

Reading for Women and all the Family

Bringing Up Father

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By McManus



The Yukon Trail

By William MacLeod Raine

(Continued)
CHAPTER VIII

Gid Holt Goes Prospecting

As soon as Selfridge reached Kamatlah he began arranging the preparation for the arrival of the government agent. His preparations were elaborate and thorough. A young engineer named Howland had been in charge of the development work, but Wally re-arranged his forces so as to let each dummy man handle the claim entered in his name. One or two men about whom he was doubtful he discharged and hurried out of the camp.

The company boarding house became a restaurant, above which was suspended a newly painted sign with the legend, "San Francisco Grill, J. Lynn, Proprietor." The store also passed temporarily into the hands of its manager. Miners moved from the barracks that had been built by Macdonald into hastily constructed shacks on the individual claims. Wally had always fancied himself a stage manager for amateur theatricals. Now he justified his wish by transforming Kamatlah into a company camp to impress upon the individual claimants the importance of their claims. Wally had always fancied himself a stage manager for amateur theatricals. Now he justified his wish by transforming Kamatlah into a company camp to impress upon the individual claimants the importance of their claims.

Gideon Holt alone was outside of all these activities and watched them with suspicion. He was an old-timer, sly but fearless, who had related Colby Macdonald with a bit of jealousy that could not be placated and he took no pains to hide the fact. He had happened to be in the vicinity prospecting when Macdonald had rushed his entries, partly out of mere perversity and partly by reason of native shrewdness, old Holt had slipped in and secured one of the best claims in the part of the group. Nor had he been moved by persuasion, threats, tentative offers to buy a redemption, but was obstinate. He knew a good thing when he had it and he meant to sit tight.

The adherents of the company night charge that Holt was cracked

In the upper story, but none of them denied he was sharp as a street arab. He guessed that all this preparation was not for nothing. Kamatlah was being dressed up to impress somebody who would shortly arrive. The first thought of Holt was that a group of big capitalists might be coming to look over their investment. But he rejected this surmise. There would be no need to try any deception upon them.

Mail from Seattle reached camp once a month. Holt sat down before his stove to read one of the newspapers he had brought from the office. It was the P.-I. On the fifth page was a little story that gave him his clue.

ELLIOT TO INVESTIGATE MACDONALD COAL CLAIMS

The reopening of the controversy as to the Macdonald claims, which had been cleared for patent by Harold B.

Winton, the Commissioner of the General Land Office, takes on another phase with the appointment of Gordon Elliot as special field agent to examine the validity of the holdings. The new field agent won a reputation by his work in unearthing the "Alabama Gold Brick" land frauds.

Elliot leaves Seattle in the Queen City Thursday for the North, where he will make a thorough investigation of the whole situation with a view to clearing up the matter definitely. If his report is favorable to the claimants the patents will be granted without further delay.

This was too good to keep. Holt pulled on his boots and went out to twit such of the enemy as he might meet. It chanced that the first of them was Selfridge, whom he had not seen since his arrival, though he knew the little man was in camp.

"How goes it, Holt? Fine and dandy, eh?" inquired Wally with the professional geniality he affected.

The old miner shook his head dolefully. "I done bust my legs, Mr. Selfish. I done bust my legs, Mr. Selfish. I done bust my legs, Mr. Selfish. No more memory than a jackrabbit. Say, Mr. Selfish, what's the idea of all this here back-to-the-people movement, as the old sayin' is."

"I don't know what you mean. And my name is Selfridge, I tell you, snapped the owner of that name."

"Course I ain't got no more sense than the law allows, I'm a buzzard, but me I kinder got to millin' it over and in respect to these here local improvements, as you might say, I'm doggoned if I sabb the why-for."

"Just some business changes," Holt showed his tobacco-stained teeth in a grin splotic. "Oh, That's all. I didn't know but what you might be expecting a visitor."

Selfridge flashed a sharp sidelong glance at him. "What do you mean—a visitor?"

"I just got a notion mebbe you might be looking for one, Mr. Selfridge. Like as not you uaint fixing up for this Gordon Elliot a-tall."

Wally had no come-back, unless it was one to retort in ironic admiration. "You're a wonder, Holt. Pity you don't start a detective bureau."

The old man went away cackling. If Selfridge had held any doubts before, he discarded them now. Holt would wreck the whole enterprise, were he given a chance. It would never do to let Elliot meet and talk with him. He knew too much, and he was eager to tell all he knew.

(To be Continued)

Life's Problems Are Discussed

By MRS. WILSON WOODROW

This letter I give below is one of many of the same kind which are sent me:

"Dear Mrs. Woodrow: I am one seeking advice. Recently a kind and well-meaning friend informed me that with some study I ought to be able to earn my living by my pen. Needless to say, I scoffed and ridiculed the idea. But apparently it fell on fruitful soil, for here I am importuning you for advice. I am fully cognizant of the fact that a series of studies must be taken up which will give me a fitting start for a writing career. I also know that long, hard and discouraging work is necessary before one 'lands.' And then sometimes one never 'lands.'

"But I am willing to face that, as I don't expect to go down in Greenwich Village and live in an attic and go hungry so that I can absorb atmosphere. If I am to succeed, I can do it right at home. Life is not long enough to waste one's energies in unprofitable wanderings and in the wrong direction, most likely. I don't wish to see the world afire, or anything so foolish; but I do wish you could tell me what course of studies for the by-paths, and which are in the right direction to enable me to gain my end."

My dear young friend, I do not believe in discouraging people. If you want to do a thing, go ahead and do it. Have the fun of trying it, no matter how badly you come out, and no matter how your friends may croak and predict disaster. Adventures are to be adventurous. And don't be afraid of unprofitable wanderings, or of "wrong" directions. There are no such things.

And don't take yourself to task for loafing or leaving the main-traveled roads for the by-paths. Life offers plenty of side shows beside the three-ringed circus in the big tent, and they are all instructing and amusing. Neither can you be merely a "looker-on in Vienna." You've got to take your part in the shuffle, ascend to heaven and make your bed in hell, or what have you, possibly to give your readers?

But—and this is important—do you really want to write, or do you only think you do? We can't fool all of the people all the time; but we can and frequently do fool ourselves every hour in the day. For example, during the year that I have been living by the pen—I have not been quite sure sometimes that

I was not dying by it—I have never been thrown with any group of people for any length of time that the same experience was not repeated. A certain meditative, speculative look comes into their eyes, and I follow the mental processes without difficulty. They are saying to themselves: "Why, she's not a great shakes. If she can't earn money by writing, why not?" I have always wanted to write. It's such a nice, ladylike occupation, and cheap, too. I won't have to go through any long, expensive course of preparation, as I would if I wanted to be a musician or a painter. The only outlay I need is about twenty-five cents for a pencil and some pads of paper. No body need know that I am trying it, and I do need the extra money."

This is a very natural course of reasoning. But having thought it, as you probably have, eschew it. Throw it in the ash can, where it belongs. It won't take you any place.

What you must have, and what is indispensable, is a basic impulse, something deep in your nature which demands an outward expression. You must be able to create your own worlds, to live mentally and habitually in more than one world at a time. You must be able to create your own worlds, to live mentally and habitually in more than one world at a time. You must be able to create your own worlds, to live mentally and habitually in more than one world at a time. You must be able to create your own worlds, to live mentally and habitually in more than one world at a time.

We accept the views of others, no matter how resounding may be the voice of authority, we have about as much individuality as an echo.

And for a final and most perfect receipt, I refer you to the methods of Mr. Squiers as set forth in the account of the manner in which he conducted his school, Dotheboys Hall, in "Nicholas Nickleby."

"We go upon the practical mode of teaching, Nickleby. C-I-e-a-n, clean. To make bright, to scour, to wash, to wash, to wash. A case, when a boy knows this out of a book, he goes and does it."

So go and write. Write to your soul's content, no matter who says that you are wasting your time, and that it is the most difficult of professions to enter, and that there is a long, hard, discouraging way before you. Forget all that. Make the sacrifices it asks of you. It will ask for you. But if you love your chosen work enough to marry it, you won't consider them sacrifices.

And then, if you stick it out—it's ten to one you won't. But if you do why, you'll probably get your stuff published as fast as you can turn it out.

And here's hoping you have a good, strong constitution. You'll need it.

Advice to the Lovelorn

BY BEATRICE FAIRFAX

IT WON'T DO

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am 23 and in love with a girl a few years my junior. She also claims that she loves me dearly, therefore

we have become engaged to marry. Lately I have noticed that she has been always keeping me away with some pretext in order to go out and receive attentions from another young man. After I had found out she assured me that she loved me so much that I could not do anything else but forgive her. A few days ago she told me that she would not be able to see me the following day, vowing in God's name that she would not go out with the other young man. She lied again, as the following day she broke her vow. When I remonstrated she even threatened to break our engagement if I did not approve of and acknowledge her right to such behavior. I have suffered a great deal for her sake. My parents are wealthy and have threatened to disinherit me if I insisted on marrying this girl, who comes from a poor family. I want you to tell me what you would do if you were in my place, as something tells me that a girl that has no respect for God's name will never become a good and faithful wife.

F. A. J.

If the story is exactly as you relate it, I see very little chance for you to find happiness with this girl. The fact that you are wealthy and she poor would not count against her at all in my eyes, but since she is not loyal to you, there is a possibility that she is taking a mercenary attitude toward you. A girl who really loves her fiance does not treat him as she is treating you. She respects neither her love for you, her loyalty

Men in Training

Fighting isn't the only duty of a soldier, and exposure to bullets is not as serious as exposure to all kinds of weather and dampness. Rheumatic aches, sore and stiff muscles, strains and sprains, chilblains and neuralgia, all are enemies of the soldier, and the relief for all these pains and aches is Sloan's Liniment. Clean and convenient to carry or use; does not stain, and penetrates without rubbing.

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