

The BALL of FIRE

By GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER and LILLIAN CHESTER

ILLUSTRATED BY C.D. RHODES

SYNOPSIS.

At a vestry meeting of the Market Square church, Gail Sargent listens to a discussion about the sale of the church tenements to Edward E. Allison, local traction king, and when asked her opinion of the church by Rev. Smith Boyd, she is apparently a heretic business enterprise. Allison takes Gail riding in his motor car. When he suggests he is entitled to rest on the porch of his achievements, she asks the disturbing question: "Why?" Gail, returning to her own home from her drive with Allison, finds cold disapproval in the eyes of Rev. Smith Boyd, who is calling there. At a hotel party Gail finds the world uncomfortably full of men.

sidelong glance, which she was startled to recognize in herself as distinct coquetry.

"I have a prior claim," laughed Allison, stepping up and taking her by the arm. "It's my turn to guide Miss Sargent on the two-passenger sled."

There was something new about Allison tonight. There was the thrill and the exultation of youth in his voice, and twenty years seemed to have been dropped from his age. There was an intensity about him, too, and also a proprietorlike compulsion, which decided Gail on a certain diversion she had entertained. She was oppressed with men tonight. The world was full of them, and they had closed too nearly around her.

Suddenly she broke away with a laugh, and taking the two-passenger sled from Smith Boyd, who still stood in preoccupation at the edge of the group, she picked it up and ran with it, and threw herself face forward on it, as she had done when she was a kid, and shot down the hill, to the intense disapproval of Reverend Boyd! Dick Rodley, ever alert in his chosen profession, grabbed a light steel racer from the edge of the bank, and with a magnificent run, slipped himself on the sled and darted in pursuit! The rector's lip curled the barest trace at one corner, but Edward E. Allison, looking down the hill, grinned, and lit a cigar.

"Coming Allison?" called Cunningham. "There's room for you both, doctor."

"I don't think I'll ride this trip, thanks," returned Allison, and, as the rector also declined with pleasant thanks, Allison gave the voyagers a hearty push, and walked back to the camp fire.

"I received the ultimatum of your vestry today, Doctor Hoyd," observed Allison when they were alone. "Still that eventual fifty million."

"Well, yes," returned the rector briskly, and backed up comfortably to the blaze. He was a different man now. "We discussed your proposition thoroughly, and decided that, in ten years, the property is worth fifty million to you, for the purpose you have in mind. Consequently why take less?"

Allison surveyed him shrewdly for a moment.

"That's the argument of a handit," he remarked. "Why accept all that the prisoner has when his friends can raise a little more?"

"I don't see the use of metaphor," retorted the rector, who dealt professionally in it. "Business is business."

Allison grinned, and flicked his ashes into the fire.

"By George, you're right," he agreed. "I've been trying to handle you like a church, but now I'm going after you like the business organization you are."

Rev. Smith Boyd reddened. The charge that Market Square church was a remarkably lucrative enterprise was becoming too general for comfort.

"The vestry has given you their decision," he returned, standing stiff and straight, with his hands clasped behind him. "You may pay for the Veder court tenement property a cash sum which, in ten years, will accrue to fifty million dollars, or you may let it alone, and his tone was as forcefully crisp as Allison's, though he could not hide the musical timbre of it.

"I won't pay that price, and I won't let the property alone," Allison snapped back. "The city needs it."

For a moment the two men looked each other levelly in the eyes. There seemed to have sprung up some new enmity between them. A thick man with a stubby mustache came puffing up to the fire, and sat down on his sled with a thump.

"Splendid exercise," he gasped, holding his sides. "I think about a week of it would either reduce me to a living skeleton, or kill me."

"Your vestry's an ass," Allison took pleasure in informing him.

"Same to you and many of them," puffed Jim Sargent. "What's the trouble with you? Trying to take a business advantage of a church?"

"I'd have a better chance with a Jew," was Allison's contemptuous reply.

"Oh, see here, Allison!" remonstrated Jim Sargent seriously. He even rose to his feet to make it more emphatic. "You mustn't treat Market Square church with so much indignity."

"Why not? Market Square church puts itself in a position to be considered in the light of any other grasping organization."

CHAPTER IV—Continued.

"I didn't know I was," she confessed, concerned about it herself. "All at once I seem to look on it as an old shoe which should be cast aside. It is so elaborate to do so little good in the world. Morality is on the increase, as any page of history will show."

"I believe that to be true," he hastily assured her, glad to be able to agree with her upon something.

"But it is in spite of the church, not because of it," she immediately added. "You can't say that there is a tremendous moral infidelity in a congregation which numbers eight hundred, and sends less than fifty to services. The balance show their devotion to Christianity by a quarterly check."

Rev. Smith Boyd felt unfairly hit. "That is the sorrow of the church," he sadly confessed, "the lukewarmness of its followers."

She felt a trace of compunction for him, but why had he gone into the ministry?

"Can you blame them?" she demanded, as much aggrieved as if she had suffered a personal distress.

The rector flushed as if he had been struck, and he turned to Gail with that cold look in his green eyes.

"That is too deep a subject to discuss here, but if you will permit me, I will take it up with you at the house," he quietly returned, and in a more a dogged compulsion in his tone.

"I shall be highly interested in the defense," accepted Gail, with an aggravating smile.

There seemed to be but very little to say after that, and they walked silently up the hill together towards the yellow camp fire, fuming inwardly at each other. Near the top of the hill her emerald scarf came loose at the throat, and, with her numbed hands, she could not locate the little clasp with which it had been held.

"May I help you?" offered the rector, constraining himself to politeness.

"Thank you." She was extremely sweet about it, and he reached up to perform the courtesy. The rounded column of her neck was white as marble in the moonlight, and as he sought the clasps, his fingers, drawn from his woolen gloves, touched her warm throat, and they tingled. He started as if he had received an electric shock, and, as he looked into her eyes, a purple mist seemed to spring between them. He mechanically fastened the clasps, though his fingers trembled. "Thank you," again said Gail, and he did not notice that her voice was unusually low. She went on over to the group gathered around the fire, but Rev. Smith Boyd stood where she had left him, staring stupidly at the ground. He was in a whirl of bewilderment, amid which there was some unreasoning resentment, but beneath it all there was an inexplicable sadness.

"Just in time for the Palisade special, Gail," called Lucile Teasdale.

"I don't know," laughed Gail. "I think of going on a private car this trip," and she sought among the group for distraction from certain oppressive thoughts. Allison, and Lucile and Ted and Arly, were among the more familiar figures, besides a startling Adonis, proudly introduced as Dick Rodley, by Arlene, early in the evening, with an air which plainly stated that he was a personal discovery for which she gave herself great credit.

"The Palisades special will not start without Miss Sargent," he declared, bending upon her an ardent gaze, and bestowing upon her a smile which displayed a flash of perfect white teeth.

Gail breathlessly thought him the most dangerously handsome thing she had ever seen, but she missed the foreign accent in him. "That would have made him complete."

"I'm sorry that the Palisade special will be delayed," she coolly told him, but she tempered the deliberateness of that decision with an upward and

Rev. Smith Boyd, finding in himself the growth of a most unloathly anger, decided to walk away rather than suffer the aggravation which must ensue in this conversation. Consequently, he started down the hill, dragging Jim Sargent's sled behind him for company. There were no further insults to the church, however.

"Jim, what are the relations of the Towanda Valley to the L. and C.?" asked Allison, offering Sargent a cigar. "Largely paternal," and the president of the Towanda Valley grinned. "We feed it when it's good and spank it when it cries."

"Hold control of the stock?"

"No, only its transportation," returned Sargent complacently.

"Stock is a good deal scattered, I suppose?"

"Small holdings entirely, and none of the holders proud," replied Sargent. "It starts no place and comes right back, and the shareholders won't pay postage to send in their annual proxies."

"Then the stock doesn't seem to be worth buying," observed Allison, with vast apparent indifference.

"Only to piece out a collection," chuckled Sargent. "I didn't know you were interested in railroads."

"I wasn't a week ago," and Allison looked out across the starry sky to the free-scaled hills. "With the completion of the consolidation of New York's transportation system, and the building of a big central station, I thought I was through. It seemed a big achievement to gather all these lines to a common center, like holding them in my hand; to converge four millions of people to one point, to handle them without confusion, and to redistribute them along the same lines, look! I like a life's work; but now I'm beginning to become ambitious."

"Oh, I see," grinned Jim Sargent. "You want to do something you can really call a job. If I remember rightly, you started with an equipment of four horse cars and two miles of rusted rail. What do you want to conquer next?"

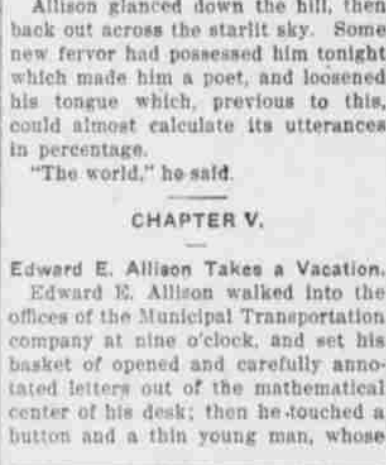
Allison glanced down the hill, then back out across the starry sky. Some new fervor had possessed him tonight which made him a poet, and loosened his tongue which, previous to this, could almost calculate its utterances in percentage.

"The world," he said.

CHAPTER V.

Edward E. Allison Takes a Vacation.

Edward E. Allison walked into the offices of the Municipal Transportation company at nine o'clock, and set his basket of opened and carefully annotated letters out of the mathematical center of his desk; then he touched a button and a thin young man, whose



Edward E. Allison Takes a Vacation.

"Free as Air," He Gayly Told Her.

bro, at twenty, wore the traces of preternatural age, walked briskly in.

"Take Mr. Gregory these letters and ask him if he will be kind enough to step here."

"Yes, sir," and the concentrated young man departed with the basket, feeling that he had quite capably borne his weight of responsibility.

Gregory walked in, a fat man with no trace of nonsense about him.

"Out for the day, Ed?" he surmised, gauging that probability by the gift of the letters.

"A month or so," amended Allison, rising and surveying the other articles on his desk calculatingly. "I'm going to take a vacation."

"It's about time," agreed his efficient general manager. "I think it's been four years since you stopped to take a breath. Going to play a little?"

"That's the word," and Allison chuckled like a boy.

"I suppose we'll have your address," suggested Gregory.

"No."

Gregory pondered frowningly. He began to see a weight lifting up on him and, though he was capable, he loved the free air.

"About that Shell Beach extension?" he inquired. "There's likely to be trouble with the village of Waveview. Their local franchisees—"

"Settle it yourself," directed Allison carelessly, and Gregory stared. During the long and arduous course of Allison's climb, he had built his success on personal attention to detail. "Good-by," and Allison walked out, lighting a cigar on his way to the door.

He stopped his runabout in front of a stationer's and bought the largest globe he had in stock.

"Address, please?" asked the clerk, pencil poised over delivery slip.

"I'll take it with me," and Allison helped them secure the clumsy thing in the seat beside him. Then he stroked up the avenue to the small and severely furnished house where four ebony servants protected him from the world.

"Out of town except on this list," he directed his kinky-haired old butler, and going into the heavy oak library, he closed the door. On the wall, depending from the roller case, was a huge map, a broad familiar domain between two oceans, and he smiled as his eye fell upon that tiny territory near the Atlantic, which, up to now, he had called a world, because he had mastered it.

His library phone rang.

"Mr. Allison?" a woman's voice. Gail Sargent, Mrs. Sargent, Mrs. Davies, or Lucile Teasdale. No other ladies were on his list. The voice was not that of Gail. "Are you busy tonight?" Oh, yes, Lucile Teasdale.

"Free as air," he gayly told her.

"I'm so glad," rattled Lucile. "Ted's just telephoned that he has tickets for 'The Lady's Maid.' Can you join us?"

"With pleasure." No hesitation whatever; prompt and agreeable; even pleased.

"That's jolly. I think six makes such a nice crowd. Besides you and ourselves, there'll be Arly and Dick Rodley and Gail." Gail, of course. He had known that. "We'll start from Uncle Jim's at eight o'clock."

Allison called old Ephraim.

"I want to begin dressing at seven fifteen," he directed. "At three o'clock send some sandwiches inside the door. Have some fruit in my dressing room."

He went back to his map, remembering Lucile with a retrospective smile. The last time he had seen that vivacious young person she had been employing a box of almonds, at the side of the camp fire at the toboggan party. He jotted down a memorandum to send her some, and drew a high stool in front of the map.

Strange this new ambition which had come over him. Why, he had actually been about to consider his big work finished; and now, all at once, everything he had done seemed trivial. The eager desire of youth to achieve had come to him again, and the blood sang in his veins as he felt of his lusty strength. He was starting to build, with a youth's enthusiasm but with a man's experience, and with the momentum of success and the power of capital. Something had crystallized him in the past few days.

Across the fertile fields and the mighty mountains and the arid deserts of the United States, there angled four black threads, from coast to coast, and everywhere else were shorter main lines and shorter branches, and, last of all, mere fragments of railroads. He began with the long, angling threads, but he ended with the fragments, and these, in turn, he gave minute and careful study. At three o'clock he took a sandwich and ordered his car. He was gone less than an hour, and came back with an armload of books; government reports, volumes of statistics, and a file of more intimate information from the office of his broker. He threw off his coat when he came in this time, and spread, on the big, lion-clawed table at which Napoleon had once planned a campaign, a varicolored mass of railroad maps. At seven-fifteen old Ephraim found him at the end of the table in the midst of some neat and intricate tabulations.

"Time to dress, sir," suggested Ephraim.

"Oh, it's you," remarked the absorbed Allison, glancing up.

"Yes, sir," returned Ephraim. "You told me to come for you at seven-fifteen."

Allison arose and rubbed the tips of his fingers over his eyes.

"Keep this room locked," he ordered, and stalked obediently upstairs. For the next thirty minutes he belonged to Ephraim.

He was as carefree as a boy when he reached Jim Sargent's house, and his eyes snapped when he saw Gail come down the stairs, in a pearl-tinted gown, with a triple string of pearls in her waving hair and a rose-colored cloak depending from her gracefully sloping shoulders.

Her own eyes brightened at the sight of him. He had been much in her mind today; not singly but as one of a group. She was quite conscious that she liked him, but she was more conscious that she was curious about him. He stepped forward to shake hands with her and, for a moment, she found in her an inclination to cling to the warm thrill of his clasp. She had never before been so aware of anything like

that. Nevertheless, when she had withdrawn her hand, she felt a sense of relief.

"Hello, Allison," called the hearty voice of Jim Sargent. "You're looking like a youngster tonight."

"I feel like one," replied Allison, smiling. "I'm on a vacation." He was either vain enough or curious enough to glance at himself in the big mirror as he passed it. He did look younger; astonishingly so; and he had about him a quality of lightness which made him restless. He had been noted among his business associates for a certain dry wit, scathing, satirical, relentless; now he used that quality agreeably, and when Lucile and Ted, and Arly and Dick Rodley joined them, he was quite easily a sharer in the gaiety. At the theater he was the same. He participated in all the repartee during the intermissions, and the fact that he found Gail studying him, now and then, only gave him an added impulse. He was frank with himself about Gail. He wanted her, and he had made up his mind to have her. He was himself a little surprised at his own capacity of entertainment, and when he parted from Gail at the Sargent house, he left her smiling, and with a softer look in her eyes than he had yet seen there.

Immediately on his return to his library, Allison threw off his coat and waistcoat, collar and tie, and sat at the table.

"What is there in the icebox?" he wanted to know.

"Well, sir," enumerated Ephraim carefully; "Mirandy had a chicken potpie for dinner, and then there's—"

"That will do; cold," interrupted Allison. "Bring it here with as few service things as possible, a bottle of Vichy and some olives."

He began to set down some figures and when Ephraim came, shaking his head to himself about such things as cold dumplings at night, Allison stopped for ten minutes, and lunched with apparent relish. At seven-thirty he called Ephraim and ordered a cold plunge and some breakfast. He had been up all night, and on the map of the United States there were penciled two thin straight black lines, one from New York to Chicago, and one from Chicago to San Francisco. Crossing them, and paralleling them, and angling in their general direction, but quite close to them in the main, were lines of green and lines of orange; these three.

Another day and another night he spent with his maps, and his books and his figures; then he went to his broker with a list of railroads.

"Get me what stock you can of these," he directed. "Pick it up as quietly as possible."

The broker looked them over and elevated his eyebrows. There was not a road in the list which was important strategically, but he had ceased to ask questions of Edward Allison.

Three days later Allison went into the annual stockholders' meeting of the L. and C. railroad, and registered majority of the stock in that insignificant line, which ran up the short opposite Crescent Island, joined the Towanda Valley shortly after its emergence from its hired entrance into New York, ran for fifty miles over the roadway of the Towanda, with which it had a long-time tracking contract and wandered up into the country where it served as an outlet to certain conservatively profitable territories.

The president reached for his gavel and called the meeting. The stock holders, gray and grave, and some with watery eyes, drew up their chairs to the long table; for they were directors, too. They answered to their names, and they listened to the minutes, and waded mechanically through the routine business, always with their gaze straying to the new force which had come among them. Every man there knew all about Edward E. Allison. He had combined the traction interests of New York by methods as logical and unsympathetic as geometry, and where he appeared, no matter how pacific his avowed intentions, there were certain to be radical up-heavings.

Election of officers was reached in the routine, and again that solemn inquiry in the faded eyes. The "official slate" was proposed in nomination. Edward E. Allison voted with the rest. Every director was re-elected!

New business. Again the solemn inquiry.

"Move to amend Article Three, Section One of the constitution, relating to duration of office," announced Allison, passing the written motion to the secretary. "On a call from the majority of stock, the stockholders of the L. and C. railroad have a right to demand a special meeting, on one week's notice, for the purpose of re-organization and re-election."

They knew it. It had to come.

Edward E. Allison waited just long enough to vote his majority stock, and left the meeting in a hurry, for he had an engagement to take tea with Gail Sargent.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Fools ofttime rush in and win while wise men investigate

Good Window Cleaner.

A bag filled with powdered pumice stone is an excellent window cleaner. Make the bag of unbleached cotton cloth of a soft quality, not too firm. When finished, the bag is six inches wide and twelve inches long. Into this put about one-eighth of a pound of pumice stone. To prevent soiling this bag, it is slipped into a cheese-cloth case that can be removed and washed. No water is used on the window, but it is rubbed first with a piece of tissue paper, then polished with the bag.

Halcyon Days.

These are the halcyon days when the man just ahead of you at the pay ing teller's window has to stop to discuss varieties of bait best suited to current piscatorial conditions with that companionable young gentleman, while you patiently hold your place in the line and wonder how in the world you're going to get two hours' work done in one.

Pursuit of wealth is the great human burden race.

The Shepherd Psalm

By REV. JAMES M. GRAY, D. D.
Dean of Moody Bible Institute of Chicago

TEXT—The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.—Psalm 23:1.

This beautiful psalm needs no commendation, for even the people of the world know and love it in their own way as do the people of God in a different way. However, it is the latter only who are able to lay the emphasis on the possessive pronoun, "my"—"The Lord is my shepherd." It is this pronoun that makes all the difference as to our understanding of the psalm and its preciousness to our souls. To know its deepest meaning one must have received the Lord Jesus Christ as his Savior and confessed him as his Lord. Then in a real sense does he become his shepherd and with confidence such a shepherd can say, "I shall not want." Note the future tense here. The child of God does not want for any good thing, and shall not want forevermore.

1. If the Lord is my shepherd then I am enjoying the communion of the Holy Spirit because he is leading me beside the still waters. The still waters are a symbol of the Holy Spirit who dwells within the true believer in Christ, to guide him in his perplexities, to comfort him in his trials, to soothe him in his sorrows, and to enlighten the eyes of his heart in the knowledge of God and his precious promises.

2. If the Lord is my shepherd then I am experiencing continually the renewing of my spiritual strength, for he restoreth my soul. The sheep sometimes wanders away from the flock and gets torn amid the brambles, or by the attacks of wild beasts. Or possibly he falls among the rocks and breaks a limb. The shepherd binds up his wounds and knits his broken bones, and in a spiritual sense our shepherd does the same for us. It is this precious truth that is set before us in those words of John where he says, "If we confess our sins he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." The thirty-second psalm shows us how God did this for David, restored his soul when he was a backslider, and the latter may have been thinking about it when he penned these words.

3. If the Lord is my shepherd then I am surrendering my will to him day by day, and for that matter moment by moment, for otherwise he cannot be leading me in the paths of righteousness. Observe that the believer on Christ has already been led into those paths, but now he is being led in them as he yields himself to God for that purpose. Sometimes they are paths of joy, sometimes of suffering, sometimes of testing, but they are all the paths of righteousness nevertheless, if we have really come to God in Christ.

4. If the Lord is my shepherd then I am not falling to trust his promises for if I fall there I am unable to testify, as in the fourth verse of the Psalm, "I will fear no evil." The moment we lose our trust in God the fear of evil takes possession of us, but whose confidence is reposed in him can press to his heart the promise in the first chapter of Proverbs: "Whoso hearkeneth unto me shall dwell safely, and shall be quiet from fear of evil."

5. If the Lord is my shepherd then I am continually enjoying security and peace, for such is the meaning of the words, "Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies." In the Orient the enemies of the sheep are the wild beasts just referred to hidden away in the darkness, ready to spring upon their prey when unprotected by the shepherd's presence. But when he is there they feed in safety on the green pastures and their enemies are powerless.

6. If the Lord is my shepherd then I am the possessor of eternal hope covering both this life and that which is to come, "for surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever."

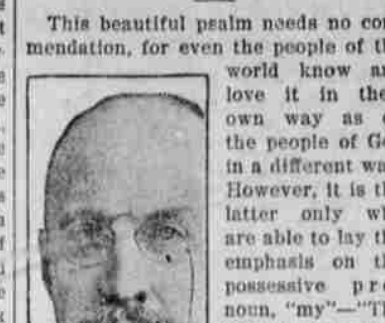
7. If the Lord is my shepherd then I am experiencing joy and gladness, and rendering service of the same kind to others that are about me, for such is the significance of the words, "Thou anointest my head with oil, my cup runneth over." The true Christian is filled to overflowing, and those that are round about him get the benefit of the overflow in refreshing showers of blessing.

8. If the Lord is my shepherd then I am the possessor of eternal hope covering both this life and that which is to come, "for surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever."

May this blessing come to all of you and it will come if you will receive the instruction set before you at the beginning of this message, and believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and be saved, for he hath said, "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out."

He always displeased at what thou art, if thou desire to attain to what thou art not; for where thou hast pleased thyself, there thou abidest.—Quarles.

RELIABLE REMEDY RESTORES KIDNEYS



For many years druggists have watched with much interest the remarkable record maintained by Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy.

It is a physician's prescription. Swamp-Root is a strengthening medicine. Dr. Kilmer used it for years in his private practice. It helps the kidneys, liver and bladder do the work nature intended they should do.

Swamp-Root has stood the test of years. It is sold by all druggists on its merit and it will help you. No other remedy can successfully take its place.

Be sure to get Swamp-Root and start treatment at once.

However, if you wish first to test this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure to mention this paper.—Adv.

A man never realizes how insignificant he is until he attends his own wedding.

To keep clean and healthy take Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They regulate liver, bowels and stomach.—Adv.

Dyspepsia.

"Pa, what is dyspepsia?"

"It is the removal of a guilty stomach, my son."—Puck.

Use Whenever Quinine is Needed Does Not Affect the Head

Because of its tonic and laxative effect LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE will be found better than ordinary Quinine for any purpose for which Quinine is used. Does not cause nervousness nor ringing in head. Return for it is only one "Bromo Quinine." That is Laxative Bromo Quinine. Look for signature of E. W. Groves, Inc.—Adv.

Unnatural.

"Hello, Bill! How do you like caddy-ing for the Ladies' Golf Club?"

"Oh, it ain't such a bad job, only I can't get used to hearing 'em say 'Goodness gracious!' when they foolze."

REAL SKIN COMFORT

Follows Use of Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Trial Free.

By bathing and anointing these fragrant supercreamy emollients impart to tender, sensitive or irritated, itching skins a feeling of intense skin comfort difficult for one to realize who has never used them for like purposes. Cultivate an acquaintance with them. Sample each free by mail with Book Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. XY, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

To Protect Her Chest.

Rev. Horace Leonard, continuing his campaign against cosmetics in Washington, said at an al fresco luncheon: "A young husband at the shore noted that in dressing for dinner the other evening his wife had chosen a very delectable gown."

"There's a dapsish sea wind blowing," he grumbled. "Don't you think you'd better put something on your chest?"

"I've powdered it twice, dear," she answered. "Still, if you don't mind waiting, I suppose I might add another coat."

A Good Day.

"Lady," said the wayfarer, "though I look like a common tramp, I was not always like this. I have seen better days."

"That's what they all say," answered the lady of the house scornfully.

"It's true, just the same," insisted the shabby one. "Why, one day last week I got six hand-outs of grub and four dollars in real money."

Enforced Sobriety.

"I met your friend Lushe the other day. He said he was on the water wagon."

"That must have been on Thursday or Friday, wasn't it?"

"It was on Friday. How did you guess?"

"He's always on the wagon, the last two days before pay day."

A young man ought to save some money before he gets married, for he'll probably never get a chance afterward.

A man isn't necessarily polished just because you see his finish.

CHANGE Quit Coffee and Got Well.

A woman's coffee experience is interesting. "For two weeks at a time I have taken no food but skim milk, for solid food would ferment and cause such distress that I could hardly breathe at times, also excruciating pain and heart palpitation and all the time I was so nervous and restless."

"From childhood up I had been a coffee and tea drinker and for the past 20 years I had been trying different physicians but could get only temporary relief. Then I read an article telling how some one had been helped by leaving off coffee and drinking Postum and it seemed so pleasant just to read about good health I decided to try Postum."

"I made the change from coffee to Postum and there is such a difference in me that I don't feel like the same person. We all found Postum delicious and like it better than coffee. My health now is wonderfully good."

"As soon as I made the shift to Postum I got better and now my troubles are gone. I am fleshy, my food assimilates, the pressure in the chest and palpitation are all gone, my bowels are regular, have no more stomach trouble and my headaches are gone. Remember I did not use medicines at all—just left off coffee and drank Postum steadily." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Postum comes in two forms: Postum Cereal—the original form—must be well boiled. 15c and 25c packages Instant Postum—a soluble powder—dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water, and with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly. 30c and 50c tins.

Both kinds are equally delicious and cost about the same per cup.

"There's a Reason" for Postum.—sold by Grocers.

ODD BELIEFS AS TO SHOES

German Mother Sees Misfortune in the Loss of Heels—Signs to Guide Steps of Lover.

The German mother says that should she lose the heel of her shoe one of her children will die before the year is out.

The Scotch lassie believes that should she by accident drop her new shoes before they have been worn, they will surely lead her into trouble. It is said that old maids believe that when their shoes come untied, and keep coming untied, it is true their sweethearts are talking and thinking about them.

The sweetest, when on his way to see his lady love, should he stub his right toe, will surely be welcome, but if he stubs his left he may know that he is not wanted.

It is said that if old shoes are burned, snakes will squirm away from the place, while to keep old shoes that are past wearing about the place will surely bring good luck.

Should you meet a person whose

Arrest Deer in Saloon.

A wild deer was actually arrested in Stamford, Conn., and for disorderly conduct at that. Even worse for the deer's reputation, it was taken in a saloon.

There is nothing in the way of a nature or other fake about this story. Two deer were gambling in a park when the early morning traffic frightened them. One went back to the woods. The other sped through the streets until it espied the swinging door of a saloon on which a large glass of beer was painted.

The deer dashed into the saloon, scared the bartender and broke bottles and furniture before it was captured and bound. Then the police department was called and a detective sergeant took the deer in the jag wagon to a woods on the edge of the city and liberated it.

Slaughter of the Innocents.

Do you hear the morning and evening choruses of the birds? If not, you are missing a riot of song that fairly startles you with its volume. How the birds do sing and how they

Auto Axiom.

Knowledge is power, but it won't take the place of gasoline.—Kansas City Journal.

Good Window Cleaner.

A bag filled with powdered pumice stone is an excellent window cleaner. Make the bag of unbleached cotton cloth of a soft quality, not too firm. When finished, the bag is six inches wide and twelve inches long. Into this put about one-eighth of a pound of pumice stone. To prevent soiling this bag, it is slipped into a cheese-cloth case that can be removed and washed. No water is used on the window, but it is rubbed first with a piece of tissue paper, then polished with the bag.

Halcyon Days.

These are the halcyon days when the man just ahead of you at the pay ing teller's window has to stop to discuss varieties of bait best suited to current piscatorial conditions with that companionable young gentleman, while you patiently hold your place in the line and wonder how in the world you're going to get two hours' work done in one.