

# "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 Stedman, 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

### CHAPTER XIV.

#### GILCHRIST'S AGREEMENT.

Goodkind scanned the page before him, hastily, excitedly.

Benfield, sensing his perturbation, came alongside him and peered over his shoulder. Gilchrist stood patiently, but a look of hardness was coming into his eyes that usually were all gentleness.

"What's what?" demanded Benfield. Goodkind read from the sheet.

"Hereby agreed—the men are to be represented on the board of directors."

"No!" came from the none-too-surprised Benfield.

"Yes—and look here." Goodkind read aloud again. "All disputes referred to a committee of arbitration."

"The man's gone crazy," stormed Benfield.

Gilchrist took a step toward them and lifted a hand.

"When you're through I—" he started.

Goodkind was reading again.

"One-half of all profits, over and above a fair dividend to be divided pro rata, according to wage and length of service." He looked up.

"Why—" he started, then seemed to choke. "What is this?" he demanded.

"Jerry told you what it is," stormed Benfield. "It's surrender."

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Here is another opportunity for readers of this paper to show their skill in composing limericks. One dollar will be paid for every entry accepted. Verses must be in the well known limerick style and must mention one of the nationally advertised articles announced of which is found in this paper.

Quite a number of entries in the last contest were disqualified because verses were not limericks. The following examples taken from amongst recent winners can be used as guides:

There was an old lady named Hood,  
Who wanted her tea extra good,  
"Orange Red Rose" said she,  
"Is the tea that calls me."  
Said the venerable Dame Madam  
Hood:  
MRS. H. FOWLER,  
Chilton, Ont.

There is nothing to do but write the limericks and send them with your name and address and the name of this paper to:  
Limerick Editor, Associated Publishers, Room 421-426, 78 Adelaide St. West, Toronto 2, Ont.

## For Colds—



How many people you know who end their colds with Aspirin! And how often you've heard of its prompt relief of sore throat or tonsillitis. No wonder millions take it for colds, neuralgia, rheumatism; and the aches and pains that go with them. The wonder is that anyone still worries through a winter without these tablets! They relieve quickly, yet have no effect whatever on the heart. Friends have often told you Aspirin is marvelous; doctors have declared it harmless. Every druggist has it, with proven directions. Why not put it to the test?



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"I don't want your kind of success," he shouted. "I'm through." He swung his arms in a gesture of resignation. "I give you back your job as I gave you back your church and—"

"This time it was he who threatened, but in a different tone. "I give you twenty-four hours to sign that agreement."

Goodkind narrowed his eyes and glared at him.

"If I do, you're finished," he shot. Daniel was calm again now. There was a trace of a smile about his eyes.

"I am when you've signed," he said quietly. He had picked up his hat and was moving toward the door.

Goodkind took a step forward.

"If you walk out that door, you're throwing away the chance of your life!"

"I'm keeping my soul!" Gilchrist threw open the door and stood there, his figure framed by the arch against the black background of the dark hallway.

"You Judas!" snorted Benfield.

"You damned fool!" muttered Goodkind.

"Good night," said Gilchrist.

### CHAPTER XV. OVERCOAT HALL.

There was an air of patriarchal dignity about "Overcoat Hall." It looked one of New York's old downtown streets in the face with something akin to pride, despite the fact that its red-brick front was dulled by refacing dust and its low stoop shambled a bit under the burden of age.

Years ago it had been a "mansion," prided, almost petted. But when New York crept uptown it had been too cumbersome to carry along. And now it was "Overcoat Hall," surrounded by new and noisy human neighbors with a new nothing of its tradition.

There was something of the same mien in the man who stood before it this Christmas Eve, looking at its lighted windows rather doubtfully. His indecision vanished as a cold wind caught him and set him quivering unpleasantly. With a careless gesture of resolve he strode in.

The room he found was warm. It seemed comfortable enough, too. He surveyed it skeptically. At one end was a platform, with a chair and a table. At one side was a blackboard. He read the inscription: "And bred hate, murder shall breed murder, until the pods create a race that can understand." He looked puzzled, then turned to another inscription. "Luck is work," he read and waved it away with a dirty hand.

In the centre at a table he at last discerned a man, almost hidden by a large magazine, opened before him.

"Hello, you," the newcomer beamed. "Is this Overcoat Hall?"

"Grubby" Milton, red of face, scraggly of beard, hardly looked up as he replied in the affirmative.

"I'm looking for Mr. Gilchrist," said the man.

"He ain't in, but he will be. Have a seat."

Mack sat down at the table and reached for a magazine. He rejected several, then turned to Grubby.

(To be continued.)



"I'm keeping my soul!"

He saw that stirring this man would serve no purpose. The great barrier he had to overcome was his indomitable honesty and sincerity. It was no time to go there. Hot-talk would not rout them. Past talk might.

But Charlie Benfield was neither a diplomat nor a tactician.

"Highfalutin' nonsense!" he flung at Daniel's philosophy.

The remark swept away the careful approach Goodkind had sought to build. He scowled at his colleague, then, seeing there was to be no cooperation from this quarter in a program of clear-headed appeal, he abandoned his tack and aligned himself with the intemperate, restive Benfield.

"What?" asked Daniel, in all innocence.

"Millions!" exploded Goodkind, with a gesture that took in all the world and indicated that the fate of civilization was at stake, as well.

"Oh, is that all?" There wasn't the trace of a smile on Gilchrist's thin, drawn, white face.

"All?" stormed Benfield. Somehow he felt this "upstart" was trying to make fun of him. With the sensitiveness of the inferior he was more infuriated at this than he would have been had Gilchrist struck him. Again, too, Daniel's tranquility roused in him an anger that he could not explain.

Daniel took the cigar from his mouth, flung it aloft, then cast it aside.

"Am I costing you one cigar?" he asked quietly. "Am I costing you one blanket from your warm beds, or one stick of furniture from your comfortable homes?" He looked about the room, with its priceless tapestries and rare furnishings.

"Am I costing you anything else you'll ever miss? I'm taking nothing from you and I'm giving thousands of men like you a chance to live."

"You're costing yourself your last chance of success!"

There was a tone of threat in Goodkind's remark.

Daniel looked at him with eyes that held both pity and scorn.

and can't see. All the argument on earth can't make you all right so long as there's a Umanski in the world."

"If these people succeed there's no limit to what they'll do," argued Goodkind.

"If they fail, there's no limit to what they'll do," returned Gilchrist.

"There's no good transferring control from the intelligent few to the ignorant mob," Goodkind had lost his tone of ire. He was talking to convince talking in that suave, cool manner he had used on innumerable occasions in swinging a board of directors to his support. It was not so successful with Gilchrist.

"There's no good in anything so long as we fight each other like beasts instead of helping each other like brothers," he answered. He was calm, too, and cool, but glowing earnest.

"There's no hope anywhere except in the great teacher, and in the understanding that he taught was not only good morals, but good sense and good business."

Goodkind was a good listener. He was trying to win Daniel by apparent sincere consideration of his scheme of things—a consideration that would make more convincing his ultimate rejection.

Electrical Survey Planned

Arrangements are now being made by Windsor Mines with the Schlumberger Prospecting Company to carry out a survey of their property near LaSarre Station, Quebec. Ore bodies have been opened up parallel to a dyke which cuts northwest through the property. The latest find is said to be a massive sulphide vein with a width of five feet. It is said to show 19.08 per cent copper. On the north of the dyke there is strong stringer mineralization for a length of 600 feet, with widths of 5 1/2 feet, said to assay up to 10 per cent copper.

Germany's rate of borrowing, \$2,400,000,000 in four years, the Institute of International Finance computes, establishes a record in history.

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Oxford is not a place to which one comes to satisfy examiners, but a place to which one comes to be initiated into a life of service.—Sir Hugh Cecil.

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Annually in India 3,000 people are killed by wild animals, and from 20,000 to 25,000 by snake-bite.

Dr. Gustav Egloff, member of an oil research laboratory staff in Chicago, reports that the crackling process can reduce inedible fish oils to gasoline.

Too often a fellow decides to take a dip in the stock market decides to dip.

You can say this in defense of the modern girl—she dearly loves the spinning wheels.

Santa Claus is the old boy who put the budget in the budget.

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## Garden Work Winter Fun

Now is Time to Plan for Next Year and to Check Over Stored Bulbs

During the winter months the successful gardener will find that there are many tasks that can be done to benefit next summer's garden. January, being about halfway between autumn and spring, is a good time to inspect the gladioli corms and dahila tubers. Armed with a sharp paring knife, the gardener who would have the best dahlias will give the tubers a little attention. Shriveled and rotted tubers will be removed, and the large clumps divided. Since dahlias tend to sprout very early, they should be placed in dark, cool spot. All loose husks should be removed from the gladioli corms. You will observe, while doing this, that there are many little "cornlets" clustered about the older corms. These should be removed from the parent corm and carefully saved. In the spring they can be planted in an out-of-the-way spot, to develop into blooming size corms. Some will mature in two years. Cannaes need little care other than division.

Great care must be taken of the stored bulbs during periods of unusually cold weather. These bulbs must be placed in a cool place to prevent decay, but during unusually severe cold spells these cool parts of the cellar will be freezing.

In January the vanguard of seed catalogues will arrive. Many tradesmen's catalogues are really good, and deserve a place with gardening literature. Others, sadly enough, contain many pitfalls for the unwary. The pictures in poor catalogues are usually garish and not a little exaggerated. Candytuft, for instance, will be shown with a slender stem supporting a surprisingly huge mass of bloom. On pages supposedly devoted to annuals one can find the wistaria listed. To the unknowing, a vine bearing long racemes of fragrant lavender flowers, and climbing to the height of 50 feet seems desirable indeed. No mention is made, however, of the vine's woody character, or of the lapse of years between the planting of the seed and the first bloom. Good catalogues, however, repay thorough study.

**On Paper**

Winter is the best time in which to make improvements in the garden plan. Draw a plan of the garden, and then "transplant" until all of the plants are placed in proper relation as to color and size. After the plan is completed it may be put aside until spring, when the plants that must be shifted will be noted and attended to. Try to recollect, if you do not keep a garden notebook, whether or not there is a period during the growing months when a scarcity of bloom occurs in the garden. If such a period is discovered, some plants should be ordered that will give bloom at the required time. Gladioli, if planted at intervals of two weeks, can be depended upon to keep the garden gay the entire season. These plants are most useful for filling in and for furnishing a display at some special period.

Nearly every public library contains a few books devoted to plants and gardening, and these are often rather neglected. By consulting a good book on gardening one can find many ideas that will prove applicable in his own garden. The Little Garden Series, edited by Mrs. Francis King, published by Little, Brown & Co., is both enjoyable and instructive to those having small gardens. The Home Garden Handbooks, published by Macmillan, is another group of small books. A. T. De la Mare Company, Inc., has also put out an interesting readable set of garden books, of which a recent one, "City and Suburban Gardening," by Chesla C. Sherlock, is most helpful and delightful. Winter is the ideal time for such reading.

**A Notebook**

Anyone having a garden ought to keep a garden notebook. The notebook should be prepared before the first weeks of March, when the very first signs of spring can often be noted. Planting dates, blooming dates, mistakes and lessons learned, and a paragraph or two written at intervals and describing the appearance and condition of the garden might constitute the subject matter of the book.

No garden is ever perfect. Each year there are changes to be made, and it is only by noting and making changes that the garden will approach perfection. The weak points of a garden show plainly enough in summer, when they aren't easily remedied. If these things are thought of during the winter, and changed during the first days of spring, the garden will be so much the better, and therefore give more joy and satisfaction to its maker.

**WHY SHE MARRIED HIM**

"Sophie, why did you ever marry an ex-convict?"

"They're so accustomed to staying in, my dear."