

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.

"Overcoat Hall," a refuge for the unemployed, is established by Gilchrist. George Goodkind, Jerry's father, calls and orders Daniel to cease seeing Clare, who frequently visits the hall to help Gilchrist. Clare says she has left Jerry, and Daniel sends her back to him. Clare returns to her husband. Joe Hennig and his gang break in and threaten Gilchrist. Umanski meets the mad gang.

CHAPTER XXI

The Sign.

The bowed head took the taunts and jeers for only a moment. Then Pearl Hennig, with a hardness that was new to her but as old to her kind as self-defence is old, rose and turned jointly on Gilchrist as well as the mob in defiance. "Yes, it's true," she repeated, bitterly. "Why wouldn't it be?" She faced Gilchrist. "I tried to have strength—like you told me—and I had a job—but when the other girls got wise—they ain't no better than I am."

She gave way before his calm, steady gaze. "Anyway," she said, haltingly, "I died. I am walkin' the streets. I ain't no good. I ain't fit to live." Slowly she started to sink at his feet. He caught her up. "Pearl!" he said softly. She pulled to feet herself. "For Christ's sake, ain't you done with me now?" she said, half protest, half surprise. "For Christ's sake," said Gilchrist, reverently, "No." He put his arm about her shoulder.

Joe Hennig stirred restlessly on unsteady feet. "It's all a fake," he shouted. "Ain't you fellows on? He's got every rotten woman in the neighborhood workin' for him. Your wives ain't safe. Your kids ain't safe. Ask Tony Malduca."

He turned to a swarthy Italian in the group. "Didn't he bring your kid in here—and keep her—against her will? Didn't he?" "That's what he done," said Malduca, sullenly. The mob stirred again. There were rumblings of half-hushed suggestions of violence. Hennig heard them with welcome.

"That's it," he said. "Don't let this guy buffalo you. Come on, let's drive him out." Hennig came close to Gilchrist. "I told you I'd get you," he sneered. The mob pressed closer. Umanski placed his bulk in front of them. They were fast closing in on him.

"Listen to me," commanded a voice. It was Goodkind, who had forced his way through to face them. "No violence. I've got a doctor coming down here. Leave it to me and I'll have this place closed tonight."

The mob was becoming more restless—moving closer. Miss Levinson and the Henchleys were backing toward the windows. Mary Margaret looked on helplessly from the platform. Her face was terror-stricken. She dropped her crutches to her side and knelt.

"Oh, dear God, please listen—" she besought. And then, fervently, she began to repeat the Lord's prayer. Her voice was lost in the growing tumult. "Leave him alone," warned Goodkind. "You can't beat a crazy man!" "He ain't crazy," shouted Pearl. "Joe ain't a man. Ain't you seen what he's done for me. I lied to him and he's given me another chance, and I'm gonna take it. He ain't no man. He's a saint. I tell you he's like God!"

Laughter first and then a serious muffled protest came from the mob. "That's what he's been tellin' 'em. Ain't it, Grubby? Jimmie, didn't he tell you he was the son of God?" Assenting nods came from her and there in the pressing throng and whispered or mumbled threats.

"That's what he told 'em all," Joe shouted. "That's how he gets 'em." He turned menacingly toward Gilchrist. "Didn't you tell 'em you was a son of God?" he demanded. Gilchrist straightened. "I am," he said simply.

There were epithets of scorn, wrath, fire now in the mass that edged closer with fists shaking in the air and curses shouted aloud. "So are we all!" he shouted. "In you—and me—and all of us—deep down—is something of Him. We may try to hide it—or kill it, but in spite of ourselves we are divine."

Tony Malduca stepped out of the press and faced him. "If you're a son of God—save yourself. If you're what you say—give us a sign." "Aw, hell, come on!" he shouted. "Chaw came at his call."

With the false courage that cowards can muster through numerical superiority the horde advanced. Chairs toppled, tables crashed, the jangle of breaking glass could be heard. Men and women grappled in a struggle to know no order.

"Kill!" "Murder!" "Police!" Words of violence were those that rose to the surface of this seething mass. But above it all occasionally there came the voice of a child: "—but deliver us from evil, for Thine is—"

Mary Margaret, her crutches at her side, was still praying. Men fell inert here and there. "—forgive us our trespasses—" prayed Mary Margaret. Umanski rose to his feet at the edge of the milling mass. Rage doubled his strength as he flung himself at them. They quailed before him. The mass untangled itself and men and women slunk off.

There on the floor lay the bulk of a man. It was Gilchrist. A thin stream of red trickled down his face. There was a guilty silence.

"and the power and glory, forever. Amen."

Mary Margaret opened her eyes. She might have been looking down from that little hill near Golgotha. She drew herself to her feet and with a mute stare started slowly for the apparently lifeless figure in the center. A piercing scream halted her. "Mary Margaret!" cried Miss Levinson. "Where are your crutches?"

The girl looked down in bewilderment at her feet. "I don't know," she said absently, advancing. Then full realization came to her. "I kin walk. I kin walk," she shouted. She bent over the prostrate form. "Mr. Gilchrist," she cried, "Mr. Gilchrist!" She put her arms about him.

Pearl Hennig turned on the mob. "I told you!" she exclaimed. "I told you he was a saint!" Umanski whirled to face them, too. "You want a sign?" he thundered. "Look! Down on your knees—you d—murderers," he commanded. "God's in this room. Down on your knees."

Dazed, bewildered, they dropped to their knees. Heads bowed. Here and there trembling hands made the sign of the cross.

CHAPTER XII

Another Christmas Eve

Another Christmas eve had come and with it the hush of a hushed world, its busy creatures pausing in their pell-mell, some with reverent reason and others merely because a day had been marked red in the calendar.

The glow of dying embers fell upon Gilchrist as he sat in reverie before an open fireplace in his room "upstairs," his eyes dreamily far away as he puffed contentedly on a pipe. It was a simple, unpretentious room. Its furnishings were cheery and it was banked with friendly books.

A faint tapping at the door hardly stirred him, and before he could turn Mary Margaret had entered furtively. She saw him in the dim light and hastily hid a package behind her back. "Oh," she exclaimed. "Goodness, you scared me. I thought you went out."

"No," he said. "I came up here to read a little while before we put out gifts on the tree. Where's Grubby?" He promised to help. "Grubby's all swelled up with his new taxicab," she said, a little contemptuously. "Christmas eve's the big night in his business, but he says don't worry—he'll be here in time for the sandwiches. Am I interruptin' your reading?"

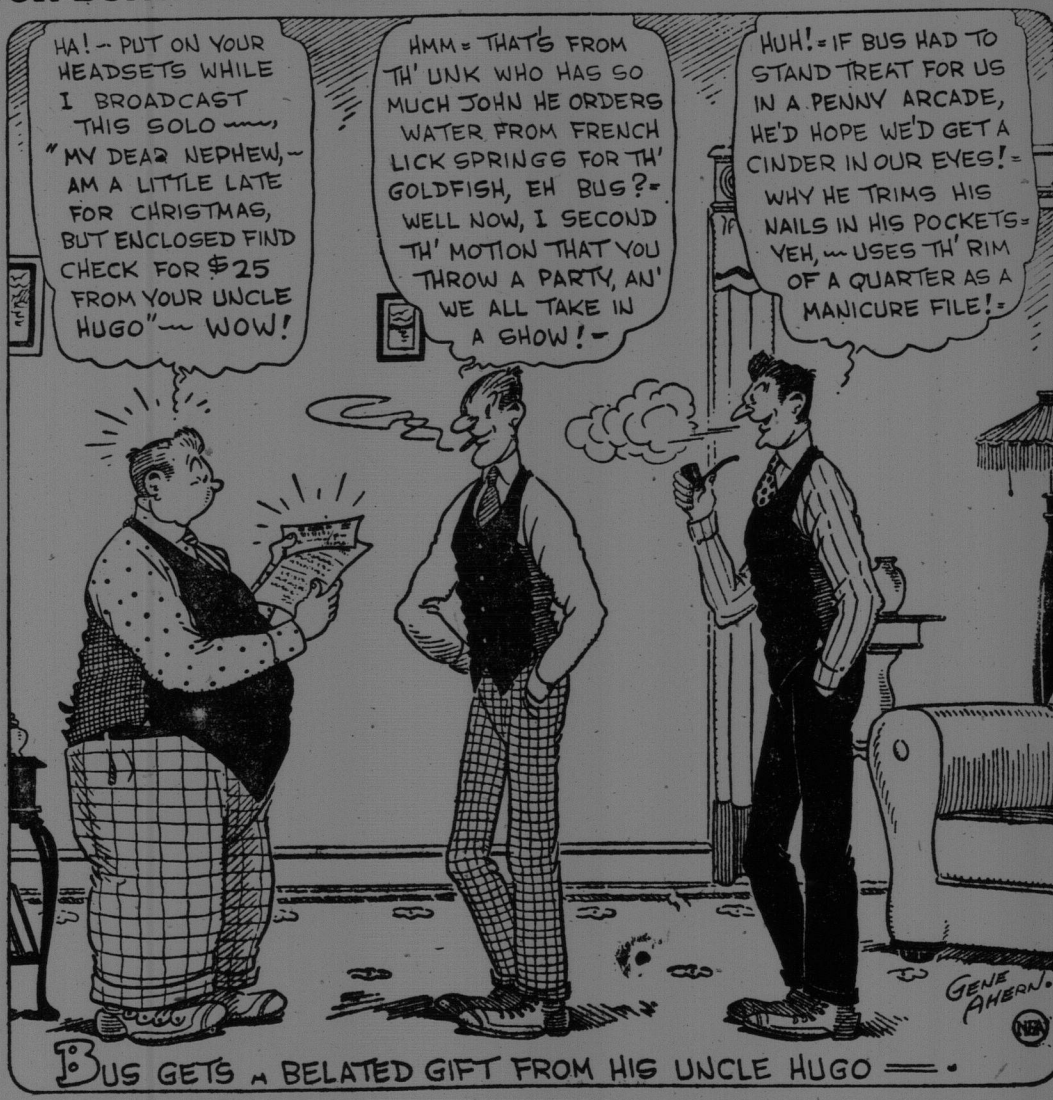
"Oh, no," he answered, noting her obvious efforts to hide her package. "What have you there?" "Where's your evasion was childlike. "Under your apron." "Try laughing," he said. And she did. "And if I'm having my Christmas now, you must have yours, too. Suppose you rummage on the sofa."

She hurried over and made her way through a score of packages. There was a book for Miss Levinson, and gifts for a dozen others. "This one isn't marked," she said, holding it aloft. "Is it mine?"

"No," he replied, "those are gloves for Mack. I wanted to show I appreciated his bringing back that coat." Finally she found it—a large box marked with her name. She opened it breathlessly and held up a child's fur set, a muff and neckpiece in beaver. "Oh, Mr. Gilchrist," she protested feebly. "Oh, you oughtn't." She tried

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

By AHERN



BUS GETS A BELATED GIFT FROM HIS UNCLE HUGO

He assented readily and with an air of pride he stood the picture on top of the bookcase. "I can't thank you enough," he said, taking her hand. "You thank me," she reproached. "You that give me—"

"You that give me—"

"You that give me—"

States and England. Novelized version by special permission of the author and of Brentano's publishers of the play.

(Continued in our next issue.)

AWAY ON SAD MISSION

Mrs. J. R. Kennedy of Ten Eyck Hall left last night for Boston having received a telegram telling her of the serious illness of her aunt, Mrs. M. D. Butler, of West Somerville, Mass.

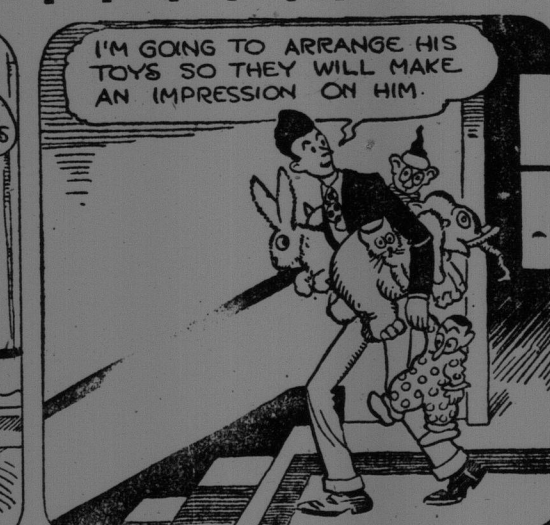
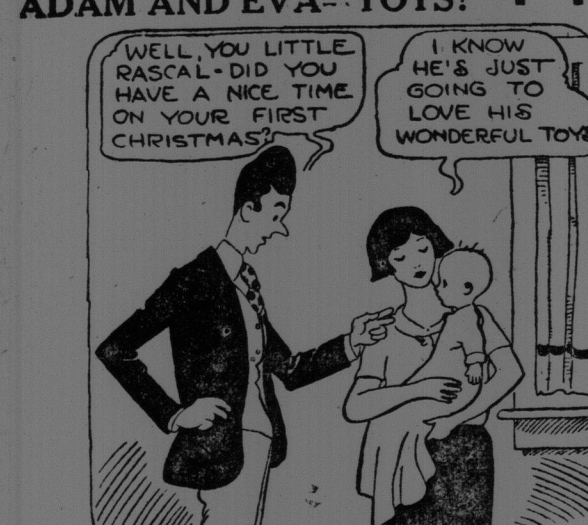
PRESENT GIFT TO EMPLOYER

On Christmas eve the employees of the Hotel Dunlop gathered in the beautifully decorated dining room and presented their manager, J. T. Dunlop, a handsome Christmas gift.

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



ADAM AND EVA—TOYS!



DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—DOING A FAVOR



Your Health

BY DR. CLIFFORD C. ROBINSON

HAVE YOUR TEETH X-RAYED.

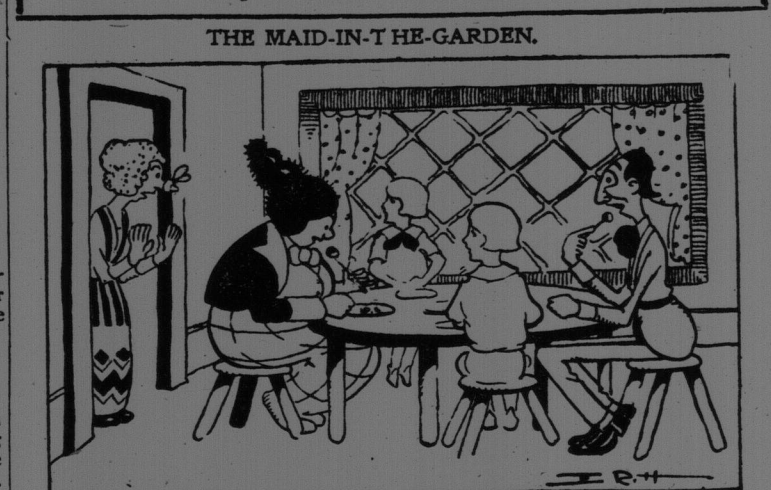
Startling disclosures have been brought to light by the use of X-ray in locating infection at the roots of teeth. The use of X-ray during the next five years will without doubt cause a great change in treatment by both physicians and dentists.

He has taken pus material from the roots of a tooth, in a patient suffering from stone in the kidney, and put this material in the nerve cavity (after removal) of a dog. The interesting result is that stone in the kidney was produced in the dog.

ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS

By Olive Roberts Barton

THE MAID-IN-THE-GARDEN.



The Maid-in-the-Garden had a bandage around her nose, and a spectacle she was.

Suddenly Misses Sprat sniffed. She smelled something! Bacon frying! "My lands!" she cried, springing up from her seat like a bounding hare. "Can I believe my nose? Do I smell bacon or do I not smell bacon, my dears?"

"No, indeed!" said Nancy, trying on her kitchen apron again. "I'd just love to."

"And may I inquire," went on Misses Sprat, "if it is quite, quite fat?" "I'm afraid it has some streaks of lean in it," said Nancy, "but you can cut them out if you wish."

It was Nick who had the happy thought of sending for Jack Sprat himself to come and help the party out. He ran across the street and brought Mister Jack over in a jiffy.

They were all having a fine time, when a sharp rap sounded on the front door. Before anybody could answer it it opened itself, and there stood the Maid-in-the-Garden.

"Well, I declare!" she exclaimed. "Is everybody in the house eating all the time! I just left the Queen at home in the kitchen eating bread and honey and here I come and find you people at it, too! I do believe that if all the trees were bread and cheese and all the sea were ink, it would disappear in two bites and there wouldn't be any world left."

All this time nobody had said a single word. For that matter, nobody got a chance. The Maid-in-the-Garden had a bandage around her nose and a spectacle she was. Nobody could say anything for looking at her. Usually when one has to have one's nose bandaged, he stays indoors till it's off. I mean until the bandage is off—not the nose!

Then, dear only knows, perhaps the Maid-in-the-Garden's nose was off. The poem certainly said that the blackbird picked it off!

TWO DEER SAVED BUT ONE DROWNS

PICKS MAYFLOWERS ON CHRISTMAS DAY

Men Cut Way Through Ice on Loch Lomond in Rescue

Gabriel Sinibaldi, the St. John taxidermist, who is at present at Loch Lomond, near Johnston's Hotel, and managed to get half way across. Owing to the thin ice they fell through, and would have perished had not Mr. Sinibaldi notified Game Warden Alex. Johnstone, who got a few volunteers, George Crozier, Albert Knight, and William Johnstone, and proceeded to rescue the unfortunate animals. They succeeded in rescuing one before nightfall.

Next morning, Mr. Sinibaldi, Joseph Mosher and Game Warden Johnstone were on hand, and after a very difficult job succeeded in getting to the other two, but one already had perished from exposure. They brought both ashore and liberated the living one, which after a short time was able to look after himself.

It was quite an undertaking but the results paid for all the work. The men used a boat and had to cut their way through the ice which was not thick enough to carry them.

TO MAKE GROUND WOOD AT SHEET HARBOR

The Pulp and Paper Magazine is advised that the A. P. W. Paper Company now controls something over 60,000 acres of land at Sheet Harbor, Nova Scotia, and will commence the erection thereof as early in the spring as possible of a ground wood mill with a capacity of 25,000 tons of pulp per annum.

The designing and erection of this mill, as well as its operation will be under the sole charge of W. S. Crandall, general manager of their paper and pulp department.

It is hoped to have the entire plant completed and in operation by February 1st, 1924.

NEW COMPANY INCORPORATED

Fredericton, Dec. 26.—William A. Curtis, Isaiah McCarthy and Frank W. Houghton, of Moncton, have been incorporated as Sackville Motor Sales, Limited, with an authorized capitalization of \$24,000, to carry on a garage and motor sales business at Sackville, according to notice appearing in the issue of the Royal Gazette today.