

directly, but the results, the effects materialized."

"You surprise and interest me," murmured Professor Woods.

"I went back to my old ways, as you know," narrated Tyler, "but it availed me nothing, for I caught a severe cold where the operation had not healed up. I lay in hiding and misery for a year. That dear woman," and he motioned to Doris, "worked for me, slaved for me through one helpless year. Then we came west, and then—I saw the true light and I am a changed man."

"It is a wonderful, a glorious word to report!" said Professor Woods with deep feeling. "The secret of your great transition—"

"Was love, such love and devotion that came as a blessing," and Tyler cast a fond glance at the smiling little woman advancing toward them. "Yes, it was love—love, and the baby!"

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BANANA PIE

Beat the yolk of two eggs with one-half cup of sugar until light and foamy. Peel and mash two bananas, beat into sugar and egg mixture. Add tiny pinch of salt. Add two cups of milk and turn into pie pan lined with rich pie crust. Bake in hot oven until custard is set. When ready to serve cover with meringue made of whites of two eggs beaten stiff. Add three tablespoons of powdered sugar. Spread on top and brown.

Banana Pie No. 2.

Line a pie pan with a rich pie crust. Bake and set aside to slightly cool. Just when ready to serve fill with sliced bananas. Sift lightly with pulverized sugar. Cover top with sweetened whipped cream and serve at once.

"I don't know what I should have done if it hadn't been for you!" exclaimed a discharged prisoner to his lawyer. "You'd have done time!" was the reply.

"FLEEING MAN FEARS TO TAKE BABY'S PHOTO WITH HIM"



"Baby" Sixty.

Fort Smith, Ark., Jan. 21.—"If he had only taken the baby's picture with him, if he had only followed his first impulses, the good in his heart would have overcome his sudden temptation. He would have come back home voluntarily and made good."

Fondling a crumpled, dusty picture of a dear little eight-months-old baby in her shaking hands, the girl wife of Clayton M. Sixty poured out this pathetic faith tale, after being told that her husband was missing, and that \$9,305 entrusted to his keeping had also disappeared.

Mrs. Sixty had just picked the crumpled photograph of their little babe from off the floor. She believes her husband jerked the picture from the family album with the intention of taking it on his flight.

He (in a rage)—That man is the biggest fool in the world. His Wife (comfortingly)—Henry, Henry, you are forgetting yourself!