## The BALL of

## & GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER. and LILLIAN CHESTER COPYRIGHT ILLUSTRATED OF C.D.RHODES

At a vestry meeting of the Market Square clairch Gall Sargent tells Rey. Smith Boyd that Market Square church is apparently a lacrative business enterprise. Allieon takes Gall rising in his motor car. She finds cold disapproval in the eyes of Rey. Smith Boyd. Allison starts a mampaign for consolidation and control of the entire transportation system of the world. Gall becomes popular. Allieon gains control of transportation system of the world. Gall becomes popular traffic and arranges to absorb the Vedder court tensment property of Market Square church. Gall tells Boyd that the cathedral Market Square church proposes to build will be out of profits wring from squalor. At a meeting of the seven financial magnates of the country. Allison or galizes the International Transportation campany. Rev. Smith Boyd undertakes Gall's spiritual instruction and Gall unconacionaly gives Allison's new subway the tunnel caves in and imprisons the party, who are resound by the exertions of Allison and Boyd. The newspaper accounts of the subway accident places Gall in the spetlight and drive her to her home in the West. Her friends send Dick Rodley to three Gall and Arly back to New York, and he succeeds.

CHAPTER XV—Continued. -11-

SYNOPSIS.

## CHAPTER XV-Continued.

The wide-set sanitary policeman paused in his survey long enough to wag a thick forefinger at the outraged

"Don't start anything," he advised. "There's some tough mugs in this block, but you go down to the places I've been, and you'll find that they're

With these few simple remarks, he turned his back indifferently to Mr. Rogers, and, catching hold of the carpet in the corner with his fingers. he lifted it up by the roots.

There's no use buckin' the government," Mr. Rogers decided, after a critical study of the sanitary policeman's back, which was extremely impressive. "It's a government of the rich for the rich. Has a poor man got any show? I'm a capable stationary engineer. All I ask is a chance to work-at my trade." This by an afterthought. "If you'll give me two tollars to tide me over-'

Rev. Smith Boyd stepped out of the she way of the sanitary policeman, and Dhen stepped out of the door.

had a"And you call yourself a minister of a Gospel!" Mr. Rogers yelled after the gm

in ' That was a sample of the morning's work, and Rev. Smith Boyd felt more and more, as he neared luncheon time. that he merited some consideration, if only for the weight of the cross he bore. There were worse incidents than the abuse of men like Rogers; there were the hideous sick to see. and the genuinely distressed to comfort, and depthless misery to relieve; and any day in Vedder court was a terrific drain, both upon his sympathies and his personal pocket.

He felt that this was an exceptionally long day.

should have been sterilized and baked . happened in Vedder court.

Away to Vedder court again, disrange of the leers of those senile old buildings, but not out of the range of the peculiar spirit of Vedder court, man! which manifested itself most clearly to the olfactory sense.

The organ was playing when he entered, and the benches were half filled by battered old human remnants, who pretended conversion in order to pick so the crambs which fell from the table of Market Square church, Chiding himself for weariness of the spirit, and comforting himself with the thought that one greater than he had faltered on the way to Golgotha, he derful voice to the blasphemy.

sincerely in the name of helpfulness. was pure of heart.

The men with the rough-hewn countenance, unfortunately not here today. was also sincere in an entirely untoother uncalloused creature in the and thankfulness, too!

by argument, sympathy or fear! They were past redemption, every last man

seven times, to whatever shred or kissed her on the lips!

now embarked on the tide. He had taken just enough drinks to make him ugly, if that process were possible. and he had developed a particularly strong resentment of the latest injustice which had been perpetrated enhim. That injustice consisted of Rev. Smith Boyd's refusal to lend him money till a week from next Saturday night; and he had come to expose the rector's shallow hypocrisy. This he proceeded to do, in language quite sion and to the ears of the ladies then present, most of whom grinned.

were but brief. Rev. Smith Boyd requested the intruder to stop. The intruder had rights, and he stood on them! Rev. Smith Boyd ordered him to stop; but the intruder had a free and independent spirit, which forbade him to accept orders from any man! Rev. Smith Boyd, in the interests of discipline, without which the dignity and effectiveness of the cause could not be upheld, and pleased that this was so, ordered him out of the room. Mr. Rogers, with a flood of abuse which displayed some versatility, invited Rev. Smith Boyd to put him out; and Rev. Smith Boyd did so. It was not much of a struggle, though Mr. Rogers tere two benches loose on his way, and, at the narrow door through which it is difficult to thrust even a weak man, because there are so many arms and legs attached to the human torso, he was compelled to practically pitch him, headlong, across the sidewalk and over the curb and into the gutter! The victim of injustice arose slowly, and turned to come back, but he paused to take a good look at the stalwart young perpetrator, and remembered that he was thirsty.

Rev. Smith Boyd found himself standing in the middle of the sidewalk, Home in a hurry at twelve-thirty. A | with fists elenched and his blood surgscrub, a complete change of every. ing. The atmosphere before his eyes thing, and a general feeling that he seemed to be warm, as if it were reddened slightly. He was tingling from as well. Luncheon with the mother head to foot with a passion which he who saw what a long day this was, had repressed and throttled and then a far different type of calls; in smothered since the days of his boya sedate black car this time, up along hood! He had striven, with a the avenue, and in and out of the strength which was the secret of his clean side streets, where there was compelling voice, to drive out of him little danger of having a tire punc- all earthly dross, to found himself on tured by a wanton knife, as so often the great example which was without the cravings of the body; he had sought to make himself spiritual; but, missing his car at the door of Temple | all at once, this conflict had roused in mission, and walking inside, out of him a raging something, which swept up from the very soles of his feet to his twirling brain, and called him

For a quivering moment he stood there, alive with all the virility which the soul to flame. He knew himself. he knew life, he knew, yes, and that was the wonderful miracle of the flood

He reached auddenly for his watch, ing her to him. sat on the little platform, with a hymn | Six-ten. He could make it! Still imbook in his hand, and, when the prej. pelled by this new creature which had the curb he stopped. He had been in The organist, a volunteer, a little such a whirl of emotion that he had ald man who kept a shoemaker's shop not realized the absence of his hat. the rays of the declining sun, strugfell on the scattered little assemblage-as if it had been sent to touch them in mercy and compassion-on Hons, and himself, of course, the rec- ounly crippled of soul; and a great

sunlight which bathed his upturned face as if with a benediction, he said in a voice which, in its new sweetness of vibration, stirred even the murky depths of these, the numb: "Let us pray."

CHAPTER XVI.

The Creed of Gail.

Who was that tall, severely correct light in his countenance which was Fosland, and he astonished all be holders by his extraordinary conduct. As the beautiful Arly stepped through the gates, he advanced with an entirely unrepressed smile, springing from the balls of his feet with a buoyancy too active to be quite in good form. He took Arly's hand in his, but he did not bend over it with his customary courteous gallantry. Instead, he drew her slightly towards him, with a firm and deliberate movement. and, bending his head sidewise under only seven times but seventy times the brim of her hat, kissed her;

Immediately thereafter he gave a dignified welcome to Gall, and with Arly's arm clutched tightly in his own. he then disappeared. As they walked rapidly away, Arly looked up at him in bewilderment; then she suddenly hugged herself closer to him with a jerk. As they went out through the carriage entrance, she skipped.

It was good to see Allison, big, strong, forceful, typical of the city and its mighty deeds. His eye had lighted with something more than pleasure as Gall stepped out through the gates of the station; something so infinitely more than pleasure that her eyes dropped, and her hand trembled as she felt that same old warm thrill of his clasp. He was so overwhelming in his physical dominance. He took immediate possession of her, standing by while she greeted her uncle and unsuited to the chapel of Temple mis- aunt and other friends, and beaming with justifiably proud proprietorship. Gail had laughed as she recognized that attitude. Allison was really a The proceedings which followed big man, one born to command, to sway things, to move and shift and rearrange great forces; and that, of course, was his manner in everything. She flushed each time she looked in his direction; for he never removed his gaze from her; bold, confident, supreme. When a man like that is kind and gentle and considerate, when he is tender and thoughtful and full of devotion, he is a big man indeed!

Rev. Smith Boyd was at the steps of the Sargent house to greet her, and her heart leaped as she recognized another of the dear familiar faces. This was her world, after all; not that



For a Quivering Moment He Stood

world of her childhood. How differpression. He knew many things now, she had needed to go away in order seemed a warm eagerness in his greetwhich poured in on him, be knew love! Ing, as if everything in him were draw-

creamy lace, and after she had read soom, not one who would be reached | He walked slowly up to the plat- that new intense look in his eyes for

form, and, turning to that reddened the second time that evening, she hur of her name, almost an angulah. She ried away, with the license of a busy stole an upward glance at him, her hostess, and cooled her face at an open window in the side vestibule. There was a new note in Rev. Smith Boyd's voice; not a greater depth nor mellowness nor sweetness, but a forbiddance, though she dropped them something else. What was it? It was hastily, and bent her head still lower. a call, that was it; a call across the She had made herself an eternal part gulf of futarity.

They came after her. Ted and Lucile had arrived. She was in a vortex. never on sea or land? It was Gerald people, and he did it so that onlookers | dure. might think that he was complimenting her on her clever colffure or discussing a new operetta; but he made her blush, which was the intention in the depths of his black eyes. It seemed | bridged the narrow chasm of air, and that she was in a perpetual blush tonight, and something within her seemed to be surging and halting and and had already nigh welded them wavering and quivering! Her Aunt into one. Helen Davies, rather early in the evening, began to act stiff and formal.

"All this excitement is bad for Gail's beauty."

After that the exodus became gen-Boyd remained. The latter young gentleman had taken his flutteringly hap- which blossoms in our own." py mother home early in the evening and he had resorted to dullness with such of the thinning guests as had seemed disposed to linger.

Aunt Helen thought she had better go upstairs after that, and she glanced into the music room as she passed and knitted her brows at the tableau Rev. Smith Boyd, who seemed unusually fine looking tonight, stood leaning against the piano, watching Gail with an almost incendiary gase. That young lady, steadily resisting an impulse to feel her cheek with the back of her hand, sat on the end of the plano bench farthest removed from the rector, and directed the most of her attention to Allison, who was less disconcerting. Allison, casting an occasional glance at the intense young rector, seemed preoccupied tonight; and Mrs. Helen Davies, pausing to take her sister Grace with her, walked up the stairs with a forefinger tapping at her well-shaped chin. She seemed to have reversed places with her sis ter tonight, for Mrs. Sargent was supremely happy, while Helen Davies was doing the family worrying,

She could have bidden Allison adieu had she waited a very few minutes. He was a man who had spent a life time in linking two and two together and he abided unwavefingly by his de ductions. There was no mistaking the nature of the change which was so apparent in Rev. Smith Boyd; but Alli son, after careful thought on the matter, was able to take a comparatively early departure.

"I'll see you tomorrow, Gail," he observed finally. Rising, he crossed to where she sat, and, reaching into her lap, he took both her hands. He let her arms swing from his clasp, and, looking down into her eyes with smiling regard, he gave her hands an extrapressure, which sent, for the hundredth time that night, a surge of color over her face.

Rev. Smith Boyd, blazing down at that scene, suddenly felt something crushing under his hand. It was the light runner board of the music rack, and three hairs, which had lain in placid place at the crown of his head, suddenly popped erect. Ten thousand years before, had these three been so stone ax on the back of his neck, but as it was he passed out unmolested. nodding carelessly to the young rector, and bestowing on Gail a parting look which was the perfection of easy assurance:

Rev. Smith Boyd wasted not a minute in purposeless hesitation or idle preliminary conversation.

"Gail!" he said, in a voice which chimed of all the love songs ever written, which vibrated with all the love passion ever breathed, which pleaded with the love appeal of all the dominant forces since creation. Gall had resumed her seat on the end of the plano bench, and now he reached down and took her hand, and held it. was the richer because of his long re- ent the rector looked; or was it that unresisting. She was weak and limp. and she averted her eyes from the many things which ripened him in an to judge her friends anew? His eyes burning gaze which beamed down on instant, and gave him the heart to were different; deeper, steadier and her. Her breath was fluttering, and touch and the mind to understand and more penetrating into her own; and the hand which lay in her lap was cold yes, bolder. She was forced to look and trembling. "Gail, I love you!" He away from them for a moment. There bent his head and kissed her hand. The touch was fire, and she felt her blood leap to it. "Gail, dear," and his voice was like the suppressed cres-With a rapidity which was a marvel cendo of a tremendous organ flute; to all her girl friends. Gail had slipped "I come to you with the love of a man ade was finished, he devoted his won- sprung up in him, he started; but at upstairs and into a creamy lace eve- I come to you with the love of one ning frock without having been inspired to do great deeds, not just missed; and she was in this acutely to lay them at your feet, but because harmonious setting when Rev. Smith you are in the world!" He bent lower. around the corner, and who played He strode into the mission door, and Boyd called, with his beautiful mother and tried to gaze into the brown eyes on his arm. The beautiful mother was under those fluttering lashes. He held gling dimly through the dingy glass, in an exceptional flurry of delight to her hand more tightly to him, clasped see Gall, and kissed that charming it to his breast, oppressed her with stopped to like people. Fancy all one's suggested by the expression "hearts young lady with clinging warmth. The the tremendous desire of his whole rector's eyes were even more strik- being to draw her to him, and hold spiritual way; but, with these excep the weak and the poor and the pite- ingly changed than they had been her close, as one and a part of him for when he had first met her on the all time to come, mingling and merg I had been Gulliver, I should have by peace. It is to be noted that this tor knew positively that there was not wave of shame came to him; shame steps, as they looked on Gall in her ing them into one ecstatic harmony, gone mad. I'd rather be tied with is a definite promise to those who are "Gail! Oh, Gail, Gail!"

tace pale, bur beautiful lips half parted, and in her depthless brown eyes, alive now with a new light which had been born within her, there was no of him just then, had he but seized upon that unspoken assent, and taken

her in his arms, and breathed to her gentleman waiting at the station, with Dick Rodley hemmed her in a corner, of the love of man for woman, the love a bunch of violets in his hand, and the and proposed to her again, just for that never dies nor wavers nor falters, practice, within eyeshot of a dozen so long as the human race shall en-He bent still closer to her, so that he all but enfolded her. His warm

breath was upon her cheek. The sympathy which was between them enveloped them in an ethereal flame which coursed them from head to foot,

"I need you, Gail!" he told her. "I need you to be my wife, my sweet-"Go home," she murmured to Lucile. heart, my companion. I need you to go with me through life, to walk hand in hand with me about the greatest work in the world, the redemption of eral, until only Allison and Rev. Smith the fallen and helpless, into whose lives we may shed some of the beauty

> There was a low cry from Gail, a ery which was half a sob, which came with a sharp intake of the breath, and carried with it pain and sorrow and protest. She had been so happy, in what she fancied to be the near fulfillment of the promptings which had grown so strong within her. No surge of emotion like this had ever swept over her; no such wave of yearning had ever carried her impetuously up and out of herself as this had done. It had been the ecstatic answer to all her d cams, the ripe and rich and perfect completion of every longing within her; yet, in the very midst of it had come a word which broke the magic thrall; a thought which had cast their cares upon their husbands torn the fairy web like a rude storm from out the icy north; a devouring genie which, dark and frightening, advanced to destroy all the happiness which might follow this first inrushing commingling of these two perfectly correlated elements!

"I can't!" she breathed, but she did not withdraw her hand from his clasp. She could not! It was as if these two palms had welded together, and had become parts of one and the same or ganism.

There was an instant of silence, in which she slowly gathered her swirling senses, and in which he sat, shocked, stunned, disbelieving his own ly, and more positively, than if she response in her to the great desire which throbbed within him. It had come to him from her like the wavering of soft music, music which had blended with his own pulsing diapason in a melody so subtle that it drowned the senses to languorous swooning; it had come to him with the delicate far-off pervasiveness of the birth of a new star in the heavens; it had come to him as a fragrance, as a radiance. as the beautiful tints of spring blossoms, as something infinitely stronger. and deeper, and sweeter, than the sleep of death. That tremendous and perfect fitness and accord with him he

felt in her hand even now. "I can't, Tod," she said again, and neither one noticed that she had unhad unconsciously linked with her thoughts of him. "There could never be a unity of purpose in us," and now, for the first time, she gently withdrew her hand. "I could never be in sympathy with your work, nor you with my views. Have you noticed that we have never held a serious dispute over any topic but one?"

He drew a chair before her, and took her hand again, but this time he patted it between his own as if it were a child's.

"Gall, dear, that is an obstacle which will melt away. There was a time when I felt as you do. The time will come when you, too, will change."

"You don't understand," she gently told him. "I believe in God the Creator; the maker of my conscience; my friend and my father. I am in no doubt, no quandary, no struggle between faith and disbelief. I see my way clearly, and there are no thorns to cut for me. I shall never change.

He looked at her searchingly for a moment, and then his face grew grave; but there was no coldness in it. nor any alteration in the blueness of his eyes. "I shall pray for you," he said, with

simple faith. CTO BE CONTINUEDA

People One "Runs Across."

"I don't like people I run across-There was a cry in that repetition lies threads "-Seribner's Magazire

Finally, when the shark was at the Hernid

Antiseptic Vaccine. A Great British physician, Str Almroth Wright has invented an antiseptis vaccine. By inoculation, it is noped, a soldier before going into battle may be made proof against the in-

The Secret of Peace

By REV. L. W. GOSNELL Superintendent of Men. Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.

TEXT-Be careful for nothing; but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God. And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus.-Philippians 4:6, 7,

Martin Luther once noticed a bird perched on a tree, resting for the night. "That little



about to go to sleep in tranquillity; it has no disquietude, neither does it consider where it shall rest tomorrow night. but it sits in peace on that slender branch, leaving it to God to provide for it. Thus we ourselves refuse to trust in God. who so far from

willing our condemnation, has given for us his Son." The text we have chosen makes clear the pathway to peace for human hearts.

First, we are to be "careful for nothing." This exhortation has been misapplied by some. They are truly careful for nothing and think they have cast their care upon God. But those acquainted with all the circumstances inform us that they have only or wives or friends, who must bear the burden for them. For such people to talk of trust in God is sheer hypocrisy. There is a proper sort of carefulness which is commended of by St. Paul in the very epistle from which our text is taken (Philippians 2:20). The revised version makes clear the meaning of the apostle in our text by the translation, "Be anxious for nothing."

Again, we are to be prayerful about everything. Some good people are wise about what is written in this regard. They tell us we should pray only about spiritual matters; but the text says "everything." The old mysears. Why, he had known, as positive ties even went so far as to say we should have no desires, but should had told him, that there was a perfect only pray, "Thy will be donn," To say the least, this would be very un human, and we are glad to be as sured by the text that it is not the divine requirement. The Father wants us to tell out our hearts freely into his ear, and we car see at once the relief this affords, and how it is related to our peace. Questions may arise as to the need of telling God all when he knows all. Whether we can answer them er not the fact remains that we are encouraged "in everything by prayer and supplication," to make our requests known unto God.

Henry Clay Trumbull was a very practical man, to whom prayer was a reality. He believed that in literally everything he should make his consciously used the name she had requests known to God. On one occarouped, Allison would have felt a heard from his mother, and which she sion just as he was leaving for the train he mislaid the manuscript of an address he was to deliver. had put it in his pocket and it had disappeared most mysteriously. He at once had recourse to prayer. He testifies that immediately it was suggested in his mind that he look in his inside vest-pocket rather than in the pocket of his coat, and lo! the missing document was found. God will answer in various ways, but our part is plain: "In everything make your requests known to God."

The third direction to those who seek peace is, that our prayer should be offered "with thanksgiving." element is so generally omitted; as Spurgeon said, "Complaint is the largest tribute heaven receives.". But we may be thankful, literally, in everything. The very privilege of prayer should make us grateful, for it gives us access to the most bely place. The fact that all comes to uz from the hand of God is a sure ground for confidence that we may be thankful for all. It will be seen at once that a grateful heart will help us on the way to peace.

Then follows a promise that "the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep (or guard) your hearts and minds (or thoughts) in Christ Jesus." The figure is a beautiful one. We are seen as sheltered in Christ as in a fortress, while women, especially. I should be a peace like a sentinel guards the door. nervous ghost by this time if I had The completeness of our protection is chance encounters, turning into pulls and thoughts," i, e., the whole inner on one's affection-like the ropes the man and the very workings of that Lilliputians tied round Gulliver. If inner man, in detail, shall be guarded one stout steel cable than with a mil- anxious for nothing, prayerful about everything and thankful for anything.

A gloomy Christian told a happy colored woman she did not see how sae kept so joyous: "Suppose," said she, "you grew sick, or your emthing were to happen?" The happy saint interrupted: "Stop, honey; I never supposes. The Lawd is my Shepherd. It's all dem 'supposes' as is makin' you so miserable. You'd better give dem all up and just trust de

Manifest God.

We find that the sellish striving, the bitterness and woe that people complain of, are only a seeming reality. It is the picturing forth of false thought; it is the fruitage of false statements. Our sorrows and desolation, our pains and deformities, our poverty and bitter misfortune, cur buffeting with the world as if we were footballs of chance, are conditions of our own making by our acknowledgment of another power than the Most High, who said, "Thou shalt have no other gods before me; thou shalt not ow down to them nor serve them."-

## FRUIT LAXATIVE FOR SICK CHILD

"California Syrup of Figs" can't harm tender stomach, liver and bowels.

Every mother realizes, after giving her children "California Syrup of Figs" that this is their ideal laxative. because they love its pleasant taste and it thoroughly cleanses the tender little stomach, liver and bowels with cut griping.

When cross, irritable, feverish, or breath it bad, stomach sour, look at the tongue, mother! If coated, give a teaspoonful of this harmless "fruit laxative," and in a few hours all the foul, constipated waste, sour bile and undigested food passes out of the bowels, and you have a well, playful child again. When its little system is full of cold, throat sore, has stomach-ache, diarrhoea, indigestion, colic-remember, a good "inside cleaning" should

always be the first treatment given. Millions of mothers keep "California Syrup of Figs" handy; they know a teaspoonful today saves a sick child tomorrow. Ask at the store for a 50cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has directions for babies, children of all ages and grown-ups printed on the bottle. Adv.

The patches that decorate the trousers of a calamity howler are not on the knees.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are the original little liver pills put up 40 years ago. They regulate liver and bowels.—Adv.

It's a poor variety of widow's weeds that will not produce orange blossoms.

Piles Relieved by First Application And cured i 6 to 14 days by PAZO CINTMENT the universal remedy for all forms of Piles Druggists refund money if it fails see

A Winter Campaign. "Can't you get rid of the cook?" "Well, we are preparing for a drive against her."

Not Gray Hairs but Tired Eyes make us look older than we are. I vour Eyes young and you will look yo After the Movies Murine Your Eyes, D tell your age. Murine Eye Romely Chicago, Sends Eye Book on request

"China is going back to an absolute monarchy." "Then China's going to smash."

Ec-Zene Kills Eczema.

Often Does.

Let us prove it. Accept no substitute. If your Druggist does not have it, write to Ec-Zene Co., St. Paul, Minn.—Adv.

Slipping One Over. Convict 1103-The doc told me if I did not quit smoking I'd croak within two years.

Convict 1104-Going to quit? Convict 1103-Nope; the joke's on the doc; I'm going to be hanged next month.-Chaparral.

Made Him Hot. I saw you talking with a wellnown reformer yesterday." "Yes. We had quite a lengthy discussion.'

"Well, did you feel uplifted?" "No, but some of the remarks he made raised my temperature consid-

Rather Discouraging. "Well, Twobble, how are you getting along in politics?" "Can't say that I'm making much

progress." "No?" "I've climbed into half a dozen political bandwagons and every one of

them broke down before I'd traveled far enough to reach an office."

His Summer Experience. "Do you have many servants at your summer home, Hawkins?" asked Wigglethorpe.

"Well, last year we had eighteen," said Hawkins. "Eighteen!" echoed Wiggiethorpe.

"Great Scott, man! how can you manage that number on your income?" "Oh, seventeen of 'em are cooks that stayed on an average of five days apiece," said Hawkins, "The rest were

our hired man." PUZZLED

Hard, Sometimes, to Raise Children.

Children's taste is ofttimes more accurate, in selecting the right kind of food to fit the body, than that of adults, Nature works more accurately through the children. A Brooklyn lady says: "Our little boy

had long been troubled with weak digestion. We could never persuade him to take more than one taste of any kind of cereal food. He was a weak little chap and we were puzzled to know what to feed him on.

"One lucky day we tried Grape-Nats. Well, you never saw a child eat with such a relish, and it did me good to see him. From that day on it seemed as though we could almost see him grow. He would eat Grape-Nuts for breakfast and supper, and I think be would have liked the food for dinner. "The difference in his appearance

is something wonderful. "My husband had never fancled cereal foods of any kind, but he became very fond of Grape-Nuts and has been much improved in health since

using it. "We are now a healthy family and naturally believe in Grape-Nuts.

"A friend has two children who were formerly afflicted with rickets. I was satisfied that the disease was caused by lack of proper nourishment. The children showed it. So I urged her to use Grape-Nuts as an experiment and the result was almost masteal.

"They continued the food and today both children are as well and strong as any children in this city, and, of course, my friend is a m m be-Hever in Grape-Nuts, for she has the evidence before her cyca every day, Name given by Postum Co., Lattle

Creek, Mich. Ever rend the above letter? A me appears from time to time, or genuine, true, and full of he

With Defective Heart. A person with a defective heart must remain, in everything he does,

cou

by Those Who Are Afflicted

he should not walk more than twelve; day's news. Bill was not one of the World. though able to work three hours, he higher order of the monkey family; should work only two, and rest, if his kinship to the human race, if he possible, every hour for a few min- had any, was remote. Yet surely in get along with seven hours' rest and a simian resemblance to man.

MANAGEMENT OF THE BODY | considered rather than whether, for | for monkeys that exchange the nuts | KILLS SHARK WITH CROWBAR the present, the heart can stand the and roots of the jungle for the richer effort. The best protection for the fu- food of zoo captivity and idioness. Extreme Care Should Be Exercised ture is a proper adjustment of effort. The application of the moral to man at all times to one's strength.-Exchange.

Monkey Died Like a Man. The death of Bill Snyder, the baigh able to walk fifteen blocks, acute indigestion, is chronicled in the

sleep, he should rest and sleep at least | He died as hundreds of thousands of | the soldiers knew for long beforehand nine hours. His recuperative power is beings higher in the scale of evolution when they are going to be called upon | ble sextette of shovelers, was improvlowered and it takes, when overtired, die as countless numbers of our 'best to deliver an assault. days and weeks to regain strength citizens" die-from overcating. He

into periods of short duration. What man beings.

Bill's death points a dictetic moral know for certain!"

kind need not be considered. A vastly greater number of men die from over eating than from starvation, and the death of a humble simian in the circumstances from this characteristiemphasize the fact.-New York

Pudding Sure Sign of Battle. A British soldier who wears the ribates, to avoid fatigue. When able to the manner of his death he displayed bon of South Africa, was asked while on leave at home recently, whether

"Well they don't exactly tell us. which a healthy person recovers in was as reckless to the indulgence of but we always know," he replied, adone wight. He endangers his future his appetite for food as the most cut | ding, rather grimly, "you see, if a when er he goes beyond his strength tivated member of the human family. number of army chaplains suddenly even a little, or only to the point and if the circumstances of his death turn up, we can always guess that where he begins to feel tired. He excite surprise, it is that his natural something good and hard is going to may do as much as an average healthy instincts did not preserve him from he asked of us shortly. If they serve person, but he must divide the work the fate of the most intelligent hu us with pudding for dinner before we go into the trenches, why, then we

Great Battle Waged for an Hour Against a Man-Eater Results in Victory.

A man-enting shark up to his eyes in mud and a stranger in the Bronx. was killed near Throggs Neck after well within the limit of his strength. boon of the Central park zoo, from cally human allment, may serve to everyone within half a mile of him had screamed at least once and missed him with a rock at least twice. David McGowan, an inspector in the Bronx department of sewers, is the amateur toreador who finally sent him winging or flippering into the valley of death.

> Mr. McGowan, accompanied by a quartet of pickax wielders and a dou ing the Bronx sewerage facilities when he heard a hoarse cry. Mr. Mc-Gowan selected a crowbar he could trust and hurried to where a strug gling form was creating a whirlpool. He inserted the crowbar into the huge bulk. The head of an indignant shark appeared, and Mr. McGowan, with four excellently executed handsprings, was

back on shore again. Then began a battle which lasted an

hour and endangered the life and property of all who dwell near Weir Creek. Pickaxes were hurled by the drainage pickadores and shovels de ployer died, or some other dreadful scribed parabolas that were interest ing, but dangerous

point of death from ennul and exhaustion, Mr. McGowan stepped for ward and inflicted the fatal wound. The shark groaned, sighed, whistled, rolled over, kicked once and was no more. He was found to weigh 200 pounds when dragged to the shore and was seven feet long.-New York

fection of wounds.

"John, what possessed you to buy "I don't know, Marta, unless I was pickled.