

EVENING TIMES-STAR MAGAZINE PAGE FOR THE HOME

"THE FOOL"

By Channing Pollock, Illustrations by R. W. Saterfield.

BEGIN HERE TODAY.

Clare Jewett, in love with the Reverend 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 sermon.

A delegation of strikers comes north to interview the president and directors. An agreement which Gilchrist drew up for the miners is shown to Goodkind and Daniel gives the magnates 24 hours in which to sign.

"Overcoat Hall," a refuge for the unemployed, is established by Gilchrist, and apartments with baths for the poor are maintained at a minimum rent. "George Goodkind calls at the hall."

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

"That's what I wanted to ask you, I'm in need of money and my father—" "Your father understood you well enough to leave you only an income. I foolishly turned over some principal to you and you threw away \$30,000. You could have had a big salary and you threw that away. You're an utter damned waster—if you're no worse."

"What do you mean—worse?" Daniel asked with a frown.

"You'll find out what I mean. You've had my son's wife down here, haven't you?"

"Once or twice."

"Or three times—or a dozen. He knows."

"I've asked her not to come again."

"And he's asked her—but she comes when she likes. She's in love with you. God knows what women see in your kind of a man. There was Pearl Hendricks—"

"Please!" Gilchrist lifted a hand in protest.

"Oh, my son told me," continued Goodkind. "And I hear—in the neighborhood—that you're worse women than that running in here. Women of the streets!"

"No many," said Daniel calmly. "They're welcome, but they don't come."

"Well, that's your business. And if your neighbors get sick of having a reputation of this kind in their midst, and drive you out, that's your business, too. But my son's wife—"

"Is her business," Daniel interrupted. "And his," came back Goodkind. "Only Jerry's in no condition to settle the matter. He's broken down from worry and overwork and you're partly responsible. That puts it up to me. This is a final warning. If you see Clare again I'll act. That's all. Good night." He picked up his hat.

"Oh, Mr. Goodkind," Daniel woke, as if from a reverie. "How about the money?"

"You've had what's coming to you."

"But that's nothing. I pay half that for these houses and I've gone in debt fighting them up."

"With baths and tennis courts?"

"People must have baths."

"These dirty immigrants," Goodkind stormed.

"The dirtier they are, the more they need them," Gilchrist smiled. "I want

him in surprise.

"Mr. Gilchrist tell me stay in New York," the Pole explained. "He's teach me English and find me good job. I'm work eight hour on the docks and six on myself now."

Goodkind said nothing, just reached for the door. Gilchrist, idly filling his pipe at the mantelpiece, broke in.

"Mr. Goodkind!" he said, "Umanski



"I guess believein' ain't never goin' to make me dance," she said.

CHAPTER XVII

Cinderella

Umanski's eyes, minus the hatred they once held, but still steady and good, as he looked intently on Goodkind as he talked.

"What's he doing down here?" asked Umanski with certain anxiety.

"He says I'm crazy and he's going to shut up this place," Daniel smiled as he dropped into a chair with the relaxation of one tired. "Of course, he won't."

"Don't be too sure," said the Pole thoughtfully.

"Nonsense," returned Gilchrist. "I made him angry. And somebody told him a lot of lies."

"Somebody told a good many people lies," said Umanski. "Yesterday I heard a man say you run this place to—to get women."

"Who said that?" Daniel looked up seriously.

"A wop named Malduca."

"Oh, yes," Daniel relaxed again. "I took his daughter in here once, for a week, until he got sober."

"There's a good many like that," pursued the other.

"No so many."

"Enough to make trouble. Why not carry a pistol?"

"It's generally men with pistols who get shot," said Gilchrist with quiet reflection.

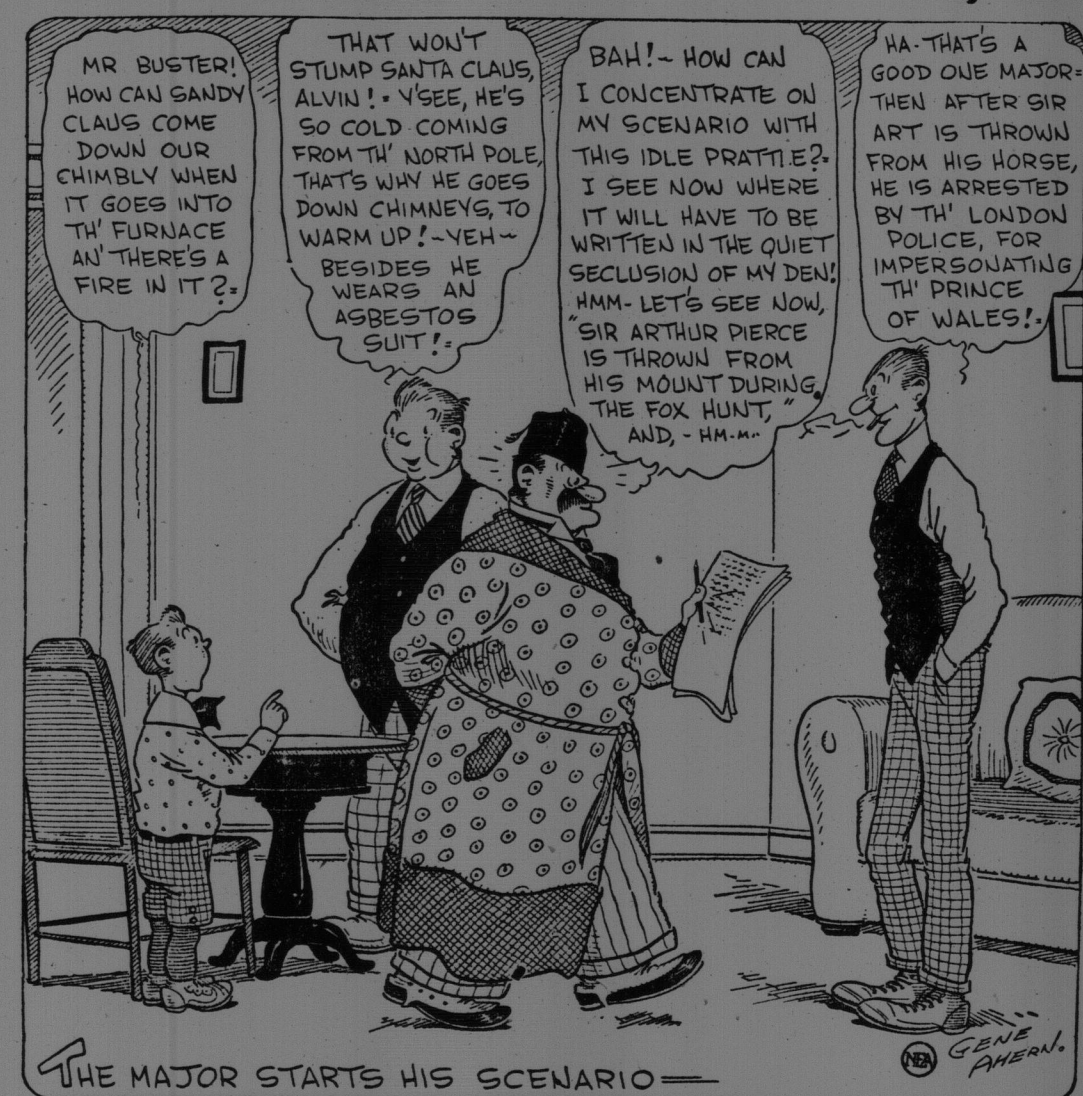
"One of them fellows get you—"

Gilchrist put him off with a gesture as Mary Margaret came into the room.

"I suppose you ain't had any supper," she said with a motherly air. Grubby had followed her in with a tray and the girl, leaning on her crutches, transferred its cargo to the table in front of Daniel.

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

By AHERN



THE MAJOR STARTS HIS SCENARIO

Umanski drew out a pocketbook and came alongside.

"I brought you some money," he said. "My boss he give me another raise. He gonna make me boss after a while. So I like to begin to pay back what you lend me."

Gilchrist waved him aside.

"Wait 'till you've sent for your family," he said, making no move to accept the proffered bills.

"I'm gonna send now," said Umanski, smiling. "My boy I'm gonna send school—college, maybe. That pump I make goes fine. I show my boss like you say, because he know about coal mines, and he say if she work she save whole lots of lives and money. She work all right." He dropped the bills on the table and brought forth an English grammar from under his coat.

"How about I go upstairs and study?"

"Sure," said Gilchrist. "Go right up to my room and I'll be along after the meeting." Umanski left. Margaret Mary bending over him eagerly.

"Your supper's ready," she said.

Gilchrist had caught sight of her feet, strangely adorned.

"What's this wearing, golden slippers?" he queried, looking up at her.

"Uh-huh," she assented. "I took them out of the barrel of clothes that

Your Health

BY DR. CLIFFORD C. ROBINSON

BODY ITCHING

At this season of the year, owing to change in temperature, habits and diet, many people experience what is known as body itching. It is a most uncomfortable and unhealthy condition, most pronounced at retiring or arising, also when sitting near a hot stove or other heater and noticeable under certain conditions when wearing heavy clothing.

Free perspiration and a moist skin, owing to lack of proper exercise and also from absence of any adequate bathing facilities undergoes a great change and becomes dry, hard and irritated. This condition produces small surface scales. When the skin is rubbed or scratched these scales, which somewhat resemble dry, scaly dandruff, fall off.

Lack of activity in many ways causes this condition. Change in diet is another cause.

Reverse the casual habits, get good exercise, proper ventilation and avoid food excesses. The skin must function in winter as well as summer to insure skin health and proper elimination. Do not neglect frequent baths. They tone the skin in a way no other agent can.

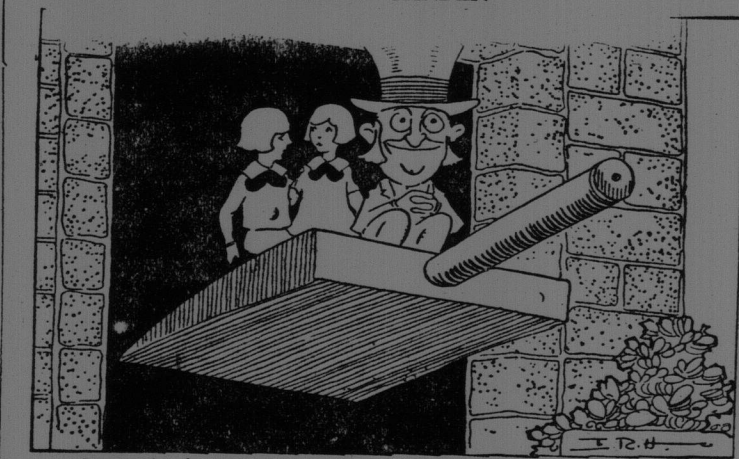
Never sleep in the undergarments you have worn during the day. Above, all, do not wear stockings in bed you have had on all day. Foot poisoning results from this habit, causing scaly condition and cracks between the toes with intense itching.

For body itching as a temporary relief, try a bath of soda. One-half pound of ordinary baking soda dissolved in a tub of tepid water will do the business. Have the soda bath of not more than ten minutes' duration, dry with a soft towel. Do not rub the body, but simply pat dry.

ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS

By Olive Roberts Barton

DADDY GANDER



Instantly the magic dustpan rose and floated out of the door.

"Oh, I see!" laughed Nick. "It's all one and the same place."

"Surest thing you know," laughed Daddy Gander winking again. And he looked so funny they all laughed. And then they went on laughing until it looked as though there wasn't going about, except a laughing party, for days to come.

It was Nancy who sobered up first. "What's so funny about it?" she asked suddenly.

"Why, why, why—" panted Daddy Gander, who was as fat as his wife was thin, and round as she was sharp. "Why, I don't remember. But it just seems that every time I open my mouth everybody laughs."

"What is your dustpan for, please, sir?" asked Nick.

"Oh, that!" exclaimed Daddy Gander in a surprised voice, as though he didn't know he had it. "Why, that is, you see, I always carry it for fear Misses Goose might return unexpectedly and ask me where it is. I use it to gather up her sweepings and she's always sweeping. But say, do you want to go home with me? We can all get on my magic dustpan and be there in a jiffy."

"We'd love to go!" cried the Twins. Instantly the dustpan spread out until it was as big as a carpet.

"Jump on!" said Daddy Gander. And all three of them squatted down on it like Arabs.

Instantly the magic dustpan rose and floated out of the door.

(To Be Continued)

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS—TAG KNOWS SOMETHING



ADAM AND EVA—HEREDITARY



DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—A GOOD COMEBACK



By BLOSSER



By CAP HIGGINS



By ALLMAN



Now make "buckwheats" as fine as Aunt Jemima Pancakes—and as easily

AUNT JEMIMA

PREPARED

BUCKWHEAT FLOUR

—and water; that's all

Try it!

In the yellow Aunt Jemima package

Enjoy Christmas

As Shakespeare says:—

"Now, good digestion wait on appetite, and health on both."

Make health, digestion and appetite as they should be by taking a morning glass of

ABBEY'S

"For Constant Health"