

A HOME FOR HO FAT WUN

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strongly rounded little chin and rous, comradely eyes. The girl was lost forever. This cool, snive person was not she. swam slowly through a void there was neither ocean nor sky. Water rustled under the teadiness that spoke of progress assy sea, but the world was lost arkness of outer space. Then a t unearthly radiance caught his low, and he became aware of a ade him forget to breathe. er the great prow the blackness d creamed into fire, streamed widening, frothing trails of flame. flying fish got up and went y, striking a trail of sparks from surface. Suspended below in ness a school of intricately dart- ified by. Minnows, those gor- hings were only minnows! I seen phosphorescence before, ch a blaze of glory set off by so t. Off yonder the placid water notion, no light; but under the d into flickering green and yellow blue. Every tiny splash on the omed into light, fading into plume of glowing vapor; every- oved in that liquid blackness instantly in an armor of self-

golden torpedo shape swam into another, and another. Directly shadowy angle of the bow they n parallel ranks, now swaggring om side to side, weaving a lumi- ork of their glowing trails; now invisibility, now leaping out r in golden explosions of light; ul, lagging; waiting for that dim nster of a ship that would neither e, but only plowed dully ahead. ye like to fall overboard now?" dden dry voice of the lookout. rks'd be glad t' see ye." s moved to irritation. He knew sailors had honest ignorance of he sea, but he resented hearing lly, joyous creatures called sharks.

ns, I think," he corrected shortly. "I've seen them play around a at; but I never saw such a show o," said the lookout languidly. I make out that he was not even hat moving patch of splendor that sea unrolled under their feet. n't it?" Seldom in a lifetime might a man such sea magic, thought Peter ; and this sun-dried seafaring t worth no more than a glance less word. It was not Peter's e so harshly critical, you will un- he was merely making an unfair n. The lookout was a very good

led to turn again to enthralled con- , but could not. Something bore sciousness; a wistfulness, a grave re; it was a necessity. He took r and lighted it, trying to asphyxi- unreasoning impulse in smoke. re six of those lithe spectacular w; they might frolic on for half ore, or they might vanish at any

calmly he tossed the cigar over- l and put the burnt match in his He strode back past the winches, ; unheedingly on an unseen chain; steps and along the hatches and to the lighted promenade. It was at simply must be done, regardless unces to himself. and her standing by the rail, alone, ; the wide flickering wash in the long the ship's side. Stiffly and for- came to a halt beside her. 's not a hundredth part of the show," abruptly. "There are dolphins up playing just as they do in daylight ing in the dark. You may never see phosphorescence again." ooked at him with steady, expression- s, but he had already accepted the r himself and was not daunted. must see it," he went on, stoically al; "you must not miss such a Ask someone to go with you. I've

"Is there," she asked, "any reason why I shouldn't go with you?" The sense of her words sent Peter's spirits up a couple of notches, but her expression had not changed. They went sliding slowly back. He knew now that he had been addressing the girl of yesterday through the unfriendly ears of the cool young person who took her place; but the girl of yesterday—for him—was gone forever. "If you will," he said with tremendous dignity, and offered his arm. In silence they crossed the dark hatch and mounted to the utter night of the foredeck. The girl cried out once, softly, as she came upon the glory under the tall prow; but her exclamation was not addressed to him. The shining torpedo shapes sported valiantly for her; for her the smaller people of the deep winked into warmer ruidescence and faded slowly astern; new and more wonderful hues of radiance broke out in the wash of the sharp bow. "Look," said the girl; "here comes the ace of diamonds." "Stingaree," said the dry voice of the lookout. "Sting ray," translated Peter.

HE SPOKE softly; not for worlds would he have hurt the lookout's feelings; he had just discovered the marvelously comfort- ing fact that the girl, leaning beside him on the rail, and hence not in the least in need of support, had not withdrawn her hand from his arm. It even snuggled more confidently in the bend of his elbow. A moment ago he had despised the lookout for an unfeeling clod; now he loved him as a man and a brother. He loved everybody.

"Oh," cried the girl, clutching his arm in involuntary dismay, "they're going home." It was true. One by one the lithe torpedo shapes up-ended, foreshortened, and vanished in dimming pools of phosphorescence. The crystal darkness closed over them. Lesser lights still winked, lines of cool fire still swept back along the ship's side; the stage was still set, but the star performers were gone. Presently the girl spoke with a kind of shamed hesitation. "Why did you ask me to come?" she said.

Peter was surprised. "Why, I thought you'd like it," he explained inadequately. "But I've been so—nasty to you." "I deserved it," said Peter cheerfully. "No," said the girl thoughtfully. "I think the reason I was so angry with you wasn't because you offered me the little mandarin, but because I came so near taking him—before I thought." The lookout coughed. He had coughed before, but this time he did it noisily, and struck a match, varying his usual procedure of lighting one cigar from the stub of another. He was not without delicacy, that lookout, for all that golden dolphins in the night to him were only sharks.

THEY fell silent, their faces softly lit by the streaming lines of fire below. He looked and saw that she was smiling. "You will let me give you the little mandarin, won't you?" he murmured.

The girl traced a pattern on the broad rail with a slim forefinger. "Do you know why I showed him to you in the store?" she said slowly. "It was because I knew you could see the darling soul of him. And you did; and so I can't take him."

"You wanted me to see him," said Peter, "just like I wanted you to see—all this?"

"Yes. To help me see him."

"I didn't know," said Peter reverently and with masterly clearness, "that I could help anybody—see things, like I've always wanted you to help me. Nell —"

She lifted her small dim face, probably to speak. Perhaps Peter was afraid to risk her saying the wrong thing; he interfered in a most practical manner with her speaking at all.

"What will your wife say?" presently inquired a small and somewhat muffled voice near his right shoulder. "You're her," said Peter. "Didn't you recognize your description?"

"Yes," admitted the small voice. "I knew all the time you weren't married. You were so funny, like a little boy trying to fool his mamma."

"Happy prospect I've got," mourned Peter, "if I can't ever fool you."



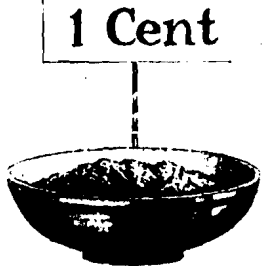
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