

THE EVENING TIMES-STAR, ST. JOHN, N. B., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1923

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 sermons. Gilchrist is sent to the coal mines by Goodkind senior, and writes that a big strike is settled.

A delegation of strikers comes north to interview the president and directors. Daniel gives the magnates 24 hours in which to sign an agreement which Gilchrist had made tentatively with the miners. Daniel establishes "Overcoat Hall," a refuge for the unemployed, and maintains apartments with baths for poor people.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

"What are you reading?" he asked. "Something about 'Better Babies'."

"Are you going into the baby business?" the man asked, smiling. "No, I was a hansom driver. Backs—man and boy—40 years. Then taxi came in—and I went out."

"What's your job?" It was Grubby's turn to question. "Well, I was in the movies," Mack replied. "That is, I was going to be but the fellow that was going to put up the money, his mother didn't die after all. Before that, I sold bricks—books, too. And life insurance. Never had any luck. Who wrote that, 'Luck is work'?"

"Mr. Gilchrist," "Well, it isn't. I've worked at 50 things and look at me. I figure the world owes me a living, and here I am waiting for a bite of grub and an overcoat. Is it true this guy'll give you an overcoat?"

"He will if he's got one. You just come and help yourself, and talk things over. Coffee and sandwiches every night—supper and sermons on Wednesdays."

"Preaching!" said Mack, rising. "I'll come back tomorrow."

Grubby was reassuring him when Mary Margaret entered. She was a mere wisp, gliding on crutches, 15, pattingly pretty. She found cups and saucers on a shelf and bustled herself with them.

"Don't he try to reform you?" queried Mack of Grubby skeptically. He hadn't noticed the girl.

"Naw," said Grubby. "The way he talks you'd think you was as good as him. He says he's going to start me up in the taxi business."

"What's the catch? There must be some graft in it somewhere."

"If you ask me, I think the poor gent's got a few nuts in his nose-bag," Grubby described a circle over his head with his hand. "A little bit batty. That's what I say."

"And that's what you got no right to say, Grubby," Mary Margaret reproached.

work swayed. "You're early—and you've brought a friend with you." He advanced and shook Mack's hand. "You're welcome." Now he recognized his other visitor. "Well, Mr. Goodkind, you're welcome, too. Have you come down to look us over?"

"I've come down on personal business," said Daniel abruptly. "Oh, yes," said Daniel. He turned to Grubby. "There's a box of books in

"What for?" asked Grubby uncomprehendingly. "God knows!" mocked Mary Margaret. She hobbled to the table and began to set it. "It's after 7 now," she sighed, "and the meeting half an hour away and he ain't had a bite to eat since morning."

"I mean—tried to. It was in the papers and he read it and says: 'I want to talk to that man.'"

She was still looking at Mack and now she recalled his words. "Graft," she said wistfully. "Why he didn't even have rent money yesterday and he was despoiled. He ain't had money to get himself a pair of shoes, and nobody helps him, or comes near him, but you bums that roast him behind his back."

The door opened and George F. Goodkind looked in rather curiously. "I didn't roast him. I just said he was crazy," Grubby dismissed the subject, then looked at the intruder.

"Mr. Gilchrist?" Goodkind asked, stepping in. "He'll be here any minute," answered Mary Margaret. "Won't you come in?"

Goodkind walked to the table. Grubby buried himself in his magazine and Mack walked toward the platform. Goodkind sat down, but with an air that indicated he didn't want to.

"Take a magazine," the girl said. "I got to make the coffee," she turned to Grubby. "You can come and carry it up in about 15 minutes," she said. She looked toward the shelf in time to see Mack fidgeting a loaf of sugar. "Graft," she muttered. "You ought to know."

"Think she'll tell him?" Mack queried of Grubby. "Naw," wheezed Grubby. "Anyway, he don't care. He says he's got his brother in God." Mack made a grimace.

"Yeh," continued Grubby, "that's what he told Jimmy Curran—brothers in God—and Jimmy just up from pinching a guy's pants. Jimmy says he's clean loco. Guess what he's got in the back yard."

"What?" "Tennis. And handball games for kids. And, in the other two houses, he's got flats, with bathtubs, and the rents ain't what they ask now for stallion's horses. Why wouldn't I say he was crazy? Everybody says so but Mary Margaret."

The subject of the conversation entered on the heels of the scoffing. Apparently he had not heard. He rubbed his hands from the cold. He wasn't warmly dressed—in fact, he looked a bit threadbare.

"Hello, Grubby," he greeted, hanging his coat on an old rack over an umbrella that almost fell as the frame-

work swayed. "You're early—and you've brought a friend with you." He advanced and shook Mack's hand. "You're welcome." Now he recognized his other visitor. "Well, Mr. Goodkind, you're welcome, too. Have you come down to look us over?"

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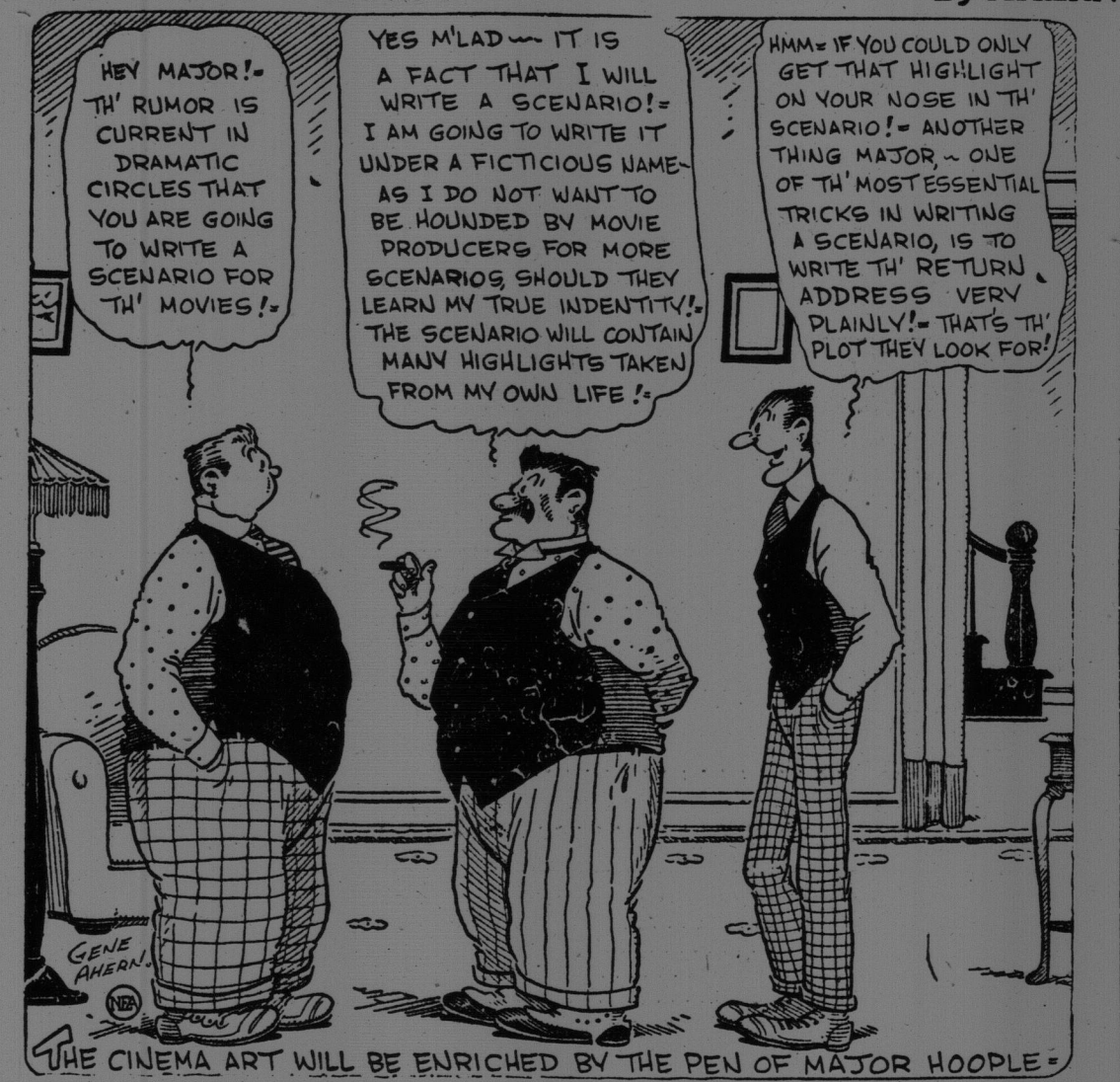
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OUR BOARDING HOUSE

By AHERN



THE CINEMA ART WILL BE ENRICHED BY THE PEN OF MAJOR HOOPLE

man. He dropped the coat in surrender, waiting for denunciation, brutality, arrest, he knew not what? Gilchrist made no move toward him. "I thought you'd gone," Daniel said at last.

The thief had fled utterly—but the man was there. "No—I—I—wanted," he faltered. "You wanted my coat," said Gilchrist calmly.

Mack smiled at the simple explanation. He was relieved and somehow he felt very warm. "Yes—that's—that's what I wanted to ask you," he said.

"I'm so glad you said so," said Gilchrist without a trace of irony. Mack looked up, surprised. "Because," went on Daniel, "if you hadn't, and I hadn't understood, you might have been tempted to take it without asking—and then you'd have been so sorry and ashamed."

Mack wanted to lower his head, but he couldn't. The other's eyes held him. "A man couldn't come into another man's house, and be welcomed, and then take the other man's coat, without losing his self-respect—could he?" Mack only stared. "And of course, if we're going to pull ourselves together and get out of here, we must keep our self-respect."

"I wouldn't steal—!" started Mack apologetically.

"You couldn't," said Daniel complacently. He stooped and picked it up. "It's your coat. You asked for it, and I gave it to you. When you've worn it into a good job—come back and help me give another to someone who needs it as you do."

"I will," said the man, pushing an arm through a sleeve, still bewildered beyond words.

"Of course you will," said Gilchrist, slapping him on the back. "Good night."

Mack hesitated. Gilchrist had turned back to Goodkind. Mack looked at him as though he had been convinced of his madness. Then shrugging his shoulders, he strode out.

The slam of the door touched a spark to the silent Goodkind. "Well, I'll be damned," he exploded. "That coat cost \$20. If one in ten does come back, we've made a man for \$200."

"All right," said Daniel genially. "That coat cost \$20. If one in ten does come back, we've made a man for \$200."

"Maybe," said Goodkind, without conviction, "if a man's got the price. Have you?"

Play copyrighted, 1922, in the United States and England. Novelized version by special permission of the author, and of Brentano's publishers of the play. (Continued in Our Next Issue.)

No fewer than 6,577 miles of pipes are needed to distribute London's water supply. The metropolis uses a quarter of a million gallons a day.

Mother's Coughs and Colds Go Quickly. She cannot afford to be sick and neglect her household duties. At the first symptoms she prepares the way for quick recovery by the immediate use of Gray's Cough Syrup—a household preparation of sixty years standing.

Gray's Syrup of Red Spruce Gum. Montreal D. WATSON & Co. New York.

"You are round and smooth and flat. And you never wear a hat. When you travel over town you wear neither suit nor gown."

Your Health

BY DR. CLIFFORD C. ROBINSON

FEAR AND HEALTH

Although the effects of fear are disastrous so far as the full attainment of our life's object may be concerned, its physical effects on body functioning are far greater.

In cases like personal contact with enemies, fear of animals, worry and excitement over financial situations or failure to govern the desire of revenge, the brain cells undergo a destructive change. Subjected to the inroads or stimulus of fear, whether temporary or prolonged, results in a distinct loss in brain power. Without unimpaired action of the brain to do your bidding in the direction of body work, loss to act and partial paralysis of real bodily health results.

Whether the brain is exhausted by work or fear, its restoration is a matter of rest and sleep, together with strong resistance. But fear continues its destructive inroads and even arrested in time, will cause nervous and brain disarrangements of most serious consequences to your health.

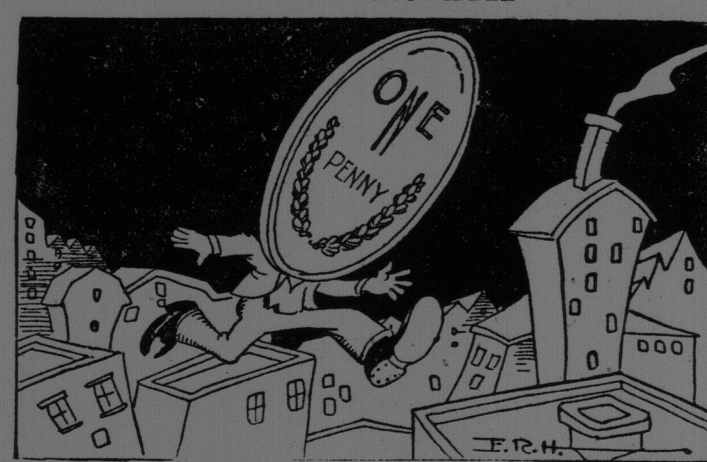
This let-down in brain power seems to start other bodily losses. Fear causes heart impairment through overwork which results from jumps, strain and increased action when fear grips the body. A prostration, sensation of despair and prostration with a sinking feeling, sometimes accompanied by cold sweat, tremors and perking muscles is produced. At such times, all bodily functions which are or no direct assistance in the effort towards self preservation are partially or totally suspended. In fact fear may so exhaust the organism that death may result.

Changed through fear are responsible for the hyperactivity of the thyroid and adrenal glands. Both are of utmost importance in governing body action. The thyroid control to a great measure the wear and tear of the body or the process of metabolism. The adrenals produce a secretion which controls blood pressure through the nervous mechanism.

ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS

By Olive Roberts Barton

SIMPLE SIMON'S RIDDLE



"Simple Simon," called the Riddle Lady, "here is a riddle for you. Not that everybody in Riddle Town can't guess, but I'm sure that you will guess first. It's something that you have been wanting for a long time. Try as hard as you can, for the prize is the same as the answer."

"All right," grinned Simple Simon. "But I hope it's not a whole. I wouldn't have any place to keep it. Mother said she wouldn't have any whistles around."

"Oh, no! It isn't a whole," laughed the Riddle Lady. "It's much, much smaller."

"I'll try," said Simple Simon again. "If we guess it," whispered the Twins, "we'll give you the prize."

"No, you won't," spoke up the Pie-man. "No such thing! Simon is not as simple as he pretends. Let him do his own guessing!"

"I'll have to begin," said the Riddle Lady. "Time is flying. So everybody be quiet, please." Then she began:

"You are round and smooth and flat, and you never wear a hat. When you travel over town you wear neither suit nor gown."

"In pockets you burn holes, I'm told, but when I touch you, you're quite cold. And they say you simply fly! You've got feathers, is that why?"

"Your name is on your back in print, not candy, yet you're made in mint."

"To stop a cold in one day. Take Laxative BROMO QUININE Tablets. The box bears the signature of E. W. Grove. 80c. Made in Canada."

Buy Smokers' Gifts at Louis Green's. China's new president is 60 years of age. Thirty-eight years ago he was a common soldier.

Johnnie Hotpoint Says People want Practical Gifts so let's make this an Electrical Christmas

HOTPOINT Servants, the standard by which all other electrical appliances are judged, enable you to select a suitable gift for everyone on your list.

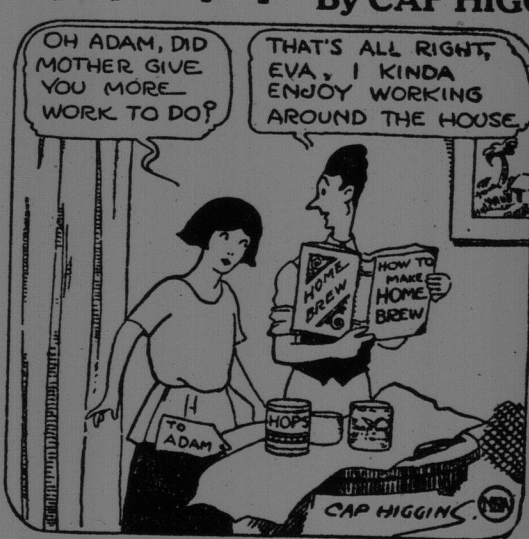
Iron, percolators, curling irons, chafing dishes, immersion heaters, glow lamps and The Hotpoint, all can be obtained from your nearest dealer.

113C

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS—FAMILY SECRETS



ADAM AND EVA—HOME WORK



DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—WILBUR SETS THE STAGE

