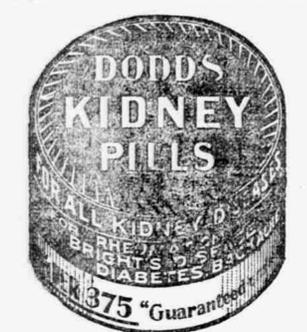


How to Keep Water Cold.
 "Having tried it, I recommend the following mode of keeping ice water for a long time a common pitcher," says a writer in Woman's Home Companion. "Place between two sheets of thick brown paper a layer of cotton batting about half an inch in thickness; fasten the ends of the paper and batting together, forming a circle, then sew or paste a crown over one end, making a box the shape of a stovepipe hat minus the rim. Place this over an ordinary pitcher filled with ice water, making it deep enough to rest on the table so as to exclude the air, and you will be astonished to see the length of time that the ice will keep and the water remain cold after all the ice has melted."



Feeding Poultry by Machinery.
 Feeding and fattening poultry by machinery? Well, what next? Responsible for this latest usurpation of nature's functions are the French, those people who are past masters in every thing having to do with the preparation and serving of food—and the enjoyment of it, too.

Although the idea of feeding poultry by machinery hasn't been long on these shores, several hundred persons are engaged in the business, and nearly a million dollars is invested. Machine-fattened poultry is to be found in every important market of the land. While the idea, as stated before, came from France, Americans, with their usual cleverness in adopting the products of other brains, have improved upon the mechanical agencies.

A sheet metal tank or bucket, holding about four gallons of food and standing upon three legs, forms the upper part of the American machine. A rubber tube about a foot long runs from the receptacle; it is about the size of one's thumb when it is attached to the machine and tapers to the size of a little finger at the other end. Operated by the foot, a treadle is connected with a little sliding door in the bottom of the bucket. When this door is opened by a movement of the treadle a quantity of food is forced through the tube and down the fowl's throat.

When one wishes to feed a fowl he seizes it by the legs, opens its bill and pushes the rubber tube down its throat until the nozzle nearly reaches the crop. Then he works the treadle, forcing food down the fowl's throat until the crop is filled. Some operators are so expert that they can feed 400 chickens an hour with the machine.

It is claimed on behalf of the machine that poultry will fatten in half the time if fed this way, and that the meat will have a better flavor. The fowl kept stuffed all the time, regardless of its natural appetite, is bound to get fat.

Most of the fatteners feed a mixture of corn meal, oat meal and milk. It must be soft enough to pass readily through the rubber tube of the feeder. It is asserted that feeding by machinery is not cruel and that a chicken soon learns to open its bill voluntarily for the nozzle.

ALMOST A SHADOW.

Gained 20 lbs. on Grape-Nuts.
 There's a wonderful difference between a food which merely tastes good and one which builds up strength and good healthy flesh.

It makes no difference how much we eat unless we can digest it. It is not really food to the system until it is absorbed. A Yorkstate woman says:

"I had been a sufferer for ten years with stomach and liver trouble, and had got so bad that the least bit of food such as I then knew, would give me untold misery for hours after eating."

"I lost flesh until I was almost a shadow of my original self and my friends were quite alarmed about me."

"First I dropped coffee and used Postum, then began to use Grape-Nuts, although I had little faith it would do me any good."

"But I continued to use the food and have gained twenty pounds in weight and I feel like another person in every way. I feel as if life had truly begun anew for me."

"I can eat anything I like now in moderation, suffer no ill effects, be on my feet from morning until night. Whereas a year ago they had to send me away from home for rest while others cleaned house for me, this spring I have been able to do it myself all alone."

"My breakfast is simply Grape-Nuts with cream and a cup of Postum, with sometimes an egg and a piece of toast, but generally only Grape-Nuts and Postum. And I can work until noon and not feel as tired as one hour's work would have made me a year ago."

"There's a Reason."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

THE OLD HOME CITY LOVES W. J. BRYAN

Jacksonville, Ill., Remembers Nebraska as One of Its Most Illustrious Former Citizens.

COUSIN TELLS OF BOYHOOD.

Presidential Candidate Met Future Wife While Student at College—Stories of Youth Recalled.

Jacksonville, Ill., correspondence:

The final measure of a man's greatness is that taken of him by his old home town. The light that beats upon the seats of the mighty may dazzle the present associates of a leader of people to such an extent that they are unfitted to estimate the man's real historical value. But his old home town, knowing him with all the intimacy and none of the leniency of his family circle,

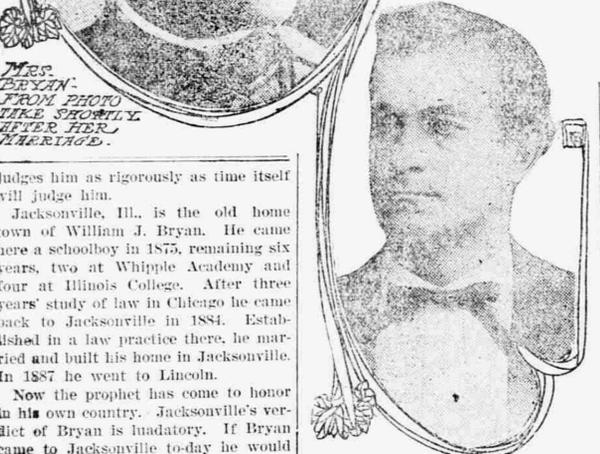
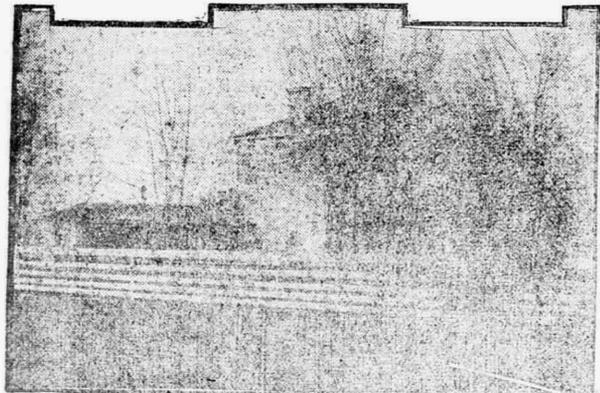
of his life. He went to Lincoln with his ideas formulated and his ideals formed. Jacksonville gave Bryan his dream and sent him to the West, equipped to battle for its victory. Bryan came to Jacksonville from Salem a gawky country boy. He was 15 years old then, with all the alertness and eagerness of the usual boy for new places and new scenes. That he had possibilities of power was recognized then by many who knew him best. He showed wonderful adaptability and an astonishing capacity for development. The beginning of his college life was marked by no display of brilliancy.

Became Orator in College.

There is only occasional mention of him in the college paper until his junior year. But in that year he was delivering orations that were attracting the attention of older men, and he was the valedictorian of his class when he graduated in 1881. It was while attending college that Bryan met his future wife, Miss Elizabeth Baird, and they were married at Perry, Ill., in 1884.

Illinois College naturally assumes a prominent part in the education of Bryan. It undoubtedly had its influence upon the boy who came to the campus every day for six years. Whipple Academy being part of the college. But it was not the most potent influence exerted upon Bryan in those days.

BRYAN'S BIRTHPLACE, HOME HE BUILT, AND INTERESTING EARLY PICTURES OF THE CANDIDATE AND HIS WIFE.



Judges him as rigorously as time itself will judge him.

Jacksonville, Ill., is the old home town of William J. Bryan. He came here a schoolboy in 1875, remaining six years, two at Whipple Academy and four at Illinois College. After three years' study of law in Chicago he came back to Jacksonville in 1884. Established in a law practice there, he married and built his home in Jacksonville. In 1887 he went to Lincoln.

Now the prophet has come to honor in his own country. Jacksonville's verdict of Bryan is laudatory. If Bryan came to Jacksonville to-day he would find none of that discourtesy that wounded him so deeply at the end of his 1896 campaign. For the town has had time to lose the bitterness of partisanship in recalling the man who used to be one of its citizens. Now, it is more than admiration that the town gives Bryan. He is remembered in Jacksonville with an ardor of personal loyalty and affection such as few men ever receive.

Bryan Rouses Enthusiasm.
 When the men who were his friends years ago talk of him, they speak with enthusiastic quickening of manner that is more significant than their words. When the women who knew him then recall him now they mention him with that softening of voice that is the un-failing note of affection.

"To be loved is to be lovable," said one of them. "That old Lincoln motto seems to have been made for such men as Mr. Bryan. My impression of him is the one that I received when I first met him here nearly twenty-five years ago, the most kindly, the most wholesome, the most thoughtful, the most magnetic man I ever knew."

That is Jacksonville's tribute to Bryan, the gift of admiring affection. During the years that he spent in the town he made himself one of the people even more surely than if he had been a native of the place. And in return for the genial kindness of personality that he brought to the town the town gave him of its best. The most important influence in Bryan's life was that of his Jacksonville days. He was 15 years old when he came there, 27 when he left. These were the formative years

asked whom he had met in the west. "I met a man."

Dr. Jones was the greatest student of Plato in the country. He was one of the most profound philosophers of America. His desire to attain absolute perfection prevented the publication of his lectures, treasures as they are of the highest thought. Dr. Jones was fifty years ahead of his generation. He was a thinker who had no patience with the superficial parrot style of mental training that came beneath his notice, and who insisted upon a student's ability to reason out for himself the problems of philosophy and of life.

In Dr. Jones' library, with its quaint mahogany furniture, its statuettes of Plato, its pictures of the philosophers and his crowded shelves of profound literature, Bryan used to study. Here he listened to the discourses of the foremost thinkers of the time. Here he heard Dr. Jones' reading of Carlyle, of Kant, of Homer, of Dante, of Sophocles. Here he himself read Rollins and Tully and Draper and Burton and St. Augustine and Plutarch and many others of the world's greatest writers.

His years at the Jones home were delightfully happy ones. In his garden in the long summer twilight, with the fireflies gleaming among the trumpet vines and the tall phlox, a little woman who had been one of the Jones family when Bryan was one of them told the story of those days.

Girl Cousin His Friend.

Miss Clara Calvert, one of the Vir-tucky to visit Dr. Jones in 1878. She was two years younger than Bryan, whose cousin she was. The boy and girl became the best of friends, although their difference in political opinion was a subject for constant discussion.

Jacksonville says that Miss Calvert is the only one who ever ordered Bryan around. Certain it is that she still calls him to task for those political sentiments which do not meet with her approval, for she is the only unreconstructed Republican of the family. But with all that, she is immensely proud of him, more of his personal quality of consideration of others than of his natural prominence.

Miss Clara Calvert, one of the Virginia Calverts and Kentuckians by birth, is one of the most charming and



interesting women one may meet. Her recollections of Bryan's life in the old home she now holds, told with a keen sense of humor and with affectionate regard, show Bryan to have been a wholesome, healthy, merry boy, who could play as well as work, and who was thoroughly unspoiled by his tremendous belief in his own power to become a leader.

"Will always said that he was going to be President," said Miss Calvert. "I used to jeer at him about it and he would laugh at me and say: 'Never mind, even if you are a Republican, I'll let you come to see me at the White House.'"

"You don't know why you are a Democrat," I would say to him, after he had been talking all the principles of Democracy. "I do, too," he'd say. "I'm a Democrat because my father is a Democrat!"

"Will would get into mischief just like other boys, but he'd never break his word about anything. Will was always thoughtful of other people. Nothing was too much trouble for him to do for some one he liked, and he liked almost everyone. He never forgets anyone he has known. And he was always like that."

"I hadn't seen him for fifteen years when he came through Pevee valley, Kentucky, my home, in 1896. His train was not to stop there, as he was to speak in La Grange. I was down at the station waiting for a train when his train slowed and stopped. There he was, on the platform, with a napkin in his hand."

"Does Miss Clara Calvert still live here?" he asked some one. Then he saw me. "Clara!" he shouted. "Get on! You must!" And he reached down, caught me up and kidnaped me for the day.

"And that excellent memory is one of the finest things in Will. I know he's a great talker, even if I am a Republican. I hope that if a Democrat has to be elected, that Will is that man."

"Dr. Jones voted for him, although he was one of the original Republican party and had voted that way from 1866 until 1896. But he said that Will stood for all the best things of both parties."

England loses 60,000 persons every year by emigration.

ZEPPELIN'S BIG FLYER WIPED OUT BY FLAME

Napoleon of Air Loses Craft by Fire and Explosion as He Triumphs.

GALE CAUSES DESTRUCTION.

Alpine Storm Upsets Benzine, Which Ignites Gas Bag During Repair Work.

Overwhelmed with disaster in his hour of triumph Count Zeppelin Wednesday saw the giant airship in which he has wrested the supremacy of the air from a score of competitors catch fire, explode and drift away a mass of wreckage on the wings of a resistless storm. Four men of the aeronaut's crew were badly injured, but Zeppelin himself escaped injury. The end of Zeppelin's \$125,000 machine—the fourth he has constructed—came at the village of

6,000 feet, made by the navigator as a final test of his craft.

Having already lost all hope of making the twenty-four hour continuous flight demanded by the German government as a condition of the purchase of the airship, Count Zeppelin recognized that time no longer counted and determined to have thorough repairs executed before continuing the trip. He therefore sent to Friedrichshafen for a staff of mechanics to place the balloon in commission again.

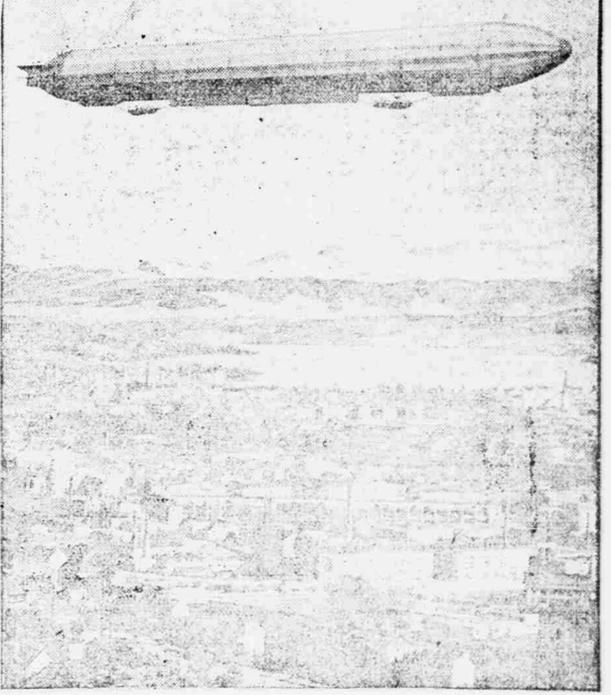
Storm Grips Airship.

At 3 o'clock in the afternoon, while the repair work was still in progress, a fierce thunderstorm swept down from the Alps and seized the huge air flyer in its grip. The wind upset a quantity of benzine which lay around the machine. In a moment the fluid blazed up, the flames reached the gas bag floating aloft, and there was a tremendous explosion.

Simultaneously the hurricane tore the balloon from its anchorage and hurled it, a fiery mass, in a southeasterly direction for fifty yards. Then the rear end of the great fabric dropped, the motors and frames attached to the under side crashed to the earth, knocking down several bystanders, and all that remained of the great airship floated away on the gale, a mass of blazing cordage and material.

The accident to the Zeppelin airship

ZEPPELIN AIRSHIP WHICH BURNED IN MIDAIAE.



Echtardingen, near Stuttgart, and only 65 miles from the finishing point of the 522-mile aerial journey which the count was aiming to complete, where tens of thousands of persons were already gathered to greet him as conqueror of the air.

Orders have already been given by Count Zeppelin for the construction of another airship. Subscription lists for funds with which to provide the means have been opened in Berlin, Bremen, Stuttgart and other towns in Germany and Switzerland.

Gets Check for \$125,000.

While the airship was being destroyed Privy Councillor Lewald was on his way to present Count Zeppelin with a check for \$125,000, the budget estimate for aeronautic experiments, which it had been decided to give to the navigator as a reward for his many years of sacrifice in the interest of the fatherland.

Passing over Stuttgart at 6:30 in the morning on the last stage of its voyage, and steering straight for Friedrichshafen, the Zeppelin airship moved along with the greatest ease. Five miles farther on, however, one of the motors suddenly developed defects and the balloon was brought to earth on a plateau near Echtardingen.

It was discovered that the cause of the breakdown was the overheating of the piston of the motor and the reduction of the gas in the balloon as the result of an ascension to an altitude of

recalls the end of the French military airship Patrie in December, 1907, which was then considered the finest dirigible balloon in existence. A sudden gust of wind struck the airship and the 200 men who were holding the guide ropes were dragged for several hundred yards. The balloon shot up to a great height and disappeared. Five days later the Patrie came down in Ireland.

Count Zeppelin's record-breaking voyage with his great airship surprises no one familiar with the present state of the art of aerial navigation. That a modern motor balloon can be depended upon to make voyages of from one to two thousand miles, under fairly favorable conditions, has long been known to men who are familiar with aeronautics. Count Zeppelin's success is epoch-making in that it convinces a skeptical world of the practicability of airships and of their utility as engines of war and as instruments of exploration of the upper air, as well as of parts of the earth otherwise inaccessible, like the great unknown area surrounding the north pole. The recent demonstration, although it ended disastrously, without doubt will assure the rapid building of aerial navies by the chief military powers. In fact, Germany, France, Great Britain and the United States are already moving in that direction. France has the Lebaudy and La Republicque already in commission, and Zeppelin's ship, it is understood, is to be taken over for the German army.

A Composite Airship.

M. Malcot, a French aeronaut, has developed a new kind of air craft, which combines the principles of the balloon and the aeroplane. The directing part is the aeroplane of triangular shape. It is 62 feet long, with a surface of 420 square feet and made of bamboo and aluminum. In its center are the car and the apparatus for propelling and steering the whole. A twenty-eight horse-power motor drives a screw fan of walnut wood ten feet long and giving 1,200 revolutions a minute. The whole weight of aeroplane and machinery is attached to a cigar-shaped balloon 100 feet long and 28 feet wide, which is designed to give additional safety and buoyancy to the whole.

NEWS OF MINOR NOTE.

To prevent his marriage to a 13-year old girl William Williams, 64 years old, was murdered and his body hanged to a tree near Maryland, Maryland.

S. T. Crum, a Seattle business man, accidentally shot and instantly killed Albert Moody, a close personal friend, residing at Virginia City, Mont., with whom he was hunting ground squirrels near that place.

Henry Jones, one of the pioneers of Minnesota, who built the first cabin on the site where the village of St. Peter now stands, died recently at his home in Franklin Heights, Minneapolis, at the age of 75 years.

Recently a little frame building on Third street, near Market, in St. Paul, burned. It was the building in which, in September, 1861, Charles Eichler, the first volunteer Union soldier of the Civil War, was mustered in.

A national referendum in Switzerland on the question of prohibiting the manufacture and sale of absinthe resulted in a majority of 80,000 in favor of the prohibition. This will mean a loss to the government revenue, as the most famous brands of absinthe are made in Switzerland.

The first formal appeal of the Democratic candidates for contributions to their campaign fund has been made to the farmers of the land. It begins with the statement that the first contribution this year came from an Iowa farmer, a naturalized Swede. Bryan's paper, the Commoner, is asked to call for and receive the offerings of the farmers, to be turned over to the national committee later. Bryan has been very busy receiving delegations at his Lincoln home and conferring with leaders. He made several speeches into a phonograph machine