

Reading for Women and all the Family

The Yukon Trail

By William MacLeod Raine

CHAPTER I
Going "In"
The midnight train had set, but in a crotch between two snow peaks it had kindled a vast cauldron from which rose a mist of jewels, garnet and turquoise, topaz and amethyst and opal, all swimming in a sea of molten gold. The glow of it still slung to the face of the broad Yukon, as a flush does to the soft, wrinkled cheek of a girl just roused from deep sleep.

Except for a faint murkiness in the air it was still day. There was light enough for the four men playing pinochle on the upper deck, though the women of their party, gossiping in chairs grouped near at hand, had at last put aside their embroidery. The girl who sat by herself at a little distance held a magazine still open in her lap.

Gordon Elliot had taken the boat at Pierre's Portage, fifty miles farther down the river. He had come direct from the creeks, and his impressions of the motley pioneer life at the gold diggings were so vivid that he had found an isolated corner of the deck where he could scribble them in a notebook while still fresh.

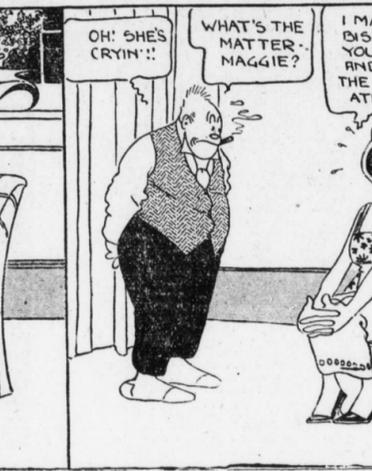
But he had not been too busy to see that the girl in the wicker chair was as much of an outsider as he was. Plainly this was her first trip in. Gordon was a stranger in the Yukon country, one not likely to be overcome when it became known what his mission was.

From where he was leaning against the deckhouse Elliot could see only a fine, chiseled profile shining into a mass of crisp, black hair, but some quality in the detachment of her personality stimulated gently his imagination. He wondered who she could be, and a short, thickest man who had ridden down on the stage with Elliot to Pierre's Portage drifted along the deck toward him. He wore the

Bringing Up Father



careless garb of a mining man in a country which looks first to comfort. "Bound for Kuslak?" he asked, by way of opening conversation. "Yes," answered Gordon. The miner nodded toward the group under the awning. "That bunch lives at Kuslak. They've got on at different places the last two or three days—except Selfridge and his wife; they've been out. Guess you can tell that from hearing her talk—the little woman in red with the snappy black eyes. She's spillin' over with talk about the styles in New York and the cabarets and the new shows. That pot-bellied fellow in the checked suit is Self-



fridge. He is Colby Macdonald's man Friday." Elliot took in with a quickened interest the group bound for Kuslak. He had noticed that they monopolized as a matter of course the best places on the deck and in the dining-room. They were civil enough to outsiders, but their manner had the unconscious selfishness that often regulates social activities. It excluded from their gaiety everybody that did not belong to the proper set. "That sort of thing gets my goat," the miner went on sourly. "Those women over there have elected themselves Society with a capital S. They put on all the airs the Four Hundred do in New York. And who are they anyway?—wives to a bunch of grafting politicians mostly."

"That's the way of the world, isn't it? Our civilization is built on the group system," suggested Elliot. "Maybe so," grumbled the miner. "But I hate to see Alaska come to it. Me, I saw this country first in ninety-seven—packed an outfit in my own hind legs then. He got there if he was strong—mebbe; he bogged down on the trail good and plenty if he was weak. We didn't have any of the artificial stuff then. A man had to have the guts to stand the gam."

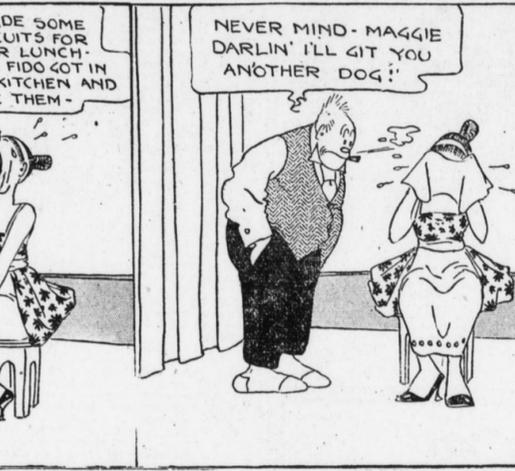
"I suppose it was a wild country, Mr. Strong." The little miner's eyes gleamed. "Best country in the world. We didn't stand for anything that wasn't on the level. It was a poor man's country—wages fifteen dollars a day and plenty of work. Everybody had a chance. Anybody could stake a claim and gamble on his luck. Now the big corporations have slipped in and grabbed the best. It ain't a prospector's proposition anymore. Instead of faro banks we've got savings banks. The wide-open dance hall has quit business in favor of moving pictures. And, as I said before, we've got Society."

"All frontier countries have to come to it." "In the days I'm telling you about that crowd there couldn't a hustled meat to fill their bellies three meals. Parasites, that's what they are. They're living off that bunch of roughnecks down there and folks like 'em." With a wave of his hand Strong pointed to a group of miners who had boarded the boat with them at Pierre's Portage. There were about a dozen of the men, for the most part husky, heavy-set foreigners. Elliot gathered from their talk that they had tried to organize an inchoate strike in the Frozen Gulch district.

"Roughnecks and booze fighters—that's all they are. But they earn their way. Not that I blame Macdonald for firing them, mind you," continued the miner. "His superintendent up there was too soft. These here Swedes got gay. Mac hit the trail for Frozen Gulch. He hammered his big fist into the bread to the end."

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By McManus



"THEIR MARRIED LIFE"

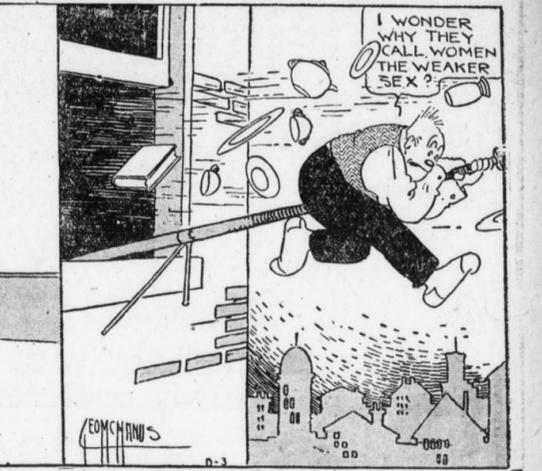
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When Warren came into the apartment after telling Helen that he intended to remain downtown for the evening, Helen was astounded. But when he told her that he had been simply trying her out to see whether or not she would pout and be angry if he took an evening off with the boys, she felt hurt and humiliated. She wanted to tell Warren that it had not been the fact that he wanted to take an evening off, but it had been the way he had announced the fact. Off hand, and at a moment's notice, she did feel that it was thoughtless and inconsiderate, but she knew that if she had been just as the reason for her voice sounding so cold over the telephone, Warren would not believe her.

For a few moments she hardly knew what to do, her sudden resolve to go downtown and have dinner with Frances and Carp and go on with his sarcasm. But suddenly she decided to go through with it all. "I suppose it was a wild country, Mr. Strong." The little miner's eyes gleamed. "Best country in the world. We didn't stand for anything that wasn't on the level. It was a poor man's country—wages fifteen dollars a day and plenty of work. Everybody had a chance. Anybody could stake a claim and gamble on his luck. Now the big corporations have slipped in and grabbed the best. It ain't a prospector's proposition anymore. Instead of faro banks we've got savings banks. The wide-open dance hall has quit business in favor of moving pictures. And, as I said before, we've got Society."

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Helen wondered where Warren was and what he was thinking and whether she had done right. But it was too late now to go back, and she might just as well enjoy herself.



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Where, oh, where, is Uncle Jim? Trace each dot to two and so on to the end.

Fashions of To-Day - By May Manton

Box plaited skirts are exceedingly fashionable this season and this little frock shows one with a long waisted, plain bodice portion that is absolutely new and eminently attractive. As you see it here, it is made of a light weight broadcloth with collar and cuffs of satin, but you could copy the idea in a charmeuse satin if you want a more dressy costume or in a serge if you want a more useful one, and for the collar, you can use any contrasting material, or you can use the same material and braid it or embroider it. A simple braiding design couched over with heavy worsted thread makes a smart effect and a novel trimming that is much liked. A pretty girlish costume, adapted to every-day uses could be made from navy blue serge with collar and cuffs of buff broadcloth. That combination is well liked and always pretty and attractive. The skirt is perforated for a shorter length, therefore, if you like the tunic effect, you can use it over any plain, two-piece skirt.

For the 16-year size will be needed, 5 1/4 yards of material 36 inches wide, 4 1/4 yards 44, 4 yards 54, with 1/2 yard 36 for the collar and cuffs.

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