

### What British Censors Suppress.

The following is the copy of a letter just received by Mr. Theo. Pinther, secretary Transvaal committee, from Mr. Van Baggen. Mr. Pinther vouches for the authenticity and truthfulness of the contents:

"The Hague, Holland, Aug. 16, 1901.  
—Dear Friend: I just received the following news which will not be mentioned in English papers. The Boers have taken Lydenburg. Gen. Louis Botha released 1,000 men out of the English prisoner's camp at Middleburg. People leave Pretoria, fifty at a time, to join Botha. In Cape Colony 800 of the Colonial troops deserted and have joined the Boer commanders. Kitchener's proclamation is doing its work. I received your last letter asking how money collected for the women and children of the Boers can reach them. I will reply, money is sent here from

### MORE BOXES OF GOLD And Many Greenbacks.

To secure additional information directly from the people, it is proposed to send little boxes of gold and greenbacks to persons who write the most interesting, detailed, and truthful descriptions of their experience on the following topics:

1. How have you been affected by coffee drinking and by changing from coffee to Postum.

2. Do you know any one who has been driven away from Postum because it came to the table weak and characterless at the first trial?

3. Did you set such a person right regarding the easy way to make Postum clear, black, and with a crisp, rich taste?

4. Have you ever found a better way to make it than to use four heaping teaspoonsful to the pint of water, let stand on stove until real boiling begins, then note the clock and allow it to continue easy boiling full 15 minutes from that time stirring down occasionally? (A piece of butter about the size of a navy bean, placed in the pot will prevent boiling over.)

5. Give names and account of those you know to have been cured or helped in health by the dismissal of coffee and the daily use of Postum Food Coffee in its place.

6. Write names and addresses of 20 friends whom you believe would be benefited by leaving off coffee. (Your name will not be divulged to them.)

Address your letter to the Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich., writing your own name and address clearly.

Be honest and truthful, don't write poetry or fanciful letters, just plain, truthful statements.

Decision will be made between October 30th and November 10th, 1901, by three judges, not members of the Postum Cereal Co., and a neat little box containing a \$10 gold piece sent to each of the five best writers, a box containing a \$5 gold piece to each of the 20 next best writers, a \$2 greenback to each of the 100 next best, and a \$1 greenback to each of the 200 next best writers, making cash prizes distributed to 325 persons.

Almost every one interested in pure food and drink is willing to have their name and letter appear in the papers, for such help as it may offer to the human race. However, a request to omit name will be respected.

Every friend of Postum is urged to write and each letter will be held in high esteem by the company, as an evidence of such friendship, while the little boxes of gold and envelopes of money will reach many modest writers whose plain and sensible letters contain the facts desired, although the sender may have but small faith in winning at the time of writing.

Talk this subject over with your friends and see how many among you can win prizes. It is a good, honest competition and in the best kind of a cause. Cut this statement out for it will not appear again.

all over the world. There is a committee in Cape Town, with connections at Pretoria and Johannesburg. The committee is a branch of the Netherland South African society. The money comes into good hands, but they have to deal with great difficulties as the English authorities do everything they can to prevent the use of money on the ground, which after the war should be used for widows and orphans. There is a great need of physicians in the camps (concentrate camps); in the camp of Johannesburg there was only one doctor to 350 patients, mostly children; the women are afraid to use his medicine, because they all die after taking the medicine, and very seldom they see anybody return from the hospital. I suppose you have read the letters from Miss Besant about this lack of medicine. The letters should have appeared in American papers. I mentioned to some people here that a number of San Francisco doctors were willing to leave their practice and join the Boer ambulances, or assist in the concentrate camps. I was at once offered the payment of passage from here to Johannesburg, but it is useless. A Swiss ambulance with six nurses was ready to start tomorrow, the 17th of August, from Southampton, but the English government at the last moment has withdrawn the permission, given in March, 1901, by Lord Roberts. Mrs. Botha had received the same permission from Lord Kitchener, but he would not give it in writing. The reason of the refusal of the British government is, that England has taken sufficient steps for the care of the women and children in the camps—the average death rate is nearly 50 per cent in the camps now. (This will dispose of them.)

The report of Miss Hobhouse is giving an idea of what she has seen in these camps, or rather of what she was permitted to see; they did not show her how women and children are transported from one camp to the other, (often separating mother and children) to protect the railroad lines from destruction by the Boer forces. The British did not show her how babies were beaten by British nurses and died from wounds, caused thereby on their back; they did not show her how ladies, like Mrs. Potgieter and Mrs. Minnaar, were put in a guardhouse for punishment because they refused to give information about their husbands, who are fighting with the Boers. The British did not tell her how Mrs. Potgieter disappeared; they did not show her Mrs. Kotze, locked up with a thin dress on for the night in a linen tent while the sentry in front of this camp to guard this dangerous prisoner, was shivering with cold. They could not show her the girls of between ten and twenty years old, who were lost or disappeared. The report of Miss Hobhouse gives the impression that the camps are in a state of lacking a great many of the necessities of life, which should be applied. Every army officer knows that a place where 5,000 soldiers, more or less, (in this case women and children) are camped for more than a month becomes unhealthy, unless extra sanitary arrangements are made. What these camps are to women and children who were brought up in good homes and had plenty of food, during hot days and frosty nights, without sufficient clothing or cover, or even good water, is not described by Miss Hobhouse; it takes a woman like Mrs. Olive Schreiner to describe the sufferings of these people and to observe everything; but Olive Schreiner is safely locked up, not a word from her can escape South Africa, for she would put the civilized world on fire against these concentrate camps, where women and children are systematically brought to death. She would say it all, understand it all, and her tears would find words in writing, and she would make the world weep, and curse England; but she is locked up, and instead of the famous

authoress, the world hears the howling of the jackal, in the proclamation of Great Britain against the citizens of the republic. That howl is so piercing and agonizing to the civilized world, so hideous in its sound of despair, fear and rage; this howl of the jackal which stumbled on a living prey, able to stand it off; a jackal who is attacked in its despair forgets the fear of the daylight. This jackal, Great Britain, bleeding and reeking with blood, howling over the South African desert, so that it is to be seen and heard all over the world, and makes humanity shudder.

I remain for the cause of justice and liberty, yours truly,

L. K. P. VAN BAGGEN.

Ex-Official of the South African Republic (formerly of San Francisco).

### Paragraphic Punches.

Atlanta Constitution: Senator Hoar confesses to the collar.

Denver News: Most holidays are reminiscent. Labor day is prophetic.

Milwaukee Sentinel: Professor Triggs says he "expected to be called an ass." Well, what did he bray for then?

Tamaqua (Pa.) Register: The Philadelphia papers say that fish are dying in the Schuylkill because of its pollution. Has the machine been bathing in it?

Houston Post: Depew has called all the reporters around him and gravely informed them in a two hours' talk that he positively will not be interviewed.

Indianapolis News: The steel trust may feel more like conferring again, when it has worked off its products on the rising market. So far, probably, it has not lost much.

Milwaukee Sentinel: Mrs. Quitnow of Topeka, Kas., has presented her husband with twins a second time, and he was mean enough to ask her why she does not live up to her name.

New York World: When the Anglo-Boer war began South Africa was sending gold in large quantities to England. Ever since England has been sending large quantities of gold to South Africa.

Milwaukee Sentinel: Now that the prettiest girl in Porto Rico has been discovered, the public will wait breathlessly for the announcement of the name of the advertiser who obtains her indorsement for the best brand of toilet soap.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. Has been used for over SIXTY YEARS by MILLIONS OF MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING, WITH PERFECT SUCCESS. IT SOOTHES THE CHILD, SOFTENS THE GUMS, ALLAYS ALL PAIN, CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHOEA. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle. It is the best of all.

### Borrowed Smiles.

Soak—"Do you always pay as you go?" Freshby—"Always." Soak—"Why?" Freshby—"Because they won't let me go without."—Tit-Bits.

Bacon—"When that girl begins to sing I know I'm going to be bored." Egbert—"I can say the very same thing about a mosquito."—Yonkers Statesman.

Wrong Diagnosis—"Read the direkshans quick, Mandy!" "It sez, 'for adults—one teaspoon'—" "Thunder! That ain't what ails me—what else does it say?"—Life.

Not Complimentary to Medicine: Doctor—"Brain fag, overworked, you should have called me sooner." Wife—

**ONCE IN A LIFE TIME**  
is often enough to do some things. It's often enough to buy a wagon if you buy the right kind. The



**ELECTRIC HANDY WAGON**  
lasts that long under ordinary conditions. First the life of a wagon depends upon the wheels. This one is equipped with our Electric Steel Wheels, with straight or stagger spokes and wide tires. Wheels any height from 24 to 60 in. It lasts because tires can't get loose, no re-setting, hubs can't crack or spokes become loose, felloes can't rot, swell or dry out. Angle steel hounds. **THOUSANDS NOW IN DAILY USE.** Don't buy a wagon until you get our free book, "Farm Savings," **ELECTRIC WHEEL CO., Box 258, Quincy, Ill.**

### LEARN PROOFREADING.

If you possess a fair education, why not utilize it at a genteel and uncrowded profession paying \$15 to \$35 weekly? Situations always obtainable. We are the original instructors by mail. **HOME CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL, Philadelphia**

"While he had any sense left he wouldn't have a doctor."—Moonshine.

One of Them—"This ancient umbrella," remarked Squidig, "belonged to my grandfather." "Ah, one of the shades of your ancestors," added McSwilligen.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

"Oh, my friends, there are some spectacles that a person never forgets," said an orator recently after giving a rapid description of a terrible accident he had witnessed. "I'd like to know where they sell them," remarked a stout, edlerly lady on the outskirts of the crowd.—Tit-Bits.

Scarring the Turf—"I made one hole in five strokes," announced the new golfer gleefully. "The idea!" exclaimed the other golfer, who was even newer. "I invariably make a hole with every stroke. I never can hit the ground in the same place twice."—Philadelphia Press.

A Cinch: Johnny—"So you got inter de show fer nothing?" Jimmie—"Betcher life! I carried de manager's grips up from the train, blacked his boots, brushed his clothes, run half-a-dozen errands fer him and peddled hand-bills fer six hours, and he gave me a ticket fer nothing."—Judge.

### Eating a Watermelon.

"To cut a watermelon spoils the flavor," declared Tom Conners of Joplin, Mo., the other day, to a group of men standing in front of a Broad street hostelry. "Come with me," he continued, and he led the crowd into a fashionable Chestnut street restaurant. A ripe watermelon was called for and handed forth. "Down in Missouri," went on Mr. Conners, as he raised the melon high above the marble counter, "we always bust 'er."

Down came the melon on the counter, to the horror of the dapper little manager. It was shivered into a half-dozen pieces, the seeds flying in every direction. And, while the three waiters brushed the floor and cleared up the mess, the Missouriian remarked to his friends, "Pitch in." And they did, unmindful of the scowls of the restaurant folk. "If we had only stolen the melon it would have been half again as sweet," said Conners.—Philadelphia Record.

### Minister Wu.

Chicago Record-Herald: The genial Chinese minister is the first Oriental humorist who ever struck our shores. He is now one of us. He has learned our national and social shortcomings, and he is the only foreigner who can tell us about them without making us mad.

Chicago Tribune: The Londoners may as well prepare to answer ten million questions. And when they an-