



The Only Foods In Which Every Granule is Blasted by Steam Explosion

Beyond all the deliciousness of Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice lies this important fact:

In these foods alone all the millions of food granules are literally blasted to pieces. There occur in the making—inside each grain—a hundred million steam explosions.

That means ease of digestion. It means complete digestion of the elements found in whole grains. Such is the result of Prof. Anderson's process, where these foods are shot from guns.

In a thousand years, probably no man has contributed anything more important to the scientific preparation of any cereal food.

Delicious Food Bubbles

These exploded grains are shaped like raw grains, but eight times normal size.

They are thin and crisp and porous—four times as porous as bread. Terrific heat has given them a taste like toasted nuts. Each grain is a fragile, dainty morsel with a most inviting flavor.

In all the realm of cereal foods there is nothing in any way like Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice. Let the folks at your table enjoy them.

Puffed Wheat-10¢
Puffed Rice-15¢
Except in Extreme West

These are some of the ways for serving:

- Serve with sugar and cream.
- Mix with sliced bananas or any other fruit.
- Serve like crackers in bowls of milk.
- Use like nut meats in home candy making.
- Use like nut meats as garnish for ice cream.

Puffed Grains are both foods and confections. Their nut-like taste gives anything a most delightful flavor. Their crispness and thinness also make them enticing. And they float in milk.

Telephone your grocer—now, before you forget it—to send you a package of each.

The Quaker Oats Company
Sole Makers

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I went to bed and slept like a baby, who had neither a conscience nor the colic, woke up at my usual time, tumbled into a cold bath and was ready seriously to tackle the great problem of continuing to remain honest when there was a knock on the door and a bellboy handed me a telegram. It was a message from Frank Wallace, my closest chum, to whom I was under greater obligations for my election than to anyone else, asking if I could honor his draft for \$500. Only the greatest emergency, I knew, would make him turn to me for assistance, and it was up to me to help him out of his trouble, whatever it might be. And here I was practically penniless and with no way to get money.

While I was wondering which way to turn, the telephone jingled and the clerk said that Mr. Green must see me on a matter of importance. I did not place Green but I asked him to come up and found to my sorrow that he was a representative of the loan shark from whom I had borrowed \$500. His principal had discovered that my salary assignment was worthless and threatened that unless I paid him back by four o'clock that afternoon he would have me arrested for obtaining money under false pretenses. A member of Congress is immune from arrest during the session, but the scandal would ruin me, and my father would never recover from the disgrace. I told Green to get out and I would send him a check as soon as I got to the Capitol.

Again I sat and thought, but I could see no way out of the maze. Then suddenly it flashed across me that there was a way, the only way, and that way I must take. I went to the telephone and called up White and made an appointment to see him at once. I had burned my bridges behind me. He was as suave, as self-contained, as well poised as ever, and he came to business without wasting a single word. It was ten minutes past nine when I entered his study, and with a glance at the clock he opened his desk and took out a check book.

"Wait a minute. You offered me \$2,000 for the report, but it's worth more than that." If I must sell myself, at least I would make the price worth while.

He looked at me coldly.

"How much?" was all he said.

I took my courage in both hands.

"Ten thousand dollars," I answered with equal brevity and tried to keep my voice from breaking.

"Ridiculous. Our people won't pay it."

I knew the value of the report, and while I did not expect to get \$10,000 I was sure I could screw more than \$2,000 out of him. We haggled for several minutes, at one time I made a bluff of leaving, and in the end we compromised, and he wrote me a check for \$6,500.

"There's another matter I want to talk to you about," he said, and told me there was a certain bill he would like to see passed. His manner was indifferent and as if he really didn't care what happened. I had never heard of the bill, and its title and wording did not suggest that it was of any particular importance, but he offered me a fee of \$1,000 if I would find out how the committee stood on the bill and the members who were open to "arguments," as he delicately put it. "There's work to be done here that pays well," he said blandly, "and I shall be glad to put you in the way of a good thing."

I might as well make that extra thousand, I thought, so I told him I would do what he wanted and he wrote me another check. "New York on the long distance," his secretary said coming into the room, and saying he would see me soon again, I left.

I must pass over quickly the end of that session, for then I was merely a beginner and there are more important things to be told. The bill that was seemingly so unimportant would

enable certain interests to gobble up water rights worth millions, but no one could have guessed that from reading the bill. It had been favorably reported and was on the calendar, but in the closing days of a session, when every man is fighting for the bill in which he is specially interested, it is difficult to secure action. We were working under what is known as "unanimous consent," and the objection of a single member prevents a bill being taken up. Any man who had taken a fee to defeat the passage of a bill—and it is often as profitable to lobby against a bill as to secure its passage—had only to shout out, "I object, Mr. Speaker," and he was reasonably sure of getting his money.

Washington swarmed with lobbyists. They are thick enough at any time, but in the closing weeks of a session they seemed to spring up like a crop of poisonous weeds that come to life over night. Lobbyists were all over the place. They hung about the corridors of the Capitol, they pestered members as they went in and out of the House or Senate, they camped in front of the doors of committee rooms; when the session adjourned they loafed in the big hotels or meandered about the bars. Some you recognized at a glance. They were shabby looking, half starved, unshaved chaps who boasted of their great influence and for a five-dollar bill would promise anything, and of course simply played a confidence game on persons stupid enough to believe them. There were men to whom \$25 was a good week's earnings and \$100 a windfall to be talked about for years; there were men who put up a brave front and lived in hall bedrooms in side streets; there were men who had suites at the expensive hotels and were always ready to open "wine" if they thought it would do them any good. And so the scale ran until you reached White, who stood at the very top of the profession, and it was as a profession he regarded it.

White, of course, seldom went to the Capitol and never sat about hotel lobbies or drank at the bars, and no one, except those intimately acquainted with him, suspected that he had anything to do with lobbying. When he wanted to see Senators or members of the Cabinet or any one else, he called upon them or they came to his house, and it was all done so openly that suspicion was never aroused. White was undoubtedly the greatest lobbyist Washington has ever known.

He told me how to get our bill passed. I was to say to the Speaker, who was good natured and had taken a friendly interest in me, that I wanted to help an old college chum, and I was to ask him to recognize me to call up the bill. It went against the grain to lie to the old man who had given me much good advice in my early days in Washington, but a lobbyist cannot afford to be squeamish.

The Speaker glanced at the bill, said it didn't seem of much consequence and he would give me a chance, but he cautioned me that as nearly everything was being opposed I should first quietly ascertain who would object. I got the support of the big men, but they all warned me that Jonathan Simpson would be sure to make trouble and unless I could call him off I might as well give up.

Simpson, like myself, was a first termer who had been defeated for reelection. He was a cantankerous, illiterate old farmer who was going back home, according to the gossip of the cloak rooms, \$10,000 richer than when he came as he had saved every cent of his salary and lived off his mileage and stationery allowance and clerk hire. I imagine it was true.

I went straight to him and asked if he had any objection.

"Waal," he drawled, turning about uneasily, not looking at me but plucking nervously at his stubby grey beard