

**"The Love Pendulum"**  
(Continued from Page 10)

"Give me one, I want one."  
I lit it, and leaned back, quieted at once by watching the blue smoke curl. I never knew whether or not I liked to smoke, or to drink when my friends offered me things. It was there, it was the thing to do, sometimes when I was nervous it seemed to distract me.

"That's a new tea gown, isn't it?"  
"Yes. Do you like it?"  
"Perhaps! It clings too much—it makes you look like a half draped statue. I rather like having tea with a friend, not a statue."

Unconsciously I pulled a frill of lace up to cover my shoulders. It was cut low—but the rose velvet gown was a heavenly affair.

"How many new gowns have you?"  
"Collin went on."

"I don't know. Thirty perhaps, and some suits. Collin, why are you scolding me? You are. I don't want to be scolded. You look so disapproving."

"I am. I hate to see you smoke."  
"Everyone smokes."  
"You're as delicate and fragrant as a blossom—"

"An apple blossom. Nardonski called me—the night I met you."  
"I know. I liked him for saying it. You smoked then and I wanted to take the cigarette away from you."

"Win was there—"  
"Paying no attention to you. I should have liked to—thrash him, or else have run away with you."

I stared at Collin. He never talked like this.

"Collin, what is the matter? You never talk this way. I can't help smoking. It's something to do. That's how we spend our time—don't you see, finding distraction. We're all unhappy, we all hate each other—so we find a little pleasure in telling each other about our friendly unhappiness, that gives us miserable ones company. So we talk scandal and live on each other."

Collin was on the couch beside me. "Give me that cigarette!" He took it away from me, holding my hands because instinctively I struggled for it. He threw it in the fire. "Promise you won't do it again! I hate to see you, you don't know how it affects—affects a conventional old man like myself."

"Old! You!" My hands went out to his shoulders, unconsensually. "We're all unhappy, Connie."

"Nedda's not. She's my one point of faith. I cling to her, she really is in love—"

His arms went around me suddenly, and he kissed me. It was so odd, so unexpected, I scarcely knew he had done it, until it was over and he was sitting on the footstool again.

"I'm not in love with you," he said, lighting a cigarette with unsteady fingers.

NEDDA  
Chapter 83

I don't suppose I shall ever forget the picture we made as we sat there, Collin on the broad stool with the firelight behind him, I on the couch. Outside there was a steady drizzling rain, cold and depressing as only a November rain can be. It was long past twilight, but a faint glow from the lighted city came through the big studio windows.

We were sitting in a pool of light that came from the candles on the high mantel, and from the fire. It touched up the silver tea service that stood on a table beside me, making gleaming high lights on every piece, and it threw a soft twilight over the big room. It made of Collin's figure a dark silhouette against the red glow of the burnt logs—a queer grotesque outline of a man with terribly bent shoulders and hollow chest, one arm somehow hugging his knees, the other raised so a hand held the cigarette to his mouth. Collin was profile to me, I caught all the homeliness and none of the good points of him—except that only total darkness could extinguish that great mop of red hair! He had kissed me, and said he was not in love with me!

And I believed him, in spite of the contradiction of action and word. For somehow it was not a lover's kiss—at least I thought it was not.

Ellen came in for the tea tray, and switched on some of the lights. And when she had gone Collin turned to smile at me, that lovely, sympathetic smile that made him beautiful.

"Well, Connie!"  
"Well, Collin!" I smiled back. "How odd you are today? What is the matter?"

"Nothing. I wanted to kiss you. That's all. You look so charming and so kissable. Do you mind—just this once?"

"No," I said slowly. "Only I'm glad you aren't in love, because if you were you would go away so I shouldn't see you—you told me that once in the summer. And I don't know what I'd do then. You're the only real person in this silly world I'm living in. You're the only one I have to depend on."

"I know," said Collin. After a moment he threw away his cigarette and got up to go. "Have you heard from Winthrop?" he asked.

"No—not since the letter I didn't answer. That's been—many months. He left, and I went slowly into

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**BIBLE THOUGHTS FOR TODAY**

SEPTEMBER 23

**CURSE OR BLESSING, Which?**  
—He that withholdeth corn, the people shall curse him; but blessing shall be upon the head of him that selleth it.—Proverbs 11:26.

SEPTEMBER 24  
**GLADNESS IN SERVICE.**—Serve the Lord with gladness. Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise: be thankful unto him, and bless his name. For the Lord is good.—Psalm 100:2, 4.

SEPTEMBER 25  
**GLADNESS AND SINGING.**—Serve the Lord with gladness: come before his presence with singing.—Psalm 100:2.

SEPTEMBER 26  
**NOTHING TO FEAR.**—Thou son of man, be not afraid.—Ezekiel 2:6.

SEPTEMBER 27  
**SING FOR JOY.**—Behold my servants shall sing for joy of heart.—Isaiah 65:14.

SEPTEMBER 28  
**WHITHERSOEVER.**—God with thee, whithersoever thou goest.—Joshua 1:9.

SEPTEMBER 29  
**POWER OF THE WORD.**—For the word of God is quick, and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart.—Hebrews 4:12.

**Unrefreshing Sleep**  
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The woman who is tired out, who aches all over when she arises in the morning, who feels depressed most of the time, needs just the help that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills can give her new blood and strong nerves.

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my room to change into another gown. I was dining with my aunt that evening. While I dressed I kept wondering why he should have asked that question.

A few days later Nedda was in for tea. There were more people—Nardonski, who still had his orchestra, and who was just as amusing and just as annoying as ever, and Shirley, who had long since forgotten her lisp. Nedda waited until the others had gone—she was restless and irritated, she fairly snapped at something Shirley said once.

"Can't stand that silly little thing," she announced when Shirley had gone off and we were alone. "You used to like her—better than anyone else. Don't you think being married has improved her?"

"Yes—no, I don't know."  
"She seems happy enough—though I don't think quite as—"

"She isn't. She's trying to set her family to promise her \$15,000 a year if she'll leave him. She wanted \$20,000. They'll do it to break off that affair."

"Doesn't she love—"  
"She loves a good income better. You can see from her clothes she's had a hard time of it. She looks all more ragged—well, shabby anyway."

"What a pessimist you are!" I exclaimed, and tried to laugh.

Nedda opened a carved wooden box on the table and took a cigarette. She walked restlessly back and forth, then threw herself down on the couch.

"I am. It's a rotten sort of life—all of it. I'm sorry for Shirley. She married in a burst of romantic enthusiasm, love in a cottage, all that sort of thing. Love instead of money—now she hasn't either."

"But you—"  
"Yes, I'm better off than most. I married in a cold-blooded fashion, because my husband was handsome, good tempered and rich. I like him better now than when we were married. We get along very well—but that's all I can say. And that's not much. After all, you're better off than most of us. You had your romance. It didn't last long, but you had it. And here you are—free as you like, with nothing to worry about. I haven't any worries, but I'm not free—not with a jealous husband, at least."

"If only she knew how little I desired 'freedom' or money! My freedom was infinitely more of a prison to me than the most exacting jealousy of a husband!"

Suddenly she asked, "Have you heard from Win?" And again I said "no."

What did they mean—she and Collin?

What was Win doing? They never

**Sunday School Lesson**

TIMOTHY, A GOOD MINISTER  
Lesson XXVI. September 23.

**Golden Text.**—I have chosen you and ordained you that ye should go and bring forth fruit.—John XV, 16.

**Lesson:** Acts XVI, 1-3; Phil. II, 19-22; 2 Tim. I, 1-6; III, 14-15; Heb. XIII, 23 (Life of Timothy).

Timothy was the son of a Greek in Lystra. His mother was a Jewess, and he was brought up in a Godfearing Hebrew home. One day two wonderful people of Timothy's own race and religion came to Lystra and healed a cripple. The crowd first hailed them as gods and then when their minds had been poisoned, stoned them and left them for dead. These visitors must have impressed the young man. They returned and one of them, Paul, took Timothy with him to Marks place. He had Timothy circumcized according to his principle to avoid unnecessary offence. After this Paul often in his writings refers to Timothy and the New Testament contains two of Paul's letters of directions to him. Paul thinks highly of his work and the two men are bound by mutual affection. We last hear of Timothy as having been in many wrong ideas about the ministry. We sometimes hear it said that men do not choose the ministry because their pay is not enough. Real ministers never chose their profession. Christ chooses them. (John XV, 16). Real men are never attracted or deterred from the ministry by questions of pay. It is nobility of the calling which attracts noble natures, the opportunity to do real service, the cleanness or honesty of the work.

Paul tells Timothy to stir up the gift that is in him by "the laying on of hands" and prayer. Ordination to the ministry involves the bestowal of a real spiritual gift for spiritual work. It is a miracle and supernatural, and yet natural and subject to laws like everything else: because there is as much order and cause and effect in the spiritual world as in the natural. Only the laws which affect the spiritual man are additional to the laws which affect the natural man. Tradition tells us that he was martyred years after Paul, near whose shrine his body rests in St. Paul's Church, Rome.

Timothy was a minister of Christ: an officer in the society or church which the Saviour founded to carry on His work. There are men; just as the laws which affect the living animal which his body is composed. Though a minister receives a supernatural gift for his work, that is not enough to itself. He has got his part to do, to stir up the gift and keep it alive.

The ministry of Christ is the biggest job in the world, the most honorable and the best paid. God's minister works in co-operation with God doing God's work, as His servant and ambassador and representative, yes as His son. He is building up something that will last. He is helping not hindering other people. Therefore God's work is the most useful and the most honorable. And it is the best paid. His pay is fellowship with Christ and Christ's friends: sharing His life and His fate in this world and the world to come. "The disciple is not above His master. Where I am there shall also my servant be." Henceforth I call you friends." Paul in chains at Rome, facing death, can write "Timothy my beloved son. Rejoice in the Lord alway." The worse he suffers, the more the minister of Christ is brought to share in the life and joy and love of His Master.

Men are chosen and prepared for God's work sometimes by generations of careful training. Timothy's ministry grew out of the work of his grandmother and mother. There is no end to the influence of home religion.

Whether we are farmers or printers or preachers we can all be ministers of Christ. What our actual work is matters not, as long as it is clean work, or honest. We are Christ's ministers if we are standing and working as well as we know how with Jesus Christ.

We have each our bit of God's work to do. The head needs the hands. The preacher needs the people who pay him and pray for him.

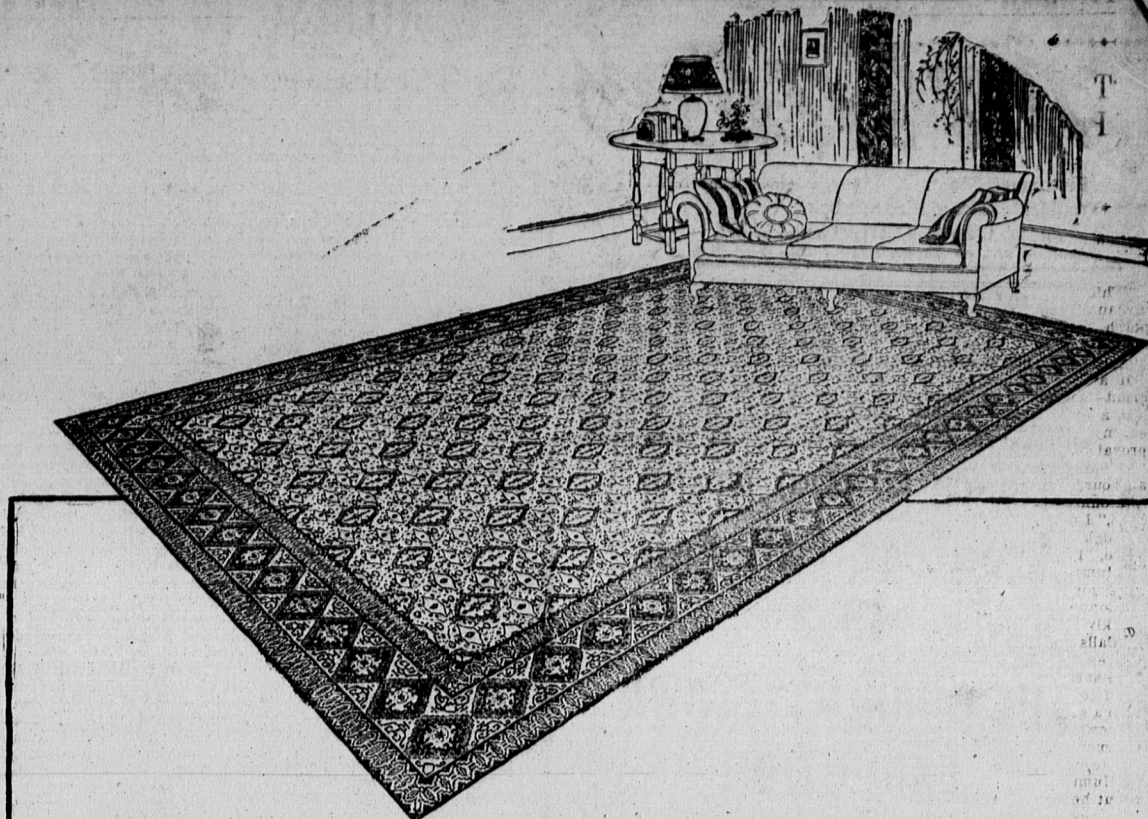
**BIBLE QUESTION**  
Test your knowledge of the Bible by these questions. Retain your answers and compare them with the answers published in our next issue.

85. What is the longest word in the Bible?  
86. Who said: "escaped with the skin of my teeth?"  
87. To whom did Paul write: "Prepare me also a lodging?"  
88. What sorcerer asked Peter to pray for him?  
89. Who said "at the name of Jesus every knee shall bow?"  
90. What passage in the New Testament plainly states that God takes care of our temporal wants?

**ANSWERS.**  
79. See Rev. XXII, 21.  
80. Solomon, Prov. XV, 1.  
81. Mat. XXV, 31-46.  
82. A meek and quiet spirit, 1 Peter III, 4.  
83. Psalm 103, 12.  
84. Tyranney I Kgs. 12 XII, 10.

met him the yong heard of him now and then. Win and I were in two different corners now, we never met even by chance. And no one ever mentioned him to me.

To be Continued

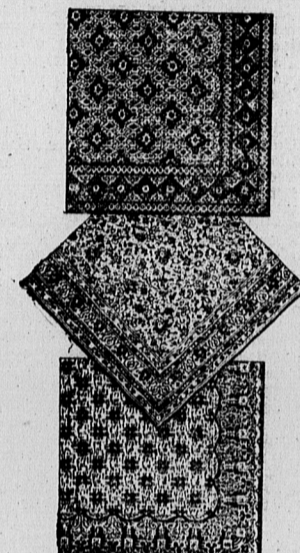


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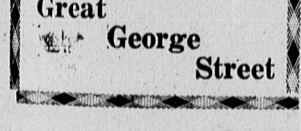
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**ETIQUETTE**

FOR YOUR PERSONAL LETTERS

It is desirable, if you write to length to members of your own family or to close friends to have a sort of paper that is rather light in weight, so that you may write long letters without having to use excess postage. Sometimes pads of writing paper with envelopes to match are well chosen for this purpose selecting the size that folds over into a letter size sheet. Even though the letter is going to a relative or near friend, the paper should be of good quality and of uniform appearance. Don't let your correspondent feel that you are using "any old" piece of stationery.

Heavier stationery should be reserved for letters of purely social or formal purposes—answers to invitations, acknowledgments of gift and to letters of congratulations, etc., letters of condolence, letters of introduction. The envelopes should be of fairly good size, the paper should be rather heavy and preferably either pure white, light gray or cream. To use paper of pink or mauve or green tint is always in questionable taste. To be sure, some people do it, but they do not always make a favorable impression by its use.

It is necessary to have small envelopes to carry your calling cards to be sent by post or otherwise for any occasion when you would wish to send cards. Like wise, if you are sending flowers or any gift with your card it is best to enclose the card in an envelope.

Correspondence cards and envelopes so-called are desirable. Many persons use them for short notes generally, and they may be used, too, for sending less formal invitations and for acknowledging anything but very formal invitations.

**BOSTON DOCTOR IS ACCUSED OF MURDER**

CAMBRIDGE, Mass., Sept. 20.—Dr. William M. Robb, of Boston was indicted for murder in the first degree today by the Middlesex County Grand Jury called into special session here to consider the case of Mrs. Alice M. Wolchendorf, of East Bridgewater, whose dismembered body and limbs were found in two suit cases in the Merrimack River at Tyngsboro two weeks ago.

Dr. Robb late this afternoon appeared at the office of the District Attorney accompanied by Attorney John P. Feeney. He was placed under arrest. Dr. Robb who had previously left his hotel in Boston in a taxicab, explained that immediately upon hearing that the Grand Jury had returned an indictment he had gone to the offices of his attorney.

**BEAUTY**

We think of beauty as heart-ease—forgetting That beauty wakes but fever in the heart;

A restless, eager yearning and a fretting For that of which earth holds no counterpart.

We dream and sing of beauty that assuages, And seek it ever as a blessed goal.

When beauty has but left through-out the ages A wistful, crying hunger in the soul.

Gertrude Callaghan.

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