



**Feeling Foreign Ways.**  
"Gosh all fishhooks, but they hev funny ways of doin' business over tew Berlin, where me and Mirandy hev just been," said Zeke to his next neighbor.  
"Tell me about it, Zeke."  
"They hev what they call 'neighborhood kitchens,' where all the food for the people in a whole block is cooked."  
"That wouldn't do in this here country, Zeke. With all our wimmin in politics, their kitchens would turn into daily ward caucuses and everything would spile."—Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

**Embarrassing.**  
De Chappie—If there's any one nuisance I hate more than another, it's a fellow who is always going around introducing people. There's Goodheart, for instance.  
Bouttown—What's he been doing?  
De Chappie—The idiot! The other day he introduced me to a man I owed money to, and I'd been owing it so long I'd forgotten all about me. Now I'll have to pay up or be sued.—Tit-Bits.

**THE WATCHFUL WIFE.**



**Alas, Yes.**  
Now soon, too soon, do I suspect Will! So, begin to blaze, And then we fondly recollect Those January days.—Chicago Sun.

**The One Thing Needful.**  
Lady Customer—This cook book appears to be all right, with one exception.  
Bookseller—What is that, madam?  
Lady Customer—It has no pictures in it.  
Bookseller—Of course not. One seldom sees an illustrated cook book.  
Lady Customer—But what's the use of telling us how to serve a dinner without plates?—Cincinnati Enquirer.

**One of Many.**  
Deacon de Goode—My! Something must be done to stem the tide of divorce now sweeping over this country. The very foundation of civilization is menaced and—  
Congressman—I'll introduce a national bill this very day.  
Deacon de Goode—Um—er—can't you wait a few weeks? My own divorce case isn't through yet.—N. Y. Weekly.

**A South-Sea Atkinson.**  
First Cannibal—Good morning, Gumbo.  
Second Cannibal—How are you, old man?  
First Cannibal—What's all this row about over the Fiji Islands?  
Second Cannibal—Oh, some wise guy has been circulating a theory that a woman can dress on 65 clam shells a year.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

**Editorial.**  
A fresh, frisky fellow from Tex. Came into our office to vex. Now he's lying in bed With a knot on his head And a bruise on his sore solar plex.—Puck.

**A DINNER BELL.**



**A Solemn Thought.**  
It fills us with surprise too strong For adequate expression To see the country get along With congress not in session!—Washington Star.

**A Turning Movement.**  
"What is your age, madam?" asks the judge.  
"My age?" says the woman in the witness-box. "Judge, I've just turned twenty-four."  
"Just turned twenty-four, have you?" says his honor. "I'm glad to see you are truthful about your age. Twenty-four turned is forty-two. Proceed, Mr. Prosecutor.—Judge."

**Accounted For.**  
Jimkins seems to have a sort of a hunted, haggard look recently. I wonder what's the matter with him? It can't be financial trouble, for I understand that he has been very lucky in several big deals.  
"No, he was telling me the other day that his oldest boy had reached the stamp collecting stage."—Chicago Record-Herald.

**Mother Goose Revised.**

Little Tommy Tucker was singing for his supper.  
But the financial returns were poor.  
"You should use more modern methods," suggested a friend. "Advertise yourself as Signor Tommaso Tuckerino, the Italian tenor."  
Our hero did so, and society groveled at his feet.—Chicago Sun.

**The Lesser Evil.**

First Millionaire—I'm in trouble. My daughter wants to marry our choicest son.  
Second Millionaire—Going to give your consent?  
First Millionaire—Guess I'll have to if I don't see she swears she'll marry an English duke.—Chicago Sun.

**Parental Confidence.**

"Some children are very tiresome when they recite."  
"Yes," answered the proud father, "but we envied that. We taught Reginald to recite two pieces, 'Little Drops of Water' and 'Hamlet's Soliloquy,' so that he can appeal to all tastes."—Washington Star.

**In the Museum.**

George—Yes, that's one of the rarest stuffed animals in the collection. You wouldn't think from its size that it had few rivals in strength, would you?  
Maud—Oh, I don't know. It smells much stronger than any of the others.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**Giving Her Away.**

Maud's Pa—I wish you'd get rid of that young puppy, De Soppe, who's been calling on you so much.  
Maud's Pa—I've tried to snub him, papa, but he simply won't be sat upon.  
Maud's Brother—Won't he? Since when?—Cleveland Leader.

**Of Course.**

Gravey—I'm sure that foreign nobleman who is courting Miss Bullion is a coachman in disguise.  
George—Nonsense! Why should a coachman disguise himself as a foreign nobleman? Wouldn't he stand a better chance in his real character?—Chicago Sun.

**Even Worse.**

"I can't imagine anything more satisfactory," remarked the chronic kicker, "than a meal at our boarding house."  
"No?" replied the sentimental youth.  
"Evidently you never got a kiss from your best girl over the telephone."—Philadelphia Press.

**As It Looked to Him.**

The reckless wife purchased for dear hubby was just too intense. Though for it she gave up forty-nine, it looked to him like thirty cents.—Chicago Daily News.

**MIGHT HAVE STOPPED TO CAT**



**He—Er—by the way, I passed your new house yesterday.**

She—Did you? How nice of you!—Scraps.

**A Soleless Joke.**

"Yes," remarked the funny shoemaker, "I'm in favor of women's rights—also their lefts."  
"Is that your last joke?" asked the leather salesman.  
"Shoer," answered the cobbler, "and it's awl right at that."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

**Bettered Herself.**

Tess—The last time I saw Miss Kuteley she had a job as collector, running down old accounts for a wealthy manufacturer.  
Jess—She's got a better job now running up new accounts at all the stores. She married her employer.—Philadelphia Press.

**Somewhat Ambiguous.**

He—Darling, will you be satisfied with a million-dollar house, a country place, a private car, a yacht and fifty thousand a year pin money?  
She—Yes, dear. I will be perfectly satisfied as long as I have you.—Brooklyn Life.

**No Game of Chance.**

"Dobbs looks worried."  
"Yes, he lost a lot of money last night."  
"Gambling?"  
"No; by leaving it in his trousers pocket when he retired."—Houston Post.

**He Called the Turn.**

"I wish to return this meat you sent up to the house this morning, and I am going to stop trading with you."  
"That's rather tough."  
"Rather! It's both tough and old."—Houston Post.

**Not Quite Clear.**

Young Banbury-Spratte (with a hyphen, dear boy)—Not much! I never allowed a woman to make a fool of me.  
The Hon. Peter—No—er—how did you manage?

**H. J. Notion.**

Little Enoch—Uncle Amzi, how does man run an automobile?  
Uncle Amzi—By issue's bonds, I guess, from what I read of the cost of keepin' 'em in repair.—Puck.

**STRIKE IN THE HENNERY.**

Arbitration Committee Worsted in Argument on Merits of the Case.

Once upon a time (very recently) a hen went upon a strike and refused to lay. Other hens followed her example, and the scarcity of hen fruit which resulted caused eggs to retail for something like 50 cents per dozen, says the Boston Post. In other words, strictly fresh eggs laid by scab hens were worth about five cents each in the shell. Even cold storage eggs which were readily expensive and had to be handled with care brought 30 cents.

The people got together and remonstrated with the hens, but it did no good. Finally an arbitration committee waited on the hens and tried to persuade them to go back to work. The arbitration committee pointed out that only the rich could afford to eat eggs, but the hens refused to return to work. The arbitration committee then told the hens that if they persisted in the strike they would bring ruin upon themselves.

Then a wise old hen arose and spoke as follows:  
"In the spring when us hens wish to sit the people give us porcelain doorknobs to sit on. If the porcelain doorknobs are as good as eggs to sit on, they ought to be as good to eat as eggs. Tell the people to eat porcelain doorknobs."  
The arbitration committee could not answer this argument, and departed in tears.

**ODD BITS ABOUT TIGERS.**

**Easy and Independent Life of the Big Cats Near the City of Amoy, China.**

Amoy is an island city on the China coast, near Formosa. There are mountains west of Amoy and according to a correspondent there are tigers in them. "These tigers lead an easy and independent life in the caves and dens which they dig out of the shadows creep over the land and the blue mist rises from the lower ground and hide the hills. Then the inhabitants get within their houses and keep the doors between them and these savage brutes. Many a poor woman, coming with water from the well, or a farmer, delayed too long in the fields, has fallen victim to them. The nights are spent by tigers in foraging and the foxes and wildcats that roam the hills and the dogs in the villages become their prey.

"There is nothing, however, that gives the tiger such supreme delight as the capture of a good-sized pig. They are truly Chinese in their tastes in this respect. One of these animals will go over its back up the sides of steep hills, jumping over huge boulders and taking cross cuts over the most inaccessible grounds. The physical strength of a tiger is something enormous, and its capacity for devouring large quantities of food is scarcely less amazing."

**THE DARKY'S DISTINCTION.**

Knew the Difference Between Legislators and Men Who Gave Him Tips.

A traveling man who "makes" Kansas City frequently was dining in the cafe of one of the large hotels one day when he thought he'd play a trick on his waiter. "Set that man at the next table, George," he said.  
The waiter nodded assent.  
"That's Dr. Alonzo Tubbs, the Missouri legislator, who is trying to stop all tipping." The waiter grew interested at once.  
"Well, ain't dat too bad," he said. "Ah's been waitin' on him, too."  
"Well, you won't get any tip there," said the traveling man.  
"Ah suttinly treated him right," replied the traveling man.  
A few minutes later the man at the other table left, and the waiter returned to the traveling man.  
"Well," said the drummer, "what did I tell you?"  
"Xense me, sah, but Ah thinks you tole me er fabrication," said the waiter, grinning. "Dat man ain't a legislator—he's a gentleman."  
The man had given him a quarter.

**READS ALL THE POSTALS.**

Postmistress in This Way Makes Sure That Nothing Improper Passes Her.

Talking with a party of friends at a downtown cafe the other afternoon, relates the Philadelphia Record, a traveling man told of a new experience he encountered in a little village not far from Philadelphia on his last trip out. He was standing at the window of the post office in the village while the mail was being distributed, when he noticed that the postmistress—who was certainly old enough to know what she was about—put the letters as she came to them in their proper boxes, but placed all the postal cards in a pile together on a shelf.  
"What are you saving the postals for?" asked the traveler at last.  
"Oh, I've got to read 'em all first," was the reply.  
"Got to?" exclaimed the traveler, with an accent of surprise on the verb. "Why, how's that?"  
"I have to read 'em, every one," said the postmistress, "to see that they contain nothing improper. It's a rule of the department." And she went on placidly with her distribution.

**Future of Manchuria.**

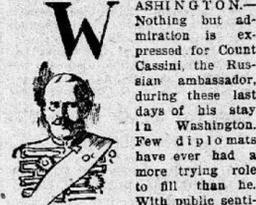
Writing of the probable developments in Manchuria when the present war in the east shall have closed, a critic says: "First of all, Manchuria, with its vast capacity, is but sparsely populated. Therefore, the immigration of Chinese into Manchuria, too long discouraged by Peking, will be utilized to create a mighty barrier against future aggression from the Amur, in the shape of multitudes of stalwart yellow men. Had this been done long ago, Russia, in place of deserts, empty steppes and green lonely river-positions, which would have made it impossible for it to push southward to Fort Arthur."

**WASHINGTON GOSSIP**

**THE TRYING POSITION OF THE RUSSIAN AMBASSADOR.**

**COUNT CASSINI IS ADMIRER**

New Head of Bureau of Manufactures—Congressmen Seek Services of Trained Newspaper Men—Gymnastics Condemned.



**WASHINGTON.**  
Nothing but admiration is expressed for Count Cassini, the Russian ambassador, during these last days of his stay in Washington. Few diplomats have ever had a more trying role to fill than he. With public sentiment, which includes that of officialdom, clearly on the side of the Japanese, the count has been able by his own genial personality to retain the respect and affection of all grades in official and diplomatic circles. The blunders, the misfortunes and the incompetency that have marked the Russian conduct of the war in the east on land and sea have almost made the Muscovite name a reproach in this city. Count Cassini has had to meet all the disgust, disappointment and ridicule that his home government have inspired.

As the dean of the diplomatic corps, his position has been doubly trying. The embarrassment that his nation's misfortunes have brought are greater than if he had occupied a less conspicuous place in the list of ambassadors and ministers. As dean he has had to take a prominent part in official and social functions. This he has done, and that in an unimpaired and unimpaired manner have hidden any anxiety and shame he may have felt over the disasters that followed the Russian army and navy in the orient. The count's many friends have outdone themselves to show him courtesy and pay him honor before he leaves for his new post at Madrid. Dinners have been the order of the day and nothing but compliments have been showered upon the cool headed and popular Russian.

After the fall of Port Arthur, Count Cassini was prepared for any sort of a blow. That was the worst disappointment to him of any occurrence of the war. He had a special interest in Port Arthur, as the place was named after him when Russia grabbed it at the close of the Chinese-Japanese war. The count's first name is Arthur, or Arturo, and the Russian government named Port Arthur after him in recognition of his services when minister of Peking.

**"Major" John M. Carson.**

HE ranks of newspaper correspondents in Washington have again been invaded by the administration to secure desirable material with which to fill a public office. Maj. John M. Carson, the correspondent of the New York Times and the Philadelphia Ledger, the dean of the correspondents' corps, and who has been engaged in Washington newspaper work for a generation, has been selected as the head of the bureau of manufactures in the department of commerce and labor. The selection was made by the president himself, who has known Maj. Carson for many years and has watched his high-grade work as a correspondent.

**Evils of Indoor Exercise.**

**UNITED STATES**  
Consul Marshal Halstead at Birmingham, England, has sent an extract from one of the English papers describing a rather startling theory regarding gymnastics. This theory is promulgated by a Prof. Mosso in a lecture before the Birmingham university, in which he claims that gymnastics are injurious. Prof. Muirhead of the same university has endeavored on Prof. Mosso's theory and has made a sweeping condemnation of gymnastics.  
Prof. Mosso by a series of experiments with an instrument called the Ergograph contends that he has established the fact that the brain is brought into operation by every act of physical exertion, and there is a strain imposed upon this organ by physical exercise, mental study and the play of the emotions. Prof. Muirhead, taking Mosso's experiments as a basis, declares that gymnastics are the most exhaustive and demoralizing kind of exercise that could be engaged in. His contention has aroused quite a feeling and his position has been severely assailed by the advocates of gymnastic training of scholars. In defense of his theory, Prof. Muirhead says: "I think that what we now know as to the physiological effect of different kinds of exercise demands an overhauling of the older systems of gymnastic training. Gymnastic trainers are often ignorant of the real principles on which physical exercise should be based, and our existing system is a compromise for open air exercise. Indoor gymnastics are very exhausting, and in my view one of the best forms of gymnastics is the outdoor game, such as the public schools have in their field sports."

**Faith in Newspaper Men.**

**RESIDENT** Roosevelt believes in newspaper men and has chosen many of them to fill positions of responsibility and honor in the public service. He believes in the Washington correspondent. He has had experience with the latter class of newspaper men for 16 or 17 years, or since he first came to Washington as a civil service commissioner. Among the conspicuous examples of newspaper men being called by the president to high office might be cited the following: Secretary of State John Hay, who was a writer of great

strength and virility on the New York Tribune before he came to the diplomatic service and began a career that has made him the premier of the administration. Whitelaw Reid, now ambassador to Great Britain, has been a newspaper writer and editor all his life, and served several years as a Washington correspondent.

These two are both frequently spoken of as newspaper men who have made their mark in the public service, but there is an extended list of men of that profession in other departments. There is Robert J. Wynne, now consul general to London, who occupied a seat in Mr. Roosevelt's cabinet for several months. He was a Washington correspondent of more than a quarter of a century's experience. The two civilian commissioners of the District of Columbia, Henry L. West and H. B. F. Macfarland, were both prominent members of the Washington corps of correspondents and newspaper writers before they were called upon to run the district government. Francis E. Leupp, for 23 years a writer on the New York Evening Post, and for more than 20 years its Washington correspondent, is Mr. Roosevelt's commissioner of Indian affairs.

Then there is the veteran Gen. Henry V. Boynton, so long connected with the Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette, who is now at the head of the Chickamauga park commission. Other newspaper men who served as Washington correspondents and are now in the public service are Assistant Secretary of the Treasury Reynolds, Chief of the Bureau of Statistics Austin, Chief of the Dead Letter Office Young, H. Conquest Clarke, connected with the rural free delivery, George W. Rouzer, in the employ of the senate, and George E. Gilleland, also employed in the senate.

**Grasp of Public Affairs.**

**HE** president has frequently remarked that he has seldom failed to get the highest service from newspaper men. He chooses them because of their general knowledge of public affairs. The Washington correspondent is accustomed in the privacy of his profession to meet government officials of every grade, and he becomes acquainted with the work of every department and bureau. In nine cases out of ten the disclosure of wrongdoing in the public service is made by newspaper men in the ordinary practice of their profession. They are quick to discern any unusual departure from routine methods, and it is an open secret that the industry and acuteness of newspaper correspondents were mainly instrumental in compelling an overhauling of the post office department and brought about the disclosure of crimes and fraudulent practices.

The newspaper man is also well posted on political matters, and, although under the Roosevelt administration active politics are barred in all the departments, the president is very willing to have about him men who are able to size up a political situation and who appreciate the significance of government policies in politics in the highest sense of the latter term. New senators and representatives coming to Washington are very glad to secure the services of trained newspaper men as their private and confidential secretaries. The multitude of errands that the average congressman is bound to have in the departments can be looked after more expeditiously by men whose training in newspaper work has made them familiar with all the ins and outs of departmental life and work. As a consequence probably a majority of these private secretaries have had newspaper training either in their home districts or in Washington.

**ALL DONE OUT.**

**Veteran** Joshua Heller, of 708 South Walnut Street, Urbana, Ill., says: "In the fall of 1899 after talking Doan's Kidney Pills I told the readers of this paper that they had relieved me of kidney trouble, disposed of a lame back with pain across my loins and beneath the shoulder blades. During the interval which has elapsed I have had occasion to resort to Doan's Kidney Pills when I noticed warnings of an attack. On each and every occasion the results obtained were just as satisfactory as when the pills were first brought to my notice. I just as emphatically endorse the preparation to-day as I did over two years ago."  
Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., proprietors. For sale by all druggists, price 50 cents per box.

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**HABITS OF NOTED MEN.**

Andrew Carnegie's pet aversion is tobacco. At his New York residence one evening recently he gave a dinner, and, as usual, was a genial host. After the coffee Mr. Carnegie confessed his dislike of smoke in such a way that plainly indicated he would be displeased if any of his guests availed themselves of the opportunity to retire to the billiard-room.

Senator-Elect Brandegee of Connecticut makes a point of being scrupulously polite, though thoroughly democratic. It is a habit of his never to talk to a woman with his head covered. On the street or in an elevator or in the office he lives up to this rule. In addition he has the highest respect for women workers. He said at one time: "The women who toil are the only women of rank in America."

Robert Hoe, the famous builder of printing presses, has this for his favorite maxim: "It is better to get behind a thing and push it along, than get in front of it and drag it after you. In other words, it is the work, not the man, that should attract attention." This expression of reserve helps to explain why it is that Mr. Hoe is never interviewed in the newspapers. He has an air of elegant reserve, but works as hard as any of his employees, thoroughly understanding every detail of his vast business.

Iwawa Oyama, the Japanese Napoleon, is every inch a soldier. Belonging to the most aristocratic class in his country, he is creator of the Japanese army as it is to-day. From 1880 to 1889 he worked on the German plans of organization, but subsequently discarded it in favor of the French system, on which lines he brought the military forces to their present marvelous state of perfection. Officially he is a man of the fewest possible words, but in private he is a delightful companion, witty and entertaining.

Levi P. Morton, ex-vice president, banker, diplomat and statesman, smiles clear on what he calls a rational plan. In order to keep his appreciation of thrift in good working order he occasionally smokes a five-center. One day lately the clerks in his bank became aware of a remarkable odor, obstinate and suffocating. When it was at its worst a messenger boy explained the mystery on emerging from Mr. Morton's private room. "It's all right," he said to the cashier. "De boss is in dere smoking one o' dem rankos."

**MADE NEW STRENGTH**

QUICKER THAN DOCTOR'S TONIC, SAYS TYPHOID PATIENT.

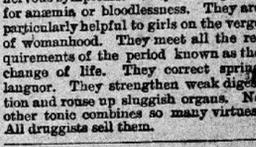
Young Lady Left by Fever in Very Weak State Case Dr. Williams' Pink Pills with Gratifying Results.

After a fever, such as typhoid or scarlet, has run its full course there remains the recovery of strength. The tonic that will most rapidly increase the red corpuscles in the blood is the one that will most quickly restore color to the cheeks, strength to the weak muscles, and elasticity to the sluggish nerves. So far nothing has ever been produced superior to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for this purpose.

Miss Midendorf had been ill with typhoid fever for fourteen weeks. She had a good physician who carried her safely through the critical stages. When he left, nothing remained to be done except to build up her strength, which was very feeble, and he gave her some prescriptions for that purpose. Here, however, she met with disappointment.

"I took the doctor's tonic," she says, "for two months after I had recovered from the fever, but they did not do me the good I looked for. My strength came back so slowly that I scarcely seemed to be making any progress at all. Just then I read in a book thrown in our yard some striking testimonials showing what wonderful blood-builders and strength-givers Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are. I got a box of them, took one after this and after I had taken only about half of them I could see a very great improvement in me. When I had used up two boxes, I felt that I did not need any more medicine. I have remained strong ever since."

Miss E. B. Midendorf lives at No. 1501 Park street, Quincy, Ill. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the best remedy to use in all cases of weakness, from whatever cause the system may be run down. In cases of debility due to overwork the minister fresh strength and overcome nervous symptoms. They are a specific for anemia or bloodlessness. They are particularly helpful to girls on the verge of womanhood. They meet all the requirements of the period known as the change of life. They correct spring languor. They strengthen weak digestion and rouse up sluggish organs. No other tonic combines so many virtues. All druggists sell them.



**PAXTINE TOILET ANTISEPTIC FOR WOMEN**

Treated with this peculiar to their sex, used as a douche is markedly successful. Thoroughly cleanses, kills disease germs, stops discharges, relieves itching and local soreness, cures hemorrhoids and small catarrhs. Paxtine is in powder form to be dissolved in pure water, used as a bath or douch. Contains germicidal and antiseptic than liquid antiseptics for use TOILET AND WOMEN'S SPECIAL USES. For sale at druggists. See full directions on Trial Box and Book of Instructions Free. DR. R. PAXTON COMPANY BOSTON, MASS.

**VALUABLE FERTILIZERS**

FOR SALE AT DRUGGISTS. See full directions on Trial Box and Book of Instructions Free. DR. R. PAXTON COMPANY BOSTON, MASS.

**PATENTS**

FOR SALE AT DRUGGISTS. See full directions on Trial Box and Book of Instructions Free. DR. R. PAXTON COMPANY BOSTON, MASS.

**WEEK WRITING TO ADVERTISERS**

PLEASE STATE THAT YOU SAW THE ADVERTISER'S NAME IN THIS PAPER.

**FISCH'S CURE FOR GIBBS WHILE IN THE FALLS**

Best Cough Syrup, Throat Lozenges, and Consumptive. See full directions on Trial Box and Book of Instructions Free. DR. R. PAXTON COMPANY BOSTON, MASS.

**A. N. E. Y 2070**

**The Secret of Good Coffee**

Even the best housekeepers cannot make a good cup of coffee without good material. Dirty, adulterated and queerly blended coffee such as unscrupulous dealers shovel over their counters won't do. But take the pure, clean, natural flavored **LION COFFEE**, the leader of all package coffees—the coffee that for over a quarter of a century has been daily welcomed in millions of homes—and you will make a drink fit for a king in this way:

**HOW TO MAKE GOOD COFFEE.**

1. Grind your LION COFFEE rather fine. Use 1/2 tablespoonful to each cup, and one extra for the pot.  
2. First mix with a little cold water, enough to make a thick paste, and add white of an egg (if egg is to be used as a settler), then follow over the following list:  
3. **WITH BOILING WATER.** Add boiling water, and let it boil THREE MINUTES ONLY. Add a little cold water and set aside five minutes to settle. Serve promptly.  
4. **WITH COLD WATER.** Add your cold water to the paste and bring it to a boil. Then set aside, add a little cold water, and in five minutes it is ready to serve.  
5. **Don't** boil it too long.  
6. **Don't** let it stand more than ten minutes before serving.  
7. **Don't** use water that has been boiled before.  
8. **SWISS WAY TO SETTLE COFFEE.**  
1st. Use egg. Use rest of the white of an egg, mixing it with the ground LION COFFEE before boiling.  
2d. With Cold Water instead of egg. After boiling add a dash of cold water, and set aside for eight or ten minutes, then serve through a strainer.

Insist on getting a package of genuine LION COFFEE. Prepare it according to this recipe, and you will easily make LION COFFEE in fifteen minutes. (Gold only in 1 lb. sealed packages.) (Lion-head on every package.) (Save these Lion-heads for valuable premiums.)

**SOLD BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE**

WOOLSON SPICE CO., Toledo, Ohio.

**Libby's Soups**

Let Libby Serve Your Soup

Tomato, Julienne, Consommé, Chicken, Maltaglianti, or Oxtail will please the most fastidious. They are quickly prepared—delicious to eat—always satisfactory.

**Libby's (Natural Flavor) Food Products**

Corned Beef Hash Boneless Chicken Vienna Sausage  
Ox Tongue Soups Ham Loaf

Four Greenhouses Item  
Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago