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365  
 .35  
 \$127.75



## \$125 Per Year Saved on breakfasts

A Quaker Oats breakfast saves the average family about 35 cents, compared with meat, eggs, fish, etc. And that means over \$125 per year.

Starting the day on oats means a family better fed. The oat is the food of foods. It is rich in elements which all people need and which many people lack.

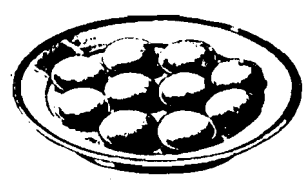
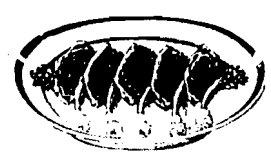
Oats yield 1810 calories of nutriment per pound. That's twice what round steak yields. Oats form almost the ideal food in balance and completeness.

Yet Quaker Oats—the cream of oats—cost but one cent per large dish. Or about as much as a bite of meat.

### Breakfast for Five



- 5 dishes Quaker Oats . . . 5c
- 10 eggs about . . . 40c
- 5 lamb chops . . . 60c
- 5 servings fish . . . 40c



### 11c a Day for a Boy

A boy needs about 2000 calories of nutriment per day. Those 2000 calories cost 11c in Quaker Oats—in eggs about \$1.20.

Foods are rated by calories—the energy measure of nutriment. With too few calories one is underfed. And calories in some foods cost ten times as much as in others.

Variety is necessary. But Quaker Oats supplies the supreme food at breakfast, and at minimum cost. Let the costly foods come later in the day.

Note how foods differ in cost when you figure their food value. Here is the cost of some necessary foods, based on prices at this writing.

Cost per 1000 Calories	
Quaker Oats . . . . .	5½c
Average Meats . . . . .	45c
Average Fish . . . . .	50c
Hen's Eggs . . . . .	60c
Milk . . . . .	20c
Vegetables . . . . .	11c to 75c

# Quaker Oats

P50  
 L45  
 9/22

was left with his cap as to be well-nigh indistinguishable.  
 So Sarah Filbert thought when she opened the door to Eudora's peremptory ring. She eyed him with unveiled suspicion before she turned to wag her head at the girl who had brought him. "Whar you'm been, Miss Dory?"

Eudora's eyes danced. "Marketing in Hamlin Town, Sarah. Now run along like a good soul and put dinner on. We're famished."

Sarah clapped her hand over her mouth to muffle the perturbation that rose in her soul and, stumbling away toward the kitchen, Eudora could hear her mumbling: "Lorly sakes, dat chile's plumb crazy!"

EUDORA entered, but the man did not follow. He had watched Sarah's mammoth back disappear, and now he shook his head emphatically.

"You know she doesn't approve of me; she doesn't approve of your experimenting. Look here, Miss—Miss Post, I wasn't exactly square about the empty pockets—took poet's license, I'm afraid. I am hungry. I didn't get any breakfast on the sleeper, and afterward I forgot it. But I have money enough to get a meal and pay my fare back to New York; and there's a job waiting for me back there that I guess I'll have to take." He took off his cap and held out his hand almost awkwardly.

"You see, you've been playing Samaritan to the wrong beggar; thank you, just the same."

Eudora refused to see the proffered hand; instead she focused all her interest on the cap.

"You'd better hang it on the rack," she suggested; "then you won't forget it. There's a peg just below for your coat; and if you would step inside I could close the door. Thank you."

With her hand on the knob and with her eyes still dancing, Eudora looked at him steadily for an instant more.

"I understand perfectly, and don't you suppose most women can tell the difference between facts and hyperbole? I didn't think for a minute you were beaten. You didn't look that way, only battered about a bit by the winds of adversity. Of course, if you prefer to eat your dinner at a cafeteria I wouldn't want you to disappoint yourself; only Sarah Filbert's an awfully good cook."

She finished her sentence with a smile, for the man had hung up his coat and cap.

"You'll find father's room across the hall. I'll be down in a minute."

She started up the stair, but stopped on the second step and considered him thoughtfully again. "You might tell me your name—not that it matters to me, but Sarah might like to know."

"James Barnes—Jimmy Barags."  
 "It sounds more agricultural than theatrical. Thank you, Mr. Barnes. Make yourself at home until I come down."

She ran up the rest of the way to her room and took off her things. As she tucked in some stray locks of hair she stopped long enough to take an appraising look of her face in the glass.

"You're a plain-looking little toad, E. P. Post," was her comment; which wasn't true, but it went to show that Eudora indulged in no exaggerations over herself or her possible place in life. If it was to fall to her lot to be a heroine, someone else would have to name her for the part.

DINNER began in silence. Eudora took the statement of hunger as a fact and left her guest to the undisturbed enjoyment of an excellent meal. Even Sarah Filbert was forced to forget her suspicion every time she passed him a second helping; and little by little the habitual lines of good humor crept back in her face to stay there. She could no more have helped warming to the unconscious flattery of such an appetite than she could have refused forgiveness to Eudora had she literally fulfilled her threat and established a pig in the parlor.

Only once did the man break the silence during the progress of the meal, and then it was to ask the train time of a New York express.

When he finally laid down his knife and fork he sighed the sigh of an amply satisfied small boy. "Please excuse me. I certainly did eat; but after twenty-seven months of corn-willy and hardtack a dinner like this makes one believe in Heaven all over again."

And at that precise moment Sarah swept

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The man has-sock. H "After the thing; it's reached into a bulky, old