

MRS. LOUGHEED'S CALL

By HELEN A. SAXON

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I had the honor of a call from Mrs. Lougheed last week. Socially she is one of our representative ladies, and her claims to distinction are varied and unimpeachable. Her uncle is a bishop, and her calling list most exclusive. She has an accent that never forsakes her, and a manner that can convey the finest gradations of feeling, from a chilly so-far-and-no-fartherness to a restrained warmth calculated to put the flattered recipient into excellent humor with himself. She has the highest art of dressing, too—so unostentatiously that you know at once she must be somebody. Her husband pursues the narrow way of the art critic, and, feeling the sacredness of his calling, keeps himself for the most part unspotted from the throng. His English is faultless and he rarely permits himself to smile. You feel the seriousness of life in his presence more than in your clergyman's, particularly of cultured life, and you go home with fresh resolve. It is really quite an aesthetic treat to see him on the platform, his voice and gestures and bearing are so full of conscious grace. He is the product of an older, more homogeneous society, accidentally lodged in our heterogeneous one—at least I fancy that is the way he looks about it; certainly it is the way he looks about it. His mother, when she came to this country, falling to transplant the many-generated traditions she brought with her, to a soil ready for quicker growth, made him her involuntary protest. She grounded him thoroughly in esthetics and art; in the sacred character of family inheritance, and the duties and responsibilities it involves, chief of which is to come out and be separate. I often think what a comfort he must be to her now—so polished, so poised, so refined! But indeed, how could a man be less than perfect under the inspiration of an adoring mother and wife?—for Mrs. Lougheed, the younger, is eminently fitted in her own right for the high position it has pleased Heaven to bestow upon her—besides the bishop.

So when she came to see me I naturally felt it to be considerable of an occasion, and one of much educational value. Unfortunately, I hadn't been expecting anyone (although it was my "day") because a good-sized blizzard was in course of progression outside, and feeling secure in its protection, I hadn't given those intangible finishing touches to the appointments of the drawing-room and my own toilet which are necessary to make our social calling and election sure. Moreover, the bones of Sunday's turkey were "on" in the course of transition into soup, and Nora had naturally left the kitchen door open so that the odors—in which onion predominated



"Don't You Think We Could Get the National Council to Take It Up?"

—ascended the back stairs, and were being gently wadded down the front ones and into the parlor when I went in to greet my highly specialized guest. I airily ignored this, of course, as well as the absence of tea, and searched my mind for something that would stand me in good stead, and be appropriate to the occasion.

As luck would have it we fell upon woman's sphere. I don't know why it is I always have a thing I never forget to do. Still further humbled, I selected my dulcet weapon, since weapon of some kind I saw to be inevitable, and said as sweetly as I could:

"But there are so many women, unfortunately, whose lines haven't fallen to them in the pleasant places yours and mine have—who never knew the happiness of being in their own homes."

"Ah, yes, poor things!" said Mrs. Lougheed quite affably. "But it is a pity when a woman thinks herself called upon to take up anything to do any sort of work, you know, outside the home—she always loses some-

thing of her femininity; don't you think?"

"I suppose so," I faltered miserably. I knew I was expected to have "views," and to support them. Not to do so would be to make myself factually uninteresting; to do so, would be ruinous to my chances for a place in Mrs. Lougheed's esteem. Of course, I could recant on the spot and be converted to her opinion, but I had conscientious scruples against attempting this, because I really had nothing to recant. But something had to be said, so I plunged desperately in.

"One doesn't like to think that our femininity is of so superficial a quality that it can be rubbed off merely by acquaintance with the world. Surely those who lose it so easily must have lacked the genuine sort to begin with."

I knew this wasn't right, and my opinion was supported by a sort of perplexed coldness beginning to dawn on Mrs. Lougheed's expressive countenance, so I began again, lowering my voice to a more confidential key.

"I have sometimes wondered what a woman should do who found herself possessed of some power or capacity really valuable to the world—some great artistic gift or intellectual insight; for nature is unfortunately so impartial, you know; she is just as apt to bestow her gifts upon a woman as upon a man. If there were no home ties to settle the question in such a case there would still be the injurious effect of the example upon other women, wouldn't there? Rosa Bonheur, for instance, and Florence Nightingale, and—Mrs. Curie."

Of course, I knew this was all wrong, too, but I saw with relief that Mrs. Lougheed only looked a little vague.

"Oh, I suppose there are exceptions," she said dubiously. "When a thing is suitable it is different. There are the refined arts—music and literature—that women can pursue if they have leisure."

"But even then!" I exclaimed with a secret joy. "How often even in these arts must we deplore the loss of the delicacy which is woman's chief charm—Caretto, for example, and Nordica, who has just been divorced, you know, and what a disastrous effect the pursuit of literature had upon the character of poor George Eliot."

Mrs. Lougheed looked vaguer still, and began feeling around in her mind for the thread of the argument which had somehow slipped out of her grasp. Failing to recover it, she ignored the point at issue, and—true to type—brought forth another, detached, but which had evidently done much faithful service aforetime.

Besides it is such a mistake from an economic standpoint for women to compete with men as wage-earners. It is only taking the bread out of the mouths of other women and little children."

"But I suppose those who don't see it as we do, dear Mrs. Lougheed," I said, with a delicious little emphasis on the "we," "and especially those who fail to look at it in a large, impersonal way, might say that the first duty of these women was to fill their own mouths. Many of them may not only have no one to earn for them, but have others depending on what they can earn."

"The men would have higher wages then, and there would be no need of women going out," continued Mrs. Lougheed, who liked to feel the whole weight of the argument under her feet.

"Yes, if only it would be equally distributed," I said. "If we could only persuade the men who earn to share with those who don't, how it would simplify things; and if only we could persuade the manufacturers not to employ women at all! They are really to blame, you know, too, and they keep advertising for more all the time. Don't you think we could get the National Council to take it up?"

Mrs. Lougheed began fastening up her furs. I rose with her, still preserving my deferential attitude.

"The home is woman's natural and divinely-appointed sphere," she said, conclusively, and with a shade of injury in her tone, which I thought unjustifiable, considering that we were on the same side of the argument. "There are women who work just because they like to and want to. They don't know how unattractive they make themselves or they won't notice it. Men do not like the kind of women who ignore the home."

"They may not have been so happy in it as you and I, and so we can well afford to spare a little pity for them," I said again, in my winningest way.

"Ah, yes, poor things!" replied Mrs. Lougheed, giving me the parting hand.

I washed the palms after she had gone, and reflected. I felt in very good spirits. Of course, I knew it was really Mr. Lougheed I had been arguing with, and I felt avenged for more than one bad quarter of an hour he had given me, when he had called for, and I had unwittingly responded with, my utmost vanity of mind. I used to wonder why I was so preternaturally idealistic with him, but I saw now that I had been simply conforming to his standard of the feminine mind. But at last I was avenged. The attenuated spectacle that some men present when seen through their wives' mental atmosphere is ample compensation for all the bad quarters of an hour they themselves are able to inflict.

No Honest Work Disgraceful. After all, no necessary employment is commonplace and no honest work can be disgraceful. The cobbler is as good as the king in his own place. Boots and shoes are as necessary as statecraft. If you are a farmer, learn the rotation of your crops and the nature of your soil so that you may obtain the greatest results from your labors. No matter what the work is, do it in the spirit of an artist.

THE VALUE OF GOOD ROADS TO AGRICULTURE

Observations of Practical Results in New York State—By W. H. Jenkins.

One fact people are slow to learn is that the soil made for growing plants in, does not make a good road bed. Soil is decomposed, or pulverized rock with some humus or vegetable matter. When this is wet it is mud, when very dry, it is dust.

When soil is used for a road, the most of the time it is in either one of these two conditions, but there are short periods when there is just the amount of moisture in the soil that makes it so compact, as to be a firm road. For many years rural road-making has been some process of getting more soil into the road, and the stones out. I can remember how, under the supervision of the path master, we used to work out the road tax by drawing soil in the road with a team and scraper, and afterward throwing the stones from the road-bed into the ditch. The next year after the soil had been flattened out

riculturist have not known how to get rid of the stones on their fields, or what use to make of outcropping ledges of rock, that could be quarried. Now the modern machinery for making macadamized roads, and the need of them, and learning the uses of concrete will make these among his most valuable assets on the farm.

The local interest and effort is needed, then they will get better roads at less cost. In many sections farmers are complaining about poor state roads. In one road district in New York two miles of macadamized road was built at a cost of \$1,300 per mile. One-half of this amount was subscribed by people living in the road district, and the state paid the other half. This, I understand, is a state law, and all money raised by private subscription, will be duplicated by the state. This road was built under the supervision of the town road commissioner,

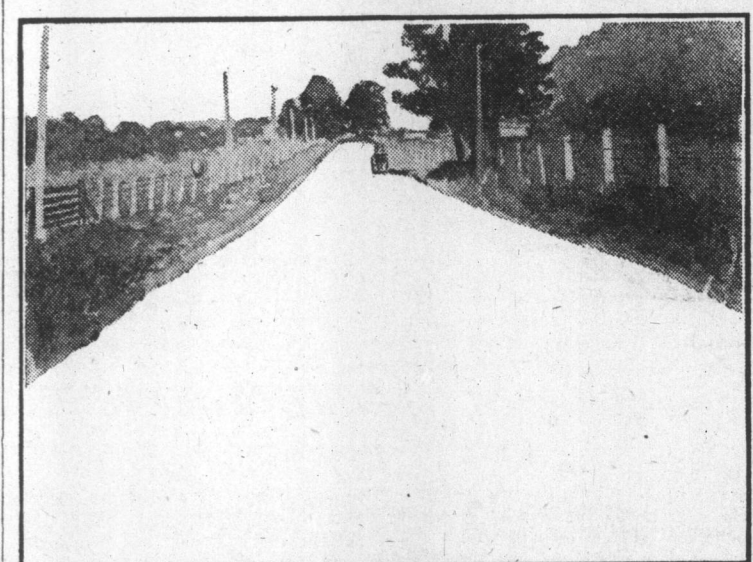


The Old Way of Road Making Results in Either a Mud or Dust Road Bed.

by travel, the same soil was scraped into the center of the road again, and the same stones thrown out. The last few years this work has been more cheaply or easily done with the road worker. This plan of road making may give a fairly good country road, where heavy loads are seldom drawn, for two or three months in summer, but for the greater part of the year there is no firm smooth road bed, but mud, ruts and dust. For the same reason that we need better school houses and rural schools, we need better country roads. Instituting stone or macadamized roads in agricultural localities is a most wise and far-seeing policy, for it hastens the time of better agriculture and civilization, and adds to the value of every one's real estate.

Good roads make it possible to market produce, and draw feed stuffs any time of year at a smaller cost, as they and the steam road crusher and other machinery owned by the town was used. No large profit was paid to a contractor; nothing was paid for material, the only cost of the road was the cost of labor. I would call attention to the fact that the process of scientific road building, as it was done in this instance, is the reverse of that so long practiced by farmers. The soil they try to keep in the road, is first all removed down to the bed rock or gravel, and when the grading is done the under strata of the road bed is made of the common field stones, one or two feet thick, next quarry stone or refuse from the quarry was broken to make a layer of several inches thick, then finished with a layer of hard crushed stone from the stone crusher, and rolled with the steam roller.

I drove over this two years from the time it was built, and can say it was



A Good Macadamized Country Road.

reduce the draft on teams and wear on vehicles to a minimum; facilitate rural mail delivery, as this could be done by auto; adds to the pleasure of carriage driving, and brings the isolated farmer in closer contact with the centers of culture and civilization. They make possible better attendance at the meetings of farmers' organizations and the children at schools, for in a few years the farmer's family will use the auto as commonly as they now do the horse and carriage. Let us work for better rural roads and schools.

Man always finds nature has anticipated his needs, and is only waiting for him to work up to a point where he can use what she provides. He must learn to make his roads from the rock, before the glacier has ground them into soil, not afterwards. For many years, in many sections, the ag-

riculturist have not known how to get rid of the stones on their fields, or what use to make of outcropping ledges of rock, that could be quarried. Now the modern machinery for making macadamized roads, and the need of them, and learning the uses of concrete will make these among his most valuable assets on the farm.

ORCHARD DON'TS FOR BEGINNERS

By A. H. Stewart, Kansas.

Don't depend on the advice of the tree agent in making a selection of trees. Select only varieties that have been tested in your locality and proven hardy and productive.

Don't plant trees on alkali or hardpan patches. The trees will be short-lived and the fruit small, tough and worthless. Plant only on soil that will produce a good crop of corn under ordinary weather conditions.

Don't set trees too close together. Leave room to drive in between with mower or wagon after the trees have attained their full growth. Thirty feet one way by 40 the other is about right.

Don't sow grass or small grain in the orchard. Plant it to corn or some other cultivated crop. Keep the weeds down near the trees. More young

trees are killed by weeds than by anything else.

Don't plant a windbreak on the north and east sides. It will only reflect the hot sun and burn out a row or two of the fruit trees. Place the windbreak on the south and west sides to break the summer winds that make the trees grow to the northeast.

Don't cut large branches from the trees after they come into full bearing. Remove only the watersprouts, which may be done in May and June without a knife.

Keep Fowls Clean.—Keep fowls clean and dry and you will have little sickness among them. If they are afflicted with some disease you do not understand, do not waste time doctoring them. Kill them.

Drain Your Clay Land.—Clay land that is well drained is more affected by the frost than when not well drained. The effect of the frost is beneficial.

Keep Roosters from Hens.—In shipping poultry to market the hens should be separated from the roosters

World's Temperance Sunday

Sunday School Lesson for Nov. 29, 1908
Specially Arranged for This Paper

LESSON TEXT.—Isaiah 28:1-18. Memory verse, 11.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"I keep under my body, and bring it into subjection."—1 Cor. 9:27.

Comment and Suggestive Thought.

In order to understand this great prophecy of Isaiah, our lesson for today, we must first have a vivid realization of—

The Historical Situation.—Read 2 Kings 17:1-23; 18:1-10; Chron. 29, 30. It is about 725 B. C. Isaiah, the royal prophet, was in Jerusalem, the capital of Judah. The good King Hezekiah, the rulers and leaders of the state were his audience. The nations were going astray, they were worldly, drunken, selfish, cruel, luxurious, oppressing the poor, neglecting religion, forgetting God.

From the northwest were coming great hordes of Assyrian soldiers devastating everything on their way. They had reached the northern kingdom of which Samaria was the capital. Like an overwhelming scourge these semi-savage armies were overrunning the country with all wanton crimes and cruelties, destroying everything good.

They were sweeping away cities and villages, farms, cattle, orchards—everything. The prophet sees them drifting, as in the rapids of Niagara, swiftly toward destruction. He sees the storm-clouds on the horizon threatening tempests and lightning blasts and destruction.

Within three or four years Samaria, the capital, was captured, and the northern kingdom swept out of existence by the Assyrians.

But the people of Jerusalem felt comparatively safe, for their city was a mighty fortress, a very Gibraltar, rarely captured, and probably it never could be captured if the people within were brave, united and true.

The prophet, pointing to the northern kingdom, warns his own people that nothing could save them if they continued to sin. "Repent, or that overwhelming scourge will sweep over Judah and Jerusalem in its devastating course."

V. 1. "Woe." Not a wish or a prayer for woe, but a warning that woe was coming. "To the crown of pride." The capital, so called, because it crowned the hill, or because its battlemented walls resembled a crown. "To (better off) the drunkards of Ephraim," but for the whole kingdom, because Ephraim was the leading tribe. "Whose glorious beauty." The "glorious beauty" of Samaria was a beauty of magnificent luxury. "Summer" and "winter houses," distinct each from the other (Amos 3:15); "ivory palaces" (1 Kings 22:39; Amos 3:15); a wealth of "gardens, vineyards, fig-orchards and olive yards" (Amos 4:9); residences of "hewn stone" (Amos 5:11); feasts enlivened with "the melody of viols" (Amos 5:23); "beds of ivory" (Amos 6:4); "wine in bowls" (Amos 6:6); "chief ornaments" (Amos 6:6) constituted a total of luxurious refinement beyond which few nations had proceeded at the time.—Rawlinson. "Is a fading flower." It was a kind of beauty that was liable to fade. It had nothing of the riches that endure.

V. 2. "The Lord hath a mighty and strong one." The Lord would use Assyrian power, "as a tempest of hail, and a destroying storm," to punish the wickedness which was injuring the people far more than the Assyrian hordes could their outward prosperity.

V. 4. "As the hasty fruit." R. V. "the first ripe fig," swiftly decaying or destroyed by the birds.

V. 5. Turning from this "crown of pride" and "fading flower" and "decaying fruit" of sin, the prophet points to the only true "crown of glory and . . . discom of beauty, the Lord of hosts." V. 6. For he would bring to them the "spirit of judgment," justice, righteousness, and turn back "the battle at the gate," defeating and scattering their enemies.

V. 7. Then he shows one source of their woes, "erred through wine . . . out of the way . . . through strong drink," therefore "they err in vision, they stumble in judgment."

The Jerusalem drinkers indignant ask:

V. 9. "Whom shall he teach knowledge? What right has Isaiah to talk to us thus? Are we babies just weaned from the milk? Are we mere school children to be chided and warned in this way?"

V. 10. "For precept must be upon precept." The R. V. gives the true meaning: "For it is precept upon precept." The prophet is telling the same story all the time, continually repeating, everywhere, all the time, in season, out of season, the same old warning.

The prophet answers: "This seems monotonous to you, but you will have another kind of monotony if you do not give heed to my words." "For with stammering lips." Better as R. V. "For by men of strange lips, and with another tongue" (viz., that of the Assyrian hordes) "will I speak to this people (11) to whom he said, 'This is the rest . . . this is the refreshing.' God had pointed out to them how they might have rest and prosperity, 'yet they would not hear' (12)."

13. Therefore by the Assyrian invasion, they should find "precept upon precept," etc., a monotonous teaching by afflictions and sorrows, till "they fall backward, and be broken," as came to pass in after years.

The bad effect of alcohol on persons performing muscular work is well known. The evidence is overwhelming that alcohol in small amounts has a most harmful effect on voluntary muscular work.—Victor Horsley, M. D., F. R. S.

"Every dose of alcohol, even the most moderate, diminishes strength. All that man asserts of the strengthening effects of alcohol is a delusion. The well-known poor man's glass during working hours is beyond question injurious. Every penny which the workman spends for alcoholic drinks is not only wasted but employed for a destructive purpose."—Adolf Fick, M. D., Professor of Physiology, University of Wurzburg.

ALASKA A HUNTER'S PARADISE

BY WILFRED H. OSGOOD, ASSISTANT BIOLOGIST, BIOLOGICAL SURVEY.



THE ALASKA MOOSE

The territory of Alaska is of vast extent and possesses a varied climate, broad rivers, innumerable lakes, deep forests, and chains of lofty mountains.

In short, many of the chief attributes of a natural game resort. Its barren northern shores, frequented by the lumbering walrus and the formidable polar bear, are washed by ice-laden currents, while its southern extensions support luxuriant forests inhabited by the graceful Sitka deer. Between these extremes are great interior forests, the home of the lordly moose, broad open tundras and rolling plateaus, traversed by herds of unsuspicious caribou, and snow-clad mountain ranges, the stronghold of sharp-eyed sheep and dull-witted goats.

Among Alaska's game animals are some of the largest and finest in the world, as the giant moose and the huge brown bears. The game of the entire territory includes moose, caribou, deer, mountain sheep, mountain goat, walrus, and polar, brown, grizzly,



THE WHITE MOUNTAIN SHEEP

the more to be prized and correspondingly to be guarded. Within the United States certain kinds of game may be maintained for years on their original range, but for other kinds the reserve is inevitable, as no restriction of shooting can offset the constant diminution of the natural range they require. Thus most of the winter feeding grounds of the wapiti, or elk, already have been absorbed for agricultural purposes and the animals bid fair to be reduced to scant



Map Showing Distribution of Moose and Deer in Alaska.

black, and glacier bears, besides a variety of waterfowl, shore birds, and upland game birds. In game resources Alaska compares favorably with the western part of the United States in early days, and at the present time it is one of the most important game regions in the world.

Without entering into the general subject of the value of game to all countries possessing it, Alaska's game may be considered chiefly with reference to the features making it especially valuable.

Alaska is of particular importance as a game region because, of all American possessions, it is the one in which frontier conditions promise to last longest. Notwithstanding its wealth of mineral and other resources the territory is not likely to be thickly populated, at least not for decades to come. It is true railroads already are beginning to penetrate its wilds and no doubt cities of considerable size will develop, but, even so, immense tracts far from populous centers will long remain in almost primeval condition. This is apparent from the great size of the territory and its climatic and physiographic conditions. Its area is almost one-third that of the entire United States, and although much of this is economically full of promise it must not be forgotten that nearly one-fourth lies beyond the arctic circle and that a large proportion of the remainder consists of high mountains and inhospitable wilds. In many arid tracts and drainage is making it possible to utilize swamps and waste areas which now furnish refuges for game.

From all parts of the country come reports of an increasing scarcity of game animals. Hence our remaining natural game preserves in Alaska are of great importance.

A Matter of Dress Mainly.

Mrs. Phelps Stokes, in illustration of the really superficial and slight difference that exists between aristocratic and plebeian people, repeated, at a Socialist meeting in New York, a conversation between a little girl and her mother.

"The little girl," said Mrs. Phelps Stokes, "belonged to one of New York's rich patrone families, and one day she said to her mother, thoughtfully:

"Will I wear my prettiest Paris frocks when I get to heaven?"

"Oh, no, my dear!" the mother answered.

"Because Paris frocks are not worn in heaven."

"The little girl frowned.

"How, then, will they know up there," she said, "that I belong to the best society?"

Stand Up to Write.

Standing before a high desk is the best position for brain work, especially writing. Try it. You will find that standing stimulates the brain and prevents drowsiness.

Singer Hard to Follow.

At a Yorkshire Inn there is a pianist who can render an accompaniment to any song that any singer wishes to sing. He cannot read a note of music, yet, in the local phrase, he "can play owt." Recently, however, he met with an unexpected check. A new violinist hummed over the air, but the pianist failed to get the key. "Let's try it again," he said; and they tried it again. Still it was of no use. A third trial brought no better results. Then the pianist turned on the singer in anger and said: "Sitba, Aw've tried that on t' white 'uns, Aw've tried that on t' black 'uns an' Aw've tried that on t' black an' white 'uns mixed. It's no use; th's singing between t' cracks."

Gift Pearl in the Mouth.

What luck some people have! I was eating oysters the other day next to a man who suddenly made a face and uttered a cry of irritation, and then extracted a pearl from his mouth. "Confound the thing!" he said, "it nearly broke my tooth. I'm always finding them."—V. V. V. in London Sphere.

SOME REMARKS FROM MINNESOTA EDITORS.

What They Think of Western Canada.

A party of editors from a number of cities and towns of Minnesota recently made a tour of Western Canada, and having returned to their homes they are now telling in their respective newspapers of what they saw on their Canadian trip. The West St. Paul Times recalls the excursion of the Minnesota editors from Winnipeg to the Pacific Coast ten years ago. Referring to what has happened in the interval the writer says: "Thousands of miles of new railway lines have been built, and the development of the country has made marvelous strides. Millions of acres, then lying in their wild and untouched state, have since been transferred into grain fields. Towns have sprung up as if by the wand of a magician, and their development is now in full progress. It is a revelation, a record of conquest by settlement that is remarkable."

The Hutchinson Leader characterizes Western Canada as "a great country undeveloped. The summer outing," it says, "was an eye-opener to every member of the party, even those who were on the excursion through Western Canada ten years ago, over considerable of the territory covered this year, being amazed at the progress and advancement made in that short space of time. The time will come when Western Canada will be the breadbasket of the world. It was a delightful outing through a great country of wonderful possibilities and resources."

Since the visit of these editors the Government has revised its land regulations and it is now possible to secure 160 acres of wheat land at \$2.00 an acre in addition to the 160 acres that may be homesteaded.

The crops of 1908 have been splendid, and reports from the various districts show good yields, which at present prices will give excellent profits to the farmers.

From Milestone, Saskatchewan, there are reported yields of thirty bushels of spring wheat to the acre, while the average is about 20 bushels. The quality of grain to be shipped from this point will be about 600,000 bushels. Information regarding free lands and transportation will be freely given by the Canadian Government Agents.

A HINT TO GOLFERS.



The Visitor.—What on earth does that chap carry that phonograph round for. Is he dotty?

The Member.—No! But he's dumb. So he has that talking machine to give instructions to his caddy or to make a few well chosen remarks in case he fumbles his drive or does anything else annoying.

Like a Dream.

A bubble of air in the blood, a drop of water in the brain, and a man is out of gear, his machine falls to pieces, his thought vanishes, the world disappears from him like a dream at morning. On what a spider-thread is hung our individual existence. Fragility, appearance, nothingness. If it were not for our powers of self-detraction and forgetfulness, all the fairy world which surrounds and brands us would seem to us but a broken specter in the darkness—an empty appearance, a fleeting hallucination. Appeared—disappeared—there is the whole history of a man, or of a world, or of an infusoria.—Amiel.

The Only Use He Knew.

The "head of the family" was reading the vivid account of the departure of the Israelites from the land of Egypt, and the four-year-old son listened with intense interest.

At length the reader came to the passage, "And Moses took the bones of Joseph with him" when the boy, whose limited experience had taught him only one use for such articles, shocked his staid relatives by crying in excited amazement:

"To make soup wiv?"—Harpers' Monthly.

UPWARD START

After Changing from Coffee to Postum.

Many a talented person is kept back because of the interference of coffee with the nourishment of the body.

This is especially so with those whose nerves are very sensitive, as is often the case with talented persons. There is a simple, easy way to get rid of coffee and what it was worth. Experience along these lines is worth considering. She says:

"Almost from the beginning of the use of coffee it hurt my stomach. By the time I was fifteen I was almost a nervous wreck, nerves all unstrung, no strength to endure the most trivial thing, either work or fun."

"There was scarcely anything I could eat that would agree with me. The little I did eat seemed to give me more trouble than it was worth. I finally quit coffee and drank hot water, but there was so little food I could digest, I was literally starving; was so weak I could not sit up long at a time."

"It was then a friend brought me a hot cup of Postum. I drank part of it and after an hour I felt as though I had had something to eat—felt strengthened. That was about five years ago, and after continuing Postum in place of coffee and gradually getting stronger, to-day I can eat and digest anything I want, walk as much as I want. My nerves are steady."

"I believe the first thing that did me any good and gave me an upward start, was Postum, and I use it altogether now instead of coffee."—There's a Reason.

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

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