

with a cry of horror, ran from the room, with Youth alone at her side.

Seek as they might in the great marble corridors, in the gardens drowned in fragrance, in the high, empty rooms that mocked their calling with echoes, they could find no trace of her. Beauty was gone!

Without her they returned, trembling to the theatre, where the stage manager regarded them with callous eyes. "No go, my dears! It's all off—the public won't stand for a star without beauty. Wouldn't like a character part—mother stuff? Well, sorry, but I gotta give the public what it wants. Business is business, y'know!"

INTO the city streets went Everywoman and Youth, the flowers fading on her wreath and her green gown stained and frayed. And now, Flattery was no longer with them, and there was none to tell them where to go.

"If we are to find Love, we must search swiftly or he will not let us in when we knock upon his door." Youth trembled, and Everywoman saw that she was wan and ghastly in the dimness and that her little hands, once so beautifully curved and delicate, were shrivelled almost to claws. A great panic seized her, and she sped along the streets, now sick with dawn, not knowing whither she went, her cloak blown out upon the rising wind, chill with the first frost.

"Wait, I cannot keep up with you if you go so fast," Youth begged her. "After all, we need not despair yet. Let me seek Love in the gambling halls—they say he is a great gambler!"

So to the great gambling hall they went and mingled with the crowds about the tables, fevered with losing, flushed with winning, staking here a diamond torn from the breast of a beautiful gown, and there a heart torn from beneath it. But nowhere did they see Love.

Closer and closer to the tables moved Everywoman, Youth at her side, straining her gaze upon the tiny balls spinning in the polished wheel. In her hands was the purse that held everything she possessed in the world. A moment later she turned away, blindly, with empty hands. A hooded figure in a grey cloak touched her upon the arm, "I am your friend," said a faint, hollow voice from within the shrouding folds. "I am your last friend, Everywoman."

"And your name?" she asked, and suddenly caught away the concealing folds where the face should have been. Her shriek of despair rose and clamoured among the gilded rafters, but in that Place of Despair it went unnoticed, each of the gamblers, isolated in his own separate bit of hell. For beneath the grey cowl was only—emptiness!

"Nobody—that is my name," the faint, mournful voice said, very far away. "Nobody is your friend, Everywoman."

New Year's Eve—and bells tolling and the grey snow veiling the grey sky. Through the tall canyons of the city streets wandered Everywoman and Youth, in the rags of poverty, and at last, before the gate of a great church, through whose windows the light streamed out and painted crimson and purple replicas of the saints on the snow they passed, and Youth bowed her head with a moan. "I can go no further," she said. "I am spent. Everywoman, you must go on alone."

Everywoman clutched at the skirt of the green gown with streaming tears. "No, no—do not leave me utterly alone!" she pleaded. "The world is so big, so cruelly big, and there are so many years to be lived. I cannot face them without Youth or Beauty or Love. Stay with me—stay!"

But out of the portals of the church stepped a hoary figure, with immemorial scythe, and led Youth weeping, away. And now Everywoman tasted the bitter waters of loneliness that seeped over her soul, and rising, in utter wretchedness, swept her long hair back from her ravaged face and turned shamelessly to hail the next passer-by. As she looked into his face, she saw dully that it was Wealth who stood before her, smothered in furs, white-spatted, with a glistening silk hat above his bald old brow.

"Hee! Hee! To think of finding you here!" chuckled he, with fishy eyes studying her drawn cheeks, her throat, where the cords showed under the sallowness. "You'd have done better to have taken my offer, eh, my girl? Well, I'm rather in a hurry. Good-night!"

He would have hurried on, but she laid her gaunt hand upon his arm. "Suppose I accept it now?" she said low and hurriedly. "I have hunted far and wide and I have never found Love, and I am very weary. I cannot hunt any further, and besides, perhaps you are right and there are better things than he could give me. I want those

things, soft food and warm shelter and whole garments—see! My feet are on the ground!"

But Wealth shook his head. "The offer was for Youth and Beauty to come along, too, remember," he said, not unkindly, but with finality. "To be quite frank with you, my dear, I don't want you now. Bye-bye!"

AS THE squat figure hurried away into the grey welter of the storm, Everywoman stood very still, staring ahead of her unseeing. "So," she said, in a voice that broke and cracked, "so I am not even fit for a courtesan! So—I have nothing to sell in exchange for food and lodgings—"

Overhead the chimes gave tongue to midnight, and from the church doors the worshippers began to emerge. Among them was one, all in soft grey, with a still, sweet face and gravely glancing eyes. She looked long at the wretched figure leaning upon the iron wicket, and then came to her and laid her hand upon her arm.

"Everywoman," said a voice that seemed an echo of the chimes, "Everywoman, if you had listened to me before you started on your weary journey, you would have escaped much sorrowing."

Everywoman looked wonderingly into the woman's eyes. "I have never seen you," she said, "in my life before. You are—"

"I am Truth," the other answered, "and I speak through the voice of my handmaiden, Conscience."

And, looking at the gaunt, grim figure beside her, it seemed to Everywoman that she had seen her before—surely that austere face, surely those pale, bloodless hands—for the first time she ceased to pity herself and tears of grief and shame filled her eyes.

"And has your tinsel crown the power to warm you, Everywoman?" grated the voice of Conscience. "Have you, then, found what a woman wants of life?"

"Have pity!" said Everywoman, and fell at the feet of Truth. "Have pity! Make me your servant—I will do the meanest tasks in your house, I will serve you faithfully."

"Truth held out a hand, strong, comforting. 'Come home with me, my child,' she added. 'My son, who is a physician, perhaps can heal your torn heart.'"

The house of Truth was bare and clean and filled with lighted lamps that shone with a white, steady flame. One came to meet them at the threshold, tall and straight and good to look upon, with eyes that shone like sunshine on clear water. The heart of Everywoman stood still, for she knew him well. Then her hands went up, hiding her stricken face. Too late she had found Love, now that Youth and Beauty and Modesty had left her, and she was only a forlorn, bedraggled wanderer, with nothing to give to him.

But his hands took hers away, his eyes shone into her tired eyes. "Welcome home at last, Everywoman," said Love, and oh, the tenderness of him—the tenderness!

"But—I have nothing to offer you," she faltered. "I was young, I was beautiful, but I followed big fires for weary days and now am neither beautiful nor young."

"Love does not ask to receive, but to give," he told her. "Love only asks to serve. Come home, tired one."

And he opened wide his arms. "Daughter of the Dawn, standing at the portals of Life, remember this, that in your search for Love, Truth and Conscience are the only guides."

The girl lifted her heavy head from her outflung arms and looked up into the grim, expressionless face of her maid—the gaunt, austere woman of whom she had always been secretly afraid. What did the woman want? What had she come to tell her? The girl thought, fear dawning in her sleep-dazed eyes!

"I said, miss," the woman repeated, "that you must be stiff and cold, sleeping all night in your chair, so. And, if you please, miss, there is an oldish-youngish-looking man in the drawing-room asking to see you. He says that he got something of yours at the bazaar last night and wanted to return it to you, this morning."

The girl smiled vaguely, stretching her firm, young arms. "So that is what Connie stands for—Conscience," she murmured, then sprang to her feet with a low laugh of pure joy. "Go down and tell that man!—that I beg to be excused!" she directed, "and if a theatrical man telephones, tell him that I have decided 'no'! And now—make me look my prettiest and send for a doctor, for I think I need a prescription—not a famous doctor, Connie, but one a little shabby, and more than a little poor, a tall young doctor, and straight, with eyes like sunshine in a clear pool—"

Surprises

You Can Serve With Bubble Grains



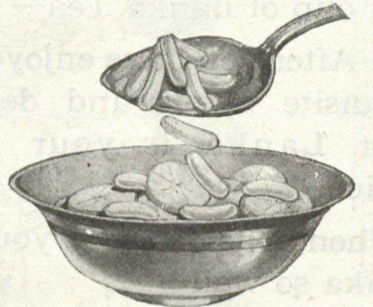
Some morning serve Puffed Rice in this way:

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 shortcakes.

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.

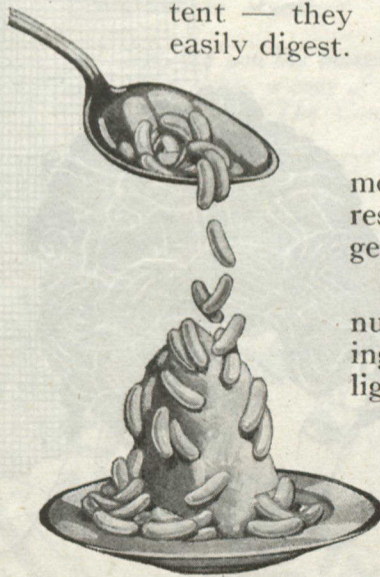
After school surprise the children with these tidbits:

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.



The Quaker Oats Company

Peterborough, Canada

Sole Makers

Saskatoon, Canada