Henry Kitchell Webster

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

--16-There was something peculiarly horrifying to him in the exhibition Ran-colph was making of himself. He'd never in his life taken a drink expicture of Rose he'd have gone long reflections. Only . . . Rose had a visit. Did she mean she wanted him to try to help?

He tried, though not very successfully, to conceal his violent disrelish of the task, when he said: "Look here, Jim! What is the matter with you? Are you sober enough to tell me?"

Randolph put down his glass. "I have told you," he said. "I'm Elennor's Rept man. Well kept, oh, yes! Beau-Mfully kept. I'm nothing but a possession of hers! A trophy of sorts, an srnament. I'm something she's made. I have a big practice. I'm the most fashionable doctor in Chicago. They come here, the women, in shoals, That's Eleanor's doing. I'm a faker, a fraud. I pose for them. I play up. I give them what they want. And That's her doing. They go silly about me; fancy they're in love with me.

"I haven't done a lick of honest work in the last year. I can't work. She won't let me work. She-smothers me. Wherever I turn, there she is, smoothing things out, trying to make it easy, arying to anticipate my wants. I've only one want. That's to be let alone. She can't do that. She's insatiable, There's always something more she's trying to get, and I'm always trying to keep something away from her, and "milling."

"And why? Do you want to know why, Aldrich? That's the cream of the thing. Because we're in love with each other. She wants me to live on her love. To have nothing else to live

"Do you want to know what my nofion of heaven is? It would be to go off alone, with one suit of clothes in a handbag, oh, and fifty or a hundred dollars in my pocket-I wouldn't mind that: I don't want to be a tramp-to some mining town, or slum, where I could start a general practice; where the things I'd get would be accident rases, confinement cases; real things, urgent things, that night and day are all rike to. I'd like to start again and be poor; get this stink of easy money out of my nostrils. I'd like to see if I could make good on my own.

"I came back from New York, after that look at Rose, meaning to do it; meaning to talk it out with Eleanor and tell her why, and then go. Well, I iniked. Talk's cheap. But I didn't go. I'll never go. I'll go on getting softer and more of a fake; more dependent. And Eleanor will go on eating me up potil the last thing in me that's me myself is gone. And then, some day, she'll look at me and see that I'm noth-

at Rodney and demanded: *What are you looking so s-solemn

about? Can't you take a joke? Come slong and have another drink." "No." Rodney sald, "I'm going. And

you'd better get to bed."

Rodney walked home that night like man dazed. The vividness of one blazing idea blinded him. The thing that Randolph had seen and lacked the courage to do; the thing Rodney despised him for a coward for having failed to do-that thing Rose had done.

Without knowing it, yielding to a blind, unscrutinized instinct, he'd wanted Rose to live on his love. He'd tried to smooth things out for her, anticipate her wants. He'd wanted her soft, helpless, dependent. She'd seen, even then. something he'd been blind to-some thing he'd blinded himself to: that leve, by itself, was not enough. That it could poison, as well as feed.

But she had won, among the rest of her spoils of victory, the thing she had originally set out to get. His friendship and respect. Friendship, he remembered her saying, was a thing you had to earn. When you'd earned it, it couldn't be withheld from you. Well, It was right she should be told that; made to understand it to the full. He couldn't ask her to come back to him. But she must know that her respect was as necessary now to him as she'd once said his was to her. He must see her and tell her that.

He stopped abruptly in his walk. His bones, as the Psalmist said, turned to water. How should be confront that gaze of hers, which knew so much and understood so deeply-he with the memory of his two last ignominious encounters with her behind him?

CHAPTER XXIV.

Friends. core and heart of it all ought to have beed Rose's life in New York during the year that put her on the highroad and put his hands up to his face. She to success as a designer of costumes waited a moment to see whether he for all the love in the world." for the theater was a good life, broad- had anything else to say, for the habit roing, stimulating, seasoning. It rest- of waiting for his dismissal was too ed, to begin with, on a foundation of strong to be broken even for a situa- can't." adequate material comfort which the tion like this. But finding that he unwonted physical privations of the six | hadn't, she got up and walked out of months that preceded it made seem the theater. like positive luxury.

etter she'd got from him in Chicago, It was stiff, formal, severe. He seldom praised her work, and never ago had told her about. All she'd ac could get down to the actual bedrock off the line." And then to her: "I ungrudgingly. His censure was rare, complished in that bitter year since facts about them, would own up that if came to see you this afternoon, and too, to be sure, but this obviously was she left Rodney had been to make an- they were in love with a woman- again tonight." because Rose almost never gave him an excuse for it. Working for him in this mood gave her the uneasy sensation one experiences when walking abroad under a sultry, övercast sky, with mutterings and flashes in it. And then one night the storm broke.

They had lingered in the theater talk over a change in one of the numbers Rose had been working on. It refused to come out satisfactorily. Rose would work better, and she had been telling him about it. Eagerly, at first, and with a limpid directness which, however, became clouded and troubled when she felt he wasn't paying attention. It was a difficulty with him she had encountered before.

But tonight, after an angry turn rept convivially, and then he took as down the aisle and back, he suddenly Ittle as would pass muster. Going off cried out: "I don't know. I don't sione and deliberately fuddling one- know what you've been talking about. self, as a means of escaping unpleas- I don't know, and I don't care." And ant realities, struck him as an act of then, confronting her, their faces not a the basest cowardice. But for that foot apart, for by now she had got to her feet, his hands gripped together ago and left Randolph to his bemused and shaking, his teeth clenched, his eyes glowing there in the half-light of asked him to drop in on the doctor for the auditorium almost like an ani en who "did things," of which Rose mal's, he demanded: "Can you see had become a part. Rose took her time what's the matter with me? Haven't about deciding that she liked her, but you seen it yet?"

Of course she saw it now, plainly enough. She sat down again, managing an air of deliberation about it, and gripped the back of the orchestra chair in front of her. He remained standing over her there in the aisle.

When the heightening tension of the slience that followed this outburst had grown absolutely unendurable, she tended to fly apart rather than to stick spoke. But the only thing she could find to say was almost judicrously in- to Galbraith for a friendship that realadequate.

"No, I didn't see it until now. I'm

"You didn't see it," he echoed. know you didn't. You've never seen me at all, from the beginning, as anything but a machine. But why haven't an empty Sunday morning, for inyou? You're a woman. If I ever saw way through. Why couldn't you see that I was a man? It isn't because I've go for a walk or a ferry-ride somegot gray hair, nor because I'm fifty where; years old. I don't believe you're like that. But even back there in Chlcago, the night we walked down the avenue from that store-or the night we Rodney. She'd never been able to rehad supper together after the show

"I suppose I ought to have seen," she said dully. "Ought to have known that lize from him to other men or to exthat was all there was to it. But I plain anything about him on the mere didn't."

"Well, you see it now," he said savagely fairly, and strode away up the alsle and then back to her. He sat down in the seat in front of her and turned around. "I want to see your Both were rough, direct, a little reface," he said. "There's something I've got to know. Something you've got to tell me. You said once, back there is Chicago, that there was only unaccountable vein of childishness, with women I thought were lying to one person who really mattered to you. She'd never been willing to call it by me, cheating me; women I've hated; long he was going to be in New York, I want to know who that person is, that name in Rodney. But when she What he is. Whether he's still the one saw it in Galbraith too, she wondered. never been in love with a woman who answer which offered a minimum of person who really matters. If he isn't, Was that just the man of it? Did a was my friend." He had been tramp-'ll take my chance."

Rose was a little surprised that she'd been able to answer him as she did, without a hesitation or a stammer, and til she had finished.

"The only person in the world," she said, "who ever has mattered to me, or ever will matter, is my husband. I fell in love with him the day I met him. I was in love with him when I left him. I'm in love with him now, Everything I do that's any good is just something he might be proud of if he knew it. And every failure is just something Then, with suddenly thickened speech I hope I would make him understand (an affectation, perhaps), he looked up and not despise me for. It's months since I've seen him, but there isn't a day, there isn't an hour in a day, when I don't think about him and-want



"I've Only One Want. That's to Be

Let Alone." him. I don't know whether I'll ever see him again, but if I don't, It won't make | made it." any difference with that. That's why I didn't see what I might have seen about you. It wasn't possible for me to see. with it, aren't you? Like this?" I'd never have seen it if you hadn't Except for the vacuum where the told me in so many words, like this. Do

you see now?" He turned away from her with a nod

There was an hour after she had For several months after she came to gained the haven of her apartment New York to work for Galbraith she when she pretty well went to pieces, choosing between a love that hadn't is it?" found him a martinet. She never once So this was all, was it, that she owed caught that twinkling gleam of under- her illusory appearance of success to? standing in his eye which had meant The amorous selfishness of a man old it? Can't one have both? Can't a man its distinctness. "Hello, Rodney," she so much to her during the rehearsals enough to be her father! Once more. of "The Girl Up-Stairs." His manner she blissfully and ignorantly unsuspect- partner all at the same time?"

made her world go round. The same said reflectively. "But I've a notion attraction that James Randolph long that nine out of a dozen, if you other man fall in love with her!

It was natural, of course, that the her for a partner, and wouldn't be relation between them, after that, able to see her as a friend. That's just should not prove quite so simple and a guess, of course. But there's one manageable. There were breathless thing I know, and that is that I days when the storm visibly hung in couldn't." the sky; there were strained, stiff, selfconscious moments of rigidly enforced after the dismissal of a rehearsal, to politeness. Things got said despite his feetly hopeless blunder it is!" She slid ceiver. She heard him say: resolute repression that had, as resolutely, to be ignored. But in the inter- walk." vals of these failures there emerged thought she saw a way of doing it that a new thing-genuine friendliness, partnership.

It was just after Christmas that Abe Shuman took her away from Galbraith I'd call it a blunder that a strip of spring and put her to work exclusively on costumes. And the swift sequence of events within a month thereafter launched her in an independent busi- then he wants something that's alto- pounced upon her and shook her. ness: the new partnership, with the details of which, through Jimmy Wailace, you are already sufficiently acquainted.

Her partner was Alice Perosini. She was the daughter of a rich Italian Jew, a beautiful-really a wonderfulperson to look at, but a little unaccountable, especially with the gorgeous clothes she wore, in the circle of womended by preferring her to all the rest. But the fact that they had become partners served, somehow, to divert a relation between them which might otherwise have developed into a firstclass friendship. Not that they quarreled, or even disappointed each other in the close contacts of the day's work But at the end of the day's work they together. More and more Rose turned ly understood; gripped deep.

There were long stretches of days, of course, when they saw nothing of each other, and Rose, as long as she had plenty to do, was never conscious of missing him. But the prospect of stance, was always enormously brightwoman in my life, you're one all the ened if he called up to say that it was empty for him, too, and shouldn't they

All told, she learned more about men, as such, from him than ever she had learned, consciously at least, from gard her husband as a specimen. He was Rodney, sui generis, and it had never occurred to her either to generalground of his masculinity. She began doing that now a fittle, and the exercise opened her eyes.

In a good many ways Galbraith and her husband were a good deal alike. morseless, and there was in both of them, right alongside the best and man, as long as he lived, need some- ing al Remembering the scene afterward, body in the role of-mother? The thought all but suffocated her.

One Saturday morning, toward the end of May, Galbraith called up and with a straight gaze that held his un- wanted to know if she wouldn't come over to his Long Island farm the following morning and spend the day. She had visited the place two or three times, and had always enjoyed it immensely there. It wasn't much of a farm, but there was a delightful old Revolutionary farmhouse on it, with cellings seven feet high, and casement windows, and the floors of all the rooms on different levels; and Galbraith, she demanded. She turned away with there, was always quite at his best. His a despairing gesture and stood gazing sister and her husband, whom he had out, tear-blinded, over the little valley brought over from England when he the hilltop they had reached combought the place, ran it for him. Rose | manded. accepted eagerly.

Galbraith met her with a dogcart ing looking over the farm. Then there | thank God, a fair sample." was a midday farm dinner, which Rose astonished herself by dealing with as the conclusion of.

gested that they go for a walk. Two a stone wall which had a comfortably there and let her gaze rest, unfocused, the world as I was to do that." on the pleasant farm land below them.

the first approach to a caress that had passed between them. "You're a good denly gripped hard. "And I guess I thing." need one."

He went on filling his pipe. "Anything special you need one for?" he

She gave a ragged little laugh. "I guess not. Just somebody strong and steady to hold on to like this."

"Well," he said, very deliberately. you want to realize this: You say anything in this friendship which can be of use to you, you're entitled to everything there is in it. Because you

"One person can't make a friendship," she said. "But you are content

He smoked in slience for a minute; then: "Why, 'content' is hardly the word for it. When I think what it was I wanted and what you've given me instead-something I wouldn't trade

"I'd like to believe it was a better thing," she said, "but I'm afraid I

"Neither could I when I was-how old are you?-twenty-four. Perhaps when you're fifty-one you can." "I suppose so," she said absently. "Perhaps if it were a question of

any friendship in it and a friendship . . But it can't be like that! Can back. A voice that startled her with -love a woman and be her friend and said, "this is Rose."

really, you know-they wouldn't want

She gave a little shiver. "Oh, what a mess it is!" she said. "What a per- ing hand could hardly hold the redown from the wall. "Come, let's

He fell in beside her, and they tramped sturdily along for a while in silence. At last he said: "I don't know that I can explain it, but I don't think any later." steel can't bend in your fingers like copper, and still go on being a spring. You see, a man wants his work, and gether apart from his work. Love's about as far away as anything he can get. So that the notion of our working ourselves half to death over the same job, and then going home together-"

"Yes," she admitted. "I can see that But that doesn't cover friendship." He owned that it didn't. "But when a fact I'm proud of, but it's true-I'm

"You're a Good Friend," She Said.

jealous of her. I want to be everything to her. I want her to think nobody else could be right and I be wrong. And I up to go she made no effort to detain her." He thought it over a bit longer, broken surface could satisfy, a highly finest and clearest things they had, an and then went on: "No, I've been in love women I've known hated me. But I've and on getting a very indeterminate ming with his pipe, thinking aloud. If he'd been watching said: Rose's face he wouldn't have gone so

"Well, if it's like that-" she said. and the quality of her voice drew his full attention instantly-"if love has to be like that, then the game doesn't seem worth going on with. You can't live with it, and you can't live-without it." Her voice dropped a little, but gained in Intensity, "At least I can't, I don't believe I can." She stopped and faced him. "What can one do?"

"You want to remember this," he sald at last. "I've been talking about and a fat pony, and when they had myself. I might have been different jogged their way to their destination, if my first love affair had been an althey spent what was left of the morn- together different thing. And I'm not,

"My love affair brought me a home and-kids," she said. "There are two it deserved, and by feeling sleepy at of them-twins-a year and a half old now; and I went off and left them; Coming into the veranda about four left him. I thought that by earning my o'clock, and finding her, Galbraith sug- own way, building a life that he didn'tsurround, as you say, I could win his hours later, having swung her legs over friendship. And have his love besides. I don't suppose you would have inviting flat top, she remained sitting believed there could be such a fool in

He took a while digesting this truly After a glance at her he lesned back amazing statement of hers. But at against the wall at her side and be- last he said: "No, I wouldn't call you gan filling his pipe. She dropped her a fool. I call a fool a person who hand on his nearer shoulder. After thinks he can get something for nothall these months of friendship it was ing. You didn't think that. You were willing to pay-a heavy price it must have been, too-for what you wanted. friend," she said; and then the hand | And I've an idea, you know, that you that had rested on him so lightly sed- never really pay without getting some-

"I don't know," she said raggedly.

"Perhaps . . . " There was a seven-thirty train to a visiting card and a folded bit of art, and the social mind. paper. It was Rodney's card, and on I'm a friend, and I am, but if there is it he'd written; "Sorry to have missed you. I'll come back at eight."

Her shaking fingers fumbled pitifully over the folds of the note, but him, too. It read:

Dear Rose: This is hard luck. I suppose you're off for a week-end some-where. I want very much to see you. When you come back and have leisure for me will you call me up? I know how busy you are, so I'll wait until I hear from you. RODNEY.

When the telephone girl switched her to the information desk, and the meeting architectural demands, A sofa information clerk said, "Mr. Podney Aldrich? Just a moment," and then: "Mr. Aldrich is in fifteen naught five," an important picture as the centerthe dry contraction in her throat made | plece, either square or oblong. At all it impossible for her to speak. She events the base should by wider than couldn't answer his first "Hello," and the structure above, and there should he said it again, sharply, "Hello, what be a higher point of apex. The best

And then suddenly her voice came over the fireplace. Strange.

There was a perfectly blank silence ily has to foot the bills.

"I can't answer for every man," he after that, and then the crisp voice of an operator somewhere-"Waiting?" "Yes," she heard Rodney say, "get

> "Yes, I know," she said. "I just this minute got in. Can't you come back again now?" How in the world, she wondered, could she manage her voice like that! From the way it sounded she might have been speaking to Alice Perosini; and yet her shak-

> "It's pretty late, isn't it? I don't want to . . . You'll be tired and . . ."

"It's not too late for me," she said, "only you might come before it gets

She managed to wait until she heard him say "All right" before she hung up the receiver. Then a big, racking sob, not to be denied any longer,

CHAPTER XXV.

Couleur-de-Rose.

It was altogether fortunate for Rose that she had attempted no preparation, because the situation she found herself in when she'd opened the door for her husband, shaken hands with I'm in love with a woman-this isn't him, led him into her sitting room and asked him to sit down, was one which the wildest cast of her imagination would never have suggested as a possible one for her and Rodney.

It was his manner, she felt sure, that had created it; his rather formal attitude; the way he held his hat. It was the slightly anxious, very determined attitude of an estimable and rather shy young man making his first call on a young lady upon whom he is desperately desirous of making a favorable impression. And he was Rodney, and she was

Rose. It was like an absurd dream. "Won't you smoke?" she asked suddenly, and hurried on when he hesitated. "I don't do it myself, but most of my friends do, and I keep the things." From a drawer in her writing desk she produced a tin box of cigarettes. "They're your kind-unless you've changed," she commented, and went over to the mantel-shelf for an ash tray and a match safe. The match safe was empty and she left the room to get a fresh supply from her kitchen.

On the inner face of her front door was a big mirror, and in it, as she came back through the unlighted passage, she saw her husband. He was sitting just as she'd left him, and as his face was partly turned away from her, it could not have been from the expression of it that she got her revelation. But she stopped there in the dark and caught her breath and leaned back against the wall and squeezed. the tears out of her eyes.

He stayed that first evening a little less than an hour, and when he got want to be able to think the same of him. The thing had been, as its unsuccessful first call. Before she let him go, though, she asked him how "two or three days" and a maximum that could not even be guessed at, she

"I hope you're not going to be too dreadfully busy for us to see a lot of each other. I wish we might manage it once every day."

That shook him; for a moment, she thought the lightning was going to strike, and stood very still holding

her breath, waiting for it. But he stendied himself, said he could certainly manage that if she could, and, as the elevator came up in response to her ring, said that he would call her up in the morning at her office. As she cuddled her cheek into the pillow that night, Rose smiled her old, wide smile. She was the happiest person in the world.

That manner of Rodney's lasted-recurred, at least, whenever Rose and he were together-almost unaltered, for two whole days. There was a visit of his to her workshop, where he listened intently to her explanations of her tools and her working methods. There was a luncheon, at which, unwincing, he made her tell him the whole story of her success; and a dinner and theater, after which he brought her home in a taxt, and, having told the chauffeur to wait, formally escorted her to the elevator. But with the last of the next day's light,

She had taken him to a studio tea in the upper sixties just off West End avenue, the proprietors of the studio being a tousled, bearded, blond anarchist of a painter and his exceedingly pretty, smart, frivolous-looking

the Ice broke up and the floods came.

The two men had instinctively drawn controversial swords almost at sight half that they were together the combut raged mightily, to the unmixed satisfaction of both participants. The feelings of the bystanders were perhaps more diverse, but Rose, at least, enjoyed herself thoroughly, over seeing town, and they finished their walk at her husband's big, formidable, finely the station. She got back to her apart- poised mind in action again. The talk, ment about nine. Two corners of of course, ranged everywhere: socialwhite projected from under her door, ism, feminism, law and its crimes,

It was half-past six or thereabouts when they left the studio, and the late May afternoon was at its loveliest. "I want to walk," said Rose, "after that ten, if I'm ever to want any dinner." she got it open at last. It was from He nodded a little absently, she thought, and fell in step beside her. There was no mention at any time of their destination.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Art of Hanging Pictures.

Pictures should have a strong base below, a large centerplece above, and a higher point above this, thereby against the wall, or a bookcase, or a large table may form the base, with of one's pictures should be placed

Isn't it queer? The head of the fam-

Salvation By Wholesale

By REV. J. H. RALSTON, D. D.

TEXT-Look unto me and be ve saved all the ends of the earth.-Isa. 45:22. When goods are sold article by article, we call it retail business, and

when they are

sold only in large

quantities we call

it wholesale busi-

ness. Has this

last conception

any application to

the matter of sal-

vation? Are men

such an expres-



saved by communities, by nations. A GOOD TONIC AND APPETIZE en masse? This would seem to be the thought of many, for it is not un usual to hear

sion as the conversion of the world. Sometimes men argue that nations as such have moral responsibilities and all the individuals in the nations are involved nilly-willy in whatever the nation does. In some periods of the history of the Christian church, whole tribes and nations have been baptized and all the inhabitants reckoned as proper members of the church. The Mohammedans as a rule make proselytes of people of large geographical districts, and, bringing the matter down to the latest moment, it is very common to hear of the salvation and the regeneration and redemption of society. All this would indicate that in the minds of many salvation is by the wholesale; the individual is saved because he is a part of the community.

At the present time, when men are being sent into eternity in large numbers, practically every day on the great battlefields, the question arises as to whether each of these is saved because he is personally related to Jesus Christ by faith in him, or whether he is saved because he is found side by side with others who are together fighting for some great principle of national or world policy. Those who accept this latter view, at least some of them, are driven to the establishment of some kind of doctrine of faith, because falth seems to be demanded; that is, belief on the Lord Jesus Christ as the only ground of salvation

A distinguished writer in a very prominent English periodical recently spoke of some men dying at the battle front who had "a latent faith," a faith that only came out in extremis, just when it was needed before the soul took its departure. The same writer speaks again of "imperfect faith," faith that did not take hold of Christ personally at all, but on the things for which Christ stood-honor, righteousness and truth.

Peculiar Exegesis.

"freshly born faith." To find this faith, there is certainly some very pecultar exegesis, which results in showing that the generous and chivalrous acts of men and women in times of great physical danger are proper grounds for salvation. Just how such faith takes on Christ is a mystery, and to this category we might add a "faith to be," or faith that may be exercised beyond this life. The fact is that all these claims of wholesale salvation, logically and perforce, eventuate in universal salvation. The reach of such community salvation is such that it would eventually take in the vilest, the most ignoble, the slackers and cowards among men, and even Satan him-

When dealing with such a subject ns one's personal salvation, the soul, awakened to the realities of life and the life to come, is not satisfied with such speculations and guesses. Man senior professor in his con the wants something authoritative. He is concerned about salvation because he "Professor Blank," he said "salvation has read in a certain book that God is smost venerable instructor, in a great moral governor and will some day call him into account. Thus far he has indorsed the Word of God. This being done, he then logically and properly asks: "Does the book say anything about the condition of salvation?" Most certainly, and this has just as much guarantee and authority as those things which cause the man to be uneasy.

If it is said that the text makes salvation a matter of wholesale, we must reply that primarily the text did not have the salvation of man, as usually understood, in view; it was simply national salvation of the Jewish people. of each other, and for the hour and a Even if it referred to salvation, as popularly understood, it has been very properly interpreted as being a comprehensive expression, making the salvation possible to any person who belleves anywhere on the earth. Furthermore, the condition of salvation is here clearly expressed. It is by looking unto God, which the ends of the earth, as such, cannot do.

An Individual Matter. Looking into the trouble of sinful

man, it is seen that it is individual. "The soul that sinneth, it shall die;" "There is none that doeth good, no not one." We find also that the promise of the blessings in connection with salvation are to the individual. "Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out;" "Behold, I stand at the door and knock; if any man will open the door, I will come in and sup with him and he with me;" "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters;" "Son, give me thine heart;" "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus and shalt believe in thine heart that God bath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved."

This fact of the individualism in salvation gives this salvation a peculiar attraction. Think of the individual having personal relationship with the creator of the universe, the infinite God! Yet that is precisely what the Word of God presents. The logical conclusion of the whole matter is that each man must see to it that he personally believes and repents and thus makes sure of salvation.

A GUARANTEED REMEDY FOR HAY FEVER - ASTHMA

Your moker with see reversible by four fine
without any quosition (f this remort a four fine
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DR. R. SCHIFFMANN'S

druggist. Buy a 50-cent package announcement to your druggist sole judge as to whether you are to druggist will give you back your not. We do not know of any fi which we could make. R. Schiffmann Co., Proprietors, St. Past .

DRIVE MALARIA OUT OF THE SYSTEM

RECOGNIZE WOMAN AS EQUA Heads of Industrial Plants Say St

Can Do Any Work Consistent Wat Strength Better Than Man. Once man pretended to play by an on a pedestal and worth Now, according to bound was who reports "The Confeeder of Munition-Maker" In the Conis forced to recognize her as as and respect her. The guar low states the opinion of a lest

of women in the world of to "Welch, one can say, but an al. One can trust his joined

ed factory foreman, on the

"That is why I was glad be m present in the officers' room of company eating quarters when the port was made in detail of the scheduled to take place the full ing Monday morning. He mis speech, saying: "Gentlemen, we've all known up

en practically all our lives-ere of we were born, practically. More us get to thinking that a women do mechanical work because the always willing to let a man use hammer, that being smething thinks he can do. But a wone do it. A woman can do anything a man can do, and most thing ter, but men can't do anything what women can do. Now, m you can imagine what women en in mechanics, and I know what can do. Leaving out big girls I women can do any kind of me work that's consistent with strength better than men." "Another superintendent a

man, said he had thrown out all dred men in his plant thack is and put girls in their places as had found them better all around One bottle of Dr. Peery's "Ded \$

will save you money health. One dose sum Oil in addition. Adv. Lots of men who have an ain all

lack ambition. A gauntlet from which th be detached when desired has be

vented for motorists. Baldheaded. "You've got to be pretty smeath get to the top nowndays." "Yes, and you usually get sm

top after you get there." His Costly Mistake. "What ruined your business" "Advertising."

"How?" "I let it all be done by my com

Same Old Lectures.

On a certain occasion Pra Brander Matthews of Columbia versity, speaking jokingly of his said he trusted that he was M old that the students could play him the trick he once saw tried a days.

could be just a little irritable at 13 Once, noticing that a member a class who sat right under his never took any notes of pall slightest attention to his lected stopped abruptly and demaded " 'See here, young man, what the

mean by coming into my class day after day and never taking sa dent's complacent reply. In Companion.

