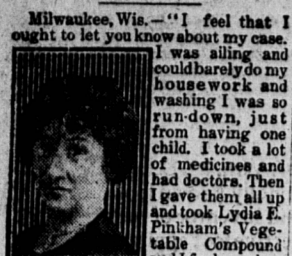


She Claims Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Did It After Everything Else Failed



Milwaukee, Wis.—"I feel that I ought to let you know about my case. I was ailing and could barely do my housework and washing I was so run-down, just from having one child. I took a lot of medicines and had doctors. Then I gave them all up and took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I feel wonderful and I feel very good now. I do every thing that comes along, and we all take your medicine as a tonic when we don't feel just so. I am thankful for what the Vegetable Compound has done for my health and for my family.—Mrs. MARY SAEBCHICK, 344 23rd St., Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

A WOUND IS AN OPEN DOOR

Absorbine Jr. enables you to shut the door quickly.

The skin is Nature's own protection against germs. When it is bruised, broken or cut, that protection is withdrawn. The door is open. As quickly as possible Nature closes it by forming what we call a scab and renders you comparatively safe against infection. But this scab sometimes takes days to form and until it has fully sealed the wound, even until the wound has thoroughly healed again you must furnish the required protection yourself. A few drops of Absorbine Jr. in the water will give you an antiseptic wash that will kill all possibility of infection and help nature to heal the wound. As well as being a very powerful germicide, Absorbine Jr. will draw out the inflammation and bring instant relief. Absorbine Jr. is antiseptic, germicide and liniment in one container—easy to keep always in the house; easy to carry around if you travel. \$1.25 at your druggist's.

New Books

Just off the Press

- "Emily of New Moon" by L. M. Montgomery. Price \$2.00 postpaid.
"Trail of the Golden Horn" by H. A. Coady. Price \$2.00 postpaid.
"The Gaspards of Pine Croft" by Ralph Connor. Price \$2.00 postpaid.
The three great books of the season.
"A History of Prince Edward Island" by Judge Warburton. Price \$5.00 net. A copy of this valuable History should be in every library. Mail orders receive prompt attention.

Carter & Co., Ltd. Books Stationery

Professional Cards

Mark R. McGuigan B. A. BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, ETC Money to Loan Cameron Block Charlottetown, P. E. Island

Dr. C. C. Archibald Graduate of N. Y. Post Graduate Medical School and Hospital Practice limited to Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Office Beyer Building, Great George Street Telephone 850-J. Office Hours—9 to 12 a. m. 1 to 5

MacDonald & McPhee B. A. A. McDonald H. F. McPhee Barristers, Attorney, Etc. Money to Loan Riley Building Charlottetown

Palmer & Palmer H. J. PALMER, K. C. Barrister, Etc. Money to Loan Bank of Nova Scotia Building Charlottetown, P. E. I.

S. S. Hessian Barrister, Solicitor, Notary Public Etc. MONEY TO LOAN P. E. Island STYD.

By Marion Rubincam.

DISAPPROVAL

Chapter 12

The danger was spreading and infecting Amy. Mrs. Talbot, who already regretted the ultra-modern tendencies of her youngest daughter, watched this with horror. She could not understand her two oldest children at all. What- ever was new and different she might have blamed upon Claire, who came out of an unknown world and who had lived all her grown-up life in the doubtful at- mosphere of the theatre.

But Claire could not be blamed for everything. Luther's whole outlook on life was different, while as for Jane—she was a new crea- ture. Luther was 30, Jane 27. Where would these strange tenden- cies lead them?

It came out in little ways, too. One morning Jane was helping in the kitchen and wore only waists and skirts of tailors' simplicity, and over these, while she worked an old laboratory apron.

"This place is as huge as a barn, and frightfully inconvenient," Jane remarked, taking the kitchen in with a single glance. "Mother you must trot miles while you are working. And you shouldn't have ruffled curtains at the windows, and then throw the dust and harbour germs and make you more work."

"I like ruffled curtains. Mrs. Sanders has lace ones." "Mrs. Sanders never learned the first rule of common sense. Why do you keep your kitchen knives in a drawer on the left wall, when your kitchen table is by the right wall?"

"Because the knives won't go in the kitchen table drawer," Mrs. Talbot answered triumphantly. That seemed a fine reason.

"Then you should have smaller knives or a larger drawer. Every time you want to cut up anything, you have to leave the table, walk clear across the room, get your knife and walk back. You wash the dishes on a table way off from the stove and the hot water, and then throw the dish water near the chicken yard and the place is full of mosquitoes."

After half an hour of this, the mother was completely vanquished, though certainly not convinced. She kept the kitchen knives in a certain drawer really because Jordan's mother before her had kept them in that drawer, and after 30 or more years of housekeeping in them they seemed to belong there so absolutely that to put them any other place would be a crime.

Nevertheless, Jane put them, all but the large ones, in the new con- venient spot, and announced that she would have the small drawer made larger. She changed the re- lationship of table to stove, and closet to table, and brought up a lot of supplies from the cellar to the big cupboard to save running down steps. She put the dishes in a new place, and changed their order, so it was easy to reach those most used—indeed, she com- pletely revolutionized the old kitchen.

"I've been counting steps while I've worked," she said at the end of it. "If you get three meals here every day, I've saved you about two miles of walking back and forth."

But Mrs. Talbot, unconvinced of course, was so used to the old un- changed order, that she must have walked four miles back and forth hunting familiar utensils in strange places. She admitted the new way was best. But one morn- ing when she intended to preserve, she got up at 4.30 and went down to the way it had been since long before she went there to live!

"You simply can't do anything with mother, she's too old-fashion- ed," she heard Jane say to Luther. "Awfully," he agreed. "I wish we could get her out of it. She never has any fun in life. She works all the time."

"She makes herself work," Jane protested. "If she would only use more efficient methods, she's got through sooner. She won't take up a new idea, nor put in a labor- saving machine."

"Let her alone. She's much hap- pier in her old way," Claire advis- ed.

It was true that at school he had always easily obtained the highest marks. It was true he owned and read more books than anyone else in the community. This gave him a reputation for scholarship.

But as a matter of fact, Jordan Talbot stopped thinking somewhere between the age of 16 and 21. This is far too often the case, even in the packed metropolises upon people by their contact with each other. But Jordan Talbot be- came mentally sluggish all of a sudden.

Perhaps his physical work was too much for him. Perhaps it was easier not to think. In any case, he accepted certain ideas and formul- as taught to him in his youth and never went beyond them. One of the ideas was that danc- ing was wicked.

So when he came up the road and heard the frivolous strains of a one-step coming from the porch of his own house, the black thun- der clouds gathered in his face. He saw his son and his son's wife dancing together, and Jane, perch- ed on the porch rail by the match- line, keeping it wound when the mechanism ran down, thereby pro- ducing more of the evil music. He saw his youngest daughter danc- ing, her waist encircled by the arm of one of the boys in the village.

He had no authority over his grown children—but Amy must still obey. Carefully skirting the porch, he walked around to the back of the house. Mrs. Talbot, sewing trouble, disappeared to meet him.

In a moment she came out again. "Amy," she called, "your father wants you."

Everyone guessed there was trouble brewing from the expres- sion on her face. Amy left Dick and went indoors.

"Haven't you danced enough? I should think you'd be tired," Mrs. Talbot said. It was her way of be- ing tactful. Luther took the hint, Brockville, Ont.



Cool and Good Housekeepers realize the superiority of Baker's Chocolate

Baker's Chocolate

(Premium No. 1) for making cakes, pies, puddings, judges, ices, etc.



Be sure that you get the genuine, in the blue wrapper and yellow label with the trademark of the Chocolate Girl on the back. Made in Canada By Walter Baker & Co. Limited

Established 1733 Mills at Dorchester, Mass. and Montreal, Canada. BOOKLET OF CHOICE RECIPES SENT FREE

And Mrs. Talbot disapproved of Claire's defence as much as of the other's condemnation. One day Luther came back from a drive to Hornbrook, carrying a small photograph and some re- corded squeals at the sight of it, and even Claire, who had been moody for days, began to smile.

That evening after supper, Lut- her started it on the porch, play- ing dance tunes. He and Claire began to dance, and Dick Rowland, who was always around evenings, danced with Amy. Claire taught new steps and was in her ele- ment.

Mrs. Talbot stood watching, feeling she should disapprove, but not quite able to. After a while she looked so pretty with her flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes—it must really be a harmless enough amuse- ment, just these close friends and the family. Jordan appeared on the road. She chilled inside—he was frowning.

He disapproved! She found her- self suddenly disapproving also— disapproving of all these "new ideas."

AMY REBELS

Chapter 13

Jordan Talbot had a curiously severe face. As a young man he had been handsome enough, with more intelligence and fire in his countenance than any other of the "boys" in that section of the coun- try. And Amy Talbot had admired him enormously.

But the fire had frozen, so to speak. The eyes that flashed with fun now flashed with contempt. The clever remarks that once made everyone laugh, began to carry a bit of a sting. Then the wit sour- ed to sarcasm; now it was biting de- nunciation of everything that did not quite meet with his approval.

In all the 56 years of his life, Jordan Talbot had not been more than 20 miles from his home. His life was rising, working and going to bed; his relaxation sitting on the porch smoking a pipe and star- ing moodily into space. His vision was bound by the limits of his vil- lage.

"He used to be the brightest boy in the place," Mrs. Talbot said more than once to her growing children.

It was true that at school he had always easily obtained the highest marks. It was true he owned and read more books than anyone else in the community. This gave him a reputation for scholarship.

But as a matter of fact, Jordan Talbot stopped thinking somewhere between the age of 16 and 21. This is far too often the case, even in the packed metropolises upon people by their contact with each other. But Jordan Talbot be- came mentally sluggish all of a sudden.

Perhaps his physical work was too much for him. Perhaps it was easier not to think. In any case, he accepted certain ideas and formul- as taught to him in his youth and never went beyond them. One of the ideas was that danc- ing was wicked.

So when he came up the road and heard the frivolous strains of a one-step coming from the porch of his own house, the black thun- der clouds gathered in his face. He saw his son and his son's wife dancing together, and Jane, perch- ed on the porch rail by the match- line, keeping it wound when the mechanism ran down, thereby pro- ducing more of the evil music. He saw his youngest daughter danc- ing, her waist encircled by the arm of one of the boys in the village.

He had no authority over his grown children—but Amy must still obey. Carefully skirting the porch, he walked around to the back of the house. Mrs. Talbot, sewing trouble, disappeared to meet him.

In a moment she came out again. "Amy," she called, "your father wants you."

Everyone guessed there was trouble brewing from the expres- sion on her face. Amy left Dick and went indoors.

"Haven't you danced enough? I should think you'd be tired," Mrs. Talbot said. It was her way of be- ing tactful. Luther took the hint, Brockville, Ont.

You ordered mother by saying I was an ugly little brute." Luther said when his mother had left the room. He was lying on a couch instead of out in the hammock. "She shouldn't be so touchy, then. You were an ugly brute," Claire said pettishly, and drew her mouth into a sulky expression. Then after a moment she laughed, crossed the room and kissed her husband.

"I'm not in love with the three year old boy, but with the grown up man," she said. Luther was satisfied with that. So was the older woman who had heard this from the hall way.

JANE'S IDEAS Chapter 15 Mrs. Talbot found her romantic vision of her children's visit rather sadly shattered after they had been home a week or so.

Jane did not approve of the meals, that was one thing. The Talbot's kept what the mother con- sidered a "good table." She re- joiced in this because it was only in the last five years or so that they could afford any but the most meagre sort of cooking.

"Ham, eggs, hot biscuits, fresh white bread, pancakes, syrup, and coffee," Jane said, surveying the breakfast table one morning. "What's the matter with that?" Jordan demanded, looking up over his cup. "Ain't that enough?"

"Far too much," Jane answered serenely, sitting down in her place. "It's practically all starch, except the ham, 'Which takes, so many hours to digest that it never should be a breakfast dish. The stomach needs something light after it's long fast.'"

"I was brought up on a substan- tial diet, and I've never been sick in my life. I guess if this sort of food is good for me, it's good for my children, too."

Young Amy saw trouble coming, and moved restlessly in her chair. Mrs. Talbot began asking everyone to have a second cup of coffee by way of diverting attention.

Jane smiled good naturedly, and answered: "You've never been really well, either, father. You suffer from pains in the stomach. You are sub- ject to rheumatism."

"I can plough a field for 12 hours without having your heart act queer. It's the fat and starch in the food. Now you should begin breakfast with a dish of fresh ber- ries—"

"We're having berries for dinner, Jane dear. Please don't get your father started. He needs food be- cause he works hard."

Jane subsided at her mother's request. Mrs. Talbot worried that morning, because of her cooking. Jane disapproved of dumplings— there was boiled chicken with dumplings, fat and yellow, swim- ming in the gravy, and potatoes and hot biscuits again, and a cake for dessert.

Jane talked about strange things without having your heart act queer. It's the fat and starch in the food. Now you should begin breakfast with a dish of fresh ber- ries—"

"We're having berries for dinner, Jane dear. Please don't get your father started. He needs food be- cause he works hard."

Jane subsided at her mother's request. Mrs. Talbot worried that morning, because of her cooking. Jane disapproved of dumplings— there was boiled chicken with dumplings, fat and yellow, swim- ming in the gravy, and potatoes and hot biscuits again, and a cake for dessert.

Jane talked about strange things without having your heart act queer. It's the fat and starch in the food. Now you should begin breakfast with a dish of fresh ber- ries—"

"We're having berries for dinner, Jane dear. Please don't get your father started. He needs food be- cause he works hard."

Jane subsided at her mother's request. Mrs. Talbot worried that morning, because of her cooking. Jane disapproved of dumplings— there was boiled chicken with dumplings, fat and yellow, swim- ming in the gravy, and potatoes and hot biscuits again, and a cake for dessert.

Jane talked about strange things without having your heart act queer. It's the fat and starch in the food. Now you should begin breakfast with a dish of fresh ber- ries—"

"We're having berries for dinner, Jane dear. Please don't get your father started. He needs food be- cause he works hard."

Jane subsided at her mother's request. Mrs. Talbot worried that morning, because of her cooking. Jane disapproved of dumplings— there was boiled chicken with dumplings, fat and yellow, swim- ming in the gravy, and potatoes and hot biscuits again, and a cake for dessert.

Jane talked about strange things without having your heart act queer. It's the fat and starch in the food. Now you should begin breakfast with a dish of fresh ber- ries—"

"We're having berries for dinner, Jane dear. Please don't get your father started. He needs food be- cause he works hard."

Jane subsided at her mother's request. Mrs. Talbot worried that morning, because of her cooking. Jane disapproved of dumplings— there was boiled chicken with dumplings, fat and yellow, swim- ming in the gravy, and potatoes and hot biscuits again, and a cake for dessert.

Jane talked about strange things without having your heart act queer. It's the fat and starch in the food. Now you should begin breakfast with a dish of fresh ber- ries—"

"We're having berries for dinner, Jane dear. Please don't get your father started. He needs food be- cause he works hard."

NEW FOR 15c

Skirts Kimonos Draperies Waists Dresses Gingham Coats Sweaters Stockings

Diamond Dyes

Don't wonder whether you can dye or tint successfully, because perfect home dyeing is guaranteed with "Diamond Dyes" even if you have never dyed before. Druggists have all colors. Directions in each package.

shiny photograph of a lad with great eyes and a large mouth, standing stiffly by the side of a chair, to which he clung with one slightly raised hand.

Claire looked at it and laughed. "What an ugly little brute you were," she remarked, turning the pages in search of more oddities. She found them—every family photograph album is a collection of oddities, since the antique is al- most always considered beautiful and the old-fashioned merely odd.

"Here you are, Loo, as a baby. I can tell because of your big mouth," she said, finding another picture of him.

She turned back to the first one, with lace collar and queer home-made clothes, with serious face and nervously tight hand. Again she laughed, and a turning of pages for more things to make fun of.

Mrs. Talbot closed the book, al- most with rude haste. Within it were pictures of herself and Jordan, taken in their "wedding clothes"—she seated on a stuffed chair, Jordan on guard above her, a hand on her shoulder, symbol of possession and protection. She had romantic feelings about that picture, she did not quite want Claire to see it.

In it, too, were pictures of her own mother—a hard working, shrill voiced woman, whose tongue was the terror of her neighbors, who had more greedy qualities than generous ones but who, being dead had passed into the sainthood proper to all the departed. In it, too, were pictures of Jordan's own gentle mother and a beloved grand- aunt, and other members of her family—and of Jane in starched pinafore and Amy with red hair slicked down by soap and water—"to make it behave."

"I was brought up on a substan- tial diet, and I've never been sick in my life. I guess if this sort of food is good for me, it's good for my children, too."

Young Amy saw trouble coming, and moved restlessly in her chair. Mrs. Talbot began asking everyone to have a second cup of coffee by way of diverting attention.

Jane smiled good naturedly, and answered: "You've never been really well, either, father. You suffer from pains in the stomach. You are sub- ject to rheumatism."

"I can plough a field for 12 hours without having your heart act queer. It's the fat and starch in the food. Now you should begin breakfast with a dish of fresh ber- ries—"

"We're having berries for dinner, Jane dear. Please don't get your father started. He needs food be- cause he works hard."

Jane subsided at her mother's request. Mrs. Talbot worried that morning, because of her cooking. Jane disapproved of dumplings— there was boiled chicken with dumplings, fat and yellow, swim- ming in the gravy, and potatoes and hot biscuits again, and a cake for dessert.

Jane talked about strange things without having your heart act queer. It's the fat and starch in the food. Now you should begin breakfast with a dish of fresh ber- ries—"

"We're having berries for dinner, Jane dear. Please don't get your father started. He needs food be- cause he works hard."

Jane subsided at her mother's request. Mrs. Talbot worried that morning, because of her cooking. Jane disapproved of dumplings— there was boiled chicken with dumplings, fat and yellow, swim- ming in the gravy, and potatoes and hot biscuits again, and a cake for dessert.

Jane talked about strange things without having your heart act queer. It's the fat and starch in the food. Now you should begin breakfast with a dish of fresh ber- ries—"

"We're having berries for dinner, Jane dear. Please don't get your father started. He needs food be- cause he works hard."

Jane subsided at her mother's request. Mrs. Talbot worried that morning, because of her cooking. Jane disapproved of dumplings— there was boiled chicken with dumplings, fat and yellow, swim- ming in the gravy, and potatoes and hot biscuits again, and a cake for dessert.

Jane talked about strange things without having your heart act queer. It's the fat and starch in the food. Now you should begin breakfast with a dish of fresh ber- ries—"

"We're having berries for dinner, Jane dear. Please don't get your father started. He needs food be- cause he works hard."

Jane subsided at her mother's request. Mrs. Talbot worried that morning, because of her cooking. Jane disapproved of dumplings— there was boiled chicken with dumplings, fat and yellow, swim- ming in the gravy, and potatoes and hot biscuits again, and a cake for dessert.

Jane talked about strange things without having your heart act queer. It's the fat and starch in the food. Now you should begin breakfast with a dish of fresh ber- ries—"

"We're having berries for dinner, Jane dear. Please don't get your father started. He needs food be- cause he works hard."

JANE'S IDEAS Chapter 15 Mrs. Talbot found her romantic vision of her children's visit rather sadly shattered after they had been home a week or so.

Jane did not approve of the meals, that was one thing. The Talbot's kept what the mother con- sidered a "good table." She re- joiced in this because it was only in the last five years or so that they could afford any but the most meagre sort of cooking.

"Ham, eggs, hot biscuits, fresh white bread, pancakes, syrup, and coffee," Jane said, surveying the breakfast table one morning. "What's the matter with that?" Jordan demanded, looking up over his cup. "Ain't that enough?"

"Far too much," Jane answered serenely, sitting down in her place. "It's practically all starch, except the ham, 'Which takes, so many hours to digest that it never should be a breakfast dish. The stomach needs something light after it's long fast.'"

"I was brought up on a substan- tial diet, and I've never been sick in my life. I guess if this sort of food is good for me, it's good for my children, too."

Young Amy saw trouble coming, and moved restlessly in her chair. Mrs. Talbot began asking everyone to have a second cup of coffee by way of diverting attention.

Jane smiled good naturedly, and answered: "You've never been really well, either, father. You suffer from pains in the stomach. You are sub- ject to rheumatism."

"I can plough a field for 12 hours without having your heart act queer. It's the fat and starch in the food. Now you should begin breakfast with a dish of fresh ber- ries—"

"We're having berries for dinner, Jane dear. Please don't get your father started. He needs food be- cause he works hard."

Jane subsided at her mother's request. Mrs. Talbot worried that morning, because of her cooking. Jane disapproved of dumplings— there was boiled chicken with dumplings, fat and yellow, swim- ming in the gravy, and potatoes and hot biscuits again, and a cake for dessert.

Jane talked about strange things without having your heart act queer. It's the fat and starch in the food. Now you should begin breakfast with a dish of fresh ber- ries—"

"We're having berries for dinner, Jane dear. Please don't get your father started. He needs food be- cause he works hard."

Jane subsided at her mother's request. Mrs. Talbot worried that morning, because of her cooking. Jane disapproved of dumplings— there was boiled chicken with dumplings, fat and yellow, swim- ming in the gravy, and potatoes and hot biscuits again, and a cake for dessert.

Jane talked about strange things without having your heart act queer. It's the fat and starch in the food. Now you should begin breakfast with a dish of fresh ber- ries—"

"We're having berries for dinner, Jane dear. Please don't get your father started. He needs food be- cause he works hard."

Jane subsided at her mother's request. Mrs. Talbot worried that morning, because of her cooking. Jane disapproved of dumplings— there was boiled chicken with dumplings, fat and yellow, swim- ming in the gravy, and potatoes and hot biscuits again, and a cake for dessert.

Jane talked about strange things without having your heart act queer. It's the fat and starch in the food. Now you should begin breakfast with a dish of fresh ber- ries—"

"We're having berries for dinner, Jane dear. Please don't get your father started. He needs food be- cause he works hard."

Jane subsided at her mother's request. Mrs. Talbot worried that morning, because of her cooking. Jane disapproved of dumplings— there was boiled chicken with dumplings, fat and yellow, swim- ming in the gravy, and potatoes and hot biscuits again, and a cake for dessert.

Jane talked about strange things without having your heart act queer. It's the fat and starch in the food. Now you should begin breakfast with a dish of fresh ber- ries—"

"We're having berries for dinner, Jane dear. Please don't get your father started. He needs food be- cause he works hard."

Jane subsided at her mother's request. Mrs. Talbot worried that morning, because of her cooking. Jane disapproved of dumplings— there was boiled chicken with dumplings, fat and yellow, swim- ming in the gravy, and potatoes and hot biscuits again, and a cake for dessert.

Jane talked about strange things without having your heart act queer. It's the fat and starch in the food. Now you should begin breakfast with a dish of fresh ber- ries—"

"We're having berries for dinner, Jane dear. Please don't get your father started. He needs food be- cause he works hard."

Jane subsided at her mother's request. Mrs. Talbot worried that morning, because of her cooking. Jane disapproved of dumplings— there was boiled chicken with dumplings, fat and yellow, swim- ming in the gravy, and potatoes and hot biscuits again, and a cake for dessert.

Jane talked about strange things without having your heart act queer. It's the fat and starch in the food. Now you should begin breakfast with a dish of fresh ber- ries—"

"We're having berries for dinner, Jane dear. Please don't get your father started. He needs food be- cause he works hard."

For the Nursing Mother

NATURAL feeding is the duty of every mother and the birthright of every child. "Ovaltine" is of inestimable value to every nursing mother.

Taken two months before the birth and during the entire nursing period, it will create an abundant supply of milk, and, in addition, will endow the mother with a reserve of strength to aid her recovery after baby is born.

Prepared from ripe barley malt, rich, creamy milk and fresh eggs, "Ovaltine" is super-nourishment in easily digested form.

OVALTINE TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE

Builds up Brain, Nerves, and Body

At all druggists—50c., 85c., \$1.50

A. WANDER LIMITED, LONDON, ENG. Canadian Office—455 King Street West, Toronto BRITISH—and used throughout the Empire

starch and carbohydrates and calories and vitamins, and showed such an intimate acquaintance with the human digestive system that the mother felt it wasn't some- how quite moral! She had always eaten hot biscuits and large amount of cake and jam, and boiled puddings and things of that sort—she made the best cakes and rolls in the village and she was proud of her skill.

"If you must eat this pasty white bread, take it stale, or else toast it," was one of her edicts.

Jane talked about strange things without having your heart act queer. It's the fat and starch in the food. Now you should begin breakfast with a dish of fresh ber- ries—"

"We're having berries for dinner, Jane dear. Please don't get your father started. He needs food be- cause he works hard."

Jane subsided at her mother's request. Mrs. Talbot worried that morning, because of her cooking. Jane disapproved of dumplings— there was boiled chicken with dumplings, fat and yellow, swim- ming in the gravy, and potatoes and hot biscuits again, and a cake for dessert.

Jane talked about strange things without having your heart act queer. It's the fat and starch in the food. Now you should begin breakfast with a dish of fresh ber- ries—"

"We're having berries for dinner, Jane dear. Please don't get your father started. He needs food be- cause he works hard."

Jane subsided at her mother's request. Mrs. Talbot worried that morning, because of her cooking. Jane disapproved of dumplings— there was boiled chicken with dumplings, fat and yellow, swim- ming in the gravy, and potatoes and hot biscuits again, and a cake for dessert.

Jane talked about strange things without having your heart act queer. It's the fat and starch in the food. Now you should begin breakfast with a dish of fresh ber- ries—"

"We're having berries for dinner