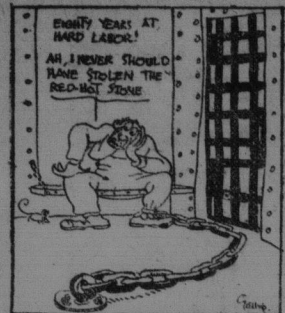


RANN-DOM REELS

By HOWARD L. RANN
REMORSE.

Remorse is something which occurs to a man when it is too late to put the money back in the till. Almost every day some bright young man who is trying to qualify for the 204 pace on an \$18-week income thinks he is smarter than the bank examiner or express company and borrows a few hundred dollars while the other employees are looking another



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ADVICE TO THE MARRIED

By Aunt Sophie.

Out of the night that fills the sky. Above my husband's head and mine, There comes no light for me and I. For him and I no joy can be. So him and me apart should be.

This is a noble sentiment, to be sure. The authors of this ungrammatical outburst is a little matron from Eau Claire, Wis. Her name is Mrs. Mayme Martingale, and her husband, she writes me, is in the lively business.

"I just can't trust him," she writes. "I ain't never caught him doing any thing, but when I ask him if he loves me dearer than his own life he looks doubtful and says he ain't sure about putting it that strong. I think a husband should place his wife's happiness first and his own life second, don't you, Aunt Sophie?" Aunt Sophie wouldn't go so far as to say that. It is true that life in a lively stable will shoot a man's ideas full of holes, and Mrs. Martingale should take this into consideration. Life in a lively stable does not suggest fairy gardens of roses and shimmering moonlight on a lovely lake. Not on your life, Mrs. Martingale! Not on your uneasy existence!

If wives would only take into consideration their husbands' surroundings during the hours they are at business they would often overlook in these husbands the faults they write to me about.

A man cannot be the managing editor of a lively stable and cling long to his love of the fine arts. You cannot carry a mule and cling to poetry at the same time. You cannot rectify

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

By William T. Ellis.

The international Sunday School Lesson For April 27, is "The Holy Spirit Our Helper," Acts 2:1-8.

There are more tongues in Paris than there were heard at Pentecost. Ours is a bigger world than Peter knew. When the forked tongues of fire rested upon the little company of men and women gathered in Jerusalem to await the promised outpouring of the divine Spirit, they represented the universal outreach of Christianity. From that room the disciples went everywhere preaching. The rapid dissemination of their Message became one of the wonders of history; and it made over the world.

Our world is larger than theirs, but it is also more easily reached. It can fly in an aeroplane over the route of Paul's long, tedious missionary journeys in a few hours. It was but yesterday that I covered in a night and a morning the distance from Rome to the tip of Italy, which took the prisoner apostle several weeks. Carriers carried the decrees of Caesar to the limits of the Roman Empire, so that the outermost provinces were many days or weeks in getting news; but now the ends of the earth read at breakfast what was done in Paris the day before. Our area has enlarged since the day of Pentecost, (already the Bible is printed in over a hundred languages and dialects), but so also have our material facilities. The apostles had no such opportunity as the Christian Church of today possesses.

They had a Power which explained the wonder. So marvelous was their effect upon life that they got a reputation as earthquakeers. People declared that they had turned the world upside down. No pagan position was too strong for them to take. Even Caesar's household was entered by them. The military might of the Roman Empire became subject to them. Greek philosophy soon was their tool, and explored and conquered and even persecution were but as so many wings by which the message flew. In countless ways, overcoming all obstacles, this new Power operated upon human society for its beneficial transformation.

The Power is variously named in the record; but it was the Spirit of the living God. He was the expression of the Divine. He was Omnipotent, his method of operating, unseen, inexhaustible, and incomprehensible. This mysterious Spirit of God expressing himself to and through man. Theologians have tried to catalogue the qualities and characteristics of this Divine Agency; but in vain. He may be experienced, but he may not be described. This Spirit is he who supplements externally all that is done for God humanly. He takes the world's worst and makes it the best. He is the one supreme extension of the miracle of Christianity.

This lesson is being written in an upper room in Paul's old city of Thessalonica. As I have wandered about its muddy, filthy streets, and as I have come into contact with its selfish, sordid oriental life I have mused much upon Paul and the wonder that he wrought here in the long ago. For he made livelier Thessalonica Christians—and by no power that is not at the command of the Church today.

Facing the pagan cities of complacent Rome, the little company of Christian disciples needed a new equipment. Roman arrogance could easily overawe them, Roman power could dishearten them, and Grecian

attacked by Remorse or any other emotion except regret over letting the till off so easily.

Owing to the bawling and effervescent nature of man, Remorse seldom comes on his trail until the post-office inspector begins to check up the office. Instances are numerous where postal employees have held out on the government for years at a stretch, in the meanwhile maintaining a sunny disposition and attending Sunday school with the utmost regularity, but are completely overcome by Remorse when caught in the company of a few marked bills. Some of the most violent exhibitions of pure and unadulterated Remorse ever witnessed emanated from safe crackers who appeared to be practically immune until the federal grand jury had broken a path to the nearest penitentiary.

Women are sometimes subject to Remorse, especially those who attempt to start a reform school in the home by converting a booze fighter into a bridegroom. After a young woman of high ideals has married the fellow who the honeymoon with a husband who did not draw a sober breath from the time he landed in Niagara Falls, she will be assailed by the remorse which is liable to live as long as she does. Remorse which doesn't work both ways is a poor investment.

If Remorse were to begin to operate before the check is raised, it would stand higher than it does.

The Toonerville Trolley That Meets All the Trains.



THE SKIPPER'S WIFE IS AWAY VISITING HER HOME POLKS AND ALL THIS WEEK THE SKIPPER HAS HAD TO PREPARE HIS OWN MEALS ON THE CAR STOVE SO AS NOT TO INTERFERE WITH THE RUNNING SCHEDULE.

Why Doesn't He Propose

THE PRIM GIRL.

Are you one of those girls who would make a wonderful wife if he would only propose? One of those deep and true souled women who ought to be mothers—but who usually finish out their lives as spinster orphans and nannies—and the world alas has millions of such—and why? The type is familiar to you so just study for a moment any one of the half dozen such women that you know. Why was your own Aunt Maggie left? Why was she left? She was so much better than Aunt Mollie who was happily married. Yet in spite of her prettiness she lived her life alone—and died alone—and not because she did not care to marry. Not because a house and family and all the attendant responsibilities and annoyances were too heavy for her to bear. No, because she was too good for him. She had a tiny picture of him in a little silver frame, don't you remember? She showed it to you the day you broke your doll—and then she put it

philosophy could confuse them. It was in vain for them to go forth as commanded unless they had some special inducement which the proud world could neither match nor meet; the disciples simply had to possess some irresistible equipment.

That is the logic of Pentecost. It was necessary and inevitable. The descent of the Spirit was a natural corollary of the resurrection. Christianity's heralds had to be both empowered and equipped.

At the present time all the world is waiting upon the deliberations of the Peace Conference in Paris. The commissioners have envisaged a new world order. They see what must be abolished and what must be established. So far as sagacious statesmanship can do so they have provided for a better state of human society everywhere. Out here in Paul's Thessalonica, however, amid such misery and sordidness as the Peace Conference knows nothing of, it is clear to everybody that if the desired wonder is to be wrought there is needed some such Power as turned old Thessalonica upside down.

Every mile I have travelled since the war began—and I have been all the way around the world, and back again to France, and one more half way around again—has only intensified my conviction that all the varied cost of the conflict will have been wasted unless the heroism of

back in the little velvet box with a key. He was young—and dressed in a funny tight coat—but his eyes laughed up at you and you forgot about the doll. And she said: "I wish I knew dear. Don't you remember? Why didn't she know? Why was she there alone with his picture in his little jeweled frame all that was given to her of love—or life? And why are you now facing the same situation?" A girl who belongs in some man's home and yet left behind while all the Mollies and Kitties, and Graces trail off in all their glory to that Promised Land—that Some Man's Land, of shelter and of love?

Do you know what I believe? You know that tendency that makes you shudder when your adored but incorrigible brother drops his cigar stub after dinner? You know the little shiver that goes through you as you picture in your mind all the details of love—or life? And why are you now facing the same situation?"

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a word—but you let that little trivial man—trick completely upon your mental pose—throw you out of harmony with everything, spoil your evening.

Now that very same little crazy fastidiousness—that tendency to let some little thing obsess you—is what has left you waiting while the laughing here for Mollies fit by and into the Some Man's Land. Cigar ashes! Bless a man is his cigar. There's nothing more soul satisfying in this great big lonesome world than the fragrance of a man's cigar—when you love the man. So what matters it where he puts the stub? Of course the coffee cup is not the place for it—and a well trained properly hen-pecked husband ever does such a thing—but, its just symbolic of the little things that get on your nerves—and that makes the story of the girl men call Prim! That is your trouble dear girl. The man is afraid of you. You never have a hair out of place, your books at home are in even rows. He's watched that pile on the library table now for years and there has never been a time when one was out of place. He would feel like a criminal if he came into your spotless presence with wet shoes. Now up to his mother's house books are strewn all over the place. There are half a dozen pipes on the tables. And—whisper it—his house—his wife's house is going to be much the same. For he's a man—a cigar-smoking, ash-spilling, general-consumption-creating man—but what of it? Dear girl, he'll be a Home-loving, pipe-loving, wife-loving man—and he's

and moral passion which war's earthquake shock set into motion. Whether the freed spirits of men will ride this dangerous breaker, or be overwhelmed by it, is yet undetermined. Certainly there is not enough good seamanship in mere conventionalism or custom or habit of churchiness to see us through. We must have the Steersman whom the New Testament calls the Paraclete.

More is involved here than formal Christianity. All the old sanctities, of woman's noblest place, of the home, of our social organization, of the Church, and of men's fraternal relations one with another, are being challenged from Russia and nearer points. It almost seems as if all the evil forces of the universe were rallying for one desperate charge upon humanity. The times are portentous. Wherein is our hope? Is it anywhere else than in a greater spirituality for men and women individually—a spirituality that is an expression of the presence of the Spirit who has given to the disciples at Pentecost?

BRAD'S BIT O' VERSE

MONEY.

I love the charm of nature's gifts, the smile of youth and beauty, the sparkling eye, the laughing lip, the lure of wholesome duty, the mirth, the lust, the happy song, the day serene and sunny; but oh you tantalizing, tantalizing thing, you base but needful money! 'Tis good to have that precious boon, a disposition cheery; to wear the smile that won't come off, the grin that's never weary; to have the manners of a duke, and iron constitution, the big broad wisdom of a sage, an earnest resolution. 'Tis good to glow

with eloquence, to be convincing, witty, to make your whole life glide along like some entrancing ditty, to be a model, handsome, strong; but he not then a scorn of that substantial, helpful thing, the bank around the corner? It is a great and noble task to fill the head with learning; it is a blessed thing to talk with force that's fervid burning; but though your speech be lightning speed, the time will come for talking; for when the final bluff is called, 'tis money does the talking.

GLENN BRADSHAW.

your man if you want him—if you'll just stop revering in your own little idiosyncrasies and become a real human being yourself. For it isn't just a question of cigar ashes—it's general Prim-Set, strong-headed outlook that you have on life—and you won't get near enough to any man to be "proposed to" till you've outgrown it. Its up to you to outgrow it—or the day will surely come when you will sit with some other woman's child in your arms—and look back across the years and see when it is too late—how miserably selfish you really were—and how pitifully small were the things which loomed so big and left you stranded—alone—just within sight of Happiness and Home. The little nothing that filled your mind, leaving thoughts for the things that really count. Then you will realize how Prim and Forbidding and Pearsome a

being you were to the man who loved you. Then you will know why He Didn't Propose. So don't worry about part of him. Get used to him. Laugh at them—give him a Pipe for Christmas—give him a chance to Propose.

"77"

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SANDEN, Author.

Real, sturdy, vigorous manhood never counted for more than it does today. If you are strong, vital, manly, the whole world appreciates you! If you are a weakling—well, it is a dark time, this age of ours, for the one who must stand aside to make room for a vigorous, strong, manly man is one of the greatest inspirations in the world, because the very force of his character and manhood makes itself felt wherever he goes or wherever he may be. What he does he does well, and his reward is in proportion to the strength and sturdiness

REAL MANHOOD ALWAYS WINS of his manly energy and to the alertness of his mind which is fed by the vital energy of the man it belongs to.

It seems to me that any man, unless he is bowed down by extreme old age or by some consuming ailment, may increase his physical and vital strength if he really WANTS to and is willing to make the right sort of a conscientious effort in the right direction and along right lines. We manufacture a little mechanical appliance called the Sanden VITALIZER (referred to above), and all about which it will pay you may want to use one.

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