"THE FOOL"

BY CHANNING POLLOCK

ILLUSTRATED BY R.W. SATTERFIELD

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

"I want to be happy."

"That's exactly what I want," he agreed happily.

"How can anybody be happy without money?" she asked gravely.

"How can anybody be happy with it?" he returned. "Anyway, do you think people are? Happier than people who have just enough?"

"In our day and age," Clare defended, "there's nothing worse than poverty. Theres nothing more degrading than having to scrimp and save, and do without and keep up appearances. I've tried it—ever since my father died—and I know. I can't do it any longer and I won't."

"Clare!" It was a mood new to him. His exclamation startled her and she turned away. In a moment she was calmer.

"I don't want to quarrel with you, Dan," she said gently. "I just want you to be sensible. I love you, but love the good things of life, too. I like to be warm and comfortable."

"You can be sure of that," he promised.

"But that's only the beginning," she pursued. "I want good clothes, and furs, and my car, and money to spend when I like. I want my own house, and my own servants, and a husband who amounts to something. I'm no different from other women of my class."

"I hoped you were," he admitted, half to himself.

"A year or two ago people thought you were going to be a bishop. Today you've made an enemy of every influential man in the church. All that may be very noble, but I'm not noble and I don't intend to be. I don't feel any call to sacrifice myself for others, and I don't think you have any right to ask it."

"I do ask it, Clare," he insisted.

"You mean you're going on like this?" They were standing now and facing each other, she with an air of defiance, he with the calm resolution of conviction.

"I mean I can't give you expensive clothes, and servants, and a big house, while all about us people are hungry."

"What do you propose to give me?" she inquired rather scornfully.

"A chance to help," he answered.

She turned on him, looking sharply at him.

"I can't believe you're serious," she gasped. "You've always been a dreamer, but I can't believe you're going through with this fantastic nonsense!"

He was still calm. Perhaps it was this strange control of which she was not capable that added to Clare's irritation.

"I've chosen a narrow path, dear," he said, "but I hoped it might be wide enough for us both."

"It isn't," she returned, finality in her tone. "With your means and opportunities, you're offering me what any bank clerk would give his wife. I thought you loved me, but you're utterly selfish, and I think, a little mad. You've a right to throw away your own life, but you've no right to throw away mine."

He lifted a hand in protest, but it was too late. She moved toward him, fumbling with her hands. By the time she had reached his side she had taken off her ring. She handed it to him with an impatient gesture. He paused a moment, then accepted it in mute abnegation.

"Our engagement is off!" she declared metallically.

CHAPTER VII.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

Clare paused a moment, expectant. It seemed incredible that he would let her go that way. Surely he would say something. Surely he would see that he was wrong.

She waited for his surrender. Gilchrist was silent. He stood staring at the ring which lay in the palm of his hand, shorn of its symbolism.

She turned, expecting that his hand would reach out to halt her. He did not move. Slowly she made her way toward the door. She paused a moment with her hand on the knob, waiting for his footsteps behind her. The sombre silence of the church seemed like a deafening roar in her ears.

She could not see Gilchrist's face. There was no answer in his attitude. She took a step forward, but still he did not move. Then she walked slowly to his side.

"Don't you think you're making a terrible mistake?" she asked.

He looked up from the ring. His answer was in his eyes, and she read it there. But he repeated it.

"No," he said simply.

Clare lifted her head with a defiance that was characteristic of her other self. This time there was no hesitancy in her step. She strode to the door with resolution. Without looking back she opened it. Four numbers tingled in her brain. "Poverty—six—nine—four—two." No, that wasn't the exchange. How idiotic! It was "Rhinelander." She did not stop to close the door.

Gilchrist looked after her. He waited until the outer door had echoed her departure, then walked slowly over and closed the door. Quietly he placed the ring in his pocket.

An organ began to play softly in the choir room. Its tremulous notes echoed through the vast emptiness of the church.

The solitude of it all seemed to comfort him. Ht felt a companionship in it. There were not even shadows now. He and the darkness were alone. There was solace from the silence in the quiet music of the organ.

He crossed to the altar and stood looking up at the benign forms outlined in the painted windows. How far away they seemed. And yet how real! The Shepherd in the centre—

He turned suddenly at the sound of a step. The church was wrapped completely in darkness which his eyes could not penetrate.

Again came the step.

"Who's there?" Gilchrist inquired of the obscurity. An echo repeated the question mechanically, losing the tone of solicitude that was in Gilchrist's voice.

There was no answer, but Gilchrist sensed a presence.

"Are you looking for some one?" he asked again.

"Yes," came a voice. Gilchrist peered into the darkness.

"I'm the assistant rector, Mr. Gilchrist," he explained without raising his voice.

"Our engagement is off!" she declared.

"I know you, Mr. Gilchrist," came the voice.

A sense of recognition came to Gilchrist. His air of inquiry disappeared.

"Oh, yes, I remember," he said. "You're the man who was cold. Can I do anything for you?"

"I think you can," said the man.

Gilchrist has made out the form now, in outline near the door.

"Tell me," he asked sympathetically.

"Perhaps I can help you, too," parried the man.

Gilchrist remembered now. It was he who needed help. The irony of it all came to him. Here was he offering aid to another when he himself was needy—needy of comfort, of sympathy.

"My poor man," he said, "I wish you could." He clasped his hands. The remembrance of his despair impelled him to confide, even in this vague figure. "I was so sure of what I wanted to do," he said, "and now I begin to wonder whether it can be done."

It seemed as though he were alone again—alone with the darkness and the silence.

"It has been done," the man assured him.

"But in this day—in this practical world—can any man follow the Master?" Daniel put the question haltingly.

The answer came back positively.

"Why not? Is this day different from any other? Was the world never practical before? Is this the first time of conflict between flesh and spirit? If it could be done then, why not now, and, if it was ever worth the doing, why not now?"

"But how?" It was Daniel who had turned seeker.

"We have been told before," reminded the man.

Gilchrist thought back over pages.

"Take no thought for the morrow—" he read there. "Sell whatsoever thou hast, and give to the poor—Love thy neighbor as thyself—Bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you. But if a man did those things today people would think him mad!"

"What does it matter?" asked the man, simply.

"He would lose everything!" said Gilchrist anxiously.

"And gain everything," was the answer.

"What good could one man do?"

"Why don't you try?" challenged the voice.

"The Master tried, and they crucified Him," Gilchrist murmured. He was tremling now.

"Did they?" queried the man incredulously. "And if they did, what does that matter? Is a man dead whose ideal lives? 'Ye crucified me, but I am with ye always, even unto the end of the world'."

Gilchrist stepped forward. His keen, eager eyes searched for the face of this form in the shadows.

"In God's name, who are you?" he asked intensely.

The man straightened.

"I am a Jew," he said, simply.

(To be continued.)

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A simple daytime dress of dull silk crepe in mahogany brown, trimmed in smart new way with hipline bow of matching sheer velvet, as its only adornment. The shirred shoulders add touch of femininity to perfectly plain bodice with collarless V-neckline. The two-piece skirt, with shirred side section to give desired fulness and flare to hemline, is attached to hip-yoke showing diagonal treatment. Style No. 333 is designed in sizes 16, 18, 20 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches ust. The 36-inch size takes 2⅞ yards of 40-inch material with ¼ yard of 36-inch contrasting. Lustrous crepe satin, canton-faille crepe, plain and printed sheer velvet, velveteen, georgette crepe, crepe Elizabeth, and sheer woolen, are modish and in good taste for immediate wear. Pattern price 20c in stamps or coin (coin is preferred). Wrap coin carefully.

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Roads and Railways

New York Herald-Tribune: Time was when the line of progress in communications seemed clear. All over the world canals replaced roads, and then railroads replaced canals. Every town wanted at least a stub railway line. To-day many a stub railway line has been abandoned, even in the United States; and for local passenger traffic, at least, many railroads find it cheaper to operate bus lines paralleling their own tracks than to run steam trains over the rails. . . . The auto truck has changed the nature of the road. It is no longer a pair of muddy ruts carrying lumbering horses slowly across a few bare miles. The automobile on a concrete road keeps pace with the train, and except for heavy freight in bulk it serves the railroad's purpose even better. It delivers at the door, saving two reloadings.

Co-operation

Leeds Mercury: The co-operation of consumers for buying and distribution has proved by experience to be much easier than the co-operation of producers for the sale and distribution of their goods.

Check Colds with Minard's Liniment.

Windsor-Detroit Bridge Soon Open

Two-Mile Structure Extending into United States to Have Great Effect on Traffic

Detroit.—In process of construction across the Detroit River at a site where the Indians, for years before the arrival of the white man, found it most convenient to ford is the longest span highway bridge in the world, and when completed in the summer of 1929 will be known as the Ambassador Bridge.

This great structure will connect the trails which in years gone by led into the wildernesses of both Michigan and Ontario, and which were traversed by the Huron warriors in their journeys to and from the river.

More than fifty years of the white man's efforts to bridge this river are culminating now in the rapid building of the span, which will join Detroit, Mich., to Sandwich, Ont. Early plans, developed in the days when Detroit was but a small community and the river bore but a fraction of its present volume of commerce, were curious offerings. One such plan was for a series of pontoons or floats to be swung aside to permit river traffic to pass through the opening thus provided.

Progress Brings Relief

Even in those early days, however, it was foreseen that structures such as this would hamper development of traffic on Detroit River. Gradually as newer methods of construction made possible the great lengths of spans and with the rapid increase of waterborne commerce through the Great Lakes, it became apparent that only in a single, mighty span from shore to shore could this international bridge be realized.

Came the automobile and with it the rapid growth of the city of Detroit and of the border cities of Ontario, along with the necessity for free interchange of passengers and freight. The ferry service, expand as it might, could not handle the ever-increasing volume of traffic without, at times, considerable delay.

It was Charles Evan Fowler of New York City, a consulting engineer, who took the initial step to project a bridge along modern lines.

In 1925 plans for the international structure took definite form when Joseph A. Bower of New York City, a former Detroiter, became actively interested and completed the ultimately successful efforts to make the bridge a reality.

Location Is Praised

No better location for the bridge could be found than the one adopted, and the general type, a wire cable suspension span. Plans for the project were drawn and approved by the two governments of Canada and the U.S. in the spring of 1927, which enabled the sponsors of the bridge to arrive at a final estimate of costs and to arrange for the necessary financing. On May 7, 1927, actual work on the bridge was started on the American side, and one month later work was begun on the Canadian end. The date for the bridge to open was established by a contract as not later than August 16, 1930.

No delay was tolerated and every ounce of man and machine power possible has been exerted since the very beginning of the work, as is shown by a recent announcement that every indication points to the opening of the international highway on July 4, 1929. It is quite probable, too, that the Prince of Wales may be present at the ceremony.

For more than one hundred years the United States and Canada have lived peacefully, separated only by unfortified barriers. The Ambassador Bridge will be a new link spanning a water barrier to tie more closely these friendly nations. Situated in a strategic position, where the flow of commerce is continually increasing, this bridge will promote the exchange of raw and manufactured product and constitute one of the most important contribution of recent years to the international growth and amity.

Almost Two Miles Long

The bridge structure itself, from entrance to exit, is approximately 9,000 feet, or almost two miles. The main span over the river is 1,850 feet in length, which exceeds that of the Philadelphia-Camden bridge—now the longest in the world—by 100 feet. The bridge will carry an unobstructed roadway forty-seven feet wide, with a capacity of five lanes of traffic and an eight-foot sidewalk. The clearance over high water in the river will be 135 feet near the shore and 152 feet near the centre of the span.

The main piers which support the two steel towers are close to the two harbor lines, leaving the entire available stretch of navigable water free from obstruction. Each of the two piers supports a superimposed load of almost 20,000 tons and is composed of concrete cylinders, one under each tower column. These cylinders are thirty-eight feet in diameter and are carried about 115 feet down through the clay and sand to a firm bearing on the natural limestone rock.

There is a pull of 8,000 tons on each of the main cables. These cables, when compacted and wrapped, will be nineteen inches in diameter. Each will comprise 7,622 steel wires .192 of an inch in diameter. Every inch of this steel is tested to insure uniform strength.

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"SALADA" ORANGE PEKOE BLEND TEA

289

The U.S. Post

23,649,044 Letters and 461,441 Packages Went Astray in United States Last Year

Washington—Results of an improvement and expansion program in the postal service of the United States, particularly in the air mail, are outlined by Harry S. New, Postmaster-General, in his annual report to President Collidge, which noted an operating deficit of $33,363,148 for the year ended June 30.

The five-cent rate on letters sent by air was made effective since the date of the report, but Mr. New said that the contract air mail service appears to justify his opinion that private enterprise can perform the work creditably.

The Postmaster-General recommended amendment of the March 8 act under which contracts were let during the last year for transporting the mails by air between New York and Montreal; Key West and San Juan, Porto Rico, and between Key West and the Canal Zone, asking authority to make contracts for routes between the island possessions and foreign countries, between such island possessions, and over routes in foreign countries.

"The fiscal affairs of the department indicate careful and economical administration of the service," he said. "Notwithstanding the decrease in the increase of postal revenues under those of the preceding year, the operating deficit increased at a lesser rate per cent."

The average per capita expenditure for postage was $5.11. A reduction of 8.5 per cent. in the number of undeliverable letters was noted, but these messages totaled 23,649,044 pieces. The decrease was ascribed to the department's campaign to induce mail advertisers to use envelopes bearing return addresses. Money found in dead letters or loose in the mails totaled $98,678 and 461,441 parcel post packages went unclaimed.

A long list of recommendations for degislative action were made, among them one to prohibit the sending of unsolicited articles through the mails for sale. Others asked were: A fee for inquiries made for patrons concerning registered, insured or collect-on-delivery mail and postal money orders; demurrage charges on undelivered collect-on-delivery parcels; punishment for those attempting to extort money through the mails by means of "blackmail," and permission to hire motor vehicles from carriers for use in the service.

The turkey gets his revenge on man when he is turned into hash.

Flattery is the best cure for a stiff neck. There are few heads it won't turn.

Minard's Liniment for Asthma.

Chances Are Poor

Customs Men Curb Canadian Border Traffic

There is small hope in the use of a specially fitted automobile for smuggling liquor into the States across the Canadian border, because all the secret places on a motor car are known to the customs men, points out Richard Carroll in "Liberty Magazine."

"There is scarcely a dodge worked by the tourist that is new to the customs man, reports Carroll. "The wise tourists talk of spare tires, or seat springs, of dashboards and of good places under the hoods covering the engine. Forget it. They're all known. Every one of them. False tops, false bottoms, even fake lamps. The cars designed to carry supplies of rum in quantity over the border are seized when found, impounded, and the owners held in stiff bail. Among the little fellows, who pay a fine of $5 a bottle and depart sadder, wiser and dryer, women are the chief offenders. Something seems to tell the average tourist that his women folk will not be searched. They come to the border going into Canada slim of hip, flat of chest and guilty of countenance. They arrive at the border on the way home large of hip, bulging of bosom and with innocence written all over them. The deceit is pitiful and funny."

I Wonder Why

I wonder why the birds with wings
Like so much to sit on things?
I wouldn't sit upon my mother
Or an umbrella of another
If I was chickens or a linnet,
I'd be ashamed to for a minute.

Talkative Lady: Do you know, professor, I think you are positively wonderful. Has anything ever puzzled you? Professor (bored): Yes, madam, One thing has. Talkative Lady: And what is that? Oh, do tell me. Professor: If exercise reduces flesh how is it that so many women have double chins?

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