



EAT SKINNER'S THE BEST MACARONI... Accommodating. "How's this," said the irascible old gentleman to the waiter in the restaurant.

WAS ASTONISHED AT THE RESULTS

Arkansas Woman Says Appetite Grew Better and She Feels Greatly Improved in Every Way After Taking Triumph Medicine.

Among those to endorse Orgatone recently is Mrs. E. Flannagan, a popular and well known Little Rock woman.

"I was completely run down and very nervous, could not sleep for any length of time at night. I had no appetite and what I did eat did not seem to do me any good.

"I had several of my friends tell me what Orgatone was doing and I decided to try a bottle. I was astonished at the results I obtained from the first bottle, and before I had finished taking the second my appetite grew better and my severe nervous condition was greatly improved.

Orgatone can be purchased at the Orgatone dealer in your town or sent prepaid upon receipt of price, \$1 per bottle or six bottles for \$5, by the distributors, Harry Kessinger Co., Joplin, Mo.—Adv.

Again a Woman's League. Mrs. Newlywed—I see by this medical work that a man requires eight hours' sleep and a woman ten.

Hubband—Yes, I've read that somewhere myself.

Mrs. Newlywed—How nice! You can get up every morning and have the fire made and the breakfast ready before it is time for me to get up.

DON'T EXPERIMENT with your Liver or your Bowels. Avoid strong purgatives and cathartics. Use the well known genuine Liver Stimulant, Bond's Liver Pills.

WOMAN'S CROWNING GLORY is her hair. If yours is streaked with ugly, grizzly, gray hairs, use "La Creole" Hair Dressing and change it in the natural way. Price \$1.00.—Adv.

The reported glorious work of the "tanks" makes the fat millitamen step high.

CHILDREN Should not be "dosed" for colds—apply "externally"—VICKS VAPORUB

BLACK LEGS SUKELY PREVENTED BY CUTTIE'S BLACKLED PILLS

GIRLS Clear Your Skin Save Your Hair With Cuticura Soap 25c and 50c

PHOSPHATE FERTILIZER WIZARD Makes big crops, better land and more money. Best for Grain and Fruit. Wonderful on Garden Truck.

STOP YOUR COUGHING PISO'S

EFFICIENCY GOWN IS NEWEST IDEA

New York.—This season of the year witnesses the annual performance of stiring stunts to keep the women interested in the question of apparel.

But this year the trade has added a third peg to the row on which the two others were placed. They have had a sop thrown to them by the government in the nature of a request to make gowns out of as little wool as possible, and they have pledged themselves in a body to keep within the 4 1/2 yard measurement for a suit gown.

This third peg was an actual stimulus to production. It offered a broad white way to exploitation. It fairly bubbled and seethed with advertising possibilities. It was taken up by the trade as eagerly as a brilliant phrase of a statesman is caught up by the multitude and made a part of an appeal to war.

Each man jumped to his scissors, his pencil and his material and went to work to beat all his competitors in producing a costume to which he could point with pride and say, with a spreading, arrogant gesture, "this is the ultimate pinnacle on which art and economy can stand entwined."

"I have made a gown from 1 1/2 yards of worsted," said a famous Fifth avenue designer, "and it is good to look at."

"I hope the woman is," said the listener.

"Oh, I have added other materials," quickly explained the designer. "The gown does not affect the minimum of visibility."

The frock had to be brought down from the workrooms to prove the point.



This medieval velvet gown is in Burgundy red cut with the fourteenth century décolletage and has small armholes which are edged with stitching. A sash of beige-colored jersey cloth runs under the plaits and ties at the back.

that its wearer would not break the law of economy in wool or that of proper drapery. It was of black wool material, made with a bodice that became a bib in front and a long panel in back fastened with bone buttons from neck to heels. The underslip was of plaited black satin, with a sash of itself that tied loosely over the wide sandwich back.

This is only one example out of hundreds that are being offered.

A Chance for the Trade. Exploitation is the life of the trade in women's clothes. When the government joined hands with the traders in helping them over a serious situation, there was joy in the land of apparel.

WARMTH FOR WINTER BED Thin, Hard Mattress Pleasant in Summer Can Be Made Comfortable in Cold Weather.

That thin, hard mattress which made your bed a haven of coolness and rest during the nights belonging to the season of "dog days," convinced you of the folly of ever sleeping on anything thicker. That bed, however, reveals drawbacks when winter comes.

Well, do not throw it away until you try a simple and inexpensive experiment. Its first cost is the nickel that you would spend anyhow for a many-sectioned Sunday newspaper. One of these dispensers of world news, spread evenly over the springs, will resist draughty onslaughts from the floor, while two new cotton-filled comfortables laid upon the top of the mattress will make it almost as soft as a feather bed and far more sanitary.

Knitted Wool Cuffs and Collars. Knitted wool collars and cuffs are noticed on some of the finest blouses and dresses. Especially good-looking is a pink silk waist with a white knitted wool collar, on which a little pink embroidery is shown. A solid flower with spray of leaves and the scallop effect on the outer edge is fashionable.

Furs for Mourning. For those who prefer black furs to all others, or for those in mourning who find something incongruous in the brown or gray furs associated with crepe-trimmed garments, there are new pelts of black lynx, broadtail, black fox and sealskin made into conservatively modish muffs and scarfs and appropriately lined. The linings, by the way, have a good deal to do with the consistent attractiveness of these mourning sets. Generally they are of dull-finished crepe silks beautifully applied; or the lining may be of white satin veiled with black georgette crepe or chiffon. Occasionally gray chiffon or a gray broadcated satin is employed, but these are exceptions.

Tassels Widely Used. Tassels are widely used in skirts of silk and satin. The separate skirt of satin or silk is to hold a big place, according to all forecasts and probabilities, in the spring wardrobe of the well-dressed woman. For now that wool is scarce and some effort is made to conserve it, we turn more and more to silk and satin to take its place.

Waistcoats Are Formal. Waistcoats are not so ornate as in the days of the director. They are more formal, generally made in soft materials crossing in front, very much enhancing the charm of the jacket. Some of these waistcoats are made of Turkish toweling dyed in any color required, and pique waistcoats appear with the check.

less than three yards of wool is employed in each costume, because the firm is too patriotic to withstand the appeal of the government.

The traders are trying to go the government "one better" and not even reach the maximum measurement of 4 1/2 yards per suit.

Individual designers insist that no wool should be used in the new clothes. They confine their acceptance of it to embroidery made from ends of yarn that cannot be used for knitting.

We are shown remarkable street frocks and restaurant gowns which depend for their color and brilliancy upon waste paper basket materials, so we are told—quarter yards of colored woods that were left from army and navy garments.

We are shown efficiency gowns in which a gold-colored foundation is covered by a black georgette surface, the latter unhooking at the shoulders and dropping down to form an ornamental apron on the skirt, to disclose a low-necked satin blouse suitable for a restaurant and a party.

There are economy costumes in which a georgette foundation in pastel color is disclosed when a one-piece jersey tunic or polonaise is taken from it. With the latter in its place, the gown is suitable for shopping, for trains and for the morning activities; and with the somber jersey pinafore sheet, the georgette gown becomes a fragile thing, a butterfly emerging from its dull-colored cocoon.

A number of the importers have returned from Paris with midseason gowns, and these are disappointing, in a large measure, but a few of them point to something new, and their presence is at least stimulating.

There are far more interesting sketches coming over than gowns, as they propose to be the new clothes worn by the women in Paris who are buying smart things.

Wood Pulp and Twine. The leading feature in the new frocks is the constant repetition of artificial jersey silk, mullinasse and our common friend, gaberdine. This winter type of artificial silk jersey is thicker and heavier than anything we have had under the oft-repeated name. It has the stiffness that one associates with a fiber made from wood pulp. It may be, however, that we will not have permission to make much of it in this country.

Mullinasse is being made over here, and also the new type of brochure jersey silk, and the claim is that the American manufacturers have made the stamping of the design more secure and durable than the French have done.

Chanel sends over a black gown with a tunic and a narrow skirt made of this heavy wood fiber silk jersey which is decorated in Indian fashion with white twine and tiny wooden beads.

The importers think that this gown will be a success.

Paquin is responsible for the fashion of two frocks, both worn at the same time, and it is this idea of hers that is being copied here and exploited as an efficiency gown.

This fashion is made easily possible by the prevailing idea of a sleeveless medieval tunic showing sleeves and collar of another fabric. As Paquin works out the idea, the sleeves and collar of another fabric are also of another color and belong to a separate gown that is covered by the medieval, sleeveless affair of wool or some other protective material. As these long tunics are fastened down the middle of the front or back, they are easily removed. A sash is girdled about the hips once or twice, to give them character.

"Of course you will," replied Mrs. Bowser. "There will be no such thing as keeping you out of battle. As for your being killed, you must run the risk of that. Won't it surprise the neighbors around here. I can boast that my husband has gone to war and that he will kill a terrible number of the enemy. Are you through with your dinner? If so, I will help you pack."

"Yes, I've got to pack," said Mr. Bowser, but he was rather slow about it. Indeed, he did not get up from the table for about five minutes, and then he did not rush upstairs.

"About my writing you?" said Mr. Bowser, as he scratched his head. "Of course, I want to write you as often as I can, but you mustn't expect a letter every day."

"Oh, no, no, no. If you write me once in two weeks, I shall try and be patient about it. You will be in battle every day, probably, and, of course, you won't have much time to write. Tell me in every letter how many of the enemy you have killed that day. Now you can be off as soon as you like."

"But I was going to say something important, and it has gone out of my mind."

"Never mind. It will probably come back to you after your first battle, and you can write it. You have only a little time to get to the depot. I wouldn't have you miss the train for anything."

Bowser was not enthusiastic. He followed Mrs. Bowser downstairs and gave her a formal kiss, and picked up the suitcase and walked down to the gate. When he reached the corner, he left his suitcase against a telegraph pole and returned to the house. Mrs. Bowser was still on the front steps, and she hailed him with:

"You will miss your train if you don't walk faster than that. What brought you back?"

"Say, did you put in a couple of clean handkerchiefs?" he asked.

"I don't think I did, but I will run right up and get two or three for you. They say that men in battle perspire in an awful way and, of course, you want handkerchiefs."

Mr. Bowser sat down on the steps and, when she had brought the handkerchiefs, he seemed in no hurry about going. The cat came up to him and he stroked her back in an affectionate way and said:

"Of course I must uphold the honor of my country, but I do love you and the cat. She seems to realize that I am going away to be fodder for gunpowder."

"Yes, you may be killed," replied Mrs. Bowser, "but other men will be

Bowser Starts For War But Returns Again

(Copyright, 1917, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Mr. Bowser was half an hour late in coming up to dinner and Mrs. Bowser had begun to worry for fear of accident, when he arrived. He came along in a brisk, excited sort of way, and he had not yet entered the door when he called out:

"Is that dinner ready? I have only ten minutes to spare."

"What is it?" she asked, as she followed him down to the dining room.

"It has come, Mrs. Bowser. I have held myself back long as possible on your account, but it has come now."

"What do you mean, Mr. Bowser?"

"I mean that I am going to war. Yes, sir, five of us in the office enlisted this afternoon. We are going to take the train in about an hour and I haven't got a minute to spare. I shall have just time to pack a few things and kiss you good-by, and the next thing you hear of me, I shall be on the bloody field and, perhaps, have fallen with the others."

If Mr. Bowser expected Mrs. Bowser to faint away, or burst into sobs and tears, he was disappointed. She took the news very calmly. Indeed, she rather smiled than grieved as she said:

"I have been wondering for some time why you didn't go to war. You are an able-bodied man and it is really

killed, too. It isn't so very dreadful to be a war widow."

Mr. Bowser stood up. He looked all around. He looked up and down. He hated to go, but his country called him. He shook hands with Mrs. Bowser, gave her another kiss and was off. He went up to the corner again and recovered his suitcase and went marching. He marched about 50 feet and then came to a halt and leaned against the fence. Half a dozen men who knew him came along and stopped and asked him if he was going on a journey, and his reply to each was:

"I have started for the war."

And their exclamation in each case was:

"Good for you, old man! You are the stuff. I have been expecting to see you go for the last year. Let yourself loose when you get there. Remember Lexington and Bunker Hill. Don't let your heart have any pity. Slay and kill—kill and slay. Durn my hat if I don't wish I was going with you! I have got kidney trouble or I'd have enlisted long ago. Well, good-by, old man. If you never return we will hold you in memory as a gallant man."

Mr. Bowser's butcher came running over, as he stood there, to say:

"Mr. Bowser, are you going to war?"

"Yes."

"There is a little bill of fifty cents against you, but if you are killed, I shall not ask Mrs. Bowser for it. I like brave men and you are certainly mighty brave."

Mr. Bowser had thoughts as he leaned against that fence. He thought of Mrs. Bowser and the cat. He thought of the good dinners he was getting every week. He thought of the grave. He thought of having his two short legs carried off by a cannon ball. Slowly—very slowly—he assumed an erect position. Slowly—very slowly—he walked down to the corner, from where he could see his front steps. Mrs. Bowser was not out

there. Slowly—very slowly—he walked down to his gate and entered. He heard Mrs. Bowser singing, and the cook laughing, while the cat was in the back yard looking for trouble. Mrs. Bowser heard his step, and called out:

"Is that you, Mr. Bowser?"

"Yes."

"I was expecting you back. Take your things right upstairs and put them back in your dresser."

And Mr. Bowser went upstairs with his suitcase knocking against his leg at every step and climbed up into the garret, and sat down on an old trunk, and thought and thought and thought. It was eight o'clock at night and the whippoorwill was telling its lonesome tale when the warrior came softly downstairs and lighted his cigar and took the seat he had always occupied in peaceful days, and Mrs. Bowser—good woman that she was, never spoke of war during the whole evening.

Where Mistletoe Grows. In addition to all the many kinds of oak trees and the maples, mistletoe grows with persistency and fondness on the paper mulberry, the persimmon, locust, ash, gum, sassafras, elm, osage orange, pecan, hickory, cherry, pear and apple trees. In the far west it takes hold of the cedar and the pine trees, especially the yellow pine lodgepole pine and Douglas fir. The plant is widely distributed by birds, which eat the whitish-green semitransparent berries, those birds being mostly mockingbirds, cardinals, cedar wax-wings and sparrows. The robins have something to do with the distribution of the seed. The pulp of the berries is very sticky, and when they become overripe they fall from the parent sprig and stick to some other part of the tree, thus developing another sprig of mistletoe. The department of agriculture considers the mistletoe a pest and has inveighed against it, but the mistletoe still flourishes.

Yawning Removes Wrinkles. Yawning, except in polite society, should be indulged in rather than repressed. The reason why? A good, free, unrestricted yawn counteracts the effect of laughing. Just stop and think, notes an authority, how often a person laughs and how seldom, comparatively, yawns. The muscles are stretched in one direction while laughing, and by constant repetition little lines are formed around the corners of the mouth. Yawning stretches these same muscles in exactly the opposite direction, and therefore tends to undo the mischief caused by our good humor.

Food Value of the Peanut. The peanut is a substantial food, according to the Confectioners' Gazette, 6 ounces of shelled peanuts being said to possess a food value of 2.5 ounces of round steak, 5 ounces codfish, 1 ounce rice, 4.2 ounces rye bread, 35.5 ounces spinach, 5.6 ounces apples, or 6 ounces bacon. The peanut is rich in fat, and also has mineral salts important in the diet, such as phosphorus, lime, sulphur and iron.

LONG ISLAND AND NEW YORK

Stretch of Breeze-Swept Sand Has Been Made to Meet the Demands of Every Class.

Long Island is the safety valve and salvation of New York. It is hard to see how the big city could get through a summer without this hundred miles of breeze-swept sand, which it can reach in a few minutes by bridge or tube or ferry, writes Niskah.

It is a matter of endless admiration how Long Island has been made to meet the needs of New Yorkers of every taste and income. It has cheap beaches, where anyone may get a swim for a quarter, and exclusive beaches where \$10,000 a year is regarded as poverty. It has sport beaches full of cafes and music, and quiet beaches, where old ladies knit on shady porches. It has millionaire suburbs from which the many are ingeniously excluded; and middle-class suburbs with their neat little cottages, looking like advertisements out of paint catalogs stuck primly in the middle of correct little lawns; and suburbs for those who have just enough money to get out of town in the summer. Most of these latter are situated in the lagoon district between Rockaway beach and the island proper. They stand on stilts in the shallow water, in the midst of wide green salt meadows. They are unpainted, for the most part, but tanned into soft grays and purples by the sea air. They are alive with children and stout fishermen with long poles decorate all the wharves, while the narrow channels between the houses are full of rowboats and little launches. There is more picture and color in this bit of Long Island than in all the rest of it put together.

MORE WORK FOR BUSY BEES Artificial Comb, Patented by a Woman, Enables Larger Output by the Honey Producers.

Undoubtedly the most important invention ever produced by a woman was the machine for making artificial comb foundation for bees. The idea was originated by Frances A. Dunham, who patented the contrivance in 1881, says an exchange.

To produce material for comb building is for the bee very expensive. It uses up at least ten times as much of her gathered products, bulk for bulk, as is required for honey making. Hence the obvious economy of providing her with a ready-made comb of beeswax turned out from a machine.

Another advantage is that all the cells of the artificial comb are made of "worker" size, so that the eggs laid in them by the queen bee (the mother of the hive) produce workers only and no idle drones.

The workers build up the cell walls on the "ground-floor" pattern furnished for them, and (barring those used for brood purposes) fill them with honey. Being relieved of the bother and expense of making their own comb foundation, their output of money is proportionately augmented.

Rings and Moons of Saturn. The most distinctive feature of Saturn is his unique system of rings, writes Albert D. Watson in Journal of the Royal Astronomical Society of Canada. These are in the plane of Saturn's moons, with the exception of the outermost moon, which is apparently retrograde in motion. The rings consist of meteors.

From the center of the planet to the circumference of its outer ring there are, first, the 36,500 miles of the radius of Saturn. From the surface of the sphere to the inner margin of the inner rings is 9,000 miles. This, which is known as the crepe ring, is 12,500 miles in width and runs into the middle ring which is 17,000 miles wide. Outside the middle ring is a space of 1,000 miles before the outer ring, 10,000 miles wide, is reached.

Saturn has ten moons, only one of which (Titan) is larger than ours. The first four, like our own and some of the moons of Jupiter, have been proven to turn always the same surface towards their primary. As no exception to this rule has been found, it is likely that it obtains in the cases of all moons.

World's Champion Speller. Prof. David Jones, the world's champion speller, retired on a well-earned pension after schooteaching for 50 years in Missouri, notes an exchange. For 33 years the champion issued an annual challenge to all comers to spell against him. Many tried to wrest from him his title, but none succeeded.

His record is 15,000 words correctly spelled straight off the reel at one sitting without a single in mistake. Prof. Jones defeated in spelling contests heads of universities, famous teachers, scholars, authors, and professional proof-readers, and his sideboard is loaded with silver cups and other similar trophies, won all over the country at the once popular "spelling bees." With him spelling is an art, just as music or painting or sculpture is an art with others. He pounces on and treasures a rare and difficult word as eagerly as an enthusiast does on a scarce and elusive butterfly.

Wireless Messages. A wireless telegraph message can be confused by one who has the same wave length as the transmitting station by sending out meaningless signals of the same wave length. A receiving set must be tuned to the same wave length as its transmitting set, when it will not take up signals of a different wave length.

Relative Greatness. "Beethoven was a wonderful man, wasn't he?" "Oh, yes," replied Mrs. Filmgilt. "But you know he only made up the lines the musicians play. He never commanded anything like the salary a really great man like the conductor of the orchestra receives."

Just It. "My lawyer thought this was a feasible case." "Of course, he did. To a lawyer all courses are feasible."

Stop That Catarrh

It weakens you and disgusts your friends. It offers a prepared ground for dangerous diseases. It will not get well by itself, but many thousands of just such cases have yielded to

PERUNA which for forty-five years has been the household's standby in catarrh and debility during convalescence from grip. Experience has taught a great number that Peruna is a reliable tonic that aids the membranes in recovering from inflammatory conditions, regulates the appetite and clears away the waste. At your druggists. THE PERUNA COMPANY Columbus, Ohio

POWERFUL, PENETRATING LINIMENT. Quickly healing and soothing the pains of Neuralgia, Headache, Rheumatism, Cuts, Burns, Sprains and Bruises. 35c and 70c bottles at your druggists. A. B. Richards' Med. Co., Inc. Sherman, Texas

HUNT'S LIGHTNING OIL. Keeps Peace. "Is he a peace worker?" "I judge so. I understand he makes the beds, and washes the dishes at home."

A NEGLECTED COLD is often followed by pneumonia. Before it is too late take Laxative Quinine Tablets. Gives prompt relief in cases of Coughs, Colds, La Grippe and Headache. Price 25c.—Adv.

Diamond Cut Diamond. Mr. Henry Fielding Dickens, the newly appointed common sergeant, is responsible for an amusing story concerning an eminent king's counsel who, in the course of a learned argument, rested his case entirely on one reported decision, which he claimed to be of paramount importance.

But when he had finished, his opponent, being asked by the judge what he had to say, replied:

"I will not trouble your lordship with any further argument. I only wish to say that my friend has forgotten to inform your lordship that the case on which he relies has been taken on appeal to the house of lords and the decision absolutely reversed."

Upon this the eminent K. C. turned to his colleagues round about and whispered:

"Good heavens, what a liar that man must be! Why, there never was such a case. I made it all up out of my own head as I went along!"—Pearson's Weekly.

Good Advice. "Have you ever borrowed any money from Giltbering?" "No."

"I've been acquainted with him for some time. I believe I'll ask him to lend me \$10."

"I wouldn't if I were you."

"Why not?" "To my personal knowledge Giltbering has had the same umbrella for six or seven years. If he can hold on to an umbrella like that you've had a fat chance to separate him from \$10."

But She Knew. Irate Father—"Jack is a close young man, isn't he?" Sweet Thing—"Why father, how do you know?"

A halting step may be a physical weakness or a half admission of defeat.

There is no purer or more healthful food for children than Grape-Nuts

its natural sweetness appeases the child's appetite for added sugar, and the quantity of milk or cream needed is about half that required for the ordinary cereal.

GRAPE-NUTS IS AN ECONOMICAL FOOD



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