

# FINE FEATHERS

Novelized from Eugene Walter's Drama by the same name  
By WEBSTER DENISON  
ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS OF SCENES  
FROM THE PLAY  
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### SYNOPSIS.

Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds move into their new bungalow—two down, balance same as rent—on Staten Island. Dick Meade, newspaper man, cynic, socialist, takes dinner and spends the night. The Reynolds seem comfortable in their home, but with a hint of loneliness. Dick warns Bob against John Brand's old school-mate, now a member of "the system," who is expected to call. Brand, who has \$40,000 to use his position as chemist with the United Construction company to cheat the specifications for cement work on the Pecos River dam. Jane overheard, asks Bob to accept. His refusal, in the face of their poverty, chills her. Brand writes Jane into a conspiracy to make Bob "earn" the \$40,000. He takes her for an auto ride and they are seen by Dick. She receives \$100 "conspirator's money" by mail from Brand, and in the sudden change from adoring economies and unpaid bills to real ready money loses all sense of true moral values. The clandestine auto rides continue. Jane tries in vain to influence Bob to accept Brand's offer. Dick goes to see Brand with some vague idea of making him cease his rides with Jane. Brand insults Dick, who knocks him down. Mrs. Collins, becoming suspicious of Jane's new "fine feathers," objects to further chaparraling of Brand and Jane. Dick arrives unusually early on his regular Wednesday visit. On the heels of Bob who arrives unexpectedly, come Mrs. Collins, arrayed for a ride, and Brand, with his auto. The four actors are together on a stage set for tragedy. Jane explains the conspiracy.

### CHAPTER XVI—Continued.

Quite sadly and quietly he turned to her as he had before, but it was a graver question now. He realized that and he knew that his answer would be a momentous one.

"Jane," he said, "if I have failed—failed to give you what you wanted; failed to give you what you hoped for; failed as a husband and a man, I am sorry. I am sorry, but that is all I can say. If you want more; more than money can buy and want to buy it with the kind of money that Brand offers, you must look elsewhere. It cannot come from me. What you have said of yourself is largely true. But it was all part of the agreement. I told you you would have to go through it. All of it. We both knew that."

"Yes," she answered, "until the chance came for you to help yourself. You know that you believed and that I believed that some day the chance would come, and when it came, you discarded it."

"But not that kind of a chance," he said softly. "That was not what I was expecting or looking for. I never wanted to be a thief, Jane, and I have told you I won't be one now. I know the temptation and though it grieves me to see you blinded to it, it is not merely my opinion against yours that makes me firm. I am thinking of you, too. I know if I take this money all the love will be driven out of our hearts, and this home, such as it is, that we have struggled for, will be gone."

"But we can find a better one," she said. "No, Jane," he persisted firmly, but hopefully. "I won't be a better one. It won't be home at all. That word doesn't signify four walls and a roof, no matter how much magnificence may be within them. Home is here where we have made it. Home is in our hearts and if we destroy the purity of it and our respect for each other, home is nowhere. That doesn't mean, though, that we are doomed forever to this particular spot. I will work on. If a man is capable and honest and knows his duty and does it, nothing can stop him. It is only a little wait."

Wait! That was the word she would not brook. The lure of ready money, the luxury of it, had trapped Jane firmly in its meshes. The little taste she had had was just enough to make her crave it, as a little water drives a thirst-famished man to a maddening quest for more.

"Only a little wait. Only a little wait!" She drew the words out in a wearisome monotone, and then exclaimed: "Why, soon I'll be like Mrs. Collins with paint on my face and my hands in gloves to hide the seams in them, and wanting some liquid balm to drown the sordidness of it all. Now if it were necessary, Bob, I'd be willing to live like Mrs. Collins, dowdy and dirty, but it isn't. You can't take this chance of escape from me. You can't and you won't. That's final."

She turned and crossed quickly to her room. Reynolds stood as if dumb-stricken, watching the door through which she had gone. In a moment she came out, dressed in coat and hat.

"You're going out?" her husband inquired in a surprised tone. "Why, Jane, if you want anything at the store let me go for you."

"I don't want anything at the store, Bob, and I'm going farther than that. I'm going to New York. But not to Brand," she added. "There was no more between Brand and me than between you and your employer and I guess my job's about ended there, as the partnership is here."

"You mean you're leaving your husband and your home? Why, you must be mad, Jane. I won't let you."

"By what right can you stop me?" she inquired coolly.

"Just by the right of our love," he answered, stepping quickly to her side and putting an arm about her. "I can't let you go that way, Jane. That's my end of the partnership."

She drew away from his embrace, not angrily, but with determination. "Bob," she said gently, "I love you. You know I do. But I'm not going to be weak enough to let you dominate me and make this fatal mistake. When partners can't agree there is but one solution and now our partnership is dissolved." She looked up at the cuckoo clock that had told off so many happy hours and, of late, so many sad and wearisome hours in the little bungalow. As she looked it began to strike, a dismal, lonesome note, as if the cuckoo had lost its mate and was calling in a hopeless way from its little prison.

"Four o'clock," she said. "I'll be let me see—where will I be? I don't know New York very well. Yes, I'll be at the Astor library at six. If you

come for me, then I'll know that I am really a partner and everything will be all right. If you don't, I'm going into business for myself; not a partnership, Bob, for I love you. But I'll see, if you let me go alone, which part-nership was right?"

She stood looking at him beseechingly, stifling back the tears that clamored for release. But he made no answer and she swept them back.

Pride; foolish pride and will against will. There was another witness to this tragedy, but it was not Dick. He had slipped away. There was present that silent, cynical figure who laughs unheard and scoffs unseen when man and woman stand stubbornly at the parting of the ways.

"Jane," said her husband sadly, "if you feel you have to go, good-by; but you are casting love and happiness out of your life, and tempting fate. Please don't."

That was not what she wanted. She wanted the pressure of a strong man's arm and lips; the compelling force and mastery, not of reason, but of love. A step or two, the right word, and the flood of tears would have swept Brand and his satanic shadow from the Reynolds' hearthstone forever. But this step was left unspoken; the word unspoken.

Jane passed out alone.

### CHAPTER XVII.

#### Playing the Game.

Young Mrs. Reynolds lounges before a log fire in the Reynolds' new home. A cheery fire that casts bright rays about a scene of comfort and ease. Something of the joy of living seems to have come into the life of the Reynolds. Why not? For Bob has taken a hand and is playing in the game. Their house is in the fashionable north shore suburb, not far from the Brands. Less pretentious than their benefactors', for Bob is a pupil and Brand a past master of the system's ways. But a year has passed and, judging from appearances, young Reynolds is doing very well. By the light from a handsome electric lamp he is perusing the market page of an evening paper.

"Bob, dear," his wife reminded him, "you must dress. The Brands will be here any minute in their car."

He had laid down the paper and looked at her.

"Always their car," he answered, petulantly. "What's the matter with ours?"

"Nothing, dear, but you know the limousine is better. The nights are getting cold. Besides, if we sit in their box, why shouldn't we go over with them?"

"Sure, why not? Brand's box, Brand's car, Brand's money. Why not?"

Mrs. Reynolds lifted some folds of silk and lace and got up. She put a bare soft arm around her husband's neck and caressed his cheek.

"Why, honey, you're almost cross to-night. What's the matter, did you have a bad day?"

"Oh, not particularly, but why can't we leave the Brands out of it once in a while? It's Brand this and Brand that till it gets on my nerves."

"Well, dear," she replied, "we'll have a little party all our own tomorrow night, but when we go to the opera

"No, Jane," he persisted firmly, but hopefully. "I won't be a better one. It won't be home at all. That word doesn't signify four walls and a roof, no matter how much magnificence may be within them. Home is here where we have made it. Home is in our hearts and if we destroy the purity of it and our respect for each other, home is nowhere. That doesn't mean, though, that we are doomed forever to this particular spot. I will work on. If a man is capable and honest and knows his duty and does it, nothing can stop him. It is only a little wait."

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"Frieda," he ordered, "bring some brandy and ice."

It was the same but a transformed Frieda. Flaxen braids are curled and crimped, the gingham apron is no more. Dress, black and tight fitting with a low cut "V." Short enough to show silk stockings and a pair of pretty pumps. And no more the starchy shuffler, or the "yessum" and "yessir." She moves softly like a human automaton and brings Bob's liquor without a word.

"I don't like to see you drink like that before going out," said Jane. "I'm not lecturing, but it seems to me that you're getting pretty liberal with your brandies. Wouldn't afterwards do?"

"Nonsense," he answered. "Any man who sits through an opera is entitled to a stimulant, both afterwards and before."

"You don't mean that, Bob. You like opera as much as I, but you won't admit it."

"Do I?" he said. "Well, maybe, I do. Sometimes I have a hard time telling just what I do like these days."

He poured out his liquor and stood up, holding the glass aloft.

"Jane," he said impulsively, "I'll give you a toast. Here's to Dick!"

She started at the name and her look conveyed all the surprise she did not express.

"Yes, Dick," he repeated. "Don't you ever think of him?"

"Why, yes—I don't know, Bob. What made you think of him? We haven't seen him for a year."

"I know it, Jane. Not since that night on the island. That's one of the things we didn't keep—Dick's friendship. I haven't seen him in person, but I've seen him in my dreams; day dreams and night."

"Well, I'm sure he could find us if he wanted to. He can't blame us if he's broken off the friendship."

"No, he can't blame us," Reynolds answered, "and I don't believe we can blame him."

He sat down and poured another brandy. Just before he had taken it they heard Brand's car approaching. Jane pulled at his sleeve.

"Now, you see," she said, "they're here and you're not dressed. Hurry, won't you, dear?"

Jane hurried to the door herself. Formalities were not necessary with the Brands. In fact the millionaire, for his part, seemed rather inclined to discourage them.

"Hello," he said cordially, as he followed his wife into the big reception hall, "where's Bob?"

"He's here," Jane answered. "I couldn't get him started dressing, but he'll be right down."

Brand looked toward the table and the bottle in its silver casing.

"Oh, I see," he said. "A little bracer before the show, eh? Bob's going too strong to that stuff, Jane. You'd better check him a bit."

"I think so, too," she agreed, "but I don't want to dictate. He seems so nervous of late and sometimes almost queer."

"I know, but that isn't any good for the nerves, or the nerve, either. Check him up a bit. I tell you he's hurting himself and injuring his chances. I hear he lost quite a lot in the street today. Oh, nothing serious," he added quickly, as Jane looked up in alarm. "But I don't like to see a man carrying a handicap. The race is hard enough as it is. I like a drop of wine with my dinner or after the show, but I let it go at that. Bob's a hard worker and a hard player and if he's going to drink he'll be a hard drinker. He can't do anything by halves."

"Why don't you speak to him about it?" Jane asked.

"I did, but he cut me off as I knew he would. Bob wants my tips on the market, but that's about all the advice he requires from me nowadays."

Mrs. Brand stood patiently by wondering if anyone was going to take any notice of her. She wished Bob would hurry for she had never found that his propensity for brandy affected his gallantry. To her way of thinking young

Reynolds was an ideal husband. Not quite so imposing or important as her own, perhaps, but so attentive and thoughtful. Bob usually made himself very agreeable to Mrs. Brand. Sometimes he seemed extremely so. But, of course, that was only as it should be. It was his way with women and if he seemed especially gracious to the wife of the man who had done so much for him, it was only natural.

Mrs. Brand, surveying Jane's new opera gown, spoke in tones of apparent sincerity.

"How beautiful you look tonight, my dear."

"Do you like it?" Jane inquired. "I'm so glad, because I had it made over four times, and I'm almost satisfied myself now."

Jane put her arm around her neighbor's waist. She looked saucily at Brand.

"Your wife never lets me forget that she is five years my junior," she said. "But it's the sweet of her just the same."

And with this strictly feminine paradox the exchange of civilities ceased. They heard Bob's step on the stairs. He shook hands with both.

"Awfully sorry to have kept you waiting," he said, "but with two such charming ladies I guess we won't mind entering a little late, eh, Brand?"

"They look good to me," the millionaire agreed. "Let's go."

Mrs. Brand, as Jane had said, five years her junior. Just how this fact ever came to be openly established is one of those mysteries that must go unsolved. Of course the one never referred to it and the other never forgot it. But it existed and it served as a sort of balance wheel to their respective attractions. For Jane was of a type to which a few years one way or the other neither add nor detract from beauty. If the discrepancy had been the other way it might have been noticeable. Mrs. Brand was a blonde and a beautiful one. She was nearly as tall as Jane and slightly more robust. Blue eyed and fair skinned, with cheeks that drew their color from a perfect constitution, not from the embellishing touch of rouge. No lady's maid in all New York had an easier task than Mrs. Brand's and no modiste's art was better rewarded than hers. In the clubs where it was common talk that Brand's patronizing hand had raised Reynolds out of obscurity, this striking beauty of the millionaire's wife served as a sort of antidote to gossip. At least, men urged, it was a toss-up, and if Reynolds lost he was a fool. From point of eye they were a wonderful pair and in that respect their husbands were not far behind them. At the opera or among the first nighters there wasn't a quartette in the city that attracted more attention. Brand was fairly popular in the clubs, although he spent but little time in them. Reynolds, the newcomer, was more so. He was a natural mixer and, whether he felt it or not, he maintained a cordial attitude toward new friends that made him welcome. Time did not press on Bob, either. He had declined Brand's offer to go into the mill on the street. Brand had made good as a prognosticator. Money did make money. From the time Bob buried his conscience and hurried over to New York after his wife and went from her to Brand, he had had no cause to complain. Forty thousand dollars was a good grub stake and with Brand's assistance he had doubled it.

Only one thing worried Reynolds. His wife's mania for money was insatiable.

"Jane," he had told her a few weeks ago, "we've got a fortune. Do you realize it? Eighty thousand dollars. Eighty thousand dollars and a fifteen thousand dollar home. Let's quit and go away. With the rent from this place we'd have an income of seven or eight thousand and we could run all over the world on that. You know how we used to hope and plan for the day when we could see something of other places. Not London and Paris and Berlin, but something really different. I'd like to go down into Africa and India after some of that big game. Why, I never shot anything in my life larger than a rabbit and I'd rather kill a lion than get all the money in the subtrees. Come on, what do you say? You love the outdoor life and we'll have the time of our lives."

But Jane demurred.

"Let's wait a little while, Bob. We've only just begun. Look what Brand's got and he isn't hunting lions."

"No," he said resignedly, "he isn't hunting them and he couldn't hit one if he did. You got me into Brand's class to some extent, but you'll never make him my model of a man. I can cross his bridges but I've got some of my own that make him stop and look. He found that out at school."

He wasn't boasting. There was more of sadness than arrogance in his tone, but Jane noticed it; she held her peace. It was from that day that the bottle with the silver casing needed much refilling in the Reynolds' home.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



Not on the Menu.

Prospects of a good meal were not bright, but the fly-blown eating-house was the only thing of its kind in the neighborhood, so Johnson had no choice but to enter and try his luck. Entering the dingy dining room, he seated himself at a table covered by a stained cloth. A depressed waiter sauntered in eventually, and nearly fainted on beholding a customer.

"Have you any cold pie?" queried Johnson. "Er-no, sir!" "Any chicken?" "Er-no, sir!" "Well, I suppose I can have some beef, can't I?" "Er-no, sir!" "What on earth have you got in the house, then?" "Er—the

Latest Engine of Warfare.

A terrible weapon of warfare has been invented. In the British Naval Annual for 1914, just published, there is a description of a contrivance that might almost be described as devilish. It is of the Leon torpedome, which has now been acquired and is being

manufactured by a British firm. This engine is so constructed that it can be set to hover between any depths below the surface that may be desired. When placed in the water it has a slight negative buoyancy, and sinks until automatically a propeller is brought into action which drives it upwards again. It can be used in the open sea by any type of ship, or, in the case of tidal harbors, it could be released by a vessel outside so as to make its way with the tide into the anchorage, and perhaps destroy shipping there. A touch on the deadly steel "whiskers" which project from its upper surface, and the enemy would be sent to the bottom.

Land Measures.

One acre contains 160 square rods, 4,840 square yards, 43,560 square feet. The side of a square must measure, as follows to contain: Ten acres, 660 feet; one acre, 208.71; half acre, 147.85; third acre, 120.50; fourth acre, 104.38; eighth acre, 73.79.

## Dr. Marden's Uplift Talks

By ORISON SWETT MARDEN.

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### PREACH THE DOCTRINE OF CHEERFULNESS.

Smile once in a while, it will make your heart seem lighter. Life's a mirror—if we smile, smiles come back to greet us; if we're frowning all the while, frowns forever meet us.

Mr. Paul Poirot, the well-known Frenchman who visited our shores last fall, carried away some not very flattering impressions of our people and country—says we do not know how to laugh, or at least must be "made" to laugh. With the French laughter is the expression of a gay heart, while with the American humor is appealed to through the intelligence.

Even in our sports we are serious, says M. Poirot. "Those who take part in them do it as soberly and as intently as if it were an act of business. And the spectators! They might be watching a man being tried for his life. They could hardly look more concerned if they were."

Many people give us the impression that the famed Damaocletian sword of pain, suspended by a thread, hangs over them constantly, ready to fall and pierce them at any moment, even in their joys and pleasures. They never seem to enjoy anything without alloy. They give you the impression that they are conscious of the skeleton's presence at every feast.

The American people as a rule take life much too seriously. They do not have half enough fun. Europeans look on our care-worn, solemn-faced people as on pieces of machinery run at forced speed and which squeak for lack of oil.

"I question if care and doubt ever wrote their names so legibly on the faces of any other population," says Emerson. "Old age begins in the nursery."

Why take life so seriously, anyway? A lot of play will not only improve your health, but increase your efficiency wonderfully.

If a man is living in a perfectly normal way he ought not to have, as so many have, a haunted, hounded look, as though he suspected either a policeman or a detective were on his track. He ought not to be worried and anxious every minute. He ought not to take his vocation so very seriously, and should not give the impression that the whole universe is hanging upon the result of his task.

A great many men fall because they are too serious; because they develop unsocial, morose, cold qualities, which repel and which make them poor mixers. It is the sunny, happy nature which attracts friends and trade. The too serious people seem to say, "Keep away from me, life is too serious a matter to be spent on trivial things." They are dry and rutty because there is not enough play in their lives to furnish the necessary lubrication, variety, or change.

Not long ago I heard a young clergyman preach a sermon which was so very serious, and so very gloomy, that it made everybody in the congregation feel melancholy and depressed. There was no uplift, no encouragement, nothing to stimulate one to greatest endeavor. People did not go out of the church, as they should have gone, relieved to try a little harder than ever before, to do something worth while; but the whole congregation went away with a gloomy look on their faces.

There had been nothing inspiring in the clergyman's appearance. His face was so serious and his whole manner so depressing that it was really painful to listen to him.

People have burdens enough of their own to bear, and do not want anybody to inject dark, doleful pictures in their minds. They go to church for uplift, encouragement. They want to rid themselves of the enemies of their happiness and prosperity. Thousands of people who now remain away from church would gladly go if they could come away feeling uplifted, encouraged, and with increased hopefulness.

"He that cannot laugh and be gay should look to himself," wrote Henry Ward Beecher. "He should fast and pray until his face breaks forth into light."

### TRAGEDIES CAUSED BY THE TONGUE.

They had "heard rumors and become frightened." This was the only reason the panic-stricken depositors would give for their mad rush on the bank for savings in New York a few days ago.

The silly gossip of a servant, it was thought, started the rumor that the bank was in difficulties. Although its president stated that the deposits were ninety-seven million dollars, nearly eleven millions of a surplus, and that the largest banks in New York had offered to come to the rescue with fifty million dollars if necessary, yet thousands of men and women crowded one another in their frantic haste to get their money out of one of the soundest institutions in the country.

The whole fabric of the business world hangs upon confidence. Our vast credit system depends absolutely upon it. Anything which throws the slightest suspicion upon it causes disaster. Nothing else is so sensitive as confidence. And there is nothing

Moonlight.

One of the most beautiful phases of moonlight is that it not only shines upon us with the light of the sun, but also, with its crescent shape when it is "new," reflects back to us the light of earth, a faint, wondrous illumination of the otherwise dark part, which has been called "the old moon in the arms of the new." That is called "earthshine," and comparatively few who witness the advent of a "new moon" understand the source of the phenomenon, a very dreamlike ema-

ing quite so malignant in its power to destroy it, to blast everything it touches, as rumor, the baseless gossip of idle or malicious people.

Sometimes the least breath of suspicion will seriously injure a man's credit which it has taken a lifetime to build up. It has often made havoc of a woman's reputation.

One of the cruelest things that a human being can do is to peddle gossip, to pass along slander, or even a true story which tends to injure another, or to put him in an unfavorable light. It is fatally easy to say things which will cause lifelong wounds, and many people are so careless with their tongues!

Only a short time ago a woman in Brooklyn was driven to suicide by the gossip of her neighbors. They told her that her husband was paying attention to other women; and although he assured her that he was doing nothing of the kind the gossips succeeded in making her so jealous that she poisoned herself.

I know people who would never forgive themselves for striking another with their hands, but who do not hesitate to stab an absent person in the back with an unkind, uncharitable, cruel remark, or to spread a bit of slander which may have disastrous effects on the victim.

Some years ago this headline appeared in a New York daily: "Georgia Cayvan Dies on a Sanatorium Cot! Falsehood Ended Her Career." Miss Cayvan was an actress. She began her career by reading selections from Shakespeare to customers in her mother's "candy store" in Bath, Me. Later she graduated from the School of Oratory in the Boston university and attracted the attention of Daniel Frohman, who brought her to New York. In a short time she became a star, and one of the most popular actresses in New York city.

Her beauty, brilliancy, vivacity and remarkable talent made her such a favorite that those envious of her began to reflect upon her character. A scandal was started which so preyed upon Miss Cayvan's sensitive mind that she fell into melancholy and never returned to the stage. Although it was proved that the actress was in Europe at the time of the scandal in this country with which her name was falsely connected, and notwithstanding the fact that her character received a sweeping vindication, yet the wagging tongues continued to peddle the scandalous gossip until her melancholy developed into paresis, and finally put her beyond medical aid.

There are thousands of people in the great failure army today who might have been a success but for the gossips. The unkind criticisms of companions or neighbors, the scandals calculated by the thoughtless or evil-minded unnerve them. They lost heart when even those they thought were friends stabbed them in the back and they gave up the struggle.

We probably have all of us come to points in our careers when it would not have taken very much to have discouraged us and turned us the other way. Who can ever estimate the number of failures, the life-wrecks, that have been caused by gossips? How many people have been driven to suicide by cruel slander? How many people have become disheartened and have laid down their burdens and given up the struggle because their sensitive natures could not stand the strain of misrepresentation?

There is no meaner, more cowardly or contemptible thing than to take advantage of another's absence to discuss his shortcomings, and to peddle idle gossip and slander about him.

I believe the time will come when the person who says unkind, cruel things about another in his absence, will be ostracized as an enemy of the race, will be despised as a traitor to everything that constitutes real friendship and true manliness or womanliness. There is no more despicable habit than the gossip habit. The people who indulge in it little realize that they are exhibiting their own defects; that they are showing themselves up in the most unfavorable light possible. Everybody who knows them knows that he may be the next victim.

### The Fresh Air Cure.

Plenty of fresh, pure air is an essential part of a patient's treatment. Pure air is just as important and necessary for good health as are pure food and pure water.

Fresh air and sunlight are the cheapest and best agents for the recovery of an ill person.

Let fresh air and sunlight enter your sick rooms, through open windows as much as possible.

Expose the bed clothing to the open air and sunshine for some time each day.

Sleep with the bedroom windows open, says nurse. The old superstition that night air is unhealthy even for an invalid is entirely false. On the contrary, night air, especially in large cities, is purer and better than day air, because it contains less dust and fewer microbes.

To get the best ventilation have the window open at both top and bottom.

### Why He Preferred the Moon.

Two negroes got into a discussion concerning the relative values of the moon and the sun to the world. After listening to the advocate of the sun the other proceeded to demolish his argument with the following logic: "De sun am all right, but de moon am 'diffe two ob it; de moon shines in de night when we needs it, but de sun done shine only in de day when we got light enough without it."

dating from our globe, and suggesting how grand might be that earthshine to lovers and others on the moon if there were such.

### Annoyed at "Joke."