

THE RICHEST SPOT IN CUBA

OUR hours east of Havana in Pinar del Rio is one of the most valuable tracts of land on the face of the earth. There are but two places in the whole world where the ground is worth so much as in the Vuelta Abajo.

These two places are that portion of the valley of the Rhine where the Johannisberger grape is grown, from which Liebfraumilch and other fine wines are made, and the Kimberly diamond district in South Africa. In the Vuelta Abajo the soil grows tobacco which when properly cured, rolled and stamped can be sold in the shape of cigars at the rate of \$7.50 each.

What, then, is the marvel of this precious tobacco ground? To the eye—nothing. Dusty red loam rather thin on rocky hillside and sparingly spread with tender ferns as a half blind man disperses his hair impartially over his head. Next to each tobacco vega (a farm of an average extent of 40 acres) is a hayfield. The hay is not raised for animals. It is cut and spread on the tobacco land and there decomposed and washed into the soil by the rains. It is the fertilizer.

But it is not hay fertilizer alone that makes Vuelta Abajo tobacco what it is, nor yet the cheesecloth protection that keeps out the hottest rays of the sun, nor yet the choice seed, nor even yet the mild, equable nature of the climate, nor the chemical composition of the soil. For each and every one of these conditions is reproduced in other places without that surprising and delicious climax of tobacco culture that comes alone from the heart of Pinar del Rio.

Neither science nor experience can tell exactly what it is that makes Vuelta Abajo tobacco just what it is. But the native Cuban knows the secret. In strict confidence he sometimes confides this secret to make it public. The great superiority of Vuelta Abajo tobacco over all others lies in the fact that each year on Easter Sunday the soil of every vega in the province is anointed with the blood of a fighting cock killed in honorable combat.

That I might have no doubt of this astonishing agricultural theory I was shown the training quarters of the fighting cocks of the district. While I was there the old trainer gave them their morning meal of bananas and milk and massaged them under the wing pits with Malaga wine.

The cockfight has entered curiously into Cuban politics. The most brilliant man in affairs there is Alfredo Zayas, now vice-president. He is the Elihu Root of the island, an attorney, shrewd, hard working, farsighted. Unfortunately for his presidential aspirations he listened long and eagerly to American ideas of Cuban affairs as they should be. That is where he fell down. Jose Miguel Gomez listened to Cuban affairs as they are.

Zayas thought it would be a good thing to suppress the cockfight. The Americans told him it would be. It is a cruel sport; it is barbaric; it is not pleasant to the Anglo-Saxon taste; so the Americans told Zayas and Zayas listened, too eagerly. Gomez knew he was dealing with a Castilian people; he was a Castilian himself. He loved a cockfight himself, just as every one of his true compatriots did. He loved Zayas in Havana was trying to convince his countrymen that they should abolish cockfighting. Gomez, in Pinar del Rio, was personally attending the Easter Sunday anointing of Vuelta Abajo tobacco lands; and Gomez was elected president of the Cuban republic.

But Cuba is only one-half tobacco. The other half is sugar, with a dash of bacardi. This half stretches from Guantanamo to the Bay of Nipe and discharges its sweet substance through the harbors of Cienfuegos and Santiago. A trip to Cuba would not be complete without a visit to a sugar refinery, and that is comparatively easy for an American, for four-fifths of them are either owned or managed by Americans and their countrymen are always welcome visitors.

There you can see the sugar cane hatched from the fat cars at one end of the refinery and, following it down the course of its journey to the other end, you discover strange emanations into the various vats. Into the first pours a sirup as thick and almost as black as crude asphalt and into the end one pours the very finest sirup of all, a yellow stream as thin as the sap from a maple tree in spring. From the black stream is crystallized the lowest grade of brown sugar; from the light yellow stream the highest grade of cube sugar.

As you leave the sugar refinery you will pass through miles of sugar cane and if you are there late in the season you will at convenient intervals come upon a treacherous looking fellow carrying a rifle in the hollow of his arm. He means you closely and will be quite sure of your pacific identity before you will be allowed to pass on. All over the island those guards are as numerous almost as the workers.

Right here, in this sugar guard, you can study quickly all the complicated, melodramatic politics of the island. Why should he guard sugar cane? Because in the heart of the sugar cane lies all the inflammable spirit of revolution. Around this sugar cane revolves world politics, for it is the



twain backbone of Cuban industry, and there, on a par with tobacco, is guiding the finances of the realm; and, as everyone knows, high finance is today the soul of politics, indeed of statecraft.

If any Cuban workman becomes disaffected for any cause whatever or for

sheepskin or of goatskin, and let it be as cheap as possible, for it does not need to be trimmed with fur. Send with a pair of heavy soles also. As soon as I have an opportunity I will pay you.

So much for the letter, to the motive of which the reader can point with as much precision as the author. Apparently it was written in winter, poor Mnesiergos having been surprised out in the open country by one of those icy snowstorms which sometimes even at this day cover the temples of Acropolis with a mantle of snow. Therefore he desired to receive as quickly as possible the heavy and warm garment of the poorer countrymen, a goatskin, which could be bought for 4½ drachmas, and the strong soles which were worn under the ordinary sandals on the rural plains and hillsides. A good pair of the latter could be bought for four drachmas, as a well-preserved bill of that date shows.

A noteworthy feature of this artless letter is the formula that may be found used in very numerous letters that were preserved by the Greek literature of later times. Even at the present day every letter written by a rural Greek begins with the same cordial inquiry about the health of the person to whom the letter is written and with the brief information about the health of the writer.

RACE IS NEARING ITS END

The Marquesans, a Strong and Handsome People, Are Literally Rotting Away.

Of all the inhabitants of the South seas, the Marquesans were adjudged the strongest and the most beautiful. And now all this strength and beauty has departed, and the valley of Typee is the abode of some dozen wretched creatures, afflicted by leprosy, elephantiasis and tuberculosis. Melville estimated the population at 2,000, not taking into consideration the small adjoining valley of Ho-o-u-mi. Life has rotted away in this wonderful garden spot, where the climate is as delightful and healthful as any to be found in the world. Not alone were the Typeans physically magnificent; they were pure. Their air did not contain the bacilli and germs and microbes of disease that fill our own air. And when the white man imported in his ships these various micro-organisms of disease the Typeans crumpled up and went down before them.

When one considers the situation, one is almost driven to the conclusion that the white race flourishes on "impurity and corruption. Natural selection, however, gives the explanation. We of the white race are the survivors and the descendants of the thousands of generations of survivors in the war with micro-organisms. Whenever one of us was born with a constitution peculiarly receptive to these minute enemies, such a one promptly died. Only those of us survived who could withstand them. We who are alive are the immune, the fit—the ones best constituted to live in a world of hostile micro-organisms. The poor Marquesans

Something She Didn't Know

Colored Lady Evidently Had Standing in the Best of New York Society.

Two ladies, strangers to each other, were seated upon a bench on the platform of a New York suburban station waiting for a train. One of them was young, pretty, and very stylishly dressed. There was plenty of room on the bench and a neat-looking colored woman leaning a spotlessly clad

little pickaninny by the hand, came and sat down between the two women. As she did so the younger got up and began pacing up and down the platform. The darky's eyes blazed and she was offended at once.

"Huh!" she exclaimed, ostensibly addressing the four-year-old pickaninny, but really speaking for the benefit of the lady at the other end of the bench. "She's got bad blood in her, all right—thinks cos she's got

no cause he may light a cigarette, stroll into the sugar cane, flip his partially consumed weed into the field and pass on. In less than an hour that entire plantation will be in ashes and thousands upon thousands of dollars will have gone up in smoke. And who will decipher the origin? No one, unless the ever-vigilant guard prevents the tossing of the cigarette and then there will be no fire.

But a great number of tourists never see the sugar fields, never see the tobacco lands. Those who are wealthy spend their time motoring along the beautiful roads which surround Havana and stretch even as far as Santa Clara, a third of the way across the island. The others stick to the hotels, see an occasional cockfight, visit the jai alai courts or dance the pleasant evenings away under the semitropic moon.

The people who support the leading hosteleries are to a great and growing extent those who take their own automobiles to Cuba. Every year new and better roads are being opened. Already those near Havana are about as perfect as the climate.

THE OLDEST ATTIC LETTER

Gives a Glimpse of Manners and Customs in Demosthenes' Time.

A little leaden tablet, tarnished, ugly and otherwise trivial in appearance, was sent a few years ago from Athens to the Imperial museum of Berlin, the Scientific American says.

On one side of it was some writing which only recently was deciphered, with precise correctness by Adolph Wilhelm. The tablet is the original of a private letter that was written about the time of the orator Demosthenes.

The writer of the letter lived in a rural neighborhood and wished to send a commercial order to a town. The form of the address was: "To be taken to the pottery market and to be handed to Nausias, or to Thrasylkos, or to the son" (perhaps the son of the writer was meant). The weekly market, to which the Attic countrymen had gone to offer their produce and wares for sale, may be imagined in progress. There the boy who was bearer of the letter was to find the stand or booth of one of the three persons to whom it was addressed and deliver it to him. The text of the letter says: "Mnesiergos greets you cordially, he greets your family with the same esteem and wishes them good health, and he says also that his own health is good. Please be so kind as to send me a mantle, either of

sheepskin or of goatskin, and let it be as cheap as possible, for it does not need to be trimmed with fur. Send with a pair of heavy soles also. As soon as I have an opportunity I will pay you.

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had undergone no such selection. They were not immune, and they, who had made a custom of eating their enemies, were now eaten by enemies so microscopic as to be invisible, and against whom no war of dart and javelin was possible. On the other hand, had there been a few hundred thousand Marquesans to begin with, there might have been sufficient survivors to lay the foundation for a new race—a regenerated race, if a plunge into a festering bath of organic poison can be called a regeneration.—Pacific Monthly.

New Feminine Industry.

The studio girl showed 16 slabs of cake wrapped in tissue paper and tagged with well-known names. "That is wedding cake," she said. "I got these pieces because I designed the cakes. Early last fall I came to the conclusion that wedding cakes don't stand as high in art as they deserve to. For the first time in my life I took to studying society notes. Whenever a big wedding was announced I put in a bid for designing the wedding cake, just as an architect bids for building a house. The idea appealed to a number of people who are always on the lookout for novelties and they paid me a good price for drawing up plans for the baker to work on. In addition to the money, I got a slice of every cake. The money is all gone, but I am still hanging on to the cake."—New York Sun.

An Easy Angel.

"Any good thing in the new musical show?"

"Yes; the backer was a 'good thing'."—Kansas City Times.

good clothes, she owns dia bench. "Why did she get up Auntie?" asked the child.

"Cos she thinks she's too good to sit aside of us," blustered the woman.

"Can't anybody sit on these benches, Auntie?" questioned the child.

"Of course they can, child—but she thinks just cos she's got good clothes she's too good to sit aside of us. Little she knows," in a louder key, "little she knows dat Mrs. Astorbilt comes and sits in our house by de hour—little she knows dat I reckon.

TO BROIL A STEAK

SIMPLE FORM OF COOKING LITTLE UNDERSTOOD.

American Housewives Have Not Paid Enough Attention to This Approved Method of Preparing Food for the Table.

In view of the fact that broiling is one of the simplest forms of cooking, it is strange that so many scorched and dried up or half-raw steaks appear on the American table, and if they are broiled properly the chances are that they are not seasoned sufficiently. Any steak, however tender, can be improved by rubbing it, before broiling, with olive oil or melted butter. After rubbing it in this way let it stand half an hour at least, turning it once during that time. Sometimes a little vinegar—about a tablespoonful of the best—is also rubbed over it. The acid softens the fiber of the meat and the oil protects the surface from drying. The vinegar is particularly useful in the treatment of tough steaks, but any steak is improved by it. A tough piece of steak like the round should stand several hours after being rubbed with oil and vinegar, but it is better not to try to broil round steaks. They will always be more or less tough, while they become deliciously tender if stuffed and braised or stewed slowly with tomatoes and savory seasonings.

Just before broiling dredge the steak lightly with flour. This, mixing with the oil, forms a coating over the meat as it cooks, and shuts in the juices.

When first put over the fire the steak should be held for two minutes as near the red coals as possible without burning and should be turned every ten seconds. This is to sear it over. After it is seared it should be lifted and allowed to cook a little further from the fire until done. After the first two minutes it should be turned only occasionally, and care should be taken not to puncture the protective coating with a fork. While some persons want their steak well done, the consensus of opinion is that it should be as rare as possible with its degree, a steak an inch thick will require six minutes. To be well done a steak should broil 12 minutes, or even longer. These figures presuppose a very hot fire. If it is not quite so hot as it should be a longer time must be allowed.

During the broiling process all the drafts of the stove should be opened and the bed of coals should be brilliant, without flame. The grate should be well filled, so as to bring the fire close to the meat. If any smoke or flame is present the meat will have a disagreeable flavor. The great chefs prefer a charcoal bed for broiling. One of the advantages of a gas range is that as the meat is broiled under the flame instead of over it the fat does not fall into the fire, but into a pan beneath, where it cannot start a blaze that scorches the meat. When broiling on a wood or coal stove, lay the fat edge of the meat toward the handle of the broiler, where it will be removed as far as possible from the fire. Grease the broiler before putting in the meat.

Season with salt and pepper last of all and serve on a heated platter with out delay.

Green Salad.

The vegetables which are new at this time—fresh garden lettuce, chicory, dandelion, watercress, romaine, etc., make the most refreshing green salads. Crisp the green stuff in cold water an hour before using, drain perfectly dry, and season with salt, cayenne, olive oil and lemon juice. Mayonnaise, you must understand, is distinctly a winter delicacy and so one that brings no refreshment to the palate at this time of year. For those who like garlic, the cut end of a clove rubbed on a bit of toast, which is afterwards tossed with the green stuff, gives a delicious snap to the dish.

Tomato Salad.

Pare six or eight small tomatoes and scoop out a small quantity of the pulp from each; sprinkle the insides with salt, invert and chill. Fill the cavities with the following mixture:

One tablespoonful of finely chopped parsley, three tablespoonfuls of cream cheese, one tablespoonful of mushroom catsup, a dash of white pepper, one saltspoonful of salt, eight stoned and chopped olives and sufficient French dressing to moisten. Arrange on a bed of fresh watercress and top each with a teaspoonful of bar-le-duc jelly.

Turkish Rice.

Put into a saucepan a cupful of stewed and strained tomatoes. Add half a pint of stock, one chopped onion and salt and pepper to taste. When the mixture comes to a boil, stir in a cupful of well washed rice. Stir lightly until the liquor is absorbed; then pu, in a cupful of butter. Steam over a slow fire for 20 minutes. Remove the top, stir gently and cover with a cloth until the steam has escaped. Add a cupful of cold chopped meat. Cook for another three minutes and serve very hot.

Steamed Eggs.

Steamed eggs make a nice breakfast dish, and they are particularly dainty when cooked in a steam cooker. Butter the cups, and drop a raw egg into each, sprinkle with a speck of salt and pepper, and steam until the whites are firm. Slip each egg on a round of toast and serve at once.—Harper's Bazar.

Maple Buns.

To one pint of bread sponge add one small cupful of grated maple sugar, two large eggs, well beaten, one-half scant cupful of soft butter, one-half teaspoonful of salt, and flour to make a soft dough. When light, shape into buns and let rise again. Bake in a quick oven.

Insects.

Dissolve one pound of alum in two quarts of water. Let it remain overnight, until all the alum is dissolved. Then, with a brush, apply boiling hot to every joint or crevice in the closet or shelves where croton bugs, ants, cockroaches, etc., intrude.

Simple Street Hat



If you are looking for comfort and service in a street hat and want to be sure that it embodies style and becomingness as well, study the models shown here.

Fig. 1 shows a French hat woven in one piece and faced with a demifac of black velvet. It is so altogether charming that it will tempt the price of a much more elaborate effort from almost any discriminating buyer. Nothing could be simpler than its decoration of two pheasant feathers mounted with a big, jeweled straw cabochon. This mounting of two long quills gives them an importance which places them in the "chantecler" class at once. And one must not complain at the high price of a "chantecler" pattern. This is really one of the most beautifully balanced shapes which is to be found. Call it the "hen-pheasant" model and cheerfully part with 200 francs for it in Paris. It will finally dawn upon those who observe that there are other things to a hat besides trimmings.

Fig. 2, of which two views are shown, is an American model in royal blue and white braid. The brim is soft and beautifully draped, and

the whole make up of the hat shows the handiwork of an artist in millinery. Folded velvet is thrust through the brim at the left and extends across the back and disappears under the brim at the right side. Two blue wings spring out of the crown. A flower hatpin holds the turban in place, but is no part of the design. This is a very commendable design, and this is true of its modest price.

Nothing could be more unpretentious or more finished than a simple hat now much worn. This is of a durable braid in burnt straw color, faced with black satin ribbon. The ribbon, bordered with braid, is laid in a scant flat rosette and finished with four "ears." The crown is very large, but a model similarly trimmed, having a smaller crown, has been made and is even more successful than the original.

The American models are hand-made of rows of braid sewed together. The braids are light in weight, very soft and of high luster. There is nothing rigid or heavy about the shapes, and they are altogether satisfactory.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

CONFIRMATION DRESS.



The dress we show here is pretty in its simplicity. It may be made up in white material. A plastron is taken down the center front, the bodice and skirt joining it with a wrapped seam; a strap of silk edges the foot of skirt, also the over-sleeves, and another is taken over the shoulders, while the lace yoke is edged by a small plastron of silk. The under-sleeves are of lace to match the yoke.

Materials required: Six yards 44 inches wide, one dozen buttons, two yards lace, two yards silk.

CONCEAL JOINING OF LACE

Easy to Arrange, Though Much Depends Upon the Quality of Material That is Used.

It is possible to join lace so the joining is almost entirely concealed. This is managed in several ways, much depending upon the kind of lace and how it is used.

For a yoke or other solid surface that is to be flat it is better to apply the lace together. Cut out the design irregularly and join it to the under piece so that it continues the pattern. The edges are buttonholed, sewed or overcast together according to which stitch shows least. Do this with fine thread and cut away all ragged edges.

For firmness it will usually be found necessary to join the under side also. In this case make the stitches on right side small.

Where lace is to be joined for a ruffle the best way to do it is to buttonhole the edges together in the tightest possible seam. Use a fine thread and do the stitching neatly. This same

ORNAMENT FOR THE INSTEP

Lace Insertion Is the Most Popular of the Designs Sanctioned by Fashion.

Instead of a lengthy embroidering process on the stocking instep, lace is substituted as an insert.

This work is usually done on the black or the white stocking, and the lace chosen is let in in a diamond-shaped piece—a very elongated and narrow diamond.

The long strip of insertion, or all-over lace, is basted upon the instep just where it will show above the slipper. A diamond shape is then outlined with white thread, and over-and-over stitch in floss to match the stocking, and about an eighth of an inch wide.

This done, the remaining flaps of the lace, outside of the diamond, are cut away and then the stocking is turned and that part of it beneath the diamond of lace is clipped carefully out.

If your work is well done, stocking and lace will not pull apart.

This is a lacy relief from the regulation embroidery and will prove beautiful for your friend, the June bride.

For the Dressing Table.

A convenient set of three small consecutive bags, which will prove wonderfully convenient if hung beside the dressing table, is made from a yard length of pompadour, Dresden or plain sash ribbon divided into three equal parts, folded into bag shape, the sides overcast missing beads by matching their color, if the salvage and the tops equipped with sets of rather long ribbon hangers, which join under a big rosette or a silk-covered cabochon. The same design may be used for a desk accessory for preserving special scraps of paper, by making the triplet bags of chamolis, bordered with ribbon and decorated with the embroidered initials of the owner, each bag compartment bearing a different letter.

Method is Often Used on Yokes and for Thin Laces is Better, Perhaps, than Appliquing.

Press the edges open on right side between thumb and first finger so it does not pucker.

Some persons lap the edges of the lace so that the wrong side of the left side lies for about a quarter of an inch upon the right side of the under piece. Both ends are then hemmed in tiny stitches. This prevents a seam, but is almost impossible to do without showing.

Never join lace by sewing in a French seam, as it is entirely too bulky, and, no matter how carefully done, will not look neat. Above all, do not content yourself with sewing in a single seam. The edges curl badly at first washing and the lace is apt to pull apart.

Floor Stain.

An inexpensive floor stain: One ounce of permanganate of potash dissolved in quart of warm water. Wood painted with it when dry will be a deep brown color and with one coat of varnish will look well. Must not allow it to touch the hands; it will stain the skin.

CHURCHMAN'S STOMACH WEAK

Rev. Lapley Suffered Twelve Years From It—How He Cured It; You Also Can, Free.

Through an announcement that he saw in his local paper the Rev. J. D. Lapley of Avondale Station, Birmingham, Ala., learned that he could obtain a free trial bottle of a remedy for the cure of indigestion, and as he was interested because he suffered that way he wrote for it. The remedy was Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin.

Mr. Lapley, who is a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and a member of the Central Alabama Conference, took the free bottle with the result that he was very speedily cured. Mrs. Alice Northrup, you or any other sufferer from constipation, indigestion and dyspepsia, such as such digestive troubles can have a free trial bottle sent to your home provided by forwarding your name and address. It is the greatest, mildest, best, most effective laxative tonic you ever tried. Druggists will sell you the regular bottles at 25 cents or 50 cents, and results are guaranteed. A picture of Mrs. Northrup, of Quincy, Ill., a cured patient, is presented herewith. If there is anything about your case that you don't understand, write the doctor and he will advise you. The address is Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 201 Caldwell Bldg., Monticello, Ill.

A girl isn't necessarily a jewel because she is set in her ways.

Many who used to smoke 100 cigars now buy Lewis' Single Binder straight 50.

Poor indeed. Ella—My face is my fortune. Stella—You destitute thing!

The Usual Thing.

Mrs. Rangles—I am always outspoke.

Mr. Rangles—And I am generally outtalked.—Smart Set.

Neither.

English Waiter—Which side of the table do you wish to sit on, sir?

American Guest—I prefer to sit on a chair.—Judge.

CUT THIS OUT

And mail to the A. H. Lewis Medicine Co., St. Louis, Mo., and they will send you free a 30 day treatment of NATU'S REMEDY (N.R. tablets) Guaranteed for Rheumatism, Constipation, Sick Headache, Liver, Kidney and Blood Diseases. Sold by all Druggists. Better than Pills for Liver Ills. It's free to you. Write today.

Drain on Country's Resources.

In 1908, the foreign-born population of 13.6 per cent. furnished 15.6 per cent. of the criminals, 20.8 per cent. of the paupers, and 23.5 per cent. of the insane. Between 1904 and 1908, the aliens in these institutions increased 34 per cent.

Fit for Tat.

Stranger (to prominent clergyman)—I came in here, sir, to criticize your church management and tell you how it ought to be run.

Prominent Clergyman (amazed)—What do you mean, sir? How dare you? Who are you, anyway?

"I am the humble editor of the paper you have been writing to."—Life.

Something to Crow About.

The Gander—Suffering cats! What sort of noise-gem has got into that ridiculous rooster lately? His darn crowing has developed into a continuous performance.

The Drake—Why, he imagines he's in the public eye since the production of Rostand's "Chantecler."

A Boomerang.

One of the officials of the Midland railway, coming from Glenwood Springs the other day, was telling a young woman on the train how wonderfully productive Colorado's irrigated ground is.

"Really," he explained, "it's so rich that girls who walk on it have big feet. It just simply makes their feet grow."

"Huh," was the young woman's rejoinder, "some of the Colorado men must have been going around walking on their heads."—Denver Post.

Knew Her Latin.

"De-f-e-n-d-a-m," spelled the youngster on the rear seat as the "rubber-neck" wagon was passing the Twenty-second Regiment armory, at Broadway and Sixty-eighth street. "What does that mean, suntu?"

"I didn't quite catch what the guide said," replied the old lady. "Oh, Mr. Guide, won't you kindly tell us what it says on that building?"

"Def-en-dum!" roared the guide through his megaphone, dividing the word into three sections.

"That's what it is," said the old lady. "A dead and dumb asylum."

Children Especially Like

The sweet, "toastic" flavour of

Post Toasties

Crisp, fluffy bits of perfectly ripe white corn—cooked, rolled and then toasted to an appetizing brown.

Served with cream and sometimes fruit, this dainty food pleases the whole family.

Give the home-folks a treat.

"The Memory Lingers"

Packages 10c and 15c.

POSTUM CEREAL COMPANY, Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich.