

Reading for Women and all the Family



Bringing Up Father

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By McManus

BIG TIMBER

By BERTRAND W. SINCLAIR

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Continued

"Big Timber" is a dramatic story of love and the logging camps—a vigorous tale of lives that are made or broken by the big timber of the northwest, around which they build their hopes and aspirations. From the very first chapter the romance grips the interest of the reader, and there is no letup in the tension as Novelist Sinclair, with wonderful cleverness, weaves a plot which in character definition, imaginative construction and heart interest has rarely been surpassed in a decade.

CHAPTER I

Green Fields and Pastures New
The Imperial Limited lurched with a swing around the last hairpin curve of the Yale canyon. Ahead opened out a timbered valley—narrow on its floor, flanked by bold mountains, but nevertheless a valley—down which the rails lay straight and shining on an easy grade. The river that for a hundred miles had boiled and snarled parallel to the tracks, roaring through the granite sluice that cuts the cascade range, took a wider channel and a leisurely flow.

On the river side of the first coach behind the diner, Estella Benton nursed her round chin in the palm of one hand, leaning her elbow on the window sill. It was a relief to look over a widening valley instead of a bare walled gorge all scarred with slides, to see wooded heights lift green in place of barren cliffs, to watch banks of fern massed against

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the right of way where for a day and a night parched sagebrush, brown tumbledown and such scant growth as flourished in the arid uplands of Interior British Columbia had streamed in barren monotony, hot and dry and still.

She was near the finish of her journey. Fervently she considered the end of the road—would it be there? What manner of folk and country? Between her past mode of life and the new that she was hurrying toward lay the vast gulf of distance, of customs, of class even. It was bound to be crude, to be full of inconveniences and unkindness. Her brother's letters had partly prepared her for that. Involuntarily she shrank from it, had been shrinking from it by fits and starts all the way, as flowers that thrive best in shady nooks shrink from hot sun and rude winds. Not that Estella Benton was particularly flower-like. On the contrary, she was a hearty, vigorous bodied young woman scarcely to be described as beautiful, yet undeniably attractive, obviously a daughter of the west, one of that American type which flourishes in families to which American politics unctuously refer as the backbone of the nation. Outwardly, gazing riverward through the dusty pane, she bore herself with utmost serenity. Inwardly she was full of misgivings.

All of which is merely by way of stating that Miss Estella Benton was a young woman who had grown up quite complacently in that station of life in which the Philistines, it had pleased God to place her and that chance had somehow, to her astonishment dismay, contrived to thrust a spoke in the smooth rolling wheels of destiny. Or was it destiny? She had begun to think about that, to wonder if a lot that she had taken for granted as an ordered state of things was not, after all, wholly dependent upon chance. She had danced and sung and played light heartedly, accepting a certain standard of living, a certain position in certain set, a pleasantly ordered home life, as her birthright, a natural heritage.

Just so. But a broken steering knuckle on a heavy touring car set things in a different light, many things. She learned then that death is not a big matter, that a big income may be lived to its limit with nothing left when the brain force which commanded it ceases to function. Her father produced perhaps fifteen to twenty thousand dollars a year in his brokerage business, and he had saved nothing. Thus at one stroke she was put on an equal footing with the stenographer in the father's office. Scarcely equal either, for the stenographer earned her bread and was technically equipped for the task, whereas Estella Benton had no training whatsoever except in social usage. She did not yet fully realize just what had overtaken her. Things had happened so swiftly, so ruthlessly, that she still verged upon the incredulous. Habit clung fast. But she had begun to think, to try and establish some working relations between herself and things as she found them. She had discovered already that certain theories of human relations are not soundly established in fact.

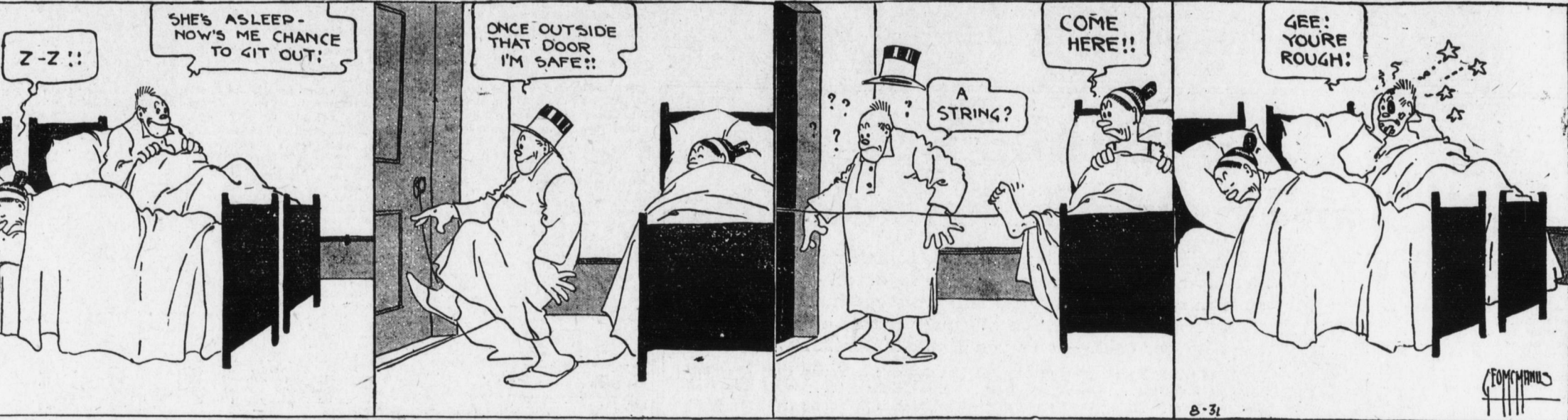
She turned at last in her seat. The Limited's whistle had shrilled for a moment at the next stop—she wondered what lay in store for her just beyond the next stop. While she dwelt mentally upon this her hands were gathering up a few odds and ends of her belongings on the berth.

Across the aisle a large, smooth faced young man with a few curls and a coat of arms on his feet, and there was not in eyes or on countenance the slightest sign that she saw or heard him. The large young man flushed a vivid red.

Miss Benton was partly amused, partly provoked. The large young man in general, and the contrary, but she did not consider it quite the thing to countenance every amiable stranger.

Within a few minutes the porter came for her things, and the blast of the Limited's whistle warned her that it was time to leave the train. Ten minutes later the Limited was a vanishing object down an aisle slashed through a forest of great trees, and Miss Estella Benton stood on the plank platform in Hopyard station.

Beside the platform were ranged two touring cars. Three or four of those who had alighted entered these. Their baggage was piled over the hoods, buckled on the running boards. The driver of one car approached her. "Hot Springs" he inquired tersely. "Hot Springs" he inquired tersely.



BOOKS AND MAGAZINES

The Youth Plucky or the Lad With the Downy Chin. By Henry A. Shute, Houghton, Mifflin Co., Boston, \$1.25 net.

In "The Real Diary of a Real Boy" Judge Shute drew an imperishable picture of an American boy of our fathers' time, and he has continued the narrative in "The Youth Plucky," describing Plucky's vicissitudes during that trying and awkward period of man in the making, when his voice changes, his clothes become a serious consideration, and he suddenly becomes aware of the importance of the opposite sex.

Prize speaking at school, fighting the village bullies, playing the flute and the E-flat cornet, not to mention various sentimental episodes of a more or less humorous character, follow one another in a rollicking fashion. It is a story full of the fascination of youth, told in a way that will delight young and old.

Faith, War and Policy.—By Gilbert Murray, Houghton, Mifflin Co. Another of the interesting volumes inspired by the world war, which includes first thoughts on the war, India and the war, the future of Ireland, America and the war and other interesting chapters.

Japan in World Politics.—By K. Kawakami, Price \$1.50. Macmillan, publishers.

A fervent loyalty to the United States (the land of his adoption) leads Mr. Kawakami into this investigation of her friendship for Japan. He shows how this began and how it has been impaired. As an informed mutual interest. He speaks with authority and what he says will be welcomed by all who have at heart the peaceful development of the world.

The Houghton, Mifflin Company have just issued "The Mexican Problem," by C. W. Barron, who recently made a trip through Mexico and a close personal investigation of all the warring factors and elements in that troubled country. He finds the essential Mexican problem to be a business problem, business with big B, and he proposes a business solution. He says we have no right to strike down the governments of Mexico one after another and refuse to the government and people financial, business, and political assistance.

Thought For Today

Uncle Sam's Thrift
Peanut Soup
A delicious and nourishing soup may be made from skim milk and peanut butter as follows, says the United States Department of Agriculture:
Heat one pint of milk until lukewarm. Add two rounded tablespoonsful of peanut butter mixed to a smooth paste with a little of the milk. Salt to taste. Thicken with one teaspoonful of butter or savory fat mixed with one tablespoonful of flour. Bring almost to the boiling point and serve.

"THEIR MARRIED LIFE"

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"Helen, I would think Warren would be willing to have you run the car once in a while," Louise remarked as she counted her stitches. She and Helen were making sets for the sailors and, while Helen knitted as casually as she talked, Louise was just learning and was slower in the process.

Helen smiled. If it had been any other woman speaking, she would have thought up a definite excuse, and would have pretended that she perfectly agreed with his decision. But women as a general rule feel differently about members of the family and Helen had more or less always possessed one.

"No, but he has told me time and again that if he keeps it in storage he doesn't have garage bills to pay, you know it takes a great deal to keep up a car in the city."

"I know that. Of course we couldn't possibly afford one, but I thought Warren was doing so well."

"I thought so, too, Louise, but I don't really believe that anyone is doing well these days. Of course we have to put on a false front."

Helen looked up as she spoke. She was curious to know why Louise was questioning her so closely.

"Louise, have you anything to tell me that I ought to know?" she asked finally.

Louise reddened, then she spoke. "Oh, I don't know, Helen, I hate to feel that I am making trouble. I suppose Bob would be furious if he knew that I had said anything at all to you about it, please hesitate."

Helen had put down her knitting. "Yes," she said very quietly. "Please go on."

"Well, we saw Warren out in the car last night."

Helen looked her amazement. "But Louise, are you sure?"

"Of course, if you think I'd say anything about it if I weren't sure? I thought I understood you to say that the car was in storage, that's why I asked you about it. I thought perhaps you knew a lot, and that Warren had decided to use it."

"Why, no," Helen said slowly. "I'm as surprised as you are, Louise. I'm hurt that Warren would do a thing like that. Was he alone?"

Helen asked this fearfully. "You needn't be afraid to tell me, Louise. I can stand it."

"Oh, my dear, you mustn't get all excited about it. Please, for my sake, don't let your thoughts make you unhappy. Wait and see how things come out."

"Who was with him?"

"Why, who did you think was with him, a man, that's all, some stranger that I didn't know."

Helen drew a long breath of relief. In that moment of suspense she had almost fainted. She wondered dispassionately just what she would have done if Louise had told her that a woman had been with him.

"Of course I knew nothing at all about it," Helen said after a few minutes. "I'll speak to Warren as soon as he comes in. He ought to be here any minute."

"Oh, is it as late as that?" said Louise. "I declare it is. I must bundle up my work and fly home to my husband. Here's Warren now, Helen," as the familiar key was heard in the lock. A moment later Warren walked into the room.

"Where are you going, Louise," he said dropping a light kiss on Helen's hair. "Sit down and talk a while."

"I can't Warren," Louise returned brightly. "I really ought to be on my way. We'll see you Friday at the Stevens. Good-bye, folks, no, Helen, don't bother, I can get out. Good-by."

Helen returned to the living room, a thoughtful look on her face. She was wondering how best to broach the subject when Warren helped her out by saying.

"Why the long face, has anything happened?"

"Louise said she saw you out in the car last night, Warren. I didn't know you were using it."

Warren threw her a look. "And I suppose you've been imagining all kinds of things ever since, haven't you," he said finally. "Women do certainly beat the cards. Well, it just happens that I sold the car, and I was out last night, with the man who bought it."

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Helen looked at him incredulously. "Without telling me?" she asked slowly, "without saying a thing to me about it?"

"What good would it have done to tell you? I did tell you that I needed funds. There was no use of keeping the car in storage without using it. I got a good chance to dis-

pose of it and I did. There's no need of your acting that way about it, Helen. After all, the car belonged to me."

(Watch for the next instalment of this interesting story.)

AIDS TO HEALTH
A teacher had dealt with wearisome iteration on the part played by

carbohydrates, proteids, and fats respectively in the upkeep of the human body. At the end of the lesson the usual test questions were put. "Can any girl tell me the three foods required to keep the body in health?" was the first one. There was silence till one maiden replied, "Breakfast, dinner and tea!"

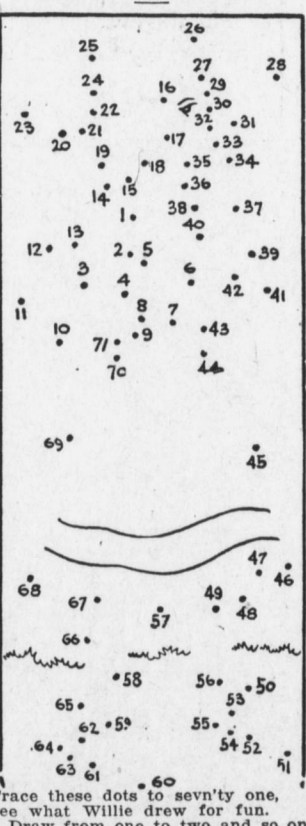
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