# The GLOW of the RUBIES

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### SYNOPSIS.

Richard Lightnut, an American with an affected English accent, receives a present from a friend in China. The present proves to be a pair of pajamas. A letter hints of surprise to the wearer. Lightnut dons the pajamas and late at night gets up for a smoke. His servant, Jenkins, comes in and, failing to recognize Lightnut, attempts to put him out. Thinking the servant crazy, Lightnut changes his clothes intending to summon help. When he reappears Jenkins falls on his neck with joy, confirming Lightnut's belief that he is crazy. Jenkins tells Lightnut of the encounter he had with a hideous Chinaman dressed in pajamas. In a message from his friend, Jack Billings, Lightnut is asked to put up "the kid" for the night on his way home from college. Later Lightnut finds a beautiful girl in black pajamas in his room. Lightnut is shocked by the girl's drinking, smoking and slangy talk. She tells him her name is Frances and puzzles him with a story of her love for her sister's room-mate, named Frances. Next morning the girl is missing and Lightnut hurries to the boat to see her off. He is accosted by a husky college boy, who calls him "Dicky," but he does not see the girl. Jack Billings calls on spend the night with Lightnut. They discover priceless rubies hidden in the buttons of the pajamas. Billings dons the pajamas and retires.

### CHAPTER X.—(Continued.)

"He, he!" he giggled. "Woke up and remembered had promised Floradale Pandango of 'The Parisian Brothers' a box of steamer flowers. Gad, she sails at ten; so I piled out and shot off a note to my florist, special delivery. Been trying to find out from that infernal card back there when's the first collection from the box below. You don't know, do you?"

By Jove, one of those foolish-looking grave old stage-door Johnnies! The surprise took my breath.

"Why, the cheesy old sport!" I thought disgustedly. And I answered rather coldly: "Sorry, you know; no idea." And I opened the door wide.

But the old rascal never moved; just stood there, chuckling horribly.

"Well, she'll be back in the fall," he cackled. "And see here, old chap, will introduce you if you like. You need waking up!"

And here I gave a jump and yelled "Ouch!"

For the old fool had dug his thumb into my ribs. Only then did it dawn on me that he was drunk. Of course that was it, and unless I got rid of him the old bore would stand and twaddle the rest of the night. I reached for his hand and shook it.

"We'll have a talk about it some time," I said pleasantly. "Just now, don't you think we'd better each get to bed? So devilish late, you know."

He slapped me on the shoulder with a blow that almost brought me to the floor. Felt like he struck me with a ham, don't you know!

"Right old chap," he said; "very decidedly put; won't keep you up another minute. Believe I'd like a drink first, though, if you don't mind."

Devilish bored as I was, I decided the easiest escape was to humor him.

"All right," I said, leaving the door open and stepping into the room; "I'll get you a glass of water."

"Water!" he exclaimed, following me in. "Say, don't get funny; it's not becoming to you." He leered at me hideously.

He went right to the corner where stood my cellarette. By Jove, give you my word I was so devilish stupified I couldn't bring out a word. I wasn't sure what was coming, and as I didn't want Billings' rest disturbed, I quietly closed the door of his room.

The old cock in the black pajamas had uncorked a bottle and was smelling its contents. He grimaced over his shoulder.

"That's infernally rotten Scotch, I say!" he exclaimed with a sort of snort. "Regular sell, by George!"

I was glad Billings didn't hear him, for it had been a present from him only the week before.

"Suppose I'll have to go the rye," he grumbled; and, grinning at me familiarly, he poured himself a drink. He tossed it off, feat. I reflected that perhaps he would go quietly now.

"Well," I said, advancing. "I expect you're anxious to get to your quarters, so I'll say good night." I extended my hand. "That ought to fetch him," I thought, "if he's a gentleman, no matter how jolly corked he may be."

In my grasp his hand felt like a small boxing glove, but when I glanced at it I saw that it was not unusual.

The old duck pumped my arm solemnly and cast his eyes to the ceiling.

"Fa-are-we-e-ll, old friend!" he murmured in a husky tremolo, deflecting the corners of his mouth and wagging his bald pate. "If I don't see you again I'll have the river dragged!"

And then, instead of going, dash me if the old fool didn't flop down into Billings' favorite chair and reach for Billings' cigarettes that he had left on the tabouret.

He waved his hand at me. "Oh, you go to bed, Lightnut," he said, puffing away with iron nerve. "All the sleep's out of me, dammit! I'll just sit here and read and smoke as long as I like, then I'll go in there and turn in." A jerk of his doddering head indicated Billings' room.

By Jove, I hardly knew what to do! I was regularly bowled over, don't you know. I was up against a crisis—that's what—a crisis.

"Oh, I say, you know—" I started remonstrating, and just then I gasped with relief at the welcome sight of Jenkins, peeking round the door-frame behind my visitor's back. His finger was on his lips and he beckoned me earnestly.

At the same moment old whiskers shoved his chair up to the table, switched on the reading-lamp and reached for a magazine.

"I'm on, sir," whispered Jenkins, as I joined him and we stepped aside. "Hadn't I better ring up the janitor on my house 'phone?"

"By Jove, the very thing," I agreed. "For he'll know where this chap belongs. A fiver, tell him, if he gets a move on. Hurry!"

I slipped back into the room as Jenkins disappeared. The jolly old barnacle had discarded his cigarette and was critically selecting a cigar from my humidor.

"I don't see why the devil you don't go to bed," he said, fixing himself comfortably with two chairs and lighting up.

"I—I'm not sleepy," I stammered, perching on the corner of a chair.

"I believe you're lying," he growled, scowling at me; "but if you're not sleepy, listen to this joke here—it's a chestnut, but it's infernally good."

I never did know what the joke was, for I was listening for other sounds as he read. Suddenly I heard a whistle far down in the street; and I thought it was followed by a patter of running feet.

Then came the quivering rhythm of the elevator rapidly ascending, and while the anecdote was still being droned out between chuckles, I slipped out again into the hall and rejoined Jenkins.

"Janitor says there's no such tenant in this building as I described," Jenkins imparted hurriedly. "Might be a guest, of course; but he doesn't remember ever seeing him. So he whistled for a cop, to be on the safe side, and caught two. Here they are, sir."

Out from the elevator sprang the janitor, half-dressed and looking excited. Close on his heels came two big policemen.

I stepped into the outer corridor and explained the situation. The officers nodded reassuringly.

"Nough said," one of them commented. "We'll have him out, sir."

The janitor, who had been cautiously sighting through the door within, came running out.

"He shifted around, while I was looking, and I got a good look at him," he said with some excitement, "and I never saw him before. I wouldn't forget that mug!"

"Suppose you take a squint at him yourself, O'Keefe," suggested the taller of the coppers. "You've been on this beat so long."

In a minute or two O'Keefe came slipping back hurriedly. He drew his companion aside.

"Tell you what, Tim," I heard him say, "do you know, I'm after thinking it looks like old Braxton, known in the perfesh as 'Foxy Grandpa.' He's a swell con man, but has just finished a stretch at Copper John's for going through a flat in the Bronx. He's done murder once."

The other turned to me.

"May save a muss in your rooms if you'll just kinder call him out, sir," he suggested. "It will be simpler." He grinned significantly and glanced at his night stick.

"By Jove!" I ejaculated, looking at Jenkins. "By Jove, you know!"

Jenkins coughed. "Just say you want to speak to him a minute, sir," he said. "They'll do the rest—h'm!"

They all followed me into the hall, and I stepped to the doorway. And then I almost pitched forward, I was so devilish startled.

For, as a crowning example of his daring and reckless conduct, the hoary old reprobate was emerging from Billings' room, his fingers overhauling the contents of my friend's wallet, even as he waddled along, and so absorbed that he never even saw me.

"Ah!" he breathed in a heavy sigh of satisfaction; and out came his fingers, and in them, poised aloft, he held the ruby I had given to Billings His bleary eyes gloated at it.

"Mine!" he whispered. "Mine now to keep forever!"

### CHAPTER XI.

#### Iron Nerve.

I just stood in the doorway, staring. Couldn't say a word, my throat was that paralyzed. First time, you know, I'd ever seen a real burglar or jolly hold-up man, and he looked so different from what I had expected.

But I know now, of course, that the policeman was right and that the respectable-looking old gentleman was no other than the desperate criminal described as "Foxy Grandpa." But for the intervention of outside assistance doubtless Billings and I might have had our throats cut by the conscienceless old geezer.

He was so absorbed that he did not see me, nor the two helmets piking above my shoulder.

"Up to his old tricks," O'Keefe whispered. "We've got him in the act, Tim."

"Great!" breathed Tim. "What won't the captain say!"

O'Keefe's breath tickled my ear again and swept my nose. I've never seen beer or sauerkraut since but what I think of it.

"Got your stick ready?" he was saying. "Best not take any chances; Braxton's a quick shooter, they say. When we jump him, better give him the club right off."

Tim whispered an impatient demur. "That's all right; but I'm for coaxing him out here first. I don't want to tap him on the gentleman's rugs; if I do, I can tell you, it'll ruin 'em, that's all."

He swept his hand across his tongue and gripped his stick tighter. Jenkins, at one side, bobbed his head up and down and smiled his admiration of this sentiment. He leaned nearer to me.

"Just beckon him out, sir," his whisper advised. "Just tell him you want to show him something in the hallway, or anything will do. Just so you get him past the furniture and rugs, sir."

I advanced a step into the room. I expected the old knave to be a bit dashed, don't you know. Not he; it never disquieted him a bit. Just gave me a careless leer and went back to the ruby. Somehow I began to feel rilled. I'm not often taken that way, but this old scamp's persistent audacity and impudence went beyond anything I had ever heard of.

"What in thunder's the matter with you, son?" he murmured, squinting hideously at the jewel. "You prowl around like you had a pain." Then he went right on:

"Say, did you ever see anything so corking fine?" He looked up, holding the ruby in the light. "And to think how little I dreamed of scooping anything like that when I came in here tonight!"

By Jove, this was a little too much, even for an easy-going chap like myself! The jolly worm will turn, you know.

Dash me, before I knew what I was doing even, I had moved to his side and jerked the ruby from his hand. My face felt like a hot-water bottle as I did it.

"You haven't got it yet," I said, "and I'll take devilish good care you don't get it."

He fell back as though from a blow.

"Why—why, old chap! Why, Lightnut!" he gasped. "What's the matter—what makes you look at me like that?"

"Your liberties have gone just a bit too far, don't you know," I said, looking steadily in his fishy old eye. "I've had enough of you, by Jove, that's all!"

He stared at me, and I could hear him breathing like a blacksmith's bellows. I would never have thought he had such lungs.

Slowly his hand came out, and dash me if it wasn't shaking like he had the delirium what's-its-name. But for his tan, his face would have been as white as his hypocritical old whiskers.

"Is this some infernal joke?" His face summoned a sickly smile that almost instantly faded. His hand fell back to his side. "Why, old fellow, you don't think that way about me, do you? As for the ruby, I—I don't want it now—I just want you to accept my apology for anything I've done, and—and let me get away."

There was a short laugh from the doorway.

"Likely enough," said Officer O'Keefe, his big figure swinging forward with long strides. "Keep him covered, Tim!"

He planted himself between us with a grin.

"You're it' again, Foxy! Jig's up. Will you go quietly?"

It did me good to see how completely the old scoundrel was taken back. His wide distended bleary eyes shifted from O'Keefe to me and back again. It was a perfect surprise.

I motioned to Jenkins to close the door of my friend's bedroom. So far, he had evidently slept serenely through all the trouble, and, if possible, I wanted to avoid arousing him now. For a fat man, Billings had the deuce of a temper when stirred up over anything like an imposition upon him, and it would only add to the confusion for him to appear on the scene and learn about his wallet and his treasured ruby that I had rescued.

Foxy Grandpa's face had been rapidly undergoing a change. From pallor to pink it went, and then from pink to red. Now it was becoming scarlet. He threw his head back and faced me angrily.

"Lightnut, will you tell me what the hell this means?" And his heavy voice thundered.

"Here! Here! That'll be enough o' that," cried Officer O'Keefe sharply. "None of your grandstand play here, or it'll be the worse for you. And no tricks, Braxton, or—"

He clutched his stick menacingly.

"Braxton!" snorted the old fellow. "Why, you born fool, my name's not Braxton!"

"Not now," grinned O'Keefe. "Say, what is your name now, Foxy?"

"My name—" roared Foxy Grandpa, and paused abruptly. He looked rather blankly from one officer to the other.

"See here; do I understand I'm under arrest?" he inquired.

"You certainly are talking, Foxy," chuckled O'Keefe.

"Then my name's Doe—John Doe," and I thought the fellow's quick glance at me held an appeal. Of what sort, I had no idea.

"And what, may I ask, is the charge?" he asked again, with what was apparently a great effort at calmness.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"Oh, You Go to Bed."

# THE BANANA IN COSTA RICO

A BANANA PLANTATION

ALL Costa Rica is divided into two parts, that which is the scene of the operations of the United Fruit company, and that which is not. The first is becoming Americanized; in the second, European nations now have the advantage in trade.

In the banana country the fruit company is everywhere and as a common carrier it has a powerful influence in the coffee country. It has developed the Atlantic coast of Costa Rica and probably has done more than any other single agent for the prosperity and commercial development of this small republic. Costa Rica is by far the most prosperous of all the Central American republics, and has not had a successful revolution in more than 30 years, the correspondent of the New York Sun, writing from San Jose, says. Americans living here and Costa Ricans are convinced that the absence of revolutions and the prosperity of the country are in the nature of cause and effect.

The bananas and coffee sent out of Costa Rica represent practically the entire export trade of this country. The value of the banana exportations average about $4,000,000 a year, and the coffee a little more than half as much. The fruit company either grows or buys and transports and sells all the bananas and carries all the coffee produced in Costa Rica. In doing these things it has developed a great number of side lines of activity, which make it the great power it is in Costa Rica. These other activities include railroads, stores, telegraph and telephone systems, light and power plants, hospital, schools and various forms of agriculture and stock raising. In addition it has its fleet of ships, carrying both passengers and freight.

#### Bananas Cost 40 Cents a Bunch.

The company owns over 200,000 acres of banana lands on the Atlantic seaboard of Costa Rica. On these lands it produces about 42 per cent. of all the bananas grown in the republic. It buys all the bananas that native growers can produce. The annual shipment is about 10,000,000 bunches, bought by the fruit company at a fixed price of 30 cents a bunch. For handling the bananas the company allows 10 cents a bunch, and the declared export value of a bunch of bananas is fixed at 40 cents.

The outlet for both the coffee and the bananas is Port Limon, on the Caribbean. When Secretary Knox and his party arrived there recently there were three steamers in port awaiting cargoes of bananas.

To tap the banana districts the main line of the railroad, leased and operated by the United Fruit company under the name of the Costa Rican Northern railroad, extends from Port Limon to San Jose, the capital, 103 miles distant and 5,000 feet above the sea. From the main line extend a number of branches and from these branches other spurs and tramways, the whole forming a system of veins and arteries for the transportation of bananas. Every effort is made to get the banana from the tree to the ship as soon as possible and with the minimum of handling.

The main line is a common carrier of both passengers and freight. Discrimination by the fruit company is impossible under the terms of its lease. At Port Limon the company has built a number of steel piers from which the ships are loaded with bananas and coffee by special machinery. The company has large offices at Port Limon, and has in addition a wireless station, a hospital, quarters for its employes, light and power plants and wholesale and retail stores.

The Costa Rican government has cooperated with the fruit company, has put in many public improvements and keeps the city clean. The government receives a direct, as well as an indirect, revenue from the fruit company through an export tax of 1 cent gold upon each bunch of bananas sent out of Costa Rica.

The big banana growing districts practically end in the foothills of the mountain range which divides Costa Rica, and where bananas stop coffee begins. The hills and mountains for more than 50 miles along the railroad from Port Limon to San Jose are covered with coffee plantations, many of them thousands of acres in extent. These are practically all owned by the Costa Ricans, many of them wealthy.

Costa Rican coffee is considered by many to be the finest in the world. England takes the entire product each year and pays a higher price for it than the United States pays for Brazilian coffee. Costa Rican coffee is strong and black as served here in San Jose, and to the writer it seems far superior to the average coffee provided in American homes and hotels. It is better without milk.

It cannot be doubted that if Americans were more familiar with the attractions of Costa Rica more would visit the country. The climate of San Jose is considered ideal. The city is 5,000 feet above the sea and the cool air of this altitude is a relief after the heat and sultriness of the Caribbean ports. Today the air is as clear, cool and bracing as a September day in the North Atlantic states. We are told that it never gets any cooler, though sometimes warmer, so that there is no necessity for artificial heating in the houses. The city is picturesque and interesting and surrounded on all sides by mountains, the tops of which have been lost in the clouds since the arrival of the Knox party.

#### Scenery is Beautiful.

The trip from San Jose to Port Limon is the more attractive because of the beauty of the scenery after the first hour of the ride. The railroad follows the line of a torrential mountain river from Port Limon to Cartago, 14 miles below San Jose. Though there are many railroads in the United States through mountains of greater altitude than those of Costa Rica, none of them have the tropical vegetation which distinguishes this country. Mountains which in the states would be bare, bleak and desolate are here covered to their very peaks with the luxuriant growth that is found at Port Limon. The mountains are always green the year around.

Dry goods and a great number of household articles are bought from Europe. It is frequently declared by Americans in Costa Rica that if firms in the United States would study the Costa Rican market as carefully as the European merchants do and make the same efforts to please their customers they would have no difficulty in gaining a greater proportion of the trade of Costa Rica. The same applies to the trade situation in all Central American countries, according to opinions expressed here.

For example, tons of concrete is being used in Costa Rica in all sorts of construction. It is said that American firms would get all this business if they would pack the cement in iron cans rather than in barrels, the metal containers being necessary because of the dampness on the coast, which spoils about half of each barrel of cement that is not used as soon as received. Another criticism of Americans in Central America is that they are too anxious to get rich in one day.

As it is, the United States receives more than half of the total exports of Costa Rica and sells Costa Rica nearly half of her total imports. The general view is that the sales of American made goods in Costa Rica will continue to increase. It is stated by Americans here that as the opportunities afforded in Costa Rica for agricultural development on a large scale become better known in the states more American capital will enter the country. The opening of the Panama canal will also help toward this end.

# Frantic Search for Wood

#### Superstitious Customer in Modern Barber Shop Had Hard Time to Find the Object Desired.

"Well, how's the neuralgia?" queried the barber, sympathetically, as he poised the razor over Thompson's lathered face in a tonsorial emporium.

"Haven't had any since last"—and then the barber was dumfounded to see his customer rap hard on the arm of the chair. He was further astonished when Thompson sat up, jumped to the floor and ran to the marble wash bowl, where another customer was in process of being shampooed.

Thompson reached under the stool on which the customer was sitting, and rapped it. Then, with a look of dismay he turned wildly and made a sprint to the cigar counter at the far end of the room. There he rapped his knuckles on the wooden frame, while barbers and customers, in various stages of barbering and hair cutting, stopped and stared.

"It's all right," he grinned from behind his coat of lather. "Had to touch wood, you know, after making that statement about not having had neuralgia. I sure don't want it again."

"You surely don't have much wood in these places," he observed as the barber somewhat gingerly began the shaving operation anew. "This chair is made of enamel, glass, nickel and leather, that stool seat is made of some kind of leatherette composition, and I do believe the only thing in your shop made of wood is that cigar counter frame."

Then Thompson's barber and the other barbers went on shaving.

#### It Grows Nicotineless Tobacco.

Gloucestershire, England, where nicotineless tobacco is now grown, used at one time to supply the genuine article. Both James I. and his successor issued proclamations prohibiting tobacco growing, but in 1652 it was grown in many English counties—notably in Gloucestershire. In the state papers of that year there is a report from an officer sent to destroy the tobacco crops around Cheltenham. He took a troop of 36 soldiers with him, but had to retire for reinforcements, as he found over 200 men guarding the fields.

"Ten men," he added, "could not in four days destroy all the tobacco that is growing around Cheltenham."

#### Hospital Service for Dogs.

A special ambulance service has recently been started in London for wounded dogs. It is run in connection with the Animals' Hospital and Institute at Kinnerton street, Pimlic When a dog is run over in the street or injured in any way, the hospital may be phoned and a motor ambulance is immediately despatched. A qualified attendant always accompanies the ambulance.

#### Skill of Alaskan Dogs.

Some of the Alaskan dogs are better trail followers than others, and some better leaders, says a writer in the Detroit News. In a blizzard the best of these lose the trail, but invariably find it again.

When on the trail they eat but once a day, then at the end of the journey. After feeding, like weary children, they fall asleep and are never quarrelsome. It takes, on an average, 20 pounds of meat a day for a team of 11 dogs on a hard route.

The dogs of the mail teams consumed last year three tons of bacon and one of rice. The rice and bacon are cooked together with frozen fish and eaten hot. The dogs are permitted to eat all they want.

When too hot they let it cool in the snow. If near the sea or river they will cunningly pull the vessel out on the ice and test the temperature of the contents with their long tongues until the mess can be eaten without burning the mouth. Frozen fish is the staple food of all native dogs.

#### A Mood.

A quiet owl stole in the field below, and vanished into the heart of a tree. And suddenly, above the moor-line, I saw the large moon rising. Cinnamon-colored, it made all things swim, made me uncertain of my thoughts, vague with a hazy feeling. Shapes seemed but drifts of moon-dust, and true reality nothing save a sort of still listening to the wind. And for long I sat, just watching the moon creep up, and hearing the thin, dry rustle of the leaves along the holly hedge. And there came to me this thought: What is this Universe—that never had beginning and will never have an end—but a myriad striving to perfect pictures never the same, so blending and fading one into another, that all form one great perfected picture? And what are we—ripples on the tides of a birthless, deathless, equipped Creative Purpose—but little works of Art?—Atlantic Monthly.

#### Apropos Inquiry.

Fond Daughter—Pa, I saw in the paper where you got a number of sealed proposals at your office.

Official Father—Yes, dear.

Fond Daughter—Pa, were any of them proposals for me?


## BACKACHE NOT A DISEASE

But a Symptom, a Danger Signal Which Every Woman Should Heed.

Backache is a symptom of organic weakness or derangement. If you have backache don't neglect it. To get permanent relief you must reach the root of the trouble. Read about Mrs. Wood's all's experience.

Morton's Gap, Kentucky.—"I suffered two years with female disorders, my health was very bad and I had a continual backache which was simply awful. I could not stand on my feet long enough to cook a meal's victuals without my back nearly killing me, and I would have such dragging sensations I could hardly bear it. I had soreness in each side, could not stand tight clothing, and was irregular. I was completely run down. On advice I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and am enjoying good health. It is now more than two years and I have not had an ache or pain since. I do all my own work, washing and everything, and never have backache any more. I think your medicine is grand and I praise it to all my neighbors. If you think my testimony will help others you may publish it."—Mrs. OLLIE WOODALL, Morton's Gap, Kentucky.

If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman, and held in strict confidence.

## Never Forget

that upon your physical condition depends your comfort and usefulness—that your condition will be bettered, your vigor increased—when your bowels are regulated, your liver stimulated and your digestion made sound by

## BEECHAM'S PILLS

Sold everywhere In boxes 10c., 25c.

A fellow can make a hit with a girl by telling how much he misses her.

A pure, mild and potent laxative, Garfield Tea! All druggists.

Don't kick till you know just where the shoe pinches.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.

Lots of people live and learn the things that are of no use to them.

#### No Blight There.

First Editor—I was that there is a chestnut tree blight.

Second Editor—Don't worry; we are getting chestnuts by every mail.

#### Fully Assimilated.

Ray S. Baker, the author, in an argument on immigration at Lawrence, cited the marvelous speed wherewith the immigrant family, be it German or French or what not, becomes assimilated into the national life.

"An instance of this assimilation occurs to me," he said. "I know a worthy Neapolitan, one Paoli Cenci, who came to this country three years ago. Paoli's little son, Francesco, an American citizen of seven, looked up from his school books, the other evening to ask:

"'Say, pa, what year was it you Italians discovered us in?'"

#### How His Brother Identified Him.

Uncle Harris, an old negro, who has been a servant in the family of Colonel Slemmens of Monticello, Ark., for the last forty years, recently made a trip to Memphis. Upon his return he was telling the colonel's daughter of his trip and the discovery of a brother whom he had not seen for thirty years.

Miss Slemmens asked him how he knew his brother after so long a time, and Uncle Harris replied:

"I was walkin' along the street when a spare built looking man came up to me and says: 'Say, ain't you my brother?' and I said, 'Sure I is. Who is you?'"

## What's the Use of Cooking

When you don't have to

## Post Toasties

are skillfully and fully cooked at the factory—ready to serve direct from package with cream and sugar if you like.

These thin bits of toasted corn (sold by grocers) are crisp, delicious, satisfying and convenient.

"The Memory Lingers"

Made by Postum Cereal Company, Ltd. Pure Food Factories Battle Creek, Mich.