

The Cow Puncher

BY ROBERT J. C. STEAD.

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CHAPTER XX.—(Cont'd.)

"If that is so," Dave replied, "this war is but the working out of immutable law which proposes to put all the elements of civilization to the supreme test, and retain only those which are justifiable by that test, why should I care anyone else's fight? And he added as an afterthought, 'what about that principle of forgiveness?'"

"We must fight," she answered, "because it is the law that we must fight; because it is only by fighting that we can justify the principles for which we fight. If we hold our principles as being not worth fighting for, the new civilization will throw those principles in the discard. And that, too, covers the question of forgiveness. Forgiveness, in fact, does not enter into the consideration at all. We must fight; not because we hate Germany, but because we love certain principles which Germany is endeavoring to overthrow. The impulse must be love, not hate."

She had turned and faced him while she spoke, and he felt himself strangely carried away by the earnestness and fervor of her argument. What a wonderful woman she was! How she had stripped the issue of the detail and circumstance which was confusing even statesmen, and laid it before him in positive terms which he could find no argument to dispute! And how in his hour of distress, when he stood on the verge of utter recklessness and indifference, she had infused into him a strange and new ambition—an ambition which deepened and enriched every phase of life, and yet which held life itself less worthy than its own attainment! And as he looked at her he again thought of Irene, and suddenly he felt himself engulfed in a great tenderness, and he knew that even yet—

"What am I to do?" he said. "I am willing to accept your philosophy. I admit that mine has broken down, and I am willing to try yours. What am I to do?"

In the darkness of her own shadow she set her teeth for that answer. It was to be the crowning act of her self-renunciation, and it strained every fibre of her resolution. She could not allow him to stay where he was, even in uniform. The danger was two-fold. In a moment of weakness he would probably shoot her, and in a moment of weakness she would probably disclose her love. And if Dave should ever marry her he must win her first.

"You had better go overseas and enlist in England," she told him calmly, although her nails were biting her palms. "You will get quicker action that way. And when you come back you must see Irene, and you must learn from your own heart whether you really loved her or not. And if you find on did not, then you will be free to do to think of some other woman."

"I am afraid I shall never care to think of any other woman," he answered. "Except you. But some way you're different. I don't think of you as a woman, you know; not really, in a way. I can't explain it, Edith, but you're something more—something better than all that."

"I assure you, I am very much a woman." But he had sprung to his feet. "Edith, I can never thank you enough for what you have said to me to-night. You have put some spirit back into my body. I am going to follow your advice. There's a train east in two hours and I'm going on it. Fortunately, my property or most of it, has dissolved the way it came. I must pack a few things, and have a bath and shave and dress."

She moved toward him with extended hand. "Good-bye, Dave," she said. He held her hand fast in his. "Good-bye, Edith. I can never forget—I can never repay—all you have been. It may sound foolish to you after all I have said, but I sometimes wonder if I had not met Irene—if—"

He paused and went hot with embarrassment. "What would she think of him? An hour ago he had been ready to kill or be killed in grief over his frustrated love, and already he was practically making love to her. Had he brought her to his rooms for this? What a hypocrite he was!"

"Forgive me, Edith," he said, as he released her. "I am not quite myself. I hold you in very high respect as one of God's good women. Good-bye."

CHAPTER XXI.

When Irene Hardy pursued Dave from the house the roar of his motor car was already drowned in the hum of the city streets. Hatless she ran the length of a full block, then, realising the futility of such a chase, returned with almost equal haste to her home. She burst in and discovered Edith holding a bottle of smelling salts to the nose of her mother, who had sufficiently recovered to sit upright in her chair.

"What is the meaning of this?" she demanded of Edith. "Why did he threaten to shoot, and why did he leave as he did? You know, tell me. I am sure I wish I could tell you."

NURSES

The Toronto Hospital for incurables in affiliation with Bellevue and Allied Hospitals, New York City, offers a three-year course of training to young women having the required education, and desirous of becoming nurses. This hospital has adopted the eight-hour day. The pupils receive uniforms of the school, monthly allowance and travelling expenses to and from New York. For further information apply to the Superintendent.

said Edith, with all his accustomed equanimity. In truth, Edith, having somewhat recovered from his fright, was in rather good spirits. Things had gone better than he had dared to hope. Edith was eliminated for the present at any rate, and just was the time to win Irene. Not just now, perhaps, but soon, when the shock of her interrupted passion turned her to him for companionship.

She stood before him, flushed and vibrating, and with flashing eyes. "You're lying, Edith," she said, deliberately. "First you lied to me, and now you lie to me. Where is that no other explanation? Where is that no other explanation? Where is that no other explanation? Where is that no other explanation?"

"I have it," said Edith, partly carried off his feet by her violence. "I will keep it until you are a little more reasonable, and, perhaps, a little more respectful."

"Irene," said Mrs. Hardy, sharply, "what way is that to speak to Mr. Edith? You are out of your head, child. Such a scene, Mr. Edith. Such a scene in my house! That cow puncher! I always knew it would come out some time. It is breeding class tells, Mr. Edith. Oh, if the papers should learn of this!"

"That's all you think of," Irene retorted. "A scene, and the papers. You don't trouble to even wonder what was the occasion of the scene. You and this—this biped, are at the bottom of it. You have been planning to force me along a course I will not go, and you have done something, something horrible—I don't know what to cause Dave to act as he did. But I'm going to know. I'm going to find out. You're afraid of the papers. I'm not. I'll give the whole story to the morning. I'll tell that you insulted him, Edith, and how you stood there, a grinning, gaping coward under the muzzle of his gun. How I wish I had a photograph of it," she exclaimed, with a little hysterical laugh. "It would look fine on the front page." She broke into peals of laughter and rushed up the stairs.

In the morning she was very sober and pale, and marks of distress and sleeplessness were furrowed in her face. She greeted her mother with cold civility, and left her breakfast untouched. She gave part of her morning to Charlie; it was saving balm to her to have some one upon whom she could pour affection. Then she went to the telephone. She called Dave's office; nothing was known of Mr. Edith; he had been working there last night; he was not down yet. She called his apartments; there was no answer. Then, with a bright thought, she called the garage. Mr. Edith's car was out; had not been in at all during the night. Then she tried a new number.

"Hello, is that the office of the Owl? Will you let me speak to—"

Her mother interrupted almost frantically. "Irene, you are not going to tell the papers? You mustn't do that. Think of what it means—the disgrace—a shooting affair, almost, in our home. Think of me, your mother."

"I'll think of you on one consideration—that you explain what happened last night, and tell me where Dave Edith is."

"I can't explain. I don't know. And I don't know." "And you don't want to know. And you don't care, so long as you can keep it out of the papers. I do. I'm going to find out the facts about this, if every paper in the country should print them. Hello! Yes, I want to speak to Miss Morrison." In a few words she explained Dave's sudden disappearance, stripping the incident of all vital facts. Bert Morrison was all sympathy. "It's a big story, you know," she said, "but we won't think of it that way. Not a fine, so far as I am concerned. Edith Duncan is the girl we need. A sort of adopted sister to Dave. She may know more than any of us."

But Edith knew absolutely nothing; nothing, except that her own heart was thrown into a turmoil of emotions. She spent the day and the evening down town, rotating about the points where Dave might likely be found. And the next morning she called on Irene Hardy. In spite of all her efforts at self-control she trembled as she pressed the bell, trembled violently as she waited for the door to open. She had never met Irene Hardy; it was going to be a strange experience, introducing herself to the woman who had been preferred over her, and who had, apparently, proven so unworthy of that preference. She had difficult things to say, and even while she said them she must fight a battle to the death with the jealousy of her natural womanhood. And she must be very, very careful that in saying things which were hard to say she did not say hard things. And, most difficult of all, she must try to pave the way to a reconciliation between Dave and the woman who stood between her and happiness. Irene attended the door, as was her custom. Her eyes took in Edith's face and figure with mild surprise; Edith was conscious of the process of a quick intellect endeavoring to classify her—sollicitor, music teacher, business girl? And in that moment of pause she saw Irene's eyes, and a strange commotion of feeling surged through her. There was something in those eyes that suggested to Edith a new side to Dave's nature; it was as though the blind had suddenly been drawn from strange chambers of his soul. So this was the woman Dave had chosen to love. No; one does not choose whom one will love; one loves without choosing. Edith was con-

scious of that; she knew that in her own life. And even as she looked this first time upon Irene, she became aware of a subtle attraction gathering about her; she felt something of that power which had held Dave to a single course through all these years. And suddenly a great new truth was born in Edith Duncan. Suddenly she realised that if the steel at any time rose unfaithful to the magnet, the fact lies not in the steel, but in the magnet. What a change of view came with the realization of that truth which roots down into the bedrock of all nature! (To be continued.)

Work for individual, community and national health.

Many of the popular fabrics known as "camel's hair" have little or no real camel's hair in them. Most of the fine camel's hair comes from the colder parts of China, since the hair obtained from camels in warmer climates is neither fine nor abundant. Camels shed their hair at the approach of the warm season, and when a caravan is on the march there is always a special boy whose duty it is to collect the shed hair before the day's journey begins.



Woman's Interests

Routine.

Routine is often called dull and uninteresting but it need not be so. The creation of a routine is an art requiring ingenuity and experiment. After it is perfected, the sense of responsibility is eased. One may slip into a routine and feel in a natural element like a fish in water. The subconscious mind seems to do the work and while the trained hands are busy going through their accustomed motions, one's thoughts, as free as birds, may be up and a thousand miles away.

Routine is a great saver of time and nervous energy. It is simply doing things in a regular way which, repeated, makes of work an easy-running mechanism. Just as a mechanism is composed of nicely adjusted parts, so is work made up of many details. It is by paying close attention to these details for a while that the routine, by which work swings easily, rhythmically along is established.

Take any piece of work you have to do and think it over. Then arrange the details into what seems to be the smoothest working order. Make a list of them and do your work in the order written with the list before you. If that is necessary to fix the routine. After a few minutes of following the list as you work you know it and that way of doing the thing has become a habit. This method of dissecting a job simplifies work surprisingly. With such a procedure in mind one goes steadily to work without wasting any time in wondering where to begin or what to do next in hesitating or making false moves.

If you can find the rhythm that beats everywhere in life, even in the doing of the simplest task, and let your motions swing in time, then, indeed, labor becomes, not drudgery, but a rare and tireless joy. This is getting into the spirit of your work and glorifying it; no matter how humble it may seem, with the light of your own personality.—Alice A. Keen.

"If I could sew the way you girls can, Helen," Cornelia exclaimed, "I'd have pretty things too, but when your fingers are as stiff and clumsy as ten sticks you just have to go without, that's all!"

Helen Murdock glanced at her friend curiously. "Why don't you use the 'if' in another way?" she asked. "If you can't sew, you can do something else. I couldn't make a hat to save my life, but Bess Effort could make one out of an old bag and a feather duster—so we traded. I made her a sport skirt and she made me this hat." Having had nothing to do with it but wear it, I can frankly say that I think it's a peach."

Cornelia looked interested for a moment. Then, "That's all very well," she replied, "but you can sew something!" It would be a very different matter if you couldn't sew a thing."

"All I can say is that, if it were ruining my temper, my happiness and my prospects, I'd learn how or die! Or else I would trade some other accomplishment. Thank you, Cornelia! There are millions of people in the world wanting millions of things done. It's a pity if you can't strike a bargain with some of them. If it were a problem in geometry, you'd have it solved while I was chewing my pencil. You just try it once. Just pretend it's a problem in analytics and work out a perfectly beautiful summer frock for yourself! Go ahead; I'll bet on you."

For reply, Cornelia took her by the shoulders and walked her to the door. "You've done enough for one day, Vamoose!" Helen danced happily away down the hall. "I do believe I've waked her up," she thought. But when two weeks had passed and then three and then four, and nothing had happened to Cornelia's wardrobe, Helen's hope faded. "The consent of you, Helen Murdock," she scolded herself, "to think you could influence anybody! Only, and her, Minard's Liniment for Burns & Scalds."

Dye Silk Stockings Blouse or Sweater in Diamond Dyes

"Diamond Dyes" add years of wear to worn, faded skirts, waists, coats, stockings, sweaters, coverings, hangings, draperies, everything. Every package contains directions so simple any woman can put new, rich, fadeless colors into her worn garments or draperies even if she has never dyed before. Just buy Diamond Dyes—no other kind—then your material will come out right, because Diamond Dyes are guaranteed not to streak, spot, fade or run. Tell your druggist whether the material you wish to dye is wool or silk, or whether it is linen, cotton or mixed goods.

The more of others' burdens we bear, the greater our strength to carry our own.

When cigarettes, pipe tobacco, and cigars are compared, weight for weight, the amount of nicotine absorbed into the system of a smoker is greatest in the case of the first.

pretty eyes became shadowed, "Cornelia would be such a dear if she would only spunk up and stop if-ing. Why, who's that?"

A stylish young lady was turning in at the gate. Everything about her was stylish from her hat to her shoes. At a second glance Helen ran rapturously down the path. "Cornelia, you fraud, I actually didn't know you! Who did it?"

Cornelia laughed. She was a different Cornelia, as happy-looking as her gown.

"My three best friends," she retorted and waved a blistered hand. "One of 'em sufficed in the fury but is getting along very nicely, thank you. The shoes—aren't they stunning?—represent Mrs. Talbot's floors—all of 'em restrained. The hat stands for the enameling of Mrs. Foot's bathroom, and the gown—you'd never guess—three back porches! You see, one thing I can do is to wield a paintbrush, though I'd never thought of it before."

"Two hands and a paintbrush! Friends indeed! Good for you, Cornelia! Oh, my dear, I knew you could! I am so happy!"

Cornelia shook her head, smiling. "No, a paintbrush wasn't the other friend. The third was a friend who wouldn't let me go. I mean Helen Murdock!"

That Little Prayer.

The fire upon the hearth is low, And there is stillness everywhere, Like troubled spirits here and there, The firelight shadows fluttering go, And as the shadows round me creep, A childish treble breaks the gloom, And softly from a farther room Comes: "Now I lay me down to sleep."

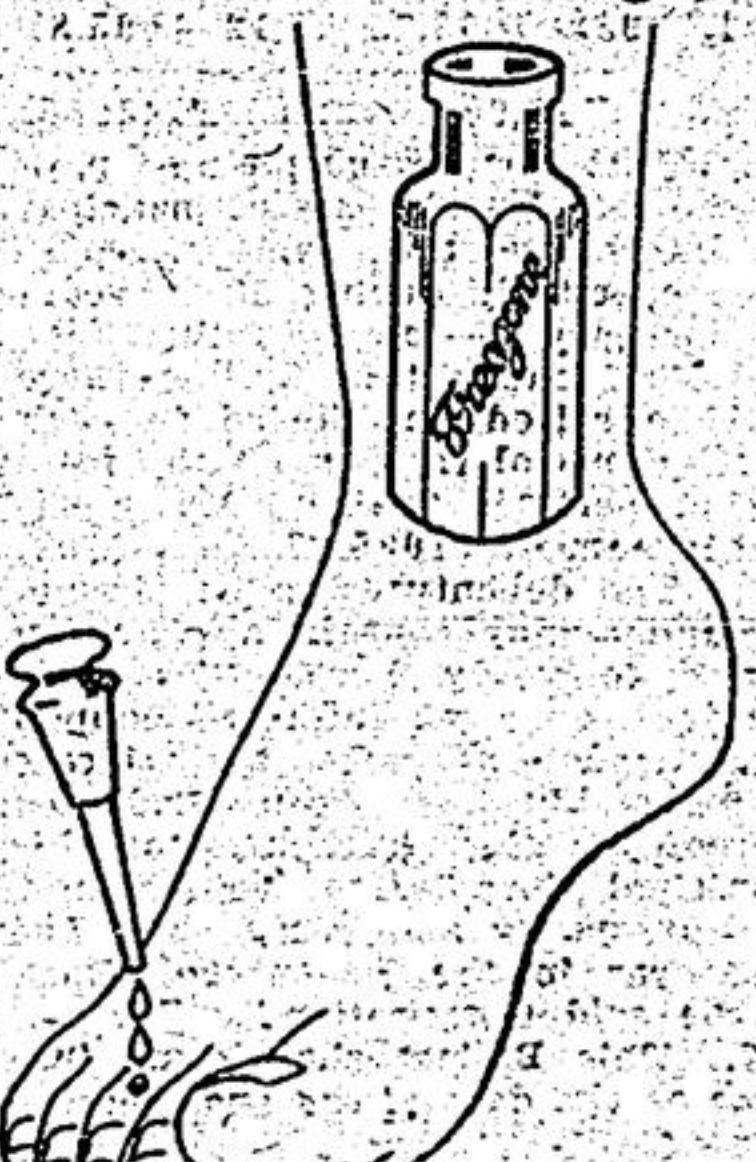
And somehow with that little prayer And that sweet treble in my ears, My thought goes back to distant years, And lingers with a dear one there; And as I hear the child's amen, My mother's faith comes back to me, Crouched at her side I seem to be, And mother holds my hands again.

Oh, for an hour in that dear place; Oh, for the peace of that dear time, Oh, for that childish trust sublime; Yet, as the shadows round me creep, I do not seem to be alone, Sweet magic of that treble tone: "Now I lay me down to sleep."

—Eugene Field.

CORNS

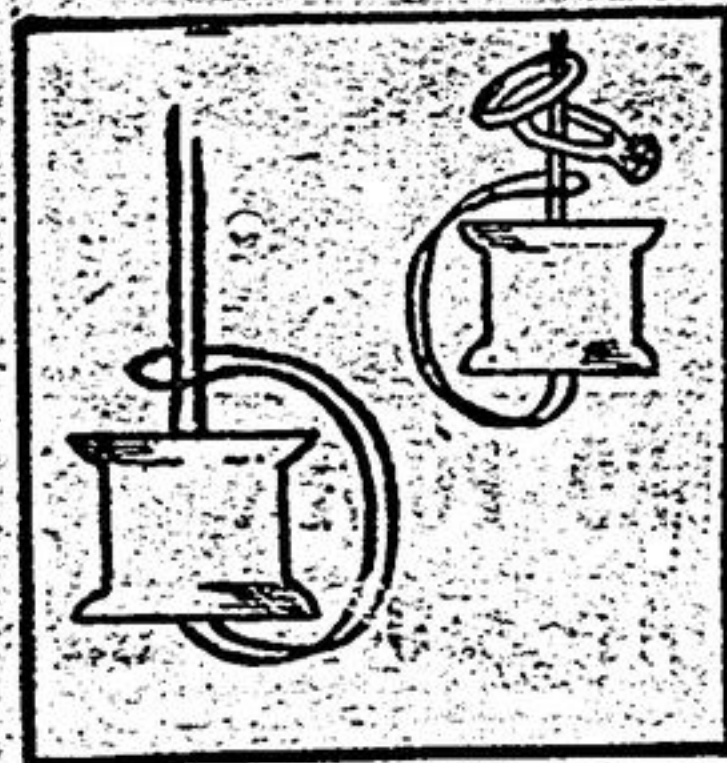
Lift Off with Fingers



Doesn't hurt a bit. Drop a little Freezone on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off with fingers. Truly! Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of Freezone for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the calluses, without soreness or irritation.

EASY TRICKS

Theft By Magic No. 13



Get a spool—one of the tiny spools used for silk thread. Get also a yard of strong string. You are now ready for a trick that will mystify your friends.

Double the string and thread it through the hole in the spool. Run the ends through the loop and pull it tight.

Borrow several rings, permitting each person lending a ring to drop it over the strings. Ask two spectators to hold the ends of the strings. Show the rings are too small to go over the spool and declare that so long as the spectators hold the string you will be unable to get the rings except by breaking the string or stealing them, by magic.

To steal them by magic, cover spool and rings with a handkerchief. Put your hands under the handkerchief and bring out the spool in one hand and the rings in the other. The string will not be broken.

How? Arrange the spool and string as directed and examine them closely. You will see that you can pull the string right over the side of the spool, freeing it and whatever happens to be above it.

(Olip this out and paste it, with others of the series, in a scrap-book.)

Young oysters enjoy only forty-eight hours' life as moving creatures, then they settle down for life.

Minard's Liniment for Coughs & Colds.

City girl: "Say, Uncle John, how do you turn the cow's taps off when you get through milking her?"



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