

## The Marble Staircase

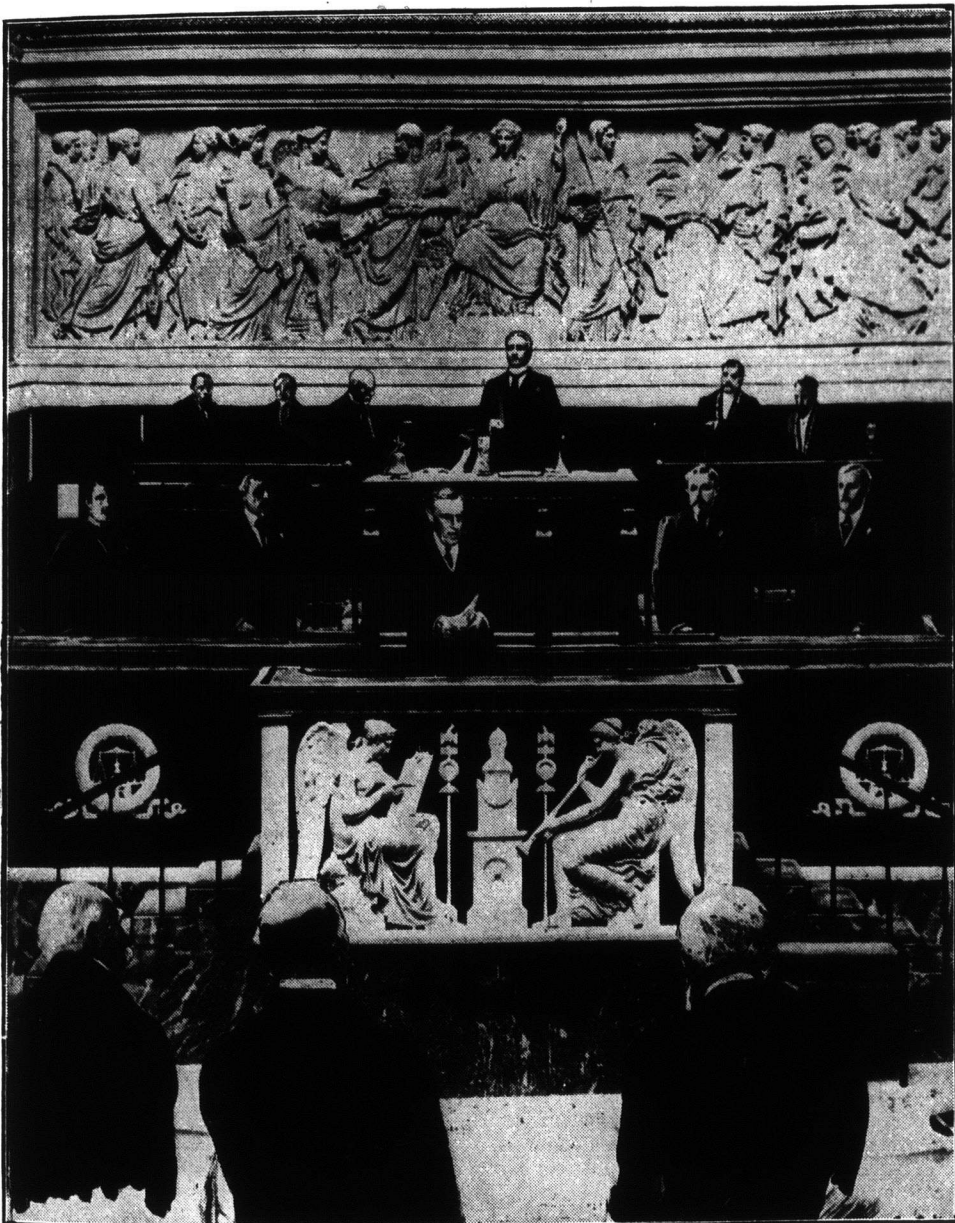
Written for The Western Home Monthly by A. T. Horton

MIRANDA sat on the broad window sill of her bedroom gazing out on the moonlit fields that lay in front of her. She should have been in bed an hour ago, and perhaps this fact added to her enjoyment as she sat there, the cool night air gently waving the fair hair that hung round her shoulders. All that day she had been in more or less of a rebellious mood. She had planned to escape into the woods early in the morning and spend this first day of her holidays in lazy enjoyment of their shady depths, but her mother had been obliged to go to town, and nurse had been busy all day with baby who was cutting his teeth. So much to her disgust Miranda had been told to keep an eye on her younger brothers and sisters, which meant that she had had very little leisure all day long.

Miranda was fifteen years old, and the eldest girl of a family of five. She should have been a great help to her rather delicate mother, but unfortunately

it gracefully, but became cross and ill-tempered, and considered herself very much ill used. Her mother had constantly to complain of her neglected duties, and just now she was particularly trying as she had taken up with the idea that a person of such literary importance as she was about to become could not waste any time on such trifles as her personal appearance, and she went about dishevelled and untidy, with her fingers covered with ink stains and her hair unbrushed.

"I wish mother would not worry so," she said to herself as she gazed out of the window. "Whatever does it matter how I look when my mind is engrossed with high and noble thoughts? And oh, those children how bothersome they were to-day! They seem to think I have nothing better to do than to wait on them and play with them. When I am a great author they will be proud of me and sorry that they did not give me more encouragement. Oh, dear, I wish it wasn't such slow work and that I could



President Wilson, explaining to the French Senate and Chamber of Deputies the meaning of the League of Nations.

for her own peace of mind she had wonderful ideas of some day becoming very great and famous, and those ideas took such possession of her mind and thoughts that she rebelled at being asked to do what she called the hum-drum things of life, and even her teachers at school had to complain of work shirked and badly done.

Her ideas of greatness and fame varied according to the subject that happened at the time to interest her most. Sometimes she would plan for herself great fame as an artist. Then all her spare time was devoted to painting and drawing. All her brothers and sisters would be persuaded in to acting as models, and everything would be neglected for the craze while it lasted. Just now she was determined to become a famous author, the last cent of her pocket money had been spent in manuscript paper, and she went about with a notebook and pencil always jotting down anything she considered might prove useful to her in her literary career. She had, of course, quite a lot of teasing from the various members of her family, and I am sorry to say that she had not yet learnt to bear

suddenly find myself famous." "You won't do that," said a gruff little voice at her elbow, "You can't jump into greatness in that fashion."

Miranda turned quickly and saw standing near her a little man of rather stern appearance who was looking her up and down with disapproving eyes.

"Who are you?" she asked, "and what do you know of greatness and fame?"

"A good deal more than you, my dear," the little creature answered. "But if you are willing to be taught I can help you." "Help me to become great and famous?" asked Miranda, eagerly.

"Well, that depends on yourself a good deal," answered the little man, "but I can show you the way all right, my name is Duty."

"Then do, oh, please do show me," cried Miranda impatiently. "Well, you had better come with me then," answered the little man, and before Miranda had time to ask when or how she found herself floating gently out of the window and across the moonlit fields by the side of her strange com-



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If Fed Exclusively on Quaker Oats



\$18 a Day

If Fed Exclusively on Lobster



\$8 a Day

If Fed Exclusively on Oysters



\$1.80 a Day

If Fed Exclusively on Fish



\$1.71 a Day

If Fed Exclusively on Veal Cutlets



\$1.23 a Day

If Fed Exclusively on Round Steak

## What It Costs To Feed a Man

The average man's food need is about 3,000 calories daily.

The calorie is the energy unit by which we measure food.

In Quaker Oats those calories cost only 5½ cents per 1,000. In lobster they cost \$6 per 1,000.

Here is what they cost, at this writing, in some necessary foods:

### Cost of 3000 Calories

|                    |        |
|--------------------|--------|
| In Quaker Oats     | \$0.17 |
| In Round Steak     | 1.23   |
| In Veal Cutlets    | 1.71   |
| In Salt Codfish    | 2.34   |
| In Canned Peas     | 1.62   |
| In Hen's Eggs      | 2.10   |
| In Broiled Chicken | 3.30   |

That means that meats, eggs and fish on the average, cost ten times Quaker Oats for the same energy units.

It means that ten breakfasts of Quaker Oats cost no more than one average meat breakfast.

It means that each 35-cent package served in place of such foods saves about \$3.

Quaker Oats, also, means better nutrition. The oat is almost a complete food. It is close to the ideal food.

It is considered by food experts the greatest food that grows.

One should not, of course, eat any one food exclusively. Nature calls for variety.

But there is every reason why Quaker Oats should be the basic breakfast.

Most other foods cost many times as much and no other food is comparable.

## Quaker Oats

Just Queen Oats

We flake queen grains only for Quaker Oats—just the big, rich, flavory oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel.

Thus we get a superlative flavor, which has made this brand famous nearly all the world over.

When such oat flakes cost no extra price you should get them.

Two Sizes: 35c and 15c

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(3066)