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

-14-Presently she came. A buffet of wind struck her as she closed the door behind her, and whipped her unbuttoned ulster about; but she did not cower under it, nor turn away-stood there, finely erect, confronting It. There was something alert about her pose-he couldn't see her face distinctly-that suggested she was expecting

"Roddy," she said. He tried to speak her name, but his

spoke his name again. "I saw you when you went out," she "I was afraid you mightn't

very distinctly:

I've-w-waited so long. Longer than you." He managed at last to speak, and, as he did so, reached out and took her by the shoulders. "Come home," he

said. "You must come home." At that she stepped back and shook her head. But he had discovered, while his hands held her, that she

was trembling too. The stage door opened again to emit a group of three of the "ponies." They stared curiously at Dane and the big man who stood there with her,

then scurried away down the alley. must go somewhere."

She nodded assent, and they moved her. off side by side after the three little girls, but slower. In an accumulation of shadows, half way down the alley, he gripped her arm tight and they both he closed the door. stood still. The next moment, and

without a word, they moved on again. Finally-"Are you all right Roddy? And the babies?" she managed to say, "It's a good many days since I've heard from Portla." And then, suddenly: "Was it because anything had gone wrong that you came?"

"I didn't know you were here until in time." I saw you on the stage," he said.

This was all, in words, that passed until he looked about him in a sort of dazed bewilderment when she stopped. at last, at the stoop before her door. "Here's where I live," she said.

"Where you live!" he echoed

fornia. I've been right here-where I seconds, perhaps. Then: chimneys. I've a queer little room- Rodney asked. I only pay three dollars a week for it | They were both too well accustomed "Rose . . ." he said, hoarsely.

ably down the street. She shrank into him there in the doorway; and somethe angle of the steps, and Rodney fol- thing a little tenderer and gentler lowed her, found her with his hands, and heard her voice speaking breathlessly, in gasps. He hardly knew what she was saying.

"It's been wonderful . . . I know we haven't talked; we'll do that some ing she knew. They've thought all other time, somewhere where we can along that you and I knew, too." And like that, just as . . . Tomorrow, Roddy? Who told you?" I shall think it was all a dream."

"Rose . . . The only sound that came in anbreath. But presently her hand took on the stage," the one of his that had been clutching her shoulder and led him up the steps. barely audible cry of passionate sym-She opened the door with a latchkey, and then, behind her, he made his way up two flights of narrow stairs, whose faint creak made all the sound there was. In the black little corridor at the top she unlocked another door. "Wait till I light the gas," she

brenthed. She turned and looked into his face, her eyes searching it as his were searching hers, luminously and with a swiftly kindling fire. Her lips parted a little, trembling. There was a sort of bloom on her skin that became more visible as the blood, wave on wave, came flushing in behind it,

As for Rodney, he was the same man who, an hour ago, in the theater, had raged and writhed under what he felt to be an invasion of his proprietary rights in her.

He wouldn't have defined it that way, to be sure, in a talk with Barry Lake; would have denied, with the best of them, that a husband had any proprietary rights in his wife. But the intolerable sense of having become an object of derision or contemptuous pity, of being disgraced and of her being degraded, couldn't derive from anything else but just

"Have you anything here," he asked her dully, "besides what will go in that trunk?"

It was the surliness of his tone, rather than the words themselves, that startled her.

"No," she said, puzzled. "Of course not." "Then throw them into it quickly,"

he said, "and we'll lock the thing up. Do you owe any rent?" "What do you "Roddy!" she said.

mean?" "I mean you're going to get out of

this benstly place now-tonight. We're ever heard of !" going home. We can leave an address for the trunk. If it never comes, so much the better." Again all she could do was to ask

him, with a bewildered stammer, what do anything in the world for me. Well, into a small part in some good comhe meant.

"Because," she added, "I can't go home yet. I've-only started." "Started!" he echoed. "Do you

think I'm going to let this beastly farce go any further?"

t-undoubtedly had come to see for themselves, and, out of pity or conhim worst, of having borne a grudge wanted. against him and avenged it.

It was the ignoblest moment of his life, and he knew it. The accusanothing to those that were storing up in his mind against himself. He didn't look at her as he talked,

again, and went on trying to restate be, who married me." his grievance—this time more reasonably, retracting a little. But under her continued silence he grew weak- relevancy. She'd have said something ly irritated again.

When at last she spoke, he turned his eyes toward her and saw a sort of talk. There was something in it. Affrozen look in her dull white face that terward, when we were engaged, two he had never seen in it before. Her or three times, you gave me tips about intonation was monotonous, her voice things. And since we've been married it up along with the newspaper. He scarcely audible.

somebody. And then, not aloud, but or not. If I'd died when the bables that I didn't see." were born. . dry throat denied it utterance. He alternative, "I'm glad I've got a job be on another woman's side, as you began suddenly to tremble. He came, and that I can pay back that hundred say, about." forward out of the shadow and she dollars I owe you. I've had it quite But she contradicted this statement saw him and came to meet him, and a while. But I've kept it, hoping you at once. "Oh, I did love her!" she said wait. I hurried as fast as I could. back so soon. She smiled a little over that, a smile

loved you and had the babies, even to try to forgive me." though it's all had to end," she shuddered again, "like this."

It wasn't till he tried to speak that her apparent calm was broken. Then, with a sudden frantic terror in her am myself. I want you to ask her, whateyes, she begged him not to-begged ever she thinks my deserts are, to do him to go away, if he had any mercy just one thing for me, and that is to "We can't talk here," he said. "We for her at all, quickly and without a word. In a sort of daze he obeyed hideous place. I don't ask anything

The tardy winter morning, looking she likes. She can live where or how through her grimy window, found her she likes. Only-not like that. Maysitting there, just as she'd been when be it's a deserved punishment, but I

CHAPTER XXI.

Frederica's Paradox. Two days later Rodney walked in on Frederica at breakfast, alone.

"Hello!" Frederica said, holding out a hand to him, but not rising. "Just

"Don't ring," he said quickly. "I've had all I want. My train got in an thing to Rose to be forgiven for." hour ago and I had a try at the station restaurant."

"Well, sit down, anyway," said Frederica. She reached out a cool, soft hand and laid it on one of Rodney's which rested limply on the table.

most see the smoke of your "How did you find out about it?"

-but-it's big enough to be alone in." to these telepathic short-cuts to take any note of this one. She'd seen that A drunken man came lurching piti- he knew, just with her first glance at than most of her caresses about this one, told him that she did.

"Harriet's back," she said. "She got in day before yesterday. Constance said something to her about it, think-But tonight, walking along then: "How did you find out about it,

"No one," he said, in a voice unsee the show on the recommendation swer was a long, tremulously indrawn of a country client, and there she was

"Oh!" cried Frederica-a muffled



Presently She Came.

pathy. Then: "You've seen her off the stage-talked with her?"

"I didn't ask her to explain," said Rodney. "I asked her to come home and she wouldn't."

"Oh, It's wicked!" she cried. the most abominably selfish thing I we go at it right. Of course the thing

"Pull up, Freddy!" he said. Rather place as soon as we can. And I supgood going on like that. And besides to get her into something else-take there's something you can do. You're

the only person I know who can." Her answer was to come around be hind his chair, put her cheek down let us make as much of it as we can. beside his, and reach for his hands. Face it out. Pretend we like it. I "Let's get away from this miserable And with that he told her what breakfast table," she said. "Come up this.

tempt, hadn't told him. He told ered wing chair, an enormously disabout. And of course I couldn't go tion than this, that is, if you haven't her how he'd felt, sitting there in tended rug-covered pillow beside her back and ask, Daphne something, I changed your mind about being on the the theater. He accused her as his knees waiting for him to drop down think. It sounded exactly like a chorus stage; a position that will have more wrath burned brighter, of having se- on when he felt like it, he began name, anyhow." And then: "Well, hope and promise in it. I want you to ected the thing to do that would hurt rather cautiously to tell her what he how about it? Will you play the feel that we're-with you."

"Til tell you the reason why I've come to you," he began, "and then you'll see. Do you remember nearly two It comes to exactly the same thing, tions he was making against her were | years ago, the night I got wet coming | what we both want done, and our reahere to dinner-the night you were going to marry me off to Hermione Woodruff? We had a long talk and she didn't interrupt; said no word afterward, and you said, speaking of of denial or defense. The big out the chances people took getting marburst spent itself. He lapsed into an ried, that it wasn't me you worried uneasy silence, got himself together about, but the girl, whoever she might

The little gesture she made admitted the recollection, but denied its to that effect, but he prevented her. "No," he insisted, "it wasn't just

Well, somehow, I've had the "I guess I understand," she said. "I feeling that you were on her side; don't know whether I wish I were dead that you saw things her way-things good of you to come," he said, his

. . But I'm glad I "Little things," she protested; "litcame away when I did. And I'm glad," the tiny things that couldn't possibly she gave a faint shudder there at the matter-things that any woman would

might find out where I was and come fiercely. "Not just because she loved to me, as you did, and that we might you, but because I thought she was alhave a chance to talk. I thought I'd together adorable. I couldn't help it. tell you how I'd earned it, and that And of course that's what makes me you'd be a little-proud with me so perfectly furious now-that she about it, proud that I could pay it should have done a thing like this to you.'

"All right," he said. "Never mind he had to turn away from. "I sup- about that. This is what I want you to pose I'll be glad, some day, that do. I want you to go to see her, and I It all happened; that I met you and want you to ask her, in the first place,

"What for?" Frederica demanded. "I want you to tell her," he went on, "that it's impossible that she should be more horrifled at the thing I did, than I let me take her out of that perfectly else but that. She can make any terms can't stand it!"

There was the crystallization of what little thinking he had managed to do in the two purgatorial days he'd spent in a down-state hotel-in the intervals of fighting off the memory of the dull, frozen agony he'd seen in Rose's face as he left her.

That's absurd, of course, Roddy," she said gently. "You haven't done any-"You'll just have to take my word

for it," he said shortly. "I'm not exaggerating."

"But, Roddy!" she persisted. "You must be sensible. Oh, it's no wonder! floor with a red plush carpet on it, two happy, that I thought I was doing You're all worn out. You look as if stained-glass windows in yellow and "Ever since I went away—to Cali- There was rather a long silence—ten you hadn't slept for nights. What if green, flanking an oak mantel which that was making me more nearly a you were angry and lost your temper framed an enormous expanse of motand hurt her feelings? Heavens! tied purple tile, with a diminutive gas-Weren't you entitled to, after what log in the middle. A glassy-looking she'd done? And when she'd left you oak table occupied most of the room, to find it out like that?" "I tell you, you don't know the first

> thing about it." "I don't suppose you-beat her, did you?"

It was too infuriating, having him meek like this! His reply was barely audible:

might better have done It." Frederica sprang to her feet. "Well, then, I'll tell you!" she said. "I won't go to her. I'll go if you'll give me a site her. free hand. If you'll let me tell her what I think of what she's done and the way she's done it-not letting you go and beg her to forgive you, I won't.

"All right," he said dully. "You're within your rights, of course."

The miserable scene dragged on t little longer. Frederica cried and plended and stormed without moving him at all. He seemed distressed at her grief, urged her to treat his request as if he hadn't made it; but he pled. explained nothing, answered none of her questions. It was an enormous relief to her.

ter, when, after a premonitory knock them.

The situation didn't need much explaining, but Frederica summed it up while the others exchanged their coolly friendly greetings, with the state-

ment: "Rod's been trying to get me to go to Rose and say that it was all his fault, and I won't."

"Why not?" said Harriet. "What earthly thing does it matter whose fault it is? He can have it his fault If he likes."

"You know it isn't," Frederica muttered rebelliously. Harriet seated herself delicately and

of a little Victorian sofa, and stretched her slim legs out in front of her. "Certainly I don't care whose fault it is," she said. "You never get anywhere by trying to decide a question like that. What I'm interested in is very nice situation. Nobody likes itat least I should think Rose would be pretty sick of it by now. She may have been crazy for a stage career, but she's probably seen that the chorus of

a third-rate musical comedy won't take her anywhere. The thing's simply a mess, and the only thing to do is to clear it up as quickly and as decently as we can-and it can be cleared up if again. to do is to get her out of that horrible gently, though, for him. "There's no pose the best way of doing it will be I said that night-about being dis-You were saying Harriet would her down to New York and work her pany. Almost anything, if it came to that, so long as it wasn't music. Oh,

game?" "Oh, yes," he said, with a docility that question with a straight look into that surprised Frederica. "I'll play it. his eyes. sons for doing it are important to nobody but ourselves."

She turned to Frederica. "You, too, Freddy?" she asked. "Will you give your moral principles a vacation and take Rod's message to Rose, even though you may think it's Quixotic nonsense?"

"I'll see Rose myself," sald Rodney quietly.

He was standing near the foot of the stairs when she came down, with a raincoat on and a newspaper twisted up in his hand, and at sight of her, he took off his soft, wet hat, and crushed moved over toward her, but stopped two or three feet away. "It's very



His Eyes Didn't Once Seek Her Face

voice lacking a little of the ridiculous stiffness of his words, not much." "Is there some place where we can talk a Frederica, naturally, was mystified. little more-privately than here? I shan't keep you long." "There's a room here somewhere,"

she said.

The room she led him to was an appropriately preposterous setting for the altogether preposterous talk that and the chairs that were crowded in around it were upholstered in highly polished coffee-colored horse-hide, with very ornate nails.

"It's dreadfully hot in here," Rose said. "You'd better take off your coat." She squeezed in between the table and one of the chairs and seated herself. Rodney threw down his wet hat, his

newspaper, and then his raincoat, on the table, and slid into a chair oppo-

"I want to tell you first," Rodney said, and his manner was that of a schoolboy reciting to his teacher an naturally level and dry. "I went to know-not giving you a chance. But apology which has been rehearsed at home under the sanction of paternal authority-"I want to tell you how deeply sorry I am for . .

He had his newspaper in his hands again and was twisting it up. His eyes didn't once seek her face. But they might have done so in perfect safety, because her own were fixed on his hands and the newspaper they crum-

He didn't presume to ask her forgiveness, he told her. He couldn't expect' that; at least not at present. He and, she fancied, to him, for that mat- went on lamely, in broken sentences, repeating what he'd said already in at the door, Harriet walked in upon still more inadequate words. He was unable to stop talking until she should say something, it hardly mattered what. And she was unable to say anything.

The formality of his phrases got stiffer and finally congealed into a then, with an effort, got up and mount-

blank silence. Finally she said, with a gasp: "I have something to ask you to-forgive out-where I was, the way you did. You see, I thought at first that no one would know me, made up and all. And when I found out I would be recognizable, it was too late to stop-or at least it seemed so. Besides, I thought deliberately in one of the curving ends | you knew. I saw Jimmy Wallace out there the opening night, and saw he recognized me, and-I thought he'd tell you. And then I kept seeing other people out in front after that, people we knew, who'd come to see for themselves, and I thought, of course, you what can be done about it. It's not a knew. And-I suppose I was a coward-I waited for you to come. I wasn't, as you thought, trying to hurt | with the exception of Mrs. Josephine But I can see how it must have you. looked like that."

He said quickly: "You're not to blame at all. I remember how you ofdo before you went away, and that I wouldn't let you."

Silence froze down upon them

"I can't forgive myself," he said at last. "I want to take back the things work is already being taught by Dr. graced and all. I was angry over not having known when the other people did. It wasn't your being on the stage. We're not as bigoted as that. "I've come to ask a favor of you

though, and that is that you'll let me and have her use her own name, and -let us all-help you. I can't-bear don't say it's ideal, but it's better than about like this, where all sorts of things can happen to you. And going had happened in his office that afterto where I live, where we can be safeyou, told her of the attitude of his ly by ourselve; then tell me about ly. "Do you mean she made one up?"
Her own name?" he echoed blankunder an assumed name. I've no
right to ask a favor, I know, but I do.
Harriet nodded. "Constance men I ask you to take your own name again in order as you mean she made one up?"

In front of her boudoir fire, look- tioned it," she said, "but that was be- -Rose Aldrich. And I want you to ing down on her as she sat in her flow- fore I knew what she was talking let us help you to get a better posi-

"Who are 'we?' " She accompanied

"Why," he said, "the only two people I've talked with about it-Frederica and Harriet. I thought you'd be glad to know that they felt as I did."

The first flash of real feeling she had shown, was the one that broke through on her repetition of the name "Harriet!"

"Yes," he said, and he had, for about ten seconds, the misguided sense of dialectical triumph. "I know a little how you feel toward her, and maybe she's justified it. But not in this case, Because it was Harriet who made me see that there wasn't anything-disgraceful about your going on the stage. It was her own idea that you ought to use your own name and give us a chance to help you. She'll be only too glad to help."

During the short while she let elapse before she spoke, his conviction-carrying power of this statement ebbed somewhat, though he hadn't seen yet what was wrong with it.

"Yes," she said at last, "I think I can see Harriet's view of it. 'As long as Rose had run away and joined a fifth-rate musical comedy in order to be on the stage, and as long as everybody knew it, the only thing to do was to get her into something respectable so that you could all pretend you liked it. It was all pretty shabby, of course, for the Aldriches, and, in a way, what you deserved for marrying a person like that. Still, that was no reason for not putting the best face on it you could.' And that's why you came to find me!"

"No, it isn't," he said furiously. His elaborately assumed manner had broken down anyway. "I wanted you to know that I'd assent to anything, any sort of terms you wanted to make that didn't involve-this. If it's the stage, all right. Or if you'd come home-to the babies. I wouldn't ask anything for myself. You could be as independent of me as you are here. . . .' He'd have gone on elaborating this

program further, but that the look of blank incredulity in her face stopped "I say things wrong," he concluded

with a sudden humility that quenched the spark of anger in her eyes. "I was a fool to quote Harriet, and I haven't done much better in speaking for myself. I can't make you see. "Oh, I can see plainly enough,

Roddy," she said with a tired little grimace that was a sorry reminder of her old smile. "I guess I see too well. I'm sorry to have hurt you and made you miserable. I knew I was going to do that, of course, when I went away, but I hoped that, after a while, you'd come to see my side of it. You can't ensued between them. It had a mosaic at all. You couldn't believe that I was something worth doing; something person you could respect and be friends with

"So I guess," she concluded after a silence, "that the only thing for you to do is to go home and forget about me as well as you can and be as little miserable about me as possible. I'll tell you this, that may make it a little easier; you're not to think of me as starving or miserable, or even uncomfortable for want of money. I'm earning plenty to live on, and I've got over two hundred dollars in the bank.'

There was a long silence while he sat there twisting the newspaper in his hands, his eyes downcast, his face dull with the look of defeat that had settled over it.

In the security of his averted gaze, she took a long look at him. Then, with a wrench, she looked away.

"You will let me go now, won't you?" she asked. "This is-hard for us both, and it isn't getting us anywhere. And-and I've got to ask you not to come back. Because it's impossible, I guess, for you to see the thing my way. You've done your best to, I can see that."

He got up out of his chair, heavily, put on his raincoat, and stood, for a moment, crumpling his soft hat in his hands, looking down at her. She hadn't risen. She'd gone limp all at once, and was leaning over the table.

"Good-by," he said at last. "Good-by, Roddy." She watched him walking out into the rain. He'd left his newspaper. She took it, gripped It in both hands, just as he'd done; ed the stairs to her room.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

me for. That's for leaving you to find TRAINING SCHOOL FOR WIVES Unfortunately, However, This Club

Has Produced No Weddings in

Five Years' Life. To fit themselves to be wives for men whom they have not yet found, the members of the Josephine club

are preparing to take courses in self-

control, in first aid to the injured, in literature and gymnastic work. The organization is composed of a large number of girls, all of a marriageable age, who are in the business world. Every member is unmarried Cohn, the founder and presiding offi-

cer of the club. The club is five years old, and during the period there have been no bred to tell me what you intended to marriages of its members. The aims of the club are formally expressed thus: "The social, moral and physical advancement is to be accomplished by means of gymnasium work to be undertaken, shortly. First-aid Amelia A. Dranga. The self-control is being inculcated into the memhers, when necessary, in devious ways, "Wa do not want to take a course in courting until we have made ourselves efficiently acceptable to a husband," one member explained. She added that if "one of the girls" gets having you live like this, knocking married she will not be put out of the club.-Pittsburgh Dispatch.

> Avoid Confusion Work will be saved by keeping th

"The Doors Being Shut"

By REV. W. W. KETCHUM Director of Practical Work Course, Moody Bible Institute, Chicago

TEXT-Then came Jesus, the doors being shut, and stood in the midst.-John 20

The door being shut and Christ, notwithstanding, in their midst, suggests the idea that while we may securely fasten ourselves away from others, we can never shut out Christ. Of course the disciples in bolt-

ing the door were not trying to keep Christ out. It was their enemies they feared. But if we think of this incident in another way, the shut door suggests the ef-

forts men make to keep Christ out of their lives, and the fact that though the door was shut Christ stood in their midst reminds us of the futility of their efforts. Vast numbers of people persistently

and steadily resist the supreme claim that Christ undenlably makes upon them. Yet Christ stands in their midst and demands from them a right intellectual judgment. His old question to the Pharisees is the question he puts to them: "What think ye of Christ? Whose son is he?" Now, no thinking man can get away from these persistent questions; try as he may, they ever recur, and insistently do they clamor for an answer. Christ is a fact and not a fabrication, and as such demands an explanation. Dismiss him today and he is here tomorrow; turn him down now, and he confronts you in the next moment. There is no door thick enough nor bolt heavy enough to shut Christ out of the reason. Even now, as you read these words it is Christ who is asking you, "Who say ye that I am?" And what pray, is your answer? Have you passed your final and absolute intellectual judgment upon Christ? Do you say "No!" Then I answer, you must, for Christ stands in the midst of your reason, even though you have shut against him that door, and condemns you to the task of explaining

Resisting the Love of God.

Men also shut the door of their affections against Christ. But even so, he stands in the midst and asks the heart question: "Lovest thou me?" What a blessed thing it is to be able to respond, "Yen Lord, thou knowest that I love thee." But alas! that is not the answer of those who have barred the door of their affections against Christ. His great love for them finds no response in their hearts. Yet, the appeal of Christ's love is there just the same, and if men are honest they will acknowledge it, for all human hearts are sensitive to love, and within is an unsatisfied love and longing that can never be satisfied without Christ. And so, though the door be shut, he stands in the midst and in the Old Testament word says: "Son, give me thine heart!"

Men shut as well against Christ, the door of their will. "We will not have this man to reign over us" is the cry they raise; as if he were some autocratic despot who desired their subserviency that he might crush them under his iron heel. Not so, the King of Kings and Lord of Lords longs to have men subject to him that he may have the joy of setting them free. He it is, who with rapturous heart sald "Whom the son makes free is free indeed," Blessed liberty giving Christ when men will to let thee have thy way with them, thou dost make them free; thou art the open door into liberty. Men are so fearful of the restraints

son seem to feel that a will yielded to the master means a life of servitude. To be sure, there is no true Christian liberty without restraint; to be freed from sin is to be restrained from practleing it. Christian liberty is not license; it is freedom from the domination of the powers of evil without and within and when one enjoys it, he is set free for a richer, fuller life, a wider usefulness, a greater joy. Such is the idea in the word of Christ when he says: "I am come that they might have life and have it more abundantly." Men do not really live, in the estimation of God, until they have that life which Christ came to give. Why then do they not have it if Christ came to give it? Simply because they shut against him the door of the will. "Ye will not," he said to men of old, "come unto me that ye may have life." And that is his word to men today.

of the Christian life and for some rea-

Though he came to give life and will give it abundantly, he will never give it to any man until that man opens the door of his will to him. Other kings may by sheer force make men subject to them, but not so the Christ who waits for men volitionally to admit him into the throne room of their hearts by opening the door of the will. "If any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me." Becomes an Open Door. While Christ asks you to permit him to pass over the threshold of your will

into your heart that there he may abide, he also says that he will, if you do this, be to you an open door, a way of entrance into salvation and a way of egress into service. "I am the door; by me if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and out, and find pasture." Open to Christ the door of your heart and he is then to you the open door into safety and security and the open door to fuller Christian life. Why longer then shut the door of your intellect, your affection, your will

against Christ? Though you do, he stands in the midst, the door being shut; unrecognized by you, but there just the same; not to condemn, but to save; to give you The freer step, the fuller breath,
The wide horizon's grander view,
The sense of life that knows no death,
The life that maketh all things new.

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

Soap It Refreshes Contains 30% Pure Sulphur. HIE's Hair & Whiskor Dys, Black or P

Glenn's

Sulphy

PATENTS Watson P. Coling

Bates reasonable. Highest refe SWAMP- Is not recom ROOT



Mother-Father-Broth Sister-Sweetheart Lung Trouble?

W. N. U., BALTIMORE, NO. 12-11 The Ambitious Bride Bill-Hello! Home from you eymoon trip already? GIII-Oh, yes?

er anxious to get home and try cooking on me. Granulated Eyelids, Sties Infland relieved over night by Roman Eye ha One trial proves its merit als.

HE WAS WAITING PATIENTS

Constant Attendant at Play Was Sta to Be on Hand When Erring Will Was Caught by Husband

A problem play was being point in Chicago, One evening it was covered that a certain man, either from the rural district, had area the play six nights in successing always sat well down in front h night he leaned forward eagely as seat and drank in the words of drama. These facts were communicate the theater press agent, who see

a good story. Approaching the in ested spectator between the sm apologized for his intrusion and a "Would you mind telling me just you are so interested in this pl Do you know some member di cast?" "Nope," said the man from the lands. "That ain't it. But III you about It. You know the some

the private room of the result

where the dark man and the

man's wife get up and leave

left-hand door just a moment M the woman's husband enters W right-hand door?" "Yes," said the press agent of

antly. "Well," said the interested tor, "some night the husbands p to come in before they leave."

Didn't Seem to Be "Free" Set An Indiana congressman me made a liberal distribution di seeds, sending them to his our ents in franked envelopes on with peared the regular warning Test for private use, \$300," says the his apolis News. A few days later to his supporters wrote:

"I don't know what to do about garden seeds you sent me. I me It is \$300 fine for private use Ib want to use them for the public want to plant them in my prints den. I can't afford to pay \$300 fm privilege. Won't you see if me fix it so I can use them primite am a law-abiding citizen, and \$1 want to commit a crime."

Wise Precaution. Visitor-When writing about to do you refer to it as a republic monarchy? Editor-Always the opposit

what it is at the moment, list to be the other by the time the ticles gets into print. Baking powder causes bread to

but gunpowder will raise it 400 California this year shipped 409 cars of citrus fruits



should end—as well s begin—with a perfect food, say-Grape-Nuts

A crisp, delicious food containing the entire and barley, including the vital mineral elements

so richly provided by

Nature in these grains Every table should have its daily ration Grape-Nuts.



"Rather short, wasn't my "Oh, yes. My new wife seems