

the utter foolishness of raising daughters with no sense of responsibility.

Most of the girls of the middle-well-to-do class expend all their wits in wheedling money for this or that out of father, brother or husband.

The stores tempt them and they buy on credit, trusting to luck to be able to pay. Is it any wonder that when such a girl is thrown on her own responsibility she is often not strong enough to resist and that she takes the easiest way?

I'm going to have a long talk with Mollie, and as soon as I feel well enough acquainted with Dick's father I am going to ask him to give Mollie a settled income.

Anyway, I have made a good friend of Mollie and I am very happy over it, for she is going to be a great comfort to me when Dick's away.

(To Be Continued Monday.)

### THE SOUL'S TEMPLE

By Berton Braley.

(Being the Creed of the True Athlete.)

My body is the temple of my soul  
And therefore I shall keep it clean  
and fair,

Joying in sunshine and the sweet  
keen air

And all the sports which keep it hale  
and whole.

My strength and vigor never shall  
pay toll

To drugs or drink whichever  
spread a snare.

Yet shall I always leap to do or  
dare

In service of mankind in any role.

My body is the house wherein I live  
A goodly house and worthy of my  
care,

Each bone and sinew, every cell  
and nerve,

If such an edifice God chose to give  
It is not mine to ruin or tear,

But only for man's destiny—to  
Serve!

## Lord Dallyrot in Slangland



At a public reception, old chap, I was pleased to survey a dazzling display of uniforms. Not being aware that the blooming Yankees were addicted to this sort of thing, you know, I inquired of a stranger who the distinguished chap in the most brilliant uniform might be: And thusly he explained:

"That nobby duck with the row-boat kelly and the gold lamp-shades on his shoulders is the boss of a fleet of U. S. battlewagons. He's heavy-weight champion scrapper on the briny. Any time he climbs up on the windeck of his little old steel dread-nix, the band plays, the sailors do a hornpipe rag, the crazy quilts wig-wag, the big drink foams and the 18-inch hic jacet bassoons swing around, ready to blow the bed out of the ocean. Come on and the smash-'em-all kind."

My word!