

Farmers should eat more oatmeal. Although the farmer of today is able to buy almost anything he wants to wear or eat he isn't paying enough attention to food values when it comes to his own table.

He feeds his stock carefully, avoids over-feeding and selects the stock food that he believes will give the best returns in strength and general efficiency.

If he has been watching the extensive researches and experiments on the question of the best human food for muscle and brain he will heed the advice from all sides to "eat more Quaker Oats."

Quaker Oats is mentioned because it is recognized in this country and Europe as the best of all oatmeals. Feeding farm hands on Quaker Oats means getting more work out of them than if you feed them on anything else.

Good Work in Denmark.

Under legislation enacted in 1905 the Danish government pays three-fourths of the expenses of all poor persons who desire to be treated in tuberculosis sanatoria. When the hospitals under construction are completed Denmark will have one bed in tuberculosis hospitals or sanatoria for every 1,200 inhabitants, a fact which will mean that the length of treatment can be considerably extended. In the United States there is one bed for every 4,500 inhabitants.

Money and expense are not essential to artistic homes and attractive rooms. One dollar and fifty cents' worth of material will completely transform a crude, untidy room into a graceful, dainty apartment.

Really it is good taste and skill that makes the home homelike. The daintiness is worth twice as much as money.

Wall paper is expensive—it costs money to lay it, to hang it and again to remove it. With the use of the alabastined wall there is only the slight cost of the material—any one can brush it on—and it is not necessary to wash it off the wall when a fresh coat is required.

It is very easy to mix, very simple to apply, but the results are simply beautiful. A whole house can be done at just a little more than the cost of a single room when ordinary materials are used.

And this is true, that now that we have so much better materials for use in the decoration of our homes, that wall paper, common kalsomine and paint are now as much out of date as the old time whitewash, tallow candles and rough hewn floors. More money is no longer an essential in good housefurnishing in artistic homes.

The new materials and labor-saving machines are most welcome to us all—and every thoughtful woman, every woman who cares for her home, is quick to utilize them.

In Demand.

"An infant in a Pullman car set up a loud wail, and would not be consoled," narrates a high railroad official, "and I came forward and told the young mother that I had helped to raise five, and that I thought I could secure a quietus. I put the little tum tum across my knees, and with a gentle jogging achieved beautiful results.

"Instead of giving me the credit I deserved, some drummers in the car showed stern disapproval of my 'butting in.'

"At 2 a. m., the baby woke up and stayed awake, and kept every one else in the car awake. Finally a gruff voice asked:

"Where's that fool that put it to sleep this afternoon, I wonder?"

Wrong View of Marriage.

"There would be less divorce," said ex-Gov. Pennypacker, "if there were fewer men like William Windle."

William Windle embarked on an excursion steamer for Point Breeze, and a few miles out, as he paced the upper deck and drank in the bracing ozone, he spied his friend Jackson.

"Why Jackson, how are ye?" he exclaimed. "Are ye out for pleasure, or is yer wife along?"

Another Bright Boy.

"Now, children, asked the teacher, 'what is the use of a calendar?'

"Please, mum," answered Willie, "it tells where you'd order git yer life insured."—Cleveland Leader.

There are lots of people who can't take a joke, and a good many times it isn't through any fault of their own.

ROSY COLOR Produced by Postum.

"When a person rises from each meal with a ringing in the ears and a general sense of nervousness, it is a common habit to charge it to a deranged stomach.

"I found it was caused from drinking coffee, which I never suspected for a long time, but found by leaving off coffee that the disagreeable feelings went away.

"I was brought to think of the subject by getting some Postum and this brought me out of trouble.

"It is a most appetizing and invigorating beverage and has been of such great benefit to me that I naturally speak of it from time to time as opportunity offers.

"A lady friend complained to me that she had tried Postum, but it did not taste good. In reply to my question she said she guess she boiled it about ten minutes. I advised her to follow directions and know that she boiled it fifteen or twenty minutes, and she would have something worth talking about. A short time ago I heard one of her children say that they were drinking Postum now-a-days, so I judge she succeeded in making it good, which is by no means a difficult task.

"The son of one of my friends was formerly a pale lad, but since he has been drinking Postum, has a fine color. There is plenty of evidence that Postum actually does 'make red blood,' as the famous trade-mark says."

Read "The Road to Wellville," found in pgs. "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.

TALES OF GOTHAM AND OTHER CITIES

This Elephant Has Odd Dinner Call



NEW YORK.—Luna, the big elephant at the Bronx zoo, has found a new use for the big lignum vitae bowling ball the keeper has given her. Gunda, her husband, has a big cage in the other corner of the building, but Luna can never catch sight of him. So to amuse her and keep her from making too many eyes at Pete, the fat hippopotamus, whose cage is across the room, the keeper got her a bowling ball bigger than a man's head.

Luna never learned to bowl, and the round, hard, inedible thing was a curiosity to her.

When they put an empty beer barrel in her cage for her to play with she solved the mystery by finding that if she blew into the hung hole it made a whistling noise that attracted the attention of Pete and sometimes woke him out of an afternoon nap, but this hard, round polished ball was no good as far as she could see.

First she put it in her mouth and tried to bite it, but it wouldn't masticate and only hurt her tongue. Then she put it on the floor and tried to stand on it with all four feet, but it wouldn't be still long enough and her

Story of Gotham



NEW YORK.—Original comedians and humorists who are funnier off the stage than on have put over a great many things along Broadway this season. As the result everybody along the thoroughfare is perpetually on guard for tricks, jokes and hilarious quips. The thing has gone so far that a Comanche Indian, raving drunk from a Wild West show, would probably be taken for a joking actor made up for a bit of fun, and you couldn't convince the mob that the savage was a real one.

An instance of this belief was shown in front of the Cadillac, where a number of players and their friends had gathered for harmless discussion. Up to the group came a typical peddler. His derby hat came down over his ears and rested on the bridge of his nose, his coat and trousers fitted him, not exactly as they do upon the stage, a scruffy black beard jutted from his chin and a little tray full of collar buttons hung from his shoulders.

"Gentlemen," said he, "wouldn't you buy somedings?"

He broke away, followed by enthusiastic cheers, and not even when he returned with Officer Hughie Jones could the crowd be convinced that it wasn't some joyous actor playing the best impersonated joke that has been seen in years on Broadway. It was no joke, however—the peddler was as real as Essex street, and the crowd had to buy 90 cents' worth of his collar buttons before he would be pacified.

"Loafers, loafers," he squaled, enraged beyond endurance. "You been fresh too much, and I go get it a pot—Humphreys, that I can't spot him. Take it off, old pal!" And Joe, seizing the straggly black beard, gave it a hearty haul. The peddler emitted a howl of surprise, agony and rage. Dropping his head, he butted goat-like and drove his derby into Mr. Humphreys' features.

"Gentlemen," said he, "you all been

fresh too much, and I go get it a pot—Humphreys, that I can't spot him. Take it off, old pal!"

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