

The two biggest things
of their kind
in the World — No. 1



The Metropolitan Tower, of New York, is universally known as the tallest completed building in the world. It is 700 feet high and contains 52 stories, counting the 2 basement floors—it is the biggest thing of its kind in the world. The big package of Washington Crisps is, likewise, the biggest thing of its kind in the world:

THE SUPREME QUALITY OF TOASTED CORN FLAKES, IN AMERICA, AND

1/2 More THAN IN ANY OTHER CEREAL FOOD PACKAGE **for 10¢**

The SUPREME quality of Washington Crisps is absolutely beyond question, being made from the finest white corn grown in the great Corn Belt of the United States, with pure cane sugar and salt added. They are thoroughly steam cooked, toasted, deliciously crisp, and are ready to serve. On every package is the unqualified GUARANTEE of the manufacturer that every ingredient in

Washington Crisps

is of as high quality as the ingredients used in the manufacture of Cereal Foods of ANY other make REGARDLESS OF THE COST; and the further GUARANTEE that Washington Crisps are made under THE MOST PERFECT SANITARY CONDITIONS POSSIBLE TO CREATE, IN MILLS THAT ARE SPOTLESSLY CLEAN, AND BY HIGH-CLASS SKILLED WORKMEN. Washington Crisps during all the processes of manufacture, from flaking to packing, never touch human hands—everything is done by automatic machinery.

The fact that the 250,000 retail Grocers in America are supplying, and cordially recommending Washington Crisps, which the grocers know are the SUPREME quality of toasted corn flakes, in America, proves that the

retail Grocers are anxious to assist the public to reduce the cost of living—

Washington Crisps cut off one-third of the cost of living, so far as cereal food is concerned, and both merchant and consumer instantly recognized this—hence our big sales of SUPREME quality Washington Crisps to millions and millions of Americans.

With Washington Crisps in the house, there is an all-the-year-round Picnic in the home—good for little tots and big folks, too, before meals, after meals and 'tween meals, and they are GENUINELY NOURISHING AND HEALTHFUL.

Handsomest Food Package in America

Two superb portraits of George Washington on every package, in colors, handsome enough to frame, or use unframed, to decorate your "Den" or Living Room.

WASHINGTON CRISPS are

"First in the HOMES of his Countrymen"

The SUPREME quality of toasted corn flakes, in America.

COP THAT LOOKED TOO SWEET

Hugged and Kissed by Woman, Who Pays Ten Dollars for the Exercise.

A new form of torture for New York policemen, more sinister than graft investigations, more painful than winter wind whipping around a fixed post, and possessed of possibilities as deadly as the burglar's bullet, was put to the test

on placid Washington Heights and described in Harlem court by a red faced young policeman.

Facing the victim—Policeman Geiger of the West One Hundred and Fifty-second street station—he told Magistrate House about it, was a zanzoume, dark-haired woman who frequently blushed and murmured "Impossible! Oh, I couldn't have done that!"

"Yes, your honor, she kissed me," stammered Geiger. "Right out in the

middle of Amsterdam avenue, at One Hundred and Fortieth street, she kissed me, and there's nothing in the manual that says part of a policeman's duty is being kissed by strangers."

"Couldn't you have escaped if you didn't like it?" asked the court.

"I was on fixed post, your honor," growled the youthful guardian of the peace.

"Oh," said his honor, "that's devotion to duty!"

"Yes, sir; it was like this. I was standing there all alone about 1:30, wondering where all the people were. Suddenly someone grabs me from behind and two strong arms are wrapped around my neck. The first thing I thought, of course, was 'gangsters!' It seemed wio- ever it was was trying to garrote me, and I started to fight for my life.

"But I couldn't shake off those powerful arms. The best I could do was to squirm around so that I faced the—the

er—the assailant. And, your honor, it was this lady.

"Oh, honey, dear!" she says.

"What do you mean by using such language to me?" I asks her.

"Oh, you sweetheart!" she goes on, paying no attention to my protests. "Oh, you big bear with the brass buttons!"

"Then she kisses me, and that's not the worst of it, for by this time a big crowd had collected and women were yelling and men shouting 'You brute,

release that woman!' I pleaded with her to go home, but she wouldn't do anything but stay right there and kiss me. Then the man on the beat came around and rescued me. So I arrested her for—well, I couldn't think of anything to call it but extreme disorderly conduct."

Mrs. Margaret Hoffart, who said she was 30 and lived at 1071 Freeman street, the Bronx, smiled sweetly, but incredulously as she paid a \$10 fine. She said

Geiger looked like a truthful young officer and she wouldn't dispute his word, though she didn't remember a thing about it.—New York Press.

Nobody is Too Old to learn that the sure way to cure a cough, cold or sore lungs is with Dr. King's New Discovery. 50c and \$1.00. For sale by Boston Drug Co.—Advertisement. Key to the Situation—Bee Advertising