



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.)

"Nothing that I can see," Fyfe laughed unpleasantly. "But he'll try. He has dollars to our cents. He could throw everything he's got on Roaring lake into the discard and still have forty thousand a year fixed income. Sabe? Money does more than talk in this country. I think I'll put that camp off the Fyfe."

"Well, maybe," Benton said. "I'm not sure."

Stella passed on. She wanted to hear, but it went against her grain to eavesdrop. Her pause had been purely involuntary. When she became conscious that she was eagerly drinking in each word she hurried by.

Her mind was one urgent question mark while she laid the sleeping youngster in his bed and removed her heavy clothes. What sort of hostilities did Monohan threaten? Had he let a hopeless love turn to the acid of hate for the man who nominally possessed her? Stella could scarcely credit that. It was too much at variance with her idealistic conception of the man. He would never have recourse to such littleness. Still, the biting contempt in Fyfe's voice when he said to Benton: "You underestimate Monohan. He'll play safe; * * * he's foxy." That stung her to the quick. That was not said for her benefit. It was Fyfe's profound conviction. Based on what? He did not form judgments on momentary impulse. She recalled that only in the most direct way had he ever passed criticism on Monohan, and then it lay mostly in

a tone, suggested more than spoken. Yet he knew Monohan, had known him for years. They had clashed long before she was a factor in their lives.

Fyfe and Benton came to dinner more or less preoccupied, an odd mood for Charlie Benton. Afterward they went into session behind the closed door of Fyfe's den. An hour or so later Benton went home. While she listened to the soft chuff-a-chuff of the Chickamin diving away in the distance Fyfe came in and slumped down in a chair before the fire where a big fire stick crackled. He sat there silent, a half smoked cigar clamped in one corner of his mouth, the lines of his square jaw in profile, determined, rigid. Stella eyed him covertly.

She leaned forward to speak. Words quivered on her lips, but as she struggled to shape them to utterance the blast of a boat whistle came screaming up from the water, near and still and imperative.

Fyfe came out of his chair like a shot. He landed poised on his feet, lips drawn apart, hands clinched. He held that pose for an instant, then relaxed, his breath coming with a quick sigh.

Stella stared at him. Nerves! She knew the symptoms too well. Nerves

at terrible tension in that big, splendid body! A slight quiver seemed to run over him; then he was erect and calmly himself again, standing in a listening attitude.

"That's the Panther," he said, "pulling in to the Waterbus's landing. Did I startle you when I hounded up like a cougar, Stella?" he asked, with a wry smile. "I guess I was half asleep. That whistle jolted me."

Stella glanced out the shaded window.

"Some one's coming up from the float with a lantern," she said. "Is there—there likely to be anything wrong, Jack?"

"Anything wrong?" He shot a quick glance at her, then casually, "Not that I know of."

The hobbling lantern came up the path through the lawn. Footsteps crunched on the gravel.

"I'll go see what he wants," Fyfe remarked. "Calked boots won't be good for the porch floor."

She followed him.

"Stay in. It's cold." He stopped in the doorway.

"No; I'm coming," she persisted. They met the lantern bearer at the foot of the steps.

"Well, Thorsen?" Fyfe shot at him. There was an unusual note of sharpness in his voice, an irritated expectation.

Stella saw that it was the skipper of the Panther, a big and burly Dane. He raised the lantern a little. The dim light on his face showed it bruised and swollen. Fyfe grunted.

"Our boom is hung up," he said plaintively. "My boys blocked the river. I got licked for arguin' the point."

"How's it blocked?" Fyfe asked.

"Two switters uh logs strung across the channel. They're drivin' piles in front. An' three donkeys buntin' logs in behind."

"Swift work. There wasn't a sign of a move when I left this mornin'?" Fyfe came out of his chair like a shot. He landed poised on his feet, lips drawn apart, hands clinched. He held that pose for an instant, then relaxed, his breath coming with a quick sigh.

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Life's Problems Are Discussed

By MRS. WILSON WOODROW

This is one of my recent letters: "Dear Madam—Although I take it for granted that you would decline to discuss religion in your columns, just tell us, however, in your own fascinating way your opinion of modern Spiritualism, and all the new, cheerful religions. Are they founded upon anything substantial or not? At your earliest convenience, please, and greatest oblige."

"E. P. H.," the writer little knew what he was doing when he hurried such a challenge at me. A zeal for religious controversy goes with my Scotch Presbyterian blood. To suggest that I would decline to discuss such subjects is like throwing a bone to a hungry dog and expecting him to gnaw it.

If you want to know my idea of true enjoyment it is to sit with a little group of doctrinaires and hair-splitters, and from dawn to dewy eve thresh out comparative religions, their history and psychology, please.

E. P. H. asks me for an opinion on modern Spiritualism and all the new, cheerful religions, and whether they are founded upon anything substantial or not. I am perfectly willing to give him my views on something so different to-day, something which I shall not be tiresomely dogmatic and didactic in my expression of them.

The subject to my mind one of immense importance to the whole human race. Modern Spiritualism—and by that I mean the subject as it is treated by Sir Oliver Lodge and his conferees—developing a field for scientific research which is entitled to as much consideration and respect as is bestowed upon any of the so-called established sciences. It is, to be sure, in its infancy, in the stage in which effort is limited to the recording and the editing of phenomena and the formulation and testing of theories; experimentation, in other words.

The investigators have not yet been able to discard the methods of what one may call the "old-fashioned" Spiritualism; the familiar spiritualistic methods which communication with the dead is sought through mediums by purely material means, such as hand writing, speech or rappings. But already the trained scientists are looking beyond this. To the lay mind their expectations seem beyond realization. But consider. Communication with the living by telegraph and telephone and wireless was as incomprehensible to the world a century ago as communication direct and infallible, without apparatus of some sort—telepathy—is to us to-day.

To that former generation the wireless, etc., would have been regarded as impossibilities; yet they have been achieved. Not, however, until older methods were abandoned. Possibilities beyond the post-chaise and the stagecoach, once admitted, soon became actualities.

And the reason why these scientific men are looking to a mode of communication above and beyond the old methods of the spiritualistic seance is that they have recognized that we are dealing with a new force in the universe—new I mean,

in the sense that humanity is only now beginning to apprehend it as a fact.

It is a force which operates in the every-day life of humanity and always has since the world began. It has been consciously appreciated by prophets and seers and poets—the Bible is full of reference to it—and it has been put to practical use in every branch of the art, science and literature. It is and always has been the origin and artificer of every achievement, great and small. It is the most pervasive and practical influence in human life. And yet a reference to it by its familiar name is received with skepticism, or is carelessly dismissed as a subject fit only for the rhapsodies of poets.

The name of the force is—Faith.

"Faith," E. P. H. may explain. "Why you talk of it as if it were something that could be analyzed and established and controlled like electricity or the attraction of gravitation."

Well, why not? Once the laws of faith are known as those of electricity are known—why not? Is the idea so fantastic? Is it to be denied that what is called faith is a force? Subtle, elusive, beyond description, if you will; but still a force, a fit subject for scientific investigation and research as serious and intense as any laboratory work that ever was conducted.

Are the causes which lie beyond the authenticated miracles, so-called—at Lourdes, for instance—never to be examined? Are they and the myriad of similar manifestations always to be regarded as false or else unworthy of scientific recognition? Are the thousands of cures credited to Christian Science to be ignored?

Are we never to examine the meaning and significance of that greatest of all scientific definitions, "Now faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen," or of that greater dictum, "According to your faith be it unto you?"

An investigation by trained scientists, beginning with St. Paul's definition, is, in my opinion at least,

the one method which points the way to the solution of the problem that absorbs the attention and stimulates the effort of "Modern Spiritualism." They will ultimately attain that clairaudience which is in the mental what wireless is in the physical.

It's curious that only the other day I read an article describing some phases of the Russian revolution written by a man who had been through it. I was immensely impressed by his statement that it is a national characteristic of the Russians that they are never concerned with consequences. Stated differently, it may be said that they put principles into practice, with faith in the results—whatever they may be.

Now that is exactly the aim of what E. P. H. calls the "Cheerful Religion," namely, to put faith into practice. That is the significance of the whole movement toward the development of mental healing, whether it takes the form of a new religion, or of that branch of the healing art known as psychodrama.

It is a movement which has been gathering strength and scope for considerably over a generation. And when the world emerges from the horrors of the war, the process of recuperation which must follow it will provoke a passionate demand from humanity for the establishment of its faith upon a foundation of scientific understanding.

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