

NORFOLK WEEKLY NEWS.

NORFOLK, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, AUGUST 9, 1900.

FORAGING ON THE STATE

Bold Raids Being Made on the State Funds by Fusion Officials.

PAID FOR SERVICES NOT RENDERED

How High Up Officials Have Promoted Treasury Raids—Fresh Bread for Officials and State Bread for Inmates.

BEATRICE, Neb., Aug. 6.—Last week's report concerning the management of the State Institution for Feeble Minded Youth at this place only gave a brief recital of the facts. There are other facts relative to it hitherto unpublished which are worthy of the closest consideration by everybody.

FORAGING ON THE STATE.

Not content with placing an army of incompetents on the payroll, there is positive evidence that, not only have favorites been permitted to furnish their relatives with bed and board, but they have been permitted to draw money from the public treasury for services never rendered. In this connection the name of Judge Sullivan appears, and that, too, in connection with a very questionable transaction. The facts are these: On the 8th day of August, 1899, Miss Keating voluntarily tendered her resignation as matron to Superintendent Lang. On that day she gave up her keys, moved all of her effects and left the institution. She notified the superintendent that she had resigned. The salary of the matron is \$66.66 per month, and a voucher for \$17.25, the amount due for eight days' service, was made out, and Miss Keating signed it. This voucher recited the fact that it was "in payment in full for all services rendered the state." It was sent to the Board of Public Lands and Buildings for approval. But it was never approved; it was abstracted by somebody and made away with.

He also informed the governor that he did not believe Miss Keating would do such a thing. "Well," said the governor, "just send her a voucher for the full amount and see what she will do." Again Superintendent Lang informed him he would do nothing of the kind. "I will sign the voucher on the back in blank," said the superintendent, "and I will leave the matter of making the fraudulent claim to Miss Keating." Superintendent Lang did this very thing, and he also at the same time, on learning that Judge Sullivan was mixed up in the matter, sent the following letter to Judge Sullivan:

"BEATRICE, Neb., Oct. 7, 1899.
"Hon. J. J. Sullivan:
"My Dear Sir: I learned from some source that you are not satisfied with the disposition of Miss Keating's resignation. I am sorry to hear that you are not satisfied with the fact that she resigned her position and turned over her keys of this institution on the 8th day of August, 1899, and that she moved all of her belongings then from this institution, and has acted in no way since that she then notified me of her resignation, and that she had resigned, that I did not dismiss her, and that at that time it was made public in Beatrice that that was the case. I made out a voucher for the time served and sent them to the secretary of state. Believing that she is acting under your order, I would like to know if you are not satisfied with the fact that I am much surprised at the stand you take in this matter. That she has been used kind as a voucher, which cannot be denied, that she resigned the 8th day of August, 1899, can be supported by the affidavit of the employees of this institution and the press at Beatrice, and that she never returned to this institution. I am dealing in this matter for the state of Nebraska as I would with individuals, and I am sorry to think that we have any man or woman in our ranks that would demand of me that I would voluntarily support your honor, or ask any party to make any affidavit of service under such circumstances. I have forwarded her a blank for the record due you to fill out which I presume she will, acting under your advice. I have the duplicate voucher signed and receipted by her, without any erasures, and if such clerical errors appear on the original voucher as is often the case, I never had any intention of filling out vouchers for any more than time served. I often make the error in filling out for full month when part only served, so the original voucher corrected shows exactly what amount was due for time served. I think our party and state officials have treated you very kindly, and hope that you appreciate the kindness fully. Yours truly,
"BENJAMIN F. LANG, M. D.,
"Superintendent of Institute for Feeble Minded Youth.
At the same time he mailed a voucher signed in blank to Miss Keating, appended to which was the following caustic letter:

"BEATRICE, Neb., Oct. 17, 1899.
"Miss Abigail Keating:
"As I understand there has been some talk as to the amount due you from this institution. I have sent out vouchers for you to fill out for time served at this institution and on duty. You will fill out the same and send them to me. I trust that you will observe that it is to be a matter of record, and also, that the manner in which you left the institution is known to each and all. In my dealing with the state of Nebraska I observe the same rule that I would in dealing with individuals. That you resigned your position here the 8th day of August, 1899, and turned over the keys of your voluntary act, goes without dispute. I regret very much that any person of our party or of the state of Nebraska would ask me to do an act of record that I do not deem prudent. I signed the voucher only on the back, expecting you to fill out for time served. Yours respectfully,
"BENJAMIN F. LANG, M. D.,
"Superintendent."

One week afterwards Superintendent Lang received the following reply from Judge Sullivan, written from Columbus, Neb., on a letterhead of the supreme court:

"SUPREME COURT OF NEBRASKA,
"COLUMBUS, Oct. 13, 1899.
"Dr. B. F. Lang:
"Dear Sir:—Your favor of recent date received. My views of the matter about which you write are these: Miss Keating was matron of the institution during August. She was ready and willing to do the work incident to the position and was therefore, legally and morally entitled to receive the salary. Regretting that she was obliged to differ with regard to the justice of her claim, I remain, very truly yours,
"J. SULLIVAN."
Miss Keating signed the voucher for the full month, swore to it, and returned it to Superintendent Lang to be forwarded to Lincoln. Superintendent Lang refused to have anything to do with it, and sent it back to her. She then sent it to Lincoln, but there

must have been quite a wrangle over it, as it was not allowed until October 30th and it was not paid until November 27th. (See Voucher B. 4060.) Appended to the voucher is a letter from Governor Poynter to Auditor Cornell under date of November 23, in which the governor says:
"So far as I am informed Miss Keating was matron at Beatrice and entitled to her full salary until September 1. Evidently a mistake has been made in allowing Miss Keating's voucher for salary from August 1st to August 31st, and then afterwards allowing her a full month for August. She should be allowed for her full month for August, but not double allowance for part of the month."
It would appear from this that the first voucher for \$17.25 had been allowed before the scheme was concocted to draw pay for the full month. If this was done, however, the records fail to disclose it. It savors somewhat of Milkin's "corn meal" and it is possible that it is a problem of that character.

Whether this is the only instance wherein the state treasury has been looted by salary gobs of this nature. Under the superintendency of Dr. Sprague, who preceded Dr. Lang, a henchman of the fusionists, one C. W. Phelps, was steward. He was of a charitable turn of mind, especially in dealing with himself. The first thing he did was to gather remnants of a large family around him at the institution and feed them at the expense of the state. At times, the Phelps family was well represented at the festival board. The number is variously estimated at from five to thirteen, the records of the institution being in such shape that nothing definite can be learned as to the number of people outside the inmates living there at the expense of the state. True to tradition, Phelps became obstreperous, refused to obey the superintendent, and after a period of months, during which time he kept the institution in turmoil, he abdicated. He was a hold-over from the Holcomb administration, and his only recommendation was that he needed the position to support his family.

Shortly after Poynter entered upon the discharge of his duties Dr. Sprague went to him and laid the Phelps case in his hands. Poynter told him he had no interest in Phelps any more than in thousands of other men, and that if Phelps was a disturbing character he should be summarily dismissed. Relying on this, Dr. Sprague gave Phelps thirty days notice to quit the institution. Phelps paid no attention to the notice. The first notice was given March 1st. On the last day of March, seeing that Phelps had taken no action towards moving his effects, Dr. Sprague gave him a written notice announcing his dismissal. This notice Phelps took to the governor, and, though having authorized Dr. Sprague to remove Phelps, Governor Poynter, for some unknown reason, turned a complete somersault, and instead of upholding the superintendent, he stayed at the institution with his family until June 15th, at which time both he and Dr. Sprague retired. Having nothing but spite in his hands, Phelps turned his attention to creating discord, going among the employees and telling them that they might with impunity disobey the orders of the superintendent, that he had a "pull" with Governor Poynter and would back them up. When the change came and Phelps had to go perfect bedlam reigned. However, since April 1st Phelps' salary had been held up. He had performed no services and was entitled to no pay. But he got his pay, and like the Keating case, it was through the instrumentality of Governor Poynter. Dr. Sprague resisted payment of the claim, protested that Phelps had not worked at the institution and was therefore not entitled to draw any pay, and, on learning that Governor Poynter was aiding Phelps in his effort to get the money, filed with the auditor a sworn statement (September 18th) to the effect that he discharged Phelps April 1st, and that from that date until June 15th Phelps was neither steward nor employed in any capacity at the institution. That he (Sprague) did not withdraw any request on the governor for the discharge of Phelps, nor consent to his on the governor to discharge him for his part, and that he was discharged by law as interpreted by Holcomb and the State Board, he had a right and the authority to do. In the face of this, Governor Poynter wrote the following letter to Auditor Cornell, being careful, however, not to make oath to it:

"I hereby certify that Mr. C. W. Phelps was steward of the institution from April 1st, 1899, until June 15th, 1899. Prior to that time Dr. Sprague, the superintendent, requested the removal of Phelps from the stewardship, but subsequently withdrew the request and agreed with me that Mr. Phelps should be retained, and he was retained until June 15th.
"W. A. POYNTER, Governor."
Here it is, one official under oath declares that Phelps was discharged April 1st and another "certifies" that he was not. The one who made the oath was at the institution and in charge of it, and certainly ought to speak advisedly. The other was at the capitol at Lincoln, forty miles away, and had no way of knowing the facts other than by hearsay. There is a glaring inconsistency in the statements of the two men. Dr. Sprague says under oath that Phelps did not perform the services for which he wanted pay, and that he never consented to Phelps remaining and that he never recalled his request for removal. Poynter "certifies" that he did.

At any rate Poynter and Phelps carried the day and Phelps, in addition to living with several of his family at the institution and doing nothing for nearly three months, was allowed and paid \$222.21, the full salary for that time. (See Voucher B. 86462.)
All provisions, or nearly so, are supplied by contracts, and the rule is to award contracts to the lowest bidder. The evil of this is, that the contracts are let in omnibus form, and, as usual, results, the state pays more for an article by contract than it could buy it for in the open market. By conspiring with the steward a contractor can reap a rich harvest, and to all outside appearances it would be legitimate.

STALE BREAD FOR INMATES.

Considerable feeling has been aroused over the reported fact that Contractor Wolf, who furnished bread to the institution for the second quarter of the present year, delivered two kinds—fresh bread for the officials and employees and stale bread for the inmates. When asked what became of his stale bread Mr. Wolf, without realizing perhaps the force or significance of the statement, replied: "I sent it to the institute."
"Do you call two grades of bread sent to the institute?"
"Well, some of it is better than the other. The old man (meaning his delivery clerk) takes out some fresh bread every morning, but I don't know whether he leaves any at the institute or not. What I send out there for the institute is the unsold bread I get returned from the grocery stores."
"Do you ever take stale bread back from the grocery stores?"
"Yes."
"What do you do with it?"
"I sell it to the institute."
"Do you take back any stale bread from the institute?"
"No."
Other bakers are required to sell their stale bread, and do it every day, for five cents a barrel. It is used for food for hogs and horses. Not so with Contractor Wolf. He sold his to the state for \$2.40 per hundred pounds. When asked about it Superintendent Lang persisted in his denial and declared that, so far as he knew, there was not a word of truth in it. He said that he and his wife used the same quality of bread supplied to the inmates. The bread received was received by the steward and not by Superintendent Lang and Superintendent Lang would therefore know little or nothing about the quality of the material delivered. However, the authority for the statement that stale bread should be converted into a political mad-house and maintained as a resort for broken-down politicians and party henchmen. It is bad enough that the state should be required to support an army of political parasites without having the treasury exposed to the rapacity and perfidy of this same element. It is no doubt true that could the records speak they would disclose some startling facts.

One instance is recited where a young lady, who was an official at the institution and who is now an official at another institution, disposed of about \$50 worth of brushes manufactured by the inmates and made no report of it, nor has she ever paid over the money to the state. This is only one instance of dishonesty; there are said to be many others.

A DEPLORABLE SPECTACLE.

To close the chapter, which is but a partial recitation of the facts, it is enough to say that the Beatrice Institute of itself presents a bitter arraignment of the fusion party. It is not a pleasant subject for contemplation that this institution, designed to care for almost helpless, defenseless people, should be converted into a political mad-house and maintained as a resort for broken-down politicians and party henchmen. It is bad enough that the state should be required to support an army of political parasites without having the treasury exposed to the rapacity and perfidy of this same element. It is no doubt true that could the records speak they would disclose some startling facts.

Old Pennsylvania Law.

By a peculiar arrangement of the Pennsylvania election law votes are not canvassed for the candidate for whom they are cast, but for the ticket or tickets upon which his name appears. Thus in the election of Chester (Chester is a strong republican county and contains the town of Chester with its large shipyards), both parties agreed last year upon Joseph Hemphill for common pleas judge. This is the way the official canvass was declared: Joseph Hemphill, republican, 3,162 votes; Joseph Hemphill, democrat, 4,371 votes; Joseph Hemphill, fusion, 1,643 votes; Joseph Hemphill, scattering, 374 votes. There was no other candidate in the field.

Electric Light for Hunt.

A Portuguese inventor has patented an application of the electric light to fox and badger hunting. The fox and the badger are animals that live in dens underground, and terriers and other kind of dogs are used to dig them out of their burrows or to fight and kill them underground. The ingenious Portuguese conceived the idea of attaching an electric lamp to the collar of the dog so as to light the way for him in his descent into the hole, and of making the light colored so as to scare the animal and cause it to rush forth to its destruction. A patent upon this scheme has actually been granted.

French Celebrities at Harvard.

The fourth annual lecturer of the Cercle Francaise de l'Universite Harvard will be the Monsieur Gaston Deschamps, the well known literary critic of the Paris Temps. He will sail for America early in February and will give at Harvard under the auspices of the Cercle Francaise eight lectures on the "Theatre Contemporain."

Passover Cakes for Lord Roberts.

Among the many presents sent to Lord Roberts, one which is said to have pleased him much was a case of Passover cakes sent to him by the Jews of London. It was sent at Easter time, and his acknowledgement of the gift has just been received.

His Supposition.

A philanthropic lady of Pacific Heights, one of the sort of superior alms raisers shown up in "Fables of Slang" met on one of her tours a little boy who was swearing soundly. She seized him at once and gave him a good shaking, adding: "You ought to be ashamed of yourself! I never heard such language since the day I was born!" The boy into whose desolate home she had just been bringing light pulled himself loose. "Yes'm," he said, "I s'posed ere was a good deal of cussin' de day you was born."—San Francisco Wave.

He Took the Hint.

"It is my aim in life," he said, "to make men happier."
"Why not women?" she asked.—Chicago Post.

GRAND GULF CAVERN

A GREAT CAVE THAT IS IN SOUTHWESTERN MISSOURI.

Its Mysterious Depths Were First Explored by Two Men of More Than Ordinary Courage—The Story of Their Perilous Journey.

Southwest Missouri is full of strange earth formations that are called "natural" curiosities in spite of their unnaturalness. The earth is full of caves and sink holes. One of the most celebrated of these is the Grand Gulf, in Oregon county, about four miles from Koshkonong. It is a sort of canyon, in shape not unlike a horseshoe and serves the purpose of a drainage bed in the wet season for a 12 mile area of hills. The canyon is 220 feet deep, with a natural bridge in one place and a subterranean lake and river that opens at one end. The river only exists during the wet season, for the earth at the bottom of the canyon is porous and absorbs the water. The lake, however, is full the whole year round.

This cave, containing the subterranean river and lake, had never been explored to the end till the summer of 1885, when Pat Foley, a saloon keeper from Thayer, with a companion performed the exploit. Foley had made two trips before into the cave, but had not been able to secure a companion courageous enough to persevere in the enterprise. Each man had weakened and returned before the end of the cave was reached. On the third trip, however, Foley had with him a man of courage.

The entrance to the cave is wide and deep. The bed is of broken stones, over which trickles a thin stream of water in the dry season. A hundred feet inside the cave the entrance suddenly narrows into a hole so small that a man must get on hands and knees to pass through. Beyond this narrow hole the entrance widens into a large grotto. There is a steep hill to climb; next the hill descends sharply into a lake. To penetrate to the end of this lake it was necessary to have a boat so small that it could be dragged through the narrow passage into the grotto.

Foley and his companion built a boat of suitable size and hauled it through the narrow entrance. They took with them also a long coil of rope, a quantity of matches, some railroad lanterns and four torches with cotton wadding on the ends soaked in kerosene. The cave of course is perfectly dark. The men used their lanterns till they got through the narrow place, but to their amazement the lantern flames inside the grotto slowly grew dim and finally went out. They tried to light them again, but the sulphur of the matches would flare up only to be extinguished immediately. The reason of this was that the atmosphere was exceedingly damp and heavy.

The men succeeded in lighting the four kerosene torches, and grasping one of them in each hand they made their way down the slope to the lake and stood the torches up between the rocks. The torches smoldered like hot coals, giving out very little flame. The boat was dragged down to the lake, the torches fastened at the prow and stern, one end of the rope tied to a bowlder and the rest of the coil thrown in the boat. When the two men sat down in the frail craft they found the water rose to within three inches of the gunwales. It was impossible to use oars without tipping the boat far enough to sink it, so the men were forced to paddle cautiously with their hands.

They forced the little craft into the unknown lake, the smoldering torches lighting up the blackness for only a few feet around them. Outside it was a warm summer day, they knew, but inside it was like a closed refrigerator, all blackness and dampness and cold. The water of the lake was ice cold, and at every few dips they had to stop and warm their hands. There was nothing to be seen on any side—nothing but darkness. No sound could penetrate the cavern. If the boat should capsize—as it was likely to do with the slightest disturbance—they would be cramped in a minute in the cold water without a chance of help from the outside.

After a long and tedious paddling the boat's prow was suddenly buried in a bank of mud and gravel. Foley took a torch and stepped out cautiously in his rubber boots into the mud. He found he had come to the end of the lake and that a sharply inclined wall of rock rose before him. The saloon keeper climbed up the wall about 40 feet above the lake searching for a continuance of the cavern. But he could find none. Apparently the cavern ended there. He returned to the boat, where his companion sat. The two men made their way across the lake and out through the narrow place in safety. They had been gone an hour, and their friends outside had begun to fear an accident had happened to them.

So far as people know, the cave in the Grand Gulf has no outlet. The Indian traditions about the cave are that it was a subterranean waterway much used at one time by boatmen, who used to carry provisions in boats to the Arkansas valley. If this be true, the river must have been stopped up many years ago by some convulsion of nature and the lake formed then.—Kansas City Star.

Give the true American a daily newspaper and a piece of pie, and he will make himself at home anywhere on earth.—Chicago News.

LOG JAMS.

The Force They Exert and How They Are Broken Up.

"A log jam is one of the most formidable problems we have to encounter in our line of business," said a Mississippi lumberman. "How they begin is difficult to explain. A few dozen logs will become wedged for an instant in a narrow part of a stream and in less time than it takes me to tell it hundreds of others will come swooping down and pack themselves in an intricate, close knit span, reaching from bank to bank, and almost as solid as a rock. The force they exert is something marvelous. During one jam in my section I saw a lot of logs plunge under the edge of the blockade, and a few seconds later they pushed their way up through the very middle of the pack, tossing timbers as big around as a man's waist into the air like so many toothpicks. The noise they made as they drove through the mass was simply deafening. It sounded as if the solid earth was being torn up by its foundations. When the logs passed under the jam, they were evidently caught in such a way as to still further obstruct the imprisoned stream and were hurled upward with all the irresistible energy of millions of gallons of rushing water.

"The breaking of a jam is a very ticklish operation and seems to be largely a matter of instinct with old rivermen. The lines and angles of strain in such a blockade are so complicated that the best engineer in the world is apt to go wrong in indicating the proper point of attack. A veteran lumberman, on the contrary, will often take a long look at the mass and then point out the 'key log.' The key log is the timber on which the strain centers, and when it is blown out or pried out, the pack, in almost every instance, will break up of itself. I had an old fellow in my employ a few years ago who could locate a key log nine times out of ten. He couldn't read or write, knew nothing about engineering and was unable to explain how he arrived at his conclusions. He said it 'came kinder n'ach'nd.'—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

SHAKESPEAREAN PARTS.

The Melancholy Dane is the Longest of Them All.

The longest part in any Shakespearean play is Hamlet, who is before the audience almost constantly. Hamlet is a constant talker, and it is surprising that in the circumstances he says so many wise things. He has to his share 1,569 lines. Richard III is another long part, as the character speaks 1,161 lines, and next comes Iago, with 1,117 lines. Henry V has 1,063 lines.

One would suppose from seeing the representation or from looking over the play that Othello had more lines than Iago, but it is not the case, for the valiant Moor has only 888 lines. Coriolanus has 886, the Duke in "Measure for Measure" 880 and Timon 883. Antony in "Antony and Cleopatra" does not seem a very long part judging by the appearance of the prompt book, but in reality he has 830 lines. Brutus in "Julius Caesar" has 727, Falstaff in "Henry V" 719. Macbeth appears a long part judging from how much he is on the stage in the representation, but in fact he has only 705 lines. Romeo has 618, which is only a few more than the King in "Hamlet," who has 551. Cassius in "Julius Caesar," although a first class part, has but 507 lines.

The female parts in Shakespeare's plays are not very long. The actress who plays Portia has 589 lines to study. Rosalind has 749. Cleopatra has 670 and Juliet 541. Desdemona has only 389. Beatrice has 309. Only 20 of Shakespeare's women have more than 300 lines each, and some of the most famous of the great bard's feminine creations have comparatively little to say. Cordelia in "King Lear" has only 115 lines, Kate in "Taming of the Shrew," although so conspicuous and valuable, has but 229, while Lady Macbeth has but 211.—Baltimore American.

Home Life in Porto Rico.

To one unaccustomed to tropical conditions the furnishing of the Porto Rican home would at first sight seem meager, but it is quite ample. A short residence will demonstrate that nearly 500 years of experience with the un-

pleasant features of life in the West Indies have been crowned by a survival of the fittest in house furnishing as in other matters.

Australian bent wood furniture and also wickerwork and willow ware constitute the main equipment of the parlors and living rooms. Upholstered furniture is unknown and undrested, little or no attempt being made at decoration except in the matter of embroidery and fine hand-made lace work. Hundreds of yards of crocheted work are used in the embellishment of a single canopy bed. This work is the chief delight of the Porto Rican housewife.

The walls are for the most part bare, but here and there a painting of merit may be seen. The sofa pillow is the one great feature of the home. It is everywhere, in every conceivable size, shape and material. Ferns of gigantic size and exquisite formation, as well as broad spreading palm leaves, are used to festoon the walls and arched doorways. Cut fresh from day to day, they render the dark, cool rooms inviting and attractive. Potted tropical plants in great variety abound within and without the house.—Harper's Bazar.

A Fisherman's Trick.

"One day I was talking fish with a number of friends," said an old fisherman, "and I made a bet that I could catch more perch than any other man in the party in a given time. The crowd picked out the most experienced fisherman in the lot, and we set a day to try our luck. The day before the match I got a large glass jar, filled it with water and put some minnows in it. Over the mouth of the jar I put a piece of parchment in which I had made some small holes. Then I went to a point just east of the waterworks, picked out a likely spot and sank the jar in the river, first attaching a cork float to it by which I could locate it next day.

"We went out for the fishing match the following afternoon, and I soon found my float and anchored there. The other man located a short distance away, and we began. The perch were just beginning to run, and in a little while I had pulled in 189 perch, while my opponent got only 24. Then he gave up, and I won my bet.

"I showed the boys the trick before we left the fishing ground. You can always in that way make a good catch of fish that will swallow minnows. The right of the bait in the jar always attracts a crowd of fish and seems to put them in good biting humor."—Detroit Free Press.

Possible, but Failed.

The cunning of children is well recognized to be of a very superior kind, and it is seldom if given a chance that they cannot inveigle their elders into seeing things their way. The following is an instance of where a little girl slipped up on this by not taking into consideration that her mother had had enough experience with children to have an insight into their nature.

The girl's birthday was a couple of weeks off, and her parents had told her that they were going to give her a handsome present upon that occasion. She had been counting "the minutes" for several days, but thinking she could not possibly await her birthday without knowing what her present would be she stole softly up to her mother and begged her to show her the present.

"Why, it wouldn't be right to show it to you now," her mother answered, "because we want to surprise you on your birthday."

Watch Springs.

The watch carried by the average man is composed of 98 pieces, and its manufacture embraces more than 2,000 distinct and separate operations. Hairspring wire weighs one-twentieth of a grain to the inch. One mile of wire weighs less than half a pound. The balance gives five vibrations every second, 300 every minute, 18,000 every hour, 432,000 every day and 157,680,000 every year.

The value of springs when finished and placed in watches is enormous in proportion to the material from which they are made. A ton of steel made up into hairsprings when in watches is worth more than 12½ times the value of the same weight in pure gold.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Imparts that peculiar lightness, sweetness, and flavor noticed in the finest cake, short cake, biscuit, rolls, crusts, etc., which expert pastry cooks declare is unobtainable by the use of any other leavening agent.

Made from pure, grape cream of tartar.

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