

PATRIOTS WITH A THIRST

Plenty of Bipe Recruits to Take the Official Whisky Test.

HOBOLAND READY FOR THE SACRIFICE

Unique Assortment of Applications for Membership of the Alcohol Squad Planned by Government Chemist.

Probably Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, chief chemist of the Department of Agriculture, did not know that hoops, stationary apparatus, read the newspapers. He knows it now.

Dr. Wiley, an urbane though not a cautious man, announced about ten days ago that he was about to inaugurate a series of experiments to ascertain the exact effects of alcohol upon the stomach. Last year he tried boracic acid and other food preservatives upon a husky bunch of young fellows, who came to be known as the poison squad, and who were willing to take a chance of any old kind of acid property mingled up with food that they weren't required to pay for.

Dr. Wiley had to organize his poison squad, but he is going to have any trouble in assembling his poison squad this year, with alcohol as the bait.

In announcing his contemplated experiments he allowed it to be understood that he would try on his victims all the standard brands of whiskies, brandies, gins, rums, cordials, wines, beers and ales. Less than two days after this announcement was printed in the newspapers, the tip got out all over hoboland that Washington was going to be a pretty soft place in which to put in the approaching winter.

Hobes at once began to drop in on Dr. Wiley at his office. Dr. Wiley is polite almost to the point of oleaginousness. For two days running he received the candidates for the alcohol test. He's quit it now, though.

Candidates for the Crown

When Dr. Wiley reached his office in the Department of Agriculture on the morning following the announcement of the investigation he found one of the candidates for a martyr's tomb waiting for him in the hall. This one had the general exterior of Roaming Ritz, the "Traveling Christ," and he shuffled right into the office to the chemist's footstool.

"Hey, Doc," he inquired hoarsely, "is dis booze sag o' your'n on de level?" "Please make your question a little clearer," suggested the chemist, who is something of a precisian and shy on colloquialisms. "What do you wish to know?" "Dis suds 'tine' elaborated the chemist's red-nosed visitor. "Dis frame up I'm after readin' about where you're goin' 't try 't pickle a bunch o' rum esters. How bout it? Does it go?"

Dr. Wiley started some evasive reply, to the effect that he had considered something of that sort, but that he hadn't entirely arranged the details, and that— "Oh, Doc, let's begin now," put in the visitor, with an ingratiating grin on his face, and the chemist had to look into his private office and close the door before the candidate would take the hint and his departure.

An hour or so later another applicant for enrollment in the new poison squad shambled into the chemist's office. He was a thin, peaked one of the shabby gentled variety, albeit the markings of the last barrel house in which he had reined still clung to parts of his raiment.

"Er—have I the distinction of addressing the famous Dr. Wiley?" he inquired as he shuffled up to the chemist's desk and rested his hands on the edge of it.

Dr. Wiley blushed and confessed to his name.

"Er—ah—huh—am I to suppose," gradually went on the peaked one, imploring the wriggling chemist with his baby eyes, "that the reports which have reached you with reference to your projected experimentation with alcohol in the application to the human system—ah—huh—am I to suppose that these reports are accurate, or merely another specimen of the metrisious vapors of a lying press?"

Dr. Wiley stated that he himself had given out the printed statement, and that the newspapers had quoted him correctly.

"Then, sir," said the peaked one with a flourish and a toss of his mane, "I am with you heart and soul in your generous and praiseworthy effort toward the advancement of the cause of humanity. Hissless of the advice, may the tears of my relatives and friends, I resign myself into your hands, well assured, as I am, that—"

"What part do you propose taking in the experiment I have in mind?" somewhat dryly inquired the chemist.

"The most difficult part of all, sir," promptly replied the peaked one. "The part of one of the voluntary subscribers of the noxious and deadly drugs which men take into their systems, and—"

"Well, I shouldn't think you'd find that

very hard work," put in the chemist, but his visitor took the observation so kindly that he threatened to become so resentful over it that Dr. Wiley had to duck back into his private office to get rid of that one, too.

Trained for the Test. After that the candidates still along every half hour or so. One of them was a shrewd old chipper drunk who announced that his entire internal economy was composed of malleable and indestructible glass.

"It must be that, Doc," he explained, "because rum don't have no feet on it at all no more. I hain't been able 't get picked right for more'n two year, an' you don't know how hard I've tried, neither. I can get kind o' a edge on, but as 'r goin' down an' out, six, it hain't in 't' kag 'r me no more. You try me an' see. You may have a lot o' booze around here, but you can't get no more. Before 't' gettin' you can't. Dare you 't' get me soused?"

Dr. Wiley didn't take the dare. "I am very busy," he said, crackling some papers that lay on his desk, "and if you'll be good enough to excuse me—"

"Well, say, Doc," wholedly suggested the man with the glass lining, leaning over the desk, "if y' hain't a-goin' 't take me on, can't y' stake me 't two bits or somethin' 'r me trouble in comin' all 't' way up here?"

Dr. Wiley couldn't see any other way of getting rid of that one except by giving up the two bits.

A 200-pound brewery wagon driver out of a job wanted to have the quantity thing all straightened out and put on record before he'd commit himself as an out and out applicant for membership in the poison squad.

"I hear y' goin' 't serve out beer 't' y' bunch," he said to the chemist as he leaned bulgingly over the latter's desk. "How much beer do they get apiece a day?" "Well, I should suppose that seven or eight bottles apiece a day would be sufficient to enable me to carry on the investigation," replied the chemist.

"Seven or eight scuttles!" exclaimed the candidate, his face the picture of astonishment and chagrin. "Well, I'm on my way, and he started out. "W'y, that wouldn't be enough for me 't brush me out 't' W'y, I had no job at the main works a day an' on hot days it'd take two hundred high hats 't keep me tonnell from dryin' up an' blowin' away. Six or seven or eight bottles a day, h'g, says you? W'y, say, I can't lick up that much paragon without feelin' 't' eat hot groundbread atop o' 't," and that one lumbered out of the chemist's office with disappointment placarded all over him.

No Cure for Him. One of the applicants was a nervous little man who appeared to be flickering close to the invisible line of demarcation between hallucinations and the out and out lunatics. "Of course I'll serve on your committee, sir," he said generously to Dr. Wiley before the chemist had a chance to state that he wasn't organizing his corps just yet. "But I'd like to have your promise as to one thing."

"What's that?" asked the chemist. "This hain't any cure thing, is it?" inquired the nervous little man, looking furtively around the office. "It's not just a put-up job to cure people of the liquor habit, I hope." After reading about this thing last evening I dreamed last night that the whole business was just a scheme of the government's to stop folks from drinking liquor, and I dreamed that the liquor you intended to serve out would be doped with some of the cure stuff, and—"

"Don't worry—it will all be doped with the kill stuff, certain enough," put in the chemist reassuringly, and then the nervous little man insisted that his name and address be taken down so that he could be sent for just as soon as the rum squad was in process of organization.

"You wouldn't care to be cured of the drinking habit, then?" suggested Dr. Wiley as the nervous little man was about to pass out.

"Well, you see," replied the candidate with all the solemnity in the world and without even the symptom of a smile, "I've already been cured fourteen times in the last nine years, and as between the cure and the booze I'll take the booze. Anyhow, I haven't got much left now except my thirst and if I were to lose that where'd be the fun and what'd be the use?"

Dr. Wiley was compelled to stand mute under such profound philosophy, and the nervous thirst cherisher went his way.

Near the Limit. It was toward the finish of the second day that Dr. Wiley concluded to station the messenger outside his door. A man in whose face was the color of a Burgundy flamingo shambled into the chemist's office late in the afternoon, and this is the way he addressed Dr. Wiley, starting off audaciously and dispassionately and winding up allagry and crescendo.

"I am a fish. I was a little bit of a shrimp swimming in a brackish creek, but now I am a fish. A great fish. I am the biggest fish in the seas, the seven seas. But all the seas, the seven seas, have now dried up, and I am stranded on the dry ocean bed. Now 't' behead me, a shark. A tiger shark. Don't wave that blade at me, you swordfish! Don't ink up my ocean for me, you devil fish! Don't spout at me, whale! Phish-fish-fish-fish-fish-fish—that's me! Whee-ow! I am a—"

The man had 'em. The chemist, saw that clearly, or thought he saw it. He rushed to his cabinet, pulled out a bottle and staked his visitor to a long, long drink.

The mightiest fish of the seven seas came to suddenly after gulping the drink, wiped off his mouth with his coat sleeve, grinned affably, and started out. At the door he halted and turned to the chemist, still grinning amiably.

"Pretty soft for me, Doc. I call it pretty-darned soft," and then he went away.

Dr. Wiley thought it over for a long while, and then he concluded that he had been worked. It was when he was forced to this conclusion that he put the messenger outside of his office door.—New York Sun.

ters what it was to be used for, and had their curiosity piqued to the verge of passion. They guessed everything—porter's lodge, conservatory, sun parlor, organ room, kitchen, aviary, etc. When it was completed he furnished with an umbrella stand, coat rack, table, boot and shoe receptacles and a single deep, soft, comfortable leather chair. He then put the key in his pocket and had "Dulce Domum" painted above the door. It rained cats and dogs that day, and when the banker got back from town in the dark he entered this "Sweet home." Kicked mud all over the floor, lit his pipe, fell into the deep chair, put his heels on the table and spat where he pleased.

The wife and daughters laid long siege to "Dulce Domum," and were finally admitted. The banker said solemnly: "There is your home; here is mine. See! I have but a single chair. None of you can sit here. In this shelter, I shall leave my mud, my wet clothes, my umbrella, my old shoes, and under this roof I shall smoke my pipe and allow the ashes to fall upon the floor without fear of molestation. I don't seem to be good enough for your pal, ace; but my health is in the hands of the course of three or four weeks there were so many tears and protestations that the old man had "Dulce Domum" torn down, and ever since totes his mud into the palace as if he owned both. And no remarks.—New York Press.

BOOSTER FOR THE STORK

An Illinois Enthusiast Takes Practical Steps to Make Home Happier.

It appears that the two storks recently received in Washington from Hamburg, Germany, which were supposed to be intended for the White House, are simply being acclimated at the national capital, and will soon be sent to Alton, Ill.

Mayor Beall of the latter city is the importer of the birds. Two pairs of storks which were previously ordered by him died before reaching Alton because they were subjected too suddenly to the influence of the prairie atmosphere. After being detained for a time in the District of Columbia, Mayor Beall believes, the storks just imported can be removed to their western home with safety.

These facts are brought to the attention of our readers not because they are important in themselves, but because they will serve to illustrate the systematic, the almost scientific, manner in which Mayor Beall of Alton proceeds in dealing with matters nearly or remotely connected with the great movement to which he is devoting his mind, his means and his untiring energies.

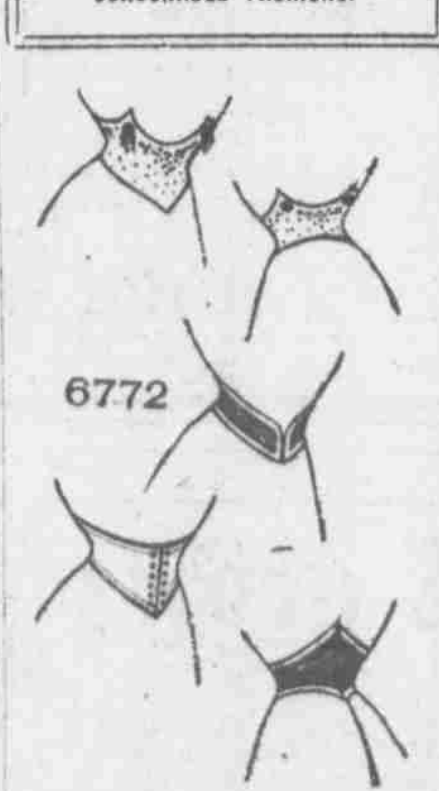
It is hardly necessary that we should recall the Mayor Beall of Alton was the first landlord in America to refuse to rent apartments in his flat buildings to childless couples. "Only tenants who have children will be permitted to occupy this flat," was, and perhaps is, a condition annexed to his "To Rent" signs. It was Mayor Beall who had provisions inserted in his leases which not only were not intended to prevent children from running up and down the stairs, from playing in the hallways, from chalking and white-washing, from painting cartoons on the wall paper or from flying kites from the windows, but which actually demanded of tenants that their offspring should be encouraged to indulge in these juvenile amusements.

"What we need in this country," said Mayor Beall in an interview to which he submitted when he was about to throw open to couples with children his last block of apartment houses, "what we need in this country is babies. I am entirely in accord with the president on this proposition, but it is folly to expect an increase in the number of babies unless we shall make some provision for them.

"Many people who are against race suicide will not rent to couples who have or expect to have children. We must practice what we preach. I, for one, am going to do my utmost not only to encourage an increase in the baby output, but I am going to do everything in my power to prove to the babies when they come that they are welcome."

And he has kept his word. There has been a slight falling off in the number of babies arriving in Alton during the last month or two. Mayor Beall, however, expects that the arrival of the storks will give the movement a fresh impetus. He has sold all his chickens, and is transferring his little chicks into a pleasant home for the storks. These will be open to visitors at all seasons of the year, and contemplation of the beautiful birds by young married couples, or by young couples about to marry, or even by couples who have been married for some time and who are not at present eligible to the Beall flats, he believes, will do a great deal of good.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

SEASONABLE FASHIONS.



NO. 6772—THREE WELL-FITTING GIRDLES.

There is nothing so antagonistic to a good appearance as a badly fitting girdle and to purchase satisfactory ones which are within reach of the average purse is not always possible. For this reason many make their girdles and the success of these depends largely upon the style and pattern. A girdle in three styles of outline is given here, all easily made and fitting snugly about the waist. Silk velvet or the skirt material may be used for their development, of which 3/4 yards, 36 inches wide, are needed for the medium size.

No. 6773—Sleeve, small, medium and large.

For the accommodation of The Omaha Bee readers these patterns, which usually retail at from 25 to 50 cents, will be furnished at a nominal price (10 cents), which covers all expenses. In order to get a pattern enclose 10 cents, giving number and name of pattern wanted and bust measure. As the patterns are made direct from the publishers at New York, it will require about a week's time to fill the order. Address Pattern Department, Omaha Bee, Omaha, Neb.

FREE OMAHA'S CREDIT KINGS SPECIAL. are now holding their Semi-Annual Clearance Sale in the furniture department—it means a saving of 25 to 50 per cent on every article in the house—everything exactly as advertised, investigate, it will pay you. Our liberal credit plan is the best and most helpful ever devised by a western credit house. Broad and generous in character yet conservative. It gives the opportunity to the laborer and salaried man to furnish their home as well as their most prosperous neighbor. Prices are lower than the lowest. Our terms are made to meet your individual needs.

SEA BIRDS GAVE WARNING FIXES THE COUNTRY'S AREA. Their Frightened Cries Were First Storm Signals to People of Mobile. Latest Geological Survey Adds 1,188 Square Miles to Previous Figures.

Sea birds soaring in from Mobile bay sounded the first note of alarm and in true Paul Revere style warned the people of that stricken city of the approach of the coast storm that later brought such havoc to life and property. Through some inexplicable atmospheric condition these sea birds have advanced knowledge of coming storms, and they invariably seek the shelter of the inland country. Not only do they seek their own safety, but they shriek loudly as they soar to cover and herald their note of warning to man and beast.

What constitutes the area of the United States? Probably any eighth grade or high school boy or girl in the public schools of Washington would think it easy to answer that question, but the United States geological survey finds it more difficult and has recently added 1,188 square miles to Uncle Sam's domain by closer calculations than had been before made. The difficulty in giving an exact answer to the question lies in a careful computation of the land area, to which must be added the area of the three-mile sea limit allowed under the regulations of international law.

A HARVEST OF GOLD

WESTERN farmers and stockmen are reaping a harvest of gold this year. They will be heavy buyers and they pay cash. They are in the market for everything that will lighten their labor on the farm or add to their comfort in the home. Wise advertisers who are seeking a market for their goods will not overlook this field, and it can only be covered by using

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY FARMER

It goes into the homes of the best farmers and stockmen in Nebraska, Iowa, Missouri, Kansas, Oklahoma, Illinois and South Dakota. It has a strong list in Colorado and Wyoming, among the range men. Its readers are nearly all in the country, many of them remote from cities and towns. For this reason they are largely mail order buyers. Why not ask for this trade.

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THE TWENTIETH CENTURY FARMER

Mobile has given recognition to the first frightened birds from the coast was the rather timorous sea bird, which were coming in droves from the coast and passing Mobile in their early haste for shelter. Monday morning the more courageous sea gulls began to follow in the path of the "Mother Cary chickens," and later in the day whole flocks of pelicans brought up the rear of the procession that was headed to safety.

S.S.S. KILLS THE GERMS OF SCROFULA. The laws of nature and heredity are fixed and invariable. Parents who are related by the ties of blood, or who have a consumptive tendency, or family blood taint, are sure to transmit it to their children in the form of Scrofula. Swollen glands, brittle bones, weak eyes, hilly disease, pale, waxy complexions, emaciated bodies, running sores and ulcers, and general weak constitutions are the principal ways in which the disease is manifested. Those who have inherited this blighting trouble may succeed in holding it in check during young, vigorous life; but after a spell of sickness, or when the system has begun to weaken and lose its natural vitality, the ravages of the disease will become manifest and sometimes run into Consumption. S. S. S. goes down into the circulation and forces out the scrofulous deposits, kills the germs and completely cures the disease. It changes the quality of the blood by removing all impurities and poisons and supplying this vital fluid with rich, health-sustaining qualities. S. S. S. is a purely vegetable medicine and is especially adapted to systems which have been weakened and poorly nourished by scrofulous blood. Literature on Scrofula and medical advice free. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

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