Henry Kitchell Webster ------

(Copyright 1916, The Bobbs-Merrill Company) CHAPTER XIV-Continued.

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"You won't even give me the poor satisfaction of knowing what you're doing," he said.

"I'd love to," she said, "to be able to write to you, hear from you every day. But I don't believe you want to know. I think it would be too hard for you. Because you'd have to promise not to try to get me back-not to come and rescue me if I got into trouble and things went badly and I didn't know where to turn. Could you promise that, Roddy?"

He gave a groan and buried his face in his hands. Then:

"No," he said furiously. "Of course I couldn't. See you suffering and stand by with my hands in my pockets and watch!" He sprang up and seized her by the arms in a grip that actually left bruises, and fairly shook her in the agony of his entreaty. "Tell me it's a nightmare, Rose," he said. "Tell me it Isn't true. Wake me up out of it."

But under the indomitable resolution was the last appeal of that sort that he made.

and my health and all, as something I'm keeping in trust for you. I'll take plenty of warm, sensible clothes when I go; lots of shoes and stockingsthings like that; and, if you'll let me-I'll borrow a hundred dollars to start Roddy-not that part of it. You wouldn't be afraid for anyone else as big and strong and healthy as I."

Gradually, out of a welter of scenes like that, the thing got itself recognized as something that was to happen, But the parting came at last in a little different way from any they had fore-

Rodney came home from his office early one afternoon, with a telegram that summoned him to New York to n conference of counsel in a big publicutility case he had been working on for months. He must leave; if he were going at all, at five o'clock. He ransacked the house, valuely at first, for Rose, and found her at last in the trunk room-dusty, disheveled, sobbing quietly over something she hugged in her arms. But she dried her eyes and came over to him and asked him what it was that had brought him home so departure with a good deal of care. early.

He sh have to leave in an hour," he said, "If I'm to go."

She paled at that, and sat down rather giddily on the trunk. "You must go," she said, "of course. And- station, when the maid Doris brought Roddy, I guess that'll be the easiest way. I'll get my telegram tonightpretend to get it-from Portia. And you can give me the hundred dollars, and then, when you come back, I'll be

The thing she had been holding in her hands slipped to the floor. He stooped and picked it up-stared at it with a sort of half-wakened recogni-

some old things Portia sent over when she moved. Do you know what it is? they'd still be just like this-plump, It's one of the notebooks that got wetthat first night when we were put off the street car. And-Roddy, look !"

She opened it to an almost blank page, and with a weak little laugh sointed to the thing that was written there: "March 15, 1912!"

"Your birthday, you see, and the day me met each other."

And then, down below, the only note she had made during the whole of that iccture, he read: "Never marry a man with a passion for principles,"

"That's the trouble with us, you see," she said. "If you were just an ordinary man without any blg passions or anything, it wouldn't matter much if your life got spolled. But with us, you see, we've got to try for the biggest thing there is. Oh, Roddy, Roddy darling! Hold me tight for just a it should. minute, and then I'll come and help you pack."

CHAPTER XV.

The World Alone.

"Here's the first week's rent then," said Rose, handing the landlady three dollars, "and I think you'd better give paid for."

The landlady had tight gray halr and a hard-bitten hatchet face. She had no charms, one would have said, of person, mind or manner. But It was nevertheless true that Rose was renting this room largely on the strength of the landlady. She was so much more humanly possible than any of the others at whose placarded doors Rose had knocked or rung . . . !

The landlady went away to write out lng their hands-their feet. a receipt. Rose closed the door after her and locked it.

She didn't particularly want to keep anybody out. But, in a sense in which it had never been quite true before, ing them at all, she went to the door this was her room, a room where anyone lacking her specific invitation to enter would be an intruder-a condiher mother's house or in Rodney's.

She smiled widely over the absurdity of indulging in a pleasurable feeling of possession in a squalid little cubbyhole like this. The wall paper was stained and faded; there was an iron bed-the mattress on the bed was lumpy. There was a dingy-looking oak bureau with a small mirror; a marble-topped black walnut washstand and a pitcher standing in a bowl on top of it.

As for the hurrying life she look

ROSE ALDRICH LEAVES HER HUSBAND AND THE TWINS AND GOES FORTH INTO THE UNKNOWN WORLD TO MAKE A LIVING AND LEARN LIFE'S VALUES

SYNOPSIS.—Rose Stanton, a young woman living in modest circumstances, marries wealthy Rodney Aldrich and for more than a year lives in luxury and laziness. This life disgusts her. She plant to do something useful, but feels that the profession of motherhood is big enough for any woman, and looks forward eagerly to the birth of her baby. She has twins, however, and their care is taken entirely out of her hands by a professional nurse. Intense dissatisfaction with the useless life of luxury returns to Rose. She determines to go out and earn her living; to make good on her own hook. She and her doting husband have some bitter scenes over the wife's "whim." What she goes and does is described in this installment.

difference between it and that which the waiting room. There she tipped she had been wont to contemplate the porter, picked up the bag herself, through Florence McCrea's exquisitely and walked out the other door; crossed leaded casements was simply planet-

And yet, queerly enough, in terms of literal lineal measurement, the distance between the windows themselves was less than a thousand yards. And, such is the enormous social and spiritual distance between North Clark street and The Drive, she was as safely hidden here, as completely out of the orbit of any of her friends, or even of her friends' servants, as she could have been in New York or San Fran-

Of course, wherever she went, whatever she did, there'd always be the risk that someone who could carry back news to Rodney's friends would recognize her. It was a risk that had to be taken. At the same time she'd protect the secret as well as she could. There were two people, though, it

couldn't be kept from-Portia and her of her blue eyes he turned away. This mother. The story given out to Rodney's friends being that Rose was in California with her mother and Portia, "Til promise," she said presently, "to left the chance always open for some be sensible—not to take any risks I contretemps which would lead to her don't have to take. I'll regard my life, mother's discovering the truth in a surprising and shocking way.

But the truth itself, confidently stated, not as a tragic ending, but as the splendid, hopeful beginning of a life of truer happiness for Rose and her husband, needn't be a shock. So this was myself off with. It isn't a tragedy, what Rose had borne down upon her in her letter to Portla.

> . I have found the big thing couldn't be had without a fight," she wrote. "You shouldn't be surprised, because you've probably found out for yourself that nothing worth having comes very easily. But you're not to worry about me, nor be afraid for me, because I'm going to win. I'm making the fight, somehow, for you as well as for myself. I want you to know that. I think that realizing I was

> living your life as well as mine, is what has given me the courage to start...
> "I've got some plans, but I'm not going to tell you what they are. But I'll write to you every week and tell you what I've ne, and I want you to write to Rodney. want to be sure that you understand believe we're farther in love with each other than we've ever been before, know I am with him. . . . Break thing to mother as gently as you like, but tell her everything before you stop.

> This letter written and dispatched, she had worked out the details of her In her own house, before the servants, she had tried to act just as she would have done had her pretended telegram really come from Portia. Her bag was packed, her trunk was gone, her motor walting at the door to take her to the the twins home from their airing. This wasn't chance, but prearrangement.

"Give them to me," Rose said, "and then you may go up and tell Mrs. Ruston she may have them in a few minutes."

She took them into her bedroom and laid them side by side on her bed. They had thriven finely-justified, so far as that went, Harriet's decision in favor of bottle feeding. Had she "I f-found it," she explained, "among died back there in that bed of pain, never come out of the ether at all, placid, methodical. Rose had thought of that a hundred times, but it wasn't what she was thinking of now.

The thing that caught her as she was looking down on them, was a wave of sudden pity. She saw them sudenly as persons with the long road all ahead of them, as a boy and a girl, a youth and a mald, a man and a

She'd never thought of them like that before. The buby she had looked forward to-the baby she hadn't hadhad never been thought of that way, either. It was to be something to provide her, Rose, with an occupation; to make an alchemic change in the very substance of her life. The transmutation hadn't taken place. She surmised now, dimly, that she hadn't deserved

"You've never had a mother at all, you poor little mites," she said. "But you're going to have one some day. You're going to be able to come to her with your troubles, because she'll have had troubles herself. She'll help you bear your hurts, because she's had hurts of her own. And she'll be able to teach you to stand me a receipt showing till when it's the gaff, because she's stood it her-

For the first time since they were born, she was thinking of their need of her rather than of her need of them, and with that thought came, for the first time, the surge of passionate maternal love that she had waited for so long in vain. There was, suddenly, an intolerable ache in her breast that could only have been satisfied by crushing them up against her breast; kiss-

Rose stood there quivering, giddy with the force of it. "Oh, you darlings!" she said. "But wait-wait until I deserve it!" And, without touchand opened it. Mrs. Ruston and Doris were both waiting in the hall.

"I must go now," she said, "Good-by. tion which had not obtained either in Keep them carefully for me." Her voice was steady, and, though her eyes idiotically, and he told her the adwere bright, there was no trace of dress only a block or two from Rose's tears upon her cheeks. But there was room. a kind of glory shining in her face that was too much for Doris, who turned away and sobbed loudly. Even Mrs. Ruston's eyes were wet.

"Good-by," said Rose again, and went down composedly enough to her

She rode down to the station, shook

out upon from her grimy window, the lowed a porter to carry her bag into over to Clark street and took a street

> to let. It was at the end of about half a mile that she found the hatchetfaced landlady, paid her three dollars, and locked her door, as a symbol, perhaps, of the Elgger, heavier door that she had locked upon her past life. Strongest among all the welter of emotions boiling up within her, was a perfectly enormous relief. The thing which, when she had first faced it as the only thoroughfare to the real life she so passionately wanted, had seemed such a veritable nightmare, was an accomplished fact. The week of acute agony she had lived through while she was forcing her sudden resolution upon Rodney had been all but

ear. At Chicago avenue she got off,

unendurable with the enforced contemplation of the moment of partin which they brought so relentless! nearer. There had been a terror, too lest when the moment actually came, she couldn't do it. Well, and now it had come and gone! The surgery of the thing was over.

Rose dusted the mirror with a towel -a reckless act, as she saw for herself, when she discovered she was going to have to use that towel for a week-and took an appraising look at herself. Then she nodded confidentlythere was nothing the matter with her rubbers, and her umbrella, for it was the kind of December day which called for all three. Then, glowingly conso doing, she set off downtown afoot to get a job. She meant to get it cause she meant to so very definitely, she did.

On the last Sunday before Rose went a good deal of care, and was rewarded by finding among the news notes this: Hodney isn't to blame for what's by finding among the news notes happened. We haven't quarreled, and I an item referring to a new musical



He Was Counting Aloud the Bars of the Musica

at the Globe theater immediately after the Christmas holidays. "The Girl Up-Stairs" was the title of it. It was spoken of as one of the regular Globe productions so it was probable Jimmy Wallace's experience with the production of an earlier number in the series would at least give her something to go by.

Granted that she was going to be chorus girl for a while, she could hardly find a better place than one of the Globe productions to be a chorus girl in. According to Jimmy, it was a decent enough little place, and yet it possessed the advantage of being, spiritually, as well as actually, west of Clark street. Rodney's friends were less likely to go there, and so have a chance of recognizing her, than to any

other theater in the city. The news item in the paper told her that the production was in rehearsal, and it mentioned the name of the director, John Galbraith, referring to him as one of the three most prominent musical-comedy directors in the coun-

When she asked at the box office at the Globe theater where they were rethe nicely manicured young man inside answered automatically, "North End hall."

"I'm afraid," said Rose, smiling a little, "I'll have to ask where North End hall is." "Not at all," said the young man

CHAPTER XVI.

The First Day.

With her umbrella over her shoulder, Rose set sail northward again through the rain, absurdly cheered. The entrance to the North End hall a very particular friend of his had hands with Otto, the chauffeur, al- was a pair of white painted doors begged her to do so.

opening from the street level upon the foot of a broadish stair rehearsing," said the young man, and which took you up rather suddenly. then he came over to Rose. At the head of the stairway, tilted back in a kitchen chair beneath a single gas jet whose light he was try- about her mouth when he came up. ing to make suffice for the perusal of a green newspaper, sat a man, under orders, no doubt, to keep intruders away. The thing to do was to go by as if, for such as she, watchmen didn't exist. The rhythmic pounding of feet and the frayed chords from a worn-out piano, convinced her she was in the right place.

Her stratagem succeeded. The man glanced up and, though she felt he didn't return to his paper again, he made no attempt to stop her. She walked steadily ahead to another open door at the far end of the room, through which sounds and light came

Rose paused for a steadying breath before she went through that farther door, her eyes starry with resolution, her cheeks, just for the moment, a little pale.

and walked north, keeping her eyes The room was hot and not well open for placards advertising rooms lighted. In the farther wall of it was a proscenium arch and a raised stage. On the stage, right and left, were two irregular groups of girls, with a few men, awkwardly. Rose thought, disa little to mark the rhythm of the mu- the stage and came toward them. sic industriously pounded out by a sweaty young man at the plano-a swarthy, thick young man in his undershirt. There were a few more people sprawled in different parts of the hall.

> first, because her attention was focused upon a single figure—a compact, ather slender, figure, and tall, Rose ought-of a man in a blue serge

it, who stood at the exact center of e stage and the extreme edge of the otlights. He was counting aloud he bars of the music-not beating time at all, nor yielding to the rhythm in any way; standing, on the contrary, and said: "What do you want?" rather tensely still. That was the quality about him, indeed, that riveted Rose's attention and held her, as still as he was, in the doorway-an exhilarating sort of intensity that had communicated itself to the swaying groups on the stage.

You could tell from the way he counted that something was gathering looks-and resumed her ulster, her itself up, getting ready to happen. "Three . . . Four . . . Five Six Seven—Now!"

he shouted on the eighth bar, and with scious that she was saving a nickel by the word one of the groups transformed itself. One of the men bowed to one of the girls and began waitzing that very afternoon. And, partly be- with her; another couple formed, then another.

Rose watched breathlessly, hoping the maneuver wouldn't go wrong-for away she had studied the dramatic no reason in the world but that the section of the morning paper with man there at the footlights was so tautly determined that it shouldn't.

Determination triumphed. The number was concluded to John Calbraith's evident satisfaction. "Very good," he said. "If you'll all do exactly what you did that time from now on, I'll not complain." Without pause he went on: "Everybody on the stage-big girls-all the big girls!" And to the young man at the plano, "We'll do 'Afternoon Tea.'"

There was a momentary pause then, filled with subdued chatter, while the comedies, tens of thousands wind up the new number.

Rose looked them over. The girls they have forgotten how. In times weren't, on an average, extravagantly past people of all ranks sang together beautiful, though, with the added as a matter of course. Sailors sang at charm of make-up allowed for, there their work, peasants, shepherds, cowwere, no doubt, many the audiences boys-all had their favorite and apwould consider so. They were dressed in pretty much anything that would dren at games, the lullables of mothallow perfect freedom to their bodies, especially their arms and legs; bathing suits mostly, or middy blouses and dianapolis News. bloomers. Rose noted this with satisfaction. Her old university gymnasium costume would do perfectly. Anything, apparently, would do, because, as her eye adjusted itself to details, she discovered romper suits, pinafores, chemises, overalls-all equally

taken for granted. Galbraith struck his hands together for silence, and scrutinized the now motionless group on the stage.

"We're one shy," he said. "Who's question: "Grant!" He wheeled around and his eyes searched the hall.

Rose became aware, for the first time, that a mutter of conversation had been going on incessantly since she had come in, in one of the recessed Galbraith's gaze plunged in that di-A big blonde chorus girl was in there with a man, a girl who, with twenty silence to a paid singer. pounds trained off her, and that sulky look out of her face, would have been a beauty. She had roused herself with a sort of definat deliberation at the sound of the director's voice, but she still had her back to him and went on talking to the man.

"Grant!" said John Galbraith again and this time his voice had a cutting edge. "Will you take your place on the stage, or shall I suspend rehearsal until you're ready?"

For answer she turned and began walking slowly across the room. She started walking slowly, but under Galbraith's eye she quickened her pace, involuntarily, it seemed, until it was a ludicrous sort of run. Presently she emerged upon the stage, looking rather artificially unconcerned, and the rehearsal went on again.

But just before he gave the signal to the planist to go ahead, Galbraith with a nod summoned a young man hardy and intelligent and possessed from the wings and said something to with an equally catholic taste for food, him, whereupon, clearly carrying out hearsing "The Girl Up-Stairs" today, his orders, he vaulted down from the be done away with. stage and came walking toward the doorway where Rose was still stand-

But he didn't come straight to her: he brought up before a woman sittoward her, assumed a look of calculat-

being kept walting. But the limp young man didn't seem through the water. disconcerted, and inquired in so many words what her business was. The duchess said in a harsh, high voice that she wanted to see the director;

"You'll have to wait till he's through

The vestiges of the smile the duchess had provoked were still visible "May I wait and see Mr. Galbraith after the rehearsal?" she asked. "If I won't be in the way?"

"Sure," said the young man. "He won't be long now. He's been rehearsing since two." Then, rather explosively, "Have a chair."

He struck Rose as being a little flustered and uncertain somehow.

It was a long hour that Rose sat there in a little folding chair-an hour that, in spite of all her will could do, took some of the crispness out of her courage. When at last, a little after six

o'clock, Galbraith said: "Quarter to eight, everybody," and dismissed them with a-nod for a scurry to what were evidently dressing rooms at the other side of the hall, the ship of Rose's hopes had utterly gone to pieces. She had a plank to keep herself afloat on. It was the determination to stay there until he should tell her in so many

words that he hadn't any use for her. The deprecatory young man was talking to him now, about her and the duchess evidently, for he peered out posed among them. All were swaying into the hall, then vaulted down from

The duchess got up, and, with a good deal of manner, went over to meet him. Rose didn't hear what the duchess said. But when John Galbraith answered her, his voice easily filled the room; "You tell Mr. Pike, It was all a little vague to her at if that's his name, we haven't any vacancies in the chorus at present. If we find we need you, we can let you know."

He said it not unkindly, but he exercised some power of making it evident that as he finished speaking, the duchess, for him, simply ceased to exist. Then, with disconcerting suddenness, he looked straight at Rose

She'd thought him tall, but he wasn't. He was looking on a perfect level into her eyes. "I want a job in the chorus," said

"You heard what I said to that other woman, I suppose?"

"Yes," said Rose, "but . . "But you thought you'd let me say to you again."

"Yes," she said. And, queerly enough, she felt her courage coming

Rose Aldrich's luck in hunting a job in the chorus of a musical comedy and what happens afterward is described with thrilling emphasis in the next install-

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SINGING CALLED LOST ART It Is Now Confined Chiefly to Profes-

sionals, Drunkards and Phonographs, Says Writer. Singing, as far as most people are concerned, is a lost art. Thousands his messengers sought out the prophet attend operas, recitals and musical Isalah. From II Chron. 32:20 we find girls and men realigned themselves for phonographs; but as for singing themselves informally at their work or play

propriate songs. The songs of chilers are in the collected ballads and folklore of many peoples, says the In-

"The pastimes and the labors of the husbandman and the shepherd," says Andrew Lang, "were long ago a kind of natural opera. Each task had its own song; plowing, seeding, harvest, burial-all had their appropriate ballads or dirges. The whole soul of the peasant class breathes in their burdens as the great sea resounds in the shell cast up on the shore."

Nowadays the whirl of machinery makes all the noise. The workers in missing?" And then answered his own mills might find it unsatisfying to sing at their work, but it is doubtful if they would sing even if their voices could be heard; while singing in an office or store would pretty surely be stopped by the "boss" or the police. Thousands congregate every night in the window seats behind her. Now when silence of moving picture theaters, and even in the churches where singing by rection, she turned and looked too. the congregation used to be customary the attendants now usually listen in

Singing in this age is largely confined to the professional performer, drunken men and gramophones.

Crows Holding Their Own. There has been hostility between the farmers and the crows ever since there were farmers in New England, but the number of crows, so far as anyone knows, has not decreased. They are efficient, they are able to care for themselves and are likely to hold their own, no matter how much the population may increase. More than that, despite the severity of winter, each crow looks sleek and well-fed, perfectly at home and contented with its surroundings. The English sparrows and the starlings may seek shelter during severe weather, but, no matter how cold or stormy it may be, one finds the crow doing business as usual. If the quall and ruffed grouse were as a whole volume of game laws might

Resistance of the Wind.

Tests on a model of the naval collier Neptune made in the wind tunnel of the Washington navy yard by Naval ting in a folding chair a little farther Constructor William McEntee show along the wall, who drew herself de- that if this vessel were steaming fensively erect when she saw him turn against a 30-mile wind at 14 knots an hour it would require about 770 horseed disdalu, tapped a foot-gave, on power to overcome the resistance of the whole, an imitation of a duchess the wind. This is about 20 per cent of the power necessary to propel her

> Some Weather Signs. A deep blue color of the sky, when seen through clouds, indicates fair weather; a growing whiteness, as approaching storm.

INTERNATIONAL FARM MORELA SUNDAY SCHOOL **LESSON**

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LESSON FOR JULY 22

SENNACHERIB IN DAYS JUDAH.

LESSON TEXT-II Kings 19:20-22, 28-37. GOLDEN TEXT-God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.-Last week's lesson was a great ple-

ture of the reform of the nation. Today we have another picture which needs to be carefully put before the children. It is a national picture of a ruler and the invasion of his country. In reality it reveals the principles which are the same today, and which affect the lives of boys and girls as well as men; the dangers, temptations, the need of prayer, the need of a life of faith in God, the care of a heavenly father, deliverance and victory. It is a great thing for any nation or any individual to have such a marvelous experience of God's salvation. It occurred probably B. C. 701, the latter part of Hezekiah's reign. Assyria on the north was enlarging its borders and seeking to overcome Judea. Read parallel accounts in II Kings 18; II Chron. 32 and Isa. 36:37. We have on the Taylor cylinder an account by Sennacherib of the victory over Hezekiah, found in Nineveh in 1830 and now in the British museum.

I. The Situation. When the great Sargon died at Nineveh, the Syrian governments sought to assert their independence. It was a good time for Hezekiah also to assert his independence. Accordingly they refused to pay the customary tribute to Assyria. For a time Sennacherib was too busy attending to other portions of the empire to pay much attention to the city of Jerusalem. Later, however, he subdued the cities on the coast and threatened Egypt itself. While besieging Lakish he sent a large body of troops to conquer Judea and take the city of Jerusalem for it was not safe to leave such a large fortress behind him on his march into Egypt.

II. The Supplication (vv. 20-22). God does things because we pray. There was more power in Hezekiah's prayer than there was in his army. Through his prayers he laid 185,900 of his enemies in the grave. Hezekinh's God saved his people out of the hand of Sennacherib (v. 19), God dld it, One great reason why he heard Hezekinh's prayer was because it was for God's own glory that Hezekinh asked (v. 19). One great reason why so many of our prayers are not answered is because they are selfish-seeking our own gratification and not God's honor (James 4:3 R. V.). Rending his clothes and putting on sackcloth, Hezekiah went to the house of God while that Isaiah joined with Hezekinh in his earnest prayer (Matt. 18:19, 20). thus the king and prophet worked as well as prayed. They showed their faith by their work (James 2:17, 18). At the same time they waited upon God for an answer, not because God was unwilling to bestow good things, or must be importuned, but that his gifts may bring the greater benefit. He sometimes delays his answer, thereby fitting us to receive them because of the intensity of our desire and to appreciate the things he has to bestow. God is as ready to say to us as to Hezekiah, "Thy prayer is heard," if we will not meet the conditions of prevailing prayer (I John

3:22; I John 5:14; Rom. 8:26,27).

III. God's Glorious Deliverance (vv. 23-37). God permitted the Assyrians to attack and they thus imagined they were having their own will and could do as they pleased, but when his "rod" had done its work, they found the difference. The God against whom they raved guided them as with a "bridle' and turned them back to Assyrla. Sennacherib considered himself more than a match for God (Ch. 18:23-25) but had to return like a conquered beast of hurden with God's "hook" in his nose and bridle on his lips. God allows the enemies of his people to go a certain length in order that his people may be humbled and seek him. Then he puts forth his hand and says, "This far and no further." Jehovah gives us the same promise he gave Hezekiah, "I will defend this city." Is not the city of Jerusalem that God defends more safe than a city defended by an army? (Psa. 46:5, 6; 27:1). God had promised David that his kingdom should not perish, for in it lay the hope of the world and his plans for the redemption of mankind. Not because of the people did God defend the city, but because of his oath. This is a most dramatic picture, the mysterious destruction of the Assyrian army (vv. 35, 36). The Lord sent his angel, literally his "messenger," who applied his own plan for the accomplishment of his purpose. In Psa. 104:4 the "winds" are said to be God's messengers and in II Sam. 24:16, "the plague." Whatever the means of destruction, it was of God, and when it smote the camp of the Assyrians "behold the devastation, behold they were all dead corpses." How empty was Sennacherib's boast and how potent were Hezekiah's prayers. Noiselessly, all unseen, the angel of Jehovah moved through that Assyrian camp "that night and when the survivors awoke in the morning, behold the devastation." Jehovah had kept his word and manifested his power. It is a dangerous thing for men to trifle with

cylinder to which reference has been made. Why? Because it was a great crisis in Israel's history like the exodus and the return from captivity. It is a great thing for any nation or any individual to have such a marvelous expe rience of God's salvation (see Psa.

God (Psa. 76:5-7). This is but a faint

foreshadowing of the judgment which

must soon come upon all who defy

This question of conserve

food has become so agitated by

who have a knowledge of

means in the preservation of the

have made a study of the fool tions, and the requirements country, that it is beginning to the entire nation. The my whose duty it is to study the and compare it with the const sees a rapidly creeping up of the other, and, when the appr consumption gets a headway output, where will the nation is time the people were srow there is danger ahead unless telligence of the people is are the facts. The crop of 1917, less than an average one, and work it has to perform, 2) feed the man producing it, of less efficiency today that ago. His strength has been by the drawing away of thethe from the farms, who are tor ranks of the consumer instead of the producer. There is a ratio here that can only be stood when confronted wing palling figures presented by charge of the conservation wat army has to be fed, dependen for, the navy has to have per and we cannot sit idly by safe women and children of the across the sea starve. Then a great call for active parties the matter of providing for those who are left at home he of this work have a rese placed upon them fully as pen the man at the front who has to protect the homes, the suc the honor of those who are let The producer should think this; there, should be ecos only of labor. Every acred able land should be profes vantage should be taken of a light hour. It must not begin how much can we make he a case of "fight" with these w gone overseas, but in our vg. win the war. Where that of vades will be found the see patriotic American. Therein culty in securing land is up states. It may be rented as or purchased at low price, a should be little difficulty with bankers to get the a funds to carry on operation you not be able to get what in your own state, Wester offers an immense wide fell ations at the lowest possible Americans are welcome arms. Homesteads of 19 m may be had on easy color other lands may be purded prices on easy terms. Bet all kinds of small grains in The prospects for a left on cellent, and it looks today # would be as good a reuri time in the past, and well ized that there have bed! forty and forty-five budshi over large areas this shad couraging. Now that I tries are allies and the are mon one there should be set in accepting whatever of be the best in order to B production so necessary, should it not be met, will rious menace. Particulars dian lands, whether for ! homestead, may be had as

Advertisement. How Germans Atta It has frequently bear that the German troops 203 formation even in the for gun and shell fire, a polit of sulcidal under condition warfare. A Dutch araf has been an observer a says that this is not sh states that the attack has ance of a mass attack composed of successive in fantry. The rear ward close formation to height of the troops, but the a mass attack, strictly Germans charge in des they have located what is

to any Canadian Government

the weak spot in the line Wright's Indian Veguila a "coal-tar product" not but a good, old-fashious is for regulating the standard

the bowels. Get a box sale Muddled The day was drawled Judge, jurors, witnesset -all were growing for the prosecution sa

ining the defendant "Exactly how far is a two towns?" he asked if For some time the ing, then:

"About four miles #5 came the answer. "You mean as the torted the man of lag The judge leaned for

"No," he remarked means as the fly cross And they all looked feeling that something somewhere.

FLIXIR BARR WORT
IN GOLD IN THE R
"I contracted makera
rear's fruitless treams;
washington physician procontrol of the reason of the reason

"De Sapp has a "It's not lockhead."

ounces of gold.

When Your De Try Murine E