

SELECT OPPONENT FOR JESS

Man Who Will Battle Willard at New Orleans in February Will Be Named in Three Weeks.

STILL MUCH SPECULATION

By RINGSIDE. NEW YORK, Nov. 20.—Within three weeks we shall know definitely if Jess Willard is to return to the ring before another summer sets in. For on December 10 the New Orleans promoters who have Willard's signature to articles calling for a twenty-round bout between the champion and a contemporary heavyweight, as yet unnamed, must post the first slice of the \$25,000 purse they have guaranteed the titleholder. Jess is to receive this sum whether he wins, loses or draws. And there is a referee's decision attached, so Willard's newly acquired heavyweight championship is really in the balance.

On that same date, December 10, the name of Willard's prospective opponent will be announced to a palpitating populace. And many variegated faces and forms pass in review before our mind's eye as we peer into the future and try to detect Willard's opponent.

Frank Moran, Jim Coffey and Fred Fulton are being exploited as the "logical" opponents for Willard in the forthcoming battle. And at once we are impelled to eliminate the names of Coffey and Fulton, for there is nothing in the record of either to warrant a match with the champion. And this in spite of the fact that it looks as if Fulton will ultimately be selected as the other principal in the big bout.

Coffey and Fulton, if we go on their records, practically eliminate themselves, even before they are considered. There are several reasons why Coffey is not deserving of consideration. "The first is that he was knocked out by Moran in three rounds; the others don't count."

Had Poor Success. Fulton has done all of his fighting, such as it is, in the middle west, and with indifferent success. It took him fourteen rounds to stop Arthur Peikley, and it was a technical knockout at that. Fulton dropped Peikley twelve times in the last round, but could not muster one blow that could keep Peikley down. So the referee stopped the fight and Coffey knocked out Peikley in three rounds.

Moran, well, Frank is a good-natured fellow, but we have our doubts if he will be the one selected. He is the leading contender for Willard's title, and for that reason may not be given consideration by the promoters—not just yet. Moran is not so well known down south, and the promoters will have an eye on the office when they gather to name Willard's foe.

It must be remembered that Dominick Tortorella and Tommy Burns are running this affair. Tommy Burns is indirectly responsible for Willard holding the championship today. He is the same Tommy Burns who retained his title to Jack Johnson some years ago and who Burns is promoting a match with the championship involved.

Haras May Try. A lurking suspicion here enters our cupola. What is there to prevent the same Tommy Burns from being Willard's opponent? Burns is courageous enough to try it. And he is vain enough to attempt it, too. Little Burns had no fear of big Johnson, and did not yield his title to the burly brawler until after fourteen rounds of furious fighting.

Another angle that strengthens the suspicion that Tortorella and Burns may name Tommy Burns as Willard's opponent is that the bout is scheduled to go twenty rounds, and there is a decision with it. Why can't Tommy Burns secretly be preparing himself for a "comeback," and endeavor to outbox the giant Willard, and thus gain the decision over him and regain the world's championship? Sounds like a pipe dream, we will admit, but it is not beyond an elastic imagination. We shall see.

It has been arranged to hold the battle the Saturday or Sunday preceding the New Orleans Mardi Gras the first week in March. The first \$25,000 of the \$25,000 Willard purse will be posted on December 20, as stated above, when the opponent will be named; \$10,000 will be posted with the City Bank and Trust company ten days before the fight, and the remaining \$15,000 will be paid to Willard the day of the contest. It took less than thirty minutes to consummate the match, which is almost a record for such an affair.

Willard's earnings of \$25,000 is \$2,500 more than the sum demanded, and received by Jack Johnson for his battle with Willard. The \$25,000 is not a record, however. Jimmie Watkins is reported to have received from \$50,000 to \$100,000 for his bout with Johnson in Reno that memorable or should it be memorial-day in July five years ago.

Omaha Boy Plays on Championship St. John's Eleven. Robert C. Strehlow, son of R. C. Strehlow, 203 North Eighteenth, is cutting quite a swathe in athletic circles at the St. John's Military academy at Delafield, Wis. Strehlow recently helped St. John's to win the tennis championship of southern Wisconsin by winning the singles event in a match against Naabotha Hinton. He is also a member of the St. John's football team, which has a record of five victories for the year, and has twice passed the century mark in scores over opponents and is the acknowledged champion eleven of the west. St. John's is so confident that it has the best inter-academic football team in the country, that it will seek a post-season game with the leading team of the east.

Omaha Soccer Fans Getting Ready for Sioux City Combat. Two big soccer games are on the card for Omaha during the coming week. Thanksgiving day at Miller park two representative Omaha teams will battle and next Sunday Omaha will play Sioux City.

Soccer followers of Omaha are making extensive plans for the Omaha-Sioux City game. The local athletes are determined to "wallow" the Sioux and will choose a team of eleven real stars to turn the trick. This game will be played at Bourke park, and it is expected that fully 5,000 persons will attend, as soccer is rapidly gaining popularity in Omaha.

WHO IS GREATEST COACH?

Menke Finds it Hard to Decide Between Warner, Sharpe, Haughton, Folwell and Others.

ALL SHOULD GET THE GLORY

By FRANK G. MENKE. To whom shall we accord the honor of being the 1915 All-American coach? On whose dome shall we place the laurel wreath and say: "Well done, old kid." Should the honor go to John ("Speedy") Rush of Princeton, to Glen Warner of Pittsburgh, to Percy Haughton of Harvard, to Bob Folwell of Washington and Jefferson, to Al Sharpe of Cornell, to Alonso Stagg of Chicago, to Larry Bankhart of Colgate, or should we call it a draw, this royal battle?

Each man in his own individual way, has accomplished wonderful things; each has done some things better than his rival—and some things not as well. It's a neck-and-neck fight those coaches have waged for the honor of being the coach of the year, and they've all bunched so closely now that none can really decide the conspicuous leader. Warner went to Pittsburgh this fall and took under his wing a team he never had handled before. Not only did he have to teach them foot ball, but he had to familiarize them with his methods. Yet, despite that handicap, Warner welded together a team that has a fine chance to grab off the eastern championship.

Builds Up Machine. Then there's Bankhart, who went to Colgate, one of the smallest colleges in the east, who found only a few foot ballers at his beck and call, but who assembled the material into one of the best foot ball machines ever seen in the east: into a team that crushed Yale and the Army, and that wasn't scored upon in its first five starts and rolled up 223 points against its foes.

Al Sharpe, at Cornell, started the season with only one real star from his 1914 eleven—Charles Barrett, the amazing quarterback. But Sharpe wasn't discouraged. He took the material that was offered and built it around Barrett. He tinkered with that machine; he worked at it unceasingly. As a result, he has given to Cornell the greatest team it has had in a decade: a team that beat Harvard decisively; a team that has swept along, unbeaten, toward the championship goal.

Haughton Works Hard. Haughton faced discouragement at the outset of the season. Graduations took from him Brickley, Perneck, Hardwick, Bradley and other stars. Mahan alone remained of his satellites. But Haughton worked along doggedly—and his 1915 team has appeared to many as being almost as powerful as that of last year.

Washington and Jefferson lost the great back field by graduation, but, undaunted, Bob Folwell set to work and put together a team that has suffered but one beating this year—and it remained for one of the greatest eleven in the country to beat Washington and Jefferson. None other was able.

To whom shall we award the crown—or shall we call it a no-decision bout and divide the glory among them?

Carpentier Will Fight the Champ Of English Army

NEW YORK, Nov. 20.—According to the Sporting Life of London, Georges Carpentier, who, just prior to the European war, was generally considered one of the leading contenders for the heavyweight championship, will return to the ring in the near future. Arrangements are progressing for the matching of Carpentier with Voytes, a private in the Irish Guards, who is the heavyweight champion of the British army and navy. No mention is made of the place where the proposed bout will be held.

Zealous Fan Runs Into His Waterloo

"Behind first" in a certain ball game played at Pittsburgh in the late fall there was one selfish man who would not sit down and meekly ignore the pleas and demands from hundreds behind him. Standing full six feet, the fellow paid not a heed to cries of: "Sit down! Sit down! Down in front." A few missiles were thrown at him with no effect and the crowd implored him again to be seated, as not another person in that part was on his feet at the time. Another big fellow three rows back boomed:

"Watch me bring that boob down." Awaiting the angry chatter of others to subside, he made a megaphone of his big hands and yelled:

"Hey, fellow, if you don't care to sit down, will you please pin back your ears, as we're coming to a tunnel." The fellow turned, promptly sat down and the crowd cheered.

Ritohie Admits He Is a Welterweight

NEW YORK, Nov. 20.—Willie Ritohie, former lightweight champion of the world, has been convinced by the sport writers of the east that he has outgrown the lightweight division. Ritohie therefore is willing to sell under welterweight specifications in the future, provided he is not asked to waive the proverbial pound of flesh with his opponents at the heavier weight.

"I still can make the lightweight limit, or as least go as far towards it as most of the men who pose as lightweight," said Ritohie. "But still I realize that I can fight better, perhaps, if I do not get down that fine. Wherefore, I am ready to challenge for the welter title. Legitimate lightweight object to giving me weight, so the public should not expect me to give weight to writers. I am ready to meet any man in the world at the welter scale, 145 pounds ringside. Packy McFarland preferred."

Three Candidates for All-American Center



It is a safe bet that there is going to be a whole lot of dissension among the foot ball experts when it comes to choosing the center for that mythical All-American eleven.

Even last year, when the contest had fewer entries than this year, there was a big difference in opinion, with Peck of Pittsburgh and McEwan of the Army running about neck and neck. But this year a contestant has appeared in Cool,

the hard playing center of the Cornell team. Cool's work this year has been brilliant, but whether that brilliancy is due to the support of the team back of him or to his individual efforts is an open question.

McEwan has not shown up as well this year as he did last year, due, some of the wise ones say, to a lack of support back of him. On the other hand, Peck, the University of Pittsburgh marvel, is

now showing up better than he did last year. In this case, he too has a wonderful team back of him.

As Cornell, Pittsburgh and the Army do not meet each other on the gridiron, there is no way of drawing a fine comparison on the men. All three are wonders and each one will land a place on some experts All-American choice. The layman can pick his own man, and he won't be far off at that.

ERTLE LOOKS LIKE CHAMP

St. Paul Lad's Entrance to Hall of Fame Revives Interest of Fans in Bantam Class.

WILLIAMS BEGINNING TO SLIP

NEW YORK, Nov. 20.—The discovery of a new star in Johnny Ertle has aroused interest in the bantams. Usually the doings of the midgets creates little excitement. As a rule their bouts are harmless affairs, and until lately Kid Williams so completely dominated the class that all competition was at an end.

But of late Williams has suffered several defeats and it is evident that he has struck the slide. Ertle's appearance on the stage comes at an opportune time, for with Williams out on account of increasing weight and declining ability the bantam division, like the welter and the middleweight classes, would be without a competent leader.

From what has been seen of Ertle he is likely to make a very satisfactory champion. He is a most interesting little fellow of the purely fighting type. If he were a lightweight or even a feather he would be a tremendous sensation. Even for a bantam Ertle is ridiculously small. He is a full head shorter than the ordinary bantam. Most of his weight is located in his broad chest and shoulders.

While Ertle's manner of coming into the championship was very unsatisfactory, it is hard to see how he can be deprived of the laurels, according to the rules of the ring. And now that he has demonstrated that he is a first-class fighting man it is less difficult to place credence in his version of the bout with Williams. Ertle maintains that he stood toe to toe with the Baltimore blonde until he broke the latter's heart. In view of the fact that Williams in recent bouts has shown little of his former ability to shed punishment, the fact that he was ahead on points when he twice fouled Ertle proves nothing.

Ertle is faster. Right now, Ertle certainly is the faster of the two and to all appearance he is even tougher than Williams. He has the peculiar faculty of shedding punishment without showing a scratch or shedding a drop of gore. Whether he can hit as hard as the former champion has not been proven, but at any rate, none of the others is his superior in that direction. And both Louisiana and Pat Moore have had Williams on the verge of a knockout, each putting him down twice. Pete Herman also put him down.

Williams has been slipping ever since he met Johnny Kilbane last winter. In that affair he was outclassed and the defeat seems to have discouraged him and taken much of the snap out of his work. There is little doubt that if he had won the popular decision that night he would have deserted the bantam class for the featherweight ranks. But, since he was defeated, he has been forced to remain where he was, in spite of his increasing weight and, no doubt, so much unnatural reducing has lowered his vitality.

Williams' next bout will be with the Veteran Frankie Burns at New Orleans, for twenty rounds. Although the battle is supposed to be for the title, the weight conditions call for the men to make 118 pounds, which indicates that Williams has ceased to try to scale within the limit.

FRANK SCHULTE TELLS A GOOD ONE ON HEINIE ZIM

Heine Zimmerman, according to Frank Schulte, gets into many long-winded discussions and arguments. He had a lively debate one night with Bob Fisher, the Cub shortstop.

Fisher tried every argument to convince Heinie on a certain point but Zim shook his head and said:

Isbell Sees Game; Says He Can Play as Good and Proves It

A story is now going the rounds telling how Frank Isbell, now the owner of the Des Moines team in the Western league, once sold Comiskey a pitcher, without telling the name of the mound artist, the finger being none other than the well known Deat Valley Jim Scott, says the St. Paul Pioneer Press. This story recalls to Ned Egan of St. Paul, who is the manager of the Muscatine, Ia., club, how Iszy himself broke into professional baseball. Isbell was at that time living at North Branch, Minn., and was sent to the Macalester college.

In order to get some spending money he played with the Hamm team on Sundays. When this leaked out he severed his connection with the college suddenly and became a regular member of the brewery team. One day Ned Egan took him out to see Commy's Saints practice, and Iszy said he could pitch as well as the heavies he saw working that day.

This was repeated to the "Old Roman," whose curiosity was aroused. He sent for Isbell, gave him a job, and Iszy in a short time became the prize pitcher of the league and Comiskey took him with him when he went to Chicago.

Big Week Ahead For Soccer Game

This week will be the greatest in the history of soccer foot ball in Omaha. Today at Miller park a double-header will be staged. At 2 o'clock, the Caledonians and the Bohemians, will fight for release from the cellar position in the league, while at 3:30 the Omaha City will have its last chance to administer the coup de grace to the Townsend Gun company team.

On Thanksgiving day, Miller park will be the scene of the exhibition game between combined teams from the four clubs. The men chosen to represent their teams are as follows:

Miller Park Team—Hjalop, Lyell, Cockayne (captain) Pike, Lowden, Hoyle, Gunn, Henderson, Pickard, Anderson and McGuire.

Carter Lake Team—J. Prechal, F. Prechal, Henderson, Christoph, Middleton, Janik, Darvill (captain), Baldwin, Brix, Roser and Rudolph.

For the big game against Sioux City, at Bourke park next Sunday afternoon, the committee selected the following eleven and reserves:

Omaha Team—J. Prechal, J. Lyell, F. Cockayne, R. Middleton, P. Lowden (captain), F. E. Hoyle, J. Darvill, H. Pickard, O. Brix, A. B. Rogerson and B. Rogerson.

Reserves—J. Errington, F. Prechal, W. Henderson, H. Pike, D. Munro, R. Anderson, C. Sararik, H. Baldwin, J. Henderson, C. Leach and J. Rudolph.

Referee—J. McTaggart; head linesman: K. Lundquist.

FEDS WILL HAVE TO HURRY

If They Intend to Erect Base Ball Plant on Manhattan Island Before April.

NEW YORK, Nov. 20.—If the Federal league erects a base ball plant on Manhattan capable of seating 55,000 people, as Mr. Gilmore announces, and has it ready for the opening in April, it will have to hustle.

Several of the leading real estate men who have been dicker with Captain Huston and Colonel Ruppert on a site for the Yanks' park, say that no transfer of property has been made to the Feds and, as far as they have been able to ascertain, they hold no option. Moreover, they claim that there are but three spots on Manhattan available that can accommodate a plant of that size and that options have been secured on all those by other interests.

The spots referred to are Manhattan field, on which the Giants have a claim under their lease of the Polo grounds; the vacant land at 145th str. and Lenox avenue, and a block of property near the foot of West Forty-second street.

Of course, there are any number of available sites in the Bronx and on Long Island, but Gilmore stated specifically that the new park would be on Manhattan Island.

Still, these Feds have a way of doing the most unexpected. Fans will remember how the Wards erected a plant at Washington park, Brooklyn, in a hurry.

A surprising detail of Mr. Gilmore's announcement is that "Jitney" prices will prevail at Manhattan, despite the fact that Phil Ball has decided to discontinue the game at St. Louis. Men who understand the financial difficulties of those things say that it will be impossible to pay the interest on an investment of that magnitude in New York with admission prices ranging from 10 cents to 50 cents. The Giants could not do it and neither could the Yanks. And, Mr. Gilmore claims that the Fed players will be paid as much money as those in "the other two major leagues."

There appears to be considerable mystery attached to the ownership of the New York Federal league club. It is understood that Harry Sinclair, with the aid of some backers heretofore unknown to the game, wants to undertake the job and keep his Newark plant at the same time. One of the plans is for the New York club to play Sunday base ball by transferring those games to New Jersey.

It is not admitted, however, that Mr. Sinclair is to be the New York magnate, and fans await the formal announcement with considerable curiosity.

Luderus is Veteran of the Philly Club

One thing in which the Phil club is odd is that not a single player has been with the club six years. The veteran of the lot is Fred Luderus. He has been a Phil five and a half years, having been secured from the Cubs. George McQuillan was with the Phils in 1917, but went to other teams and did not return until this year.

Luderus is going to be the next veteran to Luderus in 1917, the club from Cincinnati in 1911.

WOLVES WOULD LIKE TO GET JACKSON FOR BOSS

Wichita is negotiating with Jimmie Jackson, 1915 manager of the Tophets team, to lead the Wolves in 1916. Jackson looked to be about as good a manager as there was in the league this year.

WICHITA SCHEDULES TWO GAMES WITH WHITE SOX

Wichita has scheduled two games with the Chicago White Sox for next spring. They will be played April 4 and 5.

The Hypodermic Needle

BY PAUL S. HUNTER. BEING THE SECOND OF A SERIES OF ARTICLES ON TOWNS AND NEAR TOWNS WE HAVE VISITED IN OUR YOUNG LIFE.

Lawrence, Kansas, is about forty miles from Kansas City, for which Kansas City probably regards itself fortunate, or perhaps it is Lawrence which regards itself fortunate.

Lawrence is particularly noted for two things. It is in the state of Kansas, which is dry, and it is the home of the famous R-O-C-K C-H-A-L-K J-A-Y-H-A-W-K yell.

A dry town is a fine place for a college. It takes all the spirit out of the game. For how can students celebrate victory in a fitting and proper manner, such as insulting bartenders and heaving beer bottles through plate glass mirrors? The fact that the students can't celebrate victory as it probably should be is probably the reason Kansas has no victories to celebrate when it plays Nebraska.

The Rock Chalk yell has been proclaimed by expert critics, including all our leading cheer leaders, as the greatest yell in the world. It may be, but it sounded mighty sick a week ago along side of the U-L-U-N-J of Nebraska, even though it was given by 5,000 leather-lunged throats as compared with a couple of hundred, which gave the Husker cheer.

Lawrence a week ago yesterday would have been a joy as a place for an undertaker's convention. Crepe hung on all the doors and the gloom could have been cut with a knife.

Lawrence is a very up-to-date city. It has a street car line which doesn't run to the depot and therefore is a great help to visitors who enjoy pedestrianism.

It also has a couple of restaurants. At least the signs over the door called them that although there is some doubt in our mind as to the advertising integrity of their proprietors. We tried to eat in one of them. The next time we get hungry in Lawrence we will inaugurate a fasting period.

McCook field, which is the place they play foot ball games, has a press stand. A little over 8,000 persons saw the Nebraska-Kansas game. At least nine tenths of this number sat in the press stand. They were all K. U. journalists—journalists, not newspaper men—and they all had to have front seats. They got 'em, due to the courtesy of a guy named Murray, or something like that, who graciously appointed himself charge of affairs. Mr. Greenleaf and myself sat in a rear row where we couldn't see anything and entertained the collegian reporters with an up-to-date line of rapid-fire comedy which had to do largely with the superabundance of incompetency of the Kansas University athletic board and everybody else connected with the management of McCook field. It was clever stuff, but the sunflower gents didn't applaud properly. They are unappreciative down there.

Fortunately Lawrence is an easy town to get out of. Both the Santa Fe and the Union Pacific run trains through it at frequent intervals and as you know the Union Pacific is a nice railroad.

Speaking of prohibition, a corpulent person who evidently went to Lawrence a week ago Saturday, more for the purpose of irritating the state and seeing the foot ball game, returned to Kansas City in the same train we did. He was a Kansas man and he was accounting for the Nebraska victory. He had the best alibi we ever heard. Probably you would like to hear it.

"Ish eashy-hio-to-hic-she how they-hic-beat ush," he stammered with much difficulty. "They hadsh-hio-twelfsh men-hic-I shhown they did-hic-becash I counted 'em-hic."

The Great Jay Way. A wrestling tournament and a six-day bike race were pulled in N'Yark at the same time. Make your own deduction.

Philly Copper Has Bad Luck Trying to Scalp Umps Klem

In spite of President Baker of the Phillies, a number of political grafters and even policemen got hold of world's series tickets this fall and the spectacle was furnished of men in uniform playing the scalper act, which leads to this story:

A policeman who seemed well provided with tickets drew Bill Klem into an alley and offered him two reserved seats at advanced prices. Bill made a mental notation of the numbers and then handed them back.

"Don't think I'll want them today," he said. "I'll take a chance of getting in free."

"A runt like you would have a fine chance to break through or over the fence," sneered his majesty of the law. "I'll not have to break through." Klem replied, "I'll walk right through the side gate without a ticket."

"How can you do that?" "I happen to be one of the umpires," Klem replied. The copper took it on the run.

Chick Autrey Signs. Harry Wolverton, manager of the Frisco Seals, has signed Chick Autrey to a 1916 contract.

Elliott Re-Engaged. The Oakland club has re-engaged Harold "Rowdy" Elliott as team manager for 1916.

The Earl of Derby, we see by a piece in the paper, says all unmarried men should be conscribed by November 30. The Earl of Derby, we take it, is a married man.

Our Luck. Omaha university won its first foot ball game of the year Thursday by defeating Tarkio and we bet Sam Slotky, the demon college correspondent, a rock on the thigh.

Willard's managers say big Jess will fight in New Orleans during the Mardi Gras and that Jess will get \$25,000 for his bit. Evidently Willard's managers believe the citizens of New Orleans never heard of three-card monte or the soap game.

This Over. Editor of Needle: What ever becomes of these wonderful foot ball stars after they leave the university; sling hash? A. W. H. Mr. A. W. H. seems to be a cynical cuss and for his benefit we might suggest that there is a guy named McClung whose name appears on our treasury notes.

Office Conversation. The boss: Did you ever hear of Tom Jones. Us: Ask us something hard. Ask us who Guy Chamberlain is. The boss: I take it you know him very well.

Oh, he bought us a drink once. (Which, of course, is a downright lie). The boss: Well, Tom Jones offers to bet \$10,000 Huskies will throw Stecher. Us: It isn't the same Tom Jones. The boss: Why isn't it the same Tom Jones? Us: Because you said he offered to bet to risk-\$10,000.

The boss: Then you don't believe Tom Jones would bet \$10,000. Us: Indisputably, undeniably, unquestionably, obviously, incontrovertibly, unremittably, unequivocally and you bet. (Get the language).

STARTING THE VERSE. He went to make a killing, And he was loaded prime, But he found the ducks had vanished, And all he killed was time.

FOR A YOUNG MAN NAMED J. HAWLEY. Do not be discouraged, Remember when you fail, What happened to F. Hinkey At dear old Eli Yale.

INES TO A CERTAIN TAXICAB PILOT OF THIS HERE CITY. We fear you're cracking 'neath the strain, Your cunning's gone, you've lost your style, For yesterday you passed us on the street, And missed us fully by a Roman mile.

Advertisement for MacCarthy-Wilson Tailoring Co. featuring a man in a suit and the text: YOU'LL feel and do better, because you'll look your best in a suit we'll make to your measure and personality for \$25 to \$50. Perfect Fit Guaranteed. MacCarthy-Wilson Tailoring Co. 315 South 15th Street.

Advertisement for Bond & Lillard featuring a bottle of whisky and the text: All whiskies may be good, but all can not be the BEST—Because all others are not. BOND & LILLARD.

Advertisement for Old Landmark 10 Years Old Straight Whiskey. A Straight Whiskey—Unsurpassed in excellence—Old Landmark—10 years old—is a superb liquor for particular people. Absolutely Pure. Years ago, we began putting aside small quantities of Old Landmark, believing that when it was 10 years old there would be a demand for a fine old whiskey of superior quality. As the quantity is very limited, we urge those who want the very best whiskey for sideboard or medicine cabinet to order without delay. Money back if not satisfactory in every way. \$ 6.00 for Four Full Quarts. \$12.00 for Eight Full Quarts. \$18.00 for Twelve Full Quarts. (Express charges prepaid). This is an opportunity—a real opportunity, and if you want the Best, prompt orders are necessary or you will be disappointed. Remember the quantity is limited. John P. Morrissy & Company 227 Third Street, St. Joseph, Mo.

Advertisement for Old Landmark 10 Years Old Straight Whiskey featuring a bottle of whisky and the text: Old Landmark 10 Years Old. A Straight Whiskey. JOHN P. MORRISSEY & CO. ST. JOSEPH, MO.