Black Is White

GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON ILLUSTRATIONS by RAY WALTERS

A PARAMENT REPRESENTA A REPRESENTA DE PROPRIE DE PROPRIE PROPRIE A LA COMPANSO DE PROPRIE DE PROPRI

The Message From the Deep. The two old men sat in the library eyeing the unresponsive blue envelope that lay on the end of the long table nearest the fireplace, where a merry

but unnoticed bed of coals crackled flercely in the vain effort to cry down the shricks of the bleak December wind that whistled about the corners of the bouse.

There was something maddening in the fact that the envelope would have to remain unopened until young Frederick Brood came home for the night. They found themselves wondering if by any chance he would fall to come in at all. Their hour for retiring was ten o'clock, day in, day out.

Up to half-past nine they discussed the blue envelope with every inmate of the house, from Mrs. John Deswond, the housekeeper, down to the soiceless but eloquent decanter of port that stood between them, first on the arm of one chair, then the other. They were very old men; they could sollioquize without in the least disturbing each other. An observer would say, suring these periods of abstraction. that their remarks were addressed to the decanter and that the poor decanter had something to say in return. But, for all that, their eyes seldom left the broad, blue envelope that had lain there since half-past eight.

They knew that it came directly or indirectly from the man to whom they ewed their present condition of comfort and security after half a century of vicissitudes; from the man whose tife they had saved more than once were so few that they passed without ture. recognition in the maeistrom of svents. From midocean James Brood was speaking to his son.

Twenty years ago these two old cronies had met James Brood in one of the blackest holes of Calcutta, a derewhen the dregs were at his lips, and they had revived a man. Those were after that dreadful hour when, protestthe days when James Brood's life meant nothing to him, days when he was tortured by the thought that it would be all too long for him to endure, yet he was not the kind to mur der himself as men do who lack the courage to go on living.

Weeks after the rescue in Calcutta these two soldiers of fortune and another, John Desmond, learned from the lips of the man himself that he was not such as they, but rich in this world's goods, richer than the Solomon of their discreet Imagination.

What Brood told them of his life brought the grim smile of appreciation to the line of each. He had married a beautiful foreigner-an Austrian, they gathered-of excellent family, and had taken her to his home in New York city, to the house in lower Fifth aveaue where his father and grandfather had lived before him-the house in which two of the wayfarers after twenty years, now sat in rueful contemplation of a blue envelope.

A baby boy came to the Broods in the second year of their wedded life, but before that there had come a man-a music master, dreamy-eyed. handsome, Latin; a man who played apon the harp as only the angels may play. In his delirious ravings Brood cursed this man and the wife he had stolen away from him; he revited the baby boy, even denying him; he laughed with blood-curdling glee over the manner in which he had cast out the woman who had broken his heart ing her innocence, she had been might gloat and sneer in triumph. This of the world they plunged, for peril which the term was almost strange meant little to him, death even less. The old men, they who sat by the was a hurricane afterward.

too, turned the grim reaper aside for his long-neglected son.

ranks. In Calro, during a cyrlous peafter the advent of James Brood, he that had not seen him in years.

Ten years passed before James native land. Then he came back to the home of his fathers, to the home that had been desecrated, and with him came the two old men who now sat in his buge library before the crackling fire. He could go on with life, but they were no longer fit for its cruel hardships. His home became theirs. They were to die there when the time came.

Brood's son was fifteen years of age before he knew, even by sight, the man whom he called father. Up to the time of the death of his mother. in the home of her fathers, he had been kept in seclusion.

There had, been deliberate purpose in the methods of James Brood in so far as this unhappy child was con-When he cast out the mother to those old, evil days when comforts he set his hand heavily upon her fu-Fearing-even feeling-the infernal certainty that this child was not his own, he planned with machiavellian instinct to hurt her to the limit of his you mean, sir, by coming in-hicpowers and to the end of her days. He knew she would hunger for this baby boy of hers, that her heart could het being swept to perdition with the be broken through him, that her punswiftness and sureness of a tide that lahment could be made full and comknows no pause. They found him plete. He sequestered the child in a place where he could not be found, the stapor of defeat in his brain, and went his own way, grimly certain the arm. Mr. Dawes sagged heavily Without meaning to be considered that he was making her pay! She Samaritans, good or bad, they dragged died when Frederic was eight years him from the depths and found that old, without having seen him again

The Patient Butler, Jones, Had Made Four Visits to the Library.

and crushed his pride; he wailed in turned out into the night and told to stared at the group of three, a frank but completely in the end. anguish over the mistake he had made | go whither she would but never to rein allowing the man to live that he turn to the house she had disgraced. James Brood heard of her death much the three men who lifted him when in the heart of China, and he from hell were able to glean from lips was a haggard wreck for months that knew not what they said, and thereafter. He had worshiped this they were filled with pity. Later on, beautiful Viennese. He could not in a rational weakness, he told them wreak vengeance upon a dead woman; more, and without curses. A deep, he could not hate a dead woman. He stient, stendfust bitterness succeeded had always loved her. A few years the violent ravings. He became a way- after his return to New York he farer with them, quiet dogged, fatal; brought her son back to the house where they went he also went; what in lower Pifth avenue and tried, with they did, also did he. Soon he led, and bitterness in his soul, to endure the they followed. Into the dark places word "father" as it fell from lips to

They no longer knew days of priva- fire on this wind-awept night and -he shared his wealth with them; | waited for the youth of twenty-two to but they knew no rest, no peace, no whom the blue missive was addressed, safety. Life had been a whirlwind be- knew the story of James Brood and fore they came upon James Brood; it his wife Matilde and they knew that the former had no love in his heart Twice John Desmond, younger than for the youth who bore his name Danbury Dawes and Joseph Riggs, Their lips were sealed. Garrulous on saved the life of James Brood by all other subjects, they were as aflent acts of unparalleled heroism; once in as the grave on this. They, too, were a South African jungle when a lion- constrained to hate the lad. He made eas fought for her young, and again not the slightest pretense of appreciatupper India, when single-handed, ing their position in the household; he held off a horde of Hindus for to him they were pensioners, no more. days while his comrade lay wound- no less; to him their deeds of valor ed in a cavern. Dawes and Riggs, were offset by the deeds of his father; an the Himalayas, crept down the there was nothing left over for a bal wall of a precipice, with five thou- ance on that score. He was politely sand feet between them and the considerate; he was even kindly dis bottom of the gorge, to drag him from posed toward their vagaries

a narrow ledge upon which he lay un- | whims; he endured them because conscious after a misstep in the night. | there was nothing else left for him to More than once—aye, more than a do. But, for all that, he despired doren times-one or the other of these them-justifiably so, no doubt, if one loyal friends stood between him and bears in mind the fact that they signideath, and times without numbers he, fied more to James Brood than did

The cold reserve that extended to John Desmond, gay, handsome and the young man did not carry beyond still young as men of his kind go, met him in relation to any other member the fate that brooks no intervention of the household so far as James He was the first to drop out of the Brood was concerned. The unhappy boy, early in their acquaintance, came riod of inactivity some ten months to realize that there was little in common between him and the man he met the woman who conquered his ven- called father. After a while the eager turesome spirit-a slim, calm, pretty light died out of his own eyes and he English governess in the employ of a no longer strove to encourage the in-British admiral's family. They were timate relations be had counted upon married inside of six months. He took as a part of the recompense for so her home to the little Maryland town many years of separation and lonellness. It required but little effort on his part to meet his father's indiffer-Brood put his foot on the soil of his ence with a coldness quite as pronounced; he had never known the meaning of filial love; he had been taught by word of mouth to love the man he had never seen, and he had learned as one learns astronomy-by calculation. He hated the two old men because his father loved them.

The patient butler, Jones, had made no less than four visits to the library line between the rugged West and the since ten o'clock to awaken them and pack them off to bed. Each time he this part of the house, James Brood, had been ordered away, once with the joint admonition to "mind his own stays, spent many of his hours in sebusiness."

"But it is nearly midnight," protested Jones irritably, with a glance at the almost empty decanter.

"Jones," said Danbury Dawes, with great dignity and an eye that deceived him to such a degree that he could not for the life of him under- his rather extensive household. For stand why Jones was attending them in pairs, "Jones, you ought to be in--bed, d-n you-both of you. Wha' here thish time o' night dis-disturb-

"You infernal ingrate," broke in Mr. Riggs fiercely, "don't you dare to touch daughter of his one-time companion that bottle, sir. Let it alone?"

"It's time you were in bed," nounced Jones, taking Mr. Dawes by in his chair and grinned triumphantly. He was a short, very fat old man.

"Take him to bed, Jones," said Mr. Riggs firmly. "He's drunk and-and that Mrs. Desmond was installed as utterly useless at a time like this. housekeeper in the New York house Take him along." "Who the dev-ble-il are you, sir?"

demanded Mr. Dawes, regarding Mr. Riggs as if he had never seen him before.

"You are both drunk," said Jones, succinctly.

The heavy front door closed with a bang at that instant and the sound of Brood's adventures, by consent of the footsteps came from the hall-a quick, widow, and was to speak for Brood firm tread that had decision in it.

'He hates it so." fort to stand alone. They linked them in reality. arms and stood shoulder to shoulder, "Show him in," said Mr. Riggs, mag-

gram off briny deep," said Mr. Dawes, the house. There was a small sittingspraddling his legs a little farther room off the two bed chambers, given apart in order to declare a stanch over entirely to Mrs. Desmond and her

"It's worth waiting up for," said Mr.

"Abs'lutely," said his staunch friend. process of removal. stare of amazement. A crooked smile

"Somewhat later than usual, I see." bellion?

"No, sir. It's the wireless, sir." "Wireless?"

vaguely pointing.

a different tone on seeing that it was boyhood. addressed to him. "From father, I

pearing between his eyebrows. their blear eyes upon the missive.

charred, feathery thing. Without deigning to notice the two

to learn the contents of that wonderful thing from the sea, he whirled on his have noticed that his lips were drawn in a mirthless, sardonic smile, and

that his eyes were angry. "Oh, Lordy!" sighed Danbury Dawes, blinking, and was on the point of sitting down abruptly. The arm of Jones prevented.

"I never was so insuited in mybegan Joseph Riggs, feebly, "Steady, gentlemen," said Jones, Lean on me, please."

CHAPTER II.

Various Ways of Receiving a Blow James Brood's home was a remarkable one. That portion of the house which rightly may be described as 'public" in order to distinguish it from other parts where privacy was enforced, was not unlike any of the richly furnished, old fashloned places in the lower part of the city, where there are still traces left of the Knickerbockers and their times. This was not the home of men who had been merely rich; it was not wealth alone that stood behind these stately invest-

At the top of the house were the rooms which no one entered except by the gracious will of the master. Here James Brood had stored the quaint, priceless treasures of his own peculiar fancy-exquisite, curious things from the mystic East, things that are not to be bought and sold but come only to the hand of him who searches in lands where peril is the price. Worlds separated the upper and

lower regions of that fine old house; a single step took one from the sedate Occident into the very heart of the Orient: a narrow threshold was the soft, languorous, seductive East. In when at home for one of his brief clusion, shut off from the rest of the establishment as completely as if he were the inhabitant of another world. Attended by his Hindu servant, a silent man named Ramjab, and on occasions by his secretary, he saw but little of the remaining members of several years he had been engaged in the task of writing his memoirs-so called-in so far as they related to his experiences and researches of the past twenty years. His secretary and amanuensis was

Lydia Desmond, the nineteen-year-old and friend, the late John Desmond, whose death occurred when the girl was barely ten years of age,

Brood, on hearing of the man's death, immediately made inquiries concerning the condition in which he had left his wife and child, with the result and the daughter given every advantage in the way of education. Desmond had left nothing in the shape of riches except undiminished love for his wife and a diary kept during those perllous days before he met and married her. This diary was being incorporated in the history of James in words he could not with modesty Jones cast a furtive, nervous glance utter for himself. In these pages John Desmond was to tell his own story, it "I'm sorry to have Mr. Frederic see his own way, for Brood's love for his you like this," he said, biting his lip. friend was broad enough even to admit of that. He was to share his life The two old men made a commend- in retrospect with Desmond and the able effort to stand erect, but no ef- two old men as he had shared it with

Lydia's room, adjoining her mother's, was on the third floor at the foot of the small stairway leading up to "Now we'll find out wass in tele- the proscribed retreat at the top of daughter. In this little room, Frederic Brood spent many a quiet, happy hour. The Desmonds, mother and daughter, understood and pitied the lonely boy Frederic Brood appeared in the who came to the big house soon after door, stopping short just inside the they were themselves installed. His heavy curtains. There was a momen- heart, which had many sores, expandtary picture, such as a stage director ed and glowed in the warmth of their would have arranged. He was still kindness and affection; the plague of wearing his silk hat and top-coat, and unfriendliness that was his by absorpone glove had been halted in the tion gave way before this unexpected Young Brood kindness, not immediately, it is true,

By nature he was slow to respond to the advances of others; his life had been such that avarice accounted for he said, and the glove came off with a all that he received from others in the jerk. "What's the matter, Jones? Re- shape of respect and consideration. silly notion out of your mind. You-He was prone to discount a friendly his experience all friendships were "Briny deep," said Mr. Dawes, marred by the fact that their sincerity not to blame for ft either. What do rested entirely upon the generosity of "Oh," said young Brood, crossing the man who paid for them-his fa- guess what he has done to all of us?" slowly to the table. He picked up the ther. No one had loved him for himenvelope and looked at the inserip- self; no one had given him an unself- you just what he said in that wireless. "Oh," said he again, in quite ish thought in all the years of his it was from the Lusitania, twelve hun-

At first he held himself aloof from dare say," he went on, a fine line ap- the Desmonds; he was slow to surrender. He suspected them of the The old men leaned forward, fixing same motives that had been the basis cursed thing, although I merely "Le's hear the worst. Freddy," said last he realized that they were not Mrs. Brood and me at the Cunard pier like the others, his cup of joy, long The young man ran his finger under an empty vessel, was filled to the brim the house in order for its new misthe flap and deliberately drew out the and his happiness was without bounds. message. There ensued another pic- They were amazed by the transformature. As he read his eyes widened tion. The rather sullen, unapproachand then contracted; his firm young able lad became at once so friendly, jaw became set and rigid. Suddenly so dependent, that had they not been a short, bitter execration fell from acquainted with the causes behind the his lips and the paper crumpled in his old state of reticence, his very joy hand. Without another word, he might have made a nuisance of him. strode to the fireplace and tossed it He followed Mrs. Desmond about in upon the coals. It flared for a sec- very much the same spirit that inend and was wafted up the chimney, a spires a hungry dog; he watched her

Lydia, he adored her. His heart began for the first time to sing with heel and left the room. One might the joy of youth, and the sensation was a novel one. It had seemed to him that he could never be anything show girl. You know that. And you but an old man.

It was his custom, on coming hom for the night, no matter what the hour may have been, to pause before Lydta's door on the way to his own room at the other end of the long ball. Usually, however, he was at home long before her bedtime, and they spent the evenings together. That she was his father's secretary was of no moment. To him she was Lydia-his

For the past three months or more he had been privileged to hold her close in his arms and to kiss her goodnight at parting! They were lovers now. The slow fuse of passion had alive and shining with a radiance that enveloped both of them.

On this night, however, he passed her door without knocking. His dark, handsome face was flushed, and his his hand on the knob of his own door. he suddenly remembered that he had have to go as soon asfailed Lydia for the first time, and through him. For a moment he hesitated and then started guiltly toward Oh, Lord, what a fool a man can make the forgotten door. Even as he raised of himself!" his hand to sound the loving signal, the door was opened and Lydia, fully dressed, confronted him. For a moment they regarded each other in silence, she intently, he with astonishment not quite free from confusion.

"I'm-I'm sorry, dearest-" he began, his first desire being to account for his oversight.

"Tell me what has happened? It can't be that your father is ill-or in danger. You are angry, Frederic; so it can't be that. What is it?" He looked away sullenly. "Oh, it's

really nothing, I suppose. Just an unexpected jolt, that's all. I was angry for a moment-'

"You are still angry," she said, laying her hand on his arm. She was



tall, slender girl. Her eyes were queer little smile on her lips. She almost on a level with his own. "Don't you want to tell me, dear?" "He never gives me a thought," he

of no one but himself. God, what a "Freddy, dear! You must not

speak-"

"Haven't I some claim to his consideration? Is it fair that I should be ignored in everything, in every way? I won't put up with it, Lydia! I'm not a child. I'm a man and I am his son. Gad, I might as well be a dog in the street for all the thought he gives to

She put her finger to her lips, a scared look stealing into her dark eyes. Jones was conducting the two old men to their room on the floor below. A door closed softly. The boy. Don't try to explain. I know." voices died away. "He is a strange man," she said.

"He is a good man, Frederic." "To everyone else, yes. But to me? Why, Lydia, I-I believe he hates me.

You know what-" "Hush! A man does not hate his son. I've tried for years to drive that

"Oh, I know I'm a fool to speak of attitude for the simple reason that in it, but I-I can't help feeling as I do. You've seen enough to know that I'm you think he has done? Can you She did not answer. "Well, I'll tell dred miles off Sandy Hook-relayed, I suppose, so that the whole world might know-sent at four this afternoon. I remember every word of the of all previous attachments. When at glanced at it. 'Send the car to meet Thursday. Have Mrs. Desmond put tress. By the way, you might inform her that I was married last Wednes- derful?" day in Paris.' It was signed 'James Brood, not even 'father,' What do you think of that for a thunderbolt?" "Married?" she gasped. "Your fa- an honest admiration. ther married?"

'Put the house in order for its new mistress," he almost snarled. "That message was a deliberate insult to me, still ready to face anything for a com-Lydia-a nasty, rotten slap in the face. with eager, half-famished eyes; he I mean the way it was worded. Just was on her heels four-fifths of the as if it wasn't enough that he has

old men who had sat up half the night time. As for Lydia, pretty little gone and married some cheap show girl or a miserable foreigner or heaven

> "Freddy! You are beside yourself Your father would not marry a cheap must not forget that your mother was a foreigner.

His eyes fell. "I'm sorry I said that," he exclaimed, hoarsely. Lydia, leaning rather heavily

against the door, spoke to him in low, cautious voice.

"Did you tell Mr. Dawes and Mr. Riggs?"

He stopped short, "No! And they waited up to see if they could be of any assistance to him in an hour of peril! What a joke! Poor old beggars! I've never felt sorry for them before, but, on my soul, I do now, What will she do to the poor old chaps? I shudder to think of it. And reached its end and the flame was she'll make short work of everything else she doesn't like around here, too. Your mether, Lydia-why, God help us, you know what will just have to happen in her case. It's-

"Don't speak so loudly, dear-please teeth were set in sullen anger With please! She is asleep. Of course, we-we shan't stay on, Freddy. We'll

His eyes filled with tears. He seized

stopped. A pang of shame shot her in his arms and held her close. "It's a beastly, beastly shame, darling, "You must not say such things," she

murmured, stroking his cheek with cold, trembling fincers. "But why couldn't he have done the

fine, sensible thing Lydia? Why couldn't he have-have fallen in love with-with your mother? Why not have married her if he had to marry someone in-

"Freddy!" she cried, putting her hand over his mouth.

She kissed him swiftly. Her cheek lay for a second against his own and then, with a stifled good-night, she broke away from him. An instant later she was gone; her door was closed.

The next morning he came down earlier than was his custom. His night had been a troubled one. getting his own woes-or belittling them-he had thought only of what this news from the sea would mean to the cear woman he loved so well. No one was in the library, but a huge fire was blazing. A blizzard was raging out-of doors. Once upon a time, when he drst came to the house, a plane had stood in the drawing-room. His joy at that time knew no bounds; he loved music. For his years he was no mean musician. But one evening his father, coming in unexpectedly, heard the player at the instrument. For a moment he stood transfixed in the doorway watching the eager, almost inspired face of the lad, and then, pale as a ghost, stole away without disturbing him. Strange to say Prederic was playing a dreamy waltz of Ziehrer's, a waltz that his mother had played when the honeymoon was in the full. The following day the plano was taken away by a storage company. The boy never knew why it was removed.

He picked up the morning paper. His eyes traversed the front page rapidiy. There were reports of fearful weather at sea. The Lusitania was reported seven hundred miles out and in the heart of the hurricane. She would be a day late.

He looked up from the paper. Mrs. Desmond was coming toward him, a was a tall, fair woman, an English type, and still extremely handsome. Hers was an honest beauty that had said, compressing his lips. "He thinks no fear of age.

"She is a stanch ship, Frederic," she sald, without any other form of greeting. "She will be late but-there's really nothing to worry about."

"I'm not worrying," he said con fusedly. "Lydia has told you thethe news?" "Yes."

"Rather staggering, isn't it?" he said with a wry smile. In spite of himself he watched her face with curious intentness:

"Rather," she said briefly "I suppose you don't approve of the

way I-" "I know just how you feel, poor

"You always understand," he said, lowering his eyes. "Not always," she said quietly

"Well, it's going to play hob with everything." he said, jamming his hands deep into his pockets. His shoulders seemed to hunch forward and to contract.

"I am especially sorry for Mr. Dawes and Mr. Riggs," she said. Her voice was steady and full of earnestness. "Do they know?"

"They were up and about at daybreak, poor souls. Do you know, Freddy, they were starting off in this blizzard when I met them in the hall!" "The deuce! I-I hope it-wasn't on

account of anything I may have said to them last night," he cried, in genuine contrition. She smiled, "No. They had their

own theory about the message. The storm strengthened it. They were positive that your father was in great peril. They were determined to charter a vessel of some sort and start off in all this blizzard to search the sea for Mr. Brood. Oh, aren't they won-He had no feeling of resentment

toward the old men for their opinion of him. Instead, his eyes glowed with "By George, Mrs. Desmond, they are

great! They are men, bless their hearts. Seventy-five years old and radet It does prove something. doesn't it?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

impersonal "muckrake" to assail the

each one of us were careful to avoid offense in matters of the same kind-

An ideal husband is one who re-

Feel All Used Up?

Does your back ache constantly? Do you have sharp twinges when stooping or lifting? Do you feel all used up—as if you could just go no further?

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PLAYFUL DOG CHOKES BOY

Tragic End for New York Youngster That Came With Tug-of-War Game With Puppy.

Thomas Santerano, five years of age, and his cousin, Angelina, aged seven, were playing in the yard of their home with a cloth dog, sliding him down a cellar door and now and then tying him to clotheslines that

dangled from a fire escape. A real dog, unkempt, lean, and a lineage whatever, entered the yard and the children forgot the cloth dog

to play with the stranger, Thomas, standing on the cellar door, flipped the clothesline, and the dor seized it. He tugged one way and Thomas the other the boy slipping around on the cellar door and laugh ing. In some way the rope got about his neck. He tugged to free himself and the dog resisted.

The little girl didn't understand why her cousin didn't shout and laugh any more. She ran screaming late the tengment. When the neighbors came they found the boy dead. They drove the dog away and carried the boy to his mother.-New York Sun.

The Extreme. "This fee business is a nuisance

You have to give one everywhere to get the least service." "I know it. Even if you want to speak politely to a lady, you have

to tip your hat."

Some men remain bachelors be cause they are unable to choose be tween beauty and intellect.

SOME HARD KNOCKS Woman Gets Rid of "Coffee Habit"

The injurious action of coffee on the hearts of many persons is well known by physicians to be caused by caffeine This is the drug found by chemists is coffee and tea.

A woman suffered a long time with

severe heart trouble and finally he

doctor told her she must give up coffee, as that was the principal cause of the trouble. She writes: "My heart was so weak it could not do its work properly. My husband would sometimes have to carry me from the table, and it would seem that

I would never breathe again. "The doctor told me that coffee was causing the weakness of my heart. He sald I must stop it, but it seemed ! could not give it up until I was down in bed with nervous prostration.

"For eleven weeks I lay there and suffered. Finally husband brought home some Postum and I quit coffe and started new and right. Slowly got well. Now I do not have any hear aches, nor those spells with weatheart. We know it is Postum that helped me. The Dr. said the other day: I never thought you would be what you are.' I used to weigh #1 pounds and now I weigh 158.

Postum has done much for me and I would not go back to coffee again for I believe it would kill me if I kep at it. Postum must be prepared so cording to directions on pkg., then it has a rich flavor and with cream

Name given by Postum Co., Ratile Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. Postum comes in two forms:

Regular Postum - must be w bolled. 15c and 25c packages. Instant Postum—is a soluble pos der. A teaspoonful dissolves qu

in a cup of hot water and, with creat and sugar, makes a delicious bevers Instantly. 30c and 50c tins. Both kinds are equally delicious and

cost per cup about the same. "There's a Reason" for Postum. -eold 1- Grood

is now submitted to us with answer attached so that we needn't worry our-

forms Action for Conversa-

tional Purposes.

stalian Scientist Declares Animal Pe-Why does a dog wag its tail? No. tells us that the dog wags its tail for of animal life the tail was perform this isn't Foolish Question 41144. Far conversational purposes and if this ing various important functions and from it. It is a sober, solemn prob- is true, we all know dogs that are lem which has been given long, care- great conversationalists, don't we? turies before the animal ever began ful, scientific investigation, and which Professor Renato says great injustice to dream that it might also be nice to

WHY A DOG WAGS ITS TAIL | thoughtfulness over it. Prof. Glus | emnly pointed out, from the stand | square matters with the animals, or | body at home to object, persistently | clife and tangible details if we would voted a lot of attention to this ques- other organs of the various animals. tion. So you see there must be some and therefore entitled to be investiweight somewhere about it. Profes gated first. Biology demonstrates, he sor Renato very kindly and solemnly says, that in the gradual development working like a Trojan possibly cenhas been done in the past by scien- have paws, or jaws or legs. He hopes tists in not giving animals' talls a pro- his present exhaustive and profound

eppe Renato of Rome, Italy, has de- point of antiquity, is much older than rather with their tails, on behalf of and effectively, to the specific over- forego the emotional pleasure of the past neglectful scientists generally, crowded street car, the badly paved And yet, in spite of the arguments of Professor Renato, some of us will continue to exhibit far more interest in clency of the dog than in the conversational ability shown in tail-wagging. tenance of similar abuses. If the ten won't ve?-Detroit Free Press.

The Practice of Kicking.

road, the encroaching doorstep, the evil at our very feet-especially if neglected yard, the malodorous cesspool, the irresponsible motor car and the reckless railroad-especially if he have any personal part in the maindency of these evils were rightly apprehended. If a part only of the effort that is expended, presumably, in selves into the slightest degree of found study sooner. The tall, he sol-, treatment of the subject will sort of home. It ought to be the duty of every- futile subjects were bestowed on spe-

our country would surely be a much fairer one.-Unpopular Review.

mains unconscious of the fact that Kicking, like charity, should begin at objecting to generalized, foreign and his wife is growing stout.-Topeka