CHAPTER III.

A Loss and a Find. "I am sure that there must be color in our souls," said Iris Vanderpool,

"At this moment," replied Mr. Samwel Hill, "my soul is the exact hue of tea with lemon in it, shading off to the color of a jam sandwich."

With a petulant little gesture, Iris turned from the window out of which she had been gazing at the slowly darkening city.

"You always spoil my best ideas!" she said. "Why can't you reply sympathetically? But you shall have tea, of course.

As she crossed over to seat herself beside him, he noted the shade that clouded her eyes. She settled herself in her corner of the sofa and he leaned over, taking both her hands

"You mustn't be cross," he said, tenderly.

"I think you owe it to me to be a meaning. A little more poetic! Why, able." you don't even look like an artist any

"Don't I?" said he, slowly rising and regarding himself in a mirror opposite. "Iris," said he after a moment of silent inspection, "must a fellow really have long hair in order to be a good away, I can't endure you!" painter, do you think?"

"Don't be absurd!" she answered; something deeper, something more im- go?" portant, far. Why, if I did not see the lovely things you do with your brush, I could not believe you were an artist. You never give out your temperament in any other way, and I am hungry for it."

silly talk about the color of your soul? | come back." Lord! girlie, can't you learn to live those things instead of talking about them? Can't you see that they lose in value if expressed in any but the highest way? One has to keep one's mouth shut in order that all the his heel. strength be left for one's hand."

"And apply none of it to daily life?" she cried.

"Live it; don't apply it," he answered dryly.

"One grows by expression!" she declared; "by expression of every sort. My father's friends, lots of the people who come here, are living splendidly inside themselves, and they give it out, and consequently they are interesting. When I became engaged to you I thought I was going to find the | to hear the front door close after him, | gret welled up afresh in her heart. same sort of intercourse, only intensified. But you are not what I thought | mildly inquiring gaze of a footman, cast herself across the deskboard. you were, and my soul is unsatisfied." "Look here, dearest," said he lightly,

"don't go for me the first day you get home. It's a long while-two entire weeks-since we have been to- a cold horror clutching at her heart carved ornament beneath her right hide? A good way to get out of sight gether, and here we go, off the handle, first thing. Let's cut it out, and be sweet to each other instead. Tell me about the last couple of weeks. You're not a very satisfactory correspondent, bored with luxurious surroundings and her unwitting touch. It was a shall see if the bear trainer was joking; but

"I walked, and rode horseback, as usual," she replied. "There was time for once for me to learn to know myself; to commune with my inner consciousness. I read Swinburne. you know, I think his aura must have been blue, like mine?"

Sam Hill helped himself to a fifth iam sandwich before replying

"That must have been great; especially the riding," he exclaimed. "And that reminds me, Iris, there is a wonderful horse at the Winter garden. I'll take seats for tomorrow, if you say so. You'll like it, I'm sure. There are some bully acrobats, too.'

With the air of a tragedy queen Miss Vanderpool arose and swept to the center of the room, her gray gown coiling about her feet like clouds of smoke. Very young she looked, and was a woman hurt in her sensitive Withal, she had a certain dignity despite her youth, consequent perhaps, on the position which had been hers since the death of the mother she could scarcely remember.

"Why, what on earth is the matter?" cried Hilf, admiring her immensely, unspeakably.

"Matter?" she cried tragically; "you ask me that? I tell you that my soul is hungry-starved! and you retort with an invitation to a music-hall! It is unthinkable! How can you? You have no sympathy, no understanding. I hate you. There!"

She turned from him abruptly.

"Iris!" he cried, springing to her side and putting his arm about her. "You must not say such things, you silly child. When I leave my work want to play-just to play like a child -and a trained horse amuses me; frankly and truly, I do like it. You hardly ever laugh for sheer merriment. It's most neurotic, I'm darned if it isn't!"

"I'm not a silly child," cried Iris hotly, disengaging herself from his embrace. "I'm not neurotic! My soul is torn."

"Oh, marry me right away, and let your soul go hang!" exclaimed Hill. 'All you need is a tasto of life! Honestly I understand about this feeling of yours, dear. Believe me, work and

living in earnest are the answers and the cure." "You don't understand!" she cried; "every word you utter makes that plainer. You never have any great emotional experiences-at least, that I can see-and so, of course, you can't recognize them as real in others. You

may be an artist on canvas, but you are not an artist of life, and that is far more important! I suppose you ence forever. I shall stiffe if I have unique feature of the apartment was fancy, perhaps! Suddenly something will go on leading your ordered existto share it! And I thought you were the great, low desk. It was a Flemish a romantic figure. Why, you work as piece, unusual in shape and construcregularly as any business man, and tion, and covered with a multitude of

as hard!" "A curious complaint," said he, the half-smile dying upon his lips. "You

The Impossible Boy

By NINA WILCOX PUTNAM

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perhaps, but one we all have to learn." his rare smile was a thing to be grunted softly, "That is a theory which I do not remembered. Of her mother Iris had intend to live by," she said rather no recollection, but from her earliest that had spoken before, "He's just

"How am I to take that?" said the

"As you see fit," she replied. to think that you did so. You have changed.'

"For your sake!" he expostulated. suddenly angry. "If I have whipped myself into some semblance of a hu- the depression which had come upon man being, it has been-I was going to say, for you; but it is more than that. It has been for the work's own sake. And now you are ready to repulittle more-more romantic! No! diate me because of that very accom-That is a poor word to express my plishment. You are unfair, unreason-

> "Oh, don't be so logical, or I shall go mad!" she cried. "I hate your reasonableness!"

"Very well, then," said he, trying to smile, "I'll be unreasonable."

"And don't be facetious! Oh, go

"Look here, Iris," he said hoarsely, "I'm not joking. God forbid! This, "it isn't that, of course! But it is is getting too serious. Am I really to

> "Or let your spirit out of its cage," she said.

For the third time Hill committed his greatest mistake.

"You are a foolish child!" he said angrily. "Very well, then, I'll go. But "For what?" he asked. "A lot of I warn you, if you send me off, I'll not

For a moment he waited, hoping that she would speak, but she said nothing, merely standing there and trembling a little, though white and and silent, Suddenly Hill turned on

"Confound all women!" he mut tered, and without a single backward glance flung himself out of the room in a fury.

For a moment or two longer she stood motionless, and then throwing her arms out wildly, she cried his name aloud.

"Oh, Sam!" she called, "come back please come back!"

Running out into the upper hall, she arrived at the stair-head just in time and was instantly obliged to fiee the who came in to remove the tea tray. When he was gone, however, she cast agonized white fingers. herself face downward among the gray cushions of the sofa and cried bitterly, ed, astonishing thing happened. The as she slowly came to see the reality hand flew outward with a spring. Iris is to remain where you are, and tell of what she had done. For Hill had spoken the truth when

striving after she knew not what. Her low drawer, about six by ten inches father adored her, and gave her ab- in diameter, and was filled with pasolute liberty. The people whom she pers, written out in Spanish (to her knew by inheritance meant little to an unintelligible language), the script her; she found them introspective, being that fine, close one of which she self-absorbed, and amateurs at the arts had just been thinking. There were a they affected, many of them simply number of these, but, stranger still, on hangers-on of her beauty-loving father, top of them lay a miniature in a frame who with the years had become less of brilliants. At this she stared long, the man of affairs and more the man with fascinated, incredulous eyes, for of letters and patron of the arts. As the face was that of the youth who she grew up her discontent increased, had sung before the cobbler's shop; until finally, within the last two years, the youth who, with his bear, had she had stumbled upon a group of saved her from the tramp; the youth people with whom brains meant aristocracy. Here she had met Hill, and the wagon in the grimy suburban after about a year he had persuaded square! her to become engaged to him. She had consented on condition that it remain a secret for the time being. There had been no reason for concealment but the girl's innate love of romance and mystification. And so no one had been told of the engagement, ing a play. But, to her own mind, she nithough it was a well-known and of mind which was the reverse of enwidely discussed subject among their friends.

And it was all over! Welf, possibly It was for the best,

She buried her face deeper in the esthetic gray cushions. Her soul must have expression! It must!

Desperately unhappy, but not without a certain enjoyment of her own she had never really cared from the misery, she arose with the determination to find her father, and extract what comfort she could from him, without telling him her trouble, Perhaps he was in his library now. She would go and see. Slowly she descended the wide stairs. At the street a few moments, coming upon Washentrance stood her father, evidently ington square, he flung himself upon

on the point of leaving the house. Vanderpool was a handsome man, and had retained an intangible atmosphere of youth, despite the responsibilities of his wealth, and despite the hat, he sat moodily staring into space. obvious fact that he had lived intenzely in the emotional side of his

"Hello, little Iris!" he said. "You seem a bit pale, my dear! Were you

looking for me?" "Yes, father!" replied Iris, "but I-

you are going out, I see, so-"I've an appointment that is rather pressing," said he, a little anxious pucker gathering between his eyes, but if your business can't wait, mine will have to."

"Oh! mine is nothing, nothing!" said Iris, with what seemed to her divine submission to fate.

"Then we'll have a fine talk at breakfast," returned her father. "I'm dining out. Good-night, my dear!" The door closed behind him, and Iris

turned into the library. The room spoke strongly of her father. It was large and fine and romantic, like him; it was dignified, too, containing several almost priceless treasures. But perhaps the most intricate ornaments, carved deep into its heavy surface.

Vanderpool had never been a very know little, dear, of life, or you would light-hearted person, but he had a not talk like this. Control is the pass. subtle charm which was more fasci- alert. In the darkness beside him

word to success. It is a bitter fact, | nating than any gaiety could be, and | crouched a shapeless mass, which | I childhood she had seen her father as woke up. It's only my bear!" an individual, instead of merely as "father," a being from whom came the luxuries of material existence; and was a cloud over his existence, she knew, and she assumed it to be the loss of her mother. But this explanation was not sufficient to account for him lately. What could the trouble which came by registered mail, with foreign stamps, some of which the tramp by the wayside at Stamford had so nearly stolen from her? Stamford! himself. If only she had stayed in the free, innocent air of the country, among the



'Oh, Sam!" She Wailed Aloud, and Cast Herself Across the Deskboard.

crimson maples, where troubles slipped from one so easily. Her thoughts flew to her erstwhile lover, and bitter re-

"Oh Sam!" she wailed aloud, and grasping the carvings opposite with

Then suddenly an utterly unexpectraised her tear-stained face in amaze- no one about it. People so promptly ment, and there before her lay open | forget about you." he implied that she was merely a child a secret compartment, responsive to who, later, she had watched paint

CHAPTER IV.

That Which Is No Robbery. Meanwhile Sam Hill had flung him-

self into the street, and into a state viable. Reason was suddenly impossible. The arguments which he had advanced to Iris but a moment since now failed him, and his one mastering, overwhelming thought was that he had lost her.

It had all happened so suddenly that the shock left him gasping. Probably first, he thought, for had she ever been in love with him she could not have dismissed him on so flimey a pretext.

While this passed through his brain, he had been walking rapidly, and after one of the benches near the center, stretching his legs out straight in front of him, folding his arms, and, frowning under the tilted brim of his

Darkness had not quite fallen yet, and all about him poured the homeward-bound crowds from the neighboring shops, factories and offices-an unceasing stream, varied as the nations of the earth.

Quieter and yet more quiet grew the square. At this hour the virtuous were eating in their homes, while the wicked fed in luxury over there to the northwest, where already the white flare of middle Broadway was flung against the darkened sky. Over all hung the indefinable yet definite spirit of the city! intricate, throbbing, fraught with the joys and horrors of civilization.

And Sam Hill still sat glowering out upon the scene. "Ob the wonder of it!" said a low

voice at his elbow.

With an effort Hill aroused himself, the aching trouble in his heart pulsing painfully at the return to conscious ness of his own personality. Had some one spoken to him? It was only his cool and damp and unmistakably alive thrust itself into the relaxed palm of his hand, causing him to start up. Then the cool thing shot forward, leaving his hand upon a rough coat of fur. An animal! What could it be? "Great Scott!" he exclaimed, all They await me there."

"It's only Mr. Jones." said the voice Then Sam Hill realized that the

the dimness was a small bear, to corkers. That Old Nita, now-what does she look like?" mean to live by expression. I used she had always adored him. There which was attached a chain that clanked upon the asphalt walk.

"Mr. Jones, is it?" snapped Hill 'And who the devil are you?" "I am Pedro," replied the animal's

custodian. And even in the gloom Hill could see the white gleam of a from some recess of his old coat of be? Had it to do with those letters smile. The slender figure straightened green. up on the bench beside him. "What Pedro? Pedro who?" de-

manded Hill, interested in spite of

"Only just Pedro," came the answer Then followed a laugh-a wonderful, rippling laugh, ending abruptly, as ing them intently. though a door had been closed upon "Well, Pedro, whoever you are," re-

plied Hill, "you seem to be in as ill hour."

"Are you hungry, too?" Pedro inquired.

Hill laughed, a short laugh, not so pleasant to hear as the other's. "In a way," said he.

"Ah!" said Pedro pityingly, and by the tone Hill knew that the youth had guessed at a hidden meaning in his

"Why do you come to the city?" asked the latter, after a pause. "Your brotherhood usually keep to the open "I come because I am an artist, and

here I shall have more opportunity to paint," replied Pedro. "You speak as though you

genius," said Hill bitingly. "Perhaps I am," Pedro returned. There was a silence, during which Mr. Jones fumbled the hand of his new acquaintance affectionately.

"What is your trouble?" Somehow Hill was not in the least offended by the question. For a moment he considered it, then:

"I must go away and hide myself," "And you don't want to go away?" "Yes-or rather, I want to go, al-

though it is a duty I take a bitter pleasure in discharging. But I must go, because I must hide." "Oh!" said Pedro. "Why go off to

Hill peered at the youthful face to "Perhaps!" said he. Then to change the subject, "When did you arrive in

the city?" "This afternoon."

"And what, exactly, do you expect to do?" "To find a master, and to study; to find a studio, and to paint," was the

"And meanwhile go hungry! Are you saving all your money for the ends you mention?"

"I have no money," explained Pedro cheerfully. "Then how do you plan to get your

studio?" "I do not know yet," Pedro told him. "But there must be a great many

in so large a city." "So you are not daunted by the somewhat uncertain future before

you," remarked Hill, "even though you are unfed?" "I have been that before," retorted

Pedro dryly. "Well," said Hill, "the most imme diate of our troubles can be mended. I, too, am hungry. Will you dine with

"We shall be glad to," said Pedro. Hill had forgotten the bear, but when Pedro said "we" he realized that there were three hungry beings. "All right," he said, making a rapid

mental inventory of the restaurants he knew. Hitting at last on the right one, he got to his feet with a jerk. "Come along, we'll go over to Galotti's "

They ate the entire menu with very little conversation. Then they pushed back their chairs a little, and talked. in it!" Hill tossed a package of cigarettes upon the table, lighting one himself. Pedro followed suit, inhaling the fumes with a long sigh of contentment.

"You are fond of that bear?" asked "I am," replied Pedro. "He is my

good friend; he is the thing I love most of all." "Tell me of your wanderings with

him." he asked. And Pedro told him. The elder man sat very still as he listened, his chair tilted back against the brick wall, his eyes narrowed to mere slits of light as he watched the young raconteur through the blue haze of smoke. What tales these were to which he listened; how they stirred the wanderlust in

Then, too, the fascination of the ancient and honorable profession of beardancing had taken hold on Hill. But though he listened well, every little while came the thought of his lost love, and with it a wave of depression swept over him. With a desperate efanother question.

"Where are your companions?"

"Very near the public garden from which we have just come," responded Pedro. "Down the little cobbly street to where the air-railway turns; then in a little door, through a court, to an old house with wooden balconies.

"How fitting!" murmured Hill, "How

should like to see them! Would

"Without a doubt," said Pedro:

'they recognize a friend at once, even as a dog or a bear does!" "I've a mind to go back with you," creature at which he was staring in said Hill jokingly. "They must be

they receive me well?"

"She-why she looks-she looks like Time himself," responded the boy. 'See, I will show you."

stump of a pencil and a small pad "This is Nita," said he, turning over

several pages, and handing the open book to Hill. "Old Nita, and that next is Beau-Jean, scolding Koko." Hill took the proffered papers idly,

and suddenly sat very erect, examin-"Who drew these?" he inquired after a moment.

"Why, me, of course," said Pedro. For another little space Hill was straits as myself, else you would not silent, turning over the sheets in his be sitting in the square at such an hand. There were perhaps twenty sketches in the pad. From his scrutiny of them, he raised his eyes to Pedro. Could the boy be telling the truth? Had he actually drawn these things? They were remarkable. Surely such a one as had done them would be famous, for work like this was not to be hid easily. Indeed, it was amazingly good. It was the work of a born draftsman. But Pedro's face showed no signs of uneasiness. On the contrary, his eyes were alight as he explained who the people were.

"Do you like my drawings?" asked Pedro, suddenly self-conscious, a deep flush spreading over his face and neck.

"Like them!" was all Hill replied, but at the tone of his voice Pedro's eyes sparkled. "I love to draw people, and lots of

people together, and places. And I love to draw Mr. Jones."

"Who taught you?" asked Hill. "Long ago, when I was small, some one taught me every day," said Pedro. Then I have painted a little here and a little there. But I have yet so much, so much to learn! That is why I came here to find a studio, that I might really learn."

Privately, Hill was convinced that what Pedro needed was the opportunity. That was all. It was remarkable, but true. Suddenly he leaned across the little table.

"I suppose you love that bear tremendously?" he asked. "Yes," said Pedro, instantly aware

of an impending development. "More than your art?" Pedro laughed. Then he sobered. "No," he said, "of course not. I supose I would even give him up if need

brother. The boy's eyes were bright with excitement, and the warm color had crept into his face as he spoke.



Across the mouth of the man oppo-

born decision. "Then give him up!" cried Hill. "I am a painter. Give him to me in exchange for my studio and all that is

CHAPTER V.

Two Meetings. Next morning Pedro awoke with a

sense of strangeness upon him, and instinctively stretched out his hand to touch Mr. Jones, who always slept beside him. But the bear was missing. Instead of a rough, warm coat that heaved sleepily beneath bis hand, he touched a coverlet soft as silk. At this, his sense of uneasiness increased, and with an effort he opened his eyes and sat up. Ah, yes! He remembered now. Mr. Jones was gone. Gone with the sanction of his master, gone perhaps never to return! One by one the events of the preceding evening came back to his mind. His hesitancy Hill's arguing with him, the details of their compact, and his final agree ment to the extraordinary proposal Ah, yes! and Hill's writing of the two letters, one of which gave him, Pedro, possession of the apartment in which he now found himself. The other to a fort to pull away from it he asked friend of Hill's to be delivered on the morrow-that was today-today.

Slowly he let his gaze travel about the comfortable little bedroom in which he lay. Its furnishings were simple in the extreme, yet adequate. Opposite him stood a chest of drawers, mahogany, and old. There were brushes on it and a few simple ebony toilet necessities. At the foot of the bed was a door, half closed. The cerned.-New York World.

studio was in there! At the thought he sprang up and flung the door wide to discover if his memory of the night was a vision or a reality.

As he stood upon the threshold he seemed for an instant to see, not the room before him, but the upright, fashionably clad figure of Hill, leading a bear off into the dark regions beyond Washington square. Then, throwing back his head, he laughed, and stepped into the studio.

Once it had been the attic covering the upper floors of two adjoining houses. In every sense the place was a workshop, replete with the most per fect tools for the trade of the brush, and the only spot conducive to idling was the chimney corner. Upon the smaller easel stood the half-finished portrait of a man, while against one wall a pile of canvases was standing. their faces hidden.

Pedro drew a long breath of delight. Then it was true; it had not been a dream, after all! He thought of Mr. Jones again, and for a moment the pang of that dear remembrance was bitter. How was Hill getting on with Old Nita? he wondered, if only it Saying which, he brought out a were possible to be with them, and here at the same time! Ah, well! one could not serve two masters, and he had chosen and did not regret. On the mantel shelf stood a letter

that Pedro had placed there on the previous evening. Hill had given it to him with the injunction to deliver it at the earliest possible moment. He read the superscription with interest: Abraham Lincoln Leigh

An address on Tenth street followed Pedro determined to deliver it at once.

The house in which Abraham Lincoln Leigh lived, was, like almost every other building in this neighborhood, now being put to a use other than that for which it was originally intended, for once it had been a ware house for the storage of paper.

"Yep!" said the hallboy, in response to Pedro's inquiry as to whether Mr. Leigh was in. "Third to your right. Last door!"

So Pedro mounted and knocked. "Come!' said a resonant voice, which was like the booming of a great bell. And Pedro, rejoicing at the music of it, promptly obeyed.

It was a large studio which he entered, large and crowded and disordered beyond belief. Several corners had been screened off for uses other than those of sculpture, which was the self-evident occupation of the proprie-

At the moment of Pedro's entrance Abraham Lincoln Leigh was stooping over a fryingpan full of bacon, which was sizzling on the stove; and the instantaneous impression which his visitor received was that the man's name had in some curious fashion influenced his personal appearance. He was very tall, and his leanness was extraordinary. As Pedro entered, he did not even turn his head for a moment, but continued manipulating the bacon deliberately. When it was reversed, he looked up at his visitor, and again the mellow voice rang out like the slow chimes of a church bell.

"Who are you?" "I am Pedro," said the owner of that name, flashing his white smile.

have a letter from Sam Hill." "Ah!" remarked Leigh, not, however, offering to take the missive, but | Figures compiled from city and comlooking at the bearer, and, as be-and yet he is like my own commonly the case, liking him. Then, jurors in attendance upon effective in response to that smile of Pedro's, Leigh smiled, a rare thing in him, and an illuminating

"Have you had your breakfast?" he asked.

"Why, no! I haven't!" exclaimed the boy, evidently surprised at the recollection of his lack. Leigh looked him over again, his face grave despite the gathering up

of the little lines at the corners of his eyes. "You're a friend of Sam's?" he

"I am his most devoted one!" ex-

claimed Pedro fervently. Again Leigh smiled. "No, you are not," he said. "However, the forks and spoons are in that bureau, and you'll find a cup on the shelf behind that screen."

Pedro stared at him for a breath. and then, with a laugh, he threw his hat and his letter down upon a chair, and went in search of the articles mentioned. "Gracias!" he said, "I am very hun

gry. Maybe you know what that feels like, ch? "You bet!" said Leigh solemnly. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

JAWS MUST HAVE EXERCISE

Preservation of the Teeth-Eat Stale Bread. "The jaws were designed for use," said Dr. Horace L. Howe in a discus-

Vigorous Mastication Makes for the

sion at the recent meeting of a dental "Recently a strong, handsome, splendidly developed Swedish gentleman tooth was perfect. The jaws were asked one of the city ministers large and well developed. Only four or five small fillings were present. 1 remarked that he must have used his

teeth when young. "In reply ne told me that his people in Sweden considered bread unfit for food if less than three weeks old. There is no doubt that the use of the jaws in vigorous mastication is the source of stimulation toward their development and the source of the preservation of the teeth after they erupt.

"The jaws will not develop without

the blood supply, which is, in turn, dependent on the stimulation of exercise. "One of the most pitiful objects l ever beheld was a boy of perhaps fifteen whose lower jaw was of the size of that of a child of six. What caused this condition? I know it was due to lack of use. Of this I am positive because the boy had ankylosis of the jaws from childhood. His jaw lacked

Matter of Chances With 70 deaths by homicide and 68 by automobiles for the first six months of the year, the difference be tween crime and joy-riding in this city appears largely a matter of chance so far as results are con-

the stimulation of use."

Christian Temperance Union.)

SALOON IS MEANEST THING. (From an Address by the REV. PATHI PATRICK J. MURPHY.)

Is the saloon business, as we have

it in America today, an evil this

and a thing that cannot be change

into a beneficial thing? Is there p such a thing as a good saloon? A we not condemning it because of associations? You might as we talk about a decent rattlesnake or respectable hell. We certainly or demn saloons because of their ass ciations; but we are not unmindful the fact that the meanest thing about a saloon is the saloon itself. Do p know what a saloon is? A saloon a licensed, bonded and protected; sort for men, where, by the use of irritant poison known as alcohol, mo erate drinkers are first produced, a then some of these moderate drinker are converted into drunkards. The is not a saloon in the United State today that has not purposely as knowingly produced some drunkard One hundred thousand drunkards year may not be an overestimate the finished product of an industry, which you and I are engaged, as a operators, by granting licenses under the seal of the various states. saloon is an institution for making drunkards. Drunkenness does as make a man respectable today. does not recommend him for a respon sible position. It does not entitle his to the confidence of his friends. The railroad company does not want ; drunkard in the train or on the h comotive. The steamship company does not want him on the bridge. The commercial house or banking instin tion does not want him handling is funds. The merchant does not were him behind the counter. The nurs facturer does not want him beds the machine. We do not call in drunken physician if we care med for the patient. We do not hire drunken lawyer if we want to gain suit. We do not want drunken teid ers in our schools. We do not wu drunken judges on the beach. T can go right ahead and elaborates that just as much as you like 6 of the strongest arguments along the line against the saloon may summed up in these words: To saloon makes drunkards; the sup of drunkards at the present time is yond the demand; let us close do the works until advancing civilint finds some use for the product &

of the drunkards we have, for helped to make them. SAVING IN CRIMINAL COST. . The question is asked: "Is the evidence to prove that the cost is prosecuting crime is decreased und temperance?" Temperance states towns furnish an abundance of e

in the meantime let us take good as

dence. For example: Lawrence county, Pa., has make interesting discovery along this is records show that the an cases during the license period of l 1909, 1910 and the March session 1911 averaged \$1,558 for each of thirteen sessions, and that the pa age amount paid jurors during the sessions under no-license for the figures are available is only find an average saving in jury fees in of \$577.52 per session, or \$2,318.83 year. This amount exceeds by S the greatest amount received in ficenses any one year during the riod from 1965 to 1910, inclusive

JOHN BARLEYCORN DESTROYS John Barleycorn rollis westle but with them, the worst we bee am not here concerned. My con is that it is so many of the bel breed whom John Barleyens stroys. And the reason why best are destroyed is because A Barleycorn stands on every high and byway accessible, law-profits It is just those the good fellows worthwhile, the fellows with the se ness of too much strength, too \$ spirit, too much fire and flame of devilishness, that he solicits ruins. . . With John Barker out of the way, these daring would still be born; and the do things instead of perishing

INCONSISTENT.

London.

In a certain city recently the advocates had a parade. agers ruled that no intoxicated permitted to march, and called a police to see that the order sa forced. A curious situation, in "Who before ever heard of a pe whose leaders appealed to the for protection from its its ever heard of a parade that refer place in line for its finished probe

TRANSFORMATION.

If really, for once, the estimated race of mankind should it from alcohol for 30 years, 80 completely sound generation come into existence, there we sult a transformation, a fall the whole culture level, a be ing of the happiness and # men, which could easily be plant side the greatest historical retions and revolutions of know anything.-Prof. Wilhelm gandt of Wurzburg-

I look upon the liquor in grossly immoral, causing me than anything else in this and I think the federal see ought not to derive a revenue retail of intoxicating drinks.
Wilson, in the U. S. Schule, Mr.

GAIN DESIRABLE SUBJECTS If you educate the prostain from alcohol. healthy and sensible subjects