

Miss Hope and Miss Desire

By Frederica Edmunds

(Copyright.)

Mr. John Mellin paced his small library, his hands clasped under a frayed smoking jacket—which was almost the only article in the room that did not betray excessive newness.

This cozy room, the luxurious furnishings, the fresh papers and magazines which justified the name of library, were all his—aye, other equally well-appointed rooms and prospective diners as good as the one just eaten; he who had scarcely owned anything before but his clothes and his tobacco-pouch!

And this good fortune had come to him in his prime—for he was not half through his third score of years, and a man is still young at 50. It had come as a blessed bolt out of a clear sky, for who could have foretold that Cousin Tom, who had dug his own gold from Californian gulches in the sweat of his back, would have made John Mellin his heir?

Mr. Mellin soon became interested in his neighbors. The lady in the garden hat who occasionally came from the cottage next door was more than passably fair. A back-yard altercation between his dog and her cat one day served as a slight introduction.

The acquaintance thus brought about by Browner and Mouser progressed as naturally as the growing things of that early summer-time. Mr. Mellin good-naturedly repaired the rotting palings through which Browner had made so rude an entrance, and this time he was prettily thanked by a lady in another style of garden-hat and a lavender dress, apparently the sister of his first acquaintance. He began to wonder how he had endured his prosaic life before this interesting episode.

Next, Mr. Mellin's good offices were acknowledged by the presentation—through the lady in green—of a few choice flowers made into a stiff pyramidal bouquet and tied with pink cord. The gentleman was, of course, pleased to return the compliment—to her in lavender—by a dish of strawberries from the old bed he had been so glad to find.

Then one day when Mr. Mellin had heard the sisters' voices in the gar-

den, finally breaking into stifled sobs.

Mr. Mellin, an involuntary eavesdropper in the perfect quiet of the night, clinched his hands and gritted his teeth, while beads of moisture not directly traceable to the heat stood upon his brow.

Could it be that she—she—were going to leave their home? Could it be that next summer there would be no neighboring with Mouser's sweet mistress? Impossible! Insufferable! But what was he to them? And which was she, the siren, who had so strongly drawn his heart?

Miserable Mr. Mellin! Never had distracted lover a harder problem to solve. The only thing was to go over at once, acknowledge his eavesdropping, and offer help. But with what right? His dilemma might still exist! And what was he to them—her? Yet might he not serve as a friend? But, no, he would not go now.

And then Mr. Mellin, mortal like, contradicted his own decision by acting quite the contrary. His face grew pale even in the sight of Miss Hope Cummings who admitted him. Man-like, he did not know what explanation to offer and his heart beat like a trip-hammer.

It was she who had to smooth the awkward meeting. "Be seated," she said, "and let me thank you for coming. Tonight I feel I need a friend."

And then Mr. Mellin blundered into his confusion. "I heard," he said, "and indeed I want to be a friend. Nothing will make me happier than to be of service to you, and I trust you will feel that you can open your heart to me."

"I am in difficulties," explained Miss Cummings, gently, "in which I have no one to advise me," and then, impulsively as it seemed, she entered almost eagerly into full details.

Mr. Mellin listened, dazed and divided in mind. He had never heard hesitatingly. "But your sister, Miss Desire? Surely this affects her?"

The light from the candelabrum plainly showed a change in Miss Hope's face. There was a thrill, too, in her voice, almost of supplication, as she said:

"I still have an explanation to offer, a confession which I owe to you before I can accept the least of your good offices, Mr. Mellin. I have no sister. I like alone and have done so ever since my brother Duncan died, 12 years ago. Desire is but a creature of my own imagining, into whom I would gladly have breathed the breath of life. My brother and I were left alone, and he, poor soul, was very deaf. There had never been much in common between us, and with his affliction—yep, yep, yep!—then came his decline in health, and my heart smote me. He would have no help for his ears, so I knew I must have it for my overwork voice. I tried every known system for strengthening the vocal organs. Constantly, by myself, I talked to keep in practice. It was a help, and I know the reading and my music helped poor Duncan through those last three years."

Miss Hope paused a moment as though to control a reminiscent agitation, then continued:

"I think I hardly could have endured my solitude afterwards but for that other self to whom I had talked so long. I have kept up the habit, and Desire has been the greatest comfort to me—sister, friend, and almost mother."

"And now you have my story, Mr. Mellin," she concluded. "Forgive me if I have seemed to play a double part. I feel that I have no right to your friendship, you who are so good and noble, when I have deceived you as I have, but really I had no such intention in the beginning; it was merely the carrying out of the happy delusion with which I had consoled myself for so long."

But Mr. Mellin's usually ruddy face had paled with something that was not anger. Had he not been admitted into the penitential of most sacred associations while listening to the unfolding of the simple domestic mystery? Now he trembled almost visibly as he leaned forward to take the white hand held out.

"I thank you, I thank you," he said, "for the confidence you have given me. Let me be your friend until—"

And then he stopped. But it was not long before John Mellin was able to finish that sentence, saying, proudly: "Until now that I have this assurance that my Hope and my Desire are one."

For Miss Cummings, too, had found an answer to a quite undreamed desire.

Dog Commits Suicide.

Rex, the big Newfoundland dog, whose presence in the pool rooms was always hailed as a harbinger of good luck by those playing the races, deliberately committed suicide recently by drowning himself.

For several weeks the dog had been ill, and was under the care of Jack Barton, to whom the dog was much attached.

Rex, who had been a member of men to the wharf, and while they stood by he jumped into the water and made no effort to keep above the surface. Barton, fearing for the dog's life, jumped in, but Rex shook him off, and, swimming out of the man's reach, stuck his head under the water and soon sank. The body floated ashore a few days later.—San Francisco Call.

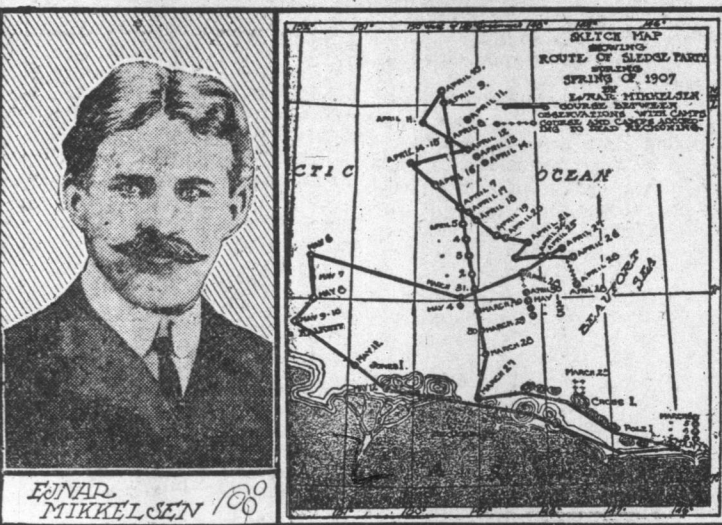
It Isn't Silver.

"German silver" is so called not because it contains any silver, but because it was introduced into this country by the Germans, who obtained it from the Chinese and concealed the fact.

Too True.

The only honorable debt is a debt of gratitude. And it is one that is seldom acknowledged.—Chicago Record-Herald.

SLEDGING OVER POLAR SEA



There are other things to discover

in the frozen regions of the Arctic besides the elusive North Pole, and Capt. Ejnar Mikkelson, the intrepid Danish explorer, is content to attain the possible even while perhaps he has the yearning of all Arctic adventurers to win what up to the present time has been the impossible. It is the hope of gaining the northern axis of the earth, familiarly known as the North Pole, which has lured Mikkelson into the frozen desolations of the far north, and while striving for that goal, he has done some remarkable sledging over the Polar sea.

Next to finding the North Pole itself the greatest Arctic discovery yet to be made is that of a vast unknown polar continent, or archipelago, which, from soundings, driftwood, thickness of ice, currents, etc., is thought to exist in the great North Polar sea to the north of the American continent. Here is an immense unexplored area which may contain land and people of great interest of which nothing is now known. The exploration attempted by Capt. Mikkelson is considered one of the most important geographical undertakings and chief Arctic exploration remaining uncompleted.

The graphic and interesting condensed account of Capt. Mikkelson's sledge journey, the latest feat in Arctic research, which was sent from Herschel Island, is as follows: "We lost our vessel, the *Duchess of Bedford*. She sprung a leak at Flaxman Island on January 27 this year, and from that time, as long as she was afloat, the pumps were going almost incessantly. The leak was probably caused by the pulling out of the caulking, which the ice around the vessel had permeated. The ice contracted, with a drawing away from the vessel and leaving cracks along her sides.

"Fortunately, with the aid of the Eskimos, we got our stores ashore without serious loss. From the beginning of the trouble until April 3, when we decided to abandon the vessel, the forecastle floor was flooded many times. Meanwhile a house was built ashore from lumber broken out of the ship. On April 11 the crew moved ashore and the ship filled rapidly.

"We could not be saved, and on May 17 we began to break up the hull in order to get more building material. On March 17 we started with food for 65 days and a total weight on the sledges of 1,225 pounds. In addition, we carried food enough for men and dogs while traveling on the lagoon ice (between the chain of islands and the Alaskan mainland) and one week's food to be cached for our return trip. The party consisted of Mr. Leffingwell, Mr. Storkersen and myself. We took three sledges, and our dogs were strong animals, with an average weight of about 75 pounds.

"As we advanced northward we had stretches of bad ridges, on which we had to work hard with our pickaxes, without which we could not possibly have made any headway.

"The return march began on April 29, latitude 71 degrees 17 minutes north and longitude 147 degrees 44 minutes west. Unfortunately we lost our heavy pickaxe the first day. It slipped through thin ice, and our small one was too light to be of much use in the heavy ice. This pick, too, we lost two days later by the breaking of the sounding wire. The loss of the pickaxes caused us considerable extra work and many delays. It was plain to us that we could not have done anything whatever without them. On our retreat we had many wide cracks to pass, and by way of variety were often compelled to crawl over press ridges so steep that we at times had to unharness the dogs and lift the sledges over their heads."

Next spring Capt. Mikkelson will make another more extended sledge journey northward, starting from Demarcation Point, about 50 miles west of Herschel Island, which is destined to increase our knowledge of the extent and depth of the Great North Polar sea, and will probably solve the existence of unknown lands and continents in this region.

FLAT DWELLER'S SONG.

When the steam pipes start to rattle Sunday mornin',
Oh, it's then that I begin to rave and swear;
For on week days the sun,
I am up and on the run,
But on Sunday I could linger longer there.

When the steam pipes start to rattle Sunday mornin',
Every tenant in the flat must quickly rise;
For it's useless to remain
Underneath the counterpane
The pounding drives the sleep from weary eyes.

When the steam pipes start to rattle Sunday mornin',
There's no comfort for the weary and oppressed;
It is useless to remain
Underneath the counterpane
For the Sabbath is no more a day of rest.

—Detroit Free Press.

A Weather Prophet.

Scientist—So you have followed the sea all your life? I presume you are a thorough meteorological prognosticator by this time.

Jack Tar—A which?
"A—I mean you can easily foretell a gale, can't you?"

"Easy 'nough, sir. When you see the captain dancin' around 'n yellin' out orders at once, you kin jest make up y'r mind that it's goin' ter blow."—New York Weekly.

Literary Calamity.

Borus (struggling author)—You book reviewers were unnecessarily severe on that last novel of mine.

Nagusa—Why, you ungrateful hound, with one account we pronounced it one of the clearest and most uplifting works of fiction that had appeared this season.

Borus—That's what I mean. I haven't said a single copy.—Chicago Tribune.

Women love dress because they enjoy the admiration of men and the chagrin of other women.

NEW BUREAU CHIEF

CAPT. J. E. PILLSBURY SUCCESSOR TO BROWNSON.

Knows All About Bureau of Navigation—Did Effective Work as Commander of Dynamite Cruiser *Vesuvius* in Spanish War.

Washington.—The vacancy in the important office of chief of the bureau of navigation, navy department, which was vacated by the resignation of Rear Admiral Willard H. Brownson, has been filled by the appointment to that office of Capt. John Elliott Pillsbury, at present on duty in this city as a member of the general board of the navy, and also as a member of the army and navy joint board. Capt. Pillsbury notified the president that although he did not seek the office he appreciated the honor implied in his selection and would perform its duties to the best of his ability.

The selection of Capt. Pillsbury to be chief of the bureau of navigation is at best only a temporary measure of relief for the friction between the line and staff which is now distressing the navy. Capt. Pillsbury is, perhaps, more acceptable than any other line officer (and the vacancy in this case must be filled from the line under the terms of the law) with the officers of the staff, though he is by no means lacking in popularity with his brethren of the line. Yet he can exercise his good offices as a pacifier for a comparatively short time only, unless the president should decide to again have recourse to the doubtful expedient of commissioning a retired officer as chief of a bureau. For Capt. Pillsbury was born in Lowell, Mass., December 15, 1846, and will consequently have to retire on account of age December 15 next.

Combining in his record long sea-service with much work in the naval bureaus, especially that of navigation,



the new head of the bureau is peculiarly fitted to dispassionately judge upon their merits the various issues between line and staff that are constantly arising in the department.

Capt. Pillsbury occupies an exceptional position in the navy for a man of his rank in being practically out of line for promotion to the grade of rear admiral, though in his capacity of chief of the bureau of navigation he will temporarily enjoy that title.

The beginning of the Spanish war found Pillsbury a lieutenant commander, and because of his tendency toward high explosives he was placed in command of the dynamite cruiser *Vesuvius*, then regarded as extra hazardous service. That little boat was then an unknown quantity in naval warfare. She was sent down to join Sampson's fleet in front of Santiago, and it is believed by military experts contributed largely to bringing about the surrender of that stronghold by the moral effect produced by her creeping under the fortifications in the shadows of night and hurling huge projectiles charged with gun cotton over the hills and into the harbor lines, to the great terror of the besieged Spaniards.

Since the war Capt. Pillsbury has had service at the Boston navy yard, on the general board at Washington, and on the army and navy joint boards. He knows the duties of the chief of the bureau of navigation thoroughly, having served as assistant to Rear Admiral Converse when he was head of that bureau, from November, 1903, to July, 1904. His last duty before coming to Washington was as chief of staff to Rear Admiral Evans, in command of the fleet during recent maneuvers, which into its splendid state of efficiency he was a potent factor.

It is known that Capt. Pillsbury did not seek his new duty, but he has the reputation in the navy of refusing to apply for any special duty and always assuming any assignment without protest. It was that characteristic that led him to undertake the command of the little fleet headed by the cruiser *Prairie*, which was assigned to the duty of endeavoring to successfully run the blockade on the New England coast during recent naval maneuvers. It was a foregone conclusion that the defending fleet would discover the approach of the pseudo hostile fleet in season to defeat the projected movement, yet Pillsbury accepted the unpopular task of commanding the blockade runners.

Bender, who is a fine fielder and a good pitcher, does not, as far as we know, use the spit ball. So his share of assists is very small. It is noticeable that the Philadelphia pitchers, rated very high in their line and the chief staff of their team, rank very low in the department of fielding. Dygert, who, by the way, is a spit ball thrower and reckoned one of the most finished stylists in his line, and also one of the very best pitchers, is one of the lowest in averages. Waddell, too, is at the bottom of the list. To be sure, Waddell's inability to hold is notorious.

Talked Through It. Johnny—What part of speech is nose?
Dottie—Tain't any.
Johnny—Teacher told me the answer.
Dottie—Mebbe yours is, 'cause you talk through it; but the only part of speech I've got is my mouth.

Born That Way. "Uncle Amos, how did your boss acquire his title of colonel?"

"Dat goes wif de plantation, sah. All his antecessors wuz counsels befo' him, sah."—Chicago Tribune.

WILL NOT DEFEND BRITISH TENNIS TITLE



Miss May Sutton of Pasadena, Cal., who has announced that she will not go to England this year to defend her title of British champion in women's singles, has been the peer of women tennis players in this country for years, and has had few equals in the world. Last year she regained the British title at the tournament held at Wimbledon, defeating Miss Lambert Chambers in the challenge round, 6-4, 6-2. Now she says the English challenges must come to this country to regain title.

BASEBALL TEAM MORE COSTLY THAN STABLE

F. J. Farrell, Owner of Yankees, One of World's Most Prominent Men in Two Big Sports.

It will surprise many people in the sporting world to learn that it costs more to run a major league baseball team than a fair sized racing stable. But such is the fact, and Frank J. Farrell, the owner of the Yankees, can vouch for the truth of it. Farrell enjoys the unique distinction of being one of the most prominent men in the two big professional sports. He is a power in baseball to-day and every racing man knows of his turf operations.

On the two sports he spends at a conservative estimate \$135,000 a year, and of this close to \$98,000 is spent on the team that is managed by Clark Griffith. Farrell is a regular better, but, of course, his profits or losses in the ring are not included in the above estimate.

The cost of running his ball team is about as follows: Salaries of 25 players, \$60,000; traveling expenses, \$11,000; hotel bills, \$6,375; spring training trip, \$5,000; incidentals, clerks and attendants, \$15,000, making a total of \$97,375.

Mr. Farrell's racing stable cost last year about as follows: Twelve horses at \$75 a month and extras, \$9,000; entry fees, \$5,000; jockey fees (regular price of \$10 a mount), \$5,000; forfeits in stake races, \$10,000; traveling expenses and attendants, \$8,000; salaries of three betting commissioners, \$3,000, making a total of \$40,000. Although Mr. Farrell, like all game men, is as silent about his winnings as he is when he loses, it can safely be said that racing pays him well in the long run. In fact it is several years since his stable has failed to pay expenses.

As for the ball team, it has been a financial success from the start. Mr. Farrell was recently asked which he liked better, racing or baseball.

"It's hard to say which I like the better—racing or baseball," he answered. "As a steady money maker, baseball is undoubtedly the better, but there is a fascination about the turf which I cannot get over." Mr. Farrell admitted that as a personal amusement he would choose the ponies, but he thought as a scientific sport baseball had a much deeper hold on the public. The proof of this is that baseball draws enthusiastic crowds year after year without the aid of the attraction of gambling.

SPIT BALL HELPS FIELDING

That the spit ball is most effective proved by the tremendous number of assists the men who employed it secured last year. Walsh, who is not remarkable as a fielder in his position, made the unprecedented number of 227 assists. To be sure, he pitched 56 games, or from 15 to 20 more than the other leading twirlers.

Howell, another noted twirler of spit balls, secured 125 assists in 14 games less than Walsh. This disparity in number of assists between these two is not accounted for by the number of games in favor of Walsh. In 14 more games than Howell Walsh had 100 more assists. We do not know that Joss of Cleveland pitched the spit ball. In any event, he got 163 assists in 42 games, the same number Howell pitched. Peltz of St. Louis, who is one of the great fielding pitchers, pitched seven games less than Howell, but did not secure within 30 as many assists. Peltz is a truly great fielder, probably the best in his position in the world.

Bender, who is a fine fielder and a good pitcher, does not, as far as we know, use the spit ball. So his share of assists is very small. It is noticeable that the Philadelphia pitchers, rated very high in their line and the chief staff of their team, rank very low in the department of fielding. Dygert, who, by the way, is a spit ball thrower and reckoned one of the most finished stylists in his line, and also one of the very best pitchers, is one of the lowest in averages. Waddell, too, is at the bottom of the list. To be sure, Waddell's inability to hold is notorious.

Talked Through It. Johnny—What part of speech is nose?
Dottie—Tain't any.
Johnny—Teacher told me the answer.
Dottie—Mebbe yours is, 'cause you talk through it; but the only part of speech I've got is my mouth.

Born That Way. "Uncle Amos, how did your boss acquire his title of colonel?"

"Dat goes wif de plantation, sah. All his antecessors wuz counsels befo' him, sah."—Chicago Tribune.

HISTORY OF SIX-DAY RACING ON BICYCLES

Riders Formerly Rode Alone and Unfitly Physically Exhausted—Two Men Now Comprise Teams.

When the six-day bicycle race was started it was an individual contest and the riders were compelled to go it alone for the full time, resting only when it was absolutely necessary and resuming the long journey after a cat-nap of an hour or two.

Their food was handed to them as they swung round and round, and at the end of the time the riders stayed awake only long enough to walk from the track to their temporary quarters in the garden, where they dropped like logs.

This style of riding was continued through 1898, and then the legislature, considering this form of amusement too wearing for the human body, passed a law that no competitor in any race of six days could ride more than 12 hours each day.

This law threatened to put long-distance racing out of commission, but the promoters conceived the idea of forming teams of two men, each man to ride 12 hours and rest 12, entering the race whenever it suited him.

By this arrangement there were always the same number of contestants on the track, and the race under this plan proved more interesting than the old style one-man grind, inasmuch as it partakes now of the nature of a relay race. The fact remains, however, that despite the ideas of the wise lawmakers the men who formerly went into the race alone made fully as good records as have been made since 1899.

This first race, held in 1891, was won by "Plunger" Bill Martin, who rode an old-style ordinary wheel. In the year following Charles Ashinger, on a high wheel, was first past the wire. During the same year safety bicycles were put on the market, and in the race of the following year Albert Shock rode a safety wheel, while many of the other riders rode high wheels. The superiority of the safety was plainly demonstrated, as Shock won quite handsly. No races were held in 1894, and in 1895 a ladies' bicycle race was held, and was won by Miss Frankie Nelson. In the following year Teddy Hale, the champion of Ireland, defeated one of the best fielders ever started. He was the only foreigner who ever won the race.

Miller made the race in 1897-98, and the following year, when the team races were inaugurated, he doubled up with "Dutch" Waller, and between them they won first prize. Floyd McFarland and Harry Elkes, the first representative team of America, young men of the modern school of riding, carried off first honors in 1900, and in 1901 Bobby Walthour and Archie McEachern were the victorious pair.

In 1902 George Leander and his partner, Floyd Krebs, had the honor of winning the race. Bobby Walthour and Benny Munroe were first past the tape in 1903. In 1904 the "Little Old New York" team, Eddie Root and Oliver Dorlon, took first prize. Eddie Root and Joe Fogler won the race in 1905 and again in 1906. Root won in the final sprint in 1905, but Fogler went out and captured the prize.

Capron May Enter West Point.

It is probable that George Capron, Minnesota's phenomenal pool kicker, will enter West Point Military academy next fall. Coach "Bob" Forbes of the West Point football team was in Minneapolis recently and during his stay sought out Capron and broached the proposition of his going east. Since that time Capron has had several communications from the West Point leader, repeating the proposition and directing Capron toward action which will almost certainly result in his appointment to the academy. The Minnesota man is as yet undecided on making the change, but is well enough impressed with the opportunity to give it consideration.

An Explanation. "Some men," said Uncle Eben, "has to keep so wide awake all week tridin' hoeses dat dey natch'ally can't be'n' a little drowsy durin' de sermon on Sunday."—Washington Star.

Truth and Quality

appeal to the Well-Informed in every walk of life and are essential to permanent success and creditable standing. Accordingly, it is not claimed that Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna is the only remedy of known value, but one of many reasons why it is the best of personal and family laxatives is the fact that it cleanses, sweetens and relieves the internal organs on which it acts without any debilitating after effects and without having to increase the quantity from time to time.

It acts pleasantly and naturally and truly as a laxative, and its component parts are known to and approved by physicians, as it is free from all objectionable substances. To get its beneficial effects always purchase the genuine—manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., only, and for sale by all leading druggists.

An Ancient Instance.

Belshazzar was giving his great feast and the wine flowed like water. "Inasmuch as I'm the whole works," he said, "I don't think a proclamation by a chief of police or anybody else is going to stop this affair at one o'clock a. m. or any other hour!" No sooner had he uttered this boast than the handwriting appeared on the wall.

Catarrh Cannot Be Cured with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease and requires a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonic known, combined with the best blood purifier, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrh. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. CHERRY & CO., 100 N. 3rd St., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, price 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Ring Watches Popular.

Swiss watchmakers are reported to be busy filling English and American orders for finger ring watches. The ring watch, though little seen, is no novelty. The manager of an old London watchmaker says that he has seen them more than 14 years ago. Queen Victoria had three or four. The simplest ones—a plain gold ring with the watch inserted—cost about \$100, but with diamonds or other stones, \$5,000 to \$10,000 may be paid.

Sheer white goods, in fact, any fine wash goods when new, owe much of their attractiveness to the way they are laundered, this being done in a manner to enhance their textile beauty. Home laundering would be equally satisfactory if proper attention was given to starching, the first essential being good starch, which has sufficient strength to stiffen, without thickening the goods. Try Defiance Starch and you will be pleasantly surprised at the improved appearance of your work.

Went Him a Few Better.

A very dapper looking young man entered a Chicago hotel a few days ago, followed by a middle-aged man who seemed to have just a little careless, following his personal appearance. The affable clerk offered a pen to the carefully dressed young gentleman, who registered himself as "William Henry Try III." When he had stepped aside the other man reached for the pen and under Mr. Try's name wrote: "John Smith MCDCCCLXXIX."



Mr. Woodson resolves that he will never again wear a high hat when snowfalls are ripe.

BANISHED

Coffee Finally Had to Go.

The way some persons cling to coffee even after they know it is doing them harm, is a puzzle. Be it an easy matter to give it up for good, when Postum Food Coffee is properly made and used instead.

A girl writes: "Mother had been suffering with nervous headaches for seven weary years, but kept drinking coffee."

"One day I asked her why she did not give up coffee as a cousin of mine had done who had taken to Postum. But Mother was such a slave to coffee she thought it would be terrible to give it up."

"Finally, one day, she made the change to Postum, and quickly her headaches disappeared. One morning while she was drinking Postum so freely and with such relish I asked for a taste."

"That started me on Postum and I now drink it more freely than I did coffee, which never comes into our house now."

"A girl friend of mine, one day, saw me drinking Postum and asked if it was coffee. I told her it was Postum and gave her some to take home, but forgot to tell her how to make it."

"The next day she said she did not see how I could drink Postum. I found she had made it like ordinary coffee. So I told her how to make it right and gave her a cupful I made, after boiling it fifteen minutes. She said she never drank any coffee that tasted as good, and now coffee is banished from both our homes." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Michigan.

Read the little book "The Road to Wellville" in pkgs. "There's a Reason."