

Peck's Bad Boy in an Airship

BY HON. GEORGE W. PECK

HE BOMBARDS THE POPULACE

When our balloon left St. Louis, and got up in the air so far that the earth looked like a piece of rag carpet, with popcorn scattered over it, which were villages, and I realized that if anything busted, we would be dropping for hours before we struck a church steeple, and would be so dead when we hit the ground, and stiff and cold, that we would be driven down in the mud so far no one would ever find us, and I looked at the two fool men in the basket with me, who didn't seem to care what became of them, as though they were unhappily married or had money in a shaky bank, I began to choke up, and the tears came to my eyes, and I took a long breath of thin air, and fainted dead away.

When I awoke we were being driven south, and when I came to, with a smell of ammonia on my hair, we were going east, and the balloon had gone down within a mile of the earth, and the men gave me some hot tea out of a patent bottle, and pretty soon I began to enjoy myself and wonder if I could hit a mess of negroes picking cotton in a field, with a sand bag.

When you are up in the air so far that a policeman cannot reach you, you feel loose enough to insult men that would knock your block off if you should give them any lip when you were on the ground.

We came down a half a mile more, and I asked the boss man if I might throw a sand bag at the negroes, and he said I might throw a bundle of advertisements for liver pills at them, and when the negroes looked up and saw the balloon, they turned pale, and dropped on their knees, and I guess they began to pray, and I didn't mean to interfere with their devotions, so I threw a bottle of ginger ale at a mile distant to a wagon near them, and when the bottle struck the mule on the head and exploded and the ginger ale began to squirt all over the colored population, the mule ran one way with the wagon, and the negroes ran for the cane brakes. The boss man in the balloon complimented me on being a good shot, and said I had many characteristics of a true balloonist, and probably before we got to the end of the trip I would get so I could hit a church steeple with a bag of ballast, and break up a Sunday school in the basement. He said that being up in the rarefied air made a man feel as though he would like to commit murder, and I found out that was so, for the next town we passed over when all the people were out in the main street, and the balloon man told me to throw over a bag of sand, so we could go up higher, instead of trying to throw the bag into a field, where there was nobody to be hurt or frightened, do you know, I shied that bag at a fountain in the public square and laughed like a crazy person when the water splashed all over

and the canned food, and threw a blanket over me, and I slept all night, sailing over the states, the balloon moving so still there was no sound at all.

I woke up once or twice and listened for a street car, or some noise to put me to sleep again, and found myself wishing there was a fire, so a fire department would go clanging by, making a noise that would be welcome in the terrible stillness.

I dreamed the awfullest dreams, and thought I saw pa, in another balloon, with a rawhide in his hand, chasing me, and the great bear in the heavens seemed to be getting up on his hind legs, with his mouth open, ready to hug me to his hairy chest.

It was a terrible night, and at daylight the boss man woke me up and I looked over the side of the basket and we were going across a piece of water where there were battle ships lined up like they were at Santiago, when Cewe-



I Didn't Want to Interfere with Their Devotions So I Threw a Bottle of Ginger Ale at a Mule.

whether anybody was killed or not. It was the craziness of being up in the air, and not caring for responsibility, like a drunken chauffeur running a crazy automobile through a crowd of children, and acting mad because they were in the way of progress.

We laughed and chuckled at the sensation we had caused, but cared no

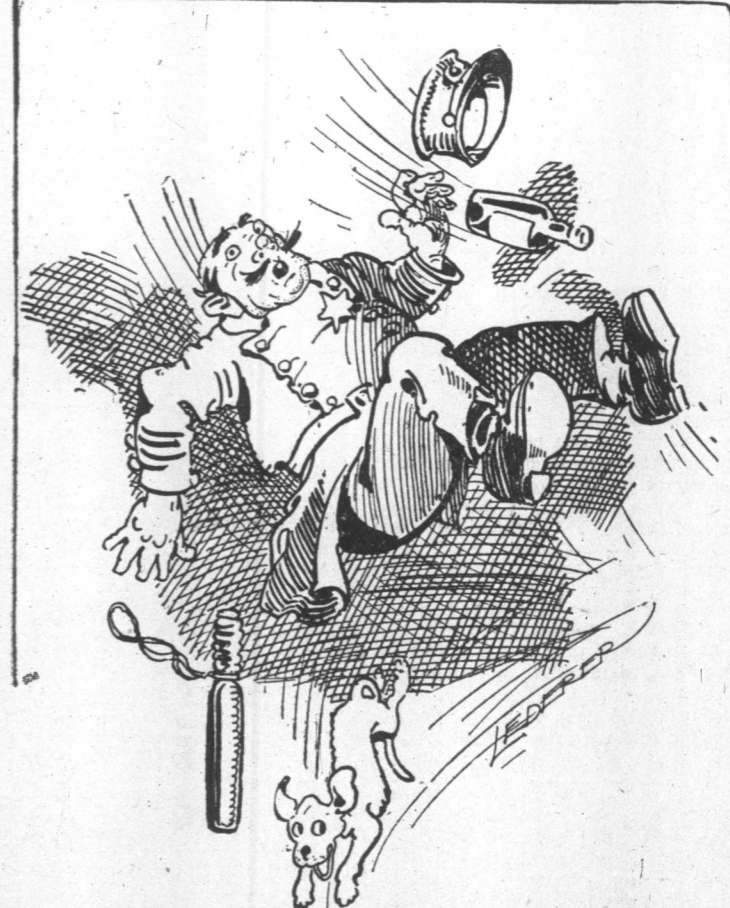
ra's feet was smashed, and the men said now was the time to demonstrate whether balloons would be serviceable in case of war, and told me to take a bundle of malted milk advertisements, and imagine it was a dynamite bomb, and see if I could land it on the deck of a big white battleship. I took a good aim and let the bundle go and it struck on the deck just in front of a cross looking old man in a white uniform, and scattered all over the deck and the sailors and marines came up on deck in a wild stampede, and threw the malted milk advertisements overboard, and as we sailed on there was an explosion of red hot language from the cross looking man in the white uniform, and the boss balloon man said: "That is a good shot, Bub, for you landed that bundle of alleged dynamite square on the deck of Admiral Bob Evans' flagship. Didn't you hear him swear?" and then we went on, and the man in the white uniform was shaking his fists and his mouth was working overtime, but we couldn't hear the brand of profanity he was muttering, but we knew he was going some, for before we got out of hearing the bugles were sounding on more than a dozen battleships, the men came up from below and took positions in the rigging and everywhere, and all was alive with action, and the boss balloon man said the fleet was preparing for its trip around the horn, to San Francisco, and then I told the balloon man that he couldn't land me a white too quick, because I was going to join that fleet and go with Bob Evans, if I never did another thing in my life.

The inspiration came to me up there in the rarefied air, and I was sure I was going around the horn as though I was already on one of the ships.

We sailed along part of the day and the gas began to give out, and I had to throw over ballast, and open cans of food, and bottles of stuff to drink, and I made some good shots with the sand bags and the bottles. Once I hit right in front of a brakeman on a freight train with a bottle of soda water, and again I hit an oyster schooner with a sand bag and must have chuckled at least a barrel of oysters. The gas kept escaping, and presently we came down a field in Delaware, after I had hit a chief of police in Wilmington with a bottle of beer, which is a crime in a prohibition country, and after we landed the police arrested the two balloon men, and tied up the balloon. They paid me \$30 for my services, and I took a train for Fortress Monroe to join the fleet, and left the two balloon men on the way to a whirling post.

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(Copyright in Great Britain.)

The two men had to remain awake all night, but after awhile I said I guessed I would have my berth made up, and the boss man handed me a shredded wheat biscuit for a pillow, and laid me down by the sand bags



Hit the Chief of Police with a Bottle.

the crowd, and the fountain was smashed to pieces, and the pirates in the balloon complimented me, and yet, when those men were at home, on the ground, they are Christian gentlemen, they told me, so I made up my mind that if ballooning became a fashionable pastime, those who participated in it would become murderers, and the people on the ground would shoot at a balloonist on sight.

We went up so high that we were out of sight of people on the ground, so you couldn't pick out any particular person to hit with a bundle of pickle advertisements, so you had to shoot into a flock, and run chances of winging somebody, so I did not enjoy

WILL TAP VAST COAL FIELDS

New Railroads to Northwest Will Make 45,000,000,000 Tons Accessible.

Forty-five billion tons of coal, included in the greatest coal fields in western North America, will be available as soon as railroad extensions now in progress tapping the Crow's Nest Pass region are completed, going far towards averting the predicted fuel famine, says the Technical World.

This vast storehouse is located in a rectangle 150 by 200 miles in extent, comprising 30,000 square miles or 19,200,000 acres.

To put this tract in direct communication with the outside world, two opposing engineering parties are strenuously at work. D. C. Corbin, president of the Spokane International railroad, has secured a charter from the provincial government of British Columbia.

Although but a few miles from the mouth of the river Thames, noted for its fog, the atmosphere of Horne bay, England, is rarely obscured.

COACH OF PURDUE ELEVEN



FRED SPEIK
Fred Speik, a Pupil of Coach A. A. Stagg, of the Chicago University, Who Has Charge of the Purdue Football Squad.

PASSING OF JOE GANS ENDS VARIED CAREER

Colored Wonder, Always a Figure in Lightweight Championship, Now a Has-Been.

The sun of fame set on one of the most spectacular pugilistic careers in the history of the prize ring when Nelson—a mere physical entity, a personified iron jaw, an embodied punch tester, a quantity which might be stamped with little more than the purely physical—for the second time, after having been knocked out by Joe Gans, and thereby closed the last chapter in the history of this famous colored fighter at Colma.

Gans was a real factor. He stands out before the world as a man who was a self-confessed cheat, a person who bartered even his own good name for the chance of a little loose change, a prevaricator and stronger than that, and for everything that in a pugilist of integrity is considered impossible.

Yet, from the flames of his past, cleansed in the eyes of the public, he won back the championship. Not only that, but, despite his color, he was a popular fighter, and won his way into the game as an able exponent of it.

Exposure of dishonesty in almost any sport, professional or amateur, is certain to be followed by loss of reputation and standing and ultimate oblivion; yet Gans not only survived his own story of his early shortcomings, but was never more popular in his entire career than after he told the San Francisco newspapers how he had cheated the public in the McGovern, Britt and other contests.

The mind of man fails to fathom such things. It may be possible that the fighter was among that number of great history makers whose ability at his own specialty was such that his shortcomings in other respects were condoned.

Pugilistically, Gans died at the age of 34—not so advanced a period of life but that he might have been supposed to have retained his best form. Fitzsimmons did it at a much later stage of his career. But then the freckled one was 27 years of age when he entered upon his real ring career, whereas Gans was but 16 years old when he began to attract attention. Since that time Gans has been fighting for his livelihood and the end of a seamy approximates the story of his life in the ring.

CUE KNIGHTS STIRRING

Well Known Billiard Experts in Training for Busy Season.

Billiards will be given a great boom this season by a big championship tournament which is being planned for the fall months following the elections. All the professional stars are getting into shape, and from the ranks of the shortstops it is expected that several new ones will be brought into prominence. The falling out of the old champions and the rapid advance of several of the younger generation is giving the billiard world a variety of changes.

Jake Schaefer, who has been the bright particular star for a half century, has been taking a complete rest for several months out in the Rockies, following his breakdown last spring. Schaefer says his health has considerably improved and that he hopes to again wrest away the trophy from his old rival.

Sutton is just getting in his fall crops on his Illinois farm and will soon be back in his Chicago room to begin his cue practice. Willie Hoppe, who won the 18.2 championship trophy and then returned it because he wished the conditions changed for three instead of one night games, has been taking things easy since last spring, and as a result is getting to be a great strapping youngster. Hoppe does some practice at home, and believes that this season he will play better billiards than ever.

Umpire with Good Reputation

It looks as if Umpire Perrine, of the Pacific Coast league, would prove a valuable addition to Ban Johnson's staff of arbitrators. Nothing but praise is heard for the Californian. Outfielder Cravath of the Boston Americans formerly played in the Pacific Coast league. When asked the other day about Perrine, he had the following to say: "Perrine is an excellent official. He uses excellent judgment, and while being master of the situation at all times, he knows how to get along with the players."

MANY NOVELTIES PREDICTED IN THIS YEAR'S FOOTBALL

Coaches of Big College Elevens Expected to Spring Startling Play—To Develop Forward Pass.

If the football season of 1908 does not produce several times as much novelty and science in the way of new plays as any of its predecessors it will not be the fault of the coaches and players who represent the eastern "Big Five"—Yale, Harvard, Princeton, Pennsylvania and Cornell. At least one of these institutions there has been shown a disposition to rush the season. Rudimentary knowledge of the game is not being ignored, but it is being rushed along and made subsidiary to the strategic side of the game. That this is so is proven conclusively by the manner in which veteran players of former days have been docking back to assist in building up new offensive tactics.

The forward pass is certain to be productive of the most startling revolutions in the way of the game. Without exception all these coaches are working with it as the basis of their new plays. It has now been a part of the rules for two years, but this time has been required to familiarize players with its basic principles. Its possibilities have not by any means been explored to their limit.

Accuracy in throwing and catching the forward pass will be the keynote to success with this play this fall. When the play was first introduced it did not matter a whole lot how much accuracy there was in the play, because it was in such an indiscriminate manner. Then the play was used very much as the resort of the weaker and inferior team, which trusted largely to luck in making the play a success. But this year a team is so restricted in the use of the play that it must be developed to a high degree of perfection to be a winner. First emphasis must be placed on developing several players who can throw the ball any given distance with enough speed and accuracy to enable one of his team mates to recover it without fumbling. The change in the rules, whereby a fumbled forward pass can be recovered by the player who fumbled it on the passer's side, makes this point doubly important.

It has been one of the inexplicable things of modern football that so much poor passing and poorer catching of the forward pass should be tolerated by up-to-date coaches. At any rate coaches appear to have realized the handicap this weakness has been to winning teams, and we may look for a radical improvement this fall.

NOTES OF THE DIAMOND

Kid Elberfeld has behaved unusually well for the manager of a team that only wins a game every now and then.

According to those who know, the famous Ed. Walsh is drawing only \$5,000 for his services as the White Sox's star twirler.

Joe Cantillon doesn't frequent the coaching lines as often as of yore. He does most of the directing from the bench.

Catcher Street of the Washington team, enjoys the nickname "Gabby" because he's always talking.

Jerry Freeman is very particular about his finger nails. Recently he signed a contract for life with one of Washington's prettiest manicure girls.

Washington's four outfielders, Milan, Ganley, Pickering and Clymer, all hit from the left side of the plate.

Chase Will Remain Outlaw

If reports from San Jose, Cal., are correct appearances indicate that Hal Chase, the former first baseman of the Yankees, who quit the team the latter part of last month to return to his California home, intends to make good his statement that he will be through with the east and major league baseball. It is said that the Boston American league team, through its western agent, had made Chase a good offer to join that club.

According to report the Red Sox management went so far as to offer the first baseman the captaincy and management of the team for next season if he would refrain from playing outland ball and join the ranks under John I. Taylor. Chase is said to have turned down the proposition and reiterated his farewell statement.

Prized Decorations for Women

There are few decorations for women in Europe, the most ancient order coming from the Austrian throne. It is the decoration of the star and crucifix and is given to women of high rank. Another is the Luise, founded in memory of the beautiful queen of Prussia, whom Napoleon insulted. This order is given to all classes of women who commit any great self-sacrifice.

Connie Mack says he will be a contender for the rag in good old 1909.

COSTLY ENGLISH LAW ROBES.

The Wardrobe of a Judge Costs Considerably Over \$2,500.

An English judge's outfit in the way of robes imposes a heavy tax upon the newly-appointed judge, although the cost is not nearly so great as it was in the early days of Queen Victoria.

Then it was the custom for the law luminaries to attend court functions in figured damask silk gowns, with costly lace bands and ruffles. Thesiger, a celebrated legal dignitary of that day, is said, on one occasion, to have spent \$500 on bands alone.

The lord chancellor's robes cost something like \$750, and even a judge's stockings are an expensive item.

The wardrobe of a judge costs anything from \$2,500 to \$3,000, and if the newly-fledged "my lord" is attached to the king's bench division he will require five gowns, a girdle, a scarf, a casting-hood, a black cap, a three-cornered cap, a leather hat, a cocked hat, a silk hat, lace bands, and two full court suits, swords, etc., to keep up the majesty of the law.

Prior to the reign of George III. nearly all professional men wore wigs of some sort, but the custom fell into disuse, and the bench and bar alone now stick to the conservative peruke.

Not many years ago Mr. Justice Kekewich positively refused to hear a barrister who was attired in a gray suit.

Another well-known barrister, was quite recently pleading before Mr. Justice Darling, who has a keen sense of humor. The barrister, who wore a sporting waistcoat of a lumpy type, was suffering from such a severe cold that it affected his voice; he, however, did his best to speak clearly, when Mr. Justice Darling broke in with: "Excuse me, but owing to your voice being so weak and your waistcoat being so loud, unless you try and overcome the loudness of your waistcoat by putting a little more force into your voice, I am afraid I shall not be able to hear a word you say."—Stray Stories.

Bachelors.

Bachelors are cultivated in all large cities. They live in bachelor apartments and bungalows. They can be seen during the day in counting houses and on golf links, and in the evening at dinner parties and poker games.

Bachelors at one time were easily caught with almost any kind of bait, and swallowed, bait, hook, sinker and all, often at the first throw. Now, however, they are becoming much more wary, and hide in the depths of their bachelor apartments or in deep pool rooms from which they cannot be lured.

They are gregarious in their habits, running in schools, but they stand by each other, and it is very unusual to find a solitary one. Occasionally, however, a more foolish and overconfident specimen will poke his nose into a summer resort, when he is promptly landed.

Bachelors are in reality the bulwark of the nation. By not getting married they do not raise families. Families, as we know, are constantly consuming our natural resources. Bachelors are, therefore, really providing more natural resources for the few. Their conduct, it will be seen, is thus quite unselfish.—Life.

Complete Alpinist.

The young millionaire had climbed in August the Jungfrau, Monck and Elger.

"It is more dangerous work than motoring," he said, "and, dear me, how the climber is loaded down. He resembles a peddler more than anything else."

"He carries wood to make a fire with. He carries nails for his boots. He carries a lamp. He also has an ax wherewith to cut steps for himself in perpendicular ice-walls, and he has a cord wherewith to rope himself to his companions, and he has a staff to help him up and down steepes."

"In the sack on his back there are all sorts of things—tubes of concentrated soup, tea, coffee, plums, brandy, meat extract, smoked glasses."

"And dangling between his shoulders is a pair of snowshoes without which, in the hot August sun, he would sink in the soft snow quite up to his knees at every step."

Rather Particular.

"Them biled 'taters iz kind uv soggy," protested the hungry hobo.

"Hu!" rejoined the charitable lady who had drawn out the tinbox in his behalf. "If he isn't out you get as good a dinner as that."

"Not at dis season uv de year," acknowledged the personally conducted tourist, "but in de good old winter time I fare a heap sight better."

"What do you eat them?" asked the c. l.

"Snowballs," replied the hobo. "Dey is better'n soggy 'taters, all right, fer they make a feller's mouth water."

And having successfully dodged the flattery that came his way, he hurried down the pike.

Another Lesson from Nature.

"Young gentlemen," lectured the eminent instructor, "you are old enough now to put away the childish and trivial amusements that sufficed for you when you were younger. Learn a lesson from the dumb brutes, and even from the reptiles. When they arrive at maturity they comport themselves with a certain dignity."

"It isn't so with the rattlesnake, professor," objected the young man with the bad eye. "The older he grows the more rattles he plays with."

What He Knew.

"Do you believe that love makes the world go round?" queried the sentimental maid in the big touring car.

"I don't know about that," replied the practical young man at the steering wheel, "but it is gasoline that makes the wheels go round on a grade like this."

And realizing that it was a hopeless case, the s. m. closed her face and proceeded to get interested in the scenery.

Overdid It.

Rankin—You've been keeping open house this summer, haven't you?

HEIR TO GREAT FORTUNE.

"Baby" Brown Objects to Title Bestowed on Him in Infancy.

Newport, R. I.—Young John Nicholas Brown, the \$10,000,000 "Baby" Brown, and the prospective heir to several millions more as his father's share from his grandmother, Mrs. John Carter Brown, is the widest known eight-year-old in the country to-day. Baby Brown was hurried off to Europe last winter to escape suspected kidnapers, where he traveled through England and the south of France. In Paris Mrs. Brown visited her sister, Countess d'Osmay (Susan Dresser), and there Baby Brown played with his



John Nicholas Brown.

Little cousin with the long name, Elizabeth, George Marie Valentine, Viscountess d'Osmay. The little fellow has come to be known in Piccadilly, in London and in the Champs Elysees of Paris. A great change has come over Baby Brown within the past year, for he regards himself no longer "Baby" Brown, but Master Nicholas Brown. This summer he is decked out in silk knickerbockers, a patent leather top coat, Buster Brown collar, red necktie, light colored English walking top-coat, and with this get up he carries a walking stick, and is attended always by a nurse and a private detective.

His daily life is somewhat methodical, for Mrs. Brown wants her son to be well and strong, and as one of the means toward that end he has to dispose of a quart of cream daily. In the course of the day he has four meals, but not heavy ones. He has luncheon with his French nurse, and for a boy with so many millions he is a simple one, such as soup, fish and fruit. He takes dinner with his mother. Each forenoon the lad goes horse-back riding on two mounted attendants, one on either side. In the afternoon he drives for awhile with his mother, who after first calling upon his grandmother, who is very feeble and expects her grandson every day, without fail.

For amusement before going to bed Baby Brown may go to the play room and start up his imported moving pictures. This about comprises the child's daily routine. If it varies, it is only in non-essentials. If he attends church with his mother on Sunday, he is accompanied by the nurse and watchman just the same. Mrs. Brown's instructions are "Never take your eyes off Johnny, you can never tell what might happen." These servant women often complain that the continual watching of Johnny is tiresome, but it has to be done.

BRIDE OF WINSTON CHURCHILL.

Miss Hozier Becomes Wife of English Cabinet Minister.

London.—The bride of Winston Churchill, the president of the British



Mrs. Winston Churchill.

board of trade, who was Miss Clementine Hozier, is a daughter of the late Sir Henry Hozier, who, after a distinguished military career, became secretary of Lloyd's and Lady Blanche Hozier. She is a clever musician, and speaks half a dozen languages. Among her cousins is the earl of Airlie. Mr. Winston Churchill's wedding makes the fourth ministerial marriage in England within a year.

Immense Artificial Lake.

The area of Gatun lake (Panama canal) will be 164.23 square miles, and the normal level of the surface of the lake will be 85 feet above the sea. The Gatun dam will be practically a mile and a half long, half a mile wide at the base, with its crest 135 feet above mean tide, and the top thickness of the dam will be 80 feet.

Japan Reaches for Trade.

To improve the quality of its habutai (fine Japanese silk) the Fuli Gai Cotton Spinning Company has obtained the services for three years at a salary of \$11,550 a year, of a French weaving expert. Success will enable Japanese silks to compete with French silks in the great market among the Parsees of India.

Has Killed Millions of Hogs.

Adolph Zinert, a Frankfort (Germany) slaughter-house employe, has killed 5,000,000 hogs during the last 27 years.

PUTTING IT UP TO BILLIE.

Logical Reason Why He Should Be the One to Ask Favor.

The wagons of the "greatest show on earth" passed up the avenue at daybreak. Their incessant rattle soon awakened ten-year-old Billie and his five-year-old brother, Robert. Their mother feigned sleep as the two white-robed figures crept past her bed into the hall, on the way to investigate. Robert struggled manfully with the unaccustomed task of putting on his clothes. "Wait for me, Billie," his mother heard him beg. "You'll get ahead of me."

"Get mother to help you," counseled Billie, who was having troubles of his own.

Mother started to the rescue, and then paused as she heard the voice of her younger, guarded but anxious and insistent:

"You ask her, Billie. You've known her longer than I have."—Everybody's Magazine.



My! What a big figure you are getting!

"Well, what does that matter? I haven't taken yours, have I?"

GIRL WAS DELIRIOUS

With Fearful Eczema—Pain, Heat and Tingling Were Excruciating—Cuticura Acted Like Magic.

"An eruption broke out on my daughter's chest. I took her to a doctor, and he pronounced it to be eczema of a very bad form. He treated her, but the disease spread to her back, and then the whole of her head was affected, and all her hair had to be cut off. The pain she suffered was excruciating, and with that and the heat and tingling her life was almost unbearable. Occasionally she was delirious and she did not have a proper hour's sleep for many nights. The second doctor we tried afforded her just as little relief as the first. Then I purchased Cuticura Soap, Ointment, and Pills, and before the Ointment was three-quarters finished every trace of the disease was gone. It really seemed like magic. Mrs. T. W. Hyde, Brentwood, Essex, England, Mar. 8, 1907."

Worked Both Ways.

John Kendrick Bangs has been congratulated on the success of his last book.

"Thank you," said Mr. Bangs, "and I am glad your congratulations don't work both ways."

"Yes. Like those that were once offered to a man named Brownlow."

"A friend said to Brownlow: 'Let me congratulate you. I see by the paper that your wife has presented you with twins.'"

"Brownlow smiled."

"No," he said. "That is a mistake. The father's name is John C. Brownlow. I am John K. Brownlow."

"Ah," cried the other man, heartily, "then I do, indeed, congratulate you."

—Exchange.

The Allurements of the City.

Mrs. Perkins and her daughter Mandy, from the country were in the city one day, and as they walked along together they came to a window in which was displayed a variety of women's apparel. Mandy glanced wistfully at the different articles of clothing and started into the store. But a sign in the window which read: "Clothing One-Half Off During This Sale," caught Mrs. Perkins' eye. She seized her daughter by the arm, hurried her along down the street, and exclaimed in a loud voice: "Wily, land's sake, Mandy, that ain't no decent place fer a girl to go!"—Judge's Library.

Expressions of a Cynic.

Walter Pater, an old man and so, bald as a coot and grotesquely plain, regarded every woman much as did Dean Swift, who wrote: "A very little wit is valued in a woman, as we are pleased with few words spoken intelligibly by a parrot." "You don't approve of marriage?" a friend once observed to Pater. "No," he replied, "nor would anybody else if he gave the matter proper consideration. Men and women are always pulling different ways. Women won't pull our way. They are so perverse."

WANTED TO KNOW

The Truth About Grape-Nuts Food.

It doesn't matter so much what you hear about a thing, it's what you know that counts. And correct knowledge is most likely to come from personal experience.

"About a year ago," writes a N. Y. man, "I was bothered by indigestion, especially during the forenoon. I tried several remedies without any permanent improvement."

"My breakfast usually consisted of oatmeal, steak or chops, bread, coffee and some fruit."

"Hearing so much about Grape-Nuts, I concluded to give it a trial and find out if I all had heard of it was true."

"So I began with Grape-Nuts and cream, 2 soft boiled eggs, toast, a cup of Postum and some fruit. Before the end of the first week I was rid of the acidity of the stomach and felt much relieved."

"By the end of the second week all traces of indigestion had disappeared and I was in first rate health once more. Before beginning this course of diet, I never had any appetite for lunch, but now I can enjoy a hearty meal at noon time." "There's a Reason."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.