"Have you got to go?" Polly asked

"Yes, I must, but I'll read the rest

from the church. Open the window,

Mandy!" And he passed out of the

CHAPTER VI.

as an architect and landscape gardener

Douglas senior had been recognized

as an artist by the few who under-

stood his talents, but there is small

houses in the little business towns of

which his father had fared so badly

The hopelet i, defeated look on the de

parted man's face had always haunted

the boy, who was artist enough to fee

had not left him much capital.

door and quickly down the stairs.

regretfully.

FACT OUT THE "BLUES" What is known as the "Blues" m occasioned by actual existexternal conditions, but in the majority of cases by a disorder

THIS IS A FACT which may be demonstra ted by trying a course of

bring hope and bouyancy to the They bring health and elasticto the body.

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otop That Cold

REE TRIP to the

CRESON

MAGAZINE

a giri, Eloise, in our bunch what does a showy act on a horse what Barker calls Barbarian. She goes on in my place sometimes, and, say, them Rubes applicads her as much as me, an' her stants is buby tricks alongside of mine. It's enough to make you sick of art." She shook her bead dolefully, then say

"Looks don't play a very important part in my work," Douglas answered curtly. Mandy's confidential snickers made him doubly anxious to get to a less personal topic.
"Well, they count for a whole lot

with us." She nodded her head decidedly. "How long you been showin' in this town, anyhow?" "About a year," Douglas answered,

with something of a sigh. "A year!" she gasped. "In a burg like this! You must have an awful lot of laughs in your act to keep 'em -comin' that long." She was wise in the ways of professional success.

"Not many, I'm afraid." He wondered for the first time if this might be the reason for his rather indifferent "Do you give them the same stuff, or

have you go' a rep?"
"A rep?" he repeated in surprise. "Sure, repertory, different acts-en-

tries, some calls 'em. Uncle Toby's got twenty-seven entries. It makes a heap of difference in the big towns where you have a run." "Oh, I understand!" Douglas answer-

ed in a tone of relief. "Well, I try to say something new each Sunday." What kind of spiels do you give 'em?" she inquired, with growing in-

"I try to help my people to get or better terms with themselves and to forget their week day troubles." He had never had occasion to define his efforts so minutely.

"Well, that's jes' the same as us," Polly told him, with an air of condescension, "only circuses draws more people 'an churches.' "Yours does seem to be a more pop-

ular form of entertainment," Douglas answered dryly. He was beginning to feel that there were many tricks in the entertainment trade which he had not mastered. And, after all, what was his preaching but an effort at entertainment? If he failed to hold his congregation by what he was saying, his listeners grew drowsy and his sermon fell short of its desired effect. It was true that his position and hers had points of similarity. She was appar-ently successful. As for himself he could not be sure. He knew he tried very hard and that sometimes a tired mother or a sad faced child looked up

at him with a smile that made the service seem worth while. Polly mistook the pastor's reverie for envy, and her tender heart was quick

to find consolation for him. "You ain't got all the worst of it," id. "If we tried to play a dump like this for six months, we'd starve to death. You certainly must give 'em a great show," she added, surveying him with growing interest.

"It doesn't make much difference about the show"- Douglas began, it?"

but he was quickly interrupted. "That's right; it's jes' the same with a circus. One year you give 'em the rottenest kind of a thing, an' they eat t up; the next year you hand 'em a okout, an' it's a frost. Is that the way it is with a church show?"

"Much the same," Douglas admitted, half amusedly, half regretfully. "Very often when I work the bardest I seem to do the least good." "I guess our troubles is pretty much



"Well, you take my tip. Don't you net go in for ridin'."

air of condescension, "only there sin't much danger in your act." "I'm not so sure about that," he

"Well, you take my tip." She leaned forward as though about to impart a very valuable bit of information. "Don't you never go in for ridin'. There sin't no act on earth so hard

as a ridio' act. The rest of the bunch has got it easy alongside of us. Take the fellows on the trapers. They al-ways get their tackle up in jes' the same pince. Take the balancin' acts. There sin't no difference in their layouts. Take any of 'em as depends on regular props, and they sin't got much chance a-goin' wrong. But, say, when you have to do a ridin' act there ain't

"There are?" And wide with wonder, herer no two times alike. If your horse is feelin' good, the ground is stumbly; if the ground ain't on the hillsk, the horse is wobbly. There's al-"I guess i'd itke to hear you spie and she fell to studying him solemly. and you ain't never knowin' how it's

eager as children about the drawings and pictures which he showed them. His mind had gone beyond the parsonage front now, and he described to them the advantage of adding an extra ten feet to the church spire. Mandy felt herself almost an artist when she and Hasty bade the pastor good night, for she was still quivering

from the contagion of Douglas' enthusiasm. Here, at last, was a master who could do something besides find fault with her. "I jes' wan' to be on de groun' de firs' time dat Mars Douglas and dat ere Descon Strong clinches," she said to Hasty as they locked the doors and

turned out the hall light. "Did you done see his jaw?" she whispered. "He look laughin' enough now, but jes' you wait till he done set dat 'ere jaw o' his'n, and dar ain't nobody what's goin' ter unsot it."

"Maybe dar ain't goin' ter be no clinchin'," said Hasty, hoping for Mandy's assurance to the contrary.
"What?" shrieked Mandy. "Wid dat HEN John Douglas' uncle of fered to educate his nephew 'ere sneakh' Widow Willoughby al-

for the ministry the boy was ready a-tellin' de deacons how ter start less enthusiastic than his de new parson a-goin' proper?" "Now, why youse always a-pickin' mother. He did not remonstrate, how-ever, for it had been the custom of ready enjoying the explosion which he ready enjoying the explosion which he generations for at least one son of each knew his defense of the widow was Douglas family to preach the gospel

sure to excite. of Calvinism, and his father's careet "I don' like no woman what's allus braggin' 'bout her clean floors," answered Mandy shortly. She turned out the last light and tiptoed upstairs, trying not to disturb the pastor.

John Douglas was busy already with demand for the builder of picturesque pencil and paper, making notes of the plans for the church and parsonage, the middle west, and at last he passed which he would perfect later on. away, leaving his son only the burden Alas, for Douglas' day dreams! It was of his financial failure and an ardent not many weeks before he understood desire to succeed at the profession in with a heavy heart that the deacons were far too dull and uninspired to share his faith in beauty as an aid to man's spiritual uplift.

"We think we've done pretty well by his father's genius intuitively and this church," said Deacon Strong, who

neath the window, and Mandy fluttered about arranging the cushions with motherly solicitude.

More days slipped by and Polly began to creep through the little, soft leaved trees at the back of the church and to look for the deep, blue, sweet scented violets. When she was able Douglas took her with him to visit some of the outlying houses of the poor. Her woman's instinct was quick to perceive many small needs in their lives that he had overlooked and to suggest simple, inempensive Joys that made them her devoted friends.

Their evenings were divided between making plans for these unfortunates and reading aloud from the Bible or other books.

When Polly gained courage, Douglas sometimes persuaded her to read to him, and the little corrections that he made at these times soon became noticeable in her manner of speech. She was so eager, so starved for knowledge that she drank it as fast as he could give it. It was during their talks about grammar that Mandy generally fell asleep in her rocker, her unfinished sewing still in her lap.

When a letter came from Jim and Toby it was always shared equally by Mandy and Hasty, Polly and the pas tor. But at last a letter came from Jim only, and Douglas, who was asked o read it, faltered and stopped after the first few words. "It's no use my tryin' to keep it from

ou any longer, Poll," the letter began, We ain't got Toby with us no more He didn't have no accident; it wasn't that. He just seemed kinder sick an' aflin' like ever since the night we had to leave you behind. I used to get him warm drinks an' things an 'try to pull him through, but he was always -chillin' and a'achin'. If it wasn't one thing it was another. I done all I knowed you'd 'a' wanted me to, an' the rest of the folks was mighty white to him too. I guess they kinder felt how lonesome he was. He couldn't get no more laughs in the show, so Barker had to put on another man with him. That kinder hurt him, too, I s'pose, an' showed him the way that things was a-goin'. It was just after that h wrote the parson a-tellin' him to never let you com. back. He seemed to 'a' got an idee to his head that you was happier where you was. He wouldn't let me tell you 'bout his feelin' rocky,



from us,' he was allus a-saylu'. never spected to keep 'er.' " Douglas stopped. Polly was waiting

with it had come a request to nothin' ter the kid." He felt that Polly was controlling berself with an effort until be should

It come round mornin'. There wasn't much to it-he just seemed tired an peaceful-like. Tm giad he wrote what he did,' he said, meanin' the parson. 'She knows, she allus knows,' he whispered, meanin' you, Poll, an' then be was on his way. He'd already give me what was saved up for you, an'
I'm sendin' it along with this"— A
blue money order for \$250 had fluttered from the envelope when Douglas

"I got everything ready afore I went on the next day, an' I went up an' saw the little spot on the bill where they was goin' to stow him. It looked kinder nice, an' the digger's wife said she'd put some flowers on it now an' then. It was you what made me think of that, Poll, 'cause it seemed to me what you would 'a' done. You was al-

"I guess this letter's too long for me to be a-sayin' much about the show but the 'leapa-death' girl got ber'n last week. She wasn't strong enough for the job nohow. I done what I could for her outside the show, 'cause I knowed how you was allus a-feelts

bout her. I guess the 'leap-a-death's' husband is role' to jump his job soon, if he gets enough saved up, 'esmee him an' Barker can't hit it off no more. We got a good deal o' trouble among the animals too. None o' the snakes is sheddin' like they ought to, an' Jumbo's a curryin' a sixteen foot bandaround that trunk o' his'n 'cause he got too fresh with Trizy's grub the other night, an' the new giraffe's got the crosp in that seven foot nack g' his'n. I guess you'll think I got the pip for fair this time. so I'll just get on to myself now an' cut this short. I'll be TOUR OLD MUVVER JIM."

"What a plucky lot they are!" thought Douglas as he considered these three lonely souls, each accepting whatever fate brought with no rebellion or even surprise. It was a strange world of stoles in which these children of the amusement arens fought and lost. They came and went like phantoms, with as little consciousness of their own best interests as of the great, moving powers of the world about them. They felt no throes of envy, no bitterness. They loved and worked and "went their way." For once the pastor was powerless

in the presence of grief. Both he and Mandy left the room quietly, feeling that Polly wished to be spared the outburst of tears that a sympathetic word might bring upon her. They allowed her to remain alone for a time then Mandy entered softly with a ten der good night, and Douglas followed her cheerly as though nothing at all had happened.

again became a companion to Doug...
and Mandy, but they did not intrude
and Mandy, but they waited patiently It was many weeks before Polly assert itself and bring back their laughing mate to them.

CHAPTER VIII.

death when it came to her mother, and now she could scarcely believe that Toby would never, never come thought of the thousand little things ave you a spell of fethat she might have done for him. She longed to recall every impatient word were always haunting her, "You must come back, Toby!" she cried. "You It was only when body and mind has

worn themselves out with yearning An honest medicine that a numbuess at last crept over her. and out of this grew a gradual consciousness of things about her and a returning sense of her obligation to others. She tried to answer in her old, smiling way and to keep her mind upon what they were saying instead of letting it wander away to the past. Douglas and Mandy were overjoyed to see the color creeping back to her

She joined the pastor again in his visits to the poor. The women of the town would often see them passing and would either whisper to each other, shrug their shoulders or lift their eyebrows with smiling insinuations, but Polly and the pastor were too much absorbed in each other to take much notice of what was going on about them. They had not gone for their wall

today because Mandy had needed Polly to help make ready for the social to be held in the Sunday school room to-

seen Douglas shut himself up in the of the times. study, and she was sure that he vriting, so when the village children stopped in on the way from school for

Mandy's new made cookies she used her customary trick to get them away. "Tag; you're it!" she cried and thet dashed out the back door, pursued by the laughing, screaming youngsters, Mandy followed the children to the porch and stood looking after them as the mad little band scurried about the back yard, darted in and out among the trees, then up the side of the wood ed hill, just beyond the church.

yellow on the trees, but today the air was warm and the children were wear ing their summer dresses. Polly's lithe girlish figure looked almost tall by comparison with the children about her. She wore a plain, simple gown white, which Mandy had belped her to make. It had been cut ankle length, for Polly was now seventeen. Het quaint, old fashioned manner, her serious eyes and her trick of knotting her heavy brown hair low on her neck

made her seem older. Mandy waited until the children had disappeared over the hill, then began bustling about, looking for the step-ladder which Hasty had left under the vines of the porch. It had been a busy day at the parsonage. A social always meant perturbation for Mandy. She called sharply to Hasty as he came down the path which made a short cut to the village. "So's youse back, is yo'?" she asked

renstically.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Subtle Self Praise. Once when Moltke heard himself compared to Caesar, Turenne, Marirough, Weilington and others he remarked. "No: I have no right to rank with such great captains, for I have never commanded a retreat," which at the same time conveyed a subtle compriment to himself. Bismarck was equally subtle when

he was asked whom he thought to have been the ablest plenipotentiary at the congress of Berlin. "I don't know about the ablest," he replied, with a grim smile, "but the next ablest was

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## HEN Polly understood that Toby was actually gone it seem'ed to ber that she could never laugh again. She had been too young to realize the inevitableness of

back to her. She felt that she must This time of the year be able to drag him back; that abe could not go on without him. She wanted to tell him bow grateful she Take Taraxacum Comwas for all his care of her. She pound now. It may ver. It will regulate to him. His gentle, reproachful eyes your bowels, set your liver right, and cure your indigestion. A good Tonic.

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roin' to end, especially when you got to do a careful act like mine. There's

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horse an' your ground for that. Now, I you get wise to what I'm a-tellin' you and don't you never go into anything which depends on anything else." "Thank you, Polly, I won't." Doug-

las somehow felt that he was very much indebted to her. "I seen a church show once." Polly said suddenly. "You did?" Douglas asked, with new

interest. "Yes," she answeerd, closing her lips and venturing no further comment. "Did you like it?" he questioned aft-

er a pause. "Couldn't make nothin' out of it. I don't care much for readin'." "Oh, it isn't all reading," he correct-

"Well, the guy I saw read all of his'n. He got the whole thing right out of a book."

"Oh, that was only his text," laughed

Douglas. "Yes. And later he tried to interpret to his congrega"— "Easy! Fasy!" she interrupted.

Come agair with that, will you?" "He told them the meaning of what "Well, I don't know what he told em, but it didn't mean anything to me. But maybe your show is better'n his

was," she added, trying to pacify him. Douglas was undecided whether to feel amused or grateful for Polly's ever increasing sympathy. Before be could trust his twitching lips to answer she had put another question to "Are you goin' to do a stunt while I

am here?" "I preach every Sunday, if that's what you mean. I preach this morning." "Is this Sunday?" she asked, sitting up with renewed energy and looking

about the room as though everything

had changed color. "Yes." "And you got a matinee?" she exclaimed incredulously. "We have services," he corrected

"We rest up on Sundays," she said in a tone of deep commiseration.

"Oh, I see," he answered, feeling it no time to enter upon another discussion as to the comparative advantage

"What are you goin' to spiel about

of their two professions

today?" "About Ruth and Naomi." "Ruth and who?" "Naomi," she echoed, tilting her head from side to side as she listened to the soft cadences of the word. "I never heard that name before. It 'ud look

awful swell on a billboard, wouldn't "It's a Bible name, honey," Mandy said, eager to get into the conversa

tion. "Dar's a buful picture bout her. "I like to look at pictures," Polly answered tentatively. Mandy crossed the room to fetch the large Bible with its

steel engravings. "We got a gfri named Ruth in our Tenp of death' stunt. Some of the folks is kinder down on 'er, but I gin't."

She might have told Douglas more a large, old fashioned Bible, and Doug-las helped to place the ponderous book before the invalid.

"See, honey, dar dey is," the old woman said, pointing to the picture of Ruth and Naomi, "Them's crackerjacks, sin't they?" Polly gasped, and her eyes shone with wonder, "Which one's Ruth?"

her thumb. "Why, they're dressed just like our charlot drivers. What does it say about "You can read it for yourself," Donglas answered gently. There was some

thing pathetic in the eagerness of the starved little mind. "Well, I aln't much on readin'-out loud," she faltered, growing suddenly conscious of her deficiencies. "Read it for me, will you?" "Certainly." And he drew his chair

nearer to the bed. One strong hand

supported the other half of the Bible and his head was very near to hers as his deep, full voice prenounced the solomn words in which Ruth pleaded so many years before. "'Entreat me not to leave thea," he

God my God." of the lines. "Kind of pretty, ain't it?" Polly said

softly. She felt awkward and constrained and a little overawed. There are far more beautiful things than that," Douglas assured her onthusinstically as the echo of many such rang in his ears.

"Yes, indeed," be replied, pitying more and more the starvation of mind longing to bring to it floods of

"ENTREAT ME NOT TO LEAVE THEE," HE READ. human enough to resent the injustice was the business head, the political of his fate.

Douglas' mother had suffered much because of the impractical efof her forlorn little friend, but just | forts officer husband that she discourthen Mandy came to the bed hugging aged the early tendencies of the son toward drawing and mathematics and tried to direct his thoughts toward creeds and Bible history. When he went away for his collegiate course she was less in touch with him and he was able to steal time from his athletics to devote to his art. He spent his vacations in a neighboring city before a drawing board in the office of a distinguished architect, his father's

"Dis one," said Mandy, pointing with Douglas was not a brilliant divinity student, and he was relieved at last when he received his degree in theology and found himself appointed to a small church in the middle west. His step was very bright the morning

be first went up the path that led to his new home. His artistic sense was charmed by the picturesque approach to the church and parsonage. The view toward the tree encircled spire was unoistructed, for the church had been built on the outskirts of the town to allow for a growth that had not materialised. He threw up his head and gazed at the blue bills, with their background of soft, slow moving clouds. The smell of the fresh earth the bursting of the buds, the formin

of new life, set him thrilling with read, "or to return from following after thee, for whither thou goest I will go, and where thou locgest I will lodge. Thy people shall be my people and thy He stopped halfway up the path and considered the advantages of a new front to the narrow saved cot-He stopped to ponder over the poetry first step of the vine covered porch he was far more concerned about a new portice than with any thought of his

> short by Mandy, who bustled out of the door with a wide smile of welcome on her black face and an unmistakable ambition to take him immediately under her motherly wing. She was much concerned because the church people had not met the new pastor at the station and brought him to the house. Upon learning that Douglas had pur-posely avoided their escort, preferring to come to his new home the first time slone, she made up her mind that she

"Is there any more to that story?"

abe asked, ignoring his question.

"Yes, indeed."

"Would you rend me a little more?"

She was very humble now.

"Where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried. The Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part me and thee."

Their eyes met. There was a little more parson for not wanting to mix. place sometimes, and, say, them Hupes applicade her as much as ma, an' her summer also, if aught but there will I be buried. The Lord do so there will I be buried. The Lord do so there will I be buried. The Lord do so there will I be buried to me, and more also, if aught but to me, and more also, if aught but to me, and more also, if aught but the mough to make you sick of art."

Their eyes met. There was a long the shock her beed dolefully, then sat up with renewed interest.

Their eyes met. There was a long up wid dat ar crowd."

Their eyes met. There was a long up wid dat ar crowd."

In the study that night, when she her displeasure.

Suddenly the sharp, sweet and Hasty helped Douglas to unpack notes of the church bell brought John but many buxes of books, they were as both them some hit of village gossip and leave them langhing at a quality entered to me, and more also, if aught but the me was a long the shock has been dolefully, then sat a passing the dencess and the congregation, both them some hit of village gossip and leave them langhing at a quality entered to me.

Their eyes met. There was a long the study that night, when she had happened to incur have a spring came on Douglas carried but the study that night, when she had happened to incur had been the study that night, when she had happened to incur had a spring came on Douglas carried but the study that night, when she had happened to incur had a spring the dencess and the congregation, both the dencess and the congregation and the congregation.

boss and the moral mentor of the small town's affairs. "Just you worry along with the preachin', young man, and we'll attend to the buyin'

buildin' operations." Douglas' mind was too active to con tent itself wholly with the writing of sermons and the routine of formal pas tarian, so little by little be came to be interested in the heart stories and disappointments of many of the village unfortunates, some of whom were outside his congregation. The men tally sick, the despondent, who needed words of hope and courage more than dry talks on theology, found in him an ever ready friend and adviser, and these came to love and depend on

him. But he was never popular with the creed bound element of the Mandy had her wish about being o the spot the first time that the parson's jaw squared strelf at Deacon Strong The deacon had called at the parson age to demand that Douglas put a stop to the boys playing baseball in the ad-joining lot on Sunday. Douglas had been unable to see the descon's point

was a healthy and harmless form of exercise, that the air was meant to be breathed and that the boys who en-joyed the game on Sunday were prin-cipally those who were kept indoors that the air was meant to be by work on other days. The close of the interview was unsatisfactory both to Douglas and the deacon. "Dey kinder made me cold an

prickly all up an' down de back," Mandy said later when she described

their talk to Hasty. "Dat 'ere descondon' know nuffin 'bout gittin' roun'

de parson." She tossed her head with

a feeling of superiority. She knew the way. Make him forget himself with a

laugh. Excite his sympathy with some

ANDY had secretly enjoyed to

and later because Polly had become second in her heart only to the pastor. She went about her work, crooning softly during the days of Polly's containerence. The deep, stendy voice of the pastor reading aloud in the prestry window overhead was company. She would often climb the stairs to tell them nows hit of village against and

As spring came on Douglas carried Polls own to the sunlit garden. make you come back. 'She's diff'runt

ber face wilte and drawn. He had not told her of Tohy's letter because

reach the end of Jim's letter, so be "The parson's promise didn't get to him none too quick," he read. "That seemed to be what he was waitin' for. give up the night it come, an' got him a little room in a cother fel-the show an' lot one of the other felcould stay with him up to the finish

of view. He declared that baseball

Douglas laid the letter gently on the table, his hard still reacing upon it. He sould belpicasty at the little, shrunker figure in the opposite chair. Polly and made he sected, but her head had ant very quietly with her face in her hands. She had been taught by Toby