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After several generations of the hot biscuit that several generations of mothers used to make, and after a Broadway chef with a salary twice that of a college president had put the Newburg in lobster, an entire nation took to talking in its sleep and showed a coated tongue. Gluten bread, beef steak cubes, predigested tablets and painless pastries began to figure largely in street car advertising.

That dark-brown taste began to assume national proportions.

Dietetics became a college elective.

The old Cadillac Springs house, just ready to peter out in favor of appendicitis hospitals and neurasthenia sanatoriums, was suddenly bought up by an Indianapolis promoting company and an eight-hundred-thousand-dollar eight-hundred-room hotel with three miles of veranda and golf course rose from the wood ashes of the former frame hostelry.

Cadillac Springs water, which had probably for odoriferous and sodium-sulphate ions gushed up and seeped down into the floor of the mild old Indiana flatlands, was suddenly piped, analyzed and advertised to the last decillica of iron oxide and magnesium carbonate.

Men who had long since ceased to approach breakfast except as a spirited horse is led blind-folded past a steam roller, with quivering lips and ready to take fright at a broken yolk of the poached-on-toast or a tiny brown stain beside the percolator, learned here to linger over eggy dishes and market quotations.

Thanks to the liver, life became once more worth living, and the great American porterhouse swam back into favor on a sea of best cooking butter.

Marcus Kessler, of Peoria, upon whom a corn flake lay none too lightly, retired fearlessly after three portions of pudding a la Cadillac and a very black demitasse. For the first time in half a year of months, Mrs. Kessler slept as sweetly as a night nurse on duty.

As Mrs. Kessler rocked on the great veranda her fingers flashed busily through the intricacies of crochet, sunlight teasing at her neck. A smile came out on her lips and a rose grew in her pattern, and presently a shadow lay across the face and she glanced up, still smiling.

"Good morning, Mrs. Washauer!"

"Good morning, Mrs. Kessler! I thought I was the only early bird."

"Indeed, no! Since seven I been up and downstairs with my crochet. That's what a good night my husband had. Sit down by me, Mrs. Washauer, and be sociable."

"I see, Mrs. Kessler, you do the rose pattern, too." She screwed herself with a rustling of black taffeta into a porch chair, laying her short arms out full along the sides.

"Yes, my husband feels so much better, I got the heart right away to take up my fancy work again. Lace edging for Della's shirtwaist I make."

"I never, Mrs. Kessler, seen a man improve more as your husband."

"When I tell you, Mrs. Washauer, that when we came here little more as a week ago, every time what I looked at that man I busted right out crying, you can know how he looked."

"Say, wasn't my own husband for two years such a yellow in color we didn't expect him to live? For twenty-one months, Mrs. Kessler, to sit down to our table at home was like to sit down to a funeral, on such a diet he was."

"Don't I know, Mrs. Washauer! My own husband, what never in his life gave his daughter or me a cross word, hollered so at me I was ashamed for the neighbors, when one night at supper we wouldn't pass him the sauerbraten like the doctor forbid."

"Say, you can see for yourself, Mrs. Kessler, how even the big millionaires from New York come here for the cure."

"I should say so! Right next to our table in the dining-room sits that Mrs. Van Ritz out of the newspapers, with her yellow hair so marceled, and eyes like she was always looking through her forgettes, even when she ain't."

"But how plain them big bugs are, ain't it? At breakfast this morning not so much as a diamond bracelet old Mrs. Van Ritz have on."

"Always at night she makes up for it."

"When you come right down to it, I can tell you there's a few million dollars sleeps every night under this roof. Tom Riley, himself, to begin with. And they say, Mrs. Kessler, this hotel ain't one-third his holdings."

"You don't say so! Like to own such a gorgeous hotel ain't enough in itself."

A large ruminative sigh escaped Mrs. Washauer somewhere from the deep recesses of her. She was tilting violently, her head pat back against

the rocker back.

"Yes, yes, Mrs. Kessler, a few millionaires lay their heads down under this roof every night; Tom Riley, Herman Hirkblimer, Percival Chalmers, Isadore Mangle, L. Lobenz. When such men come all from the East, there's a reason."

"User!"

"The biggest names you find here. Why, two years ago, right at caese Springs, Mrs. Kessler, came the secretary of state and his wife. Such a plain little woman, not twice would you look at her. Always she used to say good morning to me, just like—just like I was an old shoe, so unassuming she was. And how that man improved of rheumatic gout, Mrs. Kessler, it was a pleasure to watch."

"Say, like I can't see it in my own husband. Just look at him down there in the park now. See, standing by Spring Two, talking with Max Ganz. I can tell you when we left Peoria, oser, such color he had."

"Just look at Max Ganz, too. There's a boy could afford if he wanted it to go twice to Carlsbad, but every time instead he comes here. When I met him at home in S'tate street two weeks ago, yellow as your gold rings he looked."

"Ach, I always forget! You know Max Ganz from Chicago, don't you?"

Mrs. Washauer threw a wide gesture of hands and eyes.

"Do I know Max Ganz! Ask him, Mrs. Kessler, just for fun when you see him how many times he comes to Yendia Washauer's Friday nights for pinocle and rinderbrust. 'Do I know Max Ganz?' she asks me! I know him this well, that if I had a daughter, twice over he could have her."

"Ain't it so? I always say a young man like that who, they say, never sowed any wild oats and was so good to his mother while she lived, and on top of it all to have built up all alone such a good business is—"

"Good business! I can tell you, if I had a son, right away would I put him in just such a Ninety-eight-Cent-Store business. Never I put my foot in the Ganz Ninety-eight-Cent Emporium that it ain't packed like sardines."

"It's so funny the way we met him here at the Springs for the first time, and right away I should find out his uncle, Jake Spitz, of Spitz and Spitz—Feathers—married my sister-in-law's sister, Rena Lindabaum."

"I know, nice people, too. I can only say about Max Ganz maybe his digestion ain't so good, but, say, like he said himself last night, a good wife can make it better. Eh, Mrs. Kessler, eh?"

"Ach, Mrs. Washauer, you—you're a great one to make fun! My Della ain't got such thoughts yet. Like I say to her papa, 'she's so full of life, that girl, it's a shame she should ever get to settle down.'"

"Believe me, with such a match she so could set herself down in soft feathers. I can tell you there ain't a mother in Chicago wouldn't pick herself out to be his mother-in-law."

"I don't say, Mrs. Washauer, when Mr. Hight comes along that I ain't like every other mother, glad when her daughter makes a good marriage."

"It's just a pleasure to see that girl, Mrs. Kessler, hardly her feet touch the ground when she walks."

"It ain't nothing the way she is here now. So many people around she says, who think they are sick, give her the blues. But at home, if I do say it, Mrs. Washauer, that girl is like a birdie in the house, singing and singing. Duncing around, so that even when her papa was too sick to hold up his head, didn't the doctor make her stay in the room to make him laugh."

"I guess I told you, Mrs. Washauer, the time, though, we had to make her come along to the Springs with us. All of a sudden, Mrs. Washauer, a girl that don't got to turn her hand, except always I learnt her to make her own bed on washday, all of a sudden that girl makes up her mind a business woman she wants to be."

"It's all the style now, Mrs. Kessler, for girls to learn business or kill their time in the social settlement work."

"Stenography and shorthand that girl had to learn and I can tell you her papa was mad enough."

"I always say it don't hurt a girl to know how to make her own living, even if she don't need it. God forbid anything should ever happen she ain't so helpless, God forbid!"

"But for why, I ask you, Mrs. Washauer, should our Della work? I don't say her papa is such a rich man, Mrs. Washauer, but—but—"

"Don't I know how Marcus Kessler's daughter don't got to work for her living unless she wants it?"

"And how we had to beg until she would give up that position to come here with us. Only her father's sickness done it. Gott sei Dank, Mrs. Washauer, while I don't say her papa's a rich man, he can afford his daughter don't have to—"

"I should say so! So, I ain't got no sons myself, but right away I heard the name Kessler, ask my husband if I don't right away say, 'Boys' Pants'."

"All by herself one day, Mrs. Washauer, that child went down and without one word gets herself a position with the Peoria Aero club, a concern what makes flying machines and flies for prizes."

"Gott in Himmel!"

"That's what we needed yet, I said, on top of her papa's sickness. Flying machines in the family! Twice she went flying in one, Mrs. Washauer, till her papa put his foot down."

"Say, that's a trouble for you! We had a case, too, in Chicago. A grand boy boy, well-off family on the South

side, didn't he go up in one and break his neck coming down in one!"

"Don't I know! At home we got such a boy, too, right in our block. Archie Meyer, Mrs. Washauer, what everybody says has got brains to make good in any legitimate business what he wants to. What does he do? For five years, Mrs. Washauer, with a young lady sister to support since his father died, has the boy fooled around building a flying machine in his back shed. A boy like that who, with a five or ten thousand dollar start, could make himself one of the catches in Peoria."

"Flying machines yet! Like automobiles ain't dangerous enough. Just for fun, Mrs. Kessler, ask my husband how he begs we should get an automobile, and how I am too afraid."

"My Della is—"

"There she comes now. Say, don't she look sweet in that pink shirt-waist! How cute for her to dress that way all the time in stiff collars like a little boy. Don't she look sweet!"

Around the elbow of the veranda, ardently, the slim feet of her too light to linger long where they touched, danced Miss Della Kessler into her parent's vision, bending daintly as a bird to drink, for the maternal kiss.

"Morning, mommy dear! Morning, Mrs. Washauer! Where's papa?"

"Down by the spring already for his second glass."

"Then he feels better?"

"Cross like a bear, that's how good he feels. Such a grand night he had. Della. Fix your hair smoother, baby, so curly it looks."

"Let her alone, she looks fine that way, Mrs. Kessler. Fine enough to grab all the beaus, don't you, Miss Della? Ach, there goes my husband after his last glass. I see you later down by the spring, Mrs. Kessler. Here, wait for me. Laz—Laz!" And she waddled off, the rocker released of her weight swayed violently.

Miss Kessler perched herself on the arm of a chair and sighed audibly, as if the siphon of her patience had been exhausted.

"Mommy dear, haven't I just begged you not to sit around with that old gossip pot?"

"I guess, Della, you want I should sit around with Mrs. Van Ritz and her crowd from New York, with their crimped yellow heads and their noses so high they must be smelling heaven."

"The swell girl crowd, she thinks I can mix with yet! Mrs. Washauer is a plain woman like me, Della. We talk the same language. Them gay swells—"

"Sh-h-h, mommy, you don't need to tell the whole hotel!"

"Mrs. Washauer ain't good enough yet! Just let me tell you, Della Kessler, Las Washauer can buy and sell your papa twice over. The pork business maybe ain't so high sounding, but—"

"Is that papa down there by the spring now, mommy?"

"Yes, talking with Max Ganz. I just wish, Della, you could have heard what Mrs. Washauer had to say about Max Ganz. The catch of Chicago, she



"Catch of Chicago!"

says. Go down to the spring by papa a while, Della."

"Catch of Chicago! If Max Ganz had only one leg and that one in the grave, you'd still say he was a catch, as long as he owned the Ninety-eight-Cent store."

"It isn't his money, Della, but—"

"Nothing else! I could take any one of the boys at home you're so down on, Teddy Solomon or—"

"Loafer! With his inventions what ain't worth the money he spends copy-righting them."

"Or Arch Meyer—"

"Oser, he can't take up our front porch room any more with his yellow hair so slick and his white pants and his airship what never flies."

"Just the same, let one of those boys add ten or fifteen thousand to his bank account and see how quick he'll become a good catch."

"Lucky, one of that crowd would be, with ten thousand cents. If Max Ganz, though, is worth one cent, Della, Mrs. Washauer says he is worth—"

"Mommy, please!"

"Della, is it a crime when it makes me happy for our little girl to move to a big city like Chicago and only four hours from home, where she can have her automobile and—"

"I'd rather have an airplane, mommy. Say, if he'd buy me a biplane and build me a hangar on the lake front, and—"

"Two hangouts you could have on the lake front, baby."

"Yes, I could not! Last night about eleven o'clock he looked scared enough to faint when I asked him if—"

"Ach, baby, when you came tiptoeing up in the rooms so late last night from sitting so long with him on the porch, baby, I—I thought maybe you had news, Della. Not once did I close my eyes waiting."

"Oh, mommy, even if you are my own mother, you—you're the limit, dearie."

"I did think it, baby, I—I couldn't help it; ask papa if I didn't."

"Sh-h-h, mama, here comes Mrs. Blumenthal! Sh-h-h!"

"Good morning, Mrs. Blumenthal, how you feel this morning?"

"Not so well, Mrs. Kessler, just this minute I come from my doctor. Twice he took my blood pressure—"

"Mommy dear, I'll see you at breakfast in an hour. I'm going down by the spring, dear, to—papa."

When Mr. Max Ganz, glancing over Mr. Kessler's shoulder into the showy aisle of poplar trees which led from the hotel toward the spring, and in its dappled shadows and coming toward them, beheld Miss Della Kessler in all her fluent motion, a smile full of short square teeth spread in great width across his face.

"Mr. Kessler, here comes your daughter."

Mr. Kessler drained the last drop of his last glass, dry distaste puckering his features, so that his nose seemed to dip down into the stubble of his mossy beard, but smiled even through a shudder.

"Well, my little Della-sha, you'm up for all day?"

"Every single minute of it, pa. Morning, Mr. Ganz!"

"Good morning, Miss Della. Just as fresh as a flower you look."

"But, say, can't you two find a better place to moon around than this smelly old spring? Ugh, that water smells like boiled junk!"

"Come, Della, let papa give you a glass and see how good it is for you."

"That stuff! I'd rather suck a cold storage egg through a mouthful of rusty nails."

"I'll make those bright eyes even brighter, Miss Kessler."

"Thanks, Mr. Ganz, but if I had any more health, I wouldn't know what to do with it."

"She should pass some of that extra health on to you and me, eh, Ganz?"

"I can tell you, Kessler, that when I look at Miss Della's rosy cheeks and the way she dances around, like she was playing tag all day with the sunshine and the wind, it does me more good than nine glasses a day. Where do you get your bright eyes? So early in the morning, Miss Della? I tell you, Kessler, those are the things money can't buy."

"Fee, fie, foe, fum! They're so I can see. So I can see, Mr. Ganz."

Mr. Kessler wagged an argumentative finger in proximity to Mr. Ganz's nose, eyes and mouth.

"Like I was telling you, Ganz, with your dull eyes and bad color, I wouldn't be surprised if you got a little jaundice. For years, Ganz, I doctored for yellow color and—"

"Pa, please! Please! Quit swapping symptoms and let's trot to the links and join the crowd down there for a sun bath before breakfast."

"You, Della, go with Ganz so far you like. I go up now by mama on the porch. Before breakfast I got to breathe in one hundred deep breaths like the doctor says for my circulation. That pain in your left side, Ganz, ain't your heart, it's nothing but poor ciruela—"

"It ain't exactly a pain, Kessler. Just like needle points up and down my—"

"Good-bye, Pa! Come, come, Mr. Ganz, let's go down past the De Leon spring. If you wash your face in it, they say it makes you beautiful."

"Then I take right away a bath in it, Miss Kessler."

He quick-stepped his gait to hers. His thudily had suddenly rushed up in a wave of color above his collar line, in his quickly withdrawn elbow when it brushed hers, in his hitching shoulders.

"You—you don't need no beauty spring like the rest of us, Miss Della. You—you're just beautiful without it."

"Whenever I fish hard for compliments like that, Mr. Ganz, there's a fellow at home always says to me, he says, 'Cutey, you're a hard-working girl.'"

"Cutey! That's a mighty fine little name for you. That's just what you are, Cutey."

They were in the green twilight of woods, the sun barely flickering through except at the remote end of the tan-bark walk, men and women in quest of a panacea for that-tired-feeling and that-run-down-look strode from spring to spring.

"Look," cried Miss Kessler, quickening her companion's pace to hers, "just look at them all over there by De Leon trading symptoms before sun-up."

(To Be Continued)

Proposed airplane line will make it possible to be robbed in Chicago one morning and shot in New York that afternoon.—Newspaper Enterprise Association.

In these tight times, labor wants to keep all hands across the sea they possibly can.—Brunswick Banner

Germany and Russia may make treaties, but they can't borrow money from each other.—Boston Shoe and Leather Reporter.

IMPORTANCE OF DAIRY BUSINESS AND PRODUCTS

(Continued from Page 1)

Harmful and disease producing germs to develop in milk or cream. The acid that it produces kills off these injurious forms and thus aids in making milk and cream a safe food for human consumption. During the warm summer months we received a certain amount of cream that is quite sour and were it not for present day scientific methods we would be compelled to turn out a poor quality of butter. The creamery with its special equipment is able to turn out a much superior grade of butter than the average farmer. By first practically reducing the acidity of the cream we submit it to high temperatures and kill practically all of the bacteria present. This heating process is known as pasteurization and is very essential in the manufacture of a good quality of butter. It does away with all the injurious bacteria together with quite a few of the lactic acid bacteria. After the cream is again cooled it is inoculated with a special lactic acid culture which we isolate and develop with special care. In this way we destroy all the injurious forms of bacteria and then put back into the cream a useful form of organism which is very essential in butter making and which greatly improves the keeping qualities of the butter.

"Until recent years very little has been known about the exceptionally high food value of milk as a human food. However, science has taught us by many feeding experiments and research work that milk and its products is absolutely essential to child welfare and body maintenance.

Milk Important in Diet.

Milk is especially important in the diet of growing children because it contains, in correct proportions all the food material needed for growing bones and muscle tissue. As far back as 1912 Dr. McCullom of Johns Hopkins university made the discovery that he could with a certain diet secure growth of young animals when he substituted butterfat in it, but the same food mixture would not support growth when lard or olive oil was used instead. This was the first evidence that fats in our foods are not of equal value. It was also determined at this time that fats of egg yolk had the same positive effect on growth as butterfat, but in no case did the vegetable fats support the necessary growth. There is something in butterfat which is not found in fats generally, but which is absolutely necessary for the maintenance of life in the young or the adult.

"Dairy products are man's best and most economical food and the dairy business is capable of infinite expansion. The dairy cow is the most perfect machine for producing food in the world. She converts rough feed, much of which would be otherwise wasted, into a perfect food and high priced product. It is estimated by Prof. E. W. Erf, Ohio experiment station that a dairy cow produces as much food during her life as do seventeen steers. The meat of one cow will furnish a sufficient amount of beef for two soldiers for a year while the milk from one good dairy cow will supply an equal value for twenty soldiers for a year.

"Milk is the most important and most perfect food for human consumption and it is also a most perfect food for bacteria—including a wide range

of disease producing types. For this reason it is vitally important that all milk should be produced under the most strict sanitary conditions. From the time milk is drawn from the cow until final consumption it is constantly subject to the introduction of germ life. Observation has shown that each drop of milk under average conditions is seeded with at least 2,500 bacteria or approximately 50,000 per between the time it is drawn from the cow and finally bottled in the city plant. To combat with the injurious effect which might come from milk most of the large cities in the United States have what is known as a milk ordinance which requires all milk to be either pasteurized or certified.

"The dairy industry is not only confronted with the problem of producing the most important food to the nation, but also a food which must be produced under the most exacting conditions in order to make it safe for the consuming public."

Colonel Maher Speaks.

Lion Abegg then introduced Colonel John G. Maher of Lincoln, who was the guest of Lion O'Keefe. Colonel Maher told of early days in Box Butte county and other parts of western Nebraska, having been a pioneer here. His talk, which lasted fifteen minutes, was one of the most interesting ever heard by the local club, and included the following points—"Hard Times" now are good as compared with the early days in this country; radio will develop startling changes in coming months; Box Butte county land will produce as heavily as eastern Nebraska; this country is on the verge of a great boom; money will be loaned very soon in eastern Nebraska at 5 per cent and here at 6 per cent; the men and women who laid the foundations of western Nebraska are heroes the same as the men who fought in the great war. At the close of his talk, Lion LeRoy Gregg stated that he had been in Box Butte county for thirty-seven years.

W. L. Parson of Grand Island, associated with the Northwestern Bell Telephone company and a guest of Lion Basse, spoke for a few minutes on accident prevention by the big corporations—the Bell Telephone company, United States Steel Corporation and the big railroad companies. Thirty-nine per cent of accidents are by unskilled employees, said Mr. Parson. Ninety-seven per cent of the accidents cause loss of time. He told of the rapid increase in the phone company line forces during the recent sleet storm in central Nebraska, stating that the company increased its force from 33 to 630 men; that 10 accidents occurred, 1 of which was fatal and which was caused by a one-armed tourist driving an automobile.

W. L. Steele of Sioux City, a guest of Lion John Guthrie, was presented by Lion Abegg and made a short talk with some good stories.

The new club member—Tom Carney, was presented and made his "speech of entry" which was roundly applauded by his fellow Lions. "I believe," said he, "that my association with you fellow Lions will make me more fit to give better service to the Lions and phone subscribers of Alliance."

The Republican army in Ireland is so enthusiastic for freedom that it refuses to permit an Irish leader to make a speech in the market place.—New York Morning Telegram.

AFTER EVERY MEAL

WRIGLEY'S P-K

20 PIECES CHEWING SWEET

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT

WRIGLEY'S DOUBLEMINT

WRIGLEY'S JULY FRUIT

This new sugar-coated gum delights young and old.

It "melts in your mouth" and the gum in the center remains to aid digestion, brighten teeth and soothe mouth and throat.

There are the other WRIGLEY friends to choose from, too:

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