"THE FOOL"

BY CHANNING POLLOCK

ILLUSTRATED BY R.W. SATTERFIELD

BEGIN HERE TODAY

Dilly Gilliam, her mother, Mrs. Gilliam of "Gilliam Groceries, Inc.," with Mrs. Leila Thornbury, a divorcee, are trimming a Christmas tree on Christmas eve in the vestry of the Church of the Nativity, a fashionable church of New York. Mrs. J. Orson Tice, wealthy and a society leader, comes in with Jerry Goodkind, a man-about-town, who is interested in Clare Jewett, engaged to marry the assistant rector of the church, in bad favor because of his radical sermons.

Dr. Wadham, the rector, drops in to attend a meeting of the wardens. Mr. Barnaby is sexton of the church.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

"We didn't know you were back." Mrs. Tice returned the bow with awkward reverence.

"I didn't know you'd been away, doctor," Jerry said.

"Ten days," the rector explained, extending a pudgy hand, "attending the conference on the proper use of eucharistic candles. It's a subject on which I feel rather strongly." He turned to the bedecked tree upon which Mr. Barnaby was working dilligently. "And what a beautiful tree! The star lights up, I suppose."

"We have hopes," said Dilly skeptically.

"Don't let me interrupt—I've only dropped in to keep an appointment with the wardens."

"We're all through," said Mrs. Gilliam, dusting her hands, "except for putting these gifts under the tree. Miss Jewett will be in in a minute with the rest. The star is real imitation diamonds. A gift from Mrs. Tice."

"Speaking of gifts, doctor—" interrupted Mrs. Tice, advancing.

"Yes, dear lady," said the rector complacently.

"My husband wanted me to have a little talk with you about his cheque. You know, he promised $5,000 to beautify the parlor of the parish house."

"Oh, yes," aid Dr. Wadham, shifting his hand to his chin in a gesture that was a sub-conscious move of self-defence when he scented trouble.

"And since then—well, frankly, doctor, John was very much upset about last Sunday's sermon. Mr. Gilchrist preached from the text about the rich man entering the kingdom of heaven."

"Always a trifle dangerous," agreed the rector.

"Yes, and last Sunday it seemed as if he were directing all his remarks at John. We're in the first pew, you know, and John says he doesn't like to complain, but there's getting to be altogether too much of this—bolshevism. John says the preachers are more than half to blame for the present social unrest. I agree that some of the sermon was positively insulting."

"Mr. Gilchrist is young," the rector interposed.

"Gilchrist is a nut," Jerry snorted.

"Of course, what John objected to was the reference to rents—to charging clerks and bookkeepers more than they could pay for 'wretched little flats!' John says he doesn't come to be told how to run his business."

"Personally, I'm very fond of Mr. Gilchrist," Mrs. Gilliam declared. "His father had stock in our stores. But I dont think he's a good influence. This used to be a really exclusive church. Now, whenever Mr. Gilchrist preaches, there's such a crush of undesirable people in the galleries you can hardly get to your pew. We dont have that trouble with Dr. Wadham.'

No one noticed Clare Jewett, who had entered and stood in the black shadows that made the choir-room door part of the wall

"Mr Gilchrist was such a promising young man," sighed Mrs. Tice. "So rich and happy."

"And in love," added Dilly.

"He's still rich and in love and, I think, happy," Dr. Wadham affirmed.

"I've told you, he's a nut," Jerry depeated emphatically.

"I wonder—" Mrs. Gilliam contemplated. "He wasn't like this before he went overseas. Maybe he was gassed—or something."

CHAPTER III.

RHINELANDER FTDB

Clare Jewett advanced, her arms laden with packages.

"Oh, how do you do, Miss Jewett," Dr. Wadham greeted her uneasily.

"I'm very well, thank you." There was a certain defiance and a trifle of uncertainty in her bearing which personified Clare Jewett. Until she was 20, he had been a creature of whim and emotion. Her father's death at that time had not been wholly disaster. It had left her with problems to face. Meeting these, she had learned to think, to reflect and to consider.

At 28 the metamorphosis was only half completed. Whim still struggled with purpose. She could not have explained why she had promised to marry Daniel Gilchrist. A psychologist would have said it was because one side of her nature told her he would be successful and the other side that he would be faithful, not only to her but to his ideals. Both sides liked him. That was enough.

It was Jerry who brushed aside the rather uncomfortable situation.

"Hello, Clare!" he said. "This is a—"

Mrs. Gilliam caught the relief instantly.

"Surprise! Ha!" she laughed. "And you've been waiting for her half an hour."

"I want to talk to you," he said.

Mr. Wadham saw an opportunity, too.

"Can I help with those packages?" he asked, stepping to her side.

"Thank you, doctor," she replied as he relieved her. "And Mr. Hinkle's in there praying for someone to consult about the Christmas music."

"I told Mr. Kinkle the choir'd better begin by singing, 'Peace, Perfect Peace, With the Loved Ones Far Away'," the rector answered.

The idea seemed to amuse Dilly. She began chanting "My Wife's Gone to the Country," but her processional lasted only until her mother could hush her. The doctor placed his packages with the others at the foot of the giant tree. Mrs. Tice halted him at the door of the choir room.

"And doctor—about the parish house. Shall I tell my husband you'll speak to Mr. Gilchrist?"

"Yes," he said. "I think you may even tell him that's why we're here today."

That done, and done well, Mrs. Tice turned to go. An offer to drive them home took Mrs. Gilliam and Dilly with her. Mr. Burnaby still tinkered with the Star of Bethlehem.

"I think the troubles outside," he decided as though he were to blame, and hurried along to help the three into Mrs. Tice's car.

Clare looked as though she wished Jerry had gone, too.

"It's funny to find you in church," she countered, trying to be at ease.

"I want to talk to you," he said seriously.

"That's just it, Jerry,' she objected. "You always want to talk to me, and always to say something I don't want to hear."

"Why not?"

"I'm in love with someone else." She said it simply, but not surely. He quickly sensed the tone.

"You're not going to marry Dan Gilchrist," he declared in his unpleasantly emphatic way. "What's the use of bluffing. We've known each other since we were kids. You know I'm not going to give up anything I want because it belongs to somebody else. And I know you're not going to give up what you want—comfort and luxury—for a crazy man who wears his collar hindside before."

"Jerry!"

"Now that's admitted, let's go on."

"Mr. Gilchrist isn't exactly poverty stricken."

"No, he got quite a lot of money from his father. You like him and when you said 'yes' you thought you were getting someone you liked, and all the rest of it, too. But something's gone wrong with Gilchrist, and you know it."

"Why do you say that?" she asked quizzically.

"Because, if you didn't before, you heard it this afternoon. I saw you standing in the door. And I'm going to tell you a few things more." He was cold now and harsh.

"I don't want to listen," she remonstrated, turning away.

"Maybe—but you will! Do you know that your young trouble-hunter has given away nearly one-tenth of his capital in three months?"

"No, and I don't believe it!"

"All right, ask my father. The old man has his money in trust. Gilchrist won't touch his income from Gilliam Groceries because he says they're profiteering, and he's preaching such anarchy that both wardens are coming this afternoon to complain to Dr. Wadham. I don't want you to throw yourself away on a raving bug."

"And your advice is—?"

"Marry me. I'm a nice fellow, too and I can give you what you really care about. You're over your ears in debt without any chance of paying up—or cutting down. And you're—" He paused and surveyed her a moment—"shall we say twenty-nine in October? I know what it cost you when your father died, and you had to come down a peg. You dont want to keep on—coming down, do you?" This last deliberately and pointedly.

"And so you advise me to marry you?"

"Yes."

She looked at him squarely and significantly.

"Knowing all I do about you?"

"I don't see how that concerns you," he answered brazenly.

"It proves you don't love me," she said.

"I want you, and I'm offering marriage to you," he pointed out.

"You haven't said one word of love."

"I've said 'What's the use of bluffing?' I'm no movie hero—and no crazy dreamer. I'm a little shopworn, perhaps—maybe a little soiled—but I'm sane and I'm solvent. You're good-looking and smart, and a lady. You'll help my standing and I'll help your credit. For the rest—we needn't bother each other too much. What do you say?"

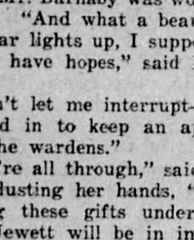
She turned on him.

"I think it's—revoltingly sordid!"

Jerry smiled his cold smile.

"All right,' he retorted. He looked at his watch, gathered up his cane and hat, and moved toward the door.

(To be continued.)



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His Favorite Course

Golf Enthusiast (at dinner)—"What is your favorite course?"

Gourmet—"All of 'em—from soup to nuts."

Mike was an Irish laborer earning good money in Yorkshire, and not caring to spend his money on beer, he bought a watch and guard, though he could not tell the time. It was amusing to watch his frequent glances of pride as he was wheeling the barrow. One day his workmates saw him coming on the street, and for a lark told a newcomer to ask Michael the time. "Can you tell me the time?" he asked with courtesy. Michael pulled out his watch, looked at it, then turning it round with face to the questioner, he exclaimed: "Would yer believe it?"

Minard's Liniment for Grippe.

Caribbean Island Is Touched By Progress

Grand Cayman's New Motor Boat is to Provide at Last Communication With Jamaica

There is within the British Empire a small island possession where for years revolutionary aspirations have been gradually growing until at last they have exploded in a final burst of action. In less pretentious words, Grand Cayman, Jamaica's little dependency, has built herself a motorboat.

At a cost of $30,000 (a sum which is equal to the island's annual revenue), Grand Cayman has obtained regular and speedy communication with the parent island of Jamaica. The vessel, of 130 tons, not only carries passengers, cargo and mails from one island to the other, but even makes periodical journeys between Georgetown, her capital, and Tampa, in Florida. Thus is an end made to a state of affairs which has existed since 1740, when the first settlers were granted provisional patents which have long since lapsed, leaving the land to be held chiefly by small settlers by right of tenure.

Formerly the only communication with Jamaica was by schooner, which made periodical but uncertain visits to the little dependency which has neither cable nor wireless communication with the outside world.

Now every three weeks (weather permitting), the little Cimboco sets out gaily to the music of her humming engines. When the wind is favorable she hoists a sail; when hurricanes threaten she beats a hasty retreat to port. Under favorable conditions the voyage takes two days; there are times, however, when conditions are not favorable.

Recently a judge and opposing counsel were imported from Jamaica to try an important commercial case; they traveled to the island in perfect amity and fine weather, they returned in a real Caribbean gale, all of them, together with an expert medical witness, very sorry for themselves and each other, the victorious counsel in no frame of mind to plume himself on his victory.

The inhabitants of the island are scarcely conscious of the strangeness of their life. They play tennis, bathe in the startling blue of the Caribbean waters, dance, and even drive their cars over the scanty roads with no due appreciation of the problems they are presenting to the outside world.

So, for months at a time the women and children are left behind, to tend their land, with its oranges and naseberries and mangoes, its yams and cocos; or to make straw rope from palm thatch, practically the only industry beside boat-building and turtle-fishing. If a hurricane should come, as it very well might, it would probably be weeks before Jamaica would hear of it. And it is during this dangerous hurricane season that the men-folk are 300 miles and more away from home, leaving the women to their own devices and to such protection and assistance as the Commissioner can give them.

The Cimboco, that triumphant proof of Cayman's broad and liberal outlook, was built locally. The engine was imported in half a hundred parts and—probably by the system of trial and error—put together by an island boat-builder. It was bought and is operated by a company, subsidized by the Jamiaca Government, from which Cayman is now imploring radio communication.

Of Grand Cayman's 5,650 inhabitants, 3,560 are colored.

Indians Invented Duck Decoys

Before Columbus ever sighted the West Indies the natives of Amercia were decoying ducks and geese to the lakes and ponds where they became targets for swift, flint-headed arrows. Joel Barber gives a brief account of the history of Duck Decoys in theh December issue of "Field and Stream."

He reveals that the first dummy ducks were made of reeds cleverly tied together to the shape of a duck. These reed models were then neatly shingled with feathers of the fowl in such a manner that they oddly duplicated the living bird. On the floor of a dried lake bed in Nevada near caves where specimens of the reed decoys were found many flint arrow heads have been discovered. This points to an extended practice of duck hunting with decoys long years before Columbus ever sailed the ocean blue, declares this "Field and Stream" writer.

A worried-looking farmer drove into town, and headed for the family doctor. Without preamble he began: "Doc, the first time you're out our way I wish you'd stop and see my wife." "Is she ill?" asked the man of pills and portions. "Not exactly." "What's the trouble, then?" "Well, this morning she got up at the regular time about four o'clock, milked the cows, got breakfast for the hands, did her housework, churned, and along about ten o'clock she said she felt a little tired. I expect she needs a tonic or something."

Mrs. Campbell—Dear, I saw the sweetest little hat downtown to-day. Campbell—Put it on and let me see how you look in it.

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Fresh from the Gardens

Making Broad-Fronted Advance

Ottawa, Canada.—The record wheat harvest of Canada, aggregating more than five hundred million bushels, draws attention to the fact that agriculture is still the Dominion's leading industry, but the remarkable progress which has been made in recent years in the development of her forest, mineral, water-power, and other resources shows that Canada instead of confining her energies to a few extractive industries is making a broad-fronted advance in many fields of activity.

Ranking second to agriculture in value of products, the forest industries loom large in Canada's economic structure. The growth of pulp and paper production in recent years has been rapid and spectacular and since 1926 the Dominion has been the world's greatest newsprint producer. The erection of new mills and additions to present producers indicate that the Dominion's total will be further increased in the immediate future. The effect of expansion in this as in most of the other industries engaged in the development of the Dominion's natural resources is seen in the growth of towns and cities and in the springing up of new communities.

An increasing demand for lumber for export and a slight inerease in price have brought about a general improvement in the lumber industry.

The mining industry is thriving. Exploratory and prospecting operations are being carried on in practically every province of the Dominion.

The development of Canada's water power resources continues apace. Notwithstanding the gigantic undertakings which have been completed in recent years new projects are adding to the total installations year by year. The expansion of the forest and mining industries, in which hydropower is playing a large and increasing part, has contributed to the demand for more electrical energy.

The year 1928 marks a period of rapid growth in the economic structure of the Dominion and on every hand there is evidence of the progres being made in exploration development and production.

Minard's Liniment for Asthma.

Poet—"You said in your paper, the other day, that poverty is no crime."

Editor—"Well?"

"And yet you decline my verses simply 'cause you say they're poor!"

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