SYNOPSIS.

In the New York home of James Brood, his son, Frederic, tells Lydia Desmond, his nonces, of a message amouncing his father's marriage. Brood and his bride arrive. She wins Frederic's liking at first meeting, Brood shows dislike and veiled heafflity to his son Lydia and Mrs. Brood met in the jade-room, where Lydia works as Brood's secretary. Mrs. Brood makes changes in the household and gains her household seed and gains her household seed and gains her household seed and Lydia away She fascinates Frederic. She begins to fear Ranjab, Brood's Hindu servant, in his uncanny appearances and disappearances, and Frederic, remembering his father's East Indian stores and firm belief in magic, fears unknown evil. Brood tells the story of Ranjab's life to his guests. 'He killed a women, which was unfaithful to him. Tronne plays with Brood. Frederic and Lydia as with figures on a chess board. Brood, seadly bestom, tells Lydia that Frederic is not his son, and that he has brought him up to kill his happiness at the proper time with this knowledge. Lydia goes to beg Brood not to tell Frederic of his unhappy parentage, but is turned from her purpose. Frederic, at dinner with Dawes and Riggs, is selzed with an impulse of fillal dury, and under a queer impression that he is influenced by Ranjah's will, hunts up his father, who gives him the cut direct. Brood tells Frederic the story

CHAPTER XVI-Continued.

"It was made in Vienna," interrupted Frederick, not without a strange thrill of satisfaction in his soul, "and before you were married, I'd say. On the back of it is written: "To my own sweetheart'-in Hungarian, Yvonne says. There! Look at her. She was like that when you married her. God, how adorable she must have been. To my own sweetheart!" He ho!

A hoarse cry of rage and pain bust from Brood's lips. The world went red Then I told him." before his eyes.

"To my own sweetheart!" " he cried the young man could recover from his in your heart when you vent your rage sweetheart was!

Half an hour later James Brood descended the stairs alone. He went loved anyone else but you. I knowstarted forward as if to speak to him. drove her out. You drove Frederic But Brood did not see him. He did out. And you will drive me out." not lift his gaze from the floor. The deep dread in his soul.

The shades were down. Brood dully about the library. He was on right to saythe point of retiring when Yvonne ner beyond the fireplace.

Then she emerged slowly, almost like a specter, from the dark background formed by the huge mahogany bookeases that lined the walls, from floor to ceiling. "You were a long time "Why is it so dark in here, Yvonne?

he asked lifelessly.

"So that it would not be possible for me to see the shame in your eyes. James.

He leaned heavily against the long table. She came up and stood across the table from him, and he felt that her eyes were searching his very soul "I have hurt him beyond all chance for recovery," he said hoarsely.

"Oh, you coward!" she cried, lean ing over the table, her eyes blazing. "I can understand it in you. You have no soul of your own. What have you done to your son, James Brood?"

He drew back as if from the impact of a blow, "Coward? If I have crushed his soul, it was done in time, Yvonne,

to deprive you of the glory of doing it." "What did he say to you about me?" "You have had your fears for noth

ing. He did not put you in jeopardy, he said scornfully.

"I know. He is not a coward," she said calmly.

"In your heart you are reviling me You judge me as one guilty soul judges another. Suppose that I were to confess to you that I left him up there with all the hope, all the life blasted out of his eyes-with a wound to his heart that will never stop bleeding-that I left him because I was sorry for what I had done and could not stand by and look upon the wreck I had created. Suppose-

"I am still thinking of you as a cow ard. What is it to me that you are sorry now? What have you done to

that wretched, unhappy boy?" "He will tell you soon enough. Then you will despise me even more than I despise myself. God! He -- he looked at me with his mother's eyes when I kept on striking blows at his very soul. Her eyes-eyes that were always pleading with me! But, curse moment I faltered. There was a waveof love-yes, love, not pity, for himas I saw him go down before the words I hurled at him. It was as if I had hurt the only thing in all the world that I love. Then it passed. He going out?" was not meant for me to love. He was born for me to despise. He was born Slowly he began to pull himself toto torture me as I have tortured him." "You poor fool!" she tried, her eyes

"Sometimes I have doubted my own

reason," he went on as if he had not

Seller" Tyranny.

heard her scathing remark. times I have felt a queer gripping of the heart when I was harshest toward him. Sometimes his eyes-her eyeshave melted the steel that was driven into my heart long ago, his voice and the touch of his hand gently have checked my bitterest thoughts. Are

you listening?" "Yes?" "You ask what I have done to him It is nothing in comparison to what he would have done to me. It isn't necessary to explain. You know the thing he has had in his heart to do. have known it from the beginning. It is the treacherous heart of his mother that propels that boy's blood along its I know he is out of the house. Call craven way. She was an evil thingas evil as God ever put life into."

"Go on. loved me-God, I believe she did. Heflash in my face. She was beautifulshe was as lovely as- But no more! I was not the man. She loved another. Her lover was that boy's father.'

Dead silence reigned in the room. save for the heavy breathing of the Yvonne was as still as death toner. itself. Her hands were clenched against her breast.

"That was years ago," resumed the man, hoarsely "You-you told him this?" she cried,

"He said she must have loathed me

as no man was ever loathed before. "You told him because you knew she

did not loathe you! And you loved out. He sprang forward and struck Matilde-God pity your poor soul! For the photograph from Frederic's hand. no more than I have done you drove It fell to the floor at his feet. Before her out of your house. You accuse me surprise, Brood's foot was upon the on that poor boy. Oh, I know! You bit of cardboard. "Don't raise your suspect me! And you suspected the hand to me! Don't you dare to strike other one. Before God, I swear to me! Now I shall tell you who that you that you have more cause to suspect me than Matilde. She was not untrue to you. She could not have straight to the library where he knew God help me, I know! Don't come that he could find Yvonne. Ranjab, near me! Not now! I tell you that standing in the hall, peered into his Frederic is your son. I tell you that white, drawn face as he passed, and Matilde loved no one but you. You

She stood over him like an accusing Hindu went swiftly up the stairs, a angel, her arms extended. He shrank back, glaring.

"Why do you say these things to stopped inside the door and looked me? You cannot know-you have no

"I am sorry for you, James Brood," spoke to him out of the shadowy cor- she murmured, suddenly relaxing. Her body swayed against the table, and "Close the door," she said huskily. then she sank limply into the chair



He Sprang Forward and Struck the Photograph From Frederic's Hand

alongside. "You will never forget that you struck a man who was asleep, absolutely asleep. That's why I am sorry for you." "Asleep!" he murmured, putting his

hand to his eyes. "Yes, yes-he was asleep! Yvonne, I-I have never been so near to loving him as I am now.

'I am going up to him. Don't try to stop me. But first let me ask you a question. What did Frederic say when you told him his mother waswas what you claim?"

Brood lowered his head. "He said that I was a cowardly liar."

"And it was then that you began to feel that you loved him. Ah, I see He doubts his senses. And when he You are a great, strong man-a wonderful man in spite of all this. You have a heart-a heart that still needs and trustworthy ear, do me the kindthem-always scoffing at me! For a breaking before you can ever hope to be happy.

He gasped. "As if my heart hasn't already been broken," he groaned. "Your head has been bur, that's all.

He looked at her in dull amazement. gether.

"Yes. I think you should go to him. I-I gave him an hour to-to-"

"To get out?"

Find out what he-expects to

She passed swiftly by him as started toward the door. In the hall, which was bright with the sunlight from the upper windows, she turned to face him. To his astonishment, her cheeks were aglow and her eyes bright with eagerness. She seemed almost radiant.

"Yes; it needs breaking, James," she said, and went up the stairs, leaving him standing there dumfounded. Near the top she began to hum a blithe tune. It came down to him distinctlythe weird little air that had haunted him for years-Feverelli's!

CHAPTER XVII.

Foul Weather.

To Brood's surprise, she came halfway down the steps again, and, leaning over the railing, spoke to him with a voice full of irony.

"Will you be good enough to call off your spy, James?"

"What do you mean?" He had started to put on his light overcoat. "I think you know," she said, briefly,

"Do you consider me so mean, so infamous as-" he began hotly, "Nevertheless, I feel happier when

off your dog, James.' He smothered an execration and then called out harshly to Jones. "Ask "I loved her as no woman ever was Ranjab to attend me here, Jones. He loved before-or since. I thought she is to go out with me," he said to the butler a moment later. Yvonne was Frederic had her portrait up there to still leaning over the banister, a scornful smile on her lips.

> "I shall wait until you are gone. intend to see Frederic alone," he said. with marked emphasis on the final

"As you like," said he, coldly,

She crossed the upper ball and disppeared from view down the corridor eading to her own room. Her lips were set with decision; a wild, reckless light filled her eyes, and the smile of scorn had given way to one of exaltation. Her breath came fast and tremulously through quivering nos trils as she closed her door and hurried across to the little vine-covered balcony.

"The time has come-the time has herself, over and over again.

She turned her attention to the window across the court and two floors above her-the heavily curtained window in Brood's "retreat." There was no sign of life there, so she hurried to the front of the house to wait for the departure of James Brood and his man. The two were going down the front steps. At the bottom Brood spoke to Ranjab and the latter, as imperturbable as a rock, bowed low and moved off in an opposite direction to that taken by his master. She watched until both were out of sight. Then she rapidly mounted the stairs to the top

Frederic was lying on the couch near the jade-room door. She was able to distinguish his long, dark figure after peering intently about the slindowy interior in what seemed at first to be a vain search for him. She shrank back, her eyes fixed in horror he stirred and then half raised himself on one elbow to stare at the figure in the doorway.

and dropped back with a great sigh on head.

against the table, suddenly faint with excitement.

He laughed, a bitter, mirthless, snarling laugh.

"Get up Frederic. Be a man! know what has happened. Get up! I want to talk it over with you. We must plan. We must decide now-at once-before he returns." The words broke from her lips with sharp, stac- awakened fury. catolike emphasis.

He came to a sitting posture slowly. all the while staring at her with a dull conder in his heavy eyes.

"Pull yourself together," she cried, "We cannot talk here. I am afraid in this room. It has ears, I know. That awful Hindu is always end. He made her suffer the agonies here, even though he may seem to be elsewhere. We will go down to my death by refusing her the right to boudoir."

allowed his chin to sink dejectedly into knees he watched her movements in a | don'tstate of increasing interest and bewilderment. She turned abruptly to the Buddha, whose placid, smirking coun- hands. "I do know! I know that he tenance seemed to be alive to the situation in all of its aspects. Standing close, her hands behind her back, her figure very erect and theatric, she proceeded to address the image in a voice full of mockery.

"Well, my chatterbox friend, I have pierced his armor, haven't 1? He will creep up here and ask you, his wonderful god, to tell him what to do about it, ai-e? His wits are tangled. comes to you, my friend, and whines his secret doubts into your excellent ness to keep the secret I shall now whisper to you, for I trust you, too, you amiable fraud." Standing on tiptoe, she put her lips to the idol's ear and whispered. Frederic, across the There is a vast difference. Are you room, roused from his lethargy by the strange words and still stranger ac tion, rose to his feet and took several steps toward her. "There! Now you know everything. You know more than James Brood knows, for you to do next." She drew back and

if you will. I shall not oppose closed, smoldering eyes. "But he will know before long-before long. "What are you doing, Yvonne?" de

manded Frederic, unsteadily. She whirled about and came toward him, her hands still clasped behind her back

"Come with me," she said, ignoring

"He-he thinks I am in love with you," said he, shaking his head. "And are you not in love with me? He was startled. "Good Lord, Yvonne!"

his question.

She came quite close to him could feel the warmth that traveled from her body across the short space that separated them. The intoxicating perfume filled his nostrils; he drew a deep breath, his eyes closing slowly as his senses prepared to succumb to the delicious spell that came over him. When he opened them an instant later, she was still facing him,



of Sight.

as straight and fearless as a soldier, ome, thank God," she was saying to and the light of victory was in her dark, compelling eyes. "Well," she said, deliberately, "I am

ready to go away with you." He fell back stunned beyond the power of speech. His brain was filled with a thousand clattering poises.

"He has turned you out," she went on rapidly. "He disowns you. Very well; the time has come for me to exact payment from him for that and for all that has gone before. I shall go away with you. I-"

"Impossible!" he cried, finding his tongue and drawing still farther away from her. "Are you not in love with me?" she

whispered softly. He put his hands to his eyes to shut

out the alluring vision. "For God's sake, Yvonne-leave me Let me go my way. Let me-"

"He cursed your mother! He curses you! He damns you-as he damned her. You can pay him up for everyupon the prostrate shadow. Suddenly thing. You owe nothing to him. He has killed every-

Frederic straightened up suddenly, and with a loud cry of exultation "Is it you" he whispered, hoarsely, raised his clenched hands above his

Her heart leaped. The blood rushed will make him pay! Do you know back to her face. Quickly closing the what he has done to me? Listen to door, she advanced into the room, her this: he boasts of having reared me tread as swift and as soft as a cat's. to manhood, as one might bring up a "He has gone out. We are quite prize beast, that he might make me alone," she said, stopping to lean pay for the wrong that my poor mother did a quarter of a century ago. All these years he has had in mind this thing that he has done today. All my life has been spent in preparation for the sacrifice that came an hour ago. I have suffered all these years in ignorance of-"

"Not so loud!" she whispered. alarmed by the vehemence of his re-

"Oh, I'm not afraid!" he cried, savagely. "Can you imagine anything more diabolical than the scheme he has had in mind all these years? To pay out my mother-whom he loved and still loves-yes, by heaven, he still loves her!-he works to this beastly to take you away from the man who of the damned up to the day of her would not have become your mistress have the child that he swears is no I would have entired you away, be-He slowly shook his head and then child of his. Oh, you don't know the lieving myself to be justified. I would story-you don't know the kind of have struck James Brood that blow. his hands. With his elbows on his man you have for a husband—you He would have gone to his grave be-

"Yes, yes, I do know," she cried, viostill loves the poor girl who went out of this house with his curses ringing in her ears a score of years ago, and who died still hearing them. And I had almost come to the point of pitying him-I was failing-I was weakening. He is a wonderful man. I-I was losing myself. But that is all over. Three months ago I could have was afraid that it would never be possible. Today he makes it easy for me. He has hurt you beyond all reason, not because he hates you but because he loved your mother."

eric, in stark wonder. "You don't care the snap of your finger for me. What is all this you are saying, Yvonne? what you are saying."

"I have thought-I am always thinking. I know my own mind well enough. It is settled; I am going away and I am going with you.' "I cannot listen to you. Yvonne.

know what his charming wife is about cried Frederic, aghast. His heart was

with its velocity, swiftly to him and, before he was most stunning him "We go tomorrow," she cried out, convinced that he would go! "La Provence!

"Good God in heaven!" he gasped, dropping suddenly into a chair and burying his face in his shaking hands. What will this mean to Lydia-what will she do-what will become of her?"

A quiver of pain crossed the woman's face, her eyelids fell as if to shut out something that shamed her in spite of all her vainglorious protesta-

tions. Then the spirit of exaltation resumed its sway.

said, affecting a sharpness of tone that caused him to shrink involuntarily. "It is your duty to write her a letter tonight, explaining all that has happened today. She would ...crifice her-

self for you today, but there is-tomorrow! A thousand tomorrows, Frederic. Don't forget them, my dear. They would be ugly after all, and she is too good, too fine to be dragged

into-" "You are right!" he exclaimed, leaping to his feet. "It would be the vilest act that a man could perpetrate. Why-why it would be proof of what he says of me-it would stamp me forever the bastard he-No, no, I could never lift my head again if I were to do this utterly vile thing to Lydia. He said to me here-not an hour agothat he expected me to go ahead and blight that loyal girl's life, that I would consider it a noble means of self-justification! What do you think dered. of that? He- But wait! What is this that we are proposing to do? Give me time to think! Why-why, can't take you away from him, Yvonne! God in heaven, what am I thinking of? Have I no sense of honor? Am I-" "You are not his son," she said,

significantly. "But that is no reason why I should

stoop to a foul trick like this. Dodo you know what you are suggesting?" He drew back from her with a I shall tell. First, let me say this to look of disgust in his eyes, "No! I'm not that vile! I-" "Frederic, you must let me-"I don't want to hear anything

more, Yvonne. What manner of wom-

an are you? He is your husband, he

loves you, he trusts you-oh, yes, he does! And you would leave him like this? You would-"

"Hush! Not so loud!" she cried, in great agitation. "And let me tell you something more. Although I can never marry Lydia, by heaven, I shall love her to

the end of my life. I will not betray know that my love for her is real and true and-

pleaded. Hear what I have to say before you

condemn me. I am not the vile creature you think, Frederic. Wait! Let me think!" He stared at her for a moment in deep perplexity, and then slowly drew near. "I do not believe you mean to do wrong-I do not believe it of you.

You have been carried away by some horrible-"Listen to me," she broke in, fiercely. "I would have sacrificed you-ay, sacrificed you, poor boy-for the joy it would give me to see James Brood grovel in misery for the rest of his life. Oh!" She uttered a groan of despair and self-loathing so deep and full of pain that his heart was chilled.

"Good Lord, Yvonne!" he gasped;

dumfounded. "Do not come near me," she cried out, covering her face with her hands. For a full minute she stood before him. straight and rigid as a statue, a tragic figure he was never to forget. Suddenly she lowered her hands. To his surprise, a smile was on her lips. "You would never have gone away with me. I know it now. All these months I have been counting on you for this very hour-this culminating hour-and now I realize how little hope I have really had, even from the beginning You are honorable. There have been times when my influence over you was such that you resisted only because you were loval to yourself-not to Lydia, not to my husband-but to yourself. I came to this house with but one purpose in mind. I came here has always stood as your father. I -pah! how loathsome it sounds! But lieving himself to have been paid in full by the son of the woman he had lently, beating her breast with clinched degraded, by the boy he had reared for the slaughter, by the blood-"

"In God's name, Yvonne, what Is this you are saying? What have you against my-against him?"

"What! I shall come to that. did not stop to consider all that should have to overcome. First, there was your soul, your honor, your integrity to consider. I could see noth ing else but triumph over James left him without a pang-yesterday I Brood. To gain my end it was neces sary that I should be his wife. I be came his wife-I deliberately took that step in order to make complete my triumph over him. I became the wife of the man I hated with all my soul, "But you do love him," cried Fred- Frederic. So you can see how far I was willing to go to-ah, it was a hard thing to do! But I did not shrink. I went into it without faltering, without He was to pay for all that, too, in the want to ask you a question. Will you go away with me? Will you take me?"

He returned her look steadily. "No!" It means the end. I have done all pounding so fiercely that the blood that could be done and I have failed. "Yes. He must go, you see. See regarded the image through half- surged to his head in great waves, al- Thank God, I have failed!" She came

aware of her intention, clutched his in an ecstasy of triumph. She was hand and pressed it to her lips. He was shocked to find that a sudden gush of tears was wetting his hand. "Oh, Yvonne!" he cried miserably.

She was sobbing convulsively. He ooked down upon her dark, bowed head and again felt the mastering desire to crush her slender, beautiful body in his arms. The spell of her was upon him again, but now he realized that the appeal was to his spirit and not to his flesh-as it had been all along, he was beginning to suspect.

"Don't pity me," she choked out. "You cannot marry Lydia now," she This will pass, as everything else has passed. I am proud of you now, Frederic. You are splendid. Not many men could have resisted in this hour of despair. You have been cast off, despised, degraded, humilisted. You were offered the means to retaliate

"And I was tempted!" he cried bitterly. "For the moment I was-" "And now what is to become of

no?" she wailed. His heart went cold. "You-you will leave him? You will go back to Paris? Good Lord, Yvonne, it will be a blow to him. He has had one fear-

ful slash in the back. This will break

him. "At least, I may have that consolation," she cried, straightening up in an effort to revive her waning purpose. "Yes, I shall go. I cannot stay here now. I-" She paused and shud-

"What, in heaven's name, have you against my-against him? What does it all mean? How you must have hated him to-"

Hated him? Oh, how feeble the word is! Hate! There should be a word that strikes more terror to the soul than that one. But wait! You shall know everything. You shall have the story from the beginning. There is much to tell and there will be consolation-sy, triumph for you in the story you: When I came here I did not know that there was a Lydia Desmond. I would have hurt that poor girl, but it would not have been a lasting pain. In my plans, after I came to know her, there grew a beautiful alternative through which she should know great happiness. Oh, I have planned well and carefully, but I was ruthless. I would have crushed her with him rather than to have failed. But it is all a dream that has passed and I am awake. It was the most cruel but the most magnificent dream-ah, but I dare not think of it. As I stand here before that love. To the end of time she shall you now, Frederic, I am shorn of all my power. I could not strike him as I might have done a month ago. Even "Wait! Give me time to think," she as I was cursing him but a moment He shook his head reso ago I realized that I could not have lutely. "Do not judge me foo harshly, gone on with the game. Even as I begged you to take your revenge, I knew that it was not myself who

> urged, but the thing that was having its death struggle within me." "Go on. Tell me. Why do you

stop?" She was glancing fearfully toward the Hindu's door. "There is one man in this house who knows. He reads my every thought. He does not know all, but he knows me. He has known from the beginning that I was not to be trusted. That man is never out of my thoughts. I fear him, Frederic-1 fear him as I fear death. If he had not been here I-I believe I should have



dared anything. I could have taken you away with me, months ago. But he worked his spell and I was afraid I faltered. He knew that I was afraid for he spoke to me one day of the beautiful serpents in his land that were cowards in spite of the death they could deal with one flash of their fangs. You were intoxicated. I am a thing of beauty. I can charm as the-"God knows that is true," he said

hoarsely. "But enough of that! I was stricken

with my own poison. Go to the door! See if he is there. I fear-" "No one is near," said he, after strid ing swiftly to both doors, listening at

one and peering out through the other "You will have to go away, Frederic I shall have to go. But we shall not

You must be mad. Think! Think a single thought of the cost to myself. go together. In my room I have kept hidden the sum of ten thousand dolend. Look into my eyes, Frederic. I lars, waiting for the day to come when I should use it to complete the game I have played. I knew that you would have no money of your own. I was "That is all I want to hear you say. prepared even for that. Look again! See if anyone is there? I feel-I fee that someone is near us. Look, I say.' (TO BE CONTINUED.)

spasm caused by chill or fear, and all spasms act independently of the will The muscles which operate the jaw act in a series of involuntary little contractions which pull the law up and permit it to fall of its own weight in fairness to poor old Friday.-Delin-This action is quick, and the chatter ing occurs from frequent repetition Cold has a similar effect on the jaw muscles to that which some poisons have in causing spasmodic action in

No bother b get summe Vienna meals with Style these on hand Vienna Style Sausage and

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Little Bobby's Question Gave Him Chance to Recover His Good Humor.

Papa had a grouch, and an atmos phere of deep gloom settled over the family dinner table. Even little Bobb felt that something was wrong, but he had to talk or burst, and he prefern to talk

"Daddy," he asked, "why did the throw the tea overboard in Boston

to say: "If it was anything like this stuff they certainly had a mighty good excuse for throwing it overboard." Having gotten this remark off chest, the old man felt so good that he actually smiled, and before he knew

He Had to Have the Money. "I've simply got to have an increase

greater. I've an automobile. Great City's Sewage. Every 24 hours there is poured into

the Harlem river 90,000,000 gallons of

About the only thing some men are qualified for is posing as innocent by

SHE QUIT

It is hard to believe that coffee will put a person in such a condition as if did an Ohio woman. She tells bet own story:

sufferer from heart trouble and nerr ous prostration for four years. "I was scarcely able to be around had no energy and did not care for anything. Was emaciated and had s

and the least excitement would drive sleep away, and any little noise would upset me terribly. I was gradually getting worse until finally I asked my self what's the use of being sick all the time and buying medicine so that I could indulge myself in coffee?

quit. I made it strictly according to directions and I want to tell you that change was the greatest step in Df life. It was easy to quit coffee be cause I now like Postum better that

"One by one the old troubles left until now I am in splendid health nerves steady, heart all right and the pain all gone. Never have any more nervous chills, don't take any medcine, can do all my house work and have done a great deal besides.

Postum comes in two forms: Postum Cereal—the original form must be well boiled. 15c and 25c pack Instant Postum-a soluble powder

ter and, with cream and sugar, make a delicious beverage instantly. and 50c tine. Both kinds are equally delicious and

cost about the same per cup.
"There's a Reason" for Postur

sentiments, moral and emotional, of

COMERCIAL IDEA IN FICTION | ago, but this dogma, bred in the out the finer, rarer, more sensitive | goodness-it's over" feeling. That ought | ly accurate and specific, most of the under the control of the brain, the American bone seems to have been reenforced by the latter-day tyranny of America Possibly Too Much Under the commercial ideal. The commercial the Influence of the "Best man who says, "Read this book because it is the best seller," is seeking to hypnotize the individual's judg The dogma persistently put forward In America under innumerable guises ment and taste. If there be a noticethat the thinker and the literary artable dearth of originality of feeling ist must cater to the tastes, ideas and and outlook in latter-day American fiction, it must be because the indithe great majority, under pain of be- vidual is subjected from the start to ing ignored or ostracized, was noted the insistent pressure of social ideals suds and steam-picked-up dinner for De Tocqueville three generations of conformity which paralyze or crush the men folk, and at night a "thank except Sunday. And to be scientifical- the action of the jaws are especially

individual talents. I do not say that to be about enough for Monday. But forenoon accidents happen at ten chattering of the teeth is really a minor degree by Mrs. Grundy's attempts to boycott or crush novels that offend the taste of "the villa public," but I believe that our social atmosphere favors the writer of true individuality.-Atlantic.

Poor Monday. Monday, er-m-m-ur-r-h! Wash dayuntil a scientific commission or a sociologist tells it. Monday has never been a really popular day. It's much another investigation. worse than that, however. According to the Ohio Industrial Commission, which has been making a study of Monday, it is the most unlucky day of eator. the week. More accidents happen on that day than on any other, and fewer people work than on any other day

English writers are not vexed in a the worst about anything is never told o'clock and the afternoon accidents group around three o'clock. Now you know the worst about Monday, until We publish these findings for what they may be worth, without malice and

Although the muscles which affect

other parts of the body.

Water and Cerea

Just open and serve Excellent for sandwiches



quisite; Powder of velvety fine In Glass Jars-15c. and 25c. GILBERT BROS., & CO.

Dandruff is a disorder of the skin. One of the best It's a delightful toilet and bath soap, -cleansing, healing and purifying.
Sold by Druggists
Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye,

DADDY'S GROUCH FADED AWAY

Daddy twirled the spoon in his cuy while he thought up this mean this

it his grouch was gone.

"What for? Are you going to go married?" "Worse than that, boss. My need is

New York city's sewage; into the North river 132,000,000 gallons and into the East river 264,000,000 galloss

standers But It Was a Hard Pulk

"I did not believe coffee caused at trouble, and frequently said I liked ! so well I would not, and could not quit drinking it, but I was a miserable

constant pain around my heart until thought I could not endure it: "Frequently I had nervous chills

"So I got some Postum to help me

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

dissolves quickly in a cup of hot wa