LIFE VERSUS DEATH BREAD

Physician Claims Much for Preparation That He Asserts Has Renewed His Life.

The physician had once been a dyspeptic, sour and morose; but his color was now ruddy and clear, his spirits light, and his health excellent.

"Death bread," he said, "laid me low. Death bread kept me a dyspeptic for ten long, sad years. And life bread has made me my own buoyant, healthy, happy self again.

"What do I mean by death bread? I mean ordinary bread. Why do I call it death bread? Because it is alive with putrefactive germs—because, by more than one authority, the yeast cells in it are said to be identical with the diseased cells of pus—and, therefore, are a poison.

"Yeast, in fact, is as unhealthy as its sickly smell and musty, slimy consistency would lead you to believe. It is a mass of living germs—and along with these are mingled putrefactive germs. Yeast is a very harmful thing. It makes bread a very harmful thing. All bread made with yeast is death bread.

"Life bread—that is what I eat. I make it myself. I take wheat of the finest quality, unground, and I roast it over a hot fire in a thick iron saucepan. The grains, an inch deep in the pan, are stirred continually. They pop, like popcorn, and, when all have popped—it is a matter of about ten minutes—my life bread is done.

"Each grain of this life bread is a loaf, a miniature, delicious loaf, brown and crisp, that falls to powder on being bitten. Life bread must be kept in air-tight tins. It is the healthiest, the most nourishing, and the best-flavored bread in existence. But it must be confessed that the loaves are rather small."

TACTFUL VOTER WAS THIS

Simple Peasant Cast His Ballot to Accompaniment of Delicious Bit of Humor.

The simple people of Alsace, who retain in their hearts a strong love for France at the same time that they are desirous not to offend their German rulers too much, frequently have a hard time of it when they are brought to the ballot box to vote for representatives in the German parliament.

In one election in a certain Alsatian district the two candidates were Kable, an Alsatian of French sympathies, who had protested against the annexation after the war of 1870, and a German. On election day a peasant came to the polling place, which was presided over by a German official. The peasant had in one hand a ticket on which was printed the name of Kable, and in the other a ticket bearing the name of the German candidate.

"Mein Herr," he said to the German election official, "will you tell me which of these tickets is the better one?"

The officer looked at them. "Why, this is much preferable," said he, indicating the German's ticket.

"Ah, I thank you," answered the peasant. "I will keep it next my heart." He folded it carefully and put it inside his coat. "As for this other, then," said he, with an air of putting it away from him as an unworthy thing, "I will leave it here." And he put the Kable ticket in the ballot box.

Meant Their Work to Last.

Some of the early stones of Welsh slate in New England burial grounds show very fine carving, evidently the product of English rather than Colonial workmen. The enduring quality of these memorials is evident on a comparison between them and other stones put up at a much later date. In one of the old yards at Billerica, Mass., many of the stones of mid-eighteenth century dates are badly scaled and partially illegible, while the oldest stone in the yard, dated 1684, shows no serious effect of weather and others almost as old are equally plain; practicaly unchanged after two centuries of exposure to the New England climate.

Auto Took Long Jump.

With the case of a veteran hunter taking a hurdle, a Sydney, N. S. W., taxicab recently cleared a 10½-foot ditch, landing on the opposite side with every tire burst, front doors telescoped, axles badly bent, and the framework strained and knocked out of gear. The chauffeur and inmates, however, were quite unhurt save for a severe shaking. Workmen were engaged in taking out a culvert on the road at this point, and had removed the decking. At noon they had left work to eat lunch in a nearby field; and it was at this juncture that the car came speeding along, the chauffeur failing to notice the condition of the road.

Bee Keeping for Women.

"Nothing could induce us to give up bee keeping for, aside from the profit, the larger returns of health and happiness, the pure joy of living in the sunshine and watching the tireless workers as they come in with loads of pollen and nectar outweigh any financial consideration," says a writer in Farmer's Wife.

To sum it all up bee keeping is preeminently a "woman's job" whether for pleasure or profit or for a combination of both. The financial returns compare favorably with anything else from farm or garden, while to those who love outdoor life bee keeping is the most fascinating of all avocations.

Widow's Pension.

The recent act of April 19th, 1908 gives to all soldiers' widows a pension $12 per month. Fred Maurer, the attorney, has all necessary blanks.