

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)

Gaining the beach and laying the final across a bowlder he straightened himself up and drew a long breath. Then he wiped the sweat from his face. A sturdily built man over thirty of Saxon fairness, with tinge of red in the hair and a peral display of freckles across nose and cheek bones. He is no beauty, she decided, albeit displayed a frank and pleasing countenance. That he was a remarkably strong and active man she discerned for herself, and if the firm und of his jaw counted for anything an individual of considerable termination besides. Miss Benton conceived herself to be possessed considerable skill at character analysis.

CHAPTER IV. The Dignity (?) of Toil.

By such imperceptible degrees as she was scarce aware of it, Stella took her place as a cog in her brother's logging machine, a unit in the human mechanism which operated skillfully and relentlessly to top speed to achieve his desired end—1,000,000 feet of timber in pomsticks by Sept. 1.

From the evening that she stepped to the breach created by a drunken cook the kitchen burden piled steadily upon her shoulders, or a week Benton's daily expected and spoke of the arrival of a new cook. Fife had wired a Vancouver employment agency to send one the day he took Jim Kenfrew down. But their cooks were scarce or the order went astray, for no rough and ready kitchen mechanic arrived. Benton in the meantime ceased to look for one. He worked like a horse, unsparing of himself, unobaring of others. He rose at half past 4, lighted the kitchen fire, dressed Stella and helped her, prepared breakfast, preliminary to his day in the woods. Later he impressed Katy John, a half breed wash girl, into service to wait on the table and wash dishes. He hoped patiently to teach Stella certain simple tricks of cooking that he did not know.

Quick of perception, as thorough as her brother, in whatsoever she set her hand to do. She was equal to the job. And as the days passed and no camp cook came to their relief Benton left the job to her as a matter of course.

"You can handle the kitchen with Katy as well as a man," he told her at last. "And it will give you something to occupy your time. I'd have to pay a cook \$70 a month. You draws \$25. You can credit yourself with the balance and I'll pay off when the contract comes in. You might as well keep the coin in the family. I'll feel easier, because you won't get drunk and jump the gun in a pinch. What do you say?"

She said the only possible thing to say under the circumstances. But he did not say it with pleasure nor with any feeling of gratitude. It was hard work, and she and her brother were utter strangers. Her feet ached from continual standing on them. The heat and the smell of roasting meat and vegetables sickened her. Her hands were growing pink and red from dabbling in water, punching bread dough, handling the varied articles of food that go to make up a meal. Upon hands and forearms there stung continually certain small cuts and burns that lack of experience over a hot stove inevitably inflicted upon her. Thereas time had promised to hang heavy on her head, a sense of loneliness in the day became a precious boon.

Yet in her own way she was as all of determination as her brother. She saw plainly enough that she must leave the drone stage behind, she perceived that to be fed and clothed and housed and to have her wishes readily gratified was not an inherent right; that some one must do the bill; that now for all she received she must return equitable value. At home she had never thought of it at all. Now that she was beginning to get a glimmering of her true economic relation to the world at large she had no wish to

emulate the clinging vine, even if thereby she could have secured a continuance of that silk lined existence which had been her fortunate lot. Her pride revolted against parasitism. It was therefore a certain personal satisfaction to have achieved self-support at a stroke, in so far as that in the sweat of her brow—all too literally—she earned her bread and a compensation besides. But there were times when that solace seemed scarcely to weigh against her growing detest for the endless routine of her task, the exasperating physical weariness and irritations that it brought upon her.

For to prepare three times daily food for a dozen hungry men is no mean undertaking. One cannot have in a logging camp the conveniences of a hotel kitchen. The water must be weighed against her growing detest for the endless routine of her task, the exasperating physical weariness and irritations that it brought upon her.

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For a week thereafter Benton developed moods of sourness, periods of scowling thought. He tried to speed up his gang, and having all spring driven them at top speed, the added strain took the back of their patience, and Stella heard some sharp interchanging of words. He quailed one incipient mutiny through sheer dominance, but it left him more short of temper, more crabbedly moody than ever. Eventually his ill nature broke out against Stella over some trifles, and she, being herself an aggrieved party to his transactions, surprised her own sense of fitness of things by retaliating in kind.

(To be continued.)

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES

William Yorke Stevenson, the Philadelphia boy who succeeded to the steering wheel of "Ambulance No. 16," which Leslie Buswell drove in France, and later immortalized in book form, has been decorated with the Croix de Guerre. Mr. Stevenson drove his ambulance through the Somme drive, in the midst of the great fighting at Verdun, at the battle of Souville-Trevannes, and at other important engagements. His diary, written offhand, is as readable as it is authentic, and will be published under the title of "At the Front in a Flivver" by Houghton Mifflin Company, on September 15. The news of his decoration was received by his mother, who writes to his publishers: "My son who was promoted to the leadership of his section last month, has just received the Croix de Guerre. I received yesterday a cablegram from Major Platt Andrews which reads, 'Yorke's splendid leadership rewarded with Croix de Guerre.'"

Owing to the extremely hot weather, which delayed the printing of the book by its effect upon the rollers of the printing press, E. P. Dutton & Co. announce that they had to postpone the publication of Herman Fernau's "The Coming Democracy" until the latter part of August. The book, which was to have been issued last week, is an appeal to Germans by a man of German birth and training to throw down their allegiance to the present German government and join the German people in the democratic nations of the world.

Life's Problems Are Discussed

By MRS. WILSON WOODROW

The host at our dinner party—a very successful inventor—had fallen to reminiscing and was giving a broadly humorous account of some of the shifts and subterfuges to which he had been put in the effort to keep up appearances before fortune came his way.

He told, I remember, of his horror on one occasion when he had invited a number of capitalists to his office to discuss a proposition he wanted them to back, and not half an hour before the conference the sheriff walked in and took possession of the place under an execution.

The inventor was nonplussed. He paced the floor, uncertain what to do. All the structure of bright hopes he had been building on the strength of their day's labor and continued two hours after they were done. She slept like one exhausted and rose full of sleep heaviness, full of bodily soreness and spiritual protest when the alarm clock raised its din in the cool morning.

When the financiers arrived he led them into his inner office. "Gentlemen," he said, "you will have to give me an answer to my proposition—yes or no—within five minutes. The man outside is a representative of one of the biggest corporations in the country." And so the sheriff was—a representative of the State of New York. "He wants to take over this whole concern without delay, and unless you agree to my terms, I am going to let them do it."

The stratagem worked to a charm. As one of the syndicate afterward confessed, they had come there prepared to haggle and to keep him dangling on uncertainty for weeks. But the idea of competition and the bold front he put up brought them to time, and the deal went through that afternoon.

"If people would only recall their past mistakes," the inventor drew his moral, "they could extricate themselves from many a dilemma. The sense of foolish ineptitude which swept over me when I discovered that I had been bluffed out in that poker game stood me in good stead in this game for a vastly more important stake. I simply borrowed the tactics which had been used against me, and played my busted straight as if I had a royal flush."

"You evidently believe," I said, "that we learn more from our failures than from our successes?"

"More!" he spoke with an emphasis which repudiated even the suggestion. "No man yet ever learned anything from a success. And the proof of it is that successes do not often repeat."

"A person may score a success on the first trial. Sometimes he may follow it up with a second success. But rarely with a third. The

reason is that he doesn't know how he did it. The lightning just happened to strike him. It's the failures we make that teach us, if we are capable of being taught at all.

"The fellow who wakes up the morning after to 'the jubilant song of the victor,' and a sheaf of glowing press notices is not going to question very much how the result was obtained. He simply ascribes it to his own transcendent genius, and by the time he gets ready to start down town discovers that his hat has suddenly grown too small for him.

"But the one who rises after a sleepless night, sore and aching in every joint from a drubbing at the hands of fortune, is very apt to study out how it all happened and take thought to avoid a similar experience the next time.

"One who has never handled a rifle may by chance blaze away, and hit the bull's-eye, but the man who goes to the range day after day, correcting his errors of aim and acquiring steadiness and poise who becomes a sharpshooter.

"Beginner's luck is proverbial in every sport and enterprise from trout fishing to playing the stock market; but it is the old stager, with his expert knowledge gained from many a wearisome and empty-handed day along the river, upon whom we have to depend for our supply of fish.

"Ride with an idle whip, ride with an unused heel;

But once in a way there will come a day. When the colt will be taught to feel. The lash that falls, and the curb that galls, and the sting of the rowelled steel. "Sweet are the uses of adversity," is no mere figure of speech," he continued. "Adversity is our most valuable schoolmaster. There is not a success in the world to-day—a real success, I mean, not a mere flash in the pan—which, if the truth were known, is not the evolution and flower of a long line of failures—perhaps not always what the world counts failures, but to the men themselves, reckoned in that category in which misses are as good as miles.

"Nature had to experiment a long while the three-toed colt pusses before she evolved anything so perfect as the horse. It took thousands of generations of ugly and misshapen beasts to reach the stage of man. And the process is still going on. From failure to failure we progress until at last we reach success."

The inventor paused. His wife, I noticed, had joined only half-heartedly in our laughter at his hard luck anecdotes, and had shown some symptoms of impatience at his philosophizing.

"Well," she said a little grimly, "failure and adversity may all be as wonderful and desirable as you say, but for my part I'd rather have the peace and comfort of success."

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"Ride with an idle whip, ride with an unused heel;

reason is that he doesn't know how he did it. The lightning just happened to strike him. It's the failures we make that teach us, if we are capable of being taught at all.

"The fellow who wakes up the morning after to 'the jubilant song of the victor,' and a sheaf of glowing press notices is not going to question very much how the result was obtained. He simply ascribes it to his own transcendent genius, and by the time he gets ready to start down town discovers that his hat has suddenly grown too small for him.

"But the one who rises after a sleepless night, sore and aching in every joint from a drubbing at the hands of fortune, is very apt to study out how it all happened and take thought to avoid a similar experience the next time.

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