



Breakfast—Ready, Aim, Fire!

THE INN-KEEPER at the old Palo Alto had strange guests. They were men sworn to mortal combat on the neighboring field of honor. The Washington duelling field could be seen over the eggs and toast thru the morning haze outside the Palo Alto. The keeper of this Bladensburg haven for travelers deserves to be remembered kindly. Despite their sober thoughts, and the serious occasion for their being at the place, his guests always ate with gusto, for he broiled, baked and brewed most nobly. ¶ Duelling has gone. The Palo Alto has slipped into history. But the art of cooking in the bountiful and enticing manner of those olden days survives at

Wallis'

*"Washington's Largest
Restaurant"*

12th and G Streets N.W.