

commercial possibilities of the Pacific are unlimited, and for natural reasons it is imperative that we should have direct and adequate communication by American lines with Hawaii and the Philippines.

"The existence of our present steamship lines on the Pacific is seriously threatened by the foreign subsidized lines. Our communications with the markets of Asia and with our own possessions in the Philippines, no less than our communications with Australia, should not depend on foreign, but upon our own steamships. The southwest and the north should alike be served with these lines, and, if this is done, they will also give to the Mississippi valley throughout its entire length the advantage of all transcontinental railways running to the Pacific coast. To fail to establish adequate lines on the Pacific is equivalent to proclaiming to the world that we have neither the ability nor the disposition to contend for our rightful share of the commerce of the Orient, nor yet to protect our interests in the Philippines. It would surely be discredit to us to surrender to our commercial rivals the great commerce we should have with South America and even our own communications with Hawaii and the Philippines.

"I earnestly hope for the enactment of some law like the bill in question."
"THEODORE ROOSEVELT."

News of the Week

The Iowa legislature re-elected Senator Dolliver.

The Texas legislature re-elected Senator Bailey.

Former Governor Higgins of New York is seriously ill.

West Virginia re-elected Stephen B. Elkins to the United States senate.

Wyoming re-elected Francis E. Warren to the United States senate.

Governor Folk says the Missouri legislature will soon pass a two-cent railroad fare bill.

Stockmen appeared before the interstate commerce commission at Denver and asked for a reduction in the rates on live stock. They want the extra two-dollar terminal charge made in Chicago abolished.

The Nebraska house of representatives, regardless of party, went on record January 24, in favor of an income tax. Van Housen of Colfax county introduced the resolution. It was adopted with 13 votes cast against it.

William T. Martin, Jr., formerly an employe of the Dawes Indian commission, was convicted at Muskogee, I. T., on the charge of unlawfully removing from the government office the Creek Indian rolls, which later were copied and sold to real estate men.

Thomas Taggart, chairman of the democratic national committee, has announced the appointment of J. F. C. Talbot, a Maryland congressman, to be a member of the national committee from Maryland to succeed the late General Victor Baughman.

A St. Paul, Minnesota, dispatch says: "Attorney General Young today be-

gan mandamus proceedings in the supreme court to compel the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba Railroad company to show cause why its charter should not be forfeited.

A WONDERFUL RUSE

The late A. M. Simpson, the oldest Odd Fellow in the world, had the following experience at a New York theater several years ago:

In those days women weren't compelled to take their hats off in the theater. Consequently a good many kept their hats on, and the people behind saw nothing of the stage. Mr. Simpson sat in his orchestra chair, enjoying the play famously, when a woman in a two-foot hat plumped down in the seat in front of him. He sighed. He sat, so to speak, on tiptoe. He craned his neck to the right and to the left. But in vain. Now that this woman had come he could see nothing of the stage. He saw only two black ostrich plumes, a bunch of grapes, a hummingbird and a bow of pink satin ribbon—from behind this mass the voices of the players came.

Mr. Simpson was a modest man. It was not his nature to disturb anyone. Nevertheless, he did not often get to a New York theatre, and now that he was in one, he did not propose to miss its benefits through no fault of his own. So after a good deal of suffering and a good deal of bashful hesitation, he leaned forward, touched the woman in front of him, and said in the politest tone:

"Madam, will you kindly take off your hat?"

The woman ignored him—ignored him absolutely. He said a little more loudly:

"Will you please take off that big hat, madam? I can see nothing behind it."

She turned, gave him a scornful, withering look, and settled back in her former position.

"Madam," said Simpson very firmly, "if you do not remove that hat, something most unpleasant will happen."

She ignored him again.

Mr. Simpson reached down under the seat, got his hat, and put it on. Instantly, from all parts of the house, there came a loud and ferocious chorus:

"Here! take off that hat!"

"Hats off!"

"Hats off down front!"

"Take off your hat!"

"Off with your hat! Off with it!"

The woman removed her hat instantly. At the same moment Mr. Simpson, chuckling, removed his own. Then the uproar ceased.—January Lippincott's.

BROUGHT HIM ALIVE

Representative Victor Murdock of the Wichita district is telling this one as the latest new story in Kansas:

A farmer hired a green Irishman. One of the first tasks assigned the new hired hand was to bring into the cow lot dead or alive a refractory bull that had broken into the cornfield. The Irishman was given a shotgun and told to shoot the bull if the animal showed fight. Jauntily he went about his task. The farmer stood at a safe distance to watch developments. As soon as the bull saw the Irishman enter the cornfield he bolted at him, bellowing madly. The Irishman blazed away with the shotgun and emptied the load in the beast's breast. On rushed the bull, madder than ever. The Irishman took to his heels with the bull after him.

"What are you doing?" screamed the farmer at the fleeing Irishman.

"I'm bringing him alive, sir," shouted the Irishman between breaths.—Washington Herald.

I Invite Every Man, Woman and Child Here

Every Reader of the Commoner to Eat With Me Tomorrow at My Expense

This is an invitation that you simply can not afford to ignore. I'll tell you why.

I'm going to feed you on a food that helps digest all other foods, a food that "stops the sharp pangs of dyspepsia in two minutes by the watch," so swears Mr. Henry Gray, and many others.

A food that made Assistant Postmaster Estes "feel like a 2-year-old in a clover pasture."

A food that makes brains in five hours and blood in four.

A highly nutritious, stomachic food, made from the pineapple, and the paw-paw-melon, figs, oranges, celery and a few other good things for the nerves, stomach and bowels.

You may be starving your blood and brain in the midst of plenty. It isn't how much you eat that counts, but it's how you digest the food you eat.

You can't get steam out of water without fire, you can't get brainpower, nerve force and blood corpuscles out of food without digestion.

Thousands lack sufficient vital force and don't know why.

They think they need a tonic, a vacation or a change of scenery. But they don't. It's old indigestion that's the matter with them, and six days' use of my Biscuit will prove it.

They don't get the strength out of their food. It's like running corn through a mill with the rollers too wide apart; the corn goes through, but the mill doesn't grind.

Don't think you must have a pain to have indigestion.

Lack of flesh, too much fat, pimples, blotches, sallow complexion, lack of nerve force, impoverished blood, insomnia, headaches, weak brain power, may all be due to a faulty digestive process either in the stomach or bowels.

Eat my Biscuit along with your other food for a week and find out how your digestive organs are working. If the Biscuit helps you greatly, gives you more force, strength and brain power, you may set it down that your stomach, liver and bowels were doing their duty.

Only yesterday your head may have felt dull and heavy; you had the "blues;" were cross, nervous or irritable; everything seemed to go

wrong, and you couldn't tell why.

It's ten to one it was old dyspepsia slyly getting in his work, not enough to cause you pain, but just enough to dull your brain, rob you of your vitality, upset your liver and deplete your nerve force. Maybe you don't think so, but just try one package of my Biscuit and see if they don't change "blues" to a bright, cheery red; make the old world laugh in a merry glee and put vigor and vim in your life again.

National Bank President Kinner, of Olean, N. Y., had stomach trouble so bad that he had to live on malted milk, and even that caused him pain—he ate three biscuits and went to eating his meals—sounds like a miracle. Well, I have Mr. Kinner's own letter to that effect.

W. G. Roach, of Hornellsville, N. Y., says he hadn't been able to work for several years—had dyspepsia so bad—after eating my Biscuit two weeks he got a position and went to work, says he can eat anything now and feels "tiptop." This is only two of hundreds.

Mr. Dyspeptic, have you ever heard of the wonderful Biscuit that talks, that really tells you itself what it can do—that's Neal's. Five minutes after you eat it the Biscuit begins to unfold its virtues, and it will by actual demonstration prove to you more in regard to its merits in ten minutes than I could probably make you believe if I wrote and read you ten books as large as the dictionary.

"It seems like a dream," swears Mr. Charles F. Bowman. "Gave me relief in three minutes," says Mrs. W. H. Cruttenden. "Stopped my pain in two minutes," swears Mr. Joseph Fentiman.

You may know some of these people, or know somebody who knows them. I'll send you their pictures and full addresses if you want them, so that you can find out all about my Biscuit and the wonders it has wrought.

Probably you are now thinking whether all this can be true—stop it! I will send you absolutely free one large 25c package of my Dyspepsia Biscuit and wonderful Fig Chocolates, at once, and let them prove what I say, provided you will send me 4 cents to pay actual cost of postage. Cut out and use coupon below.

COME EAT WITH ME

AT MY EXPENSE

This coupon entitles you to one large 25-cent package of Neal's Dyspepsia Biscuit and Fig Chocolates, absolutely free (provided you have never tried them), if you will send 4 cents to pay actual cost of postage at merchandise rates. Will also send a free copy of our elegantly illustrated journal, called "Strenuous Life," printed in colors. It tells all about the Biscuit, what it contains, how it is made, what it does and how it does it; it tells about the chocolates, too—the wonderful Fig Chocolates that make the Liver go all day, every day, just like a clock. Read the large advertisement printed above, then put 4 cents in stamps in a letter today, with this coupon, and a full 25-cent package of these wonderful articles will be delivered at your very door tomorrow. Address "Neal," The Man That Made the Biscuit, Dept. 365, Syracuse, N. Y.



Cure sore throat. Relieve Bronchitis and Asthma. Contain nothing injurious.