

THE BALMY BREEZES OF THE SUNNY SOUTH

Are laden with Health and Happiness for the Worn-out
Wrestler with the Strenuous Life.

But you cannot repair wasted tissue or restore strength to
jangled nerves with air and sunshine alone.

The stomach calls for a food that supplies body-building
material in its most digestible form. Such a food is

Shredded Whole Wheat.

It is made of the whole wheat, cleaned, cooked and drawn
into fine porous shreds and baked. These delicate shreds con-
tain all the nutritive elements of the whole wheat grain and
are taken up and assimilated when the stomach rejects all
other foods.

**Shredded Wheat is made in two forms--BISCUIT and
TRISCUIT. The BISCUIT is delicious for breakfast with
hot or cold milk or cream, or for any meal in combination
with fruit or vegetables. TRISCUIT is the shredded whole
wheat cracker, crisp, nourishing and appetizing. Delicious
as a toast with beverages or with cheese or preserves.**

"It's All in the Shreds."

THE NATURAL FOOD COMPANY

Niagara Falls, N. Y.

The Advance

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H. C. BURCH, Proprietor.

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ed silver medal at St. Louis exposition.

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For booklet or information, address

ROBERT IRVIN, Manager.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS

The Seven Ravens.

Once upon a time, so the legend goes,
there were seven brothers who lived
happily with a sister somewhat younger
than themselves, and an aged mother.
But as they grew older and at a time when
they should have done much to help,
they became very, very naughty, until
finally, the mother losing all patience
cried out one day: "Oh you naughty boys,
I wish you were seven black ravens and
would fly away and stay where I should
never see you again."

Strange as it may seem, so the story
goes, the seven boys were transformed
into seven, great, black ravens who flew
out of the windows and away, cawing
wildly.

For a while the mother and her little

because it was covered with slippery
stones, and at last, she reached the top.
She entered the house, although it was
very tiny. There stood seven little tables,
seven little chairs, seven little beds and in
the room were also seven little windows,
and in the oven stood seven little platters
on which lay roasted birds.

The good sister, who was very hungry
after her long journey, took the birds
out of the oven and ate a little from each,
then sat on each chair, lay in each bed a
moment and in the last bed, went to
sleep and stayed there till the seven broth-
ers came back. They flew through the
seven windows and saw with astonish-
ment the sleeping girl lying in the bed.
Then one said to the others, "If that were
only our little sister!" But another cried



Rub a Dub Dub.

Rub a dub dub
Line up as we come;
Tommy is captain,
And Johnny's the drum.

Peter is private
And walks in the rear:
We are quite noisy
But nothing to fear.

Rub a dub dub, 'tis the sound of the drum;
Rub a dub dub, the boy army has come!

daughter lived happily, because they
could not help remembering how naughty
the boys had been, but after awhile, there
came a longing for them, and a willing-
ness to forgive. Often the mother would
speak of this and always there was anxiety
in the heart of the little sister, until
one day, she said:

"Dear mother, let me wander forth and
look for my brothers, perhaps I can per-
suade them to mend their ways, and bring
them back to you." "Good daughter I
will not hold you back from the loving
act," replied the mother, "go forth and
God be with you."

The sister started on her journey and
wandered far, far away. After many
days she arrived at a very high mount on
whose peak stood a little house which
looked to her like a bird's nest. She
thought, "Oh, perhaps my brothers live
there," and seeing seven ravens fly out
of the house convinced her that she was
right. She joyfully made the climb up
the mountain, though the road which led
upward was very tiresome and difficult

with joy. "It is our sister, yes it is, she
had just such hair and wore such a ring."
And they all rejoiced, but the little girl
slept so soundly that the noise did not
awaken her.

At last she opened her eyes and saw
seven ravens standing around her bed.
"Oh, my dear brothers," she cried, "thank
God that I have found you at last; I
have come to take you home if you will
only promise never to make our mother
angry again, and to work hard with us."
The brothers wept bitterly and said:
"Yes, dear sister, we will be good and
never provoke our mother; we have led a
pitiful life as ravens."

The sister wept tears of joy. "Oh," she
said, "Now all is well if you will come
home and tell mother that you have
mended your ways she will forgive you
and change you back into human beings."

On the homeward journey the brothers
carried the sister by turns upon their
wings until they came to their mother's
house; there they flew in at the window
and begged their mother for forgiveness.