

Light-Fingered

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Anyway you told me how interested you were in the—the—I forgot what you called it; but it means diseases of the mind."

Dr. Service nodded. His eye brightened with curiosity.

"You pointed out a row of books you were reading on the subject."

"I'm afraid I didn't ever get to the end of those books, Mrs. Lister. Patients of more material ailments came crowding on my time and set my good intentions at naught. I still retain a great deal of my interest in psychology though."

"Then you can't," began the woman, in keen disappointment.

"I never went into it deeply, no. So of course I cannot handle diseases of the mind."

Mrs. Lister blinked troubled eyes.

"You're such a wonderful doctor, the best reputation in the land and all, I—I felt sure you could advise me at any rate," she said beseechingly.

"Your daughter, you said, I think? Just tell me the trouble," said the specialist encouragingly. "You left her out in the office?"

"Oh, no, I—she doesn't even know I'm here,"—hurriedly.

"Oh! A case for extreme tact, I see. What are her symptoms?"

Mrs. Lister sent him a scared glance. She swallowed hard. Again she fumbled with the handle of her bag.

"She—she—takes things," came falteringly in a low tone.

Dr. Service looked puzzled.

"It may be eighteen months or it may be a bit more," she said, plaintively. "We—we're not too well off, doctor, her pa don't make much you see, but we're respectable folks." Neither on his side of the family nor on mine was there ever—

"I understand. This sort of thing isn't necessarily hereditary. Tell me, how is she employed at home?"

"She does practically all the work. The four boys all go to school and I'm not overly strong. Our nearest neighbors are all foreigners. It—it's pretty lonely for her, I suppose."

"I see," said Dr. Service, as his brow creased in thought and his eyes narrowed and fixed on vacancy, he waited for her to go on.

"Ruth's wild to get into town. But now that I know her—her failing, I try to keep her at home."

"What brings her in?"

"The dentistry she needs to have done several times a year, and little bits of shopping. We're twenty-six miles from town and it can all be got in usually between afternoon trains."

"Is it only from the stores that she—er—"

"As far as I know, But what I'm afraid of is that she'll get more and more daring, and—get into trouble!"

"How has she managed to keep out of it?"

"I'm sure I don't know. She's that quick, though! And then she has such an innocent face. Looking at her—the brown curly hair and all, nobody would ever—"



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"Takes things?" he repeated, vaguely. "Off counters, you know."

The specialist leaned forward.

"My dear woman!" he exclaimed, in hushed tones. "Do you mean she—"

"No, don't use that word. Call—call it kleptomania," said Mrs. Lister, in a tired voice, sob-shaken.

Her lip quivered. There was indescribable pathos in her faded eyes as she looked into his keen, sympathetic brown ones.

"Of course, of course," he said, quickly. His impassive professional expression had changed to one of eager interest.

In his replete and engrossing daily experience cases like this were indeed rare.

"I thought if we could treat her indirectly—"

"H'm. What age is the child?"

"Oh, she's no child, doctor, more's the pity! She's my eldest. She's twenty past, last April."

Mrs. Lister made a gigantic effort at self-control.

"And—and we've brought her up that well! Taint like as though she hadn't had proper teaching, doctor. Her pa—"

"Of course not. I take it she—does this thing while you and she come shopping to town?"

"She doesn't do much while I'm along. I think she already knows I suspect."

"Oh, you haven't charged her with it then?"

"Not yet."

"How long since you began to suspect her of this habit?"

The woman heaved a sigh. She considered.

"Have you actually seen her remove goods from store counters?"

"Yes," said the woman, with a shake of the head.

"How does she—"

"Up her sleeve. Sometimes just picks them up cool-like and puts them in her handbag. Other times—I don't know. Maybe her muff serves. The first time I noticed was when she took a fountain pen. She gave it to her pa. He'd been needing one."

"And didn't you charge her with the theft?"

"Well, you see I wasn't sure. But it kept on. Kid gloves and silk stockings and a lace collar. Then she gave me a present of a nice silk blouse (crushed it was. I had to press it). I asked her if she was running up a bill but she declared not. She was indignant. She—she's awful high-spirited. Kind of high-strung. Often she can't sleep of nights."

The physician smiled with faint facetiousness.

"How about admirers? Men friends?"

he asked, next.

"She doesn't know any young men. So it's not that. Oh, it's terrible, doctor! Our first-born—"

"Has it ever occurred to you that a young girl—"

"Some rights—the right to a little fun—"

"Panions of her own age, a few pretty things, money of—"

"But how—"

"We give them to her? We're pret—"

"We run, and the boys have to be—"

"We have to be real careful. Th—"

"The little farm doesn't pay—"

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Surprises

You Can Serve With Bubble Grains

Some morning serve Puffed Rice in this way:

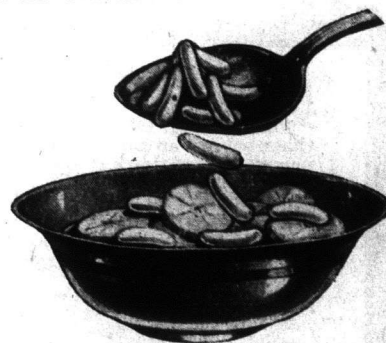
After crisping, douse with melted butter. Then add your cream and sugar.

It will taste like a dish of confections. And men enjoy it just as much as children.



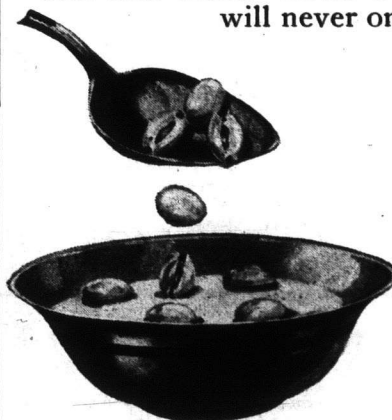
Add Puffed Rice to your fruit dish—any fruit. Fruit tastes best with some flimsy crust. That's why we have pies, tarts and short-cakes.

These fragile, nut-like bubbles add that crust. After a test you will never omit them.



For supper, float Puffed Wheat in milk. These are whole-wheat bubbles toasted. They are four times as porous as bread.

Children need whole wheat. They need the minerals in the outer coats. Served in this way they will revel in it.



After school surprise the children with these tidbits.

Douse Puffed Rice with melted butter. Let them eat like popcorn. Children can eat these grain dainties to their hearts' content—they so easily digest.



Scatter Puffed Rice like nut-meats on ice cream. A famous restaurant in Chicago first suggested this.

Puffed Rice is also used like nut-meats in home candy making—to make the candy porous, light and nutty.

Puffed Wheat Puffed Rice

Both Bubble Grains Puffed to 8 Times Normal Size

All steam exploded—puffed to eight times normal size. Every food cell blasted by Prof. Anderson's process, so digestion is easy and complete.

These are the greatest grain foods in existence and you should know them both.



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