



# The Third Degree

A NARRATIVE OF METROPOLITAN LIFE

By CHARLES KLEIN  
AND  
ARTHUR HORNBLow  
ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

mit to himself that she had almost guessed right. Now he came to think of it, he had taken this stand in the matter because he knew that any other course would displease his wealthy client. After all, was he doing right? Was he acting in conformity with his professional oath? Was he not letting his material interests interfere with his duty? He was silent for several minutes, and then, in an absent-minded kind of way, he turned to his visitor.

"You think I'm afraid of him, do you?"

"I'm sure of it," she said, quickly. "You liked my husband, and you'd just love to rush in and fight for him. His father thinks he is guilty and, well—you don't like to disobey him. It's very natural. He's an influential man, a personal friend of the president, and all that. You know on which side your bread is buttered, and—oh, it's very natural—you're looking out for your own interests—"

"Judge Brewster interrupted her impatiently.

"Circumstances are against Howard. His father judges him guilty from his own confession. It's the conclusion I'm compelled to come to myself. Now, how do you propose to change that conclusion?"

"I don't have to change it," she said, quietly. "You don't believe Howard guilty."

"I don't," exclaimed the lawyer. "No, at the bottom of your heart, you know Howard when he was a boy."

CHAPTER XV.—Continued.

"You're going on the stage?"

"I've had a very big offer."

The judge leaned forward, and in a low voice, so that no one in the outer office might hear, he said:

"Well, I'll give you twice as much if you refuse the engagement."

"You mean that my father-in-law will give it," she said, lightly. Then she went on:

"You know it's no use your asking me to concede anything unless you agree to defend Howard."

The lawyer shook his head.

"I can't—it's impossible."

"Then neither can I," she exclaimed, defiantly.

Judge Brewster could not refrain from smiling. "This young woman had actually enveloped me into an argument. Almost mockingly, he said: "So you're determined to have me."

"Yes," she said, simply.

"But I don't argue criminal cases."

"That's just it," she exclaimed, eagerly: "my husband isn't a criminal. He is innocent. I don't want a lawyer who is always defending criminals. I want one who defends a man because he isn't a criminal."

Judge Brewster waved his hand contemptuously.

"Go and see some other lawyer—there are plenty of 'em."

She leaned eagerly forward. Her face was flushed from excitement, her eyes flashed.

"There's only one Judge Brewster," she exclaimed. "He's the greatest lawyer in the world, and he's going to help us. He is going to save Howard's life."

The judge shifted uneasily on his chair. He didn't like the forward, persistent young woman. Almost fretfully, he said:

"You always say that. Upon my word, I shall begin to believe it sooner."

"I shall say it again," she exclaimed, "and again every time I see you."

The lawyer turned round. There was a comic look of despair in his face which would have amused his visitor had he errand not been so serious.

"How often do you intend that shall be?"

"Every day," she replied, calmly. "I shall say it and think it until—until it comes true."

Judge Brewster tried to feel angry, although inwardly he had hard work to keep from smiling. With pretended indignation, he said:

"You mean that you intend to keep at me until I give way—through sheer exhaustion?"

She nodded.

"That's exactly," she said.

The lawyer gasped.

"Well, I must say you—you're very brave."

Annie shook her head.

"No, I'm not," she said, earnestly. "I'm an awful coward, but I'm fighting for him. Howard Jeffrey's lifted me up when I was way down in the world. He gave me his name. He gave me all he had, to make me a better woman, and I'm grateful. Why, even a dog has gratitude, even a dog will lick the hand that feeds him. Why should I hesitate to express my gratitude? That's all I'm doing—just paying him back a bit of the debt I owe him, and I'm going to move Howard and care to bring his father around to my way of thinking. I've got you already—"

The judge bounded to his feet. Could his ears have heard aright?

"Got me already?" he exclaimed.

"What do you mean by that?"

Annie returned his angry look with the utmost calm. She was playing her cards well, and she knew it. She had hit the old man in a sensitive place. Quietly, she went on:

"You say 'yes' in a minute if it wasn't for Mr. Jeffrey."

"Oh, you think so, do you?" he gasped.

"I'm sure of it," she replied, confidently. Boldly she went on: "You're afraid of him."

Jeffrey Brewster frowned. He did not like the insinuation that he was afraid to do the right thing because it might interfere with his emoluments. Yet, secretly, he had to ad-

stared at her in a strange, absent-minded kind of way, until finally she looked at him. Boldly she said: "Well, you sent for me. What do you want to see me about, Judge?"

"I want to tell you that you mustn't come here again," he answered.

"Anything else?" she exclaimed.

The judge began to fuss with the papers on his desk, as he usually did when embarrassed for words.

"Of course," he stammered, "you will be amply compensated."

"Of course," she cried. Rising from her chair, she shrugged her shoulders, and said:

"Oh, well, this is not my lucky day. They wouldn't let me into the prison to see Howard-to-day. Capt. Clinton doesn't like me. He has always tried to prevent my seeing Howard, but I'll see him to-morrow, captain or no captain. He can make up his mind to that."

The lawyer looked up at her.

"Poor girl—you are having a hard time, aren't you?"

"Things have been better," she replied, with a tremor in her voice. "Howard and I were very happy when we first—"

A sob choked her utterance, and she forced a laugh, saying: "Here, I must keep off that subject—"

"Why do you laugh?" demanded the lawyer.

"Already hysterical, Annie had great difficulty in keeping back her tears.

"Well, if I don't laugh," she sobbed, "I'll cry; and as I don't want to cry—why—I just laugh. It's got to be one or the other—"

"Dr. Bernstein. Besides, Howard told me so himself. A friend of his at college said to make him cut all sorts of capers."

"A friend at college, eh? Do you remember his name?"

"Um!" ejaculated the lawyer. He took up a pen and wrote a memorandum on it. Then he said: "I'd like to have a little talk with Dr. Bernstein. I think I'll ask him to come and see me. Let me see. His address is—"

"42 Madison avenue," she exclaimed, eagerly.

The lawyer looked at the address down, and then he looked up.

"So you think I'm afraid of Mr. Jeffrey, do you?"

She smiled.

"Oh, no, not really afraid," she answered, "but just—scared. I didn't mean—"

Judge Brewster was enjoying the situation hugely. He had quite made up his mind to do, but he liked to quite the bold young woman who had not been afraid to show him where his duty lay. Striving to keep a serious face, he said:

"Oh, yes, you did, and I want you to understand I'm not afraid of any man. As for allowing my personal interests to interfere with my duty—"

Annie took alarm. She was really afraid she had offended him.

"Oh, I didn't say that, did I?" she exclaimed timidly.

Judge Brewster forced his face into a frown.

"You said I knew on which side your bread was buttered!"

"Did I?" she exclaimed in consternation.

"You say a great many things, Mrs. Jeffrey," said the lawyer solemnly. "Of course, I realize how deeply you feel, and I make excuses for you. But I'm not afraid. Please understand that—"

He repeated the table with his eyes, as if he were very much of fended indeed.

"Of course not," she said apologetically. "If you were you wouldn't even see me—let alone talk to me—and—"

Pointing to the piece of paper he held in his hand, she added: "And—"

"And what?" demanded the judge, amused.

Half hysterical, now laughing, now crying, she went on:

"And—and take the names and addresses of witnesses for the defense—and—think out how you're going to defend Howard—and—and all that—"

The lawyer looked at her and laughed.

"So you think I'm going to help Howard?" he asked. "You take too much for granted."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



"You Take Too Much for Granted."

and you know he is as incapable of that crime as you are."

"Mr. Jeffrey, how do you know that your husband did not kill Robert Underwood?"

"I know it," she said, confidently.

"Yes," persisted the judge, "but how do you know it?"

Annie looked steadily at him, and then she said solemnly:

"I know there's a God, but I can't tell you how I know it, that's all. Howard didn't do it. I know he didn't."

The lawyer smiled.

"That's a very fair sample of feminine logic."

"Well, it's all I have," she retorted, with a toss of her head. "And it's a mighty comfort, too, because when you know a thing you know it and it makes you happy."

"Feminine deduction!" he cried. "Think a thing, believe it, and then you know it!" Looking up at her, he asked:

"Haven't you any relatives to whom you can go?"

She shook her head.

"No," she said, sadly. "My father died in—Sing Sing—and the rest are not worth—"

"Yes, yes, I know," replied the judge, hastily. "I got your family history from Mr. Jeffrey after your marriage. It is filed away among the family archives."

She smiled sadly.

"It's a wonder you don't burn 'em up," my folks were not a very brilliant family. Earnestly she went on: "But my father was all right, Judge. Blood was thicker than water with him. He'd never have gone back on me in the way Howard's father has on him."

The lawyer looked at her fixedly without speaking. Their eyes met, and the silence continued until it became embarrassing. Judge Brewster shook his head.

"It's too bad. I'm sorry for you, really."

Annie laughed, and he asked:

"What's the use of crying?"

"What's the use of crying?" she said. "Ha! Ha! It's almost a joke. You're sorry, my father-in-law is sorry, and I suppose my mother-in-law is shedding tears for me, too. You're all sorry and you're all wearing crapes for us, but why can't some of you do something?"

The lawyer said nothing. He still

ragous the way food products stay up."

And an instant later the sealink and the bearskin, and the olive-colored car had bounced around the corner in a vanishing cloud of gasoline vapor, and another food boycott was on—Pittsburg Times-Gazette.

"How much are strawberries?" she inquired.

"Seventy-five a basket," replied the market man.

"Seventy-five? That's a c-e-n-t-a-l!" gasped the woman. "Well, it's simply out-



question. How do you account for Howard's confessing to the shooting?"

"I don't account for it," she replied, as she resumed her seat. "He says he didn't confess. I don't believe he did."

"But three witnesses—"

"Who are the witnesses?" she interrupted, contemptuously. "Police!"

"That makes no difference," he said. "He made a confession and signed—"

Annie leaned forward. What did the question mean? Was the judge becoming interested after all? Her heart gave a leap as she answered eagerly:

"He confessed against his will. I mean—he didn't know what he was doing at the time. I've had a talk with the physician who was called in—Dr. Bernstein. He says that Capt. Clinton is a hypnotist, that he can compel people to say what he wants them to say. Well, Howard is what they call a subject—they told him he did it till he believed it did."

"Oh, well, what's the use—"

The judge quickly put out his hand and partly pushed her back in the chair.

"Don't go," he said. Then he added:

"Who told you he was a hypnotist subject?"

Her hopes revived once more. Quickly she said:

"Dr. Bernstein. Besides, Howard told me so himself. A friend of his at college said to make him cut all sorts of capers."

"A friend at college, eh? Do you remember his name?"

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(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Forgot His Own Dinner Party.

There was a surprise for a couple of men in the Hotel Knickerbocker at New York recently when one found the other eating a five-course dinner alone in the cafe. The latter man had asked 30 friends to join him at an elaborate dinner in a private dining room there and in an absent-minded moment had walked into the cafe as usual. He was half way through his repeat when he was seen by one of his guests.

"What are you doing here?" asked the guest.

"Why shouldn't I be here?" asked the host.

"But what about us?"

"Then the fact that his own dinner party was to take place in half an hour came to the host.

Photography by Phosphorescence.

There is sometimes employed abroad an ingenious method of making photographic copies of plates and engravings in books which cannot be removed from their frames, and where the use of the camera is prohibited. The cardboard is coated with a phosphorescent substance, exposed to sunlight or electric light, and then placed at the back of the engraving, while a dry photographic plate is placed on the face of the engraving. The book is closed, and after a period varying from 18 to 60 minutes, depending largely on the thickness of the paper, a satisfactory negative is produced. The book is enclosed in a black cloth during the manipulation.

Bee Culture in Switzerland.

The flora of Switzerland possesses qualities that produce delicious honey, and thousands of colonies of bees may be seen in the country, being utilized by the people to increase the food supply and commercial products; in fact, the production of honey and wax is considered an industry of considerable importance to the confederation, as is shown by statistics furnished by the Swiss Society of Apiculturists.

Look Upward.

Morbid fancies, diseased imaginations and distorted perspectives are the results of looking into the pit of shame and folly. Impelling impulse, compelling purpose toward the true, the beautiful and the good, slow from pure feeling, high thinking and slow living. That man sees life truly who gains what is best and most uplifting from his living, he who has strengthened his soul by contemplation of the great and good things which bless our humanity.

## WIDE TIRES A HELP

IMMENSE BENEFIT IN KEEPING HIGHWAYS IN GOOD CONDITION.

CONCERTED ACTION NEEDED

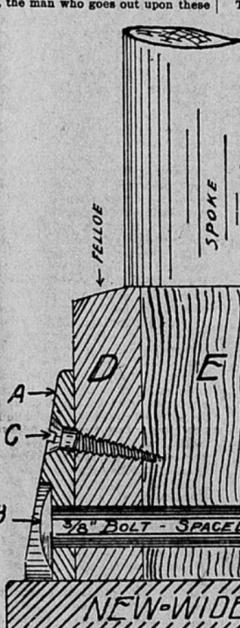
Two-Ton Load on Wagon With 1 1/2 Inch Tires Will Do More Damage in Cutting Up Road Than Twice the Load on Three Inch Tires.

By HOWARD H. GROSS.

The question of good roads throughout the country is of tremendous importance, and the people are everywhere clamoring for them. The great majority seem to be wandering around in a maze of uncertainty as to what to do.

The solution involves many factors. Local conditions are subject to a wide variation both as to soil, road material, amount of traffic, etc., hence no rule can be laid down that will apply in all cases. The subject must be given intelligent treatment by a capable engineer, familiar with the surroundings.

There is however one thing that can be done that will be of immense benefit to the roads of all times, whether earth, stone or gravel, and that is wider tires upon the wagons. Untold millions of dollars of damage to highways is done every year by heavy loads upon narrow tire farm wagons. These are often from one and a half inches to one and three-quarters wide, seldom more than two and a quarter. A two-ton load on a wagon with one and three-quarters inch tires will do more damage in cutting up a road than twice the load upon a three inch tire. If we could have uniform, concerted action in any community, whereby three to three and a half inch tires would be put upon every narrow wagon, it would mean much better highways than we now have. The narrow tires make deep ruts, and if the rule is a narrow tire upon wagons, the man who goes out upon these



highways with a wide tire is badly handicapped. Hence, if a good rule to come from the wide tire movement, it should be generally adhered to. It is a truthful statement that wide tires make roads and narrow tires destroy them.

An equitable basis would be to license all vehicles doing business up on the public highways, grading the license fee according to the width of the tire, and letting the amount of money paid in be used to maintain the roads. This is just and no one, who is willing to tote fair an object to it. In grading the license fee it should be in such a manner that it will be to the interest of the owner to substitute a wide tire for his narrow one.

When this is suggested, it will be at once said that it is impractical, that it cannot be done. It is impractical how many objections can be found against the doing of anything that a person does not want to do. The writer has witnessed two campaigns where the question of narrow and wide tires has been thrashed out and every objection made and answered.

The first was during the World's Fair in Chicago. In the grounds were temporary roadways, designed to last only during the fair season. These were made of gravel or crushed stone and every objection made and answered.

The second was during the World's Fair in Chicago. In the grounds were temporary roadways, designed to last only during the fair season. These were made of gravel or crushed stone and every objection made and answered.

There is another advantage to be gained by this method over and above the preservation of the highways; that is, the same wagon is more useful on the farm or on the fields for doing ordinary farm work. The hauling over the fields and grain fields with narrow tire wagons does considerable damage. Hauling out manure, and in a variety of farm work wide tire wagons are advisable. Many farmers keep wagons with wide tires for this specific purpose. Why not have all vehicles carry a wide, sensible tire that will improve conditions rather than make them worse?

Dynamometer tests have been made showing the amount of power required to move a given load, over various surfaces with tires of different widths. Men persons will be surprised to know in the large majority of cases a load can be moved with less power with vehicles having wide tires, rather than narrow ones.

There may be another and easier way to accomplish the end desired than this specific purpose. Why not credit the owner a certain amount each year on his annual road tax bill, upon furnishing proof that all his vehicles used upon the highways conformed to the wide tire requirements.

Suppose the owner has a road tax of, say \$12.00, and he has two wagons used upon the highways. Credit him \$4.00 per year upon each wagon for four years. In this way the tax abated movement, and in a year or two a wagon would be replaced by a wide tire wagon. Thus, his interest would be sufficient to induce the owner to make the change.

Public sentiment would also change rapidly in support of the wide tire movement, and in a year or two a wagon would be replaced by a wide tire wagon. Thus, his interest would be sufficient to induce the owner to make the change.

British Justice "Makes Good."

London for the last several months has been suffering with an epidemic of rats and spots and crooked bakers just as we have here. But the British magistrates have fairly burnt up rotten egg offenders with severe fines and imprisonments.—New York Press.

is no reason why action should not be taken along the lines indicated.

Referring to the illustration above, a wide tire can be placed upon an old wheel without any filling piece as shown in the illustration. Just let the tire project a half inch on each side of the felloe. This will greatly simplify the changing from the narrow to the wide tire, and for many localities will serve the purpose just as well as the new tire.

Wide tires make roads, narrow tires destroy them. There should be a thorough co-operation between all of the residents of the several townships for better roads. Nothing can be done so quickly and so cheaply that will be productive of such good results as to discard narrow tires and substitute wide ones in their place.

250,000 PUDDINGS FURNISHED

London Manufacturer Made That Many to Meet the Demands of the Christmas Spirit.

The manufacture of plum pudding in England is mainly confined to London and is carried on by all the principal bakeries, delicatessen and other establishments. The industry was greatly boomed by the Boer war. In the opening days of that struggle the Yuletide season increased the natural solicitude for the fathers and sons and husbands in far away Africa, and the plum pudding was requisitioned in large quantities to express the feeling at home and carry at least a spark of Christmas cheer to enlighten the soldiers' camp.

Thousands of pounds of plum pudding were sent out, but the demand was far in excess of the supply, a fact which gave great urgency to the demand and by concentrating general interest in the pudding added immensely to its popularity, and especially as the soldier called loudly for more. The result is that today the bulk of plum pudding consumed in the United Kingdom is supplied by public purveyors and hundreds of thousands of pounds are shipped abroad. Manufacturers begin active operations as soon as the new crops of raisins, currants and other required fruits appear in September. All the constituents of plum pudding, which do not include plums, are prepared and manipulated by elaborate and expensive machinery. Currants are washed and stones removed, raisins are stoned, nuts are shelled, ground, oranges and lemons are peeled, the peel candied and cut up, eggs are beaten and all other ingredients prepared by machinery.

Exclusive of milk and rum the ingredients used by a single manufacturer in supplying plum pudding to meet the demands of the Christmas season of 1910 aggregated 620,140 pounds, the number of puddings furnished aggregating 250,000. There are three or four London manufacturers, says Daily Consumer and Trade Reports, each of whose output perhaps equaled that described, and there are quite a large number of smaller establishments in which plum pudding was supplied for home and foreign consumption.

The pudding is put up in packages weighing one to five pounds each and securely packed to insure preservation and safe transportation. Properly prepared and packed the plum pudding of England, with ordinary care on the part of the housewife, will retain its virtues for a year or more.

WIFE HELPS OIL PRESIDENT

Head of Immense Corporation Values Egotism and Publicly Recognizes Ability of His Wife.

"To my wife is due all my success." That is the confession freely made by the president of a big oil company last week, just after he had sold his holdings for \$3,000,000 and given \$200,000 to the University of Pittsburgh, where he was once a student.

How many successful men there are who know in their hearts that the same thing is true of themselves, yet how few confess it! Some readily make the acknowledgment to their wives, but it is not often that the man who has achieved wealth and power is willing to confess publicly. Pride, selfishness and the satisfaction of being regarded by their fellows as exceptional men hold them back. Others do not regard the confession as a confession and admit the part his wife plays in his successes if she happens to possess a knowledge of business and is thoroughly informed in the affairs of the world. Her help is admitted and so on. Yet in a great number of cases if her husband is prosperous it is because of her efforts and her judgment.

When they were married probably they had little. Who was it that saved the money which enabled him to make his first investment or to engage in business for himself? His wife. She saw to it that the household expenses were kept down to the lowest limit compatible with health and comfort. She economized and she made him economical. More than all, she kept him free from vice and moral uncleanness, watched over his health, soothed away the bitterness of defeats and inspired in him the strength to persevere with a cheerful heart.

If that man has risen to be the head of a great corporation or has become a leading light in one of the professions, or if he has achieved the more important success of establishing a good American home, let him ask himself this question: What would he be if it had not been for his wife? If he is candid with himself a good many unpleasant possibilities will present themselves to his mind. He will have to acknowledge that in all probability he would have "gone wrong."

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Use for Big Buttons.

Big buttons still continue to be fashionable. A lady, missing two buttons from her dress, asked her little daughter if she had seen them. "Yes, ma, the cook's got them." She uses them as lids to the saucepans.

Proof Enough.

An New York man was sent to an insane asylum the other day.

"Was he really crazy?"

"Beyond the shadow of a doubt. He said he preferred to live in Chicago."

Chinese Educational Puzzle.

It is generally recognized that China has set to work at the wrong end of her education problem. . . . China has begun at the top, has tried to establish universities without preparing students for them, and all the lower rungs of the ladder are so badly constructed that it is almost impossible for the student to mount by them.—National Review, Shanghai.

One Cook

May make a cake "fit for the Queen," while another only succeeds in making a "pretty good cake" from the same materials.

It's a matter of skill!

People appreciate, who have once tasted.

Post Toasties

A delicious food made of White Corn—flaked and toasted to a delicate, crisp brown—to the "Queen's taste."

Post Toasties are served direct from the package with cream or milk, and sugar if desired—

A breakfast favorite!

"The Memory Lingers"

Postum Cereal Company, Ltd. Basile, Creek, Mich.

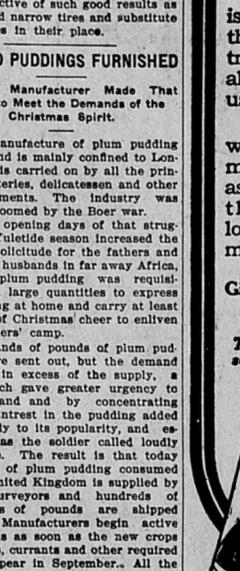
## Libby's Evaporated Milk

is the handiest thing in the pantry. It is pure and always ready to use.

There is no waste—use as much or as little as you need, and the rest keeps longer than fresh milk.

Gives fine results in all cooking

Tell your grocer to send Libby's Milk



Colored Witness Certain That Pink-pals in Lawsuit Had Not Moved From Hawkensville.

The object of the suit was to determine the ownership of a cow. One of the witnesses was Abram Reese, a colored man who had worked for the plaintiff. "I will ask you, Mr. Reese," said the attorney for the defendant, "if you were present when the exchange in question was consummated?" "I didn't see nuffin' o' dat kind, mistab." "Perhaps you don't understand me. Were you there when the trade was made?" "Yes, sub; I was dah w'en Mist' Hibbs done trade de buggy for Mist' Simmons' cow." "Wasn't there a different understanding between them at some later period?" "De understandin' 'tween 'em was all right, sub." "I mean, Mr. Reese, did they ever trade back?" "Not as I know, sub." So far as you know, then, everything remains as statu quo?" "No, sub," said Abram, with much positiveness, "dey's bofe of 'em still in Hawkensville."—Youth's Companion.

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Another Food Boycott

When an olive-colored touring car bark of the big machine proclaimed that it took \$7,000 to pry it loose from front of a stall at the market house there was some lively stepping by the marketeers. The man at the wheel wore a huge bearskin coat that must have set him back \$300; the female occupant was sitting in a seat that was the exact duplicate of a thousand-dollar bill, while every