



CHAPTER XXII. -15-

Jimmy Wallace Throws a Bomb. Rose had watched Rodney walking de- though he admitted it had seemed allectedly away into the rain that Jimmy Wallace threw his bomb.

Every year he made two professional visits to New York; one in auhe might have interesting matters to write about when the local theatrical he looked him up. doings had been exhausted. From his first spring pilgrimage after Rose's disappearance he came back wearing a deep-lying and contented smile, and a few days later, after a talk over the telephone with Rodney, he headed a column of gossip about the theater with the following paragraph:

"Come On In," as the latest of the New York revues is called, is much like all the s. It contains the same procession scialty mongers, the same cacophony others. of rag-time, the same gangway out into the audience which refreshes tired business men with a thrilling worm's-eye view of dancing girls' knees au naturel. And up and down this straight and narrow pathway of the chorus there is the customary parade of the same haughty beauties of Broadway. Only in one item is there a deviation from the usual formula: the costumes. For several years past the revues at the theater (the Columbian) have been caparisoned with the decadent colors and bizarre designs of the exotic Mr. Grenville Melton. I knew there had been a change for the better as soon as I saw the first number, for these dresses have the stimulating quality of a healing

and vigorous imagination, as well as a vivid decorative value. They are exceed ingly smart, of course, or else they would never do for a Broadway revue, but they are also alive, while those of Mr. Melton re invariably sickly. Curiously enough the name of the new costume designer has a special interest for Chicago. She is Doris Dane, who participated in "The Girl Upstairs" at the Globe. Miss Dane's stage experience here was brief, but nevortheless her striking success in her new profession will probably cause the formation of a large and enthusiastic "I-knew

her-when" club Jimmy expected to produce an effect with it. But what he did produce ex-He declined the first two on the ground the designing of them and the execuof an enormous press of work inci- tion are more mixed up together by dent to his fresh return from a fort- Rose's method than by the orthodox night in New York. But when Violet one. She wanted to get some women Williamson called up and said, with a in to sew for her, and see the whole reference to a previous engagement that job through herself; deliver the cos-

how amazingly good they were made him search his program. The line "Costumes by Dane" had lighted up in It was about eleven months after his mind a wild surmise of the truth, most too good to be true. Because the costumes were really wonderful.

He cast about, he said, for some way of finding out who Dane really was. tumn, one in the spring, in order that And, having learned that Galbraith was putting on the show at the Casino

Galbraith proved a mine of information-no, he was more like one of tell what she looked like and how she those oil wells technically known as a said it." gusher. He simply spouted facts about Rose, and couldn't be stopped. She was his own discovery. He'd seen her possibilities when she designed sud in the eye and register deep meanexecuted those twelve costumes for the lings or anything like that. I don't sextette in "The Girl Upstairs." He'd

brought her down to New York to act as his assistant. She worked for Galbraith the greater part of last season. Jimmy had never known of anybody having just that sort of job before. Galbraith, busy with two or three proon her shoulders. He'd get a number started, having figured out the maneuvers the chorus were to go through, the steps they'd use, and so on, and Rose would actually take his place; would be in complete charge of the rehearsal as the director's representative.

The costuming last senson had been rific prices for his legal services, when a side issue, at the beginning at least, but she'd done part of the costumes for one of his productions, and they were so strikingly successful that Abe Shuman had snatched her away from him

"The funny thing is the way she does them," Jimmy said. "Everybody else who designs costumes just draws them: dinky little water colored plates, and the plates are sent out to a company like the Star Costume company and they execute them. But Rose can't ceeded his wildest anticipations. The draw a bit. She got a mannequin-not thing came out in the three o'clock an ordinary dressmaker's form, but a edition, and before he left the office regular painter's mannequin-with legs that afternoon he had received over and made her costumes on the thing; the telephone six invitations to din- or at least cut but a sort of pattern of ner; three of them for that night, them in cloth. But somehow or other, was shamefully fictitous: "Jimmy, you | tumes complete, and get paid for them.

"What makes you think he knows?" fiolet demnnded "Well, for one thing," said Jimmy, when Rose was asking for news of all of you, she said : 'I hear from Rod-

ney regularly. Only he doesn't tell me much gossip." "Hears from him!" gasped Violet. 'Regularly !" She was staring at Jimmy in a dazed sort of way. "Well, does she write to him? Has she made it up with him? Is she coming back?" "I suppose you can just hear me isking her all those questions? Casually, in the aisle of a theater, while she was getting ready for a running jump into a taxi?"

The color came up into Violet's face again. There was a maddening sort of jubilant jocularity about these men. the looks and almost winks they exchanged, the distinctly saucy quality of the things they said to her.

"Of course," she said coolly, "if Rose had told me that she heard from Rodney regularly, although he didn't send her much of the gossip, I shouldn't have had to ask her those questions. I'd have known from the way she looked and the way her voice sounded, whether she was writing to Rodney or stalr. not, and whether she meant to come back to him or not; whether she was ready to make it up if he was-all that. Any woman who knew her at all would. Only a man, perfectly in-

Jimmy, meek again, attempted the

task. "Well," he said, "she didn't look me know where she looked. As far as the

inflection of her voice went, it was just as casual as if she'd been telling me what she'd had for lunch. But the quality of her voice just richened up a bit, as if the words tasted good to

unto me this dream, oh, Joseph.' Violet's eyes were shining. "Why, it's as plain," she said. "Can't you see that she's just waiting for him; that says the word? And there he is cating his heart out for her, and in his rage charging poor John perfectly ter-

all he's got to do is to say 'please,' in order to be happy."

CHAPTER XXIII.

Rodney Gets a Clear View of Himself. It was Rose herself who began this correspondence with Rodney, within a month of her arrival in New York. If Rodney had done an unthinkable

thing; if he had kept copies of his letters to Rose, along with her answers,



PADEER

tins. There had crept into them, so

subtly and so gently that between one

of them and the next no striking dif-

ference was to be observed, a friend-

liness, quite cool, but wonderfully firm.

She was frankly jubilant over the suc-

cess of her costumes in "Come On In."

and she inclosed with her letter a com-

Are Trying

returned Rodney's nod pretty stiffly, as was natural enough, since Rodney's that," said Rodney. grin had distinctly brightened up at

sight of him. Eleanor said, rather negligently: the Palace to see a perfectly exquisite

there. She comes on at half past nine, so we've got to fly. Want to come?" "No," Rodney said. "I came over to see Jim. Is he at home?"

The maid was holding out the coat Rodney's question, just stood for a cause she didn't know. Well, she's at anybody, but the expression in her She understands-I tell you-every-

eyes was sullen. "Yes, he's at home," she said at last.

"Busy, I suppose," said Rodney. Her inflection had dictated this reply. "Yes, he's busy," she repeated absently and in a tone still more coldly

the hostility was not meant for him. She looked around at Bertle. "Wait two minutes," she said. "it you don't mind." Then, to Rodney, "Come along." And she led the way up the lustrous, velvety teakwood

He followed her. But, arrived at the drawing room floor, he stopped. "Look here," he said. "If Jim's busy

"Oh, don't be too dense, Rodney!" fatuated, grinning . . . See if you can't she said. "A man has to be 'busy' when he's known to be in the house and won't entertain his wife's guests. Go up, sing out who you are, and go

right in." She gave him a nod and a hard little smile, and went downstairs again to Bertle.

Rodney found the door Eleanor had indicated, knocked smartly on it, and sang out at the same time, "This is Rodney Aldrich. May I come in?" "Come in, of course," Randolph called. "I'm glad to see you," he added, coming to meet his guest, "but do her. And she smiled, just barely, as you mind telling me how you got in ductions at once, had put over a lot if she knew I'd be staggered and didn't here? Some poor wretch will lose of the work of conducting rehearsals care. There you are! Now interpret his job, you know, if Eleanor finds out about this. When I'm in this room, sacred to reflection and re-

> search, it's a first-class crime to let me be disturbed." It didn't need his she'll come like a shot the minute he sardonic grin to point the satire of his words. Rodney said curtly: "Eleanor sent

me up herself. I didn't much want to come, to tell the truth, when I heard you were busy."

"Eleanor !" her husband repeated, "I thought she'd gone out-with her poodle.'

Rodney said, with unconcealed distaste: "They were on the point of going out when I came in. That's how Eleanor happened to see me."

With a visible effort Randolph recovered a more normal manner. "I'm glad it happened that way," he said. "Get yourself a drink. 'You'll find anything you want over there, I guess, and something to smoke; then we'll sit down and have an old-fashioned talk."

The source of drinks he indicated was a well-stocked cellarette at the other side of the room. But Rodney's eye fell first on a decanter and siphon on the table, within reach of the chair Randolph had been sitting in.

"I don't believe I want anything more to drink just now," Rodney said. And, as he followed Rodney's glance, Randolph allowed himself another sardonic grin.

"Id like to know what you mean by

"Why, look here," Randolph said. "You know what a kid she was when you married her. Schoolgirl! I used 'Hello, Rod. We're just dashing off to to tell her things and she'd listen, all eyes-holding her breath! Until I felt little dancer Bertle's discovered down almost as wise as she thought I was. She was always game, even then. If she started a thing, she saw it through. If she snid, "Tell it to me straight." why, she took it, whatever it might be, standing up. She wasn't afraid of for Eleanor's arms. But Eleanor, at anything. Courage of innocence. Besecond quite still. She wasn't looking courageous now, because she knows. thing.

"Why, look here! We all but ran into each other on the corner, there, of Brondway and Forty-second street; shook hands, said howdy-do. If I had a spare half-hour, would I come and hostile, though Rodney perceived that have tea with her here at the Knickerbocker? She'd nodded at two or three passing people while we stood there. And then somebody said, 'Hello, Dane,' and stopped. A miserable, shabby, shivering little painted thing. Rose said 'Hello' and asked how she was getting along. Was she working now? She said no; did Rose know of anything? Rose said, 'Give me your address, and if I can find anything I'll let you know.' The horrible little beast told her where she lived and went away. Rose didn't say anything to me, except that she was somebody who'd been out in a road company with her. But there was a look in her eyes . . . !

Oh, she knew-everything. Knew what the kld was headed for. Knew there was nothing to be done about it. She had no flutters about it, didn't pull a long face, didn't, as I told you, say a word. But there was a look in her eyes, somehow, that understood and faced-everything. And then we went in and had our tea.

"I had a thousand curiosities about her. I'd have found out anything I could. But it was she who did the finding out. Beyond inquiring about you, how lately I'd seen you, and so on, she hardly asked a question; but pretty soon I saw that she understood me. She knew what was the matter with me; knew what I'd made of myself. And she didn't even despise me!

"I came back here to kick this thing to pieces, give myself a fresh start. And when I got here, I hadn't the sand. I got drunk instead." He poured himself another long drink and sipped slowly.

"Everybody knows," he said at last, "that down-and-outs almost invariably take to drugs or drink. But I know why they do."

That remark stung Rodney out of his long silence. During the whole of Randolph's recital of his encounter with Rose he'd never once lifted his eyes from the gray ash of his cigar. He didn't want to look at Randolph, nor think about him. Just wanted to remember every word he said, so that he could carry the picture away intact. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

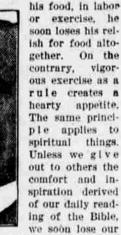
ENGLAND NOW CHEWING GUM

Foreigners for Years Refused to Adopt American Product, but Situation Suddenly Has Changed.

For a great many years American chewing gum manufacturers have endeavored to teach foreign countries to



It is a well-known fact that unless one uses the strength derived from



interest in it, and find it rather a dull book.

If you reply: "I do not seem to get much inspiration from the Bible. In fact, I doubt if I have gotten a fresh idea from it in a week," let me ask you if you take time to think on what you read. Gold has to be mined, and diamonds are dug from the depths of the earth. In fact, very few of God's best gifts can be obtained without effort. So the Scriptures must be searched if one will discover their hidden treasures, and even truths require prayer and thought before it reveals its full beauty and strength.

Aside from the daily lessons which God gives us from our morning reading, if we look for them earnestly, and we may be sure they are adapted to our needs for that day, we wish to call attention to the opportunities for service which arise from our contact with people on the way to or from business. or on the train, or in the performance of our daily duties. How often at the table conversation drags, and almost dies for lack of a fresh subject, and yet how seldom anyone ventures to introduce a religious topic, even where the majority of the people present are professing Christians.

Out of the Abundance of the Heart. On the other hand, how refreshing it is to meet one who is evidently in the condition of Peter and John, who sald : "We cannot but speak the things which we have seen and heard." A gentleman overtook a stranger and invited him to ride. As he approached him he said to himself: "I wonder what the man is thinking about and what subject of conversation he will introduce. Surely it will be one of three things-the weather, the crops or the election." It was none of these, His first words after the salutations were: "How's religion down in your country?" The question startled the man a little by its directness, but it showed where the other's heart and

and this they had to borrow, h in 1906 that they filed on he having to sell a shotgun for ten lars in order to get sufficient me do so. Frank Lawrence says: "Since that time we have an altogether a section and a hit land, in addition to renting an three quarters of a Section 1 had to sell out now se could te realize about \$50,000, and have r all this since we came here w crops in this district of from \$ 35 bushels of wheat to the am oats from 40 to 80 bushels ta'the Stock here pays well. We have sheep, 70 cattle and 60 hories da a number are registered Clydes" Similar successes might be m the experiences of hundreds of ers throughout Western Canada

is to be in tight pinches. They we

vered, and are now in an eres

financial position. Their story is

interesting one. Coming in fra

states they traveled overland b

Calgary across the Battle fire. Red Deer river, through the he

Hills and on to Battleford. Or

way their horses were stolen be

did not dishearten them. The

some_money, with which they be

When they reached Battleford

had only money enough to pay a

ferriage over the Saskatchevan in

more horses, and

have done comparatively as mell should they not dress well has have comfortable homes, with all ern equipments, electric light heat, pure ventilation, and sur biles. Speaking of automobiles be a revelation to the reader tat that during the first half of 1911 000 automobile licenses were land Alberta, twice as many as in the st of 1916. In Saskatcheway, 2160 censes were issued up to the fre May, 1917. In its monthly bellate June the Canadian Bank of Com makes special reference to this at and to the general prosperity of

West in the following: "Generally speaking the w farmer is, in many respects in and better position than hitherts to crease his production. Two rest high prices for his products has abled him, even with a normal of to liquidate a substantial prop of his liabilities and at the same t to buy improved farm machinery. prosperity is reflected in the de for building materials motor a and other equipment. It is not true that some extravagance is denced by the astonishing denti motor cars, but it must be renst that many of these cars will mile efficiency on the farm and cont both time and labor."-Adventise

Pan.

They have a new game out still

Harrison called "pan," and players an ordinary ple pan, says the his apolis News. Such a pan when

correctly, has all the floating of of an airplane, and with a little p

tice may be salled fast and stall

for a distance of 1,000 feet. "Em

tion pan", is an improvement #

game, and is played by any number

men in a big circle, and each mith

drops the pan is out of the game.

CUTICURA KILLS DANDRUFF

The Cause of Dry, Thin and fail

Hair and Does It Quickly-TrialFa

Anoint spots of dandruff, itching

Irritation with Cuticura Oiniment

low at once by a hot shamped b

Cuticura Soap, if a man, and a

morning if a woman. When Dank

goes the hair comes. Use Cal

Free sample each by mail with B

Address postcard, Cuticum, De-

Boston. Sold everywhere-Alt

A couple of Charlestown

were celebrating Bunker Hill Do

exploding a few torpedoes score to the Boston Transcript. Said Ma

Tommy Explains

Soap daily for the tollet.

haven't forgotten you're dining with us | But it seems that the tonight, have you? It's just us, so you needn't dress," he answered :

"Oh, no, I've got it down on my calendar all right. Seven-thirty?" seven."

Jimmy was glad to be let off that extra half hour of walting. He was impatient for the encounter with Viovenge for Violet's attitude toward Rose after her presence in the Globe chorus had become known-for that biting contempt which was the typical attitude of her class.

Violet said, the moment he appeared in the drawing room doorway: "John made me swear not to let you tell me a word until he came in. He's simply burbling. But there's one thing he won't mind your telling me, back !" and that's her address. I'm simply perishing to write her a note and tell her how glad we were."

Jimmy made a little gesture of regret. He'd have spoken too, but she didn't give him time.

"You don't mean," she cried, "that you didn't find out where she lived while you were right there in New York !"

John came in just then, and Violet, turning to him tragically, repeated, "He doesn't even know where she lives !"

"Oh, I'm a boob, I know," said Jimmy. "But, as I told the other five . . . Violet frowned as she echoed, "The cther five-what?"

Jimmy turned to John Williamson with a perfectly electric grin.

"The other five of Rose Aldrich's friends-and yours," he said, "who called me up this afternoon and invited me to dinner, and asked for her address so that they could write her notes and tell her how glad they were."

John said "Whoosh !"-all but upset a chair, and slammed it out of the way in order to jubliate properly.

Violet stood looking at them thoughtfully. A little flush of color was coming up into her face.

"You two men," she said, "are try ing to act as if I weren't in this; as if I weren't just as glad as you are, and hadn't as good a right to be. John here," this was to Jimmy, "has been gloating ever since he came home with the paper. And you . . . Did you mean me by that snippy little thing you said about the 'I-knew-her-when club?' Well, you'll get your punishment. There's dinner! But you won't be allowed to eat. You'll have to begin at the beginning and tell us all about her."

Jimmy, his effect produced, his longmeditated vengeance completed by the flare of color he'd seen come up in Violet's cheeks, settled down seriously to the telling of his tale, stopping occasionally to bolt a little food just before his plate was snatched away from him, but otherwise without intermisslon.

He'd suspected nothing about the costumes on that opening night of "Come On In," uptil a realization of up Rodaey. He knows."

and the state of the state of the

side, owned the Star company and raked off a big profit on the costumes that way. I don't know all the details. I don't know that Galbraith did. But Violet snickered and said: "You anyhow, the first thing anybody knew, wait !- Or rather, don't wait. Make it Rose had financed herself. She got

one of those rich young bachelor women in New York to go into the thing with her, and organized a company, and made Abe Shuman an offer on all let-a state of mind most rare with the costumes for 'Come On In.' Galhim. He meant to wring all the pleas- braith thinks that Abe Shuman ure out of it he could by way of re- thought she was sure to lose a lot of money on it and go broke, and that then he could put her to work at a salary, so he gave her the job. But she didn't lose. She evidently made a chunk out of it, and her reputation at the same time."

Violet was immensely thrilled by this recital. "Won't she be perfectly wonderful," she exclaimed, "for the You Two Men Junior league show, when she comes to Act as If I Weren't in on This."

in a chronological file, he would have Jimmy found an enormous satisfac made the discovery that the stiffness tion in saying: "Oh, she'll be too exof those letters had gradually worn pensive for you. She's a regular robaway and that they were now a good ber, she says." deal more than mere pro forma bulle-

"She says!" cried Violet. "Do you mean you've talked with her?"

"Do you think I'd have come back from New York without?" said Jimmy. "Galbraith told me to drop in at the Casino that same afternoon. Some of the costumes were to be tried on, and 'Miss Dane' would be there.

"Well, and she came. I almost fell plete set of newspaper reviews of the over her out there in the dark, because piece.

of course the auditorium wasn't light-It was a week later that she wrote ed at all. I'll admit she rather took "I met James Randolph coming up my breath, just glancing up at me, Broadway yesterday afternoon, about and then peering to make out who I five o'clock. He's changed, somehow, was, and then her face going all alight since I saw him last; as brilliant as with that smile of hers. I didn't know ever, but rather-lurid. Do you supwhat to call her, and was stammering pose things are going badly between over a mixture of Miss Dane and Mrs. him and Eleanor? He told me he hadn't Aldrich, when she laughed and held seen you forever. Why don't you drop out a hand to me and said she didn't in on him?"

remember whether I'd ever called her It was guite true that Rodney had Rose or not, but she'd like to hear seen very little of the Randolphs someone call her that, and wouldn't since Rose went away. When it came I begin?" to confronting his friends, in the

Jimmy explained there hadn't been knowledge that they knew that Rose any chance to talk much. "The coshad left him for the Globe chorus, he tumes began coming up on the stage found that James Randolph was one just then (on chorus girls, of course), he didn't care to face. He knew too

and she was up over the runway in a much. He'd be too infernally curious, minute, talking them over with Galtoo full of surmises, eager for experibraith. When she'd finished, she came ments.

down to me again for a minute, but it But Rose's letter put a different face was hardly longer than that really. on the matter. The fact that she'd She said she wished she might see me put him, partly at least, in possession again, but that she couldn't ask me of what she had observed and what to come to the studio, because it was she guessed, gave him a sort of shield a perfect bediam, and that there was against the doctor. So one evening no use asking me to come to her apartabout nine o'clock he slipped out and ment, because she was never there walked around to the new house which herself these days, except for about Bertle Willis had built for Eleanor.

seven hours a night of the hardest Rodney reflected, as he stood at the kind of sleep. If I could stay around door after ringing the bell, that his till her rush was over . . . But then, own house was quite meek and convenof course, she knew I couldn't." tional alongside this. Bertie had gone

"And you never thought of asking his limit. her," Violet wailed, "where the apart The grin which his reflection affordment was, so that the rest of us, if ed him was still on Rodney's lips when, we were in New York, could look her up, or write to her from here?" found himself face to face with the

"No," Jimmy said. "I never thought of asking for her address. But it's the in hand, was waiting for Eleanor, who five pounds, perhaps, but that's just easiest thing in the world to get. Call

The rather elaborately; chairs drawn up and adjusted, ash-trays put within reach; cigars got going satisfactorily. But the talk they were supposed to prepare the way for, didn't at once begin

Randolph took another stiffish drink and settled back into a dull, sullen abstraction. Finally, for the sake of saying something, Rodney remarked: "This is a wonderful room, isn't it?"

Randolph roused himself. "Never been in here before?" he asked. "Well then, here's two more rooms you must see.

The first one, opening from the study, explained its purpose at a glance, with a desk and typewriter, and filing cabinets around the walls. "Rubber floor." Randolph pointed out, "felt ceiling; absolutely sound-proof. Here's where my stenographer sits all day, readylike a fireman. And this," he concluded, leading the way to the other room,

"is the holy of holles." It had a rubber floor, too, and, Rodney supposed, a felt ceiling. But its only furniture was one chair and a canvas cot.

"Sound-proof too," said Randolph. "But sounding boards or something in steadied their nerves to have someall the walls. I press this button, start a dictaphone, and talk in any direction, anywhere. It's all taken down, Here's where I'm supposed to think, is more than probable that the Canamake discoveries and things. I tried it for a while."

They went back into the study. "Clever beasts, though-poodles," he

remarked, as he nodded Rodney to his chair and poured himself another drink. "Learn their tricks very nicely. But, good heavens, Aldrich, think of him as a man! Think what our Amerlcan married women are up against, when they want somebody to play off against their husbands and have to fall back on tired little beasts like that. Eleanor doesn't mean anything. She's trying to make me jealous. That's her newest experiment. But it's downright pitiful, I say."

Rodney got up out of his chair. It wasn't a possible conversation. "I'll be running along, I think," he said. tion has been ordered, it may have Twe a lot of proof to correct tonight, and you've got work of your own, I expect."

"Sit down again," said Randolph sharply. "I'm just getting drunk. But that can wait. I'm going to talk, I've got to talk. And if you go, I swear I'll call up Eleanor's butler and talk to him. You'll keep it to yourself, anyway." He added, as Rodney hesitated, "I want to tell you about Rose. I saw her in New York, you know." Rodney sat down again. "Yes," he said, "so she wrote. Tell me how she of men. They do lighter work of carlooked. She's been working tremendously hard, and I'm a little afraid she's overdoing it.'

"She looks," Randolph said very de liberately, "a thousand years old." He laughed at the sharp contraction of Rodney's brows. "Oh, not like that! a servant having opened the door, he She's as beautiful as ever. Her skin's five dollars.

still got that bloom on it, and she still architect. Bertle, top-conted and hat flushes up when she smiles. She's lost was coming down the stairs followed condition. And vitality | But a thouby a maid with her carriage-coat. He | sand years old, just the same."

appreciate their product. The stuff that wags the American jaw has been advertised assiduously in France, England and Germany, but with small success. The non-American couldn't understand it. He tried to swallow it, and when he couldn't he gave it up as incomprehensible nonsense. Over in London, where it was called "American Chewing Candy," many shops called attention to it, but the Britishers passed it by and went on buying toffee and lollipops and Turkish delight.

Suddenly, and without warning, the situation has changed. Remarkable figures recently published appear to indicate that England has incontinently become a nation of gum chewers. Manufacturers report that within six months they have increased their monthly sales from 3,000,000 to 20,000,-000 sticks. And the English newspapers cannot understand it.

The explanation seems simple. It is said that the largest amount of chewing gum is used in the army, and the next largest amount in the navy. During the last great advance, it was issued as an army ration. Somehow or other the soldiers discovered that it thing to chew on in time of stress; and of course it has the effect of keeping the parched throat moist. It dian soldier imparted this information to the English Tommies-and experience did the rest .-- Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Gray Squirrel a Pest.

The American gray squirrel is likely to prove a pest in England, as the experience has been with the imported rabbit in Australia, and the English sparrow and starling in the United States. Of its introduction into Richmond park, Sir Frederick Treves reports that it has not only driven out the red squirrel, but it has spread into neighboring gardens, where it is doing great damage, especially to the buds and shoots of young fruit trees, peas and strawberries. Though its destrucscattered so far already that control will not be easy.

Woman Carpenters in France.

A few women are being employed as carpenters in France as an experimental measure. They are housed in army huts built by the contractor for them. and work under a forewoman, who is herself directly under a French manager. A housekeeper-cook and a woman supervisor have been engaged. Their output and their pay is about half that pentry.

Pay Her to Wait.

Shoe Salesman-But, my dear Madam, you had better purchase a pnir while they are only twelve dollars. The price will soon go to twepty-

Complacent Customer-Oh, then I won't take any just now. If they go that high I'll just wait for my secfoot

were, and led to a long profitable conversation on spiritual things.

How much might be accomplished by each of us if our hearts were warm and glowing with love to Christ, and our minds on the alert to improve every opportunity that God sets before us. Instead of telling a dozen people tomorrow that it is a fine day, or that it looks like rain, suppose we give the weather a rest and try to talk about something more profitable. If your neighbor opens up the subject of war, ask him if he ever noticed that verse in Psalms where God says, "He maketh wars to cease unto the ends of the earth," or say: "Here is a verse which

has helped me lately. Let me give it to you." If they open up on the weather and complain because the day is so cold or wet, meet their complaints by saying: "This is the day which the Lord hath made; we will rejoice and be glad in it." Try this on a dozen people the next rainy day that comes, and watch the effect of it, Or call attention to the promise in Isalah 55:10, that as the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither until it has done

its appointed work, so shall my word be that goeth out of my mouth; it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please. What an opportunity this gives one to talk on God's overruling Providence, and the certainty that his purpose will be fulfilled.

Refreshing in the Word.

If the day be hot and sultry, what more refreshing than the verse, "He shall come down like rain upon the mown grass; as showers that water the earth."-Ps. 72:6. Whatever the weather or political conditions may be, there is always some way of diverting attention to spiritual things if we will make a study of the fine art of relig-

And just as a nursing mother eats both for herself and her child, so, as we read the Bible, we should be on the lookout for truth which we can pass on to others. And as nurses in royal families are fed more carefully and bountifully because they supply life to the king's children, so we may be sure God will cause his word to dwell in us more richly, if he knows that we will pass it on to others.

Where Can God Trust You?

Do we ever ask God to let us do a great thing for him, not as the world measures but as he estimates? Jabez prayed to the God of Israel that he might "enlarge his coast." One can hardly read the history of the Reformation without the feeling that Staupitz could have led that mighty movement if he had been willing to suffer and dare for God. Staupitz saw the corruption of the church and pointed out to Luther the evils that needed correction. But because of his failure to

translate his vision into doing, God passed him by and chose Luther. Billy Sunday said at New York the other "You are where you are because day: Jesus knows he cannot trust you in a ond childhood and then I can go bare- more responsible place." - Sunday School Times.

"I don't see how the Germans calls up a big ship with one of these had "Oh, you girls can't expect to the stand about such things," said Test with a superior nir. "Of ourse torpedoes they use are about a bus times as big and they use a derid lift them up and drop them d. ship."

Many people imagine that Worms a worm cannot be gotton rid of and Those who have used "Dead Broad Peery's Vermifuge, know that the man

Worried.

"I don't know what I'll do if at a has to go to war." you. Perhaps he won't be duals "That is a fear that all mother to face. Has you son registered? "Dear me, no, not yet. But Is. worried to death for fear that

"Just six months old resteriation the lovellest boy that ever was be

Mrs. Clubb-This article su the reputation of the colonists is dience went overboard at the

reputations have gone of

After the Murine is for Tind B Movies Red Eyes - See Exe Grant

day he will be called away from 24 "How old is your boy?"

"I know, but I just can't be thought of him ever having to p

A Teetotal Loss

tea party. Mr. Clubb-Yes, and a la

tea parties since,-Judge.

CARE FOR THEM. YOU

ious conversation.