Che LAPSE OF ENOCH WENTWORTH EN ISABEL GORDON CURTIS Author of "The Woman from Wolvertons"

ILLUSTRATIONS 65 ELLSWORTH YOUNG

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Julius Caesar. I can remember, as 1

top of it. I can see the place yet."

"Do you want to hear the story

"Yes-if you are bound to tell it."

"Are you sure?" Merry spoke gent-

There was a long pause. Wentworth

Memories?"

Place house and one scarlet blossom

hung vivid between him and the sun-

dling clothes doesn't count. Drop it!"

isn't much to my credit."

"All right, have your own way."

gentus and was working his way

stop. His speech was great! As I

who sat beside the bed.

out?" he asked bluntly.

a voice close beside me."

of my system."

gold-piece. I carried it to Dave. He CHAPTER XXVI-Continued. refused it, turning his back on me Across the pale face of the invalid with angry scorn. Twenty years later swept a wave of scarlet; then he be- I met him again. He had gone to gan to talk slowly and hesitatingly. congress and was blasting his way "I was in a Southern academy the first upwards toward fame. I was assigned time it happened. I must have been to interview him. He remembered me seventeen or thereabouts. Prizes were instantly. For a moment he stared at

to be given for a public oration and me from head to foot, then he turned

people were coming from everywhere away without a word and never

to hear us. The governor was to ad. touched the hand I offered him. My

God! how that hurt!" A shiver went dress us. My father was a lawyer, one of the big lawyers of the state. He through the man's body. "That happened twenty-five years went to this school when he was a

boy, and he had carried off the cration ago," said Merry hesitatingly. "You prize. His heart was set on my win. can't lay up a boyhood sin against a ning it. I toiled and toiled over that man. He changes-he's almost anspeech; it was about the death of other human being."

"No, he isn't," answered Wentworth

lay awake nights staring out into the doggedly. "I want to show you that darkness, how the speech came throb- the psychological fellow was in the bing in my brain. I could never write, right. That was my first fall from though, as I declaimed it to myself in grace; but there was a second lesion. the still dormitory. I used to go out It was worse, worse even than-than into the woods and try to write. One what I did to you, Merry. I was out day I gave up. I sat huddled against in the Balkan mountains where the a stone wall which ran down the hill, blamed barbarian Turks go tearing at dividing a pasture from the forest. each other's throats once in so often. There was a tail pine over my head The world looked on, waiting for a and the crows were calling from the story of war. I had none to tell, nothing happened but a skirmish or two Enoch lifted his eyes and turned once in a while. There was nothing to meet the steady glance of the man a man could make into a story. It was a wretched campaign. Young Forsyth, of the Tribune, and I hung together through it for months, living like stray dogs, sick to death of our "It isn't an easy task to set the lob, and ready to throw it up at any stark-naked soul of man before anoth- moment. One morning at daybreak er's gaze, especially when it's a man's we were awakened by shooting. We own soul; but I've been over this, scrambled from the cave where we step by step, during these bedridden had slept and looked down into the days, and I'll feel better when it's out valley. We were in the very heart of a battle, and these savages were climbing over the rocks with their cutlasses flashing. They shrieked like maniacs, "Yes, sure." The reflective tone had the bullets went flying about our gone from Enoch's voice. It was em- heads. I crept back to the hole among phatic. "Out there in the sunshine." the rocks where we had spent the he continued. "I realized what defeat night. I couldn't see what was hapmeant. I knew my oration was mere- pening; I didn't want to see. Death ly a babble of senseless words; there shricks echoed all around and above was not a throb in it. Besides, I knew me. It was the most hellish din of that I could not make it better. Sud- battle I ever listened to. I had turned denly, on the quiet hillside, I heard coward. I lay there with every tooth in my head chattering. A nice confession for a man to make, eh?" asked

turned his eyes from Merry and stared Wentworth with a grim smile. out at the window. A trumpet vine Merry half rose then dropped back climbed over the back of the Waverly into his chair. "Hold on, Enoch, I swear you're not fit for this sort of thing! Your temperature will go up. then the nurse-"

"Damn the nurse. I'm fit enough; keep still. I want to finish my story. Forsyth, the intrepid young fool, went creeping along the face of the cliff. He had never seen a battle before. I called to him to lie low, but he never heeded me. Through a crevice in the rock I saw him stretch his head over plunge down and begin to write as if he were mad. Once I sneaked out and tried to drag him in beside me. He fought like a wildcat, so I went back to shelter. The bullets pinged on the rocks all around me. Suddenly I heard a low, gurgling, awful cry and somebody called my name in a hoarse shout. It was Forsyth. 1 crept out. He stood on a cliff above me, clutching at his throat, then he toppled and fell. He came plunging down over the rocks until he reached my feet. He was dead, stark dead, when I pulled him into the cave. His notebook was clutched so tight in his hand that I tore a corner from one page as I took it from his fingers. I buried him right

"After a little while the battle fizzled down to a stray shot or two. That night under the gleam of a sputtering little torch I read Forsyth's story. It was tremendous-perfectly tremendous-perfectly tremendous! It read like inspired stuff. I had never "What's the Use of Raking Up Old dreamed the fellow had such a vocabulary. And he lay there close beside me, asleep-under the damp, warm, soft earth. I had a fit of the horrors. I put out my light, stuffed the pages of writing in my pocket, then went doubling and twisting down those wild low voice, "you and I are friends, mountains, dodging the enemy's campcloser friends than we ever were. fires and their infernal bullets, until What's the use of raking up old mem | I reached the miserable little town in ories if they hurt. The story of somethe valley we two men had our thing you did when you were in swad- headquarters. I hurried to the telegraph office to send out Forsyth's story "It does count," answered Went- to the Tribune, with the news of his worth stolidly. "I tell you it does death. I was waiting to get the wire count. It is the only thing that ex- when somebody handed me a cable. plains what I did-when you called my I looked at it half-dazed. It came from bluff. I have lain here—I've had days my own paper, crazy because I had and nights with nothing to do but to sent them no story; they were hungry think and to analyze things. Why, as vultures for news, As soon as I old man, I haven't had a chance like | could get a wire I sent out Forsyth's this for years before. Let me tell you story."

my story; it's interesting even if it "Under his name?" asked Merry quietly.

"No." Enoch lifted his head, looked "I sat there in the shadow of the at his friend with guilt and shame in wall listening. It was young David his eyes, then he turned away. "No, Ross practising his oration. Dave I signed my own name to it. I sent came of what the niggers called 'po' it to my own paper. I wired the news white trash, but he had ambition and of Forsyth's death to the Tribune." Neither of the men spoke for some through school like a man. He had minutes. When Merry turned, Wentchosen the death of Caesar, as I had. worth lay staring at him with a pray-I crouched there, scarcely breathing; er for pity, comprehension, and for-

I was afraid he would hear me and giveness in his eyes. "I want you to understand one sat looking out over the valley I could | thing," pleaded the older man. "When see the Roman warrior while he stood | you called my bluff that morning and there in the Senate, down and out, I wrote that bond, I was innocent of hooted at and reviled, yet haughty and any thought of injury to you. I don't defiant, facing the enemies who had know what was in my mind. once been his friends. I began to nothing in the world but an idle fancy. sob, as a boy does in a shamed, husky, I told you so at the time. I did not choked fashion. Suddenly a thought dream that you could write a play. If came to me. I leaped over the wall anyone had told me you were capable and held before Dave a new twenty- of turning out 'The House of Esterdollar gold-piece father had given me brook I should have laughed at him. that morning. It bought his oration." Then that day, when you came and Wentworth paused as if in an em- read the manuscript-I had just given arrassment of shame. Merry watched up all hope, as I did with the oration on Caesar. I had been tolling for "I feel-even now-the reluctant years and years on a play. There grip with which Dave held on to those | was one—it had seemed to me like a sheets of blurred foolscap. I never great plot-but I had begun to realize

matic. It equaled in intensity the ingave a thought to what I had done. that labor does not mean everything. terest with which the most telling cli-Every moment for twenty-four hours You want inspiration, or gentus or art maxes of the play had been received. was needed to commit Dave's speech | -or something, and I didn't have it." The very air of the two men standing to memory. My father, proud and hap- Enoch paused, wrinkling his eyes as side by side in the center of the stage ure out how Wentworth, the Enoch gave me another twenty-dollar if in an attempt to remember some seemed to promise a sensation.

thing. "I was trying to think of something Ellen Torry wrote on the with a gesture which was strangely this?" back of a photograph she once gave dramatic for a man who was neither

"'When am I to be an actress? Well, Oswald remembered a day when he have." after fifteen years' labor, perhaps, La sat watching a prisoner at the bar. bor! Why, I thought it was all inspir- The man had been condemned to No, labor and art are the endation; inspiration-a result.

"Terry wasn't altogether right. Labor alone won't land the prize. You've proved that, Boy.

"I don't know," said Merry vaguely. "I do." The man's pale face flushed. When you dropped in on me, eager as a young victor for a laurel wreath, passed sentence on me that my years explanation. It is a confession." and years of toll meant nothing but waste paper. Then, suddenly, as temptation had clutched at me twice before fame-the fame that another man had labored for and-

"I understand," cried Merry. There was a thrill of compassion in his voice. Now, dear old man, let's forget it. The one thing I can never forget is that you have raked me from the depths more than once. I might have been worse than dead today if it hadn't been for you."

"You never descended to the depths

I did," said Wentworth abruptly. "Sin-my variety of it or yours-is nothing but the difference in a man's taste. His palate dictates what he will eat. There is a moral palate, and if you go on slaking your appetite, there's a weakening of the moral tissue. Isn't that what your psychologists call it? If it had not been for you, Enoch, I might have been worse than dead today." Merry uttered the last sentence in an undertone. "I have a feeling, though, that I can never go so low again, because-'

He sat silent for a minute. Wentworth's eyes were fixed upon him like an insistent question. "Because Enoch," he went on in a steady voice, because Dorcas has promised to be my wife.

"Oh!" cried Wentworth quickly Oh, thank God for that!"

CHAPTER XXVII.

Behind the Curtain.

It was a wet night in October. A line of carriages moved slowly over the shining asphalt to the door of the Gotham. Grant Oswald stood in a corner of the foyer watching the throng pour in.

"This beats your first night in London, doesn't it?" queried a newspaper man who stood beside him.

"Yes," acceded the Englishman. The first night or any other night." "Wentworth's escape from death was a great ad-if you look at it that way. He had a close call."

"Yes." Oswald spoke absently. That morning he had arrived from London. Although he was the least curious of men, he felt as if the people from whom he had parted four months ago were living in a different atmosphere. Before the ship docked he had discovered a group waiting to welcome him. Dorcas was there, her beautiful face glowing with happiness. He watched her untle a gray scarf from her hat and wave it. Merry stood beside her, but the girl's hand was clasped inside her brother's arm. Wentworth was wan and thin. Across his temple gleamed a wide red scar Merry lifted his hat when he caught sight of Oswald and the wind tossed down, almost into his eyes, the wavy lock of long fair bair which proclaimed his calling. Alice Volk stood in the group, with Julie jumping impatiently beside her. Little Robin clasped her hand, while he searched for the ship with his sightless eyes.

With a courteous "Good night" Os wald left the man and walked into the theater, where a gay, chattering crowd streamed past him. The throng was so dense that he was pushed into a corner. When the overture began he moved toward the rail and took his place among a group of men who had not been able to buy seats. He found Singleton, of the Times, at his elbow. "Hullo," said the young editor heart-

"I'm glad to see you back and glad you've come back to such a house. Why, it's one of the biggest 1 ever saw in New York. You fellows must be raking in the shekels."

"It does look that way," Oswald smiled. "I don't know how long it will hold out. The play has already

gone far beyond my expectations." "It ought to last through several seasons. Generally a drama that pulls at the heart strings has a clutch on the purse strings of the public. Besides, you've a great card in your Miss Wentworth, to say nothing of Merry. She's out of sight. Why, I've run in, I need not speak of his last great proof heaven knows how often, for that of his friendship for me, you all know doesn't seem as if the girl were act- acknowledge it in this public manner." ing-she lives the character from start to flaish. She is not playing 'Cor- as if in utter amazement when Merry delia. she is 'Cordelia.' I told you Oswald she is a wonder. I have been grew misty, and when the young actor following the drama as a critic for years, and one gets to be hardened, the emotions are not susceptible to to him as a man does when he can the appeals of the average player, but | not put love or gratitude into words. in this scene particularly Miss Wentworth grips me in a most wonderful way. She is so simple and sincere in human insight we call intuition, that her methods that one cannot realize another drama was being played bethat she is acting a part. She is fore their eyes; a life-and-blood drama,

"I believe you are right," acknowl-

edged Oswald. Before the third act began the house settled down to that silence which means intense anticipation, newspaper man stood at his elbow When the curtain fell, the applause rose to a deafening clamor. One play- his eyes. It passed quickly, however; er after another appeared to take an he was a trained newspaper man, all encore. Last of all came Dorcas. She his news instincts were aroused, he stood on the stage alone, smiling and | was on the track of a story. Here was bowing. Her face was radiantly hap- something he must get to the bottom applause began again. Wentworth ap- mediately on the alert for anything peared, leading Merry by the hand, that might give him a clew to start on. The face of the older man looked pal- His paper must have this big story, lid and the red scar cut lividly across it was big, he was sure of that. He his forehead. A stillness fell upon turned suddenly to the man at his the house. It seemed to Oswald as side. if the people waited intently for some There was a tenseness in the quiet

that prevailed in the audience that seemed to forecast something dra-

Enoch Wentworth raised his hand | ten it. wald quietly, "just as long as you an actor nor an orator. Like a flash

arm for mercy and sympathy. "Ladies and gentlemen." worth began, in a voice which was low, but so marvelously distinct that each syllable carried to the farthest seat in the house, "this is not a curtain speech-you have not called me beknew as surely as if a judge had fore the footlights tonight; it is an

Enoch paused as if mustering strength to go through an ordeal. He felt the curious scrutlny of a thouin my life, came a revenous desire for sand eyes. "It is a confession," he re part, and drop off the edge of the peated slowly, "a confession which has een long delayed-

He never finished his sentence. Merry stepped forward and laid his hand upon the man's arm with a cling-



Oswald Was Watching the Throngs Pour In.

ing grasp which was full of affection, even while it pushed Wentworth aside. "Allow me." Then he laughed. Good people, one and all, who have so long been friends of mine, this is you, Mr. Oswald. You're a good deal my confession, late in the day, as my friend Wentworth suggests, but it is We all need a jog on the elbow once mine. He was simply breaking the news to you that I wrote 'The House of Esterbrook."

He hesitated for a moment, then Enoch touched his arm as if in protest. Merry smiled and gently put him aside. A whisper of startled surprise ran through the house, followed | itself." by a moment of hush, then applause. It subsided slowly. During the tumult men and women who kept their eyes upon the stage saw Wentworth turn as if pleading vehemently. Merry answered with a few decisive words, then he stepped down to the footlights.

ladies and gentlemen," he began grave ly, "not to create a sensation or to further advertise the play, but each one of you must realize how the public distrusts a jack-of-all-trades. Many of you doubted the ability of a Merry Andrew to touch human emotion ever so lightly, and came that first night with eager curiosity to see him in the character of 'John Esterbrook.' How much more would you have hesitated if you had known that this same Merry Andrew was the author of the play? Hence the secret, to deceive you until an honest verdict had been rendered. Tonight I release my friend Enoch Wentworth from the role he has carried for ten months. I also wish, before you, to acknowledge a large indebtedness to him. For years he has been the truest friend a man ever had. He has believed in me, encouraged me, and to his untiring labor you are indebted for much of the perfect detail which has carried 'The House of Eastabrook' to success. He has helped me in the dark hours when success in my profession seemed to be something I could never achieve. When I have been dragged down by the devils of despair his was the hand that lifted me up and with kindly deeds and encouraging words has kept me striving for the place which at last seems to be not entirely out of reach. third act. I can't think of any big how he almost lost his life in saving actress who could get as much out me from almost certain death. Good of that situation as Dorcas Wentworth people, I owe much to Enoch Wentdoes. There are minutes when it worth, and it is a great pleasure to The audience saw Wentworth stare

began his confession. Then his eyes turned to him with an affectionate smile, he gripped the hand held out Across the footlights men and women realized vaguely, through the strange where the feelings of strong men were deeply stirred.

"Good Lord!" said Singleton

Oswald turned with a start as if he had been aroused from sleep. The with a look of blank astonishment in When the curtain dropped, the of. He scented a mystery and was im-

I can understand that Merry wrote worth for years, and I was never so staggered in my life as the first night when I saw 'The House of Esterbrook.' I went to the office afterwards to write my stuff and I sat for ten minutes-dumb, stupid-trying to fig- his arms as if they stood alone to Wentworth I knew, could have writ-

How long have you known "I have known it," answered Os-

"Then I'm right," cried Singleton. "I knew Merry was lying when he death; a moment later, with a stifled stood there on the stage giving us cry of terror, he stretched out his that bluff about Wentworth carrying the secret for him. Merry wrote it all right. I might have guessed it long ago. I say, do you know there's a devil of a big story back of all that?" Oswald's face grew stern.

"You see I know both of the men so well," went on Singleton eagerly. "Why, they were a regular David and Jonathan pair ever since I met them first. Enoch was forever setting Merry on his pins. The actor would go off, Heaven knows where, throw over a world. I don't believe he dissipated exactly; he simply tossed his money away and went downhill. Wentworth would hunt him up and drag him back where he belonged. He straightened up suddenly when he began to play 'John Esterbrook.' You can't even pull him into a poker game now. I guess I took the winnings at the last game he stood in for. That night I had a great mind to hand the money back to him. We said 'Good-by' about daylight. He looked pessimistic and glum. No, he wasn't glum either; Merry never gets glum. He had a down-and-cat, don't-give-a-damn ex pression that morning. I can see him yet. Suddenly he disappeared again When he came back Wentworth and he cut each other dead. That Paget woman affair began, then Wentworth saved Merry's life. Why, it's a tremendous story!"

Oswald turned abruptly. Something in his quiet gaze made Singleton shift his eyes with a start of guilt. "I wan to say a word to you," the Englishman's voice was stern, "and I want you to repeat what I say to every man in your fraternity. There may be a big story somewhere behind this-1 cannot tell. If there is, if an enmits or a misunderstanding did exist, if there was a wrong done, or if anything lies behind these two men which we do not comprehend, leave it to them They have buried it. Don't turn ghoul," he pleaded, "and dig it up simply to make a curious, heartless world buy your paper for a day or two. I am told there is a bond between newspaper men, like a warmhearted brotherhood. Wentworth belonged to that brotherhood; he does yet-remember that."

Singleton stretched out his hand with an impulsive gesture. "Thank of a man. I never knew you before. in a while. A newspaper man grows a buzzard when a story is in the air He forgets how the other fellow feels I'll pass the word around. I can promise you that not a man among us will do anything but take Merry's word for it. His confession is a big story in

"Thank you," said Oswald with a cordiality which few men had seen in the dignified Englishman. He stood talking with a group who

gathered about him at the close of the play, eager as Singleton had been to discuss Merry's dramatic confession when an usher interrupted them. "Mr. Oswald, you're wanted back of

the scenes," said the boy Under the white glare of electricity a little group stood on the half-dismantled stage. The people in the cast were there property men, the call boy, electricians, ushers, and the humblest employe of the house. The actors still wore their stage garb and make-up. Dorcas' hand was linked in her brother's arm. For a moment Oswald stood watching her. Her face was flushed, her eyes shone, she seemed transfigured by happiness.



Hand.

for you, Oswald, to round out our circle," he cried gally. "I had a Scotch grandmother. When she reached the western wilderness and built a home she made her husband carve over the chimney-piece: 'We're a' sibb tae ane aniether here.' Once, when I was a little boy, she explained it to me understood. The English language won't translate these words, but they mean that there's nobody here but the best of friends. Because we are a' sibb the ane anither here tonight i want to break a secret to you. It is a more wonderful secret than the news gave to the audience."

Merry looked about him with a puick, boyish smile. "I used to say I could not make a curtain speech to save my life. Tonight I feel as if I were blossoming out. I seem capable of speeches behind the curtain as well as in front. I suppose happiness makes the play, I've known Enoch Went an orator of a man." He laughed joyously. "But-to my secret. This dear lady, whom you all love and honor, has promised to be my wife."

He held out his hands to Dorcas and caught hers, then he drew her into some empty corner of the world.

THE END

Back to the Bible

Application of the Scriptures to the World Today as Seen by Eminent Men in Various Walks of Life ****************

(Copyright, 1914, by Joseph B. Bowles) AN ANCIENT LITERARY ERA DIS-

COVERED. (By MELVIN GROVE KYLE, D. D., LL. D., Egyptologist; Member Archne-ological Institute of America; Author of "The Deciding Voice of the Monuments in Biblical Criticism;" President Board

"The true man of science is also a man of faith. He, as well as the Christian believer, walks in the light of the evidence of many things unseen, and satisfies his mind with the substance of many things hoped for."-G. Freder-ick Wright, LL. D., F. G. S. A.

of Foreign Missions, United Presbyter-

She was a woman with a basket, probably not a prepossessing woman,

but who can say what a velled woman may be? The basket was a very ugly, dirty, misshapen basket. The woman's work was usually very dusty and disagreeable, but her basket with the dust as fertilizer over her beds of leeks and

onions and other things good to eat. How many of these tablets she had already pulverized and grown into onions, no one will ever know. This time a man saw her basket load and felt a curiosity about these queer little cakes of clay. He bought them all for a trifle and showed them to an Egyptian who bought and sold antiquities, and he bought them for another trifle. He could not imagine what they might be, but thought they surely were something. He went to an American friend, the Reverend Chauncy Murch. He saw at a glance that the mud cakes were tablets covered with the wedge-shaped writing of the Babylonians and Assyrians. He could not read the writing, but he knew that such tablets found in Egypt must be important and at once give information to the world of scholars. In a few weeks the enterprise of museum authorities, the cupidity of native antiquity dealers and even international jealousies were stirred up over these little bits of clay to an amazing degree. After some unseemly squabbling, in which some of the tablets were broken up by the natives in order to distribute their value around among themselves, the whole lot was divided for the most part between the British museum, the Berlin museum and the Cairo museum, with a few scattered elsewhere.

All this time no one had read the tablets, but expectation concerning them was not disappointed. Thus was brought to the world of Bible students the Tel-el-Amarna tablets, the most important discovery for the land of the Book since the beginning of archaeological research there. These tablets tell us more about the ancient political geography of Canaan than all other sources put together; they have made known to us that the old Canaanite language was in reality Hebrew, or the Hebrew, Canaanite; that the peasant speech of that day was practically identical with the peasant speech of the land now; that the official language of Canaan then was the Babylonian and the method of writing, the wedge-shaped writing called cuneiform; that, though Canaan was then a province of Egypt, so great was the Babylonian influence in the land that official correspondence with the Egyptian imperial government was in the Babylonian tongue and method of writing; that thus early, 150 years before the time of Moses, there was great literary advancement among even the people of Canaan, with a wide diffusion of education among all classes; and, last of all, that there was ruling at Jerusalem a line of kings with titles strangely like the title of Melchizedek, "without father and with-

Such was the discovery of the Telal-Amarna tablets. It was the opening of a door into another and much older ancient literary world in Bible

VERSE.

(By FLETCHER HOMAN, A. M., D. D., President of Willamette University, Sa-

"Peruse the works of our philosophers; with all their pomp of diction, how mean, how contemptible are they, compared with the Scriptures. Is it possible that a book at once so simple and sublime should be merely the work of man?"-Jean Jacques Rousseau famous French agnostic philosopher.

Each man individually, and men collectively, need great breadth of purpose. Some men have within them the desire for all around glimpses of knowledge. The world especially needs ary, a book of familiar quotations and such men this day, for humanity is be- an encyclopedia. Said he was expectcoming one industrially, one socially, ing his daughter home from the boardand will ultimately become one relig. I ing school.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

fously. The education of our day recogmizes these existing conditions and seeks every aid to bring the race into

No one book has had such a dominating influence in this direction as the Bible. When many million volumes of a single book are published every year and scattered over the wide world, it must be because of the tremendous influence and power that the book possesses. The Bible has a worldwide vision. The God of the universe and the God of infinite power, the God of eternity, the God of infinite love and wisdom, the God who "so loved the world," is the God of the Bible.

No man can read this great book without getting these visions and purposes that are there inwrought with not only world activity, but universal and eternal activity. This in itself compels men to think big thoughts, form big ideas, generate universal

ideals applicable to all humanity. The inspirational power of thinking that ranges through the universe is one of the finest educational influences that can possibly come into the lives of men. No man of intellectual ability or of wide sympathy or great force in any line can read the Bible without being enriched, broadened, awakened to the meaning of life.

The Bible arouses a man not only to think about his personal life, but kindles with enlivening power his appreciation of his relation to society. The thoughtful reader of the Bible receives lessons in integrity, in legislation and government, in industrial betterment, in social service of the highest order, in sacrifices for the elevation of social institutions.

Service is the keynote of the Scriptures. In the twentieth century it is this time she filled likewise the keynote of education. It is impossible for the educated man to some clean, hard, get an understanding of the finest flat cakes of dried ideals in connection with social servmud and went ice and governmental purity without away to her village a careful study of the ideals of the to beat them into Bible. Consequently, no education is dust and scatter complete without the Scriptures.

> EDUCATION IN GREAT PRINCI-PLES.

> By CHARLES F. THWING, LL. D., President of Western Reserve Univer-sity, Cleveland.)

"The Bible is better worth reading twenty times than any other book is worth reading once."—Albert S. Cook, Ph. D., LL. D., professor of English language and literature, Yale Univer-

The college seeks to train men in the great principles, intellectual and moral. It does not



yers, or doctors, or clergymen, or editors, or architects, or manufacturers. It does seek to create and to discipline powers of intellect, of will, of conscience, which may be applied in and adjusted to whatever special calling the student may finally select. It is not a professional school. It is a

seek to make law-

preparation for a professional school. It is both life

and a preparation for life. But there are two things which, among and above all others, the college does emphasize: The student is, first, to be able to reason, and, second, he is to be clean and honest in char-

acter. The Bible is likewise concerned with principles. It calls no man to a particular form of service. It lays down no arbitrary standards of holiness. It numbers among its disciples humble folk, dwelling in the obscure alleys of small provincial towns, as well as the great ones found in the capital cities. But the Bible does demand that to whatever form of service one is devoted he shall bear thinking and thoughtfulness, a sense of faithfulness and a good will. Whatever else one may have, or whatever one may lack, these offerings and forces are absolutely essential.

That these great intellectual and moral principles shall be applied in and fitted to every task and condition, personal and public, is the demand of both the Bible and of modern education. (Copyright, 1914, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

Warm-Weather Story Returning from a fishing trip at night, Alexander McCarey, who lives in a Connersville suburb, saw two white figures moving across a grassy common. He halted, thinking of ghost stories half forgotten, and dropped behind a clump of willow. The figures. moved nearer. McCarey peeped from his hiding place and saw two girls, clad in garments which, he says, were thinner than the thinnest mist. They sat on a little mound of stones, within ten feet of him and discussed the heat THINKING THROUGH THE UNI. of the night, which was uncommonly high.

McCarey listened and watched, being, he said, quite unable to get away. Presently one of the damsels remarked: "Say, Dora, what if some man would come along here and

catch us!" "Oh, gee! I never thought of that," exclaimed the other. McCarey saw a flutter of white toward a big, dark bungalow a hundred yards away, and realized that the nymphs were gone.

Vacation Time Coming.

Met a man going down the street the other day with a French diction-

She-"A proverb says that fruit is gold in the morning and lead at night, naries. About 500 years ago a Spanmeaning that it's bad for one in the ish sea captain brought from the evening, I supposa." He-"That's Canary islands some insignificant litright! Look at the trouble Adam got tie greenish birds which were called into by eating an apple after Eve."- | canary birds, and from these have Boston Transcript.

He only is a great man who can neglect the applause of the multitude. and enjoy himself independent of its

Domesticated Canaries. There are 12 distinct breeds of ca-

been evolved the 12 species or varie; ties of canaries known to the breeder

An artist should be fit for the best society and keep out of it-Ruskin-