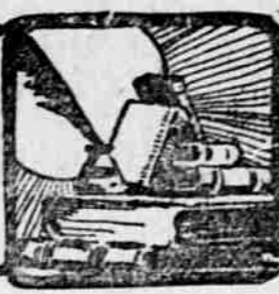




EDITORIALS



OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

THE METRIC SYSTEM.

AMERICANS who have tried to add British pence and pounds have been glad that our money is measured by a decimal system. Yet we still use inches, feet, yards, miles, acres, ounces, pounds, pints, quarts, gallons and bushels, while European nations, except Great Britain and Russia, and most of the rest of the civilized world buy and sell by the metric system.

Great Britain and the United States have legalized the system, but popular habit, unmoved by sufficient scientific and official influence, clings to the old, irregular systems.

To make the change to the metric system in this country would cause confusion at first and some expense. Manufacturers, mechanics, merchants would have to re-adjust their computations, buy new instruments, and re-establish their scales of prices, costs and quantitative measures of products. For instance, all the relations between the weight of wool and the length of carpet for a room would have to be figured anew from the sheep to the parlor.

It is hard to replace old practices, interwoven with the whole structure of popular thought, of manufacture and of mechanics. But Germany adjusted itself in a few months to the metric system. America, which is proud of being progressive, can do as well. Our own scientific men and our neighbors in Continental Europe are already "reconstructed." It ought not to be long before we follow the intellectual and numerical majority, and adopt the metric system.—Youth's Companion.

SAVE NIAGARA FALLS!

IT would be an everlasting disgrace to the United States and to every person in it if Niagara falls should be destroyed. Yet it is seriously proposed to destroy them, and there is imminent danger that the outrage will be committed if a universal protest is not raised against it.

Already the falls have been greatly disfigured and some of the water stolen from them by electric power plants. Unless steps are promptly taken to prevent further robbery, the falls that are the glory of the continent and the wonder of the world will disappear and in their place will be only a barren precipice of ugly rock.

The National Society of Daughters of the Empire State has patriotically taken up the cause of the falls and has presented to President Roosevelt a petition bearing 2,500 signatures, against the proposed vandalism. The President says he is in cordial sympathy with the movement, as, indeed, every good American must be. He urges the people to work with Congress, which alone can interfere. Every State should join in the good work. The members of Congress should be made to understand that they must do all in their power to preserve the falls.

Here is a task for our woman's clubs, the Daughters of the American Revolution, the Sons of the Revolution, the Colonial Dames and all other patriotic organizations. Let them aid the movement and spread all over the country the sentiment that Niagara falls must and shall be preserved inviolate.—Chicago Journal.

SHEEP VS. DOGS.

UST now the attention of farmers throughout the Northwest is turning toward the raising of sheep. For years the leading stockmen of the country, the professors in the schools of agriculture and the writers in the agricultural papers have been telling them of the stability and profitableness of this industry. Experience, too, has demonstrated the truth of the old saying that "a sheep never dies in debt to himself." But for one obstacle it would also have demonstrated that a sheep never dies in debt to his owner. That obstacle is the sheep-killing dog.

In every farming district where the raising of sheep has been attempted the ravages of this pest have caused

loss of money and temper to the owners of flocks. The sheep-killing dog is a worthless mongrel, a coward and a sneak. He is, generally speaking, of no earthly use as a watchdog or for any other legitimate purpose. He finds his woolly victims game to his liking, because they are timid. They offer no resistance and it is great sport for him to chase and kill them. He could not be induced to attack a tramp or any animal that would fight, if one should invade his master's premises. When he is needed at home, he is sure to be wandering abroad in search of sheep.

Now, everybody values a good, faithful dog. Man has no better or more loyal friend, but that is no reason for the protection of the sneaking, worthless mongrels that do their utmost to make the raising of sheep unprofitable in so many localities. They should be hunted as wolves are hunted, and killed without mercy.

The remedy is to kill worthless curs and leave the valuable dogs in peace. Until this is done, sheep raising will not be the profitable industry that it should be.—St. Paul Weekly Dispatch.

FIELD'S SECRET UNKNOWN.

HOW Marshall Field Made Millions is the text for many a business homily and yet, very naturally, not one of the writers has come anywhere near revealing the precious secret. Indeed, were the key to his success known at all, it would be worth a cool million in itself. The personality of the great merchant was, of course, the prime factor in his remarkable achievement. The opportunity offered by the city of Chicago was the second great factor, and, possibly, worth 50 per cent of the problem. Had the dispensation of Providence sent Mr. Field in 1852, to New Mexico, or Mississippi, for instance, it is hardly possible that he would have died worth \$150,000,000. Doubtless, he would have been a leader and made his mark wherever he might have located. His physical, mental and moral value could not but have told in any community. Nevertheless it was the Chicago opportunity and his start in the dry goods business simultaneously with the beginnings of that phoenix-like city, that was his greatest aid.

The story of his buying and selling—the specific details of the early transactions which netted him his first pile—has not been told at all. Just exactly how he got hold of the first \$10,000, which was the corner stone of his phenomenal structure, remains to be narrated. Many a man succeeds after he gets that amount, and many of the Napoleons of finance have moved close to earth and far from heaven—to get the \$10,000 start.

Will some one give us the particulars of the great merchant's preliminary transactions? That would be the most valuable lesson in "How Marshall Field Made Millions."—Indianapolis Sun.

TEN THOUSAND A YEAR.

TEN thousand dollars per year is sufficient, in the way of a salary or income, for any man on earth.—Governor John A. Johnson, of Minnesota.

Surely. Ten thousand a year is enough for any man. It is enough and to spare. It is ten times as much as thousands of the best men on earth receive for an entire year's labor. It is more than twenty times as much as the average working-man receives for the hard work he does annually. Ten thousand a year is sufficient for the man and his family—and then some. With an income of ten thousand dollars per annum a man ought to be a philanthropist.

Other things being equal the man with ten thousand ought to be very happy. Because—He can have the joy of making others happy. There is no enjoyment comparable to that. He can be a special Providence to the helpless. On the other hand—the man who has an income of ten thousand a year, and spends it all for self, is only a human hog snorting in his trough.—Des Moines News.

"Hen Jones!" cried the exercised Ma, throwing a wild-eyed look at the old man, "do you mean to tell me that you have taken the last degree and become a full-fledged fool? Do you mean to tell me that you are going to blow that squawkful horn around this house, and stir up dogs and indignation? Do you—"

"You are jealous, Smith! You are jealous!" was the snarling rejoinder of Pa, as he started to unwrap the precious package. "You are hot in the collar because there is no music in your make-up! You have got a crossful kink in your temper because you cannot even play 'Annie Laurie' on a B flat dishpan! You are only mad because there isn't a Smith on earth who can start a tune with a ton of dynamite! You are—"

"Is that so, you conceited beauty?" interposed Ma, irritably. "Well, if I don't know more about music than any Jones that ever broke loose from a bug-house, I want you to peckle me for a canned sardine. If I—"

"What's that, madame? What's that, woman?" roared Ma, with quivering thrills of great emotion. "What are you trying to say? What are you trying to warble? You don't know what you are talking about! You never did know what you were talking about! I want you to distinctly understand that I am a past master in the art of music! I want to tell you how much of a dub I am! I will show you what a musical Jones can do. I will play you solos that will make you sigh, and perform sentimental whispers that will make you weep! I will have Edythe accompany me on the piano, and—"

"Bah!" was the contemptuous interjection of the unfeeling Ma. "You mean that you will have cops accompany you to jail as soon as the neighbors get wise to the cause of the riot!"

Pa Jones, as usual, let Ma have the last word, but as soon as dinner was done he invited all hands, including Mother-in-Law Smith and Little Fido,

to the parlor, where he fondly caressed the peace-destroying brass.

"Strike the chord, Edythe! Strike the chord!" remarked Pa, impressively, as he ran his hand through what few remaining sprouts of hair he had, and rolled his eyes toward heaven like a real inspired artist! "Strike it gently! Holy smoke! Can't you wait a minute? Don't fall all over yourself! You are just like your mother! Before we begin, Mrs. Jones, I would like to inform you that I am going to play 'Old Dog Tray,' one of the most sympathetic masterpieces of the famous Wagner! I will give it to you in U G I sharp, with a little crescendo on the side! Now, then, Edythe, let her go!"

So saying, Pa put the cornet to his lips and blew like a blizzard at the Breakwater, but never a sound came from the balky horn.

Taking another long breath and bracing himself against the piano, the eminent soloist blew and blew again, and even though his cheeks bulged out like a toy balloon, and his face got as red as bluish embarrassment, there was nothing doing in the musical line.

"I told you so, you cheery heathen! I told you so!" exclaimed Ma, with a sweet and joyous smile. "I told you that you couldn't play a cornet! I told you that you couldn't play anything but poker! I told you—"

"Fade away, woman! Fade away!" yelled the disappointed Pa, ragefully. "You make me sick! You make me sad! It isn't my fault because the cornet won't work! It isn't my fault because the blundering salesmen gave me an H hard instead of a C soft! Just wait until I get another one, and I will—"

"What's the use, Pretty?" rejoined Ma, scornfully. "What's the use of exciting yourself? You couldn't play a cornet if it had a burdy-gurdy attachment and a crank to turn it!"

It was then that the family battle began in earnest, and during the next few hours the buzz of a boiler foundry would have sounded like a small noise in comparison.

Meanwhile Little Johnny Jones and Little Willie Jones had sneaked the cornet, extracted the putty with which they had plugged it, and were playing brass band on a vacant lot.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Is popcorn the father of all cereals?

A Sense of Delicacy.
"In a few years we will hear no more of grafting," said the earnest reformer. "I sincerely hope so," answered Senator Sorghum. "It is an ugly word of low origin. I will be glad when a substitute is provided."—Washington Star.

Distinction with a Difference.
Dumley—What they call "preferred stock" is the stock that pays dividends, isn't it?
Wiseman—Not at all; but the stock that does pay dividends is always preferred.—Philadelphia Press.

Another's.
Elderly Man (greeting former acquaintance)—I remember your face perfectly, miss, but your name has escaped me.
The Young Woman—I don't wonder. It escaped me three years ago. I am married now.

Never Heard of Him.
"What did you think of the lecture last night?" asked Mrs. Upmore.
"It was awfully interesting," said Mrs. Struckoyle. "But who is this Marquis Aurelius he quoted so much. He's a new one, isn't he?"

The Ruling Passion.
Old Stoxanbons—Are you sure that you can no longer control the thing?
His Chauffeur—Yes, sir. I'm afraid it will get away from me very soon.
Old Stoxanbons—Then for heaven's sake run into something cheap!—Puck.

As Their Shades Met.
"Mr. Aesop, I think you have never met Baron Munchausen. Gentlemen, allow me to present you to each other."
"Baron, I am delighted to meet you. I know you quite well by reputation."
"Sir!"—Chicago Tribune.

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 cattle ranch 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 waspy 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 same little doctor conducts a small magazine in which there is a department of "answers to correspondents," many of the questions as well as answers being written by the aforesaid doctor.

In this column sometime 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 on their backs, feet tied and "bel-lowing," 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 "Locoed" 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, is it harsh for us to get judgments against them and have our lawyers watch for a chance to attach money due them from others? (For they are usually irresponsible.)

Keep your eye out for the "Locoed" 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 moulded 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, 22 per cent; mineral matter, 2.01 per cent; fat, 1.60 per cent; proteids, 15.00 per cent; soluble carbohydrates, &c., 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 proteid, 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 foods, 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 all the members of 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