FINE FEATHERS

by WEBSTER DENISON

NOVELIZED FROM EUGENE WALTER'S DRAMA BY THE SAME NAME

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A terrific arraignment of the "get-rich-quick" idea that has become almost a national calamity. How a happy home was transformed by a pretty woman's natural longing for costly apparel and luxurious living.

CHAPTER I.

Paradise on Easy Terms.

Young Mrs. Reynolds sat on the steps of her new bungalow, a home of her own with all the conveniences of a city apartment—gas, hot and cold water, modern plumbing. Only fifty minutes from Herald square, yet removed from the strife and turmoil of the crowded metropolis. A place to rear children where they could romp and play. Close to schools and churches. Excellent markets. Half an acre of ground to raise their own vegetables and chickens. A fine view of the bay and plenty of good air. A spot to live as God meant her to live. Only five hundred dollars down and the rest the same as rent!

Glorious aggrandizement of suburban life; vivid picture from the landshark's brush. The painter struggles to express on canvas the subtle power of nature; with what facile flow of verbal coloring does this other artist reveal its charm!

Jane wanted a home and so did Bob, her husband, and, with their limited means, that meant a home in the suburbs. At the first inspection of this modern Elysium the agent persuaded Reynolds to invest. What better could they do, he argued. The pretty little house, new and clean and so easy to care for. And the land; why, that alone was worth the price. Think of the saving a garden would mean and what a joy those new-laid eggs! Jane, somehow, was not riotously enthusiastic, but Bob was and she acquiesced. The task of moving had fallen to her, for her husband's duties kept him at the office even on such a momentous occasion as this.

"Oh, if the vans would only come," she sighed. "What in the world can have happened? It is four o'clock and they promised to have them here by noon."

Down the road, the one that the Utopian Land company's map dignified as Sunset street, there appeared a vision of hope. A soiled, swaggering, red-faced, blue-aproned vision.

"There's one of the movers now," exclaimed the young wife. She advanced to meet him.

"Goodness, what makes you so late? Mr. Green said you'd be here by twelve o'clock. How will we ever get moved in tonight?"

"That's what's bothering me, madam. The trucks are down at the entrance to this paradise and Rockefeller himself doesn't own enough gasoline to get them up through the sand. The boss said they was finished streets. They're finished the way they were when Staten Island was discovered, but that's all. We've been trying for hours, putting boards in front of the wheels, but it's no go. I've got to get some from somewhere. That'll be extra. That's why I came up to see you. Is it all right?"

"Oh, I don't know. I guess so. You'll have to settle that with Mr. Reynolds. But for mercy sakes do anything necessary to get us moved in. I've waited here for four hours."

"We'll do our best, ma'am, but it'll take some time yet. And I don't hanker after many of these Staten Island jobs."

Mrs. Reynolds went back for another inspection.

"It is pretty," she said, "but it's a little lonesome. If they would only hurry! And I do wish Bob could have got off. He would have stirred those stupid men up some way."

She had spent the hours of her long vigil planning a place for all their goods and chattels. She had as complete a picture of the ensemble as a stage manager has of his setting. That ought to expedite matters, she thought, when the furniture did come.

After what seemed another interminable wait she sighted an approaching wagon. It was an ordinary truckman's cart such as is used in construction work. It was piled high with bureaus, tables, chairs and boxes in a jumbled, anomalous mass that augured many breaks and scratches.

"This is the best I could do, ma'am," called the driver, as he brought the load to a halt at the door. "There ain't a moving van within five miles and it'd be late before we got one. But we'll get you in all right."

"Oh, do be careful, won't you?" she answered. "I wouldn't heap things so."

Startling feats of prestidigitation and the energy moving men are wont to display when their task is nearing an end soon disposed of the load. The contents of the last wagon were disappearing when Reynolds arrived. He had had a hard day at the office and a tiresome trip on subway, ferry and trolley that seemed doubly long because of the suspense. But he bounded into the house like a schoolboy and, ignoring the presence of the movers, clasped his wife in his arms and implanted a resounding kiss.

"Hello, honey," he cried as he released her and stood surveying the room. "Isn't this great? A castle all our own!" Then—as he looked at her—"and a tired, dirty, but beautiful little queen. And she is just going to sit down and not stir another time until slaves have done her bidding and served her a royal repast of—"

"Bologna and potato salad, my lord?"

"Don't you believe it. Look, Jane." He unwrapped a package hurriedly and disclosed a two-pound sirloin.

"That's good for tired muscles and this for tired nerves. Sparkling Burgundy fresh from a Staten Island brewery. We're going to have a regular house warming and I'm going to prepare it."

"Let's get everything in first, Bob. That's the last load. Did you see what they brought in it?"

"Yes, where's the van?"

"They couldn't get it up here. You'll have to settle with the men. They said there would be an extra charge for the wagon."

He went out to conclude negotiations. Presently he called her:

"Jane, come out and look over the estate. I bought some seeds and I'm going to start a garden tomorrow. And see, dear," he said as they locked arms and strolled down the path, bordered on either side by a new, scraggly box hedge. "I brought something for you."

From a bulging pocket he drew out packages of seeds and bulbs.

"Flowers of all kinds, honey!—jonquils, hyacinths, daffodils—"

"Why, foolish," she interrupted with a laugh, "they won't grow this year." Then, as she saw his crestfallen look: "But never mind; did some bad man impose on my little city boy? We'll plant them and just make them grow. What are these? Nasturtiums, pansies, sweet peas—that's more like it; and I'm just crazy for a whole bed of salvia."

And so they talked and planned and selected the sites for the beds, and Jane, who was much better versed in such matters than her urban husband, told him what would have to be done with the soil, a barren, sandy formation that would scarcely nourish a sunflower.

He ran into the house for his garden seeds, a whole array of the suburbanite's delights from radishes to musk melons. He had enough for a small farm. By the time they had decided where the domain of practical husbandry should end and that of the flowers begin, it was dark.

"If the lord chancellor of my culinary hosts pleases, I'm hungry," she informed him. "Let's kill the fatted sirloin and make merry. If all those seeds of yours grow we'll have to turn vegetarians later, so we had better whet our appetites on beef."

"All right," he told her as they reached the veranda, "you just sit here and when dinner's all ready I'll announce it."

But in a minute he had surrendered and was calling her.

"Where in the world are things, Jane? The kitchen utensils, I mean. I've opened three boxes and I haven't struck anything but books and linen."

They found the needed box under two trunks and a pile of pictures. He got it open and led her back to the porch. He cleared the table and set it and then he was back to her again.

"The icebox is locked, Jane. Have you got the key?"

She found it in her bag.

"Oh, Bob," she said in tones presaging real calamity, "there isn't a bit of bread."

"Never mind, I'll get some," he answered. "There's a store right down at the car line."

"But that's three blocks. Maybe one of the neighbors would help us out in an emergency."

"I'd rather not the first day. I'll only be a minute, Jane."

Soon after he returned she scented the welcome aroma of coffee and a broiling steak and in a minute he called her.

With a kitchen towel stuck under his collar and a face as red as a stoker's he held a chair for her and bade her to the board.

"There, how is that, my lady?" he asked proudly. "Could the Waldorf's famous Oscar do any better? Eat, drink and be—"

"Sleepy," she finished for him. "I just know I'm going to collapse right here when my hunger's satisfied, for Bob, I'm tired, and it's such a job to put up a bed."

"I'll fix that, honey. Never felt better in my life. Why, if I had a lantern I'd go out and start my garden after I get you tucked away."

They sat over the coffee talking and planning.

There was a knock at the door.

"Good Lord, who's that?" said Bob. "It's nearly nine o'clock!"

"I don't know, but if it's Dick or any of your friends I just know I'll insult them, Bob. I'm nearly dead."

"Sh-h," he answered. "I'll go."

"Good evening!" said a cheery, though rather high-pitched voice as he opened the door. "I saw you moving in and I thought I'd drop around to see if there was anything I could do. I'm Mrs. Collins from up at the next cottage. Bungalow, James called it when we came here, but that was two years ago."

"It's a very kind of you to call," said Reynolds. "Things are in a terrible mess here, but you won't mind, I'm sure."

He offered her a chair. Mrs. Collins opined she wouldn't mind. Her appearance buttressed her assertion that she usually took things as they were. She looked an easy-going, buxom sort; of good figure, but slightly passe otherwise as to personal charms and concomitant adornment. Her skirt of black serge was tight fitting and rather modish in cut, but soiled in places. Her white shirt-waist was open at the collar and tucked under, revealing a throat full and round, but red. Her hands matched this color and were coarse in texture. Her abundant hair was her chief attraction. It was done up in pompadour fashion and floated wildly here and there like some intrepid amazon's. But it, too, despite the magnificence of its growth, could not escape the general tone of dowdiness that embraced the whole; for, in the greater part it was a light gold, but in intervening strands and at the roots it showed a darker hue. Her eyes were clear blue with dark brows and lashes. Here nature had been neither cheated nor cajoled. Mrs. Collins' eyes, if all other clues were abandoned, pointed the way to past beauty; beauty not extant, but clouded; crossed by the lines of life; hard life; toilsome life. Mrs. Collins was forty-five and she looked her age. Granted luxury of servants, social pleasures, mental irresponsibilities and milk baths, she would have passed for thirty.

"Do you like it here?" asked Jane, who had now come forward and met her caller.

"Well, James likes it. Little old New York and a four-room flat was good enough for me, but he wanted a bit of the country, and I put up with it for his sake. But, don't let me discourage you, dearie," she added quickly as she detected a slight waning of the younger woman's smile, "it has its attractions here, too. It is mighty fine for children, only—we haven't got any."

"I must meet your husband," Bob declared. "I guess we are kindred spirits. I wanted a bit of the country, too, and a place I could call my own. Does Mr. Collins have a garden?"

"Oh, Lordy, yes. That's what he calls it, anyway. His specialty is potatoes that mostly don't amount to much. But he gets plenty of fresh air

Mrs. Reynolds.

and exercise hoeing them and I guess that's better for him than polishing somebody's brass rail with his bald head."

"How about flowers?" asked Jane. "Don't you enjoy having them?"

"Goodness, child, I don't find much time for flowers, though I am mighty fond of geraniums. I had a bed of them the first year, but I found that the water here was more useful for washing dishes. Potatoes, you know, don't need any watering, so I leave the gardening to James."

Mrs. Collins arose. "Well, I'll be going, dear. I know how tired you are after a day like this. Don't forget, now, if there's anything you need in the morning, just run right over The store won't be open Sunday and you are sure to have forgotten something."

Jane came forward again with extended hand. "That's awfully good of you, Mrs. Collins," she said cordially. "I will certainly take advantage of your offer."

"It's only human," her new neighbor answered. "People have got to stick together in places like this. When we came the only neighbors we had were mosquitoes and bullfrogs. The mosquitoes were friendly enough. They called around right away, and we could hear the bullfrogs at night. They kind o' made me homesick, for I'm awfully fond of frog legs. But the butcher would laugh at you if you asked for them here. Once when I did get James to bring some home I didn't enjoy them, for I felt like I was a cannibal, eating my next-door folks. Good night."

Reynolds opened the door for her and as he closed it turned quickly and took his young wife in his arms. Their nearest neighbor was obviously friendly, but also disquieting. Her attempt at cheerfulness was tinged with an evident atmosphere of discontent. Her impressions of their environment amused, but jarred also. He felt that Mrs. Collins was not exactly the person he would have chosen to initiate his wife into the charms of their new abode. But he made light of his impressions.

"We don't mind mosquitoes and bullfrogs, do we, honey? Let's clear away the dishes and then I'll rig up a place for welcome slumber. There is sure work here and tomorrow won't be a day of rest for us."

CHAPTER II.

Dick Brings a Hostage.

In Staten Island it is spring. Nature beckons. Across the bay from old Manhattan come new hosts to taste agrarian joys. Bob is happy; James is in his glory. Seeds are sprouting in the garden. A bed of radishes have thrown up their green shoots, the first harbingers of the season. Pale sprigs of early lettuce are peeping out. Beneath the glass frames of the hotbeds Jumbo tomato plants are creeping upward. You can almost see them grow. Pine sticks supporting empty packets mark the site of embryo beets, peas and kohl-rabi, and here is a row of poles for the delicious lima bean.

Back in her hire prison the Plymouth Rock sings and cackles, and beside her another fusses and scratches for her brood of fluffy chicks. On the porch of the Reynolds' cottage a canary trills and warbles, answering the chatter of myriad sparrows. In the kitchen Jane's song drowns the clatter of the dishes. Music is in the air; life is in the blood. Even Mrs. Collins has ceased to grumble. It is spring!

The Reynolds' dinner is for three tonight. For the first time since their coming the new home is to receive an urban caller.

"Good old Dick," said Jane as she set his place at the table. "I do hope he won't disappoint us."

Her fear was groundless. Dick Meade would not disappoint her, for he was an atom in the great legion of the unattached; a bachelor and alone. He had not formed the habit of declining invitations to dinner. Dick was a reporter on a morning newspaper in New York; a political reporter with a leaning toward socialism and a leniency toward drink.

Poor, blue-eyed, boyish Dick, with a panacea for all earthly ills except his own; champion of the downtrodden, but one of them; an aspiring St. Patrick longing to drive out all the hydra-headed serpents of monopoly with a wand of words; a dreamer of dreams, but lovable, withal, and a stanch friend. He and Reynolds were almost opposite types and this very difference in their lives made them companionable. Dick, also, was not blind to the attractions of his friend's young wife. She was a charming hostess, he thought. The dulcet harmony he found in this home often lulled his own feverish philosophy, or, at least, upset it.

Jane heard them approaching now and hurried out to the veranda.

"Welcome, stranger," she said after she had escaped from Bob's embraces. "You have almost forsaken us."

Dick responded with a laugh and an obsequious bow. "Never, fair one; I have merely been conserving resources that I may pay toll to corporate interests en route. Thirty cents for the round trip, Jane. Enough for wiener schnitzel and two pilseners. Besides, I bring tribute to my island queen. See!" He held up a pasteboard box punctured here and there with holes that he concealed. Jane took it from him.

"Something alive!" she cried as she tried to peep into one of the apertures. She ran into the house for scissors and returning, cut the string. Within there peered at her from two sleepy, light-blinded eyes, a fox terrier puppy, diminutive and finely marked.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

GREAT IS VIRTUE OF GAIETY

Those Who Have Traveled the Hard Roads of Life Will Recognize Its Beneficence.

Gladness is a pilgrim's virtue, and the more our life has within it the quality of the true pilgrimage, the more necessary is joy for its perfection. If we had more mirth in our religion, it would not only be stronger, but more gracious and effective. I do not know if anything finer could be said of any of us than was said by a traveler of his companion:—"So long as the journey lasted, the joy lasted also. There was never a moment but was blissful, never a contretemps, such as is unavoidable on the road, but he, in his beautiful contentment, laughed it away." When our journey is over and friends recollect our influence over them, I think we would rather have that testimony than any. This task of bearing ever a glad heart is by no means an easy one. The truest laughter does not spring from the heart that always takes life easy and knows no burden. The souls in which laughter triumphs are those which have the heaviest burdens to bear, and are well acquainted with sorrow.

In the wonderful prayer Robert Louis Stevenson wrote for his household at Samoa, there is one petition which must always touch the heart of those who know his life: "Give us courage and gaiety, and the quiet mind." How few of us venture to ask for gaiety as a divine gift!—Selected.

The Treatee.

William J. Burns, the noted detective, was talking to a New York reporter about the law.

"The law," he said, "sometimes makes mistakes. Unlucky, then, the victims of those mistakes if the law's administrators happen to be vain and foolish men. For such men cling to their errors with the persistence and the impudence wherewith the average drug fiend clings to his drug.

"These drug fiends! One of them, pale and in rags, entered a hospital the other day and said:

"'I understand you treat opium victims here.'

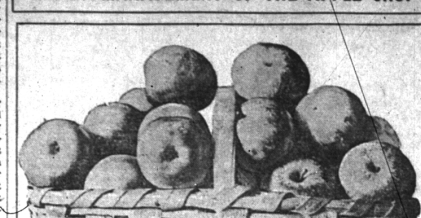
"'Yes, sir; that is correct.'

"'Well, lead me to a nice, clean bunk. I'm dying for six or seven pipes.'"

Good Graduation Gift.

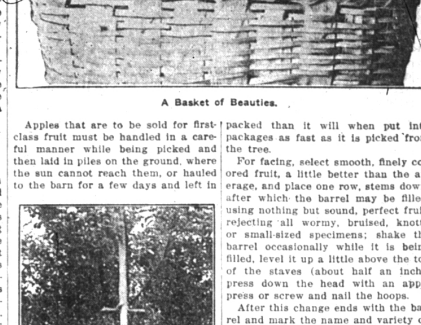
Speaking of graduation gifts, one that would be appreciated by almost any right-thinking young man would be a steady job.

PROPER MANAGEMENT OF THE APPLE CROP



A Basket of Beauties.

Apples that are to be sold for first-class fruit must be handled in a careful manner while being picked and then laid in piles on the ground, where the sun cannot reach them, or hauled to the barn for a few days and left in



Single Rail Ladder—A Help in the Apple Orchard.

piles to permit some of the moisture to evaporate and the skin to become toughened, in which condition the fruit will stand up better while it is on the way to market and keep longer when packed than it will when put into packages as fast as it is picked from the tree.

For facing, select smooth, finely colored fruit, a little better than the average, and place one row, stems down, after which the barrel may be filled using nothing but sound, perfect fruit, rejecting all wormy, bruised, knotty or small-sized specimens; shake the barrel occasionally while it is being filled, level it up a little above the top of the staves (about half an inch), press down the head with an apple press or screw and nail the hoops.

After this change ends with the barrel and mark the name and variety on the face end. Some prefer to have the fruit double faced, but as a rule the best class of fruit show up to better advantage when faced with but a single row.

It is essential that the barrel be shaken a number of times while it is being filled, for the fruit will pack closer and there will be less danger of its being crushed or bruised when it is pressed down to place the head in the barrel. There will also be less danger of its becoming loose or shaky in the barrel while in storage or on the road to market.

The ordinary sized apple barrel is the one that gives the best satisfaction in the leading markets, although some very fancy fruit is being handled in bushel boxes. These boxes are neat and attractive packages and the fruit may be displayed to its best advantage, but as yet too many growers are not doing skillful enough packing to warrant the use of this class of packages.

Another matter that should have attention is the tendency to use highly colored fruit from certain trees for facing and packing the middle of the barrel with poorly colored fruit. This practice is being followed in many apple growing sections, some growers even going to the extreme of buying apples for facing purposes. Whatever form or style of package is selected, the time is past when growers can palm off short measure on the buyers.

OUTDOOR PITS TO STORE VEGETABLES

Cabbages, Parsnips and Carrots, Are Not Injured by Freezing —Dig Shallow Trench.

(By C. S. MILLER.)

Not all vegetables require the same treatment, and it must be understood that the kind of storage that is good for one would be fatal to another. Cabbages, parsnips, salsify and carrots are not injured by freezing. Irish potatoes, celery and apples will stand a light freeze, while sweet potatoes will be ruined even by a frost.

I have not often kept a great amount of vegetables in a cellar, and prefer the outdoor pits, especially for apples, celery and the vegetables that are not injured by freezing. I dig a shallow trench wide enough for two rows of heads, pull the cabbage by the root, bury in the trench and cover with dirt, and it does not matter whether they are covered deep enough for keeping out frost as cabbage will thaw out and not be injured, provided the thawing is while in contact with the dirt.

It should not be stored until quite severe weather, but if it turns cold suddenly so as to freeze the heads solid it should be buried at once so that it may thaw out in the ground. Carrots, salsify and parsnips are benefited by freezing in the ground and turnips are not injured.

All these are stored similar to the cabbage, being piled in a conical heap and covered with dirt.

In order that they may be convenient to get at during the winter, cover the dirt with straw or fodder so that the ground will not freeze more than a few inches.

Irish potatoes should be buried in a slight depression, have straw placed under and on top, then covered with dirt, or stored in the cellar they may be piled down in one corner as moisture does not hurt them, and they should be kept as cold as possible without freezing.

Apples are kept the same way as potatoes, and it adds to convenience in handling if the pit is kept dry by a movable shed or short boards.

Apples are much better kept this way and only a few should be kept in the cellar for immediate use.

Celery must be stored in moist earth whether in the cellar or pit.

Sweet potatoes must be dug before there is any frost if they are to be kept long. If the vines are bitten by frost cut them off immediately and dig the potatoes in a few days.

It is necessary that they be kept above the frost point, about 65 degrees being the ideal temperature.

It is also essential that they be kept dry with a free circulation of air and possibly the best building for keeping large quantities would be of brick or stone, heated by a furnace. Where a few are wanted for home use, a box or barrel of dry sand or road dust is a good place to keep them, and this should be kept in a room where the temperature is not allowed to get below 40 degrees, or it may be in the cellar if kept up from the floor and where there is a good circulation of air.

Permanent pits walled with boards and covered with an open shed are excellent storage places for nearly all kinds of winter vegetables. I prefer those to the cellar for best results, especially with apples, celery and root crops.

FIGURE OUT THINGS GROWN ON THE FARM

To Secure a Barrel of Cider, From Seven to Twelve Bushels Are Required.

From seven to twelve bushels of apples are required to make a barrel of cider, and a bushel of average apples gives from six to seven pounds of the evaporated product.

Raspberries contain from one and one-half to three pounds of seed to the bushel.

One pint of good black cherries weighs about one pound.

Good clusters of American grapes weigh from one-half to three-quarters of a pound, while some clusters reach a pound and one-half.

A bushel of sweet corn ears in the milk with all the husks on weighs all the way from 50 to 60 pounds.

There are about 5,000 honey bees in a pound.

Benefits of Whitewash.

Whitewash is cheap but serves on the interior as a disinfectant and brightens up the walls and fixtures. It may be used on the exterior for appearance's sake, but ordinary whitewash is not as serviceable as paint.

Baling Alfalfa Hay.

While it is possible to bale alfalfa in the field during dry summers, it is almost impossible to get the best hay by this method. Hay cured in the field dry enough to bale will lose a great deal of its leaves in handling, while hay baled when it contains enough moisture to handle without loss will usually mold in the bale in a few days of damp weather such as we have been having lately. The best practice is to stack the hay and keep it covered and bale it later.

Begin With Few Sheep.

Don't try to start at the top of the ladder with sheep-raising. Begin with a few; then your losses will not be felt as they would with a large flock; for losses are sure to visit the beginner in sheep-raising. Study their likes and dislikes; their diseases, and cures for them; adding to your flock as you grow rich in experience.

Strict Business Policy.

The strictest business policy should be applied in road construction.

RETORT THAT CARRIED STING

Summer Girl Quick to Notice Vulnerable Point in the Armor of Her Adversary.

In a discussion of the divorce evil Judge Matthew L. Hendricks said at a dinner in Cleveland:

"The truth about most divorces is that both parties are to blame. One party is never all good and the other never all bad—both are to blame—and that fact, of course, makes philosophizing and generalization difficult.

"For the average pair of divorces are like the two pretty summer girls at Atlantic City. These two pretty summer girls were quarreling.

"'Well, anyhow,' said the first girl, 'I don't sit round till all hours with the boys playing poker.'

"The second girl glanced at her companion's transparent blouse and skirt, the very latest transparent blouse and skirt from Paris, the kind of blouse and skirt which are more popular than ever among the young and beautiful, despite the furious protests of 40,000 elderly clubwomen. Then, still starting at that blouse and skirt, the second girl entered this quiet defense:

"'You show only your hand in poker.'"

GOODYEAR TIRES AT ANTE-BELLUM PRICES

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co. announced "No war prices on Goodyear Tires." Mr. F. A. Sieberling, president of the Company, thus explains their unique position.

"We advanced Goodyear prices, as others did theirs, when the rubber panic came. Almost in a day crude rubber rose in New York from 55 cents per pound to much over a dollar.

"The New York supply was too small to consider. We cabled our London people to buy up the bulk of the rubber there. By acting quickly and paying cash they obtained 1,500,000 pounds of the finest rubber.

"That big supply of rubber is now nearly all on the way to the Goodyear factory in Akron. It constitutes the best of the London supply.

"We are using the same grade of rubber and the same amount of it as we always have used in these tires.

"We are running our factory with three shifts of men, twenty-four hours a day. So long as we remain in this fortunate position on rubber, we shall supply tire users at before-war prices to the limit of our capacity."

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for Infants and children, and see that it

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

In Use For Over 30 Years.

Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Nuisances Defined.

To prove that a public nuisance has been committed is one of the most difficult things in modern legal practice. It is therefore gratifying to note that a plaintiff who set up the plea that a nuisance is perpetrated in causing noise by banging milk cans, unloading trucks containing the empty cans, discharging ice through a chute into a building from the sidewalk, emitting steam through windows and doors to the sidewalks, and allowing drivers of teams to shout loudly in the night has won his case before Chief Justice Russell of Brooklyn. The health department has taken note of this case in its weekly bulletin.

Look for the Woman.

Woman is at the bottom of many of the industries of the world, and strange to say just now she is responsible for the revival of the shark trade. It seems that shagreen is a special part of a shark's skin which lends itself admirably to a variety of delicate uses, and which is now become very popular for the fittings of toilet cases and the backs of mirrors and brushes. There is an increasing demand for shagreen vanity bags and jewel cases, candlesticks and flower vases are made of the material, which is dyed in accordance with the furnishings of the room.

Light.

Skids—What kind of work do you think he's suited for?

Skittles—I think he'd make a good stage hand at a moving picture theater.—Puck.

The Beggar's Retort.

She—I shan't give you anything because I suspect you aren't blind at all.

He—That may be, but I can assure you there are moments when I wish I were.

FOOD FACTS What An M. D. Learned.

A prominent Georgia physician went through a food experience which he makes public.

"It was my own experience that first led me to advocate Grape-Nuts food and I also know, from having prescribed it to convalescents and other weak patients, that the food is a wonderful rebuilder and restorer of nerve and brain tissue, and of muscle. It improves the digestion and sick patients gain very rapidly, just as I did in strength and weight.

"I was in such a low state that I had to give up my work entirely, and went to the mountains of this state, but two months there did not improve me; in fact, I was not quite as well as when I left home.

"My food did not sustain me and it became plain that I must change. Then I began to use Grape-Nuts food and in two weeks I could walk a mile without fatigue, and in five weeks returned to my home and practice, taking up hard work again. Since that time I have felt as well and strong as I ever did in my life.

"As a physician who seeks to help all sufferers, I consider it a duty to make these facts public." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Trial 10 days of Grape-Nuts, when regular food does not seem to sustain the body, works wonders. "There's a Reason."

Look in pkgs. for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.