

THE WILL THAT TURNED THE SCALE

By H. M. EGBERT

ANNA FOULKES was thirty-nine, and her boy, the apple of her eye, was twelve. Her worthless husband had abandoned her seven years before. Anna's friends and acquaintances had congratulated her when six years of married life ended in her freedom. She would not get a divorce, but then she did not want to marry again.

Curtis, having run through all her money, had departed. At first Anna dared only hope his decision not to return was true; then she dared to believe; finally conviction became certainty. She left the neighborhood and took up her residence in a different city.

Anna's folks had been gentle. The boy was to go to an expensive preparatory school. For this she had toiled and scraped in the office where she was employed as a stenographer. The hard-earned money had been gathered together. In three months' Charles was to enter Greenwich.

And then—Curtis came back. Anna found him leaning against the gate of her little cottage on the outskirts of the town. He was in rags, but sober. He was thin and wasted and deadly pale. Instinctively the woman shrunk away from him as she saw and recognized her husband.

"Curtis!" she whispered. "Why have you come back?"

"I'll tell you, Anna," he answered. "May I come in?"

"Yes, it's your right," she answered.

"But—"

"Oh, you needn't be afraid that I'll do any harm to the boy," he answered. "You needn't say—"

"That is his right, Curtis," she answered. She enticed Charles from the garden. "This is your father," she said.

The frank-eyed boy gazed with natural repugnance at the wretched tramp before him.

"You didn't know that he was living, my dear," she said to her son.

"But—"

"I knew all about him, mother," the boy answered.

"Now I'll tell you why I've come back, Anna," said Curtis Foulkes. "I'm dying. I've got just two months to live. It's something that can't be cured. You needn't be afraid of me any more. I've been a bad lot, but even a dog comes home to die, and I want to die here, Anna."

She took him in and the next day gave up her position to take care of him. There was money enough for the boy's first term at Greenwich, and at the end of the two months she hoped to be able to go back to the office.

The sick man grew neither better nor worse. The doctor confirmed his statement, but he extended the period of suffering to three months. Before the first month was ended there was no more money in the bank. Anna was confronted with the alternative of sacrificing her boy's school career and sacrificing her husband. She sacrificed the boy.

At least, she meant to. But Curtis Foulkes made a move which was even more dramatic than his reappearance.

"Anna," he said, the evening before she was to write that letter to the head master of Greenwich, "I want to tell you something. They say the worst man has a streak of good in him. Do you remember that insurance policy for a thousand dollars I took out when we were married? I've kept it up—for you. I've borrowed to the limit on it, but there will still be seven hundred for you and Charles, after—Pa goes."

The letter was never written. The tradesmen, clamoring for payment, were told the circumstances. The doctor confirmed Anna's statement. Thenceforward it was a race with death.

The butcher, the baker, the grocer, the physician, and, last of all, the undertaker looked forward, each and all, to the death of Curtis Foulkes, that they might get their money. And the future of Charles depended upon his father's death likewise. If ever a man would be well out of the world Curtis would, backguard that he had been.

And, strange to say, as he lay there through those weeks, humbled, repentant, a shadow of her former love began to grow in Anna's heart. And one day she knelt down and prayed that he might live.

There seemed no chance of that. The doctors all agreed his case was hopeless. It seemed the height of irony that the man who had ruined his wife's life should have come back to ruin his son's career.

If ever wishes fought, Anna's wish was fighting the determination of the tradesmen, of the sick man himself. It was will against will, pitted in deadly struggle—a dozen to one, if will counts for anything in the affairs of men. And the boy's future, against the husband's life, with no possibility of any compromise!

Anna had reckoned that if her husband lived the three months there would be just two hundred dollars remaining, with which to face the world again. If he lived the total debt would be fictitious.

It was at the beginning of the third month that the physician came to the house with a youngish, keen-eyed man, in an automobile.

"Mrs. Foulkes, this is Doctor Stevens," he said. "He is the greatest authority in the world on such cases as your husband's. I was speaking of it to him last week, and he wishes to make an examination."

Half an hour after the doctors came out of the sick man's room to the woman, who had risen hastily from her knees. She had been praying that Curtis might live. The prayer was to be heard.

"Doctor Stevens thinks that there is a chance to cure your husband," said the physician. "It will necessitate an operation." He hemmed a little. "Of course Doctor Stevens' fees are high, much higher than those of an ordinary practitioner," he continued.

"Never mind the cost," said Anna Foulkes. "Give me back my husband."

"Excuse me, doctor," said the physician, and the great man withdrew a little way across the room. "It is necessary to be businesslike, Mrs. Foulkes," her doctor continued. "We will operate for two hundred dollars."

Two hundred dollars! If Curtis died that would be the last of the insurance money. But if he lived—what years of toil! And the idea of Greenwich would have become ludicrously absurd. Anna did not waver.

"Well, it must be done, of course," she said. "When can Doctor Stevens operate?"

"Now," answered the physician. "In fact, the sooner the better. To be frank with you, Mrs. Foulkes, I brought him here for that purpose."

He thought of her life with Curtis, of those miserable years, his drunkenness, his dishonesty, his total wreck of their happiness that they had made. It was partly her fault; Curtis had been an average sort of man. But she had high ideals, and, in fixing her gaze on them she had forgotten to be tolerant of human failings.

As she knelt there it seemed to her as though her single will were fighting a lost battle against the will of all these men, the united wills of tradesmen, of the undertaker, of the physician and surgeon, even. As in a vision she saw the terrific battle. And there was one thing that all depended on.

That was Charles. His will, added to either side, would change the situation. If he were against her, then there was no hope.

A shadow fell across the floor. She looked up, to see the white face of the boy. An agonizing love rushed into her heart. How like a little man he was! And he had always known about his father, and never told her!

She rose and put her arms around him.

"Charlie, dear, I want you to understand," she said. "If your father dies, his insurance money will take you to Greenwich and give you an education. It will pay the bills of the tradesmen and the doctors, too, and the funeral expenses. But if he lives—why, my dear boy, there will be no more school for you. It will be just one long and dreadful battle for the rest of our lives. You and I will have to work as hard as we can work. What do you want to happen, Charlie?"

The boy's lips quivered. "I want my father," he answered.

"In spite of all you must give up, dear?"

"Yes, mother," he answered.

Then, in that instant, Anna Foulkes felt a sudden uplifting of her heart. The boy's will had turned the scale. She felt it; she knew the devil's legions of tradesmen, doctors and all the rabble rout were beaten.

Her heart went out to Curtis with all the love of old time. She would make a man of him yet. Their lives should begin again together, from that day forward.

There was a stir within the operating room. The surgeon came to the door.

"Your husband will live, Mrs. Foulkes," he said. "There is no doubt of it."

The nurse and the physician were wheeling the unconscious man into the bedroom, on the table. Anna Foulkes looked after him with eyes that swam with tears. Her prayer was answered.

Foresees Wood Shortage

A German interested in the lumber trade, Ernest Wiche of Bremen, has published a paper a note of warning.

Europe is wasting its lumber supplies in meeting the "normally increased demand since the war. All the wooded areas of Europe, including Russia and Scandinavia, amount to 158,000,000 acres, and these are being cleared so rapidly, according to Mr. Wiche, that in the years to come Europe will have to import wood.

"White Coal" in France

The French ministry of public works has announced that on January 1, 1924, the hydraulic electric power harnessed in France amounted to 2,400,000 horse power. Of this amount, 2,250,000 horse power operates electric generators; 37 per cent of that total, or 850,000 horse power, is used by electrochemical and electrometallurgical industries.

WINSOME CLOTHES FOR GIRLS; SMALL BUT BRILLIANT HATS

"DIFFICULT," and even "awkward," have been applied to the age of the young miss who has passed eleven and is still on her way to seventeen, and sometimes "difficult," at least, is merited. But those who make it a business to create clothes for the young have turned out such winsome things for this between-times period that charm replaces awkwardness and difficulties disappear.

To begin at the beginning, they start out with carefully selected patterns in popular materials. This season they are giving much attention to plain and striped flannels, twills, velveteen, velvet and many dependable woollens. After fabric they consider color, which

and are worn with linen collars and cuffs as a finish.

"When she will she will, and when she won't she won't—and she has signified her intention of wearing small, or at most small to medium-small, hats, with her winter furs. Therefore designers of headwear are busy with these small but important affairs, making brilliant gems of millinery, as full of life and sparkle as jewels. Their task is to take the popular, becoming shapes and vary them endlessly, by means of materials and trappings, so that "age cannot wither nor custom stale" their infinite variety.

It seems a little absurd to speak of



Plain, Straight Over-Blouse.

must contribute a cheerful note to the little maid's winter garb. Plaids in many color combinations, red and gold (or silver) embroidery on dark, plain backgrounds, and other colorful embroideries, sparingly used, tone up the day frocks. The elements of neatness and, above all, simplicity are never forgotten when children's clothes are considered. Collars and cuffs which may be kept fresh are everywhere present.

Simple one-piece straight dresses in brilliant plaids usually fasten to one side and are bound at the edges with black braid. Narrow black leather belts are worn with them. Plain skirts with plain bodices worn with

age in reference to anything so brief as the career of a dress hat for mid-winter. But, as things are, it does its bit for two or three months, before spring turns all heads away from winter. A group of new models, just launched, is shown here. The shapes are almost identical, but each hat has an individuality that gives it distinction. At the top a brilliant satin cile in black makes a background for a shaped band of leopard skin brocade, ending at the sides in metallic ribbon bands that terminate in hanging loops. This is certainly a very original conception and most becoming to certain types of faces.

The bit of splendor at the left is made of velvet, with an aimless pattern of gold braid making a tracery over it. Colored jewels are scattered about in the pattern and, just to show that there is no end to its affluence, a long ostrich fancy falls like a scarf from one side. One can imagine this hat in the rich fuchsia shade, or any other of the season's favorites.

A pretty little hat at the right is made of velvet, embroidered with silk



Some Winter Millinery.

WHY ATHLETES DIE YOUNG

FRANK CHANCE is dead at forty-seven. The peerless leader, the captain of the Chicago Cubs, the winner of National league and world's championships, one of the greatest first basemen in the history of the game. He is dead when he should be in his prime.

Looking over a list of champion runners, football and baseball players recently, I was astonished to find how many of the athletic heroes of twenty years ago are dead. Most of them die in their early forties. I knew many of the star runners of the early nineties. I only know one who is still living. Why is it that these men who are ideals of physical strength and athletic ability in their youth, seldom, as the Irish say, "make old bones?"

Because in becoming the star performers that they are, they develop their heart muscle far beyond the needs of everyday life. The football player who can go through the long and hard-fought games, the runner who can stand the strain of the four-mile race, the baseball player who can beat the ball to the plate and especially the sprinter who can do 100 yards in ten seconds flat, must have a heart which is far stronger and larger than that of the ordinary man.

This is all right as long as the athlete is young and keeps up his game. But by the time he is thirty-five or forty, he has passed his prime. Younger men take his place or break his records, as he himself would fame by surpassing his predecessors. He goes into business. This generally means sitting at a desk eight hours a day. He goes on eating as he did when he was in active sports. Fat accumulates in his muscles and around his waist. His heart is much larger than he needs for his present work. When any organ in the body is not worked to its limit, it begins to degenerate, so what was once the athlete's greatest asset becomes now his greater danger. His heart becomes flabby and soft. Pneumonia, bronchitis or asthma (throw an increased burden on a weakened heart muscle and the once vigorous man dies, apparently of the disease but really of an overdeveloped and degenerated heart.

Sports and games are of great value in developing and training the body. But they should be chosen so as to produce the soundest and best-trained body possible, for the longest and healthiest life possible. Games which develop the whole body rather than a part and which do not overdevelop any one organ at the expense of the others are, in the end, the most valuable.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.
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HOW TO KEEP WELL

Dr. Frederick R. Green, Editor of "Health."

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SIDE-SHOW FREAKS

I WENT to the circus the other day. After the circus I went into the side-show. The jostling and pushing crowd was only moved by curiosity to see these unfortunates. But it was evident, to the trained eye, that practically every one of this "world's greatest collection of human curiosities" was sick.

Let us go down the line and see what all they are. First, "the tallest man in the world." Giantism, or growth beyond normal is generally due to disease of the pituitary body, a small gland at the base of the brain which regulates growth. These giants have normal trunks, the excessive growth being in the long bones of the legs and arms. They generally die young.

Dwarfs have always had a great attraction for the public. For centuries every royal or noble household had a dwarf as an attendant. There are two kinds of dwarfs. One is born very small and is always under normal size, probably due to lack of some essential part of their body machinery. Others are normal at birth but become stunted through some disease, such as cretinism, rickets or water on the brain. Some dwarfs have keen minds, but most of those used in side-shows are feeble-minded.

The rubber-skinned man owes his place to the fact that his skin is loose from the disappearance of all fat and that it has an abnormal elastic quality.

The living skeleton is, of course, the victim of one of half a dozen diseases which cause extreme emaciation; on the other hand, the fat woman is usually suffering from disease of the thyroid gland.

The blue man has an abnormal connection, either in his heart or large blood vessels, between the venous and the arterial systems, so that the blue blood from the veins is not pumped through the lungs, where it would become red, but goes back into the arteries without change.

Bearded women are sometimes men disguised and sometimes women with abnormal growth of hair on the face.

The ossified man has what doctors call "arthritis deformans," or inflammation of the joints, all of which are locked tight by lime deposits.

Tattooed men and women are products of intention and not of nature. Most freaks, like most deformed persons, are short lived. They belong in hospitals and asylums, rather than in public exhibitions. Some day we will be sufficiently civilized and intelligent not to regard deformity and misfortune as a source of entertainment.

HOUSEWORK NOT DRUDGERY

For Women In Good Health

Read How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Changed Conditions For These Housewives

Back Don't Bother Me Now

Lincoln, Nebraska.—"My back would bother me so and when I had to do any heavy lifting it made me sick to my stomach with the pains in my back. I have my housework to do and four babies to take care of so when I heard of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I took it and I feel better. My back don't bother me and I can eat more and work. I do all my housework and washing for six in the family. I will tell other women to take the Vegetable Compound and you may publish my letter."—Mrs. CHARLES F. DOLEZAL, 1201 Garber Ave., Lincoln, Nebraska.

Felt Better At Once

Volga City, Iowa.—"I will tell you what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound did for me. I was all run down and could hardly be on my feet. I was so cold I could not keep warm. I had numb feelings and then heat flashes would pass over my body. I had severe pains in my sides and was very nervous. I saw your advertisement in the newspapers so I thought I would try your medicine. My husband got me a bottle of the Vegetable Compound and I began to feel better as soon as I started taking it. I have taken it off and on for three years now. I keep house and do all my work for my husband and two

little boys and make my garden. I feel fine and I tell others what the medicine has done for me. I think it is the best medicine in the world for women."—Mrs. THOMAS GRINDLE, Volga City, Iowa.

Can Do Any Kind of Work

Fonke, Arkansas.—"I had the 'flu' and after that I had a pain in my side and was not able to do my work I was so weak. I found an advertisement in a paper and it told what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound would do, and I took it. Now I can do any kind of work I want to. I think every family ought to keep it in the house all the time and I intend to do so."—Mrs. DORA PHILLYAW, R.R. No. 2, Fonke, Arkansas.

Over 100,000 women have so far replied to our question, "Have you received benefit from taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound?" 98 per cent of these replies are "Yes."

This shows that 98 out of every 100 women who take this medicine for the ailments for which it is recommended are benefited by it.

This goes to prove that a medicine specialized for certain definite ailments—not a cure-all—can and does do good work. For sale by druggists everywhere.

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A good brain can tell you quicker what is right than an indurated conscience.

An Expert

A—"She's just like a chess game." B—"Yes?" A—"Plays with 32 men at once."—Williams Purple Cow.

Cuticura for Sore Hands.

Soak hands on retiring in the hot sud of Cuticura Soap, dry and rub in Cuticura Ointment. Remove surplus Ointment with tissue paper. This is only one of the things Cuticura will do for all toilet purposes.—Advertisement.

Described

"How's the new baby?" "It's a screamer," responded the sapper aunt in correct parlance of the day.

Many people imagine that Worms or Tapeworm cannot be expelled entirely. A single dose of "Dead Shot" proves that they can. 175 Pearl St., N. Y. Adv.

Deep Affair

Neptune—Where are the mermaids? Davy Jones—Out parking with the bell buoys.—Alston Recorder.



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Study of the migration of English sparrows is now being conducted by the zoology department of the University of Wisconsin. A single London fog, according to a recent estimate, costs the residents as much as \$5,000,000 in damages to fabrics and laundering.

Children Cry for



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