

# A SENSATIONAL DISCOVERY AMERICANS

## ADOPTING FATHER MOLLINGER'S SAFE AND SANE HEALTH HABIT



### Users of Priest's Famous Herb Tea Write of New Found Health and Happiness Remarkable Career of Aged Priest and Healer

Sick people seeking the road to health who have often been disappointed find consolation in the thought that Father Mollinger, late of Troy Hill, Pittsburgh, was known throughout the length and breadth of America. He was not seeking fame, but trying to ease the suffering of humanity. How well he succeeded is best known to newspaper readers in the early twenties, when as many as 20,000 from every corner of the country called in one day to supplicate for health.

Health, their sparkling eyes and rosy cheeks. Victims of rheumatism readily appreciate that a combination of Nature's own offerings, purifying the blood, relieving the kidneys, purging the stomach and regulating the bowels, is certain to produce satisfactory results throughout the entire anatomy.

and stomach, it banishes headaches. It clears the complexion, removing pimples and blemishes caused by impure blood. It increases the appetite, because it eliminates body poisons and at the same time corrects and prevents constipation. The cause of senility in old age is attributed by doctors to an internal condition due primarily to self-neglect. The medicinal combination of these precious herbs, beneficial at the one time for live kidneys, bladder, blood, stomach and nerves, is positively guaranteed to produce beneficial results if taken systematically.

**MOLLINGER MEDICINE COMPANY**  
209 C. J. W. OHIO STREET, PITTSBURGH, PA.

### Home Cookery

#### Old Fashioned Pepper Pot.

Chop finely two each of green peppers, onions and beets. Melt one tablespoonful of butter in a saucepan, add the chopped vegetables and stir over a moderate fire until the butter is absorbed. Add a scant half pound of fresh strips of tripe, cut in cubes, and one-quarter of a cupful of blanched rice. Add two quarts of cold water and one pound and a half of veal knuckle. Season to taste with salt and celery salt, cover the kettle closely and simmer for two hours. Then add one cupful of canned tomato and let simmer for twenty minutes longer. Remove the veal bone, cool, skim and reheat before serving.

#### Marlboro Tart.

Line a large antiqueware pie plate with pastry. With a pastry jobber cut off long strips, a scant half inch in width, of pastry. Mix together two cupfuls of grated apple, the grated rind and juice of one lemon, one and a half cupfuls of sugar, two eggs lightly beaten, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, half a teaspoonful of salt and one cupful of thin cream. Turn this into the plate lined with pastry, wet the edges and set the strips of pastry over the top of the filling in two directions. Finish with a strip of paste on the edge. Let bake until firm in the center.

#### Rice Ice Cream.

Drop a cupful of well washed rice into a kettle of boiling water, boil for fifteen minutes, drain, drop into cold milk enough to cover about half an inch thick, place in double boiler, cook till soft, press through a sieve or ricer, return to fire, beat the yolks of three eggs with one cupful of sugar. Add to rice with a pinch of salt. Cook until thick. Cool, add two tablespoonfuls of vanilla or other flavoring, two tablespoonfuls of sherry and a pint of heavy cream, whipped. Place in freezer and freeze as usual.

#### Potato and Ham.

Into a buttered baking dish put alternate layers of cold potatoes sliced thin, chopped ham and white sauce. Use plenty of sauce. Make sauce with a large tablespoonful of butter melted, a large tablespoonful of flour stirred smooth and one and one-half cupfuls of milk.

### Smartly Said

Worry is the undertaker's advance agent. Every white lie paves the way for a black one. As a rule, the good dodger does not have to stand many bumps. The chap with nothing on his mind generally has a lot on his tongue. Fools jump on the accelerator where angels would pull on the emergency brake. Next to wisdom, the ability to look like a ready money is probably most to be desired. The cooler dove of courtship, people

#### Home Cookery

It is evident that a lot of us are not going to cut as much ice in the eyes of posterity as we foolishly imagine we shall. Some old fashioned winters seem to have a more disastrous effect on the weather prophet than others.

### The Obliging Postman



#### Justice White a Great Walker.

Chief Justice White could give the noted Edward Payson Weston a good hardcup and beat him in a walking match. Mr. White brims over with good nature, says Elisha Hanson in *Cartoons Magazine*, and he is a welcome visitor on any street which he picks for his rambles about Washington. He probably knows more women and children in the poorer sections, between the capitol and the exclusive northwest of the city, than any other Washingtonian. Frequently he is seen trudging along in the midst of a lot ofurchins, none of whom shows the slightest regard for the great dignity of his office, but who bask equally under the radiance of his beaming smiles.

#### Caught Him.

A small boy whose record for deportment at school had always stood at a hundred came home one day recently with his standing reduced to ninety-eight. "What have you been doing, my son?" asked his dotting mother. "Been doing?" replied the young hopeful. "Been doing just as I have been doing all along, only the teacher caught me this time."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

### TORTURE IN TRIALS.

This Barbarous System Was Used in Europe For Centuries. The use of torture in order to elicit information from persons accused of crime, barbarous as it is, was little practiced before mediæval times. Under Greek and Roman law torture was only allowed upon slaves, though in the latter days of the empire it was employed against free citizens if they had been accused of treason to the emperor. It seems to have become part of the law in Europe about the thirteenth century. From the fourteenth century downward torture was a part of the legal system of most European countries. The Italian municipalities used it to a very large extent. In Germany elaborate apparatus existed for its infliction in the dungeons of the feudal castles and in the town halls of the cities. It was used in the prisons of Germany when the philanthropist Howard visited them in 1770. In France it was part of the law until abolished by the revolution, and in Scotland it was used until the reign of queen Anne. The use of torture seems never to have been wholly sanctioned by the law of England, although it was used frequently by order of the king in the Tudor period. The royal council claimed the power of directing torture warrants against state prisoners in the tower, and under duress I, and Charles I, torture was resorted to in state trials.—Chicago Herald.

### AN OVERWORKED WORD.

This Writer Suggests That "Very" Be Given a Long Rest. There is a word that once possessed a vigor and a power that is altogether lost. "Very, verily."—In truth, in truth. Now it is "very," and, though it still means "in truth," it has become so weakened by usage that it conveys no force whatever. You meet men on the street and say, "It is a very fine day." What do you mean? Probably you mean, "How do you do?" What you have said is simply a salutation. But if you should say to me, "It is a fine day," you probably mean it is a fine day. That little word "very" has been so weakened, so frayed at the edges, that it harms rather than helps its companions. So, gentle reader, I would say to you if I had arbitrary power over your speech, "This week I will allow you only two 'veries,'" and, though for a time such restraint may make you self-conscious, yet it will force you to stop about for many treasures in the storehouse of your memory and furnish up old adjectives and adverbs, even drive you now and again to a careful appraisal of your best slang, and when this temporary self-consciousness shall pass not only your vigor of speech, but your exactitude and clarity of thought will be the better for it. That is a gain that will be worth all the sacrifice.—Burges Johnson in Century.

### TRUE WORTH.

A gem which falls within the mire will still a gem remain. Men's eyes turn downward to the earth and search for it with pain. But dust, though whirled aloft to heaven, continues dust always. More base and noxious in the air than when on earth it lay.—Rendell.

## But Few Historic Facts In Life of St. Patrick Are Definitely Known

### Most of These Have Been Learned Through His "Confession" and Other Works—Many Writings Attributed to Him.

MANY popular ideas about St. Patrick are not historical facts, while much that is historical, or at least very probable, is not known to the ordinary reader. Kilpatrick, near Dumbarton, in Scotland; more likely than Boulogne-sur-Mer, in France, was his birthplace and probably in A. D. 387, his death occurring at Downpatrick A. D. 463. Patrick's father's father had been a pagan priest, but his own father was a Christian deacon, and his mother was a Christian. Yet Patrick's faith seems to have been not very practical. He was sixteen years old, when some Irish pirates carried him off from his home and landed him on the northeast coast of Ireland.

### Scotland His Probable Place of Birth—First Saw Ireland as Captive of Pirates—His Grandfather Was a Pagan Priest.

dence thus punishing his disobedience to God and his priests, who had admonished him of his duty. How rapidly the young Patrick grew in virtue may be gathered from his own words in the sixth paragraph: "After I had come to Ireland every day I tended the herds, and during the day I prayed often. More and more the love and fear of God grew in me, and my faith and zeal were increased, so that daily I said a hundred prayers, and nightly too. Even when I was in the forests and on the mountain I used to get up before daybreak to pray in snow and frost and rain. And I felt no discomfort, nor was there any sloth in me, as I found now, because the spirit was then strong in me. Then during a certain night while sleeping I heard a voice saying to me: 'You fast well. Now you will go back to your native land.'" Thus was he promised a return from Ireland to Scotland.

## For St. Patrick and For Ireland Loyal Irish Wear the Shamrock

On this day, O come all ye Irish! On this day wear proudly the green. Flaunt ye the shamrock; lovingly cherish. Each little sprig like a darling colleen. On this day, O land of our fathers! On this day our voices we raise! Far from the green fields over the waters Fondly our hearts beat, surging with praise. On this day her pages of glory, Ere the sad day her proud flag was furled, Tell us once more the never old story of Erin, the ancient light of the world. On this day forget ye her sorrows, On this day dwell not on her woes. With hearts full of hope for brighter tomorrows, Ask humbly that God may forgive all her foes. On this day when kneeling for blessings, Kindred who lie where grim leaden death sings, The sky for a shroud, the turf for a bed. Filial to Ireland, son unto mother, Love ye this new land much as a bride; Loyalty's fires no cowl can smother, Full fealty first here where we abide.—J. J. Morrissey in New York Times.



where for many years he associated with spiritual masters of the Christian life, first with St. Martin of Tours, at the island monastery of Serris, near Monté Carlo; next spending a long time with St. Germain, bishop of Auxerre, who it is likely ordained him a priest (A. D. 410, say the Bollandists) and took him to England and later sent him to Rome to Pope Celestine I, the pope giving him the name of Patrick and sending him to convert Ireland, A. D. 432. Consecrated a Bishop. Before leaving the continent Patrick received episcopal consecration, as he had heard of the death of Palladius in Ireland. Though Palladius had failed, Patrick, knowing the language and customs of the Irish, was successful in converting the pagan Irish to Christianity. Rather than follow the beaten path of histories of St. Patrick, going with him from Wicklow and the Borne to Tara and Teltown, recounting his humility and prayers, his miracles and conversions in the four quarters of Ireland, we shall pick out some passages from the saint's own writings, or those possibly his, or at least expressing his ideas, and let each reader draw his own conclusions. All critics agree that Patrick's "Confession," his "Letter to Coroticus" and his "Breastplate" are unquestionably authentic, written by St. Patrick, but authorities disagree as to the authenticity of the other writings often put under his name, of which there are many. Of all these the "Confession" is usually put first. It discloses to the reader the soul of the saint, vivid experiences intermingling with evidences of high virtue. Humility prompts him to attribute his captivity to his irreligion, Provi-

## A Steeplejack and An Aeronauts

By WILLIAM CHANDLER

We are likely to adopt for an occupation what we have a passion for. Tom Gurley as soon as he could walk began to climb over the furniture, and his mother was in dread lest he get so on to a window sill and tumble out. A few years later his place of blissful rest was a tree-top. Then he got to climbing water spouts and trellises on to roofs, and by this time, being old enough to go to work, he became a steeplejack. Emily Radcliffe was built upon similar lines to Tom Gurley. While Eben Radcliffe did not try to prevent his daughter from rickling her neck in an aeroplane, he was very much averse to her marrying Tom Gurley, to whom she had become attached. "What do you want to marry a steeplejack for?" he asked. "He'll break his neck and leave you a widow." "No more than I'll come down with a thump in an aeroplane and leave him a widower," was the reply. Tom had one unfortunate trait. He was a spendthrift. Mr. Radcliffe in order to get the whip hand of him employed an agent to lead the young man all the money he wanted and draw the papers in such a way that if the funds were not paid at maturity he could arrest Tom and jail him. Of course the funds were not paid, and a constable was sent for Tom. Emily got wind of the move and warned her lover. Tom kept an eye out for suspicious looking persons, and when he saw a man making a bee line for him he ran for his natural defense, a church spire. A tall slim man beside the building, and Tom, catching a lower limb, pulled himself up and got soon in the topmost branches. The constable followed him, and the climbing out of a branch overlooking the church, dropped in the next instant. The constable followed and Tom, who had climbed the steeple before and knew every projection, climbed up where the constable began. Then a lightning rod running to a point above the spire, and Tom went up by it, sat on the ball, holding to the weather vane. This was more than the constable dared do. He descended by the way he had come and, once on the ground, settled himself to stare out the culprit. He had a good view of Tom, who must come down sooner or later and give himself up. Now it happened that Emily needed to do some shopping that morning and passing the church saw her lover crouched on the apex of the church spire and the constable below watching him like a dog gying a coon. She took in the situation at once. She must help her lover out of his embarrassment, but how? Visions flashed through her mind. There seemed no way to help him unless she could feed him, and to convey food to the top of a steeple was not an easy thing to do. "I have it!" she said presently, and away she went to put her practice a plan she had thought of. Going home, she made up a lunchbox and put it in a pasteboard box, to which she attached a ball of twine. Then she got out her aeroplane and, rising in the air, made for a point above the steeple where Tom was a prisoner. Tom saw her and took heart. Climbing above the spire, she gradually drew nearer to a point where she could lower the box to Tom. He made several attempts to catch it and at last succeeded. Then he broke the twine, opened the box and proceeded to refresh himself. The constable eyed the proceeding with chagrin. He reported it to his principal, who sent word to him that the prisoner could not stay where he was forever, even with food, and to keep on the job. So the constable had his food supplied from a restaurant. Tom looked down on his uneasy sitting comfortably from a table brought him for the purpose and wondered which of the two could hold out the longer. When night came several assistants were thrown around the church to prevent the prisoner escaping under cover of the darkness. Tom winced. The weather was chilly and lowering, and he did not relish the kind of a bid he was subjected to for even a single night. Emily lay awake that night, thinking of her lover on his perch and worried lest he fall asleep, tumble off and be dashed to death. If she could lower a box to Tom, why could she not lower a rope to which he might cling and thus be carried safely to safety? As soon as day came she arose, got out her aeroplane and, leaving a stout rope to it, knapped at intervals and a noose at the end, sailed for the steeple. When Tom saw her coming he supposed she was bringing him his breakfast; but, seeing the dangling rope, he saw at once what it meant and felt a very confidence provoking. Emily could pick it within his reach. As good luck would have it, she succeeded the first time she tried in sailing right over him, and the rope grasped his shoulder. The dangerous part of the maneuver was leaving his seat without the rope being wreathed from his hold. He managed this dextrously and as soon as free from the spire lowered himself to the noose and, getting his legs into it, sat on it. The guard below, seeing their prisoner all a way suspended from an aeroplane, gave up the watch and departed. Tom and Emily descended at a large miles distant from their home and decided to be married. After being united by a country parson, they went back to the bride's father and were forgiven. But Tom left the possession of steeple climbing and went to his new work with his father-in-law.