GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON. Author of "Graustark," "Truxton King," etc. Copyright, 1911, By Dodd, Mead & Co.

CHAPTER XIX-(Continued.)

"I can almost see the struggle on the bridge," said Horace, addressing no one in particular. "It appears to me as if in a vision. I can see Chetwynd hurling the stone at Eric, and the savage ing the stone at Eric, and the savage attack that came after. I can hear the things he was saying of Mary—those brutal, vicious things. The fight was fair. God called my boy to the judgment bar. It was his time to so. It was not an accident. It was God's will, No human agency could have checked the will of God—"

man was standing near the hat rack in the hall. Eric stared, unbeliev-

Mr. Blagden's gaze rested for a mo ment on the motionless figure. Then his long, thin arm was raised; a quivering hand pointed toward the door leading to the porch. "Leave my house!"

Adam Carr did not move. "I just wanted to say-" he began.

"Go!"
"I can't go until I have said—"
"Go, I say!" Horace's voice shook
with suppressed fury.
"—until I have said that I am sorry
to have been the cause of so much
anguish to your wife, toward whom I
have had no feeling," persisted Adam
patiently. "I am sorry for what I've
done to her. My grudge was against
you."

"Hard as flint," fell from Horace's twisted lips.
"To strike fire from flint," was the

you suspected," said Horace stown, "Not hard enough to give out fire when you strike in these days."
"Nor am I so hard, Horace Blagden,"
"Nor am I so hard, Horace Blagden,"

said Adam, for the first time revealing a sign of nervousness. "Well, I'll go how, If you need me, Eric, I'll be

ready. A black Sunday."
"You have failed there," cried Horace, a thrill in his voice almost of Iriumph. "It is a bright Sunday. We lee the light for the first time in years. Go, sir. Eric will not need you. We thall ask no favors of you, Adam Carr allowed his gaze to rest on the

face of Mrs. Blegden for an instant. She was regarding him with unspeakable loathing in her eyes; the crushed, beaten spirit was answering the call of pride. He opened his lips to speak his last word to her, met the look in her eyes, bowed awkwardly, and strode from the house without uttering an-

"I cannot turn the other cheek to im—I cannet," grated Horace. "'Love Jour enemy as yourself!' Bah! Puerile

Brother and sister watched them ascend the stairs and return down the hall. A moment later a door above was ntly closed.
'Did you hear what he said?" asked

Mary, in a half whisper. "He said 'Eric will not need you!" Oh, Errie, Errie, he means to be kind, he means

Eric groaned. "Kind! Just! After what I've done for him."

She spoke eagerly. "He realises that he has not always been kind or just to you. He."

to you. He—"

"See here, Mary, you don't know all that happened in there before you came. He cursed me at first, He called me a murderer. He laughed when I said that I was ready and willing to give myself up to the law. He said there was no law that could punish me sufficiently. The change of front came after all this. Oh, I know how he feels—how he feels in his heart. He—"

or your whackinges traintively. "Don't said Eric, rather plaintively. "Don't tell me a true one."

"By ginger, I ain't got any true ones," exclaimed Jabez, very truthfully. "Leastwise, I can't remember the true ones. My memory ain't what it used to be. Come to that, I'm danged if I believe I can recollect the lies either. It's powerful uphandy to have to remember what's lies and what ain't."

"But the one about Lady Imogen was a fine one."

front came after all this, Oh, I know how he feels—how he feels in his heart. He—"

"That was madness, fury," she cried, "He couldn't help it. He was beside himself. Now he is beginning to see clearly. He is a fair man."

"Just the same, I toid him I was going to give myself up to the law and stand trial. I—"

"She cried out piteously. "You must not dot that! You shall not!"

"It isn't for Uncle Horace alone to acquit me of manslaughter. That's what Adam says the charge will be. The court must do it. And, listen: if I wait for Uncle Horace to file the affidavit against me, if I wait for him to bring me into court. it will never come to pass. He won't do it. It will be his turn to punish me. He will sit back and let the charge hang over me for years, just as I have done by him in a different way. Oh, I know him! He doesn't forgive so readily. He has Adam Carr and me just where he wants us. And he'll be content to let us wait, just as he has waited."

"Babe was sacing his brain." It would have been hard—oh, so hard lines the day from the Lady lmogen you're talkin about."

"The daughter of the Earl of Gay-stone." Say, see that squirrel over yonder? That blamed little—"

"The lanother one, if you can't remember that one," Eric broke in. I'm actually homesick for one of your good days. Uncle Jabe."

"Somethin' gone wrong, my lad."

"I will not ask why you have ceased days. Uncle Jabe."

"Somethin' gone wrong, my lad."

"Somethin gone wrong, my lad."

"Somethin' gone wrong, my lad."

"All right, said he gently. "That is wour one—in that you."

"I lave to say that can't be said out have to say tha

he really means to acquit me in his own mind and heart. I must do it all myself. He may not aid in the prosecution, there is that much to be said. But if I don't give myself up, the state's attorney will force him to take action. It's got to come, so I might as well shoulder the whole of it and let Uncle Horace out of an unpleasant job."

Her protests were of no avail. He announced his intention to deliver himtelf up to the sheriff the next morning. really means to acquit me in his own

toward the porch.

gry," he stammered distractedly. "I'm going out for a while, Mary. Stay around close, please, and see that— that everything's all right upstairs." "Aain't nobody going to eat—" be-gan Martha, almost in a state of col-

lapse.

He was flying down the steps and across the lawn, leaving Mary in the doorway looking after him with troubled, uneasy eyes. She saw him vault the wall and make off in the direction of Jabez Carr's cottage. After a moment she turned to Martha.

"I shan't disappoint you, Martha, I'm hungry. Come along."

hungry. Come along." That was always the way with Mary. She was a philosopher. She was content to leave everything to Providence—or luck? Meanwhile, she was hungry.

Her brother made straight for old Jabe's cottage. Somehow, he felt in need of an old friend—one who could lie to him joyously. He suddenly was longing for the vainglorious lies that had charmed his boyhood fancy, even though he knew them to be lies. He wanted to hear something beside the truth. The truth was an ugly thing a very ugly thing. Why do people ever tell the truth? His soul hungered for lies—the gay, delightful lies that old Jabe could tell. Harmless lies, they could hurt no one, not even the teller of them.

Uncle Jabe was smoking his pipe or the doorstep, and gently but quite audibly berating a squirrel which re-fused to eat out of his hand, a most other's sharp retort.

"You have not found me so hard as fused to eat out of his hand, a most fused to eat out of his hand, a most fused to eat out of his hand, a most fused to eat out of his hand, a most insulting thing for a squirrel to do, if one could judge by the scornful remarks of the gate keeper.

"Hello!" he called out in his cracked "Hello!" he called out in his cracked

marks of the gate keeper.

"Hello!" he called out in his cracked voice to Eric as the young man unlatched the gate. Somewhat summarily, he cast a handful of peanuts at the very head of the astonished squirrel, and hobbled over to meet his visitor.

"Dang little fool of an idiot," he complained as a final opinion of the scurplained, as a final opinion of the scurrying quadruped. "Starve, if you want to." This in the face of thoughtless to." This in the face of thoughtess prodigality. "Well, well, Eric, I'm glad to see you. Where you been keepin' yourself?"

Eric wrung the gnarled old paw.

Presently they were sitting side by side

on the bench, leaning back against the wall of the cottage.

"Uncle Jabe, I wish you'd tell me that story again of the fight you had with the pirates who held Lady Imogen in captivity. That was the very best thing you ever did. Tell it once more

more."

Jabez scratched his head, blinking his faded little eyes in considerable surprise and embarrassment. He coughed rather dismally. "I—I can't jest exactly place that—Oh, yes, I know the one. But you see, Eric, that was the most gosh-all-whacking lie of all."

was the mind. That's just why I want to hear it. Go on, please."

The ancient regarded him speculatively. "You are jest like a teeny little The ancient regarded him specificatively. "You are jest like a teeny little kid. They're always askin' you to tell the same story over and over ag'in."

"I'm kind of lonesome, just for one of your whackingest ones, Uncle Jabe," said Eric, rather plaintively. "Don't tell me a true one."

day was warm, and sweet, and spring-like; the sky was blue; the trees were beginning to don their gay greenery, and the dead leaves of last fall no longer littered the well-kept lawns. She was abroad early, bound for the home of Horace Blagden, to see Mary Midthorne. Her blithe young heart would not stay closed against the way-ward friend; she was off to make

She was abroad early, bound for the stormey will force him to take action less got to come, so I might as well shoulder the whole of It and let Uncle Horace out of an unpleasant job."
Her protests were of no avail. He announced his intention to deliver himself up to the sheriff the next morning.

"It's a ballable offense," he said. "Adam Carr says I will not have to go goal if I have a bondsman ready."

"Adam Carr says I will not have to go goal if I have a bondsman ready."

"What will Joan say when she hears of all this?" cried the uphappy girling to him. He will have no difficulty in out to be true."

The remark would have puzzled her at another time. Now she passed it over without comment. A new thought hing to him. He will help you. He said, "but not today. It's too late more house, was coming down the stairs."

Martha the life long servant in the house, was coming down the stairs. "Dinner's been waiting nearly an hour. Miss Mary." she said peevishly, toe. Liknocked on their door twice, but it. "Horse was comeing down the stairs." Thinker's been waiting nearly an hour. Miss Mary." she said peevishly, toe. Liknocked on their door twice, but it. "Horse for subject and the work is made at the house was coming down the stairs." Thinker's been waiting nearly an hour. Miss Mary." she said peevishly, toe. Liknocked on their door twice, but it. Horse from a will be down, but the force frays, without comment, a new thought to be beyond the work was coming down the stairs. "Dinner's been waiting nearly an hour. Miss Mary." she said peevishly, toe. Liknocked on their door twice, but it. Horse frays, without comment is consequently to be down, but the read to be down, but the read to be a subject and the proposition of t

Martha the life long servant in the house was coming down the stairs.

"Dinner's been waiting nearly an hour. Miss Mary." she said Deevishly. "Everything's spoilt, and it's Sunday, too. I knocked on their door twice, but Mr. Horace rays, without opening, to never mind, they won't be down, but for you young folks to go on eating. Do hurry. Belinda's mad as she c'n be. I don't blame her either. It's terrible for a cook—and an Irish cook at that—to be—Why. Mr. Eric, you surely car't be going out now!"

Eric had grabbed up his hat—an old slouch hat instead of the tall silk one he had worn to church—and was striding toward the porch.

Father sprigthly proceeding nowadays, instead of the laboriously sombler duty it once had been. Corinth, Three or four gendarmes line up at attention. At the door of the garage in the little garden, the military chauffeurs to have conceived the doa it was pleasanter to go about it cheerfully, gladly, even springily. Joan found herself comparing Corinth with other satisfying places in the great big world—not the Babylons, but the clean, wholesome, alive places where one could take a deep breath of God's air and not feel contaminated because the ungodly shared it in common.

Blagden avenue was no wider than it with scores of other titled Russian with scores of other titled Russian with scores of the humblest during the day. At sundown it is lowered with what ceremony can be devised. Three or four gendarmes line up at attention. At the door of the garage in the little garden, the military chauffeurs stand with hands raised in Salute. On the lawn under the windows a few clerks group themselves and Baron de Brocque ville, minister of war, and his small staff appear at the top of the low steps. The passent of the lawn under the windows a few clerks group themselves and Baron de Brocque ville, minister of war, and his small staff appear at the top of the lawn under the windows a few clerks group themselves and Baron de Brocque ville, minister of war, and his small staff appear at the top of t

nue, not only on week days but on the Sabbath? The front room or parlor gloom of sanctuary no longer prevailed, she noticed that. Sunday nowadays she noticed that. Sunday nowadays found the light streaming into those prim and virtuous rooms with all the glory it could produce. She recalled other days, not so far off, when Corinth closed its front room shutters for fear the world might look within and break the holy Sabbath day. Now Corinth sat on its front purches and gay. inth sat on its front porches and gave welcome to the Sabbath all day long. No wonder the town seemed new to her, and better.

She recalled certain comments her father had made in the automobile the day before while they were being whisked homeward after that uplifting service.

"Blagden avenue seems broader than it was yesterday," he had said. "It is quite as wide, literally, as Broadway, Judge Bright," said young Mr. Sallonsby.

Sallonsby. "Ah, but the whole world is in Broad-

think the world is just beginning to take notice of Blagden avenue," was the young man's comment. He meant to be sarcastic, but merely spoke the truth.

"The world isn't so bad as it's painted."

"Depends on local color," said the young man, airing himself epigram-matically. He felt rather proud of it. "And whether you look up or down,"

"And whether you look up or down," completed the judge.
And so, said Joan to herself that night, after Sallonsby had taken his departure, it all depends on the way one looked at Mary Midthorne's so-called indiscretions. She was rather ashamed of herself for having peeped at them from behind closed front room shutters, so to speak.

shutters, so to speak.

Moreover, she had treated Eric rather cavalierly after church. Perhaps it was the thought of that which kept her awake nearly all of the night, trying to blot out the expression she had caught

in his eyes.
She wondered if she would see him that morning. How handsome, how manly he had looked—But how now! She was on her way to see Mary and no one else. She reminded herself of this at least a dozen times during her more as the least a dozen times during her

this at least a dozen times during her progress up Blagden avenue. Suddenly her heart began to beat furiously, the color came and went in her cheeks, and her eyes experienced a curious effect of momentary useless-

Eric Midthorne had turned the corner above and was approaching her with long, vigorous strides, his head lowered, his hands in his coat pockets. The gray Fedora hat was pulled well down over his eyes. He looked up when he was 20 yards away, and saw her.

down over his eyes. He looked up when he was 20 yards away, and saw her. His face, which had been pale and worn a moment before, was now a dusky red. On the instant, hers became flushed and hot.

She extended her gloved little hand. "How do you do, Eric," she said. They were looking squarely into each other's eyes as if fascinated.

She waited a moment. "In regard to the plans?" she asked in the same manner and quite without purpose. She could feel the blood roaring in her head. "Yes. I—I can't undertake the work," he replied, the words coming rapidly. "I must give it up. He'll have to get someone else."

Her eyes fell; her checks lost their

Her eyes fell; her checks lost their ivid color. "I-he won't let you off, Eric," she

"I—he won't let you off, Eric," she stammered. "I am sure he will not." His smile was not pleasant to see. "A great deal has happened since the bargain was made," he said. The word, "bargain," possessed an ominous, even accusing sound for her. She met his gaze. "I am on my way to see Mary now," she said, as if that explained everything that had passed. His face brightened. "You are? I'm glad, Joan. Nothing should come he

His face brightened. "You are? I'm glad, Joan. Nothing should come between you two. Mary loves you."

"Then it will be all right," said she, eagerly. "I was quite wrong—stupidly wrong. I hope she will understand and—overlook some of the—"
"Why couldn's you be a supply to the said of the said o

"Why, couldn't you have written me that you'd ceased to care, Joan?" he broke in regardless. "Why did you let me go on thinking that you—But, good heaven, what am I saying? You are right. You have made it easy for me. It would have been hard—oh, so hard

NEW BELGIAN CAPITAL IS LOCATED AT HAVRE

From Havre Letter to the Brooklyn Eagle. to see Mary Havre, however, is something more young heart than a British base. Havre is the Beigian

had ever been: it just seemed to her that it was. What influence had been that it was. What influence had been der with the daughters of the humblest at work to open the front room window citizens.

## FLY PROBLEM SERIOUS IN WARRING COUNTRIES

London, (by mail).—Sir Frederick Treves was to have presided at a meeting held at the Mansion House on July 5, to inaugurate a national campaign against flies, but was prevented from doing so. And it was flies that were responsible for his absence, if his own suspicions are correct, as he explained in this letter, which was read at the

"I am sorry I cannot attend the meet-More than a month ago—just be-I left for Mudros—I acquired, through flies I expect, a complaint, in Alexandria, which has got gradually worse; until now I am laid up in bed and unable to do anything. Had I been worse; until now I am laid up in bed and unable to do anything. Had I been able to attend the meeting I should have liked to have laid stress upon the gravity and importance of the subject. "In South Africa, during the war, there were more casu. Ities due to flies than to bullets. In France the presence of so many unburied dead makes the fly question a very serious one. In Alexandre, we have the stress of the cuestion a very serious one. In Alexandre, and the serious one in the serious of the subject. fly question a very serious one. In Alex-andria, owing to the vast number of cavalry horse lines near the town the trouble of flies is becoming really distressing. It only wants a definite source of infection to be introduced for an epidemic to a superior of the control of the demic to run rampant.

"A fly should be looked upon as noth-

ing but a spreader of disease. When once people realize what the fly can do and does do, the remedy is easy. Here is a work within the compass of the humblest, a really great work. Flyborne disease should cease to exist. Its very existence is a discredit to the intelligence of the people."

Philosophy.

And there were four leprous men at the entering in of the gate; and they said one to another, why sit we here until we die? If we say, we will enter into the city, then the famine is in the city, and we shall die there; and if we sit still here, we die also. Now, therefore, come, and let us fall unto the host of the Syrians; if they save us alive, we shall live: and if they kill us, we shall but die.—II Kings vii, 3 and 4.

America.

Oh, mother of a mighty race, Yet lovely in thy youthful grace! The elder dames, thy haughty peers, Admire and hate thy blooming years. And taunts of scorn they join thy name,

For on thy cheeks the glow is spread That thits thy morning hills with red; Thy step—the wild deer's rustling feet Within thy woods are not more fleet; Thy hopeful eye Is bright as thine own sunny sky.

Ay, let them rail—those haughty ones, While safe thou dwellest with thy sons. They do not know how loved thou art, How many a fond and fearless heart Would raise to throw its life between thee and the foe.

They know not, in their hate and pride, What virtues with thy children bide; How true, how good, thy graceful maids Make bright, like flowers, graceful shades; What generous men Spring, like thin oaks, by hill and glen.

What cordial welcomes greet the guest By thy lone rivers of the west; How faith is kept, and truth revered, And man is loved, and God is feared, In woodland homes, And where the ocean border foams.

There's freedom at thy gates and rest For earth's down-trodden and opprest, A shelter for the hunted head, For the starved laborer toil and bread. Power, at thy bounds, Stops and calls back his baffled hounds,

Oh, fair young mother! on thy brow Shall sit a nobler grace than now. Deep in the brightness of the skles The thronging years in glory rise, And, as they fleet, Drop strength and riches at thy feet.

Thine eye, with every coming hour, Shall brighten, and thy form shall tower, And when thy sisters elder born Would brand thy name with words of

Would scorn.
Secorn.
Before thine eye,
Upon their lips the taunt shall die.

-William Cullen Bryant.

Oh. Why Should the Spirit of Mortal Be Proud?
They loved-but the story we cannot un-

They loved—but the story we cannot unfold:
They scorned—but the heart of the haughty is cold;
They grieved—but no wail from their slumbers will come;
They joyed—but the tongue of their gladness is dumb.

They died-ah! they died; we, things that They died—an: they died; we, things that are now,
That walk on the turf that lies over their brow,
And make in their dwellings a transient abode,
Meet the changes they met on their pil-

'Tis the wink of an eye; 'tis the draught of a breath,
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud;
O, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

—William Knox.

Lincoln's Greatest Ambition.

In the "Interesting People" department of the American Magazine ap-pears an article about Russell H. Con-well, the famous Philadelphia speaker, who has delivered one lecture over 5,000 times. In the course of the article

5,000 times. In the course of the article Mr. Conwell tells as follows what Abraham Lincoln once said to him:

"'No man ought to be ambitious to be president of the United States; when this war is over, and that won't be very long, I tell my Tad we will go back to the farm where I was happier as a boy when I dug potatoes at 25 cents per day than I am now. I tell him I will buy him a mule and a pony, and he shall have a little cart, and he shall make a little garden in a field of shall make a little garden in a field of his own."

\*\*\*\*\*\*\* THE HAPPY MAN.

Jeremy Taylor.

Sald Epicurius: "I feed sweetly upon bread and water, those sweet and easy provisions of the body, and I defy the pleasures of costly provisions," and the man was so confident that he had the advantage over wealthy tables that he thought himself happy as the immortal gods; for these provisions are easy, they are to be gotten without amazing cares; no man needs to flatter if he can live as Nature did intend; he need not swell his accounts and intricate his spirit with arts of subtlety and contrivance; he can be free from fears, and the changes of the world cannot concern him.

All our trouble is from within us; and if a dish of lettuce and a clear fountain can cool all my heats, so that I shall have neither thirst nor pride, lust nor revenge, envy nor ambition, I am lodged in the bosom of felicity; and indeed no men sleep so soundly as they that lay their heads upon Nature's lap. For a single dish and a clean chalice, lifted from the spring, can cure any hunger and thirst; but the meat of Ahasuerus and his feast cannot satisfy my ambition and my pride. He therefore that hath the fewest desires and the most quiet passions, whose wants are soon provided for, and whose possessions cannot be disturbed with violent fears—he that dwells next door to satisfaction and can carry his needs and law them down where he pleases—this man is the happy man; and thus is not to be done in great designs and swelling fortunes.

## NOT A MATTER OF PIETY

Brother John Had His Own Reasons for His Close Perusal of the Scriptures.

The parson of a small country church was rambling along the road when it suddenly occurred to him to call on a citizen named Jones, who was known to be rather indifferent about church attendance. The place was soon reached, and entering the garden gate the pastor was surprised to see Jones sitting on the veranda

with a large Bible in his hands. "Ah, Brother Jones," said the parson with a smile of satisfaction, "I am glad to see you so attentively perusing your Bible.'

"Yes," responded Jones. "There are times when it comes in mighty handy."

"Perhaps I might be able to help you," generously volunteered t dominie. "Were you looking to a particular passage?"

"No," was the startling reply Jones. "Twins have just come to r house, and mother asked me i I wouldn't look up a couple c n ...es for 'em.'

Very Absent-Minded.

In Berlin they tell the story very learned and also absent-mi .ed professor who returned to his som late one night, and as he was lighting the candle fancied he he d a noise. He promptly called out:

"Is there anyone here?" A thief lay concealed under the bed. Hearing the question, and knowing the professor's failing, he shouted in reply. "No!"

Then the professor exclaimed in much surprise: "That's exceedingly strange! I was positive someone was under the bed." Then he retired to rest and the thief ransacked the room.

Badly Worded.

"Oh, Jack, I expect I shall be awfully stupid now," said the young wife when she returned from the dentist's. "How's that?" asked her husband, in

surprise. "I've just had my wisdom teeth pulled," she mourned.

"Oh, dear one, the idea that wisdom teeth have anything to do with wisdom is quite absurd," hubby reasured her. "If you had every tooth in your head pulled it couldn't make you a bit stupider than you are now, you know.

Next to Nothing. "Why does your wife dry the clothes in the cellar now? That isn't healthy,

is it?" "Dunno. To tell the truth, daughter is wearing so little that mother is ashamed to hang the stuff in the vard."-Judge.

Beyond Human Possibility.

The monarch summoned General Slammenberg, who had just crowned his record with the capture of 962,-438 prisoners, 1071/2 guns and two practical sides of beef.

"You have already received the Zinc Triangle," said the monarch, "and I have conferred on you the order of the Purple Gondola and the Singing Squirrel. Can you suggest any further honor that our grateful nation can bestow on you?"

The general's eye was moist. "Only one, your majesty," he re-

"When the folks at home name a cigar after me, see that it is something better than a five-center.'

But the monarch stared hopelessly into the gloaming. He knew that the old warrior had asked the impossible

Hardly Likely.

Some time ago an elderly gentleman was cycling down a narrow street in Waterford, when a dog suddenly rushed out from a doorway and, getting under his wheel, threw him on the ground in a sitting position. The dog, seeming to enjoy the situation, circled round and round, barking playfully. A boy who was passing at the time stood staring at the performance for a few minutes, and then asked in a quiet tone:

"Did you fall, Mr. D---?" "Of course I did," said Mr. D-, angrily, while getting up and brushing the dust off his clothes.

"Oh," replied the boy, as he strolled away, "I thought you couldn't have sat down just to play with the dog."

What She Had She'd Hold. It was the happiest moment of their lives. He had just proposed. and she had grab-er - accepted

him. Then he took a tiny leather case from his pocket and slipped a sparkling circlet on her finger, while she beamed with pride.

"I'm afraid it's rather loose, darling," he murmured. "Shall I take it back and have it made smaller?" The damsel shook her head decided-

"No. Rupert," she said calmly. "An engagement ring is an engagement ring, even if I have to wear it around

Truth.

my neck."

Transcript.

Mrs. Exe-Here's an invitation from Mrs. Boreleigh to one of her tiresome dinners. I hate them.

Exe-Why not plead that you have a previous engagement? Mrs. Exe-That would be a lie,

Kind words never die, but the unkind live quite long enough.

Edith, dear, write Mrs. Bareleigh that

we accept with pleasure.—Boston



## **Many Positions** Carrying Large Salaries

are open today to men in every walk of life. But the

men must possess vigorous bodies and keen, active minds. Success-making mental and physical activity relies largely upon right living wherein the right kind of food

plays a most vital part. In many cases the daily diet lacks certain of Nature's elements essential to energizing and upbuilding the mental and physical faculties. Most white flour products, such as white bread and many other commonly used foods, are in that class.

A food especially designed to offset this lack-

## Grape-Nuts

-made of wheat and malted barley, supplies all the nutriment of the grains, including the mineral saltssturdy builders of brain, nerve and muscle.

Grape-Nuts is thoroughly processed, ready to serve from the package, fresh, crisp and delicious. Then, too. there's a wonderful return of the power to "do" and to "be" for the small energy required in its digestion.

After repeated set-backs thousands have found a change to right eating means forging ahead.

"There's a Reason" for Grape-Nuts Sold by Grocers everywhere.