



BY CHANNING POLLOCK

ILLUSTRATED BY R.W. SATTERFIELD

BEGIN HERE TODAY
Clare, Jewish in love with the Rev. Daniel Gilchrist, married Jerry Goodkind for his money. Daniel is dismissed from the fashionable Church of the Living Word. Jerry, a good man and his radical sermons, Gilchrist is sent to the coal mines by Goodkind, senior and wires that a big strike is settled. A man is sent to interview the president and director. They are received in Jerry's home, first Stedman, then Umanski and Umanski. They do not meet with much success. Umanski is dissatisfied with Umanski. Clare is angry because her dinner party is interrupted by Jerry's business meeting.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

MEAN that is where was working. She's at her sisters' now-up at Pittsburgh. Left the day before I was elected to come up here. I sent her a telegram.

"You don't say so," said Goodkind, then turned to Jerry with, "Anything the matter, Jerry, that bell?"

"The man's busy, I suppose," said Jerry. "I'll show them out."

The elder Goodkind shook hands graciously with Stedman and Hen-

drum.

Clare looked up appealingly.

"Maybe we'd like a little heart and soul," she said, taking his own words.

"You're not crying?" he said, leaning over her. She looked up through tear-blurred eyes and nodded sheepishly. "My God," he said. "Can you beat it?"

She rose and walked to a mirror.

"I'll be down in a minute," she said.

"Tell Riggs—will you—if any one comes, I'll be talking to Jerry." He followed her and put a hand on her shoulder. "And—buck up. There are people worse off than we are—and it's a great life if you don't weaken."

Clare stood before a mirror a moment, first brushing aside the intrusive tears, then covering their red wake with powder. It was a reflection over her shoulder in the glass that she saw the door open and Daniel Gilchrist came in.

CHAPTER XI
Opening Old Wounds

Clare stood a moment, surveying the man in reflection as she had done a thousand times. Her heart since last they had faced in dramatic tensely in a darkened church room. He did not see her. He stood there, a meek figure. Indeed.

Suddenly Clare turned. Gilchrist looked up in surprise, then, a bit doubtful, bowed and made a movement toward the door.

"Oh, come in," she said in bold invitation. "I'm just powdering my nose. Does that offend you reverence?"

"On the contrary," he said with a smile, "I agree with the man who said, 'Put your trust in God, but keep your powder dry.'"

They laughed and with the laughter the wall that was between them crumbled and vanished.

"When did you get in?" Clare asked, quietly.

"Half an hour ago."

"Had dinner?"

"On the train. I was starved." He smiled again. "Thank goodness, they don't charge for dinner by the mile. Riggs said your father-in-law was in here."

"He'll be up in a moment—won't you sit down? We haven't had five minutes together since—"

"Since—" he started. But the wall had risen again, and there was an awkward pause.

It was Clare who broke the momentary silence, a silence she dared not face because it brought memories, as all silences do.

"I understand you're very happy in your new—profession," she said.

"Yes," he answered.

"You've got—everything—you want?" she pursued haltingly.

"No, I haven't everything I want," he said frankly. "But I'm happy."

"My father-in-law says that if you settle this strike you're to be—" She put her hand to her mouth in a gesture of self-reproach. "—but that's a business secret." She paused. "I suppose I might tell you, though. He says it'll make you a big man in the company—with a tremendous salary. You mustn't give that away."

"The secret?" asked Daniel, smiling.

"The salary," said Clare. "I suppose you've got over that." He smiled. "So—you don't really seem to have lost anything by giving up your church."

"No," he said thoughtfully. "Queer as it seems, sometimes I think I've gained—in opportunity."

Clare looked away, reflectively.

"Perhaps one might have eaten one's cake and had it, too," she said, shrewdly to herself.

"Clare!" she turned eyes that were half eager, half reproachful, upon her.

"You frightened me so that night with the bugaboo of poverty," she went on with something of despair in her voice. "Don't you think there might have been a compromise—something half way?"

He turned away.

"How open wounds there are beginning to heal," he said protestingly.

"Yours seem quite healed," she said, a little enviously.

He stepped nearer and looked at her intently.

"And you have everything you want?" he asked tenderly, solicitously.

"His tone prodded her pride.

"Yes," she said with something of her impulsive defiance.

"You see—I was selfish—to ask you to give up the thing that count so much with you for those that count with me." He was quite earnest. "Afterward, when I was sorry you were to be married—" He frowned. "—I was afraid for you—but I was wrong again. You're happy—and I'm honestly glad."

She was looking at him quizzically.

"Are you—honestly—happy?" she asked slowly.

"Honestly," he said.

"In just helping others?" He nodded his answer.

"I don't understand," she said.

"You will—some day—and so will all the world."

Jerry found the two face to face and he came in a bit unsteadily. He had added several brandies to a generous allowance at dinner and was in one too genial mood.

"Hello, Gilchrist," he said gruffly.

OUR BOARDING HOUSE—By AHERN



DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—



Down Shopping

—By ALLMAN



THE OLD HOME TOWN—By STANLEY



WHEN ROGER TOBIN CAUGHT HIS WHISKERS IN THE SCREEN DOOR, AT THE PALACE MEAT MARKET, THE NEW BUTCHER PROMPTLY WHACKED OFF THE FLOWING BEARD



the birthday of the late President Harding is observed with memorial services.

Contractors are rushing work on the Dixie Line bridge near Hazelton, the largest highway bridge in the State. It is expected to be completed for the formal opening Dec. 25.

The second trial of James R. De Pres, Lewis Creek, Shelby County, on charge of first degree murder will begin Dec. 10, at Greenbush. De Pres is charged with killing his father. At a previous trial the jury disagreed.

United States Senator James W. Watson and Clyde W. W. Indiana Republican chairman, were to be the chief speakers at Logansport today when

Plans for law enforcement at Garrett were made Thursday night at a meeting of the Ministerial Association.

The Rev. M. R. Wilson, secretary, stated there is a gross disregard of law and decency going on in the town.

More than a hundred persons are enrolled in night school at Lebanon. Twice as many women as men are taking the course.

A mass meeting of Boone County citizens is slated for Nov. 9, to perfect a permanent organization of the Boone County Taxpayers' Association.

Officers will be elected and directors chosen.

Lapel is to have a public library before the close of November. The State Library Association has agreed to loan of 200 books.

"That the French Occupation of the Ruhr is Detrimental to the Best Interests of the World" is the subject of a triangular debate Feb. 14 between teams of the Frankfurt, Crawfordsville and Lebanon High Schools.

Nov. 22 is tentative date for dedicating the West End School building.

The Washington Bureau—Indianapolis Times, 1322 New York Ave., Washington, D. C.

Please send me the bulletin CONDENSED HISTORY OF WORLD WAR, for which I enclose 5 cents in loose stamps.

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Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoacetylcideester of Salicylicacid.

OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS



BUT IT WAS ONLY ELF DAKIN PLAYING WITH THE KIDS. J. F. ALLMAN

IT WAS AS A REFLECTION IN THE MIRROR THAT SHE SAW GILCHRIST COME IN

mg. When he reached Umanski he found the immobility of the man he had encountered before. The tall figure burned with his eyes.

Umanski turned at the door to whisper the promise of a visit later and Jerry, ushering them out, turned to inform his father that they were "swine."

The tardy servant entered with an explanation that he had been signing for a box he carried for Mrs. Goodkind. A moment later he handed it to her as she came from the music room. Clare evinced little curiosity as to its contents, putting it under her arm unopened.

"Everybody gone?" queried Goodkind, looking up from a desk at which he had seated himself.

"They're all down in the billiard room," she said with an inflection that indicated she was either bored or annoyed. "We wanted to make up a couple of tables of bridge, but, with the men in here—as usual. Where's Jerry?"

"Downstairs for a minute," replied Goodkind.

"I've seen him just 10 minutes this week," said Clare.

"He's only been back three hours," laughed Goodkind.

"Well—and she was showing her displeasure now—" "I wish he wouldn't break up my dinner parties."

Goodkind pushed back the papers before him and moved toward her.

"What have you there?" he said, turning his eyes to the unopened box.

BETTER THAN WHISKEY FOR COLDS AND FLU

Delightful Elixir, Called Aspironal, Medicated With Latest Scientific Remedies That Are Endorsed by Medical Authorities to Cut Short a Cold or Cough Due to Cold and Prevent Complications.

Every Druggist in U. S. Instructed to Refund Price While You Wait at Counter if You Don't Feel Relief Coming in Two Minutes.

Delightful Taste, Immediate Relief, Quick Warm-Up.

The sensation of the drug trade is Aspironal, the two-minute cold and cough reliever, authoritatively guaranteed by the laboratories: tested, approved and most enthusiastically endorsed by the highest authorities, and proclaimed by the people as ten times as quick and effective as whiskey, rock and rye, or any other cold and cough remedy they have ever tried.

All drug stores are supplied with the wonderful elixir, so all you have to do is get relief from that cold is to step into the nearest drug store, hand the clerk half a dollar for a bottle of Aspironal and tell him to save your two cents—why, you can catch it in your hand, take the drink at one swallow and call for your money back in two minutes if you cannot feel the distressing symptoms of your cold fading away like a dream within the time limit. Don't be bashful, for all druggists invite you and expect you to try it. Everybody's doing it.

When your cold or cough is relieved take the remainder of the bottle home to your wife and children, for Aspironal is by far the safest and most effective, the easiest to take and the most agreeable cold and cough remedy for children as well as adults. Quickest relief for catarrhal croup and children's choking up at night. Advertisements.

HOOSIER BRIEFS

According to a census just completed at Huntington its population is 18,200. Benjamin J. Burris, State superintendent of public instruction, will deliver the address.

Improvements costing \$25,000 will be made by the Warsaw Gas Company at its plant in that city.

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Play copyrighted, 1922, in the United States and England. Novelized version by special arrangement of the author and of Grosset & Dunlap, publishers of the play.

(Continued in Our Next Issue)

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Veterans, Attention!

Five years ago the World War ended. Safely back home, you now often discuss with your comrades around the fireside, at the corner store, at the club, at Post headquarters,