

PATRIOTISM THEIR FAVORITE THEME

Von Moschizskers Wrote Poems to Flag and Country.

BREATHED SPIRIT OF LIBERTY

Parents of Nominee For Supreme Court Justice Figured Prominently In Promoting the Cause of the Union in the Dark Days of the Rebellion.

Admirers of Judge Robert von Moschizsker, Republican candidate for associate justice of the supreme court, are directing their attention to the patriotic writings of his parents, which breathed loyalty to the Union during the Civil War.

Judge von Moschizsker's father, Franz A. von Moschizsker was a native of Poland and his mother was an American, Miss Clara Harrison, of Philadelphia. The elder von Moschizsker was distinguished lineage on the paternal side of the old Polish nobility, and through his mother of the ancient Saxon, being a direct descendant of the Elector of Saxony, who sustained Luther in his historic contest. He was a patriot and a scholar. During the uprising of 1848 he joined the forces under Kossuth, and in many battles fought for the cause of liberty. He was captured by the Austrians, but after many exciting adventures escaped to England, where he became professor of German literature in Kings college, London. Later he studied medicine, and after graduation in Germany came to the United States and settled in Philadelphia, where he practiced his profession.

Both Dr. von Moschizsker and his wife were enthusiastic supporters of the cause of the Union in the Civil War. Dr. von Moschizsker went to Washington and submitted to congress a memorial urging the establishment of ophthalmic hospitals and by other acts fully established his thorough sympathy with the Union. After coming to the United States he never returned to Europe, but transferred his natural patriotism and devotion of country to the land of his adoption. He contributed to the newspapers and periodicals many patriotic articles and poems. The intensity of his sympathies with the Unionists may be judged by a poem entitled "The Seen and Unseen Armies," written by him upon the occasion of the great military review at Washington.

The Seen and Unseen Armies.

With quickened breath and proud hurrah
We greet our armies back today;
Their bayonets, glistening in the sun,
Not brighter than their victories won;
Their blood-stained flags, when row
Unfurled,
Commanding homage from a world,
Each man his country's boast and joy.
From general to drummer boy,
And they, the heroes of the hour,
What thoughts must in their breasts
Have passed when they led the way
The men whose arms have dashed
The cloud that o'er their country lay.
When here, in first and fiercest review,
They bid that country saved again!
No monarch's praise these warriors
Crave;
Their country's grateful love they have.
Beneath those suits of war-worn blue
What joy must thrill each tense nerve
Through their
Their leaders viewing them with pride.
Hail them as comrades, true and tried
While they, in quietude, the form
That led them here through fiery storm!

On winged thought our souls aspire
Where purified by blood and fire,
With downward glancing, spirit eyes
They see that day so blest arise—
'round its Chief, in bright array,
The army that has passed away!
Its Chief—not he who led the way
Through night to victory's perfect day,
But he, above whose martyr grave
The white-lit flowers of Peace shall wave.
Imprinted by the loving hand
Whose life-blood stains a stricken
land.

Upon the assassination of Abraham Lincoln and while the body of the martyred president lay in state in Philadelphia, Dr. von Moschizsker wrote these lines:

The State House Bell,
Toll forth, old bell,
With mournful swell
His requiem sweet
Who both here
Cold on his bier!
Tell in each stroke
Of fetters broke
By action grand
Of this pale hand!
The Nation greet,
Tell blood so sweet
At country's feet,
Was never poured
By deed atrocious!
Yet on this head,
By hands low laid—
On this dead face
Our sad eyes trace—
O'er martyr's crown
By thorns pressed down—
The Victory won,
With thine own eyes
Foul slavery dies;
Then toll on, of bell,
With mournful kneel;
His requiem swell
In the both here
Cold on his bier!
Tell in each stroke
Of fetters broke
By action grand
Of this pale hand!

Judge von Moschizsker's mother was born in Philadelphia, where her family for four generations resided. Many of her ancestors were seafaring people. Her father and maternal grand father both were sea captains. Mrs. von Moschizsker was a great reader and wrote extensively. A volume of her verses is among the cherished possessions of her son. Like her husband she employed her pen to impart to northerners the patriotism which thrilled her. At the battle of Chickamauga Brigadier General Steadman, observing a regiment in line of battle panic-stricken and about to retreat, rode forward and, seizing its flag, exclaimed, "Go back, boys, but the flag can't go with you." This incident prompted Mrs. von Moschizsker to write these lines:

The Flag.
Galiant Steadman! e'en more than the
soldier art thou,
The wreath of the Poet encircles thy
brow.

GOVERNOR STUART MEETS THE PEOPLE

Executive Talks of His Tour of the State

Philadelphia, Sept. 14.—Governor Edwin S. Stuart, who has just returned from a tour of the state as guest of various "Old Home Week" celebrations speaks in the most enthusiastic way of the evidences of prosperity he saw upon every hand. The people of Pennsylvania, he says are happy and prosperous, and there are indications everywhere of the beneficial results of the passage of the tariff bill, which does so much to protect Pennsylvania's varied interests, agricultural and industrial and commercial.

The governor believes this will be a great Republican year and that the people of this Commonwealth will appreciate the work of the Republican representatives in congress in the enactment of the tariff legislation.

As a personal friend and admirer of Judge von Moschizsker, whom he has known intimately for years, Governor Stuart was delighted to learn that the candidacy of the Philadelphia jurist is receiving the enthusiastic support of the influential men of the bench and bar, who are familiar with his splendid record upon the common pleas bench.

The Republican nominee for the supreme court, Judge von Moschizsker is best known to the legal profession through the many opinions he has written upon a diversity of subjects and the fact that these opinions have been sustained by the highest court in the state.

"Every Pennsylvanian should be proud of Judge von Moschizsker," remarked the governor a few days ago. "It gives me pleasure to speak of his worth as a man and his splendid record as a jurist."

Following the formal opening of the state campaign at the Lehigh county Republican meeting at Dorneyville, where nominees for auditor general and state treasurer respectively, A. E. Sisson and J. A. Stober, both made stirring addresses. Chairman Andrews is planning a series of meetings at the instance of the Republican county chairmen in different parts of the state.

The most important gathering this month will be the convention of the State League of Republican Clubs to be held in Altoona, Sept. 23 and 24.

All of the Republican candidates have been invited, along with Senators Penrose and Oliver, Chairman Andrews and others.

Great preparations have been made for the entertainment of the delegates and other visitors, and a large attendance is anticipated.

Fourth of July Dialogue.

Wilfred McGonigle—Say, Spectacles, didder 'hav' any fireworks on de Fourth?
Edwin Bostonbeens—Most assuredly, and among the heterogeneous collection I had some elongated circular paste-board tubes that emitted varicolored spheres.
Wilfred McGonigle—Say, dem's Roman candles yer mean, ain't dey?
Edwin Bostonbeens—Precisely, and then I had other cylindrical pyrotechnics with cone shaped apices which, upon being ignited, sailed with velocity toward the empyrean regions and—
Wilfred McGonigle—Can't yer say skyrockets? Den wot?
Edwin Bostonbeens—Then I had variegated spheroids that revolved incessantly, with celerity discharging fiery asterisks that split into diverging lines as they sailed into the atmosphere. You may rest assured that I enjoyed those effulgent phenomena.
Wilfred McGonigle—I like pinwheels myself. Did yer 'hav' any red lights or green lights?
Edwin Bostonbeens—Not that I am cognizant of, but we had several demonstrations of radium and helium.
Wilfred McGonigle—Say, Specs, yer let's set a match to some of dem words and see if dat lankwidge don't explode.
—New York Tribune.

The robes of the Prophet thy brave limbs enfold
As springs from thy firm lips that cry
Wise as gold,
For onward, still onward, our proud flag must go,
Bearing joy to thy friends and despair to the foe;
With liberty honor and light in its track,
While life nerves a true arm it ne'er shall fall back!
And years will but carry it on in their flight,
Its stars now o'erclouded, triumphant and bright,
While from ocean to ocean an anthem will roll,
Of praise from a nation's regenerate soul.

On ye, who in manhood heaven dowers with a sword,
To draw in defense of your country and Lord,
In patience, if faith, hope or courage ever lag,
"Go back boys, go back, but not with you the flag!"
Although both of his parents were poetic in temperament, Judge von Moschizsker would never be suspected of following the muse.

All of his writings have been of the most practical sort of prose. While he may be said to have inherited literary instincts from his parents, they run along different lines. He has confined his efforts almost entirely to writings on the law.

As was forcibly said by Alexander Simpson, Jr., in his speech placing him in nomination for the supreme bench, Judge von Moschizsker is "a writing judge." He has earned this reputation while sitting in common pleas court No. 3.

While many of his colleagues on the bench have deemed it necessary to put but few of their opinions in writing, Judge von Moschizsker has seen fit to burn the midnight oil and he has made an unprecedented record for the number of opinions he has placed on file in the Philadelphia courts.

"When I say to you," remarked Mr. Simpson, in his convention address, "that of upwards of four hundred of these opinions but five of them have had reversals in the higher courts of this Commonwealth, you know whether or not Judge von Moschizsker has measured up to the duty that has been required of him."

LIVING HORRORS.

Men Made to Look Like Beasts by Chinese Methods.

To transfer a man into a beast would at first seem to be impossible. It is accomplished, however, by the Chinese, to whom nothing seems to be unknown. The skin is removed in small particles from the entire surface of the body, and to the bleeding parts bits of the hide of living animals, bears and dogs, are usually applied. The operation requires years for its full accomplishment. After the person has had his skin completely changed and becomes a man-beast or a man-dog he is made mute to complete the illusion and also deprive him of the means of informing the public he is intended to amuse of his long torture. A Chinese journal, the Hupao, prints a description of one of these human animals exhibited in the Klans. His entire body was covered with dog skin. He stood erect (although sometimes the feet are so mutilated that the beast is forced to walk on all fours), could not utter articulate sounds, rise and sit down—in short, make the gestures of a human being. A mandarin who heard of this monstrosity had him brought to his palace, where his hairy skin and bestial appearance caused quite as much terror as surprise. Upon being asked if he was a man the creature replied with an affirmative nod. He also signified in the same manner that he would write. A pencil was given him, but he could not use it, his hands were so deformed. Ashes were then placed on the ground in front of him, when the man-dog, leaning over, traced in them five characters indicating his name and district. Investigation showed that he had been stolen, imprisoned for years and subjected to long tortures. His master was apprehended and condemned to death.—London Spare Moments.

A CHEERFUL OUTLOOK.

Making It Pleasant For the Stodious Traveler.

An English tourist traveling on foot through one of our mountainous regions, studying the people, asked a man whom he met to direct him to a certain cabin at which he had been advised to stay overnight. "Going that?" said the man. "Well, Tom's a first rater, take him just right, but he's a mighty queer."

"What do you mean?" asked the traveler.
"Well, it's like this," and the man looked at the stranger in a calm, impersonal way. "He'll be setting outside, most probably, and he'll see you coming. He'll take a good look at you, and if you don't suit him he may set the dog on you."
"If he don't and you get to talking with him and say anything he don't just like he may throw you down and tromp on you. But of you're too careful in your talk, on the other hand, he's liable to take you for a spy and use his gun fast and listen to explanations afterward."
"But it's no use trying to get by without stopping," concluded the man, with evident relish of the prospect he was opening up to the stranger. "If you was to undertake that 'twould be all up with you, for he'd think you was proud and biggity."

THE UNEMPLOYED.

Lack of employment is not a new question. Says the Liverpool Mercury of Feb. 14, 1812: "It is of the highest importance that a committee of the legislature should immediately inquire into the causes of the present want of employment among the laboring classes and whether means might not be found in a nation of which the revenue is immense by which a succession of public works, etc. There were at that time 16,000 unemployed in Liverpool. The same writer after asking "Is war the only employment that the state has to give the poor?" goes on to show that the pyramids of Egypt and the "elegant edifices of Greece" were built with the object of "giving continual employment to the laborer."

Who knows little soon tells it.—German Proverb.

MESSANGER'S ODD JOB

Little Hint to the Button Oppressed Husbands.

HOW A BOY ACTED AS A MAID

Fair Washington Lady Left All Alone Summoned "Reddy" McGowan to Button a Pink Dress—"She's There With the Looks All Right."

"Reddy" McGowan, a messenger boy in Washington, has discovered a brand new job that has got all other special stunts outside the regular routine faded to a whisper. The other afternoon, in response to a phone message, he was sent to a fashionable apartment house on Connecticut avenue. The tremulous feminine voice that sent in the call frankly volunteered the information that a boy was not wanted to carry a message and finally concluded that a statement of the work he was to perform could not be made over the phone.

It was Reddy McGowan's turn, and he was shown on the job. Reddy returned three-quarters of an hour later. His face wore a smile, and his eyes were all a-twinkle. "Did you find that lady?" asked the clerk.

"Sure, I did, sir," replied Reddy. "You'll have to make a report on this," said the clerk.

"There With the Looks, All Right." "She told me to peach to no one, but I suppose I gotta," replied Reddy. "I goes up there, an' she meets me at the door. She's there with the looks, all right. She says she's glad I ain't any older, an' I wonders what's comin' off. She has on one of them kimono, an' she's there with the pink cheeks an' the blond hair."

"Come in here, little boy," she says, an' she walks me through into the best parlor an' sits me down on a big yellow couch an' hands me a big box of chocolates an' tells me to eat me head off. I ain't wise to what's doin' yet, but I takes the candy, an' she asks me to excuse her while she goes into another room. I eats candy for five minutes, an' I has just finished up all of the chocolate marshmallows I kin lay me mitts on when she comes out again.

It Wasn't Any "Cinch." "She's got a pink dress on this time, but it don't fit her none too good, an' then I pipes it off that it ain't buttoned. There's a big string of black buttons runnin' down the back an' a lot of sort of little jiggers made out of black cord that fits over 'em. She looks at me an' laughs. 'Little boy,' she says, 'I want you to button me up.' 'That's a new one on me, all right. I put a souse to bed once, an' I caught a lot of runaway chickens for a dame out in the northeast, an' I took a guy around in a taxicab once, showin' him the treasury an' White House an' things, but I ain't never had to button no dress on no lady. I tells her me hand's is dirty, an' she makes me wash 'em, an' then I starts."

"Say, that ain't no cinch. Those there loops, or whatever you calls 'em, don't go over those there buttons easy, an', besides, that dress fits her purty tight, an' there ain't no slack to get a-hold of. I asks her if she can't pull herself together a little tighter, an' she han't me a little poke on the ear an' laughs an' says I'm a fresh kid an' that she's leered tight enough."

"Well, I got 'em buttoned, all right."

Convenient. "Providence," said the deacon, "sho' do look after de culled race." "How come?" demanded Brother Dickey. "Well, hit's disaway: De nigger baby ez dey say, walk too soon."

"Sho' do!" assented Brother Dickey. "Dat makes him bowlegged."

"Now you talkin'?" "An' bowlegs is de mos' convenient-est legs in de worl' for climbin' a tree w'en a possum's on de top limb!"—Exchange.

A good and faithful judge prefers the honest to the expedient.—Horace.

HOTEL CELLS.

The Difference Between Them and Those of the Jail.

The chief difference between the average hotel cell and the average prison cell, viewed from the standpoint of social psychology, is that one is locked on the inside to keep outsiders out, while the other is locked on the outside to keep insiders in. The occupant of the hotel cell is afraid that something will be done to him or that something will be taken from him by some one who ought to be in a prison cell. That is the theory of it.

"Lock your door and leave your valuables at the office," cautions the obliging innkeeper. "If you had valuables you wouldn't be here," observes the witty prison keeper. That is to say, the question of valuables seems to enter largely into the matter.

It would be great to have a civilization which considered valuable only those things which could not be stolen, such as mental and moral equipment, skill and good fellowship. Then we could be a little more sociable. We could talk to each other without buttoning our coats or feeling for our diamond studs every few minutes. Then over the phone.

THEATRICAL COSTUMES.

The Man Who Supplies Them Must Be Artistic and Well Read.

An extensive library is an absolute necessity to the theatrical costumer. At the head of every theatrical costuming establishment there is a man of education, experience and genuine artistic ability whose business it is to know what is needed and how to get it. If "The Prince of India," "Ben-Hur" or "The Darling of the Gods" is to be produced he must map out the lines on which the costuming is to be done, and those lines must be absolute accuracy. There is a wide difference between the French costumes of Napoleon's time and those worn by Jeanne d'Arc and her friends. The chief designer must know it and act on his knowledge. At the time Custer fought his last fight the United States army—cavalry and infantry—was outfitted in a peculiar manner that has long since passed away. If the play deals with American army life of that period the costumes must show it, for it would never do to have the critics "roast" the piece because the producers were ignorant of the thing produced. The man at the head of the costuming department must either be conversant with all countries and all periods of history or he must know how to become so with decided alacrity; hence the costumer's library.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

What Thieves Won't Steal.

The last thing the woman did before leaving the flat was to put four rings in the clock on the mantel. "So thieves won't get them," she said.

"I should think that would be simply inviting thieves to run away with them," said her friend. "That is a handsome clock, and thieves like handsome clocks."

"They do," said the woman, "but they never will steal this clock. It ticks too loud. No wise thief will run away with a clock that goes like a thrashing machine. It isn't the alarm about his person that he is afraid of, for he can stop the clock, but the occupants of the flat are likely to return before he gets safely away, and if a loud ticking clock is gone they will miss it the minute they step inside the door and maybe give him a hot chase for his plunder."—New York Press.

Too Eminent.

"Why don't you ask your office boy to wash those windows?" "I ain't got the nerve to do it, old man. He was the valetierian of his class."—Washington Herald.

Innocence is better than repentance. An unsmiled life better than pardon.—Blaney.

Never mind who was your grand father. Who are you?—Proverb.

LOEB'S NEW POLICE. TO CULL IMMIGRANTS

Customs Collector's Force to Seize Smugglers at New York.

SEVERAL HAVE BEEN CAUGHT

Forty-eight Piers Are Watched Night and Day to Prevent Smuggling In of Contraband Goods—Colonel W. Lutz, Commander, Has Two Hundred and Seventy-five Men on Duty.

Every pier of New York city at which is tied a vessel containing dutiable goods is being watched night and day by a new federal police force to apprehend smugglers. This force was organized a few days ago as the outcome of Collector William Loeb's determination to stop leaks in the collection of customs revenue. Within six days an average of two smugglers a night were detected and the goods they sought to sneak through free of duty confiscated.

There are 275 men in the new force. Colonel W. Lutz, former chief of the insular police force of Porto Rico, has been named as commandant. His assistant is A. M. Beardsley.

There are three lieutenants, twelve roundsmen and 200 patrolmen or watchmen, as they are officially designated. The men are divided into three shifts of eight hours each. The greater number of men are on duty from 8 a. m. to 4 p. m., a lesser number from 4 p. m. to midnight, and a still smaller number from midnight until 8 a. m. There is at least one man to every pier in the city where a vessel is tied containing dutiable goods.

New Force Gets Busy.

The new department was formally organized July 21. Colonel Lutz got his patrolmen busy at once. In eight instances they caught members of the crews of different steamers trying to take ashore packages containing goods on which no duty had been paid. A valuable lace spread, a number of finely wrought fancy boxes, a valuable jewel case and boxes of cigars and bottles of bay rum were among the finds. In every case they were being brought ashore when it was supposed the customs officials had gone for the day.

Never before in the history of the customs service has a watch been kept at night. The steamship companies have always had watchmen at piers. At least they were supposed to watch, but according to general report they were either asleep or oblivious to what any of the crew might bring ashore.

There will be strict discipline maintained of the new force in order to demonstrate that its organization and operation may prove its usefulness. The roundsmen will be held accountable for the detection of delinquent patrolmen at piers where one man is assigned on the midnight shifts. The lieutenants will make unexpected trips to see that their immediate subordinates are really making the proper rounds.

Forty-eight Piers Watched.

The force until recently had under surveillance forty-eight piers. It is stated that the force will be increased to 500 patrolmen just as soon as it can be done.

The members of the newly organized force are all clothed with the "S-S-S" authority, as Colonel Lutz terms it. This means that they have the police and governmental right to "stop, search, seize." The watchmen are instructed to take no chances, but seize on suspicion if there is the slightest thing to warrant such suspicion. It is expected that hundreds of thousands of dollars will be added to the treasury by this increased vigilance before it will become generally understood that there is no use trying to leave a dock or pier with dutiable goods. When that particular time arrives Colonel Lutz says he will reduce the force somewhat, but never to the point where a pier is not covered by at least one man constantly.

Colonel Lutz had several hundred police under him in Porto Rico for ten years. The body was organized after the fashion of the new federal force he commands. All below the rank of major in the insular police force were natives. During the labor strike on the island three years ago Colonel Lutz gained a reputation for his energetic preservation of order.—New York World.

Monkey's Great Grief.

Grief over the death of Dr. Monroe S. Leach a few days ago caused the suicide of the physician's pet monkey, which refused to touch food after its master died. It succumbed the other day. When Dr. Leach was taken ill the monkey took up its post at the sickbed and refused to leave. On the day the physician died, it is declared by members of the family, the animal whimpered like a child. At the funeral the monkey was permitted to look for the last time on the face of its dead master. With shrill, almost human, cries it clung to the casket, and it was necessary to pull it away.

Real Butterflies For Hatpins.

A new enterprise in which the youth of Palouse, Wash., ranging from five to twelve years of age, are engaging is catching butterflies. The insects are delivered at a confectionery store, where they are chloroformed and sent to a plating company in Spokane, Wash., to be metalized and made into hatpins. Five cents each is paid, and dozens of little people are to be seen with their nets scouring the hills about Palouse.

Thoroughly Prepared.

At a religious service in Scotland the late Lord Kelvin noticed a youngster accompanying his grandparents and sitting wise as a young owl through the sermon.

At the close of the service Lord Kelvin congratulated the grandfather upon the excellence of the young man's behavior.

"Och, aye," returned the veteran. "Duncan's weel threatened afore he gangs in."

Enjoyment stops where indolence begins.—Pollock.

Missouri to Become a Pioneer in a Big Problem.

THE DISTRIBUTING OF ALIENS.

How the Bullion State Will Induce Foreigners of the Right Kind to Settle Within Her Confines—Value of the Scheme.

Missouri has decided to take its pick of the immigration coming to the United States. Ever since Governor Hadley took his seat the state authorities have been pondering over ways and means to attract a desirable class of immigrants to build up the waste places and put more value into the farm holdings. The Missouri State Society of New York has also been working at the other end of the line to accomplish the same object. Last winter these same patriotic sons of Missouri, who make their homes in New York, but who have not lost interest in the welfare of their native state, suggested that if a live, energetic agent were stationed at Ellis Island, where the great bulk of immigrants disembark, great good would be likely to come of it. Now, after a conference with Commissioner Keefe of the United States immigration bureau, Commissioner Curran of the Missouri immigration bureau has announced that the state board will establish an agency at the immigrant station at Ellis Island. The purpose is to work in co-operation with the federal bureau in inducing as many immigrants as possible of the right kind to make their homes in Missouri.

Advantages of the State.

Thus Missouri is to become a pioneer in solving the problem of distributing immigrants throughout the United States instead of leaving them to act upon their own resources without advice or assistance of a trustworthy kind. Two other states, Louisiana and South Carolina, have tried the plan and are much pleased with the results. This state is likely to be still more so, inasmuch as it can offer many advantages in climate, soil and social environment which are lacking in the semitropical gulf states. Besides being centrally located, along the paring of travel east and west, Missouri probably enjoys a greater diversity of soil and climate, both of the most favorable character, than any other state in the Union. With fertile grain producing lands in its center and northern counties, stock breeding and dairy farms of the northwest, cotton and tobacco in the southwest and its unsurpassed fruit orchards and vineyards along the slopes of the Ozarks in the southwest, this state presents every advantage to the agricultural immigrant that could be desired, not to speak of the coal, iron, zinc, lead and other flourishing mining industries which extend from the extreme northwestern to the southwestern borders, affording employment at high wages to many thousands of sturdy workers.

Many workmen in the coal mines of this state net upward of \$7 a day from eight hours of labor. Thus no industrious immigrant who settles in this state will have occasion to regret his choice so far as material prosperity is concerned, while from a social point of view no warmer hearted and more hospitable people can be found on earth than the native Missourians.

National Bureau to Be Established.

The federal authorities are said to be so much impressed with the Missouri idea of the state going directly to the source of supply to obtain the pick of the immigrants that they have decided to establish a national immigration bureau at Washington to direct immigrants to favorable locations throughout the United States and to gather information along this line for the benefit of states that may desire to take advantage of the opportunity to augment their population. This plan, if intelligently pursued, ought to go far to establish the much desired equilibrium of labor between the east and west which has been sought after for years alike by public officers in the bureau of immigration and private philanthropists. At least it cannot fail to lessen the tremendous congestion of aliens in the large cities of the east, which is fast becoming a menace to the welfare of the nation.—Kansas City Journal.

The Intricacies of It.

"Why don't you study the time table, and then you wouldn't have missed your train?"

"That was the trouble. While I was trying to translate the time table the train pulled out."—New York Herald.

At His Best.

Blobbs—The doctor told Guzzler drinking was the very worst thing he could do. Blobbs—I guess that doctor didn't know Guzzler or he would have realized that drinking is the best thing he does.—Philadelphia Record.

SOMETHING NEW!

A Reliable TIN SHOP

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

Stoves, Heaters, Ranges, Furnaces, etc.

PRICES THE LOWEST!

QUALITY THE BEST!

JOHN HIXSON

NO. 116 E. FRONT ST.

The Most Enticing Breakfasts

Are Now Shot from Guns

Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice were served last month for seventeen million meals.

But millions of others lacked them. There are millions yet who don't know them.

If you are among them, we invite you to try them. Serve one of these foods tomorrow.

The world, as you know, doesn't jump to a food which all are not finding delightful.

Puffed Wheat—10c

These are the foods invented by Prof. Anderson, and this is his curious process:

The whole wheat or rice kernels are put into sealed guns. Then the guns are revolved for sixty minutes in a heat of 550 degrees.

That fierce heat turns the moisture in the grain to steam, and the pressure becomes tremendous.

The foods of the day are the foods that are best. That is always so.

The foods of this day are these crisp, gigantic grains—puffed to eight times their natural size.

These whole, unbroken, nut-like grains, made four times as porous as bread.

You'll like what others like. We do you a kindness when we ask you to try these foods.

Puffed Rice—15c

Then the guns are unsealed, and the steam explodes. Instantly every starch granule is blasted into a myriad particles.

The kernels of grain are expanded eight times. Yet the coats are unbroken, the shapes are unaltered. We have simply the magnified grain.

One package will tell you why people delight in them. Order it now.

Made only by The Quaker Oats Company