grasp the handle of a kitchen knife as was out enough to brighten up his face a soldier grasps his sword; who dress and his steady eyes looking out over a goose with the solemn air of a priest the priaries saw nothing of light or examining the sacred entrails, beat- darkness or earth. He was thinking. ing an omelette with the majesty of And he had every reason to think; Xerxes beating the sea; who turn gray for Anton's brother had gone to see under their inevitable cotton caps and the girl who was to have been Anton's would like in dying to grasp the handle wife. of a frying pan as the people of India so they say, grasp the tail of a cow.

There are no more of these men. was a good simple woman, but still, as through his wrinkled red skin. She is good as she was, not quite daft about younger. She rocks back and forth it (as folks say sometimes) but in a forth very gently lest the rocking move way spirited. Yes, indeed, she found too much the book she reads. Her sometimes in her heart the way of say- voice is low and tells by the graveness ing passionate, touching things that how much of its old sweetness has been Monsieur de Voltaire himself, the great lost. But he does not know that the man of his time, might never have sweetness is gone. He listens without found under his wig.

It was in the first year class in Scotch Covenanters. French.

was small and the class was large, old man lifts his hand to hide his eyes. The aisles were filled with chairs and Then for a long time the reading is up in front were a row of chairs around kept up. But there comes a break in the professor's desk. In the most con- the voice. The old man has both hands spicuous place sat a girl with red hair, before his eyes now. such bright red hair that half the class The reader stops short for a moment, when they recited fixed their eyes on gazing intently at the blurred pages her in the hope, perhaps, that the hairs before her. She has finished the death brilliancy might throw some light on of the Covenanter's son. their puzzled brains.

pronounced the day's vocabulary, a from the high minaret of the mosque. list of adjectives and a list of nouns. Three times to the north the call went class had already had the phrases for forth and to the east and to the south "it is" and "I have." Today the pro- and to the west. Shrill and high it fessor asked the translation of the va- sounded piercing the quivering heated rious combinations of these phrases air and penetrating the shops of a seller with nouns and adjectives. All went of sweetcakes down in a by-street. well till it came to the turn of the red- Before the shop a dignitary knelt to haired girl. The teacher read off the pray. But within the shop the keeper French and then a name from the card stood erect, his turban pressed low on the top of the pile.

translated:

white horse."

and said their prayers. When they were not again except his heart prayed too. young they had read these same pray- His old habit would be hard to break; ers, the prayers for the first Sunday in men would curse him-after all-but Lent, out of their prayer-books. They nohad given the pretty leather bound So he stood in his narrow shop while books to each other on their wedding men outside knelt down. The muscles day. Now the leather binding was of his face jerked painfully, he gritted worn by much handling. Their chil- his teeth and clenched his hands-but dren had used them and their grand- he stood erect. children.

books. So many times they had read ing some sort of concert. Sometimes all these on Sunday evenings that the would stand up and sing, sometimes words came easily to their lips. The four, sometimes two and sometimes fire burned cheerfully in the little one. Towards the last the alto sang a stove; the mantle clock ticked peace- solo. She was evidently a western fully; and the old man and woman sat girl for she made all her "a" sounds near the table, she rocking quietly with flat. The soprano had been imported her hands folded in her lap, he leaning direct from the east so she no doubt forwards with his elbows on his knees. heard the flat "a's" with some con-He did not seem to notice that he lag- tempt. But she smiled when the alto ged a little in reciting; she would wait finished and said something that must for him at the end of each sentence have been complimentary for the alto and they could begin together again.

They sit together, old, shut out from the real action of the world. His hair As for Martha, the fruit-seller, she is white and the veins show blue thinking of the voice. The story is There are still a few of such women. strong-an old pathetic tale of the

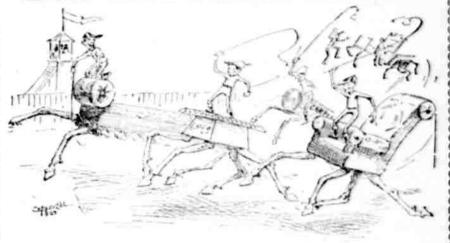
The voice of the reader goes gently The class was crowded, for the room on. The rocking stops and slowly the

The recitation began. First they The call to noonday prayers rang out

over his forhead. Long ago he had lost The red-haired girl smiled a little and his belief in Allah and the prophets But he had prayed whenever the call "I have a white horse; it is a very had rang out from the mosque. He was old now and it would be hard to stand against his friends. But he They sat in the twilight, these two, would kneel no more towards Mecca.

But now they had no need of prayer- It was at church. The choir was givwent through the pantomime of a

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So they said their prayers, mindful "thank you." of the words and of each other.

Anton Christianson sat on the doorstep of the little sod house where he and his brother lived together. Anton had washed the supper dishes alone tonight for Carl had gone down to the village. ly by herself. But there had not been many dishes, · just for two, and Anton could have the whole evening to think. So an hour ago he had brought out his violin and his pipe and had seated himself by the with spirit. door.

pipe in his mouth had gone out long trilled it and came down on a triumphago. The rustle of the cottonwood ant slide. leaves in the tree by the door, the grunting of the pigs behind the house, phrase, the shouts of the neighbors as they drove their cattle in, hardly touched back in their places contentedly. Anton at all. The last light of the sun

Then the two rose to give a duet: "He shall lead them like a shepherd and shall carry them in his arms." They began together and went smoothly through the first clause Their voices rose and blended and sank. Then the alto started out brave-

'And cairy them-"

The soprano interrupted,-

"Ahnd cahrry them.

The alto was obstinate

"Aand cairy them," she answered

The soprano broke in before the last word was well out of the alto's mouth. Now his violin lay on his knee; the This time she held the offending word.

The alto was quieted.

She came in meekly on the last

"In his arms," they sang, and sat

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