



Reading for Women and all the Family



The Yukon Trail

By William MacLeod Raine

Bringing Up Father

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By McManus



Paget was superintendent of the Luck Strike, a mine owned principally by Macdonald. The two talked business for a few minutes over their cigars, but Diane interrupted gayly to bring them back into the circle. Adroitly she started Macdonald on the account of a rescue of two men lost in a blizzard the year before. He had the gift of dramatizing his story, of selecting only effective details. There was no suggestion of boasting. If he happened to be the hero of any of his stories the fact was of no importance to him. It was merely a detail of the picture he was sketching.

Gordon interrupted with a question. A story he was telling of a fight he had seen between two bull moose.

"Did you say that while you were on the way over to inspect the Kamatlah coal fields for the first time?"

"The eyes of the young man were quick with interest."

"Yes."

"Four years ago last spring?"

Macdonald looked at him with a wary steadiness. Some doubt had found lodgment in his mind. Before he could voice it, if indeed, he had any such intention, Elliot spoke in swiftly.

"Don't answer that question. I asked it without proper thought. I am a special agent of the general land office sent up to investigate the Macdonald coal claims and kindred interests."

Slowly the rigor of the big Scotsman's steely eyes relaxed to a smile that was genial and disarming. If this news hit him hard he gave no sign of it. And that it was an unexpected blow there could be no doubt.

"Glad you've come, Mr. Elliot. We ask nothing but fair play. The men who own the Macdonald group of claims have nothing to conceal. I'll answer that question. I meant to say two years ago last spring."

His voice was easy and his gaze unwavering as he made the correction, yet everybody in the room except Sheba knew he was deliberately lying to cover the slip. For the admission that he had inspected

the Kamatlah field just before his dummies had fled upon it would at least tend to aggravate suspicion that the entries were not bona fide.

It was rather an awkward moment. Sheba unconsciously relieved the situation.

"But what about the big moose, Mr. Macdonald? What did it do to you?"

The Alaskan went back to his story. He was talking for Sheba alone, for the young girl, with eager fascinated eyes which flashed with sympathy as they devoured selected glimpses of his wild, turbulent career. She saw him with other eyes than Elliot's. The government official admired him tremendously. Macdonald was an empire builder. He blazed trails for others to follow in safety. But Gordon could guess how callously his path was strewn with brutality, with the effects of an ethical color-blindness largely selfish, though even he did not know that the man's primitive jungle code of wolf eat wolf had played havoc with Sheba's young life many years before.

Diane, satisfied that Macdonald had scored, called upon Sheba.

"I want you to sing for us, dear if you will."

Sheba accompanied herself. The voice of the girl had no unusual range, but it was singularly sweet and full of the poignant feeling that expresses the haunting pathos of her race.

It's well I know ye, Sheve Cross, Ye weary, stony hill, An' I'm tired, oh, I'm tired to be looking on ye still, For here I live the near side an' he is on the far, An' all your heaves and hollows are between us, so they are. Och anee!

Gordon, as he listened, felt the strange hunger of that homesick cry steal through his blood. He saw his own emotions reflected in the face of the Scotch-Canadian, who was watching with a tense interest the slim, young figure at the piano, the girl whose eyes were soft and dewy with the mysticism of her people, were still luminous with the poetry of the child in spite of the years that heralded her a woman.

Elliot intercepted the triumphant sweep of Diane's glance from Macdonald to her husband. In a flash it lit up for him the words he had heard on the hotel porch. Diane, an inveterate matchmaker, intended her cousin to marry Colby Macdonald. No doubt she thought she was doing a fine thing for the girl. He was a millionaire, the biggest figure in the Northwest. His iron will ran the town and district as though the people were chattels of his. Back of him were some of the biggest financial interests in the United States.

But the gorge of Elliot rose. The man, after all, was a lawbreaker, a menace to civilization. He was a survivor, by reason of his strength, from the primitive wolf-pack. The very look of his hard, gray eyes was dominant and masterful. He would win no matter how. It came to Gordon's rebel heart that if Macdonald wanted this lovely Irish girl—and the young man never doubted that the Scotsman would want her—he would reach out and gather in Sheba just as if she were a coal mine or a placer prospect.

All this surged through the mind of the young man while the singer was on the first line of the second stanza.

(To be Continued)

All's Well That Ends Well

By JANE McLEAN

"You can take my word for it, she's a wonderful woman."

"Have you ever met her?"

"No, I'm ashamed to say I don't go to the meetings very much. I know I ought to, but I don't knit very fast, and it's such a bore listening to women talk about those awful cushions."

"Then, how do you know she's so wonderful?"

"Why, the girls all say so. She is a splendid manager, very. She has even taken our troubles into New York, and people are talking of her there. I do admire women who can take executive positions and make the others stand around."

Mrs. Adams looked up at Sylvia quickly. She was unconsciously saying just what she thought and less important in the place, selfish and mean-spirited it sounded. And although Mary Adams liked Sylvia, she was not a girl to let her most charming, and by far, the most influential.

Little Mary Adams, who had gone to college with Sylvia, lived in the less wealthy part of the little town. In fact, she had taught school, and was even now working for a living and was home only for the holidays.

But Sylvia liked Mary; she liked to feel that she was impressing her, but aside from that, as she often said, "Mary really was a dear."

Sylvia breezed into the executive rooms, which were situated up over the firehouse, and asked an insignificant looking little woman, who was going out just as the girls were going in, "Well, why should you sponsor her?"

"Oh, I'm not, but I do hate to have you speak that way to any one, Sylvia. It sounds so foreign to what you really are."

And Sylvia had the grace to blush at this, although she was herself again as soon as she spied the group of girls among whom she was the recognized leader. She was greeted with shouts of,

"I wonder who the stunning stranger is!" and "She must be visiting here!" Spoken in a soft girlish treble.

"Mary dragged me out to-day, or I shouldn't have been here. I'm a dreadful slacker, but really girls, I don't see what you see in knitting."

Some of the girls shook their heads despairingly, some made teasing remarks, but most of them felt that inasmuch as it was Sylvia, she really had a right to feel as she did and to express her feelings, too.

"Well, you're not down here, because Mary dragged you, are you?" questioned one.

"Not exactly," Sylvia responded. "I really had another reason. I want to see the wonderful Miss Arrowfield I have heard so much about. A woman like that is certainly worth cultivating."

"She's a dear, and she's a wonder," exclaimed several of the girls spontaneously. "And the funny part of it is, so few of us realized it until lately."

"Why?" questioned Sylvia wonderingly.

"Because she doesn't look the part," responded one.

"Isn't she tall and commanding looking?"

"Why, no, what made you think so? She's little and she dresses plainly and no one would dream how really clever and fascinating she is until she took the trouble to really talk to Miss Arrowfield."

"Why, Sylvia, piped up some one from the back of the group, "you must have passed her coming in; look, there she is now." And the whole group turned, Sylvia and Mary included, to see the dowdy looking little woman just entering the room, the woman Sylvia had taken the trouble to be rude to. Sylvia bit her lips and did not dare to look at Mary. She was bitterly ashamed of herself, but a great part of her snobishness died then and there, a bitter humiliating death. Sylvia looks back upon that time as the turning point in her life and remembers that more than the shame and embarrassment, after all, we all suffer some discomfort when anything really noble in our make-up is born.

SOLD CANDY IRON CROSSES

New York, Dec. 14.—Because Frederick J. Heuser, a Yonkers confectioner, sold cakes decorated with the German colors, candies designed as iron crosses and Prussian helmets and icings representing things Teutonic, Federal authorities decided he was spreading German propaganda, and he was arrested and interned on Ellis Island as an enemy alien.



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How To Deal With the Pro-German Lie-Mongers

War Ananias Clubs are advocated for the identification and segregation of circulators of malicious rumors and false reports tending to cast suspicion and distrust upon our Government and thus hamper the prosecution of the war.

We are all familiar with the "treason-factory output" telling of American battleships being sunk by the German navy and the news suppress; of thousands of American soldiers who have been killed; of a German army to invade us through Canada; of hundreds of thousands of Germans who are drilling in this country for a revolt; of Secretary Tumulty being charged with treason; of our troops in France suffering for food and of their having quarreled with the British, and the hundred-and-one other rumors that are being industriously whispered from mouth to mouth.

In THE LITERARY DIGEST for December 15th, the details of the subject are taken up and various suggestions made for the suppression of this most insidious form of propaganda. A copy of the "fake" letter which has been going the rounds is reproduced and directions as to what patriotic Americans should do to suppress this and other "fakes" are given.

Other articles of more than ordinary interest in this issue of "The Digest" are:

America's War Aims: Victory and Justice

How the President's Message Has Welded More Closely the European Allies and The United States and Heartened Them Anew in the Unalterable Determination to Win the War

- We Go to War With Austria
- Badges of Courage For Our Men
- Why Germany Drove at Italy
- Our Economic Weapon
- Scouting For U-Boats
- Dishwashing and Disease
- Bandit Bees and Doped Honey
- "Mob-Singing" In the Army and Out
- New Fears of a Holy War
- A Bible For Every Soldier and Sailor

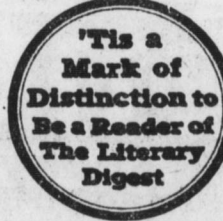
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The Literary Digest

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