"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. Jerry proposes marriage to Clare. Daniel hears Charles Benfield demand his dismissal from the church.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

"Oh, yes," returned Goodkind slyly. "There's a man out there, too, who says he won't go away until he sees you." He reached over and put a hand on Gilchrist's shoulder. "Dan, you're an awfully decent fellow, but I still think you made a mistake going into the church. If you ever want to talk it over with me, I'd be glad to help you—any time. You know that. Goodby, Doctor. Goodby, Dan, and a merry Christmas." And he was gone.

Dr. Wadham paced the floor in silence for a few moments.

"Daniel, you're in trouble," he announced.

"Doctor, I'm used to it," Gilchrist answered, smiling.

"Then you don't care for your position in this church?"

"There's only one thing I care for more."

"And that is?"

"To be worthy of it."

"When you're as old as I am, Daniel," he sighed resignedly, "you'll understand that being honest doesn't necessarily mean being disagreeable."

"Doesn't it mean—telling the truth?"

"So you know the truth, Daniel?"

"Yes, don't you? Doesn't every man—in his heart? And if we want to keep it in our hearts and never think about it or look it in the face, shouldn't some one open the door and cry, 'Behold'? I didn't tell them anything they didn't know, Doctor. I don't know anything they don't know. I just reminded them—"

"That isn't fair. These good people have given—"

"Given—what cost them nothing. Frumpery and trumpery and diamond stars." He waved a hand toward the bedecked tree. "That's how all of us give—what we don't need, what we don't even want." He paused. "You're a good man, Doctor, and, honestly, what would you say tomorrow if your wife told you she'd sold her rings and given the money to the poor?"

"Why, I—"

"You'd say she was crazy."

"But there's no necessity—"

"Oh, yes, there is. There'll be people lying in the parks tonight. What would Mrs. Tice say if I invited them to sleep in her pew?"

"That there's no reason why she should share dirt and disease."

"Exactly! We may believe in the brotherhood of man, but we know about germs. We're not sure what is truth, but there's one thing we are sure of and mean to be sure of, and that's our own comfort. You know that and I know it and they know it—but we musn't say it. All right. In God's name what are we to say?"

Dr. Wadham had been awaiting an opening. He saw it now.

"Precisely," he interposed. "That brings us to tomorrow's sermon. I understand you intend to talk about the strike." Daniel nodded. "Now that's not a very pleasant subject for Christmas. Wouldn't it be more fitting to preach from the text, 'Glory to God, in the Highest!'"

"And on earth, peace, good will toward men," Daniel added.

"Yes," agreed Dr. Wadham, delighted at what he interpreted as an acceptance of the suggestion. "You might say, 'There are many kinds of peace—'"

"But there aren't," interrupted Daniel.

"There is physical peace," went on the rector, "peace that came with the end of this cruel war."

"There is no peace," said Daniel abruptly. "There is only fear—and hate—and vanity—and lust, and envy, and greed—of men and nations. There are only people preying on one another, and a hungry horse at the very doors of your church. No, doctor, my text will be 'And Peter followed afar off.'"

Daniel looked through the soft shadows into the distance.

"I don't understand," Dr. Wadham stammered.

"We all follow—afar off." Daniel's answer was as abstract as though Dr. Wadham were not there. Something strange, something glorious, shone in his eyes.

"Follow whom?"

"Christ!" Daniel replied — as though far away through the shadow he saw Him.

"Daniel—my dear fellow!" the rector exclaimed.

Daniel listened as one detached. He turned to the little white-collared man curiously.

"Don't worry," he smiled, reading the rector's anxiety. "I'm quite sane. Only—I've been wondering about that for a long time."

"Wondering," suggested Dr. Wadham, unable to comprehend.

"What would happen if anybody really tried to live like Christ." Gilchrist spoke fervently.

"It won't work, Daniel." Dr. Wadham spoke feelingly with a trace of disconsolation in his voice. "It's a beautiful ideal, but it won't work. Times have changed, and things are different. Life isn't as simple as it was 2000 years ago. The trouble with you, Daniel, is that you're not practical."

"I wonder," Gilchrist remarked thoughtfully.

"At least you must promise not to discuss the strike."

"I can't do that, doctor."

"Or else let me take the pulpit."

"I won't do that." His emphatic

He turned to the little white-collared man curiously.

tone brought Dr. Wadham's shoulders back squarely.

"Very well," he said sharply. "Preach your Christmas sermon, and afterward—"

"Yes?"

"I think you may find a greater field of usefulness elsewhere."

The men stood face to face for a moment, both tense. It was Daniel who turned and lifted his hand to his face.

"I'm sorry, Daniel," said Dr. Wadham, his tone softening. "I know you've been happy in your work here. I know how failure hurts. But you saw it coming, and you wouldn't turn aside."

He looked up, his eyes flashing.

"The man who turns away from his vision—lies!" he cried. His voice calmed. "It's all right, doctor," he said.

He reached for Dr. Wadham's hand and shook it. He was smiling—smiling sadly.

CHAPTER VI.

REJECTED.

Dr. Wadham welcomed the entrance of Clare Jewett. He was not alone in that. It was relief for one, solace for the other.

"Well, Miss Jewett,' the rector beamed. "I thought you'd gone long ago."

"No," Clare answered with an air of fatigue. "I'm on my way now. Mr. Hinkle cut his finger. I've been applying first aid."

"Woman's traditional mission—to bind our wounds," Dr. Wadham wagged a finger at her. He had crossed to the door. Turning, his eyes met Daniel. It came to him that his remark had another significance. "To bind our— Well, I must be going. Step into my study in the morning, Daniel, and we'll have a look at your sermon."

Clare watched him out. She was irritated.

"I hope I never seen another doll!" she said petulantly. Then she noticed that Gilchrist had not spoken. "Anything on your mind, Dan?" she asked.

"What do you—" he started, looking up quickly.

"I mean anything special to do?"

"Oh—no," he responded, relieved.

"Take me home," she commanded gently.

The quiet smile came back.

"I'm getting my Christmas present early," he said, reaching for his hat.

"Where's your coat?" she asked absently.

"Outside— That is, I lent it to a friend. Oh, I've got another—somewhere."

"But you can't go without a coat. It's cold." She glanced at her wrist watch. "Anyway, I told a taxi man to come at half-past four. That's the worst of not having a car. Well, we may as well sit down." She was watching him closely. "What's the matter with you, Dan?" she said at length.

"Nothing important," he said, dodging her eyes.

"There will be if you insist on going around without an overcoat." She looked at him narrowly. "You're too generous. How are we going to be married if you go on giving things away?"

"Is generosity a fault in a husband?" he laughed.

"That depends," she returned, seriously. "Is it true you've been giving away—well—large sums of money?"

"Who told you that?"

"A little bird. And that you've refused to take part of your income?"

"Little bird tell you that?"

"Yes."

"Birds talk too much."

"Is it true?"

"About the money? Yes."

"Why?"

"Well, there's the strike, and a good deal of unemployment, and I've got so much. Why—I've got you!" He turned to her eagerly.

"Let's not talk about that now," she said, rising. Then suddenly her face changed. It took on something of the obscurity the shadows were giving to the great empty church room. "Yes, let's—" she decided, sitting down beside him again. "You're so changed. I hardly know you. We don't seem to want the same things any more."

"What do you want, Clare?" he asked earnestly.

(To be continued.)

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Old Days Recalled

Gigantic Figure of Horseman and Site of Roman Villa Unearthed on Black Sea

Sofia.—Old Roman ruins probably dating from the first century A.D. have just been unearthed near Madara, the ancient capital of Bulgaria, which is situated not far from Varna, a port on the Black Sea. During the course of many years peasants have been finding in this area interesting relics, plainly dating from ancient times, but no society nor individual until now has been in a position to do any excavating.

Last fall, however, after a group of excavators directed by Bulgaria's leading archaeologist, had finished work on the site of Bulgaria's first capital, uncovering a very striking stone horseman of gigantic size, they took up work in the adjoining field, where the old Roman relics have so frequently been found, and discovered the founadtions of what is thought to have been a large Roman villa. It seems to have contained several rooms, large corridors, hot and cold baths and viaducts running to springs near by. It was probably inhabited by the commander of the Roman garrison stationed at that place.

Imprints on bricks that have been dug out indicate that they date from the time of Emperor Claudius. At the beginning of the second century he carried on a campaign against the Dacians, who lived in what is now Rumania, and his headquarters were at Dorostorium or Silistra, a flourishing city on the Danube, which the Rumanians took away from the Bulgarians 15 years ago. There were garrisons at several other places in the land that is now Bulgaria and the Romans built roads which still serve as Bulgarian highways, though most of the old paving is completely gone.

During the course of this recent excavation many fragments of ancient vases were discovered, which are fashioned after a type that was very popular during the time of the great Roman emperors. They are red, represent figures of domestic scenes and are said to be very beautiful.

It was after the "barbarians" had crossed the Danube and broken the power of the Romans that the Bulgarians formed their first kingdom.

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And little dreams that fluttered forth to die;
Some laughing hopes that ended in this smoke
That drifts in pungent air towards the sky.

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And other flowers be born to deck the Spring;
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—Lily Dean in the Royal Magazine.

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Says Dairy Herds May be Depleted

Motherwell Warns Against Sale of Milch Stock to U.S.

Toronto.—A note of warning was sounded to dairymen of Eastern Canada when Hon. W. R. Motherwell, Federal Minister of Agriculture, addressing a recent meeting of the National Dairy Council, declared there was grave danger of Canada's excellent dairy herds becoming depleted through the sale of milch stock to United States dairy interests. Unless stopped they would find their herds depleted and vitiated, and milk products of poor quality with lowered prices.

Once before in the history of Canadian dairying the farmers of this country found themselves in a bad position owing to the fact that they had sold all their best stock across the border. This was immediately after the American Civil War, when cattle prices soared as they are doing today.

Dr. Motherwell advised the dairymen to steer a middle course. "I do not say you should reject all tempting offers for your best stock," he said, "but make sure you do not ruin your herds. I know it is sometimes hard to resist the temptation of taking unprecedented prices for your herds, but remember you will pay for it eventually if you go to extremes."

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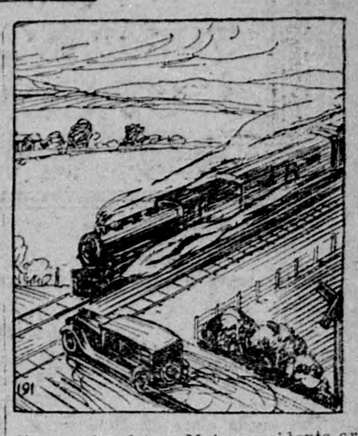
They Did Not Look



In view of the widespread attention that has been directed to the matter of motor accidents during the past season, it is interesting to note that out of 864 deaths so caused during the year 1927, only a total of eighty, or nine per cent. occurred at railway crossings. While the number is deplored, as being too many, there is reason for encouragement in the fact that government reports recently issued note a marked tendency towards a decrease in this percentage of crossing fatalities.

The year's total of 864 motor accidents compares with 606 during 1926, the increase largely reflecting the tremendous increase in the number of motor cars travelling on Canadian roads. Despite this fact, railroad crossing fatalities for the two years were exactly the same, numbering eighty. Thus, while the percentage of such fatalities in 1927 was nine, in 1926 it was over thirteen per cent.

It is interesting to note that the total death rate in Canada from motor accidents in 1927 was 9.1 per hundred thousand of population, and for 1926 it was 6.5. In the United States during 1926, the latest year for which figures are available, the rate was 18.2, or nearly three times our own. This fact, and also the diminishing percentage of crossing accidents in Canada may be set down to the various safety campaigns that have been carried on, and to the efforts that have been put forward both in the way of crossing protection and by the publicity in which latter direction they have been greatly aided by the public-spirited attitude of the press towards the matter.

The report of the Board of Railway Commissioners shows that forty-five accidents occurred at protected crossings, and also that during 1927 there were seventy-four accidents as a result of motor vehicles running into the sides of trains, and twelve unfortunate attempts to beat the train. In the preamble the report states: "Notwithstanding safety devices and cautionary signals, people take chances and disregard safety. Motor accidents are becoming more frequent. Every sane motorist deplores this. If accidents are to be lessened, the sane motorist must educate the culpably negligent motorists. . . ."

In co-operating in the elimination of grade crossings, in supplementing recognized and standard warnings with wig-wags and other devices the railways are doing a great work towards the still further reduction of crossing accidents, but they cannot do the work alone, as is demonstrated by the report which shows that day by day the automobile driver "ignored warning; broke through the gates"; "Did not look for the approach of train, father and daughter killed"; "Crashed into side of train. Fined $10 in court". These actual quotations from the list of "dangerous practises" are from the report of the Board of Railway Commissioners.

A report issued by Dominion Bureau of Statistics states that in the Province of Quebec, Montreal is responsible for one-half of all automobile deaths. Toronto's contributions in Ontario was only about twenty-three per cent. of the total. It is to be noted, however, that in the case of fatalaties occurring outside the city limits, the injured are frequently hurried to city hospitals and thus unwarrantably increase the city death rate.

Film On Canada Greeted by Jeers

Returned Harvesters Were Prominent When Disorder Broke Out

Hamilton, Lancashire. — Scenes of rowdyism were witnessed in a motion picture theatre here Monday when films were shown and addresses given outlining opportunities for settlement on the land in Canada and for training unemployed youths as farmworkers.

The meeting, organized under the auspices of the Ministry of Labor, broke up in disorder amid boos and jeers. The interrupters included a group of men who had returned from the Canadian harvest fields.

Despite interference by Communists with meetings organized in Hamilton to popularize Canada as a new country for unemployed miners to gain fresh opportunities, scenes of remarkable enthusiasm were witnessed at the employment exchange. Scores of able-bodied young fellows of fine character presented themselves for enrolment as candidates for the free training in agricultural work and assisted passage schemes of the Government.

It was apparent that the disorder recorded above had been of a prearranged nature and inspired by Communists. The Minister of Labor, encouraged by the success of the scheme, is arranging a series of meetings in all industrial centres of the region.

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"Several winters ago I became acquainted with a method of winter camping which I believe was, and is, just about as ingenious as one would expect to meet with in many a moon," writes Robert Page Lincoln in the December issue of "Forest and Stream". "A trapper showed me the trick. It involved the use of two wall tents. The one tent as I remember it, was nine by eleven while the other was twelve by fourteen. The smaller tent was erected inside of the larger tent. A good job had been done of pegging down and stretching both of these tents. The result was that the outer tent was a windbreak par excellence and that even in the coldest winter weather the inside was well protected, the camp stove, a box affair, keeping an even temperature within."

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