

THE REAL ADVENTURE

By HENRY KITCHELL WEBSTER

Copyright 1916, Bobbs-Merrill Co.

RODNEY ALDRICH HAD NEVER REALLY THOUGHT MUCH OF GETTING MARRIED UNTIL HIS SISTER "PUT THE BUG IN HIS EAR"—THEN HE THOUGHT FIRST OF PRETTY ROSE STANTON

SYNOPSIS.—Rose Stanton, student at the University of Chicago, is put off a street car in the rain after an argument with the conductor. She is accosted by a nice young man who offers to file a complaint with the company and who escorts her to another car line. An hour later this man, Rodney Aldrich, appeared soaked with rain at the home of his very wealthy married sister, Mrs. Martin Whitney, to attend a birthday dinner in his honor. Mrs. Whitney had schemed to make a marriage match between him and Hermione Woodruff, a divorcee, but the plan falls at the dinner.

CHAPTER II—Continued.

She came up to him and, at arm's length, touched him with cautious finger-tips. "And do, please, there's a dear boy," she pleaded, "hurry as fast as you can, and then come down and be as nice as you can"—she hesitated—"especially to Hermione Woodruff. She thinks you're a wonder and I don't want her to be disappointed."

"The widdy?" he asked. "Sure I'll be nice to her."

She looked after him rather dubiously as he disappeared in the direction of her husband's bathroom. There was a sort of hilarious contentment about him which filled her with misgivings. Well, they were justified!

According to Violet Williamson's account, given confidentially in the drawing-room afterward, it was really Hermione's fault. "She just wouldn't let Rodney alone—would keep talking about crimes and Lombroso and psychiatric laboratories—I'll bet she'd got hold of a paper of his somewhere and read it. Anyway, at last she said, 'I believe Doctor Randolph would agree with me.' He was talking to me then, but maybe that isn't why she did it. Well, and Rodney straightened up and said, 'Is that Randolph, the alienist? You see he hadn't caught his name when they were introduced. And that's how it started. Hermione was game—I'll admit that. She listened and kept looking interested, and every now and then said something. Sometimes they'd take the trouble to smile and say 'Yes, indeed!'—politely, you know, but other times they wouldn't pay any attention at all, just roll along over her and snigger her flat—like what's his name—Jungernaut."

"You don't need to tell me that," said Frederica. "All I didn't know was how it started. Didn't I sit there and watch for a mortal hour, not able to do a thing? I tried to signal to Martin, but of course he wasn't opposite to me, and . . ."

"He did all he could, really," Violet assured her. "I told him to go to the rescue, and he did, bravely. But what with Hermione being so miffy about getting frozen out, and Martin himself being so interested in what they were shouting at each other—because it was frightfully interesting, you know, if you don't have to pretend you understood it—why, there wasn't much he could do."

In the light of this disaster, she was rather glad the men lingered in the dining-room as long as they did—glad that Hermione had ordered her car for ten and took the old girl with her. She made no effort to resist the departure of the others, with reasonable promptitude, in their train. When, after the front door had closed for the last time, Martin released a long yawn, she told him to run along to bed; she wanted to talk to Rodney, who was to spend the night while his own clothes were drying out in the laundry.

"Good night, old chap!" said Martin in accents of lively commiseration. "I'm glad I'm not in for what you are." Rodney found a pipe, sat down astride a spindling little chair, settled his elbows comfortably on the back of it, and then asked his sister what Martin had meant—what was he in for?

Frederica, curled up in a corner of the sofa, looked at him at first with a wry pucker between her eyebrows, then with a smile, and finally answered his question. "Nothing," she said. "I mean, I was going to scold you, but I'm not."

Then, "Oh, I was furious with you an hour ago," she went on. "I'd made such a really beautiful plan for you, and then I sat and watched you in that thoroughgoing way of yours kicking it all to bits. The plan was, of course, to marry you off to Hermione Woodruff."

He turned this over in his deliberate way, during the process of blowing two or three smoke rings, began gradually to grin, and said at last: "That was some plan, little sister. How do you think of things like that? You ought to write romances for the magazines."

"I don't know," she objected. "If reasonableness counted for anything in things like that, it was a pretty good plan. It would have to be somebody like Hermione. You can't get on at all with young girls."

"I don't know," said Rodney, "whether Mrs. Woodruff knows what she wants or not, but I do. She wants a run for her money. And she'll want a nice, tame trick husband to manage things for her and be Johnny-on-the-spot whenever she wants him. And if the man happened to be me . . ."

and then clenched her hands over them. He had got up and was ranging comfortably up and down the room. "I know I look more or less like a nut to the people who've always known us. But I give you my word, Freddy, that most of them look like nuts to me. Why a man should load himself up with three houses and a yacht, a stable of motorcars, and heavens knows what besides, is a thing I can't figure out on any basis except of defective intelligence. I suppose they're equally puzzled about me when I refuse a profitable piece of law work they've offered me, because I don't consider it interesting. All the same, I get what I want, and I'm pretty dubious sometimes whether they do. I want space—comfortable elbow room, so that if I happen to get an idea by the tail, I can swing it round my head without knocking over the lamp."

"It's a luxury, though, Rod, that kind of spaciousness, and you aren't very rich. If you married a girl without anything . . ."

He broke in on her with that big laugh of his. "You've kept your sense of humor pretty well, sis, considering you've been married all these years to a man as rich as Martin; but don't spring remarks like that, or I'll think you've lost it. If a man can't keep an open space around him, even after he's married on an income, outside of what he earns, of ten or twelve thousand dollars a year, the trouble isn't with his income. It's with the content of his own skull."

She gave a little shiver and snuggled closer into a big down pillow. "You will marry somebody, though, won't you, Roddy? I try not to nag at you and I won't make any more silly plans, but I can't help worrying about you, living alone in that awful big old house. Anybody but you would die of despondency."

"Oh," he said, "that's what I meant to talk to you about! I sold it today—fifty thousand dollars—immediate possession. Man wants to build a printing establishment there. You come down sometime next week and pick out all the things you think you and Harriet would like, and I'll auction off the rest."

She shivered again and, to her disgust, found that her eyes were blurring up with tears. She was a little bit slack and edgy today anyhow.

What he had just referred to in a dozen brisk words, was the final disappearance of the home they had all

CHAPTER III.

The Second Encounter.

Portia Stanton was late for lunch; so, after stripping off her jacket and gloves, rolling up her veil, and scowling at herself in an oblong mahogany-framed mirror in the hall, she walked into the dining-room with her hat on. Seeing her mother sitting at the lunch-table, she asked, "Where's Rose?"

"She'll be down presently, I think," her mother said. "Does your hat mean you're going back to the shop this afternoon?"

Portia nodded, pulled back her chair abruptly, and sat down.

"I thought that on Saturday . . ." her mother began.

"Oh, I know," said Portia, "but that girl I've got isn't much good."

You'd have known them for mother and daughter anywhere, and you'd have had trouble finding any point of resemblance in either of them to the Amazonian young thing who had so nearly thrown a street-car conductor into the street the night before.

The mother's hair was very soft and white, and the care with which it was arranged indicated a certain harmless vanity in it. There was something a little conscious, too, about her dress. If you took it in connection with a certain resolute amiability about her smile, you would be entirely prepared to hear her tell Portia that she was to talk on "Modern Tendencies" before the Pierian club this afternoon.

A very real person, nevertheless—you couldn't doubt that. The marks of passionately held beliefs and eagerly given sacrifices were etched with undeniable authenticity in her face.

Once you got beyond a catalogue of features, Portia presented rather a striking contrast to this. Her hair was done with a severity that was fairly hostile. Her clothes were brusquely worn. Her smile, if not ill-natured—it wasn't that—was distinctly ironic. A very competent, good-looking young woman, just now drooping a little over the cold lunch.

"When I see any prospect of being as lucky as Martin—find a girl who won't mind when I turn up for dinner looking like a drowned tramp, or kick her plans to bits, after she's tipped me off as to what she wants me to do . . ."

Frederica took her hands off, stepped back, and looked at him. There was an ironical sort of smile on her lips. "You're such an innocent, Roddy dear. Don't think the girl you marry will ever treat you like that."

"But look here!" he exclaimed. "How in thunder am I going to know about the girl I get engaged to, before it's too late?"

"You won't," she said. "You haven't a chance in the world."

"Hi!" he grunted, obviously struck with this idea. "You're giving the prospect of marriage new attractions. You're making the thing out—an adventure."

She nodded rather soberly. "Oh, I'm not afraid for you," she said. "Men like adventures—you more than most. But women don't. They like to dream about them, but they want to turn over to the last chapter and see how it's going to end. It's the girl I'm worried about. . . . Oh, come along! We're talking nonsense. I'll go up with you and see that they're giving you pajamas and a tooth-brush."

She had accomplished this purpose, kissed him good-night, and turned to leave the room, when her eye fell upon a heap of damp, warped, pasteboard-bound notebooks, which she remembered having observed in his side pockets when he first came in. She went over and picked them up, peered at the paper label that had half peeled off the topmost cover, and read what was written on it.

"Who," she asked with considerable emphasis, "is Rosalind Stanton?"

"Oh," said Rodney, very casually, behind the worst imitation of a yawn she had ever seen, "oh, she got put off the car when I did."

"That sounds rather exciting," said Frederica behind an imitation yawn of her own—but a better one. "Going to tell me about it?"

"Nothing much to tell," said Rodney. "There was a row about a fare, as I said. And then, we both got put off. So, naturally, I walked with her over to the elevated. And then I forgot to give her her notebooks and came away with them."

"What sort of looking girl?" asked Frederica. "Is she pretty?"

"Why, I don't know," said Rodney judicially. "Really, you know, I hardly got a fair look at her."

Frederica made a funny-sounding laugh and wished him an abrupt "good night."

She was a great old girl, Frederica—pretty wise about lots of things, but Rodney was inclined to think she was mistaken in saying women didn't like adventures.

"You're a liar, you know," remarked his conscience, "telling Frederica you hadn't a good look at her. And how about those notebooks—about forgetting to give them to her!"

"I was going to, anyway," she said. "Home and fireside for mine today."

The house was deserted except for Inga in the kitchen, engaged in the principal sporting event of her domestic routine—the weekly baking. Rose hadn't meant to go to sleep, but the detective story she tried to read was so flagrantly stupid that presently she tossed the book aside and began dreaming one of her own in which the heroine got put off a street-car in the opening chapter.

The telephone bell aroused her once or twice, far enough to observe that Inga was attending to it, so when the

front-door bell rang she left that to Inga, too—didn't even sit up and swing her legs off the couch and try, with a prodigious stretch, to get herself awake, until she heard the girl say casually:

"Her ban right in the sitting-room!" So it fell out that Rodney Aldrich had, for his second vivid picture of her—the first had been, you will remember, when she had seized the conductor by both wrists, and had said in a blaze of beautiful wrath: "Don't dare touch me like that!"—a splendid, touselled creature, in a chaotic glory of chestnut hair, an unlaced middie-bouise, a plaid skirt twisted around her knees, and a pair of ridiculous red bedroom slippers, with red pompons on the toes. The creature was stretching herself with the grace of a big cat that had just been roused from a nap on the hearthrug.

If his first picture of her had been brief, his second one was practically a snapshot, because at sight of him, she flashed to her feet.

So, for a moment, they confronted each other about equally agitated, flushed up to the hair, and simultaneously and incoherently begged each other's pardon—neither could have said for what, the roddess out of the machine being Inga, the maid-of-all-work. But suddenly, at a twinkle she caught in his eye, her own big eyes narrowed and her big mouth widened into a smile, which broke presently into her deep-throated laugh, whereupon he laughed too and they shook hands and she asked him to sit down.

"It's too ridiculous," she said. "Since last night, when I got to thinking how I must have looked, wrestling

man was a little apologetic when she answered it.

"No, I think not," she said. "But she was in such a state when she came home last night—literally wet through to the skin, and blue with cold. So I thought it wouldn't do any harm. . . ."

"Of course not," said Portia. "Rose is all right. She won't spoil badly."

"I'm a little bit worried about the loss of the poor child's notebooks," said her mother.

"I don't believe Rose is worrying her head off about them," said Portia. The flush in her mother's cheeks deepened a little, but it was no longer apologetic. "I don't think you're quite fair to Rose, about her studies," she said. "If she doesn't seem always to appreciate her privilege in getting a college education as seriously as she should, you should remember her youth. She's only twenty."

"I'm sorry, mother," Portia interrupted contritely. "I didn't mean any harm anyway. Didn't she say the man's name was Rodney Aldrich?"

"I think so," her mother agreed. "Something like that."

"It's rather funny," said Portia. "It's hardly likely to have been the real Rodney Aldrich. Yet it's not a common name."

"The real Rodney Aldrich?" questioned her mother. But, without waiting for her daughter's elucidation of the phrase, she added, "Oh, there's Rose!"

The girl came up behind Portia and enveloped her in a big, lazy hug. "Back to work another Saturday afternoon, Angel?" she asked commiseratingly. "Aren't you ever going to stop and have any fun?" Then she slumped into a chair, heaved a yawning sigh, and rubbed her eyes.

"Tired, dear?" asked her mother. She said it under her breath in the hope that Portia wouldn't hear.

"No," said Rose. "Just sleepy!" She yawned again, turned to Portia, and, somewhat to their surprise, said: "Yes, what do you mean—the real Rodney Aldrich? He looked real enough to me. And his arm felt real—the one he was going to punch the conductor with."

"I didn't mean he was imaginary," Portia explained. "I only meant I didn't believe it was the Rodney Aldrich—who's so awfully prominent; either somebody else who happened to have the same name, or somebody who just—said that was his name."

"What's the matter with the prominent one?" Rose wanted to know. "Why couldn't it have been her?"

Portia admitted that it could, so far as that went, but insisted on an inherent improbability. A millionaire, the brother of Mrs. Martin Whitney, wasn't likely to be found riding in street cars.

"Millionaires have legs," said Rose. "I bet they can walk around like anybody else. However, I don't care who he is, if he'll send back my books."

Portia went back presently to the shop, and it wasn't long after that that her mother came downstairs clad for the street, with her "Modern Tendencies" under her arm in a leather portfolio. Her valetodictory, given with more confidence now that Portia was out of the house, was a strong recommendation that Rose stay quietly within doors and keep warm.

"I was going to, anyway," she said. "Home and fireside for mine today."

The house was deserted except for Inga in the kitchen, engaged in the principal sporting event of her domestic routine—the weekly baking. Rose hadn't meant to go to sleep, but the detective story she tried to read was so flagrantly stupid that presently she tossed the book aside and began dreaming one of her own in which the heroine got put off a street-car in the opening chapter.

The telephone bell aroused her once or twice, far enough to observe that Inga was attending to it, so when the

front-door bell rang she left that to Inga, too—didn't even sit up and swing her legs off the couch and try, with a prodigious stretch, to get herself awake, until she heard the girl say casually:

"Her ban right in the sitting-room!" So it fell out that Rodney Aldrich had, for his second vivid picture of her—the first had been, you will remember, when she had seized the conductor by both wrists, and had said in a blaze of beautiful wrath: "Don't dare touch me like that!"—a splendid, touselled creature, in a chaotic glory of chestnut hair, an unlaced middie-bouise, a plaid skirt twisted around her knees, and a pair of ridiculous red bedroom slippers, with red pompons on the toes. The creature was stretching herself with the grace of a big cat that had just been roused from a nap on the hearthrug.

If his first picture of her had been brief, his second one was practically a snapshot, because at sight of him, she flashed to her feet.

So, for a moment, they confronted each other about equally agitated, flushed up to the hair, and simultaneously and incoherently begged each other's pardon—neither could have said for what, the roddess out of the machine being Inga, the maid-of-all-work. But suddenly, at a twinkle she caught in his eye, her own big eyes narrowed and her big mouth widened into a smile, which broke presently into her deep-throated laugh, whereupon he laughed too and they shook hands and she asked him to sit down.

"It's too ridiculous," she said. "Since last night, when I got to thinking how I must have looked, wrestling

man was a little apologetic when she answered it.

"No, I think not," she said. "But she was in such a state when she came home last night—literally wet through to the skin, and blue with cold. So I thought it wouldn't do any harm. . . ."

"Of course not," said Portia. "Rose is all right. She won't spoil badly."

"I'm a little bit worried about the loss of the poor child's notebooks," said her mother.

"I don't believe Rose is worrying her head off about them," said Portia. The flush in her mother's cheeks deepened a little, but it was no longer apologetic. "I don't think you're quite fair to Rose, about her studies," she said. "If she doesn't seem always to appreciate her privilege in getting a college education as seriously as she should, you should remember her youth. She's only twenty."

"I'm sorry, mother," Portia interrupted contritely. "I didn't mean any harm anyway. Didn't she say the man's name was Rodney Aldrich?"

"I think so," her mother agreed. "Something like that."

"It's rather funny," said Portia. "It's hardly likely to have been the real Rodney Aldrich. Yet it's not a common name."

"The real Rodney Aldrich?" questioned her mother. But, without waiting for her daughter's elucidation of the phrase, she added, "Oh, there's Rose!"

The girl came up behind Portia and enveloped her in a big, lazy hug. "Back to work another Saturday afternoon, Angel?" she asked commiseratingly. "Aren't you ever going to stop and have any fun?" Then she slumped into a chair, heaved a yawning sigh, and rubbed her eyes.

"Tired, dear?" asked her mother. She said it under her breath in the hope that Portia wouldn't hear.

"No," said Rose. "Just sleepy!" She yawned again, turned to Portia, and, somewhat to their surprise, said: "Yes, what do you mean—the real Rodney Aldrich? He looked real enough to me. And his arm felt real—the one he was going to punch the conductor with."

"I didn't mean he was imaginary," Portia explained. "I only meant I didn't believe it was the Rodney Aldrich—who's so awfully prominent; either somebody else who happened to have the same name, or somebody who just—said that was his name."

"What's the matter with the prominent one?" Rose wanted to know. "Why couldn't it have been her?"

Portia admitted that it could, so far as that went, but insisted on an inherent improbability. A millionaire, the brother of Mrs. Martin Whitney, wasn't likely to be found riding in street cars.

"Millionaires have legs," said Rose. "I bet they can walk around like anybody else. However, I don't care who he is, if he'll send back my books."

Portia went back presently to the shop, and it wasn't long after that that her mother came downstairs clad for the street, with her "Modern Tendencies" under her arm in a leather portfolio. Her valetodictory, given with more confidence now that Portia was out of the house, was a strong recommendation that Rose stay quietly within doors and keep warm.

"I was going to, anyway," she said. "Home and fireside for mine today."

The house was deserted except for Inga in the kitchen, engaged in the principal sporting event of her domestic routine—the weekly baking. Rose hadn't meant to go to sleep, but the detective story she tried to read was so flagrantly stupid that presently she tossed the book aside and began dreaming one of her own in which the heroine got put off a street-car in the opening chapter.

The telephone bell aroused her once or twice, far enough to observe that Inga was attending to it, so when the

How to Encourage Bible Reading

By REV. HOWARD W. POPE
Moody Bible Institute,
Chicago

TEXT—Preach the preaching that I bid thee.—Jonah 3:12.

Early in his ministry the writer was led to begin preaching on the books of the Bible. It came about in this way: Our Sunday school for many years had been giving a concert each month, consisting of the usual readings, recitations and singing by the school, and closing with a short address by the pastor. I decided to substitute for the pastor's address a brief study of the books of the Bible, beginning with Genesis.

I tried to give each book a characteristic name, for instance, Genesis is the book of beginning, because it describes the beginning of the universe, the beginning of this world, the beginning of man, the beginning of language, the beginning of the Sabbath, the beginning of sin and the beginning of grace.

As a large part of my congregation consisted of children and youths, it was necessary for me to preach the subject in a popular rather than a scholarly way, and above all to make it exceedingly interesting. I tried to explain what the author's purpose was in writing or compiling the book, and what were the probable sources of his information.

Without going into the subject in an exhaustive way, I tried to tell the story of creation in a popular style and at the same time to show how the picture accounts compared with the facts of modern science.

The temptation and fall of man opened up the subject of origin of sin, and the story shows the effect of sin, not only upon our first parents, but upon the race as a whole, and therefore it has a practical application to everyone.

Genesis. As the first two chapters of Genesis deal with generation, the third chapter takes up the subject of degeneration, and the remainder of the Bible, as the subject of regeneration.

The story of the flood opens up a new theme of exceeding interest, and Noah's deliverance is a splendid type of salvation. Babel with its confusion of tongues, suggests Pentecost, where people of all tongues understood God's message, and the coming day when all God's people shall use the universal language. Thus I went on touching the points which had the greatest practical value.

Then briefly reviewing the book I called attention to the three principal characters—Adam, Noah and Abraham. From them we can learn three practical lessons. From Adam we can learn to obey God; from Noah to talk to God; from Abraham to trust God.

At the close of the service I gave to each person in the audience a four-page folder, containing a brief outline of my address, including the principal facts, dates and outline, together with the Sunday school lessons drawn from the study of the book.

I asked the people to read the book of Genesis through, and at our next meeting to come prepared to pass an examination upon the outline I had given. At the next service I would spend ten or fifteen minutes in questioning the congregation upon the book of Genesis, briefly reviewing what we had gone over before. Then I took up the book of Exodus and gave an address on that.

The Results. At once there was a perceptible increase in the size of the congregation, and in a short time the attendance on the night of the book study was the largest during the whole month. People began to read their Bible more, and to talk about it more, not only during my social calls, but in the mid-week service, and young people's meeting. The young folks especially were eager to get the monthly folder containing the outline Bible study, and if obliged to be absent they were sure to send by someone else to secure a copy. These they stitched together as the months went on, making them into a little book.

Fruit of Bible Reading Habit. The habit of reading the Bible constantly, however, proved of great value. It kept me full of texts and themes and Scriptural illustrations. I had no trouble in finding topics for sermons. My greatest difficulty was to find opportunity to use the wealth of material which was constantly accumulating. Moreover in a few months God gave us a season of spiritual refreshing which increased the church membership about 50 per cent.

Moving to another church later, I began the same method of giving a book study once a month, asking the congregation to read it in advance. I began this time with the New Testament, and found the results to be practically the same as before. And again in a few months there followed a revival which transformed the church, and added greatly to its usefulness and power.

Doubtless I have made as many mistakes and blunders as the average pastor, but as I look back over a long and happy ministry I can see that my highest enjoyment and what little service I have been able to render to the cause of Christ, is largely due to the book studies which I began in my early ministry.

Words of Inspiration. I am determined to sacrifice estate, ease, wealth, applause, and even life, to the sacred calls of my country.—James Otis.

The water of the Antarctic ocean is colder than that of the Arctic.

The "bee in his bonnet" worked rapidly on Rodney and his acquaintance with Rose developed with much speed—as described in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

BABIES MURDERED IN CHINA

One Mother Laughingly Admitted She Had "Disposed Of" Seven of Her Nine Daughters.

A Chinese mother told me the other day that she had disposed of seven of her own daughters. She told it with a laugh! She had borne nine; had given away two, and had drowned the other seven in the slop bucket.

When I tried to find some appeal to conscience—a sense of wrong—it simply was not there. And the pastor's wife, who was with me at the time, when I asked her what these people do regard a sin, said, "Why, nothing! If they carry the idols round twice a year they may do as they like."

I went home with this murderess and found her sweet, young daughter-in-law, who has studied a little in our schools, very sad and heartbroken because her two little daughters had been killed at birth or thrown away by their father. Of course, the mother-in-law had also insisted upon this. Her one son had been killed when five days old by the malpractice of the midwife, who had taken him in hand when some baby ailment developed, and burned his head, hands and breast with live coals. So the poor little mother was left childless.

"My little baby girls cling to my heart night and day!" she cried. "I don't know what became of them. I loved them just as I loved the boy, all the time they were with me before they were born. I wanted them so! But he was unwilling, so they had to die," and she buried her face in her hands.—Evelyn W. Sites, in World Outlook.

EASY TO HANDLE BIG LOADS

Attachment Devised for Trucks Makes the Work of the Wheeler 50 Per Cent Easier.

In order to make it possible for a workman to manage a heavily loaded two-wheeled hand truck with less physical exertion than is ordinarily required an attachment has been devised which holds the cargo in place, allowing the mass to be tilted forward until its center of gravity is over the wheel axle.

When wheeling on level flooring a man is thus relieved of the weight of the article he is moving; his concern is merely to maintain its balance while propelling the truck.

The device consists of an anchor and chain attachment, housed in a tube, which is attached beneath a truck. By tipping the latter forward against the object it is to carry, the chain is drawn out to the required length, locked by dropping one of the links into a narrow slot in the neck of the tube and the hook engaged at any convenient point.

Promoting Thrift in Colombia. The Colombian congress has adopted a measure providing for the appointment by the minister of public instruction of a commission to investigate methods for promoting saving throughout the country. This commission will work out a general plan of organization of public and school savings banks, retirement funds, and societies for mutual aid and co-operative buying.

The water of the Antarctic ocean is colder than that of the Arctic.



Both Quality And Quantity

Try Yager's Liniment for rheumatism, sciatica, sprains, chills, backache, cuts and bruises. This liniment has a free curative power, penetrates instantly, and affords prompt relief from pain.

It is the most economical liniment to buy, for the 25 cent bottle contains as much as the bottle of liniment at that price.

At all dealers.

YAGER LINIMENT

GILBERT BROS. & CO. BALTIMORE, MD.

In the Bath

Before retiring, use with warm water and insure a restful night.

Refreshed

Contains 30¢ Pure Soap

LILY FACE CREAM

The fellow who would rather fight for his country than a patriotic thing, may as well

HEAL BURN RASHES

That Itch, Barm and Torture cure—Trial Free