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BY
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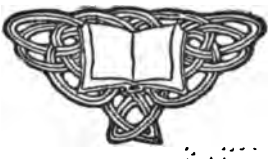

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DEDICATION

I dedicate this volume to those who taught me the beauties of life, whose words written or spoken have been an inspiration. To all who bear their torch on the path of the Brotherhood as well as to the seeker of light.

THE AUTHOR.

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You know it's been said,
A Million of Missions
Have gone on ahead.
From the earliest dawn
Until all is well done,
The Mission continues
Going on — on — and on.

If only a pebble
That drops on the Beach,
Could continue the ripple
Until it had reached
The heart of humanity
And then silently teach
The great Mission — Brotherhood,
Is the goal it must reach.

The Birth of Universal Brotherhood

CHAPTER I

A LITTLE ONE

In the heart of man is the food
That shall sustain the brotherhood.

With slow strokes the magnificent liner, *Alabastis,* touched the shore of one of the South Sea Islands, the home of dark, half-clad, semi-civilized man. She carried many passengers who had been her occupants for nearly a year; now on her return to America, she had anchored here for a four-hour stop to give those on board an opportunity to see something of life on the island.

The tall, distinguished-looking man who lavished so much attention upon two beautiful women was Mr. Gimble, a wealthy broker from New York. The ladies were his wife and daughter, a charming girl of twenty. They were accompanied by the Count De Laire, who had joined their party in Paris, attracted by the wealth and beauty of the American girl.

The sun overhead, the midsummer breeze, the waves playing on the beach, all voiced the grandeur of a superb tropical day.

To the strains of an orchestra the passengers sang in chorus:

> Floating in Time's space,
> Anchored in this race—
> Love—its fragrance is the chase.

No sooner had the strains died away than the band struck up the march, "On Summer's Day." Those on board who cared to visit the island fell in line and were directed by the guide to the tavern.

With many fellow travelers the Gimbles and the Count visited the tavern, where they partook of a native meal, fish baked in an open grate made of rock; fruit, and nuts.

The Count and Mrs. Gimble preferred to remain at the tavern while Mr. Gimble and Lucila took a ramble to view the surroundings, it being agreed by them to return in time for the steamer's departure. With no boulevards to entice them nor rustic seats to beckon them to rest, they found themselves climbing the foot-hills close to the beach. The mountains, clothed in shrubbery and tropical trees, extended along the coast. A series of water-falls dropped into a crystal stream which flowed

through the valley out to the sea. Here Mr. Gimble and his daughter stopped to view Nature's handiwork.

"See," exclaimed Lucila, "the waves must reach far above our heads; see those marks on the rocks, indicating that it has reached that high! Luckily the sea is quiet or we could not be walking here."

With great enthusiasm she threw her arms around her father, who embraced her and looked into her eyes. "O little Doll, you are the picture of your mother when I first met her."

The breeze and the father's embrace caused Lucila's hat to drop to the ground. Neither of them paid any attention to it, so happy were they with each other.

"How wonderful it is to live, and will we always be together, papa?" She kissed him fondly, while Mr. Gimble's arm told her of his love. With his left arm about her, he stooped to pick up her hat when his cry, "My God!" rang through the air. Quickly Lucila turned and saw the cause of her father's exclamation. The hat had fallen on the body of a little child. At first glance they thought it to be the body of a native, but closer inspection proved it to be a white child, tanned by the tropical heat.

How came it there in a straw nest such as a

bird might build? As they knelt down beside the child, Lucila saw that her father had grown pale when he placed his hand on it. The little naked brown body was covered with leaves. Most of the covering had slipped aside, and the child seemed cold.

"What is the matter with it, father?"

Mr. Gimble did not wish Lucila to know that the infant was struggling for life, for he had always shielded her from all thought of death. Now something must be done at once to save this life. Lucila drew off her coat and her father wrapped it about the baby. Taking it up in his arms, he breathed in its tiny face. The little one was somewhat resuscitated by the warmth and began to show signs of returning life. Closer and closer Mr. Gimble hovered over it until he touched the dark lips with his own. His heart told him he must save this life. Lucila, amazed and bewildered, looked on. What could she do?

"The child needs food and attention at once, and there's not a soul near," exclaimed Mr. Gimble.

"Let us take it to the tavern," Lucila replied. Perhaps they will know something about it."

"But we are too far away," he answered. "Let's go to the landing."

It was already getting late, and as the boat

left at four, they had not a moment to lose. They turned in that direction in haste. Mr. Gimble found that he was obliged to walk more slowly on account of the child's condition.

Lucila was deep in thought. What if no one cared to take or claim this baby? Could they leave it alone? Her father, too, was thinking. Suppose the natives believed he was stealing this child?

They were now in sight of the gang-plank, where a few lounging, half-clad natives were gazing at the steamer. In his great haste Mr. Gimble forgot all fear of them. At a distance he saw the guide, Mr. Paddon, whom he motioned to come to him.

The boat crew was at work preparing for the departure. Everything was being hurried. Mr. Paddon stopped at the gang-plank and waited for the Gimbles. With one hand he reached to assist Lucila while Mr. Gimble uncovered the child just enough for the guide to see his burden. The boatman called for them to move quickly. One glance told the guide that they must lose no time.

"Hurry! Come on board, quick!" he cried to Mr. Gimble. They were the last passengers; the gang-plank was drawn up and the *Alabastis* weighed anchor.

Lucila's sympathy had been fully awakened.

They went at once to their cabin where they found Mrs. Gimble and the Count De Laire.

"Where have you been?" cried Mrs. Gimble. "We were afraid you would miss the boat." Mrs. Gimble had worried herself nearly ill for fear something had happened to her husband and Lucila. There had been no sign of them up to the last minute before the boat left. The mountains shut off all view inland. She had been assured that they would come before the boat sailed. Mrs. Gimble had just entered the cabin when her husband, Lucila, and Mr. Paddon made their appearance.

The sight of the child made her forget her anxiety and ask, "What is this?" Neither Mr. Gimble nor Lucila answered, fearing that what they had done would not meet with her approval. After a short silence, Mr. Gimble related what had happened.

"What are you going to do with the child? I trust you will not be long in placing it where it belongs. Do find some place for the little heathen."

Mr. Gimble turned to the guide. "What shall we do?"

"I would suggest that we call the doctor," was his reply.

The doctor soon made his appearance. Without delay he ordered a warm bath and warm

milk for the child. Soon the little eyes opened and the breathing became normal. "It will be best for him not to be disturbed; sleep will strengthen him." As he spoke, the doctor laid the baby on the bed, telling them he would return in an hour. After his departure they were all very quiet until Paddon spoke.

"You know the customs of that island are very barbarous. The natives have believed and still believe in various forms of savagery; they have wizards who, so they believe, control weather, luck, and practically the lives of the natives. To those natives the words of a wizard are law. He has the power to condemn to death, and no one dare oppose his verdict. He carries charms and symbols which they all worship. Such is their crude religion. Even the chief of the natives goes to a wizard for advice. It may be that this baby's parents were under the curse of the wizard and were put to death. If the chief or some favorite desires a change in conditions, be it weather, or any whim that strikes his fancy, he consults the wizard, who is supposed to be able to grant any desire by appeals made to their gods, the sun, the moon, or the stars. If things luckily happen as desired, the wizard is worshipped even more; but should the wishes not be fulfilled, another appeal is made. Then he either prays or maintains

that there are evil-doers among the tribe who prevent him from being heard. He can pick out anyone whom he pleases as the guilty one, and that means punishment, banishment, or, perhaps, death. The civilized man is judged likewise by them. It is possible that they convicted one or both of this baby's parents or banished them from their community. There is also the possibility that they may have been captured by another tribe. It is not likely that the child's parents are alive and near."

Lucila asked, "Could his parents have been ship-wrecked? It is strange how he came to be there and very fortunate that we found him."

"The inhabitants of that island have a strong sense of responsibility toward infants, and this one may have been carefully cared for," replied Paddon.

Mrs. Gimble, who looked bewildered, spoke, "Missionaries should be sent to this island to enlighten these poor creatures and to remove some of their superstitions and beliefs in wizards."

"Yes," said Mr. Paddon. "White men have tried to enlighten them but many of them have lost their lives in the attempt. Of late years conditions are not so bad, cannibalism having been almost entirely abolished."

A cold silence prevailed.

"Oh how dreadful," cried Lucila. "Do you mean that man will eat man?"

"Yes, indeed," replied Mr. Paddon. "They tell me that years ago a man took a woman to live with him. She looked after his comfort, gathered kindling, piled it up for a fire, baked the animals or fish, arranged such comforts as primitive man required, and if the man became displeased with her, he killed and ate her. It would take much effort on the part of enlightened man to make this savage understand that this practice was not good; his stomach was filled, and it seemed good to him. Through continued hardships and through the efforts he made to supply his own wants, he awoke to the fact that it was not good to eat his wife. When he learned this, he no longer indulged in this practice although he still thought it proper to eat his neighbor's wife. But when that neighbor in turn ate his wife, he soon realized that this, too, was wrong. However, their desires were not satisfied, so they combined into what we call tribes and ate each other. When the white man made his appearance, he was considered a new delicacy, as they found that he had salt in his flesh."

"As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he," spoke up Mr. Gimble. "I presume time, money and enlightenment are of no value to them.

Here in their native environment, their demands are small, ambition unknown, and energy latent; how then will they progress?"

"Progress they do in their search for contentment or what we call happiness. As I said before, through their hard experiences, they learn. When they awoke to the knowledge that woman was not made to eat, she became more valuable, and we find another stage of savage man's expression toward his mate."

"You all know that all races have at times sold their women. In various manners has woman been enslaved; she was sold to the highest bidder; she was used or misused by the brutal power of man. Perhaps this is why woman begot vanity. Trying to please man made her an inventor of many schemes. It is likely that to improve her beauty was one of her chief acts. I presume that slavery existed ages before man awoke to the fact that the selection of a mate was beneficial to him. Then we find that man fought for woman. So we learn that man progresses through marriage, or sex relationship."

"You think it would be possible for man to learn from the animal?" Mrs. Gimble asked, listening intently. "We know that the intelligent animal selects his mate and, as a rule, loves and, to all appearances, protects her."

Mr. Paddon replied, "Man mating with woman takes on something of her meek nature while she acquires force and strength of will. How often we read of a slave leaving her husband or master and fleeing at the risk of her life to her beloved one. When man fought to possess woman, it was more passion than love. Man's whole nature wanted to own her. This made man the pursuer while woman waited for him to appear."

The door opened and the Doctor appeared. "How is your little one? What is his name?"

"We haven't thought of a name for him. He has no name of which we know," came the response from Mr. Gimble.

"Was he not christened?"

Here they all looked at the Doctor. Mr. Paddon explained how they had found the baby. The Doctor approached the child and took the tiny wrist to feel the pulse.

"It is normal. A nurse would be very beneficial to the child if one could be found."

"What shall we do with him?" asked Mr. Gimble.

The Doctor looked thoughtfully at the child and after some moments' reflection, replied, "You had better see the Captain."

The Captain was a fatherly looking man of three score. He listened to the entire story

with interest and then said, "Well done. You have saved a life. Raise this child and make a good Christian and an honorable man of him."

Something in the Captain's tone of voice made Mr. Gimble feel that it would be worth while to raise the foundling, but he caught the eye of his wife and realized that it would be a task.

"Why Captain, how can we raise this child?" asked Mrs. Gimble.

The Captain looked at her and said slowly, "Perhaps the Doctor will give you some advice."

Lucila felt the desire to speak but only nodded and looked at the baby. The Captain made an apology for a hasty departure.

"If I can be of any service, I shall be glad to help you at any time," he said.

After the Captain had gone, Mr. Paddon spoke. "You may have a better thing than you bargained for. Perhaps it is one's duty to look after these things which come into one's life, provided, seemingly, by Providence."

"I don't see how we can care for this child. He may grow up to be semi-civilized and then be on our hands forever afterward," said Mrs. Gimble, showing signs of distress. "Oh dear," she sighed, "I hope we will not regret taking this trip."

"Mamma dear, what difference does it make? You were willing to have me bring Trix or Major, and would that have been less bother than to have a child with us?"

"Oh child, Trix or even Major would not be any bother. They are both well behaved animals. We are never annoyed by them; we can take them anywhere."

Here their French friend, the Count De Laire, became interested. "Who are Trix and Major?" he asked.

"They are our favorite dogs. How many have we, John?" Mrs. Gimble asked her husband. "I believe we have fourteen. We leave our hunting hounds at the Bay all the year around. Then we have May and Lest, collies; Trix and Fife, pedigreed poodles, and Colo, the bulldog. He is a big dog and is always in charge of our yard man, Jackson," she answered before her husband had time to reply to her question.

Mrs. Gimble and the Count continued talking on this subject in which they were both interested.

Mr. Paddon suggested to Mr. Gimble that they take a walk and see the Doctor. Lucila decided to stay with the baby. The two men asked to be excused. Mrs. Gimble smiled sweetly at her husband. She always wished him

to leave her in a good humor. Turning to Lucila, she said, "I wish they would make their stay short. I want to get the breeze outside and do not wish to leave you alone with that little heathen."

"Oh, Mamma, please do; I never had the care of a child before. Let me do so now, I should enjoy the experience."

"Shall I grant such a plea?" she smilingly asked, looking from Lucila to the Count, who smiled in turn.

Lucila, left alone with the child, picked him up in her arms as though he were the most precious thing in the world. Her heart leaped; she wondered if she would disturb him. The Doctor had said that sleep was good for him, but she wanted so much to see just what he looked like. Now, seated with him in her arms, she looked at him closely and tenderly. His skin was very swarthy and his hair quite black.

"No, no," she said to herself, "many an American's skin is as dark as his; perhaps he will grow fair if cared for properly."

She stared so long and steadily at the child that he finally opened his eyes and looked pleadingly into her own as she bent over him.

"What shall I do," she addressed him. "I know you must be amused." She took his tiny brown hand and soon found her finger in its

tight clasp while the little lips moved in a smile.

She smiled at him in return. "Little dear, how did you happen to be left all alone in this big world? Of course we couldn't leave you." Then she went on. "We will not leave you. No, no, pretty dear, you shall find a home in our house. I'll do my best for you, I promise you." The tenderness in her voice soothed the child, and it cooed in its own baby way.

"Oh, you speak, do you? Of course I don't know what you say, but I shall teach you English. You shall grow up in New York and be an American." She completely lost herself in her contemplation of the smiling infant. Her face expressed the joy her heart felt and so interested was she that the men returned without her knowledge. They stood inside the cabin, watching and listening. Her father, watching her, knew that she had made an attachment that would be difficult to break.

Tiptoeing up behind her, he, too, looked into the child's smiling face.

"What are you about, little man?"

A soft coo answered him.

"Ha, ha, he talks," all laughed heartily.

"The Doctor says he will be a strong little body as he is recuperating rapidly, but in order to keep him well, he advises a nurse."

This met with Lucila's approval.

They appealed to the Captain, who appeared shortly.

"A nurse?" said the Captain. "Oh, we have a young German girl on the lower deck who might do. In her delirious condition last night she spoke in her native tongue and said that she was a mother. She had left her child behind. You remember, Doctor, the girl you could not understand? I did not care to disclose her secret. I am very sorry for her. She appears to be a good girl, but has met with a misfortune and is worrying herself sick. Would you recommend her, Doctor?"

"Oh, I see," said the Doctor. "I could not understand why her fever was so high. She is physically sound. Her case is a strange one, but now I see that it is milk fever. She had a child. This would be of benefit to her as well as a splendid way to raise this child."

"Do you approve of this arrangement, Mr. Gimble?" asked the Captain.

"It's all right with me if that is the Doctor's advice," he replied.

"Then I shall send for her immediately. Will you come to the cabin and talk it over with her? Perhaps you had better bring the child with you," the Captain went on.

Mr. Gimble, who now thought it his place to act, picked the baby up, asking his daughter to

accompany them. They followed the Captain who sent for the girl at once. The girl, Marie Hartzel, was a German of the true German type, they judged her to be eighteen summers, blonde, of medium stature, pretty face, with large blue eyes. As she quietly made her appearance, she gave one the idea of a lost child looking for its mother.

The Captain spoke to her gently in German. "Marie, this gentleman wants you to nurse this child"—before he could complete his explanation, she turned, almost dropping to the floor.

She fell on her knees in front of Mr. Gimble. "*Ach Gott, Lieber Herr, Lieber Herr.*" She could not go on. Her head fell on his knees. The Doctor rushed forward with a glass of water. He bathed her face, and she opened her despairing eyes and looked at Mr. Gimble.

"Don't send me back," she cried in German, while tears streamed down her pale cheeks. "Oh, don't. I had to run away. I had to leave my child. No one understands; no one forgives me. He deceived me.—He deceived me! May Heaven be my witness. He seemed so good; he promised to marry me. I thought he was honest and believed that he loved me. I believed in his promises, and when I found that I was to be a mother and told him, his laugh almost drove me mad. I saw how mistaken I

had been, but it was too late. He left Germany without a farewell to me. No one knows him, and no one will believe me. Oh, Heaven, why can't you hear my cry, why can't you hear?"

Mr. Gimble was silent. What had made this girl so unhappy? Lucila went to her and, putting both arms about her, said, "We will help you; let us."

"Oh, you speak German?" Marie asked Lucila. "You will not send me back? Where did you get my child?"

Lucila pleaded with her to rest for a little while. "He is not your child, but ours. We want you to care for him when you are strong if you will."

"I will do anything for you, my angel. I have begged God to help me; no one would in my country. I knew that if my people knew of my trouble, they would make it worse by calling me bad. I am not bad. I never did wrong, but I loved him, yes, I loved him and thought he would marry me."

Marie felt better after her outburst. Mr. Gimble did not speak German and could not take any part in the conversation. The Captain and Lucila arranged for Marie to move to a cabin close to that of the Gimbles. Every need would be supplied. When Mr. Gimble handed the child to Marie, she kissed his hand.

That night Mr. Gimble retired early. He wanted to be alone. The pitiful face of Marie was before him. What a pity it is that society condemns the weak and upholds the strong. What if every man could face the consequences of his own guilt? What does society say to man? "You may, you must," and to woman, "You sin; in shame and pain you must bear the consequences."

Why, I am likely to give my own daughter to a man whose soul is sin-stained under his cloak of an honorable gentleman. On the other hand, if my daughter were a co-partner of this, she would be a Marie, a social outcast, broken-hearted. Mr. Paddon's story of savage marriage is horrible, but many of ours as well are wrong. With the brilliancy of civilization, with all our wonderful knowledge, we are yet in darkness! Why this double standard?

Mr. Gimble decided to be a friend to Marie.

The following morning he arose early and went on deck to view the rising sun. The splash of the waves sounded like music, and the sun's rays playing upon the water seemed to pour out new life to awaken the drowsy sea and land. Land was visible afar off. Mr. Gimble thought of all the souls there awakening with the new day.

"What is all this about anyway?" he mused

as the picture came to his mind. "In what manner do we differ from the savage, and what more do we get out of life than they do?" And as he stood there, the daily struggle of the millions of people came before him: the various occupations in which they were engaged; their different modes of thinking and living; the many races and creeds; the pains and joys. It seemed that an endless vision had taken possession of his soul. At each new thought, he asked himself, "Why?"

What are we about, we who are so busy—sometimes too busy to even think? He felt that if he were in New York, he would not have the time to think about this question, now a great and pressing one. His past ambitions, his failures and successes were part of his present thoughts. He saw himself a young man again, leaving college and entering commercial life. His aim had been to become rich so that he might satisfy a longing to see and enjoy the beauties of earth. How he had struggled with mind and body! He smiled and his features softened as he pictured the most interesting event in his life; his trip to the South where his business friend, Mr. Carlon had introduced to him his beautiful daughter, Levetena. He could see now in fancy her expressive face, her blue eyes, and golden hair, and the flush that had

come to her fair face on their meeting. He had been fortunate in both business and love from that time on. Her beauty and success had blessed him. His interest in "Big Business" had then taken possession of him. He pictured himself at his desk where it was important that he be daily. Many demands were made on him socially which he had to sacrifice to business.

His thoughts carried him back to the day when his friend, Charles Forestor, had called to see him on business. Forestor, although still young was fast becoming a power in the business world. He had come to New York penniless a few years before, but had soon found himself active in some of the largest enterprises. Mr. Gimble noticed that Forestor was looking particularly well and had told him so. Forestor's reply was that his good health was due to a trip he and his partner had taken abroad. His dark eyes beamed and he seemed to be fairly bubbling over with enthusiasm. This had suggested to Mr. Gimble the value of travel. The conversation on travel was of such interest that when Mr. Gimble looked at his watch it was a half hour later than the office hour.

It was then that he decided to take his wife and daughter around the world to visit the different lands and enjoy studying the people.

Many of the lands they had visited were

revisualized rapidly until the picture of the island came before him. Here he allowed his thoughts to linger. He saw again the magnificent liner with its decks crowded with handsomely gowned women; the men, young and old, mingling with laughter. The scene of the deserted baby, cold and hungry was painted vividly on his mental vision. He felt a thrill at the realization that he had saved a life. The remembrance of Marie's pitiful breakdown returned. Again Mr. Paddon's story unfolded itself, and he found himself back where he began. "Why all this?" he mused. "What is the goal?"

. . . . . .

He was suddenly aware that the deck was thronged with people. All the passengers were awake, it seemed. How long a time he had passed thus dreaming, he could not tell, for he had had no thought of anything but the question, "Why?"

He was aroused from his reverie by a caress from Lucila. Mrs. Gimble and her daughter had been seeking him. They, too, were absorbed in thought and had passed him twice without seeing him. It was Lucila who discovered him. At her touch, the visions of the past and the problems of the future fell from him.

"How charming you both look! Have you been up long?" he asked.

"We were enjoying our search for you, and we passed you twice, but we were so occupied with our thoughts that we didn't know you nor see you here," Mrs. Gimble said laughingly.

"Well how do you feel about it, Dolly?"

"To tell the truth, our dear Lucila has taught me a lesson. I was not pleased with the idea of taking up with this little heathen," she laughingly went on. "Had we not better give him a name? I was afraid it would be so disagreeable to have him with us. When we return to New York, how are we to manage with a baby on our hands? But Lucila has made everything look so simple that I will agree to whatever you decide to do."

"Just like our daughter, always thoughtful of others, always making good plans. What is this one?" he asked, drawing her close to him.

"You see Mamma and I have decided that Marie will be no more expense nor trouble than if we had Emma, our maid, with us. As to the little dear, suppose we had Trix. Mamma is going to let me manage them, and I think we will all get along nicely. What do you think about this, Papa?" asked Lucila smiling.

"You see, Dolly," answered Mr. Gimble, turning to his wife, "the day Forestor came to

my office, his enthusiasm suggested to me to take this trip."

"Dear, I trust you have not one regret. We have had a delightful time. Only a few more weeks of pleasure remain and then you will again be the servant of business."

"Yes," laughed Lucila, "on the day you were traveling abroad with Charles Forestor instead of traveling home to dinner, you were a whole half-hour late and we were worried about you, only to find the surprise you had in store for us."

"Child, this is my dream of years. When you first made your appearance twenty years ago, your presence awoke in my heart the desire to understand more of what these things on earth mean. The comfort and joy each form of life gives us—" Here he paused in thought. Lucila spoke up.

"Tell me, Papa dear, what did you think when I arrived?"

"It awakened a love I never knew when I held you in my arms; for the first time I realized the great privilege of parenthood. A greater love sprang up for your mother, and, my child, words cannot express the sense of responsibility that came over me. I have since prayed that I may tread the path in righteousness. You have aroused in me a great appreciation of the powers that lie in man. When I went South to

seek my fortune, I met your beautiful mother, who overwhelmed me with beauty and purity of which I had previously been blind. This beauty in your mother continued, and when you were born to us, you added still another source of joy, a something one cannot describe—it must be experienced."

"Papa dear, I feel that every child is not blessed with such a love as yours; how very fortunate I am," she said, kissing him fondly.

"Well, child, if every father does not realize his responsibility, his powers, and the use of them, he falls short of true manhood; and I can speak for your mother. She, too, has helped me to live my life as I have. She has always held her ideal of womanhood as the standard of purity."

"My love," came the reply from Dolly, "a woman is happy and content when she finds her lord in her husband. Your constant love led me to a greater light of which I had never dreamed. It has been a love so great and lasting that, although we have been married more than twenty-three years, each day finds us closer. Lucila has brought us so much joy, let us trust that this child too will bring us something."

"Years ago, when I started as a broker, my means were very small. Often I would say that it is up to the people who have money to circu-

late it; now that it has come our way, I want to do my part. Dolly, why not see this little one through? Money can buy his comforts and you need not be burdened with him; especially since Lucila is willing to look after him."

They all laughed.

"Let us have breakfast, but do stop in and see Marie," said Lucila.

"Will Marie be served in her cabin, John?" Mrs. Gimble asked.

"Oh yes, it was so arranged," came her husband's reply.

The knock on Marie's door was answered by Marie, who looked much happier. She met them with outstretched hands. "Good morning. This child has been very good," she said.

"We shall stay but a moment," they told her.

"Is there anything you want?" asked Lucila.

"Oh, how can I thank you, kind people? I have everything good. You have already given me more than I could want. May God bless and give you in return that happiness which you have given to me. I love this little child," she said, taking up the baby.

They looked at the child, smiled at Marie, and then left her with a feeling of elation due to the performance of a good deed.

"Happiness is the great reward for service," remarked Mr. Gimble.

"'It is more blessed to give than to receive,'" quoted Mrs. Gimble.

The baby added joy to the trip. They were now returning home, and the long ocean voyage was spent talking about him and making plans for his future. They planned the many changes necessary for a child's comfort. Even his future education was discussed. They had decided that no one need ever know who he was nor whence he came.

As they could not continue to call the child merely "he" or "it" indefinitely, Lucila decided to name him. She thought of every name imaginable for him, and came to the conclusion that he ought to be called Moses, for he was found in a like manner as was Moses of old. However, she decided to spell it "Maurice," which was a little more modern. They had hopes that their trip abroad would soon be forgotten and they would assist him to be a man the world would be proud to behold.

CHAPTER II

STATIONS IN LIFE

A true child-like beauty is a greater possession
Than a crown supported only by wealth.

The Gimbles returned to New York, feeling that they had spent their time well. Their home on Long Avenue was again overhauled somewhat after the same fashion as when Lucila came to occupy a place there. The nursery, which had been occupied by the maid, Emma, was given over to the new arrival.

Lucila enjoyed visiting the shops, selecting suitable furniture, draperies, and pictures for Maurice's nursery. Marie's room adjoined the nursery.

The new addition to the Gimble family made himself agreeable at once. He appeared to be perfectly contented with his new surroundings, while the Gimbles and Marie lavished much love and attention upon him.

The child thrived on this love and was soon walking, a picture of health and sturdiness. His eyes were large and dark brown, his hair, black. His skin was growing much fairer.

Marie took great pride in making the most of her opportunity. The family had become so accustomed to the present condition, that Maurice was indeed a necessity. He brought back the joy of baby-hood that had been absent so long from that house; to Mr. Gimble he was a son; to Dolly he was a real dear; and to Lucila he was all that was wonderful. She took such interest in him that he was always presented when there were guests. Marie was happy; she loved him especially because he filled the place in her heart that the absence of her child left vacant.

Time went on. Lucila continued to evince the same interest in Maurice. He now spoke and tried hard to make sentences. She could see how long it took him to express himself, and often she would speak for him. He would look bewildered and smile, and it seemed to her that he wondered how she knew what he meant. Lucila frequently said that Maurice was a living example of how we grow in stature and knowledge. Closer and closer they grew in companionship. He filled her life to such an extent that her mother feared she would become a bachelor girl. Many invitations to social functions were refused, for Maurice received the preference. She had her father for a partner in this. He was as interested in the child as was

Lucila herself. As time passed, the family ties knitted themselves more and more closely until each member became a necessity to the happiness and welfare of the others.

Many foreign visitors were entertained at the Gimble home after their return from abroad, bringing with them pleasant recollections. One evening Lucila had a particular guest, the Count De Laire. He had been greatly interested in Lucila when she was in Paris and had accompanied her to the island, believing himself to be a favored suitor for her hand. He had come to America to renew his suit. Mr. Paddon, too, had arrived the same day and had sent a note to Mr. Gimble, telling him of his presence in New York and his intention of calling that evening.

The Count gave a theater party in honor of Lucila, but Mr. Gimble stayed at home to entertain his guest. After the Count and the ladies had left, Mr. Gimble received his guest and welcomed him most cordially. They talked for some little time on various subjects and finally began to discuss Maurice.

"Without any knowledge of who his parents are, be they king or knave, there is always the fear of inheritance of the gross practices and the most deplorable conditions that exist among the lower classes of society. Should such evil have been handed down to him, will the oppor-

tunity of an education and good environment be superior or will the inheritance of blood rule?" asked Mr. Gimble.

"To be sure, this is a question. You know it is an indisputable fact that polygamy and prostitution have existed among all nations and all religions. Even today, what is man creating with the force he commonly calls love but which so many times is only lust? To my way of thinking, the man of lust is worse than the beast. We have religion; we have ideals of purity which we attempt to implant in the young. Much we preach, but these ideals exist only with the few. What most men of our world practice, we dare not mention. It seems that in all ages we have leaders of high morality, and it is from them, few in number but pure in soul, that civilization receives her advancement."

"You know, Mr. Paddon, that night on the *Alabastis* when we met Marie, I asked myself questions that have not yet been answered."

"It is wonderful to awaken, to want to know, Mr. Gimble. I have found in my life some of the answers to what I seek. In peculiar ways these answers have come to me. Many experiences we have are the answers to our questions. When we lose what our experiences have in store for us in the way of lessons, the value of our experiences is lost. Often we meet with

similar experiences until we are benefited, until we become wiser. I enjoy my occupation as guide. It brings me face to face with so many people and their problems. I have learned this, that each one must work out his own salvation. We differ in understanding as we do in appearance."

"So you think, Mr. Paddon, that what seems an answer for one problem would not be for another?"

"Don't misunderstand me, Mr. Gimble, I believe our problems, or, better say, our individual ones, are something that each must learn to master himself."

"I see your point. Problems of life are like those of business—part of one's experience. It is like going to ask someone else how to run one's own affairs. Right you are. No two people have exactly the same experiences."

When the Count and the ladies returned, light refreshments were served. Then Mr. Paddon left. The Count thought it a good opportunity to ask Lucila for an answer while Mr. Gimble and her mother were in the adjoining room.

Lucila listened to the beautiful picture painted by the Count in broken English. How happy she would make him as his wife; how he had dreamed all his life of this moment. He forgot

himself in his great love for her. He told her that he found a great deal of wealth, beauty and charm in the American girls.

After a few moments of deliberation, Lucila answered softly, "Oh, really I have no thought of getting married. I want to be free for years to come—" Before she could complete her sentence, he spoke.

"But, Lucila, can you say that my love would in any way bind your freedom? Do you mean—"

She interrupted him. "No, no, but don't you understand? I thank you sincerely for the great honor you pay me, but don't you see? I love New York, my home, Maurice; and I have never yet thought of leaving them."

In her heart she loved America and the spirit of liberty far more than a title. Equality meant a great part of love to her. Gently but firmly she told him that she did not love him enough to marry him, and that she would never marry until she felt that she really loved someone.

The Count was provoked by Lucila's attitude. As his wife her station in the world would add to her love for him. She would learn to care for him if she would only consent to marry him. He assured her that all would be well after that.

However, Lucila had inherited a spirit of

truthfulness, and any compromise in a matter of love would not suit her. She was awake to the Count's good qualities. He was a man of splendid social position and culture. She wondered as she looked at him for perhaps the last time what he would think of her American pranks. Would he be as patient and as good a companion as Harold Durain?

When the Count had gone, Lucila ran up to her room. Here she sat for some time engrossed with thoughts long familiar. Few women would have turned away such a chance as the Count offered. But again the picture of Harold came to her. There—as though he were in front of her, she pictured his tall, clean-cut body, his splendid manliness. He was always ready to please her and always patient of her pranks and whims.

All other visions faded as she entertained this one. She had known Harold nearly all her life. When she entered school, he was one of the big boys. When he was in college, he was always her gallant squire to the games and dances. She had often wondered why he did not ask the other girls, for she knew that they would have been only too glad to accept his invitations. When she refused to go with him, as she often did because of her work among the poor children of the tenement district, Harold

went alone. Often he returned to her to spend the remainder of the day with the children either at the park or in her own garden.

Her settlement work had opened up many problems to her. She remembered one instance when a Mr. Workman, the father of six children, stood by her car with his pail in his hand, thanking her for some charity she had extended to his family. His gratitude had been so great that tears had streamed down his cheeks. Lucila had asked Harold, "Why is it so hard for families like Workman's to get along? Why are people poor when they are willing to work?"

Many times Lucila had been told by little Willie that his papa could not get work in winter and that they could not get groceries without money. It was on one of these occasions that she had asked Harold this question. Harold, in order to change the subject or to avoid the question, placed some bills in the lad's hand and told him to take them to his mother. Then Harold had turned his car speeding homeward.

She recalled many instances of Harold's kindness and generosity to the needy and unfortunate. All these pictures came to her as she sat thinking of Harold, thankful for the decision she had made in refusing to accept a title. Now,

feeling that Harold was near and dear to her, she took up his picture and pressed it to her bosom. She looked long and steadily at the pictured face, smiled, shook her head, and turned happily to bed.

CHAPTER III

THE OLD THOUGHTS ASSERT THEMSELVES

When Hatred shall be silenced in humanity
Then — will awaken Christianity.

Among Lucila's many friends was a German of refinement and culture who had come to America to learn English and various educational methods. This had not given Mr. William Colberg a fortune. His profession as a teacher of languages gave him a fairly good income, most of which he spent living in the more fashionable parts of the city. In this way he had become acquainted with Lucila years before.

Lucila had grown very fond of Marie, and wishing that she learn English rapidly and correctly, she recommended Mr. Colberg as a teacher. Marie, who looked to the Gimbles as her savior and America as her country, was glad to learn the language.

In this way, Marie became acquainted with Mr. Colberg and soon enjoyed his company very much. He brought life of her own kind to her. She felt entirely at home with him. He

had now been her teacher for two years, and she was learning rapidly.

There were many times when Marie was not happy. Things came up frequently which reminded her of the past. At times she would be miserable for days. She spent many sleepless nights, reviewing her life. The man whom she thought she had loved and trusted was an American. What if she should find him here? How she hated him now! How cruel he had been to betray her. How little she had known men and how much she had trusted. Could she ever love again? The consciousness of shame came over her. How could she expect anyone to love her? What kind of a man would care for her now? At such times her grief bit deep into her soul. One night in particular she had tried to shut out the unbidden thoughts for Mr. Colberg was to give her a lesson the following day and must not see the traces of grief. If he did, he was sure to ask the cause of her trouble. She tossed about hour after hour trying to forget, and was glad when the dawn finally came. Busy hands brought partial forgetfulness. Had it not been for the deep blue rings under her eyes, no one would have suspected that she had been deeply troubled. All day she was so busy doing things for Maurice that she was happy and cheerful.

When Mr. Colberg came to give Marie her lesson that afternoon, he noticed at once that something was wrong and inquired its cause. She tried to avoid the subject, but failed miserably. Her silence worried him, and, thinking that she was perhaps lonesome, suggested a walk to Central Park. As the day was beautiful, she consented to go with him.

That afternoon she received a letter from home. She had written to her parents, asking forgiveness; saying that she was lonesome for them and wanted a few words of comfort. In answer, they refused to recognize her. She was an outcast to them and would remain so. She had disgraced them in their old age. They would have nothing further to do with her.

After reading the letter, Marie went to her room and threw herself on the bed in an agony of grief. Hearing Maurice call her, she aroused herself and, folding him in her arms, pressed him to her bosom. He seemed to feel that something was wrong, so he put his little arms around her neck and kissed her many times. At last she said, "Oh, little darling, if you found a home, love, and kindness and gave me some of it, why do I weep? I have you, and you give me something to live for. I shall see you grow big and strong, and you will love me, won't you, dear? I must forget my past and

think only of the future. Here in America we both have a chance. No one knows our history, except the Gimbles, God bless them! We will love them to the last day of our lives."

In the adjoining room Mr. Gimble was heard whistling.

"Come, Maurice, I must dress you and then you can go to papa." She dressed him rapidly, and, giving him his favorite horn, told him to run to his father.

John Gimble picked up the boy and blew the horn. Playing with it, he asked, "How is Auntie Marie?"

"She's crying," Maurice replied.

"That is too bad. What is the matter with our little Marie?"

Marie heard this and tears came to her eyes. These strangers had been kinder to her than her own father and mother upon whom she had brought disgrace, in duty bound to them she regretted her fall and hoped for forgiveness.

Mr. Gimble asked his daughter to see Marie, as she seemed to be in trouble. Lucila went to her at once.

"Dear Marie, do you feel well today?"

Marie, making a great effort to control herself, replied, "I was thinking of home. I received a letter that has made me feel sad, but Mr. Colberg is going to take me walking and I

hope to forget my troubles under the beautiful skies of New York."

Lucila, assured that there was nothing she could do for Marie, left her.

After this, Mr. Colberg was often in Marie's company. As her teacher, he was well pleased with the results, for his pupil progressed rapidly. She quickly grasped the language, the customs, and the manners of a true American. In Germany, he would have associated only with his own class. Consequently, he thought Americans lacking in respect for class. He knew that if he were to associate with the lower class in Germany, he would lose his own caste. Of course, he could not expect to marry as well in America, since he would lose a large dowry. He did not like the American manner of marriage. To support a wife in comfort and to give her a home for the rest of her life was ground enough for her to show her good faith by bringing to the marriage contract a cash dowry to help start the tremendous proposition.

Another thing that annoyed him was the difference in the attitude of American and German husbands toward their wives. In Germany a wife looked after her husband's comfort. She cut as well as buttered his bread; she cooked, baked, and had the plates warm for him, much unlike the fool Americans, he was heard to say.

The American husband on his way home from business brought the dinner cooked, canned or baked, and handed it to his wife with a kiss. In five minutes she had his dinner waiting for him. The wife spent the day sleeping or beautifying herself or entertaining herself at clubs or theaters. He was of the opinion that the American husband was abused by his mate, and always flattered himself that when he married, he would go back to old Heidelberg and take a wife who would be a real helpmate.

Marie, being treated as one of the Gimble family, was constantly in touch with American ways. She loved and admired their frank expression. She was delighted to find herself so fortunately placed, and soon the German custom of class distinction seemed to her to be selfish. She was surprised to find how quickly she came to regard the German viewpoint as wrong. Remembering the German domestic duties, the rigid economy and the many disagreeable things women are expected to do in that country which place her in subjection to her mate, she was glad that she was in America. This American freedom gives women greater individuality.

Marie admired the companionship of husband and wife, ever ready to be of service to each other. Often she watched Jackson, the yard man, help the cook, his wife. How dif-

ferent it was in Germany where the men of the family demanded so much attention. Every married man she knew in her country was different from the Americans.

The unexpected happened to Colberg. He listened to Marie's ideas of life. They were typically American. She believed that the American made the better husband. He took care of his wife, gave her freedom to go wherever she pleased, helped, praised, and loved her. In return, the wife felt that she was responsible for her husband's happiness. No wonder that she was cheerful, looked well, and dressed well and gave him much love in return for his manly service. That which made him worthy of a woman's love could not be bought with a dowry. Making a woman equal in all things with her husband would inspire her to make herself worthy. She saw that an American man married for love and that he continued to feel and express that love after marriage. In the cases where the marriage proved a failure, the husband and wife were not living in the true American way. If they married for a large dowry, for social position, other motives possessed them and not true love. The motive being selfish, "The pig got out of the pen and squealed," and they soon found that they were not getting out of life what they had expected.

Colberg was awakened to something he could not explain even to himself. He felt that he was not the same man. Due to Marie's influence, his opinions of American ways, marriage, freedom, and equal rights for women took on a different color. He who had always flattered himself as a teacher, a leader, had never seen these things in this light. To have little Marie bring them to him was a mystery he could not solve. It was she who spoke of how great a love she would have for a man, if he would accept it as such. She would make the one man happy, the one of her own free choice, not a husband bought or won by her ability to raise to a class or standard. She would never marry to become merely a cook for her husband. Oh, for the true American way; love for love's sake. Colberg came to see the beauty and justice of these ideas.

Mr. Colberg was a frequent visitor, and the Gimbles watched these two young people with interest. It was Mr. Gimble who spoke first of them. "Don't you think, Dolly, that it would be well for Marie to marry Colberg?" he asked his wife. "She seems to like him."

"Yes, if he becomes an American. She has told me about her views of American life. She says she would never have learned to think as she does had she continued to live in Germany.

She told me of how a wife caters to her husband's wishes there. The spirit of the home is that the wife does all for the husband and family. The woman has so little liberty in expressing her own thoughts and desires that she does not think for herself half of the time. It is the husband who possesses all the brains."

Mr. Gimble laughed. "What does she say to our way of living? It is the reverse in our country. Here, a wife imagines that she possesses the brains," and, not to offend her, he playfully put his arms around her.

"She likes our way very much, and has an idea that American marriages are the sure road to happiness. However, she does not speak as if she had any desire to marry."

"We would be very sorry to lose her, Dolly, but she deserves to be happy. She has a sweet disposition, I have watched her all these years," he answered.

"Our little Maurice is now six years old and is strong and healthy, and so he would not feel the loss of her as he would have a few years ago. Marie took him to Central Park, and he remembers the names of many animals. On his return, he tried to swing with one hand like a monkey and walked on all fours. He imitated the lion's roar, and is not the least bit afraid of animals."

"'Monkey sees, monkey does.' If we look closely at the human family, we see that many of us imitate. We constantly go on doing as our fore-fathers did."

"How can you say that, John, with all our inventions and enlightenment, our schools, music, and art?"

"Oh yes," spoke up Mr. Gimble, "our war —perhaps that too, the greatest the world has ever experienced—"

"Of course that was dreadful, simply outrageous."

"Yes, our fore-fathers fought, but they couldn't hold a candle to our new guns, our bird-men, and our bombs."

Mr. Gimble became silent. The picture of Europe as he had seen it, ran through his mind, the ancient cathedrals, the libraries, the art, the labors of man of ages, and then the picture of war returned, of vast ruins, of cripples, of widows, of children, cold and hungry, was before him. An expression of pain clouded his face. His wife was quick to see the change.

"My dear, God will hear them, will help them—. He is a merciful Father to his children."

Mr. Gimble's thoughts went on. "How often we have heard this. Yes, God is the Father, the all-merciful and powerful; but how could it be

possible for a father to have seen his children so destroyed?. What is the meaning of all this strife? How can we build churches and drill our boys in their ante-rooms to be good shots to kill their fellow-men? The winters of the European war were spent in the greatest misery. Christmas was celebrated in every home in deepest grief. Prayers were offered for those who had been shot or shelled and for those who were soon to be. All the churches were filled with heartsore souls who cried for God to help their country. The priests, ministers, rabbis, every one of God's servants, were besieged to pray for their own followers. Why did God not hear them? The New Years were ushered in with more noise and greater fighting, the greatest bloodshed the world has ever known."

Mrs. Gimble could not find words to express herself. She knew that the picture of war had taken possession of him. She was lost for an expression of true consolation.

Mr. Gimble sprang to his feet.

"I tell you, Doll, that just as long as the churches stand divided, and pray "Our Father who art in Heaven" while they retain the belief that man and man are strangers, that Kings, Nations, and even Dollars speak louder than hearts; just as long as man does not recognize the sacredness and oneness of all life—

the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man, his prayers will be empty and devoid of worship. How can one love or fear God and at the same time destroy his creations? Those who claim to be devout worshipers are as ready to kill as the savage, who has no history nor belief in God. 'Forgive us as we forgive them who sin against us.' Can you see man forgiving? See his hate, his separation from his fellow-men! War was the answer to that prayer." Thrusting his hands in his pockets he went on,

"On Mount Sinai, was proclaimed,
Thou shalt not kill, and this pertained
To hearts of men and not to stone.
But how can forgiveness be attained,
When Christianity, for His name's sake,
Does not kill but burns to the stake,
The flesh, His spirit made manifest,
The body—our living Temple, Christ exprest.
When Hatred shall be silenced in humanity
Then—will awaken Christianity."

The thought that woman must now come to man's assistance ran through Mrs. Gimble's mind. Surely no mother would teach her son to kill. She was about to say that this new age of woman's enlightenment would hasten the long desired day—"Peace on Earth and love extended to all living creatures—Good-

Will to Men," when a noise at the front door interrupted her.

"Oh John, please see if Lucila has returned."

He arose and had reached the hall when Lucila came in, followed by Harold Durain.

CHAPTER IV

NOT CHARITY, BUT LOVE

Who on the rock of love does stand,
Has nature's forces at his command.

"Papa, I am having war with him. He insists upon seeing you."

Harold was a true American, handsome and attractive. The years spent at school, where he had enjoyed every outdoor sport, had given grace to his tall figure. As he made his appearance, his deep, musical voice was heard.

"Yes, papa, you are going to see me, aren't you?" Then extending his hand to Mrs. Gimble, "May I call you 'mamma?'"

Harold was a favorite with everyone, particularly with the Gimbles. He had gone to school with Lucila and had always been a welcome visitor at her home. He had made a great success of his profession, the law, and enjoyed an enviable reputation in New York. Many attributed their success in life to the fact that Harold had served them. He was spoken of as possessing a power irresistible. Whatever he demanded in life, he received. So Harold

wanted Lucila, and was waiting for the evening to speak to her parents.

On the following day, he expected to be elected senator. He told Lucila that he knew he would win, but he also wanted to succeed in a matter of more importance to him; he wanted her to vote him hers for life. They had returned home from an interesting campaign meeting where she had met judges, lawyers, and senators, beside many other prominent men. She expressed her particular liking for the senators.

This gave Harold his opportunity. "If I win, do I win double?" he asked. He folded her in his arms caressing her, he went on: "Do I win tonight? Come, Lucila, say the word. I want you more than my political career. I want you more than everything else in the world. We have been so happy together, and when I leave New York the next time, my happiness must be by my side. With you I can accomplish anything. It is you, dear, to whom I owe my success, my happiest moments. Come, sweetheart, tell me, what do I mean to you?"

"You mean everything to me. You are a brother—a friend—yes, a sweetheart. I find more in you than in any other man, but why should we marry—not just yet?"

"Oh yes, love, it means much to me to have

you with me. I shall ask your father this evening."

That evening Mr. and Mrs. Gimble gave their consent to the marriage, and the date of the wedding was left to be decided by Lucila.

The following day Harold was elected to the senatorship by a large majority. At a banquet that evening, Lucila was introduced as the future Mrs. Durain. She was not sorry she had made this decision, and was very proud and happy.

Lucila and her mother at once became very busy arranging for the wedding, which was to take place in June. Engagements were made with modistes and milliners. Neither expense nor efforts were spared. Everything was selected with the intention of beautifying the coming event.

Lucila invited all the servants to participate. She even ordered gowns for the maids and the cook and asked Harold to look after the men. She could not enjoy her great happiness without sharing it with others. When it came to Marie's outfit, she insisted upon having a dress similar to one of her own made for the pretty little German girl. Marie objected to this until she was persuaded that it would please her benefactress. She chose white, saying that she would wear it if she should ever marry.

Maurice was to wear white satin and carry the ring in a lily. After practising how to wait on sister Lucila and big brother Harold, he thought himself quite a man.

Harold was at the house every day and never came without a toy for Maurice. The little fellow had so many toys that it was hard for Harold to find something new for him. One day when he and Lucila were driving, he asked if he might buy a doll and have it dressed like her. Lucila laughed and helped him select the doll, saying that she would have her modiste make the dress.

On their return they found a young girl waiting for Lucila to try on several gowns which she had brought from the modiste's. Harold was to wait and take the girl and the doll back to the shop. The seamstress followed Lucila to her apartment, where she began at once to fit the beautiful gowns. Lucila was well pleased with all of them. She looked beautiful in the delicate blue, the soft pink and cream, and particularly lovely in the snowy white made somewhat on the style of her wedding dress.

"They fit you perfectly, madamoiselle," said the girl. "You look like a fairy princess. This is a wonderful gown, but of course to be born beautiful is a gift from God, and one must of necessity deserve it."

Lucila noticed that the girl spoke with simplicity and earnestness. "Why should I be so blessed," she thought. "Fortune has been kind to me, of course, but my clothes help wonderfully." She looked down at the face of the girl kneeling before her, straightening the folds of her gown. She, too, was fair. She would be pretty if it were not for that tired look.

"I am to be married soon, too," spoke up the girl with a little wistful note in her voice.

"When?" asked Lucila in her usual friendly tone.

"James and I have talked about it often, but we must wait until he is promoted," she answered. "My parents will live with us, and James wants to care for them well. They need much attention from me, and I will not work after we are married."

"Where does your fiance work?" inquired Lucila.

"He is employed by the Commonwealth. He started as an apprentice and has now been with them twelve years. His next raise in salary will enable us to carry out our plans. He may some day have an opportunity to fill one of the best positions in the firm, as he is steady and well liked."

The Commonwealth, thought Lucila. Papa is one of the directors. I shall see if he can use

his influence to have this young man's salary raised. Her next thought she spoke aloud.

"Would you marry at once if his salary were increased?"

"Yes," quickly came the reply. "I am anxious to be able to give more attention to my parents. When I am employed, there is little that I can do for them."

"Could you be ready soon?"

"Oh, we shall go to the minister's house, and that is all the wedding I have planned. We must not spend much on our wedding, for it would rob my parents of money they need badly. James has helped for months toward their support."

"If you had your choice of a wedding regardless of money, what would be your ideal?" questioned Lucila.

This brought a smile to the tired face. She sat down and, looking up at Lucila, replied: "I would decorate the church with all the flowers I could get; strew the aisle with roses, and dress in white. I would have all the flowers sent to the poor and serve something for them to eat." Laughingly she went on. "I would play the fairy queen if I only could; but I had better wake up and go back to the shop. We have several dresses to finish this week."

"When is Marie's dress to be finished?"

"Tomorrow. You said that you were to be married the day following, so we rushed the work," she answered.

"Could you make another dress like it by a day after tomorrow?" asked Lucila.

"If you must have it. We will be obliged to work evenings or let someone else wait, as we are very busy just now."

"Can you get help?" suggested Lucila.

"Oh yes, if we advertise this evening, and I will ask Madam Price if it can be done, if I may telephone her."

The girl explained to Madame Price how the dress was to be made; Miss Gimble wanted it made like that white dress and to fit a small person like the seamstress herself.

Miss Stevens, the seamstress, followed Lucila downstairs, where Harold was still waiting in the dining room. Lucila was attired in this white gown, and Harold believed it to be her wedding dress.

"How do you like my dress, dear?" she asked Harold.

"I thought you must not wear the bridal gown until the wedding day," he answered, admiring her.

"Why not," she said laughingly. "Have your law books any objection?"

Her eyes searched a reply.

"No, but I thought that was one of woman's superstitions."

"Harold, pray tell me who these women are that tell you all these things."

"Now, Miss Taskgiver, you have a previous command which I must fulfill. Do I have the pleasure of driving Miss — ?"

"Stevens," said Lucila.

"To her place of business, and when I return, will you be here?"

"You will find me here, and then please answer my question."

"Very well. We must not forget our dolly. She needs a wardrobe." He picked up his package and turned toward the door. He assisted Miss Stevens into the car, and they were soon lost in the distance.

Alone once more, Lucila had time for thought. She was going to manage to have the dress for Miss Stevens, and she was sure that her father would see to the raise in salary for the young man. She knew that the young man's name was James — that was all. How many friends would Miss Stevens care to have at the wedding? What was James like? She stretched herself more comfortably on her chaise-longue, and was still picturing the whole affair to herself, when Harold returned.

"Back so soon?"

"You were not going to keep me from my bride and bridal gown any longer. Will I soil this?" he said as he put his arms about her.

"How do you expect me to keep my hands off? Have you any idea how beautiful you look in this white something—what do you call it, silk, satin?"

"Haven't the women educated you on dress materials as well as superstitions?" she asked teasingly.

He tightened his hold. "Now what is next, pretty?"

"I want you to promise me something, something I want very badly."

"I promise you anything, just so it isn't on superstition, Lucila."

"Will you be sure to keep your promise?"

"Yes, if you tell me one thing." He looked so serious that it annoyed Lucila.

"Well, what is it?"

In the same manner, he asked: "Where do women get their superstitions?"

"Is that all that is bothering you? Well, I will try to relieve your mind on that subject at once." Becoming serious, she replied.

"Why, they just believe the things they hear and repeat them so many times that they are forced to believe them, themselves."

Nodding her head "women believe—"

He laughed at this. "Then I am obliged to help you. What do you want me to do? You can rest assured that I will be your willing servant."

"You know that Miss Stevens—"

"I met her this afternoon," he interrupted.

"Just think. Her friend, Mr. James, who works at the Commonwealth, helps support her parents. As soon as he gets another raise, they will be married—and I thought it would be so nice—"

"Of course it would be," he interrupted her again, smiling.

"Now listen. I ordered a dress made for her, and she doesn't know anything about it."

"A wedding dress, I bet! The idea! If she were to be married at the same place and I should see only the dress, think what a mix-up I would be in." He shook his head.

"How do you know what I want to say?"

"What was it you wanted to say? Say it quickly."

She went on talking to him of her plan in regard to Miss Stevens. "Could she not be married—"

Again he interrupted. "There is no law in the United States to prevent her from getting married."

"But you promised to listen and—"

"Go on, little girl. I shall not tease any more."

"I mean Miss Stevens could be married in our church. Our minister might as well marry her—"

"Surely that is what a minister is for.'

"You promised to help me and you are just hindering me!"

"Well, my dear, you haven't asked for any help. You are telling me of another man doing that."

"Please listen. I want her to be married—"

"Why, of course, she should marry if she wants to," he laughed.

"To be married when we are," stopping to think how to go on.

"How can that be possible?" For the first time Harold became serious.

"Can't you see? Having her dress and all the other preparations made, why can't she?"

"Do you mean you want this girl married with us?"

"Yes."

"Oh I can't see how that would be possible! How could she? Who is she and who is the man? Why my darling, you had me promise something I do not think advisable."

Harold had always considered it a pleasure to carry out every whim of Lucila's, but he now

looked out of the windows, wondering how she could possibly ask such a thing. They were silent until Lucila spoke.

"I had no idea you would object. I thought it would be so different from other weddings; in fact, I pictured it as a most beautiful affair." She looked at Harold pleadingly.

To Harold her look was heaven. All the beauty he could express in words would not cover half of what he saw in her eyes. Taking her in his arms, he begged to be released from his promise. He found Lucila's pretty face tear-stained. All his pleas could not change her mind. Lucila was sure it would be well for the seamstress to be married with them.

It was finally settled that the first thing for Harold to do was to call the following morning at the Commonwealth to have James get ready to be married the following day.

Before leaving that evening, he took both Lucila's hands in his and kissing the finger-tips, looked up and prayed. "Keep me worthy."

On his way home, Harold found himself singing for pure joy. To him the voices of his car, now going at a frantic speed, sounded like the music of a well tuned instrument. He was living in a world above the commonplace one of material things. Everything his eyes beheld was beautiful and seemed to pour forth music.

Thus he reached home and in that spirit and went to work with overflowing energy.

"What is love?" he asked himself. "Whence comes it — and whither does it go?" The more analysis he indulged in, the further he was from his problem's solution.

Lucila remained standing in the doorway for some time after Harold had gone. She felt a sense of assurance as she repeated, "'Keep me worthy.' He is worthy and prays to remain so."

She looked down at her hands; the warmth of his caress seemed to remain. She carried them to her lips and unconsciously kissed them herself. At this time her hands seemed to be not hers alone; she was possessed with her love for Harold; he was in reality one with her, flesh of her flesh. She stood in the door with the light of a million stars upon her. Suddenly, like one awakening from a dream, she looked up.

"Oh Heaven, keep our love pure, undefiled and eternal. Make us worthy." With joy in her heart, Lucila went to her room. Every step she took was as one walking on sacred ground.

"Oh God — Oh Love!" She had no desire nor thought for anything but to realize this purity, this holiness. She moved about as if she were disembodied. She longed to embrace the very atmosphere. She felt the breeze from her window kiss her cheek, and even the bed

spoke of sweet repose. She retired under this magic touch and fell into a deep, peaceful sleep.

When she awoke, the sunbeams were pouring upon her myriads of rainbow rays. The birds were singing their sweetest songs. The desire to pray took possession of her. How thankful and how happy she was! What could she do to keep these beautiful thoughts — to make herself worthy? She told herself that perhaps it was her reward for giving joy to others, and gave thanks for the opportunity which had afforded itself to bring happiness to the seamstress.

CHAPTER V

LOVE BEARS PATIENCE

"And whatever the Law and the God be named,
By Kings like you and me,
They speak supreme in that cosmic voice,
Which men call harmony."

—*Albert Bigelow-Paine.*

The following morning Harold arose early to telephone and telegraph several messages of importance. He had to absent himself from his office during the most important part of the day, but it was to please Lucila, so he did it with good grace. Seated in his car, he directed it to the Commonwealth.

When Harold entered the Commonwealth, he was met by the floor-manager, who bowed politely as he received the Senator's card. Harold asked at once to see Mr. James, one of the employees.

"Mr. James shall be called immediately." The manager asked Harold to be seated while he sent a boy to summon the young man.

In a few minutes a large-featured, auburn-haired man of about twenty-six years followed

the lad into the office. The manager directed him to Harold. One glance at James made Harold wish he had not made Lucila any promise. It would be impossible to even think of standing beside this man while he was being married. As the fellow approached, Harold found himself at a complete loss for something to say. So he handed the young man his card and asked him to call at his office at ten o'clock.

"To be sure I will. I'll come," came the reply.

Harold was completely disgusted with the fellow. He judged him to be an uncouth boor, so he hastily took his leave. Thoughts on equal suffrage entered his mind. Many men who have had experience with women say with truth that the voting of women will bring the country to ruin; that women let their hearts rule their heads. Above all things he had given Lucila credit for good judgment. How could she ever have entertained such a preposterous idea?

He was about to go to Mr. Gimble's office, but upon second consideration decided to run down and tell Lucila what he thought of James. He found her at her breakfast. She received him with outstretched arms. He lost no time in telling her that if she had seen James, she would abandon the idea of a double wedding.

"It is simply impossible, Lucila. My dear,

we cannot be married with such a character." Harold spoke loudly and somewhat shortly.

Lucila looked bewildered, for Harold had never spoken in this manner to her before. She felt that it must be her fault. The seamstress had looked like a lady. She knew that Harold was not such a snob as to dislike people because they were poor.

"But Harold, you met that young woman. You didn't find any fault with her," she said softly.

"No, not with her, but if you could see James, you would advise her not to walk across the street with him."

"You must be mistaken, Harold dear; he is a good man or he would not help support her parents."

"Well, he looks as if he didn't have sense enough to support himself."

"But, Harold, you can do this thing for me—"

"My love, I want to do everything for you, but you must not let the woman part run away with your better judgment. I can't and won't be married with that fellow!"

Lucila dropped into a chair, her hands over her face. Harold spoke again in a more gentle tone.

"Don't let this interfere with our happiness;

forget about the whole affair. Give the girl her dress, and don't ask me to stand next to such a—" He stopped, for Lucila was sobbing. Walking to her chair, he stooped over to kiss her, but she drew herself away. This hurt him, and again he tried to explain. "I told him to come to the office. I expect your father will be there, and he can see for himself. Ask him about that fellow, and see if he is willing for you to stand next to such a couple to be married."

All that Harold could do or say could not alter Lucila's determination. It was ten o'clock, and Harold was wondering if James was in the office, when the telephone rang.

"I suppose it is the office calling about that appointment with James—"

Lucila made no attempt to answer him or the telephone. She felt herself abused by Harold. Again the telephone rang and no one answered. Harold was pacing the floor with his hands in his pockets.

Seeing that Harold could not be moved in his decision, Lucila ran upstairs and threw herself on her bed.

Harold was still pacing the floor when Mrs. Gimble entered and the telephone rang again.

Mrs. Gimble picked up the receiver. It was her husband, saying that a young fellow by the

name of "James" had waited at the office half an hour and wanted to know what the senator wanted of him.

Mrs. Gimble called Harold.

"No, no," cried Harold, "you talk to him, please. Tell him that Lucila has planned to have her seamstress, Miss Stevens, married to that James at the same time we are to be married. She had me go down to the Commonwealth this morning to arrange matters with him. When I saw him, I concluded that I could not carry out Lucila's plans. We cannot be married in such company."

This was all news to Mrs. Gimble. She was amazed and was at a loss for something to say. "Where is Lucila?" she asked, holding her hand over the mouth-piece of the telephone.

"In her room, I suppose."

"Well, what shall I say to Mr. Gimble?"

"Please say that I cannot keep my appointment. I was going to talk to that young man about his sweetheart, Miss Stevens. Now that I have seen him, I have changed my mind."

Mrs. Gimble repeated this over the telephone, and told her husband to call up later after she had had an interview with Lucila.

After removing her wraps, she went into further details with Harold. Mrs. Gimble, who was strongly in favor of all the conventions of

society, fully agreed with Harold that it was not a proper thing for her daughter to be married with her seamstress.

"You see, from childhood up, Lucila has followed in her father's footsteps; to him all are equal, be they rich or poor, black or white. You know that Lucila has as many friends among the poor, uneducated, and foreign people as she has in her own set. It would break her heart if I were to refuse to allow her to carry out her plans."

"I don't object to acquaintances among the poor, but it seems to me that this fellow is beyond the pale."

"Let us talk it over with Lucila," she replied.

Again and again Harold pleaded with Lucila to stop and reason. Finding that all his efforts were in vain, he ran down the stairs, picked up his hat, and left.

Lucila was now lost as to what was right or wrong. Should she forgive? The thought of tomorrow, their wedding day, almost broke her heart. All that her mother tried to do or say did not help matters any.

Harold had been gone about half an hour when the telephone rang again. It was Mr. Gimble, wishing to tell Harold that the fellow at the office neither knew a Miss Stevens, nor had any intention of getting married. "There

was a mistake somewhere," said Mr. Gimble when told that Harold had left without a word as to where he was going. Mr. Gimble thought it likely that he would soon put in an appearance at his office. After waiting for an hour and a half for Harold, Mr. Gimble came home to find Lucila in tears and Mrs. Gimble worried about Harold.

Mr. Gimble called up Harold's apartment and his office, but was not able to locate him. One o'clock came. Lucila refused to come down to her dinner. Mr. and Mrs. Gimble sat down, not to eat, but to think things over. The past three hours had seemed an age, for so much suspense had filled each moment.

Harold, who had been admitted by a servant, entered the diningroom quietly. His face was lined and care-worn.

"Oh!" gasped Mrs. Gimble.

Mr. Gimble turned around and laughed heartily. "You can't marry that fellow off, Harold. He is not inclined toward matrimony, and has never heard of Miss Stevens."

Without waiting to hear anything more, Harold ran up the stairs two at a time, and with one bound was at Lucila's side.

"It's all a mistake. Forgive me, love, it's all a mistake!"

Lucila, anxious to hear all about the mistake,

allowed herself to be embraced. She was happy again. Together they came down to dinner. All were amused by the incident and decided that Harold should rush down to the Commonwealth again to locate James and make the necessary arrangements.

At three o'clock Harold again made his appearance at the Commonwealth.

Another floor-walker greeted him pleasantly. "What can we do for you, Senator Durain?"

"I wish to see one of your employees — a James — for a few moments."

Before he could explain further, the man bowed and said, "Most assuredly you may. He will be here directly."

He walked back to the office and handed the card to an elderly gentleman who wore a double set of glasses. The man took a long look at the Senator, then slowly and thoughtfully made his way toward him.

"Do you wish to see me, Senator Durain?"

One glance told Harold that this was not the man.

"I think not, I want — "

"I thought you didn't want me," interrupted the man. "I will bring James to you," he turned down the aisle muttering to himself. "I knew he was no good. I wonder what he is up against now. Lawyers! whew!"

Harold watched him walk into the last office. Presently a red-haired, freckled-faced boy about seventeen years old emerged and came to him.

"Sir, what is it you want?"

Harold could not suppress a smile at the comical look on the flushed face. "I don't want you. I want—" Before he could finish, the boy went on:

"I knew that. You want James, and I'll go fetch him right away."

Harold watched him go to the manager, exchange a few words, and go up the stairs.

Sometime passed before he reappeared. Harold decided to sit down and wait. Presently he was aroused from a reverie by the voice of the red-haired boy.

"I found James. He has been transferred, and it took some time to locate him, but I knew when I heard that you are a lawyer that you wanted him." He started to walk away.

"Well, I thank you," said Harold, and turned to this James who was standing on one leg and one wooden peg. Harold was trying to decide what to say when this poor fellow began.

"You see, when my leg was cut off, they told me you would come and see me about a settlement. I have waited all this time. Lawyers, I suppose, are busy."

At any other time Harold would have been

interested in this case, but just now he could not lose a minute, so he asked.

"What is your name?"

"Frank C. James," came the reply.

"You are not the man I am looking for." Handing him a card, he said: "You may call on me if you want advice. Pardon me, but I am in a hurry to locate the man I need."

Harold then addressed himself to the manager. "Say, have you a man here named James who is neither red-haired nor a cripple? Can't you help me find him?"

The manager stroked his chin thoughtfully.

"Possibly James is his Christian name," suggested Harold.

"I see! You probably mean Mr. James Connell. Now if you will please give me a card, I will arrange an interview for you."

Mr. Connell was told that Senator Durain wanted to see him.

Harold was ushered into the private office. Two stenographers were busy typing. As he entered, one of them directed him to a chair. Mr. Connell, young and intellectual-looking, soon came in.

"What can I do for you, Mr. Durain?"

"I came, or rather I was sent, to see if you are acquainted with a Miss Stevens?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Connell.

"I thought so," said Harold.

"What do you mean, Mr. Durain? Miss Stevens has been in the employ of my sister for years and—"

"That is just why I am interested," replied the senator.

"H'm, I don't understand," Connell responded coldly. "Whose business is it, anyway?" Then seeing that Harold began to look stern, added. "Don't take offence, but who sent you, Mr. Durain?"

"Miss Gimble."

"Oh!" said Connell in a low tone and waited for Harold to go on.

"She wants you to marry Miss Stevens—"

"Marry her? How can I?" interrupted Connell.

Harold went on: "Mr. Gimble is a stockholder in this company and he will see to your promotion. Miss Gimble has already made arrangements."

"Say, are you not Durain, the senator and lawyer?"

"I am," replied Harold.

"What kind of a frame-up is this, anyhow?" Connell asked sternly.

"I do not comprehend your meaning," said Harold, looking straight at him. "I am trying to do you and Miss Stevens a favor."

"A favor for Miss Stevens and me?" repeated Mr. Connell.

"Yes. You promised to marry her, so she says, as soon as you are promoted. Mr. Gimble will see to this, and you can be married at the same place. Miss Gimble insists upon sharing her happiness with everybody."

"Do you know that I am a married man and have two children?" Mr. Connell asked quietly.

Harold looked from Connell to the ladies. A laugh forced him to sit down.

"I have the wrong man again," was all he could say.

"Probably I can help you find him," offered Mr. Connell, seeing that Harold was really serious. "I know a Miss Stevens, who has worked for my sister for years. Before I was married, my wife teased about this girl — so I thought you were referring to her. I have been superintendent of this department for years, and I don't know another James Connell in the building."

"I am not in search of a Connell; I want a James — I am at loss as to how to proceed. I was directed to you after inspecting half a dozen Jameses. Do you know a marriageable James here?"

All enjoyed a hearty laugh.

"I've got it! Call Department B, get James

Dillon, and send him to me at once." The girl he addressed did as she was directed.

"So you are to marry the daughter of John Gimble?"

"Tomorrow," said Harold.

Their conversation was interrupted by the entrance of James Dillon, a clean, manly looking young chap. Harold had at last found his man!

CHAPTER VI

CHILDREN OF EARTH

"The teachings of Jesus brings men back to the simple truth that righteousness, or right-doing, is entirely a matter of individual conduct, and not a mystical something apart from man's thoughts and deeds."

—*James Allen.*

At nine o'clock on the day of the wedding, the seamstress delivered the dress to Miss Gimble. She was overwhelmed with surprise when Lucila asked her to put the dress on herself. It fitted like a glove. Lucila exclaimed, "You look like a bride."

Miss Stevens looked at herself in the mirror before her, saying wearily, "Yes, this would be my dream of myself."

"Will you do something to please me, Miss Stevens?"

"Yes indeed; I would be pleased to be of service to you."

Lucila put her arms about her, and with a sweet smile, said:

"Dear, I have had you make your own dress. Would you wear a dress you made—to be

married—to be married at our church by our minister at the same time as myself?"

To be married with the beautiful Miss Gimble, the daughter of a millionaire, seemed to be too great a privilege for Miss Stevens. She could not believe her own senses, but the earnest look of Lucila told her that it was not a joke.

"I don't know what to say! It is a wonderful surprise to me. What will James say?"

"James is certainly in favor of my plan," she answered. "He has made all the necessary preparations, and, if you will let my maid help you, you will start with us at four. Our car is at your disposal. Anything you need can easily be supplied. Do not hesitate to make your wishes known."

"With this beautiful gown, I shall need a veil and slippers; but how can I ever thank you for your kindness?"

"The double wedding will be so unusual, and a surprise to everyone. This itself will repay me —the pleasure of having you there. You are to be married first, and will enter the church first. Then you can wait on me, and I will leave you and my maids to follow."

"I can't find words to express myself. I don't know what I have done to deserve this happiness. I can be ready any time you say,

after a few moments' talk with my parents. Dear folks! They always have wanted me to be married in church. They cannot attend the wedding as they have both been confined to the house for years. It will make my mother so happy to hear of my good fortune."

The car was waiting for Miss Stevens. Quickly it took her to the humble dwelling. The chauffeur was told to call for her at half-past three.

Elaborate preparations had been made for weeks for this wedding. New York was alive with expectation. The papers announced that this was to be one of the biggest events of the season.

At home the Gimbles were very busy. Mr. and Mrs. Gimble were glad that Lucila was so happy and felt that they were not losing their daughter, but were gaining a son.

The church and house were tastefully decorated by one of the best florists in New York. He was an artist in his line and made the church look like a wonderland of roses.

Guests gathered in the parlors and drawing-room of the Gimble home. Marie and the other maids were upstairs. The groomsman entertained the guests. Laughter and talking were heard throughout the house.

When Miss Stevens and Mr. Dillon arrived,

they were taken upstairs. The seamstress looked very pretty. Her happiness had transfigured her tired face into beauty. To conceal from her friends that she was to be a bride, Miss Stevens carried her veil on her arm, covered with a bouquet of lilies-of-the-valley. When all was in readiness, Elizabeth Stevens walked slowly down the stairs on the arm of James Dillon, the others following, to the cars awaiting the bridal party.

The ushers were careful in having the cars arranged properly. Miss Stevens and James occupied the first car, Lucila and Harold the second, Marie and Mr. Colberg the third. Mr. and Mrs. Gimble were in one of the last cars, but would drive ahead to arrive first at the church. They were also to leave the church ahead of the Senator and his bride.

Among the friends at the house were Mr. Forestor and Mr. Wicker, two members of Harold's club. Both possessed good humor, good looks, and plenty of money. They were seen everywhere in good society and considered good company. Mr. Forestor came in his own car. He took particular pains to see which car carried the bridal party. His main object in being present at the wedding party was to find Marie. He had known for several months that Marie and the child were with the Gimbles,

for Mr. Lam Wicker had seen her in Central Park and had heard her call the boy Maurice Gimble. Wicker had lost no time in carrying the news to Forestor, who had investigated and found it to be so. He was now standing next to Wicker, both taking precautions not to be seen by Marie. They noticed that she got into the third car. As soon as the bridal party left, they jumped in their own car and drove to their frequently visited garage.

Here they telephoned for chauffeur number twenty-six, who quickly came. He was instructed to get a special car and drive at once to the church. Wicker said to him:

"As soon as you see the third car blow up, offer your services. Be there on the spot without fail. You understand?"

He thrust a bill into the chauffeur's hand and continued. "After the couple enters your car, drive to the farm. You know the rest."

Forestor and Wicker did not expect to see the wedding ceremony at the church. They were too busy making their plans.

They arrived just in time to see the procession leave the church. No sooner had the first machine started with Mr. and Mrs. Gimble, the second carrying the Senator and his bride, than the third car met with an accident. No one could account for it, but a similar car offered

its services and, to avoid delay, was accepted and occupied by Mr. and Mrs. James Dillon. Marie and Mr. Colberg followed in the next car and then came the maids and friends. The bridal party returned to the Gimble's magnificent home, where a reception was given for the Senator and his bride.

Mr. Colberg had been very happy while the ceremony lasted. Marie and he were both deeply impressed by the beautiful flowers, the sweet faces of the brides, the wonderful music, the solemn voice of the minister. Mr. Colberg had long wanted to tell Marie of his love, and now she looked so charming that he resolved to speak. He put his arm about her. His lips were about to utter the words he most wanted her to hear when a machine ran along side them. The words, "You got her; kill her if necessary," were heard.

Marie, hearing that voice suddenly sat up very straight and then fell back in Colberg's arms. She turned very pale, her eye-lids drooped, and he was aware that she was in great distress. Her body grew cold and still.

"What is it, my own, my love, my Marie?" The words he wanted her to hear were uttered, but she did not hear them. He embraced her, but all to no avail, although he made every effort to revive her. The car seemed to him to

be crawling. Should he call for help? Should he order the chauffeur to drive faster? Even the long familiar streets seemed strange to him. He could not recall where they were going nor how long it would be before they could reach their destination. He was about to call for help when Marie opened her eyes and looked up at him. Her look alarmed him.

"My Marie, speak. What is it? Can't you say something to me?"

Mr. Colberg was at a loss to account for this sudden change. Her eyes filled with tears, her motionless hands clasped tightly in her lap told the story of a struggle in her soul.

"Oh, my dear, my dear! What is it?" but all his pleas were in vain. She did not move, but leaned against him, staring into space.

"A moment ago you were my own Marie, alive and loving. Now you have changed to marble. Come, speak, my love. You are and shall always be my own Marie."

He decided that it was not necessary to call for help as he realized that they were nearing the house. Soon the car stopped and one of the ushers appeared.

"Just a minute," said Colberg. "Is Mr. Gimble to be found?"

"Yes," came the answer. "He came in the first car."

"Please send him to me at once."

A few moments later, Mr. Gimble stood at the door of the car.

"I am sorry to disturb you, Mr. Gimble, but Marie has suddenly become faint. Just say to Senator and Mrs. Durain that she will be alright."

"This is too bad," came from Mr. Gimble. "Is there anything we can do?"

"I believe it will be best for her to be taken upstairs where she can rest quietly."

Colberg carried Marie to her room. She clung to him like a terrified child, but said nothing.

Downstairs all was merry. The banquet hall had never been filled by a more select company. A magnificent dinner was served, and numerous toasts were drunk to the bride and groom.

The Senator and his bride decided to say nothing about the missing bride and groom. They assumed that Elizabeth and her husband, believing that they were intruding, had slipped away quietly. Many of the friends were of the same opinion, and nothing was said.

Marie's absence was not noticed, as she was regarded as a servant except by the family.

Forestor and Wicker were satisfied. They thought they had Marie in their possession, and entertained each other drinking to their good fortune.

Durain and his bride decided to slip away without a word to any of the guests. Wicker was the only one who saw them leave. It was his plan to delay them. At one of the congested crossings, he drove ahead of them and stopped. Traffic was delayed, and Harold exclaimed impatiently, "We haven't a minute to spare."

Wicker jumped out of his machine and pretended to look over the engine. After some time, he noticed that the car behind him was ready to pass him. Immediately he sprang in and was again ahead of them. So the ride continued until Wicker succeeded in delaying them as long as he thought necessary.

Arriving at the station just in time to see their train pulling out, Harold and Lucila decided to go to a small hotel where they would not be known. Here they would wait until the next train left for the western coast. Unnoticed, Wicker again followed and saw them enter the hotel and register under an assumed name. He was about to depart when he saw the Senator leave the hotel alone.

Wicker's curiosity was aroused, so he followed Harold and got on the same elevated train with him. When Harold left the train, Wicker was close at his heels. The Senator went to his own house and went in. In a few

minutes he reappeared with a small, dark object under his arm and hastily returned to the elevated station. Wicker followed him back to the hotel and discovered that the dark object was a camera.

His curiosity satisfied, he drove back to the reception. Dancing still continued, and his short absence had not been noticed. He found Forestor shaking hands and saying that he had had a delightful time. Leaving in their own car, they hastened to meet "their Marie."

"You know, Forestor, she looked familiar when I saw her in Central Park, but who would have dreamed of her being in America?"

"When I first met her, she could not have been more lovely. I would have married her had she continued to hold me in that spell. I would have kept my promise." Forestor closed his eyes as his fancy carried him back to Germany.

"Marry her! What's the use?" and Wicker laughed aloud. "Too many of them; give me six weeks with the best and you are welcome to them. The variety is too big to marry one."

"That's not always the case; suppose you were obliged to?" asked Forestor.

"I have so far failed to see the necessity."

"By the way, what are we going to do with that man?"

"What man?" inquired Wicker, for by this time the drinks had befuddled his mind.

"The man who was with her in the car."

"Oh, I thought you had attended to him," Wicker replied.

"I called up and told Tom to be on the job. He said Wing was there and that everything would be alright."

"Leave it to them," Wicker laughed. "Say, how quickly you tamed that red-haired girl."

"You must be color-blind, Wick."

"What! But you call her 'Reddie,' and she looks it."

"No, she doesn't look it! She is one of the good kind—was raised by a minister, her uncle. I would never have gotten her if it hadn't been for the dope you gave me. It worked like a charm. When she awoke, I thought she would go mad. All my threats did not frighten her. She said death would be preferable to her imprisonment.

"It was then that I named her 'Reddie.' It was not until I turned her over to Tom and Wing that she cooled down. Now she says that she would rather stay with me, for at times, she says, I act like a man. She likes to preach. At times she almost convinces me that there are greater treasures than money and lust of flesh. She has said that if she were doomed to fall in

order to save me, she would be satisfied with her lot."

"Ha, ha," laughed Wicker. "No wonder you are not fast in handing her over. You have held on to her longer than I have ever known you to do."

"I have promised her that, and I don't like to break my promises."

"How honest you are getting, Forestor!"

"It is not that I am honest; but she has cast an influence over me which I cannot get rid of very easily."

"Let us return to the old subject. What are we going to do with that man?" asked Wicker. "Perhaps we can buy him off."

"We simply have to get him out of the way," and Forestor began singing, "Marie and Old Heidelberg."

When under the influence of drink as they were then, these men were no longer the same young men they had been a few hours before. The beauty of youth, of manliness, the very charm that might attract any young woman had fled and left in its place two satyrs with drooping mouths, swinging heads, and wagging, filthy tongues.

CHAPTER VII

THE LIGHT SHINETH IN DARKNESS

Keeping time with the flesh,
One loses the tones of spirit.

They arrived at what was known as their farm. It was blocks away from any other houses.

Tom and Wing lived there all the time, and the house was visited from time to time by Forestor and Wicker. Occasionally these two brought their friends, coming late in the evening and leaving toward morning. Many of these visitors were women. However, for the past two months a woman, known as "Reddie," had occupied the house.

The house was comfortably furnished. There was a large kitchen, an airy dining-room, a living-room, and an elaborately furnished sleeping-room on the first floor. On the second floor a hall divided four rooms fitted with heavy doors. At the end of this hall, a narrow staircase led to the attic. The basement was partitioned off into two dark, damp rooms.

As Forestor and Wicker entered the dining-

room, Tom and Wing were enjoying a few "slings."

"How are things down here?" they both asked.

"O. K.," came the response.

"Did the girl get here?"

"Bet she did," Wing answered.

"And the man?" inquired Wicker.

"He made some fight, but it didn't amount to much after we got him in."

"Where is he?" asked Forestor.

"Rear basement," replied Tom.

They all sat down to have a drink.

"What shall we do about the man? I don't like to have him around," Forestor remarked.

"I wouldn't think you would if you had heard him. He tried hard to escape, and we finally had to beat him into silence," said Wing, who looked more savage than human.

"Ha," laughed Wicker. "I have an idea. Send him to the insane asylum."

"He kept saying that he was just married and that the girl was his wife. He sure acted insane," said Tom.

"I believe that is a good idea. Suppose we call Dr. Titus and tell him we want a man taken care of. Cash will follow. He will take care of him and we can rid ourselves of him at once," said Wicker.

Forestor, his head shaking and eyes blinking, listened with approval. Wicker telephoned the doctor, and told him that he would send him a patient who declared he was married and had been lured away, and that he would probably fight to escape.

"You can say a few of his bruises were caused that way," spoke up Wing.

The doctor ordered his patient brought to the hospital at once, and the necessary papers and the money were to follow the next day.

Tom, Wing, and Wicker went to get the man. They were forced to carry him, as he was not able to stand on his feet.

"You might have put him out of business," said Wicker.

"He made too big a fight," came the reply from Tom.

"Wait here, Wing, until I come out," and Wicker returned to the house to tell Forestor that he was afraid to drive the man to the hospital.

"Why the cold feet?" asked Forestor, who at this remark from Wicker tried to sober up.

"If that —— —— moved to the abode of the angels, I would get in bad."

"Never mind; as long as you get him to the hospital, it will be all right."

"He will surely get there," replied Wicker.

Wicker took another drink. Then turning to Forestor, he asked:

"When shall I call for you?"

"I am in no hurry. I can let you know." He then started upstairs.

"Wing says to tell you that Reddie asked as an especial favor that you see her as soon as you came in," Wicker called after him.

"All right. Good night, or it will be morning before you go." Forestor answered him drowsily.

"I'm off," and the door slammed after him.

"I wonder what the deuce Red wants." Forestor muttered to himself as he stood in the hall. "Marie and Red." The stillness of the night haunted him. Should he see Marie ——, poor, helpless thing? He laughed to himself. How small the world was! Marie was under this very roof. But his laugh was not one of joy. "What is it? Surely I am not afraid." For the first time he stopped to think, to consider something beside his own pleasure. He was as serious as could be expected of one in his condition.

"I guess I'll see what Red wants. More preaching, I suppose," he murmured to himself as he straightened up and walked toward her door. He thrust his key in the lock and opened the door.

The room was brilliantly lighted. Red was clad in a robe of cream lace, a recent gift from him.

"I knew you would come," and she stretched out her hand to him.

He took her little hands in his own and drew her to a seat beside him. His eyes rested on her beautiful face with its features that any artist would be proud to paint; her olive complexion and pink cheeks and curved, red mouth that would do justice to a goddess. He was glad to get away from his thoughts in his contemplation of her beauty.

She had instantly detected the odor of drink on his breath, and, controlling herself, faced him and looked straight into his eyes.

"Are you not well tonight?" she asked softly.

"I don't know what I am," he replied briefly.

She was silent for a moment, then went on. "I have told you that you will find yourself some day; perhaps this may be the day." She put her hand on his head and gazed steadily into his eyes.

"Do you mean that, Red?"

She nodded. "If I did not really mean it, I could not say it. I pray that you will awaken soon. It is for you that I pray. When you awaken, I shall be saved."

"How shall you be saved? Do you want to be free? Do you want to go away from here? If so, I will let you go, Red. I will give you money, if you will promise to go away and not say a word. You know you cannot injure me; but if you want to be free, I shall let you go."

"See how prayers are answered," she continued and nestled closer. "I want to be near you to pray for you, to help you, to make a man out of you."

"What, pray for me? What do I need? I get whatever I want. I live, believe me, my little Red. No grass grows under my feet. I get out of life all it has to offer. Why are you praying for me?"

"'The light shineth in darkness, and the darkness knows it not,'" she said, looking at him sympathetically.

"I understand what you are talking about less than I did before. By the way, I would have brought you a book, but the shops were closed when we left; and, in our hurry, I forgot your candy."

"Oh, you need not worry about the candy. I still have some left from the last box. Do you want some?" She left him for a moment, to return with the box.

"What a graceful little creature she is," he spoke aloud.

Hearing him speak but not catching the words, she asked, "What did you say? My attention was on the books and candy."

"Books," he mused. "How did you like that Dickens?"

"I enjoyed the book. I read 'Oliver Twist' when I was in school, but I got more out of it this time. A book can be such good company. Don't you find it so?"

"Haven't had time for such company of late years. I leave the book company to the lovers of books. I take the real thing." He drew her closer, not realizing how great a pain these words and the liquor on his breath caused her.

Innocently she went on, "The first book you brought me was Shakespeare's 'The Taming of the Shrew.'"

He interrupted her, "Shakespeare? Did I bring you a book by Shakespeare?"

"Why, yes," pointing to the table holding her treasures. "There are the two books you gave me."

He laughed. "I did not know Shakespeare wrote for school girls. I went into the shop and asked the clerk what books would interest a school-girl, rather a young girl."

She was eager to have him in good spirits so she could approach him on the subject of most importance to her—the girl upstairs. Now

she was at a loss for something to say next. She looked down, almost closing her eyes, but opened her heart and, far down in the inner chamber of her soul, silently prayed: "Oh Lord, hear me. Give me understanding. Save her — save me!"

This silence lasted until he asked, "What are you doing, praying?"

"Yes." And she raised her eyes to meet his.

He caught the spirit of her innocence. He was touched with a child-like receptivity, and, looking into her eyes, went on. "Look here, little Red, aren't girls made to love, to kiss, and to hug? What is wrong about it?"

Instantly she felt herself transformed from a girl to a woman. She would have to meet him on grounds that she had not expected. An idea flashed through her mind. "My prayers are answered." She closed her eyes again to seek the guidance of that Power which had led her thus far.

"Mr. Forestor, you say that girls are made to love. This I know: it takes a real lover to love, a true man, one who truly appreciates great beauty. Such a man is able to love most, to express most love. Love — Mr. Forestor, is more than a kiss or a hug."

"Why did you carry on so when you found yourself here? I wouldn't hurt a hair of your

head. I wanted you; I loved you; and I would have given you everything in return for what you gave me. The trouble lies in the law called marriage. Marriage makes a girl safe in giving herself. A few words mumbled by a minister out of a book called the Bible makes her willing to give herself. What does this mumbling amount to? Red, there are just as many married men carrying on liaisons as we fellows who don't believe in marriage. If some of these married men would treat their wives half as well as they do their sweethearts, the divorce courts would be empty. I know this; that their wives are better, brighter, and cleaner women. A man manages to pick out a good woman when he marries, for he knows that the law will compel him to stick to her. He is wise and has had enough experience to tell him what women are."

"Mr. Forestor, if marriage is only an excuse, a tie for man and woman to be obliged to live together, it is bondage. Surely marriage does not mean that!"

"Look at it. You have met married people. Haven't you seen and heard enough of married people's troubles to make you feel glad that you are single? I resolved as a boy to always be free to do as I pleased, and so far I have enjoyed my success."

"That may all be very well. Liberty is a

privilege which we all ought to enjoy, but there is law and it must be enforced to keep order."

"Law, law," he laughed. "Little girl the only law you need is money. With enough of that, you can travel the wide world to suit yourself."

"You know that Abraham Lincoln said, 'You can fool some of the people some of the time, and some of the people all the time, but you can't fool all the people all the time.' Somewhere, some place, some time, we answer for all our acts. If it were not so, why then do people suffer?" She said this with such tenderness that he looked at her and laughed.

"I suppose you would say that it would serve me right if something were to happen to me. You would say that the Lord had heard your prayers, and that I would be getting my just deserts."

"Don't think that I would be happy to see you suffer, and revenge is not the thing I pray for. But, Mr. Forestor, law and order were established long before we were on this earth. Why doubt that law rules? Can you not see the flower, the animal, the stars, the moon, all governed by law? Why then think that man alone is free to do as he sees fit, as you said before, that money has the power to buy all things? I may be lacking in understanding of

how far money really can buy the law, that is—government or man made law; but do you really think that the laws which govern the universe listen to the jingle of money?"

Again under her influence he sobered up.

"If you will, Red, look at the ministers, holy ones who pray all the time. What law have they invoked, how are they answered? Generally these fellows are poor, sick, and in as much distress as human beings ever find themselves. On the other hand, many crooks are born, live and die crooks and have the better time for it. Look at some of the rich men. Many of them know that they have never earned a dollar, but see what they get out of life."

"So you are of the opinion that money will buy joy, peace, and happiness?" she asked.

"Call it what you like. It buys everything—almost everything." This was said with a shake of his head and in a low tone of voice.

His voice assured her that her prayers were being answered. She was leading him up to the very thing for which she prayed, but she must lead with patience and love. She must not condemn him. Then she would be able to bring light to him on the path that was paved with power. Her great desire to save him gave her the courage to continue.

"For instance, you spoke of marriage. Can money buy that love, that purity of purpose people should have when they take upon themselves the obligation of marriage, promising to love, honor, and obey until death shall them part?"

"The twentieth century woman does not make a contract of that kind—she sees to it that the word 'obey' is left out."

"Words have as various meanings as people have conceptions of them."

"What is this you say, Red? Words have various meanings? We had better have a new dictionary made to suit you," he said teasingly. "You surprise me, Red. I thought you had the knowledge of a school girl. Most girls are dolls, anyway. Women are only a little better, but you are different. Where did you get your schooling?"

"My schooling was a limited one if you refer to books. I did not complete grammar school, but I found that my experiences in life were great lessons with hardships as my teachers. I was obliged to think, to act, to learn. Now if you really think me learned, you add to my conviction that we are here to learn—and life is the lesson."

He arose. "Yes, little girl, you are the best little girl I have ever met—you are different

and, I must say, brighter than any girl that has come into my life. At first I thought you possessed only good looks, but now I must give you credit for good judgment as well. Kiss me good-night, and I'll go down to my room."

Sympathy for him overcame her, and because of the thought that he would go directly to his room, she went up to him. "Here is one for good-night and one for being such an interested listener."

She wanted to ask him about the girl, or invite him to stay longer, but something in her heart silenced her. She felt two forces active within her. When alone, she sat down to think it out.

"I was so sure I would speak to him about the girl. Why didn't I?"

Tears came into her eyes and she spoke aloud:

"Oh Lord, have I done wrong? Why did I not ask him to free this girl?"

The remembrance of her parting with her uncle and aunt came to her and their last remarks: "Your work is ready for you to do, wherever you find yourself."

Her Aunt Helen had often told her that she would save many souls. Suffering paves the way to knowledge. The picture of her Uncle standing in his pulpit, praying with his congre-

gation for strength and purity came to her mind. She remembered her Sunday school class, too, but she had left this all behind to come to New York and fit herself for a place in the world in order to relieve her Uncle of the expense of keeping her. She recalled the afternoon when she had answered an advertisement in the paper: "Wanted: a young woman for office work. Experience not necessary." Would she ever forget the feeling which came to her as she entered the office of Forestor and Wicker?

Wicker's face came before her. How polite he had been to her! After asking her all about her past, he called it an application and handed the paper to Forestor. The latter glanced up immediately and shook his head. Her noon lunch was sent to the office. It was all very plain now. The work she was engaged for was merely a ruse to keep her there.

She remembered that on that dreadful day at five o'clock in the afternoon when the office was about to close, that Forestor had advised Wicker to see her home, as some business would keep him for some time. He had even suggested a drive through the park.

A new flood of tears came when she reviewed the scene of the long, rapid drive which had ended in front of this place. Her pleas and cries for freedom were answered by Wicker's

tightened grip about her waist. Before she awoke from her swoon, she was upstairs in the same room where the poor girl of today found herself.

At what hour of the night Forestor had made his appearance, she never knew. When he tried to caress her and speak words of love to her, she thought his voice was not that of the same man. How could a man's voice sound tender and loving when he was so cruel? This was exactly what happened when Forestor's hands had touched her. The fear and pain had passed through her entire body when his embrace was forced upon her. At the same time he swore that he loved her, that he would not harm nor hurt her. How she had fought and cried, just as this poor girl had done. The memory of the girl's cries rang through her ears.

"Oh," she sobbed aloud, "I hope he does not send those savage, beastly men after her." She was beginning to feel ashamed of herself. "Why did I not beg of him not to let Tom or Wing touch her? When their hands touched me, I could no longer stand the torture. I begged for Forestor to come — to save me, and when he returned, I had to quiet myself. That fear! Those hands!

"Dear Lord, why do men master us with their strength? Why are they not stricken with

the poison of hatred when they force their arms about women who repel them, who in their souls cry for help? This hate ought to be worse than the sting of a serpent." From this mental exertion she forced herself into silence.

She sat quite still, without thinking. Listening to herself, she was suddenly aware of every atom being alive. She had calmed herself and was now swayed by a power she had never known before. The power was in and about her. She was sure it filled all space. This great force was guiding her, giving her life and intelligence. Her mind had taken up the word "intelligence" and she felt a new understanding of the word. Intelligence filled all space. This power or force which she now possessed was also intelligence. Without any effort on her part, the word "intelligence" became "intuition." The word "intuition" took on a new meaning. A realization of this word took possession of her. She became conscious that intuition was wisdom, something greater than reason. She also realized that it was this power in the stillness which gave her courage, strength, and understanding. This intuition gave her assurance that all would be well. It was this power that had answered her prayers and given her food for her aching heart, when reason had left her in distress.

She began reasoning: "What is this silence, this intuition?" And in her effort to reason this into understanding, she lost that perfect stillness and found herself again in her own thoughts.

"Is it possible for me to help him? Will he give up his past manner of living, his 'feeding with the swine?' I wonder." And again this something outside her reasoning power told her "yes." She turned her attention to the good she saw in him. How he had listened when she spoke and had offered her her freedom! Did he care for and love her more than for merely passion's sake? How much a man would risk to satisfy his lust of the flesh! Money, Fame, and Life itself! What if he were to be caught and imprisoned, robbed of his liberty — the very thing he most desired? Why should he remain in bondage to the desires which endangered him? He said that he could buy his freedom, but he must pay to the universal law, his health, his life.

"Ah," she sighed. "'The wages of sin is death.'"

She wondered if he had gone to his room or had intruded on the girl. The answer came to her. When he made her a promise, he always kept it. So she felt assured that the girl was alone. She wished that she might communicate with her, but that would be contrary to rules.

The picture of Nancy in "Oliver Twist" came to her.

"I must love him into doing things and not antagonize him. So far, my prayers have been answered. I must continue to trust." The thought, "Lo, I am with you always," came to her.

It was this power in the stillness — this great intelligence which we cannot hear when occupied with our own will and limited understanding. A feeling of great peace took possession of her and she retired.

CHAPTER VIII

REPENTANCE

"To err is human; to forgive, divine."

It would be difficult to describe how Forestor felt. He finally felt his way to his room, after wandering aimlessly through the whole house. He sat down with a hundred thoughts seeking admission at the same time. He was tempted to ring for a drink, but the picture of Red, with her desire to save him, checked his desire. "Visit Marie," came the second thought, and again Red's appealing face was before him. He had promised her that he would go to his room. He made up his mind to check these thoughts and go to bed.

He heard the clock strike every hour. He tossed and rolled, asking himself why he couldn't sleep. Never before had he realized that the thoughts rule the body. He knew that his body needed rest, but his haunted thoughts ruled. When the clock struck eight, he arose, took a cold shower, and leisurely dressed. He had always lived up to one rule — cleanliness. This was part of his worship. Looking at him-

self in the mirror, he thought: "Youth and strength have a charm all their own. Perhaps Red does love me a little. She is always sincere in her speech. Ha, ha," he laughed, "vanity belongs to man as well as woman."

Tom and Wing were heard in the kitchen, talking in loud tones. Forestor had heard it before, but this morning it particularly annoyed him.

"What in the devil are they swearing about?" He walked quietly toward the kitchen door and heard: "It's him and his money. He had better pony up some more, before I do another job like that for him," said Wing. His companion, Tom, remarked.

"It's best to go easy."

Their voices were worse than their words. Walking to the living-room, Forestor rang, and Tom made his appearance.

"How soon will breakfast be served?"

"In a few minutes," he stammered. "We didn't know you were here."

"Well, you know it now. What time does Miss Red breakfast?"

"Between eight-thirty and nine o'clock."

"It's that now. See that you have breakfast before dinner time." He got up, thrust his hands in his pockets, and walked toward the window. He stood there gazing into space.

In a few minutes Red came in. As she walked into the dining-room, she saw Forestor at the front window. Tip-toeing up behind him, she touched him on the arm.

He turned quickly, a pleased expression on his face. He caught her hand.

"It is you!"

"Good morning," and she laughingly went on. "I'm so glad to find you here."

"Sure about that?" he asked, searching her eyes.

"Yes, quite sure," she answered with a nod of her head, and without the least attempt to withdraw her hand.

"That helps some. I'm going to have your company for breakfast," he remarked.

"Perhaps I appreciate that more than you," she-added. He drew her nearer and embraced her, saying, "It's nice to be loved a little, is it not, Red?"

"Yes, Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," she remarked while still in his embrace.

He released her and asked in a soft voice, "What do you mean by that?"

"You see you are so contradictory. At times I can't help seeing the good in you. If you would only give way always to your better self, I sometimes wonder how much good you would possess."

"What is my worse self? Is it that I love you pretty girls?"

"I don't know that I am able to pass judgment on you, but I know what seems better and what worse."

"Do you care to tell me the worse?"

Tom came in and announced that breakfast was ready.

Forestor waited for Tom to leave the room and then led Red to the table. Sitting opposite her, he said, "I will have several hours to spend here today. Will you help me spend them?"

"Telling you your good and bad sides?" she smiled as she took up her napkin.

"Yes, and now let me see if I can help you to anything." All through the meal he was very attentive.

Wing came in with a tray of liquors. He had no sooner placed them on the table than Forestor in a loud voice commanded him to remove them and his look at Wing was not one of love. Without any further words, Wing took out the tray.

Forestor became silent after this and Red thought it best not to say anything. Presently he drew out his watch. "It is ten o'clock. I must call the office."

"Will you excuse me so I may go to my room?" Red asked.

"Certainly, but you need not go on my account."

"I will come down when you are through or when you want me." She left him and ran quickly upstairs.

"I have carried these dogs for years," he muttered to himself. Going to the telephone, he called up Wicker. The girl in the office told him that Mr. Wicker had not been to the office. With a slam he hung up the receiver.

"Another one of them."

He rang for Tom, "Has the new girl had her breakfast yet?"

"Not yet," came the response.

"What in thunder are you waiting for?"

"I'll go this minute," and Forestor heard him hurrying with the preparations for a meal.

Soon the house was quiet. Forestor walked up and down the room, deep in thought. If it were not for Marie, he could rid himself of all; but this was no time to kick up a row, a row which might prove fatal. Senator Durain was surely too big a man for him "to go up against," for this seemed more than he could handle. He lighted a cigar and sat down before an open window. He fancied that he saw Red's face gazing at him from the smoke. His vision carried him further. He saw her pray, and knew that it was for him. He saw what seemed to

be an angel place its hand upon her shining head. He started up—looking about as if he were fully conscious of her presence. Her face was transfigured with light, so that he knew her prayers were answered. Finding himself alone, he sat down, to be visited by a lonesomeness he had never before experienced. Thus he mused for some time.

Finally he aroused himself, and going to the telephone called Wicker again. This time he received a reply.

"Where were you when I called before?"

"Sleeping, of course; can't be in two places at one time."

"How did it come off?" asked Forestor.

"Easy, but the doctor just called and said that he wants that cash at once."

"Did he make his price?"

"Naw," came Wicker's reply. "He said you would know how much."

"Anything new down town?"

"Haven't had time to think. When are you coming down?"

"Sometime tonight, but can't say just what time."

"Was all well?" asked Wicker. This expression was the pass word when speaking of matters of importance on the farm.

Forestor, by this time more than disgusted

with the whole affair, shut off the conversation by saying, "Yes," as he hung up the receiver.

Tom and Wing both came in to straighten up the breakfast table and make the bed.

"How long will you be cleaning up?" he asked them.

"Not over an hour," answered Tom.

"Well, leave this undone this morning and get out and clean up the car." He walked to the window.

He knew that in his present frame of mind he could not tolerate the presence of these two. After gazing for some time at the landscape before him, he walked to the bed and threw himself down on it.

"If I could only forget some of these things for the present."

His physical condition was nothing as compared to his mental state. His restless mind was beyond his control; his past life with its various experiences was in possession of his thoughts.

He saw himself a boy again. He remembered that his father had always come home to his mother disgruntled. It was either too hot or too cold; the meal was either too late or too early. His mother, too, was fault-finding with his father. To make sure that the son would be brought up properly, they were careful to

correct him. It was "Charles" this and "Charles" that. How miserable his childhood had been! Yet he remembered how his mother had cried when he left to go to college.

"My son, my boy, take care of yourself. Now don't forget how I have watched over you all these years. Be a man. Be something!"

He knew that his parents had loved him, but the manner in which they expressed that love was very queer. He had to be sick to be fondled. Something very unusual had to happen before kindness was given to him. In his early boyhood, he had decided to enjoy life at any price, and he had carried out this decision so far. However, as he was now reviewing every experience in his mind, he found no joy in them. What had appeared to be pleasure, once gained by dangerous effort, now appeared in a different light. On and on his thoughts carried him into his past. If he could only forget!

Suddenly he heard Tom's voice.

"What time do you care to lunch, Mr. Forestor?"

From habit he answered, "one o'clock," and then continued. "Push that button for Red's room and bring me a morning's paper."

Tom disappeared to do as he was told. He soon returned and handed Forestor the paper.

Forestor tried hard to become interested in

the news. On the first page in large type was an account of the accident to the car at the wedding of Senator Durain. He glanced over to the other side of the paper and found the whole page devoted to an account of the wedding with its great surprise—the double wedding—of the society girl and the seamstress, Elizabeth Stevens. Here was mentioned the change made by the occupants of the cars. Mr. and Mrs. Dillon had left the church in the third car.

"Great Scott," Forestor shouted and threw down his paper as he sprang to his feet.

"What—a double marriage! the third car!" How he ever managed to get upstairs he never knew. Suddenly a great fear came over him. The sound of his own step annoyed him. The house seemed haunted. He steadied himself against the door before entering to face the person he had believed was Marie. He entered very quietly, and his eyes fell upon a motionless figure all in white. Her head was resting upon her arms, supported by the arm of the chair. He crossed the room as quietly as he had entered and opened a door leading to a better furnished and lighted room. Leaving the door open, he walked back to the girl. Picking her up, he lifted her as if she were a child and carried her in his arms into the next room.

He was just laying her on the bed, when she opened her eyes to meet his.

The girl rose on her elbow and, looking at Forestor, whispered weakly:

"Who are you? Please tell me where I am."

Alarmed and disappointed, Forestor knew that he must not betray himself. He waited to make sure his voice would not fail him.

"Rest," he said, "and you will feel stronger. Don't be afraid. Nothing will harm you."

"Please tell me," she gasped, and fell back on the pillow.

He stood there looking down at her swollen eyes and pale cheeks—grief-stricken. The longer he watched her, the more assured he felt of himself. He had always loved girls who could dance, sing, or who were pretty. This poor creature would not tempt anyone.

His thoughts ran back to a time eight years ago when Marie was eighteen, with her bright eyes, her rosy cheeks, her sweet mouth, and lips redder than cherries. He remembered kissing her the evening he had promised to marry her. The warmth of her breath was worth all that money could buy at that moment. And then the picture changed to his last sight of her in the quaint old German town. How odd she had looked! How simple she had appeared! The very charm which had previously held him

had fled. His cold laugh, that may have pierced her heart, rang in his ears. No girl had ever shown the distress she did, and not one thought of sympathy had he given her. He became aware of a pain in his head. He heard the plea Marie had made to him to marry her. He heard this German over and over again. Quickly he ran downstairs.

"Great Scott!" he muttered aloud. "What a mix-up! Should the Senator hear of this, the game would be up for good." He stood in the middle of the room, staring into space. He fancied that he heard Wicker's voice. "The doctor wants his money." A scene in court, a jury, a trial, and then prison opened itself to him. He buried his face in his hands. Whether he was talking aloud or to himself, he did not know. Suddenly he became conscious of the presence of someone in the room. He raised his head and saw Red standing before him. Kneeling before him in deep sympathy she took his hands in hers and asked softly.

"Mr. Forestor, aren't you well? Can I do anything for you?"

To let Red see would be to betray himself. So he arose and lifting Red up, began to laugh.

"Oh, nothing. I have been lonesome up here away from the bustle of New York." His eyes rested on the piano. "Do you play, Red?"

"A little—mostly hymns. Do you care to hear them?"

"Yes, if you play them," and he tried to smile.

She walked to the piano and ran her fingers softly over the keys.

"Shall I sing?" and she began. When she got to the chorus, these words were repeated, "I thank Thee, for I see the sunbeams through the rain."

When she stopped and looked at him, he was watching her hands. His expression told her to go on. She sang:

> The Universe so full and free,
> Carries peace for you and me.
> The road to joy is not by greed.
> Love doth satisfy all need.
> Man, you know, must ever be
> Ruler of his destiny.

He placed his hands on her, turning her head so he could see her face.

"Red, you have always believed, have you not?"

"Yes. But I often find myself believing different things than those I have been taught."

"How is that? I am of the opinion that religion has one way of thinking. Whatever church you attend, you must live up to their belief. Although I know they accept the one

God, yet I see they have different forms of teaching. This is beyond my comprehension," he said.

"Religion applies to man's soul. He must desire to know before he can understand. This is one thing we cannot give to another," she replied.

"Why can't one take the Bible as authority? All the churches have the same Bible. Why do they differ?"

"I don't know whether I am capable of giving you a satisfactory answer, but this is the way it appears to me: Man reads the Bible or any other book and gets out of the reading just what he is capable of receiving. The Bible especially is a spiritual book. Christ said, 'You must be born again.'" She went on: "Mr. Forestor, this being born again is to see and express the truth of life. Man here on earth finds his happiness when living in righteousness, since all in Nature gives to the world its usefulness. This giving is the expression of love—through substance—like the sweet fragrance of the rose which makes the rose desirable, which is love expressed through the plant.

"Now to return to ourselves. When we are born to the understanding that our loving is life in expression, which is love through substance (our body) then we no longer look to the body

as being the power of the whole expression of man. Christ found man as we are today; each one seeking his own interest. This seeking fills man with a selfishness that destroys and thus we find ourselves still seeking happiness, something from without. We worship money, believing it can buy joy. We store up houses, lands, food, and the many things which man clamors for in his present state."

Seeing that she held his attention, she went on. "How beautiful is a blade of grass. Look at any of God's manifestations; are they not substance and sustained by love? Look at the lily. As the Bible says, 'Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

"All the more reason why we should enjoy life and not be troubled with misery, sickness, and such," he replied, looking at her with a searching glance.

"This would be answering your worse self," and touching the keys, she went on.

Be not discouraged, for beneath
  The Silent Forces flow;
Every desire for good is a seed
  That's sure to grow.
The rose with all its thorns
  Outshines the part that pains;
Then be thou not thus grieved
  For that which seems to hurt,

In reality it's your gold; purified,
To find its worth.
All the gross metal dropped,
The light appears;
Clothed in its robe of white.
The heart then hears
Music attuned by Truth,
So low and sweet;
The silent forces find their sweep.

The constant creator Love
Through thought the seed doth sow.
Its word in our soil is rooted
Our deeds are its two-fold hoe.
Thus to reap a character repined
Our life is what we grow.

She sang so gently and reverently that it moved Mr. Forestor. Tom had entered to tell them that luncheon was ready, but hearing the music, stood motionless, his head dropped reverently on his chest. Forestor was the first to notice Tom, and, seeing him thus increased his respect and admiration for Red. "Even this brute," he thought, "is touched by her simplicity."

She looked up at Forestor, whose attention was on Tom, and saw him standing there. She saw him in a new light. Up to this time she had feared him. He was savage looking, but now as he stood there so humble and meek, her

love went out to him. Poor soul! How unfortunate perhaps he never had the opportunity to see the light! Surely every soul has its divine spark purer than gold, if only awakened.

Her sympathy and love were mingled in her desire to help these unfortunate people. She even blessed them.

Forestor looked from Tom to Red and, not meeting her glance, spoke to Tom.

"Do you like music, Tom?"

Tom looked up, his head still bowed. "It is the best music I ever heard. Please tell Miss Red that I thank her." Saying this, he left the room.

Forestor glanced at Red, who now met his gaze. A look passed between them which words cannot describe. Forestor was the first to speak after a long silence.

"Red," he uttered, but was unable to continue as he was lost for words. For the first time in his life he did not have the power to express himself. Her sympathy went out to him. She forgave the past, and a desire to help him sprang up even greater than before. He read her instantly. Shame and regret mingled in his heart causing him great pain. He had wronged this girl. She was only a child as yet, and she had prayed for him. Now he knew that she was willing to do anything for him.

His countenance changed and he tried to smile. He reached out for her hand. She put both of them in his and closed her eyes. She was again seeking guidance of the higher Power. Almost in a whisper she asked:

"Tell me what troubles you."

He drew her to a chair and sat down beside her.

"Do you know anything of yesterday?" he asked. She raised her eyes to him.

"Yes, that girl—" and she stopped, waiting for him to continue.

"Well, I am sorry the whole thing happened. I wish I could rid myself of her."

Placing her hands on his, she went on.

"You will send her home?" and she searched his eyes.

He was silent. She patted his hands. Finally he spoke again. "How can I?"

"Say nothing. Take her home this evening, and—" here she paused.

Wing, announcing dinner, interrupted them.

Forestor took Red's hand and, as he helped her up, her breath fanned his cheek. Looking into his eyes, she said tenderly.

"Oh, let her go home! You will feel better for doing so."

He embraced her, saying, "I will," and kissing her hands, led her to the table.

Little was said at luncheon and when she arose to leave the table and return to her room as was her custom, she said.

"Mr. Forestor, I thank you."

Some change was going on in his heart so strong that he could not reply. When alone, his thoughts again haunted him. He wished the night would come! that the girl was out of the way! It was the longest afternoon he had ever experienced. When dinner was served and Red again made her appearance, it was a treat to him. Her presence was like the sunlight after dark and gloomy days. He told her that he was feeling well, and thanked her for her suggestion. He was going to take the girl home.

His car was ready. The girl, learning that she could go to her home, found herself in much better spirits. Forestor took her to her doorstep, thrust a roll of bills into her hand, and disappeared. She could not say where she had been nor who had brought her back, all had been done so mysteriously.

CHAPTER IX

TURNING OVER A NEW LEAF

Every desire for good is a seed
That's sure to grow.

When Forestor met Wicker the following day at the office, the first thing he heard was:

"The doctor is getting mad waiting for that money; he threatened to turn that fellow loose."

"Look here, Wicker. I have turned over a new leaf. Whatever was done in the past was—" he paused. "In the future I intend to do altogether differently."

Wicker looked bewildered, but, staring straight at Forestor, recognized his earnestness. He could see that Forestor had changed remarkably.

"But what are you going to do about the doctor?"

"That is for him to decide," calmly answered Forestor.

"Oh Hell," cried Wicker, "the doctor and I got our heads together and put the man away by order of the—"

"How could you do that?" Forestor sprang to his feet and cried in a rage, "Come what

may, I wash my hands of the whole affair. From now on, I go straight—I am going to be a man!"

"And you let me get into this mix-up. Forestor, this was all your doings, and I'll not spare you."

"Sorry, Wicker. I can only let you and the doctor do what you like. I speak for myself."

In a perfect fury, Wicker ran to the telephone and called the doctor. He told him that Forestor had decided to be clear of all trouble.

"So you will send the fellow home; goodbye."

Wicker hung up the receiver and sat there in distress.

"What has brought about this great reform, Forestor? Is it Red's pretty face?" he asked sarcastically.

"No, not her face, Wick, but my awakening."

"You certainly enjoyed your sleep," came Wicker's response.

"We get to the end of our rope sometimes, Wicker, and if you haven't come to yours, we walk in opposite directions from now on."

"Do you mean—what am I to do?" and he raved like one going mad. "You will need me soon enough and can call on me. I haven't met with a face yet that would turn my head." He slammed the door and was gone.

Wicker was not willing to work honestly with Forestor, so the latter found himself alone and, in order to establish a legitimate business, he had to begin anew. This found him face to face with many reverses.

Wicker by no means spared him. His fury continued to rage, and although they did not meet, he knew by the turn in his business that his former partner was to blame.

Business kept him close to the city's center, and it was almost two weeks before he went up to the farm. On meeting Red, she exclaimed, "What a change! Something has come over you, and I know it's for the best."

The very sight of her relieved him and a sense of pleasure he had never experienced came over him.

"Are you sure about that?" he said, trying to be serious.

"Yes, indeed, it is for the best. Indeed it is for the best."

The first thing she noticed was the absence of liquor, and he seemed possessed with a new sense of responsibility.

Putting his arms about her in a brotherly way, he said, "I wish you had been my sister. Perhaps you could have led me by a different path than I have traveled."

"All men and women are in reality brothers

and sisters, so I am glad to be your sister. If I were your sister, would you follow my advice?" She asked this playfully, sensing that he needed a cheerful atmosphere in which to express himself.

He laughed. "And do sisters help brothers even if it be a disagreeable task?"

After a moment's reflection, he continued. "How would you like the task of managing this house for me? I am obliged to reduce expenses as Wicker and I have dissolved partnership."

"Oh, that would be very easy. I can cook, clean, and if you wish, manage it all."

"That will not be necessary. I don't want you to do the hard work. Tom and Wing can do that. I will tell them that they are to take your orders. I'll tell them right now that you are the mistress here." Saying this, he rang for both.

Not expecting him, they came in in a terrible condition, dirty and intoxicated. He looked at them long and steadily, and told them to carry out Miss Red's orders, and that she was free to do as she pleased. Before leaving the farm, he asked:

"If we start in life as brother and sister, may I kiss you?"

To this she replied, "Kisses, are the expression of love and love varies in its degree as

does heat. When I first kissed you, it was fear. Fear, that if I did not do as you desired you would let Wing and Tom put their hands on me. Then a little later, I was so very lonely that I wanted to express love somehow, and you were so nice at times, doing many things to please me. But you misused this something we call love, and so I kissed you out of sympathy. Now I shall kiss you as a sister."

"And as a sister you kiss me of your own free will?" he asked.

"The free giving of love—love which knows no obligation—or compulsion, is truly life in expression. We do not love enough in this manner. Most people love for what they get in return—this is not the great love."

"Red, is there another love better than a sister's?"

She blushed. "I know there is love so great—so beautiful—that most people live all their lives without a glimpse of it." A light radiated about her head as she said this, and her head drooped in reverence.

He stood there as if struck by a great truth. Reaching down for her hands, he kissed them. "A pretty good teacher you are." He was about to leave.

"When are you coming to see how well I manage?"

"I cannot say, but it will be soon."

She watched him until he was out of sight. Then she went into the house.

She was happy to have won. She had led him on the way until he was now beginning to make his own changes. On the other hand, a very lonely feeling took possession of her. She walked all through the big, empty house. There was no one there.

CHAPTER X

TRANSMUTATION

Mind is the Master-power that moulds and makes.
And Man is Mind, and evermore he takes
The Tool of Thought, and, shaping what he wills,
Brings forth a thousand joys, a thousand ills;—
He thinks in secret and it comes to pass:
Environment is but his looking-glass.

—*James Allen.*

Forestor was happy, but lonely. It made him realize that Red was alone at the farm with two brutes. The first thing he did on reaching the office was to call an employment agency and secure a maid for her. That evening he reappeared at the farm, much to Red's surprise. He explained to her that he wished her to have a companion, and laughingly said, "A brother must guard his sister."

He expressed a desire to get her a car, but business was in such a mix-up that he was afraid he might lose his own if things did not soon take a turn.

She consoled him by saying, "You know our mode of living—builds about us our condi-

tions—and changes in our lives produce likewise changes in our environments."

"I feel that you and I will meet with many experiences before long. Our new relationship must bring this about."

"Why, we are only playing at being brother and sister. How can we experience the real? Red, I wish from the bottom of my heart that you were my own sister."

"Names or words are only symbols. The desire and the expression deep down in our hearts is the real thing. Jesus said, 'Who is my brother?' I know you love me now as you would your own sister."

"How can you tell?" asked Forestor.

"My intuition. When we discern these truths, we no longer live in doubt and fear. And come what may, you will continue to express yourself on this new plane."

He looked amazed. "You have said it—and now as my sister, I want to praise you, love you, and—when I can't help it—kiss you."

"You know the commandment, 'Thou shalt not commit adultery,' is as sacred as, 'Thou shalt not kill,'" she replied.

"I would not commit adultery if I kissed you, would I?"

"You would if it were not intended as love, pure and undefiled. Our praise, our love, all

of life's expressions should be pure, for then life becomes a joy. All falsehood loses its hold when we give expression to our true self. Are you not happier, loving me as a sister, feeling and knowing that I know you are true in this attitude? In return, I shall give you love to the measure in which you are able to receive it."

"In the measure I am able to receive," he repeated. "Are there more measures than I am receiving?"

"Listen, my brother. Love flows through us to the extent that we have cultivated this expression—likewise the receiving of love. Socrates said, 'It takes a god to see a god.' He could also have said that it takes a lover to receive love. The purer and the more sincerely we express life, the more we receive of life's true happiness and riches, and love is the greatest gift of all."

"You have given me much to think about. Only a few months ago when I first saw you, I wanted you for your body, your beautiful face. I did not know then that there was anything more to love in a woman, but you have taught me, 'There are other demands and expressions. When these are understood and obeyed, man secures true satisfaction.'"

"Yes, if man and woman lived in harmony with Nature's laws, we would not have sickness

and poverty, now human experiences," she continued. "Yes, dear brother, there is a law in the universe that transmutes the gross metal into purest gold, and in the human, it transmutes the human into superhuman. It makes man a God-man, since from the beginning man was made in the image and likeness of God.

"To life it adds eternity. This, my brother, is found at the end of the hard and narrow path, and few there are that find it." She paused and looked at him.

"Sister, I have never done one good deed in my life to be worthy of a glimpse of this light. Why, how came I to be worthy of these words, worthy of your presence? How and—" here he paused as if listening to himself.

"In the soul of man is the spark of the infinite, and as soon as man gives up 'living with the swine' and turns toward his Father's house, the Father will run out to meet him."

"I do not understand. You say that this universe is run by law. If I am to reap what I sow, surely this wonderful something you call love can never come to me."

"Love is the creative power, eternal and unchanging; and, as your desires take on new demands, the life, the true self of you creates these desires. Love you will recognize is Intelligence—. It does not say, 'as you *thought*

deep down in your heart,' but 'as you *think* deep down in your heart, so you are.'"

"But what of my past living, the deeds and acts which brought unhappiness to others? Can I forgive myself, or must God forgive me?"

"You have surely asked a big question. From my observation and understanding of life, every act is followed by its effect. Every thought, word or act is *life* in *expression.* This is *formation* or *cause* and the effect must somewhere, sometime, appear before its own master. We pay to the last farthing. But our creations of love and righteousness are more powerful than our evil. As we build our today in right-living, we reap on the morrow."

"Do I understand that man is his own creator?"

"God, or love, is the creator of all, and man is the image and likeness. That is, the life of man is of God, or part of the whole life in the universe, and this is the creative force. Man was given dominion; so you see, he is a free agent. You can use your life force in vain and destroy yourself, or you can walk in righteousness, and all things will be added unto you."

"To make sure that I grasp your loving instruction, what is my first step, sister?"

"To know that *love* promotes *life.* My brother, you have been my best teacher. I can

tell by what road you have led me. Prayer must be your first step."

This brought a laugh from him. "Prayer, prayer? I have never prayed."

"Well, you desire peace and understanding, don't you?"

"Yes, I have already secured some without prayer. You have awakened me to an understanding, something I did not know existed."

"Please tell me, dear brother, how did you get this?"

He was silent. She went on, "What brought this change about?"

"Well, I wished to know what else there is in life, something that I did not have nor understand," he replied.

"Now you have it. Your *desire* was *prayer*. In the silent depth of your soul, your true desires for good are prayers. Pray as you have received is to mold out of life's substance the things we desire. A good rule to follow is, 'Not my will, but Thine,' for you see God the Father, or the Universal-law knows in what manner to answer your prayers. We can ask for life, love, wisdom, power, and strength; with this stock at hand, we can have everything desirable and necessary in this world."

All this was wonderfully healing to Forestor's poor heart. The reverses in business were

rapidly placing him in a position where he would be bankrupt. He could no longer meet the office expenses. The sign in his office, "For Rent," had not been answered so far. He hoped someone would take this expense off his hands; a desk in the corner would do for him.

To Forestor this wonderful knowledge was unfolding like a plant. Day by day he realized more and more the truth that this world is not ruled by mere chance, and that some fall into luck. His business had been built up by many tricks of the trade and untruths. His desire to live honestly brought extreme changes.

He could no longer laugh and invite his creditors to smoke, saying that it was negligence on the part of Mr. Wicker that their accounts had been overlooked, and then sit down after they had gone to fix up a new scheme to beat them out of their money. He went on without complaining of his losses; in fact, he was thankful to find that he could adjust matters. He realized that at some time in his career he would have had to give an account of his dealings, and, had it gone on in the old way, the law would probably have enforced a more severe penalty than the mere loss of money.

He was obliged to give up his car. The privilege of running up to the farm for the last time was granted him. When he had explained

to Red the difficulties in which he found himself, she unfolded a new plan. She told him of the expense he would save if he would give up the farm.

"Can't you rent it? That would be some income, and then the salaries of Tom and Wing would be unnecessary. As for me, I would be glad to be in New York, making my own living. That was my intention when I came to the city."

At first thought, her going into the business world met with his disapproval. However, when he realized that she was earnest in her desire, he asked, "What would you like to do?"

"I can be a nurse and I would enjoy it," she answered.

Several times he asked her if this occupation would not be too hard for her. After some consideration, he finally consented. She was to return to the city with him, and he would find her suitable employment. That evening she served tea and biscuits which she had prepared herself. The talk was mostly on business, and she encouraged him to continue. "Things will come to a turning point, and you will be master of the situation. Remember, *desire* is the *magnet* that will attract *quality* and *quantity* of its own kind. Be patient and persistent in your own faith," she said.

That night when she returned to her room,

the thought that she was going into the business world gave her pleasure. She was not one to idle away time. She felt that we were here for some purpose, and when we express that purpose, we are in harmony with the universe and joy is the reward. Looking over her wardrobe, she awoke to the fact that her clothes were too elaborate for nursing. She did not want to ask Mr. Forestor for the money with which to buy a few simple things. Finally an idea came to her. She would ask the maid to exchange with her. The maid was delighted to receive one of Red's beautiful gowns in return for two striped gingham dresses, two aprons, and a cap. With this supply she was sure she could enter upon her new work.

The next morning found them up earlier than usual. Red's belongings had been packed, and the maid's grip was ready. Breakfast over, they were ready to leave.

Forestor explained to Tom and Wing the necessity of reducing expenses. He would advertise the place for rent and they could stay only until that time.

The maid suggested to Red where she could find a nice room which was to be had reasonably. This became Red's home. Forestor was about to pay the rent when he remembered that he did not know Red's name. In answer to the

landlady's question he simply remarked, "Pardon me. I'll return in a moment."

Running upstairs, he closed the door behind him and took both her hands in his. "My sister," and after a little pause he laughed, "what is your name? I almost forgot that you had another name."

She laughed. "I have one—Ruth Feredora."

"What a beautiful name! And I have called you 'Red' all this time. Can you forgive me?"

"Call me what you like. I am your sister, you know, and do I not remain this in New York?"

Forestor found himself gay with the thought of being near her. The name "Ruth" ran continually through his mind. "What a pretty name," he mused.

He was late that morning, but had no sooner entered the office when a man called and satisfactory terms were arranged for the renting of the office, allowing desk room in one corner for Forestor.

Ruth's advertisement for nursing brought swift results. She was soon happy in her new occupation for she was possessed of a wonderful healing power which all her patients felt. She was recommended from one to another.

The farm was quickly rented. Wing and

Tom were sullen at their dismissal. They went to Wicker, who told them he had something for them, and to keep in touch with him.

Wicker continued business in his usual way. He grew much the worse for drink. "Wine, Women, and Song" were getting the best of him.

One thing which made him miserable was the doctor, who told him to leave wine and women alone and that he could go on with his song for awhile; but, contrary to that advice, he continued on his downward path.

. . . . . .

At the home of Mr. and Mrs. Dillon it was decided to hush up the unaccountable abduction. The mystery would clear itself, the old folks said. James was better in a few days and went to work. He found that he had been promoted to a better position, and soon shut the incident of the night of the wedding out of his mind.

At Gimble's many changes had taken place. The Senator and his bride, returning from their honeymoon had only a few days to spend with Lucila's parents. A hundred and one things demanded the Senator's attention. The Gimbles decided not to mention the sad experiences of Mr. and Mrs. Dillon.

At the appointed time Senator and Mrs. Durain went to Washington. As time went on,

they became very active and popular people, also well loved. With the assistance of Mrs. Durain, the Senator established many reforms. He advocated the abolishment of capital punishment; criminals were to be placed under medical care and reformed through education and labor that would not rob them of their strength. For his radical ideas, Durain was referred to as a second Napoleon.

Mr. and Mrs. Gimble frequently visited their daughter in Washington. On one of these numerous visits, Mr. Gimble remarked that he was looking forward to the nomination of the Senator for president of the "New Party" that sprung into existence through the strong spirit of peace, and which was called, "Assembly of Peace."

Another place visited by the Gimbles was Stockton, where Mr. Colberg presided as professor of the largest University in the state.

To this small but beautiful town, Colberg had brought Marie as his bride. Taking the place of her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Gimble had given Marie in marriage to Mr. Colberg. Afterward they continued to have almost as much interest in them as they had in their own children.

Marie was the mother of a handsome boy, and she was very happy. One beautiful day a

thought entered Mrs. Gimble's mind as she sat by the side of Marie while the little one played joyfully under the sunny skies. She was wondering whether Marie ever missed her other child. Just then Marie spoke.

"My dear Mrs. Gimble, you will not think me cruel if I tell you something? I have had such a revelation of love. What I thought was love when the American came to Germany was —was only child's play. I was then only eighteen, and I thought I loved him. I thought he had broken my heart, but—" here she laughed—"what a blessing he bestowed upon me by leaving me. Now I realize that I could never have been happy with him. No one could make me as happy as this dear husband of mine. I could have lived my life over many times, and I would not have met another man like him. I have learned to thank God for what seemed trouble. It was only a way for the spirit to lead me to my own good. Mr. Colberg never allows me to speak of my past. He says simply that there are no angels on earth; that we are all human; that mortals are constantly sinning and learning; and that we do not live in the past. The lessons of the past are a benefit to the present.

"The present," she went on, "is what concerns us, and you know how happy we are. Mr.

Colberg grows more and more in love. It is he who has brought love into my life, and now I often bless the poor American and pray that God may lead him into understanding." Her boy came running to her and she folded him to her bosom.

Mrs. Gimble asked, "Do you miss the other child?"

"No, not since this darling came to me. I have had no longing for the other. I know he is well taken care of. In Germany, the government supports those children until they are sixteen, and then they are able to stand alone, for they are well educated. They are called by their father's name. He will know that his father is an American. He may find his way here and locate him." She said this without mentioning the father's name.

They talked about Maurice, who was now a young man. He was dear to them both, and they had much to talk about. Maurice was a true student. His greatest ambition was to gain knowledge. While other members of his class were spending time frivolously, he studied. He spoke several languages, had delved deeply in the sciences, was a phylogenist and psychologist. Whenever he came home to spend a holiday, he never failed to ask for Aunt Marie.

CHAPTER XI

THE NEW BIRTH

As the rose above the leaf and thistle blooms,
Thus will man reach his goal.

The European War had awakened the cry for peace in every land. In the United States the cry was the most insistent. Peace societies of various sorts were established. Philosophical, religious, and national bodies gathered, proclaiming peace as they saw it. These different parties preached from their standard, and so awakened had the people become that a demand sprang up for a national platform to be established.

The Republican, Democratic, and Socialistic, as well as all the other parties, agreed to meet and embody the one great cause and establish a new National Party to be voted upon by the people. This new party called itself, the "Assembly of Peace." The day set for the election was called Assembly Day.

As time went on, Mr. Gimble found that he had been right in his idea as to who would have

the nomination for President. Every state showed an interest in Senator Durain.

Lucila wrote home that to all appearances Harold would become President. This was the greatest honor parents could enjoy, and Mr. Gimble was indeed enthusiastic.

In March the Senator visited New York. He found at the head of the Assembly Campaign Committee a young lawyer named Preston, a friend of his and an old schoolmate of Lucila's. John Gimble was to accompany young Preston on a campaign tour through the states.

When Mr. Gimble and Harold came home that evening, they found that the ladies had their plans mapped out. They, too, were going to campaign. They expected to start their work the latter part of July and continue throughout the summer.

Looking at the Senator, Mr. Gimble remarked, "My son, just think of it! You are the youngest man ever chosen as President."

"Father," answered Harold, laughingly, "I am not yet—a President, and at the present time, conditions all over the world are such that it will take the wisdom of the Almighty to be one. The great responsibility is something not to be spoken of lightly."

"We have had peace, so what are European affairs to us? The War is over and they will

finally adjust matters. It looks as if they will have republican forms of government in all those countries."

"Yes, father, it must lead up to republican administrations, and I believe it will be our duty to help."

"How do you mean?"

"We will be asked to be the arbitrators. We may be obliged to send men and women over there to help adjust conditions. You know that the roar of guns has shut down, but not the voices of the people, poor, destitute, and crippled. Lamentation is in every part of the old world, among the royalty as well as among the peasants. The suffering is terrible."

"Yes, Harold, I can't understand in this age of civilization why we should have had such a war, a war that has never had an equal."

"Father we are all agreed on this. We can't understand—that is all we can say."

"To return to the question of arbitration," said Mr. Gimble. "Are not the men sent to Washington to govern our affairs capable of helping or of suggesting the governments of the foreign nations?"

"Having made my way up in politics, I have been in a position to see and learn what rules most of our politicians. And, should I be elected President, and be in a position to give

my services to the struggling masses over there, I should want it to be for the benefit of humanity. This alone is my desire."

Mr. Gimble looked at Harold with admiration.

"My son, if God rules, then you are the man the world needs, and you will be chosen!"

All the plans for campaigning were completed. The Senator and Mrs. Durain returned to Washington. Preston, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Gimble, started on their tour. This was exceedingly interesting. Starting west from New York, they visited all the states. Upon arriving in California, Mrs. Gimble decided to return to Washington where she could hold a conference meeting with the women. Mr. Gimble and Preston went south and then east—returning to New York in July, about the time the women held their meeting. All seemed to be going well. The popularity Harold had gained as Senator assured him of success. The responsibility grew greater. The Senator was called upon by the pleading masses of Europe. They cried for help, for advice, for the speedy adjustment of matters. They needed leaders; men possessing a broad sense of justice, men like Senator Durain.

Assembly day was drawing closer. The Senator could not even entertain a thought of leav-

ing the states. He went over the list of many of the leading men and women, but few of them seemed qualified to be sent to the European countries. Uppermost in his mind lay the thought that if he were elected President, he must choose a body of men and women who would help him, who would go there as a service to mankind.

The thought that gave the advocates of the Assembly pleasure was this, "The Assembly of Peace" was rapidly growing. Every individual in the government gave voice to it, and it was proclaimed universally. In the hearts of the leaders, the hope grew stronger, and Faith entered and gave belief in an entire change of fellowship, a hope of brotherhood, a standard where love and truth would be superior to dollars. And so the advocates saw before them what the prophets had heralded—"A Race transforming the earth."

"To live to hail that season
By gifted ones foretold,
When men shall live by reason,
And not alone for gold;
When man to man united,
And every wrong thing righted,
The whole world shall be lighted,
As Eden was of old."

CHAPTER XII

RUTH, A NURSE

To know good is great;
To live it is greater.

Ruth was called upon to nurse an elderly lady, Mrs. Stevens, whose daughter introduced herself as Mrs. James Dillon. Ruth thought she had met Mrs. Dillon somewhere because her voice was so familiar. But since she was unable to recall where or when, Ruth said nothing about it.

The aged Mrs. Stevens was in need of help. She had lost control of her hands and feet, and Ruth found that she had to exert a great deal of strength and patience in waiting upon her. However, the kindly face of Mrs. Stevens was an inspiration to her. She was a dear old soul, always kind and patient. She bore her condition hopefully, saying, "The Lord will help." She had been under the care of doctors for years, only to find herself in a worse condition. Ruth enjoyed reading and discussing the Bible with Mrs. Stevens, and interpreted it as she saw

it. One day she was reading the passage in which Job says:

"Yea, that which I feared fell upon me."

"You see," said Ruth, "we must cast out fear. This is one of the evils which man has entertained, and the things we fear will fall upon us."

"How true that is. I always feared that I would become helpless, and I am. What shall I do?"

"Let us read on and find what Job did," and Ruth continued until she came to the passage: "'I shall yet see God in my flesh,' cried Job."

"You see, dear Mrs. Stevens, that Job found his health by seeing 'God in his flesh.'"

"How can man see God in sinful flesh?" she asked Ruth, and again and again Ruth read to her.

One day Ruth opened the Bible at random and her eyes fell upon these words of Jesus: "Pray as you have received." Immediately she read them aloud.

"Listen, Mrs. Stevens, the Master said, 'Pray as you have received.' Can we not begin at once to pray? Let us give thanks for your life. This life in your body deserves recognition. Whether it is of God or not, it is intelligence. Let us praise it. Let us begin by praising the life in every part of your body. If life

is the expression of love or God, we will, like Job, see love or God in your flesh. Just rest easy and trust, for faith is a wonderful working power. Let us have faith, not blind faith, but faith that never wavers.

"God is life — omnipresent. That means life is here and now. How can this power withhold health and life from us? If we rightfully know this and lawfully hold ourselves open to this force, it will flow in and through us. Now, Mrs. Stevens, daily we will come to see God in your flesh."

This attitude of Ruth's faith brought hope. Hope grew and became stronger. It opened the door to a living faith, a recognition of the omnipresent good in which we live, move, and have our beings. And to the extent that we are conscious of life — to this extent we express health. As the Master said, "If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye can move mountains."

This mountain of Mrs. Stevens dwindled, for gradually her faith strengthened. She could breathe deeper and more freely — she had put her fear behind her. She realized that if she had a God, she was going to trust him, and all fear and worry about getting well was cast out. And as man must entertain some thoughts, she began to entertain those of health and strength.

"You see," said Ruth, "We must cast out fear."

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"You see," said Ruth, "We must cast out fear."

She began by speaking her thoughts, and she spoke of her body as a wonderful something not made by human hands. She called it a temple, and said with the prophets of old, "Who are we and what are we, if not the children of God?"

Ruth was happy. Her desire to be active in the world and of service to people became more and more dear to her. Her faith in the principle of life—as all intelligence—grew stronger and she saw that this was the true source and supply of every man's need.

Mrs. Stevens improved daily. This was a surprise to everyone. She was now able to help herself. Ruth was an angel to Mr. and Mrs. Dillon, and they hated to think of the day, soon to come, when they would be obliged to let her go. Her presence was a delight to all who met her. She was always cheerful, as she termed it, living in her faith. This universe is a place wherein man may enjoy and experience holiness, meaning wholeness, here and now.

As Ruth's services were in great demand, she thought her work for Mrs. Stevens was done. She expressed her desire to go on to some case where she would be needed more, for Mrs. Stevens was able to get around alone. Mrs. Dillon begged her to spend another day with

them. That evening Mrs. Dillon was to call on Mrs. Durain, who had arrived in New York to spend a few days before the Assembly's election.

Ruth consented and telephoned to Mr. Forestor to come and spend the evening with her.

Mrs. Dillon left in the afternoon to meet her husband, who had become manager of his department at the Commonwealth. They went together to the Gimbles.

Mr. and Mrs. Stevens retired early so Ruth had the evening with Forestor. Forgetting himself, he said, "Ruth, I should enjoy a little home like this with you as its mistress."

"Oh," she laughed, "Sisters and brothers don't need such large quarters, and I prefer to go forth and heal the sick. I want to teach the people how to pray and receive. I feel that the work needs me and cries to me to come. I don't need a little house, dear brother."

"You are right, my Ruth. These privileges which I already enjoy are more than I deserve. Forgive me, I am unappreciative. I know that you are right. Your services should be given to those worthy, to those who need them."

"Dear brother, not only mine, but yours. Every soul is of service. Not a blade of grass is out of the universal harmony. We are just where we belong—and as we fit ourselves for

something greater, the greater service will open up to us. You have unfolded wonderfully in this understanding, and you were the means of helping me." In a sisterly way she kissed his forehead.

Just then the telephone rang and Ruth answered. It was Mrs. Dillon saying that she was coming home at once.

"Can you get ready and leave for Mrs. Durain's on my return home?" asked Mrs. Dillon. She explained that Mrs. Durain, who was visiting her parents, had taken sick suddenly. An article about the Senator in an extra edition of the Press had caused a collapse, and the doctor said that it was a serious case.

Ruth replied that she would be ready at once.

Forestor helped her pack her suitcase, and in less than a half-hour the car that brought Mr. and Mrs. Dillon home took Ruth and Forestor to the Gimbles.

In the excitement, Forestor forgot the past. His desire to see the beautiful Mrs. Durain was uppermost in his mind.

"She is a fine woman with a wonderful soul; and the Senator, our coming Assembly President, is a good man," he told Ruth, as he continued to relate his past acquaintance.

They were met by Mr. Gimble, who stretched forth his hands to Ruth and then shook Fores-

tor's hand warmly. He took charge of Ruth's grip and helped her with her wraps.

The doctor was already there. He glanced up at Ruth, saying, "Our patient needs absolute rest and quiet."

Ruth nodded. Mrs. Gimble came to her with tears in her eyes. She could not speak.

The doctor gave Ruth her instructions, repeating that the greatest precaution must be taken to keep the patient quiet, and then left.

Lucila had fainted and was unconscious for some time. After she had regained consciousness, she was so overcome by fear that she lay helpless.

Mr. Gimble took Forestor into an adjoining room and handed him a paper, saying:

"What a scandal! Harold has never harmed a fly. Why should our opponents do this?"

The Press announced in flare-head type that the party opposing Senator Durain had proof of a scandalous action committed by Senator Durain which would be given to the public within a few days.

Lucila could have stood the Press report, but the editor of the Press was an intimate friend and had done a great deal of business with Mr. Gimble. She had telephoned to him, and he had answered that he was extremely sorry, but the proof was before him in black and white.

Then she had dropped the receiver and fallen to the floor.

"Does the Senator know?" asked Forestor.

"We telephoned him and he leaves Washington in a special train at once. He will be here before morning."

Mrs. Gimble tip-toed to the door of Lucila's room. She looked in and smiled, evidently pleased with results. Ruth met her and they walked to the room where Mr. Gimble and Forestor were discussing the affair.

"She is sleeping and, when she awakes, will feel stronger," Ruth assured her.

"I feel relieved, now that you are here," Mrs. Gimble answered. "Mrs. Dillon has told me so much about you."

"That was kind of her. I enjoyed my stay with her, and Mrs. Stevens improved rapidly."

"How wonderful! She had been sick for many years."

Their attention was drawn to the newspaper item.

"Impossible!" cried Mrs. Gimble.

"Yes," said her husband, "and I will spend everything I have to the last penny to straighten this thing out. Harold is morally clean; the country couldn't find a better man."

Forestor was at a loss for words of consolation. He knew the Senator had the cleanest

character of any man of his acquaintance. The only words he could say were,

"It is a mistake; surely a mistake."

Ruth excused herself and returned to Lucila. Mr. Gimble persuaded his wife to go and take a rest, saying that he would remain up for the night to assist the nurse and receive Harold.

Forestor asked if he could be of any service. He would stay with them if Mr. Gimble thought it advisable.

Mr. Gimble asked if the loss of sleep would not interfere with Forestor's business the following day.

Forestor replied, "Business has taken a drop. I have nothing of great importance on hand."

The hours passed and Harold finally arrived. Without losing a moment, he ran to Lucila's bed. Finding her asleep, his eyes closed as he prayed for her recovery. They all stood watching the humble, pleading attitude of his stately figure. With heads bowed, they waited. It was some time before he looked up, and, after softly kissing the white arm, he came to them. All followed him into a room far removed, where the noise would not disturb Lucila.

After one glance at the paper, he put it back on the table.

"What are you going to do about it?" asked Mr. Gimble.

"Not a thing, father," came the reply.

"But the election is at hand. Something must be done quickly."

"Father, I don't know what they are talking about. If they have something, they will have to come out with it, but I repeat, I don't know what it is."

Ruth came in quietly. "Mrs. Durain wishes to see you," she said, addressing the Senator.

"How does she know I am here?" he asked.

"She woke up shortly after you left the room and told me she had had a vision of you at her side, so I told her you were here."

Harold left the room in haste. It was an hour before he returned. He asked Ruth what the doctor had said about the case.

"The doctor said that she is to be kept perfectly quiet," she answered.

"Father, please tell the servants not to allow anyone here for the next few days. I will see that the doctor's orders are carried out."

Day-break saw many new things come forth. Another extra edition of the Press repeated the same news, and said that the Senator had arrived very early on a special train. Reporters were soon clamoring for a word with Durain. The servants had a difficult time keeping them away. Republicans, Democrats, and representatives of all parties were seeking an interview.

a drawing account of a hundred a week, and we can balance up later."

When Mrs. Gimble came in, looking happier, Forestor inquired about Mrs. Durain and was told that she was doing well. Harold shook hands with Forestor. He did not care to discuss the report in the papers.

"I am here for my wife's sake, only," he said.

Ruth told Harold that his wife wished to see him. After delivering the message, she went over to Forestor and extended her hand to him. He hastened to tell her of the arrangements just entered into with Mr. Gimble. She listened with pleasure and said cordially,

"That is splendid."

Just then Mr. Gimble spoke up.

"I have been blessed with the services of a splendid little nurse, and now I have found a good man to run my business. Knowing that you are friends will make it interesting." He laughed, begged to be excused, and left them.

"Just think, Ruth, of managing Mr. Gimble's business! It is a position of great responsibility; more than I thought myself capable of handling. My own business has gone to ruin. I did not complain, but it has been a hard struggle to meet expenses. What do you call this? Luck?"

"Brother, luck may be one name for it, but it is really our just returns. We get out of life just what we put into it."

"Well then, it is one of those blessings," and then he asked, "Are you tired from losing so much sleep?"

"No, Mrs. Durain is doing nicely and the Senator was at her side all day. He insisted that I go up stairs and rest a few hours. I did so and now feel as well as ever. This afternoon we all had a very interesting conversation."

"What was it about?"

"We talked about the Press. Senator Durain says that he does not know to what they allude. After a few words were exchanged, he said he would follow my advice. He would let the evil do its worst, and then it was bound to destroy itself."

"But," cried Forestor, "some people believe this report, and the election may go against him."

"This is what caused Mrs. Durain's illness. She feared. He feels that his honor in what he has done will carry him through."

"This is a great injustice. I know the man is innocent. It is a crime, and I can't understand it."

"There are many things we can't see until we have further light on them. I don't know

anything about politics, but I feel that he will win," she replied.

Mr. and Mrs. Gimble came in and the subject was changed.

The next day Forestor went again to Mr. Gimble's desk. A sign on the office door read: "Reporters not admitted."

Another day passed, leaving just two before the election. Would Durain continue to keep silent? All eyes were turned upon him.

That evening as Forestor was closing the door of the office, he found himself face to face with a Press reporter. On the spur of the moment, Forestor was about to strike him when young Caso caught his arm.

"What's the matter, Forestor? Sore at the Press?"

"It's a lie, a blamed lie, and you know it!" Forestor's face was flushed with rage.

"I would not have believed it myself if I hadn't seen the statements sworn to."

"Statements! Show them to me if you have any."

"Come along, and I will do that."

A feeling of relief came to Forestor. Perhaps he could get a clew to this dirty work.

"I'll take you up on that. Show me if you have anything to show."

Ten minutes later, Forestor stood in the

office of the Press. Jack Caso walked to a desk, unlocked a drawer, and pulled out two sheets of paper. Returning to Forestor, he held them before him.

They were two statements, sealed by a notary, carefully typed, and signed by witnesses.

"Let me have a close look," said Forestor. "What have you there?"

Caso was careful not to give him the documents, but held them close enough for him to see.

Be It Known To All Men:

That on the night of the Senator's wedding, Senator and Mrs. Durain did not leave New York as the people believed; the Senator registered at a hotel, and, leaving her in her own chamber, absented himself for one and one-half hours. During that time, he beat James Dillon, his guest, into insensibility and brought him to the Asylum for the Poor.

Mrs. Dillon, the young bride, was taken away and not returned to her home until the following day, just before Senator Durain left for the West.

LAM WICKER (Seal).

Witness W. W. Titus, M. D.
Witness F. D. Fracisco, M. D.

On the second sheet, he read,

We, the undersigned, were in Mr. Wicker's car, returning to the farm. We recognized Senator Durain

as he stopped in front of the Asylum, helping a man up the stairs.

GUS WING.
TOM BASK.

Witness W. W. Titus, M. D.
Witness F. D. Fracisco, M. D.

"Where is that scoundrel Wicker?" shouted Forestor.

"Can't you see? He is sick at the Hospital of Mercy."

"Scoundrel, liar, thief, I'll kill him!" and Forestor ran out of the office.

CHAPTER XIII

THE WAGES OF SIN

"Sin and punishment are like the shadow and the body — never apart."

The first car carried Forestor to the hospital. He entered quickly, and the clerk looked up at him.

"Where is Mr. Wicker?"

"Room fourteen," came the reply.

He did not wait for another word, but ran up the stairs to the room mentioned. His eyes traveled hurriedly over the occupants of all the beds in the ward. He rushed on until he reached the last one in the room. Here he found Wicker. Before he had time to think, he shouted:

"If you were not in bed, I'd tear you to pieces. Coward, knave, what are you doing, blasting an honorable man? Dog, have you no fear of God nor man? He could put you in chains by just a word. Sing-Sing is too good a place for you." He threw out his hands toward Wicker as if to grasp his throat.

"I'll kill you!" And then, as if stricken by lightning, his hands fell to his sides. His

eyes took in the creature's face and hands. What he saw there was punishment enough, and his wrath turned to pity. His thoughts told him the story. Poor, accursed mortal, incurable, dying of the most wretched of diseases: to touch him would be poison. As he looked, his thoughts went on. "I was saved from a like curse. Once we traveled together, enjoying the same pleasures. Had it not been that I took a different road, I, too, would have met with that dreadful fate."

The picture of Ruth in an attitude of prayer passed through his mind.

"My God," he spoke aloud. "What punishment, what depths of Hell! Oh, Wick, how came you here?"

"Do you ask?" He spoke in a weak, broken voice, a voice which spoke of all the misery one can imagine. He went on:

"Fortunately for you, you have turned away —it is too late now for me; my game is up. Red saved you," and he could say no more.

A feeling of sympathy such as Forestor had never before experienced came over him. Tears filled his eyes and a desire to help came to him.

"What can be done for you, Wick?"

Wick only shook his head. A nurse came in. In a whisper, she said, "Do not get close to him; do not touch him, for it would be poison."

Forestor noticed that the nurse wore rubber gloves. She straightened Wicker's pillow and gave him a glass of liquid. This relieved him, and he spoke again.

"I needed money. No hospital would admit me at any price. I thought I could make a piece of money by making that statement, but now money is of no account to me."

"Is there anything the doctors can do for you?"

"It seems they have done all they can. I spent everything I had. Now nothing is left for me but the Potter's field."

"Oh God," cried Forestor, pain breaking his heart. "I wish that you had listened, that you had turned over a new leaf when I did."

"You had Red. You had learned the value of love. You turned, but I—" and he stopped to catch a breath before he could continue.

"I was possessed with the devil. His Satanic Majesty had made me his prince. My desire for drink got the best of me. This stirred up more passion, and all the strength I possessed with the aid of my cunning intellect was put forth to enjoy the destruction of the greatest truths, the virgin purity that meant nothing to me. Love was not even heard."

Exhausted with the effort, he became silent. Not a muscle moved. The features, long drawn

by pain, seemed to relax; his eyes closed, and Forestor believed he had fallen asleep. As he continued to watch his companion of the past, he realized that Wicker had possessed a power even greater than his own. If Wicker had ever experienced fear, he had not shown it. He had always displayed the courage and strength to carry out any desire. Had he not turned away from Wicker, when Red came into his life, he himself would have fallen long before this. Suddenly Wicker's expression changed, agony showing plainly on his tortured face. His hands reached up to his forehead and he tossed about as if to shake off a haunting vision. His sighs filled the room. The nurse came and again administered a drug. He fell back on his pillow, exhausted. In a few minutes he seemed better and, turning his eyes to Forestor, gazed steadily at him.

"Wick, did you never love anyone? Did you not meet with some soul that loved you, that could have saved you?"

Forestor prayed for this poor creature, his unfortunate brother.

"Yes, several times I thought I loved, but every time that I succeeded and possessed that love, I let passion rule, and love turned to ashes."

He went on slowly. "I did not know that I

would see you again, so I left a sealed packet with the doctor. I want you to promise me—that you will not open it until you are called upon to clear up a mystery, the life of an unknown child." Pain caused him to cry out, "Oh, oh God!" and his expression was the most horrible Forestor had ever seen.

A chill ran through Forestor as he thought, "How can a human being suffer so much?"

A doctor just then came to Wicker's bed, looked at him, and was about to pass on when Forestor stopped him. He introduced himself and they walked to the outer hall together.

Forestor asked, "Is there anything at any price that can relieve that agony?"

The doctor looked at Forestor as if he were a child.

"Don't you know that medicine is of no avail in those cases? This is the unpardonable sin. He, and he only, has destroyed himself and led others to the same destruction. Every young man and woman ought to witness this. This ward can teach a powerful lesson."

"Have you many such cases?" asked Forestor.

"Too numerous to mention. In the first stages, we help some and then we instruct them to seek hygienic living. By appearances, few understand the law of hygiene.

"The law governing sex is so little understood. If the race continues in ignorance, there is danger of degeneration. Even now this faces us on every hand. The state institutions, the prisons, the hospitals, show the crime. There are millions of cases all over the world among the intellectual and better classes as well as the poor; the married as well as the single. This is a problem mankind must solve before it can enjoy health."

"Doctor, why don't we hear more about this subject; why not teach the right relation of sex and destroy this ignorance which destroys mind as well as body? I was a partner of Wicker in business and social affairs. Today I realize as never before from what a hell I have been saved."

"How were you saved?" came the doctor's clear-toned question.

"I owe it to a young woman, one whom I would have destroyed had her faith, her love failed her. She is possessed of a wonderful belief in law and righteousness. Her life is so different from other women's. She desires no jewels but those of the heart. She was my savior."

"We have many saviors, but the world hears them not. The world is as ready to crucify them today as of old," replied the doctor.

"Brother, how are we going to solve this great problem to relieve the human family of such bondage?" asked Forestor.

"You have just named the pass word," replied the doctor.

Forestor looked surprised and waited for the doctor to continue, but the doctor only searched his eyes.

After a silence, the doctor spoke. "Your pass word is 'Brother'; but I knew that you said it unaware. This pass word must become a living reality.

"This problem will be solved by the older brothers and sisters and finally by the government. In the past, the nations have been busy with improving the sheep and swine, inventing new tools with which to kill, and encouraging the animal nature of man to come into action. You say you were led by a woman. You are most blessed to have found a pearl of such value that 'Her grace is sufficient for you.'

"Today," continued the doctor, "the cry of the sexes, of the ill-assorted unions is deplorable; and it is as marrow to the bone of man to meet with a woman who is pure of heart."

"Today as never before can I realize the summit to which she has led me. Would you care to meet her, doctor?"

"Surely this would be a privilege—to meet

a sister so pure at heart. Ask her in the name of the great brotherhood that she give me this pleasure."

"Will she meet you here?"

"As a rule, women are not allowed in this ward, but it will strengthen her in the great work she has to do. Tell her to come here," and with a low bow, he left.

Forestor returned to Wicker.

"Wick, you and I both were in on that dirty work, so let's make a confession and not throw dirt on an honest man. I had hoped that my past was forgotten. I have tried to lead a good, clean life, but it seems I must pay for what I did in the past."

"No, no — you did not do it. I — instigated all that, and I will confess all," cried Wicker.

"But I, too, am to blame, and I don't want you to take it all."

"No, Forestor, it was I who instigated all that happened on the day of Durain's wedding. You must be out of it for Red's sake. It was all my fault. I will make a confession. Let me die in peace. For God's sake, let me confess quickly!"

The nurse was at the other side of the room. Forestor walked up and whispered to her. She left the room hastily and soon returned with three men. Forestor recognized one of them as

Dr. Titus and soon learned that the others were Dr. Fracisco and a notary public. All came near. Wicker looked from one to the other and said:

"Please write that it was I—I who kept Senator Durain from making that train. I followed him and saw that he went home for his camera. He is a good man. Ask—please ask him to forgive—this lie—I needed the money. I dreaded the Potter's field. Oh God, how I suffer for what looked like a bit of joy. Write quickly. Tell people to think before they act —. Tell them how I suffer!" He turned his gaze to Forestor and struggled for breath.

"You shall not be buried on the Potter's field. You shall have the best I can afford." Forestor spoke with a great effort, for sympathy now caused him such pain that his eyes filled with tears.

Wicker's eye-lids drooped, then opened, and all knew that the end had come. The doctor drew forth an envelope which he had concealed from the others and handed it to Forestor. With bowed head and tear-stained face, Forestor left the hospital.

In front of the building he encountered Wing and Tom, who were on their way to Wicker to get money. He stopped. His expression told them the story.

"He is gone," Forestor managed to say, and then, realizing that they, too, were in on the scandal, went on: "And he confessed, so now what are you going to do?"

Tom struck Wing a beastly blow before Forestor could say another word. The two rolled in the dust on the street. They seemed possessed of animal strength. Their blows continued until both were bleeding and gasping for breath. Wing was the first to fall helplessly on his back. Tom was able to roll from one side to the other. A crowd had gathered, and several men tried to pick them up. Wing was growing cold.

Forestor held Tom's head. The police arrived and carried them into the hospital. Forestor was obliged to leave them in the hands of attendants. On his way back, he repeated to himself, "This packet is not to be opened until I am called upon to clear up a mystery—a mysterious birth."

He arrived at the home of the Gimbles late. The Senator and Mrs. Gimble came to meet him and soon learned what had delayed him. Mrs. Durain was helped to a chair to listen to what Forestor had to say. Ruth sat quietly by her side.

When he had finished, it seemed that they all had one thought and all spoke at the same time.

"Let us pay for the funeral."

Durain walked the floor in deep thought. Often he glanced up at Ruth. Finally he spoke:

"You are right, Miss Feredora. Wrong brings about its own punishment. We are hasty in punishing mortals and so sometimes rob them of the lesson they were to learn. You do not believe in capital punishment?"

"No," she replied. "The universal law adjusts all, as I have said—not a thought is lost.

"What man's activity is in the external world, mind's activity is in his internal world. Every thought registers in his body. Man reaps what he sows in his three-fold nature; his thoughts, his words, and his deeds. All three are one, the expression of Mind or Life. Man dwells in whatever Heaven he has made for himself."

"Why, then, do men pray that after death they shall meet God and Christ?" asked Mr. Gimble.

"I cannot say why. To me it seems man does not need to die to know God, and that death is not one step nearer to Christ. To me, death is a sin, for God said, 'The soul that sinneth shall die.' Jesus so lived that he resurrected the mortal and put on immortality.

"Do you believe man can accomplish what Jesus did?" asked the Senator, addressing Ruth.

After a moment's reflection she quoted the bible.

"1 Cor. 16-53. For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this *mortal* must put on immortality."

Holding their attention, she continued:

"Man is a composition of all life. The highest form of life in expression. Life is eternal, unchanging love, power, and wisdom. And, to the extent that man expresses love, wisdom, and power, he manifests the Christ life. In other words, if God is love, wisdom, and power, and man expresses this, will he not be the son of God, or that image and likeness?"

Harold was deep in thought, and silence reigned. Finally, Mr. Gimble asked.

"Miss Feredora, is it not true that man has searched for God and eternal life from the remotest times, and failing to find this, has planned a heaven and angels, even evil spirits and their kingdom, to face him after death? What he cannot find here, he looks for hereafter."

"Man individually experiences what he expresses of life. Man cannot conceive of anything more or greater than his ideals. To some, God is a personified being sitting on a throne surrounded by angels. Others, again, cannot see such an ideal of God. They maintain that

Nature gives to the earth its bounty. For just as many individuals as there are on earth, so there are as many ideals of life or God. However, we find that those who have expanded their ideal of life, those who have been true leaders of men, have practically the same fundamental principles of life.

"We are told it was Moses who brought the light to the Jews. Horus, the Egyptian Savior, lived six thousand years ago. The Hindus worship Krishna, born of a virgin a thousand years before Christ. Buddha, the Son of God, born of a virgin, was the founder of a faith that today outnumbers any other in the number of its followers. Jesus Christ, with all these redeemers, teaches 'love' as the redeeming fire through which men must pass to find his true expression and bring peace to earth.

"Not one of these leaders teach death to be the road to receive the glory of God. Man must find the resurrection within himself; he must be born again in love, in life, in understanding as to what the true riches of man are." She paused to find all eyes upon her.

"Where do you get your philosophy or religion?" asked Durain.

"All of you know that Franklin said, 'To be thrown on one's own resources is to be cast in the very lap of fortune; for our facilities then

undergo a development and display an energy of which they were previously unsusceptible.'

"When I found myself orphaned of both father and mother, it made me think how and why I am here. Later, as the niece of a minister, I was educated to an understanding of the gospel. Then when I came to New York, I found the universe to be my teacher. I learn from everyone, and everything seems to have a lesson for me."

"Have you any desire to give the world your philosophy?" she was asked.

"Yes, this above all things is my wish, and I know that some time, some where I will be placed in a position to help mankind to understand how to partake of life's joy, of health, and happiness. Just as I told Mrs. Durain, mind is the power and this activity is life in expression. Man enjoys peace on earth to the extent that he finds peace in mind."

"This is truly wonderful, Miss Feredora. Do you teach all your patients?" again spoke the Senator.

"I am willing to tell them how to help themselves. Many comprehend and quickly recover, while others depend on the assistance of drugs. I never discourage people; if they cannot find faith and understanding of the mighty power this great intelligence we call life is, I let them

alone and then their faith in the power of the drug often helps them."

Just then the music of a band and the cheers of men, women, and children were heard in front of the house. Cries of, "Hail to our President! Durain! Durain!" were heard.

Lucila jumped to her feet, ran to the window, and found herself in the Senator's embrace. Mr. and Mrs. Gimble ran to the door, followed by Forestor and Ruth.

The Press had an extra out by this time. They were being sold by the hundreds. The editor had called the band and hurried to express his regrets about the mistake.

Mrs. Durain went out with the Senator. He addressed the crowd, saying that he had never given the report a serious thought. He had come to New York for his wife's sake. He felt sure that the error would clear itself, for he had faith in his friends. After many cheers, and a few selections by the band, the Senator shook hands with many. This made him popular with the people, and all went away in better spirits.

CHAPTER XIV

PAID TO THE UTMOST FARTHING

Acts in the night are not exempt from light.

When Mrs. Durain had regained her health, she decided to return to Washington with her husband. Mrs. Gimble objected to this, as she wanted them to remain until the next day and be present at a dinner party she was to give for Miss Feredora.

Invitations were sent hastily and accepted by their friends, as this was the one opportunity they had to meet Durain. One of these invitations was a telegram sent to Marie and her husband.

Maurice was called home from school for the occasion.

Colberg and Marie arrived, bringing with them William Junior, who bore a striking resemblance to his mother.

When Maurice arrived, he was greeted by Mr. Gimble, who proudly called him, "My boy, my boy." After kissing him, he passed him to his wife. She embraced Maurice and caressed him tenderly.

Harold and Lucila teased him about the suggestions he had made on peace and were soon laughing and joking with him. Finally Lucila said, "Maurice will come to the Assembly house to see the President."

The spirit of the home was so changed by Maurice's coming that one could not help seeing the joy.

Forestor looked on with strange feelings. His mind was in a whirl. He asked himself, "Can it be possible? Is this my child? What joy they experience through him!" When Maurice called Mr. Gimble, "father," it tugged at Forestor's heart.

Mr. Gimble seemed to read Forestor's thoughts, for he said, "Mr. Forestor, this young man is the greatest joy to us. He is a real blessing to have around. A man who has never been so blessed as to have experienced parenthood, has missed much."

These words pierced Forestor's heart. Again he asked himself, "Can this be my child? Mine —and be so loved by strangers?" His mind was bringing back many recollections and he forgot the people about him. Suddenly little hands were placed in his. This touch was like an electric shock. Looking down at the child, Forestor beheld the fair curly head, curved lips, and blue eyes that spoke to him of his past.

Forestor closed his eyes. The vision grew clearer of the eyes and mouth these resembled, and the pain in his heart grew insufferable when the childish voice said,

"Are you lonesome for your little boy? A man at school lost his boy and he was so lonesome he cried. No other little boy could take his place, he told the teacher."

By this time William Junior tried to climb into his lap. Forestor picked him up and put him on his knee, a great love for the child springing up in his heart. As a rule he paid no attention to children, but this little one brought something home to him. With great effort, he spoke.

"Why, you are a big boy!"

"Like your boy?" asked William.

Forestor shook his head and looked into the child's eyes. He was lost for something to say. Finally he said, "Do you like to go to school?"

"Oh yes, I am going to be a man like my papa," and then turning to look for his father, saw him near the door with two guests. Quickly he jumped down and ran to him.

Forestor was glad for this relief. Had the boy questioned him much more, he felt that he would have lost control of himself. This was the worst third degree he had ever been through.

Ruth got a glimpse of this, but soon turned her attention to other interests for she could not account for such actions on Forestor's part.

Ruth was not only a pretty nurse but a beautiful guest. When introducing her, Mrs. Gimble was aware that everyone marveled at her loveliness, her poise, her wonderful smile as she extended her hand to each one.

Under ordinary circumstances, in the old way of thinking, Forestor would have been very jealous because of the attention Ruth received from the men. But now he found himself in a very different mood. He was happy to feel that he was her friend and one so close as a brother. The more admiration she received, the happier he became.

Ruth came to Forestor and was talking to him when Mrs. Gimble, accompanied by Marie, made her appearance. As she introduced Ruth first, Forestor glanced up and saw Marie.

Had the floor given away and the earth swallowed him, Forestor could not have felt worse. His heart almost stopped beating and black spots blinded him. He did not know what would have happened had it not been for Marie. She took his hand and he heard her say: "I am glad to meet you." Her voice was low and calm and this awoke him to his senses.

Taking his arm, she led him to an adjoining

room. Turning her head to see what was going on, she saw her husband and Mr. Gimble following them. However, they stopped to talk to some other guests, and so Marie hurried on with Forestor. After entering the other room, she faced him and inquired: "Who is that girl?"

A lump in his throat caused him to stammer, "Forgive me."

"We have no time to waste, and not one word of the past, but answer me."

"She is—she saved me. She taught me to be a man."

"Are you going to marry her?"

"If she will have me. She is the purest and —" he stopped. Memories of the past, of how he had sung Marie's praises came back to him. He dropped his eyes.

"Don't worry. Your neglect has resulted in my happiness. The man I married loved me above all the world."

"I have suffered much and learned much," he answered.

"You may have suffered, but I doubt if it compares with what you have caused others to suffer. At any rate, the past is dead and gone. If you have learned the one lesson, I forgive you. Not one word of this to anyone."

His remorse was far greater than she could

see. The pain, the penalty of conscience, was eating his heart out.

"Come meet my husband. Remember, you are a friend I met years ago and no more."

He braced up and together they entered the other room. Her husband was looking for her. Marie introduced Forestor to her husband.

The dinner was a great success. Mrs. Gimble enjoyed the little gathering more than her formal parties. These friends were all interested in the Assembly's activity, and expressed their wishes to see Harold elected President.

The Senator and Mrs. Durain were obliged to leave on an early train, and before leaving, he took Ruth's hand and said, "My dear Miss Feredora, you have given us great pleasure by your company here this afternoon. I also want to thank you for the assistance you gave Mrs. Durain. Your method of treatment surely hastened her recovery, and the lesson in faith we have received will not be lost."

Mrs. Durain had nothing more to add, she said laughingly, and embraced Ruth as she kissed her good-by, and extended her and Mr. Forestor an invitation to call on them.

Marie and Mr. Colberg remained, and were thrown into Forestor's company a great deal. He had by this time accustomed himself to the

situation, and when the others were engaged in an interesting conversation, he said quietly,

"Marie, this obligation can be removed only when I can be of service to you."

"Never mind me," she said. "Think of others."

"Do you mean that—that—" and he stopped.

"That is one of your obligations," she replied.

"Is it Maurice?" he asked, looking at the floor.

"What makes you think that?"

"Is he not my child?" he succeeded in stammering.

"No, Maurice was picked up on one of the South Sea islands. I am sure the Gimbles do not want anyone to know of this." After a while she added, "Your child I left behind."

"My God, my God!" cried Forestor and fell back in his chair. Everything turned black before him. When he opened his eyes, they were all about him. His first thought was to keep silent. He dropped his head in his hands. They did not disturb him for some time. Finally Ruth put her hand on his shoulder and said,

"Charles, you need rest. We had better go home."

Mr. and Mrs. Gimble spoke at the same time. "You have been up late the last few nights."

The voice of Ruth calling him "Charles" relieved him and he raised his eyes to her.

"I am all right, thank you; but perhaps we had better go."

By the time Ruth was ready, he had recovered enough to ask Marie if she and her husband were going to remain in the city very long.

"No, not this time," answered Marie. "We leave tomorrow. However, when we visit New York the next time, we shall be glad to see you."

He marveled at the poise and ease she possessed as she spoke. She continued.

"We will be pleased to have you and Miss Feredora come to see us at any time."

Little William came running in. He had been playing in Maurice's nursery where a few toys remained to amuse him. His appearance hurried Forestor. He was afraid of another interview about his boy.

He awakened to a longing for his child.

Mr. Gimble drove to Ruth's home to see that all was well with Forestor. Ruth had continued to occupy the same quarters since she had come to New York. Forestor was more at home there than anywhere else in the world. Even when Ruth was not there, he often lounged

about. To him this was the most comfortable spot on earth.

When alone they sat silent for some time. Ruth finally broke the silence. "Do you feel what strength one gains in the silence? No wonder it is said that 'Silence is golden'; when one can throw off all thought of the external and relax, he then finds perfect silence. In this stillness we are in harmony with the great creative forces or, in other words, the life within is free to flow through us, renewing our strength and inspiring the mind to natural action. Brother, all our past is then put back, and the present and future plans can be carried on in this understanding which we get in the silence, which is wisdom when rightly discerned."

"Ruth, sister, your very presence inspires great things. Yesterday I realized how much I owe you. Had it not been for you, I would have met a fate like Wicker's. No one can know what torment he suffered unless he were present to see. I told the doctor who it was that saved me. It was you, dear. He was pleased to learn of so pure a soul and expressed a desire to meet you. I promised to have you call and see him."

"I will. I think it will be a pleasure to meet so scholarly a man."

"Tomorrow is Wicker's funeral. I believe

I had better arrange for Wing's also, or he will go to the Potter's field. The poor souls have lived a few troubled years and will now soon be forgotten."

"Have you learned how Tom is?"

"No. He looked badly when I left him."

Going to the telephone, he called the hospital only to learn that Tom, too, had passed away. Tom had left a few words for Forestor.

"Tell them about the funerals, brother," Ruth suggested.

He gave orders to have all the bodies taken care of. At two o'clock the next day they were all laid to rest. Mr. and Mrs. Gimble were present, and they insisted upon paying all the expenses. Durain and Lucila sent flowers.

Ruth was with Forestor when he opened the note from Tom. His last words were,

Dear Mr. Forestor:

Forgive any unkindness in the past. I am sorry Wing persuaded me to testify to that statement. Ever since Miss Red sang that hymn, I have tried hard to be a better man. Had it been possible for me to break away from Wing, I would have done differently. Please tell her I tried hard. God bless her!

Your faithful servant,

TOM.

Forestor passed the note to Mr. Gimble, who read it to his wife.

"Poor soul," she said. "We have no idea how they suffered."

"How often we blame a man for his shortcomings without realizing that they have had no opportunity to do better," said Mr. Gimble. "Many apparently have the opportunities but are not awake to them. Who is this Red?"

"Red is Ruth Feredora. When I met her, I was blind to her virtue, her goodness, her character. Her own name was beautiful, but I called her 'Red.' How little I appreciated the true beauty she possessed! I was then a partner of Wicker. All we saw in women was the physical attraction. If she were young, could dance, sing, or make a good appearance, we would forget the responsibility due her and ourselves. I feel that I owe you this confession. You, like most people, believed we were honorable in business and socially, but it was not so, not until Ruth awakened me to the responsibility in life; to the law of my being. Not until she helped me to the path of manliness and set me on my honor did I awaken and turn over a new leaf. I begged Wicker to do the same, but he would not listen."

CHAPTER XV

THE PEACE PRESIDENT

Out of the wreck and chaos
Of the order that used to be,
A strong new race shall take its place
In a world we are yet to see.

—*Lord Byron.*

No time was lost in getting back to the city. This was Assembly day, and the question was, "Who is to be the President?"

At the headquarters of the Assembly party, Mr. and Mrs. Gimble were awaited by the active representatives. "We are sure to win," came the shouting voices as they made their appearance.

At four o'clock the Press announced that Durain was ahead by a large majority. At four-thirty, success was assured. At five, Durain became President of the Assembly of Peace, elected by a large majority.

Ruth had accompanied Forestor to the Gimble office, and they were called upon to participate in the dinner given in honor of the success of the Senator. Marie and her husband were also guests.

The streets were alive with people. Flags and banners waved everywhere. Bands played and the merry-making continued until early morning. The people were wild with joy. Every other word was, "Durain!"

In the morning, the President and the Gimbles left for Washington, to help in the forming of a constitution for the Assembly. Mr. Gimble was one of the country's richest men and most interested peace advocates.

A great many changes were taking place. One of the most interesting topics before the Assembly was the building of an Assembly House, a temple that was to be one the world had never equaled. In the hearts of the American Assembly, this temple was to be the House of Man. The platform of the Assembly was to be "The Brotherhood of Man."

CHAPTER XVI

THE MEETING WITH A GREAT BROTHER

"With that deep insight which detects
All great things in the small,
And learns how each one's life affects
The spiritual life of all."

The following evening Ruth and Forestor called on the doctor. He looked at Ruth steadily, and then as one well pleased with what he saw, extended his hand to her. In a fatherly way he asked Ruth if she cared to see the ward in which Wicker had been. Her smile assured him that she did. He led them to each bed, giving them the history of the case and the patient, his age, whether married or single, and how long he had been troubled with the disease. He then took them to the extreme end of the building to a room of the same size and showed them the women's ward. As he mentioned their ages, Ruth noticed that they looked twice as old. Pain, long written on every part of their bodies, had marred their once pretty features.

"Doctor," said Ruth, "It is a shame, a dis-

grace as well as a blessing to mankind to have such institutions for men and women."

"Sister, you have repeated that which the great Brotherhood has to combat."

A desire to know of what brotherhood he spoke came to Ruth, and his word, "sister" was said with so much affection that she hoped to hear him repeat it.

"How long will man combat these dreadful diseases?" she asked.

"When Jesus walked the earth, he found lepers, deaf and dumb, blind, some possessed of devils, and others in dreadful conditions. Since then, Jesus Christ has had many followers, claiming to be Christians, walking in his steps. He cured, but these followers suffer. As to our great medical profession, although it flatters itself with the wonderful knowledge acquired, with new instruments and drugs, yet it is very far from curing the misery which befalls the human family." The doctor's voice was full of sympathy as he said this.

"Yes—various methods claim cures."

"Doctor," spoke up Forestor, "your profession does lessen some of these ills with the assistance of drugs."

"Brother, the civilized world at large is under the curse of drugs as never before; and as to the curative power in drugs, I know of

very few which have it. The large quantity go to make up the trade."

He took them to his office and, taking a half glass of water, introduced two chemicals. Taking another glass, he introduced one of the same chemicals and another of a different nature. Activity was soon seen in the first glass but not in the second. The water was merely polluted in the latter.

"All through the universe there is that constant activity, or life in expression. Nothing is at a standstill, from the smallest atom to man. There is a chemical compound in each atom corresponding to the principle of sex. All through the universe, the chemical opposites seek, attract and unite, through which generation is produced. In the vegetable, it is clearly seen. The entities unite and produce their own kind. In the animal kingdom, we find the same law in expression—through which intelligence is objectified. The animal, conscious of its existence, is endowed with instinct, and some of the higher forms of animal life express choice in selection of the opposite poles of attraction.

"The life of every entity or atom depends on the attraction and union of its opposite polarity. In this completeness is the reproduction which promotes the aggressiveness of life.

"Man is the highest form of life's expression,

endowed with faculties and attributes which are not possessed by any other form of life.

"Man attracts to himself the necessary atoms which construct his body, also seeking all responding bodies of the opposite polarity. We must not forget, however, that man is not body alone. Therefore, the reproduction of bodies is not his greatest completeness, nor can reproduction of bodies prolong life. Generation has a great part in man's life, but it is not the whole of life." Seeing that they were interested, he continued, "Man, the conscious being, plays on a thousand strings. He feels and experiences what the animal does; he hungers and grows thirsty, and above all, attracts to himself all that is his up to his point of evolution. He is not only endowed with instinct, but with power, unlimited and creative in itself. This power attracts man's corresponding opposite through which life is prolonged."

"Has man as he is today this power, doctor?" asked Forestor.

"Yes. While this principle is not intellect as we meet it today in man, yet through intellect it is revealed to the consciousness of man. It is this consciousness or activity which gives man power to express his individuality. This power is creative in essence, and man's body is the instrument of its expression through which he can

answer every desire or demand to the completion of his welfare."

"Doctor, am I to understand that man is a compound of atoms, formed of all the expressions of life, the animal, vegetable, and mineral, and that these atoms seek attraction with corresponding atoms of their opposites?" asked Forestor.

"Yes, that is correct," answered the doctor.

"Then, if man answers to the desire of these, the demands of the body, is he not in harmony with nature's laws?"

"Right, brother, if man were only body. If man were like the animal, only a body, possessed of life, desires, and demands, and had the universe as his supply house; even if in return this body could put forth an effort to assist in the supply, man would still be an animal on two feet. But we find that man possesses desires and demands which animals do not.

"The animal, attracting the opposite polarity of the same kind, meets completeness, or, in other words, experiences harmony. Do you find this often in the life of man?" he asked, looking at both of them.

Forestor again found food for thought.

"For a short period of time men and women meet and enjoy, to all appearances, completeness, but often this turns to repulsion. For in-

stance, the unhappiness of marriage is one of the results, is it not, doctor?" Ruth asked.

"All of man's ills are the result of this. I have said that man plays on a thousand strings. He seeks and desires and attracts corresponding opposites of polarity, and to the extent that the opposite attraction corresponds with his own nature and demands, to this extent does he experience harmony.

"You see the chemicals introduced in this glass were opposites, exact in quality to produce action. This is promotion of activity, one feeding on the other and nothing lost but power added. Electricity is the expression of two opposite poles of action. All forces are a combination. Now look at this glass. We have introduced one of the same chemicals and a different one, and only fermentation was the result. We can combine many chemicals and all have different effects upon each other."

"It is clear to me that nature has a task in store for man. To the animal it has given instinct which leads him, but man travels the road of experience, and a hard one it is," said Forestor.

"Oh," laughed the doctor, "Nature is not less kind to her great creation. No, brother, nature or God, or whatever deity you wish, has not neglected man. Man is endowed with that

power superior to all forms of life. As someone has said, 'Man is greater than God, for man is God and animal too.'"

"By what method will man find his completeness, happiness, or harmony, doctor?"

"The past and present modes of living, the sciences, philosophies, religions, all of man's experiences go to make up the path.

"Take, for instance, the great war. You say that it is a horrible lesson. But, as man in the past built up the belief that these things were essential to man's welfare, war was to his mind a necessity to protect himself from his fellowman. Can you see what a valuable lesson this has taught our brothers? We, in the great Brotherhood, have time and again sent leaders and teachers willing to give their lives, if necessary, to enlighten their fellows. But man has polluted the highest nature of his being or it lies dormant, waiting to be aroused. The few who have found this path have done all in their power to bring their fellow-men into this light and understanding. The great Brotherhood daily prays, if you can call it prayer. No church is necessary but the constant expression of love toward man. You know the human family is tied by the finest and most sensitive cord, and what disturbs one disturbs, in a measure, the whole.

"The prayers, thoughts, and desires of the great Brotherhood have penetrated the thoughts of selfishness, hate, and fear to the extent that the world was ready to receive a platform of peace, and the Assembly Party is an answer to our prayers."

Forestor and Ruth had a great deal to think about. The doctor expressed his desire to have them call again.

CHAPTER XVII

THE ASSEMBLY HOUSE

"An influence not only lives forever,
But keeps on growing as long as it lives."

While the world looked on with admiration at the American Assembly, President Durain took his office. He at once commissioned arbitrators to go to Europe. But our own platform was in its infancy and daily being adjusted to the demands of a new age. Our arbitrators were not on too strong a basis themselves. Arriving after that great calamity the war caused, our American men and women tried to lead the suffering masses to their understanding by enacting laws of peace. Regulated conditions were enforced with a great deal of the old thought to them. In some of the countries the people still clung to the ideas of large private ownership. Reverence for kings and queens existed; and when these reports reached the American Assembly, the President was not pleased. He knew that a larger understanding was necessary and how to supply this demand was his constant thought. However, the world

at large sang the Assembly's hymns and told of great advancement. And, to all appearances, the Assembly body was pleased with its President, as Durain was elected a second time.

Maurice was now a brilliant young man. As Mr. Gimble continued to uphold the Assembly, he, too, became extremely interested in its advancement. Maurice had studied religious, psychological, and scientific subjects at an early age and continued to seek knowledge along these lines. His idea of love and peace was the basis for life and health, *love* the underlying *universal creative* principle.

Mr. and Mrs. Gimble often remarked that it was fortunate for Maurice that Harold was President. To Maurice he was a living ideal. The many temptations of a big city, his unknown inheritance, his present associates that wealth attracted, made his parents fear for him sometimes. But they had this consolation, that aside from his studies, he looked to Harold and wanted to follow in his footsteps. This soothed them.

Maurice had given his services as a lecturer for the Assembly Party. On one occasion when he was deeply interested in an address to the President and Board of Advisers, he referred to the Bible to prove that the world shall dwell in peace.

Revelation 21:4. "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away."

This brought back the thought of Ruth's teaching, and President Durain gazed at Maurice when alone with him. He asked, "Do you remember that nurse, Ruth Feredora, who was a guest at your father's the day before I was elected?"

"Quite well," replied Maurice. "I also remember how badly Mr. Forestor felt that day."

"That young woman gave me much to think about. She, too, referred to the Bible. I believe she is superior in knowledge to all our present arbitrators. I am of the opinion that Mr. Forestor and Miss Feredora would be of great service to the European countries, greater than those we now have there."

Maurice advised that no time be lost in locating them and preparing them for the service in Europe. It was now not a case of arbitration as much as the great need for teachers and leaders of the true understanding of peace. This suggestion was acted upon and a telegram sent to Forestor and Ruth.

This gave Maurice an added interest. He looked upon Mr. Forestor and Miss Feredora as those of his own choice and anxiously awaited

them. Meanwhile, his thoughts so centered on what their work ought to be that he found himself deep in thought and preferred to be alone as much as possible with only the companionship of his books. His features soon took on the appearance of one possessed with a serious responsibility. His whole frame changed. He was a man, no longer a youth. A great calmness possessed him, and when approached, he impressed one as a leader, regardless of his youth.

This change in Maurice annoyed Mr. and Mrs. Gimble, who feared that something untimely would happen to him. What was all this change about? They could see his struggle; but they did not know what caused it. Many times Mr. Gimble offered to take him into his business and give him a large interest, but each time he approached Maurice on this subject, he was politely and tenderly informed by his son that his ability in the business world would be a detriment and that he would not accept that for which his father had labored for years. Thus Maurice continued. He seemed happier as the time for the arrival of Ruth and Forestor approached.

Maurice had been on the lecture board, had traveled to the centers of peace throughout the states, and was in constant touch with the ad-

visory board. Many of his suggestions had been found to be valuable. He was called upon to form a course of instructions as a foundation to the teachers and lecturers spreading this propaganda in Europe.

After many days and nights of study and research, he handed the advisory board his instructions. The board consisted of many men twice and thrice his age, but none of them could criticise nor improve upon them. After this, he was looked upon as a born teacher—a true guide.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE ASSEMBLY'S MESSAGE

"He is dead whose hand is not open wide
To help the need of a human brother.
But he doubles the strength of his life-long ride,
Who gives his wealth to another;
And a thousand million lives are his
Who carries the world in his sympathies."

As time passes, the doctor, Ruth, and Forestor had many pleasant visits together. The doctor explained the spiritual interpretation of the Bible and the various religious rites. He taught them the symbols of art, numbers, and colors — often referring to the great Brotherhood.

Forestor and Ruth were curious as to what and where this Brotherhood was. They were always addressed by the doctor as brother and sister.

One evening after a pleasant hour of study, the doctor said, "Brother and sister, I see a message of importance awaiting you. Do you wish to go for it?"

This came as a surprise to them and they looked to him for an explanation.

"You need not be surprised. Thoughts are things. The great desire that this message be received has brought it here to you. You, too, will soon recognize this power."

They left the doctor with the greatest desire to know those things as he did. Not once did they doubt that he was correct. No sooner had they arrived at home than the telegram was handed to Ruth. Opening it, they read:

Assembly of Peace,
Washington, D. C.

Mr. Charles Forestor and Miss Ruth Feredora:—

The Assembly calls for two people willing to give their services for the welfare of mankind. I know of none better fitted than you.

Your immediate presence at the Assembly will confer a great favor upon us.

Yours in the service,
HAROLD DURAIN, President.

The importance of this call resulted in their immediate departure for Washington. Ruth experienced the happiest moments of her life. Words could not express her joy. Forestor could not refrain from praising Ruth for this good fortune. He realized that this happiness, the greatest of his life, was due to her. It was

through her love that she had made him a new man.

"Without your love and faith, dear sister, I would be sailing with the winds today, instead of offering my services for the good of mankind."

When they arrived in Washington, a car awaited them. They were driven directly to the Assembly House where Mrs. Durain met them saying, "The President will be here soon."

When the President arrived in company with Maurice, they found that they had made no mistake in their choice. Ruth, more beautiful than ever, poised as a queen, sat by Forestor, who looked her equal. They had grown in wisdom, and their faces beamed with the light that glowed within. The President lost no time in explaining his message.

"The European countries are begging for help. Men and women to help adjust the conditions of the struggling masses are needed. They appeal to us particularly because of the love and loyalty we express under the rule of our Declaration of Peace. A similar declaration is desired in Europe, a government of the people, based upon the Brotherhood of Man. Since they have asked for our assistance, I know of none better fitted to be of service to mankind than you. Are you ready to help?"

"Mr. President, if you see fit to accept our services, we can seek no greater happiness."

Forestor was glad to see Maurice and happy to find him so studious. They spent much time together. Soon they learned that they all had the same desire and that it was like that of the President. On a more thorough analysis, they came to this conclusion; that this desire to help, to teach and lead those unfortunate brothers was the natural expression of the soul—or the true self, to give—to express—which is a natural condition. *Life in expression through man,* is similar to the plant sending forth its beauty and aroma, and should this expression be crushed, it is detrimental to the plant. So it is with man; should man harden or lack in this expression of the soul, it is detrimental to him.

Many points of interest were discussed. The President expressed a desire to have them extend their visit and acquaint themselves with the objects of the Assembly in which they had to be posted before leaving for Europe, saying, "Maurice will give you the necessary instructions."

The Assembly was daily conforming to the greater demands made upon it. The need to establish peace in the nation began with the individual. Many instructions were acted upon.

We have since enjoyed shorter hours of labor, the child labor question was adjusted, learning increased, and the fellowship of citizenship was fostered. We no longer hear wrangling and strife; men meet like brothers, and all social and political conditions are wonderfully improved.

"This, the Assembly's platform, can be well understood in a short time by receptive minds such as you are blessed with," said Maurice.

During this time they were to be the guests of the Assembly House. A dinner was given for them at which many members, as well as prominent men and women of Washington were present to meet the two interesting young people whom the President was sending to Europe.

Washington's society soon sang the praises of Ruth's beauty and Forestor's manliness. Never before had Ruth and Forestor received such attention. The women entertained lavishly for Ruth.

With the spirit of the new age, the Assembly's followers were numerous; however, as in all ages, there were still a few of the old characteristics. We will introduce a remnant of characters of the old school as Ruth found them.

Ruth was showered with flowers and sweets. Every day brought offerings from prominent men such as E. J. Halcos, better known as the

"Prince of Commercialism." He himself did not know the extent of his fortune.

Then came P. Payne, a great politician who flattered himself that he had more power than the President. In his opinion, every young woman in Washington admired him because of his career.

Johnny J. Presuch, Jr., came next. He prided himself on his handsome appearance. His looks were his fortune which he took with him wherever he went. Women accustomed to run after good looks flocked after Johnny, so when Ruth came to Washington, he began to look behind him to see if she was in his train.

Another of these men was the Honorable Merith Medal, a scholar of note and a lawyer of the old school. He knew the earth from one end to the other. He had a magnificent library, and he thought he had many things to interest Ruth.

Last among these suitors was young Chasely O'rooer, who believed that women were made for men and that he possessed an irresistible fascination for them. No pretty face had ever failed to succumb to his blandishments, so he felt assured that he had much to offer Ruth also.

Time passed quickly. Everyone in Washington, it seemed, was alive to the fact that on the morrow, after a quiet dinner with the

President, his guests were to leave. So this day each of the bouquets carried a little note to Ruth. Ruth read each one's request for an interview.

When Halcos appeared, almost in a command he offered her his hand and heart; and while she was still thinking of an answer, he told her of his wealth, the clamor for gold, his greed for doing others who ran in his dust and so forth. She replied that he needed no introduction. She was well acquainted with his business methods. As to their cooperating, it was not to be thought of; that she saw business in a different light, and that she hoped some day he would change his tactics. This enraged him so that he left without another word.

Payne, the great politician, then came. He was plump and prosperous on the peoples' faith in him. He told her, "It is as easy to handle the people as it is to handle babes. Many of them are glad to have you do the thinking for them."

Ruth was interested in his story, but sympathized with the mass of unthinking people; as a true American, she preferred that each one have the privilege of thinking and acting for himself. So she told him that the things she most desired were the free use of her own thinking faculties and the ability to assist others

to express their freedom, and as the partner of his career, she would not do justice to the Americans she loved so well.

After he had gone, Johnny Presuch came, with a smile reaching from ear to ear. His carefully brushed hair spoke of an hour spent in front of his mirror. He was very sure of himself. He came so close to her that she was obliged to move to one side.

Ruth loved and admired babies, but now beholding a babe in a man's full grown body, she saw neither beauty nor manliness. She felt compassion for this poor soul and asked him if he were awake to what life really meant. He looked surprised and said:

"Is life not good to me? Just see what it has bestowed upon me!"

Ruth failed to see this interesting point, and he walked out, looking behind him, as was his custom, to see if she were following him.

The Honorable Merith Medal came in, in a dignified manner, wearing all the decorations which had been given to him. He bowed and asked her to be seated. He told her of the laws governing the weak points of men; of how often man fails and how well he is punished for his short-comings. He mentioned the multitudes of hungry and unemployed people and told her of the vast stretches of land lying idle because

owned by rich men. He expatiated at length on the wonder of possessing more wealth than one knows, can ever use, or cares to see.

When she asked if the great laws provided for such rights, he answered.

"Why, these laws, child, have been in practice for ages; surely they are right by this time."

He went on by telling her of the advantages she would gain by marrying him.

"If what you say is just; if your laws can see many suffer of hunger and want while others have the right to own more than they can ever use; if this is what your great men have taught you, I want none of it! I have only a small library, but my great men say that all men are brothers; that we are our brother's keeper. This earth is to give its bounty to all. Is it not a disgrace for man to die for want of food? You see, dear brother, we differ so widely in our laws and philosophy that we could never marry."

He got up indignantly and said to her:

"You see we have the followers. We rule over all the earth."

She arose and bowed to him. He left, feeling in his heart that she would come to him for advice when she met with the world's reverses.

Ruth, however, was thinking, "Greater is the truth within than the false without."

The quick, brisk step of Chasely brought her attention back to herself. He threw his arms about her and poured out words of flattery which he called love. He knew her only, by what he saw of her. His eyes lacked the ability to see anything deeper.

She looked up indignantly. She saw through him; how shallow, how devoid of real substance, of anything good and lasting he was. She reproached him.

"How dare you? Do you think the world cannot see through you? How long will you wear this cloak you call love to entrap the weak and foolish?"

He laughed, "Kings and queens have lost their heads over me. I have ruled over every country at every time. You can't refuse me."

It was a difficult fight. Every time Ruth thought she had succeeded in putting him away, he returned and renewed his attentions. He had almost overpowered her, when she cried out, "Not by my might nor power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord."

Chasely shrank back at this, and before Ruth looked behind her, he had gone.

She straightened up. "Oh Love," she prayed, "Deliver me. Let my Lord appear in all his majesty and glory." And, with outstretched arms, she greeted Forestor.

He approached her and, touching her as something sacred, fell to his knees and kissed the hem of her garment.

"Arise," she said, "Are we not equals?"

Ruth found herself in his embrace. She nestled in his strong arms and knew that there is a giving and receiving of a power more wonderful than human tongue can describe and a stimulant of love which inspires the human to be a superhuman, a power over which she had no control. It was a wonderful working power, active through her. This was not the *heart* nor the *will* giving, but a greater, purer expression than her ideals and dreams had been. She was aware of the fact that it is not the *body* which *creates* this something we call love—it is love written with greater light than human mind can conceive. It must be experienced, and perhaps only a few have really known such love.

Pen is too frail to describe what Forestor felt. He was awakened to a truth. Love as ordinarily used was an inadequate word to describe what he felt. He had experienced what he, in his ignorance, had called love, but this surpassed all his dreams.

"It is heaven," he thought. "It is God!" He was so overwhelmed with joy unspeakable, that he felt no desire for words.

How long this embrace lasted they did not

know. Neither had any desire to speak. They were content with the light of each other. After a long silence, she spoke.

"Are we not beings, attuned, something similar to the principals of music? In all this big world with its many people, only one harmonizes with ourselves. Some partly satisfy; some seem to answer the demands of the body; while others satisfy the mind and are lacking physically. To experience this perfect harmony is life in its truest sense."

"My love, to man it is life renewed. I can truly say with the doctor that this harmony affords strength to the body, peace to the mind, and happiness to the soul. My sister, my love, is there a greater expression of love than this?"

"Love as I see it, is the expression of God, unlimited and eternal. It is life and therefore we must continue to give. Our love must grow so that it reaches every human soul with whom we come in contact."

"How can we thus love every soul? You have just said that we strike harmony only with the one soul of the opposite polarity, as our friend would say."

"Yes, I referred to the principle of music. If we strike an octave, we have two tones of attuned nature, but is that completeness in music? Where do all the other tones belong?"

"Oh, I see. Each note has its value."

"Exactly," she replied. "We need every note to produce music which charms the soul. So in the universe, every soul has its rightful place; some so blending in with our own nature as to make our lives greater and better."

"Now, my brother and lover, before God we are attuned, flesh of one flesh, but shall we join before man, in marriage?"

"You have led me out of Egyptian bondage into God-given freedom. Continue to be my light!"

"Shall we be married tomorrow at noon, the sun's rays directly above us as our blessing; to return to our friends as man and wife?" she asked, looking into his eyes.

He needed no second bidding to know that she was his for life. This thought transformed the world for him. In her he saw the radiant light that he now knew to be divine. Through the window he could see the setting sun. The light cast its peace upon the earth, and the view before him sang praises to the Eternal Spirit. This was a new earth, and he was a man born again; born of the Spirit of Truth and Love.

Ruth felt the oneness. He was one with her. As he now possessed the Spirit of this great awakening, this knowledge of truth, and she again realized the reward of her labor, his

happiness stimulated her appreciation of the power of love, the creative source, now poured out an everlasting joy.

They decided that this world they now lived in was truly a heaven, and their cup was overflowing with this heavenly blessing. So this peace carried them on. The next day they met prepared to take the vow which would make them one before God and man.

Ruth said, "How I wish we could tell the doctor that we are to be married today."

"Why not send it over the thought waves?" replied Forestor.

"I did not think of that. Let us do it immediately." They became silent. "Take up the thought of 'brother' and mentally picture him receiving this message: 'Brother, we take the marriage vow at noon today.'"

After some silence, Forestor said, "I feel sure that he received it."

Without a word to anyone in the Assembly House, they went to the minister. They needed no witnesses as to their morals and sound bodies. The clear eyes and buoyant step told the story.

As they stood before him and he uttered the words, "in love and honor do you unite," he saw a light enfold them. For the first time in his ministry, he saw two who were one flesh.

And when he spoke the words, "Whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder," he knew that he spoke a truth. No matter what happened, these two were joined by an infinite power. In his heart he wished that marriage might always be thus pure and holy.

Returning in time for the farewell party at the Assembly House, their hearts filled with joy. Their happy union would be a surprise to their President and his wife. Arm in arm they were about to enter the beautiful room. Upon opening the door, a surprise awaited them. Mr. and Mrs. Gimble, Maurice, and Marie and her husband stood beside the President and Mrs. Durain. Flowers showered Ruth and Forestor. They looked bewildered, and Forestor asked,

"How did you know?"

Harold handed him an envelope. It was a telegram. Drawing forth a slip of paper, they read:

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Forestor,
Assembly House,
Washington, D. C.
Beloved Brother and Sister:
The blessings of the Brotherhood are bestowed upon you.

THE DOCTOR.

A dainty luncheon was served and enjoyed by everyone. Blessings were invoked upon the great work before them. Time sped on and they were finally compelled to say farewell.

The President expressed a wish to hear from them often.

"Get it over the thought waves," replied Forestor, "like our friend who calls himself 'brother.'"

"That would be wonderful. How could we do it?" asked Mrs. Durain.

"At nine o'clock every night, drop all other thoughts and take up a mental picture of us. See what you get."

They all agreed to this.

Amidst cheers of "God speed you!" they departed on their great mission.

CHAPTER XIX

PREPARING FOR THE GREAT WORK

"In silence let us cultivate
The Good, the Useful, and the Great."
—*George Cathcart Bronson.*

The ocean liner found the two young people good occupants. The weather was beautiful, and the passengers very friendly. Many were heard to say, "Little can be done for the Europeans. They are starving, and the cripples and misery cannot be alleviated for years to come."

Forestor and Ruth came to feel the need of each other more and more. The discouragement of the masses, the people who looked at the dark side of life and continued to talk about misery, surrounded them on every side. However, they learned not to be disturbed by the opinions of others, and, if in an unforeseen manner they found themselves wavering in their belief in their ability to assist in this great work, they went to their cabin to rest and pray in the silence. Thus they always found renewed

strength and faith to accomplish the great work.

They arrived in the midst of a discussion as to where these welcome Americans were to go first. Representatives of every country, carrying their own flags, awaited them. One glance told Ruth and Forestor that their work began here.

During the time they spent together as husband and wife, they realized that they were of one flesh. Their thoughts so molded together that a glance was speech enough. This great love that transmuted all thoughts of separation into oneness made them realize that they were not only flesh of one flesh, but one with all flesh. They realized that love is the creative principle, the one and only source from whence all things come; that they were now conscious of this love and understood more fully that man is one brotherhood.

A look at the struggling mass of humanity told the story of their past misery. Ruth and Forestor saw titled personages accompanied by guards to protect their imaginative superiority. Ruth looked up at her husband and said,

"Brother, you go west and I go east. Recognize no title nor crown, only our Brotherhood."

During the time they were together, they had practiced talking over thought waves, and

found that they were in close enough harmony to receive the finest vibration. Reading Ruth's thoughts, Forestor said,

"It is hard to leave you."

"Let not our selfish pleasure stand between us and our duty," she replied. "We will be separated by space for a time, but not in spirit."

"You are right, my love," came the reply, "and, if we are too busy by day, remember that I shall expect a message from you at nine."

They embraced each other and then turned to the waiting throng. For some time those who witnessed the parting were speechless. How could they separate, and so willingly go in opposite directions? This example of giving up personal pleasure for service to mankind, set the first example in their work. When speaking to the masses, they were brothers. Time and again when a member of the royalty was introduced, he received no more attention than any other brother. No favoritism was shown anyone; equality was preached and practised by those Americans, separated by space, but not in principle.

In their talks little was said about the past. Only occasionally was it mentioned to show the people the products of war, to make them think of the energy and efforts of the millions of men lost and the waste and futility of war.

"If this waste could be turned to the service of mankind, can you picture what the coming generation would be? Imagine the energy and money thus wasted and resulting only in misery poured out for us today. Now let us stop and ask ourselves if we have all this power. Why can we not use it to bless the earth, to benefit our fellowmen? We constantly seek health, peace, and happiness. The very power that makes this — the power which can answer these legitimate demands — the power which from the beginning endowed man with knowledge and wisdom, making man superior to all the earth; yes, loving brothers, this power can and will create in your hearts the desire for good. It is this power which you have perverted — and used to destroy your fellowmen. But nothing is to be gained by mourning over our mistakes. Let the past lesson instruct us in the great power. Let us awaken to the possibilities which we know man possesses. Let us no longer say that our country or government has no means of promoting the welfare of childhood, of motherhood, of manhood. We now know — the power man possesses, and we know he has dominion. It is for man to decide how — and for what he will use his energy, his brain, his muscle.

"The great lesson has brought home to the

heart of every man, woman, and child the great necessity for peace and love toward each other. Let no man admire the winner — for we see he has lost his right eye and the loser his arm. Where, my dear brothers, are your gains?

"The Master said, 'He that liveth by the sword shall die by the sword.' It is now time for each one to realize that this lesson the Master taught is a universal principle and will not change for any set of people, churches, or nations. And as a sword is looked upon as a means of destruction, so we must look upon the *sword of thought.* Let no man hold a thought of hate toward another, be he of different country, creed, or color. The Father or the Universal Law sees fit to let man think and seek, and in his own way find what there is in store for each of earth's children, why should man then prevent this liberty?

"Do we condemn the various flowers for their different forms and colors? No, each is beautiful in its own way. God or nature has seen fit to make this difference. So with mankind; let each think and express the freedom of his own being. Let man now awaken to this great power within and let each heart recognize this power is of God — love. It is life; it is the life activity in man; it is creation.

"With this power of creation, man will now

construct a healthy body, a home of love, a nation of peace. In the place of our factories, manufacturing destructive agencies, we will now replace with art, music, and sciences, and for things which are true, beautiful, and good."

These lessons our young Americans gave to the hungry world, and as no giving is without receiving, they soon witnessed the fruits of their labor.

Peace ruled in every part of Europe. The people differed in language, but not in ideals.

The reports of the good accomplished in this service to the European nations by Ruth and Forestor stirred new thoughts in Maurice's mind. He had by this time an irresistible desire to carry out his soul's cry. So on a beautiful day in midsummer, he came home to find his father and mother talking over their trip around the world of years ago. Something strange struck Maurice. Why did they leave off speaking of those travels as soon as he entered the room? And, due to the heart seeking expression, he lost no time in telling them what he had long desired. He asked them if he could do the one thing uppermost in his heart.

As though hearing his heart talk aloud, his father and mother knew what he was about to say; and with all the love of parenthood,

for this they felt all the time he had been with them, they looked at him in admiration.

"Father and Mother, I feel that I must do the thing I desire to do. I must find the place of my visions and there be of service to mankind. I hear their cries; I know I have a message for those hungry souls."

Mrs. Gimble's eyes filled with tears as she asked, "What visions, son?"

"Mother, as far back as I can remember I have had the same visions. It is an island, far away; I see the waves of the sea beat against a rocky, mountain-lined coast. I see the inhabitants, half clad, awaiting someone who can understand their helplessness to aid them, someone to lead them into understanding. Mother dear, I feel that they are crying to me for this help." He stopped speaking and his big, dark eyes looked at them appealingly. A calmness had taken possession of him and a light radiated from his eyes.

"Where do you suppose the land of your vision is, my boy?" asked Mr. Gimble.

"Father, the vision is so very real, so vivid that when I leave here, I shall be led to the very spot."

"Son, think it over and, if you are sure of your own inclinations, if you are sure this is the thing for you to do"—here Mrs. Gimble

began to weep—"if you must leave us"—she could not continue for the thought of losing him was unbearable.

Maurice saw the pain he had caused, and in a voice tender and loving, replied,

"Mother dear, I could not leave you—cannot and will not go—unless you realize that I am not leaving you. I will go when I have your blessing and return as soon as my work is done. I feel it is a message, a call, and can only be answered through love, a service like that which Mr. and Mrs. Forestor are giving in Europe."

"Will you go to your room, my boy, and let us think it over?"

He walked over to his mother, threw his arms around her neck, kissed her affectionately, and left the room.

Left alone, Mr. and Mrs. Gimble found no need of words. They knew each others' thoughts. Sorry as they were to give him up, they both knew it to be their duty. And, as one person, they grasped a thought which brought them gladness. Mrs. Gimble went to her husband and looked into his eyes. Instantly he folded her in his arms.

"Dolly, we'll tell him and help him, so as to make his burden easier."

They sat in silence for some time, thinking of

his babyhood, childhood, and now manhood. How proud they were of him! How hard he had fought all those years to master every evil that had come into his life, much of which they knew and much of which they were ignorant. Finally Mr. Gimble continued:

"Dolly, let us go with him; we may be of service there. We will not feel the loss when we are all together."

Mrs. Gimble was joyous. She embraced her husband again and again.

"How good you are," she whispered. "All these years you have labored for the happiness of others. God bless you, my own!" And laying her head upon his shoulder, she felt content with all the world.

Mr. Gimble had received the reward for his efforts; to him his wife's love was his greatest return.

When dinner was announced, Maurice came down looking more calm. Something in his eyes spoke of the beauty of his soul.

After dinner, Mr. Gimble referred to the conversation concerning Maurice's visions. "Son, we ask one promise of you."

An unpleasant foreboding came to Maurice. His father went on.

"We pray that you remain our son."

As one struck with an electric current Mau-

rice sprang to his feet, "Father, what do you mean?"

"We will go with you, Maurice," Mr. Gimble said, and paused.

Maurice looked from one to the other. A lump arose in his throat and his eyes filled with tears.

"Let nothing trouble you, my boy. We cannot part with you, and we will endeavor to do all in our power to help you in your mission."

"Father, please tell me what you mean."

It was a great effort for Mr. Gimble to tell his son, but Maurice's pleading look finally persuaded him.

"We had hoped never to tell you this, but feeling that you are called there to answer the cry of the hungry souls, we tell you this so you may know what is now going on in your own heart. Do not forget that we want to be with you. We will do our utmost to help you."

"Father, please tell me all."

Maurice then learned the story of his mysterious rescue as a tiny baby on the coast of one of the South Sea Islands.

After a long silence, the dark cloud lifted and all were happy again when the truth came to Maurice; that it was a great and noble work for the Gimbles to have raised him as a son. He remembered that the Bible says, "The wild

olive can be grafted on the olive tree." His heart filled with an overpowering love for his parents. It was decided that they should make the necessary preparations and leave New York very soon.

The steamer was soon loaded with tons of cargo for the island. With the aid of the President and the Board of the Assembly, many plans were made for the great work Maurice had undertaken. He grew happier daily and, at the appointed time for the departure, experienced what he termed a new birth. New energy flowed through him — an understanding of what was his to do. He felt that his mission was to bring Peace on Earth and Good-will to Men. The services he had given the Assembly, the help and instruction he had given the Forestors were the first steps of his ladder. He must continue to climb.

CHAPTER XX

THE RETURN TO THE ISLAND

1 Corn. 13:13. For by one Spirit are we all baptized into one body, whether *we be* Jews or Gentiles, whether *we be* bond or free; and have been all made to drink into one Spirit.

The voyage to the island was enjoyed by Mr. and Mrs. Gimble, and many memories of the past returned. They often spoke of the interest Lucila had taken in Maurice and how nearly she had come to naming him Moses. Maurice laughed at this, for the name was one of a savior, a law-giver.

When they reached the southern seas, Maurice became deeply engrossed in thought. The new life opened itself before him; he saw clearly that his task was to be the Moses here; to lead the natives of the island into the greater understanding. His desire to help them grew more intense, and all his energy was concentrated on his plans which he discussed frequently with his parents.

His father and mother left him to himself whenever he showed any inclination to medi-

tate. He told them that each desire to help the natives was answered by an inward voice, and in the light of reason, he knew he would succeed in awakening his brethren to a greater understanding.

When they had landed on the island, they walked down what may have been the same path as that upon which they had found Maurice. It was somewhat familiar. Mr. Gimble gazed in the direction in which he had first seen Maurice. The mountains, the shrubbery, the trees, all were unchanged.

Mrs. Gimble touched her husband's arm, and he turned to see Maurice with eyes fixed intently on something which interested him greatly. Looking in the same direction, they saw that Maurice was looking at a group of natives. Suddenly one of the group turned and faced Maurice, and then all of them approached him.

Maurice looked steadily at the dark faces and walked toward them. With outstretched hands he went to them and said, "Live! live! brothers!" Some moments passed, but his hands were not taken, so he thrust them close to the nearest native and, taking the dark hand in his, looked into the native's eyes. This caused the natives to start a conversation among themselves. Their strident voices did

not excite Maurice in the least. He was trying in every language he knew to make them understand him. Soon one of them, bidden by his chief, ran off to return in a few minutes with another man.

This man was not dark-skinned and, as he approached, it was plain to be seen that he was civilized. As he came nearer, he hastened his step and extended his hand. He spoke German and could converse with Maurice. He told them that his name was Hartzel, and that he was stranded on this island. He had learned the language of the natives and would interpret whatever Maurice had to say to them.

Hartzel, who was smaller than Maurice, was about the same age. He had soft, auburn hair, face darkened by the tropical sun, small mouth and sensitive chin, and blue eyes that spoke of a youth hardened with care. In a hospitable manner he asked that they make his hut their home, assuring them that it was a pleasure to him to meet them, for so few white people were ever seen there. To have them as his guests would make him happy, and he went on to say that he felt that they had brought the world of civilization back to him.

The Gimbles' cargo consisted of books, maps and plans, and tools which could be used to construct a small telephone service, make and re-

pair an aeroplane, a wireless telegraph service, and many more necessities that go to make up a civilized man's comforts. Mr. and Mrs. Gimble could not speak German, so Maurice spent much of his time with Hartzel, who marveled at the American's knowledge of his language.

Months passed, and Hartzel had learned considerable English. He helped Maurice in numerous ways. Huts were turned into schools. The English language had become familiar to the natives to a certain extent, and great work was being accomplished. Maurice's teaching was based on love which, he told them, was the creative power of all Life, expressed through form. Among civilized man, this power was called God, Jehovah, Allah, and many other names, and worshiped in various manners, and even then misunderstood. He found that the natives had a small number of words in their language and that they did not have a word denoting "love." He had to awaken in their minds the fact of the existence of love and the knowledge that love is the omnipresent creative activity, that all emerges from this source, and that man is the truest and highest expression of life when he expresses love.

He told them that the constant expression of life through man, the uplifting influence which

creates the atmosphere of peace and happiness, transforms the desert and wilderness to blossoms. His teachings took such root that the island was transformed; activity increased with learning. The minds of the natives reached out to grasp all that is good, true, and beautiful, and this brought Maurice and Hartzel into the Unity of Brotherhood.

The tools were soon in the hands of the natives. Hartzel, who was a skillful mechanic, instructed them in the use of the common ones to good advantage. The natives carried out his instructions with pleasure, for they considered the tools toys. Shrubbery was cleared, trees cut, walks laid, and huts, such as they had never seen, built. The natives enjoyed the changes to such an extent that they fell upon the work as a child does upon play. It was then that Maurice introduced a few American games for recreation, and others were added by Hartzel. Music was also taught to them.

After some study as to how to continue the work on the island, the Gimbles decided to divide the hours of the day into three activities. The first four hours were devoted to study, the next four to labor, and the remainder of the day to recreation. They gave considerable attention to the recreation period. They encouraged the natives to follow out their own

inclinations. Some played ball or other games, while others enjoyed the musical instruments and danced. Many began to improve bodily.

The huts used for schools were remodeled to make more room. They had learned enough of the English language in a short time to understand what Maurice tried to convey to them. His teachings based on love brought home to them that they must live in this understanding and religion. He soon succeeded in teaching them that this omnipresent creative power called life is God or Love—that it is in all and through all—and that man is the expression of it, possessed with attributes superior to all other forms of life.

The new awakening grew rapidly. The island was so changed that one could not have imagined the progress had he not seen it. The Gimbles were soon convinced that Maurice's heart had not led him astray—his mission was there; and that his work was a service not only to those on the island, but to mankind in general.

Knowing that Maurice's services would be needed for some time, the Gimbles decided to return to New York. The evening before they left, Hartzel told them of his past. He had left Germany to search for his parents; he was a child of love. Because society condemned

him, he had weakened and fled. He had experienced severe censure by the masses, but in his heart he forgave them all, for his inheritance was one of love.

Speaking of his parents, he said, "It is not an easy matter to express the desire that seeks expression in the individual. The fact remains that desire soon becomes so clouded by fear that such an act is not in accordance with the well beaten track by which the multitude travels, the path trodden for ages. Although it is rugged and has many bends that lead to useless ports, it remains easier for most followers because they believe it safe because of the many who have already gone that way.

"My father is an American."

He went to the corner of the hut and pulled out a dusty box from below the rafters. His face colored as he lifted the lid and drew forth a photograph which was carefully covered by several sheets of paper.

"This is a picture of my mother." Handing the picture to Mrs. Gimble, he went on speaking softly. "I think she is beautiful."

"Oh," gasped Mrs. Gimble. Her husband awoke as from a trance, and Maurice, who had listened to every word with fire in his bosom, now looked with new light at his host. With outstretched arms, Mrs. Gimble called to him,

and he came to her like a child. She clasped him in her arms and cried, "Child we know your mother." Tears filled her eyes and she could not continue.

Mr. Gimble remarked, "You have spoken the truth—she loved, but she was so young."

Hartzel looked up at Mrs. Gimble. "Oh," he suddenly exclaimed, and burst into tears. His grief silenced them. Finally Maurice spoke.

"We are brothers; I have never met the parents who gave me birth, but those who gave me love will love you too, Hartzel. Men have no time for tears. We have learned from the soul what the world hungers for. We will teach the world this language."

"True," said Mr. Gimble. "We are happy to find you here. You and Maurice will give to the world the long lost word. Comfort the broken-hearted and rejoice in your labor, for in due time your fruit will return laden. Your mother came into our lives; we know her to be good and true, and we love her. You have nothing to regret. You know the Bible says, 'Call no man your father upon the earth; for One is your Father, which is in Heaven.' As Maurice says, he has known no parents but us. We will be glad to have you come to us as a son. Maurice needs a brother, and, when we

leave you, we pray that we may see you again."

"Father," spoke up Maurice, "you have spoken the words that have given me a vision of brotherhood. The world has not even a glimpse of the truth," and he turned his attention to Hartzel, as if to encourage him to speak.

After a short silence, Hartzel spoke. "I have always felt that blood relations are nothing more than slaves to a law of association which makes them see the good in their family, relatives, and religions."

"How true your statement is. It is a world-wide cry—a mother loves her child above all. Now that I have had Maurice in my arms, in our home where he has shared our daily life, I realize that what you say of association is true. When we seek the good in a human being, we are sure to find it," said Mrs. Gimble with tenderness.

"I have always thought that man has much to learn. The great European war has confirmed this. Man, time and again reaches the pinnacle of civilization and remains there until some calamity befalls humanity, and then it dawns upon us that we must awaken to a greater knowledge," said Mr. Gimble.

"This war, father, brought with it the realization of the need of peace, and with the

great service that the Forestors—" Maurice stopped at a cry of "Oh!" from Hartzel, who had clasped his hands together.

"Forestor! Forestor! that is my father's name!"

"Your father's name?" asked Mrs. Gimble, looking from him to her husband, who showed the same astonishment.

"Forestor your father?" were the words uttered by Mr. Gimble, who was lost in thought.

Maurice was speechless. Memories of his childhood came back to him. He remembered the tear-stained face of Marie, the heartbroken words she had often uttered, "'If you found a home and love'—she is German—and her name is Hartzel. Is this possible?" and too bewildered to find the solution in his mind, remained silent.

Mrs. Gimble looked relieved from her mental distress when she heard her husband's voice.

"How old are you, Hartzel?"

When he learned Hartzel's age, Mr. Gimble saw through it all. Forestor, when in Europe, had met Marie. The confession he had made on the day of Wicker's funeral that Miss Feredora had awakened him to his sense of responsibility, now told the story. A long silence ensued, and then Hartzel spoke again.

"Do you know whether my mother met my father in America?"

"Yes. She had then been happily married for several years when they met at our home," replied Mr. Gimble.

In a soft voice Hartzel asked, "Did mother forgive him? She told her parents that he had promised to marry her."

"After a lapse of time, your father had learned the laws of life, learned that every act is a cause—and has an effect—learned the power of love—and awakened to the extent of his responsibility to the opposite sex. Through the love for another woman, he was awakened to these possibilities within himself. It is your father who is leading Europe today."

Hartzel's face mirrored his soul—the struggle that only a man can wage had taken place, and, as he straightened up, they saw a resemblance to Charles Forestor.

"The kernel of corn need not be more thankful to the earth for its unfoldment into life, than the cob can boast of giving life to the kernel." Mr. Gimble spoke to Hartzel, whose face soon cleared as a sense of calmness came to him.

A silence followed, a stillness in the night. Each one of them was lost within himself. Did those words produce this effect? What caused this silence—a peace—a power in the unseen

—a wonderful knowledge without sound? Out of this nothingness, all is. They as one body had touched a cord in the reality of life—an attribute more powerful than all the five senses of man. Here every thought and desire is clearly discerned. Words spoken are inadequate as yet in our language to describe this silent force. A joy unspeakable and all powerful had taken possession of them; they saw what man is—and what he shall be—unlimited in wisdom, beautiful to behold. As the saying of the sages, "Eye hath not seen nor ear heard the beauties God hath in store for them that believe." And this believing is the simple understanding of truth. This mighty power is creation, is everywhere present, is all intelligence, changes not. Man dwells in this law of creation, man himself enacts the law upon himself. This power is all good, all life, in all substance. So in man this tremendous force finds conscious play. The individual, conscious that he is a power, attributes his skill to flesh, bone, or blood and continues to look to this small center, as the kernel, if it could talk, would call the cob its all, when in reality the cob could not exist without the stock, the earth and sun, the All in All. But to the grain of corn was not given the conscious attribute of the knowledge of all. In man, this attribute to become con-

scious of all, brings him into oneness with all.

This is what they had become conscious of in the stillness; that man dwells in all—all good—but he is conscious of evil, of fear. It is to the power of fear that man has sold his birthright; and it must be understood by simple truth that man has the power to overcome the evil of fear and its attributes. Fear destroys through death. It must be fought with conscious energy and turned backward. "Evil—live." Man has this dominion when he attains to that attribute of self-consciousness where all is good and he is at one with it. Man was not made to live alone, and it behooves the human family to turn its attention to life to recognize the truth of life and to bring this expression unto earth (body) to glorify God (Good) which is Life Eternal. Then we will have the new race transforming the earth.

This little party that had been so miraculously drawn together, now one in purpose, needed no words to express their mission. It was no longer a matter of who their fathers were. It came to them what their lives were to the universe. When they finally spoke, Hartzel said:

"Maurice has had the advantage of a wonderful education, and he can give the world his message."

"You know it has been said that one bird cannot build a nest, so it will be easier to build together, Hartzel," replied Maurice.

"How the inhabitants of earth perish for the want of truth. It is our duty to have our lights bright that others may see," spoke up Mrs. Gimble.

"We cannot do otherwise after this wisdom we have bathed in," said Mr. Gimble, taking her hand in his, thankful for her presence.

"Let us retire with this strength of purpose, and let the subconscious mind take up the thought of our desires and keep on building while our bodies rest. We will rise on new wings in the morning," said Maurice.

It was late, and Mrs. Gimble rose. Walking over to Maurice and then to Hartzel, she kissed them in her motherly way. They felt that a blessing had been bestowed upon them and gave theirs in return.

Morning found them radiant as the sun. They awoke early, wishing to see more of each other. When Mrs. Gimble entered the hut with her husband, breakfast was waiting. They all enjoyed the meal. Little was said. Time passed quickly, and soon they were ready to leave. On their walk to the boat, the parents expressed their joy. They were proud of the two young men, now brothers, and the work

they had accomplished. They saw that this was the beginning of a new civilization.

Mrs. Gimble, after embracing Maurice, lingered to speak to Hartzel. She called him her son, caressed him, and asked him to accompany Maurice to the States at their earliest opportunity.

On board the boat, when all was in readiness for the departure, the Gimbles felt a sense of loneliness creep in. Silver hair now crowned them, and their tranquil and beautiful faces told of a life well spent. Because of this, the mortal element of fear entered their hearts. They were leaving the child who had spent his life with them. Would they ever see him again? Would he return to them before their book of life was closed?

Maurice, too, felt this, and gave way to tears, crying like a child. He saw their pain at this parting, and he knew that it was their loving kindness and tender care that had rescued him from death or the life of a beast. Through their efforts, he had been able to convey to the natives of the island a message of love and peace.

It was not necessary to exchange words; they knew each others' hearts carried the same story. When the steamer started to sail away, Maurice turned to Hartzel and clasped him to his breast.

They were still visible when Mr. Gimble led his wife to their cabin. Opening the Bible which was to them no longer a book of mystery or fear, but a book of the life of man, he read:

"Isaiah 9:6. 'For unto us a child is given and the government shall be upon his shoulders and his name shall be called Wonderful Counselor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace.'"

This soothed their aching hearts, for they felt that they had been guided by the universal wisdom. Their call to raise Maurice was as Paddon had said, "Things come into our lives provided by Providence." A great happiness overwhelmed them. What had been loneliness never returned.

The return of the Gimbles to the United States aroused the curiosity of the people. They were besieged with inquiries as to the progress of the work of reform on the island. Many could not believe the reports as given by the Gimbles. Maurice wrote often and had some of the younger natives write and express their own thoughts. It then dawned upon the Assembly Party the extent of the work he had accomplished. Maurice Gimble was spoken of as a leader of men. Words are inadequate to express the sentiment of the American people. Not only America, but the world at large now

called upon him for assistance. Mr. and Mrs. Gimble were honored by all men. The Assembly of Peace had paved the way for a greater civilization, for the Birth of Brotherhood.

Ruth and Forestor were in constant communication with Maurice. Their teachings had now become recognized as universal principles.

In time Maurice found that he had completed his work on the island. He had gained a deeper understanding through giving, and was now ready to convey to the world at large the true art of living.

Accompanied by Hartzel, who was no longer anxious about his parents, for he had lost himself in his service to man, they traveled to the civilized lands. While on their journey Maurice fell into a deep reverie, out of which came a deep yearning to have his parentage cleared up as Hartzel's had been. His reverie deepened until he found himself in a vision. He saw an angel face of a woman, portraying the innocence of her infinite love. While smiling through the divine purity of her virginity, she was approached by a man whom she likened unto a god to herself. This gave him the opportunity to approach her without her discovery of the subtle hidden devil which he afterward proved to be. "And no marvel, for Satan him-

self is transformed as an angel of light," who through his subtlety was able to "deceive the very elect." Thus was this man able to get into the graces of this divine woman and would, had it been possible, dragged her down to shame and degradation. The vision revealed to Maurice that her divine love had been her sustaining power after being deserted on the island of savages, where she had given birth to the child of love. After her agony, she had exclaimed, as it is said Christ exclaimed on the cross, "It is finished." She knew through her great faith that her son would be cared for and grow up to be a blessing to mankind, a bearer of the message of love.

To endow her son with love was, to her mind, to give him an inheritance greater than that of kings.

His vision closed by revealing to him that Forestor had the evidence of his mysterious birth. He was bewildered and at a loss as to what his vision had in store for him. A greater admiration for Hartzel came to him. He saw how brave his friend had been, how he had given up his personal ambitions and lost himself in service for others. Thus he renewed his power for labor. Soon these two were able to do untold good for their fellowmen.

In working in the civilized countries where

the Forestors had labored so long, Maurice found a rock foundation for the Brotherhood. With man's good will to man and the established Assembly's platform, he was able to preach his great doctrine. After great effort, he was able to remove man's greatest curse, the curse that dated back to Adam.

The Bible teaches that God made everything and pronounced all good. When the animals were led before Adam, he named them as well as all things. So Maurice found all things still as named by Adam. There was great need of a reformation. The numerous prisons, hospitals, poorhouses, homes for cripples, all these and more—needed a reformation. And, as all humanity is closely related, it was of great importance that the unfortunate brothers receive recognition. Maurice had practiced one principle, and that was love. Love is freedom. His greatest task faced him—to open the doors of the prisons and asylums; the pride of the Adam race—a necessity of those past ages.

He began with the adjustment of education. Each was to follow a course of study that gave him pleasure. It was not his method to make the pupils study along lines they did not like and enjoy. Learning became a natural process.

The next step was labor. The same principle was applied to healthy men who learned

to enjoy their chosen occupations. Every demand was abundantly supplied. Men were not driven to work by want nor cursed to labor in the sweat of their brows; but each was willing to do his share, and all went about their work as joyfully as children at play. The demand made of man was that he upbuild and give comfort.

As to the women, Maurice felt that they needed broader education. The mothering instinct was also fostered. Men found companions in their mates. Not only were women their equals, but they were the inspiration, inspiring men to attain to greater heights. What, in a small measure, advertising had done in the commercial world in past ages, woman was doing in her sphere in the present. Woman—in free expression, promoted the best of man's possibilities and encouraged and inspired him to bring this into expression. Woman, therefore, was not called into the fields of material labor—but was called upon to labor for love. The children were a new race, beautiful and loving, with laughter for their music.

No longer was the earth encumbered with congested cities nor was man compelled to live in unpleasant environment of any kind.

Today, the day of peace, we see harmony expressed in nature. Man does not horde up

and monopolize. Material greed is no longer fashionable, but instead, the laboring man shares the comforts of his fellowman.

With the adjustment of labor, good health has increased. Our publications, even the daily newspapers, have a different tone. There is no longer any need for reports on preparedness, strikes, burglars, crimes, divorces, patent drugs, and suggestive diseases. We now enjoy our reading matter fully. We drink from a spring whence the draught has sparkled in sunshine and balmy air.

Food demands for each season are supplied by exchange with neighboring countries. Cities are larger and extend over greater space, stretched out on God's earth where there is room for all. We no longer have the very rich nor the ignorant poor. All, like the flowers, give to earth their beauty and love.

No longer is the city separated from the beauty and cleanness of God's out-of-doors. Everywhere is nature's bountiful store-house open to man. The temptations which had in the past led men into crime are removed. Fear and envy cannot exist. The hospitals, asylums, and homes of the once unfortunate have been done away with. In the harmony of life, there are no insane, no sick, no cripples.

Loneliness is unknown, for travel is part of

every individual's pleasure. The universal language is simple and musical. The art of telepathy has been an attribute added to man's physical senses.

Length of days is enjoyed. Sickness, sin, and sorrow are known no longer. Distinction of religions and nations is drowned in love—in the Oneness.

The recognition of the Fatherhood of God (Allness of Good), and the Brotherhood of Man rules supreme.

The earth is transformed. Labor, once a curse, is now a song. Man toils a few hours a day to enjoy health of body. Each one is employed in the labor he enjoys and for which he is best fitted. We find God or Nature is equivalent in manifestation. All demands are supplied; music, art, and the sciences are now a part of every individual's education.

The Assembly proclaimed that a universal holiday be celebrated in recognition of the Birth of Brotherhood.

In the Temple of Peace, built where once was the firing line, our American brother and sister met again and united in a fond embrace.

On the island, as in the civilized lands, we no longer see traces of the previous ages; education has so transformed the inhabitants that the very earth is changed.

Maurice, sincere and loving in his directing, taught man the path to joy and life eternal. The natives followed Maurice, whom they called their savior, having illuminated their minds to love, they continued to express the good.

The proclamation of the Assembly in regard to the holiday was carried out.

In the Temple of Peace, Maurice met Forestor. Extending his hand in greeting, he asked, "Shall I introduce to you one of the world's greatest sons, but one who has never known his father?"

Forestor sat down, deep in thought, trying to solve this statement. After a long silence, Maurice continued.

"Would you care to meet your son?"

Forestor stared at him amazed. In soft tones Maurice said, "My companion is Hartzel, Marie's son."

Forestor sprang to his feet. "Is—is this possible?"

Maurice decided to act at once. Leaving Forestor, he drove to the Music Hall where Hartzel was directing the placing of the floral decorations for the celebration of the holiday. Informing Hartzel that his father was waiting for him in the Temple, they returned immediately to Forestor.

The appearance of Hartzel recalled to Forestor Mr. Gimble's remark, "one who does not experience parenthood, misses much." His desire to embrace his son was carried out before either one knew who was the first to embrace the other. Their faces were radiant with their happiness.

Maurice was again seized with a desire to know who his parents were. Forestor turned to Maurice and instantly received an impression which demanded attention. The mystery—the mysterious birth. To Maurice the same vision appeared again, that Forestor could clear up this mystery.

"I have an impression that you know something of my parentage," spoke up Maurice.

"That packet" flashed through Forestor's mind. He drew forth a large envelope and asked Maurice to read the contents with him. Together they read:

My Friend of Old:

No living soul knows the depths of Hell to which I have descended. You, at that time my companion, did not share the secret. On our trip to Europe, when you met Marie, I met what might have been my salvation. She was pure beyond all that man can conceive; her immaculate love, such as only a goddess can bestow, her breath sweet with truth, could have inspired a man to any heights. She had not even a

thought of my depravity. She saw me as she herself was. She was so pure so true that she beheld all others in her likeness, and when in her presence, I was as one transformed, a new man. But—oh to recall that hour when my physical weakness and deviltry betrayed her innocence and great love, when my subtle depravity drew me back to Hell. Yes, it was Hell, for I knew then that I had brought my curse upon myself and no God nor Devil could save me from destruction.

She lived in her own realm of love, love for her child to be. She endowed her child with all the love possible to a human. She was not concerned with what the world called shame. She gloried in her motherhood.

I feared that I would be found out, so I had her lured away to one of the South Sea Islands. There she remained among the savages, but even to them she was an angel of light. She was worshipped by them, for they sensed her power of love and revered her beauty.

I was too depraved to save myself. I could not live my life with her. I could not live without her. I have lived and suffered since, but I know that our child must be the fruit of its mother. In her love for the unborn, she lived until the day he was born, blessed him with her warm caress, called him the "Saviour of the World," and in this love, died.

It was I who crushed her when I dared any God or Devil to stay my lust. It was then that I struck my note of destruction. When I learned that the child had been picked up by an American, and my last opportunity to right the wrong to the one I dared not call my son was gone, I knew that I was lost.

When this is opened, it will reveal the parentage of

the greatest soul on earth. I have never learned any more about her child. It was lost to me. All is lost to me. My thoughts go back to what might have been. Had I allowed the power of her pure, wonderful love to lead me, I would have been saved. Ah, God, to but know that within man is the path to Heaven or to Hell! Oh will the Gods forgive? Does my flesh suffer to purify the spirit?

My one happy moment is when I entertain the thought that he — my son — has inherited the love of his mother, that he will not be subject to the depths to which I have descended. His mother's love gave him the purity of heart, the spirit of truth, the faith in humanity. All this I failed to cultivate and now, on my dying bed, I ask his forgiveness for my weakness. As I lie here dying, the one glimpse of light is the memory of one life spared through love — my son's!

LAM WICKER.

Hushed by a reverence too great for words, neither one had spoken. Some moments passed as they stood with heads bowed. When at last their eyes met, tears blinded them both. Maurice finally spoke.

"Do you know them?"

"Your father, but not—" the last words were too sacred for utterance so they were left unspoken. Then Forestor continued, "Nature brings about her greatest creations through her greatest contrasts."

Forestor embraced Maurice. "Maurice, your father spoke the truth when he wrote that

you inherited the love of your mother for humanity. You are the world's saviour. There is a great spirit manifesting itself through you. Great women are the mothers of great men."

A smile passed over Maurice's face. "Man has built a world of misunderstanding. When in reality nothing is grander, nobler than man's love, the creation of all, he has destroyed where he could have built for eternal happiness."

Maurice felt Hartzel's happiness and partook of his joy. Soon the Temple was filled with a "Peace which passeth understanding," and they became conscious of another's presence. Turning in the direction of the door, they beheld Ruth. Their eyes, filled with love, saw a halo of light about her lovely head. As they approached, she spoke to them in her soft voice,

"We shall now all join in celebration of the Birth of Universal Brotherhood!"

In the hearts of the American brothers and sisters at home, the joy of the celebration also takes place. As they gather together to participate in the union with their brothers and sisters across the great, deep sea, they behold a vision.

They see a Pyramid, symbolic of Universal Brotherhood. Maurice is at the head, with the many immortals of all ages and races, and close

to them, they see our true Americans in great glory and sublime light, and the great Brotherhood encircling the earth.

> They hear the music of the sphere,
> Arise, the Father Omnipresent is here!

THE END