"THE FOOL"

BY CHANNING POLLOCK

ILLUSTRATED BY R.W. SATTERFIELD

BEGIN HERE TODAY

Clara Jewett, in love with the Rev. Daniel Gilchrist, marries Jerry Goodkind for his money. Daniel is dismissed from the fashionable Church of the Nativity in New York because of his radical sermons. Gilchrist is sent to the coal mines by Goodkind senior and wires that a big strike is settled.

A delegation of strikers comes north to interview the president and directors. They meet in Jerry's home. The three strikers, meeting three carefully groomed men in evening clothes in the pretentious library of the man of wealth, feel disturbed by the surroundings. Clare is angry because her dinner party is interrupted.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

There was none of this uncertainty about Umanski. He stood with arms folded just a step within the room. A giant Pole, he was, with massive frame. It was a frame that would have carried ample weight, but it did not. Whatever might have been there had been starved off. He was all bone and brawn. His face was tense and earnest—something about it suggested a grim kind of poetry that had been born of suffering.

"You said you be on sidewalk," he said, turning to Stedtman. Max smiled forcedly and waved a hand jerkily.

"I really just got in myself," he responded nervously. "This is Mr. Goodkind, the president. And a couple o' directors. Well, now we can get down to business."

Goodkind had bowed at the introduction. Then, picking up a flashy humidor, he advanced to the three.

"Smoke?" he queried amiably but abruptly. He held the humidor before Hennig, who helped himself with an air of suspicion. Stedtman reached over boldy and took a cigar. Goodkind moved on to Umanski with the humidor. As he held it out the Pole stared past him and made no move. Goodkind looked at him strangely and returned the box to the table.

Hennig, feeling a little more important with a big cigar in his mouth, broke the ground of discussion.

"I guess you know all about our grievances," he blustered with an air of significance.

"I didn't know you had any—" Joe didn't understand the employers' approach.

"Ah, you fellows are never satisfied," Benfield broke in warmly.

"You're getting plenty for what you do," Goodkind followed up. "What are you complaining about? You've left good jobs to follow a lot of idle, discontented agitators. We've got to win this fight on principle. The work is there. I pay what I can get men for, and not a cent more. Take it or leave it."

"We got to hang together to get anything," retorted Joe.

"You're hanging—and what have you got?" Goodkind had centred on Hennig, but it was Umanski who answered. Still standing quietly with arms folded, his voice was as unemotional as his pose.

"I work twelve hours—every day—thirty years—got nothing," he said brokenly.

"Why should you have," broke in Benfield. "An untrained man—"

Jerry had been surveying the proceedings scornfully. He broke his silence now, sneeringly.

"You don't even know English," he said derisively.

"How I gonna learn English—work 12 hours a day?" Umanski's query was pathetically earnest.

"Nobody asked you to take the job," Jerry ung. "Nobody asked you to come over here. You're not an American."

Umanski straightened quickly at this last remark.

"I was an American," he said with a strange dignity.

"When?" sneered Jerry.

"When I fight in the war."

Goodkind senior had turned to Umanski now.

"What do you want?" he asked, interested.

"I wanna chance to learn," replied the stark figure, "and a chance to live. I wanna chance to see—sun."

"Your son?" asked Goodkind, mistaking the word.

"God's sun," replied Umanski. "I never see him. Go to mines—him not up. Work in mines—him not see. Go home—him gone. Got baby five years ago. Never see him. Go to mines—him not up. Come back—him sleep. Go one day—him gone."

"Dead?" Goodkind's face took on gravity.

"My wife say: 'Good. Not such many to feed'."

Hennig, easily swayed, had caught something of Umanski's note of protest.

"It ain't fair," he whined.

Jerry, apparently uninterested, drew out his cigaret case, a lavishly engraved affair, and took out a cigaret. Suddenly Umanski lost his stoicism and unfolding his long, strong arms, crossed with rapid strides to the younger Goodkind's side.

"That little box—" he shouted. "What you pay for him?" He pointed to the cigaret case. Jerry anticipating his back on the burning [illegible] not deigning to answer. "I know," said Umanski. "Gold. You pay more for him than I got for swing pick thirty years. Me and six families—we live in one house you own. We got one room upstairs, two down cellar. Sleep there. Eat—cook—wash—upstairs. See nothing but brick yard and clothes hang up to dry. Wife—she carry water from yard. Me—I carry potato peeling out front. Him rot. If I don't like that, I quit—and starve."

"You want to live on Fifth avenue," said Jerry disgustedly.

"If I don't like, other mans will," continued Umanski, unmindful. "Other mans take my job. I got little girl twenty years old. Awful nice little girl. Got gold hair. Got blue eyes. Her take sick. She sorry she's sick."

His eyes went far away—looking back perhaps to two cellar rooms and a yard with clothes hung up to dry, and beyond that into the dank darkness of a mine.

"She wanna go church. She ask me: 'Pop, buy me pretty new dress for church. Buy me pretty pink dress. Where I get him? We hire doctor once and he say: 'Air—sunshine—milk—eggs? Got no job. My little girl, she cough—and cough—and one night she die."

He straightened now to his full height.

"I tell you we got right to quit," he said feverishly. "We got right to hang together. We got right to fight—to live—and, by God, we gonna fight—we gonna live—we gonna—by God."

There came a sudden blare of music and ripples of laughter as the door to the music room opened and Dilly Gilliam burst in upon the tense per-

Umanski stretched two trembling hands toward her.

oration of this creature hounded by memories.

"Now look here, Jerry, you're not going to—" Dilly began. Then she saw that she had interrupted. "I'm sorry," she said haltingly.

Umanski stood looking at her. She was 20! She had gold hair! She had blue eyes! She had a pink dress!

Unmanski stretched two trembling arms toward her, then brought them back to cover his face. Haunted and helpless he sank into a chair.

CHAPTER X.

A SUBSTITUTE.

A heavy pall descended upon the room. Somehow, all felt the grim tragedy that phantom figures had reenacted in this man's soul. Stedtman swayed a moment between two loyalties and then walked to the chair in which Umanski huddled, bowed and quaking, and put an arm around the man. Gookind took a step nearer and looked down at the broken figure sympathetically.

Jerry alone seemed not to mind.

"You'll have to wait, Dilly," he said to the girl with still a trace of his petulance in his tone.

"Ask the ladies to stay in the drawing room," the elder Goodkind said. "We'll join them in a few minutes."

Dilly did not fathom it all, but she had a feeling that somehow she was to blame.

"Yes,—certainly," she said nervously. "I'm so sorry." And she was gone.

Umanski heard the closing door and looked after her. Stedtman, his arm still around the man, signalled Goodkind to go on.

"I think we'd better let this go for tonight," the president said, shaking his head at Stedtman.

Umanski was on his feet in an instant.

"No," he said half-apologetically. "Me—I'm all right. Excuse."

"You're a little upset,' said Goodkind soothingly, "and I have guests. Besides, Gilchrist will be here in half an hour and I want to talk to him before I say anything definite. Suppose we meet here tomorrow at noon."

Hennig had stirred at the mention of Gilchrist's name.

"Not Gilchrist," he protested churlishly.

"No, just we six," assented Goodkind, "—and maybe one or two more of our directors."

"All right," said Stedtman, seeing it was his business to agree.

Umanski had assumed his firm, stoical position again.

"I wanna know what we gonna do—tonight," he said emphatically.

"We're going to get together," said Goodkind with a confident smile. "You fellows have got the wrong idea. We're not tyrants or monsters. We're Christians and we want to act like Christians. Only—we've got to live, too. We've got to have the things we're used to, just as you have. But I think I can promise if the strike's called off, you men will be kept, and put back just where you were. Ring the bell, Jerry."

Jerry pressed a button beneath the table. Benfield excused himself and rejoined the other guests. Umanski stood there with his eyes still on Goodkind. The president shifted a bit, then turned to Hennig, attempting to free himself of the Pole's gaze.

"You live in Black River?" he asked by way of making conversation.

"Yes," said Joe, flattered at the attention.

"Married?"

"You betcha." Hennig answered with a flare of pride. "Prettiest girl in West Virginia. Been married a year. Got her in the five and ten."

(To be continued.)

Benefitting the Poor in Britain

Something of a sensation was caused four years ago when a then comparatively unknown man, Neville Chamberlain, declined the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, second highest post in the British Cabinet, in favor of what is regarded as the far less important office of Health Minister, which carries with it responsibility for municipal affairs. Mr. Chamberlain gave as his reason that, as the entire system of legal government in Britain was in need of reform, he thought he could do best service to the state by turning his attention to the urgent questons pressing in this latter connection.

His plans have taken some time to mature. All the great municipal corporations in Englan dand Wales have had to be consulted. A measure of the most complicated nature and affecting the widest changes, however, has received second reading in Parliament and is now well on its way in committee toward becoming law. The bill seeks to accomplish several things. It is to reduce unemployment by readjusting a great burden of municipal taxation which now presses inequitably upon productive industries. It is to widen the basis of the relief of poverty so that the spending authorities (Guardians of the Poor) shall no longer be divorced from the county and borough councils responsible for raising the necessary funds. It is to substitute grants according to need (block grants) for the present grants according to spending capacity (percentage grants), where funds supplied by the National Treasury to help local finances are concerned. One of its provisions is to free factories of three-quarters of their present local taxation, and agricultural land of the whole of this impost. This last-mentioned relief is to be at the cost of the central taxpayer. Railways are to be similarly lightened of 75 per cent. of local taxation, but are to pass on the benefit by reducing their transport charges for raw materials and goods for export.

The British Weekly, not usually a supporter of the Conservative party, says: "In its main features this is a bill by which the poor will benefit and struggling industries wll be releved." No Conservative voted aganst its second reading, while seven Liberals voted for it. The British Government hopes to pass it into law before the general election, which is to take place next year.—Editorial in Christian Science Monitor.

A lady writer asks: "Does a woman prefer a husband who gives way to her, or the other sort?". What other sort?

Minard's Liniment for Chapped Hands.

Styles by ANNETTE Paris—New York.

SIMPLE CHARM

Too much cannot be said about the importance and simple charm of sheer woolen, as expressed in chic slender Style No. 336. It combines youthfulness, serviceability and warmth without weight for all-day wear. The frots of bodice are underfaced and rolled forming revers, with straight collar attached, with separate inset vestee. Belt of self-fabric or suede. Skirt has cluster plaits at each side of centre-front, with straight slim back, which makes it equally suitable for women of larger figure. It is designed in sizes 16, 18, 20 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust. Patterned wool jersey, plain black wool jersey, homespun in new rust shade, navy blue wool crepe, navy blue wool repps, black crepe satin, bottle green velvefeen, printed sheer velvet, silk crepe in tweed pattrn. and cocoa brown dull silk crepe with vestee of beige silk crepe are smart suggestions. Pattern price 20c in stamps or coin (coin is preferred). Wrap coin carefully.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS.

Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 20c in stamps or coin (coin preferred; wrap it carefully) for each number and address your order to Wilson Pattern Service, 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Patterns sent by an early mail.

FIT PUNISHMENT

"What are you going to do to the fellow who stole your wife."

"Going to try to make him keep her."

Until now war has been licit and legal. I wanted to make it a crime. —Aristide Briand.

Fine tea is always the most-desired. The slight falling off in price of cheaper teas cannot entice the tea-lover from his discriminating choice.

"SALADA" TEA

The Finest of All Fine Teas

Delicious Meal of Vegetables Alone

The Worshipful Company of Gardeners, one of London's ancient trade guilds, in making its annual presentation of vegetables to the Lord Mayor of London this year, called attention to Great Britain's need of knowledge as to to the cooking of these valuable articles of food.

Useful advice on the subject has since been given to the Press Association by two of London's premier authorities on the culinary art.

"In England," said M. Latry, chef at the Savoy, "we eat more meat than they do on the continent. In France, for example, families live on vegetables the whole week, only having meat on Sunday. Naturally they discover a variety of ways of cooking the humblest vegetable. Over here, you cook peas in water, and they cannot possibly be eaten alone. But try cooking them in butter and you will find they are a substantial meal by themselves.

"In the same way cabbage is cooked in salt and water, whereas by braising it with a little bacon, it can be made into a meal."

M. Maurice of the Trocadero restaurant, went further. "Peas," he said, "can be made into a delicious meal by cooking them with onions, a little butter and sugar, and some chopped lettuce. If possible a casserole should be used. Only enough water to cover the bottom of the dish is required. The salad will provide enough liquid to cook the peas. The lid of the casserole should be kept hermietically sealed.

"Artichokes are another vegetable that can be made into a meal if he hearts are served with a puree of mushrooms. Ordinary French beans can be finished off with a little cream."

Uncanny Cal.

Vancouver Province (Ind. Cons.): Either it is Mr. Coolidge's misfortune to turn a sour face to the world, or else it is his fault that he wilfully hides his more generous self. He is going out of office after five years as President, and if he came to that office by accident, and if he has filled it without any great distinction, or appeal to the imagination of the world, he has at least been known as a friend of peace. . . . And yet he is leaving office in the atmosphere of international uneasiness, a large part of which is the creation of ihs own provocative utterances.

The Old National Policy

Ottawa Journal (Cons.): No program will help our farmers if their ideal continues to to be free trade or low tariff, which would check industrial development in Canada and limit the number of their customers in their own coutnry. No program will help this country much which merely puts more people upon farms, and as a consequense reduces the selling price of farm products. The program which can help this country is the old National Policy to promote industry, which means a bigger working world, a bigger population attracted by that, and more customers thereby for our farmers.

Afghan King and Queen Take Refuge in Fort

Army Reported to Have Turned Against Them—Western Reforms Opposed

New Delhi, India.—Reports from the frontier state that King Amanullah of Afghanistan and Queen Souriya have taken refuge in a fort, the army having turned against them.

The situation in Afghanistan has changed for the worse, and fighting between the Government and the rebels was reported, both from Kabul and Jalalabad, near the Indian border. The rebels had some success in the vicinity of Kabul, capturing two small forts and munitions.

At Jalalabad, the Shinwari and Khaguani tribes ceased negotiations with the Government and took the field. They capured the Afghan outpost of Kaja, and also inflicted casualties on the regulars and irregulars.

Considerable anxiety was felt regarding Kabul and the safety of the foreign representatives in the capital.

Communications have ceased except for the wireless, and the messages over it stated that the legations were safe.

While disurbances in the remoter sections of Afghanistan have been reported recently, the present advices were the first indication that the disaffection had spread to Kabul, the capital, a city of about 100,000 population.

The trouble at Kabul was attributed to the King's drastic westernization reforms and to Queen Souriya's desire to abolish purdah, or the seclusion of women.

Britain Not Likely to Act

London.—British official circles say that the situation in Kabul is "serious," but that they are not aware of the exact nature of it. There is no likelihood of Great Britain taking any action in Afghanistan.

Britain Plans to Attract Tourists

Association Formed to Ensure Attractiveness Becoming Known

London—Britain has long regarded with considerable envy the huge income France derives from tourists, and efforts are now being made to attract visitors to England and Scotland. The scheme being formulated aims at the creation of a national association, financed by those national industries most likely to benefit from the tourist traffic and supported by the Government to ensure Britain's attractiveness becoming known throughout the world and also to see that the visitor has a good time while here.

Douglas Hacking, secretary of the Dept. of Overseas Trade states that last year 1,800,000 people visited France from abroad and must have spent in that country between $350,000,000 to $500,000,000. Visitors to Britain numbered only 412,000.

Hacking has already been promised contributions amounting to $40,000 a year for five years and he wants to make this amount $150,000.

A huge publicity compaign will be undertaken in Canada, the United States and in other parts of the world. Many are doubtful, however, if the scheme will prosper so long as the present restrictions on the sale of liquor and night life in Britain continue, and scepties emphasize that there is very little to attract visitors to England beyond the beauty of the countryside and the old-world atmosphere. It is also emphasized that the hotel accommodation service in Britain must be improved if the campaign is to bear fruit.

Jim: Do you still do your deep breathing exercises, old boy?

Naslum: I haven't recently. I'm rooming next to a tannery at present.

Minard's Liniment.

Military Rugby Match

SOLDIERS MEET IN ANNUAL EVENT

Royal Military Academy (Woolwich) met the Royal Military College (Sandhurst) on the Richmond Athletic ground in England. A Sandhurst player is seen getting away with the ball.