

The World's Wheat.

It seems a curious thought that the supremacy of western civilization—the ascendancy of the wheat-eaters over the rice-eaters—may ultimately depend upon the discovery of some cheap process of producing nitrates; but so eminent an authority as Sir William Ramsey is sponsor for the statement. More than five years ago, says Crookes's Companion, Sir William Crookes declared the population of the world to be increasing so rapidly that in a short time the supply of wheat would be insufficient. Since then progress has been made in several experiments directed toward increasing the world's harvest of wheat. Nevertheless, many scientific men feel that a wheat famine within a few generations is among the possibilities. Efforts toward averting or postponing this condition are directed: First, toward increasing the acreage—a process which is self-limited; secondly, toward increasing the yield per acre by improving the seed and selecting that which is best suited to the locality where it is to be planted; thirdly, toward increasing the crop by feeding the plants more generously with nitrogen through alternation with nodule-producing leguminous plants—a process developed in the United States department of agriculture; and, fourthly, by the manufacture of nitrates. For years the supply of nitrates has come from Chili, but that source is nearing exhaustion. The sewage of cities would supply enormous quantities if there could be found some method of saving and applying it which would not endanger public health. It is estimated that \$50,000,000 worth of fertilizer goes annually to waste in this way in England alone. The artificial manufacture, or rather the fixation, of nitrogen looks to the air as the great source of supply. But the processes now in use are complicated and expensive. Many patents have been issued. One of the latest plants is that at Sveafloss, Norway, in which a waterfall of 30,000 horse-power has been utilized to generate electricity, by which nitrogen is taken from the air and absorbed by lime. The resulting calcium nitrate is a powerful fertilizer. In this problem the young chemists and the young electricians of today have a work which will tax the ables and ought to satisfy the most ambitious.

Typewriting Records.

The old question whether there is any absolute limit of human performance in any particular line is particularly appropriate to the question of typewriting records. A young woman of Springfield has recently made record of writing 2,344 memorized words from Henry Ward Beecher's typical speech in 30 minutes, thus setting a record of 2,099 words in an hour made by a man no longer of the old Germ's than last November. This jump of 69 to 77 words a minute, says the New York Post, is a feat proportionately as remarkable—to use the nearest sporting equivalent—as clipping off a full second from the record in the hundred-yard dash. It is bringing the fastest typewriting pretty close to the average requirements of shorthand. Psychologists tell us of the astonishingly stimulating effect on persons doing work involving rapidity or dexterity of the knowledge of what others have accomplished in similar lines. Once a certain feat is done or a certain record is made, dozens are able to do the same thing. Will the typist ever become expert enough to do verbatim reporting without the use of shorthand notes?

Drain Upon Forests.

The work of the forest service in gathering statistics of forest products for the last year has furnished the basis for a provisional statement of the wood consumed in the manufacture of paper pulp. Returns from 159 firms, controlling 232 pulp mills, give over 3,000,000 cords as the total amount of wood used. The wood used was divided among the various processes as follows: Sulphite, 1,538,000 cords; soda, 410,000 cords; ground wood, 1,068,000 cords. The total pulp production by all processes by the firms reporting was 1,993,000 tons. According to the census of 1900, the consumption of pulpwood was then 1,986,310 cords, so that there has been an increase of more than 50 per cent. In the last six years. This demonstrates, in a striking manner, the drain upon the forests caused by the pulp industry.

A Philadelphia mother sent a heart-piercing appeal to the Atlantic City police, entreating their aid in finding her missing son. "My boy has never been away from home before," wrote the mother, "and I fear he has gotten into trouble. Please find him and send him home." Supposing the "boy" was a youth about out of knee breeches, the police began their search. Their surprise can be imagined when the "missing boy" turned out to be five feet eight inches in height, 175 pounds in weight and 34 years old.

The increasing number of homicides and the ease with which murderers escape the penalties for their crimes is arousing attention in this country. There is scarcely a large city which has not in confinement an array of murderers who, through misdirected and morbid public sympathy or by invoking technicalities of the law, have escaped speedy conviction and punishment. There is good reason for the belief, however, that lack of proper police protection is blamable for the increase in crime.

The Morale of Poetry

Although you write the tiny song That fits a fancy card, Or reel off that emperored stuff That's purchased by the yard; Or be it but a barked 'can ad. Expend your finest skill And make your product worthy of The imprint of your will.

The Living and the Dead

BY JOHN MYEE (Copyright, 1906, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

As he bolted from the ferry and flung himself into the cab, Lieutenant Barker felt all the exhilaration of heroism. He was just home from the Philippines and his mind was burdened with a message from a dead comrade to his wife—and that wife Barker's old and lost sweetheart. His entire being tingling with the memory of his old passion for this dainty creature who had thrown him to marry his sturdy comrade, he knew that his only safety lay in doing his soldier's duty quickly and to discharge the mission with which the dying man had charged him before his strength failed.

The sergeant major on dress parade and his heels fairly snapped as they clicked together. "Mrs. Moffat," he said, "I must go. My train leaves in half an hour. Good-bye."



Gathered her into his strong embrace.

lying about it. You thought to protect his memory and save me pain. I honor you for it. "But, Phil, there is another lie that was told—for a different purpose. He—George, my husband, your friend—led me to steal me from you. He lied about you and heaven help me, I believed his lying tongue and married him. I knew he had lied before we had been married a month, and he knew that I knew it. I could not undo the past, but I could not help hating and despising him—and he knew it and he loved the Gordon woman—and—Oh, God, can't you see the living hell it has been."

"Is it too late?" he asked, holding out his arms. The color came to her face in a crimson flood and the tears welled to her eyes as she swayed toward him and he gathered her into his strong embrace.

Pretty soon she looked up with a roguish twinkle in her eye. "Are you not afraid you will miss your train?" she asked. He stopped to gather toll from the red lips.

"I am not afraid of anything—now," he said.

Explaining a Merger. "Might I ask you what a merger is?" queried the old man in the street car who had been trying to read a newspaper held within an inch of his nose.

"Perhaps I can make it clear to you," replied the man addressed. "For instance, you own a horse."

"And some other man has a cart. You three get together and decide to combine your interests—merge all in one."

"But what good is that?" "Well, in the first place no one can hire the horse without hiring the harness, and they can't hire horse and harness without hiring the cart."

"And what else?" asked the old man, who was still a little puzzled.

"Why, that's all except that if the public don't want to hire your horse, cart and harness, you are in a position to tell them to go chase themselves."—Chicago American.

EACH VILLAGE IS A VENICE.

Strange Relic of Ancient Customs Prevaling in a German Forest. One of the most interesting regions in the "old fatherland" is the so-called "Spreewald," the Forest of the Spree, situated not far from the German capital, in the province of Brandenburg. Each village is a little Venice, every house a little island, and these islets are connected by bridges sufficiently raised to allow boats to pass under them.

Most of the houses, with their barns and stables, rest on piles, and there is generally a strip of artificial terra firma either in front or at the rear of every building. By means of these land strips and of the bridges the slender land communication is kept throughout the district, but most of the business and amusement is carried on through the canals, which not only form the main highways but penetrate and cross and recross the whole region.

It is on these lagoons that all traffic is conducted in boats during the period from spring, when the last vestiges of frost and ice are disappearing, until the end of autumn. You see the letter carrier shoot up and down the canals, performing his duties in his frail craft; the police glide leisurely along the banks, watching everything going on; peasants bring the products of their toil to the nearest towns; children go to and from school; young mothers, dressed in their Sunday clothes, are rowed to church, carrying in their arms a small, queer-looking bundle from which two large eyes in a tiny face stare at the stranger in wonderment—baby is going to be baptized, an important moment with this strongly religious people—Technical World.

CURIOS LIBEL SUIT, DECIDED.

Praise of a Surgeon's Skill Held to Be Actionable Sometimes. A curious libel suit against the New Orleans Picayune has been withdrawn by the plaintiff after it had been appealed to the supreme court and reversed. The suit was brought by a physician because the paper had complimented his skill and professional devotion in an important surgical case.

The doctor said that the laudatory article, although written with the kindest intention, was injurious to him, as it placed him before the public in the light of a quack, because reputable medical men never "allow themselves to be advertised before the public." The lower court upheld the defendant's plea that there was no cause for action, but the supreme court in remanding the case said:

"True, words of praise and congratulation are not actionable. But words of praise and congratulation may—on rare occasions fortunately—lose their grace and charm and become actionable." The court also said: "The physician who by inference finds himself classed with quacksavers will be entitled to a hearing or at any rate should not be turned out of court unless it appears that he is in error in this contending."—Nashville American.

Suppose You Try Smiling. Your burden is heavy. I haven't a doubt, but others have loads they must carry about.

And they are not whining. Some people are glad if but half of the way. Lies out of the shadow, or part of the day.

They see the sun shining. Suppose you try smiling. I know you are lonely, but other hearts

And bravely refuse to be bitter or break. Because of life's sorrow. They think of the joy in the land far away.

And hasten the slow passing hours of today. With hopes of to-morrow. Suppose you try smiling.

This funny old world is a mirror, you know. Turn it away with a sneer, or face of a foe.

And you will see trouble. But meet it with laughter and looks full of cheer.

And his way will come sunshine and love true and dear. Your blessings to double. Suppose you try smiling.

All places are open to those who are glad. Too many lack courage, too many are sad. Those near you need cheering. So sing with your burden, the way is not long.

And if you look upward your heart will grow strong. And your skies will be clearing. Suppose you try smiling.

—Myra Goodwin Plantz, in Youth's Companion.

Of No Consequence. An official of a transatlantic steamship line tells of the excitement on board one of his company's vessels several days out from Liverpool, caused by an accident to the steering gear, but which rumor magnified.

The captain was soon approached by a lady passenger. "Is it true, Captain," asked she, anxiously, "that we have lost one of our screws?"

"Not at all, madam," was the reply of the officer. "There was some little difficulty with one of them, but it has been repaired, so that now everything is all right."

"Well, I'm very glad to hear that," responded the lady, with a relieved look, "although I was far from sharing the apprehension of the rest of the passengers. After all," she added reflectively, "why should we worry, even if there was something the matter with the screw? It's under the water and doesn't show."—Woman's Home Companion for April.

Different Uses of a Church. Deacon B. and Minister S. of Boston were not on the best of terms. It was the custom to let the church vestry for entertainments. A traveling show exhibiting an educated horse was allowed the use of the vestry by the deacon. The minister heard of it, and started out to find the deacon. They met at the postoffice and had it out right there.

Pig Dines Off Golf Balls.

At a golf club in Kent, England, the utmost indignation prevails owing to the action of a farmer in turning a pig out on to the golf links. The pig swallowed, as though it were his favorite food, a dozen golf balls in one afternoon.

Monotonous.

"I wish some musician would compose a new wedding march," said Mrs. Oaten, with an air of ennui. "I am dreadfully tired of Mendelssohn's and the one from 'Lohengrin.'"

Indian Princess Finds City. An Indian princess, the Begum of Bhopal, is founding a city in memory of her late husband. It is to be called Ahmadabad, and the princess offers free sites to all who wish to build houses.

To Stop Nose Bleeding.

Bleeding at the nose can often be stopped if the patient stands with arms upraised for some time. The application of ice to the spine is also very often effective in stopping the trouble.

Danger in Hasty Burial.

The sole and undisputed sign of death is the commencement of decomposition, or putrefaction. Why not, therefore, delay burial till this unequivocal testimony of nature has been afforded?

Fakirs of East India.

The fakirs of the East Indies are a very large class, numbering, it is believed, more than 3,000,000 of people, of whom about three-fifths are adherents of the Hindoo, and the remainder of the Mohammedan, religion.

Railroad Accidents in Italy.

Most railway accidents in Italy are due to the bad state of the rolling stock. Many of the cars are from thirty to forty years old, and not infrequently the brakes refuse to work in an emergency.

Chinese Buy Dried Ducks.

The Chinese in America prefer dried ducks imported from their country to those they can buy here, because the food found in the ponds near the Canton river gives the meat a flavor they most like.

D. L. Moody's Brother.

George F. Moody, the eldest brother of Dwight L. Moody, was a lifelong helper of the famous evangelist, especially in the work of the Northfield schools, and a man of genuine friendliness of feeling, and of deep, though quiet religious life.

No Person Indispensable.

Don't imagine that you are indispensable anywhere. Even an employer who could imagine it is a likely candidate for the bankruptcy court.—John A. Howland.

Vegetarian Footwear.

The London Vegetarian Messenger commends footwear "without animal taint." The soles are made of "Balata"—which is made of canvas and rubber—canvass is used for uppers and "bright-anerian cloth" for toe-caps, straps and trimmings.

Peat in Irish Bogs.

Experts calculate that Irish bogs are capable of turning out 50,000,000 tons of fuel a year for a thousand years, and, at the present prices, this would realize \$99,999,999 a year.

Rise Liars, And Salute Your Queen Ho All Ye Faithful Followers of Ananias GIVE EAR!

A Young Girl said to a Cooking School Teacher in New York: "If You make One Statement as False as That, All You have said about Foods is Absolutely Unreliable."

This burst of true American girl indignation was caused by the teacher saying that Grape-Nuts, the popular pre-digested food, was made of stale bread shipped in and sweetened.

The teacher colored up and changed the subject. There is quite an assortment of traveling and stay-at-home members of the tribe of Ananias who tell their falsehoods for a variety of reasons.

In the spring it is the custom on a cat-teranch to have a "round up," and brand the cattle, so we are going to have a "round up," and brand these cattle and place them in their proper pastures.

FIRST PASTURE.

Cooking school teachers—this includes "teachers" who have applied to us for a weekly pay if they would say "something nice" about Grape-Nuts and Postum, and when we have declined to hire them to do this they get wassy and show their true colors.

This also includes "demonstrators" and "lecturers" sent out by a certain Sanitarium to sell foods made there, and these people instructed by the small-be-whiskered doctor—the head of the institution—to tell these prevarications (you can speak the stronger word if you like). This small little doctor conducts a small magazine in which there is a department of "answers to correspondents," many of the questions as well as the answers being written by the aforesaid doctor.

In this column some time ago appeared the statement: "No, we cannot recommend the use of Grape-Nuts for it is nothing but bread with glucose poured over it." Right then he showed his badge as a member of the tribe of Ananias. He may have been a member for some time before, and so he has caused these "lecturers" to descend into the ways of the tribe wherever they go.

When the young lady in New York put the "iron on" to this "teacher" and branded her right we sent \$10.00 to the girl for her pluck and bravery.

SECOND PASTURE.

Editors of "Trade" papers known as grocers' papers. Remember, we don't put the brand on all, by any means. Only those that require it. These members of the tribe have demanded that we carry advertising in their papers and when we do not consider it advisable they institute a campaign of vituperation and slander, printing from time to time manufactured slurs on Postum or Grape-Nuts. When they go far enough we set our legal force at work and hale them to the judge to answer. If the pace has been hot enough to throw some of these "cattle" over their backs, feet tied and "bel-lowsing," do you think we should be blamed? They gambol around with tails held high and jump stiff legged with a very "cocky" air while they have full range, but when the rope is thrown over them "it's different."

Should we untie them because they bleat soft and low? Or should we put the iron on, so that people will know the brand? Let's keep them in this pasture, anyhow.

THIRD PASTURE.

Now we come to a frisky lot, the "Labor Union" editors. You know down in Texas a weed called "Loco" is sometimes eaten by a steer and produces a derangement of the brain that makes the steer "batty" or crazy. Many of these editors are "Lococoed" from hate of anyone who will not instantly obey the "demands" of a labor union, and it is the universal habit of such writers to go straight into a system of personal vilification, manufacturing any sort of falsehood through which to vent their spleen. We assert that the common citizen has a right to live and breathe air without asking permission of the labor trust and this has brought down on us the hate of these editors. When they go far enough with their libels, it is harsh for us to get judgment against them and have our lawyers watch for this a chance to attach money due them from others? (For they are usually irresponsible.)

Keep your eye out for the "Lococoed" editor.

Now let all these choice specimens take notice: We will deposit one thousand or fifty thousand dollars to be covered by a like amount from them, or any one of them, and if there was ever one ounce of old bread or any other ingredient different than our selected wheat and barley with a little salt and yeast used in the making of Grape-Nuts, we will lose the money.

Our pure food factories are open at all times to visitors, and thousands pass through each month, inspecting every department and every process. Our factories are so clean that one could, with good relish, eat a meal from the floors. The work people, both men and women, are of the highest grade in the state of Michigan, and according to the state labor reports, are the highest paid in the state for similar work.

Let us tell you exactly what you will see when you inspect the manufacture of Grape-Nuts. You will find tremendous elevators containing the choicest wheat and barley possible to buy. These grains are carried through long conveyers to grinding mills, and there converted into flour. Then the machines make selection of the proper quantities of this flour in the proper proportion and these parts are blended into a general flour which passes over to the big dough mixing machines, there water, salt and a little yeast are added and the dough kneaded the proper length of time.

Remember that previous to the barley having been ground it was passed through about one hundred hours of soaking in water, then placed on warm floors and slightly sprouted, developing the diastase in the barley, which changes the starch in the grain into a form of sugar.

Now after we have passed it into dough and it has been kneaded long enough it is mounded by machinery into loaves about 18 inches long and 5 or 6 inches in diameter. It is put into this shape for convenience in second cooking. These great loaves are sliced by machinery and the slices placed on wire trays, these trays, in turn, placed on great steel trucks, and rolled into the secondary ovens, each perhaps 75 or 80 feet long. There the food is subjected to a long low heat and the starch which has not been heretofore transformed is turned into a form of sugar generally known as Post Sugar. It can be seen glistening on the granules of Grape-Nuts if held toward the light, and this sugar is not poured over or put on the food as these prevaricators ignorantly assert. On the contrary the sugar exudes from the interior of each little granule during the process of manufacture, and reminds one of the little white particles of sugar that come out on the end of a hickory log after it has been sawed off and allowed to stand for a length of time.

This Post Sugar is the most digestible food known for human use. It is so perfect in its adaptability that mothers with very young infants will pour a little warm milk over two or three spoonfuls of Grape-Nuts, thus washing the sugar off from the granules and carrying it with

the milk to the bottom of the dish. Then this milk charged with Post Sugar is fed to the infants producing the most satisfactory results, for the baby has food that it can digest quickly and will go off to sleep well fed and contented.

When baby gets two or three months old it is the custom of some mothers to allow the Grape-Nuts to soak in the milk a little longer and become mushy, whereupon a little of the food can be fed in addition to the milk containing the washed off sugar.

It is by no means manufactured for a baby food, but these facts are stated as an illustration of a perfectly digestible food. It furnishes the energy and strength for the great athletes. It is in common use by physicians in their own families and among their patients, and can be seen on the table of every first-class college in the land.

We quote from the London Lancet analysis as follows:

"The basis of nomenclature of this preparation is evidently an American pleasantry, since 'Grape-Nuts' is derived solely from cereals. The preparatory process undoubtedly converts the food constituents into a much more digestible condition than in the raw cereal. This is evident from the remarkable solubility of the preparation, no less than one-half of it being soluble in cold water. The soluble part contains chiefly dextrin and no starch. In appearance 'Grape-Nuts' resembles fried bread-crumbs. The grains are brown and crisp, with a pleasant taste not unlike slightly burnt malt. According to our analysis the following is the composition of 'Grape-Nuts': Moisture, 6.02 per cent; mineral matter, 2.01 per cent; fat, 1.60 per cent; proteins, 15.00 per cent; soluble carbohydrates, etc., 49.40 per cent; and unaltered carbohydrates (insoluble), 25.97 per cent. The features worthy of note in this analysis are the excellent proportion of protein, mineral matters, and soluble carbohydrates per cent. The mineral matter was rich in phosphoric acid. 'Grape-Nuts' is described as a brain and nerve food, whatever that may be. Our analysis, at any rate, shows that it is a nutritive of a high order, since it contains the constituents of a complete food in very satisfactory and rich proportion and in an easily assimilable state."

An analysis made by the Canadian Government some time ago shows that Grape-Nuts contains nearly ten times the digestible elements contained in ordinary cereals, and food, and nearly twice the amount contained in any other food analyzed.

The analysis is familiar to practically every successful physician in America and London.

We print this statement in order that the public may know the exact facts upon which we stake our honor and will back it with any amount of money that any person or corporation will put up.

We propose to follow some of these choice specimens of the tribe of Ananias. When you hear a cooking school teacher or any other person assert that either Postum or Grape-Nuts are made of any other ingredients than those printed on the packages and as we say they are made, send us the name and address, also name of two or three witnesses, and if the evidence is clear enough to get a judgment we will right that wrong quickly.

Our business has always been conducted on as high a grade of human intelligence as we are capable of, and we propose to clear the deck of these prevaricators and liars whenever and wherever they can be found.

Attention is again called to the general and broad invitation to visitors to go through our works, where they will be shown the most minute process and device in order that they may understand how pure and clean and wholesome Grape-Nuts and Postum are.

There is an old saying among business men that there is some chance to train a fool, but there is no room for a liar, for you never can tell where you are, and we hereby serve notice on those printed on this ancient tribe of Ananias that they may follow their calling in other lines, but when they put forth their lies about Grape-Nuts and Postum, we propose to give them an opportunity to answer to the proper authorities.

The New York girl wisely said that if a person would lie about one item, it brands the whole discourse as absolutely unreliable.

Keep your iron ready and brand these "mavericks" whenever you find them running loose.

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