"THE FOOL"

BY CHANNING POLLOCK

ILLUSTRATED BY R.W. SAUNDERFIELD

BEGIN HERE TODAY

Dilly Gilliam, her mother Mrs. Gilliam, with Leila Thornbury, a divorcee, are trimming a Christmas tree in the Church of the Nativity, a fashionable church of New York. Mrs. J. Orson Tice, society leader, comes in with Jerry Goodkind, a man-about-town, who is interested in Clare Jewett, engaged to the Rev. Daniel Gilchrist, 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. Charles Benfield declares that either he or Gilchrist must leave the church. Jerry proposes marriage to Clare.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

"You think it's sordid at 3.45 on Christmas eve," he leered. "Well, keep your ears and your mind open, and see how you feel in the morning. My telephone's Rhinelander six-nine-four-two—and this is the last time I shall ask you."

"Wait!"

He paused for Claire to proceed.

"Whatever you believe of me," she continued, "I love Mr. Gilchrist."

"Rhinelander six-nine-four-two," was his only comment.

CHAPTER IV.

THE MEETING OF THE WARDENS

Clare Jewett stared with burning, angry eyes at the door that closed upon Jerry Goodkind. It seemed as though he had paused on the other side to leer at her through the heavy oak panel. As she took a step forward, an echo announced the closing of the outer door and she turned back.

She looked down to see that her hands, doubling unconsciously in nervous tensity, were crushing the tissue-wrapped packages she still held. Fuming, she hurled them at the foot of the tree, where others lay, piled high, just as Dr. Wadham came from the choir room.

"Why—Miss Jewett!" the minister protested in surprise.

She looked up, embarrassed.

"I'm nervous," she cried petulantly. "I want to finish up and go home." She rushed past him through the door he had just opened. Bewildered, the minister stopped and rearranged the disordered packages.

The noise of the outer door presaged a visitor and Dr. Wadham rose hastily and dusted himself off.

"Ah, Mr. Goodkind," he said as the senior warden came in briskly. "You're early."

George F. Goodkind, Jerry's father, carried the air of a busy office with him everywhere. Even evening clothes or the heavy overcoat and gloves he wore now, one felt that there should have been a desk in front of him and a nimble-fingered stenographer at his side with an industrial army manoeuvring at his crisp orders.

He had Jerry's amiability, the amiability of wealth. He had Jerry's selfishness, too, but of a different source. Jerry was selfish because he had been brought up with all his wants supplied. The elder Goodkind was selfish because he had fought for all he had and felt that it was his, and his alone, by right of conquest. He was by no means niggardly. He did what he conceived to be his duty toward his family, his community and his God—and he wanted all three to appreciate it.

"How do you do, doctor," he said brusquely. "Walked out of a meeting. I don't like letting religion interfere with business, but I wanted to get here ahead of Benfield. It's about young Gilchrist. Did you know he proposes to preach a Christmas sermon about the strike?"

"What strike?"

"This garment strike. Benfield's furious."

"Mr. Benfield isn't interested in clothing."

"No, but he's invested heavily in my West Virginia coal mines, and down there we're on the verge of the biggest walkout in our history. You see what I mean?"

The Rev. Dr. Wadham nodded knowingly.

"The labor problem's none of the church's business,' continued Goodkind, warming up, "or any outsider's business. It's a worrisome subject and there's no good stirring it up. That's what you want to tell Gilchrist."

Mr. Wadham lifted a hand in a gesture of futility.

"I have told him," he said, "—frequently."

"And what's the answer?"

"He says every problem ought to be the church's business, and that until the church becomes a power in live issues it isn't a power in life."

"He won't listen to reason? Then he'll have to listen to something else. If he persists about this Chritmas sermon—"

Mr. Barnaby opened the door. The two paused.

"There's a man out there wants to see Mr. Gilchrist," he apologized.

"What kind of a man?" asked Dr. Wadham.

"A poor man. I think he's a Jew."

"Who ever heard of a poor Jew?" Mr. Goodkind scorned.

"Mr. Gilchrist isnt here," interposed Dr. Wadham.

"I told him that, but he won't go away. Why don't he go over to the synagogue instead of hanging around a Christian church? Mr. Gilchrist gave him his overcoat this morning and I guess he's come back for the gloves."

"Tell him I'll speak to Mr. Gilchrist,' dismissed Dr. Wadham, and Mr. Barnaby, shaking his head dispairingly, left.

"Well, there you are," said Goodkind with the air of a prosecutor closing the state's case. "And that's what I wanted to talk to you about privately—what's got into the boy? Has he gone crazy?"

"I've asked myself that," Dr. Wadham answered in perplexity. "I've asked myself whether what he saw in France—"

"Exactly. A lot of young fellows go off the handle and start out to reform the world, but this lad has run through $20,000 in less than three months."

"In addition to his salary?"

"Yes. I could understand it if he'd spent the money on himself, but he hasn't. He's given it away! Gilchrist's father was my first partner, and I got the boy in here, and I feel responsible for him. As trustee, I can refuse to turn over another penny of his principal, and, as senior warden, I can demand his resignation from this church. But I want him to have every chance. Tell him if he'll get a grip on himself and reconsider tomorrow's sermon—"

This time it was "Charlie" Benfield who interrupted. The chastening shadows of a twilighted church did not soften the flinty features of the man. He was of the type that is known as self-made. He adopted ar-

"A church that isn't big enough for two men," he said, "must be somewhat crowded for God"

rogance and insolence to hide his glaring lack of education, refinement and appreciation.

The third time Dr. Wadham looked at his hat he removed it.

"Hello, George!" he greeted. "How'd'y, doctor. Am I late?"

"We've been waiting for you," said Dr. Wadham nervously. He was always uneasy when Benfield was about. "Hadn't we better retire to my study if we're going to discuss Mr. Gilchrist?"

"We're not," Benfield disagreed emphatically. "We've been discussing long enough. All I got to say now is: Gilchrist leaves this church or I do."

"Now, wait a minute," said the senior warden calmly.

"Isn't that a little mandatory?" said Dr. Wadham, taking courage.

"I don't know what it is, but it goes," continued Benfield positively. "I've worked hard all my life, and now this fellow gets up and tells me that I've worked for nothing, that I'm nothing, and that all my ideas are wrong."

"Wait a minute, Charlie," interrupted Goodkind. "That's not the tone to take to Dr. Wadham. We all feel that Gilchrist has gone too far and we're agreed—"

"Does he preach tomorrow?" Benfield shouted.

"We're agreed that if he insists upon preaching about the strike—"

"He goes?"

"He goes!"

"All right. And if he don't insist?"

"He stays."

"And I go!"

Benfield's voice of wrath had drowned the opening and closing of the door. Back to the panel, Daniel Gilchrist squared his shoulders. They were broad shoulders and had carried him through many a brick-wall football line in his college days. At 33 he was still trim and fit. This was partially due to the self-denial one read in his slender, ascetic face.

Even in the shadow his smile was visible. It lighted his eyes with good humor. They were honest eyes, with strength and zealousness in their fire. There was nothing forbidding about his figure. Indeed, there was an empyrean sympathy which caught and held, first, the attention, then the deepest interest.

Benfield had thrust his hat back on his head.

"I go, I tell you," he blustered. "You can decide which is the most valuable to your church. It ain't big enough for Gilchrist and me."

Daniel stepped forward quietly. He was smiling.

"A church that isn't big enough for two little men, Mr. Benfield," he said simply, "must be somewhat crowded for God."

CHAPTER V.

DISMISSED.

Benfield turned on the advancing figure savagely. A torrent of vituperation surged through his brain. But somehow the tranquility of the figure before him disarmed him completely. His attack became nothing more than a scowl and when this met a smile his rout was complete. He stormed past Gilchrist and the slam of the door a moment later was the only audible indication of his ire.

"Mr. Benfield is a little—ah—a little—" soothed Dr. Wadham, rubbing his hands uneasily.

"Yes," said Daniel, "a littlle." His face still glowed from the cold outside. Goodkind picked up his hat and sauntered toward him.

"Pneumonia weather, Daniel," he advised in a fatherly tone. "Where's your overcoat?"

"Outside," was the response.

(To be continued.)

M. Georges Jean Knight, new Minister Plenipotentiary of France to Canada, photographed at the Windsor Street Station, Montreal, en route by the Canadian Pacific Railway from New York to Ottawa.

Use of the Canal Puts Pitcairn Island Near Ship Routes

Conditions Made Camplex by Visitor's Piano, Wireless and Motor Engine

Auckland, N.Z.—Before the Panama Canal was cut the world did not give a thought to remote Pitcairn Island, in the Pacific, where dwelt a small community descended from the mutineers of H.M.S. Bounty. It was right off the regular tracks of shipping. But the opening of the canal put the island on the route between New Zealand and Panama, which was then taken by the direct liners that used to go round Cape Horn. Liners stop at Pitcairn Island for a short while, and the islanders put off in boats to sell fruit and articles they have made to the passengers. The break is welcomed on the long three week's run.

Surprisingly little, however, has been written about life on the island. Recently a New Zealand family of eight spent some time there, and have returned to New Zealand with an interesting story. A. Hare of Wellington touched at the island in a sailing ship 36 years ago, and made up his mind to go back some day. When he did it was to be put off a liner with a wife and six children. The islanders, who hardly ever have a visitor, welcomed them most warmly. Mr. Hare says the population of the island is about 200, and the village, which is called Adamstown, after one of the Bounty mutineers, has 52 houses, a church, a school and a courthouse.

The island is under the jurisdiction of the commissioner of the Western Pacific, whose headquarters are in distant Fiji, but apparently it causes him little trouble. There is a jail, but it is seldom used. The island is governed by a council of five, elected annually and presided over by a man called the chief magistrate. The present head bears the name of another Bounty mutineer, Christian. Under their direction the islanders do the necessary public work, and anybody who fails to furnish his share is fined £1 or compelled to do five days' extra work. The people neither drink nor smoke, and are deeply religious.

The soil is very fertile and food grows in abundance. The oranges are said to be among the finest in the world, but for these and other tropical fruits the only market is the passing ships. There are few insects and no pests to spoil the crops. According to Mr. Hare, the people are happy in their simple life. He tried to make it rather more complex by taking with him a piano, the first to be seen there, a motor engine and a wireless receiving and transmitting set. The engine was fitted to one of the boats and enabled the islanders to go out several miles and intercept a ship.

Behind this life lies a mystery similar to that of another remote Pacific spot, Easter Island. Relics of a bygone race are found on Pitcairn, and Mr. Hare brought back stone implements and photographs of rock paintings. Apparently this aspect of Pitcairn Island has never been properly investigated. Mr. Hare says he is going back, probably to stay two years, and two of his sons are going to teach the children. Possibly in years to come Pitcairn Island will be a haven of refuge for New Zealanders.

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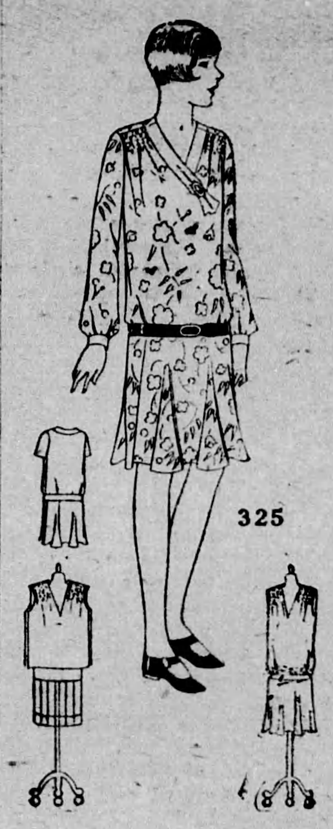

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Physical Make-Up Decided by Glands

Secretions of Animal Glands Used With Success in Cases Where Patients Have Insufficient Amount

(By Jas. W. Barton, M.D.)

Did you ever think that whether you are to be tall or short, fat or thin, have a large jaw bone or receding chin, have a rapid or a slow heart and so forth, depends upon some little glands in different parts of the body. For instance, the thyroid in the neck helps the cells of the body to do their work a little better and a little faster, and also helps to destroy some of the harmful substances in the blood. It helps the growth of the body and gives you more energy, or "pep" as it is so popularly called.

The secretion of the little adrenal glands situated one on top of each kidney seems to work in harmony with the thyroid, doing many of the same things, but in the case of the heart gives the beat more strength. Then there is the little pituitary gland in the skull. It has a special influence on the growth of the bones, and helps in using up the vegetables and starches in the body. It also has a great effect upon certain muscles in the body, those not under the control of the will.

Now, what happens when these glands are doing too much work, or not enough? In the case of the thyroid when it is doing too much, the heart beats faster, palpitates, you get out of breath easily, lose weight, get irritable and suffer with indigestion. If the thyroid doesn't do enough work, the skin may become rough, there is mental dullness, and an excess amount of fat deposited throughout the body. Where the adrenal glands do too much there is marked muscular strength, a keen active mind, and an increase in the number of red corpuscles in the blood. When the adrenals are not doing enough work there is loss of weight, fatigue, and slow growth Where the pituitary gland is too active the individual may grow to a tremendous size, and features become coarse and enlarged.

Since this knowledge has been attained by research men, they have been able to use secretions of animal glands in cases where patients have an insufficient amount, and have been getting very gratifying results. In fact as we think of the use of thyroid extract from the thyroid, adrenalin from the adrenal glands, pituitrin from the pituitary body, and insulin from the pancreas, we can expect that the next few years will bring wonderful benfits to mankind from the investigation of these ductless glands.

Old Friends

By A. MUIR

O sure am I, when I come to die,
And through Death's portals go,
Those cats, and dogs, and little white mice,
And birds I used to know
Shall all come rushing to welcome me,
Their friend of long ago.

And the cast will purr, "We've missed you, sir;
And we know you missed us, too."
And the dogs will bark, "Good morning, friend,
We've waited long for you."
And the little white mice shall squeak with joy,
And the birds will chirp, and coo.

And happen what may, on the Judgment day,
I shall not affrighted be,
If the cats, and dogs, and all weak dumb things
That on earth were dear to see,
Should receive from God the gift of speech,
For I know they'll plead for me.

—G. K.'s Weekly.

Direct telephone communication between points in Alberta and the cities on the coast of British Columbia was recently established. Previously this communication had to be made through Great Falls, Montana, Spokane and Seattle, Washington, to Vancouver and other points along the B. C. coast.

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