

Loup City Northwestern

J. W. BURLINGHAM, Publisher.
LOUP CITY, NEBRASKA

IN NORTHERN CLIMES.

H. G. Wells thinks that some day there will be a universal flight from our northern climate to live through the winters in the south. That time will never come. For the person born in the northern climate that is best. The monotony of tropical life is oppressive; every day the same; no frosts, no freeze, no icy blasts—this is a sad lot. The particular commendation of the tropical life is that it is mostly outdoors; that one gets pure air and sunshine. But one can get these things in the north and in a way that makes them real. The bedroom window can always be open. The house may be kept temperate, 65 to 70, and moist, says the Ohio State Journal. Then one can rob himself and strike out into the keen air with a relish. These are better than a monotony of warmth. There is the variety of life in the northern climate, somewhat that gives it spice and zest. That is the secret of our civilization. It is what makes a man get a move on himself. Let one walk along the woodland ways of the tropics as the sun goes down, and feel all the soft luxury of the event, and the experience is not half as grand as when one puts on his great coat and dashes out into a big sunlit morning, when the thermometer is ten degrees above zero, and the crisp air makes the blood fairly about for joy.

While the result of Dr. Stiles' investigation into the alleged relation between the list of cotton mills and the condition among southern mill workers is what practical mill men in the north expected, it is nevertheless gratifying to have the assurance of a recognized expert that there is no basis whatever for the claim advanced in the south that the condition was due to list-rather than to the hook worm, says the Manchester Union. Dr. Stiles caused an investigation to be made in many New England mills, and of the results he says: "As the New England mills are using southern cotton, and as the mill hands are breathing in the same kind of list as are the southern hands, these observations give proof of the error of the popular idea that the condition of the latter mill hands is due to the breathing in of list." He says further that "such an array of data is now on hand not in harmony with the list theory that when all facts are published it is believed public opinion will of necessity undergo a change. Hook-worm disease is due entirely to soil pollution."

Mayer Fitzgerald has received from the Boston Home and Social association a draft of a proposed curfew ordinance, which provides, among other things, that an engineer at city hall shall blow a whistle each evening at 8:15 o'clock to warn children under 14 years of age to hasten to their homes. The proposed ordinance provides that all children under 14 years shall not loiter or remain upon any street, highway, park, square, thoroughfare or alley in the business section of the city after nine o'clock at night, says the Boston Globe. A fine of five dollars is provided for violations.

When a person with a bad cough and a red nose and a wrapped-up throat and a general appearance suggestive of the influenza steps up to you and enquires in your direction and tells you how catching the grip is are you not annoyed?

In London a petulant manufacturer claims that he was bankrupted through adoption of the hobble skirt. However, he mustn't consider himself to be the only one who has fallen down on that account.

Every now and then you hear some one discussing the weather, say: "The paper said so and so. Now, the papers have enough to answer for without being charged with the mistakes of the weather bureau."

Women will be more interested in the news of that earthquake in Turkey when they learn that Karakol, where the coats (some of them, any way) come from, has also been wiped off the map.

Special interest attaches to the astronomer who says Venus is inhabited, owing to the facts that his name is "See," and that he comes from Missouri.

It is the correct thing now in Chicago to print the names of those policemen who get a chance to shoot hold-up men. The latter, however, are understood to strongly condemn this form of infamous notoriety.

Two Hackensack church deacons are charged with playing pinocle and both refuse to resign. Pinocle may seem like an innocent game, but it loses much of this innocence at five cents a point.

A New York man who had lost his memory was found with \$50,000 in his pockets. Probably discovered on a witness stand at an investigation.

The college professor who says that there will be no babies in a century or so may turn out to be merely another myth.

Every day we gain at least a minute of daylight, but the gas bills will not be likely to show it.

INFANTIMELIGHT

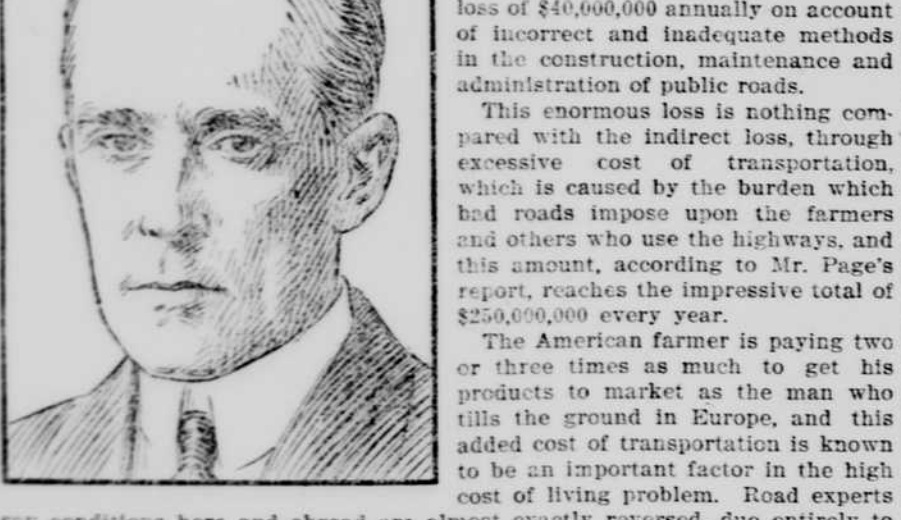
FOE OF CHILDHOOD'S ENEMY



In the laboratories of the Rockefeller Institute, near New York, Dr. Simon Flexner and his corps of assistants believe they are about to conquer that dread disease of childhood, infantile paralysis, now epidemic in several parts of the United States. Hundreds of monkeys are giving their lives every year to the aid of science in conquering this dread disease, the monkey being the only animal in all the list of those suitable for experimentation that they have succeeded in inoculating with the disease. The micro-organism of the disease has been isolated and an early announcement is expected that a preventive, curative and safe serum has been discovered. Infantile paralysis, or anterior poliomyelitis, as it is known to the medical profession, has long baffled medical science. Ordinarily it attacks children between the ages of 1½ and 3 years, but older children and adults are not immune. Although the death rate is not so high as in cerebrospinal meningitis, the train of permanent deformities which follow infantile paralysis makes the disease fully as much dreaded. Only about four or five per cent. of those attacked succumb, but fully 80 per cent. of the cases result in permanent paralysis.

Infantile paralysis is a comparatively new disease. Its symptoms have been described in medical literature for about 25 years, but only in the last four years, since the epidemic of 1907, has it been brought strongly to the attention of the profession in America.

The disease is not striking in its symptoms. It usually begins with languor, quickly followed by nausea, inertia, this last lapsing into complete paralysis and absolute cessation of nearly every muscular function. Upon the passing of the acute stage the patient either recovers, provided it does not result fatally, or is left with some muscles of the body paralyzed, usually those of the arms, legs or back.

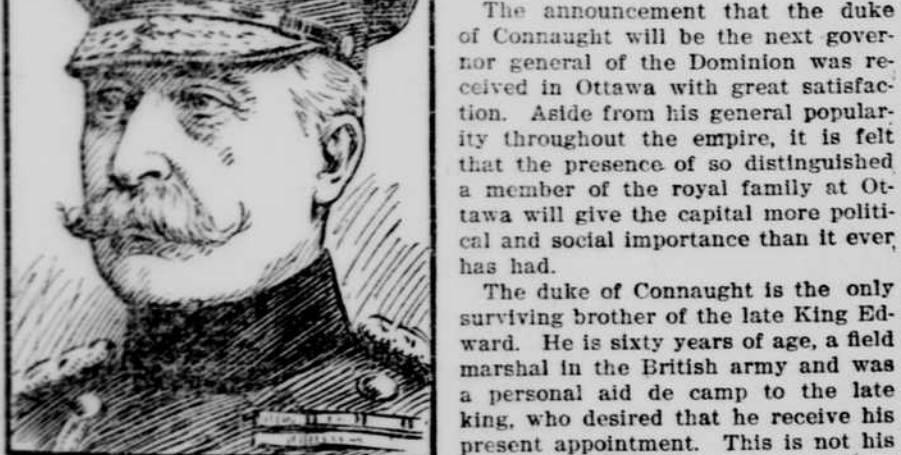


W. Page, director of the United States office of public roads and president of the new American Association for Highway Improvement, asserts that the United States suffers a direct loss of \$40,000,000 annually on account of incorrect and inadequate methods in the construction, maintenance and administration of public roads. This enormous loss is nothing compared with the indirect loss, through excessive cost of transportation, which is caused by the burden which bad roads impose upon the farmers and others who use the highways, and this amount, according to Mr. Page's report, reaches the impressive total of \$250,000,000 every year.

The American farmer is paying two or three times as much to get his products to market as the man who tills the ground in Europe, and this added cost of transportation is known to be an important factor in the high cost of living problem. Road experts say conditions here and abroad are almost exactly reversed, due entirely to bad roads.

Director Page has described the condition of the roads of the United States in making an announcement that the American Association for Highway Improvement has opened offices in Washington. The organization of this association followed a conference of many of the leading road engineers of the country, the presidents of five of the largest railroad systems and representatives of automobile manufacturers and publishing interests.

According to President Page and other officers of the organization the principal work ahead is to correlate and harmonize the efforts of all existing organizations working for road improvement, to get uniform road legislation in every state, and to seek continuous and systematic maintenance of all roads.

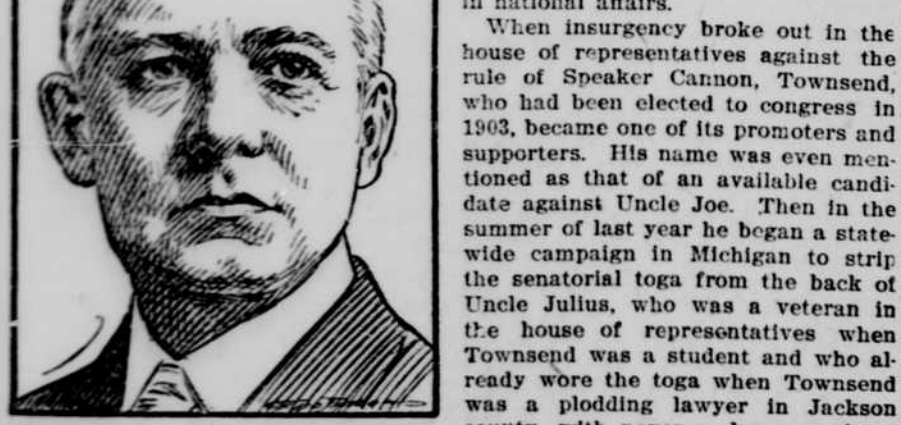


It is officially announced that the duke of Connaught will succeed Earl Grey in September as governor general of Canada. He will hold the appointment for two years and that period may be extended. The announcement that the duke of Connaught will be the next governor general of the Dominion was received in Ottawa with great satisfaction. Aside from his general popularity throughout the empire, it is felt that the presence of so distinguished a member of the royal family at Ottawa will give the capital more political and social importance than it ever has had.

The duke of Connaught is the only surviving brother of the late King Edward. He is sixty years of age, a field marshal in the British army and was a personal aid de camp to the late king, who desired that he receive his present appointment. This is not his first trip to Canada, as he served in the Fenian raid of 1870. He is grand master of the Free Masons of England. Besides the title by which he is commonly known he is the Earl of Sussex, a prince of the United Kingdom and of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, and duke of Saxe.

His wife was Princess Louisa Margaret of Prussia. Various reports have been current from time to time, particularly from Canadian sources, that the duke of Connaught would not be the next governor general of Canada, although on the original announcement of his appointment, shortly after the death of King Edward, it was officially stated that it had been the wish of the late king that the duke of Connaught, his brother, should go to Canada as governor general.

Senator Burrows was beaten in the primaries, thereby insuring the election of Mr. Townsend to the Senate. Mr. Townsend is a native of Michigan and is fifty-four years old.



He waits in vain. The foolish man sits around expecting somebody else to arrange opportunities for him.—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Koh-i-Noor. The Koh-i-Noor diamond originally weighed 800 karats, but by successive cuttings has been reduced to 106 karats.

New News of Yesterday

by E. J. Edwards

Beecher and the Phrenologist

How a Strolling Bump-Reader Examined the Great Pulpit Orator's Head and Told the Truth His Abilities.

While Henry Ward Beecher was all his life in most vigorous health, both mental and physical, never suffering serious illness until the mortal attack, he was nevertheless a yearly victim of hay fever. He found his only relief from hay fever in a sojourn in the White Mountains, and he was accustomed to leave his farm, near Peekskill, N. Y., in mid-July and to remain in New Hampshire until the frost. He was utterly democratic in his manner and unconventional in his dress, so that anyone who did not know him would be likely to judge that he was a farmer who had saved a little money and was spending a portion of it in a summer vacation at a White Mountain hotel. Many farmers at that time were accustomed to do this.

One summer morning in the late seventies Beecher sat upon the piazza of his hotel, reading a newspaper. Upon his head was his black felt hat, the brim of which was so broad that it flapped in the breeze. He wore an old-fashioned turn-down collar, with a sort of black string for a necktie. His trousers were baggy, as usual. A few of his friends sat near him, chatting, when suddenly there appeared around the corner of the piazza a quaint and curious specimen of humanity. He was a large-eyed, long-haired man, with the beard of a prophet. In one hand he carried a satchel and in the other what appeared to be a chart or a map rolled up.

"I'm a phrenologist," he said by way of introduction to the little group that sat opposite Beecher. "I can tell by feeling what kind of brain a man has."

"Well," spoke up one of the party, assuming a cautious manner and almost whispering, "I'll give you a dollar if you'll examine the bumps on that old farmer's head"—motioning toward Beecher—"and if we find that state named after him, why, then, some of us may have our heads examined."

The phrenologist approached Mr. Beecher. "The gentlemen want me to examine your head," he explained. "I am a phrenologist. I can tell you more than you know about yourself." Beecher at once suspecting that his friends were intent upon playing a joke, solemnly took off his hat. The phrenologist began to fumble through the masses of silver-gray hair. Suddenly he stopped and stepped back in astonishment.

Aristocrat and the Ex-Slave

Peculiar Intimacy That Existed Between Blanche K. Bruce and L. Q. C. Lamar From the Time That Both Were Elected Senators.

In 1875 Blanche K. Bruce, born in slavery, and the first negro to sit in the United States senate, was made a member of that body by the Mississippi legislature. Two years later the state named as its other senatorial representative L. Q. C. Lamar, who had drafted the ordinance of secession adopted by Mississippi, led his regiment at Yorktown and Williamsburg, and otherwise labored assiduously in behalf of the Confederacy. In color, in antecedents, in training, in politics, the ex-slave and the man who was destined to win a seat on the United States Supreme court, were as far apart as the poles; yet shortly after Mr. Lamar had become senator it was noticed with more or less astonishment in various quarters that he and the senior senator from Mississippi were on the most friendly terms.

There are old residents in Washington who doubtless can easily recall how Senator Lamar and Senator Bruce used to walk arm in arm about the residential streets of the capital city and through its parks and squares. Seemingly, it never occurred to the white man that the companion of his outings was of another race, that his early life had been spent in bondage. And when Senator Bruce retired from the senate and became registrar of the treasury in 1881, the intimacy between him and Senator Lamar continued, their walks about Washington being ample outward evidence of their friendship.

Together, during all the period that both men were in the senate, they would visit the postoffice department

relative to appointments. Whenever it became necessary for him to go to the department, Senator Lamar would courteously ask his negro colleague to accompany him, and more than once they were seen making their way there arm in arm, as though they were old cronies. And it was noticed that the advances invariably came from Senator Lamar; that Senator Bruce did not presume upon the official relations that existed between him and Senator Lamar to force his personal attentions upon the latter.

At the beginning of Grover Cleveland's first term as president Senator Lamar became secretary of the interior. Not long thereafter he sent word to Senator Bruce, then getting ready to retire as registrar of the treasury, that he would like to see him. A little later the secretary was receiving the registrar as he would an old friend, and confessing to him that he doubted whether he was as well equipped for an executive office as he was for a judicial or legislative post. "But," he said, "I am going to make as good a secretary of the interior as I am able." Then he brought up a personal matter.

"Senator," he asked, "how many appointments of yours are there in this department?"

"Well," replied Bruce, "I can't tell off-hand, but possibly there is a larger number here than I should have asked for."

"Do you think so, Senator?" queried Secretary Lamar. "Well, I have sent for you simply to say this: Not one of your appointments in this department shall be touched. You can tell them all that they need feel no anxiety; they shall stay here as long as I am secretary of the interior."

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Beneficence and Gratitude. One day the Supreme Being took it into His head to give a great banquet in His Azure palace.

All the virtues were invited. Men He did not ask—only ladies. There was a large number of them, great and small. The lesser virtues were more agreeable and genial than the great mass; but they all appeared to be in good humor and chatted amiably together.

But the Supreme Being noticed two charming ladies who seemed to be totally unacquainted.

The Host gave one of the ladies His arm, and led her up to the other. "Beneficence!" he said, indicating the first.

"Gratitude!" He added, indicating the second.

Both the virtues were amazed beyond expression. Ever since the world had stood—and it has been standing a long time—this was the first time they had met.—Poem in Prose, from the Russian.

It's an attached cuff that has no turning.

"You shouldn't be a farmer," he exclaimed, excitedly. "Why, you can talk like a steam engine. You've got the biggest development of language that I have ever met with. And you're full of wit and humor. You can talk so as to make people cry, or to make them laugh. Where's your farm?"

"My farm is at Peekskill, N. Y., said Mr. Beecher.

"I thought it wasn't around here; your head is not like a New Hampshire farmer's. Do you make your farm pay?"

"I have never been able to make it pay. It costs me every year more than I get out of it," Beecher replied, truthfully.

"Of course! Why, if you'd taken to talking—public speaking—you could have earned money enough to run a farm, and get plenty of money out of it besides, no matter what it cost. You've made a mistake. Your teachers ought to have told you that you would make a public speaker."

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Sims gave instructions for a dollar to be drawn into a wire that had the thickness of a coarse thread; and with this thread of silver he was able to complete successfully his difficult operation, thereby banishing a hitherto incurable disease, and establishing a new era in American surgery.

In an equally extraordinary manner came the first hint to its originator of what has come to be known in the medical world as the oil treatment in enteric cases, which include appendicitis and typhoid. By originating this treatment Dr. M. O. Terry gained world-wide notoriety. Yet until now it has never been published how he got the germ of the idea that caused him to promulgate his famous treatment.

"It was a curious experience, verging on the weird, almost that first led me to the study of medical sufficiency of oil in the treatment of many kinds of enteric diseases, especially appendicitis," said Dr. Terry.

"I was very fond of olives—and am yet—and it was my custom after a day spent in the hospitals and in following my private practice, to eat a handful of olives, with a few crackers on the side, before going to bed. Frequently, I was careless and left the bottle of olives uncorked, so that when I went again to it I usually found the contents incriminated with a sort of scum, and the olives themselves turned sour.

"Well, one night, after a hard day's work, including two very difficult operations, I fell into a sound sleep. And a dream came to me. It was as vivid as though I were awake. And in it I was told that if, after opening a bottle of olives, I would pour upon the water in which the olives were packed in the bottle enough oil completely to cover the water, I would have no further difficulty about my olives souring.

"Furthermore, I was told the philosophy of this. 'If you pour oil into the bottle,' it was said to me in the dream, 'it will float upon the top of the water, it will make an absolutely impervious coating. No germs from the air can penetrate it. It will smother all germs, for that is the quality of oil. Therefore, your olives will be protected.'

"I awoke, and reached out to my night table, which always stood by my bed, and made a brief note in my note book. Then I went to sleep again. "In the morning I discovered the note upon my table, and I said: 'To-night I will make the experiment.' I did so, and found that what had been said to me in the dream was true. The olives were perfectly protected from all germs.

"Now, that set me thinking. I reasoned that if oil were taken into digestive organs, it would thoroughly insulate them—prevent attacks upon them by bacteria; or, if attack had been made, it would smother the forces of illness. I soon had an opportunity to make a test of my newly formed theory, in the case of a child who was dangerously ill, and to my gratification, I found it worked perfectly. Then I developed the theory to extend it to typhoid fever, and especially to appendicitis; and it is through my advocacy of the oil treatment in the cases of appendicitis that have not yet reached the acute stage, with pus formed—when the knife is the only remedy—that I have gained professional advocates and opponents pretty much over the civilized world."

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General Boulanger receives Rough Treatment When He Attempts to Embrace Actress.

There was an episode in the life of Miss Ada Rehan that did not need the embellishments of the press agent to make it "go the rounds." In 1881 there was a celebration of the surrender at Yorktown, and a number of Frenchmen of state attended, including General Boulanger. Included in the program of which was assigned to Mr. Blaine, then secretary of state, to Mr. Creighton Webb, was a visit to Daly's theater.

The French party was delighted with the play, and especially with Miss Rehan. When the Frenchmen were told that Mr. Daly would be pleased to take them on the stage between acts and introduce them to members of the company, Boulanger manifested an excited enthusiasm at the prospect.

When Boulanger was introduced to

Miss Rehan he soon dropped formalities. His attentions were conspicuously demonstrative. He seized her hand, drew her to him and attempted to embrace her. The fiery Rehan, thoroughly indignant, had difficulty in making the Frenchman believe that she resented his fervor, but some of the members of Daly's company managed to convince him by laying violent hands on him. Then, in turn, the ecstatic Boulanger became furious, demanded apologies of Rehan's defenders, and poor Webb, being responsible for the party and its good behavior, needed all the tact for which he was famous to prevent bloody hostilities.

When Boulanger was told that decorum in Daly's theater was the same as in any well regulated family, and, therefore, especially at variance with the standards of some of the Paris stages, he sent rather reluctant apologies to Miss Rehan and left the theater.

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Stop

taking liquid physic or big or little pills, that which makes you worse instead of curing. Cathartics don't—they irritate and weaken the bowels. CASCARETS make the bowels strong, tone the muscles so they draw and work—when they are healthy, producing normal results.

CASCARETS are a box for a week's treatment. All druggists. Biggest seller in the world. Million boxes a month.

Nebraska Directory

RUBBER GOODS

RUPTURE

Beecher did not wince. He asked the phrenologist if it was too late to begin speaking, and for reply was told: "It's never too late to begin." Then the phrenologist walked over to the little group. "That's the first farmer whose head I ever examined who could have been a speaker," he said. "That man could talk like a steam engine."

"Do you know who that farmer is?" asked one of the party. "That is Henry Ward Beecher."

For a moment the phrenologist stood looking in dumb amazement at the speaker. Then he dropped his satchel and chart on the porch and fairly leaped in front of Mr. Beecher.

"So you're Henry Ward Beecher," he shrieked. "To think I've examined your head and told the truth about you! Well, now, you'll believe there's something in phrenology." And looking long and wonderingly at the great pulpit orator, the itinerant phrenologist at last gathered up his satchel and chart and disappeared as quietly and mysteriously as he had come.

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Saw Treatment in a Dream

Dr. M. O. Terry While Asleep Received Instructions That Developed Into His Oil Cure of Many Kinds of Enteric Diseases.

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Tried to Kiss Ada Rehan

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RUPTURE

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Ever hear of a pearl being found in a church fat oyster?

Drink Garfield Tea at night! It insures normal action of liver, kidneys and bowels.

Too often sermons have too much length and too little depth.—Judge.

ONLY ONE "BROMO QUININE." That is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for the signature of E. W. GROVE. Used the World over to Cure a Cold in One Day.

Happiness grows at our own fire-side and is not to be picked in strangers' gardens.—Douglas Jerrold.

Constipation causes many serious diseases. It is thoroughly cured by Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. One a laxative, three for cathartic.

Caution. "I have a remarkable history," began the lady who looked like a possible client.

"To tell or sell?" inquired the lawyer cautiously.—Washington Herald.

A Modern Family. "Where is the cook?"

"She in the kitchen preparing supper for the doctor's wife, dinner for the doctor, and breakfast for the students."—Fliegende Blätter.

And in the Meanwhile. Lady—Can't you find work?

Tramp—Yes, mum; but every one wants a reference from my last employer.

Lady—And can't you get one?

Tramp—No, mum. Y'er see, he's been dead twenty-eight years.—London Punch.

Time for Stillness. Mrs. MacLachlan was kind to her American boarder, but she did not propose to allow her to overstep the limits of a boarder's privileges, and she made it very clear.

One Sunday the boarder, returning from a walk, found the windows of her room, which she had left wide open, tightly closed.

"Oh, Mrs. MacLachlan, I don't like my room to get stuffy," she said, when she went downstairs again. "I like plenty of fresh air."

"Your room will na' get stuffy in one day," said her landlady firmly. "Twas never our custom, miss, to have fresh air rooshin' about the house on the Sabbath."—Youth's Companion.



The Cynic (with incipient mustache) Poo! Lady footballers, indeed! Why, I don't suppose half of you know what "touch down" means.

Young Lady—Your best girl does it you ever kissed her.

HEREDITY Can Be Overcome in Cases.

The influence of heredity cannot, of course, be successfully disputed, but it can be minimized or entirely overcome in some cases by correct food and drink. A Conn. lady says:

"For years while I was a coffee drinker I suffered from bilious attacks of great severity, from which I used to emerge as white as a ghost and very weak. Our family physician gave me various prescriptions for improving the digestion and stimulating the liver, which I tried faithfully but without perceptible result."

"He was acquainted with my family history for several generations back, and once when I visited him he said: 'If you have inherited one of those torpid livers you may always suffer more or less from its inaction. We can't dodge our inheritance, you know.'"

"I was not so strong a believer in heredity as he was, however, and, beginning to think for myself, I concluded to stop drinking coffee, and see what effect that would have. I feared it would be a severe trial to give it up, but when I took Postum and had it well made, it completely filled my need for a hot beverage and I grew very fond of it."

"I have used Postum for three years, using no medicine. During all that time I have had absolutely none of the bilious attacks that I used to suffer from, and I have been entirely free from the pain and debilitating effects that used to result from them."

"The change is surely very great, and I am compelled to give Postum the exclusive credit for it." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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.