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On his way out, Coast had an Indif-

"Why, h'ar'ye, Const!"

Tone and manner proclaimed the

"Not exactly." Blackstock slurred

Coast's eyebrows underlined his sur

"Yes. Thought you might care for

prise. "Yes?"

A gentleman who, leaving his offices on lower Broadway a trifle after four, woman stood with her back turned, presently ensconced himself in a cor- chattering volubly to the assistant in ner seat of a Subway express and indifferent French: a small, slight figopened before him a damp afternoon ure with arms uplifted, holding a paper (with an eye for the market chain of gold and imperial jade to the reports) was surprised, when the light. Beside her the man icomed train crashed heavily into the Four- solidly, his heavy proportions exagteenth Street station, to find himself gerated by a fur-lined coat, his attenafoot and making for the door: this tive pose owning a trace of propriealthough his intention had been to tary interest. As Const drew near he alight at Grand Central. Thus it may looked up and faced about, stripping be, that trickster in us all, which we off a glove. are accustomed vaguely to denominate the subconscious mind, directs our actions to an end predestined.

Surprised, he hesitated; and for Coest took his hand, pausing then that was rewarded by having his heels dropped it, with a grave "Good eventrodden by the passenger behind. This ling, Blackstock." His distaste for the decided him, absurdly enough, and he man affected him intensely, but he you" Home, of course." went on and out, solacing himself tried to conceal it beneath a forced with a muttered something, hardly banality: "Early Christmas shopping, definite, about a stroll benefiting him. | eh?" So, transferring to a local train, he alighted at Twenty-third Street, explanations. "I've just been trying cilmbed the stairs and proceeded to get you on the telephone." briskly west, buffeted by a rowdy

Striking diagonally across Madison Square Park, past the drearily jetting a hand at bridge tonight; just a few fountain and between arrays of empty of us at my rooms: Van Tuyi, Truax, benches scarcely beggarly (since that Dundas, yourself and me. We'll cut class had deserted them for warmer in and out. What d'ye say?" lounging places) he turned northward | Coast's acceptance followed an inon Fifth Avenue, threading the early stant's consideration. Had the invievening throngs with a spring of impatience in his stride to distance casual competition; and received upon a mind still impressionable for all that it had ample food for meditation and nursed a private grievance, a variety of pleasurable suggestions.

Dusk, the early violet dusk of late November, brooded over the city, blurring its harsh contours, subduing its too blatant youth, lending an illusion resembling the dim enchantment of antiquity.

Near Twenty-ninth Street he checked sharply and stood briefly debating something suggested by sight of a shop window well known to him:

"It might save time: one may as well be sure-

Turning, he descended a pair of stone steps and crossed a flagged area to a door set at one side of a window dressed with a confusion of odd, enticing things: a display that tempted the eye with the colors of the rainbow fainting under weight of years and dust. A bell tinkled overhead as he opened and shut the door, letting himself into a deep and narrow room crowded with a heterogeneous assemblage of objects that glammered with weird splendor in a semigloom made visible by half a dozen electric bulbs generously spaced. In the rear, beyond a partitioning screen, shone a warmer light.

For the moment he saw no one. Advancing a few paces he halted, wait-

From behind the screen, at the back of the shop, the proprietor appeared, soft stepping, smiling to greet a good customer of discerning taste. The latter went to meet him with a pleasant air of liking.

"Good evening, Mr. Miller-" Good evening, Mr. Coast. Some-

thing I can show you this evening?" "The telephone, if you please." Coast laughed a little and was answered cheerfully.

"Certainly. This way."

He was conducted behind the screen, where, beneath a strong light, an assistant at a jeweler's bench sat laboriously occupied with some task of delicate artifice. He looked up as Coast entered, with a greeting cordially returned. Coast went directly to the telephone, a wall instrument, un-time. You know where I hang out? hooked the receiver and detailed a We'll count on you." Blackstock number to Central. The proprietor beamed, his eyes shining behind thick disappeared into an adjoining room. tenses: to snare Garrett Coast was a An instant later Coast spoke again.

"That you, Soames? is Mr. Coast. Is Miss Katherine at ways slightly overpowering manner. home? . . Then will you find out, please. Ask her if she has time an irresolute eye for his companion to see me for a few moments before dinner. . . Very well."

There was a lengthening pause, durreturned, his genial eye alternating presentation. between Coast and a crystal decanter he had fetched.

"Yes, Central, waiting." Coast put

try to poison me, Miller?" "Just a drop of old brandy, Mr.

Coast-very old, from my home in

Coast nodded, recalled to the telephone. "Hello, Soames. . . . Very

well. Tell her I called, please. No! no message, thank you. Goodby." As he hung up the receiver, a warning tintinnabulation sounded at the ure." front door. Miller, busy with glasses, looked to his assistant. "See who that | know." is, Charley," he said. The assistant

slipped from his seat, switched on more light in the front of the shop. Miss Fancher - Blackstock - good and vanished round the screen. As he did so, Coast heard the rumble of a man's voice, followed by a sation of relief and perturbation oddly

woman's ringing laugh, a thought too Miller was offering him a glass. He bowed, took it and held it to his lips

ing the mellow bouquet of the liquor. more rapidly, but now in an introspec-"That is good," he said, and sipped tive mood, oblivious of all that so recritically.

The very best, Mr. Coast. There's little like it out of France."

"I'm glad I thought of imposing on your good nature." "Why, so am I. My friends are always welcome. . . Your health,

"And yours, Mr. Miller."

go

his

Put down an empty glass. "That," he declared from the bottom of a congratulated heart, "was delicious."

'Another drop?" "No. Absolutely not. It would inspire me to try to buy out the shop." He offered his hand. "Good night, and

thank you." "Good night, Mr. Const."

as again be was called-"Garrett! Garrett Coast!"-out of the corner of an eye he detected the uplifted salutant two fingers of the driver of a towncar at halt in the outer line of northbound traffic. In the window of the car a white glove fluttered, moth-like.

Beside the door, with a hand on the latch, he spoke through the lowered window. "May I beg a lift, Katherine?"

"Indeed you may. Didn't I call you, Garrett?

"Good of you I am fortunate. I've been wanting to see you-"

ferent glance for the customers at a He got in and shut the door at the show case near the window. The moment when, by the grace of the omnipotent policeman, motion became again permissible. The racking motor quieted into purring: the car slipped forward, gaining momentum. Others, a swarm, swirled round and past like noisy fireflies. He ignored them ali. blessing his happy chance. Katherine Thaxter in her corner had a smile for him, dimly to be detected through the gloom wherein her face glimmered like some wan flower of the night, beautiful, fragrant, mysterious. "Where were you going, Garrett?"

"Oh . . ." He emerged from reverie with a little start at the sound of her voice. "No place in particular

encounter of old friends. Perforce I believe I had some hazy notion of the club when you halled me. And

> "Yes. I've been shopping." "Tired?"

"Not very. . . . Curious I should have been thinking of you just when the car stopped." "I don't agree: It was telepathy." "Ob, that's overworked, Garrett.

Can't a commonplace coincidence be explained any other way nowadays?" "Perhaps: but not this time. I've been thinking about you all day Some impulse-I don't know what-moved me to valk uptown from Twenty-third Street and delays insignificant in themselves brought me to that corner



"I'm a Persistent Beggar, You Know, Katherine."

before noon of that same day, his re it's---" He sought the word. fusal would have been prompt if qualified by an invented engagement. Now, however, after what the day had rumored of the man, he was inclined to grasp an opportunity to study him, to see as much of him as possible-little as he cared to see anything of him.

"What o'clock?"

"Oh, between nine and ten-any signal conquest. An additional trace . This of affable effusiveness olled his al-Then doubt moderated it, and he had

She had turned away from the case, with an assured attitude imperative of an introduction. Coast bowed to ing which the antique dealer silently Blackstock's constrained words of

"Miss Fancher - my friend, Mr. Coast."

She nodded, giving him a small his hand over the transmitter and hand whose pressure was a thought wagged a reproving head. "Going to too frank. "I've heard about you," she said, nodding emphatically "Giad to know you."

"And I've enjoyed your dancing many times, from the far side of the footlights," he told her pleasantly "Nice of you to say that. I'm with

The Rathskeller Girl now, you know. Have you seen it?" "I'm promising myself the pleas-

"Well, when you come, just let me

"I shant forget," Coast assured her vaguely. "But now I must run along.

night." He escaped to open air with a sencommingled. Instead of soothing, the brandy warmed his grievance until it turned writhing in his bosom and stung him like an adder. So that was for a moment without tasting, inhal-

> cently had gratified him. At Fortieth Street he pulled up on the southern corner, over across from the dull grey colonnade of the new Public Library, awaiting a break in

the stream of traffic. A policeman presently made a way for him, holding back the press of ve bicles to permit a string of their coun-They drank ceremoniously. Coast terparts to break through. Coast stepped down from the curb and in another minute would have been across, but stopped in mid-stride to hear himself named in a voice unfor-

gettable, to him inexpressibly sweet. Startled, he balted beneath the noses of a pair of handsome horses in deciding a question of law. Why champing in taut-reined restraint, and not lock him up until his mind works

tation been extended him at any time | just in time. That isn't coincidence:

"What do you think?" "Predestination-another name for

"You're ingenious." "Grateful, rather."

She laughed, a gentle laugh that faded in a sigh, and after a moment of anticipative silence, almost appre, hensive, felt obliged to ask: "What were you thinking about me, Gar-

"Much the usual thing, I'm afraid-" "Oh, Garrett!" Her voice was rueful though she laughed. "Again?"

Katherine. But otherwise,

mentioned today . . . gossip , , an idle rumor . . ."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LOCKING UP THE JURYMEN

Outrageous and Possibly Illegal Cus tom That Has Come Down From

Some of the shabby brocade of court etiquette has been cleared out of our courts, such as gowns and wigs Some that still hangs in faded shreds is dusty, but inoffensive But some sur viving practices are seriously objec-

For instance, the outrageous habit of tocking jurymen up. Why? Dur ing the progress of a civil case which lasts three or four days jurymen can go home nights. But when the case is given to the jury, the jury must go into continuous session, under loca and key, until it reaches a verdict There is no sufficient reason why wa should not go bome at the end of a day, and come back to our work next morning, just as we men do in any other business. The imprisonment of a jury tends to hasty decisions, to the torced verdicts of weary minds in capacitated for thinking Much bet ter to drop a difficult case, go home sleep, come fresh to the jury room in the morning and resume deliberation if jurymen are in danger of being tampered with after a case is given to them, then they are in equivalent danger of being tampered with dur

ing the progress of the case. The incarceration of the jury is, I

I am willing to give a portion of my time, without pay, to public bustness; but I resent the turning of the sheriff's key behind my back. I resent having to walk down to the street to supper (or breakfast!) in military or criminal column-by-twos. The judge very often has to spend several days

WHAT IS RIGHT?

By Rev. Stephen Paulson

TEXT-Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are bonest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things.-

There are today more people than ever before asking the question, "What is right?" They have been led to ask this question by an arousal of conscience from lethargy that at one time seemed to be as binding as prison chains. In this reawakening the church has played a most important part, but its appeals have been seconded by moralists and even by statesmen. Today the question, "What is right?" is asked not only in personal morals, but in the larger affairs of life, and to the extent that there is greater effort for higher standards of morality and of religious prac-

The question is an old one. It has been asked by man since first he knew there was right which might be distinguished from wrong. It has been discussed in all its phases, and St. Paul in his letter to the Philippians exhorts them in the words of our text. He tells them that right is "what is true, what is honest, what is just, what is pure and lovely and of good report," His exhortation is as pertinent today as then, and his definition as complete. Let us first consider men, not things.

A great many men are true so far as their standards permit them to be. There are others who seek constant elevation of standards so that they may be pearer the ideal true man. To be a true man means to be truthful in thought, in speech, in act, to be devoid of dissimilation, to be right and to be just what you seem to be; to be loyal to all that is good and devoted to the furtherance of good. Such a man invariably answers the question "What is right?" correctly, and his answer

has the respect of his fellow men. A great many men are honest so far as the demands of relationship with other men may go, and few go beyond this point and are honest with themselves as well as with their fellows. In their transactions they have no doubts, no regrets, no sufferings of conscience. They make every transaction a closed transaction in every sense of the word. They are right. Such men are the examples of

honesty that should be emulated. Men are just in the measure that they mete to their fellow men; and some of them are just to the extent that they heap the measure to overflowing. They neither weigh to the ounce, nor exact their pound of flesh as old Shylock did. If anything, they are just to the point of generosity and have the satisfaction of knowing that they have given full value or full credit to all with whom they come in

Most men are pure to the extent that they have no faults or vices that others whose thoughts even are pure and to whom impurity is absolutely obnoxious. They think good, and as the thought is the father of the act, they act well. These are the men at whom the finger of suspicion never points, but are always held as models after which we should pattern.

Men who are truly honest, just and pure, men whose thoughts are always upward, are men of good report. They bave unassailable reputations supported by unimpeachable characters. They ask the question, "What is right?" from the innermost recesses of their souls, and answer it with all the enlightenment of conscience and spiritual guidance that God can give them. They are always men of good report and always will be so long as they possess the virtues that the apostle has enumerated.

I know that the apostle tells the brethren to "think of things that are "I'm a persistent beggar, you know, true, honest, pure, lovely and of good report." It is by thinking of these also, I happened to hear your name things that men become honest, true and just. The apostle asks them not only to think but to reason, for he says that "if there is any virtue in these things, if there be any praise" thinking of them will bring them into their lives and cause them to be grateful for the good they receive. Men who think honestly, men who try to be conscientious gain for themselves all the good that can be derived from right thought and pure thinking. And that good is ability to think straight. and answer correctly the question,

What is right?" Of course there is no absolute right. Men do not think alike. They have not the same standards, nor the same conceptions, and yet they have one standard of right and their conception of that standard will always grow better and better the more they study it. That standard was set by Christ. Paul studied it, and his wonderful growth Eedy. in spirituality enabled him to tell the Philippians what they should think about, for he knew that the man who was true, honest, just and pure, the man who regarded things that were elevating and of good report, would be come the man who would be able sooner or later to answer more exactly the question, "What is right?"

You can follow Paul's prescription, especially if you ask for that guidance which has been promised you by that greatest exemplar of right

Woman's Rights. During these days we hear a great really women's wrongs. I know not they term equality with men. Man and woman are equal in the sight of God, but here below woman occupies to be man's helpmate and to supplekind and gentle under long suffering. -Bishop J. J. Nilan, Roman Catholic, Hartford, Conn.

All human culture rests on a will-



GENERAL GRANT ON DRINKING

Does Not Touch Liquor and Has Not for Over 18 Years Because He Is Afraid of It.

"Tell the young men through your paper that General Grant does not drink a drop of liquor-has not for 18 years; because he is afraid to drink

"Now you listen," continued the "When I was a boy at general. School, and at West Point, I was a pet because of the greatness of my father. I was given every opportunity to drink, and I did drink-some. As I got older and mixed with men, warscarred veterans who fought with my father would come up and, for the sake of old times, ask me to celebrate with them the glory of past events, and I did-some. "Then when I was made minister

to Austria the customs of the country and my official position almost compelled me to drink, always. I tried to drink with extreme moderation, because I knew that alcohol is the worst polson a man could take into his system; but I found out it was an impossibility to drink moderately.

"I could not say, when drink was placed before me: 'No, I only drink in the morning,' or at certain hours. The fact that I indulged at all compelled me to drink on every occasion or be absurd.

"For that reason, because moderate drinking is a practical impossibility, I became an absolute teetotaler-a crank, if you please. I will not allow it even in my house. When a man can say, 'I never drink,' he never has to drink, is never urged to drink, never offends by not drinking; at least that is my experience.

"Give me the sober man, the absolute teetotaler every time. He's dependable. If I had the greatest appointive powers in the country, no pointment from me unless he showed proof of his absolute teetotalism.

"If I could, by offering my body a sacrifice, free this country from this fell cancer, drink, I'd thank the Almighty for the privilege of doing it."

## SCIENCE IS AGAINST ALCOHOL

United States Government Publishes Some Valuable Papers Read by Sincere Temperance Workers.

Some valuable papers, read by Dr. F. D. Crothers and others at the semi-annual meeting of the American Society for the Study of Alcohol and Other Drug Narcotics held at Washington, have been published by the United States government in pamphmen, he states, possessed the endur- quences." ance of youth. They numbered then found their way to them as the Island became inhabited by the white race. Men, women and children began to helleving it a blessing. Today the Maoris are a race of physical and moral degenerates, numbering only 41,000 " Thousands of tippling members of the white race are as truly, if not as visibly, degenerating,

The Debt of Love.

The world abounds in sorrow and suffering. It is full of sad hearts and hungry lives; full of the pinches of poverty, the weariness of toil, of restlesness, and loneliness, and pain. Is not paying the debt of love and sympathy we owe, not only to our relations and friends, but also in some measure to our poorer neighbors, and all our fellow creatures?

If our hearts are filled with the glorlous radiance of God's love, we shall most surely find all sorts of ways of manifesting it. It will color all our actions, down to the very touch of our hand, or the smile we give to the tittle stranger child in the street. And if we do but live in the consciousness we shall owe nothing else besides. forgiven our great debt to him, and commandments," one of which is,

Swallowing the Farm.

to get money enough together to buy ance and toil, "shall reap in joy." a farm. But that is just where you figure it out yourself. An acre of deal of women's rights which are land contains 43,560 square feet. Estimating, for convenience, the land at whether women will ever get what \$43.56 an acre, you will see that it brings the land to just 1 mill per square foot. Now pour down the flery a different station. She was created a strawberry patch. Call in five of equinoctial storm. And they keep dry your friends and have them help you doing it, to. ment what he lacked. She was to be gulp down that 500-foot garden. Go on a prolonged spree some day and see how long it requires to swallow enough pasture land to feed a cow. Put down that glass of gin; there is dirt in it-100 feet of good, rich dirt, judge announced that a wife has the ingness to make sacrifices to the worth \$43.56 per acre.-Robert J. Bur-

## A Psalm of Deliverance

Sunday School Lesson for Oct. 29, 1911 Specially Arranged for This Paper

LESSON TEXT-Psalm 55.
MEMORY VERSES-19-H.
GOLDEN TEXT-"The Lord hath done great things for us; whereof we are glad."

PLACE IN HISTORY-Just when this Pealm was written is unknown, but in its spirit it belongs to the return from the exile, the times of our last two lessons. Psalms 121, 122, 135, 130 are among the Pilgrim Psalms.

"Psalms of Deliverance" came as a vivifying power into the hearts of the returned exiles, who in the midst of their joy were overwhelmed with difficulties, and hardships and discouragements. The reality was far different from the ideal pictures in their minds. They had seen Victory glorious in the distance, but were not plunged into the turmoil and smoke of battle. They were tempted to say to the prophets that Pliable in the Slough of Despond, angrily said to Christian who had urged him to go on the pilgrimage to the Celestial City: "Is this the happiness you have told me all this while of?" But songs of deliverance keep the celestial hope ever in view. They point out the way to the things hoped for, and show

"the evidence of things not seen." "Thou has been favorable unto thy land," shown by bringing back the captivity of Jacob. This was a most marvelous event and not even to be hoped for in the natural course of things

"When the Lord turned again the captivity of Zion," caused the stream of captives that flowed to Babylon to turn back and flow to Zion; "like the streams in the south," in suddenness and overflowing fullness.

The loving kindness of God proves that he has forgiven their past transgressions. "Thou hast forgiven the iniquity of thy people." Canceled it, as an account of debt is canceled, or taken away as a heavy, crushing man would get even the smallest ap- burden. Covered all their sin. Blotted out of sight, covered it with a mantle, so that they were in God's sight as those who had never sinned. We need forgiveness as wide as the sin. And we find in the Bible as many terms expressing forgiveness as we found for expresing sin-Forgive, Remit, Send away, Cover up, Blot out, Destroy, Wash away, Cleanse.

The returned exiles gained a new knowledge of God's Word, a new world experience, they lost the independent nation, but gained the independent church, from which blossomed the Messiah, the Saviour of the world. The old, eternal law of sin and death was irrevocable, never ceased; but the changed character permits a new law to override the consequences. In the words of Dr. let form. Dr. Crothers, who is the John Thomas of Liverpool: "Every superintendent of the Walmet Lodge man who knows anything knows that hospital, Hartford, Conn., and an one law can be neutralized by anothearnest worker for temperance, con- er. There is a law of gravitation tributes a suggestive paper on "The which keeps this Bible here upon the Future of the Alcoholic Problem" desk. That law cannot be altered, it There are enough facts in this book cannot be stopped; it will draw, and let gathered by experts, damaging to draw, and draw, whatever you may the drink traffic to destroy it many say or do, but it can be neutralized keep the wolf from the door. times over. Here is one of them: by the law of my will. I can lift the "The Maoris of New Zealand, accord- book and make the law of gravitation when he first visited the island almost | is exactly what we say about the par- | will stop at the door, perfect in physique. Even the old don of sin and the arrest of its conse-

God has done much for them, but over 120,000. Alcohol and tobacco they longed for more. So many evils remained, the nation was yet so imperfect, so far from what it might be. Illustration from Dr. Chapman's addrink and smoke, in their innocence dress to the Harvard students. "Remember, friends, that it is God's standard your life and mine must come up against. A friend of mine went to see an old washerwoman, and as he entered the house the sheets hanging on the line in front of the house impressed him as especially white, spotlessly white. He went into the house, and was there for some time. It had commenced to snow in the meantime. When he came out, he noticed that the snowflakes had been falling on the clothes, and that it so, in any degree, because we are the sheets did not seem white at all, but yellow rather. He spoke to the old washerwoman. 'Why, what's the matter? They looked so very white when I came in, and now they don't look white at all.' The old woman

said: 'What can stand against God Almighty's white." There is a charming little booklet called "Expectation Corner," an allegory on prayer almost as good as "Pilgrim's Progress," A poor man in Redeemed Land mourned over his poverty, and was taken at last to see of owing a great debt of love, and the Lord's treasure houses. There he then strive day by day to discharge it, found a room called the Missed Blessings Office, full of blessings marked And only as we do this can we please for him which his weak faith would him and be like him, who, because not expect, so that his door was he had nothing to pay, has so freely closed when they were brought. He saw another storehouse, called the Dewho has said, "If ye love me, keep my layed Blessings Office, full of good things for which the receivers were Owe no man anything, but to love not prepared, or which were not fully one another; for he that loveth an ripened for their best use. They were other hath fulfilled the law."-M. A. growing and would be sent in fullness

Truth shall spring out of the earth, from men on earth, as plants grow from the ground. They seek God "in matic nose, while you are stirring up sincerity and in truth," and such praythe sugar in a 10-cent glass of gin let ers receive the answer of righteousme give you a fact to wash down with ness from heaven, a right heart, a it. You may say you have longed for right life, inspiration to righteousness, years for the free, independent life of and guidance in the right way. "They the farmer, but have never been able that sow in tears" of sincere repent-

As Haggai told them that drought; are mistaken. For some years you and mildew, and meager crops were have been drinking a good improved, the punishment for their sins and irrefarm at the rate of 100 square feet a ligion, so now the blessings of prosgulp. If you doubt this statement, perity are promised as the visible reward and sign of God's favor.

Lots of persons carry their umbrellas these days irrespective of the assurance given by scientists that there dose and imagine you are swallowing is probably no such thing as an

> in refusing to grant a divorce to a man who had set up the claim that his wife was a scold a Kansas City right to scold if her bushand gives rovocation Solomon has successors

## WHAT I WENT THROUGH

Before taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Natick, Mass. - "I cannot express what I went through during the change of life before I tried Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Com-pound. I was in such a nervous condition could not keep still. My limbs were cold, I had and I could not sleep

and I could not sleep nights. I was finally told by two phys-icians that I also had a tumor. I read one day of the wonderful cures made by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and decided to try it, and it has made me a well woman. My neighbors and friends declare it had worked a miracle for mc. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is worth its weight in gold for women during this period of life. If it will help others you may publish my letter."—Mrs. NATHAN B. GREATON, 51 N. Main Street, Natick, Mass.

The Change of Life is the most critical period of a woman's existence. Women everywhere should remember that there is no other remedy known to medicine that will so successfully carry women through this trying period as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vege-table Compound.

If you would like special advice about your case write a confiden-tial letter to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. Her advice is free, and always helpful.



CONTINUOUS PERFORMANCE.



Poet-In winter I write poems to

Admiring Friend-Yes-Poet-And in summer I have to ing to Captain Cook, were at the time | to appear as though it were not. That | keep on writing poems so the iceman

They're All About Tailors. "All criticism," said Professor Brander Matthews in one of his bril-Hant Columbia lectures, "is to a certain extent, personal and blased." He paused and smiled. "The Tailor and Cutter, a weekly paper," he resumed,

"anid in a recent leading article; "'Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus," Meredith's "Evan Harrington" and Kingsley's "Alton Locke" will be great classics when the ephemeral novels of today will have long since per-

Dignified mother of prospective bride (to social editor) -And little Dorotha, sister of the bride, who is to be flower girl, will be dressed like a Dresden shepherdess, with golden crook festooned with rosebuds and-Young voice from the stairway-

Ma, where is the washrag?-Judge.

Not If He Knew It. "That's a nice little game you played on that girl in not showing up at the church when you were to be married to her."

Sometimes a girl gets confidential and tells a man that a lot of other

"Well, it wasn't a tie game."

men have tried to kiss her, but he is the only one who succeeded. SHIFT If Your Food Fails to Sustain You, Change.

One sort of diet may make a person despondent, depressed and blue and a change to the kind of food the body demands will change the whole thing.

A young woman from Phila, says: "For several years I kept in a rundown, miserable sort of condition, was depressed and apprehensive of trouble. I lost flesh in a distressing way and seemed in a perpetual sort of dreamy nightmare. No one serious disease showed, but the 'all-over' sickness was

"Finally, between the doctor and father, I was put on Grape-Nuts and cream, as it was decided I must have a nourishing food that the body could make use of.

enough.

"The wonderful change that came over me was not, like Jonah's gourd, the growth of a single night, yet it came with a rapidity that astonished

"During the first week I gained in weight, my spirits improved, and the world began to look brighter and more worth while.

"And this has continued steadily, till now, after the use of Grape-Nuts for only a few weeks, I am perfectly well, feel splendidly, take a lively interest in everything, and am a changed person in every way." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Read the little book "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason." Ever read the above letter! A one appears from time to time. are genuine, true, and full of hutterest.