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GILSTER'S BEST flour makes light, delicate cakes.

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## The Vanished Freight

By E. FLORENCE

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The loose-jointed individual and the watery-eyed one met on common ground. They had both been fired from the same freight, and were drawn to each other—or, more correctly speaking, fired at each other, for they came near colliding in the process of ejection.

"Must take us for blooming cannon-balls," grunted the loose-jointed one.

"Yes; those fellows are certainly on the firing-line, all right," replied the watery-eyed one. "Reminds me of the way I've often floated through space in Kansas, riding bareback on a cyclone."

"So you've been in Kansas, too?" queried the loose-jointed one. "Now, there's a state that can boast some about nearly everything. And, talking of cyclones, did you ever hear how they are formed."

"Houses, trees and cattle are gathered in its loving embrace, and the whole blooming outfit forms a sort of relief expedition to the afflicted place. The world moves, but Kansas is a whole moving picture show."

"It may leave a path of devastation behind it, but think of what would be because of that airless void if the C. Q. D. was ignored."

"That's so," replied the watery-eyed one. "Nature has got railroads skinned alive when it comes to delivering the goods. Then, again, a cyclone is a great actor in promoting social intercourse. There are lots of people out there who would never see each other were it not for the fact that they are thrown together by the thoughtful cyclone. I know of a couple of fellows who had not seen each other for years, who met in the air, both jorjoring aboard the same cyclone."

"Hallo, Bill!" shouted one; "I haven't seen you for a good while." "No," yelled the other fellow; "I don't often get up this way."

"Speaking of railroading," said the loose-jointed individual, "I'd like to relate to you some of my experiences in the railroad business. Back in the seventies I did key-pounding down in Kansas, on the P. D. Q. road. I held down a shanty up along the line, forty miles from the nearest refectory."

"Did nothing much but give the trains clear track or hold them up to side-track so's to let another train pass. The old P. D. Q. was a single-track road, with shanties and sidings at regular intervals, at which a number of other jays like myself did the brainwork for the system."

"I was holding down this job in that Queen Anne cottage, with no great white way nearer than the milky 'baldric of the skies,' and the only stars I could flirt with were those winking at me across millions of miles of space. But I was not astronomically inclined—gastronomy has always been my long suit."

"Well, this particular incident I have in mind happened on one of those days when nature seems to be resting and getting ready for a grand-stand demonstration."

"I seemed to sense something was going to happen, and felt as fussy as a magnetized kitten. There was a south-bound train due at my villa at 7:30 p. m. I had orders to hold it on the siding until the north-bound passenger, due at 7:45, had passed."

"I set my signals and busted myself doing nothing until the south bound should arrive. I felt mighty glad of the chance for human companionship which the side-tracked freight would supply."

"The sky had assumed a dirty-gray color. I felt certain that there was a cyclone saashaying around somewhere in my vicinity."

"I was wondering if my villa was in the path of the whirling dervish, when the stillness was suddenly fractured by the shrieking of the south bound's whistle."

"I got ready to do the reception act, and wondered why Jim Bludsoe kept his whistle blowing."

"In a few seconds the big engine loomed in sight. Along she came, like a race-horse on the home-stretch, and suddenly I realized that the big galoot at the throttle was going to give us the go-by."

"I grabbed my red flag and got busy with the wigwag performance, but old iron horse swished past with his long, brown tail of empty freights strung out behind like the appendage of a comet."

"What the Sam Hill's the matter with that giddy choffer?" thinks I. Then it struck me all of a sudden that in about seven and a half minutes there was going to be trouble, likewise a lot of scrap-iron scattered over the scenery of the Sunflower state."

"The north-bound train had already entered the same block, and the two trains would meet about half-way between my bungalow and the next one south, on the curve around a grove thereabouts. In my mind I pictured the horror of the scene."

"My mind was full of the possibilities of the situation, and I was standing there, paralyzed, as it were, when suddenly there was a roar, and the topography of Kansas began doing the Wilbur Wright act."

"I was picked up bodily and hurled against that shanty of mine with sufficient force to knock the sense out of me. When I came to I saw a train standing on the siding. The crew were

empting the contents of a water-pail on me and searching my anatomy for injuries.

"As my gray matter resumed operations, I realized that it was the north-bound passenger train that stood upon the siding. 'How the Sam Hill did you get here?' I asked the engineer."

"Why, came in my engine," he replied. "Where's No. 23—isn't she in yet? I had orders to run through to X, and expected to see No. 23 side-tracked here. Not seeing anything on the siding, I pulled up to investigate. What's up?"

"Didn't you smash into 23? I gasped."

"Sure not," he replied. "What's the matter? Did you strike your head?"

"My head's all right," I replied. "Twenty-three passed her in a blaze of glory some time ago, and if you didn't see her, where is she?"

"Come, man," coaxed the engineer, get word along the line and find out when she is due. I don't want to stay here all day."

"But I tell you she passed here," I insisted, and in desperation I rushed to the key and pounded off an inquiry to the fellow south of me as to whether 23 had passed."

"The reply staggered me. He answered in the negative."

"Where's that train?" I shrieked. "It passed here at 7:30," I persisted."

"Just then the rear brakeman came running up the track with a cap in his hand. 'Found this down the track,' he said. 'That's old Jim Bludsoe's cap; and if his cap is here, he must have passed here himself.'"

"That's so," rejoined the engineer. "But what am I going to do? I can't hang around here any longer."

"Well, I wired to the northern end for instructions, and got word to send the passenger along. Then the word went over the line to the next station south to send out a searching party for the missing train. The track between my shanty and the next one south was closed to traffic pending the arrival of the searching crew. In due time they pulled in on a hand-car, and reported that they had seen nothing of the missing train. I wired the information to headquarters, and asked for instructions."

"Open up the road for traffic and send men on foot to make a thorough search for that train; we need it," came the answer."

"I did as directed, and sent the searching party down the track. Told them to spread out on either side of the track and work along until they found the wreck, for I felt sure it must have run off the track somewhere."

"After they had been gone about fifteen or twenty minutes, and I had raked my brain for a solution of the matter, I heard a whistle away off in the distance. It sounded low, appearing to come from the south. There was nothing due at my place for an hour or so; so I thought at first it was a relief party coming up to help solve the mystery, but as the sound continued, and did not get any louder, I concluded that, whatever it was, it was stationary."

"The sound kept up for about ten minutes and then stopped. I waited, for about half an hour, and then I saw one of the searching party returning on the run. In the meantime headquarters had been hammering me for news of the engine."

"When the special courier arrived, he was winded; so I saw it was no use trying to pump anything out of him until he got through with his breathing exercises."

"When he got his bellows working again, I learned that they had found Jim Bludsoe and his train about three miles down the road, about a mile and a half away from the track. Several of the cars were standing on end, but the engine and the balance of the train were right side up, scattered over the face of the virgin prairie."

"The searchers had heard the whistle, and proceeded to investigate. They had found the wreck as reported, with old Jim standing in the cab, scared, wild-eyed and battered."

"How the heck did they get there?" asked the watery-eyed one."

"Well, they couldn't get anything out of Jim. He seemed plumb loosed. When I sent in my report over the wire they sent down a lot of experts to try and salvage the train. Jim Bludsoe was the only living critter left of the crew."

"They figured that the cyclone had caught up to the train on its wild whirl down the track, picked it up bodily, like a blooming airship, and carried it across the country to where it was discovered. This was verified by the crew, who came straying in like lost sheep from the prairie whither they had blown."

"It was learned from them that the engineer had developed a crazy streak some time before passing my station and chased the fireman out of the cab. That explained why they gave my signal the go-by. However, Jim Bludsoe never had to answer for his crazy act, for the last I heard of him he was in a dippy domicile, quartered in an up-holstered boudoir."

"And what became of the locomotive and cars?" inquired the watery-eyed one."

"Oh, they built a mile and a half of track out to the scene, and the wreckers salvaged the whole outfit. The strange part of it is that a prosperous settlement, known as The Lost Freight, sprung up at the terminus."

"That's so," replied the watery-eyed one. "You don't happen to be related to Anner Nias, do you?"

"No," replied the loose-jointed individual. "My familiars call me Monk Hausen. So long, pard. Thanks for a very entertaining afternoon."

## CALOMEL DYING FAST IN SOUTH

"Dodson's Liver Tone" Is Taking the Place of Dangerous, Sickening Drug.

You're bilious, sluggish, constipated and believe you need vile, dangerous calomel to start your liver and clean your bowels.

Here's Dodson's guarantee! Ask your druggist for a bottle of Dodson's Liver Tone and take a spoonful tonight. If it doesn't start your liver and straighten you right up better than calomel and without griping or making you sick I want you to go back to the store and get your money.

Take calomel today and tomorrow you will feel weak and sick and nauseated. Don't lose a day's work. Take a spoonful of harmless, vegetable Dodson's Liver Tone tonight and wake up feeling great. It's perfectly harmless, so give it to your children any time. It can't salivate so let them eat anything afterwards.—Adv.

Success is not spelled with \$.

## Sure Relief



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6 BELL-ANS Hot water Sure Relief

Allen's Foot-Ease For the Feet  
Sprinkle one or two Allen's Foot-Ease powders in the Foot Bath and soak and rub the feet. It takes the sting out of Corns and Bunions and smarting, aching feet. Then for lasting comfort, shake Allen's Foot-Ease into your shoes. It takes the friction from the shoe, rests the feet and makes walking a delight. Always use it for dancing parties and to break in new shoes. Over One Million Five Hundred Thousand pounds of Powder for the Feet were used by our Army and Navy during the war.

Ask for ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

BABY CHICKS—50c Weekly. Five improved varieties, greatly reduced prices. Trial order will convince of quality. W. Leghorns 12c; Barred, White Rocks, H. L. Reds, 15c; W. Wyandottes, 15c; postpaid; from mature stock. Satisfaction guar. C. A. Norman, Knoxville, Tenn.

## Will Rheumatism Again Bind Your Hand and Foot?

If you had Rheumatism last year and treated only the pains of the disease by rubbing with liniments and lotions, you can be sure that soon again you will be in the shackles of this relentless foe. You may get some slight temporary relief from the pains of the disease by the use of these local remedies, but Rheumatism is too real and relentless a disease to be rubbed away.

So many cases of Rheumatism come from a tiny germ in the blood, that you should try a remedy that has proven so thoroughly satisfactory in these cases. S.S.S., the fine old blood remedy cleanses the blood of all impurities, and removes all disease germs that may creep into the blood. Begin taking S.S.S. today, and write our medical director for expert advice, without charge. Address Chief Medical Adviser, 157 Swift Laboratory, Atlanta, Ga. S. S. S. is not sold or recommended for venereal diseases.

## WINTERSMITH'S CHILL TONIC

Not Spring Fever But Malaria CAUSES THAT LAZY TIRED FEELING.

WARDS OFF MALARIA AND RESTORES STRENGTH. TRY IT. If not sold by your druggist, write Arthur Peter & Co., Louisville, Ky.

## OBJECT LESSON WAS SPOILED SEES FRANCE KINGDOM AGAIN

One Small Pupil at Least Misunderstood Just What Teacher Had Intended to Impress.

Seeress Also Points Out That Present Leaders Are Reincarnation of Country's Great Men.

The fifth-grade teacher was fond of the young principal and it was often rumored that he was engaged to her. They managed to keep it a secret from the children, yet most of them were suspicious. One way she showed her affection was by the way she co-operated with him in all his pet schemes. So when he started a movement against smoking she promptly began to help him out.

First she demanded that all her boys who smoked bring to her all the tobacco they had in their pockets. They did it and it was a goodly supply. Taking the box which held it, she said to one of the boys, "You take this down to Mr. T."

A little boy in the rear of the room piped out: "Teacher, my sister, Bess, she's gain't to give her beau tobacco for his birthday, too."

The Real Sport.  
The father who doesn't take his small boy to a baseball game now and then is missing a world of pleasure, and at the same time losing one of life's real opportunities to become acquainted with his son.

Congratulations too seldom have the ring of sincerity.

Considerable attention is being paid to the revelations of Marguerite Volf, who predicts that France will have a king in 15 years, and that the divinity will appear in France, observes the Living Age. M. Clemenceau is a reincarnation of Robespierre, and M. Millerand of Louis XIV. Maurice Barres was once Danton. Debussy was not only Mozart, but also Michael Angelo and Peter the Great. Paul Adam, the fine French writer who recently died, was, in former life, Socrates.

Regularly Mlle. Volf summons to her the great men of history—presumably those who are not reincarnated—such as Pindar, Homer and Plutarch. She is compelled to spend 12,000 francs a year for candles and incense in order to preserve the right vibratory atmosphere which makes possible these revelations. Sans commentaires.

An Odd Surprise.  
Life is full of odd surprises. Here's a chap who leaped four and three-fifths miles in a parachute, risked his life, in fact, just to get back to earth. After reading the news of the day, we can't help wondering what the attraction would have been.—Arthur H. Fowell in Leslie's.

## Is Your Meal-time Drink Your Friend?



A good many people who like tea or coffee find that tea and coffee don't like them.

Nervousness, sleeplessness or disturbed digestion is proof.

## POSTUM CEREAL

furnishes a satisfying cup—without irritating nerves or digestion. Thousands who have made the change keep on with Postum because it's better for them.

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