

Wichita Daily Eagle

LIVING UP TO THEIR RECORD.

Chicago's Firemen Who are Being Gotten Away from Their Home Quarters.

"I wouldn't be the man to run down the Chicago fire department," said a jolly-looking individual with a red face in a downtown resort the other evening.

"I live out that way, and it's a pretty tidy bit of town, let me tell you. Well, one evening last week I and Smith, who lives a few doors above me, were walking toward home after leaving the car when we were almost blinded by a gust of smoke."

"It's a fire," says Smith. "That's what," says I, as I caught a whiff of burning wood, and we both started on a run, for the smoke was coming from the direction of our homes. As soon as we got around the corner, though, we saw that the fire was further up the street, as the smoke came from beyond the engine house on the next corner.

"The firemen were all sitting out in front, smoking and talking and playing dominoes, after the fashion of firemen when not busy. "Those fellows don't know there's any fire," said Smith. "Come on; we'll tell 'em."

"Away we went, and dashed up to the engine house in a rush. All the firemen jumped to their feet. "First fire!" yelled Smith, who had got a bit excited.

"The fireman you saw" said one fireman, as the red dashed into the house and turned the horses loose. "Back up there somewhere," says Smith, and the horses came charging out, the men jumped on to the engine and truck, and away they went in the direction Smith had pointed, at a gallop.

"Smith and I stepped out and around the corner to see them going up the boulevard in a cloud of dust, and I was just trying to see where the smoke was coming from when Smith grabbed my arm.

"Look there," says he in a husky whisper, and I looked. Bless me if the smoke and flames weren't rolling right out of the back end of the engine house. The hay in the mow had taken fire somehow and the place had been burning all the time the firemen were sitting in front. They had gone off nearly half a mile with the engine, too, before they found out there wasn't any fire out that way, and had walked the horses half way back before they saw the smoke rolling up from the fire engine house. Then they came back on a run and succeeded in putting the blaze out after several tons of hay and the whole back end of the building was burned out. Of course, it wasn't Smith's fault or mine that they went off at half-cock and rushed off without knowing where the fire was, but people grow thin a good bit about it, and Smith and I don't go out that side of the street on the way home now."

Chicago Times.

OF GENERAL INTEREST.

From the census report the valuation of wealth in the United States is three times as great as in 1860, and twice as great per capita. Wealth has increased faster than population.

The last English fashion in the way of dogs is a white collie, a much more sensible craze than most fancies of the past years, for the collie in itself is a beautiful, gentle, affectionate and most intelligent animal. The queen gave one of these pretty creatures to one of her maids of honor as a wedding present the other day.

The annual report of Director Leech states that the total coinage of the United States mints during the last fiscal year was \$51,792,976. The total money in circulation is given as \$1,609,397,735, an average of 24.34 per cent. The profit from the coinage on silver coinage during the past year was \$99,487, and for the past fourteen years amounts to \$73,736,063.

Speaking of wedding gifts, there is nothing more sensible than house linen, and yet it is very rarely given. It is sure to be acceptable in either small or large quantities. And why not blankets also? A pair of the best California woolens would be a welcome addition to the store of any housekeeper, and so much more useful than some small bit of silver that nobody wants.—N. Y. Tribune.

"In Windsor Castle," says a woman, "I was amused to be rebuked by the pompous cockney who showed us about. We went into a room where were hanging a number of pictures whose painter I had no means of knowing and whose style I did not recognize. "Who painted these?" I asked of our cicerone. He fixed upon me a glance of lofty reproach. "You thought," he said, coldly, "to know the works of heart of your own country. Those were painted by Benjamin West, an American. Did you never hear of him?"—N. Y. Times.

On December 26, 1776, the squadron of Sir Peter Parker, bearing between eight and ten thousand men, British and Hessians, commanded by Gen. Clinton and Earl Percy, entered Narragansett bay. The troops landed and took possession of the island of Rhode Island. Two American frigates and some privateers, in the harbor of Newport, fled to the bay to Providence, whence they escaped to sea, eluding the vigilance of the blockading squadron. The British soldiers were billeted on the inhabitants, and a system of general plunder of the people was organized. This was an important acquisition for the British.

A syndicate, consisting of Cincinnati, Philadelphia and New York capitalists, has secured a tract of land on the St. John and Indian rivers in Florida, eight or three miles long and three to six miles wide. It has three feet of rich muck, and it is estimated that it will be worth one hundred dollars per acre when drained. Entire cost of improvement is estimated at four millions of dollars. The plan is to plant the land with sugar cane as fast as prepared, and it is claimed that sufficient sugar can be raised to supply the whole of North America. It is entirely a private enterprise and the company has no securities to negotiate.

When the Mayflower landed at Plymouth in 1620 most of the women and children remained on board until suitable log huts were erected for their reception, and it was March 21, 1621, before they were all landed on the shore. Those on shore were exposed to the rigors of winter weather and insufficient food, though the winter was a comparatively mild one. Those on the ship were confined in foul air, with raw-bone food and scanty and other diseases appeared among them, and when, late in March, the last passenger-landed from the Mayflower, nearly one-half the colonists were dead. Gov. Carver and his wife died; also the young wife of Edward Winslow, and the wives of Miles Standish and Isaac Allerton, John Allerton and Thomas English died; also the father and mother of Mary Chilton. In some cases whole families perished.

The landlord of a Florida hotel at which game is hunted sparsely on the bill of fare had among his guests recently a sporting Englishman who one day made the assertion that there were plenty of ducks and plenty of quail to be had within a few miles of the hotel. The landlord said satirically: "I'll give you fifty cents for every duck you get and twenty-five cents a pair for quail." The Briton, with one man accompanying, set off. At nightfall he returned, and a witness of the incident said: "Well, sir, they just covered the office floor with birds. I never saw anything like it. And the landlord had to pay, too. Yes, sir. He sputtered for awhile about his being unsportsmanlike to sell game, and all that, but he had made a promise and he had to stick to it. Being a mean man it nearly broke his heart, but his guests had all the birds they wanted for the next week."

ten. Vast intervals are left entirely barren of recorded events, so only a fragmentary account at best can be written of these early epochs. But the geologist begins where the historian leaves off. Modern geology, by the records imperishably preserved in the very rocks of the earth itself, tells us that the world has existed for an incalculable period of time.

If the nebular hypothesis is accepted as the true theory of the universe, this world and all the planets and stars first existed in the form of diffused gases, which gradually formed into mists and cloud forms, then hardened into nebula, and then into vast molten stars like our sun. The sun, according to this theory, is the mother of the planets, from which they were hurled by the force of the sun's revolutions, and into which, in the course of uncounted ages, they will again fall. The earth must have remained in the molten state for an inconceivable period of time, and even after our crust was formed it is probable that epochs must have elapsed before this planet was ready for even the lowest forms of life.

Sir William Thomson believes that the crust of the earth has existed in the solid state for a period not exceeding four hundred million years. These are easy figures to write, but it is utterly impossible to conceive and appreciate their magnitude. Compared with the historian's limit of investigations, which can not exceed four thousand years, they are as the planet compared with a grain of sand. It is probable that it can not be determined within a hundred million of years when life first appeared upon this planet. Geologists are fairly well agreed, however, that it appeared not more than two hundred million years ago, and not less than one hundred millions.

At first animal life upon this planet was of the very simplest forms, so simple, indeed, that it is hard for geologists to distinguish it from vegetable life. Then came mollusks and crustaceans, and then fishes and insects. Next came frogs, reptiles, and after that birds. Later still, mammals—animals which suckle their young—came upon the earth; and finally man himself made his appearance. It can not be definitely ascertained when man first arrived. But it was probably not much over eighty thousand years ago.

The first man whose fossil remains testify for the reason that the evidences of their existence are found in the drift of rivers. These were succeeded by what are known to geologists as the cave-men. These early races of men were exceedingly low in stage of development. They used only stone implements, which were roughly chipped and awkwardly shaped for the purposes for which they were designed. These implements, according to Mr. Dawkins, "consist of the flake; the chopper or pebble roughly chipped to an edge on one side; the bache or oval-pointed implement, intended for use without a handle; an oval or rounded form with a cutting edge all round, which may have been used in a handle; a scraper for preparing skins, and pointed flints used for boring."

These early men had no pottery, no iron, and no domestic animals. They did not till the ground, and probably maintained an existence by hunting. For some time it was thought no representatives of these cave-men now existed upon the earth. But that view has now been modified. Says John Fiske in his "Excursions of an Evolutionist": "Among uncivilized races of men now living there are none which possess this remarkable artistic talent [which was possessed by the cave-men] save the Eskimos, and in this respect there is complete similarity between the Eskimos and the cave-men." But this is by no means the only point of agreement between the Eskimos and the cave-men. Between the sets of tools and weapons used by the one and by the other the agreement is complete. The stone spears and arrow heads, the sewing needles and skin-wipers used by the Eskimos are exactly like the similar implements found in the Pleistocene caves of France and England. The necklaces and amulets of cut teeth, and the daggers made from antler show an equally close correspondence. The resemblances are not merely general, but extend so far into details that if modern Eskimo remains were to be put into European caves, they would be indistinguishable in appearance from the remains of the cave-men which are now found there. So if we wish to obtain an idea of how the earliest race of men lived upon this planet upwards of seventy thousand years ago, we have only to study the modern Eskimo.—Watterson Ford, in Yankee Blade.

"He Had Been Thinking." "I have been thinking," he said to the girl. "No," she exclaimed, "you don't mean it? What with?" He smiled easily and gracefully. "That's all right," he said weakly, "but just the same I've been thinking." "Of what, pray?" "Of a way to live without work." "Have you discovered it?" "I have, indeed." "How? What is it?" "To have a million dollars in government bonds." "You are kidding me," she said, "isn't that?" "Of course it would," he admitted. "Of course it would." "But how are you going to get the million?" His face fell. "I never thought of that," he confessed, and took his thinker away.—Detroit Free Press.

IN DAYS GONE BY. The Gleam of the Gypsy Smile in the Crowded Streets of Philadelphia. In the autumn, when the wind blew cold and fresh, and the country was ablaze with scarlet and gold, and the brilliant chrysanthemums and scarlet sage filled the borders of our grassplots with their wealth of color, it was over to Camden we went, out to the reservoir beyond the town, where Davy Wharton and the Boswells had their camp. And of all this, as I look back, is the gypsy tramp I like the best. For sometimes we would walk down Spruce street, silent and asleep at all hours, by the old Pennsylvania hospital, getting our glimpse into its garden, jeweler and quainter, it seems to me now, than any I have seen in England, and then up Seventh street to Washington square, where a few gray-haired men shared the seats under the trees with the nurses and children, across Independence hall, and so on along the noisiest business streets to Market street and the Camden ferry. It was a long, long way, once over to Chestnut street, at one hour when it was gay with shoppers and sunshine, when we knew we would always meet, first George H. Baker, Philadelphia's only poet, as he called himself, white-haired, white-mustached, distinguished and handsome, belonging

Wichita Wholesale & Manufacturing Houses.

The houses given below are representative ones in their line, and thoroughly reliable. They are furnished thus for ready reference for the South generally, as well as for city and suburban buyers. Dealers and inquirers should correspond direct with names given.

ESTABLISHED 1886. CORNER & FARNUM. ROYAL COFFEE AND SPICE MILLS. The only Coffee Roasters and Spice Grinders in the state of Kansas. Carry a full line. Lowest prices. Teas, Coffee, Spices, Herbs, Baking Powders, Extracts, Cigars, Spray Yeast, Etc. 112 & 114 South Emporia Avenue.

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WICHITA BOTTLING WORKS. 675 ZIMMERMANN Bldg. Bottlers of Ginger Ale, Champagne, Cider, Soda Water, Standard Berry Food, also General Western Agents for Wm. J. Kemp's Extra Pale. Cor. First and Waco Sts. - Wichita.

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S. A. McClung Boot and Shoe Co. [Successor to Getto McClung, Boot and Shoe Co.] 135 and 137 N Market St. Wichita, Kan. Invites the attention of merchants to their large and varied stock of goods for the Fall and Winter trade. A full line of Rubber Boots and Overcoats of the best brands constantly on hand. Orders carefully filled and satisfaction guaranteed. Goods sold at wholesale exclusively.

THE JOHNSTON & LARIMER DRY GOODS CO., Wholesale. Dry Goods, Notions and Furnishing Goods. Complete Stock in all the Departments. 119, 121 & 123 N Topeka Ave. - - - Wichita, Kansas.

WICHITA WHOLESALE GROCERY CO., Wholesale Grocers. OFFICE AND WAREHOUSE 215 TO 223 SOUTH MARKET ST. BEE. Keep everything in the grocery line, show cases, scales and grocers fixtures. Also sole proprietors of the "Royalty" and "La Innocence" brands of Cigars.

WICHITA - TRUNK - FACTORY. Manufacturers and Dealers of Trunks, Valises, Medical Cases, Shawl Straps and Samples. A complete line of traveling goods. WHOLESALE AND RETAIL. 125 West Douglas Ave. - - - Wichita, Kan.

ing there as essentially as the statue of George Washington in front of the old state-house, so that the street will never seem the same to me again, now that he has taken his last walk there; and next, further on, we would pass George W. Childs walking home with "Tony" Drexel, and between them the inevitable stray prince, or author, or clergyman from England. And whichever we took we knew that, as likely as not, we would find Walt Whitman on the ferry, or sitting in his favorite big chair by the fruit-stand at the foot of Market street, or just getting out of the street car. He always had a friendly greeting for us, a friendly word about the travelers who made their autumn home so near his. I can never think of late Davy Wharton or pretty Susie Roswell, lounging on the smelt-grass, without seeing the familiar figure of the good, gray poet, leaning on his stick, his long white beard shining, his soft, gray felt hat shading the kindly eyes.

Now and then, in crowded street, we caught a gleam of the gypsy smile; now and then, in country walks, we came suddenly upon a tent by the wayside, and these chance meetings had all the delight of the unexpected. And there were great occasions when we left Philadelphia far behind, and went down to a country fair in some New Jersey town. It was on one of these, I remember, that I was first introduced to the Lovells.—Mrs. Elizabeth Robins Pennell, in Century.

"WATCH DADDY." How Old Man Simpson Drove the Cow Out of the Pen. "Old Man" Simpson was a very strict boss on his large ranch, as many a poor hard-worked cowboy could testify. He lived on his ranch nearly all the time, but allowed his family to live in the town of C—, where his two very bright and promising boys were going to school. Having been brought up on the frontier, he was uneducated, but appreciated the advantages of an education and had sent his boys to school a great part of their lives. He had not insured them to the hardships and dangers of ranch life, but sometimes forgot that he had not, as this very true story will prove.

One day the boys were on a visit to the ranch, and had gone out to the stock-pens where the cowboys had just turned out a large herd of cattle. In doing so they left for some reason a very vicious cow in the pen. Although the gate was wide open she did not go out. The boys got in the pen thinking they would drive her out, but they had to use their utmost exertions to get out themselves, and then the cow got so close to them that she would lift her trunk tail with her horns. As they were climbing the fence their father appeared on the scene, and saw their hasty retreat. He ordered them to get down and drive the cow out, but this they positively refused to do, although they stood in great awe of their father, and were not used to disobeying him in anything; but, as one of them afterwards confessed, they preferred a licking to a hooking this time, so they told their father that they were afraid.

"Afraid," he said in scorn, "watch your daddy get her out." As it happened he had on a long-tailed linen duster at the time, so when he crawled over the fence he cut quite a figure. That is what the boys saw the cow thought. Anyhow, the cow was determined to have some fun, so she made a lunge at the old gentleman, and as he having noticed to drive with

F. P. MARTIN, Wholesale and Retail. Artists Materials, Pictures, Frames. 114 NORTH MARKET ST.

THE WICHITA EAGLE LITHOGRAPHERS, PRINTERS, PUBLISHERS, AND BLANK BOOK MANUFACTURERS. 111 East Douglas Avenue. R. P. Murdoch, Business Manager

THE C. E. POTTS DRUG CO. (Formerly Charles E. Potts & Co., Cincinnati, O.) WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS. Goods Sold at St. Louis and Kansas City Prices. 33 and 235 South Main Street, - - - Wichita, Kansas.

COAL. Onita, Anthracite, McAllester, Piedmont, Weir City, Cannon City, Walnut, Jenny Lind, Nut and Slack. SCHWARTZ BROS. Yard 541 West Douglas Ave. Telephone 192.

THE STAHL & CATHERS CIGAR CO. 139 NORTH TOPEKA AVENUE. Manufacturers of High Grade, 5c and 10c cigars, dealers brands a specialty. 144-14

AYLESBURY-NORRIS MERCANTILE CO. Wholesale Grocers, 138-140 N. Fourth Ave. We carry a full line of Grocers, Coffee, Spices, Teas, Cigars, Tobacco, and all goods usually found in a first-class grocery store. Also carry a full line of Grocers, Coffee, Spices, Teas, Cigars, Tobacco, and all goods usually found in a first-class grocery store. Also carry a full line of Grocers, Coffee, Spices, Teas, Cigars, Tobacco, and all goods usually found in a first-class grocery store.

L. C. JACKSON, DISTRICT AGENT FOR SANTA FE COALS, AND JOBBER OF BUILDING MATERIALS. 112 S. 4th Ave. WICHITA, KAN.

LEHMANN-HIGGINSON GROCER CO., Wholesale Grocers. 208 AND 205 N. WATER STREET. Sole Agents for the Celebrated Swiss Coffee, the best package coffee in the market.

people that no beardless son of Adam could ever enter Heaven, and being obliged to part with their beards, the great majority treasured up their hairs to be buried with their bodies. In dealing with his soldiers, the Great Peter enlisted the aid of the priests, who cunningly pointed to the fact that they were going to fight the bearded Turk, and that their patron Saint Nicholas would be unable to distinguish them from their enemies unless they sacrificed their beards. This was all right, and the beards of the bearded Russians went down before the razor in deference to St. Nicholas. But unluckily for the priests, the next little war happened to be with the Swedes, who wore no beards, and thus it was that the Russian soldiers demanded to be allowed to abjure the razor, so that the Holy Nicholas might have no difficulty in arranging for their protection.

FARIES MACHINE WORKS. Builds and Repairs ENGINES, BOILERS and MACHINERY. 124 S. Washington Ave Wichita

Our own former reverence for the beard is well illustrated by the story told of Sir Thomas More, who was beheaded for denying the supremacy of Henry VIII. His usual cheerfulness did not forsake him even on the scaffold. "Help me up," he said to one standing by; "for my coming down let me shift for myself." As he laid his head on the block, he begged the executioner to wait a moment while he carefully placed his beard out of reach of the ax. For he said, "It hath not committed treason," which reminds one of the story of Simon Lord Lovat, who, the day before his execution on Tower Hill, bade the operator who shaved him be cautious not to cut his throat, as such an accident would cause disappointment to the graving crew on the morrow. In the reign of "good Queen Bess," an attempt was made by some of the heads of Lincoln's Inn to restrain the growth of the legal beard. It was resolved that "no fellow of that house should wear a beard of above a fortnight's growth"—which no fellow was likely to do if he consulted his own comfort. Although, as we read in the "Percy Anecdotes," transgressions of this resolution were punished with fine, loss of commons, and final expulsion, such was the vigorous resistance to the tyrannical order that in the following year all previous orders respecting beards were repealed.—English Illustrated Magazine.

SQUIRREL WIT. How a Chipmunk Took Advantage of His Opportunity. The attribute of reason is often denied to all creatures except man; but a correspondent recently observed a chipmunk displaying a degree of intelligence that seemed to exceed anything properly covered by the word instinct. I was visiting a farmer and had gone with him to the middle of a field where he was planting corn. A mischievous horse in the adjoining pasture attempted to get some of the seed corn, and in reaching over the fence for that purpose overturned a bag of seed. We hurried to the spot and found that a chipmunk had already begun to gather the scattered grains. He was very busy, and his conduct showed that he understood the situation thoroughly. The treasure would be within his reach for a very short time; so, instead of filling his pouches and hurrying to his burrow, he set about hiding as few as possible of the corn within a few yards of where it had been spilled. A piece of bark, a chip or a sod served as a temporary hiding-place, and in a short time he had gathered all the grain that the farmer could not conveniently collect, and began to transport it to his permanent granary. I noticed several places where he had put a mouthful, and found afterward that he did not overlook any of them when removing the spoil to his storehouse.—Youth's Companion.

Where to Take Leave. It was once thought kind and friendly to accompany a guest to the outer door of the house and to take leave of her there, lingering often for her last fragments of gossip and last affectionate adieux. A gentleman of the old school confessed the other day that the sensible custom now in vogue, which gives the parting hand-clasp and says the parting word of good will in the drawing-room, seemed to her cold and formal. It has its basis in common sense, notwithstanding its apparent air of ceremony. Hallo, through which a current of cold from the street is sent drifting keenly as often as the outer doors are opened are usually a little, sometimes a great deal, lower in temperature than are the living and entertaining rooms of a house. Portieres, curtains, screens, shut out the chill of the world into which one goes with wraps and overcoats. The indoor dress is thin; often, in a warm house, of summer materials and fashioning. Many a cold, many an attack of pneumonia, has had its origin in the cold air in the vestibule, which is usually the last place to be reached before the door is closed. Take leave in the drawing-room, say goodbye there. Good form and good sense will be alike satisfied with the plan.

Odious of Color-Blindness. While the number of color-blind persons is not very large, only about five in every hundred suffering from any defect in this respect, and most of those being affected only in a minor degree, yet the phenomenon sometimes assumes very remarkable phases. Capt. Abney recently stated that he had found two persons who possessed monochromatic vision—that is to say, all colors appeared to them to be simply different shades of gray. One can sometimes imitate the effects of color-blindness through over-fatigue of the eye. Thus Mr. Brett, the painter, told the members of the Royal Astronomical Society not long ago, that in painting a scarlet geranium, after working at it for a quarter of an hour, the artist will not know that it is scarlet at all, but will go on painting it as if it were black or colorless. "Red," he explained, "is a brilliant color to the retina," and he added that "you can look at green until all is blue."—Yankee Blade.

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And Now They Don't Speak. Mand—You see they can't be acquainted with that handsome young man we met just now. I've known him only a few weeks, but he would go down on his knees to me if I were to give him the slightest encouragement. Delay—Of course he would. He's a clerk in the shoe department of papa's store.—Chicago Tribune.

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