



Dr. V. C. Price
The Father of
Pure Foods

The Balanced Food

The crowning achievement of Dr. Price—a cereal food which combines the nutritive elements of wheat, rice, corn, rye and oats, in the proper proportions—a scientifically balanced human ration—yet fascinating in its delicacy and its delicious taste.

Every member of the family will eat Cream-of-All with pleasure.

Every package contains thirty liberal servings, thirty meals at one-half cent per meal.

The last word in cereals is

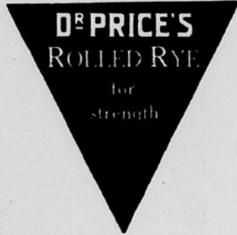


Priceless Profit-Sharing Coupons in Every Package

Try it for breakfast tomorrow.

The exclusive Dr. Price Pure Food Store in your town is

John Heneman.



Accumulated Something.
General William Marshall, retired, of the United States army, is one of the social lions of Washington. The general weighs something over 300 pounds net. One day he was dining with President Roosevelt.
"General," said the president, "I am glad to see you looking well. You can never get any sympathy on account of your health. You seem to have accumulated flesh very rapidly these last few years."
"Mr. President," said the stout old soldier, "for mercy's sake don't begrudge me this flesh. I have been in the army for thirty-two years, and this is the only thing that I have ever accumulated since my enlistment."—New York American.

The Basis of a Spanking.
"Wully," said Mrs. MacHigh to her little son as they emerged from the station at Saltham-by-the-Sea: "noo that we are at the coast, mind and cu' yer father 'papa' when he comes doon for the week end. Ye'll no forget, wull ye?"
Wully, nearing the big sea, felt graciously inclined to promise anything and told his mother he wouldn't forget.

On the Saturday morning Mrs. MacHigh was sitting on the sands beside some "swell" seaside acquaintances watching the children playing. Thinking to impress her neighbor, she called out in her best society voice, "Weeie, your papa is coming doon the day."
"Oh, is he?" answered Weeie, bustle engaged at a sand castle and quite forgetful of Monday's promise. "An' wull my father be wi' 'im?"—Dundee Advertiser.

A Ruler of Rulers.
For several years, as readers of the sporting pages know, the domestic affairs of the Philadelphia National League club have been subject to frequent changes of administration.

During the December meeting of the big league magnates in New York, Sherwood Magee, the star outfielder for the Phillies and one of the wags of baseball, dropped in to look things over.

Somebody spoke of the possibility of a new alignment of the directorate in Philadelphia.

"I shouldn't be a bit surprised," said Magee; "in the years I've played on that team I've had no less than nine presidents under me!"—Saturday Evening Post.

Presence of Mind.
Watching her house burn down, the woman suddenly bethought her that she had written out a check and left it lying on her desk. Fortunately she could remember the number of it—281. With rare presence of mind she at once called up the bank. "Please stop payment on check numbered 281!" she directed, with the crisp brevity characteristic of those balanced souls who know exactly what they want.—Boston Journal.

A Family Industry.
"Now," said Mr. Jones energetically, "I think it's high time, Jimmie, that you began to learn something, and I am going to teach you. We will begin by counting the people in our family."

"Yeth, thir," said Jimmie.
"Now, mother is one and I am one, so that makes two, doesn't it?"
"Yeth, thir," said Jimmie.
"And now, grandma is one, and she makes how many?"

Jimmie looked interested, but doubtful.
"Three, isn't it?" prompted father.
"Yeth, thir," said Jimmie.
"And now, there's grandpa. He makes—how many? Four, isn't it?"
"Yeth, thir," said Jimmie.

"And then there's Aunt Ellen. She makes—how many? Five, isn't it?"
"Yeth, thir," said Jimmie.
"Then there's Uncle Stephen. He makes—"

"But, daddy," exclaimed Jimmie, "do they all make hominy?"—Youth's Companion.

What a Fall Was There!
The Criminal Law Magazine vouches for the following:

"A young lawyer employed to defend a culprit charged with stealing a pig resolved to convince the court that he was born to shine. Accordingly he proceeded to deliver the following brilliant exordium: "May it please the court and gentlemen of the jury, while Europe is bathed in blood; while classic Greece is struggling for her rights and liberties and trampling the unhallowed altars of the bearded infidels to dust; while America shines forth the brightest orb in the political sky—I, with due diffidence, rise to defend the cause of this humble hog thief."

Locked Up.
"Ever been locked up?" demanded the counsel for the defendant.

"I have been," admitted the witness.
"Aha! And what had you been doing to get yourself locked up?"
"I had been doing jury duty."—London Telegraph.

A Real Difficulty.
They met on the highroad and shook hands.

"Shure, Pat," said Murphy, "bettin's a shockin' bad habit."

"Shure, Murphy," said Pat. "But why?"

"Ye know Costigan?"
"Troth I do!"

"Well," said Murphy, "he bet me a sixpence to a shilling that I couldn't swallow an egg without breakin' the shell ov it."

"And did ye lose the bet?" asked Pat.
"No, Pat, I won it," replied Murphy.
"Then phwat's allin' ye?"

"Shure, it's the egg that's allin' me," groaned Murphy. "If I jump about I'll break it and cut me stomach wid the shell, an' if I kape quiet it'll hatch an' I'll have a Shanghai rooster scratchin' me inside!"—Pearson's.

Be Natural.
Don't try to be somebody else. You were made with a face and a voice and a character not quite like anybody's else, and your manner ought to be your own. It will be sweeter and more attractive for being natural.

It Stung.
They were all sitting around telling funny anecdotes. And they were all good friends but two—the cleverest girl and the runner up for those honors. Those two hated each other naturally. The cleverest girl told a humorous story and it was received with great applause.

When the laughter had ceased the deadly rival said: "My goodness! That story is at least forty years old!"
The other one didn't blink. She smiled sweetly and answered: "What a memory you have, dear! Fancy remembering that little story ever since you heard it the first time!"—Argonaut.

Feeling the Game Warden.
A game warden heard that a restaurant was serving game out of season. He disguised himself with a false beard, visited the place and ordered a pheasant. The pheasant, delicately high, like Roquefort cheese, as all good pheasants should be, was served to the game warden, and he devoured it to the last morsel. At the end of his repast the game warden summoned the proprietor and said:

"I arrest you, sir, in the name of the law!"
The proprietor's mouth opened in astonishment. He swallowed two or three times, then he gasped:

"Wh—what for?"
"For serving me a pheasant out of season," said the game warden.

A look of relief appeared on the proprietor's face.

"Oh," he said, "that wasn't pheasant! It was crow."—Exchange.

What She Feared.
Some time ago a gas main was laid along a country road, and many residents took advantage of it to more modernly illuminate their homes. One of these was Joshua Jobs.

"Them gals o' mine," remarked Mrs. Jobs to a neighbor in speaking of the improvement some time later, "come right in the house, strike a match and light the thing without a bit o' fear, but I wouldn't touch it with a ten foot pole."

"You wouldn't?" exclaimed the wondering neighbor. "Fer land sakes! What is there to be feared of?"

"Well, it's jes' this way," explained Mrs. Jobs. "If ye light a lamp and it explodes ye kin chuck it out the window, but that gas is nalled fast, and if it explodes ye can't chuck it no-where."—Exchange.

Hogs Need Exercise.
A hog is unlike a cow in needing, actual need, exercise, that digestion may be kept up. A growing pig, or breeding animal must have something to do if it is to accomplish the best results. This is one place where pasture comes in. It furnishes exercise.

Lazy Tropical Laborers.
The most considerate employers of tropical labor agree with the most inconsiderate in saying that in general it is useless to attempt to spur the natives by any motive beyond the actual demands of food and shelter. Kindness and consideration on the part of the employer undoubtedly promote faithfulness, but they seem rarely to arouse ambition or energy.
It is literally true in Guatemala, for instance, that the more a native is paid the less he will work. If one day's pay will buy two days' food he will work half the time; if the pay is increased so that one day's pay will buy food for three days he will work one-third of the time. The experiment has been tried again and again, and there is practically universal agreement as to its result.—Professor Ellsworth Huntington in Journal of Race Development.

Evidently Some Mistake.
Some time ago a party named Brown had a dream, and the thing so impressed him that he gave a detailed account of it to several of his friends.

"By the way, Jim," he remarked to an acquaintance one afternoon, "did I tell you about the dream I had the other night?"
"No, I don't think you did," responded the other. "What was it about?"
"I dreamed that I was in heaven," answered Brown, with a reflective expression. "On one side there was a piano playing. On the other there was a cornet. Not far away there was a phonograph, while just beyond against there was a clo'—"

"You must have been mistaken, old man," impressively broke in the other. "That wasn't heaven."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Change the Subject.
When the troubles of life assail you
And the morrow looks bitter and drear;
When no prayers and no hope avail you,
A path that is better and clear—
Change the subject and take up another.
You'll find this was the best.
Count your fellow man as a brother
And lay the old trouble to rest.

No trials of life were e'er mended.
By worry and fret and care.
New thoughts and new hopes have be-
friended
A man in the depths of despair.
Change the subject and barter your sor-
row.

For a task that is newer and bright,
And the dawn of the sun on the morrow
Will clear the dark shadows of night.

No life was e'er free from despairing;
There are worries assailing us all,
But the pains that are smarting and tear-
ing
The heart will grow lesser and small.
When the subject is changed for another
You'll find this way is the best:
Count your fellow man as a brother
And lay the old trouble to rest.
—Horace Seymour Keller.

Concrete Beds.
At the time when concrete beds for guns were being found—according, at least, to rumor—all over the allies' territory, an American in Paris went up to a policeman and said mysteriously: "Pat! Are you looking for German spies?" "Mais oui!" said the policeman, taking from under his cape his notebook and pencil. "Then," said the American, "go to the Hotel de Blanc and arrest the proprietor. He's put up at least two concrete beds there. I know, because my wife and I slept in 'em last night."

Believe it to be the greatest of all infamies, to prefer your ex-
istence to your honor and for the sake of life to lose every in-
ducement to live.—Juvenal.

You believe that easily which you hope for earnestly.—Terence.

Scrap Book

Stage Humor.
There is a form of stage humor which has always been popular in America and perhaps is an expression of a national trait. It consists of the joke which is made by the actor on the stage, half as a part of the play, half out of the play, as a sort of side remark to the audience, as it were, burlesquing the play. It is a favorite form of humor with certain vaudeville comedians, who usually abuse it. It was a favorite form with the old Weber & Fields company, who could use it to perfection. Once the late Peter Dalley in a Weber & Fields play came out on the stage from the wings, pursued by the applause supposedly of a group of diners to whom he had been making a speech. He jerked his thumb toward the audience and remarked, "Jolly dogs, those stage hands."

Again, De Wolf Hopper started to make a curtain speech after the first performance of "Fiddle-dee-dee" and hesitated for a word.

"What's the matter?" asked Warfield. "You did it all right this afternoon."

An audience which had howled with laughter all the evening broke out anew at this personal sally.—American Magazine.

Change the Subject.
When the troubles of life assail you
And the morrow looks bitter and drear;
When no prayers and no hope avail you,
A path that is better and clear—
Change the subject and take up another.
You'll find this was the best.
Count your fellow man as a brother
And lay the old trouble to rest.

No trials of life were e'er mended.
By worry and fret and care.
New thoughts and new hopes have be-
friended
A man in the depths of despair.
Change the subject and barter your sor-
row.

For a task that is newer and bright,
And the dawn of the sun on the morrow
Will clear the dark shadows of night.

No life was e'er free from despairing;
There are worries assailing us all,
But the pains that are smarting and tear-
ing
The heart will grow lesser and small.
When the subject is changed for another
You'll find this way is the best:
Count your fellow man as a brother
And lay the old trouble to rest.
—Horace Seymour Keller.

Concrete Beds.
At the time when concrete beds for guns were being found—according, at least, to rumor—all over the allies' territory, an American in Paris went up to a policeman and said mysteriously: "Pat! Are you looking for German spies?" "Mais oui!" said the policeman, taking from under his cape his notebook and pencil. "Then," said the American, "go to the Hotel de Blanc and arrest the proprietor. He's put up at least two concrete beds there. I know, because my wife and I slept in 'em last night."

Believe it to be the greatest of all infamies, to prefer your ex-
istence to your honor and for the sake of life to lose every in-
ducement to live.—Juvenal.

You believe that easily which you hope for earnestly.—Terence.

ONE OYSTER ENOUGH.

He Swallowed It Alive and Had to Kill It After It Was Down.

A farm laborer from the interior on his first visit to London dropped into a small oyster shop where a number of men were eating raw oysters. The extreme satisfaction displayed on the faces of those about him created longings of a gustatory nature in the new arrival, who edged his way up to the counter in anticipation of eating a real live, juicy oyster.

It was the first time he had seen an oyster, and he became at once interested, and when the shellfish had been finally uncased he proceeded to balance it on the end of his fork, then, with a look of extreme satisfaction, gulped it down.

"Great Scott!" shouted a man standing near him. "You haven't swallowed the oyster alive, have you?"

There was a horrible pause.

"That critter will eat right through you!" shouted another.

By this time the poor countryman was shaking with fear and horror. He



DROPPED THE BOTTLE.

commenced to have terrible pains in his abdomen and was soon doubled up in his agony. He begged some one to go for a doctor to get the thing out.

He continued to grow worse, when some one suggested that he take a dose of tobacco snuff, which, it was claimed, would kill the object that was creating such terrible commotion in his internal arrangement.

He grasped the bottle with avidity and took a draft. Then he let a blood curdling yell out, dropped the bottle, jumped about six feet in the air, clutched his stomach and gasped. He became blue in the face, and tears were running down his face, when some one thrust a bottle of oil into his mouth, and he was forced to drink copious drafts.

The effect was magical. The oyster was evidently "dead." He became more composed, and when he finally recovered his breath he said:

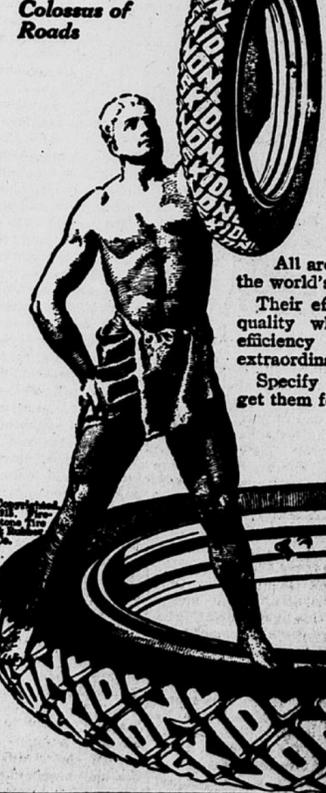
"We killed it. But when that darned stuff got into my stomach that oyster rushed around as if a shark was after it."—London Scraps.

Scientific Progress

You are entitled to all that science and skill have done to improve tire quality and reduce tire cost.

Firestone

Tire Builders



Colossus of Roads
have raised the standard of quality to the highest point that science and practical experience have made possible. And they have developed production and selling methods to a point of scientific efficiency that keeps price down.

Every Firestone designer, engineer, foreman or craftsman is a past-master—a finished specialist in his particular line.

All are backed by every mechanical assistance that the world's research and skill can bring to bear on tires.

Their efficiency is your advantage—not only in that quality which means supreme service, but in the efficiency and economy of production which means extraordinary service at ordinary price.

Specify Firestones. Your dealer has them or can get them for you.

Most Miles per Dollar