

ne?
Gone?

I, gone is the
thing and smart
of shaving, and
a knows where,
Mr. Mennen took
out and won't
say one where
not them. But
I care. They
at satisfied with
the shave that
n's given.

**MENNEN'S
SHAVING
CREAM**

aps." I answered with a sigh.

**"BOVRIL has often
"been the very best
"physic for our sick
"and wounded, and
"has helped many a poor fellow
"stricken with illness, mutilated, or
"suffering from shock, to turn the corner."**

*From statements of Lieutenant General Sir Arthur Staggitt,
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The White Year

By OTILLIA FRANCES PFEIFFER

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At the age of twenty-two, acting under an impetuous impulse he could not restrain, Walter Merrill wrote a letter to the girl he loved, confessing his affection and asking that she award him happiness or heartbreak according as she reciprocated his fervent devotion or did not, as the case might be. There came no reply. As if utterly disdainful of his plan, he learned that Myrtle Farr had started away on a visit to a relative at some distance. Merrill was a being of deep sensitiveness. He vanished completely from Bayville and his motive and whereabouts became a mystery to his friends.

His gloomy face made no new friends, his half-hearted interest in seeking employment discouraged attention. Very soon his surplus money was gone. Idleness led to dissipation. He sank lower and lower, and at the end of a few months was a street wanderer and his companions men of reckless mold.

His eyes were bleared, his clothing in tatters, his gait unsteady, as one day crossing a street the sharp toot of an automobile horn caused him to look up. Two ladies in the machine were agonizedly screaming at their chauffeur. Directly in the path of the auto a little child was rolling her doll carriage. Merrill made a leap. Not a second too soon he snatched the imperiled child from her position, swung her spinning to one side, and himself stumbled and fell.

There was a contact, dull and deadly, and Merrill disappeared under the body of the vehicle. Then as it backed he lay in a pool of blood, his face bruised and cut, his eyes closed and his body rigid.

It was like a transition into a new sphere to the injured man to recover sensibility amid comfort and cleanliness. He was alone in bed in a half-darkened room, but the door communicating with the adjoining apartment was ajar and he could discern that several persons were there. A feminine voice spoke, gentle and quite anxious. "He will live, doctor?" it intoned. "Oh, yes, there is nothing wrong of a serious nature outside of the lower part of both limbs."

"He can bear removal to a hospital"—began the doctor. "No," spoke Miss Althea Darrow, and the negative was enforced strongly by her sister, Marcia. "We owe to this man not only money reparation, but sympathy and care. He is poor, perhaps homeless. Sister and I will give him a home until he has entirely recovered."

Some new emotions came to Walter Merrill as he heard himself thus commended. He learned that the two spinsters were ladies with means, given to deeds of charity. They lived well, and as he got about in an invalid's chair, a room on the ground floor was fitted up for him. Daily he was wheeled out into the garden. Everybody seemed glad to be of help to him. Kindness toned down his ruggedness and reckless indifference.

At first, until his injured limbs recovered their original strength Merrill acted as chauffeur for his thoughtful patronesses. Then his quick intelligence recommended him to them for a trustworthy position of looking after their property. He attended to rents and repairs, and nothing was pleasanter than the frequent trips from place to place, and very often the little child whose life he had saved was his welcome companion.

One day—Walter Merrill never afterward forgot that eventful occasion—on a business mission he came within a few miles of Bayville. The temptation to see the old town was irresistible. He was driving the machine slowly down a tree-shaded street, when a lad of about sixteen abruptly darted from the sidewalk, shouting his name.

"Oh, Mr. Merrill!" he hailed. "Please—please, just a moment." Then he added breathlessly: "Oh! you must come to our house right away. Alice wants to see you, and at once."

Merrill well remembered Alice Wayne. She had always evinced a predilection for his company, but love he had never thought of. Merrill wondered at the earnestness of the excited lad. He drove the machine to the Wayne home. His guide led him into the house. Merrill was shocked as he saw upon a couch the girl who had been a blooming beauty when last he had seen her. Disease and suffering had wasted her away, and death was in her face.

An infinite relief was expressed in that wan face as Alice Wayne clasped the hand of Merrill fervently. She sent her brother from the room. Then came a confession that amazed her visitor. Alice confessed that she had destroyed a letter Myrtle had given her to mail, the non-arrival of which had started him upon the downward path. When a fatal disease had overcome her she had suffered from incredible remorse. She had sent for Myrtle and had confessed the truth. Now, with feeble breath she insisted on sending for her girl friend that the great wrong she had wrought should be mended.

All along Myrtle Farr had loved and mourned for Merrill. His confession soon brought about a perfect understanding. Redeemed by his "white year," Myrtle Farr had no fear to deliver her from trusting her happiness to his loving care.

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hit by the war and suffering is intense. It is the Eastern headquarters of the American Red Cross and much is being done by the Red Cross to cope with the situation. But Dr. Morehead urges the Lutherans of America to do everything in their power to assist in the Relief Work.

The report in part follows: 176 kilometers northeast of Warsaw in a fine agricultural section, lies the City of Bialystok. It has a population of about 100,000. Its chief industry is manufacturing. Unfortunately, its factories are idle now, partly on account of the lack of raw material and partly because the key parts of the machinery have been removed by the enemy during the long military occupation. Hence, besides the impoverishment of war, this district must suffer the added want of wide spread unemployment.

More over as is the case elsewhere in Poland, like a never turning tide, the streams of returning refugees continue to filter through the Bolshevik line to swell the sum total of human destitution.

The Reverend Theodore Zirkwitz, pastor of the Evangelical Lutheran Church of Bialystok, is thoroughly alive to the needs of child saving work. He and Mrs. Zirkwitz have adapted one of the buildings in connection with the church for use as an emergency orphanage. The Red Cross has supplied sheets and blankets for the beds for the fifty-seven homeless children, who have been gathered into this Christian Home.

The little beds are made box-like with plain boards. Dried hay or straw is the convenient substitute for bed sacks, and a single sheet on top of the straw must answer for each bed. It is a struggle for this and the many other emergency orphan ages to obtain sufficient food to meet the actual requirements of the children. Mrs. Zirkwitz deserves all credit for the energy she has displayed in organizing this work and in providing for the instruction and religious training of the children as well as for their physical needs.

The Protestant population of the Bialystok District was 15,000 before

the war. The Reverend Mr. Zirkwitz has the co-operation of two pastors and several lay helpers in caring for this great body of people in the beautiful Lutheran Church at Bialystok, and the seven other churches and chapels in the District. The Protestant population has been greatly reduced in consequence of the war.

Do the people of our dear Church in America, who stand behind the National Lutheran Council, fully realize that it takes some of the patience of the "Patience East" to wait for the splendid answer I am sure you will give to the tremendous needs of the people in this war-torn land? In the meantime the coolness of the Autumn is in the air, the winter comes on rapidly. The snow begins to fall by October 15th. They help twice who help quickly in an emergency such as exists in Poland to-day.

September 29, 1919. J. A. Morehead, Warsaw, Poland.

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AGNEWS

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**CONDITIONS IN
STRICKEN POLAND**

WHY THE COLLECTIONS OF CLOTHING ARE BEING MADE. New York, October 28.—According to Dr. J. A. Morehead, now in Poland to investigate conditions for the National Lutheran Council, the Bialystok District has been especially