

down east I always used to board them, although there wasn't any money in it, and when T. asked me to board this one, I says, no, I ain't going to have no more lady teachers slopping around my house; but you know how it was, nobody else would take her, so I just had to—and I will say that, for a lady teacher, she is remarkably neat and tidy around the house."

There were late arrivals at school that morning, but Bud and Chesty were not among them. They had their reward. Miss Graham told a story far surpassing the one of the previous morning, and Bud learned what a rapier was. At recess there were ninety-six duels fought with improvised rapiers. Bud took part in twenty-three.

In school that afternoon he grew restless and unhappy. The fetters were beginning to chafe. Immediately in front of him was Gumy Smith, bending over his lessons in a way that left an appreciable opening between the collar of his jacket and the back of his neck. Bud glanced at the teacher; her back was turned. It seemed too good an opportunity to miss. By means of an old fountain pen filler he directed a stream of cold water down the opening in Gumy's jacket, and immediately acquired a burning interest in the map of Asia spread out on his desk upside down. Gumy reported the matter to the teacher, but received little comfort from that source. Miss Graham did not encourage tattling. This surprised Gumy. In Miss Parker's time he had won many favors by keeping that lady informed of the secret doings and saying of his companions; and besides, it was a thing much favored in the Sunday school books. Miss Graham seemed more displeased with Gumy himself than with Bud. She sent the latter into a corner to think over his misconduct, and then, becoming absorbed in a lesson, entirely forgot the little culprit. About recess time she chanced to look in that direction. "Hello," she said, "What are you doing there?"

It was a meek little voice that answered: "Please, Miss Graham, I'm still thinking." Bud felt that he owed Gumy something, and waited for an opportunity of getting even. It was not long in forthcoming. Shortly after recess, Gumy, having finished his lessons ahead of the other members of the class, was allowed to choose a book to read, from the school library. He chose a book about a good little boy, just such a good little boy as he was trying to be, who studied hard, and went to Sunday school, and was kind to animals and old ladies with bundles; and who never told lies, or went swimming on Sunday, or did anything to make life really enjoyable. With this prize under his arm he returned to his seat and dropped heavily into it, only to rise again immediately with a startled "Ouch!" and both hands reaching around behind. He brought to light a pin, ingeniously bent to lie on the seat with the point up, and held it up for the teacher's inspection. The tittering scholars watched Miss Graham expectantly.

"The person who played this trick will please remain after school." She said this tranquilly and confidently, and Bud wondered if she knew who that person was. There were several others who might have done it. Happy Rollins was just across the aisle, and Gumy's own seat mate often played tricks on him. Still the fact of Gumy's having tattled on Bud would seem to point to him as the probable culprit. The uncertainty of it was disquieting. If he was only sure how much Miss Graham knew. Perhaps she had seen him do it. If not, why did she seem so confident? Either she knew who the guilty person was, or else—or else she trusted that person. This put a new face on matters. To betray a trust like that would be a mean thing to do. Bud wrestled mightily with the spirit. "By jinks!" he said to himself, at last, "I'll do it; I'll stay and take a licking. Richard the Lion Hearted would of done it."

The decision made, he grew cheerful again; but this cheerfulness departed with the going home of the other scholars at four o'clock. When he was alone with Miss Graham and she called him forward he tried to summon up a smile, but it froze on his lips.

She didn't whip him, she didn't even scold him. She talked to him in a way he had never been talked to before. The tears gathered in his eyes and trickled down his cheeks, and a lump the size of an

ordinary football came and settled in his throat. When he was properly melted down she took from a drawer in her desk a big rosy apple, and placed it in his hand. This restored him to equanimity. It was an apple that Gumy had given her earlier in the day.

Bud gave a detailed account of the interview to his intimate circle of companions, only taking the liberty of magnifying the apple by several diameters, and entirely omitting to mention the shedding of tears. Gumy, hearing of the apple episode, decided to take no more apples to the teacher. If she had read the Sunday school books she would have known that a teacher does not give away things that are given her by good little boys, but treasures them up in sweetly perfumed receptacles and, coming across them years afterward in the bottom of her trunk, drops a tear on them in memory of the good little boy who died so young.

There was in the village a boy of about Bud's age, who seldom came to school. His father was a lawyer and spent most of his time in the city; and his mother was a weak-willed person with social aspirations, who had very little control over her son. This boy's name was Joe Ransom. When he did come to school he generally made trouble. One day he came over to where the boys were playing baseball, and insinuated himself into the game. It was not long before he made a slighting allusion to "the red-headed school teacher."

Bud, hearing the remark, dropped his bat and advanced threateningly on the intruder.

"I'll have you understand her hair ain't red."

"Oh, it ain't, eh? Well what color is it?"

"It's auburn."

"It ain't, it's red."

"It's auburn."

"It's red."

A grimy little fist struck the speaker fair on the lips and stung him into furious action. The two boys clenched, struggled desperately a moment, and toppled heavily to the ground. The other players formed a ring about the two combatants and watched the struggle with interest. No one offered to take part on either side—it was against the boyish code—but sympathy was manifestly with Bud. The other boy had proven himself a bully more than once, and he was, if anything, a shade heavier than Bud. It was therefore with considerable satisfaction that they saw Bud come out on top, straddle his opponent, and begin to pound him unmercifully.

"What color is it now?" he yelled.

"Red."

The pounding redoubled.

"What color?"

"Red."

Bud pinned the enemy's arms down with his knees, twisted his head into an immovable position, and began to tickle his nose with a blade of grass. This was exquisite torture.

The other boy struggled desperately, but in vain, to free himself. A suffocating feeling of helplessness came over him. Still the maddening torture continued, and the relentless voice kept demanding:

"What color?"

"What color did you say?"

He couldn't stand it.

"What color?"

"Auburn."

Mother's Face

By Stoughton Cooley

Dear face, deep furrowed by the hand of time,
And long familiar with each passing care—
Dearer by far to me than those more fair,
That still abide in youth's seductive prime,
Or wax not old in some congenial clime—
Not all the charms of beauty famed and rare
With thy sweet, gentle features can compare,
Forever hallowed by a love sublime.

Thou first ideal of my infant eyes,
To be adored as I have older grown—
Revered and loved the more the better known—

May thy enraptured visage ever rise
To cheer me in the way where duty lies,
And be a solace when the years have flown.



Wheat Bubbles

As She Serves Them—And Why

Have you noted how many health articles now advise eating Puffed Wheat?

Do you know how often Puffed Wheat appears on doctors' diet lists? And how many nurses serve it under doctors' orders?

Not because it is sick folks' food. But because it is whole wheat made wholly digestible.

It is scientific food—a Prof. Anderson creation. Every food cell is exploded—every atom feeds.

Toast used to be the grain-food when digestion was delicate. The scorching, perhaps, broke up half the food granules. But now it is whole-wheat, not part-wheat. And all the food cells are broken.

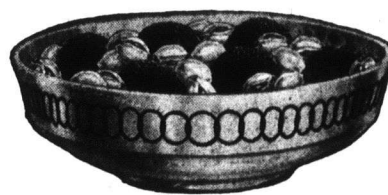
The same rule applies to well folks. Whole grains are far better than flour foods. And this puffing process—shooting from guns—makes all the whole-grain available.

And it makes it delightful. These giant grains, airy, thin and toasted, are really food confections.

Puffed Wheat

Each 15c.
Except in Far West

Puffed Rice



WITH BERRIES

Mix with your morning berries, or serve with cream and sugar. These are fascinating titbits.



AS NUT-BITS

Douse with melted butter, or simply salt them, for between-meal dainties.



IN MILK

Float like bubbles in your bowls of milk. They are flaky, savory, porous, crisp—easy to digest.



ON ICE CREAM

Scatter them over a dish of ice cream, to give a nut-like flavor.

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Sole Makers

Peterborough, Canada

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