Velvetrib Oneita Knit UNDERWEAR

Pleasantest to wear— Best IN wear

ITS velvety softness is a gentle caress to the skin—its warmth a grateful luxury to the body—its springy elasticity a comfort to activity.

Velvetrib is the **improved** idea in Winter Underwear. It is knit of two closely interwoven layers and is alike on both sides. Without coarseness of yarn or bulkiness of fabric, strength, warmth and velvety softness are obtained. It is as soft as fleece-lined underwear, but is without its fuzziness and rigidity. By actual test it possesses 80 to 100% more strength than any other underwear of equal weight.

Velvetrib IS GUARANTEED!

against irritation of the skin, shrinking, ripping, tearing, bagging—or money back. *Velvetrib* is made of especially prepared Egyptian yarn. In medium and heavy weights for men and boys.

MEN'S Separate Garments $1 Union Suits $2
BOYS' Separate Garments 50c Union Suits $1

VELVETRIB Union Suits are Perfection in Fit and Comfort

If your dealer doesn't sell *Velvetrib* send us his name. We'll mail you booklet and sample of fabric and see that you are supplied.

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want to see. At night, when I can't sleep, that's what I do—just think of the places I want to see most. Ever read any about India?"

"Not much," says I.

"Well, I have," says he, "heaps! There's a second hand book store down the avenue where I get old guidebooks for a nickel apiece. I've got more'n a dozen of 'em, about India and Japan and Egypt and so on. There's deserted cities in the middle of India; palaces and temples and houses, all built out of carved stone, and not a soul livin' in 'em. I'd like to go there. I don't know how I'd do it; but I'd get there some way if I had a chance. There's the burnin' ghats on the Ganges, too. We got them on one of our rolls, and just to see them pictures thrown on the screen almost makes your flesh creep. I want to go all over Japan. There's the sacred mountain you see on the fans, and the cherry groves, and the rice fields—oh, and a whole lot more. You don't know how bad I want to see those places."

Say, he was posted too. What he hadn't seen in the movin' pictures, he'd read about. He knew the names of all kinds of foreign places, and all about 'em, and how you got there. Honest, I never saw anyone that could rattle off more geography in the same time.

And him born on Eighth-ave. and never havin' been farther west than Hoboken in his life! Travel was his bug, though, and once he got started on that subject he couldn't talk nor think of anything else. Say, he most got me excited myself, just listenin' to him.

WELL, as I say, we used to get together almost every lunch hour, until one day he don't turn up. He was missin' the next day and the next. They didn't know anything about him at the picture arcade, except that he hadn't come around and they'd had to fill his place. If it hadn't been for seein' Uncle Bill again, I might have gone and hunted him up, just to see what was wrong. And then one Saturday afternoon, as I comes swingin' out of the main entrance of our buildin', I spots Happy waitin' for me.

"Didn't know but you'd struck out for India," says I.

"No," says he; "but I expect to start early next week."

"What's that?" says I. "How about Uncle Bill?"

"Gone!" says he. "Last Tuesday night. It got to his heart, like they said it would."

"Maybe he's better off," says I.

"Bound to be," says Happy. "I guess I am too."

And what do you think? Some order that Uncle Bill belonged to not only took charge of plantin' him proper, but paid over more'n a hundred dollars to Happy besides.

"Whe-e-ew!" says I. "That'll start you on your way, eh? Where do you strike for first?"

"Through the Suez to Aden, I guess," says he. "I'm looking up steerage rates now. Or maybe I can go as deck steward on a Mediterranean liner."

"Gee!" says I. "But that sounds like travelin' some!"

"You better come along too, Torchy," says he.

"Me?" says I.

"Why not?" says he. "What's keeping you from it? We could stop off in Egypt, and see the Pyramids, and perhaps get a job on one of the Nile boats, and—"

"Say, quit it!" says I. "You make me lose my breath."

And for a few minutes there he sure had me goin'. Course, there wa'n't any reason why I couldn't pull out as easy as him, and with what I had soaked away in the savin's bank I could get farther.

"Why stick around here when you can see the world as well as not?" he goes on. "You want to, don't you?"

"Do I?" says I. "Blamed if I know! Guess I'd never thought much about it, Happy. It's a new proposition."

"Well, chew it overnight," says he. "I'll be around Monday noon to see if you're ready. I'll know by then just how we can start."

AND, honest, it wa'n't until I'd had an hour or two to cool down in, that I really knew how good little old New York could look to me. Say, I can get all the foreign travel I want right down on Mott and Mulberry and Grand Streets.

So I didn't throw my job in Pickle's face Monday mornin', and when Happy shows up at lunchtime I'm ready to shake him and tell him he can go it alone. But somehow, when he does come, he ain't as chipper and excited as he was.

"Well, got your ticket for foreign parts all bought?" says I.

"Not yet," says he. "I found out a lot about it, though. There's an Italian steamer sails Wednesday that would take us a trip very cheap; but somehow I don't feel so right about going."

"Gettin' cold feet, eh?" says I.

"No, it ain't that," says he. "I don't know what it is. I want to go just as bad as ever; but I can't seem to make up my mind to do anything. Perhaps it's not being at work. I've got to get used to that, I expect. But I just wander around, and be sort of restless and lost. Let's walk. I want to talk things over."

Well, I couldn't make out what was ailin' Happy, any more'n he could, and he couldn't explain it any better. He wasn't sick, he said; only he couldn't seem to put his mind on anything, and all the while he felt as if there was something he ought to be doing.

"You're nervous," says I. "I'd be that way if I was startin' off like you are."

Anyway, we strolled across the park and up Madison-ave. a ways, with Happy kind of glum and fidgety. Then the next thing I know he's stopped alongside a wheel chair that's standin' in front of a house and has begun to tuck in the steamer rug around the twisted legs of the crippled gent that's sittin' there. He does it quick and gentle, without sayin' a word, and was startin' off when the gent hails him.

"Thank you very much," says he. "Now would you mind ringing that doorbell and asking the maid to send Jenkins out right away? Tell her I've been waiting here for nearly an hour."

"Why, sure," says Happy, and runs up the steps. It's a couple of minutes before he comes back, and then he don't bring cheerin' report to the man in the chair.

"I take it your man's sick, or tired, or something," says he. "The maid says he's down stairs and she can't rouse him out."

"Bother!" says the cripple. "He's drunk, that's what's the matter with him. And this time he goes for good; which means, I suppose, that I must go back into the house."

Tucks the Rug Around the Crippled Gent

"Excuse me," says Happy, "but if it was being taken out for an airing you wanted, maybe you'd let me do it this once?"

"Good!" says the gent in the chair. "Are you looking for that sort of work?"

"Why, no," says Happy. "I—er—that is—"

"You'd better think about it, then," says he. "I rather like your looks and the way you do things. If you suited me, I'd make it well worth your while. Come, shall I give you a trial now?"

Happy, he stares kind of dazed and puzzled, first at the crippled gent, and then at me, and by the look in them faded blue eyes of his I knew he was havin' his own little private struggle. It don't last long. Another minute and his fingers has closed firm around the chair handle.

"Which way, sir?" says he, and hangs on he wa'n't smilin' again as he starts off.

"There," says I to myself, "goes Egypt and India and all the rest! He's found what was lackin', right on Madison-ave." And before the week is out he sends me word that he's been taken on reg'lar, and that him and Mr. Patten is gettin' along fine.

THAT'S why I'm so much tarred when I runs across him only yesterday, comin' out of one of them Broadway tourist agencies