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innumerable cases where it fails to direct those abilities. Education can sharpen the knife, but it does not always appear to determine whether the knife shall become an instrument of mercy in the hands of the surgeon or an instrument of destruction in the hands of an assassin. If there is not hand in hand with an

"If every man in America was a genuine Christian, no one would wriggle his slimy carcass of vice and seek to lure others from the path of virtue.

If every man in America was a genuine Christian, even though we lacked the wall of education, it would be found that the ignorance of a man who is a Christian would not be as fruitful a soil for the seeds of wickedness as ignorance to feed upon. If every man were

**Trail Hitter to Speak Tonight**  
Richard Baker, a recent trail hitter at the "Billy" Sunday tabernacle, will tell his religious experiences at the Western United Presbyterian Church, 43d and Avenue, tonight.

Miss Miller met the Business Women's Committee at the Y. W. C. A. Business classes were conducted by Miss Saxe

not, or has it in a less degree. The world has now got tired of singing hymns that mean no better life after the echo dies away. The retail method of salvation is outgrown. To pick one person out of an evil is too slow. We now have a wholesale operation of changing conditions that surround the individual life to enable it to live and grow better.

E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM  
JUNIOR

self with standing on the edge of the  
irruptions, his hands thrust into the  
pockets of his dark overcoat, his bowler  
hat, which was not quite the correct  
shape, slightly on the back of his head;  
his serious, stolid face illuminated by the

"I think," Tavernake said, deliberately, "that there is a place a little way along here."

They pushed their way down the Strand and entered a restaurant which Tavernake knew only by name. A small table was found for them and Beatrice looked about with delight.

cheek grew suddenly deeper. He looked past the girl opposite to him, out of the restaurant, across the street, into that little sitting-room in the Milan Court. It was Elizabeth who was there in front of him. Again he heard her voice, saw the turn of her head, the slow, delightful curve of the lips, the eyes that looked

"Perhaps I have," he admitted. "I do not think so."

As he helped her out of the cab, his fingers tightened for a moment upon her hand. She patted it gently as they passed out before him into the house, leaving the door open. When he had paid the cabman and followed, she had disappeared. He looked after her for a moment, then he

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**erate Means Take a  
is Spring? YES.**

First of all, the musician and the audience are not to be separated. The music is to be heard by the audience. Then a

"I would have something more to say."

life which up to the present, at any rate, had escaped him. They came streaming in, finding friends everywhere, laughing and talking, insulating upon tables in im-

a few seconds later. "To the undiscovered in life!"  
He drained his glass and set it down empty.

ical side, was for the moment obscured. It was not the daytime crowd, this, whose footsteps pressed the pavement. The careworn faces of the money-seekers had

table, evg. dinner, orchestra. Special—\$1 up wkly. \$2 up dy. Booklet. J. P. COPP	
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Carrier of the Song.