

SOCIETY FASHIONS ADS FOR WOMEN

HOUSEKEEPING RECIPES FOR COOKING CLUBS AND SOCIETIES

WOMEN'S SECTION

The Wanderer

BY WILLIAM A. PAGE

Based Upon the Biblical Drama of the Prodigal Son, Coming Soon to The Royal Alexandra.

NOVELIZED FROM THE PLAY OF MAURICE V. SAMUELS.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

The son of Jesse and Huldah of the tribe of Judah, during the time of King Solomon, 3000 years ago, is unhappy at home, where he is a shepherd boy. At a neighboring inn he meets Tola, an evil, dissipated man, who pictures to him the delight of Jerusalem, and prevails upon him to ask Jesse for his portion of the estate, so that he may go to the world to make his mark. Jesse promises to ask his father, a ward of his father, lovingly greets him. Gaal, his elder brother, appears and roughly accepts him.

CHAPTER IV.

Gaal's face was cold and hard as he stood before Jesse. Surely no one would ever have suspected that these two men who faced each other with anger in their hearts and grim intensity in their faces were really brothers. The one, not less than 40, strongly built and rough visaged, had brawny arms bare to the shoulder, showing muscles of steel, and the other seemed not a day over 20, with the slender, lithe frame of an athlete. "Thou worthless one," beloveth Gaal, angrily. "Where wert thou last night?"

Jether flippantly and lightly turned on his heel and strode toward the well.

"When I chose to be," he answered. "Then I can guess," cried Gaal.

"While I have sweated in the sun to bring the harvest in before the holy day, father and I and all of us down to the meanest servant—thou hast shirked thy one task like the other, lying about by day and night, companion to the worthless in the village or on thy back—starting at the sky. How thou canst be of the same parents as myself I cannot see. Yet thou art my brother, and one day I must give thee a third of all there is. Yea, a third. Be thou accurate!"

Jether laughed contemptuously. Before him stood the well, the pitcher of water which Risaah had but recently drawn to take within the house, and a cup. He filled the cup with water and turning to the young figure of his elder brother whose fist was raised in a threatening manner as tho to strike him, the young boy hunched the water full in the eyes of the elder. Gaal staggered back in surprise and anger.

Gaal, making a sudden rush, sought to overthrow the younger brother. But Jether was quick of foot, and agile in squirming from his brother's grasp. Again they clinched, when, suddenly, a voice, strong, deep, commanding, made both pause.

"Stop, my sons."

"Upon the upper step, in the doorway of the house, stood Jesse, the aged patriarch of the tribe of Judah, his staff in hand.

"Peace, both of ye," he cried. "I am the master here. Gaal, thou art the elder. Thou shouldst be the wiser. Thou knowest Jether has too high a pride to let thee tell him what to do. Besides, that is my duty, not thine. Go, get thee ready for the evening meal."

Gaal hesitated, and cast an angry look at the mocking Jether, but re-entered the house.

"And thou, Jether," continued Jesse, laying his hand in kindly affection upon the shoulder of his younger son. "Thou hast done wrong to lift thy hand against thy brother. Never again let there be strife between you. To-night, before I ask God's blessing upon my household, ye, even before we gather at the table, thou shalt tell thy brother that thou dost repeat of thy childish act."

"—ask pardon of Gaal?" exclaimed Jether, incredulously, drawing back in amazement. "Ask pardon of Gaal? I'll not have Gaal the master over me."

"Nor shalt thou," agreed Jesse, approvingly. "Only to thy father shalt thou account. Where didst thou spend last night? From the high watch tower I saw thy sheep upon the hills at dawn this morning, but thee I did not see. Where didst thou spend last night?"

"Other came to his father, petulant, almost pleading. "Am I a child?" The old man looked with loving eyes upon the lad.

"In many ways thou art, and yet the fault is not all thine. Thy mother hath indulged thee overmuch, and I myself, perhaps. Jether, thou dost not know how close thou art to thy child of our old age, and such a child were thou, so beautiful."

Once more Jether clenched his fists with anger and resentment. "A child—again always a child," he protested. "Canst thou not understand a child becomes a man? Thou too, a nameless terror gripped the heart of Huldah."

"What knowest thou of him or of Jerusalem?" she queried, anxiously. "Of him? He is my friend, affirmed Jether, warming with enthusiasm at the prospect of the journey.

"But of the city? Ah, mother, couldst thou but see as I see when I gaze upon the distant hills, I gaze upon the lights so lit away to the north and dream of that upon which they shine. The many streets of the great city, the many houses and groups of gold and ivory, where dwell victorious captains and great merchant princes! The gates in the high city walls that open joyfully to stately caravans from Babylon and Nineveh and the clanking throng who would unload the camels' burdens, and as they bend, thinking their silver bells, they speak with him. Meanwhile, I beseech thee, Jether, prepare thyself in humble spirit for the evening meal."

But Jether once more averted his face, and said, grimly: "I shall stand here until thou dost return—unless thou stayest too long for my farewell!"

The mother hurried within to acquaint the aged Jesse with the demands of their younger son. Jether, freed from the restraint imposed upon him by the presence of his mother, ran to the top of the great rock which formed a natural elevation in the front of the house, and whistled. From a small hollow amid the rocks came an answering whistle. The boy returned once more to the well, and in a few moments, Tola, his new found friend, joined him.

"Thy father holds a piece of silver ready, and paced anxiously to and fro upon the turf. In a few moments the tall and stately mother approached and bestowed upon his forehead a kiss. "Thou art flushed, my boy," exclaimed Huldah, anxiously. "Thou wert not clothed for such a chill night upon the hill. I have often warned thee against the sudden cold. Another time shalt not let thee go until with mine own eyes I see thee warmly clad."

Jether impulsively broke away from the affectionate embrace. "Even as thou regardest me, so does my father," exclaimed the boy, turning to her passionately. "A child, to do as bidden. But I tell thee, mother, I am a man, and as a man, others seek speech of me. Even now, one who has traveled and has great friends in many cities, awaits my companionship on a long journey, and I would have him get my portion from my father. Thee he would not refuse."

The elder man spoke first. "Thy mother hath told me," he said sternly. "I would have my portion," responded Jether, bravely. "And one day thou shalt have it, when thou art fit to use it wisely."

Jether determined to put on a bold front with his father. "I am about to go forth into the big world," he said, with determination. "I shall need it now, where I go."

Jesse came to him, less stern, with more affection in his voice. "My son," he spoke tenderly. "We need thee here. Not only for the work there is to do, but for the joy thy presence brings to our hearts. I have already said how dear thou art to us. One day, thou wilt yield thy strength to age. Think how thou wouldst feel to see a well beloved son of thine leave thee in thine old age, for strangers?"

"Thou turned away from him moodily. "Thou thinkest only of thyself and mother," he protested. "But what of me? Have I no rights? All that we offer here is taught to what I shall win elsewhere. The more thou sayest, the more I know how much I want my freedom. Give me my share of the estate."

Naomi, who had listened with quickening pulse, as she clung to the patient Huldah, came to her uncle and knelt before him. "I pray thee, uncle," she said, softly. "Let him depart."

Jesse turned to her in amazement and motioned her to rise. "Let him behold Jerusalem, uncle," pleaded the girl, a glance of loving affection cast toward Jether. "His will return. Not to the hour, perhaps, the day, the month, but he will return. I know it. Let him see Jerusalem. Let him see the world with thy permission, or else persuade—"

"Enough," cried Jesse sternly, as he bade her return to Huldah. "This friend of thine, Jether, with whom thou wouldst go to Jerusalem—would he see him? Call him."

Jether strove to appear unembarrassed, but he hesitated as he walked to the corner of the house and called: "My friend, come here!"

"Thou, careless, indifferent, almost impudent, swaggered into view. He came straight to the aged patriarch, bowed before him and smiled. "What! The young Naom! In her arms, exclaimed: "Oh, my son, it is an evil fate!"

And Jesse, dimly comprehending with failing eyesight the identity of the visitor before him, suddenly raised his staff as tho to strike the intruder. He had recognized him. "So then—it is thou—thou cheat, thou gambler, thou liar," he thundered with rage. "And it is thou who wouldst corrupt my boy? Out of my house, thou lying, dishonorable cheat—begone before I strike thee, as I am, begone."

(To Be Continued.)

SOCIETY

CONDUCTED BY MRS. EDMUND PHILLIPS

Sir William Mackenzie, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Andrews, Miss Mackenzie, Mr. Rod Mackenzie and Mr. Joe Mackenzie, left on Sunday night for New York, and will probably go on to California.

Col. and Mrs. Clyde Caldwell and their two sons are in town from Ottawa, spending Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. Henry Winnett. Mrs. Clements is also with them from New York. Col. Caldwell will return to Ottawa on Wednesday night, Mrs. Caldwell making a longer stay with Mr. and Mrs. Winnett.

A capacity audience enjoyed the first performance of "Oh! Boy" at the Royal Alexandra last night, a very few of those present being: Mr. and Mrs. George Burton, who gave a box party; the Misses Burton, C. Stinson, Mr. Finucane, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. MacDunnah, Mr. and Mrs. Grant Fepler, Mr. Willis Mulock, Mr. R. Sinclair, Mr. Winnett Thompson, Mr. Douglas Macklem, Mrs. Willoughby Cummings, Mr. Milroy, Capt. C. Temple, Mr. Revett, Mr. R. Lynde.

Miss Adele Pope, who has been attending the Sacred Heart convent in Pennsylvania, has returned to spend the vacation with Sir Joseph and Lady Pope.

Mr. and Mrs. McVitty have arrived in town from Hamilton, and are spending Christmas with Mrs. R. B. Street.

Mr. James Garrow is in town from Montreal with his mother at 74 St. George street.

Major and Mrs. W. G. Hagarty, Kingston, have taken apartments at the Birchdale, Halifax.

Mrs. Wright, Warren road, will give a dance on New Year's Eve for her young people and the visiting R.M.C. cadets.

Mrs. Craig and Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Fry have taken apartments at the Elmwood, Halifax, for some time.

Major G. E. Gillies has returned to Vancouver from England. Major Gillies went overseas with the 14th Canadian Scottish to France, then to Salonica, No. 5 Base Hospital, and latterly was in charge of surgery at the Canadian hospital at Taplow.

Mrs. Arthur Boyle, Hamilton, will spend Christmas with relations in Toronto.

Miss Edith Phenix is the guest of Dr. and Mrs. W. A. Leggo, Ottawa, for the Christmas holidays.

Miss Geraldine Sewell is in Ottawa the guest of her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Shaw.

Mr. Redmond Quinn, who is at Osgoode Hall, has returned to Ottawa to spend the holidays with his mother, Mrs. Redmond Quinn.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest H. Godfrey, Ottawa, announce the engagement of their daughter, Evelyn Maud, to Mr. A. J. L. Haskell of the Bank of Montreal, Ottawa, only son of Mr. A. Maxwell Haskell of the house of commons, West-

SOCIETY

CONDUCTED BY MRS. EDMUND PHILLIPS

The marriage is arranged to take place on Jan. 6.

Miss Helen Hollister is in town from Sioux Falls, South Dakota, and is spending Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Douglas. Miss Hollister's marriage to Mr. Harvey Douglas will take place in New York in February.

Nursing Sister May Kingstone, daughter of Mr. W. F. Kingstone, Scarth road, is home on leave after three years' service overseas. She has been in Belgium, in Lemnos and in England. Her two brothers, Mr. and Mrs. Kingstone and Mr. George Kingstone are both overseas.

Madame Mariana Savo de Menocal, the wife of the president of Cuba, has just completed the task of raising a cash fund of \$1,000,000 for the equipment and maintenance in France of a hospital to be started exclusively by Cuban physicians and nurses.

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HEALTH TALKS BY WILLIAM BRADY M.D.

Dr. Brady will answer all signed letters pertaining to health. Writers names are never printed. Only inquiries of general interest are answered in this column, but all letters will be answered by mail if written in ink and a stamped, self-addressed envelope is enclosed. Requests for diagnosis or treatment of individual cases will be considered. Address Dr. William Brady, in care of this paper.

Coming Home Clean

"Next Saturday," writes a young correspondent, "I start home for my first holiday from school. I am a first year medic, and I suppose you know something of the customs of college students. Before I go home I want to tell you something. It is interesting you."

"I was just past eighteen when I entered college last September. At home father and mother assumed that their boys were clean morally. They say they assumed it. Of course they didn't know a thing about it. Well they were right. My younger brother (sixteen) nearly made a mistake, but fortunately I got wind of his conduct, explained a few things to him, and threw a big scare into him. It stopped him. He is right, the some of his high school pals certainly tortured the kid for his sudden change of behavior."

"But here is what I wanted to say. It was tough shedding the first two months in college. There were scarcely half a dozen fellows in the freshman class who seemed strong enough to refuse all appeals from the 'bunch' to go 'down the line.' You know what I mean, of course. These half dozen fellows were gay and hooded by all the real sports. In fact, they were almost ostracized by the bright bunch, the smart Alecks, as you called them in a great letter I had from you a year ago. 'Stas,' 'Gladya,' 'Mamma's boy'—these were our nicknames. We were not men at all if we refused to line up with the crowd and do as the crowd wanted to do. We were just silly-boys. That was what made it so damned hard. Get a bunch of good fellows buzzing around and making game of a man's moral principles and that man is going to give in or be miserable. I have been miserable, and several times only chance kept me true to my determination to keep clean."

"Well, I go home Saturday, and I go home clean. There are several other fellows in my class going home sick. I am mighty glad now that I wrote to you, because there was something in your letter that appealed to me. You didn't preach morality at all. You just drove home some plain truths in a way that made them sink in, and believe me, you landed here. When I reach home I can still look my mother and my dad straight in the eye, for I have nothing to be ashamed of. Of course, this is nothing for a fellow to boast of, but just the same it is a great satisfaction."

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Locomotor Ataxia. I want to ask about my brother, who has locomotor ataxia. He lives in the west, and thinks a change to our climate would be good for his condition. He gets about to business, with assistance, but suffers from lightning pains at night, for which he has to take considerable medication. He is never satisfied and is trying something. Has had various doctors' treatments, but without much help. What can you suggest? (C. M. H.)

ANSWER—Climate is of no importance. Your brother, I fear, is too fond of "trying" things. Intensive specific medication by his doctor offers the best chance of stopping the progress of the disease, and incidentally overcoming the lightning pains he has at night. Considerable improvement in the control of muscles may be obtained from careful and persevering muscle training or re-education exercises, provided the patient is tractable and not self-willed and determined to manage his own treatment in spite of the doctors.

The Gravity of the "T-Pulse." My doctor says I have a mild form of kidney trouble, tho he will not say I have Bright's disease. The urine shows no sugar or albumen, but always has "low gravity." Is that a sign of Bright's disease? Blood pressure is normal. I sleep well, heart action bad at times. What do you advise me to do? (C. W. M.)

ANSWER—Low gravity in itself is not significant—often a patient happens to be taking much fluid or nervous in temperament. Sugar, of course, is not found in Bright's disease. You do not give any data upon which advice may be based. Microscopical examination of urine would be made. Weak heart possibly moderate open air exercise, like walking two miles a day, would improve matters.

CHAPTER V.

From within the window came the gentle voice of Huldah in response to Jether's call:

"What is it, my boy?"

"Mother, I would speak with thee alone, quickly."

Down the stone steps he ran hurriedly.

GILNETT'S LYE. EATS DIRT. MADE IN CANADA.

Polly and Her Pals



THE PERKINS FAMILY WISHES ALL A MERRY CHRISTMAS.



THE KEWPIE KORNER

