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the first place.

she had been in the man's office with her

father, before he died. And now that

thought over the circumstances of Prouty's

shady work, she reflected that it would

the older and more substantial lawyer in

lawyers, for there are so many dishonest

By Charles R. Barnes

INNA Harding had known of her father's property had made her a Marvin Turner, the lawyer, woman of affairs, she had taken to readfor two or three years. Indeed,

> with events. One was before her; and as she glanced down the columns, she

young Prouty had made that questionable jumble in the Fleming matter, she turned naturally to Turner, who had performed legal services for her father. As she have been the part of wisdom to seek out People had told her to be careful of deplored the occasional blots which appeared on the name of the law, and said ones; and her newly inherited fortune of that he and others were doing all in their

On Board H.M.S. "Dreadnought"

<u>РЕЧЕСТИНИНИНИНИНИНЕСТИТЕ В ИНТЕПЕСТИТЕ В ПЕСТИТЕТИ В В ПЕСТИТЕТИ В В ПЕСТИТЕТИ В В В В В В В В В В В В В В В В</u>

When the sea grows grey and silent, and the moon sinks out o' sight, And the stars turn sick an' tremble after seven hours of fight, God keep us dirty sailor men, from the Pole Star to the Cross, For we need Almighty keepin', an' some high, Almighty Boss. For when the whole deck's throbbin'

There ain't no time for prayer; But it's 'Point your Long Tom dainty Over twenty miles of air!"

When them wounded German fellers came a-shakin' up our side I was funny round my stomach, an' my bloomin' Critish pride Trembled like a silly pennant, they was all so human like; They had eyes an' hands an' faces just like any other tike. But when the horizon's spittin'

And we're coughin' back at it, Say, it's "Sweep the sea o' Germans!"
An' I guess—that—hit!"

I was walkin' past a cabin where we kept our prisoners tight, The sentry-go says, "Look here," an' I see a funny sight; There was two of them a-lookin' at a picture in their hand, Just as if there's German mothers in the German Fatherland.

But when we're in the fight line, It's "Forget your thoughts and fire!" While the look-out says beside you, "Steady! Nose her up a little higher!"

When I stopped an' looked to seaward in a tiny breathin' spell I see a Dreadnought stagger with her nose deep in the swell: She was struck below the belly, an' she sunk an' gurgled down Very casual like, an' careless; made me sweat to see her drown.

But when we're stripped for action, Say, it's "Glory! glory!" then, An' it's "Sweep the sea o' Germans!" As we pick the range again.

We were lyin' close in harbor, coalin' up at Halifax, I was messin' with the range guns, streakin' polish down their backs. There was somethin' in the air—fell like a happy English rain; An' my mate, he says "You're bawlin'" an' I says, "I guess that's

But when we're sweatin' dirty, An' the sea's unholy red, Say, it's "Mates, we'll fight for England Till the sun hisself is dead!"

ARTHUR L. PHELPS in Montreal Daily Witness

might prove a glittering lure to some one. Prouty's dishonesty—or "bungling," as she charitably spoke of it to him—had cost her eleven hundred dollars. And, as she contemplated that quickly made hole in her cash on hand, she grew a little bit afraid of the great big world outside. If one young man could scheme that much money out of her, what could a lot of them do? She felt herself longing for some one great and honest and strong, who would stand between her and whatever

threatened. And here was Turner. He was a member of the New York bar, "in good standing." That phrase, however, stands for little. For if a man is not in good standing, his faults are known; if he is, either they are not known or the people who know them won't tell. Miss Harding, however, was only twenty-two and phrases meant more to her than to older persons. She had heard her father say that Marvin was a well-known and prosperous lawyer, who stood well in the community. He was a church member.

She was breakfasting as she turned

over the man in her mind. And since

two hundred and fifty thousand dollars | power to discover the dishonest practitioners and urge their disbarment. Turner is a member of Calvary Church. and prominent in the work of the institution.

"There is a good man," murmured Miss Harding. She ceased thinking about her bothers at once and made a great deal more of her breakfast than she had started out to do. The world became less of a menace. Marvin Turner had known her father, and as he was a fine Christian gentleman he would advise her honestly and well.

Two hours later she stepped forth to visit his office. She was a trim little figure, still retaining much of her mourning. Her pretty, frizzly hair was caught severely back under a plain but modish hat. There was the pink of health in her cheeks, and red vitality colored her lips. Her eyes were brown and had depth to them—the depth that betrays the dreamer, the impractical person. And this characteristic was accentuated by the heavy, dark-fringed lids that drooped over them. In her heart she felt the need of a guardian; and any trained observer would have seconded this idea. She was

ing a newspaper each day to keep pace

came to this item: Marvin Turner, a well-known lawyer, who is noted among his associates as a man of high ideals, spoke to the young men of Calvary Church last evening on "Honor in the Law." He said that the aim of every lawyer should be to elevate his profession by setting a high standard of integrity for himself. The speaker

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