

DAD'S A CHAMPION



Bloomington, Ill.—That's Randy Rust, 8, on horse above. Dad, Franklin Rust, stands by. Mr. Rust shows champion horses. Son Randy and dad both great outdoorsmen. Great *Wheaties* men too! They enjoy these 100% whole wheat flakes almost any time of day.

Mom is too!



Mrs. Rust's a "Champion" too, with her 2 sons. She keeps house on 600 acre farm; but finds time to go horseback riding with family besides. Active life! She says: "We have big appetites—especially at breakfast." So whole family has lots of *Wheaties*! They like this famous training dish with milk and bananas.



II. MARTINE'S LOVER

As young girls Martine and Philippa had been extraordinarily pretty, with the almost supernatural fairness of flowering fruit trees or perpetual snow. They were never to be seen at balls or parties, but people turned when they passed in the streets, and the young men of Berlevaag went to church to watch them walk up the aisle. The younger sister also had a lovely voice, which on Sundays filled the church with sweetness. To the Dean's congregation earthly love, and marriage itself, were trivial matters, in themselves nothing but illusions; still it is possible that more than one of the elderly Brothers had prized the maidens far above rubies and had suggested as much to their father. But the Dean had declared that to him in his calling his daughters were his right and left hands—who could want to bereave him of them? And the fair girls had been brought up to an ideal of heavenly love; they were all filled with it and did not let themselves be touched by the flames of this world.

All the same, they had upset the peace of heart of two gentlemen from the great world outside Berlevaag.

There was a young officer named Lorens Loewenhielm, who had led a gay life in his garrison town and had run into debt. In the year of 1854, when Martine was eighteen and Philippa seventeen, his angry father sent him on a month's visit to his aunt in her old country house of Fossum, near Berlevaag, where he would have time to meditate and to better his ways.

One day he rode into town and met Martine in the market place. He looked down at the pretty girl, and she looked up at the fine horseman. When she had passed him and disappeared, he was not certain whether he was to believe his own eyes.

In the Loewenhielm family there existed a legend to the effect that long ago a gentleman of the name had married a *huldré*, a female mountain spirit of Norway who is so fair that the air round her shines and quivers. Since then from time to time members of the family had been second-sighted. Young Lorens till now had not been aware of any particular spiritual gift in his own nature. But at this one moment there rose before his eyes a sudden, mighty vision of a higher and purer life, with no creditors, dunning letters or parental lectures, with no secret, unpleasant pangs of conscience and with a gentle, golden-haired angel to guide and reward him.

Through his pious aunt he got admission to the Dean's house, and saw that Martine was even lovelier without a bonnet. He followed her slim figure with adoring eyes, but he loathed and despised the figure which he himself cut in her nearness. He was amazed and shocked by the fact that he could find nothing at all to say, and there was no inspiration in the glass of water before him.

"Mercy and truth, dear Brethren, are met together," said the Dean, "righteousness and bliss have kissed each other." And the young man's thoughts were with the moment when Lorens and Martine were to kiss each other.

He repeated his visit time after time, and each time, seemed to himself to grow smaller and more insignificant and contemptible. When in the evening he came back to his aunt's house, he tucked his shining riding boots to the corners of his room; he even laid his hat on the table and wept.

His state he made a last confession to his aunt, who, when she heard of it, said: "You must be made a just man, or you will never see her again."

BABETTE'S FEAST

(Continued from Page 35)

"I am going away forever!" he cried. "I shall never, never see you again! For I have learned here that fate is hard and that in this world there are things which are impossible!"

When he was once more back in his garrison town he thought his adventure over, and found that he did not like to think of it at all. While the other young officers talked of their love affairs he was silent upon his. For seen from the officers' mess, and so to say with its eyes, it was a pitiful business.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

The Gracious and the Gentle Thing

By Robert P. Tristram Coffin

The three young heifers were at summer supper
In the cowpen munching new-mown hay,
Their eyes suffused with sweetness of red clover;
It was no time to pass the time of day.
Their chins went side to side, their cheeks were bulging indecorously, and they were eating more;
I was a stranger, I had no introduction,
They had never laid eyes on me before.

Yet when I patted each young lady's sleekness,
Each young lady's lips grew bland and still,
She left the hay that sweetened the whole evening
And beamed on me with eyes deep with good will.
She kissed my hand where it lay on the fence rail
And breathed her sweetness in my smiling face;
She left her supper, turned her slender beauty
Instantly to practice of good grace.

I stood there below the azure evening
With miles of tender thrushes all around
And thought how up and down the land I never
So natural a courtesy had found
As this night in a barnyard with three heifers.

The gracious and the gentle thing to do,
With never any lesson in good manners,
These innocent and courteous creatures knew.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

How had it come to pass that a lieutenant of the hussars had let himself be defeated and frustrated by a set of long-faced sectarians, in the bare-floored rooms of an old dean's house?

Then he got afraid, a panic came upon him. Was it the family madness which made the young men of the garrison town believe in the dreamlike pictures of the old dean's father?

when he would cut a brilliant figure in a brilliant world.

His mother was pleased with the result of his visit to Fossum, and in a letter expressed her gratitude to his aunt. She did not know by what queer, winding roads her son had reached his high moral standpoint.

The ambitious young officer soon caught the attention of his superiors, and made unusually quick advancement. He was sent to France and to Russia, and on his return he married a lady in waiting to Queen Sophia. In these high circles he moved with grace and ease, pleased with his surroundings and with himself. He even in course of time benefited from words and turns which had stuck in his mind from the Dean's house, for piety was now in fashion at court.

In the yellow house of Berlevaag Philippa sometimes turned the talk to the handsome, silent young man who had so suddenly made his appearance and so suddenly disappeared again. Her older sister would then answer her gently, with a still, clear face, and find other things to discuss.

III. PHILIPPA'S LOVER

A YEAR later a more distinguished person even than Lieutenant Loewenhielm came to Berlevaag.

The great singer Achille Papin, of Paris, for a week had sung at the Royal Opera of Stockholm, and had carried away his audience there as everywhere. One evening a lady of the court, who was dreaming about a romance with the artist, had described to him the wild, grandiose scenery of Norway. His own romantic nature was stirred by the narration and he had laid his way back to France round the Norwegian coast. But he felt small in the sublime surroundings, with nobody to talk to, and fell into a melancholy in which he saw himself as an old man, at the end of his career—till on a Sunday, when he could think of nothing else to do, he went to church and heard Philippa sing.

Then in one single moment he knew and understood all. For here were the snowy summits, the wild flowers and the white Nordic nights, translated into his own language of music, and brought him in a young woman's voice. Like Lorens Loewenhielm, he had a vision.

Almighty God, he thought, *Thy power is without end, and Thy mercy reacheth unto the clouds! And here is a prima donna of the opera who will lay Paris at her feet.*

Achille Papin at this time was a handsome man of forty, with curly black hair and a red mouth. The idolization of nations had not spoiled him; he was a kindhearted person and honest toward himself.

He went straight to the yellow house, gave his name—which told the Dean nothing—and explained that he was staying in Berlevaag for his health, and the while would be happy to take on the young lady as a pupil. He did not mention the opera of Paris, but described at length how beautifully Miss Philippa would come to sing in church, to the glory of God.

For a moment he forgot himself, for when the Dean asked whether he was a Roman Catholic he answered according to truth, and the old clergyman, who had never seen a live Roman Catholic, grew a little pale. All the same, the Dean was pleased to speak French, which reminded him of his young days, when he had studied the works of the great French Protestant writer Lefevre d'Étaples. And as nobody could long withstand Achille Papin when he had really set his heart on a matter, in the end the father gave his consent.