

**WHERE ENDICOTT FITTED**

By **BARRY PRESTON**

Copyright, 1916, by E. S. McClure

Endicott was a duffer. There was no shadow of doubt about that. He could neither swim nor sail a boat; he played golf in a manner that set his caddy offering suggestions; his dancing was a cross between a prim walk and an awkward skip; he sat on a horse with as much grace as he would have straddled an elephant. Moreover, his lack of conversational powers had given him a reputation for taciturnity that was far from flattering.

"Why on earth Mrs. Saunders should ask him down for the month I can't see," one of the young women confided to a bronzed young fellow as they sat together in a vine made nook of the broad veranda one evening.

"Oh, that is the easiest part of the equation," he returned. "What strikes me is why the deuce he accepted the invitation." Whereat they both laughed.

"It's the death's head at the feast," said she.

"Oh, he's harmless enough," her companion said easily. "He doesn't at-



"IT'S DREADFUL," SHE WAS SAYING. "WHAT IS IT?" ASKED MISS WILMOT.

tempt to do things unless some one sets him up to it. He'd never have gone in the water this morning if Vandeecken hadn't kept him for an hour to come along with us. He's gone in a way, though. We didn't know he'd get beyond his depth until he was half drowned. Thought he was splashing about for the fun of it. Not a yip did he make."

"It makes you awfully uncomfortable to have such an incompetent person about," said she. "I'm always in a guessing frame when he's late at luncheon or dinner."

"Providence has a watchful eye for a certain class of individuals," said he, and they both laughed once more.

Meanwhile, at the other end of the veranda, Endicott sat on the steps with Miss Wilmot. If Endicott had been a different sort of chap he would doubtless have made desperate love to the lady. But Endicott knew his limitations, and, therefore, instead of telling her all that was in his heart, he sat beside her on the top step, feeling his beat, watching covertly the changing expressions come and go on her pretty face, and wished most devoutly that he were less of a duffer.

He was a big, heavily built young fellow, with a frank, boyish face and a laugh that was very attractive in its genuineness. If you ever managed to get well enough acquainted with him to hear it, Miss Wilmot had heard it many times when she was alone with him, and it told her much of the real man that lay beneath the awkward reticent exterior.

Just now Endicott's troubled gaze was fixed on some ragged bits of red cloud, the aftermath of a gorgeous sunset.

"I think I shall leave in the morning," he said uneasily.

"But you haven't been here a week yet," said in surprise.

"I know," said he, "but somehow I don't seem to fit. If a fellow's going to be a success at a house party he should do many things well. Now, I do everything badly. I simply show up everything I enter into and spoil all the fun for the rest."

"Nonsense," she declared.

"It's so," he maintained. "I'm just a duffer pure and simple, and there's an end of it. So long as I stay, of course out of courtesy to me, they'll drag me into all these things, even if it does spoil their fun."

"You shan't talk so," she said. "Come, it's time we were getting ready for that moonlight sail."

"If there's so much as a ripple on the water I'm sure to be sick," he observed gloomily. "That makes it very cheerful for the rest."

"You have an attack of pessimism," she laughed as she arose. "Salt water is the best cure in the world for that kind of ailment."

They went down the veranda together. At the door they found Mrs. Saunders talking excitedly to her guests, who were grouped about her.

"It's dreadful," she was saying. "All the servants have left, even to the sta-

ble boy, and they're strictly quarantined. Poor Mrs. Browne is frightened nearly to death."

"What is it?" asked Miss Wilmot as they came up.

"Why, the youngest Bowne child has diptheria!"

At the door they found Mrs. Saunders. Endicott was striking his hair thoughtfully.

"Those the people that own that new place back by the pines?" he asked.

"Yes," said Mrs. Saunders. "Dreadful, isn't it? Her husband is in the west, and she's nearly frantic. There isn't a soul about here that they can induce to go there."

When the party started for the pier Endicott stepped up to Miss Wilmot.

"I don't believe I'll go back tomorrow," he whispered. "Perhaps I can fit, after all."

"Of course you can," she said and thought no more of his words until they had reached the end of the pier. It was then they found Endicott was missing. After much shouting and a hurried search about the immediate vicinity they started out without him.

It was nearly 11 when they returned. Mrs. Saunders met them on the veranda.

"Where do you suppose Ted Endicott has gone?" she cried.

"Where?" chorused several voices.

"To the Bownes. He is going to stay there until they can get a trained nurse from the city."

Endicott stayed even longer than that. He stayed until little Bob Browne died. Then when the quarantine of the house was at an end he came back to the Saunders cottage to get his traps before he went back to town.

The house party made a hero of him. The men spied him coming up the path and carried him, protesting loudly, on their shoulders into the hall, where all the other guests were waiting. They gave him a round of cheers, and every one wanted to grasp him by his hand first.

Vandeecken made a little speech and told them the doctor had told him—all about the child's case and how he had had little Bob Browne in his arms the night the child died. They tried to get Endicott to say something about it himself, but he merely reddened up and shifted uneasily from one foot to the other and finally blurted out: "Oh, please! It really wasn't anything."

That evening he sat on the steps with Miss Wilmot. They were quite alone.

"I knew you were just like that," she said.

"Like what?" he asked.

"Oh, I have you'd not be found wanting in a crisis," she explained. "And I knew, too, you'd be just as modest about it as you were."

"Any fellow could do that. That wasn't anything," he said uneasily.

"You're a dear, brave boy," she said heartily.

"If I were?" he began.

"What would you do?" she asked. Her eyes were twinkling him.

"If I were," he repeated, "I'd—I'd ask you—oh, hang it! I'm not," he ended in confusion.

"Ted, dear," she said softly, "I'll spare you the asking—and—and say 'yes' now."

He sat for a moment in dumb silence. He could not comprehend it all. Then his eyes lighted wonderfully.

"Thanks," he stammered, "thanks very much." Which was eminently like Endicott.

"Brought Up" in College.

One of the most original characters of the Welsh pulpit was the Rev. Lewis Powell, Cardiff. While on a visit to Carmarthen on one occasion he called at the college, and the students were all for the first time to pay him homage.

"How I have the help of two of you, my boys, for a minute?" asked Mr. Powell.

"Yes, dear Mr. Powell," answered half a dozen of them at the same time.

"Well, I want two stout boys, if you please," he remarked, and two of the strongest students were chosen. "Now, my boys," said the old preacher, "let me lay a hand on the shoulder of each of you, and you put your arms around me."

This was done.

"Lift me," said Mr. Powell, and the students lifted him until he was head and shoulders above all present in the room. "Thank you, my boys," he remarked. "Let me down now."

This was done. Then one of the boys asked:

"What is the meaning of this, Mr. Powell?"

"The answer was: 'Well, some people look down on the church in Cardiff because Mr. Powell, the minister, was not brought up in college. I can go back to Cardiff now and tell them that I was raised in Carmarthen college and that I stood higher than all the other students.'—London Tit-Bits.

**Monday Evening Lectures.**

The Lectures for the Popular Monday evening Lectures in the Methodist church will be as follows:

Dec. 18th "Cosmopolitan Chicago," Rev. A. D. Traveller, D. D.

**Furious Fighting.**

"For seven years," writes Geo. W. Hoffman, of Harper, Wash., "I had a bitter battle with chronic stomach and liver trouble, but at last I won, and cured my diseases by the use of Electric Bitters. A unobtainable recommendation to all I don't intend in the future to be without them in my house. They are certainly a most useful medicine, and I have cured such a bad case as mine." See under guarantee to do the same for you, with the Barlett's Pharmacy at each a bottle. Try them today.

Call at THE REVIEW office and see the 200 samples of calendars for 1906. Prices lower than ever before.

**Entertaining and Instructive.**

(CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE)

fairies or myths—Santa Claus. A child's imagination should be cultivated; it is a part of his education, and as his little mind increases in knowledge he instinctively comes to distinguish between the real and the unreal.

Some will say: "We are teaching our child to be deceptive, and the world today is so full of deception we must guard against it in every way."

True to a certain extent; but the seeds of deception were never sown through teaching a Santa Claus, and I believe our children will look back upon their early childhood days when visions of Santa Claus were supreme in their minds—just as one beautiful fairy story that always filled them with joy and happiness.

Every child, young and old, should be thoroughly filled with the spirit of Christmas, which means love and good will toward all, would he attain the joy of a complete and perfect Christmas. How can we teach the child to be filled with the spirit of Christmas? It is his nature to love; he looks to his elders with a simple faith and trustfulness because of love. If we love people we want to give them something. When Jesus was born gifts were given him because the people loved him. Christmas is a time of general thanksgiving and good will throughout the land, therefore appropriate for tokens to change little tokens of love.

The teacher, as well as the parent, is a potent factor in instilling the spirit of Christmas, including right living and right giving, into the heart and mind of the child. Is it not our duty then, as parents and teachers, to strive to live as nearly perfect lives as possible, knowing that the child looks to us as his guide and example?

The little gift fashioned at Christmas time for mother or father, under the careful direction of the teacher, is not considered as its intrinsic value but for the thought and sentiment that go with it.

Parents, cultivate the spirit of giving to your children—not elaborately, extravagantly or expensively, but just a little token of remembrance—an orange, an apple, a picture.

It will take away that selfish feeling in your child; it will beautify his life, and it will fill the life of the other one with joy and happiness, for he knows that the token itself came bound in love from the giver. Don't let your child sit down days before Christmas making lists of presents he wants—a sled, pair of skates, candy, etc.—repeating this day after day till Christmas comes.

That is all well and good for a time, for papa and mamma would surely try to please their child in his desires as nearly as possible; but have him make another list, help him to think of some poor little boy or girl that probably won't be as well as he on Christmas morning—a list like this:

Mary Brown, an orange.  
Anna Smith, bag of candy.

It won't cost much, and it will have brightened the life of the giver as well as that of the recipient.

"It is more blessed to give than to receive."

How true it is! And the truly happy are those that experience this feeling.

Then, if we have succeeded in broadening the child's mind, implanting a love and thought for others, and banishing the thought of self alone, in connection with the Christmastide, surely we have accomplished a result which will have its effect and influence upon the whole future life of the child, and the world at large.

**Torture of a Preacher.**

The story of the torture of Rev. O. D. Moore, pastor of the Baptist church of Warrenville, N. Y., is a familiar one. He says: "I suffered agonies, because of a persistent cough, resulting from the grip. I had to sleep sleeping up in bed. I tried many remedies, without relief, until I took Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, which entirely cured my cough, and saved me from consumption." A grand cure for diseased conditions of Throat and Lungs. At Barrington, Pharmacy, price 50c and \$1.00, guaranteed. Trial bottle free.

**A NEW TRAIN TO LOS ANGELES**

The North-Western Line and The Union Pacific Put On a Fast Through Train Via Salt Lake Beginning December 17th.

A solid through train from Chicago to Los Angeles will be placed in service over the Chicago, Union Pacific & North-Western Line and the newly opened Salt Lake Route (S. P., E. A. & S. L. R. R.), leaving the Wells Street Station, Chicago, every day in the year, at 10:35 p. m., and arrive Los Angeles at 4:45 the third day. The train will be electric lighted throughout. The equipment is new from Pullman shops, and includes Pullman standard drawing room, sleeping car, Pullman tourist sleeping car, and a composite-observation car with buffet-smoking room and book-journals Library, through to Los Angeles without change. All meals in dining car, à la carte service.

This train is an especially desirable one for tourist travel carrying both

**100 Calling Cards**

with your name and address printed on them and a handsome, all-leather Card Case with your name inscribed in gilt letters, only

**50 cents**

SEND ORDERS TO  
**THE BARRINGTON REVIEW**  
BARRINGTON, ILLINOIS

**MAPLE CITY**

THE ONLY DOUBLE TRACK RAILWAY BETWEEN CHICAGO AND THE MISSOURI RIVER, THROUGH COUNCIL BLIFFS, OMAHA AND CHRYSENE TO OGDEN AND SALT LAKE CITY, AND DIRECTLY ACROSS SOUTHWESTERN UTAH AND SOUTHERN NEVADA INTO THE CITRUS FRUIT REGION OF CALIFORNIA, PASSING THROUGH SAN BERNARDINO, RIVERSIDE AND POMONA TO LOS ANGELES. THIS IS A NEW AND DESIRABLE ROUTING, AND SECURES TO THE TRAVELER THE ADVANTAGES OF THE BEST THAT CAN BE PRODUCED IN RAILWAY TRAVEL OVER THE SHORTEST LINE FROM CHICAGO AND THE JOYMENT OF NEW SCENES AND EXCELLENT TRAIN SERVICE OVER THE NEW SALT LAKE ROUTE.

**MONMOUTH ILLINOIS**

**MAPLE CITY SELF-WASHING SOAP**, gives that know white finish so pleasing to good housewives.

**Puzzled Over Presents.**

Then give your friend a telephone. For twelve months he will appreciate your gift. Get him something valuable. Our haters will place it Christmas morning. A pleasing useful present.

CHICAGO TELEPHONE CO.

**Personally Conducted Tour to California.**

Exclusively first-class tour under the auspices of the Tourist Department, Chicago, Union Pacific & North-Western Line, leaves Chicago, Wednesday, February 7th, spending the disagreeable hours of February and March, in the land of sunshine and flowers. \$250.00, including all expenses, railway fare, sleeping cars, meals in dining cars and hotel expense. Service first class in every respect. Persons starting from points west of Chicago join the party at some convenient point. Write for itineraries and full particulars to S. A. Hutchinson, Manager, 212 Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

**All Run Down**

THIS is a common expression we hear on every side. Unless there is some organic trouble, the condition can doubtless be remedied. Our doctor is the best adviser. Do not dose yourself with all kinds of advertised remedies—let his opinion. More than likely you need a concentrated fat food to enrich your blood and tone up the system.

**Scott's Emulsion**

of Cod Liver Oil

just such a food in its best form. It will build up the weakened and wasted body when all other foods fail to nourish. If you are run down or emaciated, give it a trial; it cannot hurt you. It is essentially the best essential nourishment for delicate children and pale, anaemic girls. We will send you a sample free.

**Ayer's Pills**

Ayer's Pills. Ayer's Pills. Ayer's Pills. Keep saying this over and over again. The best laxative. 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-32-33-34-35-36-37-38-39-40-41-42-43-44-45-46-47-48-49-50-51-52-53-54-55-56-57-58-59-60-61-62-63-64-65-66-67-68-69-70-71-72-73-74-75-76-77-78-79-80-81-82-83-84-85-86-87-88-89-90-91-92-93-94-95-96-97-98-99-100-101-102-103-104-105-106-107-108-109-110-111-112-113-114-115-116-117-118-119-120-121-122-123-124-125-126-127-128-129-130-131-132-133-134-135-136-137-138-139-140-141-142-143-144-145-146-147-148-149-150-151-152-153-154-155-156-157-158-159-160-161-162-163-164-165-166-167-168-169-170-171-172-173-174-175-176-177-178-179-180-181-182-183-184-185-186-187-188-189-190-191-192-193-194-195-196-197-198-199-200-201-202-203-204-205-206-207-208-209-210-211-212-213-214-215-216-217-218-219-220-221-222-223-224-225-226-227-228-229-230-231-232-233-234-235-236-237-238-239-240-241-242-243-244-245-246-247-248-249-250-251-252-253-254-255-256-257-258-259-260-261-262-263-264-265-266-267-268-269-270-271-272-273-274-275-276-277-278-279-280-281-282-283-284-285-286-287-288-289-290-291-292-293-294-295-296-297-298-299-300-301-302-303-304-305-306-307-308-309-310-311-312-313-314-315-316-317-318-319-320-321-322-323-324-325-326-327-328-329-330-331-332-333-334-335-336-337-338-339-340-341-342-343-344-345-346-347-348-349-350-351-352-353-354-355-356-357-358-359-360-361-362-363-364-365-366-367-368-369-370-371-372-373-374-375-376-377-378-379-380-381-382-383-384-385-386-387-388-389-390-391-392-393-394-395-396-397-398-399-400-401-402-403-404-405-406-407-408-409-410-411-412-413-414-415-416-417-418-419-420-421-422-423-424-425-426-427-428-429-430-431-432-433-434-435-436-437-438-439-440-441-442-443-444-445-446-447-448-449-450-451-452-453-454-455-456-457-458-459-460-461-462-463-464-465-466-467-468-469-470-471-472-473-474-475-476-477-478-479-480-481-482-483-484-485-486-487-488-489-490-491-492-493-494-495-496-497-498-499-500-501-502-503-504-505-506-507-508-509-510-511-512-513-514-515-516-517-518-519-520-521-522-523-524-525-526-527-528-529-530-531-532-533-534-535-536-537-538-539-540-541-542-543-544-545-546-547-548-549-550-551-552-553-554-555-556-557-558-559-560-561-562-563-564-565-566-567-568-569-570-571-572-573-574-575-576-577-578-579-580-581-582-583-584-585-586-587-588-589-590-591-592-593-594-595-596-597-598-599-600-601-602-603-604-605-606-607-608-609-610-611-612-613-614-615-616-617-618-619-620-621-622-623-624-625-626-627-628-629-630-631-632-633-634-635-636-637-638-639-640-641-642-643-644-645-646-647-648-649-650-651-652-653-654-655-656-657-658-659-660-661-662-663-664-665-666-667-668-669-670-671-672-673-674-675-676-677-678-679-680-681-682-683-684-685-686-687-688-689-690-691-692-693-694-695-696-697-698-699-700-701-702-703-704-705-706-707-708-709-710-711-712-713-714-715-716-717-718-719-720-721-722-723-724-725-726-727-728-729-730-731-732-733-734-735-736-737-738-739-740-741-742-743-744-745-746-747-748-749-750-751-752-753-754-755-756-757-758-759-760-761-762-763-764-765-766-767-768-769-770-771-772-773-774-775-776-777-778-779-780-781-782-783-784-785-786-787-788-789-790-791-792-793-794-795-796-797-798-799-800-801-802-803-804-805-806-807-808-809-810-811-812-813-814-815-816-817-818-819-820-821-822-823-824-825-826-827-828-829-830-831-832-833-834-835-836-837-838-839-840-841-842-843-844-845-846-847-848-849-850-851-852-853-854-855-856-857-858-859-860-861-862-863-864-865-866-867-868-869-870-871-872-873-874-875-876-877-878-879-880-881-882-883-884-885-886-887-888-889-890-891-892-893-894-895-896-897-898-899-900-901-902-903-904-905-906-907-908-909-910-911-912-913-914-915-916-917-918-919-920-921-922-923-924-925-926-927-928-929-930-931-932-933-934-935-936-937-938-939-940-941-942-943-944-945-946-947-948-949-950-951-952-953-954-955-956-957-958-959-960-961-962-963-964-965-966-967-968-969-970-971-972-973-974-975-976-977-978-979-980-981-982-983-984-985-986-987-988-989-990-991-992-993-994-995-996-997-998-999-1000-1001-1002-1003-1004-1005-1006-1007-1008-1009-1010-1011-1012-1013-1014-1015-1016-1017-1018-1019-1020-1021-1022-1023-1024-1025-1026-1027-1028-1029-1030-1031-1032-1033-1034-1035-1036-1037-1038-1039-1040-1041-1042-1043-1044-1045-1046-1047-1048-1049-1050-1051-1052-1053-1054-1055-1056-1057-1058-1059-1060-1061-1062-1063-1064-1065-1066-1067-1068-1069-1070-1071-1072-1073-1074-1075-1076-1077-1078-1079-1080-1081-1082-1083-1084-1085-1086-1087-1088-1089-1090-1091-1092-1093-1094-1095-1096-1097-1098-1099-1100-1101-1102-1103-1104-1105-1106-1107-1108-1109-1110-1111-1112-1113-1114-1115-1116-1117-1118-1119-1120-1121-1122-1123-1124-1125-1126-1127-1128-1129-1130-1131-1132-1133-1134-1135-1136-1137-1138-1139-1140-1141-1142-1143-1144-1145-1146-1147-1148-1149-1150-1151-1152-1153-1154-1155-1156-1157-1158-1159-1160-1161-1162-1163-1164-1165-1166-1167-1168-1169-1170-1171-1172-1173-1174-1175-1176-1177-1178-1179-1180-1181-1182-1183-1184-1185-1186-1187-1188-1189-1190-1191-1192-1193-1194-1195-1196-1197-1198-1199-1200-1201-1202-1203-1204-1205-1206-1207-1208-1209-1210-1211-1212-1213-1214-1215-1216-1217-1218-1219-1220-1221-1222-1223-1224-1225-1226-1227-1228-1229-1230-1231-1232-1233-1234-1235-1236-1237-1238-1239-1240-1241-1242-1243-1244-1245-1246-1247-1248-1249-1250-1251-1252-1253-1254-1255-1256-1257-1258-1259-1260-1261-1262-1263-1264-1265-1266-1267-1268-1269-1270-1271-1272-1273-1274-1275-1276-1277-1278-1279-1280-1281-1282-1283-1284-1285-1286-1287-1288-1289-1290-1291-1292-1293-1294-1295-1296-1297-1298-1299-1300-1301-1302-1303-1304-1305-1306-1307-1308-1309-1310-1311-1312-1313-1314-1315-1316-1317-1318-1319-1320-1321-1322-1323-1324-1325-1326-1327-1328-1329-1330-1331-1332-1333-1334-1335-1336-1337-1338-1339-1340-1341-1342-1343-1344-1345-1346-1347-1348-1349-1350-1351-1352-1353-1354-1355-1356-1357-1358-1359-1360-1361-1362-1363-1364-1365-1366-1367-1368-1369-1370-1371-1372-1373-1374-1375-1376-1377-1378-1379-1380-1381-1382-1383-1384-1385-1386-1387-1388-1389-1390-1391-1392-1393-1394-1395-1396-1397-1398-1399-1400-1401-1402-1403-1404-1405-1406-1407-1408-1409-1410-1411-1412-1413-1414-1415-1416-1417-1418-1419-1420-1421-1422-1423-1424-1425-1426-1427-1428-1429-1430-1431-1432-1433-1434-1435-1436-1437-1438-1439-1440-1441-1442-1443-1444-1445-1446-1447-1448-1449-1450-1451-1452-1453-1454-1455-1456-1457-1458-1459-1460-1461-1462-1463-1464-1465-1466-1467-1468-1469-1470-1471-1472-1473