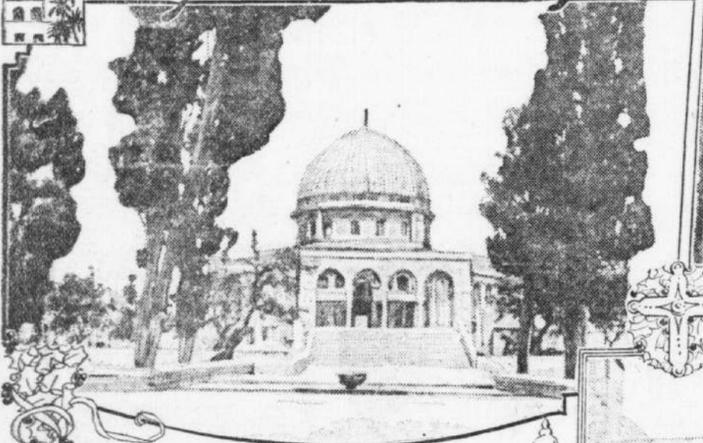


# The Shrine of Three Faiths



The Dome of the Rock Photos by American Colony Jerusalem

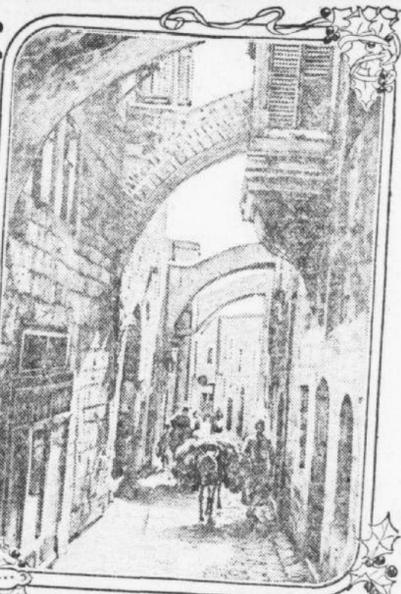
SINCE the great war, Christian, Jew and Mohammedan have been awaiting anxiously the solution of the vexatious questions incidental to the restoration of peace in Palestine, the land which is a holy land to men of three faiths. In Jerusalem, especially, the adherents of the three great religions meet as at a common shrine. That ancient city has furnished a setting for much of the sacred history and legend of each.

Going up to the Holy City for devotional or other purposes was once fraught with grave difficulties. In the middle ages the expression "a pilgrimage to God's sepulcher" became proverbial to indicate the desperate character of any perilous journey. Since then things have changed for the better, writes J. F. Schetema in Asia. The modern pilgrim to Jerusalem takes a steamer to Jaffa and, on landing there, has himself and baggage conveyed to the railway station in time for the daily passenger train. When under way, it requires some imagination—especially if one is a member of a specially conducted tourist party, piloted to the Holy Land on a return ticket, including accommodation and often inaptly over-zealous attendance—to realize that one traverses the plain of Sharon and the Valley of Rephaim; that the stopping places, Akir and Sarit are Ekron (Judges 1, 18, e. a.) and Zorah, where Samson was born (Judges 13, 24), with Samson's cavern further down the line; that one is a pilgrim in the land where David slew the Philistines with a great slaughter, where Joshua and Judas Maccabees and Saladin and Richard of the Lion Heart fought their famous battles.

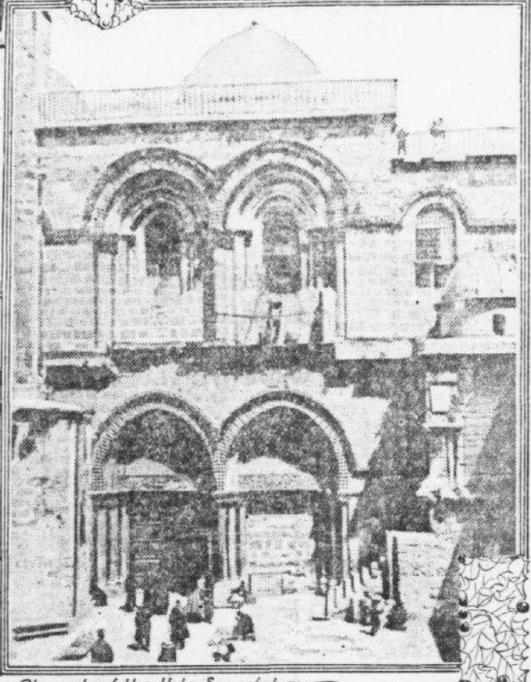
Not a nook or corner in old Jerusalem but has a legend of some kind attached to it. Indeed, the whole of Palestine is rich in legendary lore. Saints of three religions and no particular religion at all, are invoked throughout its length and breadth. There is, for instance, al-Khudr, the evergreen one, the prolonger of life and portal to the fountain of youth near the confluence of two seas, believed to be the Euxine and Aegean, whose waters mingle in the Propontis—a tradition which implies that Ponce de Leon sought the rejuvenating spring in the wrong place. On the eastern bank of the Jordan the exact spot is shown where the Antichrist will make his last stand and, exiled from the Holy City, will afflict the faithful assembled on the western bank. But then the Angel Gabriel will hasten to their rescue and hurl three stones at the arch-enemy, the first in the name of the God of Abraham, the second in the name of the God of Isaac, the third in the name of the God of Jacob. And, fleeing, the impostor will be slain at the Bir az-Zayban, the quicksilver well.

Of the Christian sanctuaries the Church of the Nativity at Bethlehem and the Church of the Holy Sepulcher are the most important. The so-called Cave of the Sepulcher was revealed to the Empress Helena when she dug for and found the Holy Cross. Some five centuries later, the keys of the basilica, built over the sacred spot to replace a Roman temple dedicated to Venus, were sent by Harun-al-Raschid to Charlemagne as a token of friendship and esteem. Again, two centuries later, a less tolerant Fatimid Caliph, Hakim bi amr Allah, ordered its destruction "so that its earth should become his heaven," for, reports William of Tyre, the devil had spread calumnies concerning the servants of the true religion.

In 1149, when new additions to the Church of the Holy Sepulcher were consecrated, the ceremony was attended by King Louis VII of France and his queen, Eleanor, who, two years earlier, had left their royal domain to take part in the second crusade. As their majesties walked in at the head of their gorgeously arrayed cortege, composed of the flower of French chivalry, and were met by the Patriarch and the officiating clergy, a spectral figure stepped forth from a dark, vaulted passage. His sunken cheeks and emaciated limbs were like those of a resurrected corpse; with glaring eyes and wild gestures, it began to reproach the queen with her criminal amours and generally scandalous conduct. Swords were drawn to stop those insulting remarks, but fell back into their scabbards when the outspoken stranger was recognized as the illustrious lady's father, William, count of Poitou and duke of Aquitaine, or, rather, as his ghost, for he had died in 1137 as a hermit near the shrine of St. James of Compostella, where he was doing penance for his own sins. Vanishing as unaccountably as he had appeared, he is supposed to have returned to his grave in Spain after fulfilling his mission, which interrupted the brilliant function in such a painful way. Some time afterward, on the pretext of kinship, King Louis obtained a divorce from his erratic spouse. And the "Rose of Aquitaine" resuming the bonds of matrimony in second nuptials with Henry Plantagenet, be-



Via Dolorosa



Church of the Holy Sepulcher

came queen of England as she had been of France.

Many tales are told of the ghosts domiciliated in the vicinage of the Holy Sepulcher; in particular, of the disembodied spirits of the high personages buried there. Among them are Godfrey of Bouillon and his brother Baldwin, with whom a certain Brother John, for long years a fixture of the church, was reputed to hold regular converse. Haunting the receptacles of their mortal remains, he was heard talking with shadows and receiving answer in supernatural voices.

Brother John made himself useful, too, in a more positive fashion. Going the rounds in the garb of a Franciscan friar—for, though belonging to a reigning house, he had renounced the world and its vanities—he removed the coats of arms and the inscribed tablets left behind by vainglorious pilgrims to bear witness that they actually had been there, as modern tourists deface things of beauty or sanctify with their uninteresting names. Brother John averred that his voluntary task was sanctioned by a permit from both the pope and the emperor. After his death the Turkish authorities continued to police the shrine, exercising a strict supervision over the worshippers of all denominations that flocked to the scene of his whilom labors, for it was God's decree, proclaimed a divine of the fourteenth century, that the Holy Sepulcher should belong to the infidels until the Christians were altogether slain.

Though as yet that desideratum has not been attained, the Holy Sepulcher, with the other holy places of the Holy Land, is once more in Christian hands. From the Jewish and Mohammedan points of view the Holy of Holies in Jerusalem is the inclosed space where Solomon's temple stood on the site now occupied by the Dome of the Rock and the Jam' el-Aqsa or Distant House of Prayer, on the mount of Abraham's and David's sacrifices. With its latticed screens of ebony, its brocaded curtains, its stained glass and mosaics in their somewhat faded glory, the Dome of the Rock stands in the solitude of the sacred precinct like one of those palaces hewn of a single opal or turquoise we read of in oriental fairy tales.

Approaching it, the Moslem pilgrim has to observe a strict ceremonial. As he enters he puts his right foot forward, begging pardon for his sins and invoking God's mercy. Walking round the Rock, he must keep it on his right hand, reversing the process followed when making the circuit of the Kaaba at Mecca. Before proceeding to the cave underneath, he must probe his heart and strive for humility of spirit, uttering the prayer of Solomon: "O God, forgive those that have sinned and relieve the injured."

### Mary's Prayer Niche.

Not far away is a small building which contains a recess revered as Mary's prayer niche, where the Virgin Mother is supposed to have sat devoutly rocking the cradle of her infant son. Here the Moslem pilgrim recites the chapter of the Koran entitled Miriam, because it gives an account of several circumstances relating to the most pious and obedient of the four perfect women.

Close to the so-called Women's Mosque, a side entrance to paradise opens in the Well of the Leaf. This was discovered, during the Caliphate of Omar, by a man of the Banu Tamim who, climb-

ing down in it to get back a bucket he had dropped, noticed a door which led him into a wondrous garden, where he picked a leaf. No one of his acquaintances to whom he showed it had ever seen its like and, since it did not wither, all agreed that it must be of celestial origin, a hypothesis absolutely incontrovertible because the secret door could not be found again. It had disappeared as completely as the entrance to the tomb of the Kings of Judah, accidentally lighted upon, as Benjamin of Tudela informs us, by stone masons and carpenters employed in shoring the foundations of the temples and palaces that successively rose and were razed on the site of Melchizedek's hill fortress.

The northern part of the sacred inclosure is occupied by the Jam' el-Aqsa, or Distant House of Prayer, with its superb pulpit, one of the finest pieces of woodwork extant. It was carved by a celebrated sculptor of Aleppo at the charge of Sultan Nuraddin, and was placed in its present position by Sultan Saladin when, after his capture of Jerusalem, the Christian church became a Mohammedan mosque. This event could not occur, of course, without being duly announced by signs and wonders. In numerous churches of Europe the crucifixes shed tears of blood and a monk of Argentuil saw the moon descend to earth with weeping countenance. Truly, the city reverted again to the Christians by the treaty of February 18, 1229, concluded between Saladin's nephew Malik al-Kamil and the Emperor Frederick II, but after the departure of that brilliant, if unscrupulous, monarch, the Kharezmians wandered West and prepared the way for Turkish rule of the holy places.

The Distant House of Prayer—in popular parlance the Palace of Solomon—was assigned to the protection of the aristocratic brotherhood instituted in 1118 to protect pilgrims to the holy places and to fight the battles of Christianity. Since the edifice was situated in the temple grounds, the members of that brotherhood became known as Knights Templars. The order ceased to exist in 1314 when its grand master, Jacques de Molay, was burned at the stake. With his last breath he summoned the two puissant enemies who had compassed his fall, to follow and face him before God's tribunal, as they did—King Philip the Fair of France within three, and Pope Clement V within twelve months. The same year, 1314, brought the revival of another brotherhood closely associated with the history of Palestine—the Knights Hospitallers, originally the Brothers of St. John. It was founded just before the first crusade by a certain Gerald of Amalfi, on the lines of an earlier order, the members of which served as ministrants to the comfort of lepers and pilgrims in distress, under the patronage of St. Lazarus. This order of the Hospital of St. John at Jerusalem, to write out its full name, later known as the Order of the Knights of Rhodes and as the Order of the Knights of Malta, is still very much alive in some of its offshoots. In the East it counts descendants of the Sultan Saladin among its pensioners, and also in the West it takes an active part in relief work. During the great war, it supported at Elapies, between Boulogne and Montreuil, a large hut hospital, where many of those wounded in the German drives toward Amiens and the channel ports, and in General Foch's decisive counter-offensive, were cared for.

There were a husband and wife who had many quarrels. But a woman never is a fair antagonist, because she always weeps during every quarrel in order to win her point. The other night she brought home—as a bargain at greatly increased prices—a new pale mauve hat, which she proudly exhibited to her husband. He did not like it, and proceeded to say so. "Why, it looks queer, even to the dog," he ended. "Look how he's barking at it! He thinks it's a squirrel in a tree!" "Do you call me a tree?" she cried, and then began to cry. "I shall go home to mother! I suppose you're going to say next that I'm either a larch or an ugly old oak tree!" "No," he smiled blandly. "I should think a weeping willow would be a more appropriate name."

## STARTS HIM ON NEW TACK

Mr. Billtops Reconsiders Subject After Gentle Reminder From His Very Much Better Half.

"Till midnight the young man stays sometimes," said Mr. Billtops, "and as I sit with Mrs. Billtops waiting I wonder if he will ever go. Ten or half past is as late as I think he ought to stay, and I have devised many plans to start him about that hour; but to everything I suggest Mrs. Billtops snidily says no, and so I sit and fret and fume and get more and more nervous."

"Is this a new custom? I say to Mrs. B., something that has come in with the many new-fangled ways of the present day?"

"Is it a new custom?" says the smiling Mrs. Billtops. "Why, it is a custom as old as time. Don't you remember how late you used to stay when you came calling on me?"

"And really it was quite a shock to me, that reminder; for I will admit that I was myself a frightfully late stayer."

"But did her father ever come in with a large club at about 10:30 and say to me that he thought now was about time for me to go? Never! In fact, he was always very kind to me, as I now gratefully remember; but now here was I getting all wrought up because a young man stayed late in my house."

"Grown older, I had come to have fixed and settled habits, and I like to see the whole household ordered in like manner and keeping regular and early hours. But I was reminded now that youth looks at things from a different point of view; youth takes little note of time; to youth clocks are of no interest."

"So, thinking back, and as I see here the smiling face of the blessed Mrs. Billtops, I wait with a somewhat better grace for the young man to go."

### Killing Weeds With Paper.

The apparent success of the Eckart process in cultivating sugar cane has been the subject of much discussion, according to the Tech Engineering News, since experiments on large areas have indicated that the cost of growing the cane can be reduced from 50 to 70 per cent and the crop increased by ten tons an acre, which is equivalent to one ton of raw sugar. After the field has been planted it is covered with a peculiar asphalt paper that will withstand six weeks of weather and that at the same time is soft enough to allow the sharp growing points of the sugar cane to break through. The cane grows more vigorously and the weed seeds sprout at once, but the weeds are quickly blighted and withered by the black covering. The paper is made by cooking pulp for 12 hours with lime under pressure and then after a few days running it out on the paper machine and treating it with asphalt.—Youth's Companion.

### Appropriate Name.

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"No," he smiled blandly. "I should think a weeping willow would be a more appropriate name."

### On to Battle.

In a small town upstate there was not one person who knew how to play the organ at the church. At last a girl who could play just a few and very few hymns at that, came to the town.

One day the preacher asked the organist: "Can you play a wedding march for a wedding tomorrow?"

The organist replied: "I am very sorry, but I do not know one note of a wedding march."

The preacher knew that they must have some kind of music for the wedding, so he said: "Play the nearest thing to a wedding march that you know."

As the bride and bridegroom came down the aisle, "Onward Christian Soldiers" was the tune that rolled forth from the organ.—Indianapolis News.

### Investors! Get Busy on These!

A writer in Science and Invention (New York) asks under the headline "What to Invent," the following questions:

There is not a single satisfactory "laundry marker" for hosiery on the market—why not invent a good one and make a small fortune?

What the American housewife needs by all means is a cheap and efficient dish washing machine. One driven by a water motor from the spigot is suggested.

Why doesn't some genius give us a public soda fountain which will dispense bottles of soft drinks after a coin has been deposited?

### A Touch of Witchery.

Witchery is always a mystifying game to play. One of the players leaves the room, agreeing to tell who of the company holds his right hand high over the head while he is out of the room. When he returns all hands are extended to him and he can detect at a glance the hand he seeks, because the blood has left it, leaving it whiter than the others.—Exchange.

### Disappearing Native Race.

Native Hawaiians are facing extinction, and if the present ratio of births and deaths is maintained the remaining life of the race will be only about 75 years. At present there are approximately 25,000 natives of pure blood on the islands, and reports for past years show their number to be rapidly decreasing.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

## CONDENSED CLASSICS

### TESS OF THE D'URBERVILLES

By THOMAS HARDY

Condensation by Miss Ruth McCall, Winchester, Mass.



Thomas Hardy has been reviled by critics and public as a pessimist, determined to look upon the dark side of life. Careful reading reveals him dispassionately true to the realities of life. He depicts with matchless skill the struggle of human beings against fate—the fate of an inner weakness or a cruel and inescapable circumstance. He paints these struggles with a background of nature which is beautiful or sinister, gentle or ugly, but is always inevitable and organic. Yet his own "solitary, brooding, strongly colored mind" dominates his most famous novel, "Tess." It is at once the most tragically pitiful of his books, and, if deeply read, the most hopeful, for the sorrows of Tess are due to stupidities in our civilization which may be done away with.

"GOOD morning, Sir John." The bewilderment of a dusty, threadbare peddler thus addressed was speedily converted into a majestic pride upon learning that he, John Durbeyfield of Marlott was actually a lineal descendant of the noble family of D'Urberville.

And no sooner had Joan, his handsome, shallow-minded wife, the easy-going mother of his many children, heard of her exalted estate, than her romantic soul began secretly to devise a brilliant and fitting alliance for her beautiful young daughter. To which end Tess was artfully prevailed upon to seek work in a wealthy upstart family of the same illustrious name.

And so the innocent child, whose single-minded desire was to mend the broken fortunes of her family, became poultry keeper for the blind woman of spurious title and ultimate prey for her son, a dissolute wretch, young Alec D'Urberville. After a while back to Marlott came the disillusioned girl, where she lived in a gray seclusion until her weakened little baby's death.

But after several bitter years of heart searching, Tess determined to leave home again—this time to be dairymaid at Talbothays, a large, fertile farm in the valley of the Great Dairies. And here, too, was a young man, the youngest son of a stern and zealous divine of the old school, Angel Clare had sadly disappointed his father, first by non-conformist views and then by sincere scruples against taking orders. So now, in process of becoming gentleman farmer, he was specializing at various farms. Cultured, idealistic, sympathetic, he seemed to Tess a demigod, and though she had sworn herself to celibacy, the enforced proximity ripened into intimacy and drifted into love. Together they went afield in the wondrous dewy dawns and the warm summer afternoons found them making butter and cheese in the cool, white dairy house. The birds sang for them and for them the stars shone and the whole verdant valley teeming with richness and incense, gave up its odorous vapors.

Tess' specter loomed but vaguely now, until love's honest declaration brought her to poignant realization of her situation in this man-made world. But all withdrawals were overcome by Clare's gentle insistence; all attempts at revelation were lightly thwarted. Finally, within a week of the wedding day which she had reluctantly set, her resolution took shape in writing—a four-page confession is breathlessly thrust under his door. Ironically concealed under the carpet it lies until Tess, with a sudden late intuition of her wedding morn discovers its hiding place and tears it up. In a lumbering old relic of coach days (synonym of an ancient D'Urberville legend of crime) Tess and Angel are carried to church, and upon their final departure a white cock crows thrice. "An afternoon crowd" and the dairy folk shake their heads at the evil omen.

To the old farmhouse—a derelict of an ancient D'Urberville mansion—in ready range of a model mill, Clare, with a sense of the practical and the romantic, takes his lovely bride. From the pannelled wall outside her door, two old D'Urberville portraits gleam evilly and Clare and Tess shiver as they trace a subtle likeness to her own in the malignant yet noble features. Before the glowing fire the adoring bridegroom, his wife's hand clasped in his, tells the story of his one aberration, of his 48 hours' dissipation with a Scarlet Woman, and confidently craves her pardon, which Tess is only too delighted to grant; and, with the first real gleam of hope, unfolds her own sad story.

The wanton action of a man of maturity—the deceived innocence of an ignorant child! And yet, the man cannot forgive the woman. All the rigid rule of his forbears, all the domination of an unjust social order grip him. Angel Clare, the prophet of emancipation, no longer exists. For several days they lead a formal, isolated existence. Tess, whose sole wish is to please her idol, acquiesces in his attitude, and after a first wild outburst at the injustice, does nothing to exonerate herself, and her one chance for reinstatement is blighted by the mocking witness of the vindictive portraits. No chaste-minded, uneducated peasant maid she, but the address of a decadent stock! A separation, temporarily at least, is decided upon, and while Clare ranges afar, Tess again creeps home. Joan, after the first bitter reproaches for the mad disobedience of her repeated injunctions of secrecy, treats the affair with her usual fatalistic lightheartedness; but the harsh words of the father in a drunken moment of excessive ancestral pride causes a dignified departure with the conciliatory donation of half her means of subsistence and the intimation that she is rejoining her husband.

Determined, however, to make no appeal to Clare's family, Tess easily finds summer employment among the farms; but with the coming of winter and too lavish contributions to her family's support, privation stares her in the face. Day after day she wanders on until at length on the high, chilly furlands, in a great drab field of desolation, she finds the meanest, most arduous of tasks rendered tenfold difficult by a chilling hor of an employer in all the rancor of an ancient grudge against her. In the stinging rain and the chilling snow she toils unceasingly, uncomplainingly. Living wholly in the hope of her husband's return. Songs that he loved she practices; the sweet, gay notes contrasting sadly with her tragic lips and great, sorrowing eyes. At length, distraught by the continued silence, she bravely decides to seek news of him from his parents, and walks the long, tremulous miles to Emminster vicarage. Of rare spiritual as well as physical endowments, she would have undoubtedly received a welcome at the hands of the benevolent old clergyman and his wife, but an empty house reverberates to her knocking, and while she unobtrusively awaits their return from church, she overhears a wry conversation between Angel's two exemplary brothers that sends her homeward with reeled heart.

The voice of a "ranter" triumphantly consigning a barnful of rustics to eternal damnation caused Tess to pause for a moment in a doorway, and there on a platform of corn bags, in sanctimonious side whisks and semicircular black, stood Alec D'Urberville. Animalism had yielded to fanaticism, and the bold, roving eye now gleamed with a ferocious righteousness. As she passed down the lane he came after her, imploring forgiveness and offering redemption. Repulse after repulse failed to deter Alec, who persisted day by day, at first with a marriage license and holy words and then his former passion uncontrolably revived by Tess' compelling beauty, his new-found religion dropped from him like a cloak, the convert disappeared and all the arts of man and devil were employed to ensnare the girl. And poor, hopeless Tess, grinding on under a benumbing strain, was in more danger than her scorn of the man could realize. Finally her father's death, resulting in the eviction of her family from their home, precipitated Tess' doom, and as a last desperate preparation to her helpless mother and sisters, she yields, with a fatalistic calm, to the inevitable.

### Things Mend.

Every line of history inspires a confidence that we shall not go far wrong; that things mend. That is the moral of all we learn, that it warrants hope, the prolific mother of reforms. Our part is plainly not to throw ourselves across the track, to block improvement and sit till we are stone blind to watch the uprise of successive mornings and to conspire with the new works of new days.—Emerson.

cannot forgive the woman. All the rigid rule of his forbears, all the domination of an unjust social order grip him. Angel Clare, the prophet of emancipation, no longer exists. For several days they lead a formal, isolated existence. Tess, whose sole wish is to please her idol, acquiesces in his attitude, and after a first wild outburst at the injustice, does nothing to exonerate herself, and her one chance for reinstatement is blighted by the mocking witness of the vindictive portraits. No chaste-minded, uneducated peasant maid she, but the address of a decadent stock! A separation, temporarily at least, is decided upon, and while Clare ranges afar, Tess again creeps home. Joan, after the first bitter reproaches for the mad disobedience of her repeated injunctions of secrecy, treats the affair with her usual fatalistic lightheartedness; but the harsh words of the father in a drunken moment of excessive ancestral pride causes a dignified departure with the conciliatory donation of half her means of subsistence and the intimation that she is rejoining her husband.

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To Sandborne, a gay watering place, a melancholy specter of a man, wasted by illness and regret, comes in search of his lost bride, and in a fashionable boarding house Clare finds Tess and learns the agonizing truth. Just beyond the town she overtook him, her eyes wild and trancelike, her whole body as if bereft of soul and will. "I have killed him. . . he taunted me. . . he called you by a foul name. . . I owed it to you and I owed it to myself. . . It came to me as a shining light that I should get you back that way."

With a final realization of the immensity of her love and the piteous plight it had brought upon her, Clare held out tender, protecting arms, and together they wandered through the untrodden ways like two children—the world and its tribulation quite forgot. For five days they continued this idyllic state and on the sixth night Tess half jestingly, claimed sanctuary among the conspicuous ruins of the ancient pagan temple to the sun at Stonehenge. With the dawn came the guardians of the law, looming dark against the silver horizon. In a grim, inexorable circle they waited until the sun's level rays, relentlessly reminiscent of a bygone sacrificial day, fell full upon another victim, and Tess, deserted by the gods, awoke. Quietly she faced her captors. "I am ready," she said.

Eight metallic strokes silver the morning air and from a nearby hill a stricken figure rivers involuntary eyes on the flagstaff of a sullen cage of a building. For Angel the prison where Tess is confined has at this fatal hour a deadly and significant fascination. Slowly, silently, a black square creeps up the pole and flutters chill against the morning sky.

Tess, more sinned against than sinning, has paid the great penalty. Copyright, 1919, by the Post Publishing Co. (The Boston Post). Copyright in the United Kingdom, the Dominion, its Colonies and dependencies, under the copyright act, by the Post Publishing Co., Boston, Mass., U. S. A. All rights reserved. Printed by permission of, and arrangement with Harper & Sons, authorized publishers.

### Why Dance Party is "Ball."

Ball play in church by the dean and choir boys of Naples was a curious old custom during the "Feast of Fools" at Easter. The boys danced around the dean singing an antiphon. The dean had a ball which he threw to them, and they caught it while dancing. Later at private dancing parties the dancers threw a ball to each other as, to the sound of their own voices, they whirled around in sets. The pastime consisted in loosening hands in time to catch the ball.

## RATHER NEATLY SUMMED UP

Old Uncle Cy Reynolds Proved Himself a Master of the Art of Kindly Criticism.

"Ever notice how hard it is to get a criticism of a book out of the people round here?" asked the judge of the author as they sat together in an old up-country barn. "Yet, if you bring it out of them, they're masters of the

most refreshing shades of appreciation."

"The author said he did not doubt it, but that he always shied at talking shop in summer."

"For some time," continued the judge, "I've been sending Uncle Cy Reynolds the works of one of the best-advertised American novelists. I've asked him whether he liked the

stories, and he'd smile and nod and say he was 'much obliged' for 'em. Then he'd have urgent business elsewhere."

"Yesterday I said to him, 'Well, Uncle Cy, which are Blank's best books?'"

"Who knows?" he replied.

"You must have an opinion, I persisted."

"Wal, then," said he, "I sh'd say sometimes they're good and sometimes they ain't so good, and sometimes they're—wal, I do' know."

The author's laugh rang in with the

Judge's "Never was mediocrity more neatly summed up!" he said.—Youth's Companion.

### Childish Tasks Important.

"Men are but children of a larger growth." In the home the child should have certain regular tasks to perform and should be taught that he must attend to them conscientiously. The care of pets, plants, flowers and of younger children, the responsibility of performing certain household duties develops strength of character.—Exchange.