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Yours for uniformity.
Yours for greatest leavening power.
Yours for never failing results.
Yours for purity.
Yours for economy.
Yours for everything that goes to make up a strictly high grade, ever-dependable baking powder.

That is Calumet. Try it once and note the improvement in your baking. See how much more economical over the high-priced trust brands, how much better than the cheap and big-can kinds.
Calumet is highest in quality—moderate in cost.
Received Highest Award—World's Pure Food Exposition.

MEAN MAN.



"Now, John, if I were to die you would weep over me and tell everybody what a good wife I was."
"No, I wouldn't, believe me."
"Well, I would for you, just for decency's sake. And that shows I'm not half as mean as you are."

Megaphones in Oil.

Robert Henri, the painter, was discussing in New York a very mediocre "old master" for which a Chicago promoter had paid an exorbitant sum.
"The man is content with his bargain," said Mr. Henri. "I'm sure of that. To a millionaire of that type, you know, an 'old master' is merely a megaphone for his money to talk through."

Why She Smiled.

"She must love her husband dearly; she smiles whenever she looks toward him."
"That isn't because she loves him; it is because she has a sense of humor."—Houston Post.

Slang to Define Slang.

"He's in bad."
"Yes; he's all in."

Sincerity is the saving merit now and always.—Carlyle.

Try For Breakfast—

Scramble two eggs. When nearly cooked, mix in about a half a cup of

Post Toasties

and serve at once—seasoning to taste.
It's immense!

"The Memory Lingers"

Postum Cereal Company, Ltd.
Battle Creek, Mich.

PRINCIPALS IN BIG WRESTLING MATCH



GOTCH'S TOE HOLD PERFECTLY LOVELY DECLARES FITCH

Russian Downed With "Nine Horse Power Heave and Percheron Squat On the Thorax."

GEORGE FITCH SAYS:

"Experts disagreed on the exact hold used by Gotch in dumping his old-time foe into the discard. I myself think the trick was done with a 9-horse power heave, followed by a rotary dump, and oleaginous squirm and a Percheron squat right on the thorax."

"All those who won money on Gotch declare the toe hold is a perfectly lovely institution and should be used in all our kindergartens and boarding schools."

BY GEORGE FITCH.

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Chicago, Ill. Special: For the benefit of those people who do not understand the pleasant art of dislocation known as wrestling, I shall try to describe in simple terms the glorious day at Comiskey's baseball park in Chicago, on September 4, 1911, when Frank Gotch, of Iowa, put \$21,000 in cash, a percentage of moving pictures and a \$50,000 theatrical contract down on the mat in two straight falls and incidentally reduced Mr. George Hackenschmidt, of Russia, who attempted to protect them, from three-inch headline type to solid nonpareil in the sporting notes.

It was a beautiful day and Mr. Comiskey's huge concrete enclosure was solidly lined with eager faces from the United States, Europe, Turkey, Australia and points west. There were preliminaries in which small men wove themselves into hopeless knots and big Joe Rogers, weight 260, and a stripling of 240, Fred Erler, pulled and hauled at each other like two amiable hippopotami.

All of this excited some notice,

but when one first became aware of the presence of 35,000 people in the immediate vicinity was when Mr. Gotch came out in a blue dressing gown and climbed into the ring.

Ten Acre Cheer.

At this point a cheer arose. Managers of national political conventions might do well to examine this cheer and get pointers for the future. It was a 10 acre, three story cheer, full of frantic hopes and delirious patriotism and joyous red, white and blue blooded anticipation of trouble to come.

Then Hackenschmidt came out and the crowd cheered him too, with a stentorian whoop. "Hack" was a stranger in a strange land, and it was only fair that he be cheered before being ham-burged. So everyone yelled for him and yelled for Gotch to desecrate him for the honor of his country.

Neither wrestler is a tall man. Both might pass unnoticed in a crowd were it not for the extremely successful manner in which they fill their clothes. Both are slightly frayed about the hair, which hasn't had the endurance of their muscles. Gotch is a good natured, smiling young man with a build that would make a Greek statue blush at its lopsidedness. "Hack" is a bullet headed chap with a 21 inch neck and a tapering waist. It tapers down to about 42 inches from a 52 inch chest.

The two men emerged from their bath robes. Gotch in blue tights, "Hack" in green, and both bare to the waist. They shook hands and Mr. E. W. Smith, referee, officially sicked them on while the sporting world, with all its hopes and fears of the past year, teetered up and down and forgot to breathe.

Such Affection!

The first 10 minutes were devoted by the two devours in getting acquainted with each other. This was an affectionate performance. Heads together and locked like two bulls in a misunderstanding, they investigated each other's ears, hair, necks, elbows and sides with loving little claps and pats and wrenches, any one of which would have mused up a terra cotta statue considerably. They tugged and hauled each other and got nowhere with the most tremendous energy. As an exhibition of staid patriotism it was sublime, but the crowd wasn't interested in politics. It concentrated its 70,000 eyes on Hackenschmidt's ill-fated toes and thirsted for events.

Now and then Gotch made a grab for a green class leg. A lightning flash would look tired and lazy beside one of these grabs. Each one brought an eager shriek from the piled up faces in the amphitheater. Three times Hackenschmidt took that leg of his away to safety, by the shred of a second. The fourth time the margin was on the wrong side. There was the flash of a brown hand on a green leg—a siren shriek from the 35,000—two wildly wag-

ging green legs described a half circle in the air and Gotch, having upended his man dumped him on the mat, and began to work on him.

Toying With Him.

Nowadays enterprising moving picture makers show films of lions toying with deer and goats and other lion food. There was a suggestion of the lion's kindly manner in Gotch as he browsed hungrily around "Hack's" nose, ears, arms, and neck in search of something breakable. This should really have been "Hack's" part of the show. But the "Russian Lion" was strangely accommodating. He let Gotch do all the browsing, the heaving, the rending and the devouring. Active labor did not seem to interest him. Rest and reflection close to the mat seemed to be almost a passion with him. So he lay placidly while Gotch worked out little problems in leverage on his legs—and then there was another flash and both men were on their feet while two moving picture machines strained tendons and went hopelessly lame trying to follow the move.

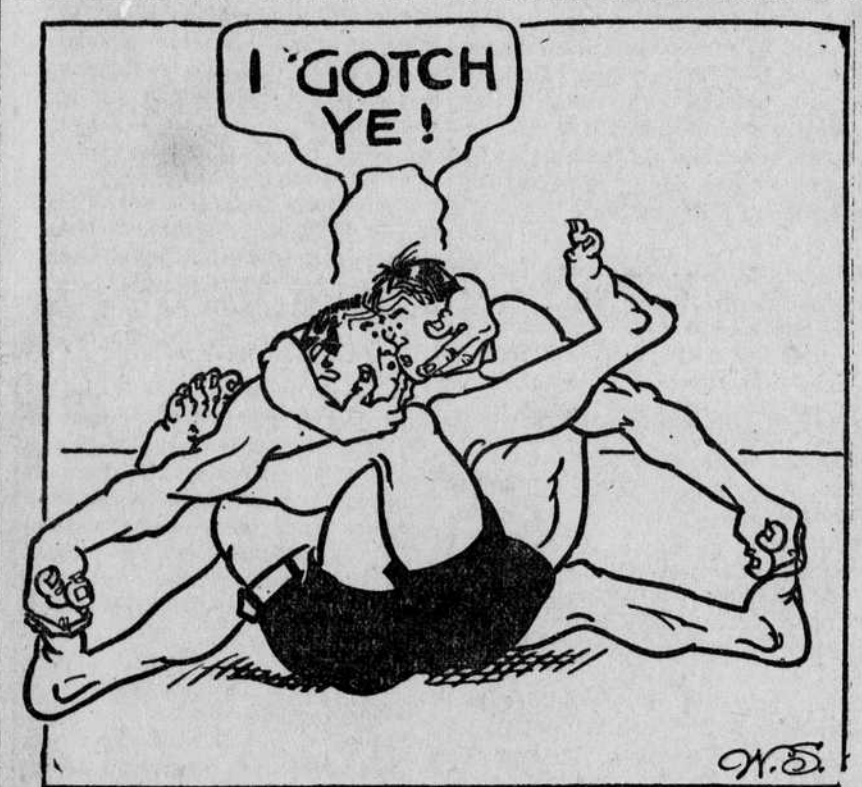
Another minute of pushing and hauling on foot. Then that same green leg lingered the fraction of a wink too long. "Hack" was down and Gotch on top of him laboring methodically on "Hack's" monolithic underpinning. With a mastodontic squirm "Hack" broke loose and got to his feet. Gotch went after him like a panther after a supper several days overdue. They clinched in a sort of combination half hitch and true love knot hold and Gotch went down underneath. He leaped out of "Hack's" grasp like a thousand volts of electricity, straying out of a leaky wire and they clutched each other by the head again on foot.

Still Smiling.

Gotch leaned on "Hack's" shoulder and smiled at the crowd. Then he upended his opponent and sat on him, still smiling. He felt around "Hack's" legs in a methodical manner, took a good grip and signalled the hoisting en-

gine to go ahead. "Hack" rose like a sack of meal and describing a graceful parabola landed with one shoulder down. Still smiling, Mr. Gotch in a way that could not possibly be described as considerate, sat down about 220 pounds worth on the other shoulder. It went down. It was easy. Any pile driver could have done the trick. The referee got down and peered under the two squirming hillocks. Then he slapped Gotch on the shoulder—the signal to cease firing—and the cork blew out of pandemonium with a tremendous explosion.

For many blocks around people stopped work then and said: "Gotch has won a fall." You couldn't help suspecting that something had happened even if you were a mile away. The platform filled up in a second. Farmer Burns, the Columbus who discovered Gotch, leaned over the ropes and smiled with a grin that made his ears start back in horror from the yawning chasm. Hackenschmidt removed his hitherto unravished shoulders from the mat and went to his dressing room. The cheers died away to a hurricane, and then to a mild riot. Presently they stopped altogether and another noise arose. It was the eager murmur of the "I told you so" club enrolling recruits. Ten thousand new prophets arose and stood forth and declared that they had known it all along. And while the police busily pushed intruders off of Mr. Comiskey's sacred grass,



KIND O' MIXED UP.

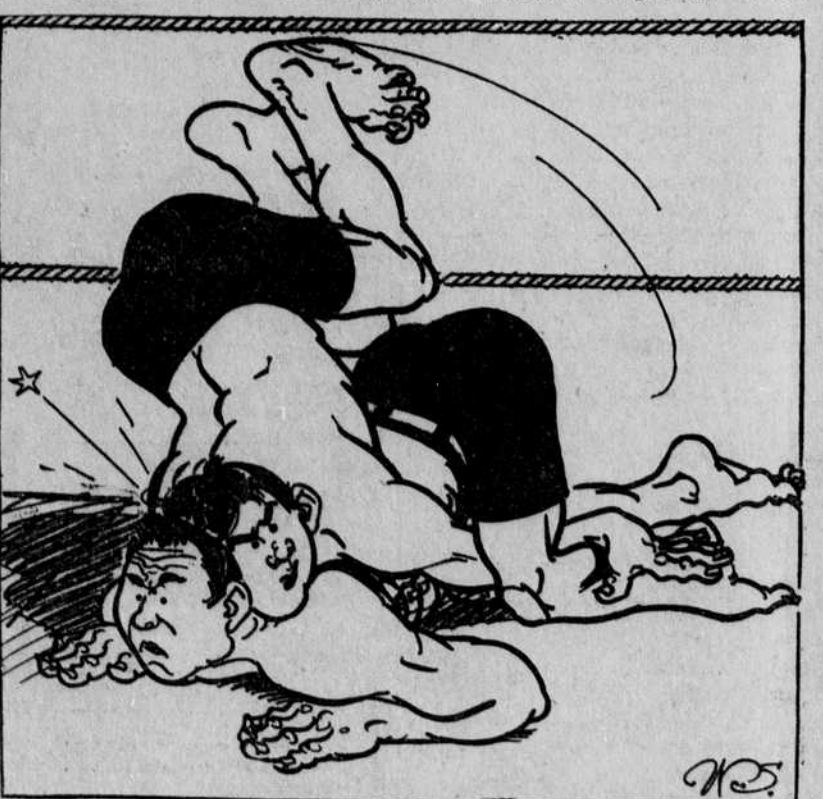
mosty with the collar and elbow hold many aspirants arose to challenge the winner—among them a Mr. Benjamin of India, very brunette and wearing 40 yards of red and white dress goods wrapped about his head.

Experts disagreed on the exact hold used by Gotch in dumping his old time foe into the discard. Most of them seem to think it was a combination crotch and half nelson. This is technical but not illuminating. I myself think that the trick was done by a nine-horsepower heave followed by a rotary dump, and oleaginous squirm and a Percheron squat right on the thorax.

Crowd Yawns.

Ten minutes after the first fall Hackenschmidt came out again and faced Gotch. Every one was sorry for him. But also every one was dissatisfied with the show. The crowd had come to see one thing and it was determined to see it. It watched Gotch indifferently when he went at "Hack" like a hungry wolf. It yawned while "Hack" protected his persecuted legs with desperate earnestness. But when Gotch slammed his man down and began hunting hungrily for his toes, 35,000 savages joined in the pursuit with frantic cries. Three times the toes dodged the inevitable. Then Gotch's all engulfing hand closed over them. His muscles tightened. "Hack" gave such a writhe as an early Christian martyr might have given when the rack began to creak. Then Gotch loosed the toes and "Hack" fell back to his shoulders.

It was all over—but the interminable discussion as to whether the toe hold is more kindly and delicate in its application than the strangle hold, the eye gouge or the various varieties of mayhem which prevailed before the Christian era. All those who won money on Gotch declare that the toe hold is a perfectly lovely institution and should be used in all our kindergartens and boarding schools.



GOTCH ATTEMPTING THE "TOE HOLD."

A Deadly Aim.

From the Washington Post.
The real origin of the greatest fake hero story ever told has come to light in a scrap book owned by an old resident of Washington.
A group of Revolutionary heroes were standing before an old bar in Washington, and from the lips of each there fell wondrous stories of what he had done in the shock of battle or the frenzy of the chase. Finally one old fellow with long white whiskers remarked: "I was personally acquainted with George Washington."
"I was lying behind the breastworks

one day, pumping lead into the Britishers, when I heard the patter of a horse's hoofs behind me. Then came a voice: "Hi, there, you with the deadly aim! Look here a moment!"
"I looked around and saluted, recognizing General Washington, and he said: "What's your name?"
"Hogan," I said.
"Your first name?"
"Pat, sir—Pat Hogan."
"Well, Pat," he said, "go home. Your're killing too many men."
"I think I'd better get a few more, general," I said, kind of apologetic.
"No," he said, "you've killed too many.

It's slaughter. And, Pat, don't call me general; call me George."

An Incident of the Road.

From Harper's Weekly.
"Stop!" cried the man in the road. "You are exceeding the speed limit!"
"That's all nonsense," retorted Blinks, bringing his car to a standstill.
"That's what they all say," said the man in the road, climbing into the car. "You can tell your story to the magistrate at Hinktown—just seven miles up the road. Start along, please."
They drove on in silence to Hinktown,

where, as the car drew up in front of the court house, the man in the road got out.

"Much obliged for the lift," said he. "You can settle that matter of speed with the magistrate if you want to. As a stranger in these here parts I don't think my word would go for much."

On the Train.

"Wot's up, Mate?"
"I went in bathing and 'ad my clothes pinched; but luckily I'd kept my 'at on, and my return ticket was in 'at band."

DEATH BEFORE 100 YEARS IS SUICIDE

Prof. Munyon Says Ignorance of Laws of Health Explains Early End of Life.

NOTED SCIENTIST HAS ENCOURAGING WORD FOR DESPONDENT MEN AND WOMEN

"Death before 100 years of age has been reached is nothing more or less than slow suicide. A man (or woman) who dies at an earlier age is simply ignorant of the laws of health."
Such was the original and rather startling statement made by Professor James M. Munyon, the famous Philadelphia health authority, who is establishing health headquarters in all the large cities of the world for the purpose of getting in direct touch with his thousands of converts.

Professor Munyon is a living embodiment of the cheerful creed he preaches. Virile, well poised, active and energetic, he looks as though he would easily attain the century age limit which he declares is the normal one. He said:
"I want the people of the world to know my opinions on the subject of health, which are the fruit of a life-time devoted to healing the sick, people of America. There isn't a building in this city big enough to house the people in this State alone who have found health through my methods. Before I get through there won't be a building big enough to house my cured patients in this city alone."

"I want most of all, to talk to the sick people—the invalids, the discouraged ones, the victims of nerve-wearing, body-racking diseases and ailments—for these are the ones to whom the message of hope which I bear will bring the greatest blessing."

"I want to talk to the rheumatics, the sufferers from stomach trouble, the ones afflicted with that noxious disease, catarrh. I want to tell my story to the women who have become chronic invalids as a result of nervous troubles. I want to talk to the men who are 'all run down,' whose health has been broken by overwork, improper diet, late hours and other causes, and who are the creeping clutch of serious, chronic illness."

"To these people I bring a story of hope. I can give them a promise of better things. I want to astonish them by showing the record of cures performed through my new system of treatment. I have taken the best of the ideas from all schools and embodied them in a new system of treatments individually adapted to each particular case. I have no 'cure all,' but my present method of attacking disease is the very best thought of modern science. The success which I have had with these treatments in this city and all over America proves its efficacy. Old methods must give away to new medical science moves. I know what my remedies are doing for humanity everywhere. I know what they will do for the people of this city. Let me prove my statements—that's all I ask."

The continuous stream of callers and mail that comes to Professor James M. Munyon at his laboratories, Fifty-third and Jefferson streets, Philadelphia, Pa., keeps Dr. Munyon and his enormous corps of expert physicians busy.

Professor Munyon makes no charge for consultation or medical advice, not a penny to pay. Address Prof. J. M. Munyon, Munyon's Laboratories, Fifty-third and Jefferson streets, Philadelphia, Pa.

THE BRUTE.



Wife—John, I listened to you for half an hour last night, while you were talking in your sleep.
John—Thanks, dear, for your self-restraint.

"WHY SHOULD I USE CUTICURA SOAP?"

"There is nothing the matter with my skin, and I thought Cuticura Soap was only for skin troubles." True, it is for skin troubles, but its great mission is to prevent skin troubles. For more than a generation its delicate emollient and prophylactic properties have rendered it the standard for this purpose, while its extreme purity and refreshing fragrance give to it all the advantages of the best of toilet soaps. It is also invaluable in keeping the hands soft and white, the hair lustrous and glossy, and the scalp free from dandruff and irritation.

While its first cost is a few cents more than that of ordinary toilet soaps, it is prepared with such care and of such materials, that it wears to a wafer, often outlasting several cakes of other soap, and making its use, in practice, most economical. Cuticura Soap is sold by druggists and dealers everywhere, but the truth of these claims may be demonstrated without cost by sending to "Cuticura," Dept. 23 L, Boston, for a liberal sample cake, together with a thirty-two page book on the skin and hair.

The Recoil.

Tobaccoist—You learned long ago how to pack a barrel of apples, didn't you, Uncle John?
Horticulturist—Sure thing, Billy; same as you packed that box of cigars I bought of you the other day—all the nice ones in the top row.

Mrs. Whalow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures whooping cough, croup, and colic.

If you have occasion to pick your company, use a magnifying glass.