

Twenty hours each day is right for the first month, then gradually less till at six months sixteen hours a day is just right.

Your baby must have that sleep to get fat and rosy. And it will have that sleep if you feed it regularly and evenly on its mother's milk or the nearest substitute, NESTLE'S FOOD.

If mothers would only realize the every-day danger of carrying consumption and other dread diseases to babies in cows' milk! It mothers only knew that in one State, where the laws are strict, there are 200,000 infected cows—one for nearly every baby in the State!

If mothers only knew that the Government Inspectors found throughout the land only eight clean Dairies in a hundred!

Norse your baby if you can. If you can't, give it the nearest thing to mother's milk --

## lestle's Food

Safe because you add only water to prepare it. Safe because it is made under the strictest scientific conditions. Safe because no germ can reach it in its airtight can.

NESTLE'S is made from the milk of healthy

cows kept in sanitary dairies. All the heavy parts of milk are modified, so that the curd is

soft and fleecy as in mother's milk. All that your baby needs and the calf doesn't is added. And—there you have NESTLE'S on which three generations have grown healthy and strong

Send the Coupon. It will bring you a box of NESTLE'S FOOD enough for twelve feedings—and a Book by Specialists, filled with things you should know.



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## SHORTHANDin SEVEN EVENINGS

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ago to say that they were all motor-ing over to Grandby Tayern for tea and wouldn't be back till half-past

He managed to look up at that. For a moment he was speechless. No one had ever treated him like this before.

"Well, I'll be hanged! Positive en-gagement. But it's all right," he concluded resolutely. "I can motor to Grandby Tavern, too, can't 1? Tell Maud not to mind tennis clothes, but

Mand not to mind tennis clothes, but to hurry. Want to go along?"
"No, I don't," she said emphatic-ally. "And Mand isn't going, either,"
"She isn't, eh?"

"No, she isn't. Can't you leave this affair to me?"

"I'm pretty hot under the collar," he warned her, and it was easy to be lieve that he was.

"Don't rush in where angels fear to tread, Will dear," she pleaded. It was so unusual for her to adopt a plead-ing tone that he overlooked the im-plication. Besides he had just got through calling himself a fool, so per-haps she was more or less justified. Moreover, at that particular moment she undertook to assist him with his necktie. Her soft, cool fingers touched his double chin and seemed to caress it lovingly. He lifted his head very much as a dog does when he is being tickled on that velvely spot under the lower jaw

Stuff and nonsense," he murmured

"I THOUGHT you would see it that way," she said so calmly that he blinked a couple of times in sheer perplexity and then diminished his double chin perceptibly by a very helpful screwing up of his lower lip He said nothing, preferring to let her think that the most important thing in the world just then was the proper adjustment of the wings of his neck-tie. "There!" she said, and patted him on the cheek, to show that the had been successfully accomplished.

plished.

"Better come along for a little spin," he said, readjusting the tie with man-like ingenuousness, "Do you good, Lou."

"Very well," she said. "Can you wait a few minutes?"

"Long as you like," said he graciously. "Ask Maud if she wants to come too."

come, too."
"I am sure she will enjoy it," said his wife, and then Mr. Blithers descended to the verandah to think. Somehow he felt that if he did a little more thinking perhaps matters wouldn't be so bad. Among other things, he thought it would be a good idea not to motor in the direction of Grandby Tavern. And he also thought it was not worth while resenting the fact that his wife and daughter took something over an hour to prepare for the little spin.

In the meantime, Prince Robin was racing over the mountain roads in a high-power car, attended by a merry company of conspirators whose sole object was to keep him out of the clutches of that far-reaching octopus, William W. Blithers.

(Continued in our next issue.)

## Occult Phenomena and Common Sense

in the way of evidencing the tenacity and extensiveness of the human memory, is one reported by Mr. G. Lowes Dickinson, an able psychical researcher as well as a brilliant writer. A lady of Mr. Dickinson's acquaintance developed a peculiar form of trance mediumship, in which she claimed to come into touch with the "spirit" of a certain Blanche Poynings, who described herself as having lived in the time of Richard II, and as having been a great friend of the Countess of Salisbury of that period. Much of her talk, as com-municated by the "sensitive" at several sittings attended by Mr. Dickinson, was about that lady and her husband, the Earl of Salisbury. The



cocked hat is to Napoleon.

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