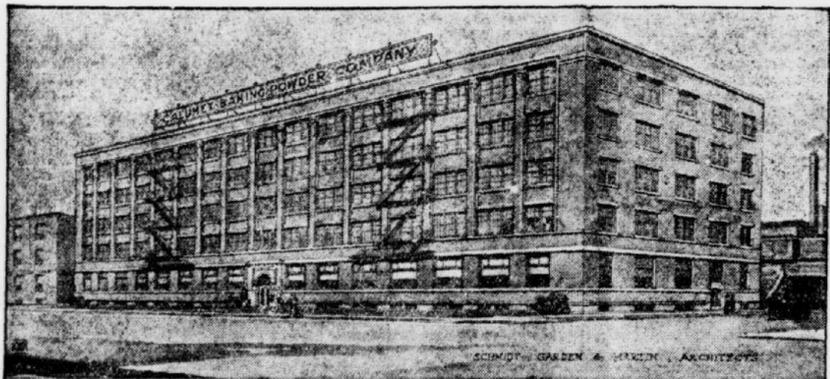


# AN IMMENSE NEW INDUSTRIAL PLANT FOR CHICAGO



When completed, the new plant of the Calumet Baking Powder Company, now under course of construction, at South 41st avenue and Fillmore street, will prove a fitting monument to the ability, honesty and progressiveness which have rendered possible the tremendous growth of one of Chicago's most prominent industrial institutions.

This immense plant, the estimated cost of which is \$250,000, is a strictly modern five-story and basement, fire proof, reinforced concrete building. Size, 260x100 feet. One of the novel and interesting features of this, the largest and most efficiently equipped Baking Powder plant in existence, will be a cantilever shipping platform

### Our Pastimes.

From these diamonds and tennis courts and gold links and lacrosse fields and other playing grounds we are getting a new generation of young men and women, who have breath, muscle and endurance, and who will give a new stature to the nation.

### It's Illuminating.

"Did you see where in some city they have put luminous paint on the park benches to prevent spooning?" "Luminous paint? That's a bright idea."

### Flats.

Knicker—How do you like the kitchenette apartment?  
Boeker—I think it has a roomette for improvement.

**Libby's Soups**  
Soup making is an art. Why trouble with soup recipes when the best chefs in the country are at your service? A few cans of Libby's Soup on your pantry shelf assures you of the correct flavor, ready in a few minutes. There are Tomato, Vegetable, Chicken, Oxtail, Consomme, Mock Turtle and other kinds. Your grocer has them.

**Libby, McNeill & Libby**  
Chicago  
Ox Tail Soup

**Tutt's Pills**  
The dyspeptic, the debilitated, whether from excess of work of mind or body, drink or exposure in  
**MALARIAL REGIONS,**  
will find Tutt's Pills the most genial restorative ever offered the suffering invalid.

**Texas Directory**  
**GENERAL HARDWARE AND SUPPLIES**  
Contractors' Supplies, Builders' Hardware, Etc. Prices and information furnished on request  
**PEDEEN IRON & STEEL CO.**  
HOUSTON SAN ANTONIO

**SEEDS**  
**POULTRY SUPPLIES**  
Write for our illustrated catalog  
REICHARD & SCHULTE COMPANY, The Texas Seed Co., 206-208 MILAM STREET, HOUSTON, TEXAS

**ELECTRIC SUPPLIES**  
BARDEN ELECTRIC & MACHINERY COMPANY  
111 Main Street, Houston, Texas  
ELECTRIC LIGHT, TELEPHONE & IGNITION SUPPLIES

**THE BEST FARMERS USE PLANET JR. TOOLS**  
Write for Southern Distributors. Write for Catalog South Texas Implement & Tool Co., Houston, Tex.

**McCANE'S DETECTIVE AGENCY**  
Houston, Texas, operates the largest force of competent detectives in the South, they render written opinions in cases not handled by them. Reasonable rates.

**Not Exactly.**  
A lady teacher in a South London council school was recently giving a natural history lesson to a junior class. In the course of it she gave some information about the heron, and at the end she asked the children, as a simple home lesson, to write down what they knew of the bird.

**FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS**  
For Backache Rheumatism Kidneys and Bladder  
W. N. U., HOUSTON, NO. 38-1913.

projecting over to a switch track on a level with the second floor. Automatic machinery, modern appliances and passenger and freight elevators of the latest type will be installed and employed in manufacturing and handling the company's product.

Plans which make possible a maximum amount of glass area and the highest degree of sanitation have been carefully and scientifically prepared. Spacious and splendidly appointed rest rooms are provided for employees.

One entire floor will be devoted to laboratory and research equipment. The installation of a modern bakery for experiment purposes insures the

### DREW THE LINE AT SPURS

One Thing Frederic Remington Insisted on While Undergoing Medical Treatment.

Augustus Thomas, in his recollections of Frederic Remington, relates the following: "One Sunday morning in those later days I went with him to the office of an osteopathic physician who was treating him. The osteopath was a slight man and not tall. Remington, lying face downward on the operating table, presented a skyline so much higher than that of the average patient that the doctor standing on the floor lacked the angle of pressure necessary to his treatment. The doctor, therefore, mounted a chair, from which he stepped to the table, and finally sat astride of Remington, applying his full weight to the manipulation which he was giving to the spinal column. 'I hope I'm not hurting you, Mr. Remington,' said the doctor. Remington answered, 'It's all right, doctor, as long as you don't use your spurs.'"

### Sure, He Was Glad.

A Boston father the past summer sent his boy Reginald and his three sisters to visit a relative in Maine. Though it was understood the visit was to consume three weeks, their stay lengthened to two months. "Well," asked the father upon the return of his offspring, "was your Uncle William glad to see you?" "Was he?" reiterated the eldest boy, as though surprised by the query. "Why, did he ask me why we didn't bring you, mother, the cook, the maid and the dog?"—Harper's Magazine.

### Patients.

"Takes a lot of patience to run an automobile and keep it up right, doesn't it?" "It certainly does. And none knows this better than we doctors."

### Came to the Same Thing.

Sophomore—How did you make your father pay your college expenses?  
Junior—Threatened to wait on his table at the summer hotel.

### His Fatal Error.

"Well, Wildboys has himself to thank for his troubles. He mistook license for liberty."  
"Eh? How's that?"  
"Marriage license."—Judge.

### Not Half Enough.

Kitty—They say, you know, that love makes the world go round.  
Marie—Maybe; but it cannot make the eligible young men go round.

### LIGHT BREAKS IN

Thoughtful Farmer Learns About Coffee.

Many people exist in a more or less hazy condition and it often takes years before they realize that tea and coffee are often the cause of the cloudiness, and that there is a simple way to let the light break in.

A worthy farmer had such an experience and tells about it, in a letter. He says:

"For about forty years, I have had indigestion and stomach trouble in various forms. During the last 25 years I would not more than get over one spell of bilious colic until another would be upon me.

"The best doctors I could get and all the medicines I could buy, only gave me temporary relief.

"Change of climate was tried without results. I could not sleep nights, had rheumatism and my heart would palpitate at times so that it seemed it would jump out of my body.

"I came to the conclusion that there was no relief for me and that I was about wound up, when I saw a Postum advertisement. I had always been a coffee drinker, and got an idea from the ad. that maybe coffee was the cause of my trouble.

"I began to use Postum instead of coffee and in less than three weeks I felt like a new man. The rheumatism left me, and I have never had a spell of bilious colic since.

"My appetite is good, my digestion never was better and I can do more work than before for 40 years.

"I haven't tasted coffee since I began with Postum. My wife makes it according to directions and I relish it as well as I ever did coffee, and I was certainly a slave to coffee."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Write for copy of the little book, "The Road to Wellville."

maintenance of the high standard of excellence for which Calumet Baking Powder is famed.

The Calumet Baking Powder Company was organized a quarter of a century ago by Mr. Wm. M. Wright. The company first began the manufacture of baking powder in a comparatively small way, with limited capital. Modern methods, combined with high grade materials and an unwavering determination to produce an article of superior quality have created a demand which necessitated the erection of the new Calumet plant—have made the Calumet Company a substantial factor in the industrial life of Chicago, and won for it a patronage which is a benefit and a credit to the city.—Adv.

It's a short lane that isn't tainted with gasoline.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.

A woman isn't always true to her color, even when she applies it herself.

To cool burns use Hanford's Balsam. Adv.

Sounds Serious.

"I am going to see my avuncular relation."  
"Dear me! Is he as bad as all that?"

Why He Hadn't Noticed.

Jack—Ever notice how Betty shuts her eyes whenever she's kissed?  
Tom—No; I could never get the chaparron to shut hers.

Over Nothing.

"My wife and myself quarreled by wireless today."  
"That's what I call having a few words over nothing."

His Way.

"The barber is a great man for stories."  
"Yes, and he illustrates them with cuts."

Got a Jar.

"What are you looking at me for?"  
"I'm a meat inspector," answered the man addressed.  
And then the end-seat hog blushed and moved over.

Bouncing Arrival Was a Baby.

There was a stork party in Atchison recently, and the husband was in the room when his first baby was born. He suddenly rushed from it and downstairs to where several persons were waiting to hear the news. "It's a baby, it's a baby," he said, greatly excited. "What did you think it was going to be, a cat?" asked his brother.—Kansas City Star.

Appeal Sustained.

A mouse being chased by a cat in Mr. Joe's brewery, fell into a vat of beer. The cat sprang to the edge of the vat and called: "Aha, Mrs. Mouse, you had better have let me eat you than to drown."  
"Yes," replied the mouse, "if you will save me from this, you may eat me."

The cat went to the edge of the tank and extended his paw, and the mouse landed and ran hastily into its hole.

"Come out," demanded the angry cat, "redeem your promise and let me devour you."

"Oh, no," said the mouse, "when I made it I was in liquor."

Testing Hardness of Steel.

A very simple device has recently been invented for testing the hardness of steel by impact. It consists of a tubular standard fitted with a hardened steel ball at the lower end, which is placed upon the steel to be tested. At the upper end of the standard is a spirit level by which the standard may be brought to true vertical position. Mounted on the standard is a cylindrical drop weight. This is raised to the top of the standard and then dropped, striking a weight-receiving block at the bottom of the standard which communicates the impact to the steel ball, and makes an indentation in the steel that is being tested. By measuring the diameter of the indentation with a celluloid scale the hardness of the steel may be determined.

Brave Policeman.

Here is something for us all to keep in mind when we are criticizing public servants.

The New York Sun, under a dramatic cartoon headed "And Yet Some Say They Are All Grifters," reprints this simple story of police heroism at a recent fire:

"Policeman Walsh grabbed the woman and the baby and started down the street. The burden was too much for him and he slipped when about the second story. As he slid down the ladder he managed to keep the woman and the baby above him. He struck the ground with such force that he was stunned, but the fall of the woman and her baby was broken and both were saved."

Police cowardice is the rarest thing in our police service. We must be just in our criticism. We must not be smirch the brave for the shortcomings of the grafters; no more should we excuse the grafters because of the bravery of the competent.—Living Church.

# TOWER OF LONDON

British Restoring Walls to Their Original Shape.

Government Making Effort to Undo Mischief Wrought by Ignorant "Restorers" of Past to Put Structure in Condition.

London.—In his collection of essays entitled "A Tragedy in Stone," Lord Rosedale gives an account of the work that was done in the late seventies in connection with the preservation and restoration of part of the Tower of London, in the course of which work the bones of Queen Anne Boleyn were laid bare.

The work, then begun under the supervision of Sir John Taylor, has been continued with more or less energy since, but now the office of works, which is responsible for the fabric of the tower, is making a great effort to undo the mischief wrought by ignorant "restorers" of the past and to put what is left of the great structure—a historic relic almost unrivaled in the world—into something like the condition in which it was in the days of the glory—and its shame.

A writer in the Times describes in some detail the work that is being done. Partly, perhaps, owing to the dredging of the channel in the river, to a depth which is greater than any previous records show, settlements have taken place in various parts of the tower, and cracks which may cause serious future trouble have developed in the Beauchamp tower, in St. John's chapel (on the White tower), and elsewhere. These are kept under careful observation. But the decayed face of various parts of the walls and towers has necessitated immediate attention, and repairs to the most seriously dilapidated sections have been carried on for some time.

Here, as elsewhere, it is the constant aim of the staff of the office of works not merely to preserve their character and to harmonize necessary modern constructions with the original work.

In the last century many of the finest parts of the tower were defaced with a coating of cement interspersed with flints. This was presumably done in order to keep out wind and weather from the decayed walls at little expense, but the eventual result has been to increase the insecurity of the buildings, while giving them a singularly shabby appearance. The work of removing this flint plaster and refacing the walls with secure and suitable masonry has so far chiefly been carried out on the Byward tower, on the Postern Gate tower which forms part of it, and guards the nar-



Byward Tower Shown as Part of the Main Building.

row bridge giving access to Tower wharf and the Thames, and on the Martin tower, which stands at the northeast angle of the inner wall.

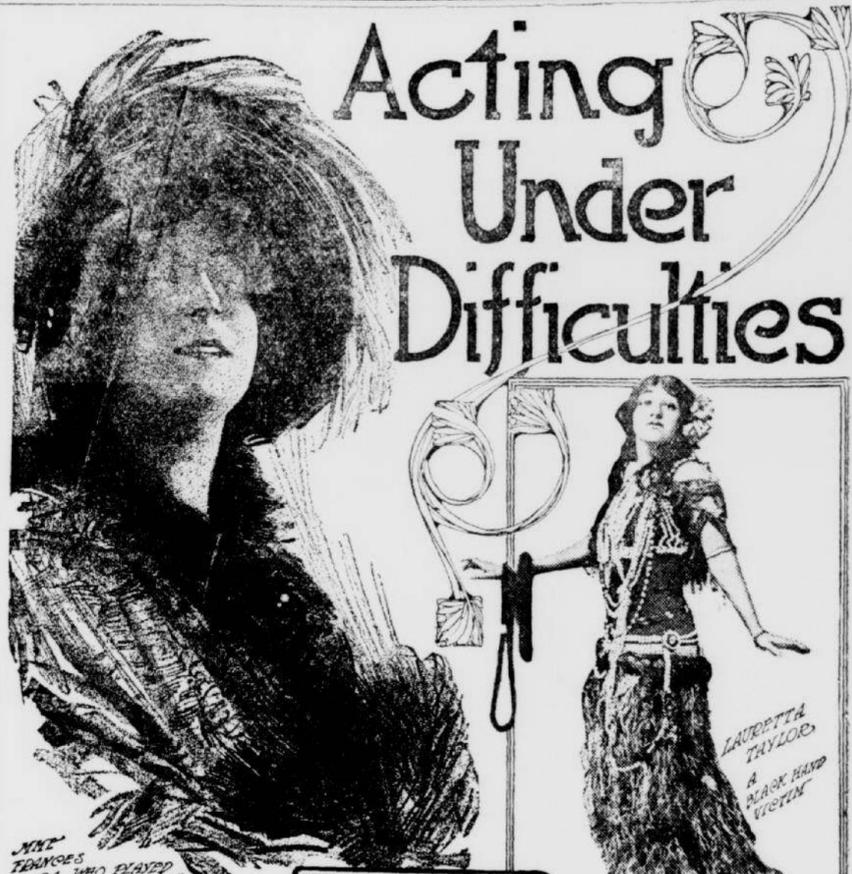
The cement was in many places perishing, and the embedded flints imperiled passers-by. On the upper part of the Postern Gate tower a thin facing was hanging out from the main surface of the wall to a distance in many places of four inches, and was thus extremely dangerous. After the plaster was removed it became necessary to repair the masonry effectively.

In the course of centuries the walls have been worked over and over again with old and new material, much of which was indifferent, while the rebuilding was often poorly constructed. The face disclosed beneath the flint-work was thus in many places loose and rotten, and sometimes consisted of mere rubble. On the Martin tower, where the work for the present is completed, one such mass of half-disintegrated rubble had to be secured with a chain to hold it fast while the repairs went on.

The joints had to be repointed to a depth of four inches, owing to the decay of the mortar; large cracks were filled and consolidated by liquid concrete injected by the grouting machine, and the old disconnected quoins were reinforced at intervals by new ones securely bonded to the wall faces.

The improvement in the appearance of the Martin tower is great. One guiding principle is to use stone which is not only durable but harmonious in texture and color, and another is to keep the joints subordinate to the outlines of the stone. This is done by using a special grit mortar which is brushed over when still soft, so as to leave the grit standing out and avoid the flat and soapy appearance which is an eyesore in itself and hides the characteristic lines of ancient masonry.

The work still proceeding on the Byward tower offered slightly different problems. Here, too, there was much disintegration, but it was largely caused by the decay of the iron cramps securing the ashlar and the iron grilles guarding the windows. The iron had expanded so much in rusting that it had fractured stone after stone, splitting off a rough segment of a circle from each angle where the ends of the cramps entered. The loosened ashlar face, which in places was only four inches thick, had fallen away from the masonry behind it, and was merely secured by the string-courses, leaving an abhorrent void.



MISS FRANCES ALDA WHO PLAYED THROUGH 'OTHELLO' THROUGH STROKE WITH APPENDICITIS



MARGARET ILLINGTON WHO HEADS BOXES MORE THAN TWENTY

In the third act of a play produced some time ago before a critical New York audience a fussy old bachelor decided to dash out into the cold night air to perform a noble act. As he rushes off the stage he cries: "Where is my shawl? Where is my shawl? I can't go out without a shawl. Ah!" The "Ah!" indicates his satisfaction at finding the desired article. Then he leaves the stage.

At one performance of the play the property man neglected to put the shawl in its proper place, and when the bachelor uttered the word "Ah!" he was embarrassed to find that there was no shawl in sight. He cast a hasty glance about him, hoping that it might be found, but after what must have been to him a long and painful wait he turned up his coat collar, and so went out to brave the storm.

Now this hitch in the performance, apparent as it was, remained undetected by all but two or three in the large audience. The other spectators showed no sign of suspecting that something had gone wrong, even when the bachelor returned later with the shawl around his shoulders. Such litches occur often enough in the best managed plays, yet perhaps only one person in 500 ever detects them.

It would be a mistake to conclude from this that audiences, however critical they may be, are unobservant. It is a case not of lack of power of observation but of an overabundance of faith. The fact is that they have become so accustomed to absolute perfection in the production of plays that it seems almost inconceivable to them that an actor should be found wanting or that the smoothness of a performance should be hindered by human fallibility.

This faith in the absolute perfection of the machinery of the theater has resulted in a delicate but powerful form of tyranny which has, unknown to the audiences that exercise it, caused pain and terror and grief innumerable performers. Slaves of this relentless tyranny, they have been compelled to appear as usual in spite of tragedies and ailments unsuspected by the public. Sometimes the circumstances have been tragic and at times they have been rather comical.

Last summer Jack Norworth, the husband of Nora Bayes, was taken seriously ill and the doctors sent him off to Europe in haste. While her husband was racing with death across the seas Nora Bayes was obliged to go on with her performance at the New Brighton theater, where the pair had been appearing. When seen by the writer a few minutes before her act she was almost in a state of collapse from anxiety and grief. Her hair was disheveled, her eyes were red with crying, and she seemed a wreck. A few minutes later she appeared before the audience, gayly bedecked and smiling as though she were the happiest woman in the world. It happened that many in the audi-

ence knew about her husband's condition and sympathized with her, being aware of how attached to each other they were. Yet she was permitted to go on with her act.

In the absence of her husband, the original act had to be abandoned, and Miss Bayes called upon the audience to name any song they might like her to sing. Some one called for a popular melody. Miss Bayes hesitated. The tears gathered in her eyes.

"I can't sing that without my darling!" she exclaimed as she bit her lip.

Another song was called for. Again the eyes of Miss Bayes filled with tears, and they came so freely this time that she had to turn her back on the audience.

"I can't sing that without my darling, either," she stammered.

It was evident that she was in no condition to go on with her performance. Yet she continued to the end. It seemed cruel to allow her to go on, but the audience had to be served. Miss Bayes would no doubt have preferred to cancel her engagement and remain by the side of her sick husband, but the tyranny of the audience was not a thing to be trifled with. They had come from all parts of the city to see Miss Bayes and they must not be disappointed. It is one of the unpleasant duties of managers to enforce this rule.

The point of this episode is somewhat weakened by later events, including the separation of Nora Bayes and her husband, but the fact remains that the incident is a good illustration of what actors and actresses have to go through to serve the tyrant known as the public.

Laurette Taylor, who has scored a success in "Peg o' My Heart," was the victim of an odd experience when she was appearing at the Maxine Elliott theater in "The Bird of Paradise." One evening, a little while before the rise of the curtain, she received a note warning her that she had only five weeks to live. It was signed with a skull and crossbones. Miss Taylor was alarmed by the tone of

the note and became hysterical. However, she received her cue and braided herself she made her way to the stage.

In the first act of this play Miss Taylor had a little speech in which she said: "Why should I be a princess? I want to live, to swim, to run, to play; I want to live, live, live!" Miss Taylor remembered the note she had received threatening her life. She became terrified again and her speech emphasizing her wish to live became so hysterical that it was necessary for her to rush off the stage. The manager came out promptly, and, not knowing what explanation to give, said that Miss Taylor had been seized with an attack of ptomaine poisoning.

After some delay the performance was continued. In the last act Miss Taylor was to climb up a mountain and jump into a burning pit. When she reached the top of the incline on this occasion she was once more overcome by the terror of impending death, and ran back in full view of the audience.

For more than a fortnight Miss Taylor was in a nervous condition. One evening during the play a man arose to take off his overcoat. Miss Taylor, thinking it might be the writer of the mysterious note, screamed. On another occasion a small ball rolling onto the stage from behind the wings set her in a panic.

Mme. Frances Alda was attacked with appendicitis several seasons ago during a performance of "Othello." She was seized in the first act, but went through the entire performance bravely. When the curtain went down on the last act she was rushed to the hospital and an operation was performed without delay.

Whatever terrors such contingencies have for most actors and actresses seem to Margaret Illington only trifles compared with a greater problem which public performers have to face. She underestimates the inconvenience of physical disability and emphasizes the danger of temporary spiritual or mental unfitness. There is a great source of danger to the artist and to dramatic art, she thinks, in the common practice of allowing stars to play a single role eight times a week and for as many performances as the public will patronize, without considering whether the actor or actress is in the mood or condition to offer the public the best that is in her.

This practice "of working a single play and a single actor to death" is one of the dangers threatening the life of the American theater, she insists. This condition can be improved only by training spoiled American audiences to the point where they will be prepared to see a star role interrupted by any good artist, whether named on the program or not.

Job's Comforters.

"Some folks," said Uncle Eben, "has a way of remindin' you of yob troubles by continually tellin' you not to worry about 'em."

### OFFICERS MUST BE MUSICAL

Commands in the German Army Are Henceforth All to Be Based on a Given Note.

In the future German officers who have a musical ear will be better able than others to give commands, for the method of pronouncing orders to troops is to be entirely revolutionized. Instead of any one being fully qualified to utter commands, provided he does not suffer from a stammer or

other linguistic defect, he will now have to know his scales.

The kaiser has been considerably exercised in his mind lately because invariably the orders are barbarously distorted, and many of the syllables of the words used remain in the officer's throat. But, worst of all, each officer has his own way of "pitching" his orders.

Professor Spiess was instructed by the kaiser to reform all this, and after working for several weeks and laboring over the claims of the vari-

ous notes, natural and flat, the professor finally found the note on which orders must be based—C natural.

This is probably the first time that the enunciation of orders has been taken up scientifically, and there is a bad time ahead for officers who lack a musical ear.

Or Get Off His Pedestal.

Every man whose children regard him as the wisest and best man on earth is compelled to lead something of a double life.

### JUST PUTTING SCOUT WISE

Acquaintance There With Inside Information as to the Merits of the Ball Players.

Some years ago, when Arthur Irwin, the Highland scout, was slouching in the west, he dropped into a little town which was supposed to boast a pitcher of big league possibility. Lounging around the hotel to pick up all the gossip he could, Irwin finally stumbled across a very bright-appear-

ing chap who volunteered that he knew the local baseball situation pretty well.

"What kind of a pitcher is B—?" asked Irwin.

"He's pretty good, but there's just one real player on the team. That's Dolan. He can hit, he can field, he can run—" and the enthusiast breezed away for an hour on the merits of this wonderful phenom. Irwin was impressed.

"Well, I must be going," said the fan at last, "but mind what I tell you

—this fellow Dolan will be in the big leagues soon."

As the citizen walked away the manager of the hotel happened along.

"Who is that fellow?" asked Irwin, pointing to the retreating figure.

"Why, don't you know?" asked the proprietor, shocked that anyone could be so ignorant. "That's Casey Dolan, our third baseman."

Perhaps the wooden nutmeg chap moved west and invented the hollow strawberry.