



## BUT THAT'S ANOTHER STORY

### Was He Scotch?

"Mother," confided Jim, "I wish I had three eyes."

"Why, son? Where would you have the extra one?"

"I'd have it on the end of my finger so I could poke it through a crack in the fence and see the ball game for nothing," explained Jim.

### The Domestic Machine.

Mr. Meek was laboriously hooking up the back of his wife's evening dress just as the clock was striking their dinner hour and their dinner guests were ringing the door bell. Mr. Meek breathed hard; his forehead was damp and his hands shook.

"I do wish some one would invent a machine to do this kind of work!" he muttered, miserably.

"Why, they have!" replied his wife, brightly, as she applied some powder nonchalantly to her nose. "They have, and you are it!"

### Edna Was Honest.

An automobilist, scorching through a country neighborhood, killed a hen. He stopped and pressed a dollar into the hand of little Edna, who was going to call at neighbor Reed's. Edna ran and told mama her good fortune.

"Well," said thrifty mama, "put the money in your bank, and I will cut the hen's head off so we can eat her."

"Perhaps, mama," said Edna thoughtfully, "as long as we have the money, we had better let the Reeds eat the hen. It was their hen."

### A Difference in Pronouns.

Grandma held Teddy on her lap while she pointed out each big letter in the alphabet. Coming to "U," she said, "Now what is that letter, Teddy?" and he wisely replied: "That's me."

### She Would Be Rich.

Little Katherine, five years old, entered the room as the doctor was taking the temperature of an older sister who was recovering from an illness. When the physician examined the needle he said, "Jane's temperature drops a quarter each day." Katherine remarked, "I wish I could find some of them."

### So Much Easier.

A tourist while travelling in the north of Scotland, far from anywhere, exclaimed to one of the natives: "Why, what do you do when any of you are ill? You can never get a doctor."

"Nae, sir," replied Sandy. "We've jist to dee a natural death."

### Those Little Dishes.

Tommy ate his first meal at a country hotel, when he was nine years old, and the experience was an event. He was especially interested in the collection of small, thick dishes containing side orders scattered about his place. When he went home he gave a graphic description of the meal.

"And what do you think, mamma," he concluded, "we ate most of the things out of birds' bath tubs."

### He Grew Down.

Little Bobbie, aged five, had been told that he must put on his winter coat. And by the way, it was the coat's second season. After an unlimited length of time had been taken in getting Bobbie into the coat, he looked at it and said, "Say, mama, what do you always talk about little boys growing up for? Don't you see there is more of me below my coat this winter than there was last?"

### Hand in Hand.

"I tell you Pat, my boy," the big man of the town confided, laying a patronizing hand on the young Irishman's shoulder, "I wish I had your tongue."

"Sure, sor," grinned Pat, "but it would do yez no good without me brains."

### Not So Stupid After All.

"Come, sir," said the teacher to the boy at the foot of the class, "how do you pronounce s-t-i-n-g-y?"

The boy at the foot scratched his head.

"Well," he answered thoughtfully, "it depends on whether the word is applied to a human being or to a bee."

—*Woman's Home Companion.*

### Teaching a Girl to Swim.

Mr. Hopkinson Smith, painter, author, engineer and professional optimist, tells a story showing that Boston boys of the street are like all others. He overheard a conversation between two youngsters selling newspapers.

"Say, Harry, w'at's the best way to teach a girl how to swim?" asked the younger one.

"Dat's a cinch. First off you puts yer left arm under her waist and you gently takes her left hand—"

"Come off; she's me sister."

"Aw, push her off the dock."

### Making Up the Deficit.

The arithmetic lesson that day had been hard and trying, and now, at the closing hour, Tommy stood before the teacher, waiting to hear results.

"Your last problem is wrong," was the verdict. "You will have to stay after school and do it again."

Tommy looked at the clock. "Tell me, please, how much am I out?" he asked.

"Your answer is two cents short."

Tommy's hand dived into the pocket where his most treasured possessions were stored. Swiftly he separated two pennies from a bunch of strings, a pen-knife, some marbles and pieces of chalk.

"I'm in a hurry, sir," he said; "if you don't mind, I'll pay the difference."

### Picking Them Out.

The Governor of a Southern State came to his office with a friend one morning, to find a number of men waiting in the anteroom. Pausing an instant, he told a story that was a decided "chestnut." When they got inside the private office, the friend said: "That was a horribly old one you sprung on those fellows."

"I know it," chuckled the Governor, "but did you notice the ones that laughed?"

"Well, I noticed that three or four did."

"Those," said the Governor, "are the fellows who won't get in to see me. They are the ones who have favors to ask."—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

### Wouldn't Stay Bought.

A guest was expected for dinner, and Bobby had received five cents as the price of his silence during the meal. He was as quiet as a mouse until, discovering that his favorite dessert was being served, he could no longer curb his enthusiasm. He drew the coin from his pocket, and, rolling it across the table, exclaimed:

"Here's your nickel, mamma. I'd rather talk."—*Success Magazine.*

### Rather Young at the Game.

One day Charles' mother had occasion to punish him quite severely. He went to his father for comfort, but, finding reproof there also, was utterly disgusted. Later he confided in his aunt: "Mother and daddy don't treat me right, auntie dear, so I think I shall have to get a divorce from them."

### Etiquette First.

Gracie, aged six, went to a party given in honor of her friend's birthday. Immediately after arriving, she went to the hostess and said:

"I had an awfully good time at the party. I was afraid if I didn't tell you now I would forget it."

### Speed Before Safety.

It was a very youthful class in physiology.

"Why," asked the teacher, "is it best to eat soup first when one is very hungry?"

The pupils stared at her blankly. Then Jamie enlightened them from the depths of his experience.

"You can get it down fastest," he announced.—*The Delineator.*

### Heaven Had No Charms.

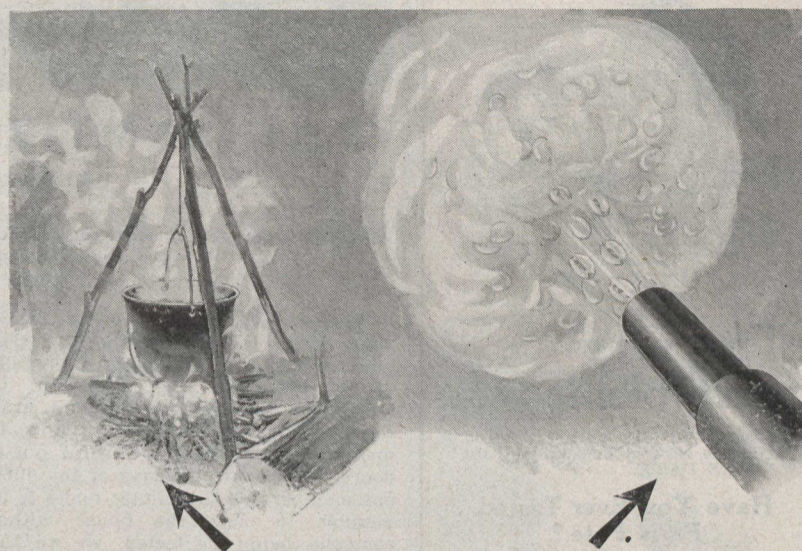
A Sunday-school teacher was quizzing her class of boys on the strength of their desire for righteousness.

"All those who wish to go to heaven," she said, "please stand."

All got to their feet but one small boy.

"Why, Johnny," exclaimed the shocked teacher, "do you mean to say that you don't want to go to heaven?"

"No, ma'am," replied Johnny promptly. "Not if that bunch is going."



## From That to This In Cooking

### How Puffed Wheat and Rice Evolved

Even the ancients—even barbarians—knew that grain must be cooked in some way. They boiled it or parched it or baked it. Modern peoples improved their methods, but little improved their results.

The effect, both in ancient times and modern, was to break up part of the food cells. Only a part. The rest were left unbroken, as in raw grain.

### Then Came Efficiency

Then men awoke to efficiency, which means eliminating waste. In every line,

things always done in half-ways were done better.

Prof. A. P. Anderson, then of Columbia University, applied efficiency to cooking. He said, "There must be some way to make all the grain food cells digestible."

And he found it. He found a way to explode each cell by turning its moisture into steam.

The process is long and heroic. It involves fearful heat. The grain must be shot from guns. But the result is Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice—grains eight times normal size—with every food cell literally blasted to pieces for easy, complete digestion.

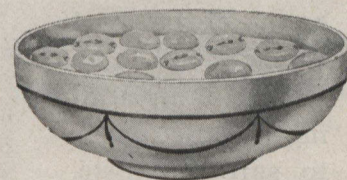
**Puffed Wheat, 12c**  
**Puffed Rice, 15c**

Except in Extreme West

These foods mark the limit in cookery. But their enticements alone have won millions. These are bubbles of grain—crisp, airy and toasted. Almost as fragile as snowflakes. With a taste like toasted nuts.

They are food confections. Serve them with sugar and cream, mix them with fruit, float them in your bowls of milk. Use in candy making or as garnish for ice cream. Let hungry children eat them dry like peanuts.

But always remember that they easily digest, and that every atom feeds. These are perfect all-hour foods.



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