

IN THE LIME LIGHT

MINISTER TO CHINA



Charles R. Crane of Chicago, who has accepted the post of minister to China, offered him by the president, is a business man and a Democrat. He first came into the diplomatic field last November and until that time never voted anything but the straight Democratic ticket. Although unacquainted with the technicalities of diplomacy, the new minister to China will go to his post with qualifications of an unusual character.

One of his rare achievements is familiarity with the Chinese language. The far east is a broken road to him through years of travel both in frequent and unfrequent parts; and his acquaintance with men of the yellow races whose names are powers in their respective countries of the orient.

He has made three extended trips in Central Asia and 18 into Russia, with the result that many Russian as well as Chinese statesmen know him personally. Two years were spent by him in exploring the Asiatic coast.

Mr. Crane is a native Chicagoan, having been born in that city on August 7, 1858. He is a son of R. T. Crane, founder of the Crane Company, and Mary Prentiss Crane. He was educated in the public schools of Chicago, and in compliance with his father's well-known ideas as to collegiate education, Mr. Crane entered the employ of the Crane Company as soon as his school days were over. In 1881, when he was 23 years old, he was married to Miss Corneille Smith of Paterson, N. J.

He served the Crane Company in various capacities, learning the manufacturing business step by step, until in 1894 he became first vice-president. With his advancement Mr. Crane found time to take up civic duties and to branch out into other commercial enterprises. He served as president of the Municipal Voters' league for a time and became a director of the National Bank of the Republic, a position which he holds at the present time.

Then he took charge of the foreign business of the Crane Company, and in this capacity he devoted several years to traveling in all parts of the world. He spent much of his time in Russia and China studying commercial conditions and making himself familiar with the languages. He was received at the Russian court and is regarded as an authority on Russian affairs.

In February, 1904, he gave \$10,000 to the "young empress" fund for Russian soldiers and sailors through Count Rostoff, chancellor of the empire, and was the recipient of the empress' grateful thanks.

Mr. Crane also spent much of his time in China. The interests of his company took him into almost every province and brought him into close contact with all classes. This experience and his ability to read the Chinese language were factors in bringing him to the favorable notice of President Taft for the appointment of United States ambassador to China. He is a connoisseur of old and rare books and paintings.

NEW GERMAN CHANCELLOR



Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg, successor to Prince von Buelow as chancellor of the German Empire, is a college friend of the emperor. They were fraternity brothers in the Borussia corps at Bonn, and during the entire reign of William, Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg often has advised his majesty. He had, however, shown a disinclination to accept high office. He is a man of reserved and thoughtful habits, and sometimes has been called the "philosopher statesman." Even at his own receptions he sometimes wears an air of preoccupation. He is a tall man and wears a dark, pointed beard. Emperor William often has found rest and comfort in Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg's repose of manner and his agreeable conversation, and the latter is one of the few frequenters of the court whose bearing toward his majesty is natural and simple.

Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg is of Jewish origin. The Bethmann family left Holland two centuries ago on account of its religion and settled in Frankfurt, where the men entered the banking business. His great-grandmother married John James Hollweg, who added his wife's name to his own. His grandfather was the first member of the family to enter public service. This ancestor became a professor of jurisprudence at the Bonn university and received a patent of nobility for his learning. Later he was made a member of the Prussian Diet and became active in the constitutional agitation of the '40s, and ten years later was appointed to the liberal cabinet as minister of education.

The new chancellor is now 53 years old. In his youth he studied law and was appointed assistant judge. Before he was 30 years old he had been made district governor of Ober-Barmen, and later he became provincial president of Potsdam, where the suburban palace of Emperor William is located. During his three years at Potsdam he saw much of the emperor and the two men took long walks and rides in the environs.

It was the doctor's custom on these rides to wear an old tweed suit of sober cut and he always selected a quiet horse.

Following his sojourn at Potsdam, Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg's promotion was rapid. He became president of the government of Bromberg and later president of the province of Brandenburg, from which post he took up the portfolio of Prussian minister of the interior.

In so much as Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg has had no experience in foreign affairs, it is presumed that he will rely on the foreign secretary in this branch to a greater extent than has Prince von Buelow.

STORY-TELLING PASTOR



Rev. Dr. J. H. String, pastor of the Maple Avenue Reformed church of St. Louis, Mo., has won a reputation in the Missouri city as "the story-telling pastor." Rev. String has abandoned the time-honored method of preaching a sermon from a text. Instead, he teaches his congregation the Bible by means of stories, which are pure fiction.

"In doing this," said Rev. String, "I am only imitating Christ when he told the parables." One of the pastor's fictional stories which was right up to the minute, concerned the temptations of a country boy who came to the city and found that while chances for success might be brighter, temptations were multiplied. The country boy became a patron of cheap picture shows, dice games for cigars, beer halls, etc., but was reclaimed from his bad habits through a chance attempt to flirt with a young lady Sunday school teacher.

The themes that Dr. String uses for his stories are all of this homely nature and generally have some relation to love and marriage.

Rev. String's story-sermons are liked so well, particularly by the young people of his congregation, that the trustees of the church are considering the building of an addition to accommodate the crowds. Frequently the "Standing Room Only" sign has been out, figuratively speaking, after Rev. String announced his subject.

ADVICE OF MILLIONAIRE



Benjamin Guggenheim, millionaire silver, gold and lead mine owner and official of the American Smelting and Refining Company, now says: "Young man, go west." On the eve of his departure for a business trip in Europe a curious reporter asked Mr. Guggenheim what his advice to the young man was. That was his answer, but he added: "Let the young man who is thinking of going to Alaska first have himself examined by a doctor to ascertain whether he is in good health. Good health is absolutely necessary to stand the rigors of the near-Arctic circle."

"Alaska offers opportunities for a small fortune—and by that I mean from \$15,000 to \$50,000 for almost any industrious young man and millions to the lucky few," continued Mr. Guggenheim. "The gold fields are just beginning to be developed." Benjamin Guggenheim was born in Philadelphia in 1855, but his life history is connected with that of the western states, particularly Colorado. His father, Meyer Guggenheim, with his seven sons, organized the Guggenheim Exploration Company and later the sons organized the American Smelting and Refining Company, which is popularly known as the "smelter trust." M. Guggenheim Sons, as the trust was formerly known, had mining interests in Alaska, Africa, Mexico and all the mineral states of America, and were the world's most extensive smelters and metallurgists. Their "A. S. & R." stock is valued at many millions.

Partisan Definition. "Father," said little Sollo, "what is a political trickster?" "I can't give you a definition that will cover all varieties. But, in general terms, he is a member of the opposition who succeeds in having his own way."

Another Vindication. The public has some rights, at least. An Illinois judge says a woman who has just eaten garlic may be ejected from a theater. However, it is implied that she may not be killed.—Rochester Herald.

NEBRASKA IN BRIEF

NEWS NOTES OF INTEREST FROM VARIOUS SECTIONS.

ALL SUBJECTS TOUCHED UPON

Religious, Social, Agricultural, Political and Other Matters Given Due Consideration.

Judge Thomas H. Saunders, one of the pioneers of Nebraska, died at Columbus after an illness of nearly three months following a fall down the steps of the Masonic temple.

Frank Burgess, manager of the Boston Ideal Opera company, playing an engagement in Beatrice, is suffering from a spider bite on the lower lip which may prove serious. He is receiving treatment at a local hospital, having been forced to give up his work on the stage for the present.

Corn is king and cooks are queens is the announcement made by York County Boys' Agricultural and Girls' Domestic Science associations, who will hold an exhibition at York, commencing Tuesday, November 23 and ending November 27. The best of the exhibits will be taken to the Omaha Corn show.

A large amount of new wheat is being handled in the locality of Beatrice at present. In two days 10,000 bushels of this year's crop have been delivered at the elevators at Pickrell, the grain bringing the top price, \$1.02 per bushel. No less than eight threshing outfits have been supplying the elevators at Pickrell.

Building operations in Beatrice are being pushed. Local carpenters, plasterers and masons are all busy. Among the buildings now in progress of construction are the new Kilpatrick office building, the Beatrice Automobile company's garage, and John L. Schiek livery barn, firemen's headquarters and Dole Floral company's block.

The plans and specifications for a new brick court house to be built at Bridgeport are now being advertised for. The court house will cost \$25,000. A bond issue of \$15,000 has just been voted for this purpose and this with the \$10,000 cash donation of the Lincoln Land company, will secure one of the finest court houses in the west for Nebraska's youngest county.

The 7-year-old son of Otto Stark, who lives five miles west of Martinsburg, was gored by a bull. The boy was badly bruised with a rent five inches long on the right side which penetrated the intestines and another in the back, besides being trampled all over. No place as large as a hand on his entire body escaped. It is thought he will recover.

Certain members of the Nebraska State Historical society have protested to State Auditor Barton to prevent the payment by him to C. S. Paine salary as secretary of the society at the rate of \$1,500 a year. As a result Mr. Barton will pay no more salary vouchers for Mr. Paine until the matter has been passed on by the legal department of state.

After ten days of activity, the 1,200 Nebraska national guardsmen, constituting the First brigade, left Ashland for their homes, leaving in camp only a little guard in charge of Major E. H. Phelps, who remained over to conduct the target practice of the team that goes to compete in the national rifle tournament at Camp Perry, O., the middle of August. The camp was said by everyone to be the best ever held in the state.

The early apple crop, says a Nebraska City dispatch, is exceptionally good and several cars have been shipped out. The crop will be a heavy one and it is found that those orchards which have been sprayed and properly looked after have borne fruit that will bear shipping, while those that have not been cared for are not fit to ship, being very defective. The late crop will be very light and only in sprayed orchards will it amount to anything.

Harvesting in this section, says an Arlington dispatch, is about finished and some threshing is being done. It is claimed that wheat will make between twenty and thirty-five bushels per acre and the test will be from sixty to sixty-two. Oats are rather a light crop as a whole, owing to the late freeze, but some fields will make a good yield. The elevators are offering to contract wheat at \$1 per bushel, and many of the farmers will sell direct from the threshing machine.

The last report of the weather bureau for Nebraska, for June, indicates that that month had rather more than the usual amount of rain. The precipitation was 4.26 inches, which is more than a quarter of an inch greater than the average for the month during the past thirty-four years. West Point was favored with 9.94 inches. The temperature was rather greater than normal for the month, standing as an average at 69 degrees. The highest temperature at any time during the month was 108 degrees at Beaver City.

The attorney for Mrs. Maud Moran of Nebraska City, wife of Attorney W. F. Moran, who after a hearing covering five weeks before the commissioners of insanity was declared insane, has gone before Judge H. D. Travis and secured a writ of habeas corpus.

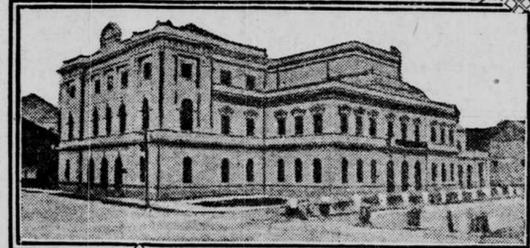
The hearing it set for Aug. 2. Two boys ran away from the industrial school at Kearney last week. They were helpers in the kitchen and were sent in the kitchen ahead of one of the officers to do some work. When the officer arrived the boys had disappeared and, although the country was scoured, they are still missing.

A record yield of wheat in both quantity and quality, an oats crop that will be the best for the last five years and a corn crop that will be up to or above normal are predicted by E. A. Twidale, a Hastings grain man, who bases his estimates on personal investigation throughout the central and south central parts of Nebraska.

An "orderly mob" was organized at Bridgeport and, armed with a rope, sought out a young negro who had become altogether too fresh and informed him that he could choose between leaving town and being strung up to a telegraph pole. He left town.

ACROSS THE Isthmus

FROM ATLANTIC TO PACIFIC IN LOCOMOTIVE



GOVERNMENT PALACE, CITY OF PANAMA



OLD SEA WALL AND WATCH TOWER OF THE CITY OF PANAMA

I swung up into the cab of the locomotive at Colon and cuddled down on the warm leather seat with a nod of recognition and a handful of Panamanian money to the engineer. It is not every evening that one gets the chance of riding from the Atlantic to the Pacific in the cab of a locomotive. The distance from sea to sea at Panama is 44 miles. The Panama railroad curves some and in one or two places I was reminded of a railroad down in West Virginia where the curves are so sharp that the fireman often throws coal into the headlight of his own engine.

The track from Colon, Panama, is what railroad men call a red-hot track; that is, it is jammed all day long with passenger trains, ten cars to a train, and trains of flat cars loaded with dirt from the Culebra excavation. At night the freight goes through from the big ships waiting on one side to vessels at the wharves on the other. It takes two hours and a half to cross the isthmus and the fare is \$2.40. Our special train whirled through station after station—about a mile apart—and the buzzards hopped off the track and the other regular traffic stood aside to let us pass. To the right and left the rank vegetation crowded right up to the rails—cocoanut palms and banana trees, bejuco vines and celiba trees. As you leave Colon it's hard to tell where the green scrub leaves off and the solid land begins. Everything is green—a poisonous, verdigris green.

So we rocked and reeled onward through the soft flooding moonlight, and at all the stations near to Panama the platforms were crowded with Americans in evening dress and their partners in white muslin and chiffon, waiting to take the regular train to Panama, to attend the new year's dance of the Culebra club. So when we got to Panama and I had clambered down out of the cab and said my grimy and perspiring adieu to their satanic majesties of the brotelle and the firebox—there was the Tirol hotel, where the dance was to be held, ablaze with light and festooned with bunting and vines and all manner of creeping things, all ready for the fiesta.

I ran upstairs and put on a bolted shirt and a black coat, with two tails to it, and the usual evening regalia of one who is "condemned" to live in the midst of a "clean and shaven race." When I got down stairs a band over in the corner was vigorously going it. There was no piano, but they had about 1 1/2 trombones, a violoncello, a flute and the parts of several violins. It really made very tolerable music.

At a few minutes before 12 o'clock, when I turned in, the dancers were still hopping and gliding about. Suddenly the whistle of the ice plant and the bells of the cathedral found out that the new year was born and then the whole town at once was in an up-lifted strings of firecrackers; the bull-bird drums and tambours; the tin cans full of stones, the barking dogs and the yellingurchins, the locomotives at the roundhouse and above all the whistle of the ice plant, drove sleep

far from one's pillow. And I was particularly anxious to get to sleep, because at 3 a. m. the chief of police was coming round to take our party on an alligator hunt.

I was just dozing off when there came a loud rapping at the door and a boy thrust in his head: "Was you de gemman dat orhaded de ice-watuh?" "No," I said, "next room," and composed myself to rest. About two o'clock I was meeting with some degree of success when the same boy rapped again. "Did you wish for ice-watuh, seh?"

At three o'clock he came a third time and said the chief of police was waiting downstairs. I had not slept at all, but neither had the chief of police.

We drove, with day breaking above the royal palms and the celiba trees, past the Chinese cemetery and around Ancon hill to the wharf of La Boca the Pacific terminus of the canal. Here there was a 50-foot launch waiting for us; the American engineers found the launch on the top of the hills at Culebra and put it together.

With two Jamaica natives shoveling coal in the cockpit and a Spaniard at the engine, we went up the coast 25 miles through water alive with sharks chasing the mullet clean out of the sea and the pelicans solemnly fishing from the reefs. At the mouth of the Chovera river we turned in. Opposite a stone dock built by a British trading company we anchored the launch and took to four small boats, each boat rowed by two policemen from the Panama constabulary. It was hard fighting up that river. The tide was rushing out nine miles an hour and after passing a native village of miserable shacks thatched with palm, we came to a reef that spanned the river except at one or two points, where the water rushed boiling through.

Again and again the oarsmen, yelling, bent to the paddles and forced the boats right into the teeth of the rapids, but the water played with us "as a kitten puts a cork," and drove us back with our gunwales dipping under.

Capt. Stanton, our chief of police, was getting a little discouraged, for he had not seen anything much to shoot at except a couple of water dogs, or soras, that ventured too near the bank, and the captain had given us to expect a happy hunting ground with a whole herd of alligators. As we rounded the corner just above the rapids, I nearly fell out of the boat. There they were on the bank, at least 15 of them—not 200, as the champion liar of the party subsequently stated. The biggest was not less than 25 feet long. They shambled very rapidly on their fat legs to the water's edge and plopped in. The minute their noses came to the surface 12 Marlin 44's gave them a volley, but Capt. Stanton's elephant gun was probably the only weapon that did any damage.

A great hunter was telling me the other night how you proceed with a whale. He said:

"First you get the whale interested and then you kick him in the face." But you can't do that with an alligator. We probably shouldn't have landed a single one if it hadn't been for the fact that a lady gator was taking a nap in a thicket far above the water line and, hearing the tumult and the shouting, came down the bank in a hurry toward Capt. Stanton's boat, clapping her under jaw like the bottom of a steam shovel bucket at Culebra. The captain was ready and let her have both barrels of the elephant gun, which would have wrecked the shoulder of an ordinarily strong man. A congressman from California was peeping between Capt. Stanton's legs with a Brownie camera, but he pressed the button a great many times and forgot to turn the film, so that the result was decidedly composite. The gator keeled over just before she got to the water and when we were sure she was sufficiently dead we cut off her claws for souvenirs.

Duty of the Biographer.
A life that is worth writing at all is worth writing minutely and truthfully.

HOW DIAMONDS ARE HANDLED

Sent in Bulk to Antwerp or Amsterdam for Cutting, and Distributed From London.

To those who are at all familiar with the manner in which the diamond business is conducted in Europe, the assertion of small dealers in this country that they have their own cutters in Amsterdam and London is ridiculous. There are few people who do not know that most of the rough diamonds which are now found in Africa are brought to London, where they are sold in lots, the greatest part being taken to Amsterdam and Antwerp, where the largest cutting works are located. There they are cut into various sizes. Those cut in Amsterdam are for the greater part sold in the diamond exchange in Tulpstraat, where dealers from all over the world meet and make their purchases. The most of these diamonds are taken to London, where they are examined and assorted according to size and quality. Then

those purchased by American jobbers are shipped to New York, this being the only port of entry in the United States where the government has appraisers who are especially educated and appointed to the position of examining and passing upon the quality and value of precious stones in order that the proper duty may be assessed upon them. So when any American retailer boasts that he has his own cutters of diamonds in Europe the assertion may be taken for what it is worth.

Treatment of Japanese Convicts.
In Japan a convict may earn enough money while in jail to maintain his family. He has the best of food and lodging, is taught a trade, and if he wishes pursues the study of foreign languages.

Restriction on Organ-Grinders.
The organ-grinders of Vienna play only between noon and sunset.

RELICS OF EMPRESS

A SURE SIGN.

When It Appears Act at Once.

Objects Associated with Josephine in New French Museum.

Malmaison, Home Purchased by Napoleon for His Beautiful Wife. Thrown Open to Public by the Government.

Paris.—Josephine, who was the star of Napoleon's destiny, has at last a monument that all who go to Paris may visit.

It is Josephine's museum, erected by the French government in the country house associated with the joys and struggles of her life before she met the conqueror; with her few married years of splendor and love; and with the sorrows of her divorce and lonely death. It is Malmaison.

The museum is made up of a thousand familiar objects which surrounded her; and on June 1 opened the loan exhibition of things not yet gathered permanently together.

There is the harp that Josephine never learned to play—type of the broken music of her life; the silver gilt dinner service offered her by the city of Paris; her bed, her bath, her toilet table, her beauty utensils.

There are 500 samples of damask, satin and tapestry furniture covers which Napoleon had brought to select from in imperial housekeeping. It is raw material of the imperial stage-setting never before exhibited. It shows Napoleon and Josephine as palace furnishers and makers of the empire style.

Every school girl in America knows the story of Josephine; but how her destiny was bound up in this country house of the old regime is new history from documents and letters. Out the avenue of the Champs Elysees, beyond the Arc de Triomphe and the river, runs the ancient royal road to St. Germain. Six miles from Paris is Croissy village. Almost at its edge begin the wooded grounds of Malmaison.

From Croissy village, in the days before Napoleon, a young mother took her two small children for their airing to the shade of empty Malmaison. The place was uninhabited. The young mother was glad. There was



Newly-Opened Museum of Empress Josephine.

no one to warn her off. She read her book while the kids played. She had \$1,000 a year income, in her legal separation from a flirting old husband who had not appreciated her. She was at peace. It never came into her head to wish Malmaison hers.

Yet it was Josephine.

She had been married to de Beauharnais at Croissy church when but an awkward girl. She had fled to Croissy when she found herself alone again.

When she met Napoleon it was love at first sight. In a few months they were married. On his return from Italy, Josephine knew how great a man she had. He was looking for a country place to buy! "What kind?" she asked. "A chateau," said Napoleon. Stately Malmaison flashed across her mind. "I know a place," said Josephine, "Malmaison, close to Croissy!"

"Malmaison will be our home," he said. The nation had put St. Cloud and Fontainebleau at his disposition. He preferred Malmaison. "It is our own place," he said to Josephine.

France is a saving old land. Through revolutions of the utmost violence, the French civil service departments, treasuring all things confided to them, kept the raw material of that stage setting.

Josephine reigned over the "home," an English word to which Napoleon had taken a sentimental fancy. She covered the park with flower beds, planted fancy trees, built hothouses and stocked the wood with thousands of gay birds that come flying in clouds to eat from silver-gilt trays perched on acajou poles.

These were the happy days of Josephine. Only too soon, she was to live alone again.

After her divorce—declared a state necessity—the senatus-consulto maintained her in the rank of a crowned empress, attributed 2,000,000 francs a year to her, with the chateaux of Navarre and Malmaison. To Malmaison she retired, to be near to Napoleon—although she should never see him.

Again Malmaison became a silent park. As suddenly as it had bloomed into imperial activity, it faded to its former quiet. Again a mother walked with her two children in its shade—the children Eugene and Hortense, now grown up.

Going through the grounds on a cold, damp day with Czar Alexander, Josephine took a chill—and died in the great silk-lined bed, now a part of the museum exhibits.

After his return from Elba, Napoleon revisited Malmaison. In spite of the giant work of gathering his armies together once again, he spent two days in dreaming over the chateau and gardens.

International Manners.
A German lady, we perceive, has started a school wherein the art of eating is taught. Not the art of acquiring food, but the art of dealing with it when it is on the table. An international school of table manners would do as much as The Hague conference to reconcile animosities. There is really nothing, for example, in which we could not agree with the American if he would only come over to the British notion of eating an egg.

Read "This Letter if You Like." "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."



George—There's Miss Passay. She claims she's never been kissed.

Harry—Why, I've kissed her myself, years ago. She means not since she can remember.

And the Old Man Grinned. "Duke," said the hearse, eagerly, "did you see father?"

"Yes."

"Well?"

"We talked about the weather."

"What? Lose your nerve again? Why don't you brace up and talk like a man?—a subject of a king on whose domain the sun never sets!"

"Can't," moaned the duke. "All the time I was in your father's office he kept grinning at a big painting."

"What painting?"

"The battle of Bunker Hill."

Crop Growing on Small Scale.

A small holder in East Loxham is making an interesting experiment in barley growing upon his land to test the possibility of raising corn on a small scale. In 1907 he sowed 78 specially selected grains of barley, which yielded 400 ears. The resulting kernels he sowed in 1908 and harvested in 14 weeks, with the result that he got a bushel of threshed barley, which he has shown this year, his object being to show what can be done in cereal cultivation from very small beginnings.—London Standard.

But Not In.

Evelyn—I saw you in bathing this morning, George. It's funny you didn't see me.

George—I didn't expect to.

Evelyn—I was sure you saw me at one time. I was standing close by you on the beach.

George—Oh, yes. I saw you in your bathing suit.

Mothers' Day in England.

Provincial England is smiling in a superior way at America's belated discovery that the country ought to celebrate mother's day. In the villages of Cornwall, Devonshire and Lancashire mothers' day has been a recognized institution for generations. It is celebrated on mid-Lent Sunday.

A Hot Prescription.

"I want you to prescribe for me, doctor," said the sallow-complexioned man. "I have cold feet; what would you suggest?"

"A ton of coal," promptly replied the witty physician. "Five dollars, please."

Not Her Fault.

"It is the duty of every man and woman to be married at the age of 32," said the lecturer.

"Well," said a woman of 30, with some asperity, "you needn't tell me that. Talk to the man."

THE NEW WOMAN

Made Over by Quitting Coffee.

Coffee probably wrecks a greater percentage of Southerners than of Northern people for Southerners use it more freely.

The work it does is distressing enough in some instances; as an illustration, a woman of Richmond, Va., writes:

"I was a coffee drinker for years and for about six years my health was completely shattered. I suffered fearfully with headache and nervousness, also palpitation of the heart and loss of appetite.

"My sight gradually began to fail and finally I lost the sight of one eye altogether. The eye was operated upon and the sight partially restored, then I became totally blind in the other eye.

"My doctor used to urge me to give up coffee, but I was willful and continued to drink it until finally in a case of severe illness the doctor insisted that I must give up the coffee, so I began using Postum, and in a month I felt like a new creature.

"I steadily gained in health and strength. About a month ago I began using Grape-Nuts food and the effect has been wonderful. I really feel like a new woman and have gained about 25 pounds.

"I am quite an elderly lady and before using Postum and Grape-nuts I could not walk a square without exceeding fatigue, now I walk ten or twelve without feeling it. Formerly in reading I could remember but little but now my memory holds fast what I read.

Several friends who have seen the remarkable effects of Postum and Grape-Nuts on me have urged that I give the facts to the public for the sake of suffering humanity, so, although I dislike publicity, you can publish this letter if you like."

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.