

The Ball of Fire
of 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...

CHAPTER VII—Continued.

"How about the Crescent Island subway?" "Ripe any time," and Tim Corman looked at the ashes from his cigar with a heavily gloomed hand.

Tim Corman drew a wheezy breath, and then he grinned the senile shadow of his old-time grin; but it still had the same spirit.

"You got a hen on," he decided. In "society," Tim could manage very nicely to use fashionable language, but in business he found it impossible after the third or fourth minute of conversation.

MENTIONED IN THE "ILIAD" Enos, City Where France and Great Britain Recently Landed Troops, Is of Great Antiquity.

Telling of Enos, where the allies recently landed troops to co-operate with their fleet in connection with their attack upon the Dardanelles, the National Geographic society says: "The rocky ridge of Enos is a back doorway to the ancient city of the Golden Horn."

ordinary year's work for the boys, but this tube pokes its nose into Oakland bay.

"I'm quite aware of the size of the job," chuckled Allison. "However, Tim, there'll be money enough behind this proposition to fill that tube with greenbacks."

Between the narrow-slitted and puffy eyelids of Tim Corman there gleamed a trace of the old-time genial. "Then it's built," he rose and leaned on his cane, twinkling down on the man whom, years before, he had picked as a "comer."

Urbank glanced at the slip, then he looked up at Allison in perplexity. He had a funny forward angle to his neck when he was interested, and the creases in his brow were deepened until they looked like cuts.

"I thought you were joking, and I'm still charitable enough to think so. What's all this junk?" "Little remnants and job lots of railroads I've been picking up," and Allison drew forward his chair.

When She Gardens. There is a very good gardening mat for the special convenience of the dainty woman who loves to dig and plant, but who dislikes to kneel in the garden paths in a fresh summer frock.

That funny angle, and projected his chin with the foolish motion of a goose. "A direct entrance right slam into the center of New York!" he exclaimed, cracking all his knuckles violently one by one.

"That's the best part of the joke," exulted Allison, with no thought that Vedder court was, at this present moment, church property. "It's just where you said—right slam in the center of New York; and the building into which the Midcontinent will run its trains will be also the terminal building of every municipal transportation line in Manhattan!"

"Right here," and Allison pointed to his map. "You come out of the tube to the L and C, which has a long-time tracking privilege over fifty miles of the Towanda Valley, and terminates at Windfield. At Forgeson, however, ten miles after the L and L, leaves the Towanda, that road—"

CHAPTER VIII. The Mine for the Golden Altar. Vedder Court was a very drunkard among tenement groups. Its decrepit old wooden buildings, as if weakened from disipation and senile decay, leaned against each other croakily for support, and leered down at the sodden swarms beneath, out of broken-paned windows which gave somehow a ludicrous effect of bearded eyes.

WHERE HUMANS ARE WRONG or cantankerous crows. There are nightingales and song sparrows, as well as hawks and grackles. But we don't find our own kind at mating time. Do you know why we don't, Mrs. Plumb?

In the American Magazine Walter Prichard Eaton has a series of love stories entitled "The Bird House Man." The first story is called "The Song Sparrow," and in the following extract taken from it two characters discuss bird mating and human mating.

dinginess; rather, the sun made it only the more dismal by presenting the ugliness more in detail. "This is the mine which produces the gold which is to gild the altar," asserted Manning, studying the sidewalk.

"I want to see it all this time because I'm never coming back," insisted Gail, and placed one daintily shod foot on the step.



He Dropped Behind to Slip Something Which Looked Like Money.

pictures on the walls to the windows, past which eddied a mass of humanity all but submerged in hopelessness. "Sometimes," replied Manning gravely, "I have seen a soul or two even here. It is because of these two or three possibilities that the mission is kept up. It might interest you to know that Market Square church spends fifteen thousand dollars a year in charity relief in Vedder court."

"I was waiting for that bit of impertinence," laughed Manning. "I shall be surprised at nothing you say since that first day when you characterized Market Square church as a remarkably lucrative enterprise. Have you never felt any compunctions of conscience over that?"

Farmers' Wives. In Farm and Fireside appears a little article entitled, "The Greatest Partnership in the World," in the course of which the author comments as follows on farmers' wives: "The farmer's wife knows more about her husband's business than

"You know, I don't believe that, Daddy Manning. You're an old fraud, who does good by stealth, in order to gain the reputation of having been picturesquely wicked. Tell me why you belong to Market Square church?" "Because it's so respectable," he twinkled down at her.

"I knew you were here," he said, taking Gail's slender hand in his own; then his eyes turned cold. "You recognized my pink ribbon bows," and she laughed up at him frankly. "You haven't been over to sing lately."

"No," he replied. "Will you be at home this evening?" "I'll have our music selected," and in the very midst of her brightness, she was stopped by the sudden solemnity in the rector's eyes. Simple little conversation; quite trivial indeed, but it had been attended by much shifting thought. To begin with, the rector regretted the necessity of disapproving of a young lady so undeniably attractive. She was a pleasure to the eye and a stimulus to the mind, and always his first impulse when he thought of her was one of pleasure.

"I suppose we can come to some arrangement," he mildly suggested. Urbank looked at him still in a daze for a moment, and a trace of the creases came back into his brow, then they faded away. "You figured all this out before you came to me," he remarked. "On what terms do we get in?"

CHAPTER VIII. (TO BE CONTINUED.) "You're a religious anarchist," he charged Gail. "By no means," she replied. "I am a devoted follower of the divine spirit, the divine will, the divine law; but not of the church; for it has forgotten these things."

any other man's wife knows about his. She has a finer, clearer and more helpful understanding of it than the average lawyer's, doctor's, or merchant's wife can possibly have about her husband's business, for she lives and works with her husband on their 'plant.' The farmer's wife is the farmer's partner in more senses than one. In the majority of cases she actually operates certain departments of the business.

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON LESSON FOR DECEMBER 5 UZZIAH'S PRIDE AND PUNISHMENT.

LESSON TEXT—II Chron. 26:16-21. GOLDEN TEXT—A man's pride shall bring him low, but he that is of a lowly spirit shall obtain honor.—Prov. 29:23 R. V.

Again we consider the southern kingdom. No better character could have been chosen to illustrate the condition of rulers and people in the declining days of Judah's glory. Uzziah ruled for 52 years and his reign was almost midway between the days of Solomon and those of the Babylonian captivity.

Gall jerked her pretty head impatiently. If Rev. Smith Boyd meant to be as sober as this, she'd rather he'd stay at home. However, he was the rector, and her Uncle Jim was a vestryman, and they lived right next door.

He dropped behind to slip something which looked like money. Rev. Smith Boyd's cold eyes turned green, as he glanced at this daring young person. In offending the dignity of Market Square church she offended his own. "What would you have us do?" he quietly asked.

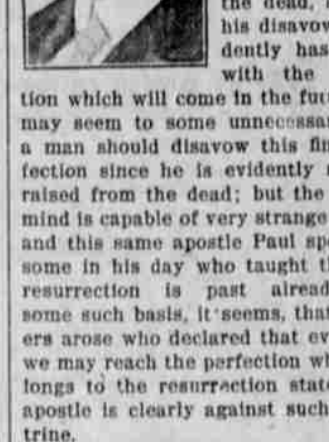
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Perfection—The False and the True. By REV. L. W. GOSNELL, Superintendent of Men, Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.

TEXT—Not as though I had already attained, either were already perfect. But us therefore as many as are perfect be thus minded.—Phil. 3:12, 15.

This text makes it clear that there is a sense in which Christians can be perfect and another sense in which they may be perfect. The apostle states clearly that he has not yet attained, neither is already perfect, or as the Revised Version reads, "made perfect."



which will come in the future. It may seem to some unnecessary that a man should disavow this final perfection since he is evidently not yet raised from the dead; but the human mind is capable of strange strainings, and this same apostle Paul speaks of some in his day who taught that the resurrection is past already.

Bishop Moule, one of the most saintly men the modern church has produced, in commenting upon this passage says: "As far as my own observation goes, such views (i. e. of perfection) are not uncommonly adopted, in those who hold them, by a certain oblivion to personal shortcomings and inconsistencies; by an obscuration of consciousness, and of conscience, more or less marked, towards the sinfulness of ordinary, everyday violations of the law of holiness in respect of meekness, humbleness of mind, long suffering, sympathy, and other quiet graces."

Indeed, the saints of all the ages united with Paul in declaring that they are not already perfect. The apostle, after suffering many things for Christ's sake so that he bore in his body the marks of the Lord Jesus, writes of himself as "chief of sinners."

The same spirit was manifested by Charles Spurgeon, who said during the serious illness, that if he got well he would have many things to preach, but just at that time four words were enough for him, "Jesus died for me." Dr. A. J. Gordon was a man of such saintly character that his very face gave evidence of the indwelling light.

Two matters are involved in the exhortation to be "thus minded." First of all if we feel like the apostle, we will have the lowly estimate of ourselves of which we have spoken, in feeling that we have not attained. Very far from Christian perfection is pride; on the contrary, humility is its very essence. Again, if we are perfect in the sense of which the apostle speaks, we will emulate him in pressing forward for the prize of life glory. This is the very opposite of complacency as to our attainment.