FINE FEATHERS

Novelized from Eugene Walter's Drama by the same name

By WEBSTER DENISON

ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS OF SCENES FROM THE PLAY

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SYNOPSIS.

Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds move into their new bungalow—$50 down, balance same as rent!—on Staten Island. Dick Meade, newspaper man, cynic, socialist, takes dinner and spends the night. The Reynolds seem comfortable in their home, but with a hint of loneliness. Dick warns Bob against John Brand, Bob's old schoolmate, now a member of "the system," who is expected to call. Jane confesses that the money for the butcher's bill has gone for a new hat. Brand, Hudson Cement company president, offers Bob $50,000 to use his position as chemist with the United Construction company to cheat the specifications for cement work on the Pecos River dam. Jane overhearing, asks Bob to accept. His refusal, in the face of their poverty, chills her. Brand wiles Jane into a conspiracy to make Bob "earn" the $50,000. He takes her for an auto ride and they are seen by Dick. She receives $100 "conspirator's money" by mail from Brand, and in the sudden change from skimping economies and unpaid bills to real ready money loses all sense of true moral values. The clandestine auto rides continue. Jane tries in vain to influence Bob to accept Brand's offer. Dick goes to see Brand with some vague idea of making him cease his rides with Jane. Brand insults Dick, who knocks him down.

CHAPTER XIV.

More Feathers.

Dick's interview with Brand was barren of results—for Dick. He felt no remorse over the manner of its termination. It was a blow struck when a man must strike. Brand had misjudged him, or pretended he had. Either that, or, in pique over the reporter's knowledge of his action, he had lost control of that usual deliberate self-possession and hurled out the insult. In any event, he had overstepped the mark and paid the price.

Dick's only regret was his failure to accomplish the purpose of his visit, although he could not have told exactly what that was. Within himself he argued that he was acting for Bob; trying to save his friend from the humiliating sequel that was sure to follow Brand's underhanded tactics with Mrs. Reynolds. But for four weeks he had known of these clandestine meetings and Bob was still in ignorance of them. He was sincere in his desire to help his friend and a half-dozen times he had been on the point of telling him. But something stopped him. He thought of confronting Jane, but the idea was quickly put aside. Dick stood a little in awe of Jane. Admiration he had a-plenty, or had had, but there was something more. It was reluctance to surrender this admiration and this inexplicable something that held him back. So he sought out Brand as a last resort. From the millionaire he hoped to wring something that would bolster up his failing respect for the girl, and also he hoped to force Brand to discontinue his visits. Brand had not misjudged entirely. The reporter had meant to threaten, but with a different motive. Brand's mistake had cut short the interview, and perhaps it was just as well. For Dick had not shown his hand and his attempt to frighten Brand would have been futile, anyway.

But the reporter had not come unprepared. There are some credulous fools who believe that no one ever knows the winner of a derby until the race is run; that the telegram in your hand until the recipient tears the envelope; that when ten thousand men lose money on the stock market and five hundred win, it is just luck or better judgment that turns the trick. But Dick knew better. Dick knew that Tennessee Coal and Iron had dropped fifteen points and that Brand had sold. Dick knew that the Hudson Cement company, which was Brand, was furnishing the cement for the Pecos River dam; and Dick knew that the Western Construction company, which paid Bob to analyze the cement that went into the jobs, was building the dam. Dick knew something about millionaires. He knew that such men as Brand have a habit of stubbing their toes and that on such occasions it was not unusual for them to kick up a bit of gold. All this he knew; but he was speedily to learn more.

He went back to the office of his paper after his encounter with Brand and was sitting chatting idly with his city editor when a boy announced that there was a telephone call for him. He went into the booth.

"Hello, Dick," called the voice of Reynolds. "Tomorrow's Wednesday, isn't it?"

"It will be, old top," the reporter answered, "if some obstreperous planet doesn't get in our way and mix things up a bit."

Reynolds laughed over the phone. "Accuracy," he said. "There you go again. But that's the very thing I want you for. Dick, I've got the biggest job on my hands for tomorrow that I've ever had—that is, from a literary standpoint. Got to prepare an extensive report on the Pecos dam contract and I thought if you were coming over for the usual debauch you might come a little earlier and lend a helping hand."

"Surest thing you know. I'll be there. What time?"

"About three."

"All right. I'll be there like a duck. How's the missus?"

Poor Bob! Their quarrel was fresh in his mind. But the telephone saved him.

"Fine," he answered. "So long."

That evening Reynolds said nothing to his wife about the work to be done at home. He had no object in keeping it from her, but since their final disagreement over Brand and his offer both had felt constrained and distant. It was simply that there was nothing in their conversation that led up to his telling and neither had been in the mood for exchanging confidences. In the morning it was the same. Consequently, when he left she was in ignorance that he and Dick were to come early in the afternoon.

Shortly after luncheon Jane received a telegram from Brand announcing his intention to call that afternoon. She summoned Frieda.

"Go over to Mrs. Collins and ask her if she can run over for a minute," she ordered.

While the girl was gone the doorbell rang. Jane ran to answer it with a little glad cry of expectancy. She was looking for a package from a Fifth avenue store and she was not disappointed. She opened the long box and took out an up-to-date automobile coat. It was a handsome garment, not so very expensive, from the standpoint of those who indulge in such luxuries, but quite out of reach of the Reynolds' humble means. This was the most showy article she had bought with Brand's money and it was a bold step.

Jane carried the box and paper into the bedroom and tarried a moment at her mirror. Naturalists tell us that the sight of gay colors will make the peacock strut and spread his feathers. What woman will not fix and primp at the sight of new plumage? By law of man Jane had no right to this coat? By law of nature she had every right. When a wise Creator made the fur and feather covered animals of the universe he used his greatest handiwork upon the males. There is the highly colored plumage, the long, soft hair, the deep-tinted manes and vivid spots. But when he made woman from a mere rib of a man he cast the mold in perfect form and made her worthy of all the embellishment that man can bestow. From creation down woman has claimed her right and it has been man's pleasure to give. Now and then we find males who like to deck their persons. Native chiefs have sold a kingdom for a string of beads, but they were fools. Fine feathers are, in truth, a woman's right.

When Jane re-entered the room Frieda had returned and was gingerly feeling and stroking the new coat as if it were some animated object that might coo or purr at her caress. Jane, in sharp tones startled her from her worship.

"Is Mrs. Collins coming?" she asked.

"Yessum."

"Then you had better hurry luncheon, Frieda. We are going out."

"Yessum," the girl agreed, but still long in rapt admiration of the coat she backed away as if to turn her back would be grave insult.

"Oh, my dearie, dear!" was Mrs. Collins' greeting, for Jane had donned the coat again before she opened the door to her neighbor's knock. "You've got a motor coat!"

"Yessum," said Jane in mock imitation of her maid. "Isn't it a beauty?"

"Yes, dear, it certainly is," Mrs. Collins agreed, "but it seems to me it's a little impracticable for Staten Island unless," she added, with a little switch of her head, "you expect some more prosperity and a car of your own!"

"That's not impossible," Jane retorted—for Mrs. Collins' voice had an unmistakable tone of pique. "But I didn't have that in mind when I got it. Mr. Brand is coming over again today and that's why I called you over. You'll chaperon, won't you?"

Mrs. Collins walked up to Jane with arms akimbo. She looked not at her neighbor, however, but at her neighbor's coat.

"I'm afraid not," she answered.

"Why not, Mrs. Collins!" Jane exclaimed. "You're the only chaperon I've got. Surely you're not going to forsake me?"

Jane's neighbor, for all her crudities, was not without a sense of humor or the means of expressing it. And Jane's rapid progression in modes of dress and amusement had begun to rankle. There was just a perception of a curl to her rather pretty mouth as she asked:

"Are you sure that you need a chaperon now?"

Jane flushed. She could not mistake the other's meaning.

"Why, Mrs. Collins!" she exclaimed. "You know I wouldn't go out with Mr. Brand alone. And you know, too, that he comes here on business. He's just as anxious to have you along as I am."

"Is he?"

"Why certainly."

"Well, I feel better now. I guess I hadn't noticed it. But just the same, dearie, I don't believe I can go with you. I'll be frank. You're getting to be too fine a bird for me. I mean the clothes."

"Nonsense, Mrs. Collins. I haven't any more than you, only I've been getting mine all at once. Why, I used to feel awfully ashamed of myself when I went out with you."

"I know," her neighbor agreed, "but it's different now. Look at that coat. Won't I look great in that car with you and your millionaire?"

Jane snapped her up.

"Mrs. Collins!" she exclaimed. "Whatever you do or don't do, please don't talk to me that way. 'My millionaire.' You simply mustn't say such things. I won't have it, that's all."

"Well, dearie, if we're going to quarrel I think I'll be going. Only don't be foolish. I didn't mean you owned Brand or that he owned you. I have a good time myself now and then and nobody knows better than I do that if a woman's careful she can play with fire and not burn even a little finger."

"But I tell you, you've got the wrong idea," Jane retorted. "Mr. Brand and I have a certain business transaction on and if you won't take my word for it why will? I can't explain what it is at present, but if it goes through, Mrs. Collins, it'll help Bob more than you have any idea. It's a big thing."

"It must be," the neighbor agreed. "It takes long enough to close it."

"But you'll go with us today, won't you?" Jane coaxed. "Perhaps this will be the last time."

She knew that she spoke the truth, too. She had nothing to offer Brand now but one desperate move and this she had determined to make, if necessary. If Bob was so blinded to her advice and preferred his business opinions to her love, he could keep his opinions and his terrific sense of honesty and lose her. Jane had reached this conviction after the scene with her husband on his return. She contemplated nothing that would compromise herself or her husband. She had merely decided on a separation as a last resort to bring him to his senses, and if this failed—if he would not cross the chasm and come to her—well, they would see then who was the stronger.

Unquestionably she must see Brand today. It was only fair to him to let him know that she had made no progress as his agent; that apparently the "conspiracy" was a failure. So she must mollify her chaperon at any cost.

"Please come with us today, Mrs. Collins," she coaxed again. "I'll feel awfully obliged to you and if it's just the coat you're worrying about you can wear it. We're just the same height. Mr. Brand'll think it's yours."

"Tut, tut, child," Mrs. Collins replied conscilingly. "There's no use wasting fine feathers on such an old bird as me. It isn't only the coat I'm thinking about. I've been in the back of that motor car, playing plain goose-berry ever since you've been going out with Mr. Brand; and in front you

Dick Meade.

and him whispered about something I knew nothing about. Oh, it's been mighty thrilling, I can tell you."

"But you've enjoyed the rides, haven't you?"

"My goodness, yes. I've had a little more fresh air and I guess that's the staff of life over here. But don't worry, dearie, I was young myself once and I might have wanted some one to do the same for me."

"Then run along and get ready," Jane urged, for she saw that her neighbor persisted in her interpretation of the cause of the outings and realized the uselessness of denial.

Mrs. Collins, having succumbed to Jane's entreaties, now attributed her perverseness to nervousness. While her hostess was dispensing a bit of panacea for all such ills the doorbell rang. Mrs. Collins jumped to her feet.

"Goodness!" she exclaimed. "I hope that isn't Mr. Brand. He'll put me on the running board if he sees me in this get-up."

She quickly discarded a white apron that she wore over a silk petticoat of large gray and black plaids, pulled down a tight-fitting silk waist and busied herself with her luxuriant hair, the untidiness of which was in keeping with her morning attire.

Jane, having called to her side-de-camp in the kitchen, without avail, went to the door herself.

"It can't be Mr. Brand," she said. "It's too early for him."

It wasn't. It was Dick. He came in with his usualdd bluster of good nature and greeting, bowed obsequiously to Mrs. Collins and extended a hand to Jane.

"Greeting, queen Olga!" he cried. "Thank you. You find me well."

"The village pest," Mrs. Collins commented. She sat down with head erect and surveyed him with infinite scorn.

"Dick!" Jane exclaimed. "You surprised me."

"What, on Wednesday?"

"I know, but so early."

"Ah," he answered laughingly, "as yonder friend's husband James would say, a stitch in time saves nine. Being surrounded in Manhattan by temptations and three fellows with money, I broke away from the convivial group so that in alighting from the car that approaches your palatial mansion I would not endanger the unblemished mantle of dust which lies in tranquil beauty on the soul of your pavement."

Mrs. Collins arose and looked at Jane.

"He talks like a Christmas edition of the Fireside Companion," she observed icily. "I think I'll be going. When Mr. Brand calls with his auto you can send for me."

CHAPTER XV.

Surprised.

The inadvertent use of Brand's name did not give Dick the surprise he feigned. As Mrs. Collins went out he looked at Jane in a startled sort of way and she advanced to him.

"You heard?" she said.

"Of course I heard."

"Well, what about it?" she asked, defiantly.

"You take my question out of my mouth, Jane. That is what I was wondering. What about it?"

Her eyes flashed. Again she was very beautiful and again there appeared that queenly bearing that bespoke a dominant spirit and made her words superfluous.

"Dick," she said, "you and I have been good friends. I hope that we shall remain so. But this is my affair. This isn't the first time that Brand has claimed her."

"I met him once."

"But I mean since then. He's been here several times."

"I know that, too," the reporter answered calmly. "But I'm sorry he's coming today."

"Sorry? Why should you be sorry? You have some perverted idea of why he comes—and what he's doing. Why don't you express it?"

"I haven't qualified as a moral censor as yet, Jane. You say I have some idea of why Brand is coming. Yes, I have an idea, but I have no knowledge. I tell you I have known that he has been coming and without Bob's knowledge." He stepped forward and took her hand. "Jane, I've been—well, not extremely happy, but I haven't inflicted my grief on you or anybody else."

"Certainly not," she answered aggressively. "There's no reason why you should. Mr. Brand has as much right to be here as you or anyone else."

He dropped her hand and smiled a little sadly as he answered:

"I'm afraid that is a little unworthy of you. I am here at the standing invitation of the Reynolds; not lately renewed on your part, to be sure, but quite recently on Bob's. That's why I'm sorry; sorry for him and you and perhaps for the respective guest. Though I don't believe," he added quickly, "I shall shed any great quantity of tears on his account. Bob's coming home early. That's why I'm here. He asked me to meet him here at three o'clock."

He took out his watch.

"It's a quarter past three now," he said. "What time are we likely to have the pleasure of Mr. Brand's company?"

"Any minute," Jane answered coolly. "He should be here now." She cast a bored look of ascetic elegance at Dick, as if to say: "Is there any reason why he shouldn't be my guest if I choose to have him?" But the glance was lost on Dick, or he preferred to ignore it. He dropped his sapient air for an expression of real alarm. Impulsively he took her hand again. She made as if to withdraw it, but the reporter's grasp was firm.

"Jane!" he exclaimed. "Bob mustn't see Brand here. I am not questioning your motives, but I know Bob's feelings toward that man and I know that Brand can't be here with his knowledge." He turned quickly toward the table for his hat. "I'll get out and stop him," he said. "Tell Bob I was here if he comes first. He might see me. I'll say I was down to the German's."

The reporter's mind worked rapidly. He started hurriedly to the door.

"Wait!" Jane ordered. "You'll do nothing of the sort. I'll attend to this thing myself. Mr. Brand wouldn't pay any attention to you in the first place and in the second I don't want to stop his coming here. Bob has got to know sooner or later and it might as well be today. Whatever you may think, I've done nothing that I'm ashamed of."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ORDER GOES TO LEFT HAND

Instructions to Write Sent Automatically by the Brain to That Organ.

J. G. tells the New York Mail some interesting things about the psychology of writing with the right hand, in the case of a left-handed person. J. G. is left-handed, but was taught to write with the right hand. In college he learned that the left lobe of the brain controls the operations of the right hand, and vice versa. He also encountered a professor who told him that in the case of a left-handed person writing with the right hand there would be a crossing of the brain impulse from one side of the body to the other—a shifting of the nerve base, as it were—accompanied by a certain waste of energy caused by this crossing of the wires.

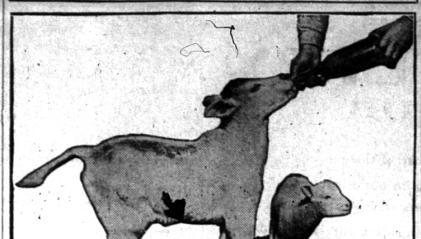
The mental order to write is first sent automatically by the brain to the left hand, and must be transferred by a rudimentarily conscious process to the right hand, in order to accomplish the act of writing. Under this theory a left-handed person should never attempt to write with the right hand, but should simplify and economize his mental processes by writing with the left.

J. G. has always experienced a certain sense of vexation or obstruction in writing with the right hand. But he now began to write with the typewriter, and experienced at once a sense of liberation. The process, with the left hand now doing at least half the writing, became easier, more fluent, more responsive as between hand and brain.

Enamy to Industry.

Shop Foreswoman (to great musician practising on the French horn)—The factory over the way sends their compliments and will you switch off on to another note 'cos a lot of the 'ands 'ave mistook it for the dinner hour.—Tatler.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT OF FEEDING SHEDS



Feeding an Orphan by the Use of a Bottle.

The winter arrangement of feeding sheds and yards is of the most importance of any phase of business. If possible, they should be fed inside of the sheds at all times.

Feeding racks may be placed so that they will form partitions for the various enclosures, thus doing away with timber used for the purpose.

A good practical feeding rack may be made by splitting one long pole or using two smaller ones, and through these should be bored holes about four inches apart and one inch in diameter. The rounds, which should be made about three to three and one-half feet in length, may be made either from sawed lumber or round stuff.

The horizontal poles should be placed on stakes about one foot from the ground and form a rack about two feet or three feet in width.

A similar rack, although presenting but one side, may be constructed along the sides of the shed.

When constructed on the side it will not need to be more than one-half as wide, as only one-half as many sheep can feed from it at the same time.

Although we may vary the forms of the feed racks to meet the conditions of the buildings, yet one point should be kept in mind and that is to build them so that the side the sheep feed from shall be uniformly perpendicular, in order to prevent the dirt from falling on the lambs and becoming mixed with their wool.

The rounds should be placed sufficiently close to each other to prevent the introduction of the lambs' heads into the rack.

If permitted to do this, they will only select the choicest portions of the fodder and waste the residue and then there is some danger of them getting hung or injured.

Troughs for feeding grain and roots may be conveniently made by nailing together two narrow boards and placing them in an opening sawed in the shape of a V in a thick board.

This makes a convenient and portable trough, sufficient for every practicable purpose.

SUCCULENT FEED IS REQUIRED BY EWES

Best Pasture on Farm Should Be Saved for Them—Ram Also Needs Good Attention.

If a big crop of strong lambs is to be expected it never will come from ewes that are half starved at mating time. Often the ewes are run down by nursing lambs and then going on bare pastures to fight flies after weaning. They soon draw upon all of their spare or stowed up tissues and become weak and thin. If bred in this condition they do not tend to produce twins, but have singles and these often are puny and die at birth. For a crop of big strong lambs, made up of doubles and triplets, feed the ewes generously, and also the male. They should have the best pasture on the farm, specially saved for them, and here they should also have a mixture of whole oats, wheat bran and oil meal or cake. It also is well, if possible, to supply cabbage or roots or an abundance of green fodder. At first the ewes may have half a pound each per day of the grain mixture and this may be increased to three quarters of a pound a day, if the pasture is good. A little more may be fed, if the grass is poor and the ewes are down in condition. Feed the male in the forenoon and take him to the ewe pasture night and morning. Do not allow him to run with the ewes. The extra feeding ("flushing") of ewes and ram should commence two or three weeks prior to the mating time and continue through that period; then the ewes should be well fed in winter. Give them plenty of exercise every day. Prefer mixed clover or alfalfa hay to any other. Keep the ewes from eating much coarse, bulky slough hay or timothy hay, or weathered corn fodder. Supply a succulent feed, such as roots or silage, allowing not over two pounds per day of such feed for each ewe. If this is done and the ewes are kept from wet and storm, good luck should attend the shepherd as the reward of his labor.

Feeding the Calf.

The essential points to be kept in mind are the following:

Do not overfeed.

Feed warm milk.

Feed sweet, fresh milk.

Feed each animal individually.

Feed regularly.

Keep the pails and quarters where the calves are clean.

Wintering Weak Animals.

The weak colt, calf or pig should have special attention at this season of the year. If they go into the winter weak their chances of making a good animal are slim. Prices are too high to take any chances on these young animals taking up the slack without special care.

Increase Capacity of Silo.

The deeper the silo, the greater the pressure and therefore the more compact will be the contents. Naturally this increases the amount that can be stored per cubic foot.

Ashes Drive Away Bugs.

Wood ashes sprinkled around cucumber vines will drive out the bugs. Air-slaked lime is also good for this purpose.

Market Young Ducks.

Young ducks should be sold as early as possible, and to that end should be pushed to get their growth.

Lessen Raising Cost.

Early maturity is one of the accepted methods of lessening the cost of stock raising.

FEED MILL ON FARM IS A HANDY THING

Grinder Is One of Best Economizers Farmer Can Own for Preparing Grain Feed.

On any farm where there is stock to feed, whether cows, sheep, hogs or poultry, the feed mill or grinder is one of the best economizers of food one can have. These mills are made in various sizes and suited to the large or the small farm. With such a mill one is in a position to give variety in form of feeding that is impossible unless one is prepared to buy various kinds of ground food.

Where corn constitutes the main food, as is the case on most farms, it is plain to see that it is not advisable to feed it in the same form all the time. With the feed grinder it is possible to mix the several ground grains in small quantities which one would hardly buy. Where poultry keeping is a part of the farm industry there will be found abundant use for the feed grinder and it will pay a good profit on the investment.

Rough Feed for Weanling.

Timothy and clover hay mixed will make a good rough feed for the weanling foal. Wheat bran is a mild laxative, and contains a goodly proportion of mineral matter for bone building. Oats are a bulky feed to feed as a grain ration. They prevent over-eating and are an excellent nitrogenous feed for building muscle and blood. Muscle and bone are required more than fat in young horses, so too much corn should not be fed, as it is a fat and heat producer.

Prevent Hog Cholera.

It is much easier and cheaper to prevent hog cholera than it is to cure it; its control is largely in the farmer's hands. Keep your hogs in a healthful condition by cleaning up, disinfecting and using care in feeding and watering. It is well to keep coal screenings, which can be had at a small cost, by the hogs constantly. Look to the health and comfort of your hogs and you will be well repaid.

Dry Quarters for Swine.

Young pigs need dry, clean quarters. The farrowing sows should have dry, clean pens, preferably with board floors, and very little bedding. Many more young pigs are overlaid and smothered by their mothers, through getting tangled up in the bedding, than are injured by lack of bedding.

Condition Makes or Unmakes.

Condition makes or unmakes the horse, and on its proper conditioning depends the development of its muscles and its powers of endurance, and on these depend its speed development.

Prepare for Winter.

If you need new food hoppers, get them now. Nothing like being prepared for winter when it comes. If we keep putting things off we are apt to forget them altogether.

Handling Corn.

As the corn plant continues to assimilate plant food until killed by frost, cutting should be delayed until the kernels are hard and the plant is matured.

Use Medium-Sized Animals.

As a rule medium-sized animals take on flesh more rapidly and can be made fatter and plumper.

Trees for Planting.

Many orchardists prefer one-year old trees to older ones for planting

THE choicest and mildest of tobaccos—a wholesomeness most acceptable! FATIMA the Turkish-blend cigarette.

"Distinctively Individual"

If you cannot secure Fatima Cigarettes from your dealer, we will be pleased to send you three packages postpaid on receipt of 20c. Address Fatima, 211 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

His Better Half.

"Here, my dear," said the husband, producing his purse, "here is $50 I won playing cards over at Brown's last night. You may have it to buy that dress you wanted."

Reluctantly the conscientious wife took the money; then said, with an expression of rigid rectitude:

"I simply shudder at the thought of using money gained in such a way, Henry, promise me that after you have won enough for me to buy the hat to go with the dress you will never again touch those awful cards. I don't want my husband to become a gambler."

Red Cross Ball Blue makes the laundress happy, makes clothes whiter than snow. All good grocers. Adv.

Cub's Faux Pas.

This may be a base libel on an honored profession, but it is told by the man who perpetrated the faux pas. He was a reporter for a Baltimore paper—or had been one for about an hour, this being his first experience in newspaper work—when the city editor sent him out to see Cardinal Gibbons. The "cub" rushed down to the modest white house where the venerable prelate lives, says the Philadelphia Evening Ledger, and rang the bell. A man servant opened the door:

"Is the cardinal at home?" asked the reporter.

"No, sir."

"Oh, Mrs. Gibbons will do," ejaculated the "cub."

Litany for Week-Days.

From elderly ladies with sure cures for toothache, corns and tonsilitis; and from boiled potatoes, poison ivy and the military experts of newspapers; and from all females more than twenty-three or less than eighteen years old; and from persons who know the exact difference between "who" and "whom" and are willing to tell it; and from provincial paragraphers who imitate Franklin P. Adams; and from old and bad cocktails under new and seductive names; and from gilt chairs; and from dogs with loose hair—good Lord, deliver us!—Owen Hatteras in Smart Set.

Have Best War Hospital.

The Red Cross hospital of 200 beds near Torquay, established by American women, is said to be the best arranged war hospital in England, according to Sir Frederick Treves, the distinguished surgeon. The organization, which has at its head wealthy Americans like Mrs. John Astor, Lady Paget and others, has appropriated $25,000 for motor ambulances. Funds are ample to maintain the hospital for another year, it is said.

Heredity.

"That gambler's son is a chip off the old block."

"I see. A poker chip."

Some men court, then marry, then go to court again.

Superior—

"Surpassing others in greatness, goodness, extent or value of any quality."—Century Dictionary.

That's the definition, and that's why Post Toasties are called the

Superior Corn Flakes

—the surpassing, delicate Indian Corn flavour being sealed in by skillful toasting with sugar and salt.

Post Toasties

are made in clean, airy, modern factories—cooked, seasoned, rolled and toasted to crisp golden flakes—

Ready to serve direct from the package.

To secure the Superior Corn Flakes, ask for

Post Toasties

—sold by Grocers.