

### NOT TO BE.

The rose said, "Let but this long rain be past,  
And I shall feel my sweetness in the sun.  
And pour its fullness into life at last!"  
But when the rain was done,  
But when dawn sparkled through unclouded air,  
She was not there.

The lark said, "Let but winter be away,  
And blossoms come, and light, and I will soar,  
And lose the earth, and be the voice of day."  
But when the snows were o'er,  
But when spring broke in business overhead,  
The lark was dead.

And myriad roses made the garden glow,  
And sky-larks caroled all the summer long—  
What lack of birds to sing and flowers to blow!  
Yet, ah, lost scent, lost song!  
Poor empty rose, poor lark that never thrived!  
Dead unfulfilled!

## The Spirit of Revolt.

It Ended in Content for Two Discontented Sisters.

By SUSAN BROWN ROBBINS.

Myra counted the little pile of bills the second time, then she rolled them up and put them back in the tin baking-powder box.

"A hundred and fifty-four dollars," she said, as she put the cover on. She rested her elbows and looked wearily out of the window. "You might go this afternoon and put it in the bank?"

Ruth, her younger sister, sat in the rocking chair beside the stove. Although the October sun shone in at the west windows, there was a cold wind blowing, and the warmth of the fire was very comforting.

Suddenly Ruth spoke passionately. "I'm tired of being poor, and I'm sick to death of the way we live."

"So am I," said Myra, without changing her position or her expression.

"We never go anywhere, nor see anything, nor hear anything."

"Or know anything," Myra said dully.

"It's all very well in the summer," said Ruth. "It's fun to see things growing—the flowers and vegetables—and to have folks come and buy them. We work hard, but that's kind of fun, too, while it lasts. But we don't have any other kind of fun, and I'm tired of it."

"So am I," Myra repeated.

"When the fall comes we count up our summer's savings and put them in the bank, and that's the end of everything till the next spring. Through the winter we just stagnate."

"Vegetate," said Myra.

"If only we could hibernate it would be some satisfaction, but we can't," and Ruth fell silent again, brooding discontent and rebellion in her eyes. Presently she spoke again.

"Lots and lots of folks who don't work half as hard as we do have everything they want, and I say we are fools if we don't take what we want. It's our right. I don't care what folks say. We've tried being poor and honest long enough and have seen the folly of it. Let's try the other way for a while."

Myra turned in her chair and looked at her sister. "But how?" she asked.

Ruth's eyes flashed and she spoke vehemently. "Sell the farm and then go to the city and hire a big house and furnish it elegantly; entertain, go to concerts, opera, theatre, lectures, and enjoy ourselves generally."

"How could we pay for it?"

Ruth laughed recklessly. "Don't pay for it," she said. "Pay for theatre tickets and things like that, but not for the necessities of life—house rent, food, fuel, lighting. I'm tired to death of paying for the necessities of life."

"So am I," said Myra.

"Let's do it, then."

But Myra was more cautious. "We might want to come back to the farm," she said. "Let's take this money and go to the city and stay as long as we can, and then come back home."

"That's so," agreed Ruth, "let's. Won't it be fun to buy house furnishings on installments?"

"And owe the grocer," said Myra.

"And the coal man," said Ruth.

"And we won't do a stroke of work from morning till night."

"No, we won't."

Both fell silent, making plans. Their faces were lighted up by new hope, and they smiled at each other happily.

"I don't see why we can't go by the first of November—all the fall work is done," said Myra. Then a sudden shade of consternation crossed her face. "But what shall we do with the house and the cow and the horse?"

"Oh, dear! I had not thought of that." They looked at each other in alarm for some minutes.

"Oh, I have it!" cried Ruth. She jumped up and walked excitedly about the room. "Old Mr. and Mrs. Kelsey would be tickled to death to come here and keep house for us. You know they are perfectly miserable at the poor-farm."

"Yes, that's so, and we've got stock up with provisions and vegetables, so it wouldn't cost them hardly anything to live."

"Why, they'd sell milk at the door, as we do, and that would almost keep them supplied with things they'd have to buy, that and the eggs."

"So it would."

A little later the sisters had gone to the city, and the old couple from the poor-farm were comfortably set-

led, perfectly happy in their new independence and quiet solitude.

As for Ruth and Myra, the large house of their dreams had been reduced to three pleasant rooms and a tiny pantry.

"It's really all we need," said Myra. "Yes," acquiesced Ruth. "We can't afford to keep servants, and we don't want any more rooms to care for."

"And I think we'd better pay one month's rent in advance," said Myra. "We won't have to worry about that item, then."

"No," said Ruth, craftily, "and it will be easier to get out of paying the next month's rent."

They furnished their rooms daintily and simply and made their first payment on the things. The rooms were not heated, but they had a large kitchen range which warmed them sufficiently with the aid of a little oil heater in extreme weather. There being a family in the tenement below, the floors were not cold.

And now they began to take comfort. Every evening saw them at a concert, a lecture or the theatre. The entertaining had not begun as yet. Ruth had bought a chafing dish in anticipation of the little parties she would give, but she had not used it except to practice upon. Somehow they did not seem to find congenial friends, as they had expected.

The first month passed thus. When the second had opened, with the funds in the baking-powder box alarmingly low, the sisters began to be a trifle apprehensive. They took to going out separately in the daytime.

One day Ruth came bounding up the stairs and burst into the kitchen, her face wreathed in smiles. Myra stood there smiling also, and her face very red from working over the hot stove.

"I've got work," said Ruth joyously.

"So have I," said Myra.

"I'm going to work in a flower store. I showed the man what I could do this afternoon, and he praised my work and told me to come tomorrow for a steady job."

"And I'm going to cook for a woman's exchange," said Myra. "I carried some things there day before yesterday, and they sent me an order today, and they think I'll have all the work I want to do."

After this the sisters went out evenings less than they had done. They worked steadily and were contented. Ruth made some friends at the flower store, and the chafing dish came into use at last.

As they grew more accustomed to their work they fell into the way of going to a play in the middle of the week, a concert Saturday night and to church on Sunday. The last of February came, and for some little time the sisters had been subject to attacks of melancholy. One evening they sat together resting after a hard day's work. Ruth was the first to speak. "I don't know what's the matter with you, but I am as homesick as death."

"So am I," said Myra.

"I want to get back to the farm."

"So do I."

"I don't think much of this way of living. I'd rather be poor but honest."

"I know I would," said Myra. Then, with unusual vehemence, "I hate debt."

"So do I," said Ruth. "And installments aren't the least bit of fun."

"No, they are not."

"I wonder how much we owe? Let's reckon it up and know the worst. It's hung over me like a nightmare all winter."

"It has over me, too. If I hadn't been so busy I'd have gone crazy. It's awful."

"I know it," said Ruth. "It was lucky we could get work. But I want to get back home. Poverty and honesty for me, every time."

"My sentiments, too," said Myra.

"Well, let's take the fatal plunge. How much do we owe? Will we have to mortgage the farm to pay it?"

"I don't know. I guess not. The furniture is what worries me most," and Myra's brow became furrowed with lines of care.

"Oh, that's all right," said Ruth easily. "I made the last payment on that two weeks ago."

"You—?" Myra gasped.

"Why, you see, the things are pretty, and I thought they'd come in handy at the farm—we need new furniture there—so I went and made a payment every week, after I got work. That hasn't troubled me at all, but I have lain awake nights worrying about the groceries."

"Why," said Myra, "ever since I began to cook for the exchange I have paid for all the groceries and paid up the back bill, too. It doesn't cost us much to live, you know. And I've paid for the coal and the kerosene besides."

"Why—why, then we don't owe anything?" Ruth cried incredulously, "for we've paid the house rent together."

"And we've had all our worry for nothing."

"I wish I'd told you."

"I wish I'd told you."

There was a little silence.

Just the same, I want to get back home," said Myra.

"So do I. And we'd better, too, for it's most time to be thinking about putting in our sweet peas."

"And the green peas, too."

Two weeks later they were on the train going home.

"After all," said Ruth reminiscently, "it was considerable fun."

"Yes," said Myra, "but another time I'd go in for honesty and paying out bills from the start."

"Yes, so would I."

"I suppose we could get back our old work any time."

"I'm sure of it."

"Didn't we go to lots of plays and hear lots of music?"

"Yes, and we didn't stagnate, did we?"

"Not exactly."

"Let's try it again next winter."

"Let's."

### SENSE OF SIGHT IN ANTS.

Experiments Indicating That They Don't Depend on Smell.

The old theory that ants could not see and were guided entirely by sense of smell has been demolished by a series of experiments reported in the *Revere Scientific*. A little platform of cardboard was set up near one of their nests with inclined plane leading conveniently down to the entrance. Then a number of the insects and a quantity of their eggs were placed upon the platform.

For a few minutes the ants seemed greatly perturbed, but they very soon found the inclined plane and at once started carrying the eggs down it to the nest.

A second inclined plane was located on the opposite side of the platform, but they took no notice of it. The experimenters then twisted the platform around so that the second plane pointed to the nest entrance.

Without hesitation the ants ceased using the old plane and took to the new one, showing conclusively, it is argued, that they were not following a trail by scent, but were getting their bearings by some other sense.

The next step was to mark some of the ants with a view to seeing whether each individual always used the same path and the same entrance to his nest. It was found that no such thing was the case.

They all seemed to know all the entrances and to have a sense of their direction. They struck out new paths for themselves and always reached their destination without fail. This was regarded as establishing some form of vision.

Finally, an electric light bulb was set up near one entrance to the nest. It seemed to have an immediate attraction for the ants, as they unthinkingly used the entrance on that side coming to and going from the nest. Then it was changed over the other side, causing great excitement apparently among the insects, which ended in their changing over to the newly illuminated way.

Changes in the brilliancy of the light seemed to have no perceptible effect on the ants, but they never failed to detect the change of direction. All possible precautions were taken to prevent the heat from the lamp from reaching them, so that it is regarded as certain that they perceived the light.

### Bean Day and Sauerkraut Day.

Two very significant days are on the calendars of central Iowa, and the announcement each year of the dates of "Bean Day" and "Sauerkraut Day" is watched with interest by thousands of people who participate in the festivities incident to these occasions.

"Bean Day" came first this year, falling on Aug. 14. In addition to the piece de resistance on the program—the big dinner—hosts of outdoor amusements were offered.

"Sauerkraut Day" will be held later than usual this year, the date named being Sept. 26. This is "the only day of its kind in the world," and is celebrated by the use of hundreds of quarts of sauerkraut, served at tables laid along the principal streets.

"Bean Day" is supported by the citizens of Geneva in Franklin County, and the residents of Ackley in Hardin County are responsible for "Sauerkraut Day."—St. Paul Dispatch.

### Lungs that Are Starved.

It is a fact that most of us are victims of our own lazy respiration and deprive ourselves of oxygen that is so necessary if we would keep our bodies at their highest point of efficiency.

Oxygen is absolutely necessary to the existence of animal life. Man gets oxygen from air breathed into his lungs.

Besides introducing oxygen into the blood, the lungs act as excretory organs, removing undesirable elements from the system at each expiration.

In ordinary or unconscious breathing, only ten to thirteen percent of the air in the lungs is changed at each breath, leaving eighty to ninety percent of the lung capacity filled with stale air.

Forced or conscious breathing of pure air ventilates the lungs, driving out the eighty to ninety percent of the stationary or stale air.

All bed room windows and doors should be wide open during sleep, thus connecting the lungs directly with pure air of the outside world.—Delineator.

### The Smelts Were Biting.

John Quincy Adams of Massachusetts, third of that name, who died about ten years ago, was very fond of fishing, and not especially fond of his legal profession.

One day, the story runs, a case in which he was counsel was down for trial in a Massachusetts court. Mr. Adams did not make his appearance, but sent a letter to the judge. That worthy gentleman read it, and then postponed the case with the announcement:

"Mr. Adams is detained on important business."

It was afterward learned by a colleague of Adams that the letter read as follows:

"Dear Judge: For the sake of old Isaac Walton, please continue my case till Friday. The smelts are biting and I can't leave."—New York Times.

### KELLOGG'S FIRST CASE.

Attorney Began Practice on a Suit for Trespass by a Cow.

Frank B. Kellogg, who is pounding away daily at the Standard Oil Co. in the United States Court, has met with a warm and pleasant reception at the hands of the lawyers of New York. Even the fighters who are opposing Mr. Kellogg inch by inch in the courtroom recognize him as a good man and a fair fighter after the adjournment for the day.

Mr. Kellogg was born in Potsdam, N. Y., 60 years ago, and after admission to the bar decided to go west and grow up with the country. He found a small town in Minnesota named Rochester that had no lawyer and apparently needed one, and there he hung out his small and modest shingle. His first case was one of cow trespass, and so well did he conduct it that the defendant, who lost, engaged Mr. Kellogg for a case of his own before leaving the court room.

Twenty years ago Mr. Kellogg exchanged his Rochester shingle for a big gilt sign in the more promising city of St. Paul.

From cows to corporations was a step that came in the practice of years, and so well did the newer practice pay that Mr. Kellogg forsook the other lines and became a specialty lawyer.

### Preventing Dusty Roads.

Consul T. H. Norton, writing from Chemnitz, says that a Saxon firm has introduced a new road-binding composition called "Apokonin," which has been tried on the macadamized streets with much success. It is a mixture of the heavier residual oils obtained in the distillation of coal tar with high boiling hydrocarbons. The method of mixing apparently involves a certain degree of chemical combination, in which phenol and similar constituents play a role. The manufactured material is prepared for use by heating in iron caldrons, identical with those used for asphalt, to temperatures ranging from 212 degrees to 248 degrees F. It is then sprayed evenly over the surface of a roadway with a special form of apparatus, and under such big pressure that the fluid mass penetrates to a certain distance into the upper layer of dust or dirt. The result is the formation of a compact lustrous black coating, which meets the demands of heavy traffic and is not disintegrated into dust particles. There is a total absence of odor after the application.

### King of Siam Well Educated.

King Chulalongkorn of Siam is an autocrat, but he is a man of learning who has profited by European education. He is one of the most enlightened Asiatic rulers, speaks and writes both English and French, and has as his adviser Prof. Henry Strobel, who left the chair of international law at Harvard University two years ago to take the post. The king is said to be the most up-to-date and liberal monarch in Asia. His second son has studied tactics in the German army and another son spent considerable time with the Russians.

### Collies as Army Scouts.

This year's army maneuvers in Italy are signalized by the introduction of the dog as an element in tactics. A small group of scouting and messenger dogs are attached by way of experiment to the first army corps, and if the results are deemed sufficiently good, dogs are likely to be largely used by the intelligence department. It is worth noting, too, that the dogs selected as pioneers in this work are Scottish collies.

### Jerseyman Hits Upon a Plan to Lessen His Wife's Work.

Wm. Jeffrey of Berkeley Heights, N. J., the father of six sons, ranging in age from 6 to 15 years, is building a one-story bungalow in the rear of his home for the exclusive use of his boys and given over entirely to their care. There the boys are to live, study and play, and there they can "rough house" to whatever extent they please, but they are only to enter their parents' house on invitation, and their parents in return will call on them. Mr. Jeffrey said of the plan:

"I had long been trying to devise some way of lessening my wife's work. At last I have it, and I have written to President Roosevelt to ask him what he thinks of it. My wife and I believe it will cut down her work by half or two-thirds."

The boys are to do all their own housework, such as making beds, tending fires, sweeping, etc. Mr. Jeffrey says in this way they will acquire a sense of responsibility and self-reliance.

### Victims of Opium.

Dr. Jeannelme, one of the professors at the Paris Faculty of Medicine, states that the opium habit is much more common among French navy officers than is generally supposed, and he thinks it quite possible that the prevalence of this curse may explain the numerous disasters which have overtaken the French navy of late. Dr. Jeannelme sets the number of opium smokers in the colonial infantry regiments at 15 per cent, in the foreign legion at 25 per cent and among Europeans in native regiments at 25 per cent. He says that opium dens abound at Toulon, Brest, Lorient, Rochefort, Cherbourg and Paris.

### Not So Black as Painted.

In estimating the economic status of the crow, it must be acknowledged that he does some damage; but, on the other hand, he should receive much credit for the insects he destroys. In the more thickly settled parts of the country the crow probably does more good than harm, at least where ordinary precautions are taken to protect young poultry and newly planted corn against his depredations. If, however, corn is planted with no provision against possible marauders, if hens and turkeys are allowed to nest and to roam with their broods at a distance from farm buildings, losses may be expected.

### Military Training in Schools.

Military training for boys in our public schools should interest not only our foremost educators, but all who have the welfare of the Republic at heart. The standing army of the United States is so vastly disproportionate to its size, its population and its importance as a world power that the nation's chief reliance in time of war must ever be its volunteer soldiery. That the schoolboy of to-day is the volunteer of to-morrow was amply demonstrated during the war with Spain, when splendid service was rendered both as officers and in the ranks, by men who had received a knowledge of soldiering at some of the many educational institutions, public and private, which include military training in their curriculum.

In these days military operations are conducted with such celerity that there is scarce time to whip an army of raw recruits into shape to withstand the trained and seasoned troops of, say, an old world power. How much better fitted to uphold the honor of the flag is the man who has had at least a partial military training than he who comes fresh from the farm or from civil life without such knowledge—however enthusiastic, however patriotic he may be! And that this training should be begun when the mind is in its most receptive stage, as it is in youth, seems incontrovertible.—Fred Gilbert Blakeslee in October Lippincott's.

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# "BOO-HOO" Shouts a Spanked Baby.

### A Doctor of Divinity, now Editor of a well-known Religious paper, has written regarding the controversy between Collier's Weekly and the Religious Press of the Country and others, including ourselves. Also regarding suits for libel brought by Collier's against us for commenting upon its methods.

These are his sentiments, with some very emphatic words left out.

"The religious Press owes you a debt of gratitude for your courage in showing up Collier's Weekly as the 'Yell-Oh Man.' Would you care to use the inclosed article on the 'Boo Hoo Baby' as the 'Yell-Oh Man's' successor?"

"A contemporary remarks that Collier's has finally run against a solid hickory 'Post' and been damaged in its own estimation to the tune of \$750,000.00."

"Here is a publication which has, in utmost disregard of the facts, spread broadcast damaging statements about the Religious Press and others and has suffered those false statements to go uncontradicted, until, not satisfied after finding the Religious Press too quiet, and peaceful, to resent the insults, it makes the mistake of wandering into a fresh field and butts its rattled head against this Post and all the World laughs. Even Christians smile, as the Post suddenly turns and gives it back a dose of its own medicine."

"It is a mistake to say all the World laughs. No cheery laugh comes from Collier's, but it cries and boo hoo like a spanked baby and wants \$750,000.00 to soothe its tender, lacerated feelings."

"Thank Heaven it has at last struck a man with 'back bone' enough to call a spade a 'spade' and who believes in telling the whole truth without fear or favor."

Perhaps Collier's with its "utmost disregard for the facts," may say no such letter exists. Nevertheless it is on file in our office and is only one of a mass of letters and other data, newspaper comments, etc., denouncing the "yellow" methods of Collier's. This volume is so large that a man could not well go thru it under half a day's steady work. The letters come from various parts of America.

Usually a private controversy is not interesting to the public, but this is a public controversy.

Collier's has been using the "yellow" methods to attract attention to itself, but, jumping in the air, cracking heels together and yelling "Look at me" wouldn't suffice, so it started out on a "Holler Than Thou" attack on the Religious Press and on medicines.

We leave it to the public now, as we did when we first resented Collier's attacks, to say whether, in a craving for sensation and circulation, its attacks do not amount to a systematic mercenary hounding. We likewise leave it to the public to say whether Collier's, by its own policy and methods, has not made itself

### more ridiculous than any comment of ours could make it.

Does Collier's expect to regain any self-inflicted loss of prestige by demonstrating thru suits for damages, that it can be more artful in evading liability for libels than the humble but resentful victims of its defamation, or does it hope by starting a campaign of libel suits to silence the popular indignation, reproach and resentment which it has aroused.

Collier's can not dodge this public controversy by private law suits. It can not postpone the public judgment against it. That great jury, the Public, will hardly blame us for not waiting until we get a petit jury in a court room, before denouncing this prodigal detractor of institutions founded and fostered either by individuals or by the public, itself.

No announcements during our entire business career were ever made claiming "medicinal effects" for either Postum or Grape-Nuts. Medicinal effects are results obtained from the use of medicines.

Thousands of visitors go thru our entire works each month and see for themselves that Grape-Nuts contains absolutely nothing but wheat, barley and a little salt; Postum absolutely nothing but wheat and about ten percent of New Orleans molasses. The art of preparing these simple elements in a scientific manner to obtain the best food value and flavour, required some work and experience to acquire.

Now, when any publication goes far enough out of its way to attack us because our advertising is "medicinal," it simply offers a remarkable exhibition of ignorance, or worse.

We do not claim physiological or bodily results of favorable character following the adoption of our suggestions regarding the discontinuance of coffee and foods which may not be keeping the individual in good health. We have no advice to offer the perfectly healthful person. His or her health is evidence in itself that the beverages and foods used exactly fit that person. Therefore, why change?

But to the man or woman who is ailing, we have something to say as a result of an unusually wide experience in food and the result of proper feeding.

In the palpably ignorant attack on us in Collier's, appeared this statement:—"One widely circulated paragraph labors to induce the impression that Grape-Nuts will obviate the necessity of an operation in appendicitis. This is lying and potentially deadly lying."

In reply to this exhibition of—well let the reader name it, the Postum Co., says:

Let it be understood that appendicitis results from long continued disturbance in the intestines, caused primarily by undigested starchy food, such as white bread, potatoes, rice, partly cooked cereals and such.

Starchy food is not digested in the upper stomach but passes on into the

### dodenum, or lower stomach and intestines, where, in a healthy individual, the transformation of the starch into a form of sugar is completed and then the food absorbed by the blood.

But if the powers of digestion are weakened, a part of the starchy food will lie in the warmth and moisture of the body and decay, generating gases and irritating the mucous surfaces until under such conditions the whole lower part of the alimentary canal, including the colon and the appendix, becomes involved. Disease sets up and at times takes the form known as appendicitis.

When the symptoms of the trouble make their appearance, would it not be good, practical, common sense, to discontinue the starchy food which is causing the trouble and take a food in which the starch has been transformed into a form of sugar in the process of manufacture?

This is identically the same form of sugar found in the human body after starch has been perfectly digested.

Now, human food is made up very largely of starch and is required by the body for energy and warmth. Naturally, therefore, its use should be continued, if possible, and for the reasons given above it is made possible in the manufacture of Grape-Nuts.

In connection with this change of food to bring relief from physical disturbances, we have suggested washing out the intestines to get rid of the immediate cause of the disturbance.

Naturally, there are cases where the disease has lain dormant and the abuse continued too long, until apparently only the knife will avail. But it is a well-established fact among the best physicians who are acquainted with the details above recited, that preventative measures are far and away the best.

Are we to be condemned for suggesting a way to prevent disease by following natural methods and for perfecting a food that contains no "medicine" and produces no "medicinal effects" but which has guided literally thousands of persons from sickness to health? We have received during the years past upwards of 25,000 letters from people who have been either helped or made entirely well by following our suggestions, and they are simple.

If coffee disagrees and causes any of the ailments common to some coffee users quit it and take on Postum.

If white bread, potatoes, rice and other starch foods make trouble, quit and use Grape-Nuts food which is largely predigested and will digest, nourish and strengthen, when other forms of food do not. It's just plain old common sense.

"There's a Reason" for Postum and Grape-Nuts.

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd.