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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.

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FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS

Minnie Mouse's Misadventures.

Minnie Mouse peered cautiously from the hole in the floor, near the dining-room door, and, finding the coast clear, scampered half way toward the dining table. There were some crumbs under the table which she coveted, but she hesitated about getting them, for, sitting in a tiny blue rocker before her and regarding her with keen interest, was Bobby Bunting the Baby. He didn't seem to be small to Minnie Mouse, who was so much more diminutive, and she stopped in alarm. She looked up at the little man towering so high in the air, and her eyes sparkled with questions while her whiskers moved so comically. Bobby Bunting laughed. This assured Minnie Mouse, and, believing it to be safe, she made a dash half way to the crumbs, then stopped to look in Bobby's face. But he still smiled and, in addition,

Bobby Bunting understood them and he thought they were very good. Perhaps she sung a mournful ditty about her papa mouse who fell under the cruel claws of the cat. Anyhow, Bobby Bunting was reminded of it, for he said:

"Did oo ever dit taught, Mousie?"

Of course, he meant caught, but he couldn't say it.

"Once," answered the singing mouse. "But I have been in much terror all my life. When I was a wee baby mouse, my eyes just opened, papa used to go into the kitchen to find crumbs to supply his growing family with food. One night when he was foraging we heard a terrible clatter, and papa screamed once very loudly. The cat had sprung upon and caught him under his cruel paws. It was good for him it did not happen in the day time or the fierce animal might have prolonged his torture by playing with



"DID OO EVER DIT TAUGHT, MOUSIE?"

gurgled. "Dow on, Mousie;" so she rushed to a crumb, caught it hurriedly and dashed back to the hole in the wall. As she glanced over her shoulder Bobby Bunting clapped his hands with delight. At first Minnie Mouse feared the chubby fingers intended to do her harm and plunged into the hole in terror, but on thinking it over she concluded maybe the baby ment no harm, and on seeing again her bright eyes Bobby Bunting laughed and said, "Tum on, Mousie."

You needn't tell me mice can't understand children, for Minnie Mouse feared no more, but came boldly out under the table and nibbled at the crumbs there. She was so little alarmed that she began singing. It is a very accomplished mouse that can sing, but there are singing mice and Minnie was one of them. Bobby Bunting liked the song so well that he applauded with his chubby hands. I can't give you the words of the song, but

him for an hour, letting him, all wounded as he was, think he might escape, only to be repeatedly dragged back into danger until he finally perished from exhaustion. As it was, we crouched in terror in our nest, our hearts wrung with agony while we heard the terrible cat crunching the bones of my father. "Did you ever hear a lion tearing your papa to pieces?"

"No, I didn't and I don't want to" said Bobby Bunting.

"Then you can't have an idea of the agony we endured. But our entire life has been a succession of such terrors. After papa's death mamma had to seek things for us to eat, and kept us supplied for a time. But one night we heard a snap and knew that she had been caught in the trap. We could hear her struggle for several moments, while we, understanding her plight, were powerless to aid her. Was your mamma ever caught