

The Breakfast Food Man.

By FRANK H. WILLIAMS.

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Hugh Sommers, tearing down the snowy road in his huge red automobile, spied the girl a little distance ahead of him. He pulled the car to a standstill beside her and smiled appreciatively at her rosy cheeks and her becoming tam of shanter and sweater jacket.

"Hello, neighbor," he cried.

"Hello, Mr. Breakfast Food Man," the girl replied rather grudgingly and somewhat sarcastically.

The man grinned, though rather uncomfortable.

"I suppose," he said, "that you think it's something awful for me to be making my money in such a prosaic way as feeding the public at the breakfast table. Would you think any the better of me if my money was tied up in railroad and government bonds, as I suppose your father's estate is?"

The girl surveyed the man critically from heel to head while he reddened under her glance.

"It's hard to tell," she replied candidly at last. "When I think of that awful wheataflaka that you manufacture it seems to obscure whatever good qualities you may have. I see you through falling flakes of that unspeakable stuff."

"Wheataflaka is every bit as good as and better than wheats!" he cried. "And that's the only other brand on the market that has sales anywhere nearly as big as ours!"

At this the girl simply raised her eyebrows. Then on second thought she said:

"Naturally that's your opinion. But we eat wheats at our breakfast table."

She turned defiantly and started down the road.

"Wait!" cried Hugh, jumping from his machine. "Don't go away like this."



"Dear," said Hugh abruptly, "I've come to you now in a different mood. For the first time in my life I face defeat in my business, and I know now—I realize that I cannot win you."

"It is to tell you that I still love you and that some time, when I have a life again, I'm going to return and try, as best I can, to win you. I want to apologize for the manner in which I have courted you heretofore."

For a moment the girl looked at him; then, averting her eyes, she spoke quickly:

"I know exactly how you stand in your business," she said. "I am the cause of it. You interrupted me. Just before my father died he purchased a controlling interest in the wheataflaka company, and the fight which was waged against you was at my instigation. I—I thought I hated you."

Hugh rose abruptly, but the girl hurried on.

"You need lose but little, after all," said the girl. "The demand for wheats has increased, so that additional factories are imperative. We will take over your factories for a price that will let them out, or we will consolidate with you."

"Both the business!" cried Hugh, jumping to his feet. "You—you don't hate me?"

"No," murmured the girl.

"Then is it—can you possibly?"

The girl looked upward at him skyly. What Hugh saw there gave him courage.

"Well, consolidate!" he cried, great joy in his voice, and he rattled the consolidation with a kiss.

Inventor of Roller Skates.

It will surprise many old and young American boys and girls to learn that the inventor of the roller skate was a Dutchman named Mevius, who visited England in 1790. Eight years later he exhibited a pair of skates contrived to run on wheels at a museum in London and also gave public exhibition of his prowess in skating over a smooth floor, playing a violin the while. It appears, however, that his demonstrations were on occasions rather more exciting than successful, for it is recorded that he used to fall about and smash into pillars, and pictures which covered the walls of the room.

Needn't Hurry.

An old Kansas citizen who had been unpecked all his life was about to die. His wife felt it her duty to offer him such consolation as she might and said, "John, you are about to go, but I will follow you." "I suppose so, Ma, da," said the old man weakly, "but so far as I am concerned you needn't be in any hurry about it!"

Nest Eggs.

Take a nice fresh egg and separate the white and the yolk so that the yolk will not be broken. Put the white into a bowl, add a pinch of salt and beat it until it is very stiff. Have ready some little bowl that is pretty enough to put on the table, but that will not break in the oven. Pour into this the stiff beaten white and make a little hole in the middle of it with a spoon. In this little hollow place the yolk, still unbroken. Set the dish in a hot oven and cook for three or four minutes, or until the white has browned a little and the yolk is firm. There must be a separate dish for each egg that you cook in this way. Serve right away.—Delmeator.

The Secret.

Said Berkey to his wife yesterday at dinner, "you didn't say anything to any one about what I was telling you the night before last, did you? That's a secret."

"A secret?" she replied. "I want to know."

"Well, did you tell it?" "I want to know."

"Why, no; I never thought of it since. I didn't know it was a secret."

cleanly process which could possibly be used.

The effect of this advertising was to cut the sales of wheataflaka in half at once. Hugh immediately ordered the entire process of manufacture changed, but he realized that it would be some time before the food recovered from its slump.

For the time his campaign against wheats was abandoned. He was too busy endeavoring to hold his own business together to bother much about the enemy.

It was a rather discouraged Hugh who came upon the girl for the second time as he plowed through the deep snow in his big car.

Arrayed as before, she was standing just inside the gate leading to her home. The house where she and her widowed mother lived was a big affair, a half mile or so down the road from Hugh's home.

The girl actually smiled as she saw Hugh's disconsolate and haggard face.

"Why, it's the breakfast food man," she laughed. "Have you come to marry me, Mr. Food?" she asked gayly.

"Not yet," replied the man doggedly. "But I'm going to some day. Heavens, how I love you!" he cried as he gazed hungrily at her flushed face. "I never knew what it was before to love. Now, when I can't have you right when I want you my whole being cries aloud for you."

The girl, her face all aflame, laughed again, this time rather constrainedly.

"Really you are a very original lover, Mr. Food," she said. "None of the other men has ever said such things to me so unconcernedly."

"Who are the other men?" demanded Hugh doggedly. "The men who are married to me," he said. "But I'm going to win you. I'm going to win at that factory, and then I'll come and win you!"

He jerked the lever forward, and the great car shot away.

However, despite Hugh's confident prediction, he found it exceedingly difficult to win out in his fight against wheats. In fact, the campaign went so severely against him that in a short time he found himself facing failure.

It was then that the girl rose uppermost in his thought to the exclusion even of his business worries. Finally doggedly he went to see the girl herself.

She entered the room in her home, where he awaited her, with a smile on her lips. She became serious instantly, though, when she saw his haggard face and the new lines lately etched in it.

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A SPIRIT TELEGRAPH

How W. T. Stead Expects to Send Messages to Other World.

CHICAGO GHOST IN CHARGE.

While the noted English editor, acting under the direction of the spirit of a well known Chicago woman who died seventeen years ago, has established a spirit telegraph office in London where mortals can communicate with the shades of departed loved ones.

Mr. Stead has relinquished all business affairs to give himself entirely to the work. He declares that he is merely the servant, acting under the complete direction of the Chicago woman's shade.

The spirit is that of Miss Julia A. Ames, formerly editor of the Union Signal, the official organ of the W. C. T. U. in Chicago. According to Mr. Stead's statement, he has been discussing means for the spirit telegraph in London with her ghost for fourteen years.

Mr. Stead in explaining the whole scheme declares that the bureau would be at the disposal of any one who wanted to talk with dead friends or relatives in the other world.

"The world into which we pass at death is neither up nor down, as the ancient theory had it," declares Mr. Stead. "It is very near to us. In fact, it is right here. We have a veil over our eyes, so that we cannot see it now. At death that veil is lifted, and we come into the other world as a blind man would come into the light were the shadow lifted from his eyes."

"People who go on living with the same personality that they had in this world. We are merely unable to perceive them, though they move in our midst. The bureau will establish communication between the two worlds."

"I became well acquainted with Miss Ames some time before her death. Like many another pious soul, she had made a pact with her dearest friend that she would, if possible, return from the other side and manifest herself. She did so."

"Twice she came, and at the second instance I happened to be staying at the castle where her apparition had been seen. As my hand was beginning to write automatically then, I placed it at the disposal of Miss Ames, and she has used it as her own ever since."

Mr. Stead quotes a "letter" from Miss Ames in part as follows:

"I wanted to ask you if you can help me at all in a matter in which I am much interested. I have long wanted to establish a place where those who have passed over could communicate with those who are left behind. At present the world is full of spirits longing to speak to those from whom they have been parted. It is a strange spectacle—on your side, a world full of anguish for bereavement, on this side souls full of sadness because they cannot communicate with those whom they love. What can be done to bring these sorrow-sorrow laden souls together?"

"What is wanted is a bureau of communication between the two sides. Could you not establish such a sort of office with one or more trustworthy mediums? If only it were to enable the sorrowing on earth to know, if only for ones, that their so-called dead friends were indeed somewhere, it would help to dry many a tear and soothe many a sorrow. I think you could count upon the eager co-operation of all on this side."

"I was too hampered by worldly affairs to do anything for a long time," says Mr. Stead, "but now I have given myself to the work. The proposition of the bureau is a serious one. The proposal to construct a bridge across the abyss will stagger most people by its audacity. I think with patience it can be done."

"The spirit of Julia has undertaken to direct operations. When any one who has lost a beloved one desires to communicate with him or her the sanction of the spirit director must first be obtained. Then the applicant, after complying with regulations, will be turned over to experienced mediums, who will transmit messages between the spirit and the mortal. If 10 per cent of the cases prove successful the bureau will be worth while."

BIG FARMING WAGER

Bet of \$10,000 on International Grain Growing Contest.

AMERICA VERSUS CANADA.

Crops of Oats to Be Grown at Laramie, Wyo., and at Lethbridge, in Western Canada, to Decide Relative Merits of Farming by Irrigation and Natural Rainfall.

The relative merits of farming by irrigation and by natural rainfall and whether or not the United States or western Canada can produce a larger crop of oats are to be decided for a bet of \$10,000 in cash, according to the terms of a contest which was recently arranged between farmers of Laramie, Wyo., and Lethbridge, Alberta, says a Cheyenne (Wyo.) dispatch. The \$10,000 has been posted, and all the details of the contest have been arranged.

Colonel E. J. Bell of Laramie, owner of the largest farm in Wyoming, put up the \$10,000 which says that irrigation and the United States can do better than Canada. A syndicate of farmers around Lethbridge, Alberta, headed by Professor W. H. Fairchild of that city, has covered Colonel Bell's money and says that natural rainfall and Canadian soil can raise more oats to the acre than can Colonel Bell, Wyoming and irrigation.

On the American side the oats which will be entered in the contest will be grown by Colonel Bell himself on his great Laramie plains farm. This farm is more than 7,000 feet above sea level, on the western slope of the first range of the Rocky mountains, and depends entirely upon irrigation for its moisture during the summer. For years Colonel Bell has paid particular attention to the raising of oats, and he holds a record of 137 bushels to the acre. By carefully selecting the seed, specially preparing the soil and closely watching his ditches to see that just the necessary amount of water reaches his oats at the needful time Colonel Bell says he can considerably increase the yield of his oat fields.

In Canada the prize oats will be grown by farmers around Lethbridge, with Professor W. H. Fairchild in charge of the preparations and the harvest. Professor Fairchild has for years studied the crops in southern Alberta, and many of the great yields of wheat and oats from Canadian fields are due to the adoption of his theories by the farmers of his section.

There are only two rules to the contest. One of them is that the yield from 100 acres in one body must be considered. The other rule is that the oats entered must be "standard" grade or better. Either contestant may prepare the ground, sow his seed, cultivate and harvest in any manner he chooses. Nothing but the result from 100 acres will count in awarding the prize. The Alberta farmers themselves are something in the way of oat raisers, and government reports from that province show that yields of 120 to 125 bushels per acre are common. Oat straw five feet in height is the ordinary, according to these reports.

The contest is to be decided by the officials of the National Corn show. Harvest in Wyoming occurs very late in August and in Alberta in September, so that the winner will not be announced until probably the first week in October.

ALASKA FAIR EXHIBIT

Miniature Model Farm Shown by University of California.

ONE-FIFTIETH OF REAL SIZE.

Showing the latest and best methods of irrigation worked out by the government experts for various soils and for everything from an orange orchard to a field of beets or alfalfa, a model farm has been constructed ten feet square in the agricultural building at the University of California in Berkeley, Cal.

The farm occupies a prominent place at the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific exposition at Seattle, Wash., and is one of the most unique and instructive exhibits. Built on a scale of one-fiftieth of the actual size, it represents a farm of about six acres. Every approved irrigation method used in the United States is represented, and the ditches, gates, dams, zigzag and straight basins in orchard irrigation, tube furrows and other parts are constructed as in the actual work down to the smallest details. Half of the area is planted with miniature trees, and the whole shows at a glance the various improvements and inventions in one of the most important branches of government experimentation.

E. W. Hoeding, recently appointed head of the Berkeley station for irrigation investigation under the United States department of agriculture as an expert for the coast, planned the farm. The actual work of construction was done under his direction by E. J. Hoff, United States expert in the work of constructing irrigation machinery and devices.

Irrigation methods for different soils and land contours are indicated on the model farm. One and one-half acres are in orchard, represented by miniature trees and showing zigzag and straight basins as well as open cut and tube furrow methods. Another section represents alfalfa in rectangular, contour and border checks, while on the balance methods of irrigation for summer crops are shown. Ditches are laid out to supply the various sections, and twenty types of miniature ditch structures made of brass can be seen. The latter include various measuring boxes to illustrate methods practiced in ascertaining quantities of water delivered. All is constructed to scale and gives an exact representation of what the actual field would look like.

The exhibit also includes ten models of homemade implements (one-sixteenth natural size), which are used in the various sections of the irrigated west to level and prepare the land to receive water as well as instruments used by this branch of the government service in the course of its investigations.—San Francisco Chronicle.

VETERAN OF THE PEN

Colonel A. K. McClure, Who Was a Power in Politics.

STRONG ALLY OF LINCOLN.

Last Survivor of Circle of Martyred President's Advisers—Raised Seventeen Regiments for Union Army in Civil War—Odd Campaign Experience.

Colonel Alexander Kelly McClure, prothonotary of the supreme and superior courts of Pennsylvania and for many years a prominent figure in politics and journalism, who recently died at his home in Wallingford, Pa., at the age of eighty-one years, was the last survivor of Abraham Lincoln's circle of personal friends and intimate political advisers. Lincoln once remarked of him, "Mr. McClure has more brains than any man I know," and it has long been conceded that excepting only Lincoln himself Colonel McClure was the man most responsible for his election to the presidency in 1860. He was chairman of the state committee of Pennsylvania at the time, and Pennsylvania was the pivotal state. Colonel McClure's able management of the campaign swung it into line and thus assured the success of the ticket.

Colonel McClure was born of Scotch Irish stock, in Sherman's valley, Perry county, Pa., on Jan. 9, 1828. Schooled upon a farm, he was taught to be self-reliant, and after obtaining a meager book education he was apprenticed, at the age of fourteen years, to a tanner. During this apprenticeship, which lasted three years, he made frequent visits to the office of Judge Baker, editor of the Perry Freeman, and upon his advice he studied politics and occasionally wrote articles for publication.

Through Judge Baker he eventually became editor of the Juniata Sentinel, a new Whig organ, much against the wish of his father. With the aid only of an apprentice Mr. McClure, who was then but nineteen years old, got out the paper, and his caustic pen soon won for him a name, making as it did many friends and foes. During his early work upon the Juniata Sentinel he formed a warm friendship with Andrew G. Curtin, afterward the war governor of Pennsylvania, and a dislike for the political methods of Simon Cameron.

Year by year he forged ahead in politics, becoming Burgess of Millin and then deputy United States marshal. Then John M. Pomeroy purchased for him a half interest in the Chambersburg Repository. Mr. McClure became its editor and made it one of the best known journals in the state. In 1853 he was the Whig candidate for auditor general, being the youngest man ever nominated for a state office in Pennsylvania, and two years later he was a member of the convention that met at Pittsburg and organized the Republican party. In the following year he was a delegate to the national convention that nominated Fremont for the presidency.

In 1855 Mr. McClure sold the Repository and edited journalism for a time. He was soon afterward admitted to the bar, and the following year he was elected to the assembly and afterward to the senate, on the latter occasion succeeding a Democrat who had added 250 Democratic votes to the district by a new apportionment.

In 1859 he was appointed chairman of the Republican state central committee. In that campaign he made for the first time in the state a thorough organization in every county, township and precinct, and in the national convention he carried the state for Lincoln by winning over the delegates who had been instructed for Simon Cameron. At the outbreak of the rebellion Mr. McClure was in the senate, and he was made chairman of the committee on military affairs.

Two years later he was solicited by President Lincoln and Secretary Stanton to make the draft in Pennsylvania, and, with two clerks, he had the state enrolled, credits adjusted, draft made and seventeen regiments in the field in sixty days. To give to him the military authority to make the draft he was commissioned assistant adjutant general of the United States, an office which he resigned as soon as the work was finished.

After the defeat of his party in 1862 Colonel McClure, at the special request of President Lincoln, went to Philadelphia to aid in organizing and perfecting the organization for the presidential election in the following November.

The same year Lee's army, in its invasion of Pennsylvania, destroyed all his property, near Chambersburg, valued at \$75,000. To do this it even went out of its way, as if with intent to leave him homeless as a punishment for his ardent support of the Union cause.

He was a delegate to the convention which nominated General Grant in 1868, and after that campaign he settled in Philadelphia for the practice of law. In 1872, with his old friend, Mr. Curtin, he joined the Greeley movement, and ever since then he was more or less independent in politics.

He was re-elected to the senate, and in 1873 he was nominated for mayor of Philadelphia against William S. Stokes, and made a vigorous campaign, but he was defeated in this contest and never again appeared as a candidate for office.

Colonel A. K. McClure has stood on many platforms, has addressed assemblies large and small, political, social and religious. He was noted for his self command under any circumstances, but on one occasion he was distinctly embarrassed and ill at ease.

On this occasion Colonel McClure was the chief speaker at a large assembly, the audience being made up mainly of farmers or other persons who had driven to the place of meeting. In the midst of an eloquent speech it began to rain. One after another of his hearers jumped up and hurried out until the speaker was left with an array of empty benches before him.

Colonel McClure's face flushed crimson. He had said not a word that could give offense, and he naturally failed to understand the sudden leave taking, but his embarrassment was quickly changed to amusement when

The chairman arose and said: "It's all right, colonel; they're only going out to look after the horses. They'll be back pretty soon."

The orator sat down until the farmers returned and then resumed his speech.

In 1876 Colonel McClure, with Frank McLaughlin, founded the Philadelphia Times and remained its editor in chief until 1901, when he withdrew from active journalism and devoted himself to periodical literature. He was the author of many books, perhaps the best known of which are "Lincoln and Men of War Times," "Our Presidents and How We Make Them" and "Recollections of Half a Century."

For years he was the president of the famous Clover club in Philadelphia, and when he retired from journalism the club gave him a great banquet. Covers were laid for more than 300, and the company included some of the foremost men of every profession in the country. Another great banquet was given to Colonel McClure on his eightieth birthday, between 400 and 500 of his friends attending it.

Two years ago Colonel McClure said at a dinner of the Clover club: "Old age has nothing in it to fear. When death calls to me I shall not be afraid. After dining with Mr. Carnegie once Mr. Carnegie said to me that he would give \$200,000,000 to have a lease on life. 'Two hundred millions, Alvo,' he said to me—'that's what I'd give for a lease on this life. I'm not hogish, either. I'd give it for ten years only.' I don't think Carnegie is afraid of death, but he clings to life. There is a difference. I said, 'Andy, you would be lunked at that price.'"

In 1904 Colonel McClure was again induced to take office and was named prothonotary of the supreme and superior courts of Pennsylvania.

Free Advice.

The telephone in the office of a prominent New York lawyer rang, and when a clerk answered it the lady on the other end desired to give her name, saying she wanted to see the lawyer himself on private business. As soon as the lawyer himself picked up the receiver, before he could make any inquiries, she began, "Oh, please tell me, must there not be two copies of a lease?"

"Why," he answered, "it is usual to give one to the landlord's agent and one to the lessee. But who are you?"

"Yet the fact that the wife of the lessee had never seen a copy of the lease wouldn't keep it from being legally binding?"

"No," slipped from the lawyer, who quickly added, "But before I discuss the matter further may I ask to whom?"

"There was a pretty little laugh. He admits it was pretty even now. 'Oh, I'm Mrs. Brown, and I live on Broadway. You don't know me'—it was obvious likewise that he wouldn't—but I've always heard your advice was so very valuable, and I wanted a lawyer, and so I just called you up. Goodbye."

And when he asked for the number central gave him the Grand Central station—New York Times.

The Canary's Toilet.

Just watch your canary after he has had his daily bath. See how each separate feather is cleaned, pulled and looked over and how all the loose ones are taken out and dropped. All this is done by the bill, for a bird's neck is so flexible that it can be turned in all directions, but the bill cannot reach the head, and so Mr. Canary uses his foot. With it he combs his hair first on one side, then on the other, scratching very fast, as if to get all the tangles out. Then he uses his hair oil, for, although complexion powders are not known in the bird world, hair oil certainly is. Ladies and gentlemen alike carry it about with them. They have a little pouch or sack on the back near the tail for the purpose. When Mrs. Bird wishes to use it she squeezes it out with her beak, just as you would press a rubber bulb. Then she lays the oil on her back just above her wings and rubs her head against it, turning her neck in all directions until every feather in her head is straight and shining.—Exchange.

Rad Checks in Addison's Day.

It seems that the "beauty doctor" is by no means a modern invention. The Atlantic cites an amusing advertisement to this effect printed in Addison's Spectator:

The famous Bavarian Red Lipgloss: Which gives such a delightful, blushing colour to the cheeks of those that are White or Pale, that it is not to be distinguished from a natural fine complexion, nor perceived to be artificial by the nearest friend. It is nothing of Paint, or in the least hurtful, but good in many cases to be taken inwardly. It renders the Face delightfully handsome and beautiful; is not subject to be rubbed off like Paint, therefore cannot be discovered by the nearest friend. It is certainly the best Beautifier in the World. Is sold only at Mr. Payne's Toyshop at the Angel and Crown in St. Paul's Church-yard, near Chesham, at 3s. 6d. a Bottle, with Directions.

A handsome woman pleases the eye, but a good woman the heart.—Dutch Proverb.

SOMETHING NEW!

A Reliable TIN SHOP

For all kind of Tin Roofing, Spouting and General Job Work.

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PRICES THE LOWEST!

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