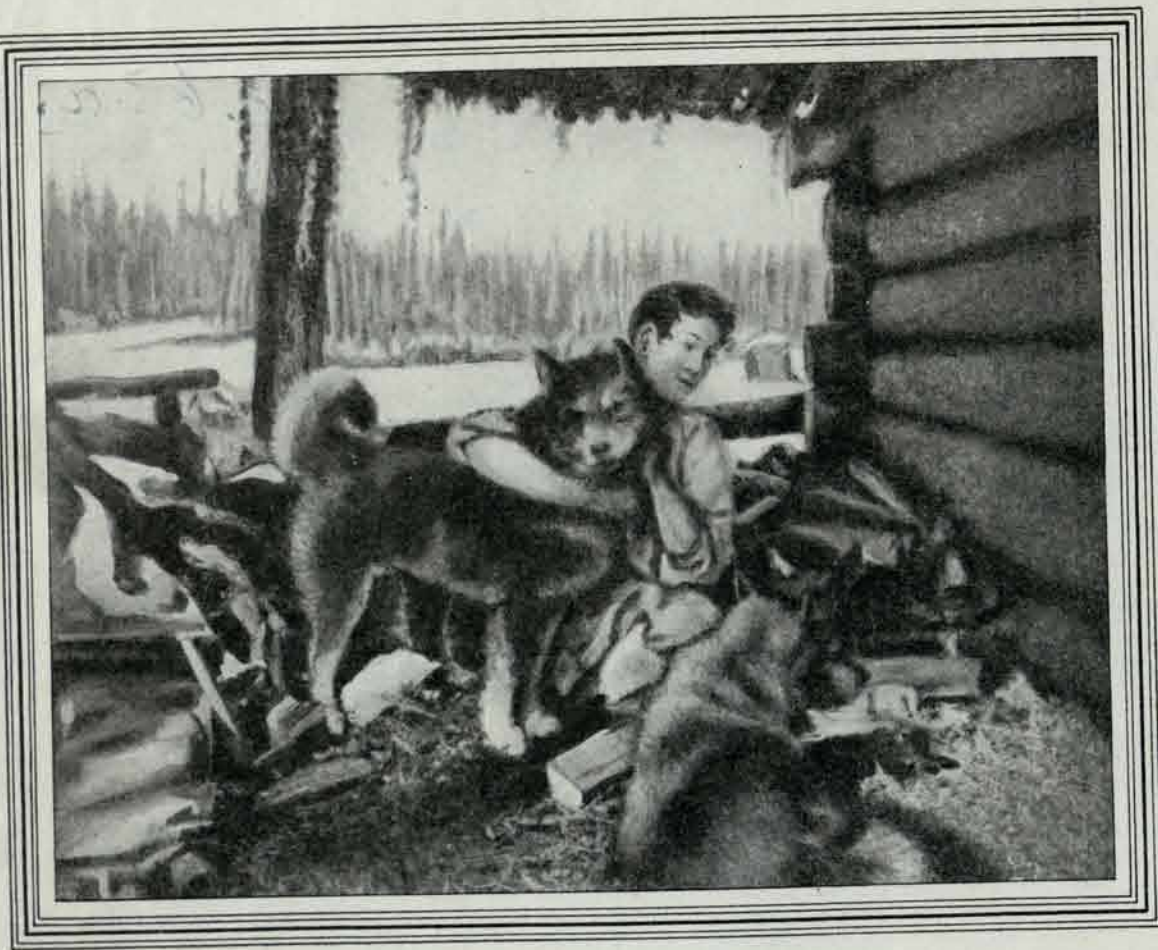
He looked at me anxiously and I said, "I'd just been thinking about that myself. Maybe we'd better go there first, and then go back if we want to." I don't think any Bailey will be waiting for us, and I guess Charley doesn't; but we must have some sort of an excuse to fool each other and ourselves. So tomorrow morning we are going to take our grub to White Camp.

May 14th. We had a good trip to Woodworth, a happy and lively paced one. The people seem in a fairly good mood and there are indications that the river is about to break.

May 18th. The river broke in all its fury. It is a furious and fascinating sight. All day we have been watching it rise.

May 19th. It is still rising and looks bad for us here. Cakes of ice twenty-five feet high go sailing by and sometimes tiny islands with trees upright on them sail along down. It is noon now, and the water is in our cabin. I made tea and hunted for bread with water around my ankles.

May 20th. Tonight the river has apparently reached



♦♦♦♦♦ MRS. ROBINSON AND THE ALASKAN DOGS THAT SHE CURED OF A BAD CASE OF DISTEMPER ♦♦♦♦♦

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 look different—a new hope is on them all. The men are loading her with enough wood, mending and patching her wherever the cakes of ice have scraped her. She isn't handsome but she looks mighty good to us.

May 25th. This is the day I don't 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 of William, who would care for them I knew till we got them later. William's summer home is only a few miles on the other side of the river, but crossing this river just now is no joke. You go a few miles up stream and then strike out to cross, and land far below.

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 by now and they know me as well as they would ever know anything human—but I decided to go along, and left the poor howling brutes to William.

Going back the current was much stronger. We rowed and rowed till we were opposite the Mukluk, and then I could row no more and even the men were so tired they had to catch at willows and rest every little while. But we went on at least two miles farther and then struck out across. But we made no advance at all in the direction of the big boat. Down stream we were swept—instead of across. We came even with the Mukluk and flew past it, and they were so busy loading they didn't see us. An extra current caught us and swept us into the middle of the river, until, at least five miles beyond the Mukluk we went bump into a little island. We crawled out and slid over cakes of ice as big as a cord of wood before we found a stump to tie to.

Then a terrible sound rent the air—the Mukluk's departing whistle. She was starting and without us! As if at a signal we all jumped up, waved and yelled at her. She was moving—and we were left. All these bitter months to end in this. I heard Charley vaguely muttering something about building a raft. I wanted to laugh. The boat went on whistling and then steamed slowly out. We called and called, but no one heard us, and after a while we stopped.

I was staring at the boat as if I must make it hear us, but it just went on unheeding.

Then I thought something had gone wrong with my eyes, for it seemed as if the boat was not moving away, as if it were turning around and coming towards us. I thought I wanted it so badly I really saw it—or perhaps I had fainted and was dreaming. But just then I heard Charlie saying, "Good God, I believe she is coming for us." I was glad he had the same merciful thought and hoped we could hold it long enough to die easily.

But a minute later we all saw it was true—she was really puffing and steaming in our direction till at length we realized they saw and heard us. She landed and took

us on. And then we learned how unbelievably lucky we had been. She had come back, not for us—they had taken it for granted we had changed our minds and were staying on with the dogs, but they had come to take on a lot of wood farther down that was out last Winter and on the way some one saw us!

Well, we are back on, and our grub has been put

where something would turn up. Even if the man who was to meet us in Circle City—and no doubt that is what the family expected would happen—was still in the country he will not expect anyone to stay and wait for him here. So our best prospect is to get where there are people. Late in the day we all embarked again. After a few miles our rudder clogged with drift, and we had

the usual excitement again. Some jumped to shore as the boat swung one way and the other. Some called 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 that many of us are afraid to stay on deck for fear it will collapse. And we are afraid to stay below for fear it will fall on us. When we were finally tied safely this last time, everybody gave a cheer and began to laugh with relief, but it is easy to see that although the faces bear the expression of laughter, underneath there is pent up hatred ready to leap out at any provocation.

June 4th. Little boats of all kinds are passing us continually, floating down river. Some have sheets made of blankets and grub for ballast. People on our boat are trying to get passage down on

them, offering nearly all the money they have left for a chance to get out, but no one is willing to take chances at overloading the little craft that is taking him back out of this accursed country.

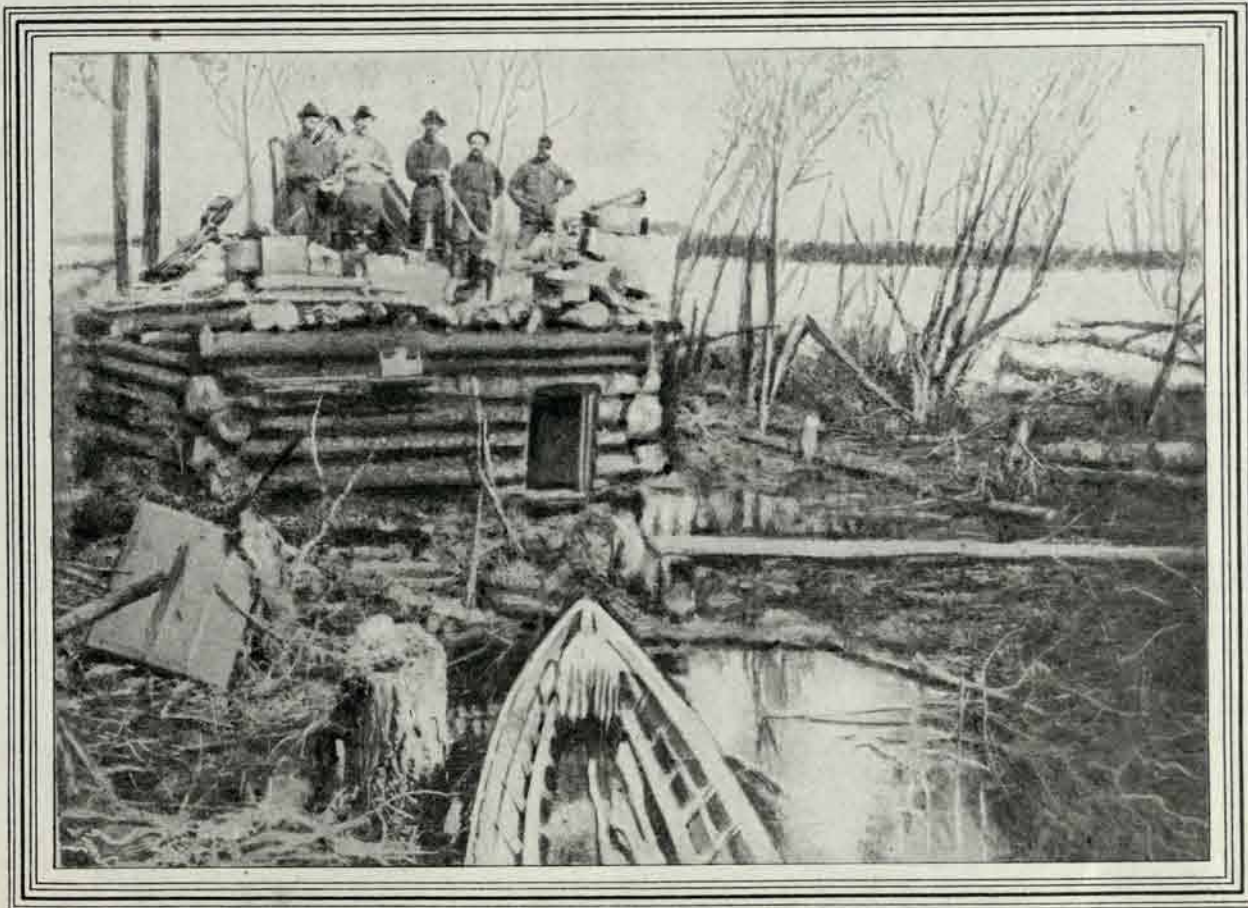
Twelve miles above Circle City we have run on the worst sandbar yet. The river is falling fast too, and getting off looks more impossible with each hour. The Yukon is a quick worker. It knows how to rise when the ice breaks and it can go down just as fast. There is enough sand and gravel around the Mukluk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

June 6th. 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 thing out. Charley and I

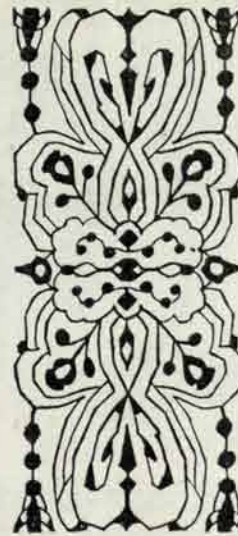
must be cautious in talking, for some half-crazed person may give us a crack over the head. Considering ourselves, then, still among the sane ones, we have very little to say—but I know that in my inner heart I agree with his inner thoughts—that a raft and the tide would be safer for us both. The people we should like to help are beyond reason; the company has no love for us.

June 7th. A boat with five men in it stuck and the men came over and talked. Last year, they tell us, only one sizeable boat got up the river on account of the bars and the fact that the Yukon falls very rapidly. This is bad news for us—so bad that it quieted our people. 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 even of despair. They are just staring ahead at the widening bar and saying nothing.

June 8th. Little boats are passing us by the hundred, drifting down. Sometimes we hail them, those among us who have money and want to be taken down, but none come near us. Once two lucky [Turn to page 78]



CAMP AT WOODWORTH AFTER THE YUKON'S TERRIBLE RISING



aboard, and I suspect, already divided up, for we found it in many different places. But the stencil on our bag proved it ours.

After the wood was loaded we went out again in midstream. It took us one hour to steam from the island into the middle of the river, so it is easy to see what little chance our rowboat had to make it.

June 3rd. 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 candy 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 letter and Trix's and others, happy to know that all at home are well, or at least that they were a short time ago. To read 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 my happiness turned to fear and foreboding when I read it. It told about an accident to the Robinson Opera House, involving much loss of life and subsequent damage suits, and it ended up by practically accusing us of criminal neglect because we were not there to help. From this plaint you would have thought we were off on a picnic somewhere, enjoying ourselves while others suffered. By the time they heard from us again and we got money almost anything might happen. Of cheek or money there was no sign.

We walked around Circle City, dazed, dumb, and I know neither of us got then the full import of the empty letter. But we talked things over and finally we decided to go with the expedition and perhaps some-

The FOX WOMAN

BY NALBRO BARTLEY

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS



HER father, her friend's fiancé, her own 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 foresees 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 some 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 an idiot," 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 her 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 chicken, creole salads and spoon bread, Judge Pomeroy's pudding of Alabama fame, syrupy black coffee



"I DON'T WANT TO MARRY YOU.
I LOVE YOU TOO MUCH"



and sugared pecans, imported claret, flakey 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 dominoes 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. Ooof,' with upturned eyes, 'I thought it hopeless until the hurricane at St. Kitts . . . See here, my boy, let's understand each other which is much jollier than being romantically crushed and in line for an awakening. It is expedient to marry—oh, but it is—it suits your mother and I'm tired of being poor. I'll not be as impossible as you may think if I have a decent allowance.' Already Telva had cast ahead to the time when she should become Mrs. Van Zile and occupy the smartest apartment in Dalefield or something vivid in New York—with dutiful and frequent visits to the 'lovely lady.' It was not a terrifying sort of future—even if Ames was either a prig or more or less drunk.



composed of two rows of perfect teeth. She went off in quest of chicken gumbo soup without delay.

"Your mother would never come here, would she?" mused Telva ignoring her soup for a cigarette. "She is the lavender-and-old-lace sort that prefers tea and cinnamon toast in the palm room of a hotel. That makes things rather easy for me. If we were the same sort we'd clash about preferring orange pekoe or Russian blend! As it is we get along rather well," recalling the yards of point Venise which Stanley has given her, a pretty and fictitious story accompanying the presentation. More and more Stanley had determined to be the lavender-and-old-lace sort; nothing was more inspiring to chivalry.

"You java-and-mocha better than I," suggested Ames flippantly as he began his soup.

"But that does not matter these days. People do as they like. They need only agree in a mutually conventional background, engraved holiday greetings and an occasional family party. Your mother never had what I considered a bona fide husband—she married a page out of history; stupid history at that. I wonder if she never had her stray moments . . .

"Now Every Breakfast is a Party"—
with THOMPSON'S

DOUBLE MALTED



HOT MALTED MILK

(PLAIN OR CHOCOLATE FLAVOR)

at home

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 it 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, bubbly—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 eager to serve Thompson's, at every meal and at any hour, they'd be surprised. They only know how delicious it tastes. Mother knows the whole story. Thompson's changes milk, into creamy, chocolate—or plain—malted milk. It adds wonderfully both to the taste and to the food value of ordinary milk. And in literally millions of households where they wouldn't touch milk before, they now drink their three glasses a day—and love it.

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.

Quickly digested, Thompson's helps digest other foods. That is why you pick up health and energy when you drink it for breakfast or during the day. Light and yet nourishing, it is a snug night-cap inducing restful sleep.

Chocolate or Plain—Hot or Cold

30 glasses in every pound

Prepared in any way it is always creamy and smooth. To make hot Malted Milk most people prefer Plain Malted Milk. To make a cold drink, just put two spoonfuls of the Chocolate Malted Milk into a shaker, add cold milk and shake. Children make it for themselves.

7,000,000 American Families

That's the number that are now making Thompson's Malted Milk at home. Ask your children how many of their friends enjoy it—and then ask for Thompson's, plain or chocolate flavored, at any drug-gist or grocer. Or send the coupon for the biggest coupon value we have ever offered.

At the Soda Fountain

Your soda fountain man deserves special credit for paying a bit more for Thompson's "DOUBLE MALTED" Malted Milk so as to serve you with an extra quality malted milk drink. Look for Thompson's serving jar at the soda fountain.

Thompson's

"DOUBLE MALTED"

Malted Milk

FREE
25¢ VALUE
SHAKER WITH
EACH ONE POUND
CAN

Thompson's Malted Food Co.
Dept. 350, Waukesha, Wis.

Gentlemen—

- ☐ Send me a full pound of Thompson's Sweet Chocolate Flavored "DOUBLE MALTED" Malted Milk and a 25¢ value aluminum shaker FREE. I enclose 60c.
- ☐ Send me a trial sample and an aluminum shaker. I enclose 25c.

Name _____

Address _____



DO NOT
SCALD

IF IT'S THOMPSON'S IT'S "DOUBLE MALTED"

THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM

[Continued from page 77]

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

Jeems rose to face his blasted 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 half blind and yet sensed everything. He saw the trampled grass, the moccasin-beaten earth at the spring, a hatchet lost in the night and on the hatchet an English name. But he did not find his uncle.

In the same gray dawn, stirring with the wings of birds and the play of squirrels among the trees, he set out for Tonteur Manor.

He carried the hatchet, clutching it as if the wood his fingers gripped 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. Not the French. The English.

And he held the hatchet as if it were an English throat.

As he drew nearer to Tonteur Manor the instincts of self-preservation awoke in him. They did not make him leave the open trail nor travel less swiftly, but his senses became keener and unconsciously he began to prepare himself for the physical act of vengeance.

To reach Tonteur was the first obligation in the performance of this act. Tonteur still had a few men who had not gone with Dieskau. Jeems had faith in Tonteur and did not question what had happened in the bottomlands. Before this, no doubt had crossed his mind as to Hepsibah's fate. The English hatchets had caught him, somewhere, or he would have come during the long night when he and Odd had watched alone with death. But now a forlorn and scarcely living hope began to rise in his breast as he came to Tonteur's Hill—an unreasoning thought that something might have driven his

Uncle Hepsibah to the Richelieu, a hope that, after lighting his signal fire, he had hurried to the Manor with the expectation of finding his people there.

Jeems might see Hepsibah, in a moment, coming over the hill...

Hepsibah, and the baron, and men with guns...

Even Odd seemed to be expecting this as they sped through the last oak open and climbed the chestnut ridge. Maples grew on the side toward the Richelieu and the leaves were knee-deep. Beyond these were the thick edging of crimson sumac, a path breaking through it, and the knob of the hill where they had always paused to gaze over the wonderland which had been given by the King of France to the stalwart vassal Tonteur.

Jeems emerged at this point, and the spark which had grown in his breast was engulfed by sudden blackness.

There was no longer a Tonteur Manor.

A thin, earth-embracing fog covered the bottomlands. It was like a veil drawn lightly to cover the ugliness of a thing that had happened, something that was not entirely unbecoming, a cobwebby, multi-colored curtain of pungent smoke drifting in the sunlight, a fabric strangely and lazily woven by whitish spirals that rose softly from wherever a building had stood in the Tonteur Seigneurie.

Now there were no buildings, but one. The great manor house was gone. The loopholed church was gone. The farmers' cottages beyond the meadows and fields were gone. All that remained was the stone grist-mill, with the big wind-wheel turning slowly at the top of it and making a whining sound that came to him faintly through the distance. That was the only break in the stillness.

Jeems, looking down, saw in the drifting veil of smoke a shroud that covered death. For the first time he forgot his father and mother. He thought of some one he had known and loved a long time ago—Toinette.

[Continued in JANUARY McCALL'S]

A WOMAN'S STORY OF THE GOLD RUSH

[Continued from page 21]

ones were taken in a rowboat, and they got their grub quickly, jumped on board and passed out of sight with not even a glance back at us or a farewell word.

June 9th. The grub served gets worse every day. There is no sugar, and the bacon gets more rancid daily. No butter, no milk. The mosquitoes have come on us like the fabled locust swarms in the Bible.

To a man named Smith, we trusted our second last hundred dollars to buy a rowboat and pole it up to us.

He came back with the boat—and we are standing guard two at a time now, over it, drawn up on the bar, for fear it will be stolen by some one. I feel as if I had had an unexpected pardon from a life prison sentence.

June 14th. Our provisions were piled high on the boat early this morning and Smith's too. We perched on top of it and pushed off without one backward look at the Mukluk.

Our boat is about twelve feet long—very wide and packed with about two tons of freight. We are quite comfortable by fixing up bags of clothing, beans and flour for beds.

June 15th. We left Circle City last night with the sun streaming down. I feel as if I could not describe the river to another person. Seventy and a hundred miles wide and thousands of islands of all sizes scattered in it, ice cakes piled high on them. Trees piled up until the islands look like heaps of debris raked together.

Late at Night. Perhaps it is childish faith to feel that some power is protecting you, but it is a comforting one.

Today the wind too was much higher. Suddenly to my horror we struck an island. It seemed to me we could never get out again from under it, and trees and stumps and debris crowding us all the time. I closed my eyes and waited to see if we would be pitched out in the water or banged to death. Then I heard Charley say, "Hurry up," and opened my eyes to

see him and Smith clutching roots to help us along, and glory be, there was an opening at the other end, and we emerged into safer water, and in a little while found a place to land.

I sat there while those men slept, and I gave thanks to God for saving us—we three and our little boat and our beans and our flour and our bacon—I gave separate thanks for everybody and everything. I have that blessed feeling of being cared for by some one over us, the way I used to feel when I was caught in railroad wrecks with the circus, or cyclones or "hey rube" shooting scrapes.

All I meant to do is sit here by the fire and watch the fifteenth of June fade away, and thank God we have come this far alive and pray that we will go safely through whatever the future has to offer.

June 17th. Today is beautiful—another of Alaska's tricks. The river is smooth, without a ripple, and I am nearly suffocated with the heat.

Late tonight we landed at a place with the usual bar, pulled well up on the sand, and got ready for supper. I began to pick up drift while the men went inland to find a duck or a goose or something for a change of diet. I begin to think even worms might be tasty. I did try moss, and it tasted pretty good.

But before I had supper half ready, the mosquitoes came in a horde, thicker and thicker, until we had to give up all the idea of supper and spend a hasty five minutes getting the boat off. We took off the stove pipe and closed all the draughts and turned the stove into a smudge maker. By midnight we had got fairly rid of them, by rowing fast, and the current and the wind helped us. Our eyes looked as if we had been crying for a week.

It made me sick to have to use our best clothing for smudges, but all warfare is experience I suppose, and this was no exception. Smith declares an army of them tried to pull his mos- [Turn to page 81]

ALASKA HISTORICAL
LIBRARY AND MUSEUM

THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM

[Continued from page 76]

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 Hepsibah had gone that morning was a distant glow of fire. Nearer, over the rim 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 stumps. It was a tower of blazing light, mushrooming as it rose, flattening itself in a sinister, scarlet radiance under the clouds, dripping at its edges into colors of silver and gold and blood.

A cry came from Jeems, a terrible, tragic cry.

His home was burning!

And with that cry there leapt madly into his mind the words which Hepsibah had spoken to him a last time that morning, "If ever I'm off there and you see a fire lighting up the sky by night, or smoke darkening it by day, hurry to the seigneurie with your father and mother as fast as you can go, for it will mean my hand has set the heavens talking to you and that peril o' death is near."

FOR a space Jeems could not move, as he gazed at the crimson sky. Doubt might have eased the thoughts that crowded on his senses but during the time in which he stood numbed and voiceless there was no doubt. His home was in flames. This alone would not have deadened him with horror. His father was there to care for his mother, a new home could be built, the world did not end because a house burned. But there were two fires—and the other, farther on, reflecting itself dimly and yet more somberly, was the one that terrified him. It was Hepsibah's fire talking to him through the night!

Then the choking thing in him gave way and as the power to act returned he saw Odd facing the lighted heavens—and in every line of the dog's rigid frame the Indian signal was clearly written.

Jeems set off at a run down the hill, and as he ran, bushes whipped at his face and shadows gathered under his feet and long arms of gloom reached out from among the trees. His breath began to break from his lips in gasps, and at the end of a mile he fell back to a walk. Odd lessened his pace to his master's. They climbed a lower hill and once more Jeems could see the glow of fire.

He paused again to get his breath, and Odd stopped with him. His shaggy body trembled with the emotions which possessed him when he caught the deadly Indian smell. The crest along his spine had stiffened. His eyes shot flame. His powerful jaws were drooping as if hunger instead of hatred were moving him. Jeems struggled not to believe the evidence which he saw, and told himself that if any chance there were Indians at his home they were friends helping to save what they could from the tragedy of the fire.

A faint wind whispered in the tree-tops as he listened. Dry oak leaves rustled on their branches as if fleshless hands were shaking them. Then the rustling and the whispering passed and shadows lay like solid substance on the earth. Out of the silence Jeems heard a sound which rose above the pounding 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 intent.

But Jeems had heard.

He had heard the firing of guns.

Over the hills and forests the sound had come to him from the direction of the Tonteur seigneurie. He did not wait for the oaks to droop again. Odd led him in their last, pitiless, heart-breaking race into the Big Forest.

His exertions had beaten him when they came to the edge of the forest and he could have run no farther without falling. Before them was the slope, a silvery carpet in the starlight. At the foot of it was what had been his home.

That it was a red-hot mass without

form or stability, a pile out of which flame rose lazily, its fierceness gone, added nothing more to his shock. He had unconsciously looked for this. The barn was also a heap of blazing embers and what remained of the smaller buildings near it glowed like the stub-ends of huge candles against the earth. Everything was gone. The fires lit up the bottomland. He could see the big rock at the spring. The paths between the gardens. The bird-houses in the nearest oaks. The mill. A patch of sun-flowers like slim-bodied nymphs. Details were there, clearly illumined, down to the little heap of cider apples which his mother and he had gathered a day or two before. But he could see nothing that had been saved from the burning house. He could not see his father or his mother or Hepsibah Adams.

Even Odd's heart seemed to break in these moments and a sound came from him, like a sob. He was half crouching. He was no longer savage or vengeful. But Jeems did not see. He was trying to find some force in him that could cry out his mother's name.

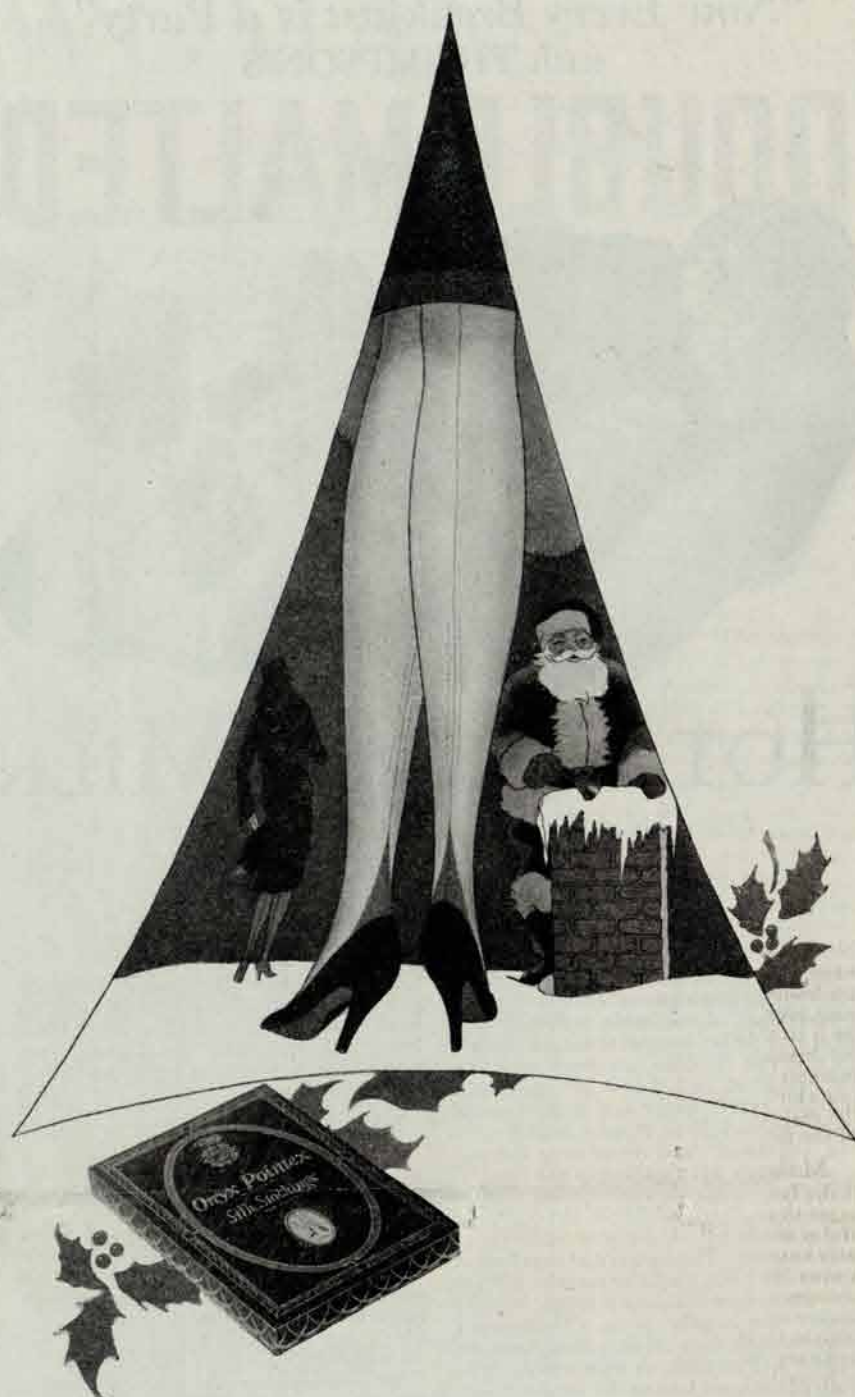
Fear, the revulsion of flesh and nerves to danger, was utterly gone from him. He was impelled only by thought of his father and mother, the mystery of their silence, his desire to call out to them and to hear their voices in answer. If there were a spiritual self alive in him, that alone kept him from shouting at last. It was not because he was afraid. He did not fit an arrow to his bow as he walked down through the starlight, his feet traveling a little unsteadily. He was looking for nothing and wanting nothing but his father and mother.

Unexpectedly he came upon his father. Henri was on the ground near one of Catherine's rose-bushes, as if asleep. But he was dead. He lay with his face turned to the sky, as the Mohawks always left their slain. Firelight played upon him gently, now increasing, now fading, as the embers flared or died, like fitful notes in a strain of soundless music.

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 it as one which did not seem to come from himself. He spoke his father's name, yet knew that no answer would rise from the lifeless lips. He repeated it in an inexcitable way as his hands clutched at the silent form. As death draws near, numbing the senses and drawing a golden veil of relief over pain, it brings with it a great calm, and it was this—the mental inertness of death without its physical change—that came over Jeems. For the starlight left nothing unrevealed; his father dead, his white lips twisted, his hands clenched at his side, the top of his head naked and bleeding from the scalping knife. Jeems slumped down. Odd crouched near. After a little, an inch at a time, he crept to the dead man. He nuzzled the hands that were growing cold. He licked Jeems' face where it had fallen against his father's shoulder. Then he was motionless again, his eyes seeking about him like balls of living flame. Death was in the air. At last he sat back on his haunches and howled. It was not Odd's howl any more than it had been Jeems' voice speaking to his father a few moments before.

It was this which brought Jeems out of the depths into which he had fallen. He raised his head and saw his father again, and swayed to his feet. He began seeking. Close by, near the pile of apples which she had helped him gather from under their trees on the slope, he found his mother. She, too, lay with her face to the sky. The little that was left of her unbound hair lay scattered on the earth. Her glorious beauty was gone. Starlight, caressing her gently, revealed to her boy the hideousness of her end. There, over her body, Jeems' heart broke. Odd guarded faithfully, listening to a grief that twisted at his brute soul. Then fell a greater silence. Through long hours the burning logs settled down into flattened masses of dying embers. A wind came dismally over the Big [Turn to page 78]



WHAT BETTER GIFT at Christmastide than one that bestows PERFECTION in ankles through the two up-sweeping lines of the Pointex heel and that wears LONGER because of the reinforcement that the same heel places just where the shoe delivers its worst punishment.

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A WOMAN'S STORY OF THE GOLD RUSH

[Continued from page 78]

quito netting off him.

June 19th. A peaceful night passed and a peaceful morning greeted us.

A little boat that was drifting faster than we were gave us some newspapers from Dawson. The people are swarming out of there by the hundreds.

The papers are dated May 8th, and we read with great interest an account of Mayor Wood's successful expedition. It is advertised as the only one to get safely through—and 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 20th. Today we landed 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 and forget it. 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, right in sight of every passing Yukon voyager. It is all gravel, and very hard to climb. But there is a stake at the top, and Smith says that stake means a "home stake"—and a home stake here means a fortune for life. He himself hasn't been able to get up there to see if the staker's possession has expired, but he declares here is a gold mine overlooked by real miners because it hasn't the appearance of what 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 us promise to say nothing about it.

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

July 4th. A few guns early this morning told us it was the glorious Fourth. Last Fourth we were at Terrace Park in Cincinnati, a big contented family, and now—

July 5th. Ice and frost.

The Mukluk went by today. She made Dawson at last, and with only four of her original passengers on her she is going out again. They all report Dawson full and overrun with disappointed people. The people on her have only one desire—to get out.

July 8th. The days are much the same. Charley spends his time on the gulch, restaking little abandoned claims. It is really hard to keep up a belief in gold very long unless you actually see it.

July 9th. Miserable days, cold and windy and rainy.

We sent an Indian named Silver after our dogs. They came today, and I hardly know they are my dogs. They are so thin, poor things. Beautiful Pedro, who looked more like a gorgeous wolf than a dog, seems to be a little crazy.

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

July 18th. Fog has settled on Rampart, and we need candles all the time. The report has come from up the river that twenty-one boats have been lost coming in. A little boat came in today, and left a Mr. Chambers and his wife, and a Miss Houk, who have taken a cabin near ours.

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

As if some magnet pulled me I sauntered this afternoon down to the bluff where the great discovery is, hoping perhaps to devise some way of getting up to that stake. It was about two hundred feet above me, and since it had been put there, there is a loose bank of gravel and sand for a good distance 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 paralyzed and I was shaking all over from fright.

Down below me I fancied I heard that rippling 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 lookin', yes. You comin'—yes?" I got him to follow me and give my foot support till I found another resting place.

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

The Indian was scared. "Yes, you broke. You fallin'. You come down. You broke. I dunno." I remembered the silver quarters 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, catching 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 once swung by 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 loosened the whole top and it came tumbling down and I woke up to find myself at the bottom. I decided I was what the Indian had warned me I would be—"broke." I was aching and bruised and stiff and dizzy, all right. But there before me lay the coveted stake, and in a flash I realized what I had done. From what I learned of miners' laws since I have been here I know that no one who molests a stake can stay in the country—it is one of the greatest crimes in the land, and here was the Indian a witness besides!

The only thing to do was to put it back. I looked at the pitiless hill and quailed 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 was sent sprawling flat, he kept saying, "Me no can do," and then I urged him some more, and finally commanded him in my despair. At last he reached the top; he put the stake in. He looked down. He started down. When he got to the bottom I saw a perfectly good white Indian! He waited not to see if I had any more bargains to offer. He just started off on a good fast dog trot, and soon disappeared.

It seems weeks since I crossed Big Minook this morning. I am in my bunk now awfully tired and suffering with fear of it all, but am congratulating myself that my body is still whole.

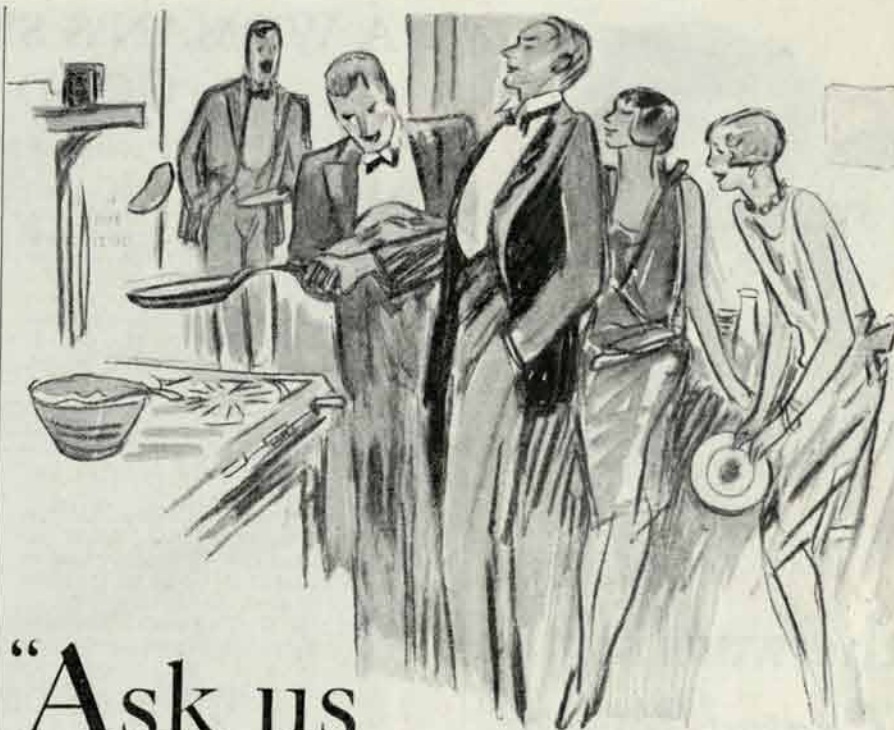
The adventure itself was so important that I am almost forgetting to write that the stake proved to be free from writing, but was blazed.

The Rock Island Number One came up from St. Michael yesterday and I bought some eggs from them for only two fifty a dozen and some butter for two fifty a can. And even potatoes for twenty-five a pound. Potatoes were a wonderful sight to us and I put them in a bowl as if they were fancy fruit.

I am afraid to break into our last hundred 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—taking care of the sick. Many of the cheekaunks 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, lured by stories of real discoveries, as often by a tenderfoot as by a seasoned miner. But these people come [Turn to page 82]

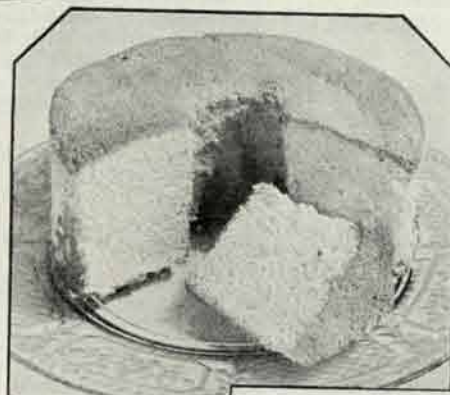


"Ask us again..." the men begged
"for Hot Cakes and Home-made Cake"



Contains no alum.
Leaves no bitter taste.

Pancakes—waffles—hot biscuits—
there's a succession of Sunday suppers
that can make you famous.



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

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 wagers; she lost track 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 though 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 hadn't known 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.

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It never fails you!

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A COATED tongue, and the unpleasant breath that usually goes with it, is Nature's unfailing signal of trouble ahead.

It tells you of upset bodily processes. It warns you of intestinal stoppage—cause of many, many ills.

Thousands of men and women who used to suffer frequently from headaches and from the other enervating effects of stoppage, now feel and look their best by taking this simple precaution:—

Each morning when people look at the tell-tale chocking thing in the mirror, they nip at it with a little Sal Hepatica, the approved tongue cleanser.

Sal Hepatica clears the intestines of waste products—usually within a half hour. It promotes natural elimination by releasing the water secreted in the intestines.

Sal Hepatica is beneficial, too, in the treatment of indigestion, poor complexion, hyper-acidity, rheumatism, auto-intoxication, and disorders of the liver and kidneys.

For Sal Hepatica contains the same health-giving salines as the European spas. Like these famous waters, Sal Hepatica keeps you internally clean and sweeps away the insidious poisons of waste.

Dissolved in a glassful of water, Sal Hepatica makes a sparkling drink with a refreshing, bracing tang.

Keep free from headaches, from dull and draggy days. Look at your tongue every morning. Whenever it is coated—when elimination is sluggish, take Sal Hepatica at once.

Send for the free booklet which explains more fully how Sal Hepatica corrects intestinal stoppage and relieves other ills.

For booklet please address

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Sal Hepatica

A WOMAN'S STORY OF THE GOLD RUSH

[Continued from page 81]

with stories of men who shovel up real gold with a real shovel, or who fish nuggets out of the river with fishing nets. They trample 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 pigeonholed as were our last Winter.

August 20th. 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 staked some claims and mean to stay through the Winter.

Their names are Pine 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. Well, we came home today to find a surprise. We dragged ourselves up,

all tired out and found our cabin rented.

So Pine Coffin and Moore offered to take us into theirs. And here we are. It is only twelve by eight, but we put up two-tier high bunks and accepted their hospitality thankfully. So here I am cooking for four instead of two.

But with the two men we have formed a partnership, joining their interests and ours. We know we will be frozen in here for another Winter. Last Winter we were at least sure of grub. But this Winter it all depends on how much gold we take out as to what kind of a Winter we spend.

Anyhow we must be all action, I guess Alaska is merciful after all. She gives one little time to think—one must work to keep alive.

August 28th. We started out early in the morning with a load on our way to the creek to build our first cabin.

[Continued in the JANUARY McCALL'S]

THE PLAY OF THE MONTH

[Continued from page 27]

passage of time, the assurance of John's vision. The play steadily rises in power and idea, to the very last moment, when John, not till now certain, knows by the fact that God delivers him to death, that the Messiah is surely come.

The return of Mr. Jacob Ben-Ami to Broadway, after his absence in the Yiddish theaters, is in itself an important event

To the part of John he brings his depth of feeling and unflinching sincerity. There is no actor on our stage who would know so well as he what is meant by this rôle of the flaming mystic and popular leader. We have no other actor who could convey 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 skyscraper is the old one. Like the builders of the tower of Babel, we have builded higher than we knew; in the noble symbolism of the Bible, we have builded "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 were a beautiful fiction. Already, in practical terms, they have become a nuisance. They crowd

our streets, they shut out the air, they divorce 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 are builded with wealth, rather than with wisdom; and not with love so much as with desire.

The mature American will recognize in his skyscraper the monument of his spiritual childhood. 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 \$500,000, which Mrs. Bok has just increased to \$12,500,000, a sum that gives the Institute an assured annual income of three-quarters of a million dollars. Its General Director is Josef Hofmann the world-famous pianist, who heads the piano department as well. Other members of the faculty bear names equally illustrious.

Naturally, an institution so heavily 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

but no money would receive free tuition under a great master; and, if necessary, financial assistance as well. He would be supplied with a piano, or any other instrument he needed, free of cost, he would receive free admission to the concerts of the Philadelphia Orchestra and the Philadelphia performances of the Metropolitan Opera Company; he would be given a chance to make public appearances during his student years, and to make Summer trips to Europe; and after graduation he would be helped financially in the launching of his public career. If ever again an American musical genius dies neglected, it will certainly be his own fault.

THE FILM OF THE MONTH

[Continued from page 28]

in any battles that weren't fought with gloves.

The draft caught him and he was dispatched, protesting loudly, to the front line in France; there he discovered that the courage and skill which had sustained him in the ring were poor weapons against machine gun fire and gas attacks. He developed a wide and pitiful yellow streak.

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 rapidly of late.

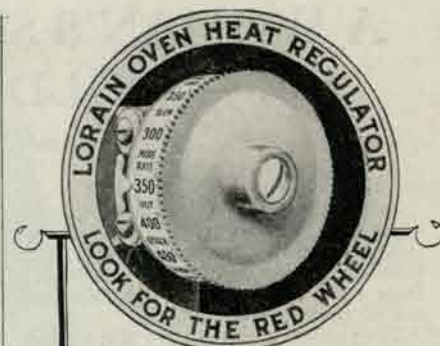
Also recommended: *The Garden of Allah, Underworld, Wings, Chang, Stark Love, The King of Kings, What Price Glory?, Old Ironsides and The Big Parade.*

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

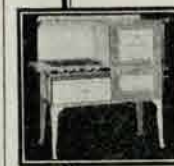
[Continued from page 28]

This, unhappily, is just about the plot of *Meanwhile*. It is not at all the work 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

conjectures on modern life and the forces at work in the world today are written into the novel with prodigal force. Of all English novelists writing today, he has easily been the most prolific and the most stimulating.



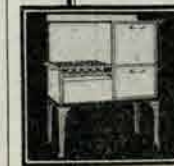
A Gift that Will Please Any Mother



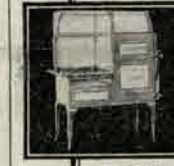
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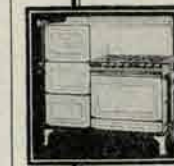
RELIABLE
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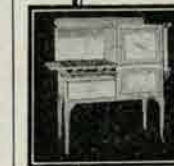
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