

**VANITY.**

At five a maiden's wants are few;  
A set of blocks, a doll or two;  
A little place inside to play,  
If it should come a rainy day;  
A pair of shoes, a pinafore;  
I really think of nothing more.

Ner wants she overmuch at ten;  
A birthday party now and then,  
A bit of ribbon for her hair,  
A little better dress to wear,  
Perhaps a pony cart to drive,  
A bit more than she did at five.

A modest increase at fifteen;  
A party dress, in red or green,  
A room alone that she may fix  
With blue-and-white and candlesticks,  
A parasol, a fan—and, oh,  
I quite forgot to add—a beau.

At twenty she is quite above  
All childish wants—she asks but love,  
And dreams of princely, tall and fair,  
Who come a wooing and who dare  
All dangers; and she leaps apart  
For him the castle of her heart.

At twenty-five her fancy goes  
To bonnets, fells, and furbelows,  
A country place, a house in town,  
A better rig than Mrs. Brown  
Or Black or Jones, and just a wee  
Small figure in Society.

At thirty—well, a little less  
For the distinguished Mrs. B.,  
Who writes—a Prince to entertain,  
A long-haired lion to make vain,  
With silly tricks, a horse show box  
And just a little plunge in stocks.

At thirty-five and forty—well  
There isn't much that's new to tell;  
A little bigger country place,  
A real good lotion for the face,  
And some reduction made in those  
One can afford to say she knows.

At fifty—does her fancy end?  
She wants—ah, yes, she wants a friend  
To prove her years were not in vain;  
She wants those dreams of youth again,  
When Princess-erunt, tall and fair,  
Lived, loved and came a-wooing there.

At seventy she wants to know  
Why Vanity and hollow show  
Tempt Wisdom from its lofty seat,  
She wants but ease for gouty feet,  
And peace to wonder what must be  
The last leaf's musings on the tree.  
—J. W. Foley in the New York Times.

**Just an Indian Cur.**

But a Little Dog Who Was an Altogether  
Delightful Companion.

From Carter Hamilton's "Flapjack" in  
St. Nicholas.

He turned one clean half-sour-sault from nowhere and landed plunk on his back at my feet. I said, "Flapjacks!" That's how he got his name. He was only an Indian's cur, the forlornest little waif of a lost puppy, with the most beautiful dog's eyes I have ever seen. He scrambled to his feet and used his eyes—that settled it for us. Without further introduction, we offered him the remains of our dinner. He accepted it with three gulps and the stowed wagging his poor little tail, asking for more.

We are camping and trailing out in the Wind River Mountains—Brandt and I—back of the Shoshone Indian Reservation, and we had halted for dinner in a small canyon in the shade of the rock wall from whose summit Flapjack had tried his little acrobatic stunt. Whether he came from an Indian encampment near by, which we had not seen, or was just plain lost and fending for himself alone in the wilderness we did not know. He told us about fending for one's self while he ate his dinner, and that it was "an awful" hard life and sometimes "very discouraging." After dinner he told us that our scraps were the very best food he had ever eaten; that our outfit, our horses and mule, the finest he had ever seen; that we ourselves were gods, wise and very great; that he loved the ground we trod on, and only asked to stay with us forever. So he stayed.

Jinny, the mule, returned his compliments unopened, and told him what she thought of him by showing the under side of her off hind hoof and putting back her ears. But then, Jinny was the only aristocratic person in camp, in her own opinion, and you may take that for what it is worth. She did not prejudice us against Flapjack. Still, Brandt and I happened not to share Jinny's opinion of her. She is Brandt in the habit of remarking on seventeen separate and several occasions each day that "even for a mule, Jinny is the low-downest one I ever set eyes on."

At the sight of her hoof, Flapjack made a ludicrous little duck with his head and came back to us, volubly explaining that, "Of course, the mule being yours, don't you know? she simply must be the very finest, sweet-tempered animal in the world, don't you know? and altogether above reproach, don't you know?" That won us completely.

And he never once reproached her for anything she did—even when she kicked him into the river. He treated her with distant courtesy always, without so much as a yap in her direction. And it wasn't because he was afraid of mules, either—Brandt and I will deny that imputation against his valor to our dying day. Let a strange mule or horse get in among ours, and Flapjack was a very lion of ferocity until he had yapped him out of sight. "Think we'd better look for their camp?" I asked, putting the dishes into Jinny's pack.

"What, the purp's Injuns? Not much!" answered Brandt. "If they haven't seen us, let 'em alone. Ain't they here—why, we've got to wait proper introductions. I move we hike."

So we hiked, and Flapjack hiked with us.

We kept on our trail, if such it could be called; a trail which probably no white man but ourselves had ever set foot upon. We were bound for a little lake that we knew, crammed with the most innocent fish on earth. No;

I am not going to tell you where there are some things you must find out for yourself, if you are game for it, just as we did; otherwise, you don't deserve to know.

After some ten days we arrived without either adventure or misadventure, at our happy fishing-ground and made camp on a little precipice at whose feet a deep, dark pool lured monster and luscious rarities.

In spite of his hard journey, little Flapjack had improved amazingly as to health, not as to manners; for from the first day we knew him he had the most perfect manners of any dog I ever met. If you flung him a crust, he so appreciated it—it was the very nicest crust, the daintiest morsel, one could have; just as everything we did was simply perfect in his eyes. And he wasn't servile about it, either. He simply approved of everything we did, and told us so in an eloquent, dumb way of his own.

We made camp for a two weeks' stay; felled a tree for backlog, and fixed things generally to be comfortable, all under his supervising eye. And when it was done, and the friendship fire lighted, he lay down before it as one of us and said, "This is home."

So we fished and were happy; and we fished some more and were happier; and we fished more and more and were happier and happier every day. Do you understand that feeling? If you have known Wyoming camp-fires, you do.

**ASTOR'S FEUDAL DOMAIN.**

Castle Hever, Once Home of Lill-Fated Anne Boleyn, Restored to its Early Glories.

In the garden of England, by which designation the county of Kent is known, Mr. William Waldorf Astor has purchased one of those picturesque and beautiful mediaeval castles that abound with historical interest and around which so many old traditions have been woven.

Castle Hever, one of these old houses has been practically transformed by Mr. Astor, and the London Daily Express gives a graphic description of the work of improvement which is being carried on. The general schemes of this new Astor estate, for Mr. Astor has another estate at Cliveden, comprises the following:

Restoration of the castle to its ancient battlemented glories.

Building in ancient style a series of castle villages.

A model farm.

An Italian garden.

A lake of forty-five acres.

An artesian well and capacious reservoir.

Widening and changing of the course of the River Eden. New public road three-quarters of a mile long.

A strong bridge over the river, with wide spans, broad roadway and steel frame.

A large power house for electric light, etc.

An extensive deer park.

The castle itself is of great historic interest, owing to the fact that it was at one time the home of the ill-fated Anne Boleyn, one of the wives of Henry VIII., and tradition says that the unquiet spirit of the dead Queen Consort crosses the bridge over the river during Christmas week. With the destruction of the old bridge over the river the ghost of the Lady Anne has been effectually laid. At least this is the story of the credulous villagers. Be that, however, as it may, certain it is that the watchers at Hever this year saw no spectre to reward them for their lonely vigil.

Some notion of the extent of this gigantic task may be gathered from the fact that nearly 200,000 tons of material have passed over the roads leading to and from the estate, while the number of workmen employed has varied between 1500 and 3000, and to house all this army of laborers temporary huts were erected in the grounds.

All the newer stonework has been removed from the castle, and a quarry has been reopened in the castle grounds. The old oak panelling has been cleaned, the second and outer moats to be reopened, while a draw-bridge in quite the olden style will give admittance to the principal entrance.

One room called after Henry VIII., in which that bluff British King is declared to have slept, will be set apart for Mr. Astor, and the historic long gallery will be the resting place of the masterpieces of many famous artists. Anne Boleyn's room is to be untenanted.

All the old barns, outhouses and other structures have been demolished, and in their stead there are now a series of old-fashioned and semi-Tudor cottages.

The grounds also will be embellished in the old-fashioned style, and the antiquaries of Kent are not altogether dissatisfied that this historic old castle has passed into the hands of an American millionaire. They regret, of course, that it is likely to be closed to them at least for many years to come, but they are assured that Mr. Astor will regard its battle-seared walls and its far flung traditions with veneration.

**The Danger of Milk Preservatives**

By Mary Hinman Abel.

WHATEVER difference of opinion there may be as to the use of small quantities of preservatives in other foods, physicians and hygienists are agreed in condemning their addition to milk because it is the food of infants, and the young of different species have been shown to be very susceptible to their effect. Not only is the preservative itself probably harmful, but by its use the poorest quality of milk can be palmed off on the consumer. Dirty milk is still dirty and dangerous, even though its souring point has been artificial changed. We may be certain that neither farmer nor dealer is going to use one extra precaution or an ounce of ice more than is needed to get his milk to market in good condition, and if he knows that he can fall back on the chemical to conceal that fatal sign of souring, and thus this double burden of bad milk and the action of the preservative is laid on the digestion of the little ones, who, if we may judge from the vital statistics, have a hard enough time at best to get through their first five years of life. All of the large cities insist that very little preservative is now added to milk, yet prosperous-looking agents continue to solicit, and well-informed people insist that immense quantities are used. Are the cities, with their small force of analysts unable to make thorough examinations, or are preservatives now in use that are less easily detected? Certain it is that vigilant inspection diminishes the evil, and where fines do not deter, imprisonment will. Still more important in reducing the use of preservatives is the enforcement of sanitary regulations at the farm and the use of ice in transportation.—Delineator.

**The Rights of the Child Asleep**

By Dr. Grace P. Murray.

IT is difficult to keep mothers and nurses from the old custom of rocking the child to sleep, but children and mothers alike should be emancipated from such bondage. When the time for sleeping has arrived the child should be put in its cradle or crib and left to woo sleep on his own account. Scptics, who have never trained the child after this manner, may say that it is easier said than done. Not if you will begin with the child from the very first. The child is so much happier, and sleeps better. The child should not be tempted to sleep by means of his bottle. He should be kept awake to finish his meal comfortably, and the bottle should be then removed. The artificial nipple or "pacifier," which is often used to put the child to sleep, should not be put in the child's mouth for any reason whatever. Besides its uncleanness, it may make the mouth sore and distort it; and it causes an excess flow of saliva. Children sleep better if the room is darkened to some extent. It is a good plan to have a dim light burning at night, so one can see to move about without having to make a light, for that disturbs a child in its sleep. Children should be often visited during their sleeping hours to make sure there is nothing the matter with them. Of course, children rest better if all is tranquil and quiet about them, but they should not become accustomed to too much quiet in the household so that they awaken at the slightest disturbance. Do not permit the baby to be educated into habits and ways in regard to his sleeping and nap-taking which will make him a little tyrant in the family.—The Delineator.

"Deprived of His See."

As an example of the ability of the juvenile scholar to evolve an unexpected meaning from his text, a correspondent relates that the following question was put to a history class: "What misfortune then happened to Bishop Odo?" The reply came quite readily. "He was blind." An explanation was demanded, and the genius brought up the text-book. "There, sir," triumphantly, "the book says so." The sentence indicated by an ink-stained digit read: "Odo was deprived of his see."—London Spectator.

**The District Leader is Always Campaigning**

By Nelson Lloyd.

IN every city in the country, whatever party may be in power, we witness attacks on the "gang." Sometimes the gang is overwhelmed; ignominiously beaten and thrown out of the city halls amid general execration. Then the lean years come, but it goes back to the district to prepare for other elections. The reformer appeals to reason, but corruption does not argue. Down in the district the leader is campaigning always. He is sending coal to the needy, hunting work for his henchmen, giving lodging to the homeless, and burying the dead. His days are spent among the police stations and in the courts helping his people in their hour of trouble with the law; his nights at his club, where, in his stuffy little office, he sits like a priest at confessional hearing stories of woe and pleas for assistance. He does favors. Those who receive them are likely to return them at the polls, an easy settlement of debts. They know him. He has helped them.

It is unfortunate that the reward of municipal victory should not be the honor of a public trust and the opportunity to work out high political ideals, but rather the power to fatten at the public trough. And it is unfortunate, too, that the district boss should have to bear the brunt of the attack on this system. He receives shafts that would hit harder were they aimed higher. We hear little in the campaign of the respectable gentlemen whose names adorn the directories of the great corporations that urge him. These are men of the highest integrity, but of course it is no concern of theirs if the companies they direct find it easier to do business when the city is in control of those who, in the words of the famous boss, are "working for their pockets all the time."—From "In the District," in Scribner's.

**Certain Changes Desirable in the American College**

By Dr. G. Stanley Hall,  
President of Clark University, Worcester, Mass.

THE individuality of the professor is obscured, and we have developed a vast array of machinery, with a president drilling his subordinates. Our professors devote too much time to the examination of the students, so that they have no time for individual work. Princeton has realized this in the adoption of the tutor system.

The high school should be the people's college. They pay for it. The ideal will be when the high school says, "This is the best we can do for the average scholar," and, to the university or college, "Take him or leave him, or her," and you may be sure that they will take them.

The tendency is to standardize knowledge, so that it is like baled hay. It is put up in packages, and is discouraging food to the youth who wants to preserve his individuality. At the Leland Stanford university there is practically no entrance examination. The seeker for knowledge finds the gates open. Colleges ought to be open to every one who can profit by the privilege. That a man has read the Bible in English is a sufficient entrance examination. Now as to athletics. The one fact that does not receive the prominence it deserves is that the real article does its best work on the moral character, instilling in the player a high sense of honor. The soul of athletics should be fair play. A man may play hard on the football field and be a gentleman. In the days of Greece there was the same lazing spirit as today, and the organization of student societies was practically the same, and under it all was the spirit of honor among the students.

Unfortunately, the purely culture studies are languishing. The study of Greek and Latin is discouraged. In my day in every educational centre of any pretensions it was necessary to have an observatory. Every student was interested—and thereby gained religious instruction—in the wonders of God's world. Today there are a few of the students interested in the mathematical problems.

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**KEYSTONE STATE GULLINGS**

GIBBONEY RE-ARRESTED

Identified, It is Alleged, as Man Who Passed Worthless Check on Bank in Uniontown.

Last July a stranger presented a check which proved to be bogus at the First National bank of Uniontown, given on the Charleroi bank, and purporting to be signed to C. H. Mickle. Some time ago J. H. Gibboney, with others, was brought to Uniontown from Connellsville on a larceny charge, and as he was about to be released on bail he was identified as the man who had got the money on the alleged forged check. A warrant was served on him at once and he was returned to jail.

Four men were killed in a terrific explosion in the Buttonwood mine, operated by Parrish Coal Company in Hanover township, about two miles from Wilkes-Barre. It occurred in a small structure known as a timberman's shanty near the foot of the shaft, in which a lot of giant powder was stored. A number of company hands were at work Saturday night in the mine, and it is thought they went to the shanty to rest and eat lunch. It is thought that a steam pipe ignited and exploded the powder. The men killed are: William Montz, aged 25, single; John Taylor Williams, aged 30, leaves widow and two children; Owen O. Anthony, aged 45, leaves widow and eight children; Anthony Shulrune, Polish, aged 35, leaves widow and one child.

The junior class of the DuBois High school has been suspended because the members refused to attend recitations. On Friday the High school, with the exception of a part of the junior class, was excused early. The division kept in demanded that it be granted a vacation of 29 1/2 minutes Monday, and intimated that the principal should apologize for his alleged action in treating them unjustly. Both requests were ignored, so the class struck and was later suspended.

Josiah V. Thompson, of Uniontown, filed an assignment of a mortgage for \$40,000 against the Vesta Coal company, to Washington and Jefferson college as an additional endowment of the chair of the president of the institution. The mortgage is due June 1, 1912, with interest accruing since December 1, 1905. The mortgage covers 9,700 acres of coal in this county.

Ellis, the 12-year-old son of Harry Dewitt of Leechburg, was drowned in the Kiskimintas river. He and another lad were playing near where men had been cutting ice. The Dewitt lad broke through and although he grasped a stick extended to him by his companion he was unable to hold on. The body was recovered in about a half hour.

At Portage, the miners of sub-district No. 3 of district No. 2 demanded a wage increase, the amount asked for to be determined later by a committee. A resolution was unanimously adopted condemning Patrick Dolan, of district No. 5, and commending the action of the delegates of that district in demanding his resignation.

Rev. J. B. Pollock, of Washington, has been called to the pastorate of the New Alexandria United Presbyterian church. Westmoreland presbytery, to succeed Rev. Samuel Collins, D. D., who died several months ago after having been stated supply to the congregation for many years.

Representative Fred H. Cope, of Chester county, who drew his salary of \$500 for the extra session of the Legislature, after stating in a public letter that he would serve without compensation, returned the cash to the State Treasury, and also his allowance for mileage, stationery and postage, a total of \$605.

President Swain of Swarthmore College announced that provision had been made to meet the requirements offered two weeks ago by Andrew Carnegie, who presented the college with \$50,000 to be used in the establishment of a library providing a like amount was raised by the college.

Thomas Jonds, of Scranton, 23 years old, employed by the Cambria Steel company at Johnstown, died from injuries received in a 50-foot fall from structural work.

Joseph Espericy, who killed Stephen Anthony, at Oliver, was released from the Fayette county jail. The coroner decided that the shooting was accidental.

Michael Resnik, an Austrian employed at the Booth & Flinn stone quarries near Latrobe, was killed by being caught between two rollers.

Fifty-one students of the sophomore class of Gettysburg college were indefinitely suspended for an attack on the freshmen.

The Senate in executive session confirmed the nominations of M. M. Garland, Surveyor of Customs, port of Pittsburg.

Fire did over \$2,000 damage to the residence and store of Sol. Rosenbaum at South Sharon. The loss is partially covered by insurance.

Rev. Rutledge T. Wilbank, pastor of the Hollidaysburg Baptist church, has accepted a call from a church at Minneapolis. Mr. Wilbank was called to Hollidaysburg from Philadelphia three years ago.

At Waynesburg, Gaylord Carter, who conducted a drug store, was fined \$500 and sent to jail for three months he having pleaded guilty to selling liquor without a license.

A Washington county jury returned a verdict of not guilty in the case of Joseph Delmaris, charged with killing Charles Dolff, at Victory Hill, near Monongahela, on October 31.

**HIS ONE WEAK SPOT.**

Prominent Minnesota Merchant Cured by Stay Cured by Doan's Kidney Pills.

O. C. Hayden, of O. C. Hayden & Co., dry goods merchants, of Albert Lea, Minn., says: "I was so lame that I could hardly walk. There was an unaccountable weakness of the back, and constant pain and aching. I could find no rest and was very uncomfortable at night. As my health was good in every other way I could not understand this trouble. It was just as if all the strength had gone from my back. After suffering for some time I began using Doan's Kidney Pills. The remedy acted at once upon the kidneys, and when normal action was restored, the trouble with my back disappeared. I have not had any return of it."

For sale by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N.Y.

Women are to be admitted to be doctors of medicine by the University of Prague, which, however, refuses to admit them as doctors of philosophy.

**DON'T MISS THIS.**

A Cure For Stomach Trouble—A New Method, by Absorption—No Drugs.

Do You Belch?

It means a diseased Stomach. Are you afflicted with Short Breath, Gas, Sour Eructations, Heart Pains, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Burning Pains and Lead Weight in Pit of Stomach, Acid Stomach, Distended Abdomen, Dizziness, Colic? Had Breath or Any Other Stomach Trouble?

Let us send you a box of Mull's Anti-Belch Waters free to convince you that it cures. Nothing else like it known. It's sure and very pleasant. Cures by absorption. Harmless. No drugs. Stomach Trouble can't be cured otherwise—so says Medical Science. Drugs won't do—they eat up the Stomach and make you worse.

We know Mull's Anti-Belch Waters cure and we want you to know it, hence this offer. This offer may not appear again.

336 GOOD FOR 25c. 144

Send this coupon with your name and address and your Druggist's name and loc. in stamp to Mull's Anti-Belch Waters, and we will supply you a sample free if you have never used Mull's Anti-Belch Waters, and will also send you a certificate good for 25c. toward the purchase of more Belch Waters. You will find them invaluable for stomach trouble, cures by absorption. Address MULL'S GRAPE-NUTS CO., 323 3d Ave., Rock Island, Ill.

Give Full Address and Write Plainly.

All Druggists, 50c. per box, or by mail upon receipt of price. Stamps accepted.

**Deep-Sea Water is Free of Microbes.**

The result of the prince of Monaco's deep-sea soundings continue to interest the Academy of Science at Paris. At the last meeting reports were read of the prince's latest investigations of the floor of the Mediterranean. One of the facts was that at the bottom of the Mediterranean the temperature of the water was at 15 degrees above zero (centigrade), whereas in the Atlantic the temperature at a depth of 3,000 or 4,000 meters is scarcely 2 degrees above zero. Another interesting discovery was that though the water of the sea near the mouth of rivers was unusually full of microbes, and though harmful germs were even found upon the surface in midocean, at a depth of 1,000 meters sea water is absolutely sterile.

**Fighting Shows the Race.**

"By the way they fight I can tell men's nationality," said a policeman. "An Englishman, when he is going to fight, throws his hat and coat in a blustering, bluffing way on the ground. A Scot pulls his hat down tight on his head and buttons his coat carefully. The canny Scot is not going to endanger any of his property. In Irishman appeals to the crowd to hold his coat. The Celtic nature desires sympathy and tries to build it up. A German, methodical, precise, folds his hat on a neat bundle and lays his hat on top of it to hold it down. An American is so anxious to pitch in and have the thing over that he starts fighting without giving a thought to hat or coat."—New York Press.

**FOOD AND STUDY.**

**A College Man's Experience.**

"All through my high school course and first year in college," writes an ambitious young man, "I struggled with my studies on a diet of greasy, pasty foods, being especially fond of cakes and fried things. My system got into a state of general disorder and it was difficult for me to apply myself to school work with any degree of satisfaction. I tried different medicines and food preparations but did not seem able to correct the difficulty.

"Then my attention was called to Grape-Nuts food and I sampled it. I had to do something, so I just buckled down to a rigid observance of the directions on the package, and in less than no time began to feel better. In a few weeks my strength was restored, my weight had increased, I had a clearer head and felt better in every particular. My work was simply sport to what it was formerly.

"My sister's health was badly run down and she had become so nervous that she could not attend to her music. She went on Grape-Nuts and had the same remarkable experience that I had. Then my brother, Frank, who is in the Postoffice Department at Washington city and had been trying to do brain work on greasy foods, cakes and all that, joined the Grape-Nuts army. I showed him what it was and could do and from a broken-down condition he has developed into a hearty and efficient man.

"Besides these I could give account of numbers of my fellow-students who have made visible improvement mentally and physically by the use of this food." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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