The St. Tammany Farmer

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Let us have only denatured automobile races.

Are the auto races trying to make bull fights appear humane?

Still, at its new price, radium will hardly be a substitute for coal.

The new $5 bills will be smaller. That's appropriate—they act smaller.

Connecticut woman earned $10,000 last year selling eggs—the real thing.

So far none of our aviators has been successful enough to break into vaudeville.

All the pessimist can see in an aeroplan flight is a big crowd and a stiff neck.

A Buffalo man was given five years for stealing a cent. Something of a centence, that.

New York bank thief collapsed when he was arrested. He was a close second to the bank.

Someone has estimated that the earth weighs seven trillion tons. But cheer up! You're not carrying it.

That war in Nicaragua cost 4,000 lives. Men have not yet discarded the blood-letting system in politics.

The doctor who thinks that the Adam's apple is responsible for insanity may be on the eve of a great discovery.

"Venezuela consumes 1,000,000 gallone of kerosene a year." Why doesn't somebody start an electric light plant down there?

Joy riding in the air has this advantage—there are no chickens to be run over. The birds have so far succeeded in dodging.

In South Norwalk, Conn., lives a heroic young woman who played tennis in a hobble skirt. Naturally she broke her leg.

When the aeroplanes dash around the course at the rate of a mile a minute they never kick up any clouds of microbe-laden dust.

If shark meat ever crowds beef in the world's markets a shortage of rain on the great plains will make no difference in the quality.

As a general thing when a girl wears such an extreme hat that a man has to dislocate his neck to look under it her face is not worth the effort.

The greatest authority on love in the world is dead. Calm yourself, ladies—it's an Italian professor. The authoress of "Poems of Passion" still lives.

A woman of sixty years swam five miles in the Mississippi river at St. Louis the other day. It is needless to say that she did not wear a hobble skirt.

Bob Evans tells us that an airship is a plaything and would be of no use in war. But what will Bob do when those bombs begin dropping down the chimney?

Chicago man marries for the first time at the age of ninety-two. He'll have to do some tall hustling to catch up with the average Chicago record from now on.

That Poughkeepsie society woman whose pearl necklace was confiscated by the customs officials might have had it yet if she could only have kept it under her hat.

The waiters now ask to be divided into classes. Excellent idea! Waiters who wait, waiters who make customers wait, waiters who are polite and waiters who are otherwise?

A little while ago the cheering word was passed that lobsters would become more plentiful. Now it is threatened that there will be a shortage of salmon and sardines.

It may be none of our business, but we trust that the sororities will deal gently with the eighty-one-year-old woman who has entered the Ohio state university as a student.

A Kansas City woman, suing for divorce, charged that her husband quarreled with her for going to a funeral. Some men are so mean they hate their wives to have any pleasure at all.

Eighty-two pounds of sugar for every man, woman and child last year! The men may offer thanks that the women and children got theirs.

A Connecticut man fired ten bullets in his head without fatal results. It is hard to tell which was greater—the persisting force of his determination or the resisting quality of his brains.

That incident in Naples where two strangers trying to give candy to children were suspected by the panic-stricken people of spreading the cholera and mobbed with cries of "Death to the poisoners" shows how little progress has been made since the days of the plague, in some places.

A New York man ate 365 steamed clams. Why don't the clam conservers get after this sort of experts?

In a couple of noted cases it has been resolved to debar from society the persons who have figured in scandals. This is the one effective way of reaching such offenders. Social ostracism can be used where the law and the church fail to punish, for it is a weapon whost attack few can withstand, no matter how strongly they meet other methods of punishment for moral wrongdoing.

IN VOGUE

RIBBON SEWING BAG

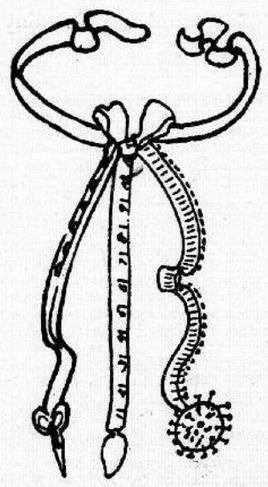
CONVENIENT CASE FOR THOSE WHO CARRY WORK ABOUT.

Ideas Which Will Be Appreciated by the Traveler, the Invalid and the Woman With Very Limited Space.

The traveler, the invalid and the woman with limited space welcome always any new ideas in the way of holders for their sewing, their darning or their embroidery. A few such novel ideas are, therefore, given here.

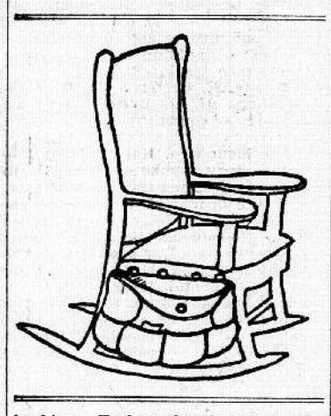
If you do much fancy work on porches or while calling, use the ribbon sewing case shown here. It has a ribbon band which fastens around the waist with hook and eye, and three ribbon hangers (the number can, of course, be increased with your needs).

The first is folded over and stitched into pockets, in each of which there is a spool of cotton or a roll of silk. A pair of scissors is attached at the end. The second is painted as a measuring tape, and has an emery at the bottom. The third is lined with canton flannel and piped with narrow ribbon, and holds a row of pins. At



the end is a cushion for needles. Even the loops at the top may be utilized for such things as pockets for the thimble, buttons, etc.

The invalid will appreciate a large workbag attached to the rungs of her rocking chair. It is made as shown, of dark denim or bright cretonne or chintz, with a row of small pockets at the bottom, a larger buttoned one above, and a wide bag forming the



backing. Each pocket is edged with tape, and the whole is fastened to the chair by means of brass rings and tape.

Uses of Velvet.

Velvet is used in this season's modes in ways that would have been called odd a few years ago. Even white lingerie dresses have borders of velvet, applied like deep hems, and the velvet is used for revers on the gowns.

Another striking combination is to use velvet with the English eyelet embroidery on white linen or cambric. This embroidery is sometimes made up over black silk and bordered with black velvet. Sometimes the velvet is the foundation and the embroidery is used as a sort of tunic.

While black just now is the most popular, the colored velvets seem to be rapidly gaining favor with the fashionable, and they, too, have their share in the sudden popularity of the fabric.

PRETTY SILK WAIST

This very attractive waist is of silk draped in batiste fashion and ornamented with straps and buttons. It is trimmed in front with beautiful lace and embroidery and a band of velvet. The deep yoke is of plain tucked tulle. The short, loose sleeves are bordered with bands of lace.

SEASON OF STYLE CHANGES

Radical Changes in Tailor-Made Suits—Striped and Checked Materials Are Very Popular.

Soutache braiding, mostly used on heavy materials, is now appearing on the fine materials, such as chiffon, mousseline, ninon, etc., the rose, blue and gray shades being particularly lovely. Russian braid trims some of the dresses in ninon, the design being worked in military style.

Striped and checked materials are very popular just now, and they make very charming tailor-made suits. The stripes or checks are either close or widely separated, and in some cases they are used in combination with plain material.

It will be a season of radical changes in tailor-made styles, from the fact that the skirts are all narrow, have one or two models of plaits from the waist, which are tightly strapped in about 12 inches from the bottom.

Early showing of fabrics for suits are mostly tweed and serge, in mixed colorings. Velvets will be extremely fashionable for winter wear, in dark colors, with a fine stripe of another hue.

These elaborate little boleros of embroidery transform a simple gown into ornateness. They look wonderfully smart, too, over a last season's dress, and they are particularly pretty over dresses of soft net.

Bathrobes.

It is getting cold enough now to think of the new bathrobe that serves many women in place of a kimono in winter.

Blanket material is of course a favorite; it is cut perfectly plain, without trimming, and is fastened with a heavy cord and tassel at the waist.

Ripple elderdown is another staple material, sometimes trimmed with soutache braid or with applique designs in broadcloth.

Turkish toweling in extra thicknesses is seen in the brighter colors, and fleece down and flannelette are not unknown. Many of these are faced or piped with bands of satin in contrasting colors which give them a smartness they would otherwise lack.

Chenille Caps.

Parisian women have taken with enthusiasm to the new knitted caps of chenille, mostly in red and other bright colors, very flat, and untrimmed. These are warm, light and pretty, and will be much worn this winter for skating, etc., and as traveling caps. The idea originated with a little girl who sold dolls' caps of this sort at the Paris races.

Sofa Pillows.

When making up a pillow which you have embroidered, introduce a thick sheet of cotton wadding under the cover. Both the appearance and the "feel" of the cushion are improved by this treatment. The same thing applies, of course, to heavy pillows of all sorts, embroidered or otherwise.

NEWEST FANCY IN HATPINS

Fabric Heads in the Shape of Rosettes and Rosebud Wreaths Are in Favor.

Fabric heads are the newest fancy in hatpins. The most fragile of these novelties are in the shape of rosettes and tiny rosebud wreaths of stiffened white net, and the most substantial are of Irish crochet representing either the shamrock or the full-blown rose. Also, of flower form are the hatpin tops of celluloid tinted in imitation of whatever exotic is represented, and there are some choice and expensive specimens of coral carved in dahlia and rose shape. Carded ivory pin tops represent all manner of odd shapes, as well as flat disks, balls and pears, and in the prism cut crystals of various shades are the well-known spikes, acorns and cubes.

Pin tops of filigree metal in square and circular form are set with coral rose balls, with pearls and amethysts, and many of sterling silver are brilliantly enameled with color.

Amethysts are a favorite setting for the colonial pin tops of burnished gold and form the center of the flower shapes which have petals of white stones.

Hatpins have so gradually increased in size and cost that they are now regarded as a portion of the jewelry and are as carefully looked after. The amethysts, garnets, rhinestones or pearls of a hatpin head are quite worth saving when the ornament itself, for one reason or another, is discarded. Not infrequently a girl will throw away a handsome top because its pin is bent or broken or several of the semi-precious stones of its setting have fallen out, owing to her failure to have her expensive hatpins examined as regularly as she does her rings. While the larger shops do not repair jewelry set with semi-precious stones, there are many minor dealers who will gladly renovate an elaborate hatpin, and for an amazingly small sum.

Chiffon tunics have round bands of lace embroidered in gold at the bottom.

Inner Life in the Early Church

WHAT a wealth of faith and love and hope is to be found in the things the early fathers wrote. We are perhaps disappointed at the sudden, almost abrupt, ending of the Acts. All the more do we turn with expectancy for further light upon that great early heydey of the church to its literary leaders.

Among the very early Christian writings is that known as the Epistle of Clement. It is written from Rome to the church at Corinth which had been pestered with partizans. There was "emulation and envy, strife and sedition. The worthless rose up against the honored, the foolish against the wise, the young against those advanced in years. Everyone abandons the fear of God and is blind in his own faith.

But once it had been so with this church. At first "Content with the provision which God had made for you and carefully attending to his words, ye were inwardly filled with his doctrine, and his sufferings were before your eyes. Ye yielded obedience rather than extorted it and were more willing to give than to receive."

Lesson Taught by Clement.

One can see it is the same church to which Paul ministered and which he needed so sharply to reprimand.

Because of these inner difficulties Clement passes by the danger of persecution and calls them to a quickening of the faith.

Especially does he exhort them to humility. Quoting almost a third of his letter from the Old Testament and much also from the New, he ceases not to urge them to a finer spiritual understanding. Like many of the early writers he is not always exact, but he never misses the substance of the thought he wishes to repeat. "As I live, saith the Lord, I desire not the death of a sinner, but rather his repentance. Though your sins reach from earth to heaven and though they were redder than scarlet and blacker than sackcloth, yet if ye turn to me with your whole heart and say, Father! I will listen to you."

Then the reward. How blessed and wonderful the gifts of God. Life in immortality, splendor in righteousness, truth in perfect confidence, faith in assurance, self-control in holiness. What then shall those things be which are yet prepared for such as wait for him?

But how may we attain this blessing? "By him, even Jesus Christ, we look up to the height of heaven. By him are the eyes of our hearts opened. By him our foolish and darkened understanding blossoms up anew towards his marvelous light; and by him the Lord has willed that we should taste of immortal knowledge. For what can mortal man do, or what strength is there in one made out of the dust?"

Truth in Burning Words.

He tells them, "Ye are fond of contention, brethren, and full of zeal about things which do not pertain to salvation."

"But if you will look at the Scriptures you will find that the righteous were persecuted but only by the wicked. They were cast into prison, but only by the unholy. They were stoned, but only by transgressors. They were slain, but only by the accursed.

"Why then are these strifes among you? Have we not all one God and Christ? Is there not one spirit of grace poured out among us? Remember the words of the Lord Jesus how he said woe to the man by whom offenses come. But your strifes have subverted the faith of many, have discouraged many, have given rise to doubt in many, and have caused grief to all."

Then Clement exhorts that all shall enter the gates of righteousness by reconciliation with God, and by that love which beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

By all this and much more of a like kind Clement stirs up faith and deters from evil.

How familiar it all sounds to us—the same human nature, the same gospel pharmacopia, the same divine possibility. The ravage of strife; the antidote, humility and Christ the suffering saviour.

Our Spiritual Building.

"See . . . that thou make all things according to the pattern shewed to thee in the mount."—Heb. 8:5.

The tabernacle which God is building in each of our lives is just as heavenly a structure as the other, and far more important, and is meant to be, as it is, the dwelling place of God. It, too, has its model in the mount; and we may see by the eye of faith the model of our life—the pattern, the plan of all the graces which we exemplify, and the life which is to be built up, worked out and established. All the materials for our spiritual building are there now, already provided, and the whole design fully wrought out in the purpose of God and the provisions of his grace. But we have to take these resources and materials moment by moment, step by step, and transfer them into our lives. We have not to make the graces ourselves, but take them, wear them, and exhibit them.

"As a Man Thinketh."

Many there are who like the publican of old, like to appear better than they are, and some effect to appear worse than they are, but one thing is sure, the Lord trieth the hearts, and as a man thinketh and feeleth and willeth in his heart, or inner soul, so he is. It is a solemn and a suggestive thought that the Almighty, with the searching rays of his holiness, searches to the hidden framework of every life, to the very substrata of every soul. The proper prayer, then, for every individual is, "Lord, in the hidden parts make me to know wisdom."

The Happy Pair

By IZOLA FORRESTER

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"I shall take the credit for the entire affair," said Mrs. Ted, with a sigh of absolute relief. She leaned forward in the coupe, and watched the bridal carriage move leisurely away from the curb before the church. Through the open window she caught a glimpse of Rosamond's head, with its veiling of old rose points, and orange blossoms for a crown. "She hasn't a thousand dollars to her name, and he thinks she has millions."

Cousin Dexter did not smile. In the first place, he was too well bred ever to smile at any of Mrs. Ted's social maneuvers, and another thing, it did not appear to be a comic moment to him as he listened.

"So Charlton thinks he is getting an heiress?" he queried innocently.

"I have told no untruths," Mrs. Ted returned, placidly. "I merely suggested things. You know the way. She was my guest, and so was he. And it will be splendid for her."

"Why?" Dexter's tone was odd.

"Why? Because he has the fortune."

"So Charlton has a fortune?" Dexter merely repeated her words as though they amused him, and it irritated the lady.

"He is Stephen Charlton, is he not, of Nevada? What more do you want to know? After the senator, his father, died, he went out West and turned into a marvel at silver mining, and has reaped a fortune. It is a splendid thing for them both. He said he would prefer to marry a girl with money, so she would be happy, and while I don't pretend to understand what he meant, of course, I knew as long as he had so much it couldn't possibly matter whether Rosamond had any or not, and they love each other dearly, so there you are."

"Clever cousin mine," laughed Dexter, suddenly, as they drove away from the gray stone church awaiting the happy pair."

"What do you mean?" Mrs. Ted demanded quickly.

"Nothing at all," smiled Dexter. Rosamond had tossed his suit over her impertinent, thin, young shoulders with no regard for his feelings or bank account whatever, and had chosen Steve Charlton as her prince of dreams. And Dexter knew the truth about Charlton.

A strange silence had settled over the happy pair as the train whirled them out of the Grand Central on their honeymoon. Mrs. Ted had even

"Dear, Don't Cry. Don't, I Can't Stand It."

loaned them her bungalow up on the Cape Cod coast, and all the wings of fortune seemed fanning adverse happenings away from them, but the two sat facing each other in the parlor car, and neither spoke.

"How beautiful you looked under that rose point veil," Charlton said suddenly. "We will treasure it, dear, won't we?"

Rosamond smiled with a flash of her old whimsical self.

"We cannot treasure it, Steve," she answered. "It was loaned to me by Mrs. Ted."

Steve said nothing. It seemed odd that the heiress to many millions should have to borrow a rose point lace veil to be married in, yet he fancied there might be some sentiment about it too deep for the mind of man to fathom.

"Are we going straight out to Nevada after Cape Cod, Steve?" she asked presently, as the train turned out of Mount Vernon towards the sound. Mrs. Ted had painted pictures of the Charlton lodge in the mountains that had cost close to $200,000 to build, where the waning days of the honeymoon would be spent. Ted grinned a bit grimly.

"I'm afraid the life would be too rough for you, Rosebud mine, there in that old shack of mine. We'll take a place at the Springs for a while, until you get used to it all, I can ride back and forth once or twice a week."

"But I want to go with you, Steve."

"It would be too lonely for you."

"Oh, I suppose it would." She said no more. Why couldn't he understand that no place on earth would be lonely where he was, that she would gladly wear doeskin and moccasins and tramp the wild ways with him? But she wondered how a palace of a $200,000 lodge could be lonesome.

A telegram had been handed her by Mrs. Ted at the depot. She had crushed it in her hand, unopened, but now—Steve took up a magazine, and actually started to read it, she remembered the envelope, and tore it open. It was brief, and from her only brother in Seattle.

"Best love and congratulations to the happy pair."

Something in the message made the quick tears spring to her eyes, and tremble on her lashes. The happy pair. How could she ever be really happy when she knew that Mrs. Ted had deliberately invited her to Beauvoir, in the hope that Steve Charlton would take a fancy to her, and marry her? He had seen her portrait first of all, and had fallen in love with that, so Mrs. Ted declared, and it was a good match. Rosamond hated the word—a match, a bargain, and excellent sale! She looked up, and met Steve's troubled glance. He saw the tears, and reached for her hands, in spite of the rest of the passengers.

"Dear, don't cry, don't, I can't stand it. If any one has made a mistake, it is I, and I'll stand for it. I should have known better all around. But I knew it was what you had been used to, and as long as I couldn't give it to you I thought it didn't matter. We loved each other, and my cousin is bully good to me out at the mines——"

"Your cousin?" faltered Rosamond.

"The other Steve Charlton, you know. The millionaire kid they call him out there. I'm only the understudy. I'm chief mining engineer at the Dominic Coalition, that's all, dear. But I'll make good. I'm getting three thousand a year now, and making stray bunches on the side. As the Coalition grows, I will grow, too. If you can just be patient, and do as you please with your own fortune, I will climb up beside you soon, in the money line——"

"My fortune? I have no fortune, Steve." Rosamond's hands grew chilled in his strong, close clasp. "What do you mean?"

"Mrs. Ted told me you were heiress to Heaven knows how much real glitter," Steve explained, laboriously. "I've hated your money ever since I heard of it, but it had to go with you, and I couldn't afford to wait. I wanted you, don't you know, girlie? You don't blame me, do you?"

"And you haven't any fortune yourself?" Rosamond's eyes were soft and tender.

"Divil a bit," laughed Steve, recklessly. "It's coming."

"Neither have I, dear," she told him, happily. "Mrs. Ted just made it all up so we would marry. She evidently thought you were the millionaire kid, as you say, for she told me so, and I've been miserable playing the part of the beggar maid to my king. Is—is it a nice little shack, Steve, where we're going to, 'way up in the mountains?"

Steve thought for a minute, and pulled out a time-table.

"It is," he said, finally, emphatically, "and we're going to it now. We'll get off this train at New Rochelle, catch an express back, and go straight for Charlton Peak, Nevada, as fast as a western limited will take us. I don't like being patronized, and petted, do you, lady?"

Rosamond flashed back a smile, in her old, happy way.

"I may not be an heiress, Steve," she said, half seriously. "But I'm a splendid cook."

"You won't have to cook. I keep a 'heathen Chinee.'"

At the New Rochelle station, a wire went back to Mrs. Ted.

"Don't worry about us. Going west. Have one thousand in cash in the whole world between us.

"The Happy Pair."

Safe.

"You may say what you please about poker, but it never hurt me any."

"Oh, you are one of those fellows who always win, are you?"

"Nope, I'm one of those fellows who never play."

Popular With Pa.

"Your father always seems to be very happy when I am around."

"Yes, pa has a great sense of humor."

THE FAIR SEX AS AVIATORS

Women, Invading Every Field of Science, Anxious to Try Flight.

Today women are invading successfully every field of science and in some cases are ranked among the pioneers. Hardly had the flying machine been developed from the primitive "glider" of the Wright Brothers than women were anxious to try a flight toward the blue and disposing, so far as they were concerned, with the theory that the gentler sex are constitutionally timid. Most of those who have so far navigated the air have been the wives or relatives of flying machine inventors or of aeronauts who are enthusiastic over every new form of sport, providing it offers a spice of danger. In France Mme. Paulhan, the wife of the most famous French "man bird," as they are getting to call them over there, became an adept some time ago in handling her husband's flying machine, and has sailed aloft so often that it is no longer a novelty.

A French baroness also bought a machine and made some remarkable flights alone, but at last she came to grief. Here in America Mrs. Glenn Curtiss, wife of the aeronaut who won the $10,000 prize for his trip from Albany to New York, has made a number of trips. She is enthusiastic and has been of great help to her husband. Mrs. Mars at Hempstead has become proficient, and many ladies prominent in the social world have gone aloft as passengers. Among them are Mrs. Clifford Harmon, the wife of the noted amateur aeronaut, and Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney.—The Christian Herald.

Natural Sequence.

"The virtue of some people is rather spasmodic," remarked the moralizer.

"Well," rejoined the demoralizer, "what could you expect of anything that is its own reward?"

ROSY AS YOUNG GIRL

J. W. Church, the Notary Public, of Summit, N. C., Tells How Cardui, The Woman's Tonic, Helped His Wife.

Summit, N. C.—"My wife had been ailing for nearly 12 years," writes Mr. Church, "and at times was unable to leave the house. She suffered agony with her side and back. We tried our family physician for many years, without relief. After his treatments all failed, she began to take Cardui, and gained in weight at once. Now she is red and rosy as a school girl.

"Mrs. Church recommends Cardui to all suffering women."

Cardui is more successful than other remedies, because it is "different." It is in a class by itself.

In over half a century, more than a million women have been helped to rosy health and happiness, by using this well-known and scientific woman's remedy.

Cardui acts specifically, on the weakened womanly organs. It helps to refresh the worn-out nerves and is the ideal remedy for young and old.

As a tonic for women, it has brought remarkable results.

As a remedy for women's ills, its friends say it has no equal.

Try Cardui.

N. B.—*Write to:* Ladies' Advisory Dept., Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn., for *Special Instructions*, and 64-page book, "Home Treatment for Women," sent in plain wrapper on request.

Capacity.

Knicker—How many will your motor car hold?

Bocker—Five and a cop.

TO DRIVE OUT MALARIA AND BUILD UP THE SYSTEM Take the Old Standard GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC. You know what you are taking. The formula is plainly printed on every bottle, showing it is simply Quinine and Iron in a tasteless form. The Quinine drives out the malaria and the iron builds up the system. Sold by all dealers for 50 years. Price 50 cents.

Alleviating Circumstances.

"Did you say," asked a gentleman who was looking for rooms, "did you say that a music teacher occupied the next apartment? That cannot be very pleasant." Harper's Bazar gives the landlady's reply.

"Oh," she said, eagerly, "that's nothing, sir. The music teacher has 11 children and they make so much noise that you can't hear the piano at all."

PAINLESS.

First Chauffeur—I ran over a man yesterday and it didn't hurt him a bit!

Second Chauffeur—How was that?

First Chauffeur—It killed him instantly!

Hence the Name.

In the service of a Baltimore family is an old negro cook known as Aunt Sally, and not the least of her achievement is the preparation of sea food.

In the kitchen one day Aunt Sally's nephew, a nine-year-old lad from a point where crabs are seldom seen, was watching in breathless interest the old lady's deviling of a dish of such crustaceans.

"Aunty," said he, after much reflection upon this mysterious point, "does debbil crabs come from de debbil?"

"No, chile," promptly responded Aunt Sally; "but dey is de debbil to make."

STOPPED SHORT

Taking Tonics, and Built Up on Right Food.

The mistake is frequently made of trying to build up a worn-out nervous system on so-called tonics—drugs.

New material from which to rebuild wasted nerve cells is what should be supplied, and this can be obtained only from proper food.

"Two years ago I found myself on the verge of a complete nervous collapse, due to overwork and study, and to illness in the family," writes a Wisconsin young mother.

"My friends became alarmed because I grew pale and thin and could not sleep nights. I took various tonics prescribed by physicians, but their effects wore off shortly after I stopped taking them. My food did not seem to nourish me and I gained no flesh nor blood.

"Reading of Grape-Nuts, I determined to stop the tonics and see what a change of diet would do. I ate Grape-Nuts four times a day, with cream and drank milk also, went to bed early after eating a dish of Grape-Nuts.

"In about two weeks I was sleeping soundly. In a short time gained 20 pounds in weight and felt like a different woman. My little daughter whom I was obliged to keep out of school last spring on account of chronic catarrh has changed from a thin, pale, nervous child to a rosy, healthy girl and has gone back to school this fall.

"Grape-Nuts and fresh air were the only agents used to accomplish the happy results."

Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

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