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'Fresh from the gardens'

"THE FOOL"

BY CHANNING POLLOCK

ILLUSTRATED BY R.W. SATTERFIELD

BEGIN HERE TODAY

Clare 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 bi strike is settled.

A delegation of strikers comes north to interview the president and directors. They are received in Jerry's home, first Stedtman, then Hennig and Umanski. They do not meet with success. Daniel calls at Jerry's home to see Jerry's father. Jerry meets Daniel and forbids him to speak to Clare.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

Suddenly Jerry lifted a hand that trembled with anger. With a swift motion he brought it up and with its back slashed Gilchrist across the mouth, a stinging blow.

Gilchrist's hands clinched tightly, his face colored so that the red mark of the blow was lost, he drew himself up as if to launch his whole force at this snarling thing before him.

Then, as suddenly as his muscular frame had stiffened, it relaxed. He bowed his head, as one humbled. In his mind he had seen a figure and heard a voice.

Clare started with the blow but caught herself up quickly when she saw Gilchrist open his clenched hands and lower his head.

"Dan!" she said in amazement, "you're not going to take that?"

Gilchrist looked up unashamed.

"I have nothing to say," he answered simply, calmly.

It was Clare who turned to scorn now.

"I didn't think you were a coward," she mocked. Then helplessly and pathetically: "You see—I was wrong about everything."

And she was gone.

CHAPTER XIII.

JERRY'S ULTIMATUM.

Gilchrist stood there helpless, but with his head still high and his eyes clear. Clare's reputation had left him mute and he seemed like a lifeless and hollow thing. Its effect on Hennig, however, had been the opposite. Fired by the brazenness of others, he, too, doubled his fists, and advanced upon this man he believed to be immobile with cowardice.

"You'll play around with my wife, will you?" he blustered. His fist shot out.

Daniel had wheeled suddenly with the alertness of a cunning animal. With a swift move, he caught Hennig's wrist with both hands. A quick twist, and Joe sprawled on the floor. Daniel looked at his cowed adversary solicitously.

"I hope I didn't hurt you, Joe," he said.

"My God!" It was Stedtman's expression of amazement as he looked from Gilchrist to Jerry, bewildered.

Hennig had scrambled to his feet, but not eager for another encounter, he made for the door.

"Don't worry," he muttered. "I'll get you. It may be a long time but I'll get you.' And he hurried out.

"Take him home, Stedtman," said Gilchrist with a trace of tender solicitude.

"Tell your father we'll be around in the morning, Mr. Jerry," said Stedtman as he left.

Gilchrist and Jerry eyed each other for a moment. Then Jerry sauntered to the table, poured himself a drink and downed it with a grimace.

"Well," he said at last, "you've made a nice mess of it. Why can't you keep your nose out of other people's business? Why did you have to date my leaving Black River?"

Gilchrist could talk freely now. Clare was gone.

"Why in the name of heaven did you have to get mixed up with Pearl Hennig?" he queried earnesly.

"I can take what I want out of life," Jerry answered with a smirk.

Gilchrist nodded.

"God says, 'There is the world. Take what you want,'" he said, and then with emphasis, "'and pay for it.'"

"Rubbish!" mocked Jerry. "Save your preaching for those who like it. And keep away from my wife."

"Why?"

"Because you're in love with her. Aren't you?"

"Yes." The answer was bland.

"Well, you've a hell of a nerve to preach to me about Hennig's wife while you're making a play for mine."

"I'm not making a play for yours."

"No?" Jerry's tone was sarcastic. "You expect me to believe that when you admit—Why did you pull that hero stuff? Why did you keep your mouth shut when I lost my temper? Why did you turn the other cheek?"

"You wouldn't understand, Jerry," Gilchrist was looking off in the distance.

"Wouldn't I? Well, you understand that I've forbidden you to speak to her and that goes. If you come here again I'll have the servants throw you out, and I'll tell my father why."

The senior Goodkind came from the music room as though summoned by the mention of his name.

"Here's your father now," dared Gilchrist.

Jerry drew nearer and lowered his voice.

"And that's not all I'll do. Not by a damned sight," he muttered. And

Gilchrist's hands clinched tightly.

he brushed past his father as he stalked out.

Goodkind looked after him quizzically.

"Jerry doesn't like you much, does he?" he declared, as he reached for the humidor and passed the cigars to Gilchrist.

"Not much," smiled Gilchrist.

The two men shared a match and puffed vigorously.

"Well," said Goodkind, when the smoke began to come generously, "how are things in Black River?"

"I think we've got everything settled," said Daniel.

"Fine. Benfield'll be up in a minute and we'll hear the conditions." He sat down contentedly. "Somehow, I knew you'd do it. Jerry says you're a philanthropist, but I knew he was wrong."

"Thanks," said Gilchrist, smiling.

"If you've really settled this strike," said Goodkind seriously, "our way—your salary from today is $30,000 a year."

"Thanks—again."

"I'm dog-tired of rowing with labor. It's such utter damned waste! Excuse me."

"I agree with you," said Daniel, ignoring the apology.

"I'd hate to figure out what walkout have cost this country."

"Yes. I often wonder why it wouldn't be cheaper to keep the men contented."

"How're you going to do it?" queried Goodkind, doubtfully. "Don't forget there are as many people paid for stirring up strikes as for crushing 'em. Paid well, too. What the laboring man needs is a real interest in his job."

"Why don't you give it to him?"

"How? By doubling his wages? The more most of 'em get the less they want to do for it. You know that."

"Yes."

"They've got a notion that you get rich by riding around in a limousine."

"Don't you?" Daniel asked quietly.

"Not often. Not unless you think while you ride, or your father thought for you. Even then, money doesn't stay long in bad company. To hear those fellows you'd think there wasn't any work except what's done with a pick. The man who really produces is the man with the idea."

"The man who produces most," corrected Daniel.

"Yes, and he ought to get most," said Goodkind, firmly.

"He does," came back Gilchrist.

"He always will," assented Goodkind. "Show me a big man and I'll show you somebody who's done a big job. It's the little man with no capacity and no chin who cries about a conspiracy to keep him from being president."

"They've got to be little men, too, Mr. Goodkind."

"And they've got to be satisfied with little rewards. We can't all have the same bank roll any more than we can all have the same health. That's where unions go wrong. When you tell a man he's going to have the same reward whatever he does—not because he's got ability, but because he's got a union card—down goes the standard, out goes incentive, and to hell goes the whole social structure."

"Right!" said Gilchrist, approvingly.

"That's why I'm fighting the unions," continued Goodkind, well warmed to his subject. "Not because I want to starve the man who works, but because I want to fire the man who doesnt—and reward the man who does. I want to give every man a good reason for doing his best. You can talk equality and democracy all you like, Dan, but the minute the average man isn't afraid of being fired he isn't afraid of being worthless. The minute you take away the incentive—the chance to get this"—and he waved a hand at the signs of wealth that surrounded him—"that minute you reduce the world to a common level of common indifference and common futility."

"Right!" agreed Daniel again.

"Have another cigar!" chortled Goodkind, well pleased. Gilchrist waved the one he was smoking just as Benfield appeared at the door.

"Come in, Charlie,' said Goodkind. "Gilchrist's settled the strike."

"Good," said Benfield, but with a skeptical reserve.

Daniel drew a folded paper from his pocket and handed it to Goodkind.

"They may seem a little radical," he said, "but I think I can show you they'll save money in the end."

"That's the idea," beamed Goodkind as he picked up the sheets. He flung a cocky look at Benfield. "I told you I knew my man. The Lord knows he's full of theories but sometimes they—"

His eyes fell upon the typewritten sheet before him and he stopped short.

"Wait a minute! What's this?"

Goodkind jumped to his feet and slowly rage appeared an a face that had radiated confidence a moment before.

(To be continued.)

Abdul in the Desert

For a while longer they travelled on. . . . The donkey breakfasted on some young cactus that grew beside the way, but Abdul Aziz, who had had no supper the night before, was ravenously hungry. . . So he begged Arab bread and come carobs from an obliging farmer's wife in a place where there was water. Then they set out on the long way home.

A little after noon the boy saw on the horizon the great ruined building which had made him so curious the day before. "This time I shall look at it," said Abdul Aziz to himself, and steered towards it across the plain. But it was farther away than it looked and it kept retreating uncomfortably before them, so that the sun had almost set before they reached it. Seen against the sunset glow the great gaunt arches, set in a huge oval, seemed to reach into the sky, making the cluster of squat Arab houses around its base look not much higher than toad-stools.

The people who lived in the houses must all have been at supper, for the boy saw no one and he and the Son of Satan trotted up unnoticed to a great hole on one side where the arches are broken down. Here there was a barbed wire, but the two of them slipped under it and went in.

Abdul Aziz looked about him. . . . The place was so gigantic, and it was so lonely!

In it, when it was new, sixty thousand people could sit on great banks of marble seats, crowned by the gaunt arches, to watch tremendous spectacles in the arena below. Here gladiators fought and chariot races were run. Here tawny African lions shook their manes. And to this amphitheatre, twenty miles from the sea, water was brought by an underground passage to turn the arena into a lake for naval lfights and pageants. For this huge coliseum of El Djem was built by the ancient Romans when centuries ago they conquered and ruled all of North Africa. . . .

The boy's breath came a little short and he held his head very high as he walked with the Son of Satan into the arena. . . . He tied the donkey to a stone and set out to explore the ruins. He scrambled over the broken seats and mounted crumbling marble staircases. He went down vaulted hallways, and under the floor of the whole he peered gingerly into dark passageways and little cells which might have been dark even at noonday. Now, in the dusk and the silence, when even the scraping of his own bare feet sounded loud in the stillness, they were doubly strange and eerie. He wondered what the people could have been like who used these passageways; and he shivered a little as the twilight bats whirled out of the darkness and brushed past him. But in the open space of the arena, where the moon shone and his golden donkey stood waiting, his courage returned. . . . He hobbled the donkey's feet, wrapped himself in his bournous and lay down. . . .

When he wakened the first grey streak of dawn was showing in the east. He rose stiffly and stretched himself. Then he looked about for the Son of Satan. But the donkey was nowhere to be seen. Abdul Aziz wandered about the ruins, calling. If he had lost his pet so far from camp he would be lost indeed. Then, from a passageway to the right he heard a thud and a rattle of stones. Quckly he ran in that direction. There in the dusky passage he saw the Son of Satan kicking up his heels in his morning gambol and out of pure sport trying his hoofs against the piles of rubble on the flooring. As the boy came near the heels thrashed out again and he heard a sharp crack like that made by breaking pottery. Then the words of his grandfather the sorcerer came to his mind. "When the donkey kicks in the dawn, look carefully."

He held his breath with excitement --and looked.

There among the crumbling rubble lay the broken pieces of an ancient pottery jar, and on the ground, in a gleaming shower, lay dozens and dozens of gold pieces, big thick shining gold pieces. And on each of them was the head and superscription of a Roman emperor.—Eunice Tietjens, in "Boy of the Desert."

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Haughty Father—"So you desire to become my son-in-law?" Rising Young Man (frankly)—"Oh no, I don't; but if I marry your daughter I don't see how I can avoid it!"

Letty: "She swears she has never been kissed by a man." Lotty: "Well, isn't that enough to make any girl swear?"

George (nervously): "I'd like best in all the world Rose, to marry you, but I don't know how to propose." Rose (promptly and practically): "That's all right, George; you've finished with me. Now go to father."

Little Emily had been to school for the first time. 'Well, darling, and what did you learn?" asked the mother, on Emily's return. "Nffin," sighed Emily, hopelessly. "I've got to go back to-morrow."

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"Which is one of the slowest things on earth?" asked a school inspector of a boy. "Influenza," remarked the boy. "Influenza," said the inspector, "how do you make that out?" "Because it is so easily caught," promptly answered the boy.

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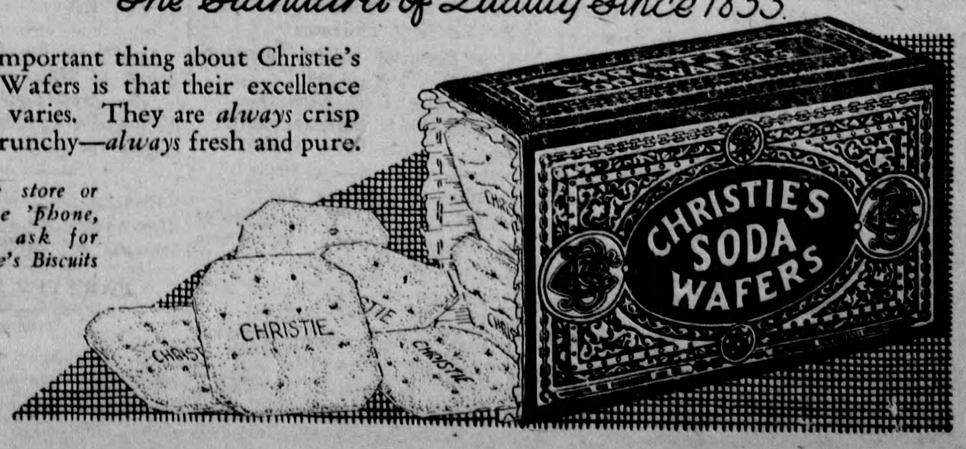
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