

IOLA'S SOLDIER OF FORTUNE

Fred Funston, Fighter, and His Adventurous Career in Many Lands. PAST MASTER OF THE STRENUOUS TRIBE

A Record Almost Passing Belief in the Arctic. In Cuban Jungles and in the Philippines—A Brigadier at 36.

Born November 6, 1865; a university student on 16; newspaper reporter at 18; railroad trainman at 23; government botanist at 25; explored the Yukon at 27; a South American planter at 29; fighting in Cuba at 31; colonel of the 10th cavalry at 33; brigadier general of the regular army at 36. Such is the biography in outline of General Frederick Funston, captor of Aguinaldo.

Red-headed; red-blooded; small in stature, a giant in experience; true son of Romany in peace and of Eric in war—the adventurous career of Funston stamps him as a modern knight-errant, a sixteenth century hero born 300 years or so too late. It is not surprising, relates the Boston Transcript, to find that in Frederick Funston's veins runs Celtic blood, mingled with that of the American pioneer. His paternal grandfather, whose name he perpetuates, was Frederick Funston, born in County Donegal, Ireland, in 1806. Brought to America by his parents in 1808, the first Frederick grew up in Kentucky and Ohio, the old northwest territory. Here, when the name to man's estate, he met Julia Stafford, also of pure Irish extraction. To them, in 1836, was born Edward H. Funston, father of the present Frederick. He served in the civil war as a lieutenant of artillery, and before going to the front married Anne Eliza Mitchell, sister of his father's captain. Her father was born in Ireland, and her great-grandmother was a sister of Daniel Boone. From this ancestry came the fighting blood of the captor of Aguinaldo, born November 9, 1865, the eldest of the six children of this marriage.

After the war the Funstons removed to the Kansas farm, where they still reside. It is 242 acres of Kansas prairie, Carlyle being the nearest postoffice, and Iola the nearest town of any size. Here Edward H. Funston prospered, agriculturally and politically, since for eleven years he served his district in congress, the Kansas record. Here grew up as a farmer-politician's son the present brigadier general of volunteers. In the public schools and in the State university Funston had the reputation of being a bookish rather than a studious youth. Medieval romances, heroic poetry, and, above all, the lore of days when red blood ran redder in green forest or hedgerow, held his attention oftentimes to the exclusion of the prescribed curriculum. It was typical of the man who later ploughed through hundreds of miles of Arctic snows and tropic jungles with Kipling's "Mulaney" and "Barrack-Room Ballads" in a haversack which was all too small for the common necessities of life.

His First Failure. It was before he went to the university, however, that Funston made his first inglorious attempt to enter the army. As an early friend of his tells the story, it was when Funston was a mere stripling and when his father was a congressman. "Fred's father," says this friend, "had at his disposal, subject to competitive examination, a cadetship and Fred, after practicing at marksmanship and other soldierly exercises for months, went into the examination confident. That's the way he is built. He thought that the cadetship was a sure thing. His father thought so, too, and no doubt helped Fred along as much as possible. In the examination we had a number of young men, among them a fellow named Charles Crawford. This Crawford knew a thing or two himself, and had a much better all-round store of knowledge than Funston possessed. When the papers were examined Crawford was found to have done a splendid handsome margin, with Fred a poor second. The disappointment nearly broke Funston's heart and he was as savage as a bulldog for months afterward. Fred was named as the alternate, and he had a gleam of hope that Crawford would be killed in a cyclone or get struck by lightning or get crippled in a railroad smashup, and that as alternate he would go to West Point after all. But Crawford was an unusually healthy fellow and went to the military academy, where he was graduated well up in his class. He accepted a lieutenantcy in the army and in the Santiago campaign was brevetted captain for gallant conduct under fire. He is now a lieutenant in the Twenty-first infantry.

Falling West Point Funston entered the university. As a student adventurous spirit manifested itself in the thousand and one pranks that make undergraduate life worth living, and besides in not a few peculiar to himself. It is possible that his mind was further stimulated to unrest and craving for new things by the necessity of periodic wage-earning to continue his education.

As a Newspaper Man. It was at one of these times that Funston "broke into" the newspaper business—and out. The story is variously told, so variously that some of it very likely is apocryphal, but it is too good to suppress in the interests of mere facts when proper allowances can be made and when one cannot be certain that it is not all true. As the story goes, Funston secured a probationary job on a Kansas City paper, got a lucky "coop" the first day, followed it up fairly well, and so was the man sent in response to a request from a country daily at Fort Smith, Ark., for a first-class man to help run the paper. This is the point where the story becomes variegated. The least picturesque version—which in the case of any other man than Funston would be the safest to rely on—is that Funston took sides unwisely in a murder case pending before Judge Parker, the famous "hanging judge" of Fort Smith, and that his honor, in the course of a resulting confidential conversation, that journalism was not his profession and that the climate of Arkansas was extremely unhealthy at that particular season. Content of court is a serious matter, even in Arkansas, and if such a hint was really given, Funston may have taken it, and the Kansas train. The other version—and it is characteristic whether or not it is true—is that in the height of the political campaign the editor went away for a couple of days, leaving Funston in charge of a paper which was like all others in Arkansas, democratic to the chases. The next issue contained a double-headed editorial announcing that the paper had supported the democracy of Pulaski county and Arkansas in spite of its career of blunder, crime and corruption. The patience of the editor was at last exhausted and hereafter it would support the party that saved the nation, freed the negroes and paid the national debt. Funston ended his journalistic career the following day.

Other inter-university years saw his alert turned to good account, financially and biographically. In 1888, for instance, he became a Santa Fe trainman, combining with other duties that of guardian of the railroad peace and oppressor of the exuberance of cowboys from Kansas City to Albuquerque and the Gulf. His weight as a south—he is today only 5 feet 4 inches tall and 125 pounds or so in weight—was not allowed to handicap him, as is witnessed by the traditions of the line and the dusty file of damage suits still in the archives of the aged Kansas supreme court. In the following year his fancy took him to the rocky mountains, where he earned money

for his university expenses as a guide. This proved, in a way, a turning point, for shortly afterward he quitted the university, leaving behind him a reputation as an original form-maker and, as hequest to the faculty, divers satirical nicknames, which, they say, stick to this day.

Death Valley and the Yukon. On leaving Lawrence, in 1890, his father, still a congressman, secured his appointment as botanist in the Department of Agriculture. After a trip to Montana and the Dakotas he was attached to the party which made the first government survey of Death valley, the famous California death trap. Seven months were spent in this work, and Funston is the only man of the party alive and sane today, ten years after the survey. In 1891-92 the government sent him to make a botanical survey of certain parts of the Alaska coast, and in 1893 he returned to the Arctic and made a similar survey of the Yukon. He climbed Chilkoot pass, then an untraveled pathway, and went down the Yukon to Porcupine and then to Rampart House, an abandoned Hudson Bay company's post far within the Arctic circle. Here he wintered with a missionary named Frately. Indians brought rumors that the American whaling fleet was being crushed in the Arctic ocean, 200 miles to the north, and with an Indian guide Funston started in snow-shoe to the scene. They lost the way and, after traveling some 600 miles, were piloted by other Indians to the fleet, which was found not to be in trouble. It is related that Funston was none the less heartily welcomed and that the effects thereof are still a tradition of the Arctic. The return to Rampart House was safely accomplished, and with the advancing summer Funston floated down the Yukon to the mouth, bent on his botanical business. The specimens he gathered are in the Department of Agriculture at Washington. He was picked up by the revenue cutter Bear and reached civilization again in the fall of 1894.

Fighting for Cuba. Trying to start a coffee plantation in Central America saw Funston's efforts for less than a month in the tropics and then, as assistant auditor of the Santa Fe railroad brought him to New York. His tasks were too commonplace with the torch of the Cuban insurrection burning as a beacon to his adventurous spirit. He joined a filibustering party which the Democrats landed at Camaguey in August, 1896. He was assigned by Garcia to the artillery arm of the insurgent service and made second in command to Osgood, the Pennsylvania foot ball player, who was soon to lay down his life for the Cuban cause. When Osgood fell Funston was made chief of artillery, about which he knew far less than he did of the cultivators and ploughs of his father's farm in Kansas. He studied his plans with the eyes of a Yankee, however, and soon had them under due consideration. "Twenty-three battles in Cuba was his record with his guns. Casgorra was his first important action. At La Macacha he bore a charmed life, but in a lesser action shortly afterward a shell crippled his arm. Once he was captured and sentenced to death, but escaped before the steel-tipped Mauser bullet pierced his lungs. This healed, but the fever struck him down and compelled his return to the United States to recuperate, a colonel in the Cuban service.

Colonel of Kansas Volunteers. As he was preparing to return to Cuba the marine was blown up and in his certainty that war with Spain would result he awaited the issue. It was not for long Governor Leedy of Kansas called for volunteers to make up three regiments of infantry and, knowing of Funston's Cuban service, telegraphed for him, and at Topeka offered him a regiment. The commission was accepted and the task of whipping the Twentieth Kansas into shape was begun. This fell largely upon the two majors—one a second lieutenant in the regular army, the other a militia colonel—for the day after the regiment went into camp Colonel Funston was detached and ordered to Tampa on special duty attached to the staff of General Miles to advise him as to the Cuban army. Three days after Funston reached Tampa his regiment was ordered to San Francisco, but it was in such poor shape that it was held there for drill. When General Miles started for Cuba the latter part of June, 1898, Colonel Funston asked for orders to rejoin his regiment, and by October 26, when it sailed for Manila, had welded it into a first-class military organization.

Three weeks before he sailed Colonel Funston met Miss Ella Blankhart of Oakland. As impetuous in love as in war he wooed and won her, the marriage taking place the day before the transport sailed. There are divers stories as to how Mrs. Funston made her trip to Manila. One has it that she went on board the transport in the army blue of a private of the Twentieth Kansas, for the orders denying passage to army women were very strict. But at all events the bride of a day was successfully got on board and sailed with her husband. Fighting in the Philippines. The Twentieth Kansas was in at the fall of Manila, and had been in garrison but a few weeks when the break with Aguinaldo's troops came. Funston's regiment was quartered in the Binondo district of Manila, and swiftly took up its allotted position when the Nebraskans were attacked on the night of February 4, 1899. At daylight Funston led a charge which carried two lines of works, only to be obliged to retire, since the regiment was directly in range of the navy's guns. This was a gallant achievement, but it was in the later campaigning that Colonel Funston first came commanding into public notice. With his Kansas and the Montana volunteers he was ordered to sweep the river before Malolos in April, 1899, in the face of rifle fire from entrenchments, stormed the works and took the first Filipino capital. Before Calumpit the same thing happened. At the head of a handful of volunteers Funston swam the river in face of a hot fire, dragging with them a heavy rope. Landing in front of the insurgent trenches they tied it to a tree, forming a line by which several boatloads of men were ferried over. Then charging the trenches Colonel Funston drove out the defenders and held the bank till the maddened effect of a crossing. The insurgents rallied and attacked, but too late, the reunited American troops inflicting a severe defeat.

It was a little later in this year that Funston sent to General MacArthur, who asked how long he could hold a certain position, the famous reply: "Until my regiment is mustered out." This incident was called home, and the terse answer of the aged Kansas supreme court. In the following year his fancy took him to the rocky mountains, where he earned money

for his university expenses as a guide. This proved, in a way, a turning point, for shortly afterward he quitted the university, leaving behind him a reputation as an original form-maker and, as hequest to the faculty, divers satirical nicknames, which, they say, stick to this day.

the country. A story that this incident was a "fake" was settled by Funston himself, who has stated that the phrase is historically correct. It is engraved upon the blade of a magnificent sword presented to Funston by the first government survey of the regiment was mustered out, October 28, 1899.

William Henry White, who originated the query, "What's the matter with Kansas?" was a classmate of Funston at the Kansas State university, and to him the Chicago Tribune attributes this story of Funston's college days: "He is not afraid of anything that can walk. Once the town's bad negro tried to walk over Funston. The darky weighed pretty nearly 200 pounds and was a scraper with a razor record. Funston was 5 feet 2 inches and weighed about ninety-five. He bluffed the colored brother to a standstill and went for a warrant and marched the boss bully through the main streets of Lawrence at the point of a gun."

THORP'S COUNTRY MANSION. Jockey Builds Big House at Geneva for Which He Has No Use. When Charles A. Thorp, the jockey, returned from the San Francisco races the other day, he had his first view of the magnificent mansion he has erected in Geneva, Neb. Beautifully furnished, stocked with books, pictures, statuary, bric-a-brac and everything that could possibly engage the interest of a widely traveled connoisseur, this is the most palatial home within a radius of many miles, but Mr. Thorp will not live there. After investing all his funds in this property and in farms of the immediate vicinity, he has decided finally that Geneva is too slow for him. He will take up his abode in New York or San Francisco, and will leave the mansion to his wife's foster mother, Mrs. C. H. Bassett, who will live there alone, attended by a single servant.

Geneva is the center of a prosperous agricultural community. A town less fitted to a man of Thorp's tastes and habits could not be found upon the map. Puritan in its morality and Spartan in its religious zeal, it is flat and featureless. The topography of its site is broken by not much as a knoll or brook, and the only reason for building a town there seems to have been the fact that it is the exact geographical center of Fillmore county—exact to the fraction of a mile. There is little doing save traffic in plowing and seeding, and the prodigality of plow is the seventh wonder of that section.

Woman in the Case. What, then, was the lodestone that attracted to this haven of repose the natty little jockey who had won honor at Brighton Beach and who had dodged his cap in recognition of applause at the circus? By according to local tradition, this mysterious magnetism was made up of two distinct elements. The first was a love of speculation; the second, the love of a petite little girl in a shirt waist and a sailor hat. Thorp was at the home of his boyhood in Whiting, Ia., in the early '90s, when he learned that there was a good chance to loan money on Nebraska farms. A succession of poor crops had made money scarce in the Antelope state, but hadn't materially affected the price of the land. Thorp thought he heard the knock of Fortune at his door, and decided to let her in, so he went to Geneva and loaned money, taking mortgages on several farms by way of security.

While negotiating these loans he chanced to meet Miss Alice Greer, adopted daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Bassett. Because she was "different" from the girls he had known, he fell in love with her. Mr. and Mrs. Bassett opposed the marriage, but Thorp, to them, was a horse jockey, and that was enough. He might be made of gold. It made no difference. It was money made upon the race course, and hence made by questionable, if not dishonest, means. They would as soon see a young man marry Alice to a smuggler or a road agent.

Love Finds a Way. But love triumphed, and it usually does, and before Mr. Bassett died three years ago he had become reconciled to his son-in-law. Now Mrs. Bassett is quite proud of the life-size portrait of "Charlie" in the parlor, which shows him in coat and boots, with a red blouse and a riding whip. Meanwhile the mortgages held by Thorp had matured, but he didn't foreclose. He had his wife, and could afford to be philanthropic, so he extended the notes from time to time until all were redeemed. But in the interim he had become acquainted with what he calls the "agricultural bug." He wanted to be a landed proprietor, so bought two farms outright, stocked them and entrusted them to overseers. He still has the farms.

It is supposed that his wife had something to say about the building of the mansion. Being a bird of passage, he had about as much use for a big house as a child has for the moon. All he wanted was a place to keep his scrapbooks, which contain some of the most valuable autographs of the day. He has written about ten years of himself written about ten years of himself. "Charlie" Thorp left the vortex of metropolitan life for the dead monotony of a country village, where his scarlet livery became a desecration of the Sabbath-like calm.

THIRD OLD TIMERS. Captain George W. Stillwell of Brooklyn celebrated his 81st birthday last week. He is now the oldest living member of the famous Long Island family, which is also noted for longevity. Two sisters of General George H. Thomas, the distinguished union commander, are still living at the family seat in Southampton county, Virginia, in the house where he and they were born. His daughter, the elder, is nearly 90 years old and Miss Anne is ten years younger. Captain George W. Stillwell, imperial and royal counselor of the Austrian court, is believed to be the oldest duly qualified citizen in the world. He was born on October 15, 1820, and is therefore 80 years old. He has been practicing for seventy-one years and still gives medical advice. Probably the oldest mail carrier in the United States is Samuel Gibbons of Hopedale, Ky. He is an Irishman, and for thirty-three years, with hardly an intermission, he has been in the employ of the government as mail carrier. His career in this capacity was begun in 1828, when he was twenty years old, during the "Old Hickory" Jackson administration. The oldest bachelor in the world is Noah Babby, who has reached the remarkable age of 129 years. He lives in the almshouse at New Brunswick, N. J., where he has lived for thirty-five years. Babby says he was born in 1771, in the town of N. C. April 1, 1771. Possibly his longevity is accounted for by the Indian blood which he inherited from his full-blooded Indian father, Andrew Babby. Noah bore the name of his mother, Morning Babby.

TABLE AND KITCHEN. Practical Suggestions About Food and the Preparations of It. DAILY MENUS. THURSDAY. BREAKFAST: Fruit. Cereal. Cream. Hamburg Steak. Creamed Potatoes. Sauté Lamb. Coffee. LUNCHEON: Potato Soup. Slices Cold Roast Veal. Spinach. Cucumber and Onions. Floating Island. DINNER: Mutton and Barley Soup. Beefsteak. Creamed Potatoes. Stewed Carrots. String Bean Salad. Fruit. Coffee. FRIDAY. BREAKFAST: Boiled Rice. Rhubarb Compote. Plain Omelet. Lyonnaise Potatoes. Toast. LUNCHEON: Stewed Scallops. Tomatoes. Hashed Brown Potatoes. Lettuce. Cocoa. DINNER: Vegetable Soup. Macaroni au Gratin. Asparagus. Eggs. Fruit Salad. Cheese. Coffee. SATURDAY. BREAKFAST: Cereal. Cream. Broiled Chicken. Butter. Egg a la Bonne Femme. Corn Muffins. LUNCHEON: Broiled Soft Shelled Crabs. Tomato Mayonnaise. Strawberry Shortcake. Cream. Chocolate. SUPPER: Pot Roast. Browned Potatoes. Stewed Cabbage. Creamed Spinach. Lettuce Salad. Rhubarb Pudding. Coffee.

THIS OVER THE RHUBARB. This over the rhubarb and let stand until perfectly cool. Drain off syrup, dust the rhubarb thickly with granulated sugar. Make a fritter batter in usual way, dip the pieces of rhubarb in the batter and fry in deep hot fat. Rhubarb Souffle—Pare and cut the rhubarb into small pieces, add enough water to keep from burning, and a pound of sugar to each quart of rhubarb. Stew until tender, then press through a sieve. Measure your rhubarb, and to each pint take three eggs; separate and beat the yolks very, very light and add to the rhubarb. Mix well, whip the whites to a stiff froth and fold into the mixture. Throw into a well-buttered dish and bake in a quick oven about half an hour. When it cracks open on top it is done. Rhubarb Cobbler—Fill a deep, buttered, earthenware pie dish with rhubarb cut into pieces an inch long. Make a batter of eggs, flour, milk and salt, allowing a large tablespoonful of flour to each egg and milk enough to make a water (this is for fritter batter). Pour this over the rhubarb and bake until the pudding is light and nicely browned. Rhubarb Tapioca—Prepare the rhubarb as for stewing; place in a deep baking dish and add sugar enough to sweeten well, a little soft-aid orange peel, salt and nut with bits of butter. Add one quart of water to half a cupful of fine tapioca. Add a pinch of salt and cook in a double boiler for fifteen minutes. Then pour over the rhubarb, cover the dish and bake half an hour. Serve with sweetened whipped cream. Rhubarb Cream Pie—One cupful of rhubarb chopped fine or grated, one cupful of cornstarch with a tablespoonful of sugar, a pinch of salt, a grating of nutmeg or lemon peel. Moisten a tablespoonful of corn starch with a teaspoonful of cold water, then fill the cup up with boiling water, stirring until clear. Beat the yolks of three eggs until light, and add them with the corn starch to the other materials. Line a pieplate with good light paste, fill with the mixture and bake in a moderately hot oven until custard is set. When done and cooled, cover with a meringue made with the whites of the eggs and half a cupful of confectioner's sugar. Brown delicately in the oven. Rhubarb Sherbet—Wash the stalks and cut into pieces one inch long. To a dozen stalks add three pints of cold water. Cook in a double boiler until tender. Flavor with grated lemon or orange peel or brandy, and sweeten to taste. Let stand in a cool place for several hours, then strain and chill. Serve with shaved ice. Bottled Rhubarb—Wash and peel the rhubarb and cut into small pieces as for pies. Fill glass jars, packing closely and cover with freshly drawn water. Put on the covers and let stand over night. By next morning you will find that the water has settled in the jars. Fill them up with fresh water and seal the jars closely and put away for winter use. This will require less sugar than fresh rhubarb and is nice for pies or sauce.

Plains of Abraham. The historic Plains of Abraham in the city of Quebec, on which the decisive battle

HOW TO SERVE RHUBARB. Great Variety of Appetizing Dishes Possible from the Vegetable. Rhubarb is eaten as a fruit, though it belongs to the vegetables. As its food value is very small, it is esteemed more for its diuretic properties and agreeable flavor. While a native of Europe, it is little known there as a food, its uses being principally medicinal. In this country it is, therefore, persons suffering from acidity should eat of these substances very sparingly and in some aggravated cases, not at all. The red variety is the richest in flavor and should be used for making wine if you desire a rich quality. Rhubarb will make a delicious wine, which is said to so closely resemble champagne as to deceive connoisseurs, and is a much safer beverage to indulge in if you wish to avoid unpleasant after effects. The plant that is forced for the early spring markets is more tender and contains much less oxalic acid. In combination. Rhubarb is used as a "basis for many dainty preparations, and its susceptibility to other flavors will enable you to create pleasing varieties. Orange or lemon peel, chopped almonds, raisins, bananas, strawberries and lemon juice may be used to give agreeable changes. But when using lemon and other acid fruit juices, remember the conditions which may make these combinations hurtful to those who should not indulge in too acid foods. In order to make rhubarb palatable to some eaters, an excessive amount of sugar must be used. This gives the sweet cold flavor they enjoy. Only the after result can determine whether this is harmful for the individual eater or not. If nature dictates, and not a perverted and adulterated taste, it is safe to trust to her guidance as to our bodily needs and cravings for certain kinds of food. Baked Rhubarb. Baked Rhubarb—Requires less sugar than stewing. Peel the stalks, selecting red rhubarb. Cut into inch lengths and place in a stone crock. Add one part sugar to two parts of the fruit, unless you like it very sweet, then add nearly half and half, arrange the fruit and sugar in layers; use no water. Stand the crock in a pan of hot water cover and set in the oven and bake until the pieces are clear. This may be used for a meringue by filling a shell of good light pastry, covering the top of the fruit with a meringue and coloring a delicate brown in the oven. Rhubarb Compote—Cut red rhubarb into pieces three inches long. Cover with cold water and set over a moderate fire where it will very slowly come to the boiling point, but do not allow it to boil. Drain the water off carefully, or take the rhubarb up on a fork, keeping the pieces whole. Measure the water and to each pint add a pound of granulated sugar. Boil until it becomes a syrup, then pour over the rhubarb. This is nice served with plain boiled rice for a simple dessert. Rhubarb Fritters—Select the smaller stalks of fritter, fresh rhubarb. Cut into pieces two inches long; cover with cold water and steam until tender; drain and spread on a platter. Make a syrup of sugar and water, flavor with a little brandy. Pour

between Wolfe and Montcalm was fought in 1759, are again in danger of being destroyed. Some time ago great indignation was caused in Canada and the United States by a report that the plains were about to be cut up into building lots. The (Freuline) news, who are the owners of the property, leased it to the Canadian government years ago and the lease is about to expire. Pressure was brought to bear on the government to induce it to purchase the property outright so that it might be converted into a park as a permanent memorial of one of the most important events in American history. The government favored the proposal and the sisters offered to exchange the property for \$30,000 in cash and a total consideration of \$50,000 and as the value of the plains has been placed at \$137,000 the bargain seemed to be a good one for the government.

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